

**"Only one
person knows
how your new
radio station
should sound:
You."**

There's a new and different kind of radio station that you should know about. KLZZ 106.5, San Diego's Class FM.

And it's different because we're doing something for you that no other San Diego radio station has ever done.

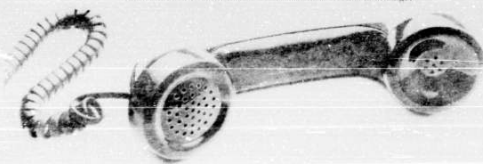
We're asking you to help us create your own "perfect" radio station, by telling us exactly what you want to hear. And when you want to hear it.

So tune in 106.5 San Diego's Class FM right now and you won't hear any DJ's. Or news. Or sports. Not even the weather. Only what you call in and suggest.

After all, the only one who knows what you really want to hear on the radio is you. Right? That's why we made 106.5 your place on the FM dial. So give KLZZ, San Diego's Class FM, a try. Just tune in, then phone us with your suggestions.

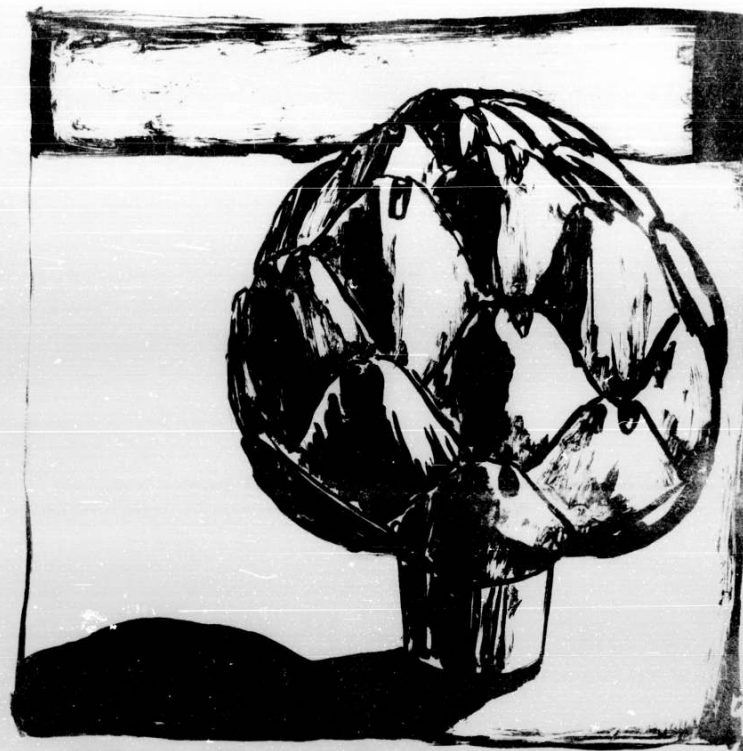
And you'll be helping to create the new, better radio station you're listening for.

Your radio station. —Ernie Kovacs, Station Manager



**The New
KLZZ 106.5 FM
560-1065**

READER
VOLUME 13 NO. 21 March 8, 1984 SAN DIEGO'S WEEKLY



The Gardener's Art

The seeds of the universe may lie in the simplest patch of earth. And so may the bugs.

We remember the juicy tomato, or an ear of corn, or a buttery lettuce whose pale green leaves seemed to melt on the tongue. Ever after that tomato and corn, that salad, stay in mind as the standard — as does first love — by which we judge subsequent sliced tomatoes, ears of corn, and lettuces. Some of us, our taste buds haunted by the past, search out a seed that will grow the plant that puts that taste back in our mouths. We plant a garden.

What we retrieve from the soil will be memory as much as cabbage.

Fifty years ago everybody grew up on the farm, woke to the moon retreating, the toaster's brassy cry. Huge heliocentric sunflower heads moved east to west while entire families sweated as deep in verdure — fresh vibrant greenness — until the sun hypnotized sunflowers stared due west. In the last light off the horizon.

By Judith Moore

Illustrations by David Diaz

City Lights

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The three young men involved with the project contend that they hold no personal grudge against Campbell. They state rather that they grew up listening to his booming, aggressive sales pitch roar across the airwaves and are sick of it. "We're not

the only ones," Patrick says. "Everyone listens to the radio, and everyone hates Tom Campbell."

Campbell, radio and TV spokesman for Dow for the past four years, manages to adopt a spirit of free-market friendliness, and even wishes the three young men success. "Hey, if they want to call me on the phone to ask me if they could do this, I'd say sure, fine. I don't pretend that what I do is going to be universally loved or hated."

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David Roberts spent some time last Valentine's Day in Presidio Park, taking a walk with a friend. Near the statue of a mounted horseman in the southeast section of the park, he saw two uniformed policemen talking to a man by a parked car and writing something in a notepad.

The officers, Roberts says, then moved from the street into the park and approached another man sitting at a picnic table; again, they began writing down something in the notebook. His curiosity aroused, Roberts sat on the grass — his friend, meanwhile, had gone back to his car — and observed the two officers stop a third man walking along one of the pathways and repeat the same procedure once again.

At this point Roberts wanted to find out what was going on, so he began walking toward the nearby restroom directly past the officers. And sure enough, as soon as he was within a few feet of them, he, too, was stopped and asked what he was doing in the park. He told them he was taking a walk, and then was asked for some identification. As one of the officers began copying his

name and driver's license number in a notebook, Roberts asked why he and the other men had been stopped and questioned. "One of the officers told me, 'The City Council has received complaints of homosexual activity in the park,'" Roberts recalls. "He said that at the request of the council, 'We are talking to all lone males in Presidio Park. We want your presence to be felt and are requesting and recording identification from all men contacted. If you were not here to do something illegal, you would not mind being questioned.'"

As soon as he got home, Roberts dashed off letters to both the city council and to the American Civil Liberties Union, describing what had occurred and expressing his "outrage" at the situation. "I'm not a flag-waver," says Roberts, who is gay. "I am trying to put myself in the role of a straight person. Even before I told them I was gay, [the officers] assumed I was simply by stopping me and telling me about the surveillance. Just think if I had been straight and had a job, maybe in politics, in which this kind of information could be damaging. To have my name taken down and recorded in connection with a homosexual surveillance report — I would

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have been panic-stricken." After hand-delivering one letter to the council chambers the next day and mailing the other to the ACLU, Roberts says, he called the police department's western division, which has jurisdiction over Presidio Park, and asked Sergeant Fred Parent whether the surveillance was in fact initiated by the city council. "He said yes, it was, and when I asked him which councilman had brought the matter up, he told me, 'Clearer asked us to do this.'"

Pat Barnes, administrative assistant to Councilman Clearor, admits her office was responsible for initiating the action, but insists Clearor himself was not involved. "He doesn't handle routine citizen complaints, and I saw this as routine," she says. "We've recently gotten four complaints from people about guys basically commandeering the bathroom in Presidio Park, including one from the local mall and another from a concerned parent who said he's not even letting his fourteen-year-old son go there unaccompanied anymore. So I simply called police and asked them to check it out. But we certainly didn't ask them to terrorize the gays in Presidio Park."

Captain Mike Tyler, who heads the police department's western division, says the random stops will continue indefinitely. "Based on the complaint from Councilman Clearor's office, I asked the beat cops to stop by and try to contact people and make field observations," Tyler says. "They [the gays] are entitled to use the restroom, but they can't engage in lewd behavior or loiter around the area. There are citizens who do not want to be solicited, and we have to protect them through our police presence."

But that reason doesn't satisfy Roberts, who claims all the men stopped were nowhere near the restroom and who also questions the constitutionality of the whole process in light of the recent U.S. Supreme Court ruling in the *Lawson* case (in which the court ruled police could not randomly stop people unless they were specifically suspected of committing a certain crime). Nor does it satisfy the local chapter of the ACLU. In a letter to police chief "Bill Koller, mailed just a few days after the receipt of Roberts' letter, ACLU staff attorney Judith Abalos wrote, "across-the-board surveillance of all lone males in a public park is clearly too wide a dragnet. This type of intimidation is clearly an unconstitutional invasion of privacy of innocent members of the public and should be stopped at once."

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Though no statistics are available, Hill says that every night every one of the twenty or thirty cops on the northern division beat could nab a drunk driver leaving Diego's. "We get a lot of drunk-in-publics, a lot of drunk drivers, a lot of cocaine arrests in the parking lot... a lot of urinating in public from the people standing in line waiting to get in," Hill says. It got to the point that one officer, whom Hill won't name, took it upon himself to start compiling a list, using police field interview slips, of certain citations in which Diego's figured, such as those for being intoxicated in public where the perpetrator says he got drunk in Diego's. This list, according to Hill, was to be used against the club in an effort to show it was a "disorderly house," and thereby close it down.

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there's an obviously intoxicated person in here, we stop serving them. We don't condone drug use, we have more bouncers than Gai, and we check the restrooms [for cocaine sniffers] all the time. We have a rent-a-cop in the parking lot, but we can't patrol all the lots [in the area]. The only reason people leave the club is to go out in the lot and do a line or drink. What am I supposed to do? Just because some cop has a bug up his ass because I've got a brand new Porsche and a beautiful girlfriend, and he can't even get laid with a fistful of hundred-dollar bills in a whorehouse, am I supposed to get drunk in Diego's. This list, according to Hill, was to be used against the club in an effort to show it was a "disorderly house," and thereby close it down.

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The Whole Kit And Kapiloff

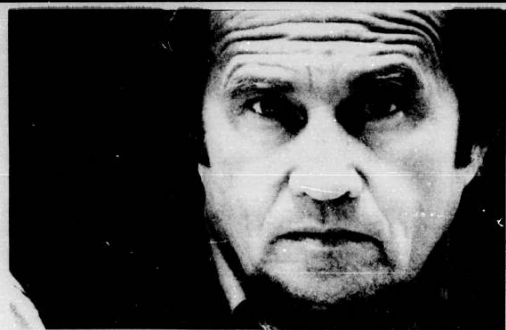
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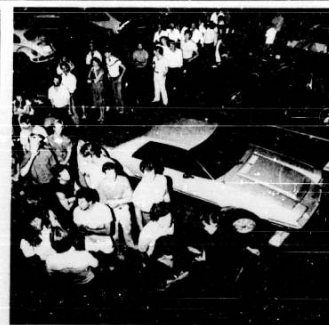
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Magnanti's attorney, William Winslow, has talked to the area watch commander and has been told there is no official sanction for the compiling of the alleged list. "I employ 130 people," says Magnanti. "This area [near the

west end of Garner] was a ghost town before we came here. If that cop wants to investigate something, tell him to go investigate Mayor Hedgcock and his Domineer investment!"

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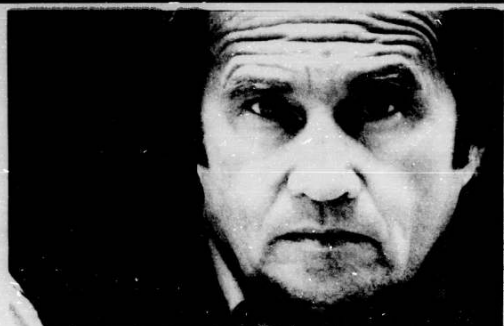
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PUBLISHER
James Holman

EDITOR
Jim Mullin

CONTRIBUTORS
Thomas A. Brund
John D. Hastings
Rob Lane
Joanette De Waze
Sue Carson
Jim Kirby
Paul Krueger
Neal Matthews
Linda Neim
Kathy O'Connor
Bill Quere
Jonathan Sautelle
Dorcas Shepherd
Linda Smith
Jeff Smith
Steve Swenson
Evelyn Walker

EDITORIAL ASSISTANT
Dorcas Parker

ADVERTISING DIRECTOR
Howard Rosen

ADVERTISING MANAGER
John D. Hastings

SALES REPRESENTATIVES
David Combs
Laurie L. Flinders
Linda Flinders
Dorcas Levens
Judith Maltz
Patricia Smith
Ann Smith
Beth Weber

PRODUCTION MANAGER
Irene Weber

ASSISTANT MANAGER
Elizabeth Matthews

PRODUCTION GRAPHIC ARTISTS
Terry Cross
Rita Day
Pete Edwards
William L. Lee
Rita Funk
Shirley Gully
Carol Goodman
Paul Vincent Johnson
Scott Jones
Kermit Koff
Samuel Matthews
Jose Ramirez
Barbara Weber

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That Young Gang Of Theirs

There's just this bad reading of the February 23 edition of the Reader's Letter applied by the comment made by Mr. Bob Faile with regard to the break dancers exhibited at Seaport Village. In particular, his comment, "Because of the concern of all of us on the bad element being attracted by these gangs," is especially disturbing. First of all, do six Mexicans, three Italians, and one Anglo constitute a gang? I wonder if Mr. Faile belongs to any organizations such as Kiwanis, Rotary, etc. I don't see how he can be a gang. Also, please look

at the picture enclosed and take a look at the "bad element" attracted to the park on that particular day. I used to dance when young kids would come on the park, but I and other dancers were being harassed. Mr. Faile's comment with regard to the "afternoon" shopping is one of the most ignorant comments I've ever read. That comment brought the rest of his thinking into perspective. Very simply, the man himself is ignorant. In my position as assistant dean of student affairs at UCSD, I have hired break dancers twice to do exhibitions on our plaza during the noon hour. Without a doubt those two programs have been the most successful taquino activities we

have had this year. The dancers were nothing like the description of them offered by Mr. Faile.

Letters

The article certainly did nothing to improve the public's image of the Seaport Village administration. Barbara N. Garcia La Jolla

Fights Of Fancy

Upon seeing the photo and caption regarding break dancers near Seaport Village ("Gay Lights," February 23), I immediately prepared myself for a fun article about today's teens and preteens' unique, fun (not to mention sane) alternative to fighting. I was quickly sobered and saddened to read the reaction and aspirations of "certain members of the kitschville community," who seem to feel this activity is not appropriate for their Seaport Village. Who decides what is appropriate? And how does a parent-supervised group of children become a gang? Who defines "bad element"? Seaport Village is known for its unique gift shops, food, and environment, and I feel that the

presence of these supervised and entertaining kids can only add to, not detract from, the image. Seaport Village wants to cultivate. Until some very conclusive, irrefutable and convincing statistics regarding the direct correlation between dancers, viewers, and shoplifting is brought to light, let's give the San Diego Breakers a break! Not to mention the tourists and "old people" who hopefully will never be too old to appreciate the skill, concentration, and coordination involved in this strenuous and entertaining sport. As a mother of two preteenage boys I can only say that I like the way kids of today fight!
Elin Dithworth
Escondido

Candy And The Crack-Ups

Please let Lynda J. Barry know we think she's the greatest! We never fail to first look for her "Time Passes A Minute" as soon as we get hands on our Reader. I've saved most all her comics, and when friends come over for get-togethers, sometimes I hand them around for mutual laughs. She most always hits the nail right on the head and cracks us up! Thanks, Lynda.
Candy Recemlin
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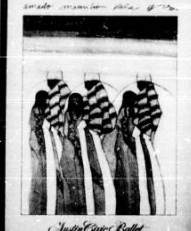
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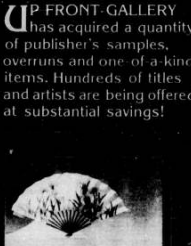
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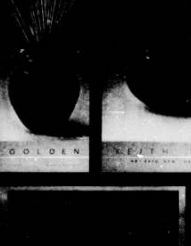
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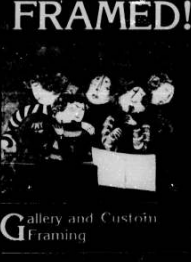
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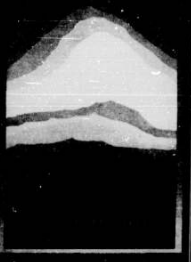
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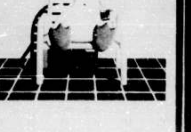
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Straight from the Hip

Dear Matthew Alice:

Why are there so many obese opera singers? Is fat an advantage when one is trying to belt out the classics, or does belting out the classics make one extraordinarily hungry? There must be some logical explanation for this preponderance of ponderosity.

Zelda Edison
University Heights

There is a photograph of Miss Piggy, resplendent in her diva's costume, which is captioned, "This opera isn't over until *moi* leaves." A cute twist of the well-known operatic truism (and I won't even discuss the mutilated version so widely disseminated a few years ago during the NBA playoffs), but if the little porker believes her puerility enhances her vocal efforts and stage presence, she is sadly out of touch with the physical attributes of today's opera singers — as is most of the population, including Zelda Edison of University Heights. Sure, many opera stars in the past were rotund, overweight, fat people. A local voice coach who used to sing with the Met told me of a famous scene at a party in which one Wagnerian singer, decidedly well fed, required two chairs in which to seat herself. But the number of grossly overweight singers is declining steadily, and a more svelte appearance is now the norm.

Very large opera singers gave the excuse that their avoirdupois made for a stronger, steadier tone. Balderdash. They just liked to eat and enjoy the good life their art form provided them. Placido Domingo doesn't believe that excess weight improves his voice. Neither do Sherrill Milnes, Renata Tebaldi, Luciano Pavarotti, or Marilyn Horne, to name just a few who have lost significant poundage (or continually attempt to do so) in an effort to improve their health and appearance. They might also be extending their operatic life span, since producers now look for a leaner look when casting operas. The sophisticated center-



Illustration by Rick Geary

porary audience demands believability in staging. And there is much that is unbelievable, if not downright ludicrous, about a 300-pound Mimi dying of consumption.

Dear Matthew Alice:

My friend was given a set of drinking glasses with the following commemoration: "Fiesta del Pacifico, San Diego, George A. Scott, El Presidente, 1958." What was this "fiesta"?

Shari Kramden
Mission Beach

It's tempting to look back on the year 1958 with a those-were-the-days sigh. The Yankees won the World Series, of course, beating the Braves in seven games. President Eisenhower sent U.S. troops to Lebanon and nobody squawked, as a new government was formed and order was restored in that uneasy country. And Arthur Godfrey described *The California Story* — a dramatic production that was the

centerpiece of San Diego's annual summer Fiesta del Pacifico — as "the mightiest spectacular ever staged anywhere." The word *hype* was not invented yet, and even if it were in use, San Diegans would not have applied it to their own fiesta, which was created in 1956 to encourage tourist activity and also, as a newspaper editorial said, to emphasize the cultural heritage and social and economic interdependence of the U.S. and Mexico.

The fiesta was in full flower by its third birthday in 1958. The eleven-day festival (pared down from the original thirty-three days) was a nonstop deluge of concerts, parties, receptions, plays, dancing, and "cultural events," all designed to glorify our city and its cultural roots. Nine Latin American ambassadors were guests, and enough tortillas were sold that year to stretch from Horton Plaza to Escondido. George A. Scott, prominent merchant and civic leader, was president of the fiesta.

More than a thousand people marched in a parade, oompah-ed on by bands from all over Southern California. Nobody was left out of the festivities. After the parade, dances at four different locations were held: "smooth dancing," square dancing, dancing to a Mexican band, and, for the youngsters, rock and roll at Third and C streets.

The real fiesta-stopper was *The California Story*, a thirty-five-scene, two-act extravaganza produced and directed by Meredith Willson. More than one hundred actors were needed to play the principal roles, which included such notables as Juan Cabrillo, Daniel Webster, Christopher Columbus, and Lola Montez. The supporting cast numbered about 1200, and the stage upon which this spectacle took place measured 200 feet by eighty feet — according to fiesta officials, the largest stage in the world. It would have to be, if there was to be a re-enactment of life in a California mining town, Joaquin Murietta robbing a stagecoach, and the San Francisco earthquake, complete with horse-drawn fire carriages.

Maybe San Diego wasn't ready for such an elaborate undertaking, or maybe the times changed and parades and fiestas and hoopla such as this grew stale. Despite the prediction by *The Tribune* in a January, 1959 editorial that "the fiesta's future as a permanent fixture is rosy," that year's festival was the last. Plans were announced to continue the revised fiesta in an aquatic-theme format in connection with the developing Mission Bay Park, a celebration that was predicted would become "one of the great aquatic events in the world." The *Titanic* stayed afloat longer than those plans.

Got a question you need answered? Get it straight from the alp. Write to Matthew Alice, c/o the Reader, P.O. Box 90803, San Diego, California 92136.

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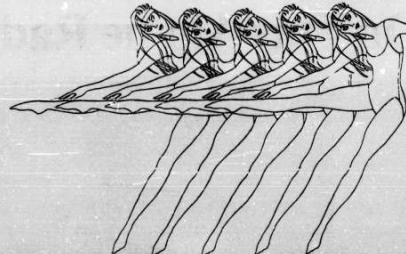
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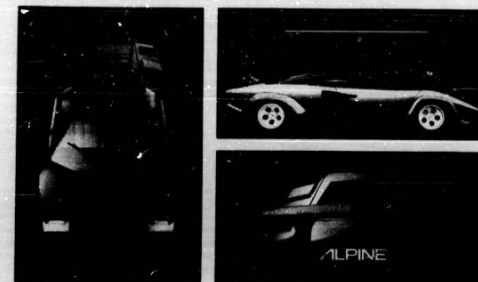
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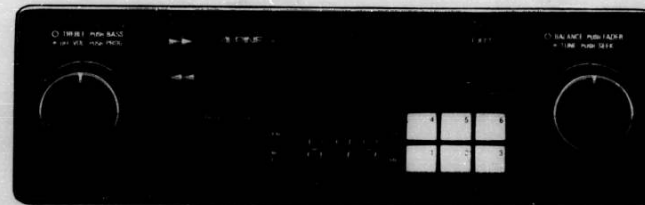
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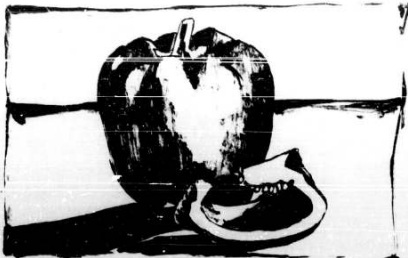
Gardener's Art

(continued from page 1)
farmers' families — gorged on biscuit and gravy, fatback and greens — tucked themselves between straw ticking and feather comforters and drifted off, exhausted.

I grew up more typically in a nation where seven out of ten people now live in a town or city with populations greater than 50,000. I grew up scuffing concrete, asphalt, and brick. The view west from our fifth-floor windows was of "Spry Shortening," in yellow neon lettering that rose above smoking factories on the Jersey side of the Hudson River. Dirt was what I washed off before supper, and "Keep Off The Grass!" the first sign I learned to read. My mother tended a dusty African violet set in a rusting saucer on the windowsill, and I kept a black-tailed white rat in a cage under the bathroom sink. That was it for flora and fauna.

All the kids in our neighborhood were trying to get back to the nature our folks had left behind in order to come to the city. Lacking anything alive and teeming to collect except cockroaches and greasy dandelions dotting the forbidden grass, I filled jars with broken colored glass from bashed tail lights. I envied my best friend David Rosenblatt, he fondled a box turtle he'd picked up by a pond in New Hampshire.

In a manila envelope I kept snapshots of myself at two and three and four, before moving to New York, standing by my father in the vegetable garden adjacent to our house in the Midwest. Corn rose to my father's shoulder, and I held, in both hands, a Beefsteak tomato the size of a softball.



I looked at primitive Kodacolors, rusty and vague, of me at my grandmother's Missouri farm. I am weighed down by a cabbage as big as my mother's head. Even today I can recall how heavy and dense that cabbage felt, and how silky smooth were its outer leaves. And with every six-leafed cabbage plant I stuck into the ground in later years, I had hopes of feeling that "memory cabbage," again.

High up in Manhattan, looking out at the Spry sign burning yellow through the dusk, my father's Midwest garden was Eden before Eden was lost. I would roll in my sheets, shivering with memories of the odor of pungent tomato vines. Their pollinating blossoms powdered my hands when I plunged through the scratchy foliage in search of baby tomatoes.

The first summer following my marriage I got a half-basset, half-beagle dog; two mallard ducks who hatched seventeen black-and-yellow ducklings; a black kitten who guarded five; and a blue parakeet. And I planted a

small garden, digging neither deeply nor thoroughly enough, nor adding any soil amendments or fertilizers. I sowed radishes, two kinds of lettuce, spinach, beets, carrots, yellow crook-neck squash, and, because I liked it, I fried in cornmeal, okra. By God, I was a married woman. I was pregnant, and I was going to make up for all those years keeping off the grass.

If we have pets, we have them in part because they remind us of a time when our ancestors lived intimately with animals. Until the last few hundred years man kept warm beneath rough hides and may well have gone to sleep counting the very sheep that rustled in the hay downstairs. If we have gardens, we have them in part because gardens also remind us of an era when nature was not separate, not out-of-doors and distant. Field crops and kitchen gardens once provided food, medicine, and barter stock. When the corn kernels had swelled the husk, we knew midsummer had arrived. When pumpkins turned ripe orange, winter was near.

Backyard corn patches and front porch petunias, pups and tomatoes, all remind us of the generically human creature in us who persists. No contemporary noisy urban existence can kill him. That generic human yearns for his lost ancient parity with the animal and vegetal. Today we put houseplants in our windows and teddy bears in our beds, more reminders of an earlier, greener, still unbroken world of the historically older person in us.

That first garden of mine should have been enough to discourage anyone. Slugs slithered up and down rows, chewing seedlings and excreting the colorless, sticky, shiny trails upon which slugs and snails travel. Aphids set in among the pea vines after a three-day rain and were covered, shortly after, with mildew, a fungus that silted leaves and vines and pea pods with what resembled gray powder. Only two of the dozen cabbages headed, and in these, brown worm holes bored through to the core. Near the cabbages' hearts I found a greenish egg mass, a gelatinous vegetarian caviar. I planted the spinach too late; in the first hot afternoons it bolted to seed, sending up hollow, striated stems above stunted leaves. I planted okra too soon, and its seeds rotted in the cold, compacted soil. The tomatoes, insufficiently watered, stayed small and hard and tasted sour.

The cat ran away. The fish, overfed, died. A drunken friend, gone outside in the dark to be sick, stepped on and killed a baby duck. The dog turned out to be a thief, rummaging in neighbors' yards and returning with plaid sneakers, toys, small tools, and other dogs' bowls. He limped home one night, his corn peppered with buckshot.

All that, coupled with morning sickness, should have quashed my enthusiasm.

(continued on page 10)

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Gardener's Art

(continued from page 8)

thrusting for re-creating Eden in the backyard. But the yellow crookneck squash fruited as fast as I could pick them, and they tasted like what my Missouri grandmother cooked. We ate lettuce — both ruby and green leaf — green peppers, one eggplant, and we feasted on uniformly-cared Country Gentleman sweet corn.

The second backyard garden I had, and the first whose soil I worked carefully, had been covered with grass for twenty years. I had no idea what lay beneath the tough lawn. The soil was a sphinx to me. I know that in some post World War II developments, contractors' bulldozers had scooped up topsoil that was then sold, leaving barren ground which was covered with turf and landscaped with bushes and trees that grew up stunted. Where I dug, that had not happened. When I broke into the lawn with my spading fork, the times cut through thick-matted roots (roots from a clump of grass may total 400 miles in length). As soon as I had opened up the twenty-four by eighteen-foot plot, I saw wriggling pink earthworms. According to the gardening books I'd begun to read by then, worms meant soil was rich and in "good heart," and indeed, when I had de-turfed the area, I saw soil that was heterogeneous chocolate in color. In my bare palm it felt slightly gritty, neither sandy nor sticky nor clayey.

My initial assumption in that first garden was that soil just lay there, dead, a "finished" geological product, whose future had stopped billions of years earlier. Wasn't soil the rot and



slag of eons? An unmoving, unfeeling mix of desiccated rock, burned-down barns, rotted dinosaurs, decomposed trees, rust, volcanic ash, decayed Pleistocene garbage?

No. Soil, the top layer of the earth's surface, is a mass of mineral particles, living and dead vegetable matter, air pockets, and water. Of this, about half consists of air, water, and the multitude of living creatures in that water. A spadeful of quite ordinary soil, for instance, contains more microbes than there are humans on earth. Not getting acquainted with soil and not nurturing it will cause the gardener more in-garden misery than any spider mite or blossom-end rot (a hard, round, brown rotten spot on the blossom end of tomatoes). When I began to recognize soil as "living," as always changing and acting, I began to tend it with the same enthusiasm I gave to the greenery tuffeting the soil's surface.

Had I not had two young children, born seventeen months apart, I might not have taken up gardening so zealously. But I wanted to feed them vegetables that were fresh and uncontaminated by sprays. I wanted to be able to keep an eye on my children while they played out-of-doors and, at the same time, to do something I liked. Had I not had these two children and that manila envelope of old photos, I might not have honored my own good memories so consciously and might not have taken as many snapshots each year, on the backs of which I wrote, "Girls, in the garden, 196..." and then, "197..." As the girls got older and helped more in the garden, I liked to think they were learning a skill — bringing food out of the earth — that would always stand them in good stead and give them a material link with a past in which people *did* grow their own food.

(continued on page 12)

Mrs. Theda Parrish, widowed for ten years and in her seventies when I put in that second garden, had lived down the block since before World War II. Her husband had been a fireman and before that a logger. Because Mr. Parrish's work (she always referred to him as "Mr.") had kept him from home, Mrs. Parrish always put in a garden. Not one year passed, she said, when "I didn't have myself a patch."

Mrs. Parrish taught me composting before I ever even heard the word. Just about everything went into her patch: ashes from the wood stove, left out for a year so that rainfall could leach out the caustic lye; shredded paper from the packing in Christmas boxes, fruit and vegetable parings and scraps; cleanings from her canary's cage; coffee grounds and tea leaves; autumn leaves, grass and hedge clippings; groundfall plums and apples from her fruit trees; and even punchings from her house plants. This was "compost," one of the richest and cheapest soil amendments. (A soil amendment improves the *texture* of soil and is not the same as a fertilizer, which supplies nutrients to soil and, through plant roots, to the plant structure).

Not only did Mrs. Parrish (who had been a marathon dancer during the Depression) supervise her grandson Quentin's digging in all of this garbage every spring, but she insisted that he "dig double," two spadefuls down into the soil, mixing in the composted materials with each spadeful of dirt. And before Quentin began the double-digging, she had him spread a dusting of lime across her garden to "sweeten" the soil. This double-digging allows the gardener to add soil amendments and any fertilizers evenly

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4	5	6	7	8	9	10
BIG BAND TIA DANCE 7:00 PM	FREE AEROBIC DANCE 5:30-6:30	FREE AEROBIC DANCE 5:30-6:30	DISCOVER THE TASTE OF AMERICA 8:00-9:30 PM	15	16	17
11	12	13	14	15	16	17
CLASSICAL MUSIC 1-3 PM	FREE AEROBIC DANCE 5:30-6:30 FREE INCOME TAX SEMINAR 7:00 PM IN THE COMMUNITY ROOM	20	21	22	23	24
18	19	20	21	22	23	24
FOLK MUSIC 1-3 PM	FREE AEROBIC DANCE 5:30-6:30 FREE INCOME TAX SEMINAR 7:00 PM IN THE COMMUNITY ROOM	27	28	29	30	31
25	26	27	28	29	30	31
JAZZ CONCERT 1-3 PM	FREE AEROBIC DANCE 5:30-6:30 FREE INCOME TAX SEMINAR 7:00 PM IN THE COMMUNITY ROOM	3	4			
1	2	3	4			

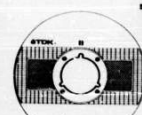
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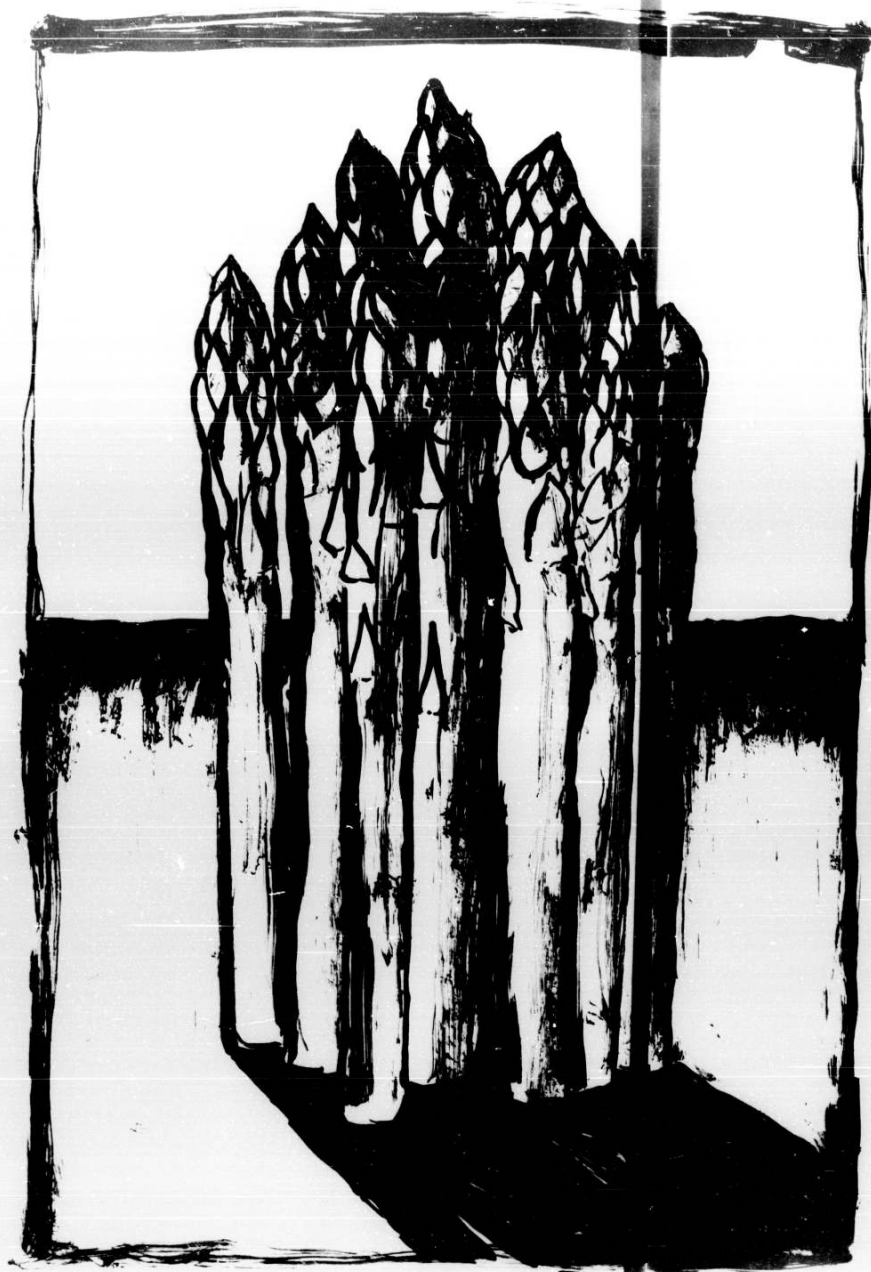


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Gardener's Art

to the soil. The breaking up of that second down spit length, "spit" is what old time gardeners call the depth of the shovel or spade blade of soil produces a loose, friable texture ("tilth") that enhances the growth of long, straight Imperator carrots, parsnips, new potatoes, and the pound-size Walla Walla "sweets," a delicious yellow onion that stores well over the winter. The double digging process in which Quentin was supervised twice a year (spring and fall) by his grandmother makes every garden task subsequently easier: hoeing rows, seeding in, thinning, weeding. It also permits the gardener to add the amendments and nutrients needed for the close cropping technique called French intensive gardening, the 400-year-old system still practiced in the market gardens surrounding Paris, and used by an increasing number of U.S. suburban and urban gardeners.

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He was in France during the war. While he was "cleaning up France for them Froggies," he told me, sitting on our back stoop early one spring after noon, his entire family, back on an Indiana farm—seven brothers and sisters, his mother and father—had died of Spanish influenza. "I came home, ma'am," he said huskily, "to nothing," and when I got off the train at Vincennes and hitched out to the place, there was nobody there except the old hound that had been my pa's, and she was nursing seven pups. The Birch's current dog, Prince, a spindly-legged mongrel that shed white hair and left a sourish smell hanging over their house, was descended directly from that same litter, he said.

After fifty years of marriage, the Birches were still romantic with one



The unseen roots are as, or even more, important than the greenery above ground. Feeding and re-feeding the well-tilled soil from which roots take their nourishment makes that greenery, and subsequent flowers and fruits, flourish. But what to "feed" the soil? Even with the difficulties, nowadays, of obtaining well-rotted manures (six months to a year in weather tempers the heat in manures; put on fresh, or unrotted, and manures will "burn") and rotted hay, I'm still all for it. Bagged chemical fertilizers do work and are more convenient and often less expensive than the real stuff. Directions on commercial fertilizers must be followed to the letter, and the ecological ramifications are now well known.

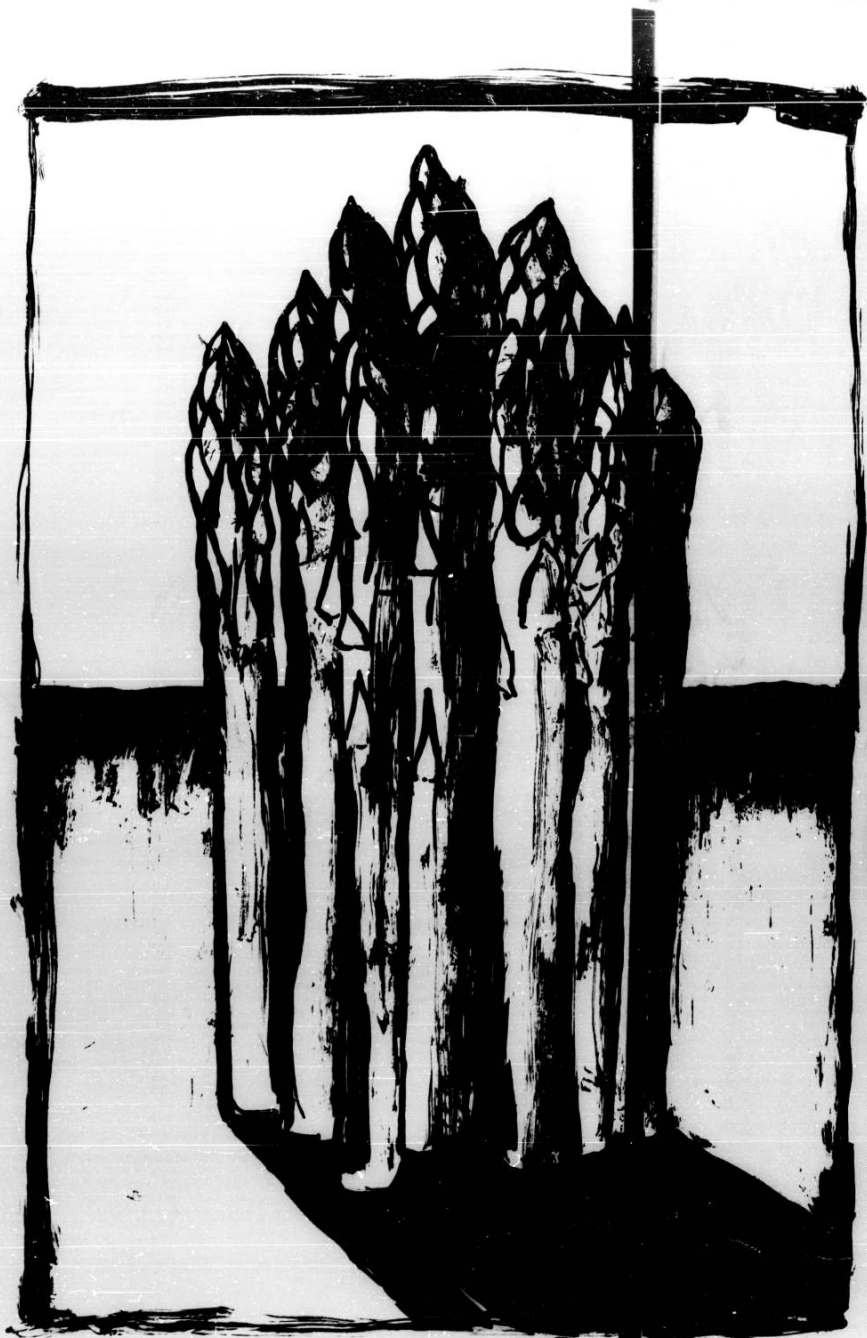
Two houses down from Mrs. Parrish lived Mr. Downe, who had been a grammar school geography teacher. At the other end of the block were the Birches, Bud and Elma, who with their son owned half interest in the nearby mom-and-pop corner store where Bud Birch worked every morning and all day Sunday. Bud had "sugar diabetes," and gangrene had cost him his right leg. He'd fought in World War I

another. She "fixed up" before he came back from the store at noon, combing out her yellow-white pin curls into a bob and splashing Belladonna behind her earlobes. She was a big, beefy woman, square in the shoulders and broad across the bosom, who took great pride in her slender ankles and size-five double-A foot. "Bud always has admired my feet," she told me.

Mr. Downe, the former geography teacher, was "mean-spirited," Mrs. Parrish warned me. He watched radio, TV, and newspapers; he scanned *U.S. News and World Report*, and when he walked the alley and visited with neighbors, dressed in the old blue or gray suits in which he had taught geography, he always brought predictions of storms that would destroy our gardens, or of race riots, or war with the Communies, or new influenzas and colds.

But he did have the finest asparagus bed anyone on the block could remember. In spring and fall he applied to it a high-nitrogen fertilizer, he compounded from pig dung. Every year one of his former students, now a pig farmer, brought him a half-dozen

Illustration by a staff artist.



Gardener's Art

(continued from page 10)

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(continued on page 14)

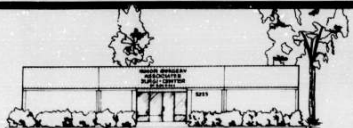
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Gardener's Art

(continued from page 12)

gunny sacks stuffed with the rotted droppings. Mr. Downe filled his three zinc milking pails one-quarter full with the dung, then added warm water to the top, let it set overnight, then strained out the liquid and poured it on the asparagus bed. Pig droppings, Mr. Downe told me, contained the highest nitrogen levels of all farm animals.

He was also the first person who explained to me what the numbers on chemical fertilizer labels meant. A label that reads 5-10-10, for example, means the contents include five percent nitrogen, ten percent phosphorous, and ten percent potassium. The numbers are always listed on commercial fertilizers in that order. Nitrogen promotes plant stem and leaf growth; phosphorous encourages root formation, flowering, and fruiting; potassium promotes root growth and seed production.

Mr. Downe scoffed at my vegetarian friends. He pointed out to me that even those animals which, historically, were regarded as vegetarians ate "plenty of meat" in the form of insects they consumed along with the plants on which they fed. Then he would laugh, harshly.

Making friends with Mr. Downe (I never heard anyone call him "Frank") took time. The year both my girls entered school he brought me a bundle of first cuttings from his asparagus bed. When I thanked him for the thin, crisp spears, he replied, "Well, I guess you'll be lonesome now." He always took great interest in my questions and got out his 1911 edition of the Encyclopedia Britannica, handing me Volume 13, HAR-HUR, to "read up on horticulture." This edition's article on gardening, if one allows for some recent improvements in home gardening, remains one of the most thorough how-tos in the English language.

Mr. Downe's hard rancorousness often frightened me. Once, when he believed the Birch's mutt "went" on his yard, he did not speak with them for a year. Often, for no reason I could ascertain, when we met on the street, he only growled at me. Finally I came in time to scorn his mean fussiness and doomstering.

After a few years, however, I began to adore Ben Birch. One afternoon, while digging up some mint from Elma Birch's bed (mint thrives almost anywhere, and if a gardener is not careful, its long roots will take over a garden area), I said something to her about how awful it must have been for Ben when he came home from war to find all his family dead. She laughed, her large, soft bosom shaking. "He told you that old story?" she said. "That's just his whiskey talking." On my knees in Elma's herb bed, looking up, puzzled, into her beady blue eyes, I felt so hurt that nausea rose in my throat. "Ben came out of an orphanage," she said sharply. "He was a bastard. He never knew his father or his mother."

"But what about Prince?" I asked. "A stray that somebody dumped off at the store," she said, and walked inside, leaving me alone in her backyard with the sound of the revolving lawn sprinkler and, in the distance, children screaming in the school playground.

I hated Ben for lying to me. The next time I saw him, both his talk and his hugs felt spoiled. Into my twenties I had still expected adults, and especially people grown into their sixties and seventies, to have resolved their

emotional and ethical problems. I expected that whoever looked good (or what I thought of as "good"), was good. Did I ever love Ben again? No, I tried to bring the old fond feelings back, but they wouldn't come, and when he touched me, I would only feel like a bad person myself for having loved someone whose "whiskey talked."

One born on the cusp of Hiroshima, into a family rent by suicide and abandonment, I was a pessimistic little kid. Janey, my next-door-neighbor the year we both turned eight, had been born in a Japanese concentration camp and was already fitted with false teeth. She slept with crackers, sugar cubes, and mayonnaise sandwiches under her pillow. While playing dolls and dress-up with Janey and her older sister Anne, I learned ways of mankind that are still too horrible to me to repeat. On some nights, through our apartment walls, Janey's father's nightmare screams woke me up. Both he and her mother had been tortured. I attended school with children whose grandparents and aunts and uncles and older sisters and brothers were killed in Belsen Belsen, in Ravensbruck, Dachau, and Babi Yar; and my friend David Rosenhal, whom I envied for his turtle, wondered aloud, once, if I would hide him when, not if, "it" happened again.

My garden was a little world, an oasis where I could make something good — whose reality was uncontrollable, and whose virtue — unlike money or power — I did not question. Immersion in "garden time" attached me to a wider history, a beat of time older than the Cuban Missile Crisis (whose hourly updates accompanied the nursing of my first child), older than the Cold War and the execution of the Rosenbergs; older than Hiroshima; older than the death camps. I never found any cure — chemical, political, psychiatric, interpersonal, spiritual — quite like the one that washed over me when I put my spade into soil every spring.

If a person in search of a "memory vegetable," one of those luscious tomatoes or tender lettuce eaten as a child, were to take up gardening, he or she might find that a seed to reproduce that specific vegetable cannot be located anywhere. We have lost much of our original seed stock. Mankind now depends largely on a dozen crops (corn, wheat, barley, soybeans, potatoes, rice, millet, sorghum, oats, rye, peas, and peanuts) compared with forty to fifty in the Nineteenth Century. Whereas tens of thousands of plants are known to be edible, we produce far fewer varieties, and only about 600 edible plant species are cultivated worldwide.

The loss of seed stock began innocuously enough when our ancestors saved those seeds from garden produce that best met their requirements. But as they selected for more desirable qualities (early ripening, disease resistance, and large fruit size), multiple strains were developed, and the original seed was often lost.

In Third World countries where seed for commercial crops is imported from First World nations, whole ranges of seed stock have disappeared, and these countries are now dependent on First World suppliers for seed. The offspring of a hybridized seed such as the modern corn grown in nations like Nicaragua will not reproduce itself "true" if the seeds are saved and replanted. Instead it will, if it produces anything, reproduce one of its parent's stocks. The result is that countries that fall out of favor with their suppliers

may find themselves, as have Nicaraguan farmers, without any usable seed at all.

Worldwide there are "seed savers," usually hobbyists, whose common avocation is protection of old-fashioned, heirloom, and even pre-Columbian seed varieties. In nearly every state in this country loosely knit organizations exist from whom these seeds can be purchased. The recently published *Guerrilla Gardening* by Washington State University English professor John F. Adams (Coward-McCann, 1983) recounts the history of worldwide seedstock loss and lists persons from whom "antique" seeds can be bought or bartered.

Most home gardeners depend on seeds and sprouted plants from groceries, nurseries, and garden centers, or they order from mail-order catalogues. When a new gardener plans his first garden, the question often arises as to which vegetables to grow. I found it helpful first to make a list of what we liked and then to work from that, eliminating vegetables that took up too much space or that needed a longer growing season than our climate offered.

No vegetable garden, however, should be without flowers. Marigolds are the most popular annual flower in the U.S., and in the vegetable garden they are not only attractive but they also repel soil nematodes, microscopic worms that live in the soil and feed on plant roots. Some gardeners even grind up their marigold plants after harvest and mix them into the garden soil. Zinnias, asters, bachelor's buttons, and sunflowers are easy to start in the ground from seed. Other flowers, both annual and perennial, are better purchased as plants. The seeds of such as the petunia, coleus, snapdragon, pansy, and four o'clock, for example, are as fine as table salt.

Although I found catalogues and seed packets helpful for learning what to plant and when, a neighborhood gardener always is the best source when one wants to know whether to plant, say, an Early Girl tomato or a Big Boy. The closer to home that garden advisor is, the better. A neighborhood at one end of town may have significantly different soil, weather, and water run-off conditions from a neighborhood at the other end of town.

Orto and Sunset publish general guides to vegetable gardening. County and state agricultural extension agents offer pamphlets and advice, plus such services as soil testing and pest and disease identification and treatment for their eradication. (This information is available locally through the University of California Cooperative Extension. The phone number is 565-5376.) A knowledgeable salesperson in a greenhouse or garden store can also be a valuable ally.

Mrs. Parrish, my instructor in composting, insisted that seed rows be finely raked. She planted seeds at a depth equal to twice the seed's thickness. When she planted carrot, parsley, beet, and onion seeds (which are all difficult to germinate), she would hobble down the row plowing boiling water from her teakettle over the seeds before she had her grandson Quentin cover them with powdery soil. The boiling water, she said, cracked the hard seed case and hastened germination, and in addition, made that germination more even.

Mrs. Parrish never planted any of the cabbage family (broccoli, cauliflower, Brussels sprouts) twice in the same season in the same row. To do so increases the risk of disease. She kept rough drawings of what she planted where, each year, and never planted

the same thing in the same place two years consecutively, again because this increased the likelihood of disease.

Early on, I learned from her to "spot" rows of small, slow-germinating seeds such as carrot, onion, beet and even green and lima beans by planting with these seeds the faster-germinating, softer-cased radish. Once the radish sprouts its first leaves above the soil line, it has not only opened the soil for harder, smaller seeds, but also it marks the rows. A radish comes to maturity in as few as twenty-two days, and the radishes will be eaten long before beets or carrots have put out their first green rufflings.

Maybe I'm easily pleased. But the thrill of visiting the garden in the morning to see what's come up has been a thrill that never left. Early in the morning, when the birds still sing freely, as yet undisturbed by traffic, dogs or cats, or the paper boy, then is the time to run down the back steps into the garden to check. If an entire row of beans has split the earth, that's a thrill. The curved neck of the just-germinated bean plant is still pale then, and the whitish-yellow leaves look like the wings on the old White Rock label's nymph.

Impatience hampered the success of my first gardens. I put out tomato and pepper plants too soon, not waiting until May when night temperatures have settled into upper forties and low fifties. The cold nights stultify growth and can damage tender leaves. I "dressed" tomatoes and peppers in three-pound coffee cans and gallon plastic jugs from which I had cut out the bottoms. Although these cans and jugs were useful in keeping out slugs and cutworms, which bite off plants at soil level, my rushing the tomato and pepper season always caused grief. First, there was the ever-growing collection of three-pound cans and gallon jugs in the garage and back porch. My tomatoes and peppers came on no sooner — and often later, because they had been initially stunted — than tomatoes and peppers put out at the proper time. When nights turned unexpectedly cold and stormy, I would take tablecloths, sheets, pillowcases, blankets, and beach towels and spread them across the jugs and cans, anchoring all this linen aid napery with rocks and tools. And then, next day, I would have to wash and dry it all.

From that initial cut into soil until harvest time, gardening teaches patience and is a school for consistency. In nothing I have ever done could I as clearly see the consequences of impatience and carelessness as in the garden. If I did not set out the beer bottles, one-eighth full of beer, on their sides for the slugs to crawl into, the slugs would chew my newly-planted cabbage plants. (For the home gardener, plants in the cabbage family are best bought already started.) If I let water stand in the unused pot from which I'd knocked out a tomato plant before planting it, mosquitoes would breed in the empty pot. Getting water on leaves of cucurbit family (melons, squash, cucumbers) could bring on mildews. Allowing smokers who had not washed their hands to touch the leaves of tomatoes (tomatoes, potatoes, eggplant, and tobacco all come from the same deadly nightshade, or solanum, family) may leave tomato plants open to the scourge of tobacco mosaic, a viral disease that mottles leaves and eventually kills the plant. But for all those caveats and perils, taking up gardening is not like enrolling in boot camp. Certain facts of nature must be respected; the garden, like the human body, won't lie. (continued on page 16)

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Gardener's Art

(continued from page 17)
now always rumbling with loud music and reeking of insufficiently dried marijuana grown along banks of local streams. I hated the way we were with one another and felt my own estrangement from my parents settle into another generation.

Mrs. Parrish's legs finally gave out on her. She flew east to visit her eldest daughter and never came back. Grandson Quentin and his father came on weekends in a red Toyota pickup and loaded up the Parrish's belongings. Quentin, almost twenty then, had lost his easiness with me.

Ben Birch suffered a massive stroke. I heard the sirens stop at the little store but did not know until evening that it had been Ben and that he was dead when they got there. A black wreath hung on the store's door for two days, and then on the next Monday, Elmu — who had never shopped or worked in their store — showed up behind the counter.

That left Mr. Downe, the retired schoolteacher, and me. He looked as leathery, as tough as ever, and still dressed in the same suits he wore a decade before. I cut him bouquets from the white garden and he complimented me, without irony, on its "charming carelessness."

The aim of the home garden is not perfection. When I put in my first gardens I was young and green enough myself to believe I could be a creator of dominion everywhere I poked my hoe. Long cool spring days when the light stayed grayish-green, when clouds hung low day after day and plants

*I never found any cure—
chemical, political,
psychiatric, interpersonal,
spiritual—quite like the
one that washed over
me when I put my spade
into soil every spring.*

stood still and didn't grow; a ravaging freak hailstorm that beat down the fruited tomatoes; a pet rabbit that got loose and chewed up rows of new lettuce; maggots eating the onions; these brought me low and taught me the virtue T.S. Eliot qualified as endless: "humility."

The gardening boom of the late Sixties and the Seventies was hard on gardening. When growing vegetables and a few flowers became part of the era's chic, and gardening became acceptable talk, the act of gardening — its ways and means — became overcomplicated. The act suffered from the ideology that encouraged it,

and like everything else that becomes popular, gardening became one more competitive sport, and emotionally, socially, and fiscally more expensive. Even if Mrs. Downe and Mrs. Parrish and Mr. Downe did not teach me the best of gardening technologies, I am always grateful I learned from people who learned it from people who did it to eat. I would have hated boutique lettuce growing.

The garden gave me a place where paradise could be briefly regained. Standing out among the rows in the late evening when the scent of tomato pollen would cut through the air, I could remember back twenty, then

twenty-five, then thirty years. Although I never did recapture the taste of my father's tomatoes or the feel of my grandmother's heavy cabbages, I did often retrieve the parts of myself I liked best when I was working in the soil.

In late fall I always, rather gladly, put the garden away. When I lived where frost came and in one night would freeze every vine and leaf, turning every green one to black and brown, weather ended the garden for me. When I lived where killing frost did not come, I picked and pulled what bounty was left, keeping a row or two of carrots, perhaps some turnips and rutabagas and beets if any remained, and then turned over the soil, adding three or four inches of well-rotted manure I would load onto the garden surface. After the manure was turned into the soil, I would cover the garden with leaves and grass clippings. Winter and then early spring rains would soak into the earth, breaking down what I added.

When my daughter Rebecca turned twenty, she was living in a rented house in the city, and most of my garden efforts went into the white perennials. When she came home to visit on a Fourth of July weekend, she brought, stacked on the back seat of her blue VW Bug, grocery sacks filled with green beans, red- and green-leaf lettuces, white icicle and French breakfast radishes, green puller onions, Detroit dark-red beets, and skinny thin-rings from her carrot row. Wrapped in a wet paper towel in the front seat was a huge clutch of variously colored sweet peas. When she opened the car door and stepped out onto the driveway, along which I had bedded in white petunias, she kissed my mouth and handed me the sack of green beans. Looking into that sack, I felt dizzy on love. □

City Lights

(continued from page 31)
medical secretary for a local doctor in private practice and he is a programmer for a moderate-sized computer firm in Sorrento Valley. He was originally associated with the anarchist Pacific Beach-based Red and Black Action Group, an organization said to be loosely affiliated with the New Indicator, a leftist newspaper at UCSD. But Peter felt that group was too static,

too philosophical for his tastes, so he and Julie decided to put Point-Blank together as a means of reaching young people in the new wave, post-Punk set, where they felt their suggestions would do the most good. Their first issue of 1000 copies was distributed last December and outlined ways of short-circuiting draft registration. The issue urged men and women, young and old alike, to fill out as many of the registration cards as possible with the names of their pets and elderly kinfolk. It also

encouraged its readers to aid those who did not register by offering them lodging while hiding from the authorities and by lying to FBI agents who came to call. Peter says that he is against violent reform, that it would be foolhardy to oppose the government by military means. He believes instead that it is incumbent on everyone to learn as much as possible about technology — especially computers — in order to learn the ins and outs of the great information centers (such as the FBI and IRS) so that each

person can insure his own freedom. That is why, he says, he studied computers and mathematics at UCSD from 1970 to 1974. He even admits to having done a little "hacking" (electronic breaking and entering) with restricted information systems. "You can erase your whole existence if you know how," he says. Peter is reluctant to print computer hacking techniques in Point-Blank because he says that the stakes are getting too high, but that the knowledge is available in computer classes at

any college. He and Julie plan to continue publishing Point-Blank for at least a year, despite only having had four responses sent to their post office box. He sees the newsletter as a small effort to dismantle American society. "There are more subtle ways of doing it," he says, "than taking up guns."

— R.O.

Paul Krueger,
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David Cookingham



Point Loma, February 1983

THAT SINKING FEELING

Marine salvage has its ups and downs

Jerry Jackway remembers the job clearly because it was the only time in his five-year salvage career that he had to worry about sharks. They were blue sharks, and they were only three or four feet long, but as Jackway says, "They don't have to be very big to make you nervous." Especially when you're forty-five feet underwater, trying to save a boat that is barely afloat and is drifting over one of the deepest submarine canyons on the West Coast.

Jackway had come upon the boat, the *Victoria*, around noon, five miles off La Jolla. He and a marine surveyor had been searching for it for several hours, staying in contact on their separate boats via radio. When they finally located the *Victoria*, Jackway took one look at it and shook his head. Only the bow of the boat was above water; the rest of the forty-five-foot-long luxury motor yacht, which had a spiral staircase between decks, slanted steeply down into the Pacific. "This boat did not even belong on the surface," Jackway recalls. "It deserved to be on the bottom, but somehow a bubble of air was caught in the bow

and was keeping it afloat." The *Victoria* had been drifting for several days, but by the time Jackway and the marine surveyor found it, two itinerant fishermen had put a line on the boat and were towing it slowly back to San Diego, claiming salvage rights. Contrary to popular belief, you cannot just go out and claim salvage rights on a deserted boat—it is still the property of its owner—but if you bring a boat that is a navigational hazard, you have an excellent chance of obtaining some money for your efforts through the courts. Jackway and the surveyor looked at the burly, bearded fishermen, listened to their curt demands for \$20,000 for the rights to the *Victoria*, and realized that taking possession of the boat was going to cost some money. "The alternative was to fight them," Jackway says, "and we were afraid that if the bubble in the bow went, the boat was going to slip away and nobody was going to get anything out of it."

By Gordon Smith

So the marine surveyor, representing the insurance company that had insured the *Victoria*, got on the radio and called his superiors in Los Angeles. Jackway listened to the conversation on his radio, and he remembers that it bounced from the fourth floor to the tenth floor to the top of some gleaming skyscraper in downtown L.A., while ever-higher officials of the insurance company pondered what to do. Finally, a sufficiently important functionary authorized an appointment to the fishermen to relinquish the boat. Jackway remembers the fee as about \$1500, officials of the insurance company, Marine Office of America Corporation, refused to comment about it. But assuming the *Victoria* was insured for close to its full value—a fact that Marine Office of America Corporation would also not comment on—it was still cheaper for the insurance company to pay the fishermen, Jackway's salvage fees, and any repair costs, in lieu of a very expensive total-loss claim. The deal completed, the fishermen departed, and Jackway put on his wetsuit and

scuba gear and went over the side. Jackway specializes in marine salvage, and his company, California Marine Offshore, is one of a handful of salvage companies in San Diego that can raise a sinking or sunken boat so that it will sail again. It is demanding, often disagreeable work that requires courage and more than a little experience. As David Cookingham, who recently spent more than \$130,000 to buy and equip San Diego's only true salvage tug, notes, "I've logged 150,000 miles racing and sailing powerboats and sailboats all around the Pacific rim, and salvage work is an area that I can bring into focus all my skills. The biggest challenge I've got left is to put my [expertise] against the ocean—get something back that the ocean thinks it owns."

To be a salvage operator is to work odd hours, because boats do not often pick convenient hours to go down. They sink on holidays, in the dark, quiet hours of the early morning, at the end of long afternoons when their owners have been drinking and can't seem to avoid jetties. "When a boat goes down, the most important thing is speed," says Jackway, explaining that a few hours on an exposed beach or jetty can mean the difference between a damaged but salvageable boat and one that has been battered into driftwood by the surf.

San Diego doesn't get much traffic in big freighters or tankers, so nearly all the salvage jobs here are sailboats and motor yachts. "All these pretty white boats," as Cookingham once described them, waving his hand at the hundreds of

pleasure craft surrounding his tug at Shelter Island. Fully half of these salvage jobs involve boats that sink in their berths because some neglectful owner left a valve open or overlooked a small but serious leak; most of the rest are boats that have run aground on the North Island jetty, or on the rocks near the lighthouse on Point Loma. Jackway and Cookingham both are capable and willing to perform salvage work on the open sea, but only once in a while does a job like that come along, as it did one day last June when Jackway was called out to save the *Victoria*.

After making his way to the stern of the boat forty-five feet down, Jackway began rigging a couple of "lift bags," balloonlike bags made of plastic that resemble huge yellow duffel bags when they are inflated with air. Some lift bags are big enough to fill a two-story living room, and they can provide enough buoyancy to keep a boat afloat while it is towed back to a safe berth. It's a simple concept, but it requires extensive knowledge to calculate how many lift bags are needed, where they should go, and where and how to tie them to a disabled boat so that they will indeed keep it afloat. Jackway secured several lift bags outside the *Victoria* and then filled them with air from his own air hose. Jackway had pumps on his boat that could have been used to pump the lift bags full of air, but he also dives with an oversize Navy scuba tank, and he says it is sometimes easier simply to use excess air from the tank to fill the bags, particularly in a big swell.)



Cookingham's tug

While he floated next to the stern of the *Victoria*, alternately breathing through his mouthpiece and then holding his breath while he put the mouthpiece in position to feed air into the bags, Jackway had time to think about a few things. The blue sharks that were circling nearby, for one. And for another, a distant irrational fear that he didn't want to give in to but couldn't quite shake. There were several thousand feet of water between him and the bottom, and there was something about that fact he didn't like. Salvage work over a submarine canyon that is virtually bottomless is really no different from salvage work performed in the coastal shallows, Jackway says, "so it shouldn't make any difference to you. But in your own mind, it does."

The fear was unfounded, as Jackway knew it was. It took him several hours to get the lift bags rigged and filled with air, and by then the *Victoria* had drifted to within a mile of the entrance to Mission Bay. It was an easy tow into the bay from there, but now Jackway had a new problem: the *Victoria*'s stern was still some thirty feet below the surface, and the entrance to Mission Bay is only about thirty feet deep. More air in the lift bags did the trick, and Jackway towed the boat to the harbor patrol pier at Quivira Point and tied it up. The next day he raised the *Victoria* fully, and soon the boat was swarming with police and FBI agents, because it appeared that the *Victoria* had been sabotaged deliberately. According to Jackway, all of the boat's valves had been left open and the portholes had been smashed out. Jackway spent a few entertaining (and well-paid) days showing various law enforcement officials through the *Victoria*, but the mystery of who might have tried to sink the boat, or why, has yet to be resolved.

Jackway received about \$5000 for bringing in the *Victoria* and raising it the next day, more than his average fee because most of the work was

(continued on page 22)

Photograph by Robert Bunn



Jerry Jackway



David Cookingham



Point Loma, February, 1981



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SINKING FEELING

Continued from page 21

performed on the open ocean and was therefore more dangerous. Salvage fees in general depend on the risk. Jackway charges \$300 per hour for open ocean salvage but only seventy-five dollars per hour for raising a boat that has sunk in its harbor berth. Cokingham charges about one hundred dollars per hour for routine salvage work, but his fees also rise with the risk. "We're not much good below a depth of 200 feet, and the rate jumps drastically [to at least \$300 per hour] below one hundred feet, because anything below that depth is considered high risk," Cokingham says. Boats rarely sink in more than one hundred feet of water unless they're on the open ocean, he explains, and the powerful swells on the open sea are a constant hazard for a boat that is tethered to a sunken vessel with ropes. In addition, divers can work below a hundred feet for only twenty minutes a day. "Sport divers are always telling me, 'Gee, I can dive to a hundred feet,'" Cokingham says sarcastically. "But sport divers aren't dealing with a hundred-ton boat that's flip-flopping around [in the tide]. Our divers are [often] standing in mud up to their chests, in zero visibility, while they're using torches, removing railings. Heavy construction underwater, basically. It's not a job for sport divers." Cokingham and Jackway agree that the most dangerous and expensive salvage work is in the surf zone, where the swells are constantly endangering both men and boats, and the roar of the breakers is so loud that members of a salvage crew often cannot hear each other talk. No salvage operator in his right mind likes to work in the surf zone, but if that is where a boat has gone down, that is where the salvage operators will go, hoping that this one job, whatever it is, won't be the one when danger teams up with bad luck and sends a hard-working diver to an early grave.

That kind of thought was in the back of Jackway's mind one February night three years ago, when, just after midnight, he sat in

his small diving boat, bobbing in the swells off Point Loma and peering through the darkness at the wreck of the *California*. The *California*, an eighty-three-foot barkentine, had been out all day with forty-nine passengers on a whale-watching cruise. At around four in the afternoon the skipper, Edward S. Barr, was sailing southward along Point Loma for the entrance to San Diego harbor when he noticed a fog bank rapidly overtaking his boat from the north. As he later testified at a Coast Guard hearing, he thought he had "a fighting chance" to outrun the fog. But Barr was wrong. The fog surrounded the *California* well before she made the harbor entrance. With visibility suddenly nil, Barr showed the boat and posted two crewmen at the bow to watch for the lighthouse and for other ships. Barr could not hear the lighthouse's foghorn—it was later revealed that the foghorn had not yet switched on, since it is designed to wait six minutes once its sensors detect a decrease in visibility—but he calculated in his head the time he thought it would take to reach the harbor entrance. When he thought he had gone far enough, Barr swung the *California* to the left. One of the crew members posted on the bow suddenly saw white water below, but even as he ran to tell Barr there came a horrible wrenching sound, and the *California* went onto the rocks about 300 yards from the entrance to the harbor. Barr had turned too soon. All fifty-four passengers and crew members washed ashore safely, but the boat was stranded solidly on the rocks.

Jackway was hired by the owner of the *California*, George Falkesgaard, that same night. Within a few hours he and a fellow salvage diver sped out of the harbor entrance in one of Jackway's small diving boats and maneuvered to a place a few hundred yards off the rocks' point. There Jackway pulled on his wetsuit and jumped into the water. "It was colder than hell," he recalls, "and it was a tough swim in. The surf out there is incredible, and it was at its worst." Jackway was the first person to reach the disabled boat, and six- to ten-foot waves were breaking over the *California* as he climbed aboard. He was greeted by a

bizarre sight: a hatch cover lay on the deserted deck, and on it were a dozen long-stemmed red roses. "It was an eerie feeling," he says. "On the cliffs above the boat were all these [television] news people and reporters. I could see the cars parked up there, and the lights shining [and then] in front of me were these roses. When you're on a boat that's run aground like that, there could be a hundred people just a hundred feet away, but you still feel very much alone."

"I crawled through all the spaces with a flashlight, inspecting the damage. There were a number of very, very large boulders sticking up through the hull. . . . The most important thing was to get the boat off the rocks as soon as possible. Most wooden boats cannot last two tides on those [Point Loma] rocks; they'll be pulverized by the waves." However, the next morning the company that had insured the *California* decided to hire another local salvage master to coordinate the salvage work. The new man promptly hired Jackway as a sort of subcontractor, but Jackway was no longer in a position to make decisions about how to proceed, a fact that he found frustrating. "My plan would have been to pull it off the rocks at the next high tide, and let it sink offshore [in shallow water, out of the surf zone]. We could have refloated it right away and towed it on in. It would have done \$30,000 worth of damage to the boat, but [the owner] still would have had a boat."

As it was, the new salvage master decided to take a more cautious approach, and hired a smaller, cheaper tug to pull the *California* off the rocks. But the tug seemingly was not powerful enough to do the job, and was further hampered when its towline snapped under the strain. Over the next few days a second tug was called in, but the two boats together could not drag the well-grounded *California* out to sea, not even at high tide. Meanwhile, Jackway and a salvage crew of some twenty men rigged lift bags both inside and outside the ship's hull. They put a rope "bridle" around it to attach to the tugs' tow ropes. And they cut off masts, rigging, deck railings, sails and other potentially

dangerous material with chain saws. "You can imagine working around all these lines and rigging with waves crashing over your head, the boat's shifting. . . . It's dangerous," Jackway says matter-of-factly. "You work for an hour or two in that surf zone and you're just exhausted."

After four days on the rocks the *California* was still not completely destroyed, a tribute, Jackway says, to the boat's size and how well it was built. But the fearsome holes in its bottom were getting larger, and the outer hull of the side that lay on the rocks was completely torn away. (A plan to use bulldozers and cranes to salvage the *California* from the cliffs above it had been rejected as being too disruptive to the marine tidepools at the base of the cliffs.) On that fourth day one of the two tugs trying to pull the *California* to freedom shut its engines off momentarily to reposition itself, when a swell suddenly lashed the tow rope and pulled the tug's stern underwater. In three seconds the tug was completely submerged. Two of the three crewmen on board found themselves suddenly stranded water; the third was swept into the cabin as the boat jerked downward. It was several long, agonizing moments before he appeared on the surface. He had a concussion, but he was alive.

Two days later the *California* was finally pulled free of the rocks on which it had foundered. The \$400,000 boat, which had sustained more than \$150,000 in damage and had been written off by the insurance company as a total loss, promptly sank in about forty feet of water, and Jackway and the other divers set about raising it the next day. But the *California* proved to be a difficult task to save to the very last. A strong tidal surge stirred up mud on the bottom where the boat lay, making the water so murky that several divers descending to the boat couldn't even find it. After that happened, all the divers began to follow the lines of marker buoys on the surface down to the sunken ship, and the *California* was finally raised with lift bags and towed into the harbor, where the long job of rebuilding it began. Jackway worked for nearly one hundred hours to salvage the

California, but he still has not been paid all of his fees because of legal battles with the salvage master hired by the insurance company, an indication of the financial vagaries of the salvage business. Even in the best of times salvage is not a more than a part-time profession, Jackway says; he estimates he works on only fifteen to twenty jobs a year, and supplements his income by working as a high-school basketball referee throughout the county and as a dealer in a local card room.

Cokingham has a second job as a marine surveyor (a specialist who appraises boats and acts as an agent for insurance companies), and says unequivocally, "You could never make a living as a salvor. The best you can do is augment a business that already exists."

Nevertheless, Cokingham has invested more than \$100,000 in his forty-five-foot salvage tug over the last year, equipping it with pumps, lift bags, compressed air, radar, and even a sonar device that can scan the bottom to a depth of 1200 feet to ascertain whether or not a boat is lying there. Two months ago Cokingham and his crew of five (which includes his son Pete) actually sank an old sailboat and then went out to pinpoint it with their sonar, just to get used to the equipment and make certain it works properly. Cokingham is hoping that with his new boat and his team of salvage experts he will be able to

garner at least one salvage job a month here, which would make him the most active salvage operator working in San Diego.

Jackway, who has held that title for the last few years, claims that he once tried to do business in a manner similar to Cokingham's. He had a storefront in National City and a regular team of divers, but he gave it up because there just wasn't enough work to make it profitable. For the time being he plans to maintain his more free-wheeling approach to the salvage business, putting together a salvage team from a list of forty-odd divers he keeps at his home in El Cajon, whenever a job comes up. There aren't many salvage jobs in San Diego in a year, Jackway says with a smile, but the ones that do arise "are almost predictable. I know there will be boats on the rocks at Point Loma, and I know there will be boats on the jetty at North Island." And there will always be boats that sink to the bottom of the bay, too, boats like the *Ranger*.

The owner of the *Ranger*, Stan Jones, took five of his friends out on a nighttime cruise last June. Jones had recently had the twin diesel engines on his forty-six-foot-long, \$275,000 trawler overhauled, and the boat had just been repainted, too. The *Ranger* was Jones's baby; he liked to keep everything on it in perfect condition, partly because he lived aboard the boat. At around one in the morning Jones and his friends

returned to the *Ranger's* berth near H&M Landing. As Jones backed the boat toward the dock, he asked one of his friends to throw a tie line from the stern onto the dock. But the man, an inexperienced sailor, missed the dock, and the line fell into the water. Jones decided he was coming in at a bad angle anyway, motored a few yards back out into the harbor, and then put the boat into reverse to try to dock a second time. But as he did so the errant line, still floating on the water behind the boat, got sucked down into one of the *Ranger's* two spinning propellers. The line tautened and strained hard, attached to a deck cleat at one end and wrapped around the propeller at the other. Something had to give, and it turned out to be the strut that holds the propeller shaft in place. With a crunch the strut tore out, taking the *Ranger's* bottom, taking a four-foot-long plank with it. Meanwhile, the other propeller, still spinning, pulled the sinking *Ranger* around in a circle to a wide spot between the docks where the water is more than thirty feet deep. In seven minutes it was all over; Jones and his friends stood on a nearby dock, staring at the place where the *Ranger* had disappeared. Jones's house and all of his belongings, including \$2000 worth of diamond rings, were now at the bottom of the harbor.

Jackway and a salvage crew of three other divers arrived at about noon the next day. It didn't take long

to rig lift bags on the *Ranger*, but it wasn't pleasant work. "Working on a boat in the harbor, you run into everything from beer bottles to chairs on the bottom," says Jackway. "There's so much mud in the water you can't see your hand in front of your face mask. You have to do everything by feel. But once you've worked on a lot of boats, you can feel your way around them."

It was particularly difficult to raise the *Ranger*, however, because the tall, narrow boat was top-heavy and had to be brought up slowly and carefully. "If it turns turtle on you, a whole lot of things can happen, and they're all bad," Jackway points out. "The boat is not designed to be upside down." The divers would put a little air in one lift bag, then move to another and put a little more air in it, in order to keep the boat as stable as possible. In all, the job took eighteen hours, and Jones stood on the dock nearby the whole time, looking on anxiously. When at last the *Ranger* was floating on the surface again, he went looking for his diamond rings, and found them in the bilge. It would not be exaggerating to say that Jones was happy with Jackway's salvage work. "I could have kissed him," he says. "The guy handled it like a real pro. When told of such accolades, Jackway just flashes a grin. "Salvage is kind of an interesting business," he says. "Every boat you work on, there's a story behind it." □

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The Band Stands



Garth Hudson, Rick Danko and Levon Helm of the Band

JOHN D'AGOSTINO

It was exquisite irony. Standing in the darkness of the Rodeo club one night last week, I ingested the news that the Band's long-awaited, oft-postponed reunion concert would be delayed for at least two more hours. There had already been some cynicism aroused by the unqualified use of the term "reunion," since the Band's guitarist and creative wellspring, Robbie Robertson, had snuffed a refusal to participate. Now, fifteen minutes after their performance was to have begun, the Band's charismatic drummer/vocalist Levon Helm was 30,000 feet above the Midwest on a flight that began with foul weather conditions in Chicago. At that moment, I was humming the melody to one of the Band's earliest tunes, "The Runner" ("Now when the runner comes to your town..."). And I realized amid conflicting reports of imminent cancellation that the song could become sadly prophetic. The Cate Brothers were making a valiant effort to fill the void with a long, solid set of country funk that succeeded only in whetting my appetite for the evening's headliners. And I wandered outside to escape the heat, smoke, and noise being generated by five hundred impatient fans. The Rodeo's landscaping of shrubs and trees

created an ersatz woodiness that reminded me of the more genuine sylvan setting in which I had been introduced to the Band's music.

I had first heard the Band in an ideal context—while vacationing in the Oregon wilderness in 1968. Starved for music after several days of idyllic quietude, I had wrestled with the car radio in the vain hope that the towering pines would bring in some distant station. Overmatched, I had lost two falls to the radio before the static was parted by the sound of an acoustic guitar strumming the dirge-like expositional bars of what I would later learn was the Band's first single, "The Weight." The tune's opening line ("I pulled into Nazareth, was feelin' bout half-past dead...") and funeral solemnity fastened with a click in my head—this was certainly unlike anything I'd come to expect from rock and roll in the period one year removed from the Summer of Love. Despite its mournful sound, "The Weight" had had an oddly uplifting effect on me, like re-vel music played at half-speed. I vowed to hear more from this group upon my return to civilization.

What I heard on their debut album, *Music from Big Pink*, validated my initial impression that this group's material was atypical of anything then happening in popular music. The rhythms were leaden,

the vocals pained and expressive, the lyrics—which sounded sorrowful even if they didn't read that way—illuminated shadowy corners of the American psyche left unexplored by other contemporary rock artists. The song titles alone—"Fears of Rage," "To Kingdom Come," "The Weight," "Long Black Veil," "I Shall Be Released"—suggested spiritual bondage and a mordant, fundamentalist preoccupation with mortality. Perhaps because it stood in dark relief against a rock backdrop painted with the post-psychiatric escapism of the day, the Band's music was appealing to a listener eager for something different. But it was more than their music which set the Band apart from their rock and roll peers.

The first glimpse of the group that was making such anomalous sounds fired in the public's mind an image that remains as enigmatic today as it was then. On the inner jacket of *Music from Big Pink* was a portrait of the Band that made one wonder if the graphics department at Capitol Records had accidentally substituted a daguer-type by Civil War photographer Mathew Brady for a picture of this new group. Standing in a clearing in a wooded area, wearing dark clothing, hats, string ties, leather vests, and beards, the unsmiling members of the Band resembled a cadre of nineteenth-century horse thieves,

train robbers, engineers of the underground railway, captured Confederate spies—anything but a contemporary rock band. One learned from articles and album reviews that this image was not the conception of an overzealous publicist. The four Canadians and one American (Levon Helm is from Arkansas) had played to together for more than a decade, first as the backup band for legendary rocker Ronnie Hawkins, then in succession as Levon and the Hawks, and eventually as the support group for Bob Dylan, and they had always looked that way. The Band's visual evocation of Gothic America coalesced with their elegant music to create a mystique that was irresistible. But there was still no way of knowing if the Band's auspicious debut album had been a fluke, or if the group itself could continue to function as more than a sidekick to the Dylan legend.

If 1969 was a pivotal year for rock (the Woodstock festival, the Who's *Tommy*, the Beatles' dissolution, the official birth of "heavy metal" and "art rock"), it was even more so for the Band. Although they continued to tour behind Dylan in the South and in England, the Band also quietly embarked on their first, ever tour of the States as an independent group, beginning with an April concert in San Francisco's Winterland ballroom. But it was their second album, *The Band*, released in the fall of that year, that transformed the Band from a generic-label backup group to a headline act, and threatened to perform reconstructive surgery on the face of American pop in the process.

In contrast to the progressive sounds of that period, *The Band* seemed almost regressive. It was the music of river boats, of fireflies jailed in Mason jars, of campfires, smoked fish, and heart and brains of the Band, and the morning and pine needles that crunched underfoot. *The Band* was Stephen Foster on 110 volts, a raucous, foot-stomping celebration of the rural America of a hundred years ago—and rock fans ate it up.

In addition to boosting the Band's popularity, *The Band's* further definition of the group's arcane style had far-reaching ramifications for the rest of rock and roll, most notably in proving that a self-contained band with an esoteric musical vision and few conceptual ties to mainstream rock could win critical and popular acceptance. Its quilted instrumental textures, tonal variety (organ, clavichord, piano, accordion, sax, slide trumpet, drums, mouth harp, mandolin, guitars, violin, trombone, and tuba), and predominantly up-tempo feel showed the Band to be more than the two-dimensional quintet that had released *Music from Big Pink*. And specifically, it established guitarist Robbie Robertson as a songwriter of singular craftsmanship, keen wit, and affecting empathy. Robertson's jaunty

"Up On Cripple Creek" became the group's best-selling single, and his "Night They Drove Old Dixie Down" written for Southern Home and featuring the drummer's soul-rending vocal stands unchallenged as popular music's most cogent testimonial to a Confederacy that remained proud in defeat. But other songs on the milestone album, including "Jemima Surrender," "Rag Mama Rag," "Across the Great Divide," and "Look Out Cleveland," indicated that if Robertson's songs had been soaked in postbellum Southern angst, they had been cured with rustic good humor and died in the light of rock and roll.

With the Band's third album, *Stage Fright* (magnificently produced by Todd Rundgren), Robertson forcefully secured the creative territory he had claimed for himself on *The Band*. His tunes glistened with original thought, found energy in structural and abstract conflict. Biblical mysticism commingled with backwoods coarseness; melodies smooth as river rocks were written for chapped voices; the cut arrangements got loose and funky on musical inevitabilities, and will do as did with ragtime. If one envisioned the typical rock star of the late Sixties/early Seventies blasting away on thousands of dollars of high-tech gear in a Hollywood rehearsal studio, one imagined Robertson rocking on the porch of a mountainside retreat with a battered Gibson and a shoebox amp, whittling tunes of folksy magic and electric allegory. It was impossible to think of the Band without thinking first of Robertson.

After the wild success of *The Band* and *Stage Fright*, Robertson could have conferred with the Beach Boys's Brian Wilson or any number of lionized pop tunesmiths to find out what would come next. The public and press came to regard Robertson as the heart and brains of the Band, and the dangerous term "genius" was bandied about in articles and interviews. Suddenly, great things were expected of Robertson, and he was confident of his own. In 1971 that he was growing weary of the pressure to produce songs equal in

quality to those on the previous Band albums. That year the group released *Cahoon*, a slightly experimental recording that showed much of the strain to which Robertson had alluded. Within the year, Robertson's productivity had slowed to a crawl, and between 1971 and 1973 the Band's only releases were a two-record concert recording and an album of new material (*Northern Light*—*Southern Cross*), which was a failed attempt to recapture the spirit of *The Band*.

In 1976, drained after sixteen years of playing together and eight straight years of virtually nonstop rehearsing, recording, and touring, the Band performed and filmed a star-studded farewell concert (*The Last Waltz*) at the Winterland, the site of their debut years' earlier. In 1977, the disintegrating band released its final studio effort, the aptly titled *Islands*, which failed to connect with critics or fans. In the ensuing years, Robertson and Helm participated in separate film projects—Robertson appearing in and writing music for *Carny* and *The King of Comedy*, and Helm acting in *Cool World's* *Daughter* and *The Right Stuff*. The burned out and disaffected Robertson made it clear in interviews that he was not interested even in discussing his relationship with the Band, let alone reviving it. And while Helm kept his hand in music by playing with the Cate Brothers and the RCO All Stars, and keyboardist Richard Manuel and Garth Hudson and bassist Rick Danko recorded and performed together and separately, a reunion seemed unlikely.

It didn't seem any more likely at eleven o'clock last Tuesday night. Danko, a giant Manuel, and the grandfatherly and now almost completely grey Hudson had already filed into the dressing room, but there was still no sign of Helm, and the verbal jousting between the local promoter and the Band's tour manager further jeopardized the show. It was nearly eleven-thirty before the Band, sans Helm, took the stage with several members of the Cate Brothers. Despite the lateness of the

hour, few, if any, had left the club, and when the audience recognized members of the Band, it erupted in an ovation that seemed to stifle as much as delight Danko, who assumed Robertson's customary position at center stage. Although apologetic for the delay ("Levon should be landing at the airport any minute now"), Danko was as giddy as a love-struck teenager, and his excitement was infectious. From the show's opening song, "The Shape I'm In," through "Long Black Veil" (with Hudson on accordion), "Mystery Train" ("Chest Fever" (with an abbreviated and rather bizarre keyboard intro by Hudson), and "It Makes No Difference" (with a nice sax solo by Hudson), it was obvious that this was a Band crowd, as seemingly everyone was singing along. Even with the addition of the Cate Brothers' guitarist, keyboardist, bassist, and drummer, who filled the smallish stage and tightly packed the sound, Danko's playfulness, and the built-in luxury of the material gave the show the look and feel of a spontaneous basement party.

At around midnight, when the group was halfway into the song "Stage Fright," a door in the middle of the stage's back wall opened. For what seemed like several minutes, no one appeared at the door, despite Danko's frantic attempt to wave someone in. Finally, as if on cue, "See the man with the stage fright" caught in the spotlight... a clean-shaven Helm, in jacket and tie, entered through the door, and with the song still in high gear took his place at a second drum set and joined in. The welcoming roar from the crowd momentarily drowned the music, and when the greeting had subsided it was apparent that both the Band's and the audience's energy levels had risen considerably. At the conclusion of "Stage Fright," Helm charmed with the audience, expressing incredulity that a little seven-song set could close a major airport. "If the snow weren't high enough to reach a sparrow's knees," he exclaimed in a thick Arkansas drawl while holding his thumb and forefinger an inch apart. Then, adjusting his drums and cymbal stands, he added

almost to himself, "Shoot, in Arkansas we wouldn't even a word of it."

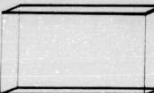
After a brief consultation with Danko, during which handshakes and smiles were exchanged all around, Helm picked up his mandolin and banged out the introductory chords of "Rag Mama Rag," and the song along was again under way. If there had never been any doubt that Robertson was the brains behind the Band, it had been equally true that Helm was its soul, and for the duration of the show the personable star was the undisputed master of ceremonies. But it was the lively interaction among Helm, Danko, and Manuel that prevented the show's momentum from lagging. It was amazing that musicians who had played together for so long, and who had specifically played this material hundreds of times before, could perform with the exuberance of a young group in its first battle of the bands. And it was gratifying and encouraging to see a near-legendary band display genuine affection not only for each other but for the music and the audience as well. No one could question that the motivation for this reunion tour was something more meaningful than money.

After a regular set that included such songs as "The W.S. Walcott Medicine Show," "King Harvest (Has Surely Come)," "The Weight," "I Shall Be Released," Manuel's uncanny impression of Ray Charles on "You Don't Know Me," and, appropriately, "I Don't Want to Hang Up My Rock and Roll Shoes," the Band encircled with "Ophelia" and Johnny Otis's Fifties classic, "Willie and the Hand Jive." At one point, Helm had shouted, "We're gonna play all night!" and judging from the audience's response I would have wagered that most of the weeknight crowd would have stayed for such a marathon. As it was, the concert ended at one-fifteen in the morning. As the Rodeo emptied, its employees began the task of cleaning up, the visibly pleased members of the Band prepared to attack a tray of Chinese food backstage, and I was left with a simple thought: Robertson, you missed a helluva show. □

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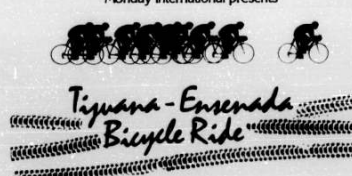
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War Story



Steve Pearson, Charles Fee

JEFF SMITH

With few exceptions, the major American representations of the Vietnam War, in film and in literature, actually spend very little time in Vietnam. Francis Ford Coppola's *Apocalypse Now* is hell-bent on getting upriver, past the war and into the mental dilemmas it has borrowed from Joseph Conrad's *Heart of Darkness*. Michael Cimino's *The Deer Hunter* has surprisingly few scenes in Southeast Asia, and the movie relies on its own metaphor.

Russian roulette—to make its points, rather than on the specifics of the war itself. Tim O'Brien's novel *Going After Cacciato* is a realistic fantasy about Cacciato's (imagined?) sprint out of Vietnam, across Asia and Europe, to Paris. And Robert Stone's novel *Dog Soldiers*, about the shipment of a package of heroin from Saigon to the United States, is set more in this country than in Vietnam. Each of these works attempts to forge an overriding metaphor for the experience of the war, and each, in effect, uses the "shadow of Nam" as a mere backdrop.

The exceptions—those works that stay in Vietnam—are as much about reporting events as they are about the war itself. In *The Green Berets*, a John Wayne movie made in the mid-Sixties, the narrator is a skeptical journalist new to the war, who eventually accepts the propagandistic

message of the film, abandons his press badge and newspaper, and obeys the army. By contrast, Michael Herr's *Dispatches* is the personal journal of a reporter attempting to describe merely what he has seen and experienced. For Herr the Vietnam conflict is cut off from history as we understand it, and his focus throughout is on specific moments, in particular on the brutal, devastating effects of the war on individual lives. At no point does Herr pause to speculate on the abstract causes, the rights and wrongs, of the war. Conventional journalism, Herr says, could only make "a communications pudding" out of the most profound event of the decade.

Amint Gray's "nightmare comedy," *How I Got That Story*, a fine production of which opened last week at the San Diego Public Theatre, touches down in both categories: Vietnam, in particular, and reporting in general. Its protagonist, known simply as the Reporter, is absolutely tickled to be in Am Bo Land, the drama's fictive, Vietnam-like setting. The young man has completed his two-year-long journalistic apprenticeship in "the western part of East Dubuque." Now he finds himself at the heart of the action. "It's it," he says excitedly on his arrival. "It's everywhere!"

The Reporter has landed a job with the (fictitious) Trans-Pac Global Wire Service. His assignment: cover the war in Am Bo Land. And he is determined to achieve what his fellow journalists have been unable to do. He will see everything, will risk close calls, and will digest it all. Then he will write the Whole Story, capturing the complexities of the war in a prose style that glows with clarity, objectivity, and the naked truth of this important historical event. To borrow a phrase from Edward W. Said—whose book *Covering Islam* is concerned with distortions in the coverage of Third World nations by the American media—the Reporter in *How I Got That Story* is a product of the "fresh-eyed school" of journalism.

Although his eagerness to dominate the event smacks of the same imperialism that may have begun the conflict itself, the Reporter's aim, to observe without any "pictorial preconceptions," is admirable.

But the necessity of becoming an instant expert, couched with his fundamental naivete, leads him through a number of increasingly perplexing encounters that slowly diminish his reputation as a reporter. He is assigned to report on a search for a missing soldier, who turns out to be a war veteran, the Reporter that, since stories from Am Bo Land are censored by the government, printing the "whole truth" is suicide. And when he interviews the dictator of the country, Madame Ing, the Reporter is baffled by her inscrutability. "These people in power are a little hard to fathom," he says, and by her comment that "soon you will know even less." Undaunted, the Reporter persists with his investigation. Eventually, like the people in the war-torn country, he becomes uprooted. His ideals vanish in a struggle merely to survive.

Like Michael Herr's *Dispatches* (and thus unlike the movie *The Green Berets*), *How I Got That Story* makes no grandiose claims about moral culpability in Am Bo Land. Its focus is more restricted. In effect, the war is seen from the limited point of view of the cub reporter—and through his naivete as well. This instinct puts him in the right places, the palace of Madame Ing, on LURP patrol in the jungle, in a bomber. But his lack of experience with the language, culture, and history of the area prevents a larger understanding. Although the play concentrates on the often comically treated plight of one witness, Story makes broader references by means of its completely drawn scenes, each announced by a silent movie-style title projected on a screen. We see brief hints of corruption: black market dealings, political and economic alliances among unlikely candidates, exploitation, and efforts to curtail the Reporter's findings. And a part of the play's overall effect is the dramatic irony that the audience actually sees more than the reporter.

What we see is not necessarily new. But what is fascinating about the play, and the production by the San Diego Public Theatre, is the way in which we see it. Except for three children who appear on occasion, Story is actually a two-character

play. The Reporter is one; the other, twenty or so different personages all played by the same actor, is called the Historical Event. The approach is unique, and it creates a deft mixture of comedy and tragedy that has audiences laughing and then wondering why. The approach is also theatrically audacious, since its minimalist attempt to replicate an entire war with just two actors appears, on the surface, to be as daffy as are the Reporter's attempts to grasp the war's significance. At the same time, however, collapsing a nation's strife into two characters, each at odds with the other, expands the scope of the play. Ostensibly, Story is about Vietnam. But by having its characters treated both as individuals and as generic types, the play raises important overall questions about media coverage of historical events, including the gathering of information, the accuracy of that information, the expertise of those involved, and censorship of the media.

In the Public Theatre's production, which is well directed by Bartlett Sher,

Charles Fee plays the Reporter and Steve Pearson has the schizophrenic task of playing the Historical Event. Both performances are first rate. With a remarkable ability to produce the Reporter's innocence and interpret spirit in the face of increasingly unglorious circumstances, Fee has done his best work to date in this role. Early in the play, Master Kingsley tells the Reporter that the war will eventually be covering him. And as his character attempts to maintain sanity amid the growing madness that surrounds him, Fee artfully traces this process in believable, and touching, stages.

On paper, actor Steve Pearson's assignment looks impossible. As the Historical Event, Pearson must play virtually an entire country, bringing two dozen different characters (three of them women) to life. But not too much, since they should have a tinge of mystery about them. Pearson is also responsible for most of the production's atmosphere—its realism, energy, comedy, and lunacy. A competent

performance would be enough, but Pearson handles his protean assignment with impressive artistry. While some of his creations stand out—like the philosophical so-called out by the war that he wants to film his own death, or the Sanhose Information Officer who gives a matter-of-fact lecture (at once hilarious and chilling) on the beneficial uses of defoliants—Pearson supplies each character with more than enough detail to be convincing. That he must shift from one to another within seconds makes his performance all the more outstanding.

The set for the production is equally outstanding. Credited to Fee, Pearson, and Sher, and consistently enhanced by Rob Murphy's lighting designs, the set plays an integral part in the visual and thematic emphases of the production. At first it appears scant, but this simplicity conceals its value. The floor, as if made from old cargo crates, is an interwoven configuration of wooden slats. Across these slide several painted screens that rearrange themselves

—unended, it would seem—for each new scene. As the Reporter's search intensifies, and as Steve Pearson's characters, like *Cinecine Cats*, emerge from and disappear behind them, the mobile screens become a striking visual metaphor for the central theme of the play. What the Reporter discovers is that, instead of successfully probing the truth of the Historical Event in Am Bo Land, he has become a willing participant in a shell game of distortion, sleight-of-hand manipulation, and unfathomable complexity. Although Amint Gray's *How I Got That Story* lacks the sweeping ambition (and frankly, some of the depth) of an *Apocalypse Now* or a *Dog Soldiers*, its ruling metaphor has more current applications than do these larger works. The play offers no answers, but thanks to a quality production by the San Diego Public Theatre, it raises important questions—about truth, historical events, and the shell games that may mediate them—in a fresh, often funny, and compelling way. □

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The Detective in Spite of Himself



Verigo

DUNCAN SHEPHERD

Verigo never seems to come up in discussions of the great private-detective movies, even among its staunchest admirers. (That it finished in a tie for seventh in the most recent *Sight and Sound* critics'

poll to decide the Top Ten movies of all time, and all types, would indicate a high degree of staunchness.) True, it is not a private-detective movie in the sense of the hero of it being set up in an office with a stenciled moniker on a glass door and a bottle of whisky in the filing cabinet. As with *Rear Window*, as with the preponderance of Alfred Hitchcock thrillers, the hero

must be One of Us; he must not be set apart as a Special Breed, not if Hitchcock is to get up to his usual mischief. An Average Man must be set forth in order to be deviated from, a State of Normalcy in order to be subverted.

But this would be disqualification on a technicality. *Verigo* contains enough of the requisite elements. The hero is an ex-cop ("ex-," for reasons made excruciatingly clear in the nightmare prologue). The assignment — tailing a wife at the behest of the husband — is a private eye's bread and butter. And the hero, after voicing any detective's misgivings that the job might be more for a psychiatrist, accepts the assignment, albeit without any career expectations. And he is then drawn into the case to the degree of personal involvement that tends to distinguish the fictional P.I. from the real one: adulter, is not at first suspected, but, by a nice irony, it soon enough materializes, with the detective himself as the correspondent. There is even the hero's old college chum and former fiancée, now a commercial artist specializing in brassieres, who has the function, if not the actual position, of a private eye's wisecracking secretary.

For all that, it makes a certain sort of sense that the movie is not routinely grouped, especially by its admirers, with other private-detective cases, since the case *per se* makes no sort of sense at all — not the sort of sense, at any rate, that a detective would be expected to make of it. In that exclusive company, the plot holes would be shown up in a rather harsh light. Chapter and verse could be cited at this point were it not for the critical bylaw against revealing and "ruining" the surprise-twists in such movies. And if it seems a bit silly to worry about "ruining" what is already a total wreck, it is perhaps not quite so silly to avoid the topic anyway on grounds of potential boredom. These defects, if anyone cares to go into the matter, have been enumerated often enough elsewhere, not so much to defy the aforesaid bylaw as to pooh-pooh their importance. Let's just say here that the plot is, in a manner of speaking, a one-way street

culminating in a cul-de-sac. It can't be gone over in reverse direction.

For this reason, the movie is harder to go along with the second time through, its legendary "spell" easier to resist. Notwithstanding a couple of added ambiguities that accrue from knowing what's to come, the disillusionment that looms only near the end on a first viewing, clouds every minute of successive ones. For me it does anyway. For others, the initial let-down seems to have been recovered from (or repressed) quite nicely, to have been narrated one sort of expectation and cleared the way for something else. The people who rank *Verigo* as one of Hitchcock's finest, or as one of anybody's finest, would contend that the detective plot doesn't matter; that it is just a vehicle, that what the movie is "really about" is an erotic obsession, illusion vs. reality, a range of neuroses extending beyond mere acrophobia to clinical nostalgia, necrophilia, and Pygmalionism; that *The Maltese Falcon*; that it is, as the hero suspected in the first place, a case more for a psychiatrist.

I would without hesitation agree that the erotic obsession theme is prime. When the hero has definitively lost the woman he was initially hired to protect and ultimately came to love, and when he has found another woman who — despite discrepancies in hair color, clothes, makeup — looks amazingly like the other, there can be no question that his attempt to make over the second in the image of the first is motivated by eros rather than detective work. And far beyond the male chauvinism (as we know now to call it) that must raise more of a laugh than that it did in 1958 ("Judy, please," the hero whines, in genuine dismay that she would resist his entreaty to turn her brown hair platinum, "it can't matter to you!"), there can be no question, either, that this makeover attempt is extremely unsavory. (Not a whole lot more unsavory, perhaps, than Hitchcock's parallel and repeated efforts to mold Grace Kelly, Doris Day, Vera Miles, Eva Marie Saint, Tippi Hedren, and, here,

Kim Novak, into some sort of Platonic Blonde Ideal.)

I would go further and agree that this higher thematic level lessens the bothersomeness of the plot holes. It is quite possible to find happiness at this movie even as no more than a weakly linked assemblage of the isolated sensations and set pieces and stylistic flourishes for which Hitchcock is famous. These, like the detectives, have been enumerated elsewhere and would bore me even more — because so much more numerous — to reiterate. Suffice it to say that I stand in the same hand-shaking line at every scene as when it comes to such moments as the hair-raising scene of *The Past Recaptured*, when the makeover of Novak is complete, and the spitting image of No. 7 emerges through the green neon mist, and the camera performs that celebrated 360-degree revolution around the lovers' embrace, and the magic of rear-screen projection transports them back to the spot where the hero last held his Dream Girl, and the whole package is wrapped up in Bernard Herrmann's most delicious music. One can respond to a moment like that without regard to the total context, almost as if a different, more accommodating, more coherent might possibly be extrapolated from it.

I will not, however, go so far as to say that the faultlines as a detective movie does not matter, can be overlooked as

though it were not a detective movie at all. Any limitations inside the genre must to some extent limit the movie outside as well and to a greater extent than if the limitations in question were those of unimaginativeness or over-obviousness or some such timidity that would nonetheless not erode its solidness as a springboard. But its troubles are bigger than that, and Hitchcock accepts them. Accepts them, that is, not with reluctance and resignation, not with his mind engrossed in higher things, but rather with complete co-operation, with that same petty deceptiveness that so cripples lesser works like *Suspicion* and *Prey*. (For an example that won't "ruin" anything for anybody, I submit the "ghostly" entry into and exit from the hotel room without being seen by the woman at the front desk.)

This spirit of acceptance keeps the movie at all times within, or within easy range of, the borders of the private-detective genre, and aficionados of the genre ought to be as eager to claim it for their own, Laulis and all, as are some Hitchcock partisans to fight such a claim. It is not as if private-detective aficionados need get on their knees to approach Hitchcock, who always occupies an adjacent or nearby genre; and the inclusion of *Verigo* would hardly dignify or legitimize the genre in the same way intended by the college professor of mine who espoused the

view that literature's greatest murder mystery was *Oedipus Rex*. (Perhaps Ross Macdonald would have concurred.) No. Movies are still very young, and none of the recognized genres is so brimming over in riches that it needn't be interested in exploring and expanding its furthestmost borders, perhaps even in overlapping and consolidating. An interest in the borders of a genre is nothing less than an interest in definitions, in perspective, in emphasis, and there is a nice distinction to be made here. I mean that it could very well be argued (but not without venturing into those states of boredom avoided above) that though *Verigo* is not one of the great private-detective movies, it is nonetheless one of the great private-detective movies.

Second of the recently unbanned Hitchcock treasures to be sent around, it is now at the Guild.

Against All Odds is a remake of another of the great private-detective movies no matter where the emphasis is put. Jacques Tourneur's *Out of the Past*. Coincidentally, the case therein also concerns a detective becoming overinvolved with the woman he is (for very different reasons and at a different distance) on the tail of, and curiously, the hero of the remake has become even less of a card-carrying private eye than the hero of *Verigo*. Why in heaven's name would an ex-football

player, even a financially strapped one, agree to take on, or be offered in the first place, a private-detective job? (Well, yes, Gene Hackman in *Night Moves* was an ex-footballer too, but long established, by the start of the action, in P.I. practice.) The remake really needn't detain us much longer than to diagnose it as part of the Hollywood grave-robbing epidemic, and to paint a large red cross outside the theater door. What would seem to have been an untasteful Forties storyline has, as in *Body Heat*, been yanked into modern times, and there have been enough other alterations, including a slackening of the powerful fatalistic undertone and the partial reformation of the screen's most ungenerative *femme fatale* ("Nobody's all bad," "No, but she comes closest"), so as to make comparisons with the original pointless. When all the elements of a movie coalesce as they did in the 1947 version, you cannot tamper with some of them and expect the others to keep on functioning as before. What sort of movie, then, do we have now? Blatant, sluggish, grossly campy, and — in a sense not too dissimilar to comparisons with the original — pointless. The presence of the original leading lady, Jane Greer, in a newly created role, is a nice gesture — a nice tribute to her, that is, and a nice treat for fans of hers who have not had much chance to see her lately. But nothing more. □

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QUARTER NOTES

BY JONATHAN SAVILLE

SAN FRANCISCO BALLET

The Fox is a wretched theater for the spoken word, but it is splendid for dance. Last week it provided an efficient, comfortable, and elegant frame for the visiting San Francisco Ballet, a suitably splendid company for the hall. Although this is the oldest professional ballet company in America, and the third largest, it does not have the reputation of the more prestigious American Ballet Theater or New York City Ballet. Last week's performances, however, suggested that in the excellence of its individual dancers and the quality of its ensemble work, this company belongs quite solidly with those august organizations.

George Balanchine may be dead, but his creative spirit hovers beneficently over contemporary ballet companies other than his own, and none more so than over the San Francisco Ballet. Three of the four works I saw on Wednesday evening belonged to the Balanchine style, with its artful reworking of classical movement and its emphasis on interpretation of music through pure dance. One of the works was by Balanchine himself, the fairly recent (1976) *Chaconne* to music from Gluck's opera



Orpheus in the Underworld. The choreographer outdid himself in eliciting the grace and poignance of the score and turning them into movements of such ravishing beauty that one could feel oneself, like Orpheus, transported to the Elysian fields and, like him, observe the blessed spirits as they tread their decorous measures. The San Francisco Ballet performance was particularly notable for the exquisite dancing of Tracy-Kai Maier and Alexander Topchy, who appeared in the second *pas de deux* and as the chief dancers in the final ensemble, as well as for the first-rate performance by the ballet orchestra under conductor Jean-Louis LeRoux. The

difference between a live orchestra and a taped accompaniment (as at the recent performances of the Hartford Ballet at ECPAC) is radical, not only in cost but above all in the aesthetic impact of the ballet. When the orchestra is as good as the San Francisco Ballet's, its contribution is virtually equivalent to that of the dancers.

In the Balanchine manner, if not by Balanchine himself, was Lew Christensen's *Airs de Ballet*, to music by Grieg, a charming evocation of eighteenth-century aristocratic pastoralism, danced with delicate humor and disciplined playfulness by Evelyn Cisneros and David Peregrine,

with three other equally artful dancers. Michael Smuin's *Scherzo*, to the Scherzo movement of Mahler's Fifth Symphony, was strongly reminiscent of not only the Balanchine style in general but, quite specifically, of the late choreographer's *La Valse*, with its feverish evocation and travesty of the Viennese waltz and the appearance of Death at the end. *Scherzo* was remarkable for the precise manner in which it uncovered the dramatic implications of the Mahler movement, as well as for the beautiful and inventive movements by which that drama was given concrete form.

But *Pigs and Fishes* was to forget. What counted in the visit of the San Francisco Ballet was the high quality of the other works and of their performances. In sum, a wonderful evening for ballet lovers.

DAVID KOREVAAR

Twenty-one-year-old David Korevaar, whose family is well known in San Diego, gave a piano recital last Friday in Sherwood Auditorium, under the auspices of the La Jolla Chamber Music Society. This talented pianist offered a program notable for its fullness, its inventiveness, and for his determination to master a series of authentic challenges. Works by Bach, Beethoven, Ernst von Dohnanyi, Liszt, Moritz Moszkowski, Chopin, and

Debussy offered a broad range of pianistic styles, with great demands on technique, and (most unusual for a recital by a young musician) only two or three of the pieces belonged to the piano repertoire we are accustomed to hearing again and again. The concert therefore gave the La Jolla audience the double opportunity of encountering a young artist on the brink of what may be an important career and of becoming acquainted with some relatively unfamiliar works.

J. S. Bach's *Capriccio Upon the Departure of His Dearest Brother* is a curious piece of baroque program music, rather routine in inspiration except for the final fugue with its witty imitation of a post horn call. Like the work itself, Mr. Korevaar's performance took flight only in this fugue, which was played with glittering precision and a lively rhythmic thrust. But even this section (as well as the others) remains more effective and idiomatic on the harpsichord, the tone of the piano and the younger instrument's greater capacity for dynamic shading and sustained notes seem rather irrelevant to this unpretentious and rarely performed work.

The technique Mr. Korevaar revealed in the Bach proved more musically fruitful in his performance of the Beethoven "Eroica" Variations. These variations, on the theme familiar from the last movement of the "Eroica" Symphony, constitute one of Beethoven's major statements

in the form, and it is surprising that we do not hear them more often. Mr. Korevaar negotiated the work's technical difficulties with ease. He had a powerful, ringing tone, his passage work was exceptionally clear and even, even at top speed; and he shaped the music cogently and with sensitivity. If anything was lacking in this commendable performance, it was a sense of the emotional or imaginative individuality of the separate variations, the tender



lyricism of one, the crude wit of another. A certain cool reserve, an almost aristocratic aloofness, seemed to diminish the inner vitality of some sections of the music, even when the external treatment of dynamics and phrasing and the overall shaping of the work were beyond reproach.

The same characteristic was notable in Mr. Korevaar's interpretation of the Liszt B Minor Sonata. This is not a work that can succeed through sheer musicianship, of however high a level. For all its

bold revisions of classical sonata form, the center of the Liszt work lies in the extramusical realm of emotional or spiritual drama. To make this score meaningful and moving, it is not enough to play what is written, even when this is done with such technical prowess and such intelligent attentiveness to the musical structure. There must be a deep identification with the underlying drama, with the conflicted, impassioned, longing, suffering adventures of a soul. Such an identification with the inner life of the arch-Romantic Liszt may not yet be possible for Mr. Korevaar, at the present stage of his career.

Something similar might be said about the two encore pieces, the Chopin *Burlesque* and Debussy's *Clair de Lune*: long on musicianship, but a bit short on poetry. No such reservations need be applied to the remaining works on this stimulating program, Dohnanyi's *Pastorale* and F Minor *Capriccio*, and Moszkowski's *Caprice Espagnol*. These works are principally display pieces, exploiting the possibilities of piano sonorities and of the developed technique of the modern concert pianist. Mr. Korevaar gave them all the vitality and showmanship they deserved, displaying his own noteworthy accomplishments, and at the same time offering the audience a nice insight into the special pianistic excitement of shallow but sensational works such as these when they are played so brilliantly.



GALWAY & MEHTA

It is pleasant to realize that our age can boast some of the greatest classical instrumentalists of all time, and that a large number of them are relatively young. Pianist Murray Perahia, violinists Pinchas Zukerman and Itzhak Perlman, clarinetist Richard Stoltzman, cellist Yo-Yo Ma—these are superb musicians, absolute masters of their instruments; and one of the foremost representatives of this talented generation is flutist James Galway, who appeared c. KPBS-TV last week with Zubin Mehta and the New York Philharmonic. In the performance of the Mozart Concerto for Flute and Harp, in which Galway was joined by harpist Marisa Robles, one could hear (and see) all the qualities that make the Irish musician the best flutist of our time: his chief rival for that position is Jean Pierre Rampaal, a fine technician but emotionally frigid and impersonal. That beautifully floated tone of ravishing sweetness; the limpid

expressiveness always held gracefully within the musical shape; the warmth and joy communicated in every sound and in every movement of the musician's face and body—Mozart would have loved James Galway, recognizing in him a kindred spirit as well as a superb interpreter of his music. Spanish composer Joaquin Rodrigo felt the same way about Galway, declaring that the flutist's transcription of Rodrigo's *Fantasia para un gentleman* (composed for guitar and orchestra) was better than the original. There I think I would differ. The flute version emphasizes the long-breathed melodies in a way no guitarist could match, and of course Galway's technique and musicianship made everything sound shapely, spontaneous, and charming. But I missed the purgent Spanish flavor of the guitar, as well as the suggestive contrast of timbre between the orchestral woodwinds and the soloist, necessarily eliminated when the solo instrument is a flute rather than a guitar.

Before becoming a renowned soloist, Galway was first flutist of the Berlin Philharmonic, and he still plays like a superb orchestral musician, listening to his fellow players and responding to them in the living, unpredictable give-and-take of ensemble performance. His rapport with Maestro Mehta and with Miss Robles (herself a fine musician) was evident both in the visual images of this excellently produced telecast and in the music they made together.

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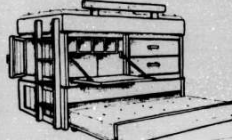
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Passage to Fallbrook

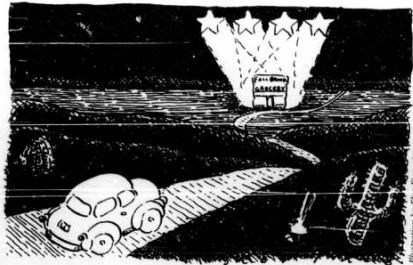


Illustration by Sue Schreiner

ELEANOR WIDMER

The Restaurant: Fallbrook Grocers.
The Location: 521 East Alvarado Street, Fallbrook (723-0588).

Type of Food: Nouvelle cuisine/Continental.

Price Range: All items a la carte. Dinner entrees, seven dollars to \$13.50.
Hours: Lunch, Monday through Saturday, 11:00 a.m. to 3:00 p.m.; dinner, Friday and Saturday only, 5:30 p.m. to 9:00 p.m.

In my travels across the country I've visited many small towns and hamlets, including Big Fork, Red Eye, Shallow Lake, and even Gay Head, but I've never been to Fallbrook, California, you say? Why, it's only an hour's drive from San Diego on I-15! And that's the rub. For one thing, I'm not one of those adventurous people who will jump up in the morning with a zest for discovering new places. My idea of an absolutely splendid weekend is to stay at home and to disconnect my telephone. For another, I never knew what to do in Fallbrook once I got there.

Years went by, then decades. From time to time I would learn of a restaurant that was worthy of attention in Fallbrook, say a spot for brunch or an afternoon meal, but I

never could bring myself to make the effort. Then I began to hear about the Culbertson Vineyards in Fallbrook, and at one of the gourmet dinners at the Inn at Rancho Bernardo I tasted Culbertson champagne and was impressed. When Martha Culbertson opened her restaurant, Fallbrook Grocers, I was determined to go, not to the gourmet lunches which are served until 3:00 p.m., Monday through Saturday, but to one of the dinners, available Friday and Saturday nights only. Accordingly, at 5:00 p.m. on a Saturday my friends and I set out.

I've been to Esccondido many times, and while the distance is long in terms of driving there for a meal, it's not unbearable. But when we had driven about ten miles past Esccondido and there was no evidence of our turnoff, Mission Road, I started to get anxious. The road was smooth, the hills in the distance gentle and gray. There was no sign of human habitation — just endless serpentine highway and signposts with names I didn't recognize. I thought: next stop Las Vegas! At last we spotted the turnoff, Mission Road. We then twisted and turned for another several miles before we arrived at the first stop light. Civilization! Fallbrook proved to be a small town, with small stores and a small movie house. We turned left at Main Street and left again at Alvarado, and at last we spied the Per-

rier umbrellas and the discreet sign: Fallbrook Grocers. It was 6:20 p.m. My relief was enormous.

Once inside, it was clear that, despite its name, this wasn't a grocery store at all. True, the walls were lined with gourmet items and a niche at the rear housed bottles of elegant wines which could be purchased for dining there or for take-out. But a traditional grocery store, no. A counter displaying the take-out food also served as a divider between the dining room and the food preparation area. Two young chefs could be seen working in the immaculate kitchen beyond; as the dishes were being served to those around me, I thought the food looked wonderful. The dining room is pleasantly arranged with tables spaced far enough apart to insure privacy.

Dinner menus at Fallbrook Grocers change every Friday and every Saturday. Of necessity, some dishes are repeated, so you should be aware that what I sampled may or may not be available when you go there. If you call during the week you will be told the menus for that weekend and you may decide which night you'd prefer on that basis.

All items are a la carte. Dinner entrees range from seven dollars for pasta to \$13.50 for shrimp. The entrees are served with rolls and butter and two vegetables. Soup or salad is three dollars each, coffee and tea a dollar each, as is Perrier water. I mention this because complete dinners are expensive and the bill will escalate before you've had your fill; the portions are small and you won't be very full if you order just the entree.

Actually, we ordered one soup (three dollars), one house salad (four dollars), and one pasta primavera (four dollars), all of which we shared. The cauliflower soup, called "velvety cream of cauliflower," lived up to its name, smooth and delightful. The butter lettuce was dressed to perfection with avocado dressing, and the homemade pasta with snow peas, broccoli, carrots and cream sauce was a model of delicacy. However, I must warn you that few of these items contain much seasoning — the salad had none and my friends added salt and pepper to taste. You may also find the pasta too bland to be interesting.

The glory of this house lies with the entrees. We had scallops of veal with lemon sauce (twelve dollars), shrimp baked in parchment paper (\$13.50), and chicken sautéed with tarragon, vermouth, and cream (nine dollars). Of the three, the veal was the most unusual because it was

covered with a lemon sauce (not lemon juice), and the combination of first-rate veal and the sauce proved very exciting. The tarragon chicken is also excellent and should not be overlooked.

One of my friends, a dieter, was quite satisfied with her shrimp dish, which consisted of shrimp baked in parchment paper to retain their tenderness, with a few finely julienned vegetables covering the bottom of the parchment. All the entrees were accompanied by two whole carrots and two, delicate asparagus. The preparation of all of these dishes had great integrity. If, however, you were a hearty eater, you could eat two of these entrees without effort, not simply because the servings are modest, but because the sauces are so light that you would not feel satiated. Overly rich dishes put out stop signals at the mouth, rather than the stomach — you can't go on swallowing that lavish stuff without growing slightly ill. When the sauces are light, everything slides down insidiously.

We did order two desserts, though one would have been more than enough for the three of us. We had the crispies with fresh strawberries — which I recommend — and puff pastry filled with poached pear, surrounded by caramel sauce and crème Anglaise (each \$3.50). The latter was only moderately successful — it was prepared like a sandwich with the pear stuffed between two layers of puff pastry. There simply was too much puff pastry to make this work. Such a dessert should be prepared like a tart with a thin layer of pastry at the bottom, or else you taste only pastry and not the fruit.

Some word should be said about the excellent wine list. For each course several wines are suggested: with appetizers, for example, 1982 Ballard Canyon Johannisberg Riesling Reserve, 1979 Jobard Fumeau, 1982 Hart Sauvignon Blanc. For the chicken, 1982 Chateau St. Jean Merlot Blanc, 1982 Beringer Chénin Blanc, 1982 Chateau Chénin Blanc.

These wines are reasonably priced and I especially liked the way the wine list was coordinated with the food, course by course. Still, dining here may prove costly. We had exactly one glass of wine, we shared soup, salad and appetizer, with the tip our bill was twenty-five dollars a person. Had we let ourselves grow adventurous with wine — and many people frequent Fallbrook Grocers because of the opportunity to try these wines — our bill may have given us a bit of a jolt. As for the distance, wine and food lovers will have to decide how far away Fallbrook really is. □

Off the Cuff

Tell us about your first confession.
(Asked of former and practicing Roman Catholics)



Alana Negrey
Manicurist
San Carlos

I was seven years old and scared to death of those dark little rooms, but after the terrible deed I had done, my only hope was to go to confession. My folks were gone and my fourteen-year-old babysitter Connie was over. That night we helped ourselves to the liquor my parents kept in the highest cupboard. I distinctly remember a rotten shot of vermouth. Yuck! And a few sips of vodka from the bottle. On top of that I took a dizzying drag off her cigarette. I hated myself when I went to bed that night. I was terrified to tell the priest. I was crying; but after I told him, it was as if the world had been lifted from my shoulders. I never wanted my room to have Connie babysit again.



Thomas Hendricks
Carpenter
La Jolla

My first confession was at Mary Star of the Sea church in La Jolla. It was scary. They'd line all the kids up and you had to go in there alone — a small dark box with red velvet inside. A little light would go on, a curtain would slide back, and all you could see was the silhouette of the priest's face. The whole time I was thinking, "Boy, God is really going to get you for this." For things like stealing bubble gum or saying bad words. I think that was the big one. You knew that God heard it, if you ended up getting hit by a car and died or something before you confessed, you'd be in big trouble. I was also afraid of getting in trouble for forgetting my penance — three Our Fathers and three Hail Marys.



Eddie Sotomayor
Restaurant Manager
Pacific Beach

I grew up in Tijuana where the atmosphere is very religious. As a child, my grandmother would try to teach me to pray. She'd say the words, like "Holy Father, and I'd mumble something like 'ludly larder.' When it came time to make my first confession I realized that I was purposely playing with the words of God was probably a sin worse than lying or cheating or stealing. On top of that my grandmother would tell my parents, "Eddie's such a nice boy." She was somewhat wrong but I felt I had to confess something or I couldn't get a good night's sleep. I think I told him I lied to my mother. I was sure he'd recognize my voice because he was at my school all the time.



Beth Mallis
Student
Ocean Beach

I remember rehearsing my lines before I went in there. It was scary to be told that you had reached the age where you knew right from wrong. I mean, eight years old, and suddenly you were supposed to be really mature. No more hitting the kid next door or wondering what women looked like with their clothes off. Now it was a sin. I think lying was a kid's biggest sin — telling Mom I didn't take that cookie or didn't know what happened to that quarter in her purse. Life became serious. I remember there were three things necessary to make a good confession: you had to admit you had really done wrong; you had to be truly sorry; and the real kicker, "I'll never do it again."



Ken Croft
Motorcycle Salesman
Mission Beach

I remember rehearsing my lines before I went in there. It was scary to be told that you had reached the age where you knew right from wrong. I mean, eight years old, and suddenly you were supposed to be really mature. No more hitting the kid next door or wondering what women looked like with their clothes off. Now it was a sin. I think lying was a kid's biggest sin — telling Mom I didn't take that cookie or didn't know what happened to that quarter in her purse. Life became serious. I remember there were three things necessary to make a good confession: you had to admit you had really done wrong; you had to be truly sorry; and the real kicker, "I'll never do it again."

—Lin Jaker

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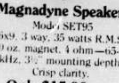
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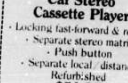
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Section 2

Events, Theater, Music, Film



Notes for "Remember Now" (Marina LaPalma)

Case En Pointe

There is no better proof that a performer of performing organization has "arrived" than the widespread use of a nickname. "Lenny," "Bubbles," "ABT," the Rep—"it is as though they were members of your family, so familiar that you don't even have to show them the respect of referring to them by their formal names. Les Ballets Trockadero de Monte Carlo have attained this status in virtually no time at all. Founded in 1974, they have been known for years as "the Trucks." The nickname, in fact, along with its relationship to the organization's formal name, is quite revealing in itself of what these dancers do and of the kind of impact they have made. The formal title is a parody of Diaghilev's famous Ballets Russes de Monte Carlo, while "the Trucks" suggests trolls, jacks, and things lumpy. The content is like the name: a company whose dances parody the artifices of classical ballet, doing a quite legitimate job except for getting a "word" wrong now and then—and a company in which all the female roles, the glory of the art, are danced by relatively big-boned, hairy-chested men.

Female impersonation is an extremely old art. It derives its humor by undermining the audience's comfortable certainties about the differences between the sexes, while at the same time (and paradoxically) confirming those certainties. The Trucks are particularly brilliant at this sort of self-contradiction. They are authentically excellent dancers, thoroughly trained in classical technique, and often enough, their dancing of the ballerinas' roles looks close enough to the real thing (they even dance en pointe) to make you wonder whether the traditional gender distinctions which ballet makes and all other people make are really as useful after all. But then you look more closely, and you see how basically uncomfortable the male body is with the steps and motions designed for women: you see those heavily muscled, hairy legs beneath the tutus, and the Trucks themselves

help you along by exaggerating the effeminacy to the point of absurdity and awkwardness, where their masculinity becomes undeniable.

Male dancers impersonating women is funny enough, but the Trucks could not have achieved their reputation merely on the basis of this one trick. Ballet is the most artificial of the performing arts, the most stylized, the most bound to tradition. When compared with normal human movements, those leaps, spins, flexes, and arm gestures seem very far from reality: it is only the skill and elegance of first-rate dancers that make this style seem beautiful rather than silly. The Trucks know exactly how to bring out the silliness that lies just under the surface of ballet:

(continued on page 6, col. 3)

Get Down & Get Knotty

"Pop music for knotty people?" asked a friend. "Knotty people?"
"Sure. Well, you know... Knotty! Isn't that a great word? If you think about it for a while, it does mean something. And anyway, it sounds good. Has a certain perverse playfulness to it."
The playfulness of words, perverse or otherwise, is one of Marina LaPalma's favorite ideas. For many years her poetry, performance art, and music have explored the sensual properties of language and manipulated her audiences' expectations of linguistics—those ideas of order and meaning that the human brain wants to impose on words.

The multifaceted LaPalma will let us in on the fun this weekend when she presents her cabaret performance, "Knot Pop"—The Sound of INNA, at UCSD's Center for Music Experiment. Now knot pop definitely is pop. Well at any rate, it's not not-pop. See LaPalma, her collaborator Jay Cloud, and a string of guest musicians are the group INNA, and they perform the LaPalma-Cloud musical and linguistic assemblages, which are adapted to the familiar format of the pop song. LaPalma sees these pieces as "extended literature" that concentrates on the sound and rhythm of language rather than its content. One song, for example, "Isna Portal Exo," is based on one of a series of biographical stories by LaPalma but is translated into a language invented for the occasion. "The words are chosen

(continued on page 6, col. 1)



Les Ballets Trockadero de Monte Carlo

Spike It

The United States men's Olympic volleyball team has found out how difficult it is to sell a new sport to the public. Since moving its year-round training program to San Diego in 1981, the team has improved its winning percentage and its overall play every year. Yet no more than a few thousand fans, at best, show up for the team's periodic matches against international rivals. Following a match, there are no feature articles or play-by-play summaries in newspaper sports sections; only a one-line score on a back page already blurry with other scores and results.

It's hard to figure. The action in a volleyball game is far faster than it is in hockey or soccer (to pick two second-skill sports that draw larger crowds), and there's a lot more scoring. And the fans watching hockey and soccer go through the constant frustration of seeing players fumble and just plain miss passes, apparently even the most talented athletes have a hard time dribbling a big round ball with their feet, or gathering in a tiny rubber ball with a three-foot-long stick while skating at high speed.
In contrast, volleyball players can almost always perform what their sport demands of them. With a flick of the wrist they can

dig out a ball hurtling toward the floor with the speed of a Gossue Cossage fast ball, and pass it to a teammate; they can jump like they have springs in their shoes and land, how they can hit (as spiking a volleyball is called). The skills, speed, and rapid scoring of volleyball are similar to basketball, so it should come as no surprise that every member of the U.S. men's team can dunk a basketball, or that in the summer Bill Walton can often be found playing volleyball with members of the men's team at Mission Beach.
This Friday the U.S. men's volleyball team will play Cuba in a best-of-five-games match. It is the final stop on a nationwide tour, and it will be one of the last times locals will be able to see the men's team play here, prior to the summer Olympic games in Los Angeles. Paul Sunderland will be back in action against the Cubans after spending many months recovering from a stress fracture in his foot. Sunderland is not the best all-around player on the men's team, but he is certainly one of its most effective hitters, and the team is going to need him in L.A.
The Cuban team, one of the strongest international teams in the last two years, is a team known for its leaping, soaring style of play, and is sometimes compared to last year's University of Houston "The Stamma Jammers" basketball team.
(continued on page 6, col. 1)



Dusty Duran

Look for Shark's track.
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STEREO

READER'S GUIDE

Contributions to READER EVENTS must be received by mail no later than the Friday preceding the Thursday issue in which they are considered for publication. Please do not phone. The Events Editor reserves the right to edit materials. Send complete information, including a description of the event, the date and time it is to be held, the precise address of where it is to be held, and a contact phone number for publication to: READER EVENTS EDITOR, P.O. Box 80863, San Diego, CA 92158.

Dance

Ballet Parody. Les Ballets Trockadero de Monte Carlo, an all-male ballet troupe, will offer their own slightly skewed interpretations of classic dance pieces. Friday, March 9, 7:30 p.m., room 107, Third Lecture Hall, UCSD. Free. 452-2016 or 452-4450.

"DanceJam," create your own style in an evening of freedom, recreation, dancing every Friday night. 9 p.m. - 12:55 Fifth Avenue, Hillcrest. 239-1713.

Film

For Children. Several short films will be shown. Friday, March 9, 3:30 p.m. - 5:30 p.m. Chula Vista Public Library, 365 F Street, Chula Vista. Free. (619) 516-8100. *Darby O'Gill and the Little People* is scheduled for Monday, March 12, 6 p.m. - National City Public Library, 200 East Twelfth Street, National City. Free. 424-8211.

Political Film Series. In the *Reign of the Sonnets*, Nagua Oduan's 1977 film, and *Sale*, on the 122 Days of Sodom (1975) by Pier Paolo Pasolini will be shown Friday, March 9, 7:30 p.m., room 107, Third Lecture Hall, UCSD. Free. 452-2016 or 452-4450.

"Journey to the High Arctic" will be screened Saturday, March 10 and Sunday, March 11, 1 and 2:30 p.m. - Natural History Museum, Balboa Park. 232-1821.

Havasu Canyon and the Supai Indian Reservation are the subjects of a slide presentation by George Thuno at a meeting of the Sierra Club. Monday, March 12, 7:30 p.m. - San Diego Federal Savings and Loan, 4781 Via de la Valle, Del Mar. Free. 755-8324.

"A Farewell to Arms" (1933) Gary Cooper, Helen Hayes, and Adolphe Menjou star in the film version of Hemingway's tragic love story, which will screen Tuesday, March 13, 7 p.m. - Coronado Public Library, 640 Orange Avenue, Coronado. Free. 435-4187.

"Miss Julie." Alf Sjöberg's 1950 drama about sexual and social power is based on August Strindberg's play about a noblewoman and her servant and will be shown in Swedish with English subtitles.

Wednesday, March 14, 7:30 p.m. - Sherwood Auditorium, La Jolla. Museum of Contemporary Art, 720 Prospect Street, La Jolla. 454-0267.

Music

"Carmen." Rachel Gertler, Pamela Myers, and Jacque Truett will sing principal roles in Bizet's opera. Thursday, March 8, 8 p.m. - Sunday, March 11, 2:30 p.m. - Wednesday, March 14, 7 p.m. - and Saturday, March 17, 8 p.m. - Civic Theatre, 202 C Street, downtown. 332-7636 or 210-1313.

Classical Guitar. George Svoboda will perform Friday, March 9, 7:30 p.m. - Habitat Book Shop, 4711 Third Street, La Mesa. 697-7922.

Folk Concert. Map Nason and Skidmore Roper perform blues, gospel, and rhythm and blues, sponsored by the Friends of Old

Time Music. Friday, March 9, 8 p.m. - 1200 Robinson Street, Hillcrest. 282-7833.

For Children. A sing-along of rounds and children's songs will be offered with storytelling, puppet shows, and dance. Saturday, March 10, 10:30 a.m. - Mathews Cultural Center, 247 South Kalma, Escondido. 743-3372.

Organ Recital. Rex Koury will play popular favorites on the Wurlitzer organ and accompany three silent films. Saturday, March 10, 7:30 p.m. - California Theatre, 1122 Fourth Avenue, downtown. 279-2867 or 236-5532.

Medieval Music. The string ensemble Alfonso X will perform music of thirteenth-century Spain. Sunday, March 10, 8 p.m. - St. Paul's Episcopal Church, Fifth Avenue and Nurng Street, Hillcrest. 279-2867 or 236-5532.

Chamber Concert. Various players of the Los Angeles Chamber Orchestra will perform works by Corelli, Bach, Vivaldi, and Arensky. Sunday, March 11, 2 p.m. - East County Performing Arts Center, 210 East Main Street, El Cajon. 440-2272.

Organ Concert. Joan Rollins will perform Dapre's *Concert and Litany*, Franck's *Prelude, Fugue, and Vari-*

ation. Heller's *Tanza-Toccata*, and works by Bach and Pachelbel. Sunday, March 11, 7 p.m. - St. Paul's Episcopal Church, Fifth Avenue and Nurng Street, Hillcrest. 288-7261.

Baroque Concert. The Schuster Baroque Ensemble will perform Sunday, March 11, 7:30 p.m. - First Unitarian Church, 4190 Front Street, Mission Hills. 708-9978.

Concert Band. Students from Wheaton College will perform sacred and secular music. Sunday, March 11, 7:30 p.m. - La Jolla Presbyterian Church, 7715 Duffer Avenue, La Jolla. Free. 454-1605.

Clarinet Recital. Robert Zeligman will play Stravinsky's *Three Pieces for Clarinet Solo*, Lukas Foss's *Excerpts for Four Saxophones*, Hindemith's *Quartet in F*, and works by Debussy, Bernstein, and others. Sunday, March 11, 8 p.m. - room B210, Mandeville Center, UCSD. 452-3229.

Guitar Concert. The San Diego Guitar Quartet will offer a classical performance. Wednesday, March 14, 11 a.m. - Palomar College Performance Lab, 1440 West Mission Road, San Marcos. Free. 744-1150 or 727-7529 x2316.

TO LOCAL EVENTS

Choral and Symphonic Concert. Thomas Nee and David Chase will direct the La Jolla Civic University Symphony and Chorus in Beethoven's *Mass in C Minor* and Gunther Schuller's *Five Etudes for Orchestra*. Saturday, March 10, 8 p.m. - Sunday, March 11, 1 p.m. - Mandeville Auditorium, UCSD. 452-4637.

Organ Concert. Kenneth Fall, guest performer, will play works by Bach, Mendelschlohn, Raut, and others. Sunday, March 11, 2 p.m. - Spreckels Organ Pavilion, Balboa Park. Free.

Chamber Concert. The Gennaro Trio will offer music by Mozart and Dvorak. Tuesday, March 11, 7:30 p.m. - San Diego Public Library, 820 E Street, downtown. Free. 236-5849.

Jazz Concert. Jimmy Heatham will direct the UCSD Jazz Ensemble. Tuesday, March 11, 8 p.m. - Mandeville Auditorium, UCSD. 452-3229.

Guitar Concert. The San Diego Guitar Quartet will offer a classical performance. Wednesday, March 14, 11 a.m. - Palomar College Performance Lab, 1440 West Mission Road, San Marcos. Free. 744-1150 or 727-7529 x2316.

"Pop Music for Knotty People" is what Marina LaPalma calls her evening of vocalizing, word play, and singing. Sunday, March 11, 8 p.m. - Center for Music Experiment, UCSD. Free. 452-4383.

Chamber Concert. The Gennaro Trio will offer music by Mozart and Dvorak. Tuesday, March 11, 7:30 p.m. - San Diego Public Library, 820 E Street, downtown. Free. 236-5849.

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Guided Hikes. Bring binoculars for this bird-watching hike with Jane

McNeil. Saturday, March 10, 8 a.m. - across from Horner's Park, Black Mountain Road, Los Peñasquitos Canyon Preserve. 4271-6710 or 294-2920. The Canyon crew lead a walk through Florida Canyon. Sunday, March 10, 10 a.m. - west parking lot, Morley Field Drive, Balboa Park. Free. 232-1821.

Kite Festival. The city's third annual, will be held Saturday, March 10, 10 a.m. (building) and noon (flying and judging). Lake Poway, Poway. 748-1892.

International Women's Day will be celebrated with contemporary folk singer Judy Gorman-Jacobs, author Michelle Wallace (*Black Macho and the Myth of the Superwoman*), and political discussion and slide show. Saturday, March 10, 7:30 p.m. - Grand Roots Cultural Center, 1947 Thirteenth Street, Golden Hill. Reservations. 232-5009.

Wellness Week. Fifty health organizations will sponsor a variety of

Special

Puppet Shows. The Kent Family offers "Aladdin and His Wonderful Lamp." Friday, March 9, 10 a.m. - Saturday, March 10, and Sunday, March 11, 11 a.m., 1, 2:30, and 4 p.m. - Puppet Theater, Presidents Way, Balboa Park. 420-0794.

Puppet Shows. Students of the O'Farrell School of Creative Art will entertain. Friday, March 9, 7 p.m. - 6130 Skyline Drive, South San Diego. 262-7581.

Performance/Dance Concert. Choreographer and dancer Joe Guede will combine dance and experimental theater in a performance with Lissa Blackman. Saturday, March 10, 8 p.m. - Sherwood Auditorium, UCSD. 452-3229.

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LOTS OF FUN & PRIZES AT LUCK OF THE IRISH!



Join us when San Diego Hospice sponsors a "Free Casino Night" Saturday, March 17, 8 pm at the Stadium Sports Club. \$15.00 per person / \$25.00 per couple. Call Hospice, 560-0002 for information & reservations.

Experience the Purim of Your Life at Chabad House

MEGILLAH READING
HASSIDIC DANCING
LIVE BAND
LAT-DANCING
L CHAM & HANAMANTASHEN
FREE
Saturday, March 17th, 1984
6115 Montezuma Road
San Diego, CA 92115, 265-7700

JEWISH SINGLES 25-38

Another super party given by Jewish Interactions... not affiliated with any formal religious organization...
Good music... great food... A non-offensive way to meet other Jewish singles.
Still only \$5.00.
HOLIDAY INN
MISSION VALLEY
SATURDAY, MARCH 10
8:30-MIDNIGHT
Further information: 578-3999

RAIDER FANS UNITE!

THE SPORTS FAN in Fashion Valley is proud to announce the formation of the official RAIDERS FAN CLUB OF SAN DIEGO
Join now to receive discounts, team and club information plus attend a banquet honoring the Super Bowl winners with many Raiders and Raiders on hand for autographs and questions. Interested? Contact Randy at 266-1189 or come by The Sports Fan 134 Fashion Valley (next to Farrell's) 296-9436

SPECIAL STUDENT AIRFARES

—GO AWAY—
LONDON... \$389.00
HONG KONG... \$369.00
SYDNEY... \$369.00
RIO DE JANEIRO... \$476.00
Rest of the world... call for details.
These are our lowest fares and may not apply to your dates of travel. Please check with us. International student I.D.s • Tours • Rail passes
STUDENT TRAVEL NETWORK
1551 Camino del Rio South, Suite 202
692-9213

FREE LECTURE OF HOLISTIC LIFE PRINCIPLES

Monday, March 12 7 pm-9 pm
STARDUST HOTEL TOWER ROOM
Hotel Circle, Mission Valley
Course to follow Tuesday-Saturday
Dr. Ken Marcy, Founder & Director

Los Angeles Chamber Orchestra



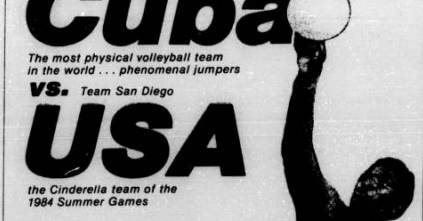
*Sunday, March 11, 1984, 7 PM
Los Angeles Chamber Orchestra Virtuoso Players
Concerto Grosso Opus 6, N. 6 in G minor
Concerto in D Minor for Flute
David Shostak—soloist
Sarabande, Gigue et Badinerie
Octet in E Flat Major
(transcribed for string orchestra)
Sunday, April 8, 1984, 7 PM
Gerard Schwarz, Conductor
Lee Luvisi, Piano; David Shifrin, Clarinet
Strauss Metamorphosen
Copland Clarinet Concerto
Mozart Symphony #27
Mozart Piano Concerto #23
Sunday, June 3, 1984, 7 PM
Gerard Schwarz, Conductor
Alan Vogel, Oboe
Three Tone Pictures
Oboe Concerto
Tritico Botticelliano
Single ticket prices: \$13.50—section A also be honored for this concert only.
Tickets may be purchased by calling the East County Performing Arts Center at 440-2277. Monday-Saturday from 11 AM to 4 PM, at the box office, or by mail at: 210 East Main Street, El Cajon, CA 92020.

LIVING AND LAUGHING IN THE NUCLEAR AGE



THE FRAN & CHARLIE COMEDY SHOW
A benefit for the San Diego Nuclear Weapons Freeze Campaign
The topical sketches of San Francisco comedians Fran & Charlie affirm the absurdity of the nuclear situation and other aspects of contemporary life.
Friday, March 16 • 8 pm
Old Town Education Center • 2445 San Diego Ave.
Tickets: \$6 advance, \$6.50 at door.
Free parking and childcare available.
The performers will also conduct a workshop dealing with the nuclear threat on Thursday, March 15, 7-10 pm.
For ticket and workshop info call 278-3730
Tickets Available at:
Book Mark Bookstore & Cafe, Kensington • Earth Song Book Store, Del Mar • Blue Marine Records, El Cajon • Off The Record, SDSU area • Center for Women's Studies and Services, Downtown SD • Rizzo Bakery, 108 • Green House Cultural Center, Golden Hill • Food Co-Op, Student Dr. UCSD • Old Time Cafe, Leucadia • Kung Food Vegetarian Restaurant, Hillcrest • Puppet International, Vegetarian Restaurant, ESQ

Coca-Cola and Souplantation present:



Cuba USA
The most physical volleyball team in the world... phenomenal jumpers
VS. Team San Diego
the Cinderella team of the 1984 Summer Games
All seats general admission, \$10 & \$6.
Tickets available at the Aztec Center box office (265-6947), SDSU Athletic ticket office, Stadium, Gate F (283-SDSU) and at the match (265-5163). For information or to change tickets call:
692-4162
(Tickets for the 1984 Olympic Volleyball competition are sold out.)
Official Sponsor of the 1984 Summer Olympics
Souplantation
Official Training Table of the USA Men's Volleyball Team
March 9th
San Diego State's
Friday 8 pm Peterson Gym



James Watt
speaks out on
"The Raging Controversy: Preservation vs. Development"
Monday, March 19, 7:30 pm
Open Air Theater, SDSU
SDSU students \$2, other students \$3, general public \$4.
Tickets available at Aztec Center Box Office (265-6947) and all Ticketron outlets.

READER'S GUIDE

er-apr. aimed at improving personal and environmental health. Sun. day, March 11 through Saturday, March 12 through Saturday, March 13.

March 17, various times and locations throughout the country. 262-1589.

expected for these day-long wind-dancing events, free style, slalom, and racing. Friday, March 9 through Sunday, March 11, North State, La Jolla Point, Mission Bay. 459-1757 or 458-2651.

Clippers Basketball, games are scheduled against Denver, Friday, March 9, and Chicago Saturday, March 10, 7:35 p.m., San Diego Sports Arena. 226-9494.

International Volleyball Competition, the U.S. Men's Olympic team takes on Cuba, Friday, March 9, 8 p.m., Peterson Gym, SDSU. 692-4162.

Bike Tour of the Southern California coast, a two-day, 200-mile trip to Lakewood and back, will be sponsored by American Youth Hostels, Saturday, March 10, 7 a.m., Salk Institute parking lot, Torrey Pines Road, La Jolla. Registration 239-2444.

"Fliva-thon," demonstrations of hang-gliding skills and aerobics, sail planes, and remote-controlled aircraft will be held to benefit the San Diego Youth and Community Services, Saturday, March 10, 9 a.m., Torrey Pines Road, La Jolla. 232-5356.

Flying Disc Instruction, the International Flying Disc Association offers ultimate and free-style instruction each Saturday, noon, Belmont Park, Mission Boulevard at West Mission Bay Drive, Mission Beach. Free. 273-7441.

Radio/TV

Padres Baseball, exhibition games get under way with Brooklyn's daily, 1 p.m. KMRM-AM (160), the game against the Angels at Yuma will also be televised, Sunday, March 11, 1 p.m., KUST, Channel 39.

"Purlic," Melba Moore, Robert Guillaume, and Sherman Hemsley star in the Tony award-winning musical based on Cose Davis's play, to be broadcast on Great Performances, Monday, March 12, 9 p.m. (repeating Sunday, March 18, 5 p.m.), KPBS, Channel 15.

Lectures

Protecting Endangered Birds, Larry Farnington with the U.S. Fish and Wildlife Service will speak on behalf of birds, Thursday, March 8, 7 p.m., Museum of Man, Balboa Park. 239-2001.

"Subways," photographer Bruce Davidson will talk about his art and the experience of assembling his show currently at the Museum of Photographic Arts, Thursday, March 8, 7:30 p.m., Natural History Museum Auditorium, Balboa Park. 239-3262.

"International Feminism in the Eighties" is the subject for Gloria

Stemert at a celebration of International Women's Day, Thursday, March 8, 8 p.m., Montecito Hall, Atco Center, SDSU. 265-6524.

Poetry, reading from their own work will be Jeff Ravest, Thursday, March 8, 7 p.m., Multicultural Arts Institute, 425 Market Street, downtown. Free. (236-1521); Jean-Paul Cartier, Friday, March 9, 8 p.m., 103 Mandeville Center, UCSD. Free. (452-6766); and Ed Field, Thursday, March 15, 1:30 p.m., Scripps Cottage, SDSU. Free. 265-5443.

United Nations' Women's Program is the subject of a presentation by Professor Nora Cannon at a potluck dinner to celebrate International Women's Day, Friday, March 9, 6:30 p.m., First Unitarian Church, 490 Front Street, Mission Hills. 453-9200 or 233-1970.

"Women in Politics," Maureen O'Connor, currently on the San Diego Port Commission, will speak as part of the continuing "New Views of Women" series, Wednesday, March 14, 3 p.m., room 221, Hegner Hall, SDSU. Free. 265-6524.

"The New Immigration: A Challenge to American Society," Nathan Glazer, Harvard sociologist and author of Beyond the Melting Pot, will discuss new views on America's ability to assimilate masses of immigrants, Wednesday, March 14, 4 p.m., Mainstage

TO LOCAL EVENTS

Theatre, Dramatic Arts Building, SDSU. 265-6947 or 265-5204.

Galleries

"Lettertime," a post-war, avant-garde movement centering on the letter as sound and visual form, will be displayed through April 15, opening with a reception Friday, March 9, 6 p.m., Mandeville Art Gallery, with a film, La Son en Cinema (6 p.m.) and Jean-Paul Cartier's poetry reading (8 p.m.), room 103, Mandeville Center, UCSD.

"Masks," a mixed-media show of San Diego artist Carl Peck's work will open with a reception for the artist Saturday, March 10, 8 p.m., and remain on view through March 31, Suite 852 Eighth Avenue, downtown. 235-8466.

"American Art Since 1970," paintings, sculpture and graphics from the Whitney Museum of American Art will be on view from Saturday, March 10 through April 15, at the Jolla Museum of Contemporary Art, 700 Prospect Street, La Jolla. 454-3541.

"A Collaboration," drawings and found objects form a single installation work by Richard Baker and Robert Smith that will remain on view through March 9, Masters' Gallery, SDSU. 265-5204.

Mexican Folk Art, contemporary works in tin, wood, and clay will be displayed through March 10, Gallery Eight, 7464 Girard Avenue, La Jolla. 454-9781.

Early Twentieth-century German Art, Nolde, Gros, Kirchner, and Feininger are represented in the private collection on display

through March 11, San Diego Museum of Art, Balboa Park. 231-7931.

"Enchained," an environmental work by Raul M. Guerrero is on display through March 17, Patti Aude Gallery, 660 Ninth Avenue, downtown. 231-9242.

"Stations," three large-scale paintings on oilskins and miniature collages by Colleen Hayward will be on view through March 17, Insular Gallery, 447 Fifth Avenue, downtown. 232-9915.

Drawings and Watercolors by Mexican artist Jose Luis Cuevas will be on view through March 24, Tasende Gallery, 820 Prospect Street, La Jolla. (454-3691); original graphics by Cuevas will be displayed through March 31, San Diego Print Club, 320 G Street, downtown. 232-4664.

Drawings by Steve Gibson, and sculpture and paintings by eight artists including Jay Johnson, Kenneth Capps, and Robert Gould can be viewed through March 24, Quint Gallery, 664 Ninth Avenue, downtown. 239-8592.

Multimedia, the work of David Avshal, Katherine Hart, and Ron Tait will be displayed through March 24, Multicultural Arts Institute, 425 Market Street, downtown. 236-1521.

Paintings and Graphics by Everett Gee Jackson will be displayed through March 25, San Diego Museum of Art, Balboa Park. 232-7931.

"Nightcolor," MOFA director Arthur Ollman's long-exposure, night photographs remain on view through March 31, The Photo-

graphy Gallery, 7468 Girard Avenue, La Jolla. 459-1800.

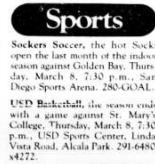
"Situational Photography: Ten Artists," the work of Suzanne Hellmuth, Jack Reynolds, David MacLay, and others represents photographs of situations constructed and directed by the artist for the purpose of photographic observation, and continues on display through March 31, University Art Gallery, SDSU. 265-4941.

"A Distant Drum," the museum's collection of drums from around the world will be displayed through April 9, Museum of Man, Balboa Park. 239-2001.

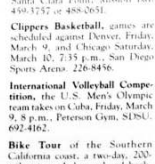
"The Last and First Eskimos," a photographic essay by Alex Harris on modern life in remote Eskimo villages will be on display through April 29, Museum of Man, Balboa Park. 239-2001.



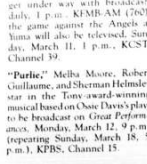
SDMS
presents
Alfonso X
Spanish music of the 13th century performed on instruments of the period
March 10
Saturday, 8:00 p.m.
St. Paul's Episcopal
March 11
Sunday, 2:00 p.m.
Leib Auditorium, La Jolla
(Old Seaside Church)
\$7 (\$6 SDMS members)
at the door or in advance
TELEPHONE 272-8425



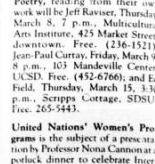
Sports
Soccer, the hot Socks open the last month of the indoor season against Golden Bay, Thursday, March 8, 7:30 p.m., San Diego Sports Arena. 280-0041.
Clippers Basketball, the season ends with a game against St. Mary's College, Thursday, March 8, 7:30 p.m., USD Sports Center, Linda Vista Road, Akula Park. 291-6450/8472.
"Midwinter West Sailboard Regatta," over 200 competitors are expected for these day-long wind-dancing events, free style, slalom, and racing. Friday, March 9 through Sunday, March 11, North State, La Jolla Point, Mission Bay. 459-1757 or 458-2651.



POLKA DANCES
every Friday & Saturday
at 8:00 p.m.
ALL-YOU-CAN-EAT
SMOKERSBOAT
from 5:00 p.m.
\$5.25
BAVARIAN INN
1410 Broadway,
Chula Vista
425-4000



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The La Jolla Museum of Contemporary Art presents
Joe Goode
San Francisco dancer/choreographer with guest artist Livia Blankman in A Performance of Contemporary Theatre Dance
Saturday, March 10, 8 pm
Sherwood Auditorium, 700 Prospect St.
\$6.00 general admission
\$9.00 students, seniors
Ticket information: 454-3541
All ticket holders are invited to preview "American Art Since 1970, Painting, Sculpture and Drawings from the Whitney Museum of American Art." No-host reception begins 5:30 pm.

The La Jolla Symphony Orchestra and Chorus under the direction of Thomas Nee and David Chase perform
BEETHOVEN'S MASS IN C MAJOR, OP. 86
and works by J.S. Bach and Gunther Schuller
Sat., March 10, 8 pm
Sun., March 11, 3 pm
Mandeville Auditorium, UCSD
Ticket prices: \$5 and \$3
Call 452-4637

The San Diego Jazz Festival presents
"The 1983 Jazz Man of the Year"
Michel Petrucciani, solo piano
LA Times
"The biggest 'new talent in piano jazz... his piano improvisations place him in a class somewhere between Bill Evans and McCoy Tyner."
"Jazz phenomenon! Exhilarating and inspiring..." —The Washington Post
"... a rattle-dazzle light hand, a powerhouse left hand, and a brilliantly inventive improvisatory mind."
"Petrucciani's piano is the voice of his heart... one of the great ones, his music is manna from heaven."
—The Monterey Peninsula Herald
Sunday, March 11, 8 pm—only southern California appearance
Sherwood Auditorium, La Jolla Museum of Contemporary Art 700 Prospect, La Jolla
General admission \$10. Tickets can be purchased at all location locations. San Diego Jazz Festival members \$7.00. Tickets on sale at the door, 1 hour prior to performance. For further information call 454-1404.
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TAKE THE AEROBIC CHALLENGE!

ENTER **evian's GREAT SHAPE. NATIONAL AEROBIC CHAMPIONSHIP!**

We'll be scouting the country to find the best aerobic dancers — and one could be you! So get ready! Work up a routine, and join in the fun! Compete in any of three categories: best individual, mixed pairs and team. Increase your chances of winning by entering in more than one! Read the contest information below for further details and send in your entry form today. Qualifying finalists in each city will have a chance to go on to the nationals and win.

A NEW FORD THUNDERBIRD SPA VACATIONS IN EVIAN, FRANCE AND THE BAHAMAS PLUS MUCH MORE!

Just for entering, you will receive the official National Aerobic Championship T-shirt! Brought to you by **evian**, natural spring water and **SHAPE** magazine!

EVENT LOCATIONS AND DATES:
San Diego: April 13-15, San Francisco: May 18-20, Los Angeles: June 1-3, Houston: July 12-14, Dallas: 19, 21, 22, Miami: 21, 22, 23, New York City: August 2-4, 5, 6, 7, 8, 9, 10, 11, 12, 13, 14, 15, 16, 17, 18, 19, 20, 21, 22, 23, 24, 25, 26, 27, 28, 29, 30, 31, September 1, 2, 3, 4, 5, 6, 7, 8, 9, 10, 11, 12, 13, 14, 15, 16, 17, 18, 19, 20, 21, 22, 23, 24, 25, 26, 27, 28, 29, 30, 31, October 1, 2, 3, 4, 5, 6, 7, 8, 9, 10, 11, 12, 13, 14, 15, 16, 17, 18, 19, 20, 21, 22, 23, 24, 25, 26, 27, 28, 29, 30, 31, November 1, 2, 3, 4, 5, 6, 7, 8, 9, 10, 11, 12, 13, 14, 15, 16, 17, 18, 19, 20, 21, 22, 23, 24, 25, 26, 27, 28, 29, 30, 31, December 1, 2, 3, 4, 5, 6, 7, 8, 9, 10, 11, 12, 13, 14, 15, 16, 17, 18, 19, 20, 21, 22, 23, 24, 25, 26, 27, 28, 29, 30, 31, January 1, 2, 3, 4, 5, 6, 7, 8, 9, 10, 11, 12, 13, 14, 15, 16, 17, 18, 19, 20, 21, 22, 23, 24, 25, 26, 27, 28, 29, 30, 31, February 1, 2, 3, 4, 5, 6, 7, 8, 9, 10, 11, 12, 13, 14, 15, 16, 17, 18, 19, 20, 21, 22, 23, 24, 25, 26, 27, 28, 29, 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READER'S GUIDE TO LOCAL EVENTS

Get Down

(continued from page 1)
 In their sonic properties, Latimer and vocalist alike float on a sea of cognates, pretty sounds, and just plain "drippiness," states the vocal co-composer. "That's cool" is a song in anagrammatic French with the sound and sense of the first verse reassembled in subsequent verses like a jigsaw puzzle with several possible solutions, each one forming a different yet related picture. Even her English-language lyrics present familiar ideas in slightly off-center contexts: "Too late, why not, FUN FUN FUN/Hot dog, half baked, FUN FUN FUN/Fat chance, freak out, FUN FUN FUN/Take five, big deal, FUN FUN FUN."
 These lyrics—sung, chanted, whispered, hissed—are then set within music made of traditional and synthesized instrumental sounds, "found" sounds (anything from sirens to blue jays), and even manipulated pop

songs. "Roll Over, Beethoven" and "Surfing USA" can be heard in one of LaPalma's pieces, a dirty written in Esperanto, the hundred-year-old "universal" language no one ever learned to speak. But, fear not, the songs are contained within the familiar verse chorus format we're used to. And some of the lyrics even rhyme.

LaPalma's background includes a degree in poetry and recording media from Mills College and an MFA in criticism and performance art from USC. She has produced experimental and avant-garde programs for National Public Radio and various Pacifica stations. Currently she is a free-lance art critic and instructor at OneParsons school in Los Angeles. LaPalma is also co-creator of this year's Festival of the New Arts in San Diego, which begins in April. She and Chidli will be performing in New Music America festival in New York this summer.

If you're feeling knotty or think you might be too, Marina

LaPalma will bring her collection of old tapes to the Center for Music Experiment, 408 Warren Campus, U.S.D., this Sunday, March 11, 8:30 p.m. Chidli and Cohen are scheduled to perform and will appear on tape only. Admission is free. For more information, call 452-4383.

— Linda Nevada

Case

(continued from page 1)
 some tiny element pushed to the extreme or done just a little wrong, and the whole act looks ridiculous. They are quite catholic in their taste of various dance styles and of the quirks of famous choreographers, as their programs this weekend demonstrate. On their first program (Friday), they present parodies of early Romantic ballet, or ballets to piano accompaniment, of Pjotrkav's

famous *Dying Swan*, and of the brooding, tormented modern dance of Martha Graham. The second program (Saturday) once again surveys issues of the traditional repertoire (*Les Noces*, *Ramona*, and *Swan Lake*), along with the corrupting influence of a certain kind of Soviet ballet. Notion of serious dance can escape their descriptive wit. But here is another paradox. By making the folks of ballet, the Trocks strengthen the art they are satirizing. They make us realize how easily ballet may seem foolish, and thus increase our admiration and respect for those dancers who can make it seem so. So the Trocks, too, deserve our admiration and respect—as well as our gratitude for all the fun they provide.

Leo Ballets Tschladner de Monte Carlo will be performing this weekend at the Fox Theatre, 720 B Street, downtown. The dates are Friday, March 9 and Saturday, March 10; the time both evenings is

8:00 p.m.; and tickets are available at the box office, Ticketron outlets, and Sears stores, or by phone at 235-4203.

— Thomas Arne

Spike

(continued from page 1)
 The Cubans' athleticism helps compensate for a conservative offense and a mediocre ability to receive and return serves. The U.S. team will counter with its quick, almost bawlingly complex offense (run by passing wizard Dary Dvorak), and its solid defense led by Aldo "Stargazer" Berms and Karch "Mr. Everything" Kiraly.

The match begins at 8:00 p.m., Friday, March 9, in Peterson Gym at San Diego State University. For further information call 692-4162.

— Gordon Smith

"Contestants Wanted" Aerobic Dance Contest

\$2000
 IN CASH...PLUS PRIZES
 WORLD SERIES OF
Dance Aerobics

Limited Entries - Call Soon!
 (619) 457-0509 or 453-9668
 The Contest begins MARCH 22, running every Thursday Night at 9:00 P.M. through APRIL 12 with the weekly winners competing for the Final Cash Prize of \$1,000 on APRIL 19th. Call Now!

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Hear one of the brilliant social analysts of our time

Nathan Glazer

Distinguished Graduate Research Lecturer

"The New Immigration: A Challenge to American Society"
 Wednesday, March 14, 1984—4 p.m.
 Main Stage, Dramatic Arts Building
 Tickets, without charge, available at the box office March 12, 13 and on the day of the lecture, 265-5938

SAN DIEGO STATE UNIVERSITY



You are invited to a reception and showing for local artist
JOHN YATO
 Saturday, March 10, 1984
 6 pm to 10 pm
 Mr. Yato will demonstrate his watercolor techniques. A drawing will be held for some of his biographies.

THE ART BAZAAR
 Seaport Village
 805 W. Harbor Drive
 239-7855

Write 6 cheese will be served.

Skitch Henderson conducts

Live Show, New York Pops conductor and arranger

The San Diego Symphony Orchestra

in a
Special Benefit Concert
 for the
Musicians' Pension Fund
 Call 283-SEAT or 235-4203

Fox Theatre
 Thursday, March 15, 1984 7:00 pm
 Tickets:

\$100 post concert buffet; \$60 post concert reception
 \$30 deductible V.I.P. seating, program recognition
 \$25 deductible priority seating, program recognition
 \$35 (\$25 deductible); \$25 (\$17 deductible); \$10 (\$5 deductible)
 Tickets available at Fox Theatre box office and all Ticketron and Sears outlets. For further information, call the San Diego Symphony 239-9721.

THIS FRIDAY

DAN SIEGEL BAND

WAYNE JOHNSON TRIO

March 9, Friday, 8:00 p.m.
 Main Stage, Dramatic Arts Building
 \$10.00, U.S.D. \$8.00
 U.S.D. Box Office or Ticketron 452-4359

READER'S GUIDE TO THE THEATER

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

Members of the cast are Dan McLaughlin, Scott Standell, Lisa Lozano, Debbie Jend, and Brett Weir. The scenic design is by Dan Cork, the lighting is by Roger Henderson, and the costumes are by Olive Bialkowsky (S.M.).

South Coast Repertory Theatre, through March 25, Thursday through Saturday, 8:00 p.m., and Sunday, 7:00 p.m., Matinee Sunday, March 25 at 2:00 p.m.

CACTUS FLOWER
 The Playhouse is staging the comedy — by Albee Burrows, based on a play by Pierre Barillet and Jean F. Grédy — about a swinging Park Avenue dentist who keeps himself single by telling the women in his life that he is married and has three children. Then he decides to marry. He asks his receptionist to pose as his fictional wife and to convince his friends that she is his wife. He has the slits. Pat Kearns directs the production. (S.M.)
 Playhouse, through March 24, Friday and Saturday at 8:00 p.m., Matinee Sunday at 2:00 p.m.

DEATH OF A SALESMAN
 The North County Community Theatre presents Arthur Miller's "tragedy about the last two days in the life of Willy Loman, an aging traveling salesman who discovers that his thirty-six-year quest for the American dream of success has been fruitless. His energies waste his life of self-deception and despair begin to haunt him. John Douglas directs the production. Dennis Turner is Willy Loman. Other members of the cast are Lynette Peppo, Rick Doublin, and Russell Gills. John Hanson is the assistant director. (S.M.)
 North County Community Theatre, through March 17, Friday and Saturday at 8:00 p.m., Matinee Sunday at 2:00 p.m.

DEATHTRAP
 The North Coast Repertory Theatre presents the popular mystery-comedy by Ira Levin, about the playwrights' commissions of a device. Schreyer's recent script has been ripped. Enter a former student of his with a winning play. The plot twists and turns, and the audience is kept on its toes. Ralph Joyce directs the production.

THE GLASS MENAGERIE
 The Highland Community Theatre presents Tennessee Williams' "memory play." Set in a St. Louis tenement in the 1930s, the drama depicts the conflicts among an aging Southern belle who lives on her memories of a more genteel past, her shy and crippled daughter, and her rebellious son who wants desperately to leave the burdens of his job and family. Pat Smith directs the production. Members of the cast are June Phillips, Laura Johnson, Mike Poccari, and Peter Tawers. The set design is by Sanford Rose. The costumes are by John-Bryan Davis, the lighting is by Bob Woodhouse and Gene Exman, and the sound is by Lawrence Cooke. (S.M.)
 Highland Community Theatre, through March 17, Friday and Saturday at 8:00 p.m., Matinee Sunday, March 11 at 2:00 p.m. For information call 466-6962 or 588-2261.

GOOD
 The South Coast Repertory Theatre presents the drama, by C.P. Taylor, set in Nazi Germany during the Second World War. The play depicts the lives of "normal" people in Germany at the time. Are they oblivious of the atrocities being committed? Do they condone them? Or are they afraid to take their voices in protest? David Ervin directs the production. South Coast Repertory Theatre, 655 Twin Coast Drive, Costa Mesa, through March 25, Tuesday through Saturday at 8:00 p.m., Sunday at 7:30 p.m., Matinee Saturday and Sunday at 2:30 p.m. For information call 714-971-4033.

THE HOTHOUSE
 I strongly recommend the Galtrop Theatre's production of an early (though it was not produced until 1980) Harold Pinter drama. It is among the best work the Galtrop has ever done. The play is set in a room, where the patients are numbered — as are the days. Pinter's play is a masterpiece of performance as Pinter, more is said than in the play, but one has the sense nonetheless that some (perhaps all) of the adulterations and/or patients are fed up with the institution and plan an apocalyptic overthrow. Among other things, Hothouse is a murder mystery. Pinter's people, the saga continues, are dim and uncertain futures, are both characters and suspects. Pinter, the paranoid, sadistic, chief administrator, treats them that way.

and so does Galtrop director Will Simpson. He has captured Pinter's rare ability to make everything on stage seem absolutely crucial for one's understanding of the play. And the director's eye for the telling nuance and the nervous glance, as well as for the more broadly played emotions and farcical elements, creates a labyrinth of clues and suggestions that may be saying everything or nothing at all. We may not like Pinter at all much. But — and this is both the power and the fun of the play — the last of suspects is fascinating, the situation is bizarre, and Pinter's deft combination of intrigue and urgency compels us to experience a subtle version of Pinter's raging paranoia, so that we bleed with want to find out just what's really going on. Robert Earl's set design is a fitting locale for making that frenzied search. Composed of black squares, like a defuncted chessboard with no red squares to which one's pieces can be moved, the set is one of Earl's best. The work of the cast, in particular Pinter's own, is outstanding. Typical of Pinter, more is said than in the play, but one has the sense nonetheless that some (perhaps all) of the adulterations and/or patients are fed up with the institution and plan an apocalyptic overthrow. Among other things, Hothouse is a murder mystery. Pinter's people, the saga continues, are dim and uncertain futures, are both characters and suspects. Pinter, the paranoid, sadistic, chief administrator, treats them that way.

starting gun. It goes off at the Galtrop at 8:00 p.m. And may this excellent production continue to run for a long time to come. (S.M.)
 Galtrop Theatre, through Saturday, April 1, Wednesday through Saturday at 8:00 p.m., Matinee Sunday at 2:00 p.m.

HOW DID THAT STORY REMIND THAT
 San Diego Public Theatre, through April 1, Thursday through Saturday at 8:00 p.m.

K2
 Both in its physical demands and in its theme, the San Diego Repertory Theatre's *K2* bears a distinct resemblance to the production of *Alonso Negro's Crossing Niagara* which the Rep staged last winter. Each play pits two men against extreme self-imposed challenges. In *Crossing Niagara*, Blonden and Carlo triumphantly cross the falls in tandem. *K2*, however, is *Crossing Niagara* with Blonden slipping from the rope at the last minute. The play takes place on a small rock ledge at 27,000 feet, more than a thousand feet below the bottom of K2, the world's second highest mountain. The play's two characters, Taylor and Harold, are over-acted on the ledge. By climbing K2, they have made history. Now, because of an accident, they are stranded, and if they don't get off that ledge soon, they're history. Like the experience of mountain climbing itself — in which one's attention is

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 Tickets: \$5 general, \$4 seniors/students

BY PATRICK MEYERS

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Thursday 8th through Sunday 11th
 Extra performance added Sunday 2:30 p.m.
MUST CLOSE MARCH 11
CALL 235-8025
 San Diego Repertory Theatre
 1620 6th Avenue

Theater Directory

THE BOWERY THEATRE
 4801 Elm Street, San Diego
 232-4888

CHINESE THEATRE
 202 C Street, downtown
 236-6100

CONCORDIA PLAYHOUSE
 1795 Second Way, Concordia
 439-4825

EAST COUNTY PERFORMING ARTS CENTER
 210 E. Main Street, El Cajon
 440-2277

EDUCATIONAL COMPLEX THEATRE
 4343 Ocean View Boulevard, Southeast San Diego
 230-3850

FESTA DRIVER THEATRE
 9605 Camino Real, Spring Valley
 697-8977

FOX THEATRE
 720 B Street, downtown
 233-6331

GALTROP QUARTER THEATRE
 547 Fourth Avenue, downtown
 234-9582

GROSSMONT COMMUNITY COLLEGE
 Stagehouse Theatre
 8800 Grossmont College Drive, El Cerrito
 465-1700/4510

JEWISH COMMUNITY CENTER
 Front and Center Theatre
 4070 Fifth Street, San Diego
 581-3300/36

LA JOLLA PLAYHOUSE
 Handell Weiss Center, U.C.S.D.
 430-3960

LA JOLLA STAGE COMPANY
 Foster Auditorium, La Jolla High School
 700 Nautilus Street, La Jolla
 459-7173

LARKS PLAYERS THEATRE
 501 E. Plaza Boulevard, National City
 474-6542

LIGHTSIGHTS COMMUNITY THEATRE
 Ben Polak Fine Arts Center
 8031 University Avenue, La Mesa
 464-5598

LAWRENCE WELLS VILLAGE THEATRE
 6800 Lawrence Wells Drive, Escondido
 749-3448

LEMON GROVE PLAYERS
 Lemon Grove Junior High School
 3140 School Lane, Lemon Grove
 466-5976/486-4400

LYRIC DRIVER THEATRE
 7578 El Capitan Boulevard, La Mesa
 464-1196

MARGHERITA PUBLIC THEATRE
 Margherita Gallery Theatre
 3717 India Street, San Diego
 236-6111

MICROSCOPIC COLLEGE
 Little Theatre
 One Barnard Drive, Oceanside
 751-2121/4236

NORTH COAST REPERTORY THEATRE
 Playhouse of the Pines
 1400 Coast Drive, San Marcos
 481-1025

NORTH COUNTY COMMUNITY THEATRE
 1300 East Vista Way, Vista
 734-1421

OLD GLOBE THEATRE
 Old Globe Theatre
 Casual Center Center Stage
 Festival Square, Balboa Park
 239-2225

OLD TOWN OPERA HOUSE
 4040 Tenth Street, Old Town
 238-0082

PALOMAR COLLEGE
 Palmer College Theatre, San Marcos
 744-8860

PATIO PLAYHOUSE
 Monarch Shopping Center
 1151 E. Valley Parkway, Escondido
 246-6669

PINE HILLS LODGE
 2560 La Poudre Way, Julian
 765-1193

PORT LOMA COLLEGE
 Ballroom Theatre
 3900 Lomaland Drive, Point Loma
 422-9474

THE PLAYSERVICE STAGE COMPANY
 3325 Adams Avenue, Normal Heights
 264-1592

SAN DIEGO CITY COLLEGE THEATRE
 Theater and C. Center, downtown
 239-1504

SAN DIEGO JAPANESE THEATRE
 Casa del Prado Theatre, Balboa Park
 239-6355

SAN DIEGO MESA COLLEGE
 7250 Mesa College Drive, San Diego
 279-2300/4236

SAN DIEGO PUBLIC THEATRE
 311 Eighth Avenue, 6th floor, downtown
 233-7578

SAN DIEGO REPERTORY THEATRE
 1620 6th Avenue, downtown
 235-8025

SAN DIEGO STATE UNIVERSITY
 Main Stage and Experimental Theatre
 200-4984
 Open-air Amphitheatre
 200-4947

SAN DIEGO STATE UNIVERSITY
 Del Mar Playgrounds, Del Mar
 755-7788

SCHREYER RANCH COMMUNITY THEATRE
 Margaretta Junior High School Auditorium
 6200 Gold Coast Drive, San Marcos
 566-7029/4216

SOUTH COAST REPERTORY THEATRE
 695 Twin Center Drive, Costa Mesa
 714-967-4033

SOUTHWESTERN COLLEGE
 Arena Theatre, Payson Hall
 900 Chaplain Street, Chula Vista
 421-1180

STARLIGHT
 Sanlight Theatre, Balboa Park
 230-3049 or 234-5706

UNITED STATES INTERNATIONAL UNIVERSITY
 Zable Theatre
 18405 Pomeroy Road, Scripps Ranch
 271-4300

UNIVERSITY OF CALIFORNIA SAN DIEGO
 U.C.S.D. Theatre, John Muir Theatre
 Studio Theatre
 452-4514
 Handell Weiss Auditorium, Handell Weiss Center
 452-2180

UNIVERSITY OF SAN DIEGO
 Campus Theatre, Azalea Park
 Linda Vista Road, San Diego
 291-6480

NEW OFF BROADWAY DRIVER THEATRE
 3459 Imperial Avenue (at Broadway), Lemon Grove
 698-6330

THE HOTHOUSE
 by HAROLD PINTER
 Wed. Sat. 8:00 pm
 Sun. 2:00 pm
 This production made possible in part by The Koll Company

EXTENDED TO APRIL 15

Reservations: 234-9583
 Valid parking available
 547 Fourth Avenue

"...a provocative evening of sophisticated theater art..." —Weldon Jones, S.D. Union
 "...a splendid production... an exceptional cast..." —a student
 —Bill Hagen, The Tribune

(Continued from page 101)

Johnson himself prefers the label "impressionistic chamber music," and that suits me just fine. What really matters here is that Johnson's music represents a refreshing departure from the excesses of much fusion music and the tiresome pseudo-intellectualism of much of today's new jazz. Especially on *Grasshopper*, Johnson simultaneously champions the causes of melody, subtlety, and spontaneous combustion so convincingly that even at an average length of six minutes,

the tunes are over much too soon. If you like guitar, you'll want to catch Johnson and his trio when they open for the Dan Siegel Band Friday night in UCSB's Mandeville Auditorium. In other concerts this week, **Mathew Wilder** will be at the Rodeo tonight, Thursday, while **Re-Flex** and **The Girls Next Door** are at the Backdoor, and **Big Joe Turner**, **Lee Allen**, and the **Dynatones** are at the Belly Up Tavern. Friday night brings **Holly Near** to the California Theater, and **Eek-A-House** and his band

Calabash to the Club Reggae On Broadway. Saturday's shows include **45 Grave**, **Alien Sex Fiend**, **Kommunity FK**, and **Eleven Sons** at the Adams Avenue Theater; **Jose Cotton's** band **Population 5** and **Lama of the Spirit**; and the **Dynatones** at the Belly Up Tavern. An unusually busy Sunday has **Carole King** at the Fox Theatre in a benefit for presidential candidate Gary Hart; **Doc and Merle Watson** and the **Unstrung Heroes** at the Belly Up Tavern; and the **Coup** at the Rodeo.

CONCERTS

Mail-w Wilder: Rodeo, tonight, Thursday, 8 p.m., La Jolla Village Drive and Villa La Jolla Drive, La Jolla 435-5390.

Re-Flex and The Girls Next Door: SUSH's Backdoor, tonight, Thursday, 9 p.m., 260-6562 or 265-6917.

Big Joe Turner, Lee Allen, and the Dynatones: Belly Up Tavern, tonight, Thursday, 9 p.m., 143 South Cedros Avenue, Solana Beach 481-9022.

Holly Near: California Theater, Friday, March 9, 7:30 p.m., 1122 Fourth Avenue, downtown, 436-4130.

The Dan Siegel Band and the Wayne Johnson Trio: UCSB's Mandeville Auditorium, Friday, March 9, 8 p.m., 452-4359.

Eek-A-House and Calabash: Club Reggae on Broadway, Friday, March 9, 8 p.m., 240 and Broadway, Golden Hill, 283-1566 or 238-5139.

45 Grave, Alien Sex Fiend, Kommunity FK, and Eleven Sons: Adams Avenue Theater, Saturday, March 10, 7:30 p.m., 3325 Adams Avenue, Normal Heights, 565-9947.

TRIP WEST
RENT-A-RECORD
We rent the top 100 Billboard hits for as low as \$1.10. A membership in our Rent-A-Record Club costs as little as \$19.50.

JUST IN—ROCK PHOTOS
Duran Duran, Mötley Crüe, J.J. Evans, and more...

NEED CASH?
We buy A, and record and tape collections.

VAN HALEN SATIN TOUR JACKETS
Special \$29.95

CLASHMENT
Rabbit & General (next to Target), 748-8444

CRUISE VISTA
142 S. Broadway
Fr. or Sat. 10:00 a.m. to 6:00 p.m.
524-4138

EL CAJON
131 Parkway
447-5075

SCUMBIE
1100 S. Valley Parkway
(Under Magnolia)
485-1100

TIM MAZE PRESENTS

45 GRAVE
From England

ALIEN SEX FIEND

KOMMUNITY FK ELEVEN SONS

SAT • MAR 10 • 7:30 pm
ADAMS AVE. THEATRE
3325 Adams Avenue Info: 281-3657

Advance tickets at Ticketron, Off The Record, Stiff Competition & Lou's.
★ See 45 Grave at Off the Record Saturday, March 10, at 2:00 pm ★

Now appearing

SIGNED, SEALED AND DELIVERED



Mercedes Lounge
Tuesday-Saturday, 9:00 pm to 1:30 am
No cover—No minimum

Bahia
Hotel & Restaurant
998 West Mission Bay Drive, 488-0551

BODIES

Thursday, March 8
LONE RIDERS
So hot—back by popular demand.

Friday, March 9



THE BEAT FARMERS

Saturday, March 10
LONE RIDERS still hot

Sunday, March 11
BIG POOL TOURNAMENT An all day affair.

Tuesday, March 13
CURBS
Rock & Roll at it's best. Pure entertainment.



Wednesday, March 14
HURRICANES R&B, dance your heart away.

Mary's Lunch Specials—just for you. Plus other goodies. For all nighters we open 6:00 am. Cover Friday only.

6149 University Avenue • 583-5700

TUBAMANS GRANDSLAM SALOON

Formerly Andy's Saloon.
New second location—

Tuba Too
Entertainment nightly

Saturday
CHICAGO SIX JAZZ BAND 9:00 pm
TOBACCO ROAD JAZZ BAND 9:00 pm

Tonight
TOP 40 D.J. 7:00 pm
FAMILY BLUEGRASS BAND & BARBECUE 7:00 pm

Friday
VIDEO ROCK CONCERT 7:00 pm
WET TOAST 7:00 pm

Sunday
LUCKY LARRY OLDIES D.J. 7:30 pm

Monday
WEDNESDAY

7149 El Cajon Blvd. (just east of 70th St.)
698-6042

Tuba Mans #1 GONE FISHING
country rock—bluegrass

Saturday
CHARTER FLIGHT
rock n' roll & contemporary

Sunday
JAM SESSION 8:30 pm

2551 University Ave. (just east of Texas St.)
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Giant screen T.V.
Cocktails, beer and fine food.
Families welcome.
Food to go at both locations.


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FESTIVAL OF LIFE 84

An exciting showcase featuring the latest advances in health & successful living.

See ordinary people walk across red-hot coals—without injury!
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Feel the excitement of controlling video games and slot cars—with only your mind!

Music • Food • Crafts • Prizes • Continuous entertainment
• 20 nationally known speakers • Over 60 exhibits



All for only \$3.75 adults
\$2 children under 12, per day

Friday, March 16, 4-9 pm
Saturday, March 17, 11 am-8 pm
Sunday, March 18, 11 am-8 pm

Scottish Rite Center
1895 Camino Del Rio South
Mission Valley

For information or complete program call
488-5515

"Experience the future now" at Festival of Life '84"
—Mayor Roger Hedgecock


★★ SPRING EQUINOX DANCE ★★

Rock your soul! Multi-media show • Mini carnival • Performers galore! Plus performance dance contest. Cash prizes for the winners. Any style of dance—'50s, '60s, '70s, '80s.


Judges... your favorite DJ's from
KFM98 WJFMB Z90-FM 92.5

Call 488-5515 to register. Dance admission \$4.00/\$6.50 (includes admission to Festival of Life '84)

Friday, March 16, 8:30 pm-1:00 am
Scottish Rite Center, 1895 Camino del Rio South, Mission Valley (no alcohol, all ages)



Kanickie's Belair Boys



West Coast Band

SPRIT

1130 Buena Ave. 276-3943
Frid. cocktails, dancing, air-conditioned—21 on up

THURSDAY, TONIGHT

Introducing a world premiere with
J.J. FRANK & THE COALITION ORCHESTRA plus
MITCH CORNISH
& The Hellhounds and
FOREIGN AFFAIRS

FRIDAY, MARCH 9
THE PENETRATORS
with
URBAN UMBRELLA
and
LAW OF MOTION

SATURDAY, MARCH 10
POPULATION 5

(New Hot Talent 21+) 871-1109
Juste Cotton's band without Juste. They kicked her out and they're surprised to be one hell of a rock 'n' band.
JOEY HARRIS LUNA UNSTOPPABLE
featuring the field's player from Enuff Said.

TUESDAY, MARCH 13

Peasant Butler & Blue Jean Fisted by
RICK GAZLAY & THE BLUE ZOO REVIEW
featuring electric blues violinist **JOHN ADAM QUINONES**, psychobilly violinist **KENNY "CONGO" TAYLOR**, and gentleman guitarist **GENE ROCHAMBEAU**.
Plus Blues Trivia Contest "Grand Prize"—\$500.
Ths. Chunky peanut butter. All performers welcome. Sign up by 9.

WEDNESDAY, MARCH 14

SAL PARADISE.
HIS ADVENTURES presents
THE SONS OF DAN McLAIR
(Garry Harris, and Paul Remick from The Heavies)
CHRIS DAVIES & RICHARD BANKE, MOJO NIXON, and MITCH CORNISH
& The Hellhounds

TOMORROWS Mar. 15th: HURRICANES plus guests. Mar. 16th: TAMM & THE MONTHLIES, and SHEBA. Mar. 17th: SIA presents Polynesian recording artists—"Time For A Change" himekians—BROKEN EDGE with SHELL LIFE.

ROVING EYE MUSIC REPORTS: Quoth? The Reader hit me where it hurts, they've raised their prices and I cut mine down. Which means, less words, point quicker. Once again is playing an Amazon Warrior in the movie sequel to "Conan the Barbarian." She is keeping things lively on the set because she has no talent how to pull her punches and ticks. In one light scene, she reportedly laid out four stunt men. Wednesday 2nd: Sal Paradise presents his Adventures and judging by them he must have some winners. Opening: Mojo Nixon this guy's brand of music is somewhere 200 rock, ad the stage nicely for the **Black Stone Trio**. Says Dick after his milking his performance. "What I built up in the last 10 struggling years went down in 30 minutes." Next up **Garry Harris** and **J.J. Frank**. With 2-3 guests with accompaniment Garry's one man theatrical performance excelled unequalled to anything I've seen. Can't say more or his head gear will rise again. **Eileen Sosa** followed with their live of death music. **Guy Goodie & the Decent Times** closed with a lay-out to man's unsequential mindless outer limits. What ever **Steve Ramage** writes in the newspaper about this show you can bet he really meant it. He had a nervous breakdown and had to be pulled out. Friday 24th: **Man 10** presented a new set of crimes drama. **Rich Ellis** left early and **Joey Harris** returned more tired than when he left. Sat. 25th: It's opened with the **Strommen** Mojo Nixon salutes the music that made us feel, right at hell. The **Outriders** followed, good songs with guitar fun. Next up completing the **Strommen** Mojo Nixon salutes the music that made us feel, right at hell. The **Penetrators** with surprise guest sitting on drums, the **Big N.R.** who did quite well. He got paid twice. Thanks Sal!

Population 5 and Luma: 276-3943
Saturday, March 10, 9 p.m., 1130 Buena Avenue, 276-3943.
The Dynatonics: Belly Up Tavern, Saturday, March 10, 9 p.m., 143 South Cedros Avenue, Solana Beach, 481-9022.

Michel Petrucci: Sherwood Auditorium, Sunday, March 11, 8 p.m., La Jolla Museum of Contemporary Art, 700 Prospect Street, La Jolla, 439-1404.
Carole King: Fox Theatre, Sunday, March 11, 8 p.m., 720 B Street, downtown, 235-4203.

Doc and Merle Watson and the Unstrung Heroes: Belly Up Tavern, Sunday, March 11, 9 p.m., 143 South Cedros Avenue, Solana Beach, 481-9022.

The Coup: Rodeo, Sunday, March 11, call for time, La Jolla Village Drive and Villa La Jolla Drive, La Jolla, 437-5500.
Billy Idol: Del Mar Fairgrounds, Thursday, March 15, 7:30 p.m., Via de la Valle turnoff from I-5, Del Mar, 483-6339.

Echo and the Bunnymen and Let's Active: SIA at Montezuma Hall, Thursday, March 15, 9 p.m., 265-6562 or 265-6947.

Lee Michaels and Buddy Reed and the Rockets: Belly Up Tavern, Thursday, March 15, 9 p.m., 143 South Cedros Avenue, Solana Beach, 481-9022.

Peter, Paul, and Mary: Fox Theatre, Friday, March 16, 8 p.m., 720 B Street, downtown, 235-4203.

Broken Edges Spirit, Friday, March 16, 9 p.m., 1130 Buena Avenue, 276-3943.

The Boys of the Lough: La Paloma Theater, Sunday, March 18, 7 p.m., First and D streets, Encinitas, 438-4000.

The Three O'Clock: SDSA's Backdoor, Sunday, March 18, 9 p.m., 265-6947 or 265-6562.

Los Lobos and the Rhythms Kings: Belly Up Tavern, Thursday, March 22, 9 p.m., 143 South Cedros Avenue, Solana Beach, 481-9022.

Ted Nugent and the Michael Schenker Group: Del Mar Fairgrounds, Saturday, March 24, 8 p.m., Via de la Valle turnoff from I-5, Del Mar.

Jr. Walker and the All-Stars and the Rhythm Kings: Belly Up Tavern, Saturday, March 24, 9 p.m., 143 South Cedros Avenue, Solana Beach, 481-9022.

Yes: Sports Arena, Tuesday, March 27, 8 p.m., 224-4176.

Big Country and Wire Train: Fox Theatre, Wednesday, March 28, 8 p.m., 720 B Street, downtown, 235-4203.

Jose Jose: Fox Theatre, Thursday, March 29, 7:30 p.m., 720 B Street, downtown, 235-4203.

UK Subs, TSOL, and Personal Conflict: Adams Avenue Theater, Friday, March 30, 8 p.m., 3225 Adams Avenue, Normal Heights, 565-9947.

Ozzie Osbourne and Slade: Sports Arena, Saturday, March 31, 7:30 p.m., 224-4176.

CLUBS

Club listings are compiled by Linda Neim. If you wish to be included, please call 469-6022 Thursday afternoon or Friday before 5:00 p.m. The listings are free.

North County

Bar-X Ranch House, 119 East Broadway, Vista, 724-4538: Gary MacKenzie, swing, Thursday following Saturday.

Belly Up

(41 SOUTH CEDROS) / ONE SOLANA BEACH / 92075

THIRD EAR RECORDING STUDIO
offers high quality live 2 & 6 track recording. Call Malcolm Falk 481-6140 after 11 am.

TONIGHT, March 8 9 pm
Tickets available at Belly Up and Ticketron outlets.

BIG JOE TURNER
and saxophonist Lee Allen from the **BLASTERS** with **THE DYNATONES**

Friday, March 9 9:30 pm
Caribbean Rock & Roll with **THE DYNATONES**

Saturday, March 10 9:30 pm
S.F. Bay Area Rhythm & Blues

Sunday, March 11 9 pm
Tickets at Belly Up and Ticketron outlets

DOC WATSON
and **NEELE WATSON** and guests
THE UNSTRUNG HEROES

Monday, March 12 8 pm
Advance tickets at Belly Up
Peter Grant's new T.V. comedy pilot **"BELLY LAUGH"**

THE MAR DELS
Taping begins at 8 pm
Show at 9 pm

Tuesday, March 13 9:30 pm
Advance tickets at Belly Up
New Techno Pop with late '60s, early '70s great **LEE MICHAELS** (The War Song, "Head 19") and guests **BUDDY REED & THE ROCKETS**

Wednesday, March 14 9 pm
New Country Rockabilly **THE BEAT FARMERS**

Friday & Saturday, March 16 & 17
MOVING TARGETS
Sunday, March 18
KING BISCUIT BLUES BAND
Thursday, March 22
LOS LOBOS 11:00 pm at Belly Up & Ticketron

Friday, March 23
BLUE BIDDIN'
Saturday, March 24
JR. WALKER & THE ALL-STAR (Tickets at Belly Up & Ticketron)
Sunday, March 25
CHICKEN 13 BIG BAND

FREE AFTERNOON CONCERTS 6 TO 8 PM
Belly Long's **RED POINT QUARTET** Wednesday, June 6
Friday, June 8
Saturday, June 9

CHICAGO SIX
Dated and Jazz
WHOLLY CATS
Sunday 10a Mar
HAPPY HOUR 7 DAYS A WEEK TO 7 PM

Serving lunch, dinner & snacks 7 days a week.
Live and in the Belly Up Tavern.

THE FIRST BITE
MARCH PIZZA SPECIALS
Tues. 6:30 pm ALL YOU CAN EAT \$3.25
Mon. & Thurs. 6:30 pm L.G. SLICE \$7.75

For information call 481-9022 following Saturday.

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HENRY BOB JAMES GEORGE EBENSONAL JARREAU JEAN LUC PONTY CHUCK MANGIONE EARL K LUGH JOHN K LEMMER GROVER WASHINGTON JR RAMSEY LEWIS RONNIE LAWS TOM SCOTT TIM WEISBERG

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contemporary, Tuesday through Saturday; 11: Frank, contemporary and jazz piano, Tuesday through Friday happy hours.

Atlantis, 2595 Ingraham Street, Mission Bay, 224-2434: Elements, contemporary, Thursday through Saturday; live entertainment, Tuesday and Wednesday, call club for information.

"Bahia Belle," at the dock, Bahia

Hotel, 998 West Mission Bay Drive, Mission Bay, 488-0551: Main Street, contemporary music for dancing, Friday and Saturday.

Bahia Hotel, 998 West Mission Bay Drive, Mission Bay, 488-0551: Mercedes Lounge: Signed, Sealed, and Delivered, contemporary, Tuesday through Saturday; Piano Bar: Budde Reed, Tuesday through Saturday; Bob MacLeod, Sunday

and Monday.

Beach Club, 1821 Bacon Street, Ocean Beach, 222-8622: Jagerme, rock and roll, Thursday; Skip and the Cadillacs, rock and roll, Friday and Saturday.

Carlos Murphy's, 4303 La Jolla Village Drive, La Jolla, 457-4170: Rockola, vintage rock, Thursday through Saturday; Brian Stevens, contemporary, Sunday; John

Ingram, contemporary, Monday; the Twofaces, rock and roll, Tuesday and Wednesday.

Catamaran Hotel, 3999 Mission Boulevard, Mission Beach, 488-1081: Roberta Linn and Her Champagne Music Makers, standards and contemporary, Tuesday through Saturday; Supercolt, country, Sunday.

Chuck's Steak House, 1259

Prospect Street, La Jolla, 454-5325: Media, jazz, Wednesday through Saturday.

The Comedy Store, 916 Pearl Street, La Jolla, 454-9176: Gary Mulekier and Kay Adolita, comedy, Thursday through Saturday; amateur night, Monday.

Elario's, 7955 La Jolla Shores Drive, La Jolla, 459-0541: Sandy Stewart and Company,

contemporary, Tuesday through Saturday.

Halcyon, 4258 West Point Loma Boulevard, Loma Portal, 225-9559: The Heroes, rock and roll, Thursday through Saturday; Thrillseeker, rock and roll, Friday happy hour; Automatics, rock and roll, Sunday and Monday.

Hilton Hotel, Cargo Bar, 1775 East Mission Bay Drive, Mission Bay.

276-4010: People Movers, contemporary, Wednesday through Saturday; Trinie Play, contemporary, Sunday through Tuesday.

Hotel del Coronado, 1550 Orange Avenue, Coronado, 435-4611: Gloria Michaels and Spring Fever, contemporary dance music, Tuesday through Saturday.

Icelandia Hotel, Circle Lounge, 1441

Quivira Road, Mission Bay, 224-3541: Sandre and the Ram Band, variety stage show, Tuesday through Saturday.

Jose Murphy's, 4302 Mission Boulevard, Pacific Beach, 270-3220: Bratz, rock and roll, Thursday through Saturday; Bobby Chevrolet and the Shames, rock and blues, Sunday and Monday; David Bradley and the Maniac Band, comedy and

music, Tuesday and Wednesday.

La Posada del Sol, 5450 La Jolla Boulevard, La Jolla, 459-6834: Colin and Karen, contemporary, Friday and Saturday.

La Valencia Hotel, 1132 Prospect Street, La Jolla, 454-0771: Bob MacLeod, piano and vocal variety, early evening, Tuesday, and Thursday through Saturday.

Le Chalet, 5046 Newport Avenue, Ocean Beach, 222-5300: The Source, rock and roll, Thursday through Saturday; the Hurricanes, blues and rhythm and blues, Sunday and Monday; Fuse, rock and roll, Tuesday and Wednesday.

McP's, 1107 Orange Avenue, Coronado, 435-5286: Fendi and Good Company, contemporary, Thursday through Saturday.

the **OLD** pacific beach **CAFE**

Bruce Cameron/ Hollis Gentry Ensemble Jazz
Thursday-Saturday 9:30 pm-1:30 am

Ella Ruth Piggee Jazz
Sunday 9:00 pm-1:00 am

Features Rock 'n' roll
Monday & Tuesday 9:30 pm-1:30 am

Tuesday is **Restaurant Employee Night**
Wear your T-shirt. \$1.00 drinks.

Wednesday **Mar Dels**
4287 Mission Blvd., Pacific Beach 270-7522

Dance to
Roberta Linn
and her
CHAMPAGNE MUSIC MAKERS
Tuesday through Saturday

Live country
Sunday, March 11 6:00-10:00 pm
SUPERCOLT

Catamaran
Hotel & Restaurant
3999 Mission Blvd.
488-1081

CARLOS MURPHY'S
ST. PATRICK'S WEEK!
March 11th through the 17th
TRY YOUR LUCK AT OUR POT O' GOLD...
YOU MAY WIN A GOLD KRUGERRAND!

Blarney
Con Carne!
It's the
TWO TONES
March 13th-16th

Entertainment 7 nights a week - No cover!
4303 La Jolla Village Dr. 457-4170

Jose Murphy's
320
Nightclub
4302 Mission Boulevard, Pacific Beach 270-3220
presents

BRATZ
Thursday-Saturday

BOBBY CHEVROLET & THE SHAMES
Sunday & Monday

DAVID BRADLEY & THE MANIAC BAND
Tuesday & Wednesday

Saturday, March 17th
St. Patrick's Day - open 6:00 am
Ceilidh Mile Fálte
One hundred thousand welcomes

MAGNOLIA MULVANEY'S
Each Wednesday-Saturday through the month of March

ipso facto

Wednesday
NO COVER, 50¢ draft beer all night

Thursday
NO COVER, Happy Hour
50¢ well drinks, beer & wine 8:00-10:00 pm

Friday & Saturday
HAPPY HOUR 7:00-9:00 pm
Well drinks, beer & wine \$1.25

MAGNOLIA MULVANEY'S
Corner of Magnolia & Mission Gorge Rd., 418-5530

HALCYON
4258 W. Point Loma 725-9559

Thursday, Friday & Saturday, March 8-10
THE HEROES

Sunday & Monday, March 11 & 12
Nirvana

EVERY WEDNESDAY IS DOLLAR NIGHT
Draft beer & wine \$1.00 Well drinks, domestic beer \$1.25

Every Friday Rock & Roll Happy Hour
* FREE FOOD *
GREAT DRINK SPECIALS

THRILLSEEKER
5:30-8:30

If you haven't eaten at the Halcyon, you've been wasting your money.
Great food - affordable prices.

DOC MASTERS
10101 San Marcos Island Marina Inn
Phone 223 2572

Wednesdays through Saturdays 9 pm-1 am
Ron Bolton Band

Sunday through Tuesday 8 pm-12 am
L.A.

Flanigan's
SUNDAY ENTERTAINMENT AND D.J.'S - 7 NIGHTS A WEEK
Phone 291-8635
5373 Mission Center Rd.

Thursday, March 8 through Saturday, March 10
Live music by **Capt. Jack**
March 8-10

Thursday (all night) \$1 drinks

Monday, March 12
Coors College Night
50¢ Coors draft
\$1 well drinks

Tuesday, March 13
Ladies' Night at Flanigan's
\$1 well drinks

THE LONDON BROTHERS
March 13-17

Wednesday, March 14
Fashion International presents
Super Fashion Auction
Free giveaways every show. You name the price.

Coming soon: Saturday, March 17 - Open at 2:00 pm
Flanigan's St. Patrick's Day Party

• Happy hour, 2:00-6:00 pm
• Draft & drinks 75¢
• 2 bands
• Party favors
3:00 pm to 5:30 pm 9:30 pm to 1:00 am

St. Pat himself would say, as he raised a glass of cheer,
"The way to celebrate my day is with a mug of beer."

AT THE AZAMO
WE'RE DEALING
LIVE ROCK
TUESDAY THROUGH
SATURDAY
FROM 8 PM NIGHTLY

FLYWEIL
Live on stage
Voted San Diego's No. 1 band
for 2nd consecutive year

VIDEO/DANCE
2 GIANT SCREENS

EVERY TUESDAY
LADIES' NIGHT SPECIAL
Rock • Domestic Beer • Great Drinks
★ \$1 ONE BUCK \$1 ★
ALL NIGHT LONG

EVERY WEDNESDAY
LADIES' T-SHIRT NIGHT
The original amateur T-shirt night is back!
\$200 CASH PRIZES
Grand prize \$100 • 2nd place \$50
1st place \$25 • 4th place \$25
Free tank top to all contestants!
Call 276-0301 for details

TONIGHT!
EVERY THURSDAY
LONG ISLAND ICED TEAS
★ ★ \$100 ★ ★
ALL NIGHT LONG

75¢
ANY DRINK IN THE HOUSE
Every Wednesday & Thursday
from 8:00 pm to 9:30 pm

***** FRIDAY *****
& SATURDAY
BIG FUN ROCK WEEKEND
Door charge: Tuesday/Thursday \$2
Friday & Saturday \$3
3093 CLAIREMONT DRIVE
SAN DIEGO
276-0301 • 276-2240 •
276-3437
Adjacent to Clairemont Bowl

Mexican Village, 120 Orange Avenue, Coronado 435-1822: Moments' Notice, contemporary, Friday and Saturday.

Mom's Saloon, 945 Garnet Avenue, Pacific Beach 483-7737: Illusion, rock and roll, Tuesday through Saturday.

Mulaney's, 1031 Orange Avenue, Coronado 435-4460: Rick Casey, contemporary, Thursday; Brian Stevens, contemporary, Friday and Saturday.

Mulaney's, 4230 Mission Boulevard, Pacific Beach 483-7383: Live music, Friday and Saturday, call club for information.

Old Pacific Beach Cafe, 4287 Mission Boulevard, Pacific Beach 276-7522: The Bruce Cameron and Hollis Gentry Ensemble, jazz, Thursday through Saturday; Ella Ruth Piggy, jazz, Sunday; the Features, rock and roll, Tuesday; the Mar Dels, vintage rock, Wednesday.

Rodes, 8980 Villa La Jolla Drive, La Jolla 457-5504: Matthew Walker, rock and roll, Thursday; Moving Targets, rock and roll, Friday and Saturday; dance to recorded music, Sunday; N-E-1, rock and roll, Tuesday; Chiland, rock and roll, Wednesday.

Rodney Inn, 2901 Nimitz Boulevard, Loma Portal 224-3655: Espresso, contemporary, Thursday through Saturday; live music, Tuesday and Wednesday, call club for information.

Sandtrap Lounge, 2702 North Mission Bay Drive, Mission Bay 274-3314: The Kirk Bates Trio, contemporary dance music, Wednesday through Saturday.

Texas Tushes, 4970 Voltaire Street, Ocean Beach 226-8845: Tom "Cal" Courtney, blues, Thursday; Michael Fleming, country blues, Saturday.

Upbeat Crew and Co., Seacoast Square, 4475 Mission Beach Boulevard, Pacific Beach 272-8990: Light classical music, Sunday brunch.

Vacation Village Hotel, Bay Lounge, Vacation Isle, Mission Bay 274-4630: Shine It On, contemporary, Tuesday through Saturday; musical entertainment, Sunday and Monday, call club for information.

Victor's, 1403 Rosecrans Street, Point Loma 226-1871: Upstairs: Rick Sutton, contemporary, Thursday through Saturday; Espresso, contemporary, Monday and Tuesday; Delene, contemporary, Wednesday; Piano Bar: Louis Vasquez, seven nights.

Windrose, 1335 Quivira Road, Marina Village, Mission Bay Park 223-2335: Dirk Debonaire, rock and roll, Wednesday through Saturday; Joey Harris and the Speedsters, rock and roll, Sunday and Monday; the West Coast Twisters, vintage rock, Tuesday.

San Diego North

The Alhambra Country Saloon, Town and Country Hotel, 500 Hotel Circle North, Mission Valley 291-7131: Stampede, country, Tuesday through Saturday.

The Aloha, 3093 Clairemont Drive, Clairemont 276-2240: Flywell, rock and roll, Tuesday through Saturday.

Rachanal, 8022 Clairemont Mesa Boulevard, Kearny Mesa 560-8022: Forward Motion, top 40 dance music, Tuesday through Saturday; tea dance with big band music, Saturday afternoon; the Hal Crook Jazz Band, jazz, Monday.

Black Angus, 10370 Friar Road, Mission Valley 263-5862: RFM, rock and roll, Tuesday through Saturday.

The Harney Stone Pub, 5617 Balboa Avenue, Clairemont.

MOM'S

276-4653
945 Garnet, P.B.
Open Tuesday-Saturday

Tuesdays
\$1.00 WELL DRINKS
until closing. No cover 'til 9:00

\$1.25 DRINK SPECIALS
Wednesday all night. No cover 'til 9:00

Thursday
LADIES' NIGHT
Free admission, all night
\$1.25 Long Island Iced Teas all night.

Thursday-Saturday & Tuesday & Wednesday



NEW
Friday & Saturday
come early & save
8:00-8:30 \$1.00 COVER
& 50¢ WELL DRINKS
8:30-9:00 \$2.00 COVER
& 50¢ WELL DRINKS

While you dance watch yourself!
NEW 13'
VIDEO
SCREEN.

FREE ADMISSION
plus 75¢ giant beers weeknights
until 9:00 pm

Saturday, March 17
JOIN US FOR OUR
GIANT ST. PATRICK'S
PARTY

Coming
March 30

POCKETFUL

279-2033: Irish music with Sean McVicker, Wednesday through Saturday; Jeff Bryan, Sunday.

Bunbury's, 9906 Mira Mesa Boulevard, Mira Mesa 578-8666: Double take, contemporary, Thursday through Saturday.

Carriage House, 7945 Balboa Avenue, Clairemont 278-2597: Dan Connor, country originals, Wednesday through Saturday.

Donaghi's, 5323 Mission Center Road, Mission Valley 297-6370: L.A., rock and roll, Thursday through Saturday.

Flanagan's, 5373 Mission Center Road, Mission Valley 291-8625: Crystal, rock and roll, Thursday through Saturday.

Gold Coast Lounge, Town and Country Hotel, 500 Hotel Circle North, Mission Valley 291-7131: Piano Bar: Jack Pollack, Tuesday through Saturday.

Le Chalet
Entertainment by the Sea
DANCING
LIVE ENTERTAINMENT 7 NIGHTS A WEEK

NEW HAPPY HOURS:
Wednesday 5-9, wear your favorite San Diego bar T-shirt and get well drinks for 95¢
Friday 4-5 **Early Bird Happy Hour**, well drinks 95¢.
Monday-Saturday, 5-7, well doubles \$1.25.

THE SOURCE
Rock 'n' Roll
Thursday, Friday & Saturday, March 8, 9 & 10

HURRICANES
The blues are back
Sunday & Monday, March 11 & 12
No cover

FIRE
Rock 'n' Roll
Tuesday & Wednesday, March 13 & 14
No cover

Saturday Pool Tournament 2:00 pm.
5046 Newport Ave. Ocean Beach
222-5300

through Saturday; Sharon Skid tel, Sunday and Monday.

Haji Baba, 104 Mission Valley Center West, Mission Valley 288-2000: Live Arabic music and entertainment, Tuesday through Saturday, with open stage belly dancing Tuesday; live Greek music, Sunday.

Holiday Inn/Mission Valley, 2270 Hotel Circle North, Mission Valley 291-5720: Aria with Debbie Fernandez, contemporary, Tuesday through Saturday.

Islands Lounge, Haralee Hotel, 2270 Hotel Circle North, Mission Valley 291-5720: The Spud Brothers, comedy and vintage rock, Tuesday through Saturday; Chakra, contemporary, Sunday and Monday.

Kearny Mesa Bowl, 7585 Clairemont Mesa Boulevard, Kearny Mesa 278-1501: Third Degree, contemporary, Tuesday through Saturday.

La Hacienda Cantina, 878 Hotel Circle South, Mission Valley 298-8281: Bob Long, pop, boogie, and jazz, Tuesday through Saturday; Bill Brackett, comedy and music, Monday.

Leh's Greenhouse, 2828 Camino del Rio South, Mission Valley 298-2828: The Stern Brothers, rock and Beatles music, Tuesday through Saturday, with Automatics, rock and roll, Friday and Saturday; the Reflectors, rock and roll, Sunday and Monday.

Maul's, 10475 San Diego Mission Road, Mission Valley 563-0060: Kids, rock and roll, Thursday through Saturday; the Bruce Cameron and Hollis Gentry Ensemble, jazz, Sunday and Monday.

Monterey Whaling Company, 497 Camino del Rio South, Mission Valley 291-1638: Phil Stumpo, comedy and music, Wednesday through Saturday; Robb Huff, contemporary, Sunday through Tuesday.

Navajo Inn, 8515 Navajo Road, San Carlos 465-1726: RBC, rock and roll, Tuesday through Saturday; the Press, rock and roll, Sunday and Monday.

Pal Joey's, 5147 Waring Road, Allied Gardens 288-7873: Pro Brigham's Preservation Band, Distelard, swing and oldies, Friday and Saturday.

Pavilion Lounge, Town and Country Hotel, 500 Hotel Circle North 291-7131: Apropos, pop and jazz, Tuesday through Saturday.

Smuggler's Inn, 402 Fashion Valley, Fashion Valley East 291-7170: The Rockaways, music and fun from the '50s to the '80s, Tuesday through Saturday.

Spirit, 1130 Buena Avenue, Bay Park 276-3923: Mitchell Cornish and the Hell Hounds, rock and roll, Foreign Affairs, rock and roll, J.J. Frank and the Coalition Orchestra, rock and roll, Thursday; the Penetration, rock and roll, Laws of Motion, rock and roll, Urban Umbrella, rock and roll, Friday; Joey Harris and the Speedsters, rock and roll, Population Five, rock and roll, Luna, rock and roll, Unstoppable, rock and roll.

Saturday: "Peanut Butter and Blues Jam" Night with John Adams Quivones, Kenny "Congo" Taylor, and Gene Richman, Tuesday; Rock and Blues Night with Mojo Nixon, Skid Roper, Joey Harris and the Speedsters, Paul Karamanski, Chris Davies, Richard Sanke, and Mitchell Cornish and the Hell Hounds, Wednesday.

Springfield Wagon Works, 5255 Kearny Villa Road, Kearny Mesa 965-2772: Jo Trimmer, piano bar, Thursday through Sunday.

The Stadium Club, 6065 Farmington Extension (at Team), Mission Gorge 282-3286: Billy Thomas and the Ambush Gang, country, Friday and Saturday.

Tio Leo's/Mira Mesa, 10757

Carmine Ruiz, Mira Mesa 695-1461; Joe Stewart, country and contemporary, Thursday and Sunday; live entertainment, Friday

and Saturday, call club for information; Danny Lopez, contemporary, Monday and Tuesday.

WANTED

Bands, managers, agents:
Distillery East will be
auditioning new bands
every Wednesday in March.
Bands selected will be
included in the regular
Distillery East talent roster.
For band information contact
Backstage Productions 481-3651.
Ask for Kevin or Bill.



A JAZZ LOVER'S DELIGHT

JAZZ JAZZ JAZZ

Salmon House presents
**THE OCEAN BEACH
JAZZ ENSEMBLE**
Friday, March 9 & Saturday, March 10,
8 pm till closing.
Great for listening and dancing.
No cover charge.
Dine and dance on beautiful Mission Bay.



BACKDOOR
91X
presents
REFLEX

"The Politics of Dancing." "Praying to the Beat"—A dance concert not to be missed!
plus
THE GIRLS NEXT DOOR
Thursday, March 8, 9:00 pm
Tickets: Students \$6.50, general \$7.50
Available at all Ticketron outlets. Aztec Center
box office and Off the Record. For more information:
265-6947 or 265-6562. Presented by the Associated
Students of S.D.S.U.

The fabulous Spud Brothers



Dance to the great sounds of the '50s & '60s
Tuesday-Saturday beginning at 8:30 pm

HANAELI HOTEL
2270 Hotel Circle N., Mission Valley—297-1101

To Leo's/Mission Gorge, 6333 Mission Gorge Road, Mission Gorge, 280-9444; Joe Stewart contemporary and country, Tuesday, Friday, and Saturday; Espresso, contemporary, Wednesday and Thursday.

Wrangler's Root, 6608 Mission Gorge Road, Mission Gorge, 290-6263; Steve Gray, country, Tuesday through Saturday; live country music, Sunday and Monday; call club for information.

San Diego South

Anthony's Harborside, 1355 North Harbor Drive, downtown, 232-4358; Old Ridge, comedy and music, Tuesday through Saturday.

Artee Bowl, Turquoise Lounge, 4356 Thurlcott Street, North Park, 261-3135; Vic Starr and Ace, contemporary, Thursday; Mixed Company, contemporary, Friday and Saturday; Moment's Notice, contemporary, Wednesday.

Barnacle Bill's, 1880 Harbor Island Drive, Harbor Island, 297-1673; Eddie Preston, contemporary, Wednesday through Saturday.

Boat House, 2040 Harbor Island Drive, Harbor Island, 291-8010; Stone's Throw, vintage jazz, swing, and rock, Wednesday through Saturday; Tommy Rocker, comedy and music, Sunday through Tuesday.

Cafe Angeli, 1578 West Lewis Street, Mission Hills, 299-3250; David and Francesca Savage, light classical, early evening Saturday and Sunday brunch.

Cafe del Rey, 1549 El Prado, Balboa Park, 234-8511; Dale Vernon, piano and guitar variety, Tuesday through Saturday evenings and Sunday afternoon.

Crossroads, 345 Market Street, downtown, 233-7856; The Big City Blues Band, blues and jazz, Wednesday and Thursday; live jazz, Friday and Saturday; club for information, open jam session, Monday and Tuesday.

Doe Masters, 2051 Shelter Island Drive, Shelter Island, 233-2572; The Ron Bolton Band, rock and roll, Wednesday through Saturday; L.A., rock and roll, Sunday through Tuesday.

Doodle's, 4225 El Cajon Boulevard, East San Diego, 263-6561; Paul Gregg, piano bar, Wednesday through Monday.

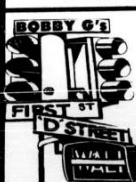
Droway Maggie's, 31st and University, North Park, 298-8584; Rose Hips String Band, folk, country, and bluegrass, Thursday; Tom and Judy Carlstrom, folk music, Friday; Zmros, klezmer music, Saturday; Tobacco Road, vintage jazz, swing, and boogie-woogie, Sunday; Old Time Hood Night, Monday; Irish Music Night with Siamas Gael Celtic Band, Tuesday; Bluegrass Jamboree, Wednesday; Lunch Hour Shows: Turno, jazz piano, Wednesday through Friday; Early Evening Shows: Dancing Bears, folk, country, and bluegrass, Tuesday; Lynn Hall, Latin American harp, Thursday; Ken Baehler, twelve-string originals and vocals, Friday; Tom Cahoon, folk music, Saturday.

Fat City/China Camp, 2137 Pacific Highway, downtown, 232-0686; Harvey and 52nd St. Jive, jazz, swing, show tunes, and pop, Friday and Saturday.

Harpoon Henry's, 2725 Shelter Island Drive, Shelter Island, 224-8242; J.J. Frank and the Constitution Orchestra, pop, and the Bigman Jazz Ensemble, jazz, Friday and Saturday.

Hotel San Diego, 319 West Broadway, downtown, 234-0222.

Bobby G's



Thursday-Saturday,
March 8-10

JOHNNY ALMOND BAND



Sunday, Tuesday

THE ECHOES

Wednesday-Saturday, March 14-17

THE SOURCE

485 FIRST ST., ENCINITAS 436-7397



PHILLIP FRANCES STUMPO RETURNS.

WEDNESDAY-SATURDAY
UNTIL MARCH 17
EXCLUSIVELY AT



887 CAMINO DEL RIO,
SAN DIEGO
291-1638



SANDY STEWART
Tuesday through Saturday, 9:00 pm-1:00 am



Summer House Inn, 7955 La Jolla Shores Dr.

originals, Thursday through
Saturday.

Imperial House, 505 Kalmia at Park Boulevard, Hillcrest, 234-3325; Wayne Jure and Richard James, jazz, Friday and Saturday.

"The Invader," at the dock at 1066 North Harbor Drive, downtown, 298-8066; The Invaders, contemporary music for dancing, early evening seven nights.

Jolly Roger, 807 West Harbor Drive, Sopot Village, 233-4300; John Barker and Melissa McCracken, contemporary, Wednesday through Saturday.

Mandolin Wind, 308 University Avenue, Hillcrest, 297-3017; King Biscuit Blues, blues and rhythm and blues, Thursday through Saturday; the Blonde Bruce Band, blues and rhythm and blues, Wednesday.

Mona Lisa Restaurant and Cocktails, 2061 India Street, downtown, 234-4863; Guy and Jackie with Gal Warner and guests, Italian songs, pop standards, and opera, Saturday.

Our Place, 2424 Fifth Avenue, Hillcrest, 232-1773; The Art Resnick Trio, jazz, Friday and Saturday.

Parick's II, 428 F Street, downtown, 233-3077; The Sky Rainey Trio, jazz, Wednesday; Pro Brigham's Preservation Jazz Band, jazz, early evening Thursday; Nitetrain, 50s and 60s light rock for dancing, early evening Friday and Saturday.

Prophet Restaurant, 4461 University Avenue, East San Diego, 293-7448; The Brian Das, classical guitar, early evening Wednesday and Saturday; Lori Bell and Friends, jazz, early evening Thursday; Lori

Bell and Shep Meyers, jazz, early evening Sunday.

Raphael's, Travelodge Tower, 1960 Harbor Island Drive, Harbor Island, 291-6700; Javert Redshaw, acoustic contemporary guitar, early evening Tuesday through Saturday.

Salerno's, 3302 University Avenue, North Park, 780-6162; Richard James and Friends, jazz, early evening Tuesday through Thursday; Anna Bjarnson, Herman Salerno, and guests, opera highlights, pop, and show tunes, early evening Friday and Saturday.

Sheraton Harbor Island, 1380 Harbor Island Drive, Harbor Island, 291-2905; George Calvores and Co., contemporary, Tuesday through Saturday; Ducktail Feste, vintage rock, Thursday and Friday happy hours and Monday evening.

Soleida's, 425 West B Street,

downtown, 232-7588; Ron Satterfield and Keyen Lettau, jazz, Thursday through Saturday.

Tom Ham's Lighthouse, 2150 Harbor Island Drive, Harbor Island, 291-9110; Danyal and Melissa, contemporary, Wednesday through Saturday; Donna, Cote, contemporary, Monday and Tuesday.

The Top of the Park, Park Manor Hotel, 525 Spruce Street, Hillcrest, 295-2181; Bee Jee Kunkel, piano bar, Thursday through Saturday.

Trojan Horse, 6179 University Avenue, East San Diego, 682-1070; Quest, rock and roll, Thursday through Saturday; Vowee, rock and roll, Sunday through Wednesday.

Tuba Man's, 2551 University Avenue, North Park, 295-9426; Men That Don't Work, rockin' country blues, Friday; Charles Faght, contemporary, Saturday.

Tuba Man's No. 2, 7189 El Cajon Boulevard, East San Diego, 688-6042; Tobacco Road, vintage jazz and boogie-woogie, Thursday.

Final Appearance

Bob Long

Enjoy this excellent piano player
Tuesday-Saturday
beginning at 9:00 pm

Bill Brackett
Monday nights

Appearing soon—
Jason Chase



Mission Valley Inn, 875 Hotel Circle S.
298-8281

We have the best seats for
YES plus **BERLIN** March 27 **VAN HALEN** May 20 & 21
Deposit now **BILLY JOEL** April 27 **OZZY OSBOURNE** March 31

On sale now:

BILLY JOEL 3/15 **GARLE KING** 3/11
ROMANTICS 4/13 **TED NUGENT** 3/24
BIG COUNTRY 3/28

Deposit now:
MICHAEL JACKSON • DURAN DURAN • ROD STEWART

PADRES OPENING DAY & ALL GAMES • '84 OLYMPICS • KENTUCKY DERBY

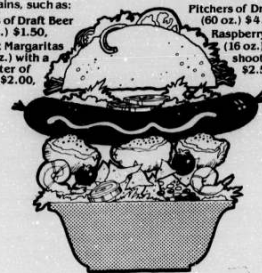
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Free Dinner

Enjoy Two of San Diego's Most Spectacular Happy Hours.
4:30—7:00PM, Mon.—Fri.

You won't need dinner after feasting at the most bountiful happy hour hours d'oeuvre tables in town. Where San Diego's most attractive people meet to enjoy a menu that changes every night, a real meal for free while they select from among great drink bargains, such as:

Mugs of Draft Beer (16oz.) \$1.50,
Giant Margaritas (16 oz.) with a shooter of Gold \$2.00.



Pitchers of Draft Beer (60 oz.) \$4.50,
Raspberry Margaritas (16 oz.) with a shooter of Gold \$2.50.

The Feast At The Terrarium.

MON: Hot Nachos & Hot Dogs
TUES: Peel Your Own Shrimp
WED: Make Your Own Potato Skins
THURS: Taco Bar With All The Fixin's
FRI: The Bottomless Chili Bowl

THE TERRARIUM LOUNGE AT



Atop the La Jolla Village Inn
Corner Highway 5 and La Jolla Village Dr.
(619) 453-5500

The Humphrey's Happy Hour Banquet.

MON: Carved Roast Beef Sandwiches
TUES: Peel Your Own Shrimp
WED: The Bottomless Chili Bowl
THURS: Taco Bar With All The Fixin's
FRI: Pan Pizza
Plus live entertainment in the Piano Bar.



At the Half Moon Inn
2303 Shelter Island Drive
(619) 224-5411

American Dream Music

4th Anniversary Sale

Help us celebrate our anniversary by taking advantage of our lowest prices ever.

Clearance and Closeout Items Up to 60% Off
Everything in the Store Discounted All Lines - No Exceptions

Come see... **Postex, JBL, Studiomaster, Symetrix, Gallien-Krueger, programmable Roland digital delays.**

2 for the price of 1
All strings - No exceptions!
Remember—you deserve to be treated like a professional.

6250 El Cajon Blvd., Suite 101 582-1090
(behind the new construction, corner of 63rd & El Cajon)



recent music. Friday, Monday, and Wednesday: The Chicago Six, Duane and the Family, Bluesgrass Band, Bluegrass, early evening Sunday, Wet Tuna, contemporary. Tuesday:

East County

Hexter's, 1025 Fletcher Parkway, El

Cajon, 442-9271. The Head Band, rock and roll. Tuesday through Saturday.

Black Angus, 1000 Graves Avenue, El Cajon, 440-5055. Random Sample, rock and roll. Tuesday through Saturday.

Blarney Stone Tux, 7050 El Cajon Boulevard, La Mesa, 463-2265. Irish music with Art Brian, Tuesday.

Brian Connolly, Wednesday through Sunday.

The Humlocks Restaurant, 8320 Parkway Drive, La Mesa, 465-3606. Jerry Burchard, contemporary piano. Thursday through Saturday. Bruce Robbins, contemporary. Sunday and Monday. Jim Moore, contemporary. Tuesday and Wednesday.

Hull and Bear, 600 North Second

Street, El Cajon, 440-5757. Chum Reaction, contemporary. Tuesday through Saturday. Delece, contemporary. Monday.

The Cabins Lounge, 975 Greenfield Avenue, El Cajon, 440-9526. Ron Morris, contemporary. Friday and Saturday. **Circle D Corral**, 1033 Broadway, El Cajon, 444-7443. Country. Country. Tuesday.

through Saturday. Live country music. Sunday and Monday. Call club for information.

Don's West, 3286 Baltimore Drive, La Mesa, 442-0533. Shenandoah, country. Wednesday through Sunday, with country dance lessons early evening Wednesday and Thursday.

Finn Springs Inn, 15505 Highway 80, El Cajon, 443-9568. Free Rent,

country. Friday through Monday.

The Horseshoe Tavern, 7664 Roadside, Lemoore, 469-6344. The Smith Brothers, country rock. Friday and Saturday.

Hungry Hunter, 402 Fletcher Parkway, El Cajon, 442-0517. Terry & Bob, contemporary. Tuesday through Saturday.

Kentucky Stud, 11377 Woodside

Avenue, San Diego, 445-3402. Southbound, country. Friday through Sunday.

Lakeview Hotel, 9940 River Street, Lakeside, 443-9591. Red Lane and Rumble Fever, country. Friday through Sunday.

Live Oak Springs Resort, Old Highway 85, Lakeside, 726-4288. Ronnie Lee and the Trademarks, country. Friday and Saturday.

Lorenza's, 506 Broadway, El Cajon, 442-9696. Full Circle, contemporary. Tuesday through Saturday. Fro Brigham's Preservation Band, Duane and the Family, Sunday and Monday.

Magnolia Mulvaney's, 8861 Magnolia Avenue, San Diego, 448-5550. Ippu Fazio, rock and roll. Wednesday through Saturday. **Mr. Bill's Backroom Saloon**, 399

North Magnolia, El Cajon, Hutson and Red with Dave Stevenson, contemporary and variety. Wednesday through Saturday. Steve Horn, comedy and contemporary. Sunday through Tuesday.

Nite Owl East, 687 North Mulliken Avenue, El Cajon, 447-3854. Vizion, contemporary. Tuesday through Saturday.

Our Favorite Place, 8646 Mission Gorge Road, San Diego, 449-6240. Bob Santillan and Ray Lugo, contemporary and oldies. Thursday through Saturday evening, and early evening Sunday.

The Oz Bow Inn, 5836 Campo Road, Spring Valley, 469-9616. Dan Rivers and Terry Martin, country. Tuesday through Thursday. Curly Lynn and the Sundowners, country.



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March 10, 8:00 pm-11:30 pm
Tripp Sprague
with **Mich Long** and **Bill Andrews**, bass and **Carol MacFarland**, vocalist

March 11
Tripp Sprague
with special guest **Mich Long** for Sunday Champagne Brunch 10:00 am-1:00 pm



Peter Sprague Trio

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Friday and Saturday, March 10 & 17, 24
& 25, 30 & 31, and Sunday Champagne
Brunch, March 18 & 25 and April 1



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Oh! Ridge

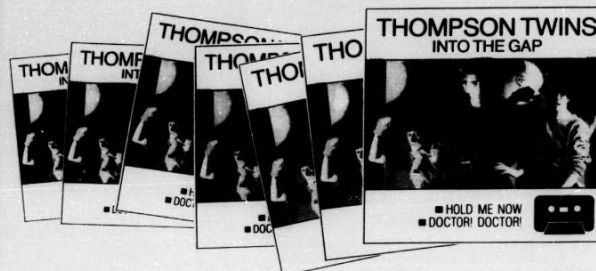
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Happy Hour with free hors d'oeuvres Monday-Friday 4:00-6:00 pm.

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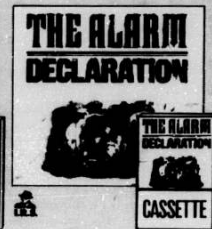
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NATIONAL CITY 6330 El Camino
1525 El Camino
SAN DIEGO 3842 University Avenue
Fashion Valley Mall
4444 El Camino
3700 Sports Arena Blvd.

Friday and Saturday

Park Place, 1280 Fletcher Parkway, El Cajon 448-4111. Diamond, rock and roll, Thursday through Saturday. Status, rock and roll, Sunday and Monday. Prophet, rock and roll, Tuesday and Wednesday.

Reuben's, 5455 Grossmont Center Drive, La Mesa 465-3154. True Spirit, contemporary, Tuesday through Saturday.

Saxon's, 7333 El Cajon Boulevard, La Mesa 460-1800. Steve Mouton and Finest Action, contemporary, Tuesday through Saturday. Tim Kover and T.S.S.R., one-man band variety, Sunday and Monday.

Silver Spur, 7941 Mission Gorge Road, San Jose 448-4882. Lighten!

Train, country, Wednesday through Saturday

Spring Valley Inn, 9034 Campo Road, Spring Valley. The Beat Farmers, rockabilly and country, Sunday.

The Turquoise Lounge, 9975 Severn Drive, La Mesa 465-1325. Status, rock and roll, Tuesday through Saturday.

Van Winkle's, 10055 Mission Gorge Road, San Jose 449-0060. California, country, Thursday through Saturday.

South Bay

Bocarian Inn, 1410 Broadway, Chula Vista 425-4000. The Gove

Dover Polka Band, polka music, Friday; live polka bands, Saturday

Black Angus, 707 E Street, Chula Vista 425-9200. The Buzz, rock and roll, Tuesday through Saturday.

Bull N' Stick, 608 Palm Avenue, Imperial Beach 429-5300. Transaction, rock and roll, Tuesday through Saturday; the Muscymakers, contemporary, Sunday through Tuesday.

China Five Restaurant, 569 H Street, Chula Vista 426-5951. Jeff Bryan, acoustic contemporary, Thursday through Saturday.

Country Bumpkin, 1862 Palm Avenue, Imperial Beach 429-1861. Tall Cotton, country honky tonk, Tuesday through Saturday; live vintage rock, Sunday and Monday, call club for information.

Dance Machine, 1862 Palm Avenue, Imperial Beach 429-1861. Bandit, rock and roll, Tuesday through Saturday; live rock and roll, Sunday and Monday, call club for information.

Deck's Cocktail, 317 Third Avenue, Chula Vista 422-1566. Lee Whittington, contemporary and country, Thursday through Saturday.

Hungry Hunter, 1344 Palm Avenue, Imperial Beach 423-0953. Live entertainment, call club for information.

Hutch's, 1463 Palm Avenue, Imperial Beach 423-3479. Leather and Lace, country, Friday and Saturday.

Joe's, 415 Broadway, Chula Vista 420-4828. Louie and Pina, contemporary and Latin, Thursday through Monday; the Rebels, rock, oldies, and Latin, Tuesday and Wednesday.

La Mesa, 1441 Highland Avenue, National City 474-3222. Bruce Robbins, contemporary, Tuesday through Thursday; East Coast, contemporary, Friday and Saturday.

Landmark Cocktail Lounge, 251 Sweetwater Road, National City



CAROL KING, Sunday, Fox Theater

475-7313. Fonda Turner and the Silver Spurs, country, Thursday and Saturday.

The Lanterns, 1322 Third Avenue, Chula Vista 427-4200. France, rock and roll, Tuesday through Saturday.

Marked, 1690 Broadway (at Main Street), Chula Vista 429-8045. Color, Latin, Thursday through Saturday.

The New Trophy Lounge, 599 National City Boulevard, National City 477-5753. Vergie and the Orient Express, contemporary, Thursday through Sunday; Mixed Company, contemporary, Monday through Wednesday.

Oasis Bar, 1121 Third Street, Chula Vista 426-2977. Four Star Country, country, Thursday through Sunday.

Old Bonita Store Restaurant, 4014 Bonita Road, Bonita 479-3537. Wayne Gire and Tony Irvine, contemporary, country rock, and comedy, Thursday through Saturday.

Palomino Star, 3008 Main Street, Chula Vista 427-5889. Branded, country, Friday and Saturday.

Wild Turkey, 5080 Bonita Road, Bonita 467-2550. The Blits Brothers, rock and roll, Tuesday through Saturday; dance to recorded oldies, Sunday and Monday.

Performers listings are compiled by Linda Nordin. If you wish to be



WAYNE JOHNSON, Friday, UCSD's Mandeville Auditorium

included, please call 469-8022 Thursday afternoon or Friday before 5:00 p.m. The listings are free.

Rock & Roll

The Johnny Almond Rhythm

Rever: Bobby G's, Pecos Mine Co.

Automatics: Halcyon, Lehr's Greenhouse

Bandit: Dance Machine BBC, Napaio Inn

The Best Farmers: Rodie's, Spring Valley Inn

The Blits Brothers: Chula Vista The Blits Brothers: Wild Turkey

Bobby Chevrolet and the Shamans: Joe Murphy's

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The Ron Bolton Band: Doc

Motors: Rebe: Joe Murphy's

Clubhouse: Rodie's Mitchell Corral and the Hell

Hounds: Spirit Crystal: Flamingo's

Diamond: Park Place Old Delmonico: Windrose

Duchal Revue: Sheraton Harbor Island, Anthony's Harborview

The Edgars: Bobby G's, Hill House, Mulwney/Escondido

The Features: Old Pacific Beach Cafe

Pymoli: Alamo France: The Lanterns

Fame: Le Chetel Amy Harris and the Speedsters

Spirit: Windrose The Head Bands: Buster's

The Heaters: Glenn's The Heroes: Halcyon

Hip Pocket: Cheyenne Black Blaines: Mary's Saloon

Isacopolis: Rockers: Ralph and Eddie's

In Colour: Dazzler: Nightclub

Isacopolis: Rockers: Ralph and Eddie's

In Colour: Dazzler: Nightclub

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Isacopolis: Rockers: Ralph and Eddie's

In Colour: Dazzler: Nightclub

Isacopolis: Rockers: Ralph and Eddie's

Quest: Trojan Horse

Random Sample: Black Angus/El Cajon

The Reflectors: Halcyon Nightclub, Lebe's Greenhouse, Glenn's

Ricky and the Jets: Hill House, Windyng Flats

Rockies: Hill House, Carlin Murphy's

The Rooters: Hill House RPM, Hill House/Mission Valley

Secret Service: Mulwney/Escondido

The Stars Brothers: Lehr's Greenhouse

Skip and the Cadillac: Rock Club The Source: Bobby G's, Le Chetel

The Spud Brothers: Islands Lounge

Status: Turquoise Lounge, Park Place

Thriller: Halcyon Toys: Whiskey Flats

Transactions: Bull N' Stick The Twosomes: Carlos Murphy's

Unstoppable: Spirit Urban Underbelly: Spirit

Voyager: Trojan Horse The West Coast Band: Pecos Mine Co.

The West Coast Twosomes: Windrose

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Jerry Burchard: The Howlbooks

Chakra: Islands Lounge

Chain Reaction: Bull and Bear, Victor's

Charter Flight: Tuba Man's

Jason Chase: Fish House West

Colin and Karen: La Puente del Sol La Jolla

George Calverton and Co.: Shurston Harbor Island

Rick Coney: Mulwney's/Grosmado

Rick Coney: Mulwney's/Grosmado

Rick Coney: Mulwney's/Grosmado

Rick Coney: Mulwney's/Grosmado

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Rick Coney: Mulwney's/Grosmado

Donna Cote: Tom Ham's

Lighthouse: O'Brien: Bull and Bear, Victor's

Double Take: Harbury's

Dusty and Melissa: Tom Ham's

Lighthouse: East Coast: La Mesa

Michael Edwards: Harbury's

Thunder Stone: Harbury's

Elements: Milano

Express: The Lows/Mission Gorge

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political idealists in their college days are reunited years later for the first funeral within the circle. But it is treated more in the form of *THE RETURN OF THE SECAUCUS SEVEN*, a long shapeless weekend of reacquaintance and revelation, without the scope provided in *THE GROUP* via flashback. The premise still need not have seemed borrowed, however, given the different operation of

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dappled whenever out of doors. Gordon Willis's black-and-white is a way too studiously and strenuous "artistic" to set the mood for merriment. And second, the story of an almost saintly, small-time theatrical agent, described in some quarters as Chaplinesque, evinces that combination of Little Guy sentimentality and Movie Star vanity which dampened


Children of the Corn — Stephen King horror tale about a strange cult in Nebraska, with Peter Horton and Linda Hamilton, directed by F.W. Kiersch. (Balboa; Camino Cinema 4; Colonial Drive-In; Frontier Drive In; Loma; New Vista Drive-In; Parkway; Plaza Bonita; Regency)

a novel by Stephen King. It's the first sight when a klutzy high school kid lays eyes on a 1958 Plymouth with a history of violent death. The feeling is reciprocal: the hero's enemies become his enemies, and his friends become his rivals. But after all, they would be made for each other: the hero plays only goldie-oidies, and

The Dresser — The post-World War II, pre-Second World War, w... Show Must Go On, rec... THE LAST METRO and

Entre Nous — As **SODA** and **COCK** Diane Kurys takes her own life, in this between her mother, a friendship and survives each other. The apparent benevolence to reality is a

in PEPPERMINT
TAIL MOLOTOV,
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it. The feeling is reciprocated: If hero's enemies become the car's enemies, and his friends become rivals. But after all, they would seem to be made for each other: the car radio plays only goldie-oidies, and the hero

The Dresser — The period of the Second World War, with its consequent boost to the spirit of *Show Must Go On*, recalls Truffaut's *THE LAST METRO* and (an even

her own life, in this case the friendship between her mother and a woman, a friendship that survives each of their marriages. The apparent benefit of her openness to reality is the freedom

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THE WOODFALL FILM

JOHN FOSTER • BEAU BRIDGES • BOB LONE • MASTASSJA KUNGSI as *Sue the Bear*
THE HUNT FOR HAMPSTER • WILFORD BRIMLEY • Edited by ROBERT K. LAMBERT
Music by JACQUES OFFENBACH • Arranged and Conducted by RAYMOND LEPRINCE
Executive Producers GEORGE WAINET • KENT HILLMAN • GILMAN • JENNINGS
Co-Producer JIM BEACH • From the novel by JOHN IRVING • Screenplay by TERRY RICHARDSON
Produced by NEIL WINTLEY • Directed by TERRY RICHARDSON

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Northridge • 762-2444
9:15 - 11:45 • 8:15

AMC GARDENVIEW
2200 Gardenview Road
Northridge • 762-2444
223-5331 • 12:30 • 2:30
1:15 - 7:45 • 10:15

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CURRENT MOVIES

must go the final third or fourth on its out. Then again, the Dan Aykroyd character is always less plausible, less sympathetic, less well-acted than the Eddie Murphy character, so that the movie is only half a movie even in its better two-thirds or three-fourths. With Ralph Bellamy, Don Ameche, and Jamie Lee Curtis, directed by John Landis. 1983. ** (New Valley Drive In, South Bay Drive In)

Uncommon Valor — Following up

FIRST BLOOD, Ted Kotcheff convenes another post-Vietnam therapy session. This one, about a POW rescue operation in postwar Laos, addresses the specific feeling that there is "unfinished business," or, as it is put elsewhere, that "the books are still in the dirt" (and, interestingly, the Vietnam experience can be said to have undergone some psychological processing when it has become a part of a DIRTY DOZEN-GUNS-OF-NARCISSUS-type plot formula. All the expected stages are run through

roundup of veterans, training period, practice run, and then the real thing. The real thing, as we're calling it, is exciting and unpredictable; the rest is neither of those things. With Gene Hackman, Fred Ward, Randall Tex Cobb, and Robert Stack. 1983. * (Coastside 8, Sports Arena 6, Sweetwater 6)

Unfaithfully Yours — Remake of the 1949 Preston Sturges comedy about a symphony conductor's revenge schemes against his wife, falsely sus-

pected of falseness. Unfaithful as a comic idea has lost several teeth since then, not just because of the comic of time but because of the recent masterpieces HOW TO SUCCEED IN YOUR WIFE, A NEW LEAF, etc. But the real trouble, in this particular case, are the loss of Sturges's structure and the lowering of his tone. The lowering is the larger trouble of the two, as the scriptwriters paint themselves into a corner where the marital misunderstanding must be prolonged to exasperation. The

lowering-of-tone problem, on the other hand, is mitigated quite a bit by Dudley Moore's gift for physical comedy, jealousy's total takeover of his body is shown to perfection, for example, in the dueling-voicings where he lobbies his supposed rival right off the stage and under the table. Albert Brooks is very good, too, as the conductor's business manager and the actual cuckold. But the major cast members tend rather to balance each other out, in number if not in actual screen minutes, with Nastassja Kinski

and Armand Assante luxuriating in in-explicit vanity. Written by Valerie Curtin, Barry Levinson, and Robert Klane, directed by Howard Zieff. 1984. ** (Camino Cinema 4, Center 3 Cinemas, La Jolla Village, Rancho Bernardo 6, UA Cinema 3, UA Movies 6, Wiegand Plaza 6)

The Verdict — The focus of this David-Goliath courtroom drama is on the plaintiff's attorney (the David figure) in a morally straightforward medical malpractice suit. What we

have here is no extraordinary lawyer in the Perry Mason mold, nor even an ordinary one. What we have instead is a walking talking wreck. The setting-up of his indisputable personality serves, firstly, to delay the arrival and, after the arrival, to delay the progress of the central case, which becomes for the hero a last chance at self-redemption and a golden opportunity to speak lines that are none the less mawkish in impact for being laconic and cryptic in expression: "I'll take the case, I'm lost." "Things change," etc. About halfway through, interest does pick up, as the lawyer's numerous shortcomings begin to bear more directly on the case, and as the less mawkish theme of professional ineptitude begins to take precedence over that of personal redemption: his shortness of breath in moments of stress, his verbal stumblings and spoonerisms, his runty-roasted and fringed, his dry-mouthed, imperfectly memorized, air-punctuated opening speech to the jury (in sharp contrast to the closing speech, where, having sufficiently oiled up his creaky skills, he gets very eloquent as the camera helpfully swoops in on him). All these symptoms of a man out of his depth are well observed and acted. But they, along with additional wisdom and cynicism about the legal profession, are really nothing more than banalities. Their sense of freshness depends primarily on the unwavering sincere reverence for "reality." With Paul Newman, Charlotte Rampling, James Mason, and Jack Warden, written by David Mamet, directed by Sidney Lumet. 1982. ** (Mesa Cinema, from 39)

Yentl — As Barbra Streisand has got-

ten more ambitious, more powerful, not to mention more old, she has not gotten any more disposed to incorporate these characteristics into her on-screen persona. We are asked to accept her here not only as an adolescent, but as an adolescent who, with a haircut, can pass herself off as a boy in order to enter the yeshiva (and, later, wedlock with Amy Irving). It is probably too much to ask that she blacken and link her hair to fit in with her seminary classmates, but how about a few effeminate men scattered among them to make her a bit less of a sore thumb? The transparency of her

disguise might not matter so much if the yeshiva's life, some of the pieces were not treated with such gravity. Not that scenes aren't often played for fun, or don't elicit them whether they are or not. But the underlying seriousness, even grimness, of the project is brutally apparent in those introspective musical soliloquies (with unmemorable melodies by Michel LeGrand, and slightly more memorable lyrics, in the sense that any comparable Strauss would be memorable, by Alan and Marilyn Bergman: "It seems this little game I play becomes more risky every day. One cannot fail to

find a parallel between the heroine's incursion into the masculine world and Streisand's seizure of the director's chair. But her actual dictates from that post — mostly telephoto shots, slushy dissolves, buttery yellow light, countless closeups of the star — ensure that her victory is purely personal. 1983. * (Grossmont)

Ziggy Stardust and the Spiders from Mars — Rock documentary by D.A. Pennebaker on David Bowie's 1970s stage persona. (Ken, through 310)

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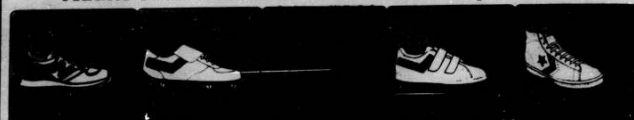
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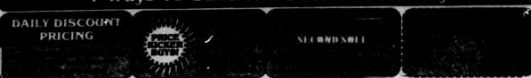
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Section 3/Classifieds

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CLASSIFIED ADS must be typed on 300-cps and sent to: **CLASSIFIED ADS**, P.O. Box 1000, San Diego, CA 92101. All ads must be received by 11:00 a.m. on the day of publication. All ads must be paid for in advance. There will be a 15% fee charged for any check returned as undelivered.

DEADLINES: Classified ads of any kind must be received by the Reader and must be received by 11 a.m. Thursday, one week before the intended issue. Only paid business ads are late provider party ads may be brought to the Reader Office by 11 a.m. Thursday, one week before the intended issue. All late provider party ads of 25 words or less require a 15% late fee per line plus 30 cents per additional word.

FREE CLASSIFIEDS: Ads of less than 25 words are free to private parties and nonprofit organizations when ads are charged for their services. Ads of more than 25 words cost 30 cents per additional word. All free classifieds must be placed in one week only and must be placed in all quarters are limited to ONE FREE CLASSIFIED PER WEEK. No free ads will be accepted at the Reader Office.

DON'T CALL US: Due to the large volume of free classifieds, we cannot handle calls or phone inquiries concerning them. Please do not call us to ask how to place free classifieds, to attempt to cancel ads, or to request information from ads seen in past issues.

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DELICIOUS FOOD

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Friendly • Casual atmosphere
Cheerful piano bar nightly
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Grand Opening
\$2.95
All-you-can-eat
nine-course
Chinese
buffet lunch

Monday thru Friday, 11 am-2:30 pm
Menu rotating daily with items from:
Egg Roll
Beef Chow Mein
Sweet and Sour Chicken
Beef Broccoli
Shrimp and Beef Pork
Candy Chicken

Take-out orders for buffet and regular menu available.
Friday & Sunday Brunch 9:30 am-3:30 pm
Specialty: Nine-course Chinese buffet
224-2247 • Open daily, 11:00 am-10:00 pm

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2 for 1
Buy one ice cream sundae,
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Offer expires 3/22/84.

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Family & Friends

BBQ ribs, turkey, chicken, pork chop
for **\$10.95**—**\$13.95** for 4—**\$18.95**
Served with homemade soup, baked beans, cole slaw, bread
and butter. Served complimentary.

Dinner Special \$4.99
\$10.00 for 2
Monday, Tuesday & Wednesday
Offer good Sunday through
Thursday with this ad through 3/21/84.
To be used with cash.
Soup or salad, rice and/or cottage fries.
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