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READER

VOLUME 12 NO. 2 JAN. 20, 1983 SAN DIEGO'S WEEKLY



THE BOY NEXT DOOR

Last October 3, inside the San Diego County jail visitors' section at four in the afternoon, a bevy of noble females, tottering on skinny four-inch heels, lined up at window number two and blew kisses to the youthful, baby-faced prisoner. Poured like wet plaster of Paris into size-five Sassoons, their classically pretty faces pressed against the glass partition that separated them from Paul Robert Pitts. "I love you," each said in turn, and for a few moments the dismal jail hallway became a sweet melody of sopranos.

My son Mark, nearly nineteen, was among the visitors that Sunday. Because it was Mark's first visit and because the adoring girls were regulars on visiting days, they cheerfully invited him to line up ahead of them, though he was the last to arrive.

Leaning against a wall, I eavesdropped on rapid-fire laughter, the uneasy kind that speaks of nervousness. Small talk, glib remarks, black humor and name one-liners filled up space so that there was not a second of silence.

"Take care, love. See you next week, baby," waved a pale, extremely slender, middle-aged woman. She was

dressed in a bright-pink, cotton shirt-waist dress. Her face was immaculately done without being overdone; every shoulder-length platinum hair was in place. The ninety-five pounds distributed evenly throughout her narrow, five-foot-five-inch frame had not diminished her fine looks. On the contrary, Joyce Johnson is one of those women who, despite the now Biafra-thin body, had become handsome with age and adversity.

"He looks so thin," she said in a wistful tone as she flashed a smile in her son's direction. "He only gets three trays of food a day. Lunch is usually a bologna sandwich. Sometimes they forget to feed him. He didn't have any soap or toilet paper for four days," she continued. "He's got to buy all his own supplies, you know. When the bishop called and said there wasn't any money left in his account, we got some money down there right away," she told me. "Conditions here are so inhumane. If you only knew."

Her voice trailed as she smilingly greeted another visitor who appeared in the hallway to visit her son. "This will be our first Christmas with

By Sue Garson
Illustrations by Tom Voss

City Lights

Business Never Took Wing

If Joanne Kerr had it to do over again, she'd move the Wing Cafe and Cabaret from Golden Hill to Hillcrest, paint the walls any color but lavender, and perhaps allow a few men on stage to perform.

But Kerr, an artist and former SDSU women's studies instructor, says it wasn't location, interior design, or sexual politics that caused the popular Wing Cafe to close last month; it was the more practical problems of undercapitalization and cash flow.

While bars and nightclubs catering to gay males flourish

along with a handful of lesbian bars, Wing (for "Women's Investment Group") was the only cafe/club catering to feminists and lesbians since the Las Hermanas coffee shop on University Avenue near I-805 closed in 1979. Unlike Las Hermanas, the Wing never barred the door to men. Kerr and her coinvestors instead struck a compromise: men

were allowed to view the exhibits and pay the three to five-dollar ticket price to watch the music and comedy acts, but only female performers could take the stage. There were exceptions to these rules. Men were not welcomed to the "Eye-to-Eye Portraits of Lesbians" photo show, for example, and Kerr recalls that "there may have been a [male] drummer who slipped on stage here and there" in the cabaret.

Kerr says she and her partners purchased the Golden Hill property on Twenty-seventh and B streets in 1980 to open a gallery and cafe that would "stimulate women's art and entertainment." But the cafe barely broke even, and sometimes lost money, even with the help of volunteer workers. It was the cabaret, which opened in 1981, that gave Wing wider recognition and bigger audiences, though it, too, suffered from money problems. "We took in enough at the door to pay the acts," recalls Sue Palmer, who booked and promoted entertainment at Wing. "But we couldn't make enough off the food and drink sales to pay the help." Palmer says a beer-and-wine license might have generated more revenue, but the license couldn't be issued without the addition of a second bathroom, a \$10,000

project the Wing couldn't afford. Palmer says she liked promoting under the "women only" requirement. "Some men were upset because they couldn't perform," she recalls, "but that was what made us different from what you found at Drowsy Maggie's and Grass Roots." If male musicians from the popular Stone's Throw group were forced to watch from the audience as their lead singer, Molly Stone, sang solo at the Wing, Palmer says at least two all-female acts got their start there because of the exclusivity booking policy. Those acts — Hot Flashes and Gravidia — sometimes made up to \$350 for a two-show, one-night performance. They are still performing around town.

Wing left other legacies. Kerr says a version of the cabaret's popular Friday-night talent show has been added to two women's nightclubs, and still another nightclub/bar catering to women has sprung up after Wing's demise. The new venture is housed in the old Box Office, a Mission Gorge nightclub that long served as a topless bar.

—P.K.

Bus Stops Stop

When mechanic Eugene Dahlstrom learned last week that Greyhound was trying to cancel its bus service to Jacumba, he flat couldn't believe it. Dahlstrom, who lives and works at the Mobil station and garage at In-Ko-Pah, a toehold of civilization just outside the San Diego County line on Interstate 8, nodded toward a broken-down Peterbilt truck. "Just two days ago I sent the two fellas that own that rig to Jacumba to catch the Greyhound to San Diego. We'll call 'em when it's fixed." But by the time Dahlstrom makes that call, the two fellas may not be able to catch a Greyhound out to where they want to go.

Last week the Phoenix-based bus line formally applied to the California Public Utilities Commission for permission to abandon parts of routes in ninety-one California locales. The company wants to make the El Cajon to El Centro run nonstop, hoping to increase its profits by skipping stops at Alpine, Pine Valley, Manzanita (Boulevard), Jacumba, and Seeley.

Eugene Dahlstrom looks out toward the highway and says, "Hardly a day goes by when somebody don't break down and we send 'em to Jacumba to catch the bus. See that hill?" His cactus-stubbed leather

face gestures down the Mountain Springs grade toward El Centro. "That hill eats transmissions. That's the killer hill. If you make it up without trouble, you got a damn good car."

Five miles west, in Jacumba, the icery proprietor of the Airport Cafe hears the news and exclaims, "Hey, I don't own a watch! All I know is the

morning eastbound and the afternoon westbound — so until it gets the okay from the PUC, it'll continue picking up folks in Jacumba at 8:30 in the

evening going east, and 11:30 in the morning going west. Before it was damaged by fire last weekend, the Jacumba Hot Springs Motel depended on the bus line for about half its business, according to owner Jeanne L'Esperance. At the hotel, curtails its operations. Greyhound's abandonment won't hurt Jacumba as much as it would have before the fire.

Still, it hits some individuals pretty hard. For instance, there's Chabela Navarro, who lives in a small house at the end of the town, in the older section of Jacumba. A couple of times a week Navarro hops the Greyhound to El Centro to visit her doctor and lay in supplies for both herself and Fezzar. Her only source of income is the minimum wage the county pays her to care for Fezzar, and out of that she pays her doctor, medicine, and food bills. Without that bus, "I'm up a tree," Navarro says.

Unlike other people in Jacumba who frequently visit San Diego, Navarro can't rely on the county's rural bus system, which travels daily from El Cajon through the small communities of Tecate, Campo, Pine Valley, and Jacumba. That bus can't cross the county line, which means it does not go on past Jacumba toward El Centro. (The county bus is probably what made the area unprofitable for Greyhound.) After six hernia operations in four years, Navarro isn't eager to change doctors, particularly since her present one lets her pay her bills as she can. Plus, El Centro is only forty-four miles away, while San Diego is more than seventy. The lattoo inside her left forearm seems especially now: "Mi Vida Loca" (My Crazy Life). She tried to get a friend in El Centro to give her a lift back to Jacumba recently, offering him twenty dollars for his trouble. No way. He wouldn't tackle killer hill for less than fifty.

—N.M.



Paula Fezzar, Chabela Navarro

Photograph by Dave Kautzman

City Lights

War Paint?

Five years ago painting contractor Bill Walters of Lemon Grove dropped out of the local painters union "because we didn't care to be badgered by 'em anymore for the use of tools." The union has the power to tell contractors where to use a brush, roller, or spray gun to apply paint, and it ended up exacting fines of several thousand dollars against Walters because the union disagreed with the contractor's use of tools on certain jobs. But now that his nonunion shop won the city's contract to paint the Sunset Cliffs Boulevard bridge, which spans the San Diego River channel between Ocean Beach and Mission Beach, Walters finds himself with as many, if not more, problems with the union.

Walters delivered the painters union a black eye when his low bid of \$297,994 to sandblast and repaint the bridge was accepted by the city last fall. Ever since work began in late November, union business representative Gordon Williams has been at the site, examining every move Walters and his crew make. Three days after the work commenced, Williams contacted Cal-OSHA and reported suspected safety violations. The agency dutifully came out and cited Walters for such things as "use of unsupported dust mask," "life-saving boat not properly equipped," and "safety belts and lines used in lieu of guard rails on work platforms."

—N.M.

The Anatomy Association

Last May rock radio station KPRI created the Bod Squad, a team of five shapely young women ranging in age from seventeen to twenty-four whose uniforms consisted of tight shorts and KPRI T-shirts cut off at the midriff. Although they were to receive no pay,



Bod Squad

the girls were promised concert tickets and other radio station goodies in return for appearing on behalf of the station at such events as concerts, exhibitions, and certain retail store openings.

For the last couple of months, however, all has not been well with the Bod Squad. There have been frequent lineup changes, and while membership today stands at eight, only three of them showed up at last Sunday's promotion at the American Motorcycle Show in Del Mar. KPRI general manager Jeff Peck admits that the gimmick may have run its course, and says the squad will be disbanded entirely in about a month. "I'm looking back on it," Peck says, "it was a real positive thing. We wanted to bring the radio station to the listener, and that's what we did through the Bod Squad. The only negative was that females looked at it as, 'Hey, that's sort

of sleazy,' but undoubtedly girls, anytime they see other girls, are not going to feel real positive."

Certain Bod Squad members themselves are less than positive about their experience. They claim the union never delivered on many of its promises of goodies. Iris Rojas, an original Bod Squad member who has since moved to Dallas, said several calls to the station for promised concert tickets proved to be fruitless, free products from various stores where the Bod Squad was appearing were not distributed, and she finally resigned "because the time I was putting into it just wasn't being rewarded." But Bod Squad coordinator Frank Casella of KPRI says Rojas "is upset because she wasn't one of the five girls we picked for our calendar/poster and the quit with hard feelings for that reason." Production of the calendar/poster, featuring the

Bod Squad, in fact, is the one promise KPRI made but didn't keep, general manager Peck concedes. "We started to do it and spent \$1500 on photo sessions, but we couldn't get the poses we wanted to project the right image of KPRI," Peck says. "The only thing I really promised at the beginning was a pair of diamond stud earrings, which each girl got at Christmas."

At least two Bod Squad members look upon their involvement with the group with no regrets. "It's really great, it's real interesting," says twenty-two-year-old Kelly Miller, a Bod Squad member for five months. "There's no pay, but we go to concerts free. We call KPRI, and even though they're always real busy they usually come through for us, though not all the time," Miller says she was recruited for Bod Squad membership by Peck himself, who saw her at the Roden nightclub in La Jolla and asked her to come in for an interview. "You have to look at it open-mindedly," she says. "I think there's a fine line between sexy and sleazy, and I think we're real sexy in those outfits."

Kitty Myers, also twenty-two years old, joined the Bod Squad a month after Miller. "I really don't get around that much," she says, "and this gives me the opportunity to do things I always wanted to do." Myers, too, was recruited by general manager Peck at a Bod Squad audition at the Dancer Machine nightclub in Chula Vista. "That was a many-kamikaze night for me," Myers says. "They had us fill out forms with our name, our address, our age, our measurements, our favorite fantasy, and our fantasy man. Then we had to get up on stage and answer questions. I didn't have to answer a question, I put down Ted Nugent as my fantasy man and they said, 'All right, you're the one.'"

—T.K.A.

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

Bob Dale

But Nobody Ever Does Anything About It

Don't look now, Bob Dale fans, but those are dark clouds hovering over your favorite weatherman. Slowly but

deliberately, Dale's bosses are stripping of the cozy props that have followed him during his twenty-five years of forecasting, both at Channel 8 and more recently at Channel 39. Last winter, management at Channel 39 took away the wind, rain, thunder, and the shattering glass (for record-breaking high and low temperatures) that punctuated his nightly weather reports.

Then he was ordered not to mention his "friends over at the weather service" or even his studio colleagues (unless, of course, they are on-air personalities), even when they did something especially nice. Next, management will make Dale use one of those computers that writes automatically on the screen, because, as Dale says, "they don't like the chalk. . . . It looks too much like the

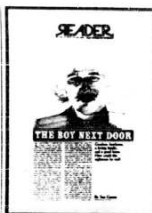
1940s." Dale says he's going along with the changes, designed to give Channel 39 a more serious look and pull it out of its dismal place in the ratings, because the fifty-eight-year-old weatherman figures even a deluge of cards and letters equal to that which followed his firing from Channel 8 six years ago wouldn't land him another job.

The station did, however, let him film a segment honoring meteorologist Don Halvorson's recent retirement. Dale was even given the nod to chatter about the Christmas "booze ball" candy he received for the twentieth straight year from an anonymous admirer. Still, Dale's boss, Bill Peterson, sounds a bit equivocal when asked of the bow-tied weatherman's future. "I'm not a clairvoyant," says Peterson, "but I wouldn't be pessimistic. Bob will be associated with Channel 39 for as long as he wants to be."

—P.K.

Photograph by Jack Vora





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Thinks Often

Congratulations to Jeanette DeWyse and the Reader for the comprehensive and compelling story of Evelyn Walker ("The Final Analysis," January 13). As someone who has also interviewed this troubled woman, I am in awe of DeWyse's ability to capture the essence of her character while avoiding sentimentality and sensationalism.

As the editor of the *La Jolla Light* during the Walker suit, I can attest to the letters we received which took the paper to task for reporting on events that placed psychiatrist Zane Parzen in such an unfavorable light. It was as if whatever Parzen did was plecty all right because he was, after all, socially quite acceptable.

Although years have passed and I've moved on to another newspaper, I think often of Evelyn Walker and the letters to the editor. I'm glad to learn of this woman's toughness, of her new-found strength to carry on. Her aim seems not only to carry on, but to share her experiences with others to prevent this shameful tragedy from happening again.

Jim Alford
San Diego

Involved

As an involved Gaslamp Quarter businessperson, I went from outrage to amusement reading Paul Krueger's "City Lights" piece on the Gaslamp Quarter business improvement district (January 13). The three Gaslamp Quarter businesspeople whom Krueger interviewed for this piece have all been conspicuous by their total lack of involvement in the community during my three years in the Gaslamp. It's ironic, but not surprising, that these three had time to complain to the press but no time to become involved in the process.

The decisions regarding the promotional activities of the Quarter are made at meetings open to the public. Input from everyone with a stake in the Gaslamp is encouraged and solicited. The people who regularly attend these meetings are giving generously of their time to their community with no compensation.

Denise Jeter's sour grapes comments are particularly gratifying, and, unfortunately, also predictable, given her apparent ignorance of the issues. The wall murals, art shows, and jazz festivals which she declares useless have generated tremendous, legitimate traffic in the Quarter, as well as needed exposure. Most of it, by the way, on Fifth Avenue, in close

proximity to her business. It should also be noted that the pending relocation of the Rescue Mission, next door to Ms. Jeter's business, came about in large part through the efforts of her fellow citizens on the Gaslamp Quarter Council. Ms. Jeter unfortunately could not take the time or effort to offer any positive comments on the completion of this arduous and sensitive task.

Letters

Had Ms. Jeter become involved she would have known that her complaints about the two-way traffic on Fifth Avenue and her broken street light have nothing to do with the business improvement district. Property owners pay to have the street lights maintained and a call to the proper department at the city would have taken care of the problem. The two-way traffic on Fifth Avenue was a decision of the city traffic department and had nothing to do with the promotional activities.

The business improvement district was worked on for a year and a half and evolved after numerous public hearings. As a business owner, it would have behooved Ms. Jeter to attend some of these meetings and add her input.

It was surprising that an accomplished journalist such as Mr. Krueger would have written such a one-sided article. He erred when he referred to the Gaslamp Quarter Council as a merchant's association. In fact, the council is made up of property owners, residents, and businesspeople, all represented equally. And the fact that he did not interview any businesspeople with a differing point of view adds to the distortion of the story.

As one of the several Gaslamp business owners who have given untold hours to the promotion of the district as a whole, I would like to see a follow-up story illuminating the views of those who are involved and participating, and who are well versed on the issues.

I've always felt, perhaps wrongly, that the right to which must be earned. Until Ms. Jeter and her fellow complainants begin participating and giving of their time and energy, their words sound hollow, shrill, and misdirected. Kit Goldman, managing producer *Gaslamp Quarter Theatre*

Paul Krueger replies:
Wayne Donahedy, chairman of the Gaslamp Quarter Council and a Gaslamp businessperson, was interviewed and quoted at length in my story.

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YOU JUDGE IT
by David Rottenberg

The Case of the Unmarried Renters

John Prior and Debbie Rogers wanted to rent an apartment from Victor and Helen Hess. They paid the deposit after reaching a rent agreement. Rogers was pregnant. The couple was unmarried. Subsequently, the couple was rejected as tenants and the apartment was rented to another couple, of which the woman similarly was pregnant. Prior and Rogers filed a complaint charging discrimination, alleging they were denied housing on the basis of marital status. The landlords claimed that prospective tenants had to qualify financially and, if unmarried, each tenant had to qualify individually. Married tenants were allowed to combine their incomes in order to qualify. In this instance, Prior qualified but Rogers as an individual, did not. Were the landlords permitted to screen tenants on this basis?

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NOT ON appeal, as awarded to Prior and Rogers was upheld. In an order, a Federal District Court in San Diego, California, on the basis of the facts presented, the court found that no disparate treatment had occurred. The court found that the landlords' decision to reject Prior and Rogers was based on their marital status, and not on their financial status. The court found that the landlords' decision was discriminatory and that Prior and Rogers were entitled to the apartment. The court awarded Prior and Rogers the apartment and the deposit. The court also awarded Prior and Rogers damages for the emotional distress they suffered as a result of the discrimination. The court found that the landlords' decision was discriminatory and that Prior and Rogers were entitled to the apartment. The court awarded Prior and Rogers the apartment and the deposit. The court also awarded Prior and Rogers damages for the emotional distress they suffered as a result of the discrimination.

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Straight from the Hip

Dear Matthew Alice:
As I was leaving North Island on Fourth Street in Coronado, I noticed a sign indicating that State Highway 282. This must be the shortest of California's state highways, because once you reach the Coronado Bridge you are on Highway 75. If it isn't, what is?

S.J. Coppel

Coronado:
You'll have to drive along the state's longest highway to get to the state's shortest — and it's a long way from Coronado. A good portion of Highway 101's 804 miles will be behind you by the time you get to Scotts, up in the redwood country south of Eureka. There you'll turn onto a road from 101 to the north end of the Eel River bridge in Rio Dell. You've just traveled along the total length of State Highway 283 — all 0.336 miles of it. This petite highway is practically dwarfed by the state's next shortest, Highway 153, which runs from Route 49 in Coloma (northeast of Sacramento) to Marshall's Monument over a distance of 0.550 miles. Our own highway 282 wins the bronze medal, coming in at 0.691 miles.

Legislators initiated the California state highway system in 1909, but it is doubtful if any of them could have foreseen the mass of spaghetti that today bears the numbers of our state and interstate roadways. Caltrans is currently authorized to build and maintain 16,600 miles of highways within the state, but only 15,200 are actually maintained. The remaining 1,400 miles are mostly "paper locations," roads that exist only on maps, and may never get beyond that stage.

It's probably a good thing, too, given the cost of building a highway these days. For example, the total tab for the construction of the 797 miles of I-5 — the second longest highway — came to about \$1.6 billion (I bet you thought it was the



the end of which time the land reverts back to the owner. More often than not, though, you will find that only parts of islands are available. In Papua New Guinea, a 2188-acre copra plantation, complete with twenty-room mansion, is yours for 2.15 million Australian dollars. A more modest 7.5-acre portion of a Tahiti island is \$350,000 — and there are no property, sales, or personal taxes in Tahiti. Or how about eighty-nine undeveloped acres on an island in Somo Somo Bay, Fiji, for only 475,000 Fijian dollars?

Regardless of your choice, it should be based on several practical considerations, including the stability of the local government, accessibility, availability of fresh water, food, electricity, and medical facilities, and location (weather can be downright nasty in some parts of the South Pacific). And don't fall for that old pipe dream of creating your own sovereign state. It can't be done anymore, as one group of Americans found out a few years back. They laid claim to a tiny piece of land in the Pacific that was suddenly exposed because of volcanic activity, only to be chased off by a gunboat from a neighboring South American country. Might is everything when it comes to sovereignty.

A list of sources for buying and leasing islands can be found in *The Book of Lists* by Irving Wallace, et al. Two companies can provide information about some of the islands I've mentioned: Privileges, Inc., Greenwich Office Park, Greenwich, CT 06830; and Private Island Unlimited, 17338 Tibbs Street, Granada Hills, CA 91344. A book by Peter Passell, *How To... tell how to buy an island*. And don't forget to send me a postcard.

Get a question you need answered? Get it straight from the hip. Write to Matthew Alice, c/o the Reader, P.O. Box 90983, San Diego, California 92138.

longest, just because it stretches from the Mexican border to Oregon). Estimates for the Century Freeway (Highway 105), which will eventually connect L.A. International Airport to Downey, also total \$1.6 billion. But it's quite a bit shorter than I-5 — 779 miles shorter, to be exact.

Dear Matthew Alice:
We and some of our cohorts are getting a bit tired of the rat race and are seriously interested in heading off to our own island in the South Pacific. Is it possible to buy, lease, or rent any of the islands in the numerous chains down there? Who would we talk to about such a venture?

Don and Mike

San Diego
Can I interest you in an island in the British Virgin Islands? It's a steal at \$5.6 million, at least when you consider that

twice in this century buried treasure has been discovered on its beaches. Or how about an island off Canada for a measly forty thousand? Of course, long about February you might start feeling like a polar bear (or end up inside one). But if your hearts are set on the South Seas, we can work something out.

First be aware that you won't find the buys in Polynesia there were a few years ago. In 1977, for instance, a twenty-acre island in Tahiti went for about \$78,000. Today a similar island will cost a quarter of a million or more. Fiji is much more attractive now, and some islands off Australia are practically being given away. There are islands that now have leaseholds but will eventually become freeholds (a freehold means you own the land outright; a leasehold is an island for which you pay a fee over a fixed period, say, fifty years, at

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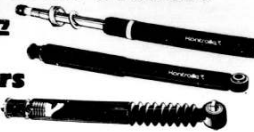
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THE BOY NEXT DOOR

(continued from page 1)

out him." Joyce told the newcomer. I spent a few minutes on the phone with him on the other side of the glass partition. Because I felt self-conscious about being there, rather than hushed, my voice was loud and high-pitched. Rob chuckled and said very politely that I didn't have to talk quite that loud. I told him he looked terrific. He owed me a letter, I reminded him, a journal he had promised to write and send me. He said he'd try, but his mind was now on the sentencing that was to take place the following week. He said he was a little concerned about it. We both discreetly circumvented the subject foremost on our minds, the subject that put him on the other side of that glass wall, that enticed me to visit, the subject that turned an ordinary, unemployed occasional furniture mover into an overnight sensational headline.

We first learned of the murder on television. The lead story on Channel 8's five o'clock news one evening in February of last year was the arraignment. We heard and watched *en famille* in stunned disbelief. Appearing in handcuffs, Rob had already earned the media sobriquet "Toy Box Killer." (As a child, had he pulled wings off butterflies? Had he teased the neighborhood dogs? Had he been abused? My kids said there were no indications. One of them remembered an isolated firecracker incident, though, and another mentioned something vague about his firing a gun during a card game to frighten a suspected cheater. When I pressed for details, they clammed up. Nobody remembered anything; there was no pattern.)

We turned off the TV even before the national news came on. Mark was late for his evening class. After he left, I started thinking about the summer of 1977, when we lived in Genesee Highlands, a 500-unit condominium development in University City swarming with kids, dogs, cats, and divorcees acting like nuclear-family types. Despite the pruned shrubbery and the swimming pool, to me it was a Lower East Side tenement, from which I remained aloof. I hated living there, and so I made no attempts to befriend the neighbors. Wendy, my youngest child, then nine years old, had groups of playmates scattered throughout the development. Lisa and Mark, both teen-agers then, had the family next door.

That family — mother Joyce and sons Rob and Greg — were San Diego stereotypes: blonde, blue-eyed, healthy, a single-parent female head-of-household with a steady job. That was Joyce, Paul Robert, known to us as Rob, was nearly twenty-three years old, divorced, and the father of a two-year-old daughter (who was soon legally adopted by her mother's present husband). Rob's half-brother Greg was eight or nine years younger than he. The family had lived in University City for nearly a dozen years; the two boys had grown up there and they had a strong sense of neighborhood. Other than family and work, Joyce's main interest was being as devout a Mormon as she could; several times each week she attended activities at the Church of Jesus Christ of Latter-Day Saints in Pacific Beach. After having been married unsuccessfully to two non-Mormon husbands, she now vowed to date Mormon men exclusively. We were highly critical of how our own family was living, the people next door

were the ideal family, a paradigm of Americana — hot oatmeal for breakfast, Norman Rockwell in condominiumland. They were mainstream: steady job, traditional church, *Reader's Digest*. Lisa and Mark liked the shiny blue glass grapes that rested on the walnut table in our neighbor's living room; they admired the Tupperware, the brand-name aluminum wrap, the color-coordinated Kleenex, and the huge refrigerator that didn't leak and that bulged with fresh, whole-some food.

Joyce was soft-spoken. According to my kids, she was a model mom — sacrificing, understanding, supportive, undemanding. And she always wore nice, conservative clothes. (I shopped garage sales, swap meets, and day-old bakeries.) Thus, their household unit was sanctuary for Mark and Lisa, who hung out there to escape my demands, the embarrassment of my flea-market finds, my unconventional appliances, my books whose titles glared (*The Student as Nigger*, *Naked Lunch*, *Fear and Loathing in Las Vegas*, *The Nymph and Other Maniacs*, *The Prisoner of Sex*, and *Cannibals and Christians*), and by my companions, who were freelancers and, for the most part, marginal types.

We had wandered as a family all the way from New York City to New England to Florida to Central Mexico, and then we lived in three different San Diego locations. In the midst of those wanderings, we, too, had become a single-parent female head-of-household family, whose income from out-of-state child support payments was as precarious as my income from writing.

Joyce checked groceries at an independent grocery store in Ocean Beach. She supplemented that income by catering weddings on weekends from her

tiny windowless condominium kitchen, the proceeds of which helped feed her sons. They ate like wolves all day and deep into the night, especially when they returned from surfing at La Jolla Shores. There was one firm rule, however, no swearing. If things went wrong, you could say "dam it."

It was the summer of excesses, 1977, what with month-long Monopoly contests and card games. Next-door-neighbor Rob was at the helm as Peter Pan, Pied Piper, and Frank Player. In Rob's yellow Maverick there were quick expeditions to one of Los Angeles's outlying areas (Mark and other employed neighborhood teen-agers chipped in for gas) to buy firecrackers for the Fourth of July. Conspicuous consumption went uncontrolled. Electric bills at Joyce's place were well over a hundred dollars a month; in 1977 that was sky high. The washer and dryer hummed continually. Rob took three daily showers, sometimes all before sundown. And when the little yellow Maverick was out of whack, Joyce, the Great Provider, gave the boys her station wagon so they could get to the beach easily while she bused all the way to the cash register in Ocean Beach. And at the end of her work day, she bused back to University City.

Evenings were drive-in movies — horror films and beach boy-lifeguard films — followed by forays into Burger King, after which Rob led the troops into Marie Callender's on Balboa and Genesee. There they'd order an entire pie, which they washed down after midnight with a gallon of milk from Joyce's bursting refrigerator. Rob, this twenty-three-year-old teenager whose hair gleamed bright golden under neon, nearly towheaded in the sun, whose bright sunburned face, in

(continued on page 10)

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THE BOY NEXT DOOR

(continued from page 3)
necent blue eyes and flawless white teeth, the idol of the neighborhood teen-agers, the Crown Prince of La Jolla Shores Beach, had the authentic Southern California look. He should have been on a poster.

Soon Lisa started going along to the movies with Rob and the boys. After a while the boys were left to their own devices and it was just Rob and Lisa at the drive-ins, the fast-food hangouts, Marie Callender's, and then back next door to listen to music. In a way I was relieved; Lisa was nearly seventeen and was pretty, and at least I knew where she was. There were times, though, at one or two in the morning, that I'd go next door in my bathrobe to pry Rob and Lisa apart, insisting that my daughter come home immediately, followed by an internal debate: *Lisa was still in high school, dating a man who had been divorced and had already fathered a child. On the other hand, Rob's wholesomeness impressed me — no nicotine, no alcohol, no caffeine. And all those showers! But how could my children be appropriate companions for a man nearly twenty-three years old, living under his mother's roof without independent income, without motivation?*

Late in the spring of 1978, Rob escorted Lisa to the Clairemont High School senior class bout ride. Both shiny-eyed and dressed to kill, they looked adorable together. "Have a wonderful time," I waved as they drove off in the yellow Maverick. It bothered me, though, that Rob had agreed to attend a high school event, especially since he had dropped out of

high school years earlier. The next morning Lisa said he had a great time. That June Lisa graduated. When fall came, she left for the dorms at SDSU, and we moved to a condominium development eight blocks away. Rob soon married a nineteen-year-old blonde who worked as a checker at Gemco. The newlyweds lived for a while in the two-bedroom condo with Joyce and her young son, Greg. Unannounced, they roller-skated over to our new place one Saturday afternoon for an impromptu visit.

The magic between Rob and his second wife soon dissipated. After Rob and Dorothy split up, he was still living most of the time at the Genesee Highlands condo with his mother and half-brother. Occasionally he moved furniture for United Van Lines but everything else remained the same; expectations were still low. He was spending lots of time at La Jolla Shores Beach surfing, ogling nubile, being ogled, body building, taking lots of showers, and washing down his life with gallons of milk.

A couple of years later, on December 17, 1981 Rob married again. Bride number three, Marta, was the twenty-year-old mother of a little boy from a former marriage. The pair had met a few months earlier at a Latter Day Saints church youth dance. Joyce met for the first time her third daughter-in-law and the baby, Jared David Cartwright, at the couple's wedding, held at the home of Marta's parents in El Cajon. They were all reunited on Saturday, January 23, 1982, at a party celebrating little Jared's second birthday.

Early the following Friday morning Joyce took the bus from University City to the telephone company at the Union Bank Building downtown, where she was then employed as a sec-

retary. There she received an urgent phone call from her new daughter-in-law's mother, Jared's maternal grandmother, summoning her to Grossmont Hospital. They had been an accident, it seemed. Two-year-old Jared was dead.

With the aid of a friend and the friend's car, Joyce managed to get out to Grossmont Hospital, where the Police Department informed her that her son (after waiving his right to an attorney's presence and being interviewed for nearly three hours) was being booked in connection with his new stepson's death. There were two charges: murder and felony child abuse. "If I had known when I got the call at work that Rob was suspected of murder, I never would've come to that hospital without an attorney," Joyce told me later.

She retained Robert May, a well-respected El Cajon criminal attorney who visited Rob in jail the day following Jared's death. Rob's elderly, infirm grandparents and other relatives chipped in nearly \$25,000 as a retainer. (Joyce had been renting in University City at that time; thus, there was no property to use as collateral for a loan.) The balance of the costly defense was to be paid to attorney May in installments.

As a result of these huge and unexpected expenses, Joyce and her younger son, Greg, were forced to move from the neighborhood where they had lived for fifteen of Greg's nineteen years. By the beginning of the summer, mother and younger son had temporarily moved in with sympathetic friends from the Mormon Church who offered to share their El Cajon home. Although Greg was in his final semester at Mission Bay High School, he dropped out. Rob's father, who

hadn't been around for nearly a quarter of a century, was never notified of his son's trouble.

On Mother's Day, my kids — Mark, Lisa, and Lisa's fiancé — went to the beach early and then out to lunch. After drinking half a cup of butter, reheated coffee from the previous night, I mowed the lawn with a manual lawnmower that needed sharpening. Daughter Wendy was the sole recipient of my crankiness only because she bothered to hang around. While I was wallowing in what I considered to be an inappropriate way to spend Mother's Day, and angrily pushing the lawnmower, I began thinking about two other San Diego mothers and what they might be doing: *What about Joyce and Marta? How were they coping? What were my former neighbor's thoughts as she entered the tawdry visitors' section of the San Diego County jail that Sunday to comfort her first-born? What particular words were Rob's gift to his mother during the brief moments they spent looking at each other through San Diego County glass?*

Did little Jared's blue eyes and straight, dark-blond hair invade Marta's dreams that some morning? Was she sorting out his toys? Caring his favorite stuffed animal? Speaking to it? Foddering his first pair of shoes? Or had she already given his things to another mother of another two-year-old boy? If only Jared could've spoken. If only he could have warned his mother.

On June 12 Joyce made her now-routine weekly pilgrimage to the San Diego County jail to see her son for a few minutes, after which she drove immediately to University City, back to the old neighborhood, to my daughter Lisa's wedding reception. After in-

(continued on page 12)

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THE BOY NEXT DOOR

(continued from page 12)

came to a little more than three minutes per person. I felt guilty using more than three minutes in view of the fact that these relatives had traveled hundreds of miles, and I wasn't even sure what I was going to say to him. Nevertheless, at the stroke of four, I walked right over to window two, picked up the phone, and announced that I planned to attend his trial, that I wanted to start a correspondence with him, that my visit had a dual purpose — I had come as a former neighbor and family friend and also as a member of the media. Then, disregarding tact, I commented on how different he looked. "Your hair's brown. You're pale." "No beach here," he grinned quibly. He had been locked up nearly six months.

Rob's mood was jovial; it was a Sunday picnic and he was guest of honor, and host — under glass. The conversation was ordinary, the participants ordinary, the circumstances extraordinary. We exchanged more words in those three and a half minutes than we had in all the next-door-neighbor years of "How're ya doin'?" and "Where's Mark and Lisa at?"

I talked about my kids; he sent them his regards and thanked me for coming to see him. He said he felt embarrassed about the whole thing, "just a dumb thing," he called it. I didn't dare discuss what I wanted to. Three and a half minutes wasn't time enough to find out what it's like being locked up, what it's like to have killed someone, killed a baby. Even if there had been more time, I wouldn't have had the courage to ask him. It was bizarre. Rob was behind glass, grinning.

As I relinquished the phone to an Arizona relative, I smiled and waved good-bye. He waved back to me and said, "I love you." The inappropriateness of that remark after so many years of merely "How're ya doin'?" caught me off guard. My eyes were

wet when I walked over to the wall where Joyce was standing. *Were my tears for Rob? For his mother? For the dead child? Or were they tears of relief that it was not my son behind the glass, caged? Or that it wasn't my son who had been stuffed into a toy box?* "He doesn't sleep at night," said Joyce. "He has nightmares thinking about what'll happen to him in prison. He cries all night." *Cries for whom?*

After three continuances and after nearly three days of jury selection, Rob's trial began at nine o'clock in the morning on August 10 (six and a half months after the killing occurred) in department sixteen, superior court. The docket read, "The People versus Paul Robert Pitts — in violation of P.C. 187, etc." Several minutes before nine, Joyce appeared in the hallway outside the courtroom, flanked by Rob's attorney, Robert May; by one of Rob's La Jolla Shores Beach admirers; and by Joyce's friend Nadine, in whose El Cajon home she and Greg were living. Joyce's brother Marvin was the only other family member present. "Greg and my parents weren't up to it," she explained quietly. It would be too painful for Greg to be around while his idol's character was being impugned. "This isn't the way he knew his brother," she said. As her son, in handcuffs, was led into the courtroom by armed marshals, she said evenly, "He's never walked through that door without seeing me standing here. I was here during the preliminary hearings, the arraignment, the jury selection, everything."

Judge Raul Rosado immediately set a friendly, folksy, almost lighthearted tone for the proceedings, in which murder by torture was to be explicitly described and attested to by twenty-two prosecution witnesses (paramedics, firefighters, doctors, detectives, evidence technicians, public health specialists), and where more than sixty exhibits were to be produced. Never having attended a murder trial before, and considering the gravity of the charges, I had expected a harsh, formal courtroom environment.

But this particular chamber of judgment was polite compared even to the innocuous small-claims court, where adversaries argue viscerally and viciously over the replacement of a twenty-dollar sweater from a dry cleaning establishment, where the tone is much more intense than anything in Raul Rosado's domain.

Despite the defense attorney's objections, Rosado welcomed the media, made special accommodations for television cameras, and offered up didactic discourse on the value and propriety of an open courtroom, of which he was clearly an advocate. He explained that a trial is a mixture of facts and law, and he cautioned the jury to observe carefully the demeanor of each witness. "Some will be lying," he warned, "others will be telling the truth."

"It's hot out there today so be sure to walk in the shade and drink plenty of fluids," he benignly instructed, after which he implored the jury not to be out sick. "Have a nice lunch," he said as the first lunch recess was called. Even Joyce chuckled.

The deputy district attorney, Lisa Guy-Schall, a cool-looking, statuesque blonde with an All-American Cheryl Tiegs face, wore red. Her forty-minute opening statement, delivered in a crisp, well-organized manner, exuded confidence. She said the state would present evidence through a series of documents, photographs, and witnesses to prove that the defendant committed unlawful deeds that caused the death of Jared David Cartwright.

In his twenty-minute opening statement, defense attorney Robert May said that he intended to show the love relationship between the defendant and the deceased, that his client may have been guilty of immaturity and poor judgment, but not malice, not murder.

Judge Rosado said that the lawyers' statements were not to be considered as evidence.

The audience of friends and relatives of both victim and accused, plus a few court watchers and law students,

sat anesthetized during the proceedings, stationary models for an oil painting. Was procedure, and not the crime, the focus?

Late that afternoon, after court had adjourned, I rode in the elevator down to the lobby with Joyce. She was on her way to the county jail to retrieve her son's soiled clothing and to drop off a freshly laundered outfit for the following day's court appearance.

"It's a long, complicated process involving lots of paperwork," she told me with a sigh, "because only one outfit at a time is allowed in his cell. Everything needs to be ticketed, signed in, and signed out." Then she would bus back to Nadine's place in El Cajon, where she would wash and iron her son's clothing. Early the next morning she would bus from Parkway Plaza down to the Union Bank Building. Arriving at seven in the morning, she'd perform her secretarial duties until eight-thirty and then head over to the courthouse for her son's murder trial, looking immaculate. The process continued throughout the trial, day after day. Yet she always looked unruffled as she waited for Rob, watching him being escorted through the back door of the courtroom in cuffs, flashing a confident smile at him. Then it was the long bus ride back to El Cajon. One day she found a penciled scrawling on one of the requisition slips attached to his soiled clothing. It said, "I love you, Mom."

When the trial was well underway, on the fourth or fifth day, Joyce confided to me that it was hard for her to restrain herself from greeting the jury who waited during recesses as she did in the hallway outside the courtroom. "I'm normally warm and friendly, and when I see the same faces every day, I want to say hello to them, but I can't because I'd be accused of trying to influence them," she said. "They've got a job to do, and so do I."

By the time the prosecution had rested, twenty-two witnesses had established that Jared David Cartwright, age two, died on January 29, 1982 at approximately 11:30 a.m. from as-

(continued on page 16)

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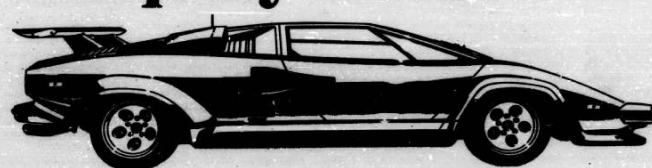


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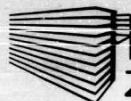
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THE BOY NEXT DOOR

(continued from page 14)

phyxiation and heat exposure by being placed inside a wooden toy box that measured ten and one-half inches deep, thirty and one-half inches long, and fourteen inches wide. Jared's naked thirty-six-inch body had been placed in the box along with an electric hair dryer turned to the hottest position. The grim specter of that maple-colored wooden toy box, referred to by the prosecutor as the "torture chamber," was made melodramatic by its constant presence, center stage, throughout the prosecution's presentation. In addition, coroner's photographs indicated first-, second-, and third-degree burns on Jared's fingers, scrotum, and calf. Rob listened to the macabre proceedings placidly, patiently, and politely as photos of Jared's corpse were circulated among the jury. No one's expression changed.

As part of the state's evidence, a three-hour-long tape was played of Rob's initial interrogation on the day of Jared's death. His hysterical voice, repeating over and over again "I didn't mean to kill the guy!" produced half-way speculation that the motive was standard neighbor stuff. The guy? The guy was barely two years old, still in diapers. He shared the same bedroom with the newlyweds, sleeping in the next bed, separated from them by only a bookcase. "Rob was immature," conjectured a spectator. "He viewed the baby as a rival who had to be destroyed." Dr. Wait R. Griswold testified that Rob said he "wanted to get even with the baby," a statement

that was made while Rob was cuffed and chained to a chair in the psychiatrist's office while two armed police officers were within hearing distance. During the course of a dinner conversation, one of Griswold's colleagues glibly pronounced that Rob was getting even with his own father for disappearing from his life when he was about Jared's age.

Marta Bills Cartwright Pitts, Jared's youthful mother, who had since annulled her marriage to Rob, testified without invective that under Rob's care, her son had been left alone in a bathtub and had been tied up prior to the day of his death as a method of discipline. Because Jared was a slow talker, when Marta would return home from her job at an El Cajon accounting firm, Jared pointed to his little fingers, saying, "Hurrt! Hurrt!" When Marta had questioned her new husband about the marks and minor bruises on her son's body, Rob said that the child was accident-prone.

The first witness defense attorney May called to the stand was his client. The initial examination was brief. During nearly two hours of cross-examination, Rob's story varied, though there was an incremental repetition of his tale: "Just a dumb thing I did."

"I just wanted to make him hot and sweaty."

"I was trying to make him uncomfortable so he'd behave."

"He climbed into the toy box by himself."

"I knew he didn't like being in the toy box," he later admitted.

"I didn't tell them what I did because I was ashamed. I was embarrassed."

"Some statements were true; others were false," he said when asked if he had lied. He confessed that he had

been tying the baby's hands as punishment for touching the stereo. When asked to describe his present emotional state, he said he felt emotionally stable.

The language of the court and of the cross-examination was that of extreme politeness, characterized by double nouns used as softening agents — bedroom area, crotch area, babysitting chores, prison facility, at this point in time.

It was eleven in the morning that Friday when Jared was put in the toy box. He had been fed no breakfast nor been given any liquid. When the prosecutor asked Rob to demonstrate with a thirty-six-inch rag dummy (constructed to simulate Jared) what the baby's last moments alive were like, Rob tied the hands of the rag dummy with the same yellow necktie he used on Jared, placed the rag dummy in the box, taped the mouth with duct tape, put the blow dryer on the hottest position and propped it, and closed the lid.

"Then I went to take a shower. I didn't want him to get out. I didn't want the neighbors to hear him scream," he said calmly, with an absence of mannerism and eye contact.

"He was mad at me. I hit him 'n' stuff," said Rob. "When I came out of the shower for the first time, I opened the lid and looked inside. Then I closed it again and put lead body-building weights on top of it." He finally admitted after this fact was culled from a letter he had written to Marta in February, which was intercepted by county jail authorities and subsequently turned over to the district attorney's office.

"Are you all right, sir?" asked the prosecutor.

"I'm fine."

"Do you need any water?" she asked him.

"Please," he replied. "Thank you."

The testimony continued. After he placed the lead weights on top of the toy box, Rob went back to the bathroom to finish one of his famous, innumerable long showers. He re-emerged ten minutes later, removed the lead weights, opened the lid, found Jared unconscious, pupils dilated, lying in his own excrement in an airless box whose heat had reached an estimated 160 degrees. In a state of panic, he called Marta at the office where she worked (while he babysat and did the laundry and shopping) and then, following her instructions, he called the paramedics. When they arrived, they found Jared on the floor covered with a blanket which hid the burns on his body. Rob changed his own clothes twice, then drove to Grossmont Hospital, where Jared had been taken. Marta, other relatives, Jared's pediatrician Dr. Zlotnick, elders from the Mormon Church, and the police were there, too. Rob sat on the floor and avoided looking at anyone, they testified.

Even recess didn't break the tension. It was America's Finest City Week and down in the street below, a Dixieland band was playing and people were dancing informally in the square facing the Federal Building. Others stood by eating sandwiches from brown paper sacks. The jazz was loud enough, but it didn't drown out the muffled screams, the lost struggle inside the toy box, whose very presence had filled the courtroom.

Back in the hallway outside department sixteen, Joyce mentioned that Rob was worried about the church trial he was about to undergo. "He won't even be able to be there to defend himself," she said sadly. If Rob were excommunicated from the Mormon

Church, Joyce and her first-born son would be separated for all eternity.

The defense presented four other witnesses for the purpose of giving character evidence. Joyce, a friend of Rob's who is a criminal justice major at SDSU, the manager of the El Cajon apartments on Estes Street where the tragedy occurred, and the woman at Marta's office who had answered the phone that Friday last January when Rob called to say Jared was unconscious. All four witnesses said that Rob was a nice guy.

"It's a sad commentary that the last eulogy for Jared David Cartwright should take place in a court of law," began the prosecutor's closing arguments. She described the toy box as a torture chamber and in an effectively dramatic gesture, she slammed the lid down hard. She didn't look like Cheryl Tiegs anymore. Then she proceeded to instruct the jury that premeditation, the intention to kill, is not a necessary element for a first-degree murder verdict in a murder-by-torture case. Malice aforethought, doing a forbidden act despite awareness of its wrong, the act done for antisocial purpose and with wanton disregard for human life, an act which involves a high degree of probability of death — this is enough, she explained.

In his closing, the defense attorney argued that Rob wasn't intentionally responsible for Jared's death. Rob loved the boy and was in the shower at the time and therefore didn't hear the screams. Attorney May then cited the death of Gus Griswold and two other astronauts, ignoring the fact that they were consenting adults who were not bound and gagged. "We didn't intend for them to die but they did," he said. "My client didn't intend for Jared to die either. If he had heard the baby scream," May addressed the jury, "do

you think he would have let him stay in that toy box?" May's closing argument lasted nearly three hours. He made intent an issue and asked the jury to bring in a verdict of involuntary manslaughter and misdemeanor child abuse.

In the prosecutor's brief rebuttal, she reassured that intent was not the issue. Then, after weeks of forensic testimony, with expert witnesses imported from L.A., after months of research and points of law made by a judge and two attorneys, twelve jurors and three alternates got a crash course in the law, were instructed on how to examine the evidence, and were given as much time as they needed to decide Rob's fate.

The jury was out for almost three days, a sign that encouraged the defense. On Wednesday morning, August 25, they delivered the verdict. Rob was found guilty of murder in the first degree and guilty of felony child abuse. "Oh my God!" gasped Joyce. May's jaw dropped. Rob sat frozen to the chair, expressionless. The television cameras panned to his face and got a blank stare. My son Mark watched television in his room that evening and emerged twenty minutes after the news program was over. "I assume you heard the news," was all he said to me. I asked Mark if he wanted to talk about it. He said no.

Rob sent me a letter dated August 29, four days after the verdict was announced. He wrote, "I felt that even though all the terrible things of the trial, that you could see somehow that I acted foolishly and rash, but not maliciously toward Jared. I guess because of all the factors involved it may have seemed that way to them. Yet I know I never thought to hurting him ever. I think

(continued on page 18)

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THE BOY NEXT DOOR

(continued from page 17)

you know me enough that I don't have to go into it more, but it does hurt me that I could be judged as that type of atrocious behavior.

"As for me I guess I made a mistake, which admittedly was wrong, but now the price paid is very severe. But as I didn't believe any danger in my actions, I guess the jury didn't feel any wrong in the judgment. I don't hold any grudge, I just wish they could have known the truth other than circumstances."

Because it has always been awkward for me to write condolence notes to survivors, I sometimes rely on conventional greeting cards to convey an appropriate expression, as long as the message isn't overly saccharine or mystic. But not even Hallmark has produced words that simultaneously acknowledge a son's murder conviction and express sympathy for the parent without condoning the crime. My typewritten message of comfort, which I sent the following week, commended Joyce on her grace under pressure. I ended the note by expressing my view that as a humanist, I can despise the deed, not the doer. I'm not sure that's how I really felt, though. The connection between Rob and his heinous crime was beginning to take shape.

A response arrived the third week in September in the form of a typewritten



ten, Xeroxed letter, one of more than forty that were mailed, thanking all of us for our love and support during the family's ordeal. It requested (stamped, addressed envelope enclosed) that we immediately write letters to Judge Rosado suggesting that Rob be placed in a medium facility rather than a maximum facility so that he could better endure his sentence, which was to be pronounced on October 12. I did. Joyce didn't allude to the daily life-threatening situation for Rob if he were placed among a prison population in a place like Folsom or San Quentin, but in my note to the judge, to be forward-

both received letters written the following day. Rob wrote Mark that he plans to study Chinese while he is in prison. He wrote me that the whole thing had been a sort of growth experience for him, and although the path toward the Heavenly Father isn't an easy one, with God's guidance, he's finding the way. There were six pages of psychobabble and holybabble and a poem he wrote about love. "Life behind bars can actually be a blessing in a person's life if the person can understand their situation and grow from it," he wrote. "Speaking for myself, I have been surprised at how well I have accepted the way I must live now. Of course it didn't just happen overnight. It seems that day by day, especially when I really need that extra boost of strength to endure, I find it somewhere deep within me. I must give the glory for my abilities to God, though, because without his help and constant blessings I wouldn't ever be able to cope. In fact, one of the best things that has transpired lately is my strength and more complete faith in God and his plans for us. By trusting in the Lord, we will be assured things will work out for the best."

"So often, and unfortunately, it takes an experience in heartache, pain, grief, or loss of something to truly relate to it. I look at all the many people who are going in circles, not knowing what they really want or what real purpose there is in life. Although I'm physically confined, mentally and spiritually I have grown so much that by the time I'm released, if I continue to grow at even one-half this rate, I'll be further ahead than I ever would have otherwise. There are many times of loneliness and depression here. But in going through these experiences my heart becomes more and more loving

ed to a team of evaluators, I did.

On the bottom of Joyce's form letter, she pressed a personal message to me that she was moving to an apartment in Chula Vista with a girlfriend, that she was still working at the phone company downtown, and that she hoped we'd "do better about keeping in touch." I did. I called her at the office a few days later. Her younger son, Greg, had a job, she said, and he was living in the old neighborhood (University City) with a friend and the friend's mother.

After my son Mark and I made our October 3 visit to jail to see Rob, we

and compassionate for all mankind."

I never answered his letter. I never went to see him again. On the morning of October 12, I called superior court and the clerk told me that the sentencing would take place at four that afternoon. I arrived early, taking the escalator up to the third floor in order to avoid the possibility of being trapped in an elevator with Joyce. I wasn't in the mood for polite conversation or for feeling pity or for offering comfort. I had nothing to say. I just wanted to observe.

The hallway outside department sixteen was loaded with familiar faces.

There was Uncle Marvin (from Lakeside) and his wife cordially greeting Dave Cartwright (Jared's father), as though they were good buddies. Jurors greeted me and although it was the first time we had ever spoken to them I was the mystery lady — they had been speculating about me, figuring I was from the Mormon Church, we formed a tight fraternity of shared experiences. We exchanged feelings and phone numbers freely. Inside the courtroom, Judge Rosado greeted us warmly, thanked us for coming, for our involvement and interest in the case, and informed us that at the very

last minute the defense attorney had requested a continuance until the following week, October 19, same time, and that he hoped to see us all then. "It won't be postponed any more," he promised.

The jurors and I continued to chat in the street outside the courthouse. They confided the effects of this trial on their families. One of the alternates, a woman who also works for the telephone company, asked the question, "Would Rob be vengeful after his prison release?" The family was concerned about it, she said. "Not to worry," I assured them all. "He's

harmless. He's really a nice guy." Each one of them looked at me for a long time.

At four o'clock on October 19, there was a full house in department sixteen. All the August characters were assembled, plus a few extras. The very pregnant wife of one of the detectives, John Lucke, who testified for the prosecution, came for the sentencing even though she was never present at the trial. "I have a two-year-old son," she explained, "and this case has affected me a lot." It seemed as though every individual present had a stake in the

(continued on page 20)

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THE BOY NEXT DOOR

(continued from page 19)

outcome. Eight jurors and one alternate were present. Jared's father, his paternal grandparents, maternal grandmother, and other relatives, Marta, the victim's mother, was not to be seen. Accompanying Joyce was her father, her brother and sister-in-law, one of the La Jolla Shores groupies who had attended the trial, plus a man I had never seen before. Joyce's mother

and her younger son, Greg, were not present.

I started to take my usual seat behind Joyce's entourage in the spectators' gallery on the right-hand side of the courtroom. Before I sat down, I quickly changed my mind and joined the nine other media members who occupied the jury box along with TV cameras from the three major local channels. Through his attorney, Rob formally asked for a new trial on the grounds of insufficient evidence. The motion was denied. Then Rob's attorney motioned for a reduction from first-degree murder to second-degree

murder, claiming that there was insufficient evidence to uphold a first-degree conviction. Judge Rosado commented that there's no instrument that goes into the mind to determine intent but that all the elements to cause cruel pain and suffering were there. Attorney May continued to argue that it was Rob's poor judgment and immaturity, not malice. "This was an easy case for me to decide," said Rosado. "The jury hit it right on the head. Mr. May, and I concur with their decision."

Joyce began shaking her head back and forth, mouthing, "No! No!" while Rosado explained that he would

listen to May even though he had already heard all the arguments. Her make-up was wearing off; her face ashen with despair, no longer frozen in smile, she began crying quietly. Rob's face looked waxen, yellowish. He was leaner than ever. He wasn't the person who took my daughter to the senior boat ride. He was different.

"Motion denied!" Rosado finally said. The sentence determined by law was passed. Twenty-five years to life. Rob's face was stone, emotionless. Joyce and her father were suddenly pale. Attorney May told the court that his client was filing an appeal. (Where

was the money coming from?)

It was not all over. A discussion ensued between the two lawyers and the judge in the presence of a packed courtroom of friends, relatives, strangers, and reporters regarding the possibility of Rob being killed in state prison. Judge Rosado acknowledged the inmates' grim code of ethics regarding crimes against children. If Rob were placed in a general prison population, his life wouldn't be worth much, and if he were in lock-up, he'd come out a monster. Here we sat, ordinary people, discussing what to do with the surfer boy who would never

ride another wave. Another exercise in social control. We sat and listened, some of us taking notes, some of us shuddering silently in a paroxysm of horror, all of us avoiding Joyce's eyes. Rosado agreed that a life sentence, not a death sentence, had been imposed, and although he felt it was improper for him to interfere, if it met with the prosecutor's approval, he would honor the defense attorney's request to recommend that Rob not be placed in a facility with hardened criminals. The deputy district attorney consented.

Rob was taken back to his cell. In the hallway, the media pounced on the

two lawyers. Before she gave her statement to a reporter from Channel 8, the prosecutor, Lisa Guy-Schall, and Dave Cartwright, the dead baby's father, embraced. "This case hit me the hardest of any case I've ever prosecuted," Guy-Schall told me. Then she thanked the jury for coming and for doing a good job.

Dave's parents, Jared's grandparents, said they felt justice was done.

Dave said, on camera, he didn't want to see Rob out on parole in sixteen or seventeen years.

Robert May said on TV that he was frustrated with the decision.

Joyce disappeared from my view. It was over.

I didn't sleep much that night. Joyce's pleading eyes kept invading my dreams — the overpowering, ongoing unilateral relationship from which there was no exit — then, the toy box from which there was no exit, the uncharted perils that had uprooted all the established complacencies in my life kept invading throughout the night. The most oppressive invader of my sleep was the silent echo from inside the toy box, the screams frozen in mistle. And from my dreams there was no exit.

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ON THE BUS

Story and photographs by Richard Smith



Bless our hearts
These people tonight:
Who ride on this bus
Alone through the night.
Who sit on these benches
As rested on shelves:
Alone on this bus
Alone to ourselves.

And I lay on my bed. It's darker here in my room than it is outside. I no longer can walk along the streets, and I can no longer ask a person in the eye. I don't belong out there. If our eyes met, others would know.

that I had no right to be outside with them; and their silent ridicule is much more painful than this solitude.

My room is very dark. Sometimes I leave the door open just a bit, and the daylight shines on the ceiling and down along one of the corners. And the cars go by outside. I can hear them. As they drive, by, their silhouettes move across the band of light. People also. Sometimes I can see people passing in the light. It's good that cars and people still go by as I lay in my room. I used to worry that they'd stop if I wasn't out there with them. Not anymore. There is just no need for me to go outside.



The cars, the people, they still go by.
A couple is making love nearby. I can picture them. I see them clearly. I know how their bodies move; the heat of their skin, and even their whispers. I know of them but they know nothing of me. Somewhere a child runs across a playground chasing after a rolling ball. The ball slows, and the child kneels and lifts the ball. For a moment the child stands alone holding the ball. And while the playground seems so large, it must be true that there is so much more to be seen beyond the high fences that surround it. Then, with a slight shrug, the thought passes; and as the child holds on to the ball and

runs back across the field, the heart beats and the ears hear the sound of the wind that blows against them.

And I lay on my bed. It's now dark outside and it's raining. I think back to the house that I used to live in, where my family changed and I grew, and I changed. I remember it in the rain. The large hedge and the trees would be soaked with rain, and I would go out in the yard and listen to the water drip from the leaves. One day when it rained, our family went away from the house, and my father died, and when the rest of us returned it was still raining. The



house couldn't re-create the smell of his suit or his place in bed next to my mother, but it was a comfort to be home and to be inside. Now I remember it in the rain. And it's dark in this room. I lay with my ear hard against the mattress; the sound of the game machines is like a battle in the store below. And I think of the eight years that have passed so quickly, wondering if I am now to say certain words, or perform deeds, that will set my future and guarantee my years to come.

And I lay on my bed. And it's raining outside. And I am alone. I can hear the cars going by outside, revealed by their engines and the wet streets. There's a bus coming. As the bus comes up the hill, its engine makes a high whining noise; but as it reaches the top, the engine changes pitch and it becomes a low insistent growl. At times the sound burns, as if to say, "You have no right to stay and hide in your room, to lie and wonder about your past, your future, or of yourself. For there are people on this bus tonight and they, too, have memories of their past and are burdened with their thoughts; they also have left homes along the way. But tonight, now, they are on this bus, to go places; to work, to see people, to be with loved ones, to go to their homes. And maybe then they will go and lie in a dark room just as you have. And they will remember their past and wonder of their future. They may even think of these things now; but if they do, they do so without the luxury of silence and darkness. At this moment they are out and moving, and seeing, and they have only the cold fluorescent light of this bus. And if they are to remember, or wonder, they must choose to ignore those people around them. And that is a difficult thing to do."

Now the rain has stopped and I stand next to the bench at the side of the street. As the headlights shine on

me, the bus slows and pulls to the curb; and as the doors open, I walk up the steps and I see the driver, sitting behind the wheel in a dark corner. I walk down the aisle, beneath the vein of fluorescent light, and make my way toward the back of the bus. The eyes I see don't welcome me, nor do they question, but they look directly at me to see who it is has gotten on the bus. And I sit on a bench. Not next to anyone; that wouldn't be right. There are plenty of empty seats. I came on this bus alone, so I sit alone.

And the bus moves on down the street and it's dark outside. I turn and look out the window but all I see is my own reflection. I see through myself and into the darkness that seems so heavy, a darkness that the lights outside must cut as they move through it. It is easier to turn my head forward so that my reflection is out of view. Now all I see are the lights of the street and the reflection of the bus.

And the bus moves and moves. The lights streak by; the engine whines and it burns in my ear. I wish it would slow down. I wish everything would just slow down. And why am I on this bus tonight? Tell me. I know how to dress and what to wear. I know how to think and how to talk, and how to eat and how to cry and how to love. And not stop is. But please, tell me why I'm on this bus tonight. We're all so alone. We're alone when we get on this bus and we're alone when we leave. This bus is nothing more than a waiting room, a lighted room that moves through the night.

And the bus is moving. The scream of the engine sounds in my ear. "Yes, these people on this bus are alone. Alone as you. Each person is alone, always, no matter how many people they're with or whom they may love. Each couple is two separate people. Together they may form a third entity, but its existence and character is constantly

dependent upon each of the individuals. That each one of these people is alone to himself is what makes them all so exactly alike. The warmth on this bus is the kind that only another human being can give, to be near a body that is living and knows what it is to be human. The warmth comes from each person, from their eyes that say, *This is me. I am on this bus tonight.*

"But you've ignored that, haven't you? You've had your room to yourself and all the warmth that you should need. You have clothes, blankets, a heater, and alcohol. But you're still cold. You're cold because you have mistaken being alone for solitude. You have chosen solitude. Fine. It's yours; but know this: each person is always alone to himself. To separate yourself from others, from their nearness and their warmth—that is to be cold and alone in the worst way. The warmth you need is that of other people, and only other people; the warmth that this bus can give. Without that warmth you must rationalize your own. You must tell yourself that you are as warm as you need to be, that there is a cause and a reason for it, that there is no need for others to be near.

And at times this is true. Time spent away from others, with oneself, is precious and is necessary. But do not think that this rationalized warmth is easy to stoke and maintain. It is difficult, and the fuel that it burns must be taken from that which is used to warm the deepest parts of your soul. When you can no longer afford to deplete that source, you'll have only your self-pity to draw from; and that fuel burns so quickly and gives as little warmth as small dry kindling. And when the last of that fuel is finally gone and the fire dies out, the warmth that you have ravaged yourself for will disappear, and you will find yourself

colder than if you had never been warm before. You'll be as cold as if you had never been alive. As if you were dead. And you might as well be."

There are only a few of us left on the bus. The rest are gone, and with them, some of the warmth that was here. I watched each of them leave, and I silently wished that each would stay. Some of them looked as though they didn't want to go. It's cold outside, and once they leave the bus they are on their own again.

It has taken me twenty-three years to get on this bus tonight. The man toward the front, maybe twice that long. The girl in back: I think not as long as myself. "Listen, girl. It's not that the man and myself have been wasting our time getting here tonight. It's just taken us longer. The man has been growing old, and from his expression, he has fought age every year. Myself, it has taken all that I have had to get this far, and at times I have wanted to go no further. But I have made it to tonight and to this bus. I don't mean to slight you, girl. I honestly don't know how old you are. I only hope that you are younger than I am, for you can't be as old as you look. Your body is young but your face seems older. It is beauty. A beauty that is etched on by each day and hardship. It tells in your eyes. I pray it lasts with you, because you have a long way to go yet; we all do. It is good to have you on this bus tonight."

And the driver leads the bus along the street and through the night. Only the softest of screams are heard. A young man reaches up and pulls the cord, the bell sounds, and in time the bus comes to a stop. The young man leaves through the side of the bus, and as his hand releases the handle, the door closes behind him. He turns and watches the bus as it passes in front of him. It is empty except for one person, and then another. And as the bus is gone, he shivers because he is cold, and he looks up to the stars, stables, and starts for home.

Find the Humor



Tootsie

DUNCAN SHEPHERD

The best comedy of the season — "of the year" would encompass Gregory's *Girl*, and I can't go that far — is not *Tootsie*, but rather *Kiss Me Goodbye*. According to me, that is. Not according to most of those who go quiet to make such judgments. *Tootsie* is rather more fun than funny, and hence precisely as comedy is not better than the other. The "fun" part of it consists in trying to locate and identify Dustin Hoffman amidst the feminine camouflage of his Dorothy Michaels persona. This is not always an easy task, and it is a pleasure thus to pay tribute to the makeup artist's art on the madhouse level of face powder, lipstick, false eyelashes, dentures, wig, etc., instead of waiting for a special occasion like the creation of a werewolf or hundred year old man or colony of lepers or such. Positive identification of Hoffman is harder in still photos, of course, than in actual motion, where his headlike stut stop high heels and his bubbling, pecking head movements tend to give him away.

I ought to say before going any further that the "fun" of this performance, for me, is on a par with Craig Russell's conventional female impersonations of *Steinwald*, *Charmed*, *Rembrandt*, et al. in *Outrageous*. It would not be diminished, in other words, if Hoffman were to do a similar turn within the framework of a five-minute skit or stand-up routine on *The Tonight Show*, and it is really not enhanced much at all by the stuntman plot. In this sense the performance has strong ties to Hoffman's previous impersonation of Lesley Brown: enjoyable as mimicry; quite negligible as characterization.

Clearly, then, I have not had the success some people seem to have had in distinguishing two, separate-but-equal characterizations by Hoffman: one of Dorothy

Michaels, afternoon soap-opera star and feminist paragon, and another one of Michael Dorsey, unemployed New York actor, blackballed for his temperamental perfectionism, driven by desperation and a sense of professional challenge to try out incognito for a female role — and you know the rest. I am not altogether convinced that all those other people have been quite as successful as they claim to have been in keeping the two characters apart. I know I couldn't keep them that way. The male half of Hoffman's role, introduced well ahead of the female, paves the way for the other, but also leaves a sort of afterimage, so that it is impossible for us to see the she-Hoffman without also seeing (or, as outlined in paragraph one, seeing) the he-Hoffman. It is impossible, that is, for us to know how we would see her if, like her associates at the TV studio, we had not already also seen him. There is some sort of principle of magic at work here, some sort of corollary, perhaps, of

the principle of misdirection, whereby it is the degree of change in Hoffman, the distance between Hoffman-male and Hoffman-female, that allows us to accept him as the woman the other characters accept him as.

Undoubtedly the illusion he creates is harder to penetrate and dispel than that of Julie Andrews, travelling in reverse direction across the sexual border, in Blake Edwards's *Victor/Victoria*. (Edwards, more often travelling in Hoffman's direction, appears to have a special appetite for this sort of thing: see also Bing Crosby in *High Time*, Dick Shawn in *What Did You Do in the War, Daddy?* and Peter Sellers in one or more of the *Cleopatra* epics.) But I am not at all sure that, if I were seeing Hoffman's Dorothy incarnation with a virgin eye and hearing his coyly clipped, breathy, Southern-slanted speech with virgin ears, I would not react with that same spine-crawling that Mike Hammer did to the "heroine" of Mickey Spillane's *Vengeance Is Mine*. Fooling the viewer, as Blake Edwards (again) attempted to do with the Mickey Spillane-ish transvestite in *Guns*, is no part of the plan in *Tootsie*. As with the legion of cross-dressers in Shakespeare's comedies, we must be on the joke for there to be any joke.

Which brings me round to the "funny" parts of the movie. These are made up to an inordinate degree of giggles provoking embarrassment like Hoffman stumbling slightly on his high heels or having to share a dressing room with a curvaceous co-star or having to party passes and fancy-pitches from his male colleagues. The sense of embarrassment, real enough, is though not always for reasons intended, is often a result of mere predictability, and in those cases will provoke cynicism more likely than giggles. Two men fall hopelessly in love with the woman who is really a man, the woman who is really a man falls hopelessly in love with a real woman, another real woman falls hopelessly in love with the man who is hopelessly in love with the other, and the movie seems forever to be in the position of having to get itself out of corners it has gone to back-breaking pains to get itself into.

The early birthday party scene, a mosaic of visual and verbal throwaways ("I think the American Indian is an American as John and Ethel Barrymore"), sets the level of conventionalism that persists throughout. The casting of Bill Murray as Hoffman's straight playright associate, in this play, however, are reputed to be utterly

uncommercial (downers) surely doesn't help move things away from conventionalism, nor, still less, does the casting of Dabney Coleman, who has almost a monopoly on such roles, as the stock male chauvinist. But the chief troubles reside in the Larry Gelbart-Murray Schisgal script, which is workmanlike at best, slavish at worst. Much of the dialogue, indeed, sounds as if it were written to the relentless drumbeat of a Roman galley. Hoffman's defense, of his exasperated theatrical agent, of the Method-madness that has made him unemployable — "I did the best tomato. I did the best cucumber. I did an entire salad that knocked the critics on their asses" — is typical of the mechanical, rat-a-tat-tat rhythm of the thing. ("Cucumber," as we learned in Neil Simon's *Sunshine Boys*, is deemed to be an infallibly funny word, but it's the "endive salad" that's supposed to slay us.) Hoffman's re-cap of the events of an unarguably long and frenzied night, to the same exasperated listener, is similarly typical, in the sense that it is not as funny nor as confusing as it is meant to be; it is more crucial, though, in the sense that the scene seems absolutely mandatory. Mandatory permeates the climax, too, when the scriptwriters conveniently arrange for a rare live broadcast on which Hoffman can throw off his disguise and expose himself, so to speak, in front of the nation's housewives. Here, where it would be nice to be able to follow the accompanying speech, true confusion reigns, either due to unclear writing, or too much physical distraction in Hoffman's transvestite striptease, or too much cutting away from him to beg-eyed reaction shots, or a combination thereof.

What hurts the "funny" parts, in addition, are the "not funny" parts — or, rather, since that description covers too much territory, the "not even trying to be funny" parts. And in response to the various critical proclamations that *Tootsie* is so much more than just a man-in-drag comedy, it should be said that the comedy aspect of it is precisely and strictly that. The "more" is not only uncomical in itself, but it spreads into and drags down much else that is, or should be, comic. What this extra baggage mainly contains is an attitude of piety, namely that nothing is more deadly to comedy in matters of sexual politics, reminiscent of the attitude in *Victor/Victoria*, particularly so in the lack of any supporting evidence. There is, on the other hand, plenty of refuting evidence. We might examine, here, the moral



Kiss Me Goodbye

immunity granted Hoffman for the duration of his host, the indifference and even outright cruelty to the Teri Garr and Charles Durning characters, and the apparent contradiction of principle whereby lip service is paid to the idea that Hoffman was a better man when he was a woman, while the action of the movie suggests instead that he was a better woman (i.e., stronger, more assertive) because he was a man. It would be mildly hypocritical of me, however, to make much out of this and related issues. I only want to say, putting the ball in the proper half of the court, that if the movie were indeed more than just a man-in-drag comedy, then the consequences and moral implications of the hero's actions would begin to matter, and would begin to demand some immediate attention. I don't think the serious side of the movie does matter, except to the extent that it creates a hefty cargo of dead weight, and perhaps to the extent that it interested such a serious and heavy-handed director as Sydney Pollack in doing the project in the first place. Our (or my) interest is limited to watching Hoffman as Dorothy. Interest flags, I think, whenever we are away from her, and interest need not go as

all into the extracurricular question of whether Dustin Hoffman is more or less sexually enlightened than Alan Alda.

Kiss Me Goodbye seems to me a much better movie, but I have less to say about it. The script by Charlie Peters hovers most of the time at a merely TV-level (but good TV) in following out its premise, which concerns a potential midlife-crisis between a twenty Egyptianist, a widow, and the ghost of her previous husband. The third of these, true to form, is visible and audible only to the second, and much of the dialogue thus proceeds, with a nice sense of tradition, in accordance with the who-are-you-talking-to, I-don't-see-anyone, you-must-be-crazy formula. Many will recognize in the situation a rehash of the Brazilian film, *Dona Flor and Her Two Husbands*, which I remember typing at the time as a throwback to Thorne Smith, only smaller. We're even closer to Thorne Smith here, in relative cleanliness for one thing, and in the general tenor of 1930s screwball comedy. The theme, however, of one relationship being "haunted" by a prior one is more psychologically sound than is usual in the funny-ghost genre, and director Robert

Mulligan, who is known more for sensitivity than sense of humor, does not shy away from the subliminal sentiment contained here. Any resulting seriousness is not, as in *Tootsie*, as the stock male chauvinist. Integral as it is, it doesn't spoil the mood of the piece, and thus the knock-out finale, in which a fallen priest and committed tippler thinks he has located the demon spirit inside the resident pooch, gets all the laughs it wants. My main reservation about the movie is the character of the ghost (why not a considerate, apologetic ghost for once?) and the casting of him with James Caan. Caan has apparently worked hard to polish his soft shoe, but the entire conception of a roguish, Bob Fosseish Broadway highbrow would be irredeemable even by an actor with twice the charm. My main admiration is for Jeff Bridges as the bookish but far from mock fanned. By my understanding of good comic acting, which would include creating a character, finding and fitting into one's place in an ensemble, and not just showing off one's own virtuosity, this performance far outshines that of Hoffman in *Tootsie*. Sally Field, whose facial expressiveness at times brings to mind the Little Rascals (this is not intended as an insult), would fall somewhere between the two.

So much for catch-up. I don't recall any year getting off to a faster start than this new one — a millennium, perhaps, if another one were needed, of the weakness of the year-end releases. Already we have had, in addition to a handful of others I haven't yet seen, a perfectly satisfactory spy thriller (*Edge*) and one of the more frequently mentioned foreign films on critics' Top Best lists (*Moonlighting*). The latter, by Polish expatriate Jerzy Skolimowski, may have come in for some of the sympathy-support that attended Andrzej Wajda's *Man of Iron* the year before, though in this case the sympathy is better earned on the screen. It is well worth seeing, anyway, and well worth writing about, too, if it would stay on at the Guild long enough for me to get my priorities in order. With *Spider's Creek*, *Grounds for Marriage*, and *Chilly Scenes of Winter* arriving this week, it is difficult to know when that would be. I can dimly envision, though, a compare/contrast essay taking shape around the separate but simultaneous Polish accents of the two stars of *The French Lieutenant's Woman*.

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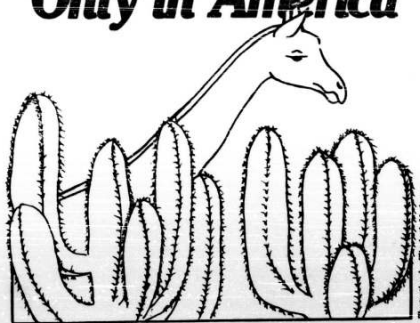
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The management of Cantina Zona Rosa are involvement connoisseurs. These are basically good and decent people who do not intend to come from elsewhere to spoil our gastronomic atmosphere, particularly when gastronomy in San Diego lies in such a precarious state. But without realizing it, that is what the Cantina Zona Rosa is doing — debasing our food values.

To begin with some positive aspects, the management has spared little expense in its decor. For those of us who still remember when the original Ocean Fresh on La Jolla Boulevard in La Jolla offered some picnic benches and fresh fish served on paper plates, the present site will come as a stunning surprise. Not only has the area been

expanded to include a separate and capacious bar, but a dining room has been added to the rear which allows for greater privacy. The decor itself is smashing: white statues of animals dominate a central wall to create a mythical forest, and the walls of the restaurant are lined with cacti made from white material which spring like mythological trees from an embankment of soft lights.

Upon entering, you're sure to be impressed by the imaginative and unique decor, by the beautifully appointed tables, and by the friendly service — everyone tries very, very hard to please. The separate lounge seems to have become an instant success because on both occasions that I visited it was crowded with people who were having a fine time, laughing and drinking.

Now, if the atmosphere is stimulating, if the service is friendly, if the place exudes "good vibes," wherein lies the catchbagery? In the food itself, of course.

Cantina Zona Rosa (the pink zone, named for that ritzy shopping and dining neighborhood in Mexico City) calls itself a "Mexican seafood restaurant and bar" and has sister restaurants in South Lake Tahoe, California, and in Lake Coeur

d'Alene, Idaho, where this brand of Mexican food is supposed to enthrall the diners. But make no mistake about San Diego — it won't do, it won't do at all.

I'm well aware that before restaurants open they do research about the site and the taste preferences of the population. But someone has misinformed the management of Cantina Zona Rosa. San Diego boasts dozens of Mexican restaurants and what we didn't need was one more whose food is so Americanized that it can hardly pass for Mexican food. The format, I was told, worked wonderfully in Lake Tahoe. In San Diego it is an insult to our knowledge of Mexican cooking.

To be more specific, on the first night I visited the Cantina Zona Rosa the place was so crowded that the only two tables available were at the door in the front or near the serving station in the rear. I was dining with a man who works at a Mexican restaurant that prides itself on its authenticity. Therefore, as soon as we were seated in the back dining room and my friend scanned the menu, he noted that there were no mole dishes, no tamales, no moco, and that the nachos — tortilla chips topped with melted cheese, sour cream, and guacamole — were selling for the outrageous price of \$4.50.

Not to worry, I counseled. I was there to eat fresh fish prepared on the mesquite grill. But there was no fresh fish in the house; only frozen trout was available. Under the circumstances, we opted for the Mexican cuisine. My friend had allowed (metaphorically) soup and cornucopia. I ordered the "fish" inside. To be perfectly scrupulous, I should say that our waiter informed us that the Mexican food was "blatant" but that it had pleased the diners in Lake Tahoe. He also told us that so fresh fish had been available for days.

The meatball soup (\$1.75) was prepared from an extremely salty meat base into which had been dropped meatballs without benefit of mint or cilantro. The cornucopia, or roasted pork (\$7.25), arrived in shades rather than in cubes or slices. This shared shakedown pot is used in the preparation of tostadas and burritos and was about as porcine as the simulated cacti on the walls.

The beans contained an excess of lard, the rice was of the same variety as minute rice and with as much taste. My totopost (\$5.50) arrived in one of those prefabricated fluted tostada shells that seem not to be intended for human consumption, and was filled with mild jack cheese, bits of chicken, and the aforementioned beans. Mountains of shredded lettuce were covered with a bil-

ious salad dressing. I was starving because I never eat lunch on nights that I am doing down the food. This was one of those occasions. The Americanization of commercialization of this so-called Mexican food was so great that it had almost no resemblance to the original. As we left my companion remarked, "That was some kind of slop!" I did not protest his evaluation.

Undaunted, I returned a few nights later to try the fresh fish. My friend had the red snapper (\$6.95), which was lightly fried and covered with fresh sautéed vegetables; I had fresh rock cod prepared on the mesquite.

How anyone could run both fish preparations is an interesting question, but my rock cod was so undercooked as to be rubbery and slimy, and my friend's red snapper had no taste at all. Again, the service was felicitous and the salad served with the fish was more than adequate. The steamed flour tortillas were too thick and heavy but the chips served at the beginning of the meal were terrific. Both of us agreed that the atmosphere could not compensate for the poor food preparation — I would have sent back my fish for another turn on the mesquite, but for once it seemed like too much trouble.

A restaurant like the Cantina Zona Rosa is a sitting duck for any critic. The food is so poor that it lends itself to satire and overstatement. But consider the waste of effort, of money, and of talent. The owners went into this enterprise with the best intentions — they may have thought that this sort of food would succeed here as it did elsewhere. The management may be lacking savvy in obtaining fresh fish from markets. But while a critic may hesitate to annihilate a restaurant in these hard-pressed economic times, someone has to stand up and say, "This food is dreadful. You have to revise your format. This is San Diego and we know Mexican food, not some paltry approximation of it."

To add to the paradox, Cantina Zona Rosa was doing booming business both times I was there, doubtless filled with the refugees from Larry's Who Song (El Tonto) on La Jolla Village Drive, where the food is even worse. If, however, we are to begin the new year with proper spirit, we still have to opt for excellence on the plate, rather than plaster of Paris fawns and fabric desert blooms. Should the Cantina Zona Rosa hire a good Mexican chef, I would be glad to try the place again. □

The Calling



JONATHAN SAVILLE

The other evening, at the end of Bill Davis's splendid *Mass Appeal*, the rigid traditionalism of the Carter Centre Stage was astonishingly disrupted. At the Globe and the Carter, certain calls are planned, choreographed, and — often infamously — curtailed. In the present instance, the two actors came in and took their bows to each quarter of the audience around the arena stage. Then, according to the prearranged scenario, they left for their dressing rooms: Tom Lacy, who plays the plump, complacent, middle-aged Catholic parish priest, and Andrew Stevens, who is the brash, idealistic young seminarian impatient with the Church's comfortable stolidities. The audience, at this point, was expected to cease applauding and to file obediently out. The house lights came up, the ushers opened the doors, but the enraptured public simply went on clapping. The actors did not come back — they weren't supposed to, after all; what would management think? But the audience refused to budge; by now they had gotten stubborn

and were bent on having their way. Several minutes passed; the applause did not diminish; and finally, the bonds of tradition burst asunder, and Messrs. Lacy and Stevens reappeared, in confusion, dismay (Mr. Stevens was already half undressed), and apparently stupefied delight. They bumped into each other, they smiled at over themselves, they bowed this way and that in spontaneous disorder — and, for the first time in my experience at the Balboa Park theaters, the curtain calls became what they really ought to be: a real, living relationship of mutual gratitude between audience and actors.

What makes this production so unprecedentedly inspiring is its revelation of the ease of good acting. *Mass Appeal* offers its two actors the whole range of opportunities their profession encompasses, and the actors at the Carter grab each fleeting opportunity and turn it into pure gold.

First of all, the script gives each player a vivid, concentrated, and engaging character from the first moment he steps on stage. Mr. Lacy's Father Tim Failey is a witty, affable stage trichman, with a taste for

sparkling burgundy and other creature comforts, a desire to be loved by his congregation, and an ingratiating manner and capling tongue to guarantee that he gets and keeps that love. Mr. Lacy — as his recent San Diego performances in *The Miser* and *The Importance of Being Earnest* have demonstrated — is a master at this sort of comic characterization. His initial sermon, from the pulpit that set designer Marc Donnelly has cleverly erected at one corner of the beautifully furnished stage, calls all the actor's comic acts into play. Entering into a "dialogue" with his parishioners on a subject of fashionable interest ("Should women be priests?"), Mr. Lacy creates, individual after individual, by his reactions to their (to us) maulable questions. The brisk turns of the head, the pursed lips of interest, the melodious, wheedling tone of voice, the occasional expression of theological earnestness inevitably deliquescent into the satisfied smile of some bit of nimble repartee, the pungent, liquid brogue, the sense of sparkling self-enjoyment that wafts from this suavely lenient priest like the odor from a great fat round of ripe cheddar — here is a piece of acting so consummately charming that the audience in the Carter rapidly proceeds to love Mr. Lacy with just the same uncritical adoration his congregation accords Father Tim: when Mr. Lacy directs a gently chiding, comic aside toward his listeners, we can no longer tell this is the actor ad-libbing to us in the Carter or a scripted phrase from Father Tim's address to his flock.

Mr. Stevens's Mark Delane is a vanguard of a different sort, though equally attractive, and in his own way quite as critical. Mark is a saint of newly picked and bracingly washed lettuce, broccoli, cucumber, and alfalfa sprouts: firm, fresh, beautiful, a bit austere, and very green. If Father Tim is lovable for his genial warmth, young Mark is admirable for his sincere pastoral ardor, his intense devotion to his calling, his uncompromising insistence that true Christianity is a real relationship with another edified higher world, not merely a social convenience of the otherwise materialistic middle class. This passion for faith and righteousness and active goodness speaks through Mr. Stevens's energetic, ringing, youthfully mettlesome voice, and it speaks quite as eloquently in the taut vigor of his compact, agile body, as limber and yare as a well-crafted ketch riding an agitated sea. But for all Mark's sincerity and Mr. Stevens makes us believe in it every inch of the way — this too is a comic character.

These two characterizations are presented right at the beginning of the play: the pulpit Father Tim in his sumptuous but slightly vulgar ecclesiastical vestments (glyc designed by Dianne Holly), and young Mark in his half-righteous jogging outfit, restlessly impatient to end his conversation with this irritatingly benign priest and to continue on his daily eight miles. In themselves, the two characters as we see them initially are not enough to make *Mass Appeal* a delightful comedy. But playwright Bill Davis gives us more than comedy, and demands more of his actors. The characters are not static; they grow, they change, they reveal things about themselves that we did not know at first, and they learn things about themselves that they themselves did not know. The complacent priest, we find out, has gone through his own phase of moral arrogance; he suffers from an irreparable guilt toward his dead mother; he is desperately afraid of isolation, of being untended, of losing the easygoing society of devotees he has built up for himself in the parish. Gradually coming to know these hidden pains in a man he has felt contempt for but has gotten to like, the inflexibly moralistic seminarian at last experiences authentic compassion for human weakness. And when confronted by the injustice of Mark's expulsion from the seminary (at the hands of a piteous Monsignor Burke, whom we never see but whom Mr. Lacy-Father Tim wicket and brilliantly travesties), the priest finds within himself an un-

(Continued on page 29)

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The Calling

(continued from page 27)

wanted courage, a devotion to truth, and even a willingness to risk his comforts — new traits which transform his personality and suddenly turn the heretofore serene middle period of his career into the beginning of a great, new, risky adventure of the spirit, an imitation of Saint Francis, who gave away all he had and leapt from one life into another.

The dynamism of these transformations is something marvelous. There is a continual pressure forward in *Mass Appeal*,

an absorption of the audience in the continually evolving events on stage. But our interest is less in external events ("Will Mark's sermon be a success?") than in the psychological and spiritual changes being wrought in the characters who stand before us at crucial moments in their development as Christians and as human beings. The process is deeply moving, for in it we can see our own possibilities of transformation, the sympathy and tolerance we must continually relearn because our egotism continually tries to obliterate it, the courage we must dig again and again out of the intricate mine of the heart, because it is the fuel by which all our other virtues are set in motion. In David McClelland's superbly

directed *Mass Appeal*, with all that surging propulsion of feeling, character, and life-situation filling and animating the tiny square of the stage, the process of self-transformation is given special power by the actors' ability to make their characters grow in depth and stature, in seriousness and poignancy, without ever abandoning the engaging comic traits that have captured our affection from the very first. You would never have guessed from Mr. Lacy's preposterous Jacques (the Miser's cook-coachman) or his genially pompous Canon Chausable in the Oscar Wilde Tim Farley in the first act of *Mass Appeal* — that this actor was capable of the profundity of feeling he plumbs in act two, sev-

eral times to the point of converting the audience's tears of laughter incontinently into tears of the other sort. The grandeur of the art of acting — its range, and strength, and mastery of human experience — could scarcely be better illustrated than by this fabulous performance. And although young Mark does not have to come so far or change so greatly as Father Tim, Mr. Stevens too shows us how the skillful actor holds back his greatest forces until the climactic moment calls for them, how he creates a character in levels, progressively moving inward, always making us feel that we have the full person in front of us and that we see all of him, and then surprising us with something more, something deeper, something closer to the infinite com-

plexity of human nature we are aware of in ourselves.

Fine acting — and we have not seen finer acting in San Diego — is not only the establishment of a well-rounded character and the dynamic revelation of that character's growth. It is also the interplay between actors, the way they act with each other and for each other. What is perhaps most striking about the acting in *Mass Appeal* is precisely this interplay between Mr. Lacy and Mr. Stevens. The script demands — and the actors give us, abundantly so — the sense that for each of these cycloviatic, the priest and the seminarist, the encounter with the other is the most significant event in his life. They see in each other, variously, what they have

been, what they refuse to be now, and what they might become. It is their relationship that transforms them both. As mutual mirrors, positive and negative, and as active influences upon each other, they engage in an interchange of thoughts, of feelings, and of the most components of the self that brings them tremendously close to each other, even while they are in the most exasperated conflict (which is most of the time). It is in recognition of the immense importance each has for the other that, at an especially moving moment toward the end of the play, the older and younger man embrace, sharing their suffering, offering their compassion, acknowledging their spiritual kinship. Mr. Lacy and Mr. Stevens, in the concentrated attention by

which, throughout the evening, they have delivered each of their words and gestures as a living, spontaneous reaction to the words and gestures of the other, have prepared that moment so that when it comes it embodies all the accumulated emotional force of the relationship and the play. As an instance of the mutuality and solidarity of the art of acting it is, quite simply, magnificent.

Which brings us back to the curtain calls. Bowing to the justifiably enthusiastic audience, the actors must have been aware of how much they owed their success to each other. Each of them, however good an actor in himself, had been made even better by being so ably partnered. It was doubtless with this in mind that Mr.

Lacy, in what seemed an impulsive and unrehearsed gesture, turned to the younger actor and re-enacted the embrace of a few minutes before. Just as the encounter of Mark and Father Tim constitutes a uniquely important event in both their lives, so too, Mr. Lacy seemed to be telling Mr. Stevens and us, the coming together of these two wonderful actors in this wonderful play means something special for each of their careers. The special quality of the production was recognized by the audience the other night as it forced the actors to break the Carter's rules about curtain calls. And you will recognize it too, if you have the luck to get tickets for one of the best shows San Diego has seen in years.

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A Formula To Wit



Julie Marlin, Charles Knox Robinson

JEFF SMITH

Bernard Slade's *Romantic Comedy*, currently playing at the Fiesta Dinner Theatre, frequently gives the impression of being more than what it actually is: a light, undemanding, "romantic comedy" about Jason Carmichael, the successful author of light, undemanding comedies. Creator of *Tribute*, *Same Time Next Year*, and numerous TV sitcoms, Slade has a knack for what critic Stanley Kauffmann once termed the ability to create "make-believe meaning" — work that is "seemingly sharp and fearless but essentially tame and pat." The play promises throughout that it will unveil new insights into the nature of human relationships. These are suggested by a host of witty lines that have the snap — if not the crackle and pop — of experience. But in the end, the play ticks together some loose ends, unties others, and reassures its audience that what they have suspected all along (that friendship is a good place to start a relationship) is in fact the case. If *Romantic*

Comedy were a wide receiver in football, scores would say that it runs the short pattern well — the punts and the look-ins — but that it has trouble when it tries to go deep.

The play begins in the late Sixties. Jason Carmichael has prospered as a playwright, with a string of hits that would make Neil Simon verdant with envy. But Carmichael has had help. And on the day he is about to be married, his artistic collaborator has chosen to break off their partnership of eleven years. On the same day — quite an eventful one, all things considered — a young schoolteacher from Vermont named Phoebe Craddock shows up with a play she has written. A canny reading of her work indicates that she can't write dialogue or construct a scene (Slade's strengths in *Romantic Comedy*), but Carmichael spots talent and, fearing that his previous successes may have been the result of his ex-partner's abilities, decides to team up with Phoebe. And the question arises: which new relationship, his marriage or his collaboration, will survive?

Though the play takes fourteen years to answer it, from the late Sixties to the pres-

ent, the question is largely rhetorical. From the start, in work and eventually in love, Phoebe has the pole position. Everyone else systematically fades back into the pack. In fact, if April is the "crucial" month, then *Romantic Comedy* is unequivocally harsh in the way it dismisses characters it no longer needs. During the first decade of their marriage, for example, Carmichael's wife Allison has become, well, "political." The play assures its audience that, for obscure but somehow knowing reasons, this phenomenon definitely puts her out of the scene to be necessary. Her point of view would have been useful, as would Leo's. Their side of the story is speckled, however, in order to maintain the play's lightness of tone — but at the expense of some potentially genuine conflict.

Romantic Comedy is also about the writing of plays, generally a clue that the author is stuck for subject matter. There are other recent plays that talk about plays — Ira Levin's flashy *Deathtrap* and Sam Shepard's *True West*, for example. (The latter has the most vivid depiction of the horrors of the creative process yet observed on stage: a manic demolishing his typewriter with a three iron.) Unlike these, Slade's comedy pretends to dismiss cheap devices — and then employs them later on. Carmichael and Craddock are collaborating on a script. He wants a character to be a "Joan of Arc of the Eighties" and another to be Pygmalion-like, a blossom from an unpromising seed. Craddock says both devices are showman, that an audience no longer accepts such tricks. But Carmichael/Slade argues that any gimmick can work if it is "well made."

Which is true. But not if you have the gall to announce it first and then try to pull it off. Slade does both in *Romantic Comedy*, with diminishing results.

The Fiesta Dinner Theatre has given Slade's play a better production than it may in fact deserve. Adept at directing comedies of this sort, Frank Wayne has mounted the play with skill. The tempo is fluid, the timing precise. Wayne has also stressed the strengths of the play: crisp, often witty dialogue and well-built scenes — and, whenever possible, he has coaxed out believable characters from a reductionist script. *Romantic Comedy* gives the illusion that its individual trees add up to a forest. They don't. But under Wayne's admirable direction, that illusion is at least more palpable than it might have been in lesser hands.

The solid cast of the production is headed by Charles Knox Robinson, as Jason Carmichael, and Julie Marlin, as

Phoebe Craddock. One of the heavy-handed ironies of the play is that the writer of tender romantic comedies is actually a world-class jerk whose own string of messed-up affairs and marriages would never qualify for the genre he writes. Though he reads his lines with a stiff, staccato intensity that becomes tiresome by the third act, Robinson is convincing as Carmichael, the pampered out of a playwright. And Marlin is an exceptional Phoebe. Her character, initially afraid of offending anyone, begins the play terminally sweet, with a brand of backwoods naivete rarely encountered in our stern century. Then in gradually demarcated stages, Phoebe evolves into a complex and likable character, the latter being no mean feat, given her immediate environment. Marlin's rich performance is a consistently fine display of comedic talent. And her verbal war with Robinson in act two is truly memorable.

Late in the second act, they decide to break off their lucrative collaboration, now in its tenth year. Like a husband and wife on the outs, who begin to see their marital troubles writ large in small things, Carmichael and Craddock lock horns and lambaste each other's most irksome traits. The heretofore inoffensive habits they have acquired over the years as writers — she does push-ups for inspiration; he gazes Scotch and whines — suddenly expand, in their eyes, into disgusting mammoth proportions. And, in a terrifically energized, beautifully acted scene, Robinson and Marlin storm all over Robert Earl's handsome (though too brightly lit) set and spew forth ten years of squelched resentment with unbridled venom.

In minor roles, several actors give unexpected life to the production. Franc A. Rose, as Leo, converts the frumpy journalist into a sensitive human being, perhaps adding more dimensions than the play can actually handle. Joan Snyder's portrayal of Blanche Daily, Carmichael's literary agent, is first-rate. As worldly as Phoebe is naive, Blanche has many of the play's most acerbic lines. Snyder's delivery, elegant but with more than a dash of experimental bitterness, is always on the mark, an appealing blend of cynicism and sanity. And Elizabeth Bills, who plays Carmichael's practically meek wife (an oddity, since we have been told she is so "political"), creates a reasonably believable character essentially through subtle gestures and nuances. These fill in some of the gaps the playwright has conveniently created for her. And it must be difficult to play a character who wears an invisible muzzle, especially in a play with so many pretensions to significance. But then again, Slade is after make-believe meanings in *Romantic Comedy*. So there's no sense in letting the truth intrude into the play's formulaic — and ultimately tame — doing.

Section 2 Events, Theater, Music, Film



Screen Art

Throughout history, most great artistic movements have been the products, directly or indirectly, of technological advancement. The Twentieth Century's two major indigenous art forms of cinema and video, in fact, represent an interesting schism: the rapid and massive technological shift over the past thirty years from mechanics to electronics has enabled the latter to supersede the former as a means of individual expression. Movies are still the repository of "high" art, but more and more, video has become the medium for the small, the experimental, the personal, not to mention the disposable and the trivial.

As the current exhibit of video art at UCSD's Mandeville Art Gallery makes apparent, the movement, having already produced several works of lasting value, is still in relative infancy. One can also see that video, even more than film, has attracted artists from several other fields, thus creating an astonishing variety of approaches and visions. Arranged under the title



Video/TV: Humor/Comedy, the exhibit comprises nine separate programs of short pieces (each lasting from one to thirty

minutes, totaling about eight hours, and shown continuously on a single screen), and though all are meant to be humorous to one degree or another, many are nonetheless serious and sometimes painful artistic statements. The various works have been assembled from all over the country (though mostly from New York and San Francisco) and, in technique, range fairly evenly over the scale from the quick and snappy to the surreal, the satirical, the documentary, and represent not only such "old masters" as Nam June Paik and William Wegman, but such relatively new crossovers as the musician/performance artist Laurie Anderson, the avant-garde design duo Bob and Bob, the L.A. performance team the Kipper Kids, and more than forty-five others, including La Jolla's Brad Stenberg.

As present, experimental video appears to have reached the level attained by experimental cinema about twenty years ago, when the work of pathfinders like Stan Brakhage and Ed Emshwiller inspired not only other artists but countless students with

From The French

Traduttore — traditore. So goes the well-known Italian saying. "A translator is a traitor." But abuse will not put an end to this special literary art. Translators translate to aid readers who do not know the original language of a poem, a story, or a play. But they also translate for the same reason mountain climbers attempt Everest — because it is there.

One poem that is there — and in a language spiritually remote from English — is the sonnet by Baudelaire which begins:

Ses yeux, ô me Doulent, et tiens-oi plus tranquille. Tu réclamas le Sarr; il descend;

le voici. Une atmosphère obscure enveloppe la ville. Aux uns portant la paix, aux autres le souci. And here is the way John R. Theobald has translated these lines, in his comprehensive and exquisitely printed anthology, *The Lost Wine: Seven Centuries of French into English Lyrical Poetry*, published two years ago by San Diego's Green Iger Press. Be wise, my grief, and keep yourself more calm. You prayed for evening, it comes down, it's here. A dimness falls, as though it would enshroud The town, with peace for some, for others care. The translator succeeds well in conveying the general meaning, and he has maintained the rhyme scheme of the original (continued on page 6, col. 2)

Moving Ideas

Two different choreographic styles will be presented in one program by J's Company & Dancers tonight and again tomorrow evening. During a final round of rehearsals, Tim Wengert and Betzi Roe talked about their dances and their approaches to making dances. Wengert, a dancer of wonderful strength, control, and grace who began his association with J's Company four years ago while a principal dancer with

the Martha Graham Company, will perform a new solo work and, for the first time, has choreographed a dance on the company. "I learned from Martha [Graham] to start not with an idea but just to go into the studio and start moving and see where it goes. With Martha, movement is what it's about. If I'm making a dance on myself, there is no time frame. I take whatever time it takes." Work on his solo stretched out over nine months. "The first impulse for *Journeys to the Mouth of the River* was a trip I took, in the state of Veracruz in Mexico, to a (continued on page 6, col. 4)



Tim Wengert: Journeys to the Mouth of the River

Vintage Beethoven

Ludwig van Beethoven had no false modesty about the

importance of his art. "Music is a higher revelation than all wisdom and philosophy," he remarked. "It is the wine of a new procreation, and I am Bacchus who presides over this glorious wine for men and makes them drunk with the spirit." The all-Beethoven concert of



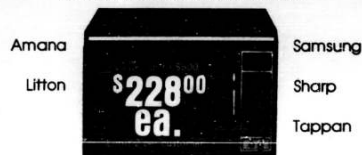
Richard Zuckerman

the Saint Paul Chamber Orchestra this weekend (sponsored by the La Jolla Chamber Music Society) will give San Diego music-lovers a good sample of that glorious wine from Beethoven's middle period, a vintage without peer. The program at the Civic Theatre begins with the Overture to the only ballet the mature Beethoven composed, *The Creatures of Prometheus*, dating from 1801 when the composer was in his thirty-first year. The ballet is about the Greek Titan, who creates man and woman and brings them to Prometheus to be educated by Apollo and the Muses. Could it have been an identification with the great mythical creator and bringer of culture that led Beethoven to put such power and imagination into the Overture, one of his finest in that genre?

The other two works on the program are closely related, both dating from 1806: the Fourth Symphony (Op. 60) and the Violin Concerto (Op. 61). Both are works of ebullient energy and (continued on page 6, col. 5)

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READER'S GUIDE TO LOCAL EVENTS

hospital patient whose brain is implanted with electrodes, in movies, burlesque, and who escapes and goes on a murder rampage, will be broadcast Sunday, January 23, 11:30 p.m., Channel 12.

"Don't Bruise the Gun," a program exploring America's drinking habits, will be aired Monday, January 24, 9 a.m., KFRS-FM 89.

"88 Seconds in Greensboro," a report on the 1979 killings of Communist Workers Party members and other demonstrators who gathered at a rally in Greensboro, North Carolina, and were shot

down by bullets fired from a car, will be shown by KKKL-Klan and American Nazi Party members, will be in the first program, in a new series called Frontline, anchored by Jessica Savitch, Monday, January 24, 8 p.m., Channel 15.

"Gentlemen Prefer Blondes," a 1953 musical comedy starring Marilyn Monroe and Jane Russell, will be shown Monday, January 24, 9 p.m., Channel 6.

"Miss Lonelyhearts," Nathaniel West's drama about a young journalist forced to write a love advice column for a big city newspaper who finds himself drawn into the personal lives of his readers, will be aired Tuesday, January 25, 9 p.m., repeats Thursday, January 27, 1 p.m., Channel 15.

"A Walk Through Harlem," a half-hour journey in which old and new residents of the New York City neighborhood discuss Harlem's history in the 1920s, will be broadcast Wednesday, January 26, 6:30 p.m., KFRS-FM 89.

"Idonoreo," a performance of Mozart's opera, starring Luciano Pavarotti as Idonoreo, will be broadcast Wednesday, January 26, 8 p.m., Channel 15, simulcast on KFRS-FM 94.1.

"The Desert Rats," a 1953 adventure movie starring Richard Burton and James Mason, set during World War II in North Africa, will be broadcast Wednesday, January 26, 9 p.m., Channel 6.

Lectures

Storytelling will be presented by Storytellers of San Diego with guest storyteller Craig Werner, SDSU professor of children's literature, telling stories by Richard Kyling, Thursday, January 22, 7 to 9 p.m., Denny Magge's, 3889 University Avenue, North Park, 569-0199.

Poetry Reading, Barbara Ruth, San Diego coordinator of the California Poets in Schools program, will read her work, Thursday, January 22, 7 p.m., Multicultural Arts Institute, 425 Market Street, downtown, Free, 236-1521.

"The Critical Issues in Central America Today" will be the topic of a luncheon speech by Army Lieutenant General Wallace H. Nutter, commander of the United States Southern Command, Friday, January 21, noon, Adams Restaurant, 2595 Ingraham Street, Mission Bay. Reservations: 231-0111.

The California Gray Whale, its biology and behavior, will be the topic of a lecture and slide presentation by Steven Swartz and Mary Lou Jones, Friday, January 21, 7:30 p.m., Natural History Museum, Balboa Park, 232-3821.

"Poetry of Change," a poetry reading by San Francisco poets R.V. Cottam and Pam Allyn and San Diego poets Sakila Baker and Alvinia, will be presented Friday, January 21, 8 p.m., Grand Raves Cultural Center, 1947 30th Street, Golden Hill. Partially wheelchair accessible, 232-5009.

"CalTrans District Eleven Archaeological Program," a lecture by Chris White, will be presented Friday, January 21, 8 p.m., main theater, Educational Cultural

Complex, 4343 Ocean View Boulevard, San Diego, Free, 454-7047.

"Hiderium and the Holocaust" a discussion by Alvinia, a former Hitler Youth leader, and Helen Watersford, a former concentration camp inmate, will be presented Saturday, January 22, 9 a.m. to 1 p.m., University Lutheran Church of La Jolla, 9935 La Jolla Shores Drive, La Jolla, 296-6219.

World Energy Plan, what it is and how it is expected to work, will be the topic of a forum sponsored by the World Energy Network and featuring Dan Berhane, political science professor at UCSD and administrator for the new University of California Peace Institute, and Peter Conroy, who teaches international law and organization at UCSD, Saturday, January 22, 2 to 4 p.m., auditorium number three, San Diego Gas and Electric Company, 101 Ash Street, downtown, Free, 295-8709.

Poetry Reading, Françoise Gilet and John Theobald will read from Theobald's The Lost Wine: Seven Countries of French and English Lyric Poetry, Saturday, January 22, 3 p.m., D.G. Wills Books, 7527 La Jolla Boulevard, La Jolla, 456-1800.

"Building a Prosperity Consciousness," a talk by Tom Meyer, author of Radical Prosperity, will be given Sunday, January 23, 7 p.m., Unity-San Diego, 7491 Princess View Drive, San Diego, 223-1746/4728.

"Kabbalah and the Occult," a lecture by author and mystic, Gerald Winkler, a rabbi, will be presented Sunday, January 23, 7:30 p.m., Congregation Beth Jacob, 4855 College Avenue, San Diego, Free, 287-8900.

Short Story Reading, science fiction writer Greg Bear will read from his latest short story anthology The Wind from a Burning Woman, Monday, January 24, 7:30 p.m., D.G. Wills Books, 7527 La Jolla Boulevard, La Jolla, 456-1800.

"Interior of the Nieuwe Kerk, Amsterdam," a painting by Dutch artist Emanuel de Witte, will be the topic of a curatorial talk that will be presented Tuesday, January 25 through January 28, 1:30 p.m., Timken Gallery, Balboa Park, Free, 239-5548.

Traveling in New Guinea will be among the topics discussed in a slide-illustrated talk about Papua New Guinea, that will be presented by Lowell Blankfort, Wednesday, January 26, 1 p.m., National City Public Library, 200 East 12th Street, National City, Free, 474-8214.

Poetry Reading, Bill Corbett, author of ten books, including Columbus Square, will read his poetry on Wednesday, January 26, 4:30 p.m., Revelle Formal Lounge, UCSD, 452-6766.

Mayoral Candidates' Forum, sponsored by the Black Federation of San Diego, will be held Wednesday, January 26, 7 p.m., Neighborhood House, 541 South 4th Street, San Diego, 263-8161.

"Soviet Involvement in Afghanistan and Black Africa," a lecture by historian Robert Thurston of UCSD, will be presented Wednesday, January 26, 7 p.m., International Center, UCSD, Free, 453-0961.

"Poetry of the Harlem Renaissance," a lecture by Danny L. Scarborough, associate professor of African-American Studies at SDSU, and a nationally known dancer and choreographer, will be presented Wednesday, January 26, 7:30 p.m., Copple Auditorium, San Diego Museum of Art, Balboa Park, 232-7931.

"The New Dispensation," a lecture by Stanley Aronowitz, a writer, speaker, and activist currently teaching at the Graduate Center of the City University of New York, will be presented next Thursday, January 27, 3 p.m., Casa Real, Antec Center, SDSU, 265-5443.

Galleries

Etchings by French artist James Cougnard will be on view at a reception, Thursday, January 20, 5 to 7 p.m., and will remain on view through February 15, Art Collection, 4151 Taylor Street, Old Town, 296-3232.

"It's Hard," an exhibition of hard-edge paintings by Shuana Peck and Richard Studman, will be on view at a reception, Friday, January 21, 7 to 11 p.m., and will remain on view through January 29, a discussion by the artists will be presented Saturday, January 22, 3 p.m., Cygnus Gallery, 656-1/2 Ninth Avenue, downtown, 234-0846.

African Rugs and Tapestries created by master weavers in Lesotho, will be on view through January 29, Coles Coopers, 1170 West Morena Boulevard, San Diego, 276-5140.

Two-person Show, featuring drawings and paintings by Richard Johnson and clay forms by David Cusick, will be on view through January 29, Spectrum Gallery, 726 Seventh Avenue, downtown, 232-9743.

"American Visions," a contemporary photo essay on the divergent aspects of an American prospect, by Joel Sternfeld, will be on view through January 29, Photography Gallery, 7468 Grand Avenue, La Jolla, 459-1800.

"Animals in Print," a traveling exhibition from the Pratt Graphics Center in New York, will be on view through January 29, San Diego Print Club, 125 G Street, downtown, 232-4884.

"The Birth Project," an exhibition of needlework about birth and creation by Jack Chicago, will be on view through January 29, Multicultural Arts Institute,

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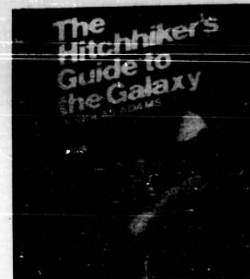
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READER'S GUIDE TO LOCAL EVENTS

425 Market Street, downtown.
236-1521.

Collages by Robert Rauschenberg will be on view through February 5, Thomas Rabot Gallery, 7420 Girard Avenue, La Jolla. 454-0345.

Undersea Photos of sea ships, by Scripps researcher James R. Janice, will be on view through February 6, Scripps Aquarium, Scripps Institution of Oceanography, 8600 La Jolla Village Drive, La Jolla. 452-4086.

"Ghost Dreams," an installation by Arista Robinson, will remain on view through February 11, Masters Gallery, SDSU. 265-4941.

"The Party," an exhibition of a system of paintings based on alchemical symbolism, by Rick Gold, will remain on view through February 12, Installation Gallery, 447 Fifth Avenue, downtown. 232-9915.

"The Art of Maurice Sendak," an exhibition of thirty drawings by the children's book author and artist Maurice Sendak, will be on view through February 13, San Diego Museum of Art, Balboa Park. 232-7911.

Ceramic Sculpture and Handmade Paper, by Jess Morrison and Fritz Morrison, respectively, will be on view through February 13, A.F.T. Beasley Gallery, 2802 Juan Street, Old Town. 295-0075.

"Images: Central America in Turmoil," an exhibition of photographs by Don Bartlett, depicting causes and effects of revolutionary movements in Central America, will remain on view through February 13, Grant Root Cultural Center, 1947 30th Street, Golden Hill. 232-5009.

"Andy Warhol: Portraits," an exhibition of work from three recent series on myths, athletes, and Jews of the Twentieth Century, will be on view through February 13, San Diego Museum of Art, Balboa Park. 232-7911.

Highlights from the Permanent Collection of the La Jolla Museum of Contemporary Art will be on view through February 20, La Jolla Museum of Contemporary Art, 700 Prospect Street, La Jolla. 454-5541.

"Recent Images," an exhibition of work by Elizabeth Sher, will remain on view through February 22, Wenger Gallery, 4683 Cas Street, Pacific Beach. 454-4414.

"Small Works," an exhibition of the work of three contemporary Canadian artists, Sylvain Cousineau, Serge Murphy, and Yana Stehlik, will remain on view through February 26, University Gallery, SDSU. 265-5171.

"San Diego Artists Guild All-Media Membership Exhibition," an exhibition including work by twenty-four local artists, will be on view through February 27, San Diego Museum of Art, Balboa Park. 232-7911.

"Continental Journeys," an exhibition of photographs by Nor-

man Cousins, will be on view through March 1, Walter Library, USU. 693-4641.

"VideoTV: Humor/Comedy," a continuous screening of videotapes by well-known and emerging artists, will be presented through January 30 during gallery hours, Mandeville Art Gallery, UCSD. 452-2864.

"1984," an exhibition of paintings by William Gaudin, will be on view through February 2, Thomas Neumaier Gallery, 721 Eighth Avenue, downtown. 233-1308.

Drawings and Paintings by Los Angeles artist Don Krieger will be on view through February 4, Pawn Shop 2, 662 Ninth Avenue, downtown. 233-0747.

From The French

(continued from page 1)

French. The second line is wonderfully accurate; the English is pure; just the right words are chosen; and the rhythm mirrors that of the original. "A diamond" is a clever and original way of translating the "dark, gloomy, indistinct atmosphere" which is what "Use atmosphere obscure" literally means. But Professor Theobald holds it as an article of faith that a good translation must preserve rhythm, and his insistence on rhyming draws him a bit away from Baudelaire, a bit away from poetry, a bit away from English. "Keep yourself more calm" is a literal translation of the French, but no native speaker of English would recognize such a locution as belonging to his language.

"Calm" demands a rhyme. The rhyme the translator chooses "enbaum," which introduces an image not in Baudelaire's poem. (The third line literally means: "A gloomy or dim atmosphere envelops, enfolds, swatches, shrouds, or encircles the town.")

"Enbaum" demands that the phrase run over into the next line ("enbaum! The town"), a rhythmic effect not in the original and going counter to its sense of static definiteness. And in the last line, the translator has decided to introduce a chiasm (where the second member of the phrase inverts the order of the first), which is artful, nimble, and energetic, while the original is intentionally repetitious and despondent. "To some bringing peace, to others care."

So, native-to-translation. But that is because even a good translation such as this one cannot, in the nature of things, be perfect. If you have a taste for lovely imperfections (as Baudelaire himself did), you

might want to hear John Theobald read from his book of translations, while artist Françoise Gilot reads the poems in the original French. The reading will take place Saturday afternoon, January 22, at 3:30 p.m. at D.G. Wills Books, 7527 La Jolla Boulevard, La Jolla. Admission is free. For further information, call the bookstore at 456-1800.

—Tristan Klingens

Screen Art

(continued from page 1)

cameras seeking a truly personal use of the medium. The results were healthy and invigorating, though also, inevitably,



narcastic and self-indulgent. At least this is the impression conveyed by the exhibit, assembled with support from the National Endowment for the Arts, and presenting such a bewilderingly diverse array of work that one wishes the gallery had been provided with at least two more screens to give the viewer a little freedom of choice.

VideoTV: Humor/Comedy will remain at the Mandeville Art Gallery on the UCSD campus through Sunday, January 30. Admission is free, and gallery hours are noon to 5:00 p.m. Tuesday through Sunday; closed Monday. For further information, call 452-2864.

And to hear Mitchell Kriegman's *The Telephone Story*, another kind of electronic work, call 452-2218, any time.

—Rick Geary

Moving Ideas

(continued from page 1)

strange place at the mouth of an enormous river. I had images of the river, the jungle, the ruins, and other images came later—two chapels, one a celebration of martyrdom, the other just the opposite, with fruit, flowers, angels, rampant vitality." In the dance, Wenged puts on a series of masks and assumes the role of death, an old man. "The dance is about evolution, backwards and forwards, [for] each individual at any moment contains everything that is past and all the seeds for the future."

With Zancanum, a piece for four dancers, "I had to have an idea because there wasn't much time [with the dancers]—two hours a day for three weeks. It started as design, seeing people as abstract geometry, and then finding a way into them. I was working on it all the time I was down there, but I didn't have the bodies to work on. One morning, when I was half asleep half awake, the whole dance was happening in my mind. It's about love, one of the two most important things—I'm not sure what the other is, maybe food."

Beti Roe is one of the founding members of 3's Company. "I can't begin without a concept, an idea. And I can't work without the music. I sit in my studio and do not move, I listen to the music, breathe it, get to know every pore and crack of it. I close my eyes and see the dance. The picture is so small, I don't see the steps—just broad brushstrokes. Dancers to Klee started eight years ago, as my master's thesis, and has been used four times. It's a series of six dances based on different design qualities in the paintings and drawings of Paul Klee. His philosophy is movement."

Bis of Henry is a trio, set to music of Henry Cowell, for the three original members of the company; one of the parts will be performed by another dancer. The images are all genres: floating, frisking, fleeing, scooting, waiting, seething, whisking. "It's somewhat autobiographical. Floating, that's the way Jean [Bis] is. Frisking, that's Patrick [Noller]. And the waiting solo was for me. It's about the clever little transitions between pieces, how one moves into the next, more than the one itself."

Roe, who wants her dances to be, first and foremost, entertaining visually, will also perform a solo, *Cadet for One*. Making the dance "was a collaboration between dancer and choreographer [James Penrod, a former teacher of hers]—in three very intense days, in my garage. It's a strange little dance, inverted, a quiet experience of the dancer."

3's Company & Dancers, with guest artist Tim Wenged, will perform in concert tonight, Thursday, January 20 and tomorrow, Friday, January 21, at 7:30 p.m., in Mandeville Auditorium at UCSD. For further information, call the UCSD box office at 452-4559.

—Amy Chu

Vintage Beethoven

(continued from page 1)

serene lyricism; never did Beethoven compose more consistently happy music. The Symphony, like the *Creations of Prometheus* from five years before, is filled with the spirit of Haydn—but it is old wine in new bottles, for Beethoven's boldness exceeds anything found in the older master. The Violin Concerto, in contrast, scarcely has any precedent, though the last movement owes something to Mozart. It is one of Beethoven's most original works, beautifully scored, and making full use of the violin's ability to sing.

As for the virtuosos bringing these scores to life, the thirty-three-person Saint Paul Chamber Orchestra is one of the great ensembles of the world, its size, its musicianship, and its technical perfection completely appropriate to Beethoven's music. Its conductor since 1960, violinist Pinchas Zukerman, must be considered a Bachus of his instrument, for he can evoke from it a sober sweetness and a soaring clarity that would suit the noblest wines of sunny Burgundy. Maestro Zukerman and his orchestra have appeared in San Diego before, to great acclaim, and we may suppose that they will have taken on an even more mature richness by the time they are uncoiled here Sunday evening.

The concert of Pinchas Zukerman and the Saint Paul Chamber Orchestra will take place Sunday, January 23, at 8:00 p.m., at the Civic Theatre, downtown. For ticket information, phone the box office at 236-6510.

—Thomas Arne



CELEBRATION OF CHOICE

A PICNIC IN THE PARK

"... We recognize the right of the individual married or single, to be free from unwarranted governmental intrusion into matters so fundamentally affecting a person as the decision whether to bear or beget a child. That right necessarily includes the right of a woman to decide whether or not to terminate her pregnancy."

United States Supreme Court, *Roe vs. Wade*, January 22, 1973

SATURDAY, JANUARY 22, 1983
6th & Laurel, Balboa Park, 11:00 a.m.

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- California Abortion Rights Action League (CARAL)
- Coalition of Labor Union Women (CLUW)
- Community Congress
- Beach Area Women's Clinic
- Birth Control Institute
- Campaign For Economic Democracy (CED)
- Federation For Progress
- Help Center
- Lawyer's Club of San Diego
- Linda Vista United Presbyterian Church
- National Organization For Women (NOW)
- Mid-City Community Clinic
- National Association of Social Workers—San Diego Health Council
- National Women's Political Caucus (NWPC)
- Planned Parenthood Association of San Diego County
- San Diego Council of Community Clinics
- Social Responsibility & Service Committee of the First Unitarian Church of San Diego
- Women's Counseling Association
- Womancare: A Feminist Women's Health Clinic
- Center For Women's Studies and Services

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Town & Country Convention Center
February 5, 1983 8:30 a.m. - 4:30 p.m.
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San Diego (619) 561-1867

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"THE ROLE OF RELIGION IN OUR NUCLEAR AGE"

7:30 pm Thursday, January 27th
First Unitarian Church, First & Front, San Diego

Representatives from seven major religious denominations will present their official positions on nuclear war, and their plans for future action on this crucial issue.

For further information:
274-8775 or 483-7774

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READER'S GUIDE TO THE THEATER

Theater listings are compiled by Jeff Smith, contributing to the *San Diego Repertory Theatre* and *San Diego City College Theatre*. 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.

BUTTERFLIES ARE FREE
The Pine Hills Lodge inaugurates its 1983 season with the comedy by Leonard Gershe, about a young songwriter who moves into his first apartment and finds that the adjoining apartment is occupied by a young actress. She offers him friendship, which includes removing the connecting door between the two apartments.

Then she discovers that he is blind. The production, directed by Scott Lewis, features Dallas Davidson and Scott Lewis in the lead roles. (Sm) Pine Hills Lodge, through January 26; Friday and Saturday, dinner at 7:00 p.m., curtain at 8:00 p.m.

COMEDY TONIGHT!
Lee Conroy and friends present an evening of improvisational comedy every Sunday. The show, which begins at 8:30 p.m., is preceded by a workshop at 5:30 p.m. The workshop, designed to give people the opportunity to "go wild" on stage, offers instruction in the techniques and practices of improvisational comedy. Grass Roots Cultural Center, 1947 Thirtieth Street, San Diego. Sunday at 8:30 p.m. For information call 232-4275.

CROSSING NIAGARA

by Alonso Alegre
"If you really wanted to fly, someday you could go across Niagara without the tightrope."

86 Reviews
Jan. 25 & 26, 8 p.m.
Opens Jan. 27
Tues.—Sun., 8 p.m.
Sun. mat. 2:30 p.m.
Ticket: \$8.50—\$11.00

235-8025
1620 Sixth Ave.

San Diego Repertory Theatre

Theater Directory

THE BOWERY THEATRE
692 Elm Street, San Diego
232-4088

CHICK THEATRE
202 E. Street, downtown
236-6010

CORONADO PLAYHOUSE
1750 Strand Way, Coronado
435-4856

C.R.A. THEATRE
9115 Claremont Mesa Boulevard, San Diego
233-6331

EAST COUNTY PERFORMING ARTS CENTER
210 E. Main Street, El Cajon
444-3277

EDUCATIONAL CULTURAL COMPLEX THEATRE
1343 Ocean View Boulevard, Southeast San Diego
230-2800

FESTA DINNER THEATRE
9665 Camino Road, Spring Valley
967-8077

FOX THEATRE
720 S. Street, downtown
233-6331

GRAND QUARTER THEATRE
547 Fourth Avenue, downtown
232-4088

GROSSMOUTH COMMUNITY COLLEGE
Highway Theatre
8600 Grossmont College Drive, El Cajon
465-1100

JEWISH COMMUNITY CENTER
Front and Center Theatre
4079 Filly North Street, San Diego
583-1300

LA JOLLA STATE THEATRE
Parker Auditorium, La Jolla High School
750 La Jolla Village, La Jolla
459-7773

LAMB'S PLAYERS THEATRE
500 E. Plaza Boulevard, National City
474-0442

LAMPLIGHTERS COMMUNITY THEATRE
Ben Peak Fine Arts Center
8053 University Avenue, La Mesa
464-4598

LEONARD GERSHE PLAYERS
Lemon Grove Junior High School
3145 School Lane, Lemon Grove
465-5079

LYRIC DINNER THEATRE
465-5079, 465-1445
Lyric Dinner Theatre, La Mesa
464-1196

MARQUEE PUBLIC THEATRE
MARQUEE GALLERY THEATRE
3717 India Street, San Diego
298-6111

MIRACOSTA COLLEGE
Lila Theatre
One Barnard Drive, Oceanside
757-2121

NORTH COAST REPERTORY THEATRE
Place of the Four Flags
Loma Santa Fe Road, Solana Beach
481-1995

NORTH COUNTY COMMUNITY THEATRE
Vista
234-4241

OLD GLOBE THEATRE
Old Globe Theatre
3565 La Jolla Village Drive, San Diego
524-2229

OLD MISSION PLAYERS
Mission Basilica, San Diego de Alcalá
10818 San Marcos Road, San Diego
275-0021

OLD TOWN OPERA HOUSE
6400 Leggett Street, Old Town
298-0082

PALOMAR COLLEGE
Palomar College Theatre, San Marcos
744-8060

PATIO PLAYHOUSE
Midway Shopping Center
15151 Valley Parkway, Escondido
585-6665

PINE HILLS LODGE
16150 La Jolla Village Drive, San Diego
452-4574

POINT LOMA COLLEGE
Point Loma College
3900 Leland Drive, Point Loma
522-8474

THE PROGRESSIVE STATE COMPANY
715 Fourth Avenue, San Diego
594-9032

GOOD EVENING
The British actors remarkably well in play. John Stearns and Don Loper have successfully revised this two-man comedy revue, which they performed originally at the Progressive State Company last year. A potpourri of material from Peter Cook and Dudley Moore's "Beyond the Fringe," the revue is composed of eleven skits, which range from a shepherd being interviewed by *Playboy* about the birth of Jesus in a version *Matthew* obviously must have revised a great deal before he sent it to the printer's to the trials of a restaurant owner, who for thirty-five years has offered a sparse menu of peaches and frogs; to a coal miner, played beautifully by Loper, who describes his work as if it were something out of *Marcel Proust*. Capable both as straight men and as comedians, the combined talents of Loper and Stearns — well directed by William Walters — make for a "good evening" of Nease, at times hilarious, comedy. (Sm) Dowsley Theatre, through February 6; Thursday through Sunday at 8:00 p.m.

QUILTY CONSCIENCE
The Galsbury Theatre opens its new season with the thriller by Richard Lintner and William Walters, that is "bound for Broadway in late 1983." His wife? In the hands of these veteran authors, it's anybody's guess. Their other credentials — which have earned them two Emmys, two Golden Globes, and a Peabody Award — include *Prescription Murder* (which introduced L. Coleman), *The Certain Summer* and *The Execution of Private Slovik*. Will Simpson directs the production. Members of the cast are Oliver Pines, Peter, Nease Perry, Donna Walker, and Paul Nolan. The set design is by Robert East. (Sm) Galsbury Theatre, Thursday, January 20 through Saturday, January 22, 8:00 p.m.; Sunday, January 23, 3:00 p.m.

THE HAUNTED HOST
Ryan Productions offers the Robert Patrick comedy about Jay, a Greenwich Village guy, who is haunted by the ghost of his deceased lover. As a practical joke, a friends prank, or love from boy, to his apartment. Ordinarily, Jay would be the perfect host, but Frank is the very image of

the ghost. Kevin Mullin directs James A. Strain and David Platt in this comedy, which combines rapid fire wit with Frank's commentary on social and personal relationships. (Sm) The South Gate, 852 Eighth Avenue, San Diego, through January 30; Thursday, Friday, and Sunday at 8:00 p.m. For information call 233-7921.

HEIDI
The San Diego Junior Theatre presents, as the second production of its thirty-fifth season, a musical version of Johanna Spyri's classic tale of a mischievous young Swiss girl. Adapted for the stage by Ann Pugh, with music and lyrics by Betty Thom, the musical includes such songs as "On the Hill," "The Star," "Heidi-O," "One Never Ever," and "The Alphabet." Ole Hatterson directs. *Kindred* Productions in Heidi. Other cast members are Jeff Slattery, Melissa Hart, and Sandra Chambers. (Sm) Casa del Prado Theatre (Balboa Park), through January 30; Friday at 7:30 p.m.; Saturday and Sunday at 2:00 p.m.

HOT FLASHES
And that's the way. This women's improvisational comedy group, directed by William Walters, includes: Maggie O'Brien, Sheri Glaser, and Robin Samuels. Led by the talented Glaser, who is equally adept at humor and seriousness, the group combines improvisational games, songs, and witty sketches. Their season

THE ODD COUPLE
Sharp comic performances by James Baker and Nease Marshall-Walsh, as Oscar Madison and Faye Unger, along with the capable, well-paced direction of Thomas J. McGee, give this Coronado Playhouse production of the Neil Simon play its necessary zip. If anything, both the lead actors and the director are a little over the top in their archaic roles. Marshall-Walsh's fastidious compulsion (as Oscar) is almost too believable. They threaten to inartistic script that wasn't designed to handle such exaggerated intrusions. This work, however, is a comedy, and the director's comedy — the *U-Got-for-the-Jack* Limmon/Walker/Marshall-Walsh and Nease Marshall-Walsh's fastidious compulsion (as Oscar) is almost too believable. They threaten to inartistic script that wasn't designed to handle such exaggerated intrusions. 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READER'S GUIDE TO THE MUSIC SCENE

Music commentary is by John D'Agostino. Please send concert information and photographs to Reader Music Scene, P.O. Box 60603, San Diego 92163, or call 231-7821 Friday before 5:00 p.m.

It seems a shame that certain musicians are forever limited in the public's perception of them by the mere fact that they possess a quality similar to that of a better-known artist. A perfect example of how an admirable but seemingly familiar trait can work to one's disadvantage can be found in the career of Frederick "Toots" Hibbert of Toots and the Maytals. Hibbert has been singing and playing reggae since the Sixties (in fact, many point to the title of Hibbert's 1968 single, "Do the Reggay," as the first recorded use of that term), and yet whenever he is the subject of a review or article, inevitably the point is made that Hibbert's singing is strikingly similar in style and passion to that of the late Otis Redding—a comparison devoted upon to the extent that one would think that that similarity is Hibbert's only redeeming characteristic.



TOOTS AND THE MAYTALS

Perhaps for this reason, reggae artists of lesser stature and enduring value have been heavily promoted in the press, while Hibbert continues to

produce some of the most stirring reggae extant with a minimum of accompanying fanfare. Even I can't escape (and

wouldn't necessarily want to) the fact of Hibbert's singing style, a roaring, jubilant style that does remind one of Redding. This is especially true

in live performance. Hibbert is one of the few singers who (like Redding) can take the most doleful of subjects and deal with it in such cathartic, celebratory terms that it becomes a rousing anthem capable of yanking thousands of people to their feet. But by concentrating on Hibbert's vocal similarity to Redding, broader, more significant points are obscured: that Hibbert remains a living, authentic testament to the direct link between contemporary reggae and American soul music of the last twenty years, and that he has contributed some of reggae's best music during that time. Toots and the Maytals, whose early album, *Family Relations*, should be a cornerstone of any respectable reggae collection, will perform two shows at the Red Coat Inn on Friday night. Believe it or not, there is only one other show this week that fits the Reader criteria for "concerts," and that is the appearance of rockabilly practitioner Robert Gordon (for whom I have not the highest regard) and the Pablitos at the Spirit on Saturday night. 1983 seems to be getting off to a slow start.

MARC BERMAN CONCERTS 9IX
announces

The incredible
TOOTS AND THE MAYTALS
Friday, January 21
2 shows only! 7 & 10 p.m.
RED COAT INN
5833 University Avenue
(University Lane)
Tickets on sale at Sears & all Ticketron outlets

"DISTILLERY" CONNECTION
140 South Sierra, Solano Beach,
755-6733
present Sunday, January 23

Rock of the '80s Party
featuring
KROQ D.J. Jed the Fish
with musical guests
this kids and **DANUS** And **The MAGNETS**
Showtime 8 p.m. Admission \$3.00
A Vallee Tucker Media Group presentation
For further information call 481-5692

Neil Young 1/20
Kenny Rogers/Crystal Gayle 1/30
Rush Best Seats Available! 2/21
Now Open
Del Mar
Flower Hill Mall
World's largest
ticket agency
Murray's
San Diego 224-3747
North County 481-0522
in Glasshouse Square next to Sports Arena
Flower Hill Mall, Del Mar

S.D. Sockers Mid-court
Clippers & Celtics 2/24
NBA All-Star Game
NCAA Finals
Dream Girls Shubert Theatre, L.A.

JOSE MURPHY'S
4302 Mission Blvd., Pacific Beach 270-3220
Join us every Monday night for
MARGARITA MONDAY
All margaritas are doubles for only \$1.25
HAPPY HOUR
Thursday & Friday 3:00-8:00 p.m.
Featuring
Buffalo-style chicken wings!!
Supplied by the
Wings 'n' Things Restaurant
(the best)
1404 Garnet Avenue
Most drinks under a buck!!

DAVID BRADLEY and **the MANIAC BAND** Thurs. Sat.
NOMADS Thurs. & Sat.
THE SHARK Every Tues. & Wed. Every Thurs. Fri. Kamikaze night
Draught Beer 75c

EMBARKETS

Toots and the Maytals: Red Coat Inn, Friday, January 21, 7 and 10 p.m., 5833 University Avenue.

Robert Gordon and the Pablitos: Spirit, Saturday, January 22, 9 p.m., 1130 Buena Vista, 276-3993.

Jack Mack and the Heart Attack and the Bytches: Belly Up Tavern, Thursday, January 27, 9 p.m., 143 South Cedros Avenue, Solana Beach, 481-9022.

The Dynamos: Belly Up Tavern.

Friday, January 28, 9 p.m., 143 South Cedros Avenue, Solana Beach, 481-9022.

The L.A. Four: Blue Parrot, Friday and Saturday, January 28 and 29, 9 p.m., 1298 Prospect, La Jolla, 434-9131.

The James Herman Band and Mr. Post and the Wandering Boy: Belly Up Tavern, Saturday, January 29, 9:30 p.m., 143 South Cedros Avenue, Solana Beach, 481-9022.

Kenny Rogers and Crystal Gayle: Sports Arena, Sunday, January 30, call for time, Sports Arena Boulevard, 224-4176.

Cecilio and Kapone: Roden, Tuesday, February 1, 7:30 and 10:30 p.m., Villa La Jolla Drive and La Jolla Village Drive, La Jolla, 457-5590.

"Jazz Live" featuring Todd Bryson and the Eternal Orchestra: San Diego City College Theatre, Tuesday, February 1, 8 p.m., 14th and C streets, 530-5481.

The Chieftains: UCSD's Mandeville Auditorium, Wednesday, February 2, 8 p.m., 452-4559.

Willie Dixon and the Hurricanes: Belly Up Tavern, Thursday, February 3, 9 p.m., 143 South

Cedros Avenue, Solana Beach, 481-9022.

The Shalies' Pyramids and the Pablitos: Backdoor, Thursday, February 3, 8 p.m., San Diego State University, 265-6947.

The Members, plus guests: Spirit, Thursday, February 10, 9 p.m., 1130 Buena Vista, 276-3993.

Lords of the New Church, plus guests: Spirit, Friday, February 25, 9 p.m., 276-3993.

Pete Singer: California Theatre, Friday, February 25, call for time, 1222 Fourth Avenue, 238-5009.

Club listings are compiled by Linda Nevin. If you wish to be included, please call 234-2688 Thursday afternoon or Friday before 5:00 p.m. The listings are free.

North County
Bar-X Ranch House, 119 East Broadway, Vista, 724-6510: Lady and the Tramps, country and contemporary, Thursday through Saturday.

Thursday-Saturday, January 20-22
THE LONDON BROS. Thursday nights—\$1 drinks all night

Friday, January 21 ZERO-IN AT FLAMBOYAN'S 50c kamikazes all night
First 50 people receive complimentary Flamboyant's kamikaze t-shirt.

Monday, January 24
KPM COOKS COLLEGE NIGHT with THE DEAN
50c draft Coors \$1.00 well drinks
Live music by **Seawards** Free admission 'til 10 pm with collage I.D.

Tuesday, January 25
TEQUILA TUESDAY 75c Horrible tequila shots \$1.00 drinks all night
Live music by **CLUBLAND** featuring **DANNY HOLIDAY & ELAINE SUMMERS**
Live music \$1.00 well drinks by \$1.00 Labatts Door prizes

Wednesday, January 26
KCB "LABATT'S BEER NIGHT" **CLUBLAND**
3373 Mission Center Road 291-8636

Anthony's Harborside
THE SUNSET LOUNGE—
NOW PLAYING!
"Signed, Sealed and Delivered"
thru Jan. 29th

Delish: Lunch... 11:30-4:00 (No lunch Sunday)
Dinner... 4:30-10:30
Entertainment in Sunset Lounge Tues. thru Sat. from 9:00 p.m.
Daily Happy Hour with Hors d'oeuvres

Specializing in Businessmen's Lunches.
Res. 232-6358

REFLECTIONS

Magic If
Jan. 12, 13, 25, 26, 27
Ducktail Revue
Jan. 14, 15
Harvey & The 52nd St. Jive
Jan. 16, 17, 30, 31

Stone's Throw
Jan. 18, 19, 20, 23, 24, 28, 29

Sheraton-Harbor Island Hotel
1330 HARBOR ISLAND DRIVE, SAN DIEGO, CA 92101

CRAIG RICE TALENT AGENCY
proudly presents

THE 1982 SAN DIEGO COUNTY ENTERTAINER OF THE YEAR AWARDS

AT MONK'S, MON. JAN. 24, 9 P.M.
Special guest performances by
PUSH, U.S. MALE, RPM, FORWARD MOTION
and many more.

Who will win Top Rock Group, R&B Group, Top Female & Male Vocalists and other awards? You'll have to come down & find out. All winning bands & musicians will perform. Don't miss it!

P.S. Every musician in town will be there and there's
NO COVER CHARGE

Craig Rice Talent Agency 281-9502
Monk's 10475 San Diego Mission Rd. 563-0060



Thursday - Saturday, January 20 - 22 and
Wednesday - Saturday, January 26 - 29



Ron Byron Band

Sunday - Tuesday, January 23 - 25



Moving Targets

Sunday, January 30
presents Super Sunday
at the Rodeo
3 bands play 2 shows of
MODERN MUSIC
7:30 & 10:30
1st show: 17 & up - dancing, no booze
2nd show: 21 & up - booze will flow
Come and meet Stee Delaney and all the 91X jocks

Coming, Tuesday, February 1
REUNION TOUR
Two shows at 7:30 & 10:30. The Island Sounds of
CECILIO & KAPONO



Ticket at Ticketnet & Rodeo

Sunday, February 13
THE BANGLES AB-Girl band from L.A.

Tuesday, February 15
THE CATHOLIC GIRLS
2 shows: 1st show 17 & up - 2nd show 21 & up
They're "... sincere, humorous and as universal as sixteen itself."
- Robert Wain, Rock-Hill Magazine

HAPPY HOUR
Monday - Friday 4 - 7 p.m., all drinks \$1.25 (except doubles)
Free hot d'ourees

	 FOOD SPECIALS	DRINK SPECIALS
MON.	French Bread Pizza	7pm - close Margarita 75c
TUES.	Lasagna	7pm - close Shooters, Shootups or Queso 75c
WED.	Sweet & Sour Chicken	6 - 9 pm 25c draft beer 9pm - close 75c draft beer
THUR.	Tony's chili Beef	7pm - close Kamikazes 75c
FRI.	Rizasi Beef	Happy Hour extended to 4pm

Food & drink specials all month

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.

Belly Up Tavern, 143 South Cedros Avenue, Solana Beach. 481-9022. The Shames, rock and roll. Thursday: the Rebel Rockers, rock and reggae. Tracer, rock and roll. Friday and Saturday: the Johnny Almond Rhythm Revue, rock and blues. Sunday and Monday: Dirk Debonaire, rock and roll. Tuesday: the Bytes, rock and roll. Wednesday: Afternoon Concerts: Stone's Throw, vintage jazz, blues, and swing. Wednesday: Wholly Cats, jazz and swing. Thursday: the Chicago Sox, Dixieland. Friday: the Bob Long Band, hop, boogie, and jazz. Sunday:

Billy Bob's BBQ. Highway 101 and Encinitas Boulevard, Encinitas. 753-5916. The Bob Long Band, bop, boogie, and jazz, Thursday through Saturday; Bob Long, solo piano, Sunday.

Bobby G's, 485 First Street, Encinitas. 436-7397: The Johnny Almond Rhythm Revue, rock and blues. Thursday through Saturday; Four Play, rock and roll. Sunday through Tuesday; the Beckett Band, rock and roll. Wednesday.

Carriage Lounge, Carriage Lanes.
12941 Poway Road, Poway.
748-9110, 566-1050: Hughey
Gaskins, blues, country, vintage
rock, Friday and Saturday.

Charlie's Niteclub, 680 West San Marcos Boulevard (at Highway 78), San Marcos. 744-4120: Dallas Express, country, Wednesday through Saturday, and Sunday afternoon jam session.

Country Creek, North Rancho Santa Fe Road and Highway 78, San Marcos. 744-9730: Live country music, Thursday through Saturday, call club for information.

The Country Side Restaurant and Lounge. 450 Douglas Drive Oceanside. 757-0860: New Country, country, Wednesday through Saturday, and Sunday afternoon jam session; Lone Star Country, country, Sunday evening jam session, Monday and Tuesday.

C.W.'s Saloon, Carmel Valley Road at Via Cortina, Del Mar. 275-6556: The Savery Brothers, country, Wednesday through Sunday; Arnie Rich and the Music Makers, big

Distillery Pub. 755 Metcalf Street, Escondido. 741-9393: Live rock and roll, call club for information.

Distillery Nightclub, 140 South Sierra Boulevard, Solana Beach. 755-6733; Moving Targets, rock and roll, Thursday through Saturday, with the Reflectors, rock and roll, Friday; live and recorded rock.

Sunday, call club for information;
Foreign Affairs, rock and roll,
Tuesday; the Reflectors, new wave,
Wednesday.

Fireside Lounge, 439 West Washington, Escondido, 745-1931: Essence, contemporary, Tuesday through Saturday.

Fish House West, 2633 South Highway 101, Cardiff. 753-6438: Django, jazz, Thursday through Saturday; Tony Ortega, jazz, Sunday.

Fogcutter, 2858 Carlisbad Boulevard, Carlisbad. 729-3189: Planet, rock and roll, Thursday

through Saturday; Incognito
Rockers, rock and roll, Sunday
through Tuesday; Flyer, rock and
roll, Wednesday.

Gentleman's Choice, 1020 West San Marcos Boulevard, San Marcos.
744-5215: Delene, contemporary;
Friday and Saturday.

Gizmo's, 380 North El Camino Real, Encinitas, 942-1676: The Hurricanes, rhythm and blues. Thursday through Saturday.

Hill House, 2730 Via de la Valle, Del Mar, 755-6614. Texas Tuxedo, country and contemporary. Tuesday:

Hungry Hunter. 1221 Vista Way, Ocean-side, 433-2633: The Russ Crispinick Band, rock and country.

Le Chalet

5046 Newport Ave., Ocean Beach 222-5300

Entertainment by the Sea

DANCING

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

FUZE

Thursday, Friday & Saturday,
January 20, 21 & 22

Fuze detonates an explosive rock 'n' roll style with special effects—light show, fog, and flaming guitars. The group features Chris Nolan, lead guitar; Danny Wesson, drums; Tim Bergen, keyboards; David Holdreby, Lase; Doug Mercado, lead vocals.

LIGHTNING

Sunday & Monday, January 23 & 24

Mark, Jon, Lee and Reed are Lightning!
A blinding, white hot flash of rock 'n' roll, exploding on stage to guarantee a power-packed evening of dancing entertainment.

WHITE DWARF

Tuesday & Wednesday, January 25 & 26

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 Rosendo, bass; and Craig Marshall, drums. Presented by Icon Entertainment Group in conjunction with Jaded Productions.

5046 Newport Ave., Ocean Beach
222-5300

TRIP TICKETS

BEST SEATS • LOWEST
PRICES

SUPERBOWL

Reserve now - four tickets
Buy - all

SOCKERS

Jan. 21, 22 & all games,
\$2 off face value with ad.

KENNY ROGERS

& Crystal Gayle Jan. 30

ERIC CLAPTON

Feb. 7

RUSH

Feb. 14, 21

JIMMY BUFFETT

March

BILLY SQUIER & SAGA

March

UPCOMING SHOWS

Now accepting \$5 (refundable) deposits on:
Martha & Ray • *The Bonzos* • *"Easy" City* • *Hall & Oates* •
Barry Manilow • *Bob Seger*
 Soon: *David Bowie* • *Simon & Garfunkel* • *Grateful Dead* •
Sammy Hagar • *Kinks* • *DJ Leppard* • *Weather Report* •
Trumpet • *Ozzy Osbourne* • *Bruce Springsteen*

CLAIREMONT 268-3838	ESCONDIDO 489-TRIP
CHULA VISTA 420-8742	EL CAJON 442-5553

MASTERCARD/VISA/AMERICAN EXPRESS
CHARGE BY PHONE

TRIP WEST

ENTERTAINMENT

PIPE SHOP

We are still a full service shop, and we carry a full line of cigarette
papers, rollers, pipes, cigars, imported and domestic cigarettes,
cigarettes, tobacco and accessories.

NEED CASH?

We buy and sell record & tape collections. We also buy, sell, trade
& rent video games & cartridges.

RENT-A-RECORD

We rent the top new 100 billboard hits for as low as \$1.10. Club
memberships cost as little as \$19.50 or rent them individually.

VIDEO-GAME RENTALS

accessories
 Don't know what type of game to buy (Atari, Intellivision,
 Coleco) or can't decide which game cartridge to buy of the 160+
 available? Rent them first. As low as \$2.50 a week!

USED RECORDS & TAPES

A great selection of pre-owned records & tapes - as low as \$1.99.

CLAIREMONT 4279 Genesee (at Belltown) Next to Old Postmark 268-8444	EL CAJON 141 Fletcher Parkway Parkway Plaza Bldg. 442-5035
CHULA VISTA 3425 Broadway 3d Fl. 426-4135	ESCONDIDO 1929 S. Valley View 445-TRIP make appointment

rock, Wednesday through Saturday.
Flyte featuring Fran Liska and the
Baltimore Flyers, contemporary, Sunday
through Tuesday.

Joely Hooper, 1800 North Harbor
Unit, Oceanic, 722-1031. Harbor
Unit, contemporary, Wednesday
through Saturday.

Monterey Sal's, 11180 Henderson
Plaza Drive, Rancho Pennington,
566-2400. Larry Page,
contemporary, Wednesday through
Saturday, 10 p.m. to 1 a.m.;
contemporary, Sunday and Monday
make show, Tuesday.

Old Time Cafe, 1464 North
Highway 101, Encinitas, 436-4030.
John and Mary, folk, guitar, folk
music, Dan Gray, fiddle, guitar,
Thursday; Rick and Lorraine Lee,
traditional, 10 p.m. to 1 a.m.;
McCutcheon, Appalachian folk
music, Saturday noon children's
music, and Saturday evening the
Big Jewish Band, klezmer music,
Sunday; Old Time Hot and
Spicy, Blue Plate Special Night,
Tuesday, 8 p.m. to 1 a.m.; James
and Gary Wilks, Mexican and American
traditional music, Wednesday.

Pauler's, 1309 Camino Del Mar.
468-1135. Soren, Latin jazz.
Thursday through Saturday, 10 p.m.
contemporary, Sunday and Monday
rhythm and blues jam session,
Sunday afternoon.

Palm Chaser, 798 South Santa Fe,
Palm Springs, 746-2940. Sam Diego
Horn and Bob Stone, club scene,
four Tuesday of each month.

Pomona Club, 12237 Pomona
Road, Poway, 748-1135.
Contemporary, Wednesday through
Saturday, 10 p.m. to 1 a.m.

Posidion, 1950 Coast Boulevard,
and 1955-4035. Tremor, rock and
roll, Friday and Saturday.

Poway Music Company, 12375
Poway Road, Poway, 748-7296.
566-0705. Rock, rock and roll,
Thursday through Saturday; Robyn
Barr, rock and roll, Wednesday.

Ramona Inn, Scotty's Pub, 2500
South Escondido Boulevard,
Escondido, 755-5000. Ted and Dave,
contemporary, Saturday;
Marty and Monty,
Sunday and Monday.

Red Coach Inn, 135 North Pine
Lane, City of Escondido, 755-5000.
Escondido, 734-9796. Russ Biehl and
Tom Parker, easy listening and
country, Wednesday through
Saturday; Rick Backus and
Harmony, country, Sunday through
Tuesday.

Red Dog Saloon/Volley Ball
Escondido, City of Escondido,
Fairbrook, 728-1998. Jay
Sanders, country and pop, Friday and
Saturday.

Remy, 517 East First Street,
Escondido, 755-5000. Jay and
Monty, jazz, Friday and Saturday.

The Shephard Cafe, 1126 South
Highway 101, Encinitas, 753-1124.
Nayana Hedger, folk, Friday.
Saturday, 10 p.m. to 1 a.m.;
contemporary guitar, guitar and
guitar, Saturday; Jerry,
contemporary guitar, Friday;
Saturday, Jerry, contemporary guitar,
Saturday; Andrew Path, folk
guitar, Sunday; Kent Horner,
contemporary pop, Tuesday; Ciro
Serio, folk guitar, Tuesday; Ciro
Serio, folk music, lunchtime, seven
days.

Stage Coach Inn, 1865 Vista Way,
Vista, 724-8090. Wes Reno and the
Countrymen, country, Wednesday
through Saturday.

Sunset Lounge, 2228 South
Highway 101, Encinitas, 753-1124.
754-2541. Termination, country,
Wednesday through Saturday.

Tequila Flats, 3296 Mission Avenue,
Encinitas, 756-7753. Dehesa and
the Chachalotes, contemporary, 10 p.m.
contemporary, country, and oldies,
Wednesday through Sunday, with
amusements.

Trillon, 2535 North Highway 101,
San Marcos, 378-8572. Bob
Sant, Rick and Ted Fitzpatrick with
Mark Gindles, jazz, Wednesday



143 1/2 SOUTH CEDRO, QUE VOLDING BEACH CA 92025

Thursday
10:00 PM
Rock & Roll



THE JOHNNY ALMOND RHYTHM REVUE

Wednesday
January 26, 8 PM
San Diego Women's Pick-off with
Punk Rules & Kick-off with



THE BYTES

Advance tickets recommended
\$1 proceeds to SINGL

Friday & Saturday
January 21 & 22 9 PM
Caribbean Rock 'n' Roll with



REBEL ROCKERS
with guests
TRACER

Thursday
January 25 8 PM
Rock 'n' roll with



DIK DEBONAIRE

Friday
January 27 9 PM



JACK MACK and the HEART ATTACK

It's ten men on a mission; fifteen hundred pounds of stealin' soul power, sixty feet of towering musical muscle, twenty five, ten tongues and a hundred fingers dedicated to the proposition that all men were created to get loose; it's a stark raving, double shot of fun in Jack Mack And The Heart Attack, L.A.'s own answer to the energy crisis. And as the man says, "It's party time!"

Friday, January 25
THE DYNATONES

Saturday, January 26
JAMES HARMAN BAND

Sunday, January 30
CAGNA 15
BIG BAND SWING

Thursday, Feb. 3
WILLIE DIXON

Sunday, February 6-8
ROSIE & THE RIVETERS
(ROSIE FLORES)

Thursday, February 10
THE BUS BOYS

Thursday, February 24
THE JAMES COTTON BAND

Wednesday
Vintage jazz & swing

Every Thursday 40s jazz
Thursday, January 25, 40s style
Fashion Show on the break
(show special)

Friday
Disco/dance jazz

Sunday
Big, biggie 5-10 PM

FREE AFTERNOON CONCERTS
IN JANUARY, 6 TO 8 PM

STONE'S THROW

WHOLLY CATS

CHICAGO SIX

BOB LONG

VISIT FIRST BITE RESTAURANT AT THE BELLY UP
SERVING LUNCH, DINNER & SNACKS - 7 DAYS A WEEK

FOR INFORMATION CALL 481-9022

MY RICH UNCLE'S

6205 El Cajon Blvd.
1-1/2 Bl. East of College
287-7332

Thursday, January 20

JEFF DEAN NIGHT

from KPRI
NO COVER 'TIL 10 PM

SOME GIRLS

Friday, January 21

KPRI FM106 NIGHT

Your host KPRI's Jeff Dean every Friday

3 BANDS **2 ROOMS**
One cover Two dance floors

DANNY HOLIDAY

Friday, Saturday & Sunday

ELAINE SUMMERS

Friday, Saturday & Sunday

Cabaret Room

FIG & THE BOMBERS

Thursday, January 25

KGB

Your host Jim McInnes
THE JONES BAND
JOEY HARRIS & THE SPEEDSTERS

Friday, January 26

DARIUS & THE MAGNETS

50¢ DRINKS 7:30-10:00 p.m.
NO COVER ALL NIGHT

Pagge, jazz, Sunday through Tuesday.

Valley Center Inn Saloon, 27555 Valley Center Road, Valley Center 749-4466: Country On The Rocks, country rock, Friday and Saturday.

Vista Entertainment Center, 435 West Vista Way, Vista 941-802: Jockey Club, Tremor, rock and roll, Thursday through Saturday; Mayhem, rock and roll, Tuesday and Wednesday; Tuff Rascals, Second World, contemporary, Tuesday through Saturday.

Whiskey Flats, 1260 West Valley Parkway, Escondido 745-8649: The Beckett Band, rock and roll, Thursday through Saturday; Automatics, rock and roll, Sunday and Monday; Planet, rock and roll, Tuesday and Wednesday.

Beaches

Anselmo's, 3750 Sports Arena Boulevard, Loma Portal 224-2107: E. Zane Wood, country and contemporary, Friday and Saturday.

As You Spice It, 4966 Santa Monica Avenue, Ocean Beach 223-5717: Joseph Hwy, classical guitar, Sunday.

Atlanta, 2595 Ingraham Street, Mission Bay 224-2434: Roberta Lynn, pop and standards, Tuesday through Saturday.

Bahia Belle, at the dock, Bahia Hotel, 998 West Mission Bay Drive, Mission Bay 488-0551: Carol and Chris, contemporary music for dancing, Friday and Saturday.

Bahia Hotel, 998 West Mission Bay Drive, Mission Bay 488-0551: Mercedes Lounge: Blumer, contemporary, Tuesday through Saturday; Piano Bar: Buddy Reed, Tuesday through Saturday; Bob MacLeod, Sunday and Monday.

The Beach Club, 1921 Bacon Street, Ocean Beach 222-6822: 4-Eat, rock and roll, Friday and Saturday.

Blue Parrot, 1208 Prospect Street, La Jolla 454-9131: Denise Jeter Quartet, jazz, Thursday; Bruce Cameron and Halls Gentry Ensemble, jazz, Friday and Saturday; the Joy of Sax, jazz, Sunday; the Greg Birch Violin Trio, jazz, Monday; the Bob Holtz Trio, jazz, Tuesday; the Daniel Jackson Jazz Blues Band, jazz and blues, Wednesday.

Casino Valdivia, 4445 Lamont, Pacific Beach 270-8650: Phil Beeber, guitar variety, Friday and Saturday.

Catamaran Hotel, 3999 Mission Boulevard, Mission Beach 488-1081: George Colonias & Co., contemporary, Tuesday through Saturday.

Chae Cafe, Revelle Campus, U.C.S.D., Torrey Pines Road, La Jolla 454-9131: "cosmicomic" music, Tuesday lunchtime.

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

The Comedy Store, 916 Pearl Street, La Jolla 454-9176: Local and national comedians, Wednesday through Saturday; amateur night, Sunday.

Dooley's, 2901 Nimble Boulevard, Point Loma 224-6622: Triangle, oldies and contemporary, Friday and Saturday.

Elerie's, 7675 La Jolla Village Drive, La Jolla 454-0541: The Eddie Harris Quartet, jazz, Thursday through Sunday; the Dave Mackay Trio/Len Bell Trio, Monday through Wednesday.

Gaslight Room, 2855 Mission Drive, Loma Portal 223-4122: Charles Gooding Band, Tuesday through Thursday.

Haley's, 4256 West Point Loma Boulevard, Loma Portal 225-9559:

Rock, rock and roll, Thursday through Saturday, with Radio Romance, Friday, Network, rock and roll, Sunday and Monday; NRJ, rock and roll, Tuesday and Wednesday.

Hilton Hotel, Cargo Bar, 1775 East Mission Bay Drive, Mission Bay 276-4010: People Movers, contemporary, Wednesday through Saturday; Triple Play, contemporary, Sunday through Tuesday.

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

Islands Hotel, 1441 Quivira Road, Mission Bay 224-3541: The Naki Mamam Trio, American and international dance music, Friday and Saturday.

Jose Murphy's, 4302 Mission Boulevard, Pacific Beach 270-3220: David Bradley and the Maniac Band, comedy and music, Thursday through Saturday; the Nomads,

BUCK'S TICKET SERVICE

FOR ALL YOUR TICKET NEEDS

NEIL YOUNG	RUSH
KENNY ROGERS & THE DUCHES	CRYSTAL JANIS

WE ARE NOW ACCEPTING REFUNDABLE DEPOSITS ON: PAT BENATAR, STYX, BOB SEGER, KISS, DAVID BOWIE, HALL & OATES, BARRY MANILOW, TOM PETTY & THE HEART, MARY MCELROY.

FOR MORE INFORMATION STOP IN OR CALL US

PACIFIC BEACH	POINT LOMA
273-4567	223-9979

Bacchanal

500-8022

TONIGHT-THURSDAY, JANUARY 20

THE REFRACTORS

NO COVER CHARGE

FRIDAY & SATURDAY, JANUARY 21 & 22

TWEE

EVERY WEDNESDAY
club bacchanal - no cover
DOUBLES NITE
ALL NITE

PROGRESSIVE MUSIC OF THE 80s
DOUBLE-LEVEL DANCE FLOOR 8 PM-2 AM
dance to the electro:beat

SUNDAY, JANUARY 30

BOBBY BLUE BLAND

2 SHOWS 8 PM & 10 PM

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 560-8553. Doors open for concert 8 PM. Advance tickets for all national concerts available at Sears, 32nd St. Naval Station, Bill Gamble's stores and all TICKETRON (565-9947) and SELECT-A-SEAT (565-7865) outlets, and the Bacchanal the day of the show starting at 7 PM. Sorry, you must be 21 years old. Picture I.D. required.

JERRY HERRERA'S SPIRIT

1130 Buena Vista Ave. 276-9993 Food, cocktails, dancing, air-conditioned 21 and up

Thursday (TONIGHT)
ECHOES and ALMOST BROS.
and returning! After last week's excellent surprise, smooth debut

Friday From L.A.
THE GREG HILL BAND
and returning! After last week's excellent surprise, smooth debut

SOME GIRLS
with **THE HEARD** plus **ENUR** Fiddle rock extravaganza

Saturday
FROM NEW YORK RCA RECORDING ARTIST
ROBERT GORDON
Sold out both S.D. shows last year. Get in this year. Get in this year. Get in this year.

PALADINS and THE EVASIONS
Advance tickets at Staff Competition, Off The Record and the Spirit box office. A Bill Silva & Mike Fahn Production

Tuesday JAN. 25
VOTED BEST MOST CONSISTENT WEEKDAY SHOW OF THE YEAR
RHYTHM & BLUES NIGHT
Hosted by **RICK GAZLAY**
THE **STUDEBAKERS**
and starting **THE HURRICANES**

Wednesday JAN. 26
NIGHT OF REGGAE ROOTS ROCK & GROOVE featuring **TROWERS and BALLISTICS**
S.D. 3 newest reggae band playing versions of Bob Marley, Black Uhuru, Culture, K.K.J., Max Romeo & unique versions of the Clash & Rolling Stones. ONLY \$2.00 CHEAP!

Tomorrow Jan. 26th From L.A. **JAMES HARMAN** and **THE HEARD**, AVERAGE CITIZEN & CLEAR SPOT.

Jan. 30th: From L.A. **RED ZONE** featuring **ARND PLAN** and **THE RAYERS**, **MITCHELL CORNISH** and **THE HELLBOYS**, **JONES BAND**.

Feb. 4th: **BEACHY & THE BEACHNUTS**
Feb. 11th: **Ariza Records: THE MEMBERS**

Roaring Eye MUSIC RUMOR RE-PAINTS Blumiller vales the Country Club has closed down after they began, but by the end of this all get band with their Motown sound and hand dance drummer with a very good beat won't miss. They brought out of dollars through their doors. I ended to the stage. Can you come back this Friday. Next up "The Spirit" this band was so excited of all the people in front of them if only look them "minutes to get up and two love to get down. From from L.A. Beachy & the Beachnuts descended on stage & the floor started overflowing all over the floor. Commercial time. Beachy came out and from Live Nation. From L.A. Tom's best player who happened to see the band and saw the album taped right on his head with a sign that said for rent. I am a should. Rockin' Roadster following showed up. I saw it. As the night went, "Stop in the name of love" the album kept falling down years without a hint of raising our drink price. And then we got into the live. I saw the album and it will feel like it. San Francisco was the best. I saw the album and it will feel like it. San Francisco was the best. I saw the album and it will feel like it. San Francisco was the best.

HALCYON

4256 W. Pt. Loma 225-9559

Thursday, Friday & Saturday, January 20-22

Sunday & Monday, January 23 & 24

NETWORK

EVERY WEDNESDAY NIGHT IS DOLLAR NIGHT

All well drinks, domestic beer and house wine for just a buck.

LADIES' NIGHT
Thursday... all ladies admitted free... special drink prices on selected ladies' beverages.

Rock & Roll Happy Hour
Every Friday
5:30-8:30
Two bands—complimentary hors d'oeuvres well drinks, draft beer, wine 50c from 5:30-7:30 50c

Tuesday-Saturday, January 25-29

THE ALAMO

WE'RE DEALING

LIVE ROCK

SAN DIEGO'S HOMEOWN NO. 1 ROCK BAND

TUESDAY THRU SATURDAY FROM 8pm NIGHTLY

TUESDAY IS FUN NIGHT
COME REVEL WITH OUR ALAMO STOCK PLAYERS IN A FUN NIGHT SURPRISES, FUN FAVORS

WEDNESDAY IS MALE HULA ROCK NIGHT
HEY! OUR ALAMO STOCK PLAYERS ARE HAVING A MALE HULA ROCK NIGHT ESPECIALLY FOR THE LADIES

THURSDAY IS "A CHORUS LINE" NIGHT
OUR ALAMO LADY STOCK PLAYERS WILL ENTERTAIN YOU WITH FREE STYLE DANCING SINGING

HAPPY HOURS 8-9:50 BEER HIBALLS WHISKEY ANY DRINK IN THE HOUSE 75c A POP

HAPPY HOURS 8-9:50 BEER HIBALLS WHISKEY ANY DRINK IN THE HOUSE 75c A POP

HAPPY HOURS 8-9:50 BEER HIBALLS WHISKEY ANY DRINK IN THE HOUSE 75c A POP

BIG FUN ROCK-WEEKEND! FRIDAY & SATURDAY
DOOR CHARGE TUES-THURS \$2, FRI & SAT \$3
MUST BE 21 WITH PROPER I.D.
ADJACENT TO CLAREMONT BOWL

3093 CLAIREMONT DRIVE • SAN DIEGO • 276-3437

rock and blues. Sunday and Monday: The Shrike, rock and roll. Tuesday and Wednesday.

Te Chaki, 3010 Newport Avenue, Mission Beach, 322-5484. Five rock and roll. Thursday through Saturday. Lightning, rock and roll. Sunday and Monday. White, Dancin', rock and roll. Tuesday and Wednesday.

Macho's, 3000 Midway Drive off Rosecrans, Loma Portal, 224-2401. U.S. Male, rock and roll. Tuesday

through Saturday.

McP's, 1017 Orange Avenue, Coronado, 433-0280. Joe Mason, contemporary. Monday.

Mexican Village, 120 Orange Avenue, Coronado, 433-1822. Third Avenue, contemporary. Friday and Saturday. Dancin' the Dancin', contemporary. Sunday. Ben Wilson, contemporary. Monday and Tuesday.

Moby's Brother, 4444 16th

Restaurant, 1400 Rosecrans Street, Port Loma, 226-1871. Rock, contemporary. Tuesday, the Ben Wilson, contemporary. Friday and Saturday.

Mon's Saloon, 1145 Grand Avenue, Pacific Beach, 493-2232. Red W, rock and roll. Thursday through Saturday. The Shrike, rock and roll. Monday. The London Buffers, rock and roll. Tuesday and Wednesday. With the In Group, rock and roll. Tuesday.

Mustang Club, 1090 Sports Arena Boulevard, Loma Portal, 224-2233. Rock, the Ben Wilson, contemporary. Tuesday through Saturday. Moving Targets, rock and roll. Sunday and Monday.

Old Pacific Beach Cafe, 1287 Mission, 433-2232. Rock, contemporary. Wednesday through Saturday. The Ben Wilson, contemporary. Sunday. The Shrike, rock and roll. Monday and Tuesday.

Roden, 8080 Via La Jolla, La Jolla, 594-1090. The Ben Wilson Band, rock and roll. Tuesday through Saturday. Moving Targets, rock and roll. Sunday and Monday.

Sandtrap Lounge, 2202 North Mission Bay Drive, Mission Bay, 594-1113. Dancin' and Rock, contemporary. Friday and Saturday.

Texas Frabrie, 1970 Voltaire Street, Ocean Beach, 426-0447. Courtney Blues, Thursday.

Village Village Hotel, 1000 Village, 433-0280. Rock, contemporary. Tuesday through Saturday. Moving Targets, rock and roll. Sunday and Monday. Call club for information.

Wendy's, 1000 Village, 433-0280. Rock, contemporary. Tuesday through Saturday. Moving Targets, rock and roll. Sunday and Monday. Call club for information.

Wendy's, 1000 Village, 433-0280. Rock, contemporary. Tuesday through Saturday. Moving Targets, rock and roll. Sunday and Monday. Call club for information.

Wendy's, 1000 Village, 433-0280. Rock, contemporary. Tuesday through Saturday. Moving Targets, rock and roll. Sunday and Monday. Call club for information.

San Diego North

The Village Lounge, 1000 Village, 433-0280. Rock, contemporary. Tuesday through Saturday. Moving Targets, rock and roll. Sunday and Monday. Call club for information.

The Village Lounge, 1000 Village, 433-0280. Rock, contemporary. Tuesday through Saturday. Moving Targets, rock and roll. Sunday and Monday. Call club for information.

The Village Lounge, 1000 Village, 433-0280. Rock, contemporary. Tuesday through Saturday. Moving Targets, rock and roll. Sunday and Monday. Call club for information.

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The Village Lounge, 1000 Village, 433-0280. Rock, contemporary. Tuesday through Saturday. Moving Targets, rock and roll. Sunday and Monday. Call club for information.

The Poseidon
A Del Mar Tradition

Friday and Saturday



1670 COAST BLVD
across from the
old Del Mar train station

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

Stop! Before
you leave downtown, join us at

McDini's
San Diego's longest-running act
(est. 1890) presents



**Market Street
Band** premiere night
featuring Joann Carter
Thurs Jan 27 6:30 (11:30)
No cover charge

Sign up
for Talent
Showcase
auditions

McDini's
San Diego's Longest Running Act
Downtown, 647 Market, 732-1796

Dini's
Baja

NEW RELEASES FOR RENT
AT \$2.00
USED RECORDS RENT AT \$1.00

TOP CASH
for your good records & tapes

Guaranteed used records
priced from \$1.99

We buy and sell buttons,
posters, music books,
T-shirts & patches.

**ENCORE
RECORDS**
3953 Goldfinch Street
at University Avenue
in Mission Hills

Hours:
Mon. & Tues., 10 - 6
Wed. - Sat., 10 - 8

296-9277

**RENT THREE
RENT ONE FREE**
Rent 3 albums and we'll rent you
the 4th free

"BOSS, DA PLANE, DA PLANE!"

**CRYSTAL T'S
Fantasy Island
Costume Ball**

PRIZES PRIZES PRIZES PRIZES
Thurs., Jan. 27th, 8:30 p.m. - 1:30 a.m.

**COSTUME CONTEST...1st PRIZE
\$150 CASH PLUS...DINNER FOR 2**

Magician Dave Russell performs at 9:45

Also PRIZES for 2nd and 3rd place contestants.
★ DRESS UP as any of your favorite fantasies.



Crystal T's Emporium
Town and Country Hotel, 500 Hotel Circle North, 294-9010

macho's
MIDWAY & ROSECRANS 224-2401

Tonight & every
Tuesday-Saturday in January.

U.S. MALE




SALSA SUNDAYS
Dance to the great salsa sounds
of 'D.J.' Sammy Diaz

**WIN A FREE TRIP
TO ACAPULCO FOR 2**
Machos is getting a brand new look and we
want a new name for our club and restaurant.
Official entry blanks available at Machos
11 am - 2 am 7 days a week

**PLAYOFFS &
SUPER BOWL
BIG T.V.**

San Diego's finest jazz!!
at **Charlie's**
Restaurant

EDDIE HARRIS QUARTET



"Saucy but mellow jazz"

Thursdays-Sundays 9pm-1am
Jan 20th-Feb 13th
No cover charge

DAVE MACKAY TRIO with LORI BELL
Mondays-Wednesdays 9pm-1am
Jan 18th-Feb 16th

459-0541
SUMMER HOUSE INN 7955 LA JOLLA SHORES DR

MONK'S

CRAIG RICE TALENT
proudly presents

**The 1982 San Diego
County Entertainer
of the Year Awards**
at Monk's,
Monday, January 24, 9 pm
Special guest performances by
Push, U.S. Male, RPM,
Forward Motion and many more



Wednesdays
through
Sundays

Craig Rice Talent Agency
3450 Camino del Rio South
San Diego, CA 92108 261-9502

Monk's
10475 San Diego Mission Rd.
563-0060

Pretenders

Clash

B•52's

Devo

Rock of the '80's!

Avenue, Claremont. 279-2033.
Brian Connelly, Irish music,
Wednesday through Saturday.

The Box Office, 4450 Alvarado
Canyon Road, Mission Gorge.
294-5644. Sue Palmer and Eric
Hybertsen, Blues, Tuesday.

Bunbury's, 9906 Mira Mesa
Boulevard, Mira Mesa. 578-8666.

DANCE with RED WEDDING and guests

Saturday, Jan. 22nd 9 pm.
Admission \$4

(see the band at Lou's
in Encinitas at 3:00 pm)
Presented by KSDT

Johnny Cadillac and Ace,
contemporary, Thursday through
Saturday.

Donaghi's, 5323 Mission Center
Road, Mission Valley. 297-6370. Jim
Moore, contemporary, Tuesday
through Saturday.

Gold Coast Lounge, Town and
Country Hotel, 500 Hotel Circle
North, Mission Valley. 291-7231.
Jerr Melnick, piano variety,
Tuesday through Saturday.

Holiday Inn/Mission Valley,
Crickel's, 595 Hotel Circle South,
Mission Valley. 291-5720. Motown,
contemporary, Tuesday through
Saturday; Spirit, contemporary,
Sunday and Monday.

Hungry Hunter, 2245 Hotel Circle
Place, Mission Valley. Mary Ferris,
contemporary, Friday and Saturday.

Islands Lounge, Haralei Hotel,
2270 Hotel Circle North, Mission
Valley. 297-1101. NiteLine,
contemporary, Tuesday through
Saturday.

Reamy's Mesa Hotel, 7585
Claremont Mesa Boulevard,
Claremont. 279-1501. Back Issue,
oldies rock, Thursday through
Saturday.

La Hacienda Cantina, 878 Hotel
Circle South, Mission Valley.
298-8281. One + One + Dots, jazz
and contemporary, Tuesday
through Saturday; the San Diego
Dixieland Jazz Band, Dixieland,
Sunday afternoon.

Lehr's Greenhouse, 2929 Camino
del Rio South, Mission Valley.
292-2828. Dallas Collins, rock and
roll, Tuesday through Saturday,
with Dick Leconaire, rock and roll,
Friday and Saturday; Radio
Romance, rock and roll, Sunday;
Toys, rock and roll, Monday.

London Open House, 5484 Balboa
Avenue, Claremont. 279-2390.
Coast to Coast, contemporary,
Tuesday through Saturday.

Mank's, 10475 San Diego Mission
Road, Mission Valley. 563-0080.
RPM, rock and roll, Wednesday
through Sunday; Entertainment of
the Year Awards Show featuring U.S.
Male, RPM, Push, Forward Motion,
plus guests, Monday.

Monterey Whaling Company, 887
Camino del Rio South, Mission
Valley. 291-1638. Old Ridge,
comedy and music, Tuesday
through Saturday; Steve Hudson,
comedy and music, Sunday; magic
show, Monday.

Nurple Inn, 8515 Nurple Road, San
Carlos. 465-1720. The Press, rock
and roll, Tuesday through Saturday;
live rock and roll, Sunday and
Monday, call club for information.

Pal Joey's, 5147 Waring Road,
Allied Gardens. 286-7873. Pro
Bingham's Preservation Band,
Dixieland, swing, and oldies, Friday
and Saturday.

Patet's Gaze, 5353 Mission Center
Road, Mission Valley. 296-8714. Jim
and Theresa Hinton, traditional and
original Celtic music, Tuesday; the
Old Thang, traditional Irish
music, Wednesday through Saturday.

Pauline's Lounge, Town and
Country Hotel, 500 Hotel Circle
North. 291-7331. The Jim Hession
 Trio, 40s to contemporary dance
music, Tuesday through Saturday.

Spirit, 1130 Buenos Avenue, Bay
Park. 276-3993. Echoes, rock and
roll, Almost Brothers, rock and roll,
Thursday; Erut, rock and roll,
Some Girls, rock and roll, Clear
Spot, rhythm and blues, the Heard,
rock and roll, Friday; Robert
Gordon, rockabilly, the Paladins,
western pop, the Rock Jets,
rockabilly, Saturday; Rhythm and
Blues Night featuring Clear Spot
and guests, Tuesday; Trowers, ska
and reggae, Ballistic, reggae,
Wednesday.

Springfield Wigwag Works, 5255
Kearny Villa Road, Kearny Mesa.
565-2272. The Dan Lawrence Trio,
jazz and contemporary music for
dancing, Thursday through
Saturday.

The Leo's/Mira Mesa, 10787
Camino Ruiz, Mira Mesa. 695-1461.
Joe Stewart, country and
contemporary, Tuesday through
Saturday; Johnny Cadillac and Ace,
contemporary, Sunday and Monday.

The Leo's/Mission Gorge, 6333
Mission Gorge Road, Mission
Gorge. 280-9944. Brad,
contemporary, Monday and
Tuesday; Bill Frey, contemporary,
Wednesday and Thursday; Melissa
McCracken, contemporary, Friday
and Saturday.

San Diego South

Anthony's HarborSide, 1335 South
Harbor Drive, downtown.



ROBERT GORDON, Saturday, Spirit

232-6356. Signed, Sealed, and
Delivered, contemporary, Tuesday
through Saturday.

Amie Bowl, Torquester Room, 4356
30th Street, North Park. 263-3255.
Road Runners, rock and reggae,
Wednesday through Saturday.

Black Pig, 4672 Federal

Boulevard, East San Diego.
264-5797. Jazz, Friday, Saturday,
and Sunday afternoon, call club for
information.

Best House, 2040 Harbor Island
Drive, Harbor Island. 291-8010.
Steve Hudson, comedy and music,
Wednesday through Saturday; Bill
Braddett, X-rated comedy and
music, Sunday.

ESCONDIDOS DISTILLERY

Bill Coviello Presents

TONIGHT ONLY! Thursday, January 20 TONIGHT ONLY!

INCognito Rockers

Drop Outs & Vandals

Friday & Saturday, January 21 & 22

Rockin' Stereo 70

playing rock 'n' roll, new wave, rockabilly,
and the cream of the pop. Ticket price \$5.00.

Sunday, January 23

New Wave Showcase Night

Special guest: New wave band plus the
Master of Disaster

Michael Angelo

playing wave and rockabilly. Admission \$3.50.

Wednesday, January 26

Greater San Diego Talent Search

Ripsaws & Technicolor

Admission \$4.00

Coming in Feb.

Bus Boys

Playing their hit from the
movie 48 HOURS.
"THE BOYS ARE BACK..."

Josie Cotton

singing her hits "JOHNNY,
ARE YOU GUTTER?" and
"HE COULD BE THE ONE..."

King Bees

Mission & Metcalf, Escondido
741-9393

Live & Recorded Sunday 8:30 pm - 11:30 pm
Ages 17 & up
Further comment & ticket information
741-9394

All bands subject to cancellation.

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741-9393

Live & Recorded Sunday 8:30 pm - 11:30 pm
Ages 17 & up
Further comment & ticket information
741-9394

All bands subject to cancellation.

music, Sunday through Tuesday.

Elle del Rey Mero, 1549 El Prado,
Salvo Park. 234-8311. Kevin
Lushert, contemporary, Tuesday;
El Warner, piano variety,
Wednesday through Saturday;
Eagle Bagale, Renaissance folk
music, Sunday afternoon.

Calligie's, 2927 Meade Avenue,
West Park. 281-2610. Flamenco
music and dancing, Thursday.

Chateau Lounge, 3623 College
Avenue, College Grove. 582-5820.
The Loose Brothers, rock, rhythm
and blues, country, and comedy,
Friday and Saturday.

Crossroads, 345 Market Street,
downtown. 253-7856. Sammy Trill
Project featuring Daniel
Jackson, Ronnie Stewart, with
Kelly Matwell, vocalist, Thursday
through Saturday.

De Meters, 2051 Shelter Island
Drive, Shelter Island. 232-2572.
The Meters, rock and roll, Thursday
through Saturday; Tremor, rock
and roll, Sunday and Monday; the
Equal Brothers, 50s and 60s rock,
Tuesday and Wednesday.

Dimery Magg's, 31st Street and
University Avenue, North Park.
298-8554. San Diego Storytellers,
tall tales and folk stories, Thursday;
Karen Mulhally, contemporary folk
music, Friday; Jim and Theresa
Hinton, traditional and original
Celtic music, Saturday; Zimms,
klezmer music, Sunday; Old Time
Hoot Night, Monday; Richard
Freeman, folk and bluesgrass, early
evening Tuesday; Suenos Gael Celti
Band, traditional Irish music,
Tuesday; Jill Harris, folk music,
Wednesday.

El CityChina Camp, 2137 Pacific
Highway, downtown. 232-0086.
Summer Breeze, contemporary,
Friday and Saturday.

Grass Roots Cultural Center, 1947
30th Street, Golden Hill. 232-5009.
Rise, country and contemporary
Blues, Hot Flashes, women's
improvisational comedy group,
Saturday.

Hamborgessa, 4016 West Wallace
Street, Old Town. 295-6584. Donny
Ruse, country and contemporary
Thursday through Saturday, with
open stage talent night Thursday.

DOC MASTERS

at the Harbor Island Marina
Phone 223-2572

Rock 'n' Roll

Thursday-Saturday, January 20-22

MOVIES

Margarita Thursday

\$1 Margaritas

every Thursday all night long

Sunday & Monday, January 23 & 24

Tremor

Tuesday-Saturday, January 25-29

No cover charge at

*The Fabulous
Sund Brothers*

Holiday Inn/Embarkadero,
Portland Lane, downtown. 232-3661.
Dixie Play, contemporary, Tuesday
through Saturday.

Jelly Roger, 807 West Harbor
Drive, Seaport Village. 232-4300.
Blues, rock and roll, Wednesday
through Saturday.

Kung Food, 2949 Fifth Avenue,
Hillcrest. 296-7362. Lama, classical
guitar, Tuesday and Wednesday;
Julio Aguirre, classical guitar,
Thursday; Doug Hewitt, Originals
and soft folk music, Friday; Walter,
classical guitar, Saturday and
Sunday.

Mandolin Wind, 308 University
Avenue, Hillcrest. 297-3017. King
Biscuit Blues, blues and rhythm
and blues, Thursday through
Saturday.

McDill's Downtown, 647 Market
Street, downtown. 232-1795. The
Market Street Band, contemporary
and blues, Wednesday through
Friday, with Joann Carter, Thursday
and Friday.

My Rich Uncle's, 6205 El Cajon
Boulevard, East San Diego.
287-7332. Main Room: Clubland
with Larry Holiday and Elaine
Summers, rock and roll, Thursday
through Saturday; live rock and
roll, Monday and Tuesday; call club
for information; Brata, rock and
roll, Wednesday; Cabaret Room: Pit
and the Bumpers, rock and roll,
Friday and Saturday.

Our Place, 2424 Fifth Avenue (at
Laurel), Hillcrest. 232-1173. The
Bill Kule Quartet, jazz, Friday and
Saturday.

Papagone, Seaport Village, West
Harbor Drive, downtown. 232-7581.
Joseph Hey, classical guitar,
Sunday brunch.

Prophet Restaurant, 4461
University Avenue, East San Diego.
283-7448. Lori Bell and Friends,
jazz, early evening Thursday; Lori
Bell and Shep Meyers, jazz, early
evening Sunday.

Red Coat Inn, 5933 University
Avenue, East San Diego. 583-6670.
Prophet, rock and roll, Thursday
through Saturday; Flyer, rock and
roll, Sunday and Monday.

Reuben E. Lee, 827 Harbor Island
Drive, Harbor Island. 291-1886.
John Campbell and Nightline with
Alicia Thomas, contemporary
music for dancing, Tuesday through
Saturday.

Sheridan Harbor Island, 1380
Harbor Island Drive, Harbor Island.
291-2840. Reflections: Steve's
Throw, vintage jazz, blues, and
swing, Thursday, Sunday and
Monday; the Magic If, comedy,
music, and variety, Tuesday and
Wednesday; Sanderson Lounge:
Leslie Gold, contemporary and
standards, Monday and Tuesday; live
contemporary music by various
artists, Wednesday through Sunday.

Sheridan Inn Airport, Sandpiper
Lounge, 1590 Harbor Island Drive,
Harbor Island. 291-6400. Jazz jam
session with Jeanne and Jimmy
Chatham, early evening Sunday.

Solebad's, 425 West B Street,
downtown. 232-7388. Harvey and
32nd St. Jive, jazz, blues, swing,
and show tunes, Friday.

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

Trilon, 6011 El Cajon Boulevard,
East San Diego. 583-3240. Ella
Smith Page, jazz and blues,
Thursday through Saturday.

Trojan Horse, 6129 University
Avenue, East San Diego. 582-1076.
Machem, rock and roll, Thursday
through Saturday. See Dagher, rock

and roll, Sunday; Off Limits, rock
and roll, Wednesday.

Tuba Man's, 2751 University
Avenue, North Park. 296-9426.
West Coast, light rock and jazz,
Saturday.

**Uptart Cow & Co. Bookstore and
Coffee House**, 835 West Harbor
Drive, Seaport Village, downtown.
232-4655. Rebecca Roberts,
classical guitar, late morning
Sunday.

PARTY!

Dancing & Tennis at Valley Tennis & Swim Club

Every Friday night 8 pm - 2 am
Starting January 21. Door
charge. Music by

Soundoff

296-6341
1450 Hotel Circle North
Sponsored by Tennis Match

East County

Antonio's Hacienda, 700 North
Jolonville, El Cajon. 442-9827.
Neutral Ground, contemporary,
Friday and Saturday.

Black Angus, 1000 Graves Avenue,
El Cajon. 440-9555. Push, rock and
roll, Tuesday through Saturday.

Blarney Stone, 7059 El Cajon
Boulevard, La Mesa. 463-2263.
Sean McVicker, Irish music,
Sunday.

PETE SEEGER

Peace & justice songs for
Grass Roots Cultural Center
RESERVE SEATS
Grass Roots & Tabor

Feb. 25
CALIFORNIA THEATRE
232-5009

LEHR'S GREENHOUSE

TONIGHT!

Thursday, January 20 - 10:00 NIGHT

KPRI FM 106

with Gary Keller

Dallas Collins

50c drafts 'til 10 p.m.

ROCKIN' WEEKEND

Friday & Saturday, January 21 & 22

Dallas Collins

plus

DIRK DEBONAIRE

SUNDAY

January 23 - and every Sunday

ROCK NIGHT

Drink specials & surprises with Gabriel Wisdom

and the

IN GROUP

MONDAY

January 24

TOFFS

TUESDAY & WEDNESDAY

January 25 & 26

Dallas Collins

SUNDAYS! MONDAYS!

TUESDAYS! WEDNESDAYS! THURSDAYS!

2828 Camino del Rio South, Mission Valley. 299-2828

Bobby G's
Thursday-Saturday
January 20-22
JOHNNY ALMOND RHYTHM REVUE
Sunday-Tuesday
January 23-25
FOUR PLAY
Wednesday, January 26
BECKETT BAND
Kamikazes \$1.00 7 days a week
The "IN" spot in beautiful downtown Encinitas
Home of the James Gang
485 First St. 436-7397

Bodie's
Thursday, January 20
SHEET MUSIC
Friday & Saturday, January 21 & 22
Two Great Bands!
THE STUDERAKERS
CLEAR SPOT
ALL FOOTBALL PLAYOFF GAMES
seen on giant screen TV
Every Monday 5-9 PM
SPAGHETTI DINNER
with the music of
BOB WILHELM
Never A Cover Charge!
6148 UNIVERSITY AVENUE 583-6700
SUNDAY AUDITION NIGHT 583-6700

Darci Daniels & "Niteline"
January 4 - January 29
Tues. thru Thurs. 8:30 p.m. to 1:00 a.m.
Fri. & Sat. 9:00 p.m. to 1:30 a.m.
THE ISLANDS
HAWAIIAN HOTEL 2270 HOTEL CIRCLE SOUTH 297-1101


Wednesday through Sunday:
Boss Bill's, 9525 Mission Gorge Road, San Diego 448-9883 Country music, Thursday through Saturday.
Roll and Bear, 690 North Second Street, El Cajon 440-5757 Chain Reaction, contemporary dance music, Tuesday through Saturday.
The Calypso Lounge, 975 Greenfield Avenue, El Cajon 440-9526 Ron Morris, country, Thursday through Saturday.
Cacaveros, 10757 Woodside Avenue, San Diego 449-6700 Flyer, rock and roll, Thursday through Saturday.
Circle D Central, 1013 Broadway, El Cajon 444-7443 Country Casanova, country, Tuesday through Saturday.
DeAnna Springs Resort/Holiday Trails, 1951 Carrizo Gorge Road, Jacumba 766-4384 Smokey, country rock, Friday and Saturday.
Don Carlos, 7856 La Mesa Boulevard, La Mesa 466-9375 Trio Asteca, traditional Mexican music, Thursday through Sunday.
Downtown Lounge, 5308 Baltimore Drive, La Mesa 462-5533 Carl Simmons and Southern Comfort, country, Tuesday through Saturday; Country Justice, country, Sunday and Monday.
Flora Springs Inn, 15505 Highway 80, El Cajon 443-9568 Timberlake, country and vintage rock, Friday and Saturday.
Hanging Hunter, 402 Fletcher Parkway, El Cajon 442-0917 Lee Henning, contemporary, Tuesday through Thursday; the Sound Choice, contemporary and country, Friday and Saturday.
Kentucky Stud, 13377 Woodside Avenue, San Diego 448-3402 Country Justice, country, Thursday through Saturday; live country music, Sunday, call club for information.
Lakeland Resort, Highway 79, Coyamaca 765-0736 Vivian Bonne, rock and roll, Friday and Saturday.
Lakeland Hotel, 9940 River Street, Lakeside 443-9591 Supercut, country rock, Friday and Saturday evenings, Sunday afternoon.
La Plaza House, 566 Paraiso Avenue, Spring Valley 475-0912 Just Practicing, music and comedy, Wednesday through Friday.
Lorenza's, 596 Broadway, El Cajon 442-9696 P.F. Flyers, contemporary, Tuesday through Saturday; Pro Brigham's Preservation Band, Discland jazz, Sunday and Monday.
Magnolia Mahoney's, 8861 Magnolia Avenue, San Diego 448-8556 Gerry Baez and A Touch of Class, Wednesday through Sunday.
Mama's Place, 533 East Main Street, El Cajon 442-5573 Jimmy Nixon and Downhome, country rock, Tuesday through Saturday.
Mickey D's, 9563 Mission Gorge Road, San Diego 448-9934 Trigger Happy, country rock, Friday and Saturday.
Mr. Bill's Backroom Saloon, 399 North Magnolia, El Cajon 447-4500 Jim Evans, contemporary, Thursday through Saturday, with Ray Correa, Friday and Saturday; open stage talent night, Sunday.
Organ Power Plaza, 3459 Imperial Avenue, Lemon Grove 463-4972 Tommy Stark, family musical entertainment, sing-alongs, seven nights, with puppet shows by Betha Friday and Saturday.
Our Favorite Place, 8446 Mission Gorge Road, San Diego 449-6249 P.O. Express, country rock, Thursday through Saturday.
Park Place, 1281 Fletcher Parkway, El Cajon 448-4011 Entertainment.

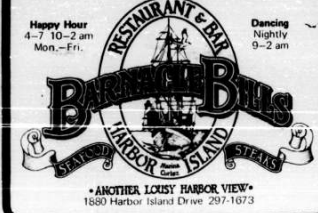
SPECIAL NOTICE
IN HIS LAST SAN DIEGO APPEARANCE UNTIL JUNE
Bill Brackett & Friends
Featured, Paul Martin (rock 'n roll personified)
and Russ Stollack (guest comedian)
Tues. - Sat., Jan. 16 - 29, from 9 p.m. 'til 1 a.m.

8404 BALBOA AVENUE, SAN DIEGO, CA 297-6260

HEADQUARTERS NIGHTCLUB PRESENTS
This Friday
Paladins
Signed Risk
This Saturday
Jones Band
No Names
Upcoming Shows:
January 28-ENGLISH MUG BAND with MANUAL SCAN and THE ANSWERS
January 29-X-OFFENDERS & THE SEVEN 11 with special guest.
The High Life, 1010 Broadway, San Diego 444-7443
San Diego's Finest Young Adult Night Club
Dancing 9:00 p.m. to 1:00 a.m.
4617 Mission Bay Drive #200 P.O. Box 10000 297-7887

Live Entertainment
Nightly 9-1
JIM HAWLEY WED-SAT
THE MIX Rock 'n' Roll MON & TUES
KEVIN LETTAU Quartet JAZZ SUN NIGHT
Tuesday is **RESTAURANT EMPLOYEE NIGHT**
Wear your T-shirt
the = OLD = Pacific Beach = CAFE = \$1.00 drinks
1797 Mission Blvd. Pacific Beach, California 270-7522

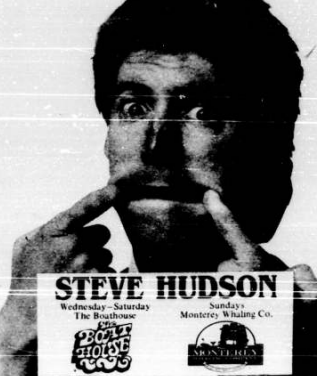
One + One + Doris
"Biggest Little Band in the World"
9 p.m. - 1:30 a.m. Tues. - Sat. 'til January 29th

LA HACIENDA
Mission Valley Inn, 675 Hotel Circle South, 298-8281

"LISTEN TO THE RHYTHM..."
EDDIE PRESTON
Former Leader of the "Cascades"
Wednesday through Saturday 9 pm - 1 am
Happy Hour 4-7, 10-2 am Mon.-Fri.
Dancing Nightly 9-2 am

• ANOTHER LOUISY HARBOR VIEW •
1680 Harbor Island Drive 297-1673

STAMPEDE
Tuesday - Saturday, beginning at 9 p.m.
WEEKEND HAPPY HOUR 4 - 9 p.m.
MUNCHIES 4 - 7 p.m.
SUNDAY COUNTRY BRUNCH 10 a.m. - 2 p.m.
LADIES' NITE WEDNESDAY \$1 Margaritas
FREE DANCE LESSONS Tues.-Thurs 7-9 p.m.
Town and Country Hotel
500 Hotel Circle North
291-7151
ABILENE


Ext. rock and roll, Tuesday through Saturday; Bandit (formerly Sky High) rock and roll, Sunday and Monday.
Sutton's, 7353 El Cajon Boulevard, La Mesa 460-1500 Steve Muzas and Finest Action, slides, contemporary, country, Tuesday through Saturday.
The Turquoise Lounge, 5975 Severn Drive, La Mesa 465-1525 The Nomads, rock and blues, Tuesday through Saturday.
Van Winkle's, 10055 Mission Gorge Road, San Diego 449-0800 Johnny West and the Chaparrals, country, Thursday through Saturday.
South Bay
Black Angus, 707 E Street, Chula Vista 426-9200 Forward Motion, top 40, Tuesday through Sunday.
Country Bumpkin, 1801 Palm Avenue, Imperial Beach 429-1161 Larry Prewitt and Cinnamon Ridge, country, Tuesday through Saturday; Ducktail Revue, 50s rock, Sunday and Monday.
Dance Machine, 1862 Palm Avenue, Imperial Beach 429-1161 Bandit (formerly Sky High), rock and roll, Thursday through Saturday; live rock and roll, Sunday and Monday, call club for information; the Press, rock and roll, Tuesday and Wednesday.
Hatch's, 1463 Palm Avenue, Imperial Beach 423-3479 Leather and Lace, country, Thursday through Saturday.
Landmark Cuddell Lounge, 2511 Sweetwater Road, National City 475-7313 Firecracker, country, Friday and Saturday.
The Lanterns, 1322 Third Avenue, Chula Vista 427-4200 Running Wild, rock and roll, Thursday through Saturday; Automatics, rock and roll, Wednesday.
Oasis Bar, 1231 Third Street, Chula Vista 426-2977 Whiskey River, country, Thursday through Sunday.
Old Bonita Store Restaurant, 4014 Bonita Road, Bonita 479-3537 Wayne Gire, contemporary, Thursday through Saturday.
Palmview Club, 3008 Main Street, Chula Vista 427-5889 Branded, country, Friday and Saturday.
Royal Vista Inn, 632 E Street, Chula Vista 426-2500 Special K, top 40, Tuesday through Saturday.
Tropel Inn, 1960 Broadway, Chula Vista 427-1004 Bacha-la-Tro, contemporary, Wednesday through Sunday.
Westerner, 22 West Seventh, National City 474-2919 Tiny Mills and Onessal, rock and roll, Tuesday through Saturday.
Wild Turkey, 5080 Bonita Road, Bonita 426-2550 The Blitz Brothers, rock and roll, Thursday through Saturday; Bandit (formerly Sky High/Tobias), rock and roll, Wednesday.
PERFORMERS
Performers listings are compiled by Linda Nordin. If you wish to be included, please call 234-2508 Thursday afternoon or Friday before 5:00 p.m. The listings are free.
Rock & Roll
Ace Dugger, Truett House, Johnny Almond, Jethro Revue, Bobby Cox, Kelly L. Lacey, Mount Brothers, Steve, Automatics, Whiskey River, The Legion.

THE RED COAT INN
Tuesday - Saturday, January 18 - 22
Prophet
Sunday & Monday, January 23 & 24
Flyer
Sunday, Monday, Tuesday
'1 Drink Night
Wednesday
Kamikazes 2 for '1
Thursday
91X Night
50c drinks, 8-10 pm
Friday & Saturday, \$1 drinks, 7-9 pm
Entertainment 7 nights a week
5933 University Avenue, just west of College
583-6670

STEVE HUDSON
Wednesday - Saturday
The Boathouse
Monterey Whaling Co.


C.W.'s SALOON
formerly Carmel Valley Inn
Country Entertainment At Its Finest
Dancing & entertainment on North County's largest dance floor with the country & western music of
Wed.-Sun.
Savery Brothers
Turn, night - Clogging lessons
Wed. & Thurs. night - Swing & line dance lessons
Kathy Hansett & Steve Nager
& Borden & Mary
Guest artists T.V. for all sporting events (50¢ drink, 95¢ hot food)
Weekly: New Year, Fri. & Sat. (20¢ drink, 20¢ food)
Lunch 11:30 a.m. to 2:00 p.m. (20¢ drink, 20¢ food)
Carmel Valley Rd., Del Mar 753-1383

The Bob Holtz Trio: *Blue Parrot*
The Daniel Jackson Jazz Blues
Band: Blue Parrot
Denise Jeter Quartet: *Blue Parrot*
The Joy of Sax: *Blue Parrot*
The Bill Kyle Quartet: *Our Place*
The Keyen Lettina Quartet: *Old Pacific Beach Cafe*
The Bob Long Band: *Billy Bob's BBQ, Belly Up Tavern*
The Dan Lawrence Trio: *Springfield Wagon Works*
The Dave Mackay Trio: *Elvino's*
Holly Mazzoni: *Crossroads*
Shane Meyers: *Prophet Restaurant*

**Blues/R&B/
Reggae**

Folk/Ethnic

The Big Jewish Band: *Old Time Cafe*
Blue Plate Special: *Old Time Cafe*
Blues Counselor: *Bluesman Stone Park*

The Old Tringler: *Patriot Game*
Raggle Raggle: *Cafe del Rey Morro*
Gina Serico: *Shepherd Cafe*
Slamma Gael Ceili Band: *Drowsy Maggie's*
Trio Antics: *Don Carlos*
Zamora: *Drowsy Maggie's*

Everything Else

Julia Aguiar: *classical guitar, Kung Food*
Phil Boesh: *guitar variety, Casina Volador*

Hotel
The Magic If: comedy, music, and variety. Sheraton Harbor Island
Jerry Melnick: piano variety. Gold Coast Lounge
Oh! Ridge: comedy and music. Monterey Whaling Co.
Rebecca Roberts: classical guitar. Upstart Crow & Co.
Tommy Stark: family entertainment. Organ Power
Pizza/Lemon Groove
Gil Whisman: piano variety. Cafe del Rey More
Yoursell: "cosmicomic" music. Chace/CUCSD

director, Ken Finkle (over for the Kentucky team), there may be some sense of Mission Accomplished. The sheer volume of jokes presses more by and by. With Robert Hays, Judy Graves, Lloyd Bridges, Snatkin.

* (Aero Drive In, Bijou Hill Cinema 1; Uccle, Bernardo 6; South Sports Arena 6; Uccle Centre; Vogue; from

The Amateur — The sequence, in which a

has taken the Theater Center more of a polished. The show, however, imitates than by wit. The comedy, Peter and William

conjugating up
and foremost
films in the
ing us off that
el is not quite
in this genre.
at this movie,
ness and its
s how effec-
and pulls
ring its cen-
-murder victim,
r for twenty

Director, R.W. Hoffmann and Lili Suzanna 1980. With Bay Drive

— Retiring of Joan EVER HEELS, Ann Beattie, ry Beth Hurt.

Before, all some things lizards, bee- Dragon, M appear on a), and so on. edly mixed. is identify the, pointy ones our aesthetic to the latter. th these facer altogether.

DEAD, set
ally) in a sub-
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make, a new
with slicker
r special ef-
ranteed not to
most hysterical
is gratuitous
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the wickedest
movie since
EY OF THE

The Dark Crystal — Tolkien-esque fantasy, designed by British illustrator Brian Froud, co-directed by Jim Hen-

The Boogey Man — Self-conscious evocations of HALLOWEEN, CARRIE, THE AMITYVILLE HORROR, THE EXORCIST, and JAWS are never

elaborated to the point of either plagiarism or parody. Hardly more than winks of an eye, they nonetheless do an even larger job of conjuring up the entire history and foremost

the Brothers Grimm. With Suzanna Love, John Carradine. 1980.

*** (Palms Theater. South Bay Drive in, from 1:21)

you have seen: vultures, lizards, beetles, troll dolls, Olie the Dragon, Mia Farrow (as she would appear on a canvas by Walter Keane), and so on. The results are decidedly mixed.

Chilly Scenes of Winter — Retiring (and slightly revised editing) of Joan Micklin Silver's **HEAD OVER HEELS**, based on the book by Ann Beattie, with John Shearman and Sterling Rudman.

MOVIE DIRECTORY

James Chomnes, 8118 Mira Mesa Blvd.
(415) 151-1212

[illegible]

<p>BEACHES</p> <p>Casa, 7776 Grand, La Jolla (409-5404)</p> <p>La Brea Beach, San Diego</p> <p>Flint Apts, 1918 Camino, Pacific Beach (724-0000, 4141 Oceanview of Miramar, El Cerrito)</p> <p>City Oceanview of Miramar, El Cerrito</p> <p>President Shores, 1601 Highway 101 (221-5555)</p> <p>Thousand 1, Thousand and The Club, Irvine</p> <p>Thousand 2, The Sea and Oceanview, Irvine</p> <p>Thousand 3, The Sea and Oceanview, Irvine</p>	<p>WINDY HILLSLEY</p> <p>Chateau 3, Glenview, Orange County (No North)</p> <p>(207-1000)</p> <p>Thousand 1, The Sea and Oceanview, Irvine</p> <p>Thousand 2, The Sea and Oceanview, Irvine</p> <p>Thousand 3, 1145 Hillside Circle (North 221-2212)</p> <p>Thousand 4, 1145 Hillside Circle (North 221-2212)</p> <p>Frederick Whaley, 1415 Frederick Whaley (207-4404)</p> <p>Thousand 1, The Sea and Oceanview, Irvine</p> <p>Thousand 2, The Sea and Oceanview, Irvine</p> <p>Thousand 3, The Sea and Oceanview, Irvine</p>	<p>USA Oceanview of Miramar, El Cerrito</p> <p>(409-5404)</p> <p>Thousand 1, The Sea and Oceanview, Irvine</p> <p>Thousand 2, The Sea and Oceanview, Irvine</p> <p>Thousand 3, The Sea and Oceanview, Irvine</p> <p>Thousand 4, The Sea and Oceanview, Irvine</p> <p>Thousand 5, The Sea and Oceanview, Irvine</p> <p>Thousand 6, The Sea and Oceanview, Irvine</p> <p>Thousand 7, The Sea and Oceanview, Irvine</p> <p>Thousand 8, The Sea and Oceanview, Irvine</p> <p>Thousand 9, The Sea and Oceanview, Irvine</p> <p>Thousand 10, The Sea and Oceanview, Irvine</p> <p>Thousand 11, The Sea and Oceanview, Irvine</p> <p>Thousand 12, The Sea and Oceanview, Irvine</p> <p>Thousand 13, The Sea and Oceanview, Irvine</p> <p>Thousand 14, The Sea and Oceanview, Irvine</p> <p>Thousand 15, The Sea and Oceanview, Irvine</p> <p>Thousand 16, The Sea and Oceanview, Irvine</p> <p>Thousand 17, The Sea and Oceanview, Irvine</p> <p>Thousand 18, The Sea and Oceanview, Irvine</p> <p>Thousand 19, The Sea and Oceanview, Irvine</p> <p>Thousand 20, The Sea and Oceanview, 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Irvine</p>
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<p>Lalans, 2001 Productions (223-234) <i>C.T. and the Great</i> Scenes 1-10 Scenes 11-12 Scenes 13-14 Scenes 15-16 Scenes 17-18 Scenes 19-20 Scenes 21-22 Scenes 23-24 Scenes 25-26 Scenes 27-28 Scenes 29-30 Scenes 31-32 Scenes 33-34 Scenes 35-36 Scenes 37-38 Scenes 39-40 Scenes 41-42 Scenes 43-44 Scenes 45-46 Scenes 47-48 Scenes 49-50 Scenes 51-52 Scenes 53-54 Scenes 55-56 Scenes 57-58 Scenes 59-60 Scenes 61-62 Scenes 63-64 Scenes 65-66 Scenes 67-68 Scenes 69-70 Scenes 71-72 Scenes 73-74 Scenes 75-76 Scenes 77-78 Scenes 79-80 Scenes 81-82 Scenes 83-84 Scenes 85-86 Scenes 87-88 Scenes 89-90 Scenes 91-92 Scenes 93-94 Scenes 95-96 Scenes 97-98 Scenes 99-100 Scenes 101-102 Scenes 103-104 Scenes 105-106 Scenes 107-108 Scenes 109-110 Scenes 111-112 Scenes 113-114 Scenes 115-116 Scenes 117-118 Scenes 119-120 Scenes 121-122 Scenes 123-124 Scenes 125-126 Scenes 127-128 Scenes 129-130 Scenes 131-132 Scenes 133-134 Scenes 135-136 Scenes 137-138 Scenes 139-140 Scenes 141-142 Scenes 143-144 Scenes 145-146 Scenes 147-148 Scenes 149-150 Scenes 151-152 Scenes 153-154 Scenes 155-156 Scenes 157-158 Scenes 159-160 Scenes 161-162 Scenes 163-164 Scenes 165-166 Scenes 167-168 Scenes 169-170 Scenes 171-172 Scenes 173-174 Scenes 175-176 Scenes 177-178 Scenes 179-180 Scenes 181-182 Scenes 183-184 Scenes 185-186 Scenes 187-188 Scenes 189-190 Scenes 191-192 Scenes 193-194 Scenes 195-196 Scenes 197-198 Scenes 199-200 Scenes 201-202 Scenes 203-204 Scenes 205-206 Scenes 207-208 Scenes 209-210 Scenes 211-212 Scenes 213-214 Scenes 215-216 Scenes 217-218 Scenes 219-220 Scenes 221-222 Scenes 223-224 Scenes 225-226 Scenes 227-228 Scenes 229-230 Scenes 231-232 Scenes 233-234 Scenes 235-236 Scenes 237-238 Scenes 239-240 Scenes 241-242 Scenes 243-244 Scenes 245-246 Scenes 247-248 Scenes 249-250 Scenes 251-252 Scenes 253-254 Scenes 255-256 Scenes 257-258 Scenes 259-260 Scenes 261-262 Scenes 263-264 Scenes 265-266 Scenes 267-268 Scenes 269-270 Scenes 271-272 Scenes 273-274 Scenes 275-276 Scenes 277-278 Scenes 279-280 Scenes 281-282 Scenes 283-284 Scenes 285-286 Scenes 287-288 Scenes 289-290 Scenes 291-292 Scenes 293-294 Scenes 295-296 Scenes 297-298 Scenes 299-300 Scenes 301-302 Scenes 303-304 Scenes 305-306 Scenes 307-308 Scenes 309-310 Scenes 311-312 Scenes 313-314 Scenes 315-316 Scenes 317-318 Scenes 319-320 Scenes 321-322 Scenes 323-324 Scenes 325-326 Scenes 327-328 Scenes 329-330 Scenes 331-332 Scenes 333-334 Scenes 335-336 Scenes 337-338 Scenes 339-340 Scenes 341-342 Scenes 343-344 Scenes 345-346 Scenes 347-348 Scenes 349-350 Scenes 351-352 Scenes 353-354 Scenes 355-356 Scenes 357-358 Scenes 359-360 Scenes 361-362 Scenes 363-364 Scenes 365-366 Scenes 367-368 Scenes 369-370 Scenes 371-372 Scenes 373-374 Scenes 375-376 Scenes 377-378 Scenes 379-380 Scenes 381-382 Scenes 383-384 Scenes 385-386 Scenes 387-388 Scenes 389-390 Scenes 391-392 Scenes 393-394 Scenes 395-396 Scenes 397-398 Scenes 399-400 Scenes 401-402 Scenes 403-404 Scenes 405-406 Scenes 407-408 Scenes 409-410 Scenes 411-412 Scenes 413-414 Scenes 415-416 Scenes 417-418 Scenes 419-420 Scenes 421-422 Scenes 423-424 Scenes 425-426 Scenes 427-428 Scenes 429-430 Scenes 431-432 Scenes 433-434 Scenes 435-436 Scenes 437-438 Scenes 439-440 Scenes 441-442 Scenes 443-444 Scenes 445-446 Scenes 447-448 Scenes 449-450 Scenes 451-452 Scenes 453-454 Scenes 455-456 Scenes 457-458 Scenes 459-460 Scenes 461-462 Scenes 463-464 Scenes 465-466 Scenes 467-468</p>

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CLAIMED BY: CLARENCE MESA-UNIVERSITY	EL CAJON LA MESA	NORTH COUNTY
<p>Chatterbox, 4146 Claremont Mesa (774-0901) Theater 1: The Boy and the Diving Lungs, from 121 Theater 2: Eugene and Sam of the Nile, from 121</p>	<p>Ann DeBore, 8000 Broadway, Loma Grove (404-5333) Time Machine and Message from Space, from 121 Anna DeBore, 34, and David, El Cajon (414-8023) Anytime II: The Stranger and Ship Captain (414-8023) Anytime III: The Stranger and Ship Captain (414-8023) Greenwald, 5500 Greenwald/Center Dr. 214 Mesa (416-7100) Growth, from 121</p>	<p>Ann, Vella and Terry (726-3040) Call Me a Fool, from 121 Hiding, 108 East Grand, Escondido (743-8850) Speeches from 121 Concrete Chances, 4250 S Camino Pico, Escondido (743-8850) Theater 1: The Stranger Theater 2: The Stranger Theater 3: The Stranger Theater 4: The Stranger Theater 5: The Stranger Theater 6: The Stranger Theater 7: The Stranger Theater 8: The Stranger Theater 9: The Stranger Theater 10: The Stranger Theater 11: The Stranger Theater 12: The Stranger Theater 13: The Stranger Theater 14: The Stranger Theater 15: The Stranger Theater 16: The Stranger Theater 17: The Stranger Theater 18: The Stranger Theater 19: The Stranger Theater 20: The Stranger Theater 21: The Stranger Theater 22: The Stranger Theater 23: The Stranger Theater 24: The Stranger Theater 25: The Stranger Theater 26: The Stranger Theater 27: The Stranger Theater 28: The Stranger Theater 29: The Stranger Theater 30: The Stranger Theater 31: The Stranger Theater 32: The Stranger Theater 33: The Stranger Theater 34: The Stranger Theater 35: The Stranger Theater 36: The Stranger Theater 37: The Stranger Theater 38: The Stranger Theater 39: The Stranger Theater 40: The Stranger Theater 41: The Stranger Theater 42: The Stranger Theater 43: The Stranger Theater 44: The Stranger Theater 45: The Stranger Theater 46: The Stranger Theater 47: The Stranger Theater 48: The Stranger Theater 49: The Stranger Theater 50: The Stranger Theater 51: The Stranger Theater 52: The Stranger Theater 53: The Stranger Theater 54: The Stranger Theater 55: The Stranger Theater 56: The Stranger Theater 57: The Stranger Theater 58: The Stranger Theater 59: The Stranger Theater 60: The Stranger Theater 61: The Stranger Theater 62: The Stranger Theater 63: The Stranger Theater 64: The Stranger Theater 65: The Stranger Theater 66: The Stranger Theater 67: The Stranger Theater 68: The Stranger Theater 69: The Stranger Theater 70: The Stranger Theater 71: The Stranger Theater 72: The Stranger Theater 73: The Stranger Theater 74: The Stranger Theater 75: The Stranger Theater 76: The Stranger Theater 77: The Stranger Theater 78: The Stranger Theater 79: The Stranger Theater 80: The Stranger Theater 81: The Stranger Theater 82: The Stranger Theater 83: The Stranger Theater 84: The Stranger Theater 85: The Stranger Theater 86: The Stranger Theater 87: The Stranger Theater 88: The Stranger Theater 89: The Stranger Theater 90: The Stranger Theater 91: The Stranger Theater 92: The Stranger Theater 93: The Stranger Theater 94: The Stranger Theater 95: The Stranger Theater 96: The Stranger Theater 97: The Stranger Theater 98: The Stranger Theater 99: The Stranger Theater 100: The Stranger</p>

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and Company
The Precision Hawtutting Place

California Cut **\$1100**
Our artistic technique is cutting the hair along its natural path of growth to bring out its natural texture. The look is natural because the California Cut is natural, just shampooing, bring back the cut. (Includes shampoo & blow dry)

European Perm **\$4300**
Is your hair too straight and hard to manage? Too fine & has no body and needs tummy? Now is the time to



At Paris you can clean your x-rays Expires
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reshape your hair with the most popular perm & method in Europe. Leaves your hair soft and looks like natural (includes cut).

Sculptured Nails **\$25⁰⁰**
Long, beautiful nails can now be yours for that special evening. Caresse Girl or Nail Bice.

Fills **\$12⁰⁰**
Res. \$18.00

Office good only with this ad and these styles!



Cher, Karen Love, Nimmet & Tom
Express 1: 27-31

Theater 1: *Incense*
Theater 2: *E. F. de la Esra - Terrance*
Theater 3: *Genetic*, from V21
Theater 4: *Treasure of the Four Crowns*, from
V21
Theater 5: *The Boy and Time Walker*
CASA, 902 N. Fremont, Orem, UT (222-5561)
Enigma and The Architect, from V21
Pleaser 188 Chicanos, 2630 Via de la Valle, Del Mar
(760-5919)
Theater 1: *Argentine* if The Sequel, from V21
Theater 2: *The World's*
Theater 3: *The Man from Snowy River*, from
V21
Le Palais, 471 First St., Encinitas (435-7400)

Hot & Low Story, through 1/22
The Decline of Western Civilization, 1/21 and 22
outright
A Case for Hollywood, 1/23 through 25
Eating Raoul, 1/28 through 31

New Valley Drive In, 3840 Mission Ave., Oceanside
 (757-5058)
Theater 1: One Wilder and One Dark Night
Theater 2: Tenderloin and One Chance in Hell,
 from 1/21
Theater 3: 48 Hrs. and Gigs
Theater 4: The House on Sorcery Row and The
Archivist, from 1/21

Oceanside 6, 2617 Vista Way, Oceanside
 (438-7000)

Theater 1: 48 Hrs.
Theater 2: *First Blood*, from 1/21
Theater 3: *Argents 2: The Sequel* and *Peter Pan*
Theater 4: *The Dark Crystal*
Theater 5: *That Championship Season*
Theater 6: *Steel Drums*
Theater 7: *An Officer and a Gentleman*
Theater 8: *One Dark Night*
Please Note, 345 N. Escondido Blvd., Escondido (765-5087)
Theater 1: *Gawdits*, from 1/21
Theater 2: 48 Hrs.
Pokey Theater, 12945 Pokey Rd., Pokey (765-7189)

An Officer and a Gentleman
Rancho Bernardo 6, 11740 Bernardo Plaza Court
(480-8641)
Theater 1: *Treasure of the Four Crowns*, from
1921
Theater 2: *Man from Emory River*, from 1921
Theater 3: *The Boy and the Bear*, from
1921
Theater 4: *The Chickadee*, from 1921
Theater 5: *One Day at a Time*, from 1921
Theater 6: *Alpaca*, from 1921
Blk. 402 N. 1st, Oceanwide (722-2899)
First Show and One Down, Two to Go, from
1921
Blk. 217 N. 1st, Oceanwide (722-2155)

Wingspan North, Original Lament, Lament
Machines, and Chen Gong Women, from
\$21

Wingspan Tote Cinema, 1529-52 East Valley
Parkway, Escondido (743-1222)

Theater 1: *Revolution*
Theater 2: *48 Hrs.*

Wingspan! Plaza 6, 230 North El Camino Real,
Escondido (942-5544)

Theater 1: *Treasure of the Four Crowns*, from
\$21

Theater 2: *Timander*, from \$21

Theater 3: *Best Friends*

Theater 4: *The House on Sorcery Row*, from
\$21

Theater 5: *The Dark Crystal*

ur smile.

West Dental Office
have a complete dental
g, exam and four bite wing
for just \$25.00 (reg. \$55.00)
1/27/83.

**Mark West
Dental Office**
2556 Fourth Ave. at Maple,
San Diego, 234-3314
Terrell N. Teudt, D.D.S.

JANUARY 20 1980 25

[illegible]

CURRENT MOVIES



The Dark Crystal

DOLLS — unless, of course, you are one of those persons who under no circumstances can admit the possibility of there being anything humorous about, for example, a flesh-eating

zombie having the top of his head sliced off, very thin like Oscar Mayer's luncheon meats, by a helicopter propeller, and then going into a rubber-kneed wobble as though he

had just experienced Teotihuacan Steven's right hand. 1979. (LA Glasshouse 6, 121 and 22 midnight)

Enigma — Sleek, fast-moving, and even though it appears at times to be getting reckless and out of control (stay calm, have patience), really quite adroitly handled espionage tale. The plot, which sends a broadcaster for Free World Radio (The Voice That Speaks the Truth) on a perilous mission beyond the Berlin Wall, reaps some ready sympathy for Communist defectors, dissidents, and political prisoners, and generates more interest than normal or necessary in the international relations of the snippy hostility between Soviet and East German secret services.

The visual possibilities are explored thoroughly, and sensitively, with much attention to isolated body parts and subjective points of view, before the monster is finally, and magnificently, revealed in its full height and breadth. The idealism of some of these shots to some of those in JAB-BERMCK doesn't blunt their impact, but rather goes to prove that factiousness is not the only possible attitude for the modern cosmopolitan to take toward dragons. With Peter MacArthur, Cress, Mira Mesa, and Richard, Hal Barwood co-wrote and produced. Matthew Robbins co-wrote and directed. 1981. (Campus Line Inc.)

Eating Raoul — Cheerfully sick comedy (not as sick as the B movies, but the same standard) on such subjects as the American Dream, fabulous Filles, and kinky sex in Los Angeles. The self-conscious aspiration to create an instant Cui Classic reduces the need for technical competence, and indeed the erosion of all standards appears to be the top priority. The achieved badness is neither as sympathetic nor as amusing as in movies that try harder. Directed by and starring Paul Bartel, with Mary Woronof and Robert Beltran. 1982. (La Paloma, 1:26 through 2:11)

Dragonlayer — It would appear to be an extremely difficult assignment to kill a dragon, and, more to the point, an equally difficult assignment to shoot one of them. The visual possibilities are explored thoroughly, and sensitively, with much attention to isolated body parts and subjective points of view, before the monster is finally, and magnificently, revealed in its full height and breadth. The idealism of some of these shots to some of those in JAB-BERMCK doesn't blunt their impact, but rather goes to prove that factiousness is not the only possible attitude for the modern cosmopolitan to take toward dragons. With Peter MacArthur, Cress, Mira Mesa, and Richard, Hal Barwood co-wrote and produced. Matthew Robbins co-wrote and directed. 1981. (Campus Line Inc.)

E.T., the Extra-Terrestrial — Nothing more ought to be required to confirm Steven Spielberg's pretense of sweetness and innocence, or to dispense the sentimental reassurance of the death scene of the monogrammatic alien. This suburban spectacle is milked for all it is worth, with the normally clear-headed creature having turned to the color of ash, his full moon eyes narrowing to mere crescents, and the ten-year-old boy who has befriended him, and who is symbolically wedded to him, at first weeping away in tandem, then regaining sufficient strength to wall in protest when the selfish little alien severs all ties. For cruelty to characters and audience alike, the expiration of E.T. bears comparison to Dickens's polishing off of Little Nell. No one but a card-carrying masochist would want to carry out such a comparison, and, as any event, the relevance of the comparison is very soon squandered for characterlessness, for utter shamelessness in pursuit of popular approval. Spielberg leaves Dickens choking in his exhaust when, once having shut E.T. away in his coffin, he ardently brings him back to life again. The ineptness of shamelessness is crossed over at many other points as well, particularly in Spielberg's courtship of the under-twelve viewer, or of any other viewer willing to switch off his brain in an effort to feel that young again. With Henry Thomas and Dee Wallace. 1982. (Cinema Plaza 5, Loma)

First Blood — A purgative for Vietnam veterans' beliefs of rejection. Jack Stallert is back in the same role — as a sadistic law officer — in which he used to appropriate whole gangs of Hell's Angels into tearing apart peaceful smalltowns, here he gets the same

results by aggravating only a single ex-Green Beret (those Green Berets, they're real badasses). The action and suspense are well sustained, despite the time wasted in singing the praises of the destructive hero and in reassessing the damages of the Vietnam War. Sylvester Stallone, Brian Dennehy, Richard Crenna, directed by Ted Kotcheff. 1982. (Cineplex, New Valley Drive Inc.; Oceanside 8, Star, 10121)

La Paloma — After the pastoral interludes of the LONG RIDERS and SOUTHERN COMFORT, Walter Hill returns to the urban milieu of THE DRIVER and THE WARRIORS, but his decline since the latter part continues nonetheless. One of the more obvious differences between them and the present work is the abandonment of an imaginary and imaginative urban world in preference for a realistically realistic one — it, by realistic, nothing more is meant than a set of currently accepted conventions or mainstreams which include such things as the shot of Scotch in the morning coffee, the battered and faded leather of a car, the gestures of blood produced upon bullet-impact, and a system of human communication based almost wholly on candor and rudeness. Thus, with regard to the last-mentioned convention, we get a script whose basic compositional unit is the spat, we get spats

between boyfriend and girlfriend, spats between fellow law officers, spats between fellow lawbreakers, spats, of course, between law officers and breakers — preferably, if not exclusively, phrased in profanities. The monotonousness of all this is perhaps not all that realistic after all. Nick Nolte, Eddie Murphy, James Remar, Annette O'Toole. 1982. (Cineplex, New Valley Drive Inc.; Oceanside 8, Star, 10121)

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Gandhi

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CURRENT MOVIES



Trail of the Pink Panther

Candice Bergen, John Gielgud, Trevor Howard, and John Mills, directed by Richard Attenborough. (Cinema Plaza 5, Grossmont, Plaza Twin 2; from 1:21)

Hanky Panky — Paring up Gene Wilder and Gilda Radner may make a

kind of sense to a dating-service computer, but mere humans are apt to find it a strain on the sacrum. If not on credulity. Plugging this pair into a Hitchcockian thriller formula provides the credibility-strain. Richard Widmark, Robert Prosky, Kathleen Quinlan, directed by Sydney Pollack. 1982. (Village, from 1:21)

A Hard Day's Night — The Beatles' hyperthyroid first film, directed by Richard Lester with a sense of comic and cinematic inventiveness — funny, silly, and stupid, by turns — that never stops asserting itself for a minute. 1964. (UA Glasshouse 6, 1/21 and 22 midnight)

Honkytonk Man — The sure sense of atmosphere, never heavy, never indulging in a full-on 20th-century pastiche of the past, is what makes this the best of the country singer's teenage nephew, and a couple of tag-alongs. Nothing in this fast and flexible movie is overwrought, not the Depression period and Dust Bowl locale, nor the poverty and racism indigenous to the time and place, nor the rocky yarned music, nor the declining health of the hero, nor the adolescent viewpoint from which much of this is perceived. Clint Eastwood, whose whiskey-whisky-husky singing voice sounds right (don't worry) not just for a singer suffering from alcoholism and consumption, but also for one who inhabits a more primitive era of country music, seems to have a genuine rapport with the adolescent. And since the latter is played by Eastwood's real-life son, Kyle, this is doubly nice to see. Directed by Eastwood (the elder). 1982. (Mira Mesa Cinemas; Strand, from 1:21)

It Came from Hollywood — Stander anthology of clips from old B-movies (and on down from Z-movies), assembled with a sort of *West Front of All Time* Golden Turkey Awards mentality (indeed, the dreaded *McNulty*, *Harry and Michael*, are credited as consultants). Dan Aykroyd, Gilda Radner, Christopher and Chong, and John Candy appear as "hosts," as if-timed and ill-written transitional sequences to help you along with the humor, in the event you don't quite get it, but they actually hinder more than help. Little help is offered, either, in identifying the myriad clips, and no very reliable discriminatory powers are discernible in their selection and arrangement. Despite all this, much laughter is generated, along with an earnest yearning to see again, or for the first time, such curbs as *THE AMAZING COLOSSAL MAN* and *HIGH SCHOOL HELLCATS*. Directed by Malcolm Leo and Andrew Solt. 1982. (La Paloma, 1:23 through 2:5)

Jelly and Hyde — *Together Again* — If Chevy Chase, if John Belushi, if Dan Aykroyd, if Gilda Radner, if Bill Murray, if Jane Curtin, if Laraine Newman, then why not Mark Blankfeld? But then again, why? Why bring him, and the *FRIDAYS* brand of drug humor, from the little screen to the big? Jerry Seinfeld's *Jelly and Hyde* variations, as without a caricatured and unwieldy journey is metamorphosed into a jewelry-laden, over-sexed swinger, owes something to Jerry Lewis's *NUTTY PROFESSOR*, but most of its borrowings are from the TV trash heap, or from that special dispirited set of things that TV artists wish they could get away with and are better off when the censors won't let them. 1982. (Bijou, from 1:21)

Kiss Me Goodbye — Reviewed this issue. With Sally Field, James Caan, and Jeff Bridges, directed by Robert Mulligan. (L.S. Solis Village, UA Glasshouse 6)

Life of Brian — The emotional diachronical implicit in this tedious biblical spoof, from the Monty Python group, is that by not finding it funny, you are liable to be taken for a

fool. It could be argued, though, that the powers of Cecil B. DeMille actually have more reason to be of the old and than movie of Jesus H. Christ. With Graham Chapman, Michael Palin, John Cleese, Eric Idle, and Terry Jones, directed by Jones. 1979. (Parkway, 1:21 and 2:20 midnight)

Man from Snowy River — The making of a boy into a man (and a man of some magnitude, too), as it was done in the Australian High Country in the 1880s. Pensive figures, all have been carved out with well-used cookie cutters, tomy old good prospector Kirk Douglas, fawn-bearded and wigged and giggled, and strapped with dialogue like "There's more to life than death" and "It's a hard country, makes for hard men." A lyrical rancher (Kirk Douglas again, cleaned up), feisty young feminist (letting Signe Hoffer), a pair of ratty, net-dog-well-ranchhands, and a rebel stallion running as fast and as free as the wind decide reaching an age that figures to be somewhere in the late teens. The various adventures and intrigues are

so slow. (Hollywood, 1:25, 8 p.m.)

similarly familiar, a rescue from a mountain lodge, a dark secret harbored by two estranged brothers (Kirk Douglas and Kirk Douglas), and so on. Director George Miller, no relation to the maker of *MAD MAX* and *ROAD WARRIOR*, always has good ideas when the action heats up, such as the moment when the young hero spins his horse full-down a sixty-degree slope in the climactic chase, but the opportunities for such moments do not come along very often. And the overall aura of the thing is not that of an elemental, larger-than-life folk legend, as some of the slow-motion freeze-frames, and the floundering effects seem to aspire to, but rather that of a straightforward and somewhat bland children's tale. Actual, credible children, it should be said, will probably be delighted with it. Tom Burtonson, Jack Thompson. 1982.

Moonlighting — A study of power on a small scale. Four Brown laborers, sans work permits, are in London on a Laurel and Hardy construction job, when the military back home cracks down on Solidarity, and the foreman of the crew, the only one of them who speaks English, tries to keep the knowledge from his fellows. There are some excruciating (and some amusing) effects of isolation, of incomprehension, of incomprehension of futurism, of fear. (Ranier too much of the exposition is given over to expedient first-person narration, and the movie becomes too much a one-man show with too little sense of the chemistry of the work team. This is partly, but not

entirely, an effect of the story. And Jeremy Irons is too much the chiseled, tau, action-face. Written and directed by Jerry Skolimowski. 1982. (Gaiety)

Muriel — Resnais brings a good mystery writer's snoopiness and creepiness to a fragmented, elliptical story focusing on the past and the secrets of an aging, part-time antique dealer and compulsive gambler (Delphine Seyrig), and her tormentor, a stenographer just back from the Algerian War. The contemporary political comment doesn't amount to much, but the subtly poetic script by Jean Cayrol, who also wrote the text of Resnais's *NIGHT AND FOG*, is full of other resonances. The conceits, for example, of an apartment furnished entirely with items for sale and of a modern provincial city reconstructed atop its own

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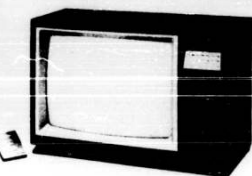
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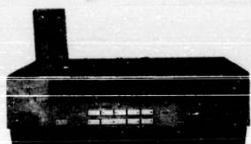


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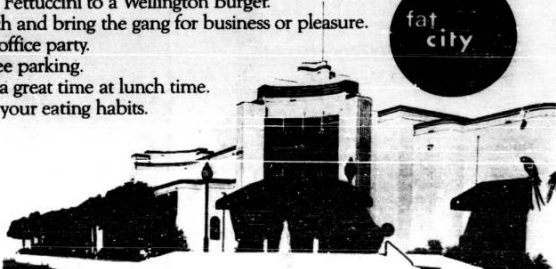
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