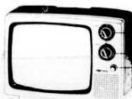


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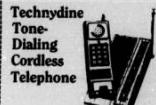
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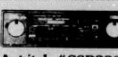
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READER

VOLUME 13, NO. 12, MAR. 29, 1984 SAN DIEGO'S WEEKLY

THE DEADLY CIRCLE Duke Cunningham,
ace fighter pilot, survived the combat.
But being a Navy hero almost killed him.



Randy Cunningham taxied the F-4 Phantom onto the catapult aboard the USS Constellation, and both he and Bill Driscoll, the radar intercept officer in the back seat, turned to look at the spinning fingers of the catapult officer. It was January 19, 1972, and the carrier was cruising into the wind off North Vietnam. Above them circled the RA-5 photo reconnaissance plane and the A-7 and A-6 attack bombers that were accompanying it on the recon mission over the North Vietnamese airfield at Quan Lang near the Laotian border. Cunningham and Driscoll were in one of the fighters that were to escort the group and from the airfield. Though President Nixon hadn't yet ordered the resumption of heavy bombing in the North, the B-52s that were hitting Laos had had increasing numbers of MiG interceptions to contend with, and the Navy was being sent in to assess the MiG strength at Quan Lang. But as everyone knew, they were really being sent in to destroy the airfield under the pretense of taking pictures of it. The rules of engagement at that time wouldn't allow bombs to be dropped

or MiGs to be fired upon over North Vietnam unless the American planes were attacked first. The catapult officer signaled for full afterburner and Cunningham shoved his throttle forward, dumping fuel into his tailpipes and igniting it for extra thrust. In response to the catapult officer's salute, Cunningham flipped him the finger, in the irreverent tradition of fighter pilots. He and Driscoll and everybody else in the group knew that they'd be taking surface-to-air missiles (SAMs) and anti-aircraft artillery (AAA) fire and, in the cockeyed jargon of the war, they'd be retaliating with a "protective reaction strike." With orange flames roaring out of the Phantom's tailpipes, the hold-back cable was released and in two seconds Cunningham and Driscoll were accelerating past 168 knots and climbing.

After about thirty minutes the formation of thirty-five aircraft was vectoring in on the airfield. SAMs and the AAA started coming up when the formation was fifteen miles from target. The planes regrouped into sections to attack from three separate directions.

(continued on page 10)

By Neal Matthews

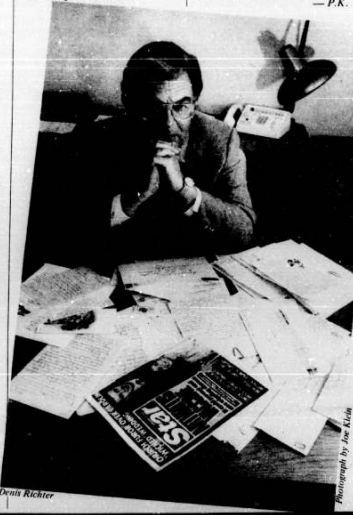
City Lights

Still A Swell Joint

The most touching letter was sent by a fifty-six-year-old Nashville widow who told how crippling arthritis had made it "necessary to give up my job, and consequently my home." But that's just one of more than 250 letters received by the Scripps Clinic and Research Foundation since mid-January, when the national tabloids *Globe* and *Star* ran blaring front-page headlines about a Scripps-developed "arthritis vaccine" that "could prevent and cure" the crippling disease.

The tabloid stories buried the fact that Scripps researchers were working only with laboratory rabbits, that no vaccine for the auto-immune disease has been developed, and that any pain-relieving benefits for arthritis sufferers are probably at least a decade away. So arthritis and lupus sufferers from New Zealand to Japan and North Africa wrote Scripps researchers praising the new "discovery" and volunteering themselves as laboratory guinea pigs. Scripps researchers responded to the first batch of fifty letters, but as the mail flow increased, the clinic's public relations staff took over the correspondence task. Public relations director Denis Richter drew up a standard form-letter response, but he and his staff ended up adding personal replies to almost every inquiry. Among the most difficult letters to answer was the ebullient "thank you" from a Conway, Arkansas woman who has "prayed daily for a cure" that would end her eight years of arthritis suffering. Several days

later Richter received a letter from the woman's daughter telling how the mother "had me buy a *Star* magazine because they advertise a cure for arthritis." Richter wrote individual replies to the women but sent the two letters in a single envelope to the daughter, who could then decide how to tell her mother that no cure is available. Scripps is this week still receiving mail about the vaccine research. Richter, though, has meanwhile managed to stave off requests by a local TV station to report on another aspect of the institution's research which he worries could entice an onslaught of would-be volunteers. That research involves experiments with Minoxipile, a drug which appears to have the unusual side effect of promoting hair growth in balding men. —P.K.



Denis Richter

For A Hamburger Today

The same Whopper that you can buy for \$1.43, sales tax included, at the National City Burger King outlet on Highland Avenue will cost you \$1.54 at the Burger King on Mission Bay Drive and \$1.63 at the one in El Cajon on North Johnson Avenue. Similarly, a Jumbo Jack that can be bought for \$1.64 at the Point Loma Jack In The Box drive-through on Roscamans Street costs \$1.80 at the Pacific Beach outlet on Garnet Avenue. And while you'll pay only \$1.27 for a Quarter-pounder at McDonald's on University Avenue in Hillcrest and Palm Avenue in Imperial Beach, the McDonald's on Clairemont Drive in Clairemont and on Broadway in Lemon Grove charge \$1.47.

This disparity in prices for the same menu items is far from illegal or even unethical. It's actually mandated by the Federal Trade Commission, which prohibits franchisors of any kind from setting prices on items sold by their franchisees. "Fixing prices like that is known as resale price maintenance," says FTC spokeswoman Ann Guler, "and while there is no specific law against it, recent court decisions have interpreted it to be in violation of the antitrust laws enacted with the original FTC act of 1914."

The way this applies to San Diego's three top hamburger chains is that the ones owned by the parent corporation all charge the same price for each item on the menu, while the ones operated independently as franchises are free to charge what they want. "We tell our franchise operations a ballpark figure for the various menu items, and it's up to them to determine how much they're going to charge," says Barbara Eldridge, a McDonald's spokeswoman. "But the ones we run ourselves all charge the same price." Of the fifty McDonald's outlets in the county, Eldridge says, twelve are owned by the parent

McDonald's Corporation and, for example, all charge fifty-three cents for a regular hamburger, the same amount for a small order of French fries, and \$1.27 for a Quarter-pounder. Similarly, the seven out of twenty-seven Burger Kings in the county that are owned by the Burger King Corporation charge sixty-three cents for a regular hamburger, fifty-eight cents for a small order of fries, and \$1.54 for a Whopper. The least amount of price variation exists at the sixty-five local Jack In The Boxes, where forty-nine outlets are owned by parent firm Foodmaker Inc. and charge a set price of sixty-nine cents for hamburgers, sixty-three cents for a small order of fries, and \$1.69 for a Jumbo Jack.

—T.K.A.

Life In God's Wind

They can be seen just about anywhere in the city: in Balboa Park, along El Cajon Boulevard, in Mission Hills. Easily recognizable, they troop along in pairs, wearing outfits of a simple design that has enjoyed no certain vogue — white tunic, hand-stitched knapsacks, wooden staff, white headband. One of the flirts they hand to passersby states that "Jesus Christ is Back on Earth in Person, in the Flesh, as Himself. He is Lightning Amen. . . . God, the father, has not forsaken the Earth nor has he left mankind to its own devices. The time is ripe. He is interceding." Those who subscribe to these beliefs call themselves the Christ Brothers. They follow a creed that dictates no killing, no sex, and no materialism. Their religious leader calls himself Jesus Christ Lightning Amen.

According to Brother Michael and Sister Laura, both Christ Brothers returning from a trek into Mexico, Lightning Amen was a San Diego who walked out into the Anza Borrego desert one day in 1969 in search of spiritual

enlightenment. After three days of fasting and prayer, Lightning Amen continued to walk and walk, spreading his message and making converts across the United States. Lightning Amen's last local appearance was a year and a half ago,

when he and a dozen or so of his followers set up camp on Shelter Island with a couple of vans and a converted school bus. Where he is now, none of those around town last week really knows.

If the sect's details seem a little sketchy, it's for good reason. All of the information that its members receive about its history and doctrine is passed on orally from person to person. Brother Michael, who two nights ago spent a couple of weeks in Pioneer Park in Mission Hills, says that he first met and was converted to the Christ Brothers in Santa Fe, New Mexico in 1982. Sister Laura, his current traveling partner, says that she came into the fold six months ago in Ann Arbor, Michigan. Since then they have both been "living in God's wind," walking and occasionally hitchhiking from coast to coast, from New York City to Seattle, and even as far as Mexico City. And wherever they go, they go barefooted.

Brother Michael and Sister Laura say that they do not work for money or food, but will accept donations of both, as well as offers of lodging, showers, and laundering of their robes. Locally, they've found the Roberto's Taco Shop

(continued on page 24)



Sister Laura and Brother Michael

City Lights

With A Crash Of Symbols

So secret were the San Diego Symphony's recently revealed plans to buy the Fox Theatre that executives of the San Diego Opera, including director Ian Campbell, weren't briefed about the scheme before it hit the newspapers. This might seem odd, given the location of their respective offices within shouting distance in Balboa Park's House of Hospitality and the long history of cooperation between the two groups. But the snub echoed another, more serious chafing between the symphony and the opera. Last fall the symphony signed a contract with the musicians' union that might affect the opera, but during and after the negotiations the symphony did not advise the opera of its activities. Recently opera executives had to approach the symphony to talk about the new musicians' contract that might have far-reaching impact on opera plans and scheduling.

At issue is the use of the same pool of musicians by both the opera and the symphony. Right now both groups have separate contracts with the musicians' union to provide a certain number of weeks of employment every year. The idea has been bandied about for years that it would benefit everybody if the musicians just signed one contract with the symphony and were subcontracted to the opera. It is assumed that if professional musicians could be guaranteed almost a full year's work in a single contract, better musicians would gravitate to San Diego and thereby improve the local orchestra. So last fall, when the musicians were pressing hard for an expanded contract with the symphony, this future possibility of farming out the musicians to the opera figured into the symphony's decision to expand. Come the 1985-1986 season, the contract calls for forty-five weeks of work for the musicians. The symphony itself cannot now fill that many weeks with concerts, so it is hoped that the opera will absorb those extra weeks.

Fine. The opera is interested in subcontracting the musicians from the symphony instead of hassling with its own contract, but there are complications. Aside from opera executives

feeling it was presumptuous for the symphony just to assume the opera could help it out, there's the matter of the opera's own schedule. Its dates are firm through the 1987-1988 season, and after this summer's final Venti Festival, the opera will probably have about four fewer weeks in its season, with

both groups say they'll be happy to cooperate in scheduling, but this will be no easy task. Within a few months the opera will have to decide whether to negotiate a new contract with the musicians or to commit to subcontracting from the symphony. Alternatively, opera managers are already saying that if it doesn't work out, they can assemble their own orchestra independent of the symphony's, drawing from the large pool of musicians around Los Angeles. That would not be good news for the symphony and its bloated contract commitments.

Though most of the musicians are ecstatic about the impending move into the Fox after next season, some have noted that it will open up more concert dates for visiting orchestras at the Civic Theater. The Los Angeles Philharmonic, which usually sells out its concerts at the Civic (the San Diego Symphony almost never sells out), was reduced to just two concerts here this season (both on Wednesday nights) because of scheduling pressure at the overcrowded theater. Next season the northern invader has four concerts scheduled here, and it is anticipated that in the future it will be able to make its traditional six or seven dates per season at the Civic. This will certainly do nothing to help attendance at concerts of the San Diego Symphony.

That subject — weak attendance — remains a serious problem for the local ninety. It was demonstrated anew two weeks ago when the symphony was scheduled for out-of-town concerts at MiraCosta College near Oceanside and at Union High School in El Centro. The MiraCosta concert had to be canceled because only three tickets were sold. The concert in El Centro was played, but the musicians far outnumbered the audience.

—N.M.
Paul Krueger,
Neal Matthews,
Thomas K. Arnold,
and Randy Optimar



Lion-tailed macaque

Maybe Cheetah Could Swing It

It's almost the stuff of yellow tabloid dreams: "Xenophobic Primates Reject Violent Interloper of Royal Background — Scientists Search for Solution." And the little drama is being played out right here at our own San Diego Zoo. Last October the zoo purchased, for \$10,000, a colony of seventeen lion-tailed macaques from Prince Rainer of Monaco. A road was going to be built through the area where the prince housed the animals on his estate, and the zoo's researcher, Donald Lindburg, seized the occasion as an opportunity to add some fresh genetic stock to San Diego's existing colony of fifteen macaques. That was his idea, not the monkeys.

According to Lindburg, macaques are not the most hospitable primates around. New males introduced into a colony will often become extremely aggressive and attack the colony's female and infant members, and the colony's established males will react in kind toward the new member. So Lindburg and San Diego psychiatrist Bruce Hubbard toyed with the idea of administering psychoactive drugs to males being considered for introduction in order to see if their aggressive, confrontational behavior could be assuaged. They first thought of using Depro-Provera, a drug used to treat human sex

offenders, but later nixed the idea because the zoo wants this endangered species to multiply. They then considered using a drug called buspirone, which would, in Lindburg's words, "give the animals a mild, laid-back sort of feeling," but which would leave their amorous impulse intact. However, tests done over the past few months have been discouraging. The animals, which are normally finicky eaters, don't like the bitter taste of the buspirone and can detect minute amounts placed in their food. As the male subjects have become acquainted with the taste, they simply don't touch anything containing the medication.

Both Lindburg and Hubbard are now eagerly searching for a solution to their dilemma. The existing macaque colony at the zoo is suffering internal administrative problems as it is lacking an adult male to head the group. As a result, over the past two weeks an adult female has assumed this position and has started to suffer from what Lindburg terms "role conflict." The additional responsibility of overseeing the colony has taken its toll, and the female, from her vacillations between being a mother and having a career, has neglected her infant. Lindburg wants to find a way to introduce a new male, and quickly. "We're looking for one among the Monaco group who is assertive, but not overly aggressive," he says. "At the same time, we don't want a real wimp."

—R.O.



Photograph by David Caplan

Straight from the Hip

Matthew Alice

Dear Matthew Alice:
In keeping with the question you answered a few weeks ago about the mysterious Buview Terrace, I am curious about another road. The name, or rather the letters of it (I have not been able to pronounce the name), are Zzyzx. Ever since 1973, when we took a vacation out here (my family is from Kansas), my dad swears that he saw a street sign named Zzyzx. Is it a joke, or does there exist a street by the name of Zzyzx?
Linda Byrner
San Diego

That sign is no joke, Linda. I've seen it with my own eyes. More apropos, I should say it's no mirage, because out in the Mohave Desert, where you'll find the sign, the heat can warp your brain and create a new kind of reality. Fifty miles or so northeast of Barstow along Interstate 15 is Soda Dry Lake, on the shores of which is Zzyzx Springs. It's here that Curtis Howe Springer built his empire, only to see it tumble down beneath the onslaught of blowing sand, the federal government, and the Mohave club.

Soda Dry Lake is not entirely dry. Natural springs provide enough water to have drawn the attention of native Indians for hundreds of years, and following the Civil War, to have caused the U.S. Army to build an outpost there. Fort Soda Springs gave way to a railway camp in 1907, and was used subsequently as a retreat for a religious sect and as a base camp for scientists involved in a salt-evaporation project. In 1944 radio evangelist Curtis Springer arrived. Though he filed mining claims on the property, Springer concentrated on building a forty-room hotel and health spa, to which his many followers came for the purportedly healing minerals.



Illustration by Rick Gray

The self-styled "last of the old-time medicine men" had already run afoul of the law — he had been convicted of false advertising charges in 1970 — but the government finally drove him off the site in 1974 when it was able to convince the courts that Springer was not using the federally owned land for mining. The location is now a desert study area jointly managed by the federal Bureau of Land Management and the Desert Studies Center, a consortium of seven California state universities. And the Mohave club, the only fish native to the Mohave River, now swims there protected by our government.

By the way, Linda, the name is not unpronounceable. As Chuck Palmer, my worthy colleague at the *San Bernardino Times*, instructed me, the name is pronounced "Zye-zeks." And though Zzyzx Springs — so christened by Springer because he "wanted the last word" — has

reverted to the original name of Soda Springs, Zzyzx Road still appears on maps and signs.

Dear Matthew Alice:
I know those thick black wires they stretch across the street — you know, the ones attached to small boxes on the sidewalk — are used to count cars passing by. My question is, why do they count the cars? I would assume it's to determine when the traffic is heavy enough to warrant putting up a new traffic light or stop sign. But the other day I saw one of the car counters over on Cleveland Avenue in University Heights, not more than half a block from a well-established traffic signal. Maybe they're thinking of yanking out the light if the number of cars is too small? Are they wasting my tax dollars again?
Joe Williams
Hillcrest

Aw, come on, Joe, just because this expenditure of your hard-earned lucre seems to be frivolous, or perhaps even wasteful, that's no reason to doubt the wisdom of the government's actions. You don't actually believe they'd be foolish enough to spend money to undo something that's already a fait accompli, viz., that traffic light? (Don't answer that.) In this instance, at least, I can assure you that the city's activities make perfect sense. The black wire across the road — more properly called a "machine traffic counter" — provides important statistical data for the traffic engineering department. At any one time there are between forty and forty-five of the traffic counters dispersed across the city, measuring the pulse of San Diego's streets. The numbers revealed will, of course, be used to decide the appropriateness of installing traffic control devices, but equally important is the revelation of any patterns of traffic accidents. All the major streets in the city are censused on a yearly basis; the resultant accident rates for these thoroughfares determine if any further action is needed. Streets with higher accident rates are, in the words of one city traffic engineer, areas where "we put more of our resources." Those "resources" may be as simple as sending someone out to trim a tree that is obstructing a stop sign, or as complex — and expensive — as tearing up and widening an entire street.

Got a question you need answered? Get it straight from the hip. Write to Matthew Alice, c/o the Reader, P.O. Box 86003, San Diego, California 92136.

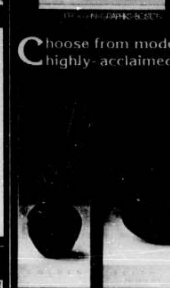
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The 1984 Easter Seal Telethon Weekend will begin with a "Flower Festival Benefit" at Presidio Garden Center. Presidio will be closed for business Thursday evening, but open for the Easter Seal Benefit that will feature thousands of flowers from all over the world, celebrity guests, an Easter Parade Fashion Show of men's, women's and children's spring clothes, an amateur photo contest, prizes, gifts, refreshments and entertainment.
Your donation of \$10.00 for the entire evening is going totally to the Easter Seal Telethon because the majority of the expenses have been underwritten by dozens of generous individuals and businesses.
Overflow parking will be available at the University of San Diego parking lot, the fraternity Phi Kappa will provide shuttle service and security for the parked cars. When you arrive at the Garden Center, you will find yourself in a jungle of foliage, plants and bundles of flowers that designers will be making into beautiful European and

Japanese ikebana arrangements. Thousands of silk flowers have been imported from China and will be on display for this benefit.
The Telethon host, Jerry G. Bishop, and the Easter Seal kids will be on hand to greet you, as will several other celebrity guests (including the Easter Bunny). Entertainment will be provided by Live Wires, the Dubois Family Quartet, and several other individuals and groups.
After the Thursday Benefit, Presidio's Spring Flower Show will continue with the Homespun Crafts Fair for a weekend of fun and entertainment.
On both Saturday and Sunday, you can also take the Pepsi Challenge. Buy a Pepsi and hot dog for a dollar and your dollar will go to the Easter Seal Telethon. It's a great way to spend an afternoon, viewing one of the largest flower shows of the season, eating a hot dog, drinking Pepsi and donating to the Easter Seal Telethon.

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THE INSIDE STORY

BY PAUL KRUEGER

WHEN DORSEY DAVIS DECIDED TO BUILD an apartment building in Southeast San Diego three years ago, he took advantage of an offer from the City of San Diego planning department. Davis, a fifty-three-year-old general contractor, was allowed to build nineteen one-bedroom units instead of the usual thirteen units on a half-acre lot near Euclid and Imperial avenues. In addition, Davis could provide his tenants with just six parking spaces, not the thirty that would normally have been required. In return for the zoning exemptions, he promised to fill his one-bedrooms with senior citizens.

The \$300,000 apartment complex opened in August of 1981, and Davis ran ads in the *Union* and the *Tribune* to attract renters sixty-two years old and older, who would pay \$285 a month. Davis got some phone calls from prospective tenants, but when he told them the building was in Southeast San Diego, the callers didn't

even bother to inspect the units. So Davis put up notices in neighborhood stores and churches, on the bulletin board at the Urban League, at welfare and social security offices. Few people called and no one signed a lease.

With the first payments on his construction loan due, Davis opened the apartments to anyone who could pay the rent. His building was soon filled with singles, couples, and children; in three years Davis has been able to find only one senior tenant. Last year Jewell Hooper of the neighborhood Southeast San Diego Development Committee began complaining to the city about how tenants' cars were blocking the street and kids were tearing up the landscaping. Hooper's group was concerned, too, about how special permits like the one granted Davis violated the community plan and made a face of density restrictions.

Hooper got help from Southeast Councilman William Jones, whose office says it's "really furious with those



Dorsey Davis

[special permit] apartment projects" and has "asked the planning department to go after them." There followed two inspections of Davis's building by the city planning department, and this month Davis was hauled before the planning commission, which debated asking the city attorney to prosecute him for violating the terms of his permit.

Davis put up a good fight. He told the commissioners that today, with increased costs, he couldn't afford to rent for less than \$300, and that most seniors lived on social security and/or small pensions of \$450 or \$500, which prohibited them from paying that much. He detailed how apartments in other, more "desirable" neighborhoods such as North

Park and East San Diego rented for about the same price and he explained his work in searching out tenants. Davis complained about how his and two other apartment complexes in Southeast were the only ones of thirty-seven throughout the city to be inspected, and how he was the only landlord called for a hearing. "I told 'em that you just can't take one guy down

they hit on the planning commission) and kick him in the face when others are guilty, too." Davis said last week.

Neither the planning nor Hooper's community group wanted to revoke Davis's special permit, since that would allow him legally to rent to anyone regardless of age. The planning commissioners felt that referring Davis for prosecution was too harsh, so

they hit on a solution that makes nobody happy. Davis has sixty days either to find seniors to fill a total of six units, or he must retain his one senior tenant and hold five units vacant. Three tenants are scheduled to leave next month, so Davis figures he'll have to evict two more tenants to meet the planning commission's requirement. He must continue vacating units or filling them

with seniors at the rate of six every two months until the building is either filled with seniors, vacated, or some combination thereof. Davis has again sent out notices to community agencies asking for help in finding seniors, but he's pessimistic. (His listing with the senior citizens' assistance office at city hall of \$300 for an unfurnished one bedroom is

still no cheaper than comparable units in East San Diego.) He's worried about falling behind in his loan payments if he has to carry empty apartments, and dreads having to kick out current rent-paying tenants who'd have no place to go. "How do I do that?" he asks. "Go up to them and say, 'You gotta leave because the apartment has to be vacant.'" Davis says he

thought about asking Councilman Jones for help, but says five previous requests for help from Jones and his predecessor Leon Williams accomplished nothing. "That Williams Jones I've ever met," says Davis. Hooper's Southeast planning group is also uncomfortable with the planning.

(continued on page 14)

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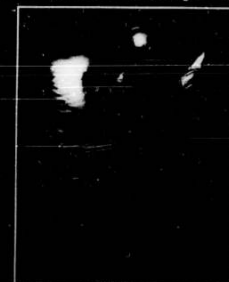
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DEADLY CIRCLE

(continued from page 1)

and Cunningham and his wingman in the other Phantom, Brian Grant, had what they considered a fighter's dream job; they screamed in low over the field to search for MiGs taking off. There were none. Then, as the thousand-pound bombs started falling from the A-7 Corsairs, the two F-4s took up a position north of the action, to try to intercept any MiGs coming down from other airfields.

But Cunningham and Grant got separated when they realized they'd been pincered between two SAM sites that eventually fired off eighteen of the "flying telephone poles" at them. As Cunningham's electronic warning gear indicated a locked-on SAM, he called to his wingman, "Brian, you're on your own!" and then broke hard down to the right. The missile followed. He then pulled up into an eight-G climb, but the missile couldn't make the same turn, and it exploded far below him.

The climb had bled off precious speed, so as more SAMs started up, Cunningham moved over at 15,000 feet, jammed the throttle full forward to go into afterburner, and headed straight down. To the north he and Driscoll spotted the glint of two MiG-21s in afterburner, about four miles away. It had been twenty-two months since a MiG had been shot down, and few had even been encountered during that time, so with relish Cunningham accelerated to 650 knots and pulled in

behind them. The leader was about 500 feet above a canyon, and his wingman was back and to the right a little higher. Cunningham broadcast his squadron's call sign and the code for MiG-21s: "Showtime! Bandits, blue bandits, north of the field!"

Barely 200 feet off the ground and going 650 knots, Cunningham and Driscoll lined up on the leader and got a radar fix for their Sparrow missiles. Driscoll called, "He's locked up on radar, in range, shoot, shoot, shoot!" But at the last second Cunningham reached up to the instrument panel and pushed a toggle switch down from "radar" to "heat," opting for the heat-seeking Sidewinder rather than the radar-guided Sparrow. In training Cunningham had had luck with the Sparrow; at low altitudes, radar noise often interfered with the missile's guidance system, and throughout the entire war the missile would attain a kill factor of only about seven percent.

So with the Sidewinder selected, and the MiG in afterburner, Cunningham got the strong aural tone in his earphones that indicated the heat-seeker was locked on to target. He squeezed the red trigger on the handle of his joystick and called, "Fox two," the code for firing a Sidewinder. But just then the MiG dodged hard to the right, curling into a high-G turn, one too tight for the missile to follow. Still at tree-top level, Cunningham did a barrel roll and followed the more maneuverable MiG, which was losing speed.

He glanced away long enough to see the MiG's wingman abandoning his leader. The F-4 was upside-down at 600 knots, and as Cunningham executed a quick aileron roll and came right side up, he was just forty degrees off dead center of the MiG's tail and losing. He got a good aural tone just

as the delta-wing MiG began to level off, and he squeezed the trigger while calling, "Fox two." The missile flew up the MiG's tailpipe just as the wings leveled. It exploded into pieces and, as the Phantom zoomed over the flaming debris, Cunningham caught a quick glimpse of the cockpit section. Through the MiG's canopy the pilot was clearly convulsed with horror before numbing into the ground.

Driscoll let out the war whoop that inaugurated a year of feast for naval aviators. By December of 1972, the last month of any significant action over North Vietnam by American pilots, the Navy had shot down twenty-four MiGs in air-to-air combat, while losing only two fighters to MiGs. But the tumultuous reception given Cunningham and Driscoll when they landed on the *Constellation* that January afternoon was just a little sweeter than those that followed for each succeeding "MiG killer" on all five aircraft carriers in Task Force 77. Cunningham and Driscoll — and by extension, the 5000-man crew — had gotten the first MiG in the second part of what came to be known as two separate air wars over North Vietnam. The first of those two wars had run from the summer of 1965 to the fall of 1968, and both the Navy and the Air Force matched up poorly against the MiGs.

The Navy lost seven fighters in aerial combat during that period and shot down just over thirty MiGs; many more Navy planes were lost to SAMs. This second part of the air war, everyone now supposed, was going to be different.

That night about the *Comie* all the squadron commanders organized a party to celebrate Cunningham and Driscoll's victory. Cunningham was having a fine time retelling the story,

using his hands — right for the MiG, left for the Phantom — and recounting the fight. Then a pilot asked innocently, "What's it feel like to kill another human being?" The question struck to the bone. Cunningham didn't answer; immediately he returned to his room. As he relates in *Fox Two*, his recently published book about his Vietnam experiences, "As I interrogated myself, a sickening feeling dug at my stomach. Dropping bombs for a year had not bothered me. Everything was so far removed when the 500-pounders went off in the jungle below, almost like bombing practice in the desert. But this was different. I observed another human being die because of me. I watched his twisted machine disintegrate, taking him to a horrible death, but at the time I guess my defense mechanisms allowed me to put it out of my mind. Now, after the excitement had died down, I was confronted with it point-blank as I tried to make excuses for myself, saying it was in the line of duty."

Cunningham visited the chaplain that night, confessing his feelings of doubt only after receiving assurances that the conversation would remain confidential. But the next day he was confronted by his squadron skipper, who'd received a full briefing from the chaplain. Cunningham found himself insisting that if the situation arose again, he could definitely pull the trigger without hesitation, and in the next four months he proved good to his word. He and Bill Driscoll went on to notch a total of five confirmed enemy kills, and to earn the unofficial designation of "aces"; in fact they became the only Navy aces of the Vietnam War.

On a soft couch in his home in Mira Mesa, not far from Naval Air Station Miramar where he's stationed, Commander Randy "Duke" Cunningham is being cuddled by his five-year-old daughter, April. One of two daughters from his second marriage, she presses against the wide cluster of decorations on his chest and, wrapping her arms around his ruddy, mobile, beaming face, flattens the ribbons that signify Cunningham's status as the most highly decorated Navy pilot of the Vietnam War. Beneath her rest the Navy Cross, two Silver Stars, fifteen Air Medals, various commendation medals, a Purple Heart, and the South Vietnamese Medal of Honor and Cross of Gallantry. "Okay honey, why don't you let Daddy have some privacy." But as April untangles herself from him and happily starts away, he grabs her. "Don't think Daddy doesn't love you, honey. Nothing I ask of you would

ever be because I didn't love you." He stares tenderly into her face for a moment, solicitous in that unique way of fathers who have killed in war. I'd seen such intense expressions of affection from another decorated aviator once, someone I hadn't thought about for years. He was the father of one of my elementary school friends, and he'd been a bomber pilot in World War II. Jimmy Johnson had been telling me his father's war stories for months; he'd even dug out some of the medals and ribbons stashed under a bench. Then one day his father was home and Jimmy asked him to tell us about the time he parachuted out of his damaged bomber. Mr. Johnson had grabbed his son the same way Cunningham now grabbed his daughter. "It's nothing to be proud of," he'd said softly, staring hard at my friend. "It's nothing to be

proud of." Then he hugged his son in a way I didn't see again until that afternoon in Cunningham's house.

During our conversation, just after Cunningham had enthusiastically recounted a long dogfight he'd won against the infamous North Vietnamese ace known to the Americans as "Colonel Tomb," I asked him the same question that had stunned him that night on the *Constellation*. His face drained, and he sat back down, elbows on his knees. "The first kill I had was against the MiG-21, and I could see the guy in the airplane when I went over him, as he died. I could see him almost thrashing around in the cockpit. The explosion had severed his tail and the rest of the plane tumbled end over end. He couldn't punch out. Now that — if I close my eyes, mentally I can still see that. And I dream

about it once in a while. Equate it to — if you were a Marine on the ground, and you saw someone way up on a mountain, and you shot him and you just saw something drop. It probably wouldn't bother you as much as going up to that same individual and, looking him in the eye, you stick a knife in him. . . . Now if I hadn't ever seen this guy, this flash in the cockpit, it probably wouldn't have bothered me. I knew I could do it again, it just bothered me a little more than I thought it would, knowing I had taken another human life."

Cunningham had killed a lot of people with bombs, from afar. I asked him if the act of killing bothered him less each time. "No. But I think mentally you can do anything on this earth that you really set your mind to. And

(continued on page 12)

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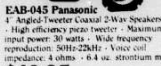
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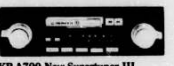


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DEADLY CIRCLE

(continued from page 11)

what I'd do, if I'd start to think about it, I'd try to change my mind, my thought processes. I wouldn't allow myself to dwell on it."

The MiG killers, as they refer to themselves, were the only Navy aviators who dealt death at close quarters, and Cunningham is one of the few still in the Navy. Historically, the fighter aces from May (there were more than 300 Navy aces in WWII) almost never make it to the top of the military structure. Cunningham's boss, Commander Nick Criss, the commanding officer of fighter squadron VF-126, who talks as rapidly as Cunningham talks slowly, explains: "The personality type that does well in combat is probably a little less manageable than the kind of guy who goes along with all the wickets all the way. It takes the kind of guy to throw himself in there to get those kills. You can't be timid at all. But when peace breaks out, all these little bureaucrats who've been hiding under the rocks resurface and start re-establishing all the rules that everybody was violating for years and years during the war. And the kind of personality that can kill MiGs runs right smack against that. And I know almost all the MiG killers, to a man, ran into big trouble after the war was over."

Curt Dose, who along with his radar intercept officer Jim McDivitt shot down a MiG on May 10, 1972, the same day Cunningham and Driscoll got their last three MiGs and became aces, now runs a local retail computer store. "It's true," says Dose, in agreement with Nick Criss. "We were flying a hundred hours a month during the war, and when we came back [after the war], we were flying only eight or ten hours a month in F-14s, which is just about enough to scare you to death every time you go up."

Cunningham also had his share of post-war troubles with the resurfaced Navy bureaucracy, but back in the spring of 1972, as the air war intensified over North Vietnam, those future difficulties were inconceivable to the thirty-year-old warrior.

Fighter pilots have a saying about aerial combat tactics in this personification: The circles are bigger but the geometry is the same. Which means that once two planes are locked in close combat, the only dictum from World War I that doesn't still apply is the one about making sure that you

take off your spurs before strapping into the cockpit. But on May 8, 1972, as the bombs rained down in sheets over North Vietnam, Cunningham and Driscoll learned that sometimes even the circles aren't all that much bigger than they used to be.

For several days now, MiGs had been coming up to hassle the bombers that were trying to blunt a massive North Vietnamese offensive. The MiG tactics were usually designed to effect a fast approach on a bomber group, preferably from below, then to shoot a missile or strafe the bombers with cannon fire before withdrawing. For nearly four months, since Cunningham and Driscoll had got their first MiG, no others had been shot down. Then, on May 6, four MiGs were shot down by four Navy Phantoms. The MiG pilots were starting to engage in aerial combat, and on May 8, just as Cunningham and his wingman Brian Grant had separated to form combat spread (about a mile ahead of each other), Cunningham saw a MiG-17 come screaming up through the cloud layer and begin firing its cannons at Grant's Phantom. Cunningham radioed for Grant to drop the extra fuel tank attached to the Phantom's belly in order to accelerate and outrun the MiG. The tank fell away and Grant gave full throttle.

"Brian, I'm high at your nine o'clock," called Cunningham, "don't push negative Gs or you'll fly through his BBs." Until this point in the war, American pilots had been told that the MiG-17s only had two cannons under the belly and one under the nose. And the MiG-17, unlike the MiG-21, wasn't supposed to carry the Atoll heat-seeking missile. But as Cunningham tried to maneuver in behind the MiG that was now on the tail of his wingman, he saw the flash of an Atoll being fired.

"Brian, Atoll! Break port!" The Phantom turned hard; the missile couldn't follow. But the MiG cut across the circle of Grant's turn and kept firing its cannon. Cunningham was still trying to get behind the MiG when he heard the voice of Driscoll, his radar intercept officer, come over his earphones. "Duke, look up!" Two more MiG-17s. Cunningham saw them pass just over his canopy going the opposite direction, but he figured that by the time they got turned around, the MiG on Grant's tail would be a goner. Though his aerial tone didn't indicate a lock-on, Cunningham fired a Sidewinder anyway. It missed, but it was enough to make the MiG break off and run. But just as Cunningham started to follow it, Driscoll spotted the two MiGs already turned around and shooting their cannons. Suddenly, for Cunningham and Driscoll, the circle was

deadly small. Driscoll had seen the two planes (which had been only about 4000 feet apart when they passed the Phantom) bank toward each other and complete their turns without their flight paths overlapping—a maneuver the Phantoms could never have duplicated.

Cunningham locked in on the running MiG. The MiG exploded. But in an instant his emotions changed from rage to stark fear. Two other MiGs were now on his tail and sending tracer bullets past his canopy. Cunningham pulled hard to port in an effort to draw the MiGs in front of his wingman Grant, and for a brief instant he got a good look at the North Vietnamese pilot. The American aviators called their adversaries "Gomers," after the hapless TV character Gomer Pyle. Cunningham says he saw the pilot "... with his heady little Gomer eyes, Gomer hat, Gomer goggles, and Gomer scarf." Every maneuver he tried was matched. The G-suit around his belly and thighs expanded and forced the blood to stay up in his chest and brain as he rolled over into a nose-low, twelve-G turn, popping rivets and breaking flap hinges on the overstressed jet. But the MiGs stayed with him. Finally, as a last resort he dropped down into the clouds, lit the afterburner, and radioed Grant he'd come out heading into the sun. He angled back up into the clear and Grant was behind him and, as the MiGs popped up, the wingman fell in behind them. Immediately the MiGs dipped back down into the cloud cover. Grant lost them. They disappeared.

Duke Cunningham took his nickname from his idol, John Wayne. But he assumed "Duke" only after his second MiG kill; prior to that, Cunningham had been known as "Yank." Knowing that the North Vietnamese monitored American radio transmissions, Cunningham's superiors figured that "Yank" was recognized as having shot down two MiGs. It would be prudent for him to change his name. Duke was a natural alternative.

Cunningham was born in Los Angeles, but had been raised since the age of twelve in the tiny farming community of Shelby, Missouri. He describes the area as "about as redneck as you could get." After graduating with a physical education degree from the University of Missouri in 1964, Cunningham got his master's in education and went on to become a successful high school and college swimming coach. Yet he'd always wanted to fly, and come 1967, the redneck in him knew just what to do. At the relatively ripe age of twenty-five, he applied for

the necessary waiver and was accepted into the Navy.

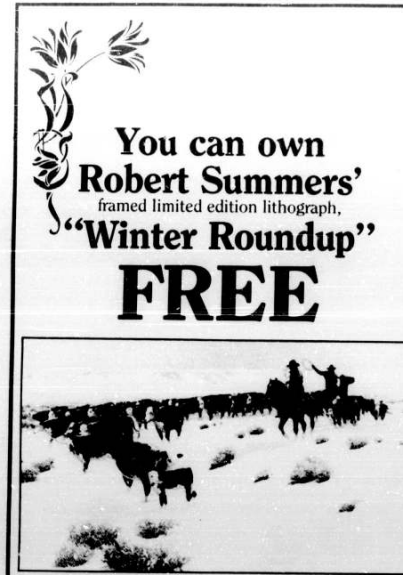
The pilot in year group '67 found themselves in crowded quarters. The Navy had been losing a lot of planes and people over North Vietnam, and it needed replacements. For this reason, in 1967 it trained 1800 pilots, nearly double what it had been training, and triple what it is now training. "It's a strange year group," says thirty-eight-year-old Nick Criss, who is the same rank as Cunningham but four years younger, and his commanding officer. "Sixty-seven was the worst year for Navy attrition over Vietnam, but we were the most gung-ho class they'd had in years. We wanted to go to war. . . . The Navy had projected the loss rates out and figured that if we kept losing pilots like we had been, we needed to train twice as many. But then as soon as they got us in the pipeline, Johnson knocked off the air war up north and we didn't have any attrition; so all these guys lived, basically."

The competition for advancement within year group '67 was fierce for many years after the war because it was so crowded. But that crowding wasn't all a result of President Johnson's 1968 bombing halt. When the air war resumed in 1972, the Navy's attrition level was still far below what it had been. And much of the credit for this goes to a Navy captain named Frank Ault.

In the mid-Sixties the Navy turned to Ault, an aviator, and assigned him the task of finding out why the Navy was losing so many aircraft over Vietnam. Ault knew he would never make admiral, so there was no need to be politic. He laid the truth bare: Navy pilots were being trained to see dogfighting as passive. F-4 fighter crews now thought of themselves as interceptors, trained to shoot down bombers while flying straight and level at 9 mach. The age of the dogfight, according to the military's theorists and contractors, ended in Korea. In the late Fifties and early Sixties, the Navy as well as the Air Force had begun placing emphasis on the use of tactical nuclear weapons, to the exclusion of conventional warfare. That was why, Ault explained, the Navy's F-4 Phantom was built to drop bombs and fire missiles, and had no mounted guns of any type. That was also why the aircraft carrier *Kitty Hawk*, commissioned in April of 1961, found itself with little storage space for conventional bombs and missiles when it went to Vietnam.

The Ault report precipitated a re-evaluated program of Naval fighter training. Out of it came improved missiles and the realization that dogfight-

(continued on page 14)



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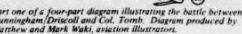
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(continued from page 13)

ing was, in fact, an important part of any war. The establishment of Top Gun, the Naval Fighter Weapons School at Miramar, and the idea that aerial combat maneuvering should be based on the characteristics of the various flight characteristics closely resembled those of MiGs, completely transformed Naval fighter training philosophies. By the time Cunningham's squadron went on its combat tour in 1981, the Navy's primary radar intercept officer had practiced aerial combat against Air Force F-106s, Delta Darts and Navy A-4 Skyhawks, and some of them had gone through Top Gun's intensive six-week course. Although the Navy's fighters were not MiGs, they were not the same guns and were required to carry an extra 5000 pounds of fuel to cover the long distances between the carrier (which was sixty or seventy miles off shore) and the target, the fighter pilots were not used to the "67 was soint to stay overvowed."

about the same time in May that Cunningham and Driscoll were shooting down their second MiG, a letter arrived aboard the *Constellation* from Cunningham's wife. She'd been seeing another man and decided the marriage was hopeless. A couple of days later, as he taxied the Phantom onto the catapuls, his ebbing marriage was just one more thing for Cunningham to put out of his mind. His jet was loaded with two Sparrows, four Sidewinders, and six Rockete cluster bombs. The mission was a large-scale strike against the rail yards in the city of Haiphong. It was May 10, 1972.

By 11:00 a.m. the *Constellation* was in the air. One MiG had been shot down by Lt. Curt Doss of Cunningham's sister squadron. It was a day in which the Navy would shoot down eight MiGs altogether, the Air Force would get three, and Cunningham and Driscoll

would return to the ship as ace and nominee for the Medal of Honor. As the airplane lurched from the deck and started its climb, Cunningham had no difficulty in believing that the farthest thing from his mind was his wife and son.

It was his 300th combat mission and he eased up to a tanker to take on fuel. The ship was crowded with thirty-nine other planes. Cunningham couldn't have known it would be his last. Fifteen minutes later the ship was hit by a salvo from the Red River, and Driscoll was saying what a shame it was that such a beautiful country had to be bombed. The ship was hit by an A-7s quickly destroyed the primary target. Driscoll, Driscoll, their wingman, Brian Grant, and his radar intercept officer, Jerry "Sea Cow" Sullivan, were ordered to attack the supply area and the ship. The two Phantoms pulled closely together into fighting wing, rolled over, and streaked low toward a long brick building, over which they released

Cunningham was looking back at the damage they'd wrought when Grant suddenly yelled that two MiG-17s were on Cunningham's tail and shooting. Cunningham swung left and saw two MiG-17s on his tail. He saw the cannons, noting that the MiG was traveling at great speed. Knowing that most of the MiGs didn't have hydraulic-assisted controls so that at high speed it was very difficult for the North Vietnamese pilots to move their sticks, Cunningham decided to be hard into the MiG. This tactic was usually ill advised, but sure enough, the pilot couldn't readjust his course; the MiG shot over the *Phantom*, and Cunningham turned and lined it up. The sidewinder performed its fatal function, and the MiG plummeted to earth in pieces.

By this time — only fifteen seconds after the Americans had dropped their bombs — two more MiGs had fastened on to Grant's tail. Both he and Cunningham performed disengagement maneuvers and ended up in the clear. They then went vertical, pitched over at 15,000 feet, and headed back for more. Another MiG was shot down by a squadron-mate, its North Vietnamese pilot ejecting as his "flying gas tank" exploded in flames. Eight

MIG-17 followed them as a "defensive wheel." (This tactic ensures that if an aggressor is foolish enough to fly into the formation there will always be a MIG on his tail.) Yet to the amazement of the Phantom crew, the two enemy jets were mingled into the wheel, including their executive officer. All three were flying slowly, about 350 knots, right where the MIGs wanted them. The Phantom's executive officer Cunningham rolled in behind the MIGs that surrounded the executive officer, who was turning left. There was a MIG-17 a half-mile behind the executive officer, a MIG-19 a mile farther back, and a MIG-17 a mile below, flying wing. The real threat came from the MIG below, which the officer apparently didn't see and which Cunningham thought was about to turn and shoot. When the Phantom's executive officer Cunningham fired a Sidewinder, it might have tracked into the Phantom, so he radioed for the executive officer to jerk hard to the right, out of the missile's line of sight. The Phantom kept on the same heading.

Just then Driscoll warned of two MiG-17s coming up directly behind, and two MiG-19s dropping down on them from above, cannons blasting. Cunningham reversed direction momentarily and the 19s passed below him. Going now at about 550 knots, he stayed out of range of the MiG-17s at his rear. Finally the executive officer broke right and Cunningham fired a Sidewinder at the MiG that had been flying wing on him. The radio intercept officer in the executive officer's Phantom looked over and saw that MiG for the first time just as it exploded and the pilot ejected. Cunningham had to dodge the parachute as he streaked by.

Just then, as their second MiG of the day went down, four MIG-21s rolled in from above toward Cunningham and Driscoll. Cunningham turned, putting them perpendicular to his flight path and making himself a difficult target. He saw one of his squadron pilots get his own second MiG of the day (the squadron bagged six in all) as Cunningham headed the Phantom east toward home. It had been about two minutes since they'd dropped their bombs near the rail yard.

In those few quick instants, Cun-

tingham had been an emotional pinball, and now he was a pinball. His feelings sharpened. He described in detail how he felt the plane was falling as he felt as though he were schizophrenic with seven different personalities, each saying for supremacy over the other. "You got a little adrenaline, love, fear, hate, a little things going through your system. And it's cyclic. For a second it's again your fangs are out and it's kill — blood rage. You're an animal and you're killing somebody coming for you and it's a flash of fear — but you can't let it enter in — and then it's *react*..." After all this is over, it's such a tremendous relief. And then hang! Here comes somebody else after you."

Bang! Racing back toward the North Vietnamese coast, Cunningham and Driscoll spotted a MIG-17 heading toward them. "I saw it first," Cunningham found out later via intelligence channels) was the infamous "Col. Tomb," the leading North Vietnamese ace who had shot down thirteen American planes. "I was just about to tell you that true identity of this ace. Some experts think he may have been a Col. Van Bay, and that Col. Tung was a composite figure of North Vietnamese propaganda. I don't know. I don't know. I recall hearing of the exploits of a Col. Tung in North Vietnamese radio broadcasts during the war.) For a head-on situation, the Phantoms had to turn back, and only as they did so the tightest turning plane in order to give it the least amount of advantage in competing for tail position. But as the jets passed each other, Cunningham had to pull away from the racers and go back to his original mission. The MIG. He pulled straight up, thinking that the MiG would either keep running or go into a horizontal turn. But Cunningham and Driscoll were shuttled up into the vertical with them, and the two planes were canopy-to-canopy about one hundred yards apart. It was the initial move in an extraordinarily long chase. Cunningham led the chase in the four and one-half minutes it took to survive it (most dogfights last too long than thirty seconds), every detail engraved itself on his memory. "I could see the cockpit, the helmet, Goggles, Goggles, Gomer spray, and his intent. Gomer expression." Cunningham

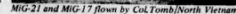
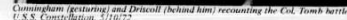
writes in his book about the air war. "I began to feel numb. My stomach grabbed at me in knots. There was no fear in this guy's eyes as we zoomed some 8000 feet straight up."

Cunningham thrust the throttle into afterburner and started to out-climb the MiG ace. This was a mistake. As he came over the top of the climb, the still-vertical MiG lined him up in his sights, and Cunningham had to roll away quickly to the side. Again the MiG pulled in right behind him.

Cunningham accelerated downward and when the MIG followed, he pulled up sharply, rolled, and then settled in for a long, slow, leisurely climb. The MIG but was too close and at an improper angle for a Side-sunder shot. As he pressed over and under, the MIG pulled the same maneuver as Cunningham, rolled, overshoot, overshoot, overshoot, rolled over and dropped to the rear. As the MIG nosed over, Cunningham pulled up and turned sharply, accelerating to 600 knots and running off to the right. But the MIG cut across Cunningham's path. Cunningham then leveled his wings and pulled up into the vertical again. The MIG followed. Once more the two of them were canopy-to-canopy until the Phantom pulled up and away. Cunningham climbing MIG, which began firing its cannon. They dropped back down and repeated the same series of maneuvers, trading the advantage back and forth. As the aircraft skirmed away over the back of the sky, Cunningham kept the wily MIG.

For the third time the two fighters met head-on, and out of this engagement Cunningham drew his primary dictum of fighter tactics: cheat. He let the MiG start to pull into the vertical again, but instead of climbing with him, Cunningham threw out his speed brakes, dropped his flaps, and went to full idle on the throttle. The MiG shot up, and Cunningham pulled up right behind him, adjusting the stick and throttle with feather precision as the Phantom inched toward its star. He pushed into afterburner and the two planes tottered vertically. Col. Tom realized his predicament and began his attempts to roll quickly out of the climb. But the MiG stalled, its nose fell, and after pitching over, it began to turn. Cunningham rolled out behind, (continued on page 16)

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(continued on page 16)



Randy "Duke" Cunningham

DEADLY CIRCLE

(continued from page 15)

and as they both headed straight down he squeezed off a Sidewinder which zipped directly up Tomb's tailpipe. The plane dove into the ground and exploded.

As Cunningham pulled up, four MiG-17s were behind him, but another squadron pilot fired a missile toward them and they scattered. Three more MiGs streaked by but didn't give chase, and the two Phantoms lit their afterburners and headed east toward the Gulf of Tonkin. Halfway to the coast a SAM raced up and exploded beside Cunningham and Driscoll, and less than a minute later their airplane started yawing hard to the left. The hydraulics were failing, locking the tail stabilizer and forcing the nose up. For twenty miles Cunningham used a combination of rudder, afterburner, and speed brakes to roll the airplane through a wallowing descent. The fear of ejecting over the heavily populated Red River Valley and of becoming prisoners of war kept Cunningham and Driscoll in the plane until it began tumbling and burning just over the coast. F-4s and A-7s were circling all around, their pilots screaming at them to eject. Cunningham deployed the drag chute to try to stabilize the plane, but to no effect. The pilot gave the word, and Driscoll reached down and pulled the ejection handle between his knees.

Seconds expanded into minutes for Cunningham. He heard Driscoll's



Bill Driscoll

canopy blow away and felt the wind rush. He glanced back and it seemed as if minutes passed before Driscoll's seat rocketed out of the jet. The ejection sequence handle was set so that Cunningham's seat would eject automatically two seconds after Driscoll's. All Cunningham had to do was straighten his back, keep his head up, and make sure his legs were extended. But so much time seemed to pass. . . his seat wasn't going to go! Finally, in desperation, he started to reach for the ejection handle when boom! His canopy blew off and he was tumbling in his seat through the air. The wind blast filled his black helmet. The drogue chutes tugged the seat into stability. At about 14,000 feet the parachute began snaking out from behind his head, and then its opening shock jerked him away from the seat. Looking up into the web of lines and the orange-and-white striped nylon, Cunningham felt an instant of relief followed by successive blasts of fear, love, and gratitude.

U.S. fighters and attack planes roared in over the North Vietnamese patrol boats heading out of the river delta to intercept the two airmen. On his survival radio Cunningham heard the Dear John letter and thoughts of his wife washed over him now, as he floated high over the gulf. They always told you that the two things you needed to survive in captivity were a strong family and faith in God. Cunningham had neither. He had just killed two men. He was drained, more scared than he'd ever been in his life, and he felt small and unloved. He resolved under that parachute to find God and to try to salvage his marriage. He succeeded in the former, but the latter was already too far gone.



F-14

The home front was increasingly hostile toward the military, and the Navy needed heroes. Almost as soon as the first aces of the war stepped out of the rescue helicopter aboard the *Connie*, Cunningham and Driscoll were whisked away to the States and sent on a PR tour of the country. They appeared on almost every local and national radio and television talk show, were interviewed by the newspapers, and gave talks to various groups almost every day. They were always careful to point out that their success was a matter of circumstance, and that all 5000 men aboard the *Constellation* deserved the credit. It was a nonstop parade that the bachelor Driscoll enjoyed, but for Cunningham, who was in the process of a divorce and a losing child-custody battle, it was one of the lowest points of his life. "I almost became an alcoholic," he says, sitting at his desk in his small office at Miramar. "I'd wake up at six-thirty in the morning and have a Bloody Mary pushed at me. I wouldn't quit until 2:00 a.m. the next night, with the parties and the talks and

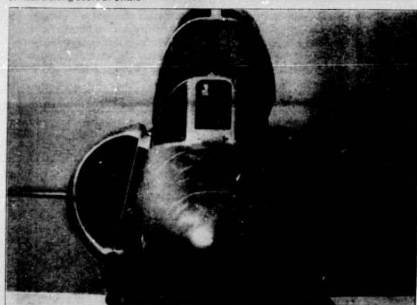
the Rotary Clubs and the Ladies Aid Societies and the Navy Leagues. It was tough.

The Navy used me as much as they could. When Admiral Cooper (commander of the carrier task force) told me I had to go back to the States, I told him no, the MiGs had just started to fly and I didn't want to leave. His quote to me was, 'If the North Vietnamese captured you, then they'd use you for propaganda. The Navy plans to use you. It's a very unpopular war, the Navy's had a lot of bad press, things are in turmoil back in the U.S. We need you for public relations.'"

About halfway through the tour Cunningham and Driscoll learned that their nomination for the Medal of Honor had been denied, and they were getting the Navy Cross instead. They'd been nominated for the act of shooting the MiG off their executive officer's wing while being chased by several other enemy planes. At the end of the tour both men were awarded the duty assignment of their choice: Top Gun, the Naval Fighter Weapons School.



Combat training above El Centro



A-4 fighter from VF-126

Cunningham and Driscoll were two of the more visible Navy heroes, but the other eighty-some MiG killers were also lionized as the war ended. "Even getting a single MiG was blown out of proportion," says Curt Dose, who got the first one on that momentous day in May. "The Navy needed heroes, so we ended up with a chestful of medals." In some cases, particularly Cunningham's and Driscoll's, the MiG killers were far more decorated and well known than their commanding officers. This may have contributed to problems Cunningham encountered with one of his first commanding officers after the war.

Cunningham admits that he wasn't a sterling officer in the early days. "My idea of a Navy officer was a shit-hot pilot who shot down airplanes and to hell with the paperwork," he says now, a bit regretfully. Part of Cunningham's attitude was attributable to the way things worked in the war: pilots were told that the chiefs ran the Navy, and since the pilots themselves might or might not return from a combat mission, the running of the squad-

ron could not depend in any way upon them. This tended to make the pilots indifferent to those duties that didn't concern actually strapping on an airplane.

Cunningham's fitness reports, which had been generally high, started looking bad. "It was just a complete ego clash with that skipper," he says now. The Top Gun commanding officer was himself a MiG killer. "He had a super ego," Cunningham recalls. "For example, I was invited downtown here as a guest speaker at a banquet, and being my skipper, they invited him to come along. They had me seated at the head table. They had him seated out in the audience. And he came up to me and he said, 'I'm your skipper, I will sit at the head table, you will sit in the audience.' The guy running the show wouldn't let us switch. Another example: the Germans were here training up at George Air Force Base from the Richtofen Wing. Col. Bosch and about thirty other people. They came down and asked me to go over to Germany to give a talk to the whole Richtofen Wing. They sent



Tactical Aircrew Combat Training System

messages, letters, requesting me by name. Guess who went. Not me. Another example: I was in the upper five percent in fitness reports under other skippers. And when he took over Top Gun, I was suddenly the bottom lieutenant in fitness reports."

If Cunningham's military career suffered during that time, the detriment wasn't long-lived, because in 1975, just after he remarried, he survived what came to be known in his year group as the "Thanksgiving Day Massacre." He was promoted to lieutenant commander, but half the people remaining in year group '67 were not, and were therefore funneled out of the Navy. Not only was the crowded year group being winnowed down to manageable size by Navy planners but there was also a large cut-back in the Navy itself. When year group '67 was formed, the Navy had more than twenty aircraft carriers and air wings in operation. Today there are only thirteen carriers and air wings; the competition for advancement has become brutal.

So when Cunningham successfully "screened for command" on his third and final try in 1983, it meant the Navy saw possibilities in him beyond his flying years. Bill Driscoll decided to get out and go to work selling office buildings for Coldwell Banker in Carlsbad. He and Cunningham remain close, and Driscoll still gives lectures in aerial combat to Top Gun students. "As a teacher and instructor, I felt I'd done what I needed to do for the Navy after the war," Driscoll says. "I was looking to challenge myself again, with something new and different. . . . You have to put making ace in context. Were we better than the other guys in the squadron? No. Were we lucky?"



Nick Criss

Yes. You have to put it in context and then go forward. You have to make sure that it's not the pinnacle of your life."

Will being the only remaining ace from the Vietnam War help Cunningham's career? "The Navy has a very short memory," says Nick Criss, Cunningham's commanding officer.

"If you have all the boxes checked, all the tickets punched, and make all the sacrifices, it could be a definite plus," Cunningham adds. "But that happened twelve years ago, and you can't glide for twelve years on history. They need you to perform. If I was a shitty officer now and a shitty pilot, doing what I'd done wouldn't amount to a hill of beans."

Cunningham, who is forty-two years old, now makes about \$50,000 a year. He seems to have punched all the tickets along the way: war hero, Top Gun instructor, deploying squadron operations officer, Pentagon billet, seventh fleet staff billet, advanced education degrees, screened for command, executive officer of training squadron, charming second wife. He'll take over as commanding officer of squadron VF-126 in July of 1985, and he says that he'd next like to command either Top Gun or the Blue Angels. After that his real flying days will be over, and in order to advance he'll then have to become either a carrier air wing commander who would be in charge of several fighter and attack squadrons (there are six such commanders on the West Coast), or a department head on an aircraft carrier. Both of those jobs can eventually lead to the career pilot's Valhalla: command of an aircraft carrier. From there, the only place left is the Pentagon. (continued on page 18)

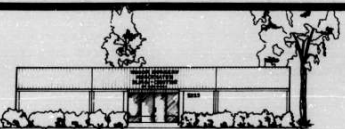
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DEADLY CIRCLE

(Continued from page 17)

But first Cunningham must distinguish himself in VF-126. This is a training squadron that flies small A-4s and F-3s in an adversarial training role against the fleet's F-14s and F-18s (the F-4 Phantom was phased out in the mid-1970s), and for a jet jockey there's hardly any better assignment. VF-126 pilots are trained to simulate Soviet air tactics and instruct all fighter squadron crews in aerial combat. Fresh young pilots coming out of regular flight training have to go through VF-126 before assignment into the fleet, and all squadron aircrews between deployments must complete the month-long course. The practical information is similar to that given in Top Gun, located in an adjacent hangar, but the academics aren't nearly so comprehensive as Top Gun's. At Top Gun only one or two flight crews from each squadron go through the course, which concentrates not only on actual air time but also on the nature of the threat being faced by American aircrews. The VF-126 course doesn't go so deeply into that sobering subject.

Students in both courses learn that the air power philosophy of the Russians (and the countries to which they supply aircraft) is anchored in strength and numbers. "There's not a scenario anywhere in the world where the matchup isn't less than four to one against us," says Nick Criss, skipper of VF-126. "They're going to come at us with people under strict ground control, and in large numbers, and try to put a whole bunch of missiles in the

air. And if that doesn't work, they're in big trouble, because they're not very good at operating independently." Criss says that Soviet tactics are embodied in the design of their aircraft, such as the MiG-23, which is very fast, heavily armed, but not easily maneuverable. "Their whole military structure is very rigid," he continues. "They feel like they've got to maintain control [from the ground]. In a lot of respects their philosophy is exactly the same as it was in World War II: concentration of firepower. They haven't done well in any air war they ever fought. Look at the Syrians, the Libyans, the North Vietnamese, whoever—they've just gotten their asses kicked with those tactics. But they still maintain that that's the way to do it—masses of airplanes."

The U.S., on the other hand, has chosen to rely on training for both the "knife fight," as one-to-one dogfighting is sometimes called, and long-range, nonvisual missile warfare. Ours is more a trained vigilante, rather than a posse, approach; this "loose duce" concept relies on relatively independent pairs of roving fighters. But other things have changed greatly since Vietnam. "You can't fly Vietnam tactics in the Middle East, just as we couldn't fly World War II tactics in Vietnam," says Duke Cunningham. "The technology is so much more complex, the electronic warfare, the SAMs, the planes—it's all changed. And the Soviets now have a missile they can fire head-on, like our Sparrow. They don't need to get behind you anymore with their heat seekers." One thing that hasn't changed is Cunningham's favorite truism: nothing is true in tactics. Meaning that everything—be it when to fire a Sidewinder, how to approach a formation when you're

outnumbered, or how to outrun a MiG-23—is relative to the particular situation.

Out over the air combat maneuvering range, which lies between the Gila and Mohawk mountains near Yuma, Arizona, fleet pilots take on VF-126 instructors in one-on-one, one-on-two, two-on-four, four-on-four, and other simulated combat scenarios. Through a sophisticated telemetry system, known as the Tactical Aircrew Combat Training System, the engagements are recorded by computer and later projected on screens at facilities in both Yuma and at Miramar. Like a giant video game, aircrews can watch in three dimensions as the good guys and bad guys approach one another, fire (simulated) missiles, and score kills. Tapes of these training missions are played for review, and students are taught what conditions were like—air speed, angle of attack, range, closing speed—at any given moment in the fight. The computer-generated images can even show the view of the engagement from inside any participant's cockpit.

The overall aim now for both sides is to fire a long-range missile, such as the F-14's Phoenix, and destroy the other plane before it's even in visual range. Close-in *mano a mano* tactics are a secondary means of engagement, and, says Criss, "From what we know, the Soviets think we're going to win any dogfight we get into. They think the Americans are much better than they are, if it comes to that."

Given the emphasis on it, American pilots probably are better than the Russians in dogfighting, but both Criss and Cunningham, who are in an excellent position to know, say American fighter pilots today aren't getting nearly enough flying time. "Today's

pilots are behind their machines," says Cunningham. "They don't fly enough to have that edge it takes to react in a fight. And I'm very concerned about that."

According to Cunningham and Criss, the average number of hours a pilot flies in a month has dropped from about thirty to about fifteen since the early 1970s. "You look at what the Soviets are building," explains Criss, "and you see that to have even a chance of keeping up with them we've got to put everything we've got into new procurement. We have to just flat get some more airplanes. . . . They're [American strategists] betting right now that we aren't going to go to war, so they're getting machines first and then two years down the road they're going to try to train us to fly them."

Right now Cunningham and Criss are among the few Navy fighter pilots still around with actual combat experience. Many of the pilots they fly with today were still in high school when the Vietnam War ended. When combat veterans talk with these young pilots about the war, the gist of the conversation is usually tactics and almost never politics. But when pressed, Criss, who was a political science major in college, speaks knowledgeably and thoughtfully about the Vietnam conflict. Cunningham, however, is less analytical. As he says in his book, "Russia was against us then and Russia will be against us in the future." Cunningham isn't one to lean back in quiet reflection, slip his thumbs under proverbial suspender straps, and ponder the tragic circumstances that made him a decorated, widely respected air warrior. "I don't know if there's a correlation," he says, "but I've never known a good fighter pilot who smoked a pipe."

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Punches and pesos in
Cheto's Boxing Club

Tijuana Hit Men



Cheto's Boxing Club



Felipe Urquiza, 3/19/84



Cheto Torres

By Bob Owens

Photographs by Robert Burroughs

Several dozen curious onlookers — young men, mainly — jam the entrance area of the recently opened Cheto's Boxing Club in the Plaza de Santa Cecilia in

downtown Tijuana; they watch with intent and silent interest as the six or eight boxers of varying degrees of skill go through their workouts. An experienced professional expertly punches the light bag, and for a while the rhythmic slapping sounds dominate the gym. Others are at work punishing the four heavy bags dangling from an overhead steel beam.

Cheto's is a small storefront enterprise, patched in between a store selling watches and a defunct beer bar. A family with three or four children lives, somehow, on the second floor. To the rear of the gym is a scaled-down ring used for sparring and to give inexperienced amateurs the actual feel of the combat zone.

Professionals and amateurs train side by side at Cheto's. The latter pay the relatively modest sum of 2000 pesos a month (about twelve dollars), but the pros train there gratis; they are managed by gym owner Cheto Torres, thirty-three, who receives thirty percent of the purse from each of the fourteen professional boxers he has under his tutelage. The fees from the amateurs take care of basic expenses, more important, though, if they demonstrate talent and eventually turn pro, they will likely become part of Cheto's stable. Cheto is

always on the lookout for youthful talent. He's been in the business some ten years, after first developing an interest in boxing while working in a factory that manufactured boxing gloves.

Some of Cheto's fighters are seasoned pros like Felipe Vaca, thirty-one, the former Mexican national welterweight champion. Others, like twenty-six-year-old heavyweight Karlo Pedrin, have just turned pro. It's the "name" fighters such as Vaca and Tijuana's own and very popular Felipe Urquiza who draw the crowds to Cheto's door, and it's those boxers who create a desire in the youngsters from the nearby poverty-encased Zona Norte section to want to put on the gloves and rub sweating shoulders with the two Felipes — and maybe, if they are good enough, to make the kind of money these well-known Mexican prizefighters command.

"Fighters make more here in Tijuana than they do in Mexico City," says Walter Hugo Mawhinney, Tijuana's most successful boxing promoter. "Sure, they have the national TV in Mexico City, but they can't charge the prices we can here in Tijuana. The fight fan here has the money and is willing to pay to see good fighters, good matches."

Four fight promoters in Tijuana compete with each other to sign the boxers to a profitable match. They rent the Baja State government-owned Auditorio de Tijuana in La Mesa (two blocks past the racetrack) and set their own seat prices. A typical card of five or six bouts will

cost the patrons, nearly all of whom are Mexican, the equivalent of about thirteen dollars for a ringside seat and \$4.50 for general admission. "But if I put on a top fight," Mawhinney states, "high-ranking and popular boxers, I can easily charge eighteen dollars or twenty dollars ringside and people will be glad to pay it. For a national championship fight I can charge even more." Depending on the deal they make with the promoter, the boxers receive either a flat sum or a percentage of the gate. In a few of the latter cases, Mexican boxers have been known to refuse to appear in the ring if the house wasn't full enough.

Mawhinney, born in San Diego of an Irish father and a Mexican mother, got into the business of fight promotion almost by accident. He was operating an aluminum door and window business in Guadalajara four years ago when a young man of serious mien applied for a job.

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Raised in poverty in Guadalajara (three other brothers are also prizefighters), Felipe Vaca had such great natural ability that he never fought as an amateur. He punched his way through the ranks and was Mexico's welterweight champion before he turned twenty-two. While earning good money and basking in the glow of national adulation, he was approached and befriended by members of Guadalajara's Marxist

revolutionary 19th of September movement, who appealed to his pride and to his idealistic (but not politically sophisticated) sense of social justice. To garner the millions of pesos deemed necessary to promote their social revolution, the group decided to rob a bank, and Vaca went along with them. All were apprehended — the police had apparently caught wind of the plot — and Vaca spent five years in prison.

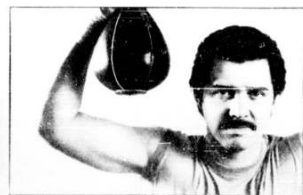
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Mawhinney decided that Tijuana was the place to be if you were going to be in the boxing game, so three years ago he moved his business to Tijuana and set about putting his friend Vaca — still something of a hero to Mexico's impoverished masses — back on the road to pugilistic stardom. Mawhinney also began promoting other matches.

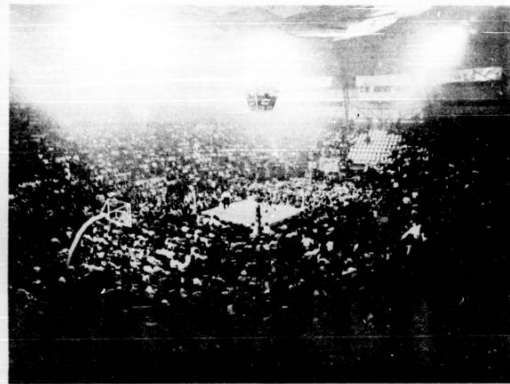
"It's still kind of a hobby, but a profitable one, and fun," he says. The Tijuana press generally helps promote the sport by offering excellent coverage, encouraged, Mawhinney says, both by friendship and a little cash on the side that finds its way into the pockets of the sports writers.

At Cheto's gym, Felipe Vaca and another fighter have finished their workouts. Southpaw lightweight

(continued on page 22)



Karlo Pedrin



Auditorium in Tijuana, 3/19/84



Walter Mawhinney

Punches and pesos in Cheto's Boxing Club

Tijuana Hit Men



Cheto's Boxing Club



Cheto Torres

By Bob Owens

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Club in the Plaza de Santa Cecilia in downtown Tijuana; they watch with intent and silent interest as the six or eight boxers of varying degrees of skill go through their workouts. An experienced professional expertly punches the light bag, and for a while the rhythmic slapping sounds dominate the gym. Others are at work punishing the four heavy bags dangling from an overhead steel beam.

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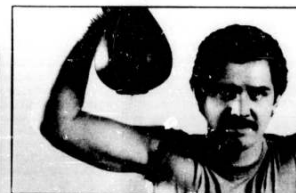
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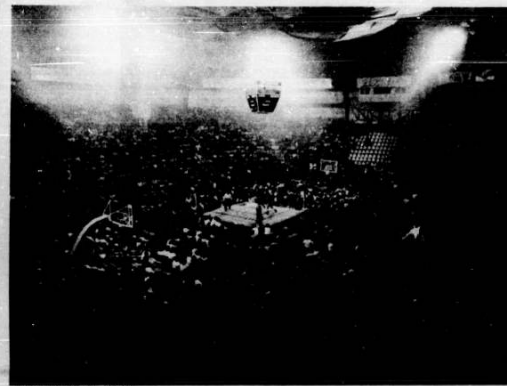
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(continued on page 22)



Karlo Pedrin



Auditorio de Tijuana, 3/19/84



Walter Mawhinney

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Hit Men

Continued from page 27
Felipe Urquiza enters, elegantly dressed, his youthful, handsome face framed by a neatly trimmed beard. Urquiza was born in Mexico City, second oldest of eight children. His alcoholic father could not hold a job, and his mother picked up the kids and left for Tijuana, the city of opportunity. Urquiza tried to help ease his mother's burden by shining shoes and sometimes by running up to an American car stopped at a light — those rich Americans! — and cleaning the windshield for a dime or two.

Urquiza was good, very good, at fights. He never got into street fights — his mother would not tolerate street fighting — but in casting about for a career, he realized that fighters make a lot of money in a lump sum, amounts that seemed, to a pubescent boy like more money than could possibly exist in the world. Now he could really help his mother by earning this big money; he would become a boxer.

He was underage and needed his mother's signed permission. She wouldn't hear of it; her son would not use his fists to make a living. Urquiza persisted, and she finally relented and signed the papers. Urquiza had a few impatient fights as an amateur, and then turned professional. He was fifteen years old.

Felipe Urquiza, now twenty-three, is the fifth-ranked lightweight in Mexico, but he has had problems lately. During his next-to-last fight, in Phoenix, his jaw was broken, and he lost his last fight in Tijuana by a knockout. However, he still boasts a 46-6 record, he has a devastating knockout punch, and he's quite a draw in Tijuana. He's in serious training for a March 19 fight, a bout he must win to retain his ranking and his reputation, and if he is victorious Mawhinney will get him a lucrative bout with Mexico's national lightweight champion. Urquiza will receive about \$5000 for the March fight; if he loses, the purse for his next fight will be less. When injured, he fights four or five times a year. Despite the fact that he is the sole support of the family, his mother begs him to retire. (Urquiza also works full-time as an ambulance driver for a local hospital, and lives at the La Mesa home he recently bought for his mother and the other children.) She sometimes goes to the fights, but leaves and waits in the car before her son enters the ring. Afterward, they forego the victory celebration and return home together. Like many men who practice violence for a living, Felipe Urquiza's demeanor is well-mannered, soft-spoken, gentle.

When Urquiza emerges from the dressing room and starts to shadow box in front of the mirrors that line the side walls, the people crowded at the door focus their attention on him. He skips rope for a while, then gets into the ring for a few tough rounds with a sparring partner, under Cheto's watchful eye. The amateurs, in the middle of their own workouts, also steal a glance now and then.

Most of the good Mexican fighters are in the lighter weight classifications, between 106 and 135 pounds: bantam, fly, feather, light, and welter. So when a six-foot-four,

215-pound hulk walks out to punch at the bag, his presence seems to fill the room. You look twice, and again when he speaks to you in perfect and polite English, void of accent. He is Karlo Pedrin, youngest son of Tijuana's Pedrin family, owners of the highly successful La Costa and Pedrin's restaurants. Pedrin has had but eight amateur fights and is still a professional, where he stopped his opponent in one minute of the first round. Both Cheto and Mawhinney believe he has a great future as a professional, and they are bringing him along slowly. They recently turned down — wisely — a lucrative offer to have him appear in Las Vegas, on the same card as the Holmes-Frazier heavyweight championship bout, because the fighter he would have replaced had vastly more experience.

"Cheto knows my situation, that I help my father with the restaurants," Pedrin says, "so he allows me to work my training schedule around my business hours. But I'm one hundred percent serious. I run five miles every day and I'm here at the gym for two hours each day." (His next fight is on April 9, in Tijuana.) Pedrin is another natural athlete.

His parents sent him to Marian High School in Imperial Beach, a Catholic institution attended by the sons and daughters of Tijuana's wealthier families, and while there he made the San Diego all-star basketball team. Although he and his wife live in Bonita, he prefers to fight in Mexico. "Because there's not that many heavyweights in Mexico," he explains, "they pull in the crowds. Also, my family is well known in Tijuana, and that helps. It's all economics; I draw bigger crowds in Mexico than I would in the U.S., so I can make more money here."

Some would consider the twenty-six-year-old too old to turn professional. "Not at all," he says. "Heavyweights always develop late, they reach their peak at about twenty-eight. That's two years away from me, and by that time I expect for the very least to be not only the heavyweight champion of Mexico, but the most popular draw in the country as well." His quiet, educated manner impels you to want to believe him. Unlike most Mexican professionals, who use their fists to bring their financial success, money is obviously not a big problem for Karlo Pedrin. "I'm not punching my way out of poverty," he laughs, "I'm punching my way into it." Yet if his abilities match his confidence and determination, he could eventually earn more from one fight than he could in an entire year at the restaurant.

As Pedrin talks and Urquiza hypnotizes the onlookers with a virtuosic performance on the light bag, a little boy a few feet tall jogs around the training platform, pausing occasionally to poke a left jab at his image in the mirror. He wears a blue T-shirt with the name "Happy" imprinted on the front. He is six years old, from a nearby neighborhood. His father is glad to pay the 2000 pesos a month for his son's training, understanding well that life is perpetual war for those who prepare for the battle from babyhood. With competitive violence, will acquire an outlook that will give them an edge in their future endeavors, whatever they may be. When "Happy" is a few years older he may join others of Cheto's eight-year-old amateurs who duke it

out every Friday night at the gymnasium annex of the Tijuana Auditorium.

The popular Friday night wrestling is held in the main arena, but the amateurs draw a loud and enthusiastic crowd of perhaps 400. The first bouts of the evening are for the youngest gladiators, the eight-year-olds. A little blond boy, wearing Cheto's distinctive blue and gold trunks and T-shirt, is lifted into the ring by his handler, as is his opponent, also eight, on the opposite corner of the ring. In the first few seconds of each of the two rounds that the boys fight, they try very hard to remember the hard-taught lessons, keeping their lefts high, jabbing, moving, waiting for an opening. But after a few punches are landed, fury usually replaces science and the roundhouse lefts and rights come rolling in from all directions. This seems true for most of the older boys as well; however, the padded gloves and headgear protect the youngsters from any really serious injury.

Dr. Juan Valdez, working from an office in the auditorium, is the newly appointed director of sports in Tijuana. His time is spent — when he is not involved in his private dental practice or his career as a professional jai alai player — in promoting amateur athletics in the city, from finding available fields on which kids can play baseball and soccer, to putting together the amateur boxing. There is even a vigorous gymnastics program. "In a few short months, under the new administration, Tijuana has gone from twenty-five amateur boxers to over 200," Valdez says. "The idea is to give to every kid who wants to participate a chance to do so. For a few hundred pesos a month they can come here to the auditorium, receive professional instruction, with all the equipment provided, showers, and so on. And they can train right alongside professionals." (Pros who choose to train at the auditorium pay only 1000 pesos a month.)

With this kind of program it is certain that Tijuana will produce talented professional prizefighters in the future. But, as Valdez points out, the program is strictly supervised with qualified medical personnel on hand at all times, and a small percentage of each professional purse is taken not only to help support the state-run orphanages, but to provide an emergency fund for the medical needs of the amateur participants.

Every Monday night throughout most of the year, the auditorium hosts professional boxing. The official seating capacity is about 4000; if a car "prowls a big draw, some 500 to 600 more can be squeezed into the aisles and walkways. Mexican fight fans are an extremely vocal group, and there's lots of informal (though technically illegal) gambling going on among friends and strangers in the same seating area. They appreciate action that is fast and furious, with little patience for boxers who are stylistic aesthetes, or for those whose skills are heavy in the area of defense. The classic defensive maneuver, the clinch, is strongly discouraged by Mexican referees, and is rarely seen in prizefights here. Two fighters waltzing around the ring in each other's arms would probably bring down a shower of debris. On the other hand, an action-filled contest with valor and ferocity demonstrated by both boxers frequently results in the ring canvas being covered with

money, thrown by the charged-up crowd. This happened twice during bouts one night recently. The first time, spectators in the first five or six rows at ringside crouched under their seats or held the metal folding chairs over their heads to avoid being pelted by errant coins. After the evening's final bout, the flying coins — and the beer and soda cups as well — caused the folks near ringside to march out of the auditorium with the chairs over their heads. To avoid any full-scale riots, each patron at the gate is subjected to a brief booze-and-weapons frisk.

Only a few Americans find their way to Tijuana's pro fights. One who was in attendance in early March was Sky Bryant, a manager at the Mattel Toy factory. He lives in Tijuana. "The fighting here is clean," he offers, "and the refs will stop a fight if there's any danger of a fighter being seriously injured. Sometimes I think they pull the string a little too fast. But it's a good show for the price, although most of the boxers don't really have the full repertoire of skills you see in the States. There's really not a hell of a lot of finesse, although a few of the older and more experienced guys will show some good stuff. But I'm here regularly, so I must enjoy it."

There was a big crowd on March 19 for the Felipe Urquiza fight. He had shaved his beard — "the fight fans here don't know me with a beard" — and seemed more boyish than ever. He bounced into the ring, buoyant, smiling and waving to the applause, green velvet trunks displaying a white hand emblem shaking a thumb-forefinger "that's okay" circle.

He came out at the bell, determined and aggressive, his head bobbing in a constant up-down motion, crowding in on his opponent. He had said before the fight that he once promised his mother and himself that if he ever lost three fights in a row he would retire. But he had no thoughts of losing; he had to win.

Urquiza bored in, always moving. His opponent, from Culiacán, was an experienced and clever counterpuncher, and blood burst from Urquiza's nose in the third round. Between rounds the cut man worked to stem the flow, while Cheto counseled with rapid words and quick gestures. In the fifth Urquiza sent the other fighter to the canvas with a hammering barrage.

He had shown his experience by going often to the body, slowing the opponent, causing him to drop his hands. ("Punish the body and the head will fall" is an old ring maxim.) However, the fighter from Culiacán recovered and came on strong in the middle rounds, jabbing and counterpunching effectively. Urquiza had lost the chance for a knockout, but he would not let victory slip away. He got a second wind and came in slamming, his right eye now puffed and almost closed, blood trickling from his mouth and nose. In the last few rounds he was in complete control, and the fans shouted: "Urquiza! Urquiza! Urquiza!" When the bell sounded to end the punishing contest, Urquiza and everyone else knew he had won. When the decision was announced, he was mobbed in the ring, and again on the way to the dressing room. A few months from tonight he will be back in the ring, fighting for the Mexican championship.

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QUARTER NOTES

BY JONATHAN SARIS



EMERSON STRING QUARTET

One could tell from the very beginning of the Emerson Quartet's concert at Sherwood Hall (presented by the La Jolla Chamber Music Society) that something unusual was in the offing. The four relatively young men were dressed not in the regulation tuxedos but in black suits, with four-in-hand ties, each of a different color. The audience was informed that the two violinists—Eugene Drucker and Philip Setzer—would be alternating in the parts of first and second fiddle. And then there was some amusing banter with the audience on the subject of errors in the printed program, the comments by the musicians phrased and timed with the expertise of experienced comedians. What kind of performances would come after all this? Radical reinterpretations? Undisciplined fun? Not at all, as it turned out. The Emerson players are evidently confident (and justifiably so) of their mastery.

to such an extent that they can afford to undermine the customary impersonal formality of concert performances. In order to make a statement but because they feel comfortable living themselves. As musicians, in fact, they compose one of the most exciting quartets I have heard—or at least so I judge on the basis of that one splendid concert. The democratic attitude suggested by the alternation of violinists goes along with an extraordinary group solidarity; throughout their performances of the Mozart "Dissonant" Quartet, Schubert's "Death and the Maiden," and a modern work by Maurice Wright, they were continually consulting each other with their eyes, conducting each other with their bows, and consequently achieving truly remarkable precision of attacks, mutual responsiveness in phrasing, and consistency of tone color. I inevitably thought of the Budapest Quartet, the Amadeus, the Quattro Italiano; and it is hard to find higher praise than that. The characteristic style of the Emerson Quartet involves a

fullness—even an extremeness—in the realization of every kind of musical gesture: extreme vehemence, extreme lyricism, the utmost suavity when it is called for (as in the *Andante* of the Mozart), or the most drastic impetuosity (as in the final Presto of the Schubert), along with a bold decisiveness in underlining emotional contrasts and in delineating formal structures. There was great strength in this playing, great vitality, but above all an immense vividness in communicating the inner meaning and direction of each moment of the music. The group was consequently most spectacular in something like the slow movement of the Schubert (the one based on the composer's song from which the work takes its subtitle), where each variation was given an exceptionally distinct, living personality of its own, and the emotional impetus that connects the variations and shapes them into a musical whole was conveyed with tremendous dramatic power. But this is not to imply that their playing was weaker anywhere else on the program. On the contrary, they rose from glory to glory throughout, and even the most relaxed passages carried with them the intense effect of being relaxed in the most totally easygoing and unpressured way possible.

The unfamiliar work on the Sherwood Hall program was the Wright piece, composed for the Emerson last year. The thirty-four-year-old American composer clearly has the courage of his convictions, for in his Quartet he shows himself willing to distance himself from the academic avant-garde that has dominated contemporary music since the Fifties, and to turn back to other traditions more in

keeping with his own expressive purposes. The tradition in the present case is that of Bartok, and aside from the score's inherent qualities of thematic, rhythmic, and harmonic inventiveness, it was fascinating to hear a work composed in 1983 which completely ignored the whole Second Viennese School and made its own vigorous and affecting points as though Cage, Boulez, and Stockhausen had never existed. The Emerson Quartet played the Wright work as though they valued it as much as they did the Mozart or the Schubert, another example of their extreme (and exhilarating) commitment to everything they do.

MONTEVERDI CHAMBER ORCHESTRA



The Monteverdi Chamber Orchestra, creation of enterprising young conductor Leonard Ingrande, gave the third of its projected five concerts last week at the Old Globe. Having enjoyed the previous concert, I expected once again to admire Mr. Ingrande's conducting skills, the captivating programming,

and the surprisingly high quality of the orchestra. There was not a great deal to complain about in the first two categories, but this time the orchestral playing left more to a little to be desired. The chief problem, as one might imagine, was in the strings. In the numerous local chamber orchestras that have preceded the Monteverdi in San Diego, the strings have invariably been the sore point, so that I was amazed, when I first encountered the Monteverdi group, to hear the string sections playing with excellent unanimity of pitch and a full, resonant tone. These two characteristics are related, for the fullness of tone depends to a great degree on all the musicians playing the pitches at very close to the same frequency; if anyone is off, the conflict of frequencies immediately lowers the volume of sound and gives the tone color an unpleasant thinness and dullness. How the last time around the Monteverdi managed to avoid this effect, the bane of small and relatively inexperienced orchestras, remains a mystery, since at their latest concert they were back in the same boat with their now vanished predecessors, the La Jolla Chamber Sinfonia, the San Diego Symphony Chamber Orchestra, the San Diego Sinfonia, and various other local chamber orchestras that have flourished feebly for a while and then folded. Decent wind playing, good percussion, but string and that was often so dreadful that it pained the ear: in particular, there was one violin in the first-violin section that was consistently out of pitch, quite spoiling some of the musical effects sought by Mr. Ingrande in the lively Rossini overture (*to La Scala di Sete*), with its rapid passage work, or Copland's *Quiet City*,

with its slow, exposed, high string writing. In the latter work, the evocation of a peaceful city at night curiously seemed to include the uninterrupted, distant screeching of brakes, as an unnerving background to the expressive, meditative playing of the solo trumpet (Alan Siebert) and English horn (Karen Victor). There were persistent—terrors among the lower strings.

Doing my best to listen through this sonic interference, I could discern Mr. Ingrande's artful phrasing in the Rossini piece, and his nice calculation of the composer's witty pauses. He seemed at home with the spirit and the musical devices of this brilliant overture, and the orchestra (except for that dissident violin) responded sympathetically. The performance of Mozart's great Symphony No. 39 was perhaps less impressive on the whole. Mr. Ingrande's forthright and unmanipulated approach made for great clarity of structure, and the contrast (or conflict) of ideas in the marvelous second movement was realized with passion and power. But there was something a bit foursquare about some of this conducting: the Menuetto, for example, lacked the grace and shapeliness that can be brought out if phrase-ending notes are allowed to bloom and breathe (in the manner of Bruno Walter) and if there is a little

more pliancy in the rhythm. The novelty on the Monteverdi's program was Mark Walters's Rhapsody for Baritone Saxophone and Chamber Orchestra, with the composer as soloist. It proved to be a cheerfully aggressive work in an old-fashioned American idiom: melodious, diatonic, syncopated, motoric, with clean textures and pungent (but never distressing) harmonies—Copland or Bernstein, in other words. It was well crafted in a confident, unpretentious, neoclassical way, and the musical ideas, while not profound, had the great virtues of being firmly shaped, easy to perceive and to remember, and capable of interesting development. What gave Mr. Walters's work its uniqueness was the solo instrument itself, one only rarely heard in the concert hall, and sounding quite different when played in a "classical" style than in its more familiar jazz manner. Unfortunately, the Rhapsody was not long enough or varied enough in mood to satisfy all one's curiosity about the possibilities of the instrument; it would have been good to hear more of what it can do in a lyric vein, for example. In fact, this pleasant diversion might seem more substantial if it were the first movement of a three-movement concerto—a piece which, given the composer's evident talent, would doubtless be worth hearing.

YEOMEN OF THE GUARD



KPBS-TV will be presenting all the Gilbert and Sullivan operettas over a three-year period, in productions by Judith DePaul. The series began, fairly wretchedly, last week, with Anthony Besch's drearily unimaginative staging of *The Yeomen of the Guard*. This work, set in Tudor England, is one of G&S's masterpieces, with Gilbert brilliantly capturing the rhythm and pungency of Shakespearean comic prose, and Sullivan offering some of his most winsome music (including the delectable "I Have a Song to Sing, Oh").

But it needs a directorial concept and a sense of style if it is to come off, and the PBS production lacked both. It was a mistake to use sets, costumes, and crowd movements that belong to the world of the realistic stage. The wit, the self-mockery, the essentially parodic nature of *Yeomen* was fatally diluted among all those archeologically correct details. What was needed was a delicate artificiality, a theatricalist approach, which would let us taste the satire and the absurdity at their full flavor. Mr. Besch, however, seemed to have no ideas at all, and even in such technical matters as using space, keeping the action moving, or maintaining focus he seemed quite inept (just as in his recent San Diego Opera production of *Cornea*).

His actor-singers were a mixed crew, with only a few who seemed truly well cast. Elizabeth Gale (as the heroine, Elsie Maynard) sang with a lovely, light, operatic soprano voice and acted with the appropriate mixture of sincere sentiment and graceful stylization. Alfred Marks did a lively, clownish job as the jailer, Wilfred Shadbolt, with his muggings exaggerated to just the right degree, and if some of the others were wooden in their acting and wobbly in their singing, that is perhaps to be expected from the genre (except that a good

production would make theatrical use of these traditional G&S characteristics, rather than merely attempting to survive them). The main error in casting was Joel Grey, as the strutting jester, Jack Point. Mr. Grey, with his American accent, musical-comedy croon, and borscht-circus-comedian acting style was totally out of place. He had no idea of how to deliver a G&S song (he could not even manage the patter), and he was evidently in a continual quandary as to how deep and touching or how light and amusing he should make his characterization, with scarcely any of his choices turning out suitable or convincing. His heartbroken, twitchy-faced, pathetic, delirious agony at the end of the comedy, when Jack has lost his beloved Elsie to the dashing Colonel Fairfax, was creggous proof (if any more were needed) of how little he and Mr. Besch understood the decorum of Gilbert and Sullivan operetta. What was needed was a single star, a gallant grin, and a self-effacing merging into the general fantasy. This was not, after all, *Il Pagliaccio* or *Les Enfants du Paradis*, but rather (though it was sometimes hard to recognize it) *The Yeomen of the Guard*. The next offering in the series will be *The Gondoliers*, on Wednesday, April 11, at 9:00 p.m.

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Therapies in Our Time



William Devitt, Kate Frank, Wayne Tibbitts

JEFF SMITH

Until last week, the "heightened comedies" of Christopher Durang had appeared only in the bookstores of San Diego. One can purchase copies of his riotous *The History of American Film*, which one critic has called "a film junkie's revenge" on the cinema, or his *Sister Mary Lennox Explains It All for You* (in which the good sister says, "All our prayers are answered; it's just that sometimes the answer is no"), or a collection of his plays entitled *Christopher Durang Explains It*.

All for You. And those with a literary bent can eagerly await the publication of his pointed satires *When Dinah Shore Ruled the World* and *The Vietnamization of New Jersey*. The titles of these plays alone suggest a wit, inventive—and possibly deranged—young playwright for whom iconoclasm is as natural as breathing. And word-of-mouth reports from intrepid voyagers to Los Angeles, where two of his plays have had long runs, corroborate Durang's reputation as an on-target, if loony, play writer. But until last week, San Diego audiences had been denied the pleasure of seeing one of Durang's eccentric

satires performed live, on a local stage. Durang is here! Finally. And the San Diego Repertory Theatre's production of his *Reverend Theology*, which opened last Thursday night, has made the long wait worth it. A crisp-paced eruption of bizarre situations, *Reverend Theology* is a work of a solid but, one guaranteed both to offend and delight everyone who sees it. In fact, the only major problem this production has is the need for its actors to exercise patience until the blur of stinging one-liners they speak. The play and the production are so jammed with humor—verbal and, thanks to the fine direction of Walter Schoen, visual—that different members of the audience will respond, loudly, to different parts of the play. Thus the first-rate cast will have to postpone their lines while the laughter subsides and the next barrage begins. Throughout the run of this show (and it should be a long one) the actors will remain in the hands of, to them, a seemingly fickle audience, a menagerie of chuckles, belts of crazy joy, and flashes of self-recognition.

Before the play begins, both Bruce and Prudence have lived their first three decades, like Rip Van Winkle, in prolonged and passive snoozes. The rude awakening of the Big Three Oh has injected in each the need to fulfill himself or herself in traditional ways, with a mate and children. To further these aims, and to prune away residues of psychological baby fat, and wears are undergoing therapy. And each has been ordered to "take responsibility for their lives," to "express their feelings" freely, and to "be open to all experiences." Unable to do so directly, Bruce has placed a classified ad in the *New York Review of Books*. It's a generic statement—"white male, thirty to thirty-five, six feet, one inch, blue eyes, who's into rock music, movies, jogging, and quiet evenings at home"—and the aptly named Prudence responds. They meet at a restaurant, only to discover that the specifics don't jibe with the innocuous description. Sure,

Bruce seems nice enough to Prudence. But he's also bisexual, compulsively vulnerable, and desperately in need of a wife and kids. And Prudence isn't necessarily pedestal material either. Though she has all the outward signs of liberation, deep down she wants, as she sings when they meet, "someone to watch over me."

Their professional guises could use some watching over as well. Dr. Stuart Farmington, Prudence's psychiatrist, would profit from an eon on someone else's couch. Freud may have abandoned the seduction theory, but Farmington certainly hasn't. A world-class phallicist, with one eye forever fixed on his macho meter, Farmington seduces his patients with libidinous—and hasty—apophysis. His idea of sexuality is short but sweet, and Prudence can attest to the doctor's problems with premature ejaculation, and with his methods in general. "I must be out of my mind to keep seeing you," Prudence tells him in one of the sanest lines of the play. "I really don't think you're a good therapist," she adds later, "but the others are probably worse. I'm afraid."

Bruce's psychological counselor, Mrs. Charlotte Wallace, gives credence to Prudence's observation. Initially at least, Charlotte is a certifiable wacko whose brain is a jumping beam of disconnected synapses. She has married men—three at last count—all named Wallace. She likes to conduct shockless sessions, carries an electric drill in her designer bag, and wears a succotash of Sixties trappings. Charlotte has free-associated for so long that her speeches are a post-structuralist slippage of homeless references. A patient in a porpoise. No. A pom-pom? Paraphrase? No. But she'll find the right word eventually, once she winds her way back into the present. Hugging her toy Snoopy dog helps to return her from these voyages into personal space, the final frontier. But she often doesn't get beamed back to the right evolutionary planet. Sometimes she stops at the level of animals, barking an emphatic "ruff, ruff" to Bruce when she is

pleased with his progress. In short, asking Charlotte—or Dr. Farmington—about love is like asking a bug about crymology.

Thru Prudence, Bruce and their two "therapists" together. Then add Bruce's male lover Bob, Bob's middle-class mother Sadie on the phone, and a dilatory waiter—whose absence actually keeps the story going—and the result is comic madness. Like Joe Orton's *What the Butler Saw* (in which a man sees two psychiatrists at the same time), characters fail to recognize the form that manipulates them. In Schoen's treatment, the characters (especially Prudence, Bruce, and Bob) experience farcical situations and frequently recognize them as such. They sense that they're trapped in a plot designed to demean and ridicule them. And this awareness, combined with their frustrated attempts to break out of a farcical existence and take command of their lives, makes the characters more neurotic than psychotic—and thus more believable and sympathetic as well.

With every actor playing against his character's type, Schoen's solid cast carries out his emphasis effectively. As Bruce, William Davis verges on tears without ever actually pushing; this gives his character a genuine, rather than cardboard, vulnerability. Wayne Tibbitts, who plays Bruce's male lover Bob, adds some wonderfully dry touches of humor to the

flat, overladen stage with mimicry, or he just sits. What director Walter Schoen has done in the Rep's production is to temper the play's fetish for the excessive. Schoen has trusted the individual scenes to work their comic wonders, but he has therapeutically—toned—down Durang's "heightened"—characterizations, making each more realistic. In pure farce, like Orton's *What the Butler Saw* (in which a man sees two psychiatrists at the same time), characters fail to recognize the form that manipulates them. In Schoen's treatment, the characters (especially Prudence, Bruce, and Bob) experience farcical situations and frequently recognize them as such. They sense that they're trapped in a plot designed to demean and ridicule them. And this awareness, combined with their frustrated attempts to break out of a farcical existence and take command of their lives, makes the characters more neurotic than psychotic—and thus more believable and sympathetic as well.

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show. He also serves as a touchstone of marginal sanity all evening—at least until he confesses to Charlotte what was missing from his childhood: Kate Frank is an excellent Prudence. By refusing to collapse amid conflicting allegiances, Frank allows us to laugh with, not at, Prudence's attempts to discover pieces to the puzzle of her life. Dressed in Mission Valley singles bar chic, Sam Woodhouse's Dr. Farmington is a nifty cross between a false front and the blunt, four-letter locker room impulses that inhabit his every thought. And though her understated efforts early on seem at odds with the racy lines her character speaks, Barbara Murray turns in a strong performance as Charlotte, the scrabble-brained therapist out making triple word scores in the sonophone. Mary Gibson's costumes, Nick Martin's lighting, and Dan Dryden's raked set for the production are all high caliber. Dryden's set, in particular, is both visually appealing and quite functional. And with the aid of two performers, it has also solved one of the most pressing problems of the show. The nine scenes of *Reverend Theology* take place in a restaurant, Bruce and Bob's apartment, and the offices of the two therapists, and thus the shifts from one locale to another threaten to dull momentum. Instead, these intervals are one of the highlights of the Rep's production. Don

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Who Has the Kabobs?



ELEANOR WIDMER

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Type of Food: Indian
Price Range: Complete dinners, \$8.95 to \$12.95; à la carte dishes, \$4.25 to fourteen dollars
Hours: Open daily, Monday through Saturday, 11:00 a.m. to 9:00 p.m.; Sunday, 5:00 p.m. to 9:00 p.m.

Shortly before 8:00 p.m. the owner of the restaurant, a man who has his origins in Bombay, announced with pride, "The

exotic Lana!" At once the Indian music began, and from a side entrance emerged Lana, swathed in diaphanous materials that glinted under the harsh glare of the overhead lights. She was barefooted but not bare-bellied; her considerable girth was covered, yet her breasts seemed to pour from the mild restraints of her costume like mounds of whipping cream. Flashing the sturdy columns of her legs, she moved directly to our table, where she concentrated on my friend, a courtly gentleman positioned at the end of the table. He sat with a polite smile on his face as she raised and lowered her shoulders, as she did her snake-like movements, going faster and faster until her body undulated from her naked feet to the tip of her thick, black

hair. After a few minutes, a row of moist, turtled-necked her upper lip. She was dancing seductively that I thought, "Oh my, here comes a bread in our soup." There was only one thing wrong with that presumption: though she had been sitting at the table for nearly half an hour, we hadn't as yet been served any food, let alone soup.

It was Saturday night and every table at the Tandoori Oven restaurant in Rancho Bernardo was filled to capacity. The room was small, unimpressive, with an open kitchen at the far end and a cooler containing wine and beer up against one wall. Two young women scurried about taking orders. The owner did all the cooking, but from time to time he would pause, enter the dining room, and gaze about with apparent satisfaction. Once he stepped outside to survey the night. But his pleasure was most evident when the belly dancer was on the floor. He positively beamed his approval.

In the meantime, our party of six was hungry. Not merely hungry, we were starving. Everyone at the table except me had visited or lived in India, and we had waited all day for what we hoped was a great Indian feast. The day before, one of my friends had even gone to the trouble of ordering the special fish baked with coriander masala, which required twenty-four hours advance notice. We drummed our fingers against the cloth. We tried to distract ourselves with the antics of Lana. In most restaurants you can at least ask for bread. Here at Tandoori Oven, in a Rancho Bernardo shopping center, the service was so disorganized and the waitresses so overworked that all we could do was wait. And the dancing went on. The walls shook. The smiles on our faces grew tired, as if they had been applied with epoxy. Finally our appetizers arrived, *samosas* (two dollars) and *pakoras* (\$3.75). We fell upon them. One bite and I quit. They were greasy, leaden, and, from my point of view, barely edible.

Indian appetizers have always been my favorites. *Samosas* are deep-fried "turnovers," or pastry filled with meat or vegetable stuffing. They should be light and savory. They should be able to pop them

into your mouth, crunch on them, and savor for more. The same is true for *pakoras*, sometimes known as the tempura of India. This batter-coated shrimp looked so dismal on the plate that I didn't want to try it—the batter was thick, and it had been fried too long. As a consequence, the shrimp inside the batter was tough and rubbery. Many a good restaurant has fallen down on its appetizers. Patience and faith, I thought.

We had heard that the soup was a wonder. When ours arrived (it is served with the entrée along with *basmati* rice, *naan*, *salad*, *roti*, chutney, and dessert), it was tepid in temperature and watery—spicy water with vegetables floating around. I abstained from the soup as well.

We had ordered a great many cooked *tandoori* meats, which consists of one leg and one breast of chicken (\$8.95) cooked tandoori-style on charcoal—despite its name, Tandoori Oven does not have a tandoor oven at present—and an order of *murgh masala*, a spiced chicken prepared with a *masala* paste (\$7.50). We also had the fish we had ordered the day before, a halibut with a green sauce made from coriander and spices (approximately ten dollars). Of course, lamb is a good test of the cuisine of an Indian restaurant, so we ordered two lamb dishes: the *badami gosht*, prepared with yogurt, coconut milk, and almond *masala* (\$9.95); and one of the "sizzler dishes," *boti kabobs*, or boneless lamb, which is roasted over a charcoal fire (\$8.50). We also had two vegetable dishes, *basmati* rice with mixed vegetables (\$4.25) and a dish of *aloo*, or spicy potatoes (approximately four dollars).

Of these dishes, the best was the lamb *gosht*. The lamb was well prepared, tender, and covered with a sauce that was both authentic and tasty. This is the one dish that has my unqualified approval. The rest fell short of my past experiences and my present expectations.

Few people are immune to the charms of tandoori chicken, but the dish at Tandoori Oven did not have the spices permeating the chicken, which was flavorless. It was, in point of fact, boring. So was the spiced chicken, or the *murgh masala*. The fish

was tartly but overcooked; the sauce on it was commendable. The lamb kabobs were of average preparation. They were not bad, but neither were they memorable. The spicy potatoes (not listed on the menu) were lively enough, as were the vegetables.

I should tell you that our table was divided between those who adored the food and those who didn't care for it at all. The woman seated on my left had been with me on my first visit to Desmond's in Ocean-side. She is also an accomplished Indian cook. She took one bite of the *naan* bread and asked, "What is this, white bread?" Like me, she was very hungry. Like me, she ate all the dishes we had ordered, and tasted judiciously. She said softly but firmly, "If this place were next door to my

office, I would never go to it again." A differing opinion came from the other side of the table, from a woman who had been with us at our initial visit to Desmond's, and who also is a splendid Indian cook. She loved the food, thought it better than Desmond's, and hoped to return to Tandoori Oven repeatedly.

I put the comments of these two women before my own because they are more expert at native Indian dishes and their preparation than I. But I didn't care for the food, not because it was Indian, but because there was hardly any difference between one dish and another in terms of flavor. The tastes ran together like a watercolor that had been left out in the rain. Not only did the flavors meld, but there was little distinctiveness in texture. I couldn't tell

the difference between the tandoori chicken and the spicy chicken. The dishes lacked crispness of definition. If you closed your eyes, you could hardly tell the fish from the lamb, and if you had dumped the various chutneys on top of the entrées, you wouldn't be able to distinguish one preparation from the next. The spices had been added as if on an assembly line. The odors wafting from the kitchen were not tantalizing, and neither was the execution of the cuisine.

We were still debating the merits of the food and noting how diners continued to pile into the small room, when all at once the owner cried out again, "The exotic Lana!" We arose as one and hastened outside. Our meals had cost us \$16.50 per person. That sum included some modest

beverages—a few beers and a half carafe of wine.

A real need exists in San Diego for the taste of India. I understand and applaud that need. But in a sense, readers are impervious to restaurant reviews—they will search out Indian restaurants regardless of printed comments. If you intend to try Tandoori Oven, I suggest that you drive there midweek instead of a Saturday night, when the service proved to be a trial. Tandoori Oven does a brisk business both at lunch and dinner, and several of my neighbors have driven there for the take-outs. I regard Tandoori Oven as several notches above the Curry Pot in National City, but several steps below Desmond's in Oceanside. For the rest, you're on your own.

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Cops and Lovers



La Balance

DUNCAN SHEPHERD

There are plenty of opportunities to observe the Hollywood manner of showing admiration for the French cinema by stealing from its storylines. Not quite the most recent opportunity to observe this, but the most recent one I have taken, would be the remake of *Breathless: Blame It on Rio*, a remake of something called *One Wild Moment*, would seem to be the absolute

recentest, and the remake of *The Man Who Loved Women* is only a little less recent than that, and the remake of *Pardon My Affaire*, retitled *The Woman in Red*, will soon be recast by both. But for present purposes it would be just as well to push those aside and limit the discussion to films noirs. What is it, we might wonder, about American moviemakers that so disposes them to do outright remakes? Some basic lack of respect for the uniqueness of a work of art? Some assembly-line mentality

that puts a premium instead on sameness? Some disproportionate emphasis on the importance of story? Or alternatively, some disproportionate emphasis on the unimportance—the unpalatableness—of story? Something else entirely? That's a topic for another day.

The French, for their part, or at least that part of them we are exposed to over here, tend to emulate American movies, when they choose to do so, in style and in genre rather than in specific content; and they choose to do so as in the original *Breathless* in the style and the genre of crime movies more than any other. Of course they, especially those of them at the crest and in the wake of the New Wave, have long been accustomed to combing through American pulp novels in search of source material—but that's another medium and another matter. In that line of endeavor, they have performed some of the same excavation work in the literary field that the auteur critics did in the cinematic—and with the same patronizing tone of teaching Americans about their own culture. (The same ailments to Boulelaine's appreciation of Poe are apt to crop up here too.) A handy example of this phenomenon, last week at the Ken, was provided by Robin Davis's *Married a Shadow*—also a handy example of the hazards of canonizing as undependable a writer as Cornell Woolrich (alias William Irish, alias George Hopley), of swallowing his work whole, of assuming that any author good enough for Hitchcock ought to be good enough for anybody. Some enjoyable movies have been made from Woolrich stories, most of them during his Forties and Fifties heyday: *Rear Window*, *The Leopard Man*, *Phantom Lady*, *Deadline at Dawn*, *Arthur Ripley* (not Arthur Penn's) *The Chase*. But then there have been, in addition to the pitiable and laughable wife of a shadow, *Union City*, *Mississippi Mermaid*, and *The Bride Wore Black*. François Truffaut, who made the last two of that group, ought soon to provide

another example of the phenomenon, with *Confidentially Yours*, from a novel by a writer at present better known in France than in his own country, Charles Williams. That, too, is a topic for another day.

Bob Swaim's *La Balance*, now on at the Cove, presents something of a new wrinkle in this cultural-exchange program. Indeed it would hardly need to be linked with Hollywood crime movies at all, would rather be thrown in with *Maigret* as a wholly indigenous *policier*, but for the fact that it was directed by a native American. The transatlantic migratory pattern of French and American movie directors—and we are speaking of directors who cross over not just to shoot on location, but to work actually in the industry and in the language of the other country—has been overwhelmingly cast to west: Renoir, Clair, Duvivier, Tourneur *pere* and Tourneur *fils*, on up to Demy, Varda, Valdim, Malle, Lebeluch. Were it not for the so-called political climate of the early Fifties, it would be hard to think of any directors who, having first established themselves in the American commercial cinema, went on to find work in the French. (The "commercial" qualifier leaves out the odd undergrounder like Robert Kramer and Peter Goldmann.) As it is, I can think of only Jules Dassin, John Berry, and, much later, by way of England, Joseph Losey.

What marks Bob Swaim as an especially odd bird, then, is that he had never so established himself over here, had instead gone to Paris to pursue anthropological studies, and had worked himself up in the French industry through internal channels. And the present movie, only his second, breaks sharply with the tradition of imitation-American gangster movies founded by Jean-Pierre Melville and carried on by the likes of Giovanni, Derray, Verneuil, Granier-Deferre (and, incidentally, foreshadowed by the aforementioned Jules Dassin's first French production, *Rififi*). In place of the gleeful trenchcoats and snap-brim hats of Melville's hermetic

world, Swaim has given his cops a decidedly contemporary look, a sort of Mod Squad of blue jeans, Sergio haircuts, Walkman radios, and the working environment of a college dorm. Not that there aren't carry-overs from the hard-boiled era. The cops and gangsters here affect a callous cynicism ("Show him the bullets—the same kind that got Reagan") of the sort that would have been thought frightfully tough and mature in the Thirties and Forties, and that now seems rather mannered and corny. And for an American viewer, there is bound to be a strong period flavor surrounding the amount of permitted police brutality—but that's just part of the legal-cultural differences that we are told have always made the French police more susceptible to public mistrust, less apt to obtain support and applause, than their American and British counterparts.

For all the recognizable signs of the modern real world, however, it would be a mistake to view *La Balance* as anything other than an alternate brand of romanticism from Melville's. There is, to begin with, that sense of the romance of the gut-

ter, that adventurous taste for slumming, which has permeated crime fiction since Dickens. And the treatment of these lower depths is always pungently atmospheric, without ever giving in to the sort of sight-seer's swivel-headedness that would stall the action. There is romance, as well, of a more traditional and restricted sort: a pimp and prostitute whose love for each other seems altogether too true to be true. Nathalie Baye contributes greatly to the "too" problem: her streetwalker is a bit too soft, a bit too demure, a bit too *petite gamine*. But the underappreciated Philippe Léotard, whose face looks as if it had worked its way through school as a part-time punching bag, is just right.

The title of the movie refers to that alienated and endangered figure, the police informer, called *la balance* in underworld parlance for his ability to tip the crime-battle in favor of the police; and the storyline concerns the efforts of the elite 13th Territorial Brigade to recruit a replacement for the informer who is bumped off in the opening scene. Once the pimp and prostitute have been nominated

for this position by a police detective indifferent to their wishes in the matter, and unmoved by affairs of the heart, the story becomes equally a *policier* and a *lovers' tragedy*, not so much cops-and-robbers as cops-and-lovers. Dick Tracy vs. Romeo and Juliet. Indeed the pursuit of the underworld kingpin, put on hold while the pimp and prostitute are arm-twisted into taking part, would lose all urgency whatsoever (and the police all sympathy) if not for a particularly nasty henchman who, in his savage beating of a young cop and his careless aim during a shootout in a traffic jam, earns a small niche in the pantheon of crime-movie villains. A bit of that old-fashioned police brutality goes down well when this fiend is finally cornered.

In the meantime, the Great Love that seems so dubious at first blush, and at every Nathalie Baye pout and lowered eyelid thereafter, gradually wins you over. Swaim sticks to his concept, like an ironclad and well-rehearsed alibi, with a true sense almost as wonderful as that of either of the lovers. He lets it dictate the whole shape of the movie. The pimp's and prosti-

tute's allergic reaction to cops, their thorough indoctrination in the code of the underworld, their narrow and unshakable sense of where their allegiances lie—all this is elaborated at a length far beyond such exigencies as pushing the plot ahead or keeping the pace lively. The dividends of this approach come in very big at movie's end, when the ultimate act of fidelity takes on all the appearance of betrayal.

I suppose this movie, in the entire annals of the crime genre, is of no great moment, is not much more than the cinematic equivalent of a Good Read—a Good See, I guess that would make it; a good time-passer, in other words, on about the level of the Maj Sjöwall-Per Wahlöö novels. But it is a somewhat Better See than that—better polished than the Sjöwall-Wahlöö, thicker in atmosphere, richer in emotional payoff. And the craftsmanship necessary to produce even so much as a good time-passer is not to be sneezed at, not these days. *La Balance* is the first new movie I have sat through all year that I can honestly say didn't bore me.

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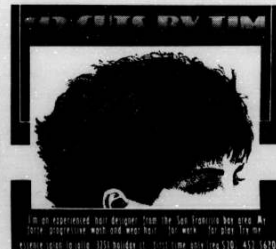
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A Nickel's Worth



Al Pacino, J.J. Johnston

JONATHAN SAVILLE

David Mamet's *American Buffalo*, which was first produced in 1975, has been generally considered a major achievement in the modern American theater. Its three initial productions won a Joseph Jefferson Award, an Obie Award, and a New York Drama Critics' Circle Award. Arvin Brown, artistic head of New Haven's Long Wharf Theatre, recently directed a Broad-

way revival of the play, and that production has now moved to San Francisco's Curran Theatre, where I saw it last week.

The three actors in the Arvin Brown production are all unusually seasoned in their roles. J. J. Johnston created the role of Donny (the junk-shop owner) in the original Chicago stagings of *American Buffalo*. Bruce MacVittie (as Bobby, Donny's young, awkward, slow-minded helper in the shop) and Al Pacino (as the ironically named "Teacher," Donny's

foul-mouthed, aggressive friend) had worked together in a previous revival of the play at New York's Circle in the Square. Even set designer Marjorie Bradley Kellogg is a veteran of this script, having designed the earlier Arvin Brown production of it in New Haven. With all of this *American Buffalo* experience behind it, one might have expected the current staging to be something terrific, a revelation of the play's meaning by first-class theater artists who have lived with it and within it for a considerable time.

The performance I saw was indeed lively, professional, amusing, and technically adept. Miss Kellogg's set was in its way a model of naturalistic design, with its heaps and piles of confused junk, its drabness and ugliness, its meticulous attention to the tiniest photographic detail. The actors showed themselves masters of the naturalistic style, identifying thoroughly with their roles, seeming to experience the world from deep inside the characters they were portraying, and deploying the outer signs of character, feeling, and objective (the accents, the gestures, the ways of sitting, standing, moving) with a high degree of conviction and plausibility. Mr. Johnston made us palpably aware of Donny's kindness toward the pathetic Bobby, his casual lack of moral conscience in regard to everyone outside his intimate circle, his uncertainty when the petty robbery he has engineered (of a coin collection containing a valuable buffalo nickel) goes awry, his amiable tendency to overlook and forgive offenses. Mr. MacVittie was often extremely affecting as the intricate Bobby, with his tense, hesitant monosyllables, his desperate desire to win Donny's approval by helping him with the heist, his deep hurt when Teacher persuades Donny to cut him out, his dim-witted ineptitude when he tries to lie about how he acquired another buffalo nickel, and the pathos of his pain and chagrin when Teacher beats him up and forces him to confess.

Special interest, of course, was attached to Mr. Pacino's performance, since his movie career has made him so well known, and since he has only recently returned to the stage after a fifteen-year hiatus. His portrayal of Teacher proved him to be thoroughly at home with stage technique and with the style of acting associated with the Actors' Studio. He played this role big, not at all as though he were in a film with his face continually in close-up and the consequent necessity to underact. The loose-limbed, pretentious, swaggering, air of a street bully gone somewhat to seed, the swift alterations of arrogant self-assuredness, convulsive explosions of anger, manipulative cajoling, and vulnerable appeals for Donny's affection—Mr. Pacino gave these an air of complete naturalness, and at the same time a larger-than-life, almost self-parodic quality, with the darkly comic effect of a Henry Winkler playing an obscene, brutal, fundamentally antisocial Fonzie. This was a performance filled with canny, naturalistic, character-revealing details: the heaving gestures, as though Teacher were attempting to conduct the whole world; the slapping of the left biceps to emphasize a point; the smooching down of the hair (sometimes—and most strikingly—at points of great dramatic tension); the expressive modulations of the voice within an overall tone of intentionally monotonous shouting; his way (precisely true to character) of slipping a leather jacket on or off; the moment, typical in its making so much of virtually nothing, in which Mr. Pacino's Teacher considers for a half-second picking up a chair he has knocked down in one of his outbursts and then silently rejects the impulse and turns away. In Mr. Pacino's performance there was above all an uninterrupted impression of emotional truth, along with that magnification of action and feeling that is the intrinsic mode of idiomatic stage acting.

What was lacking in this production, from my point of view, was an understanding of the larger implications of Mamet's script. Naturalism is a school of playwriting and staging that takes human beings as helpless victims in a relentlessly deterministic world, that shows lower-class people ground down by their social situation and imprisoned within their unchangeable personalities, that sees life as

nothing more than the rooms we live in, the clothes we wear, the fixed ideas we repeat, the flat, cliché-ridden, imprecise language we speak, and the turmoil of uncomprehended inner emotion that expresses itself involuntarily through the vocal chords and the musculature. *American Buffalo* seems at first glance to belong to this category of theater, and it certainly partakes of all the naturalistic devices. But the script (unlike Arvin Brown's production) goes beyond naturalism into a mode, suggestive of the theater of the absurd, of Beckett, of Pinter, of that extremity of metaphysical bleakness and alienation that in the modern theater terrifyingly surpasses the basically old-fashioned, nineteenth-century pessimism of *The Lower Depths*, *The Iceman Cometh*, *The Plough and the Stars*, or *Tobacco Road*. It is a play about frontiersmen who no longer have frontiers, about fearless, modern, urban shadows of Billy the Kid and his gang, about the great herds of powerful, brutal, magnificent American buffaloes

who are now as extinct as the nickels that once portrayed them. It is a play about the American business ethic, the devaluation of traditional moral attitudes by the profit motive, the American commodity society as a junk shop, and American commercial enterprise as robbery. It is a play about the utter meaninglessness and emptiness—the absurdity—of the universe in which these morally and spiritually shallow people live. "There's nothing out there," as Teacher says in a line Mr. Pacino merely mumbles, as though it were not a thematic key but only another naturalistic expression of character and feeling. And it is also a play in which the relationships of the three characters suggest mysterious distortions of friendship and pseudo-familial attachments, fathers and sons, rival brothers, even (in some eerie allusions) husband and wife, like an unexplained, expressionistic, anxiety-dream version of the all-male camaraderie found in traditional American novels and movies about cowboys and cattle rustlers and stagecoach

robbers. The depth of *American Buffalo* is not in its naturalism but in the mysteries that surround and underlie that naturalism; it reaches outward into the universe and inward into the heart and discovers, not the Absurd's army of unalterable law, but the Absurd's nothing, nothing, nothing, nothing at all.

Virtually none of these implications—which, in my view, are the heart of the play—were to be found in the Brown production. The naturalistic acting style, particularly in the case of Mr. Pacino, made it impossible for the script's non-naturalistic thematic statements to be underlined. Teacher's crucial speech at the end of the play, with its profound irrationality and despair in the face of moral, psychological, social, and metaphysical absence, sounded completely real, with its hoarse phrases and lengthy pauses, but its ideas (as well as some of its most important words) remained unintelligible. Miss Kellogg's set, too, looked like the real thing, but it conveyed no suggestions about the

deeper meanings of the play (for example, that there is "nothing out there," or that junk is a symbol for American capitalist achievement). Mr. Brown's pacing was brisk, and the acutely calculated timing of the dialogue got a good laugh from the audience at each bit of stupidity, illiteracy, or corporalia in the characters' pungently demotic lingo. But there was never a moment when an *unintentional* alteration in the speech rhythm called our attention to the characters' unconscious experiences or to the universe's terrifying emptiness. To communicate this stunning play's power effectively, the staging, setting, and acting ought to include unassimilable bits of the unexpected, the unrealistic, the implausible, the symbolic, the irrationally (or supra-rationally) suggestive. The production at the Curran was quite skillful, so far as it went. But to be true to David Mamet's vision of the world, everyone involved should have meditated a long time not only on O'Neill and O'Casey and O'Brien but also on Ionesco and Strindberg.

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City Lights

(continued from page 2)

chain to be the best bet for food handouts. They say that the beans there are prepared with vegetable shortening, instead of animal lard, and that the chain's employees seem particularly willing to donate a bean burrito or two. And when people they meet offer them money — which they both contend is frequent — they go to stores and purchase such items as white thread, peanut butter, and bananas.

Their beliefs tend to be rather eclectic, a brand of 'New-Age Christianity that has adopted such disparate elements as reincarnation, the Ten Commandments, evangelical zeal, Sixties bohemianism, and the firm belief that Lightning Amen represents the second coming of Christ. In addition to the Bible and the fliers, the only other literary record of their sect's doctrine is a song book that was produced by a group of female members in Austin, Texas. The book contains more

than 180 selections of songs, or, more precisely, the lyrics of songs, as their melodies are passed on from brother to brother or improvised as the members walk along. It is difficult to estimate the exact number of song books in circulation, as it is difficult to gauge the number of Christ Brothers. There is no central governing body that gathers information on the membership or conduct of its adherents. Brother Michael estimates, however, that he has encountered a minimum of 450

different brothers during his five coast-to-coast treks, and he's met up with a group of seventy that had arranged an informal convention of sorts during the Martin Luther King rally in Washington, D.C. late last spring. He states among all of the brothers that he has met, there has been little variance in their practices and beliefs. Both Laura and Michael say that the sect makes no aggressive attempts at conversion, that most people who join simply meet brothers on the street as they did, talk

with them, and decide to give away all their personal belongings and start walking. They say that the brotherhood has spread as far as Germany. The austerity of a life on the road seems to agree with both of them. The hardships they encounter — the cold, the frequent hunger, the lack of shelter — only serve to strengthen their faith, they say. "Traveling like this is marvelous," Michael says. "We see the miracles of God day after day after day."

—R.O.

THE INSIDE STORY

when he announced against Mayor Roger Hedgecock last month. But it should have seemed obvious to many people that Carlson had the blessing of Gordon Luce, the political godfather and former employer, who is considered to be San Diego's most influential Republican. Luce, however, hasn't committed to Carlson yet, nor have other influential conservatives such as Bruce Hazard, Evan Jones, Malin

Burnham, or Bill Evans. Carlson was scheduled for a meeting this week with Luce and speaks confidently about getting the public support of the man who hired him away from television news and gave him a vice president's chair at the Luce-controlled Great American Federal Savings. Carlson says Luce has confided that Luce is ill at ease with his position on Hedgecock's Business Advisory Committee

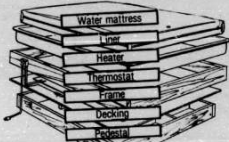
and would like to resign. But Hedgecock says he's getting different signals from Luce, who was one of the first and most prominent conservatives to switch to Hedgecock after Bill Cleaver was axed out last year's primary election. Hedgecock says Luce has expressed satisfaction with his performance as mayor, that Luce reassured him the J. David fiasco won't ruin him, and that Luce shared the fact

that he tried to dissuade Carlson from running. There's further evidence that Hedgecock won't yield Luce's support without a fight. On March 6, at the height of the J. David crisis, the mayor took time out to attend the mundane opening celebrations for Great American's new branch in Pacific Beach, where he was seen smiling and shaking hands with Luce. Carlson also made a point of attending the party. □

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An original one. I guess it's a social statement. I don't want to blend into the crowd. They make me wear a hat at work. I can't wait to go home and fix it. I do have to shave it every day, just like a face. The back looks like a teardrop — down to a point on one side. The design is shaved in. I can't do the back by myself, so whoever's around, I give them a razor and tell them to go to it. When I first did the braids in front, they wouldn't stay in so we put Super Glue in them. Now they're permanent. They've been in for five months. The braids are braided into the strands. It's boring to look like everyone else. That doesn't take any imagination.

It's called dreadlocks. Other people call it Natty Dread. I'm from Trinidad. When I left in 1970, I'd say about five percent of the youth wore their hair in dreadlocks. In 1982, when I returned, I'd say about ninety percent wore their hair like this. Now it's spread throughout the Caribbean. The origin is directly from Africa, from when the people didn't have elaborate combs and they'd just leave their hair alone. You can also grab small sections and twirl it, then it forms into more perfectly rather than one big cluster. Basically I wear my hair like this because it's natural — down-to-earth. You don't have to be involved with processing, going to the beauty shop, bothering with it all the time. People always ask me, "How did you get it like that?" I say, "I just left it alone."

This is a "high-and-tight." When I lived in New York, I had a lot of hair. I went to the Parris Island marine boot camp on the East Coast. When you first go there, they shave you bald, and you stay like that until the final two weeks of boot camp till you get to third-phase training. When you get the high-and-tight it means you've completed almost everything. You go on to I.T.S. — Infantry Training School — and you wear a high-and-tight there, too. That puts you in your basic job as an infantry marine. Then you go on to the F.M.F. — Fleet Marine Force. It means you're done with school, you go to your unit, and you can grow it regulation — a strip on top, whitewall around the ears and off the collar.

People ask me that and I never know what to say. I don't have a name. I do it 'cause I like it. People will walk by and say something after they've passed. It's really stupid, they might as well say it to you. Or they yell out, "Punk rock sucks," from their cars. Who says it's punk? My hair was green at the beginning of March so people assumed it was for St. Patrick's Day. They assume it has to be for some occasion. That bothers me. It does get in the way when you work on someone's hair. They're freaked out 'cause they think you're going to freak out on their hair, so you overcompensate by being too conservative. They stifle you. I've lost a lot of my creativity because of that.

— Lin Jakary

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Section 2 Events, Theater, Music, Film

Honor Thy Padre

If you don't believe the game of baseball is one of man's most perfect inventions, you must be a communist subversive, an effete addict of maudlin television miniseries, or from another planet. There's no other explanation. This game is the National Pastime. It's mom and apple pie and fireworks on the Fourth of July. It's the stuff of which every ten-year-old kid's dreams are made. "Whoever wants to know the heart and mind of America," wrote a noted philosopher, "had better learn baseball." Nonbelievers must be a bit touched in the head—or perhaps they've watched too many Padre games.

Baseball is a difficult game to play well. I'll grant you. It has been said that hitting a round ball, which is traveling at nearly one hundred miles an hour, with a round bat is the most difficult

feat in sports. It's probably true, since even the best of hitters fail on seven of ten at-bats. And imagine the hitter has a fraction of a second—about the time it takes to read the word *baseball*—to decide what the approaching pitch is, if it will be a strike or a ball, and whether or not to swing at it. The symmetry of the game, its almost perfect dimensions, must have been found etched on a stone tablet on some mountaintop. A simple ground ball to the shortstop, fielded cleanly, will result in the batter being thrown out by a step and a half. The slightest bobble and a runner is on fire.

So where did the game go wrong when it came to San Diego in 1969? It was the cast that was at fault, not the plot line. Other teams have been much worse than the Padres. Look at the fledgling 1962 New York Mets, the worst team ever to step between the foul lines in a major league stadium. They lost 120 games that year, but they lost in inimitable style and the team has become legend.

The Padres were beaten 110 times in 1969, their first year, but where are their Marv Throneberry, their Bob Mills? Who can remember the Padre's first lineup, studded with such forgettable names as Rafael Robles, Ollie Brown, Ed Spicino, and Dick Selma?

Not only were the Padres dull losers, they weren't even the worst losers. Those 110 defeats were good only for fifth on the all-time loss list. The team lost 19-0 to Chicago on May 13 in that first year, then was trounced by Los Angeles by the same score a month later. But that's still far from the most lopsided modern major league defeat, a 29-4 rout between Boston and St. Louis. There was Gary Ross, who lost eleven straight for the Padres, but he still falls far short of Roger Craig's record eighteen straight losses in the National League. The only category in which the Padres are unquestionably the worst is strikeouts. Tom Seaver set a major league record when he

(continued on page 8, col. 11)



The Thought That Counts

In France, where intellectuals come a dime a dozen, citizens of a contemplative milieu can watch Parisian literati jockey for positions of prestige on such prime-time television diversions as "Apostrophes," a program in which contemporary French authors shoot ideas and criticisms back and forth like

it a matter of our having any notable dislike for innovation. Quite the contrary: we are individualists who regard both the capacity to have one's own ideas and the ability to execute them as paramount. As such, we tend to hold intellectuals—those individuals who seemingly loll about dreaming up ways for the rest of us to think—in the kind of mistrust that reduces them to the mental equivalents of used car salesmen. Anyone, therefore, in this nation who can pay the rent by plying his

Susan Sontag, who will be speaking next Monday at UCSD, is one such person. Having made her mark primarily

(continued on page 8, col. 2)

Expressions

The art of mime, practiced with such suavity and profundity by Marcel Marceau, is probably as old as the human race. There is not a primitive society without it, and the earliest stages of civilization known to us seem to have had it. The hieratic positions of the human figure at the beginnings of painting and sculpture suggest the techniques of mime. And in the history of any individual, mime begins to play a part from the moment the infant recognizes the difference between himself and the outer world and tries to communicate his needs and feelings to that world by moving his face and body.

The word, like most of our theatrical words (including "theater" itself) comes from ancient Greek, and is derived from the verb meaning "to copy, imitate." The mime imitates human actions, exaggerating, parodying, or formalizing them so that while we can recognize what is being done or experienced, we also see that this is art, not life, a copy rather than the original. Part of our pleasure in watching a mime is in our own acumen in understanding the action or feeling through the silent,

stylized gestures, and in allowing ourselves to be amused or moved even though we know the performer is merely acting, pretending. All mime shares these characteristics, but the particular tradition Marcel Marceau belongs to derives from the Italian *commedia dell'arte* of the Renaissance, that slapstick, improvised, street comedy with its stock characters who used gesture far more than words to make their comic points. One of those stock characters was Harlequin, the young man in the particolored costume, whitened face, and eye-mask, who pursues the seductive Columbine, but who as often as not is defeated in his amorous aims. By the Eighteenth Century in France, it had become common to perceive the inherent sadness in Harlequin, so full of longing, so frequently defeated. A painting by Watteau shows us the *commedia* figures as useful representatives of the human condition, playing their roles just as we play ours, and with the heart within on the point of breaking. A couple of centuries later, Picasso was making the same use of this subject. And then there was Charlie Chaplin.

In the early part of his career, Chaplin was by necessity a mime, since the medium in which he worked could record



Marcel Marceau

nothing but visual images. Chaplin perfected the traditional figure of the ridiculous, tender-hearted, occasionally triumphant, but usually frustrated clown. This was his "little tramp." Harlequin, now modernized and urbanized, with the zany costume replaced by a tattered suit and a battered derby. But the character and his comic pathos remained recognizably the same. And Chaplin was the great inspiration for Marcel Marceau, whose silent, absurd, pathetic, all-too-human "Bip" is Chaplin's little tramp with the costume and whiteface of Harlequin restored. Now sixty years old, Marceau has polished his art to the point where some of Bip's routines are solid classics in their own right. Audiences have seen them again and again, yet—as is the case with Chaplin movies—they go on laughing (and dropping an intermittent tear or two) at the same wordless little dramas they have known for decades. Marceau has been touring the United States for thirty years, but American audiences will still cannot get enough of (for example) Bip as both David and Goliath, the slender, hobbled-by and the burly, giant, the scared but triumphant hero and the arrogant but

(continued on page 8, col. 4)

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TELESEAT - TICKET OUTLETS: 12, 13, 14, 15, 16, 17, 18, 19, 20, 21, 22, 23, 24, 25, 26, 27, 28, 29, 30, 31, 32, 33, 34, 35, 36, 37, 38, 39, 40, 41, 42, 43, 44, 45, 46, 47, 48, 49, 50, 51, 52, 53, 54, 55, 56, 57, 58, 59, 60, 61, 62, 63, 64, 65, 66, 67, 68, 69, 70, 71, 72, 73, 74, 75, 76, 77, 78, 79, 80, 81, 82, 83, 84, 85, 86, 87, 88, 89, 90, 91, 92, 93, 94, 95, 96, 97, 98, 99, 100, 101, 102, 103, 104, 105, 106, 107, 108, 109, 110, 111, 112, 113, 114, 115, 116, 117, 118, 119, 120, 121, 122, 123, 124, 125, 126, 127, 128, 129, 130, 131, 132, 133, 134, 135, 136, 137, 138, 139, 140, 141, 142, 143, 144, 145, 146, 147, 148, 149, 150, 151, 152, 153, 154, 155, 156, 157, 158, 159, 160, 161, 162, 163, 164, 165, 166, 167, 168, 169, 170, 171, 172, 173, 174, 175, 176, 177, 178, 179, 180, 181, 182, 183, 184, 185, 186, 187, 188, 189, 190, 191, 192, 193, 194, 195, 196, 197, 198, 199, 200, 201, 202, 203, 204, 205, 206, 207, 208, 209, 210, 211, 212, 213, 214, 215, 216, 217, 218, 219, 220, 221, 222, 223, 224, 225, 226, 227, 228, 229, 230, 231, 232, 233, 234, 235, 236, 237, 238, 239, 240, 241, 242, 243, 244, 245, 246, 247, 248, 249, 250, 251, 252, 253, 254, 255, 256, 257, 258, 259, 260, 261, 262, 263, 264, 265, 266, 267, 268, 269, 270, 271, 272, 273, 274, 275, 276, 277, 278, 279, 280, 281, 282, 283, 284, 285, 286, 287, 288, 289, 290, 291, 292, 293, 294, 295, 296, 297, 298, 299, 300, 301, 302, 303, 304, 305, 306, 307, 308, 309, 310, 311, 312, 313, 314, 315, 316, 317, 318, 319, 320, 321, 322, 323, 324, 325, 326, 327, 328, 329, 330, 331, 332, 333, 334, 335, 336, 337, 338, 339, 340, 341, 342, 343, 344, 345, 346, 347, 348, 349, 350, 351, 352, 353, 354, 355, 356, 357, 358, 359, 360, 361, 362, 363, 364, 365, 366, 367, 368, 369, 370, 371, 372, 373, 374, 375, 376, 377, 378, 379, 380, 381, 382, 383, 384, 385, 386, 387, 388, 389, 390, 391, 392, 393, 394, 395, 396, 397, 398, 399, 400, 401, 402, 403, 404, 405, 406, 407, 408, 409, 410, 411, 412, 413, 414, 415, 416, 417, 418, 419, 420, 421, 422, 423, 424, 425, 426, 427, 428, 429, 430, 431, 432, 433, 434, 435, 436, 437, 438, 439, 440, 441, 442, 443, 444, 445, 446, 447, 448, 449, 450, 451, 452, 453, 454, 455, 456, 457, 458, 459, 460, 461, 462, 463, 464, 465, 466, 467, 468, 469, 470, 471, 472, 473, 474, 475, 476, 477, 478, 479, 480, 481, 482, 483, 484, 485, 486, 487, 488, 489, 490, 491, 492, 493, 494, 495, 496, 497, 498, 499, 500, 501, 502, 503, 504, 505, 506, 507, 508, 509, 510, 511, 512, 513, 514, 515, 516, 517, 518, 519, 520, 521, 522, 523, 524, 525, 526, 527, 528, 529, 530, 531, 532, 533, 534, 535, 536, 537, 538, 539, 540, 541, 542, 543, 544, 545, 546, 547, 548, 549, 550, 551, 552, 553, 554, 555, 556, 557, 558, 559, 560, 561, 562, 563, 564, 565, 566, 567, 568, 569, 570, 571, 572, 573, 574, 575, 576, 577, 578, 579, 580, 581, 582, 583, 584, 585, 586, 587, 588, 589, 590, 591, 592, 593, 594, 595, 596, 597, 598, 599, 600, 601, 602, 603, 604, 605, 606, 607, 608, 609, 610, 611, 612, 613, 614, 615, 616, 617, 618, 619, 620, 621, 622, 623, 624, 625, 626, 627, 628, 629, 630, 631, 632, 633, 634, 635, 636, 637, 638, 639, 640, 641, 642, 643, 644, 645, 646, 647, 648, 649, 650, 651, 652, 653, 654, 655, 656, 657, 658, 659, 660, 661, 662, 663, 664, 665, 666, 667, 668, 669, 670, 671, 672, 673, 674, 675, 676, 677, 678, 679, 680, 681, 682, 683, 684, 685, 686, 687, 688, 689, 690, 691, 692, 693, 694, 695, 696, 697, 698, 699, 700, 701, 702, 703, 704, 705, 706, 707, 708, 709, 710, 711, 712, 713, 714, 715, 716, 717, 718, 719, 720, 721, 722, 723, 724, 725, 726, 727, 728, 729, 730, 731, 732, 733, 734, 735, 736, 737, 738, 739, 740, 741, 742, 743, 744, 745, 746, 747, 748, 749, 750, 751, 752, 753, 754, 755, 756, 757, 758, 759, 760, 761, 762, 763, 764, 765, 766, 767, 768, 769, 770, 771, 772, 773, 774, 775, 776, 777, 778, 779, 780, 781, 782, 783, 784, 785, 786, 787, 788, 789, 790, 791, 792, 793, 794, 795, 796, 797, 798, 799, 800, 801, 802, 803, 804, 805, 806, 807, 808, 809, 810, 811, 812, 813, 814, 815, 816, 817, 818, 819, 820, 821, 822, 823, 824, 825, 826, 827, 828, 829, 830, 831, 832, 833, 834, 835, 836, 837, 838, 839, 840, 841, 842, 843, 844, 845, 846, 847, 848, 849, 850, 851, 852, 853, 854, 855, 856, 857, 858, 859, 860, 861, 862, 863, 864, 865, 866, 867, 868, 869, 870, 871, 872, 873, 874, 875, 876, 877, 878, 879, 880, 881, 882, 883, 884, 885, 886, 887, 888, 889, 890, 891, 892, 893, 894, 895, 896, 897, 898, 899, 900, 901, 902, 903, 904, 905, 906, 907, 908, 909, 910, 911, 912, 913, 914, 915, 916, 917, 918, 919, 920, 921, 922, 923, 924, 925, 926, 927, 928, 929, 930, 931, 932, 933, 934, 935, 936, 937, 938, 939, 940, 941, 942, 943, 944, 945, 946, 947, 948, 949, 950, 951, 952, 953, 954, 955, 956, 957, 958, 959, 960, 961, 962, 963, 964, 965, 966, 967, 968, 969, 970, 971, 972, 973, 974, 975, 976, 977, 978, 979, 980, 981, 982, 983, 984, 985, 986, 987, 988, 989, 990, 991, 992, 993, 994, 995, 996, 997, 998, 999, 1000.

Section 2 Events, Theater, Music, Film

Honor Thy Padre

If you don't believe the game of baseball is one of man's most perfect inventions, you must be a communist subversive, an effete addict of mindless television miniseries, or from another planet. There's no other explanation. This game is the National Pastime. It's mom and apple pie and fireworks on the Fourth of July. It's the stuff of which every ten-year-old kid's dreams are made. "Whoever wants to know the heart and mind of America," wrote a noted philosopher, "had better learn baseball." Nonbelievers must be a bit touched in the head—or perhaps they've watched too many Padre games.

Baseball is a difficult game to play well. I'll grant you. It has been said that hitting a round ball, which is traveling at nearly one hundred miles an hour, with a round bat is the most difficult

feat in sports. It's probably true, since even the best of hitters fail on seven of ten at bats. And imagine the batter has a fraction of a second—about the time it takes to read the word *baseball*—to decide what to do: to swing at a pitch, or to let it go by a strike or a ball, and whether or not to swing at it. The symmetry of the game, its almost perfect dimensions, must have been found etched on a stone tablet on some mountain top. A simple ground ball to the shortstop, ficked cleanly, will result in the batter being thrown out by a step and a half. The slightest fiddle and a runner is on time.

So where did the game go wrong when it came to San Diego in 1980? It was the cast that was at fault, not the plot line. Other teams have been much worse than the Padres. Look at the fledgling 1962 New York Mets, the worst team ever to step between the foul lines in a major league stadium. They lost 123 games that year, but they lost in inimitable style and the team has become legend.

The Padres won league 116 times in 1969, their first year, but who are their MVPs? Hank Greenberg, then Red Miller? Who can remember the Padres' first lineup, studded with such forgettable names as Rafael Robles, Willie Brown, Ed Spence, and Dick Selma?

Not only were the Padres dull losers, they weren't even the worst losers. Those 116 defeats were good only for fifth on the all-time low list. The team lost 19-2 to Chicago on May 13 in that first year, then was trounced by Los Angeles by the same score a month later. But that's still far from the most lopsided modern major league defeat, a 29-4 rout between Boston and St. Louis. There was Gary Ross, who lost eleven straight to the Padres, but he still falls far short of Roger Craig's record eighteen straight losses in the National League. The only category in which the Padres are unapologetically the worst is strikeouts. Tom Seaver was a major league record when he

(Continued on page 6, col. 1)



The Thought That Counts

In France, where intellectuals come a dime a dozen, critics of a contemplative milieu can watch Parisian literary jockeys for positions of prestige on such prime time television divas as "Apostrophe," a program in which contemporary French authors shoot ideas and criticism back and forth like green peas in a junior high school cafeteria. In this country, of course, we have "Hollywood Squares." It's not so much that we are an unintelligent lot, we simply don't like anyone telling us what or how to think. Not in

it a matter of our having any notable dislike for innovation. Quite the contrary, we are individuals who regard both the capacity to have one's own ideas and the ability to recognize them as pure evil. As such, we tend to hold intellectuals in some mild disdain, not least for their role in the recent of us to think in the kind of manner that reduces them to the status of mere car salesmen. Antoine, therefore, in this nation of free men, is a man who has to be a pretty tough customer.

Susan Seuring, who is speaking next Monday at USD, is one such person. Having made her mark primarily

Expressions

The art of mime, practiced with such subtlety and profundity by Marcel Marceau, is probably as old as the human race. There is not a primitive society without it, and the earliest stages of civilization known to us seem to have had it. The heroic positions of the human figure at the beginnings of painting and sculpture suggest the techniques of mime. And in the history of any individual, mime begins to play a part from the moment the infant recognizes the difference between himself and the outer world and tries to communicate his needs and feelings to that world by moving his face and body.

The word, like most of our theatrical words (including "theater") itself comes from ancient Greek, and is derived from the verb meaning "to copy, imitate." The mime imitates human actions, exaggerating, parodying, or formalizing them so that while we can recognize what is being done or experienced, we also see that this is art, not life, a copy rather than the original. Part of our pleasure in watching a mime is in our own act of understanding the action or feeling through the silent.



Marcel Marceau

nothing but visual images. Chaplin perfected the traditional figure of the ridiculous, tender-hearted, occasionally triumphant, but usually frustrated clown. That was his "little tramp." Harlequin, now modernized and softened, with the jany costume replaced by a tattered suit and a battered derby. But the character and his comic prettles remained recognizably the same. And Chaplin was the great inspiration for Marcel Marceau, whose white, clouded, pathos, all-too-human "Bip" is Chaplin's little tramp with the costume and whiff of Harlequin restored. Now sixty years old, Marceau has polished his art to the point where some of Bip's routines are solid classics in their own right. Audiences have seen them again and again—so is the case with Chaplin movies—they go on laughing (and dropping an intermittent tear or two) at the same wordless little dramas they know all too well for decades. Marceau has been touring the United States for thirty years, but American audiences still cannot get enough of the exasperated Bip as both David and Goliath, the slender, elegant, the scared but triumphant hero and the arrogant but

(Continued on page 6, col. 4)

READER'S GUIDE TO LOCAL EVENTS

Contributors to **READER'S GUIDE** must be received by mail no later than the Friday preceding the Thursday issue in order to be considered for publication. Please do not phone. The Events Editor reserves the right to edit all materials. Send complete information, 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 to: **READER'S GUIDE EDITOR, P.O. Box 8085, San Diego, CA 92118.**

Dance

"Dance Jam" create your own style in an evening of freestyle, recreational dancing every Friday night, 9 p.m., 3255 Fifth Avenue, Hillcrest, 239-1713.

New England Country Dancing to live music with caller Joseph Tauline will be held Thursday, March 29, 8 p.m., United Commercial Travelers Hall, 4569 Thur-

riety Street, North Park, 436-6303.

Ballet, new works by Linda Yount will be presented by the American Ballet School, Friday, March 30 and Saturday, March 31, 8 p.m., City College Theater, Twelfth Avenue and C Street, downtown, 270-9103.

Master's Works in Dance, graduate students Mike Littlefield and Debi Toth-Birnbaum will appear in works of their own choreographic

design, Friday, March 30, and Saturday, March 31, 8 p.m., in room 208, Studio Theatre/Women's Gym, SDSU, 265-6821.

Circle Dancing, meditative "Sufi dancing," is conducted weekly, Mondays, 7:30 p.m., Mission Hills Congregational Church, 4070 Jackland Street, Mission Hills, 295-9677.

"Freedom Delight," an evening of spontaneous improvisational dance will be held Saturday, March 31, 8

p.m., Balance Dance Studio, 2195 Chatsworth, Ocean Beach, 273-2461.

Film

For Children, films will be shown Friday, March 30, 3:30 p.m., Chula Vista Public Library, 165 F Street, Chula Vista, Free, 691-5176.

"Yesterday, Today: the Nessilik Eskimo," the daily life of the Nessilik Eskimo who live 150 miles inside the Arctic Circle will be shown twice on Saturday, March 31 and twice on Sunday, April 1, at 1 p.m. and 2:30 p.m., San Diego Museum of Man, Balboa Park, 239-2001.

"Ashes and Diamonds," Polish director Andrzej Wajda's masterpiece examining the fates of Poland at the end of World War II will be shown Wednesday, April 4, 7:30 p.m., La Jolla Museum of Contemporary Art, 220 Prospect Street, La Jolla, 454-0282.

Music

Concerts International continue with Della Pratt, ethnomusicologist and performer of Latin American music, Thursday, March 29, 7:30 p.m., Mathes Cultural Center, 247 South Kalmia, Escondido, 741-4691.

"Classical Flute Duets and Other Surprises," renowned flutists Hubert Laws and Jim Walker will join talents in a program of classical and jazz arrangements, Thursday, March 29, 8 p.m., Montecito Hall, SDSU, 265-6947 and 265-1004.

For Children, the San Diego Symphony, Matthew Garhart, conductor, presents a Young People's Con-

(continued on page 4)

UCSD Events Office presents



BEAUX ARTS TRIO

Beethoven Trio in B flat major, Op. 11
Shostakovich: Trio, Op. 67
Mendelssohn: Trio in D minor, Op. 49

April 4, Wednesday, 8:00 p.m.
Mandeville Auditorium
G.A. \$12.00, UCSD St. \$5.50

UCSD Box Office & Ticketron: 452-4559

A HOLLYWOOD grand opening

Introducing the new & exciting

Campus Plaza

62nd & El Cajon
Sat., March 31st
10 am-4 pm



- 36 beautiful brand new businesses... and look what two have for you:
- Hollywood Look-Alikes: "Liza," "Dolly Parton," "Burt Reynolds," & "Dennis (McCloud) Weaver" 11 am-3 pm
 - San Diego Mayor Roger Hedgecock 11 am
 - San Diego Federal's Hot Air Balloon-Sat. morning
 - Miss San Diego 11 am
 - Big Bird & Smurf 11 am-4 pm
 - Clothes with free balloons 10 am-4 pm
 - Hillside Hospital Free Health Checks 9 am-4 pm
 - Free chocolate fondue from Tulpe
 - Dancer's Paradise Variety Show 1 and 3 PM

WIN A 3-min. shopping spree from Safeway Supermarket in the Campus Plaza
You may also win a weekend of the Winnes Circle Search & Tennis Resort, 1 dot, baggies to 10 different winners from R.C. Bogert, one Easter chocolate basket from Tulpe, a nutritional starter pack to 4 winners from Great Earth Vitamins, custom leather sandals from Chastine Col. gift certificate for eyeglasses from Eyeglass Co., leather totebag from College Office Products, unusual gift from Gifts and Gags.

Name _____ Age _____
Address _____ Phone _____
City _____ Zip _____
Rule: Must be 18 or over, one entry per store, no employees or agents, winners notified, all information must be legible. Prizes must be claimed within 60 days.
DRAWING MARCH 31, 3 PM at the stage of Campus Plaza.



WIN
A 3-min. shopping spree from Safeway Supermarket in the Campus Plaza

WIN
A weekend of the Winnes Circle Search & Tennis Resort, 1 dot, baggies to 10 different winners from R.C. Bogert, one Easter chocolate basket from Tulpe, a nutritional starter pack to 4 winners from Great Earth Vitamins, custom leather sandals from Chastine Col. gift certificate for eyeglasses from Eyeglass Co., leather totebag from College Office Products, unusual gift from Gifts and Gags.

PLUS:
Free chocolate fondue from Tulpe

APRIL 6-28, 1984 NEOFEST

SECOND ANNUAL FESTIVAL OF THE NEW ARTS

PRESENTED BY SUSHI, INC., 852 EIGHTH AVENUE, SAN DIEGO, CA 92101 619/235-8466

Recent work and installation by a San Diego artist, Mario Lara, will be on view during NEOFEST performances.



13 Friday
DARK BOB
LOS ANGELES
SAN DIEGO PREMIERE
"PERFECTED FOR EVERYONE"
Dark Bob's unique pioneering work in song, humor, and social comment on the streets of Beverly Hills and Los Angeles has earned him one half of the title of the infamous performance duo, Bob and Bob. "Refined for Everyone" will present new songs, films, and live actions.



IRWIN IRWIN
SAN FRANCISCO
SAN DIEGO PREMIERE
"DURGEON AND DRAGON"
"POSTSCRIPT: MYSTICIST MANIFESTO"
"Irwin Irwin" is a four part cyclic performance using various literary devices (anagrams, riddles, puns and alliterative rhyme) in actions relating to a single unifying sculptural object. An evocative examination of religion, science, art and theater. "Irwin Irwin" is a recent piece not only stimulate and entice by visual and sensual means but inside the imagination, as if to become an image.

6 Friday
PAT OLESZKO
NEW YORK
WEST COAST PREMIERE
"The Sinner of O" or "Clothing as a Fecund Thought"
Sole performance of costume "performance" combines clothing, performance, sculpture, and installation in an incoherent dance of myth, music, and society.

"The Olesko is one of the most original creative forces on the scene today... from sculpture, theater, dance, cabaret, parade, pigment, comic books, beauty contest, etc... An awesome mix of the artistic traditions of both class and kabch."

Reception to follow performance



14 Saturday
TIM MILLER
NEW YORK
SAN DIEGO PREMIERE
"POSTWAR"
Combining performance actions, dance, projections, original music, and featuring live performance, "Postwar" is a work of epic scale porting growing up in a nervous bomb-happy generation of hamburgers, lawn mowers, and nuclear war.

"To performance, Miller's life and body become the arena where images of war, revolution, depression, and other political disasters rub against comfortable domestic images and signs."

15 Sunday
MAX MARK
LOS ANGELES
PREMIERE
"TEMPTATION OF HATRED"
Using masks, original music played on homemade instruments, shadow puppetry, and an environment setting, 9 performers from San Diego and Los Angeles will present a play within a play in celebration of the full moon Palm Sunday.

"It is here where angels and devils conspire to alter our dreams."
FREE outdoor performance, 6:30 p.m., 729 E Street

Ticket prices are:
97 General Admission
95 Youth Members
93 Youth Members

Full Series Ticket/12 Events
140 General Admission
920 Youth Members

Half Series Ticket/6 Events
120 General Admission
112 Youth Members

Full or Half Series Tickets may be purchased by mail. Series Tickets will be mailed by April 2nd or held at the box office after that date. Please enclose self-addressed stamped envelope with Series Ticket order and payment. No refunds will be given on Series Tickets. Please note all seating is reserved. Single event tickets are available evening of performance.

10 Wednesday
MICHAEL PEPPE
SAN FRANCISCO
SAN DIEGO PREMIERE
"ACTIVISPECTABLE V. REGIONS I AND II LOOPED"
This four-decade solo performance (without technical assistance) is in eleven languages and contains 28 major characters, 69 minor characters, impressions, dialects, movie cliches, and 41 jazz, rock and pop songs, 30 hymns, chants, TV themes, miscellaneous music and numerous dance/movement forms... a three ring circus of dazzling display... grinds along at breakneck speed... sets a high standard for those working in audio-visual collage as social commentary.

Discussion to follow performance

20 Friday
NIGEL ROLFE
IRELAND AND
SAN DIEGO PREMIERE
"THE ROPE THAT BINDS US MAKES US FREE"
This five-act work dedicated to Ireland, is a densely woven piece involving documentation, narrative, original music, and visual media. Rolfe is a visual artist concerned with the physical process of art-making through the use of his own body and materials as powdered pigments, cotton shrouds, and the resulting statement.

Discussion to follow performance

21 Saturday
SUSAN MOGUL
LOS ANGELES
SAN DIEGO PREMIERE
"THE LAST JEW IN AMERICA"
This solo performance is a cockamammy lecture of history, culture, and autobiography, raising questions as "Why was Charlton Heston cast as Moses?" and "Why do Jews love Chinese food?"

Discussion to follow performance



26 Saturday
JO HARVEY ALLEN
TEXAS/CALIFORNIA
PREMIERE
"CHEER FO CHEEK AND OTHER PARTS"
Writer/actress Jo Harvey Allen will present poems, stories, and bits of her performance book. Check to Cheek, and her characters Ruby Ray, the truck-stop waitress, and Hilly Lou, the Bible-thumping evangelist.

"Her commitment to her character and the remarkable control of her performance exemplifies what the art of acting can be. We don't have to know Ruby Ray, we don't even have to like her—but by experiencing her we have increased ourselves."

"The viewer has no problems believing Allen as Hilly Lou... it's one of the most authentic, most loving pieces of art I've seen in a long while."

Reception to follow performance

NEW YORK
WEST COAST PREMIERE
"TRICK OR DRINK"
Using slides, audiotapes, and autobiographical narrative, this heart-rending and sometimes hilarious solo performance utilizes the setting of a family television room to explore addiction to alcohol, food, youthful bodies, and love.

For further information: 619/235-8466

All NEOFEST events are at 8 p.m. at Sushi, 852 Eighth Avenue, downtown San Diego, with the exception of the free performance on Sunday, April 15th, which is at 3:30 p.m. at 729 E Street, between Seventh and Eighth Avenues.

NEOFEST is sponsored by Sushi, Inc. and is funded in part by grants from the National Endowment of the Arts, the California Arts Council, and the San Diego Community Foundation. Other donations have been received from H.G. Daniels Co., Graphics Communications Inc., Golden West Hotel, Perfect Travel Inc., Photo Factory, Frenchy Merceries, McCune Audio/Visual, Stanley Field, Ed Wagner, Larry Olcott, Ray Guerrero, George Stalle, Dene Oliver, and Ray Wagner.



25 Wednesday
JAMES GRIGSBY
CHICAGO
WEST COAST PREMIERE
"A SLIP OF THE TONGUE"
This solo performance combines exaggerated speech patterns and gestural movement with an original score. The highly personal narrative weaves botanical references and cliches with a tale of a bizarre tea party. "Grigsby seduces his audience with light conceits, making pleasant scattered conversation, in order to draw us into darker, more serious regions."

Discussion to follow performance

CARMELA RAGO
CHICAGO
WEST COAST PREMIERE
"NO COVER, NO MIMIMUM"
Talking through her nose a hundred miles an hour in a Chicago dialect, Rago impersonates an inane performance art instructor spouting charm school cliches and soon deteriorates into a shopping shoe festival—all because her lover has jilted her.

Discussion to follow performance

27 Friday
GEROME ROTHENBERG AND BERTRAM TURETZKY
SAN DIEGO
PREMIERE
"THAT DADA STRAIN"
Performance of DADA works and poems from Jerome Rothenberg's "That DADA Strain" with accompaniment, discussion, and notes.

"Gerome Rothenberg is one of the truly contemporary American poets who has returned U.S. poetry to the mainstream of international modern literature... a swinging copy of Martin Luther, Marcel Duchamp, Gertrude Stein, and Sissie Bull."

Reception to follow performance



28 Saturday
JO HARVEY ALLEN
TEXAS/CALIFORNIA
PREMIERE
"CHEER FO CHEEK AND OTHER PARTS"
Writer/actress Jo Harvey Allen will present poems, stories, and bits of her performance book. Check to Cheek, and her characters Ruby Ray, the truck-stop waitress, and Hilly Lou, the Bible-thumping evangelist.

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Reception to follow performance

READER'S GUIDE

(continued from page 2)

Creek to Me: Friday, March 30, 10 a.m. and 11:30 a.m., Civic Theatre, 202 C Street, downtown, and on Saturday, March 31, 8 p.m., East County Performing Arts Center, 210 East Main Street, El Cajon, the Sequa String Quartet will perform music by Smetana. Sunday, March 31, 10:30 a.m., Mathis Cultural Center, 247 South Kalma Escondido, 943-1322.

Smetana Centennial opens with Pavo Berglund conducting the San Diego Symphony in Smetana's

Ma Vlast. Thursday, March 29, 7 p.m., Friday, March 30, 8 p.m., Civic Theatre, 202 C Street, downtown, and on Saturday, March 31, 8 p.m., East County Performing Arts Center, 210 East Main Street, El Cajon, the Sequa String Quartet will perform music by Smetana. Sunday, March 31, 10:30 a.m., Mathis Cultural Center, 247 South Kalma Escondido, 943-1322.

Smetana Centennial opens with Pavo Berglund conducting the San Diego Symphony in Smetana's

Hall, SDSU; a chamber music concert will be presented by SDSU faculty and students. Monday, April 2, 8 p.m., Smith Recital Hall, SDSU, the SDSU Symphony, Chorus, and Wind Ensemble will perform Tuesday, April 3, 8 p.m., Smith Recital Hall, SDSU; pianist Linda D'Amico Gamble will offer a program of Czechoslovak music of the Romantic era. Wednesday, April 4, 8 p.m., Smith Recital Hall, SDSU, 265-6947 or 265-6931 or 265-9942.

Piano and Flute Concert, pianist Linda Hill and flutist Debra Lerner will offer a program of works by Debussy, Chopin, and Rachmaninoff. Friday, March 31, 7:30 p.m., Poway Community Center, 4711 Third Street, La Mesa. Free. 697-7922.

Baroque Concert, vocal and instrumental works of Handel, Telemann, Purcell, and Frescobaldi will be performed by the Lydian Ensemble, sponsored by the San Diego Early Music Society. Saturday, March 31, 8:00 p.m., St. Paul's Episcopal Church, 2728 Sixth Avenue, Hillcrest, and Sunday, April 1, 2 p.m., Lieb Auditorium, 505 South Coast Boulevard, La Jolla. 272-8425 or 296-2052.

Brass and Organ Concert, a program of Bach, Brahms, and Grieg will be offered. Sunday, April 1, 7:30 p.m., St. Andrew's by-the-Sea, 1250 Thomas Avenue, Pacific Beach. Free. 272-0313 or 273-3022.

Organ Concert, Jared Jacobsen will entertain with an April Fool's Day concert. Sunday, April 1, 7 p.m., Spreckels Organ Pavilion, Balboa Park. Free.

Flute and Piano Concert, Claude Ballings' Suite for Flute and Jazz Piano and Mozart's Flute Concerto No. 2 are featured in the San Diego miniconcert program. Tuesday, April 3, noon and 12:30 p.m., Golden Hall, Community Center, downtown. 454-6522 and 274-6317.

Spring Chamber Music Series continues with pianist Brian Bader playing music by Mozart, Chopin, Prokofiev, and Brahms. Tuesday, April 3, 7:30 p.m., San Diego Public Library Auditorium, 820 E Street, downtown. Free.

Flute Recital, Roberto Mortimer will be accompanied by John Brunkle in a program of Telemann, Brahms, and others. Saturday, March 31, 10 p.m., Poway Community Center, 4711 Third Street, La Mesa. Free. 697-7922.

Percussion and Wind Concert, percussionist Ron George, flutist Ann LaRue, and Susan Rawl, who plays ethnic and original wind instruments, will perform Wednesday, April 4, 11 a.m., Performance Lab, Palomar College, 146 West Mission Road, San Marcos. Free. 744-1150 or 727-7529.

Chamber Concert, The Beaux Arts Duo returns to perform works of Beethoven, Mendelssohn, and Shostakovich. Wednesday, April 4, 8 p.m., Mandeville Center Auditorium, SDSU. 452-4559.

Folk Singers Elizabeth Cotten and Sam Hinton will perform Tuesday, April 3, 7:30 p.m., Mink (aka Cal) College Theatre, One Bluff Drive, Oceanside. 757-2121 or 744-1150.

"The Poem and the Harp", the poems of Pablo Neruda and music of Mexico and Latin America will be brought together in a performance by Joan Lindgren and Melicio Martinez. Sunday, April 1, 7 p.m., Stratford Center, 1407 Stratford Court, Del Mar.

Jolla Scenic Drive, La Jolla. Free. 459-2975.

Baseball, the San Diego Padres will stage an exhibition game. Friday, March 30, 7 p.m., San Diego Jack Murphy Stadium. Free.

Baseball, the San Diego Padres open their 1984 season challenging Pittsburgh. Tuesday, April 3, 7:05

p.m., San Diego Jack Murphy Stadium. 283-7328 or 283-4494.

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International Festival Ballet
Director
Choreographer
Irling Sunde

Das De Quatre
Dust Dark
On The Beach

March 30, 31, 33 April 1 at 8:00 pm
541 Town Square Plaza
4640 Juggo Street San Diego
All Seals Reserved
4020 General Admission
7000 Student/Adults/Military Groups
For Reservations Call 298-0082

UCSD Events Office presents

SUSAN SONTAG

ESSAYIST AND author Susan Sontag is probably best known for her series of essays on Photography, and for her book-length essay *Illness as Metaphor*. Mrs. Sontag, whose work has been translated into seventeen languages, has received fellowships from the Guggenheim and Rockefeller foundations, and has won the National Book Critics Award.

April 2, Monday, 7:30 p.m.
Mandeville Auditorium
G.A. \$5.50, St. & Sr. \$3.50
UCSD Box Office & Ticketron: 452-4559

Special

Guided Hikes, sturdy shoes and binoculars are recommended for this two-hour amble. a.m., Point Loma's Riverside Trail, sponsored by the Natural History Museum. Saturday, March 31, 10 a.m., Point Loma Lighthouse, Cabrillo National Monument, Point Loma. Free. (460-9301 or 299-3573); Walkabout International presents "April's First Amble," Sunday, April 1, 12:01 a.m., La Jolla Boulevard and Poway Avenue by Howard Johnson. 213-9255.

Puppet Show, the Kent Family will enact "Beauty and the Beast," Friday, March 30, 10 a.m.; Saturday, March 31, 11 a.m., 1, 2:30, and 4 p.m.; Sunday, April 1, 11 a.m., 1, 2:30, and 4 p.m., Puppet Theater, President's Way, Balboa Park. 420-0794.

"Todos Santos", an exhibition of surrealist art of the Southwest and Mexico will be held from Sunday, April 1 through Thursday, April 15, All Hallows Church, 5602 La

the Old time CAFE

RESTAURANT FOLK CLUB
FOLK BLUES BLUEGRASS
1444 North Highway 101, Encinitas 438-4030
Reservations Recommended

Thursday 29	DAN GRARY FLATPICK GUITAR SUPER STYLISH BENEFIT FOR DICK GAUGHAN	7:30
Friday 30	SALLY ROGERS & HOWIE BURSEN TRADITIONAL SONGSTRESS & BASS/PLATE INSTRUMENTALISTS	7:00 & 9:00
Saturday 31	DAVE SWARDICK & SIMON NICOL FOLK/BLUES/ROCK/POP of FAIRPORT CONVENTION	7:00 & 9:00
Sunday 1	FOLK/BLUES/ROCK/POP SAM HINTON	6:30 & 8:30
Tuesday 3	OLD TIME ROOT MUSIC Great songs - musicians call in at 5:30	7:30
Wednesday 4	WOMEN'S POETRY SHIRLEY GARDNER & ALMA HELLER	7:30
Thursday 5	COVER CHARGE NIGHT! - BEER & WINE	7:30

Grass Roots Presents

PETE SEEGER
in concert with
LOS ALACRANES MOJADOS
Saturday, April 21 - 8 pm

THE SAN FRANCISCO MIME TROUPE*
in "Steeltown"
A musical comedy & real life tragedy
Saturday, May 5 - 2 pm & 8 pm
At the California Theatre
Tickets at Grass Roots & @theatre*

GRUPO RAIZ*
New Song of Chile
Saturday, April 7
7:30 pm
At the Grass Roots Cultural Center

ROY BROWN
New Song of Puerto Rico
Wednesday, April 11
7:30 pm
At the Grass Roots Cultural Center

Reservations 232-5009
1947 30th St. in Golden Hill
*Jointly supported by a grant from the CA Arts Council & National Endowment for the Arts.

SAN DIEGO ARTS FOUNDATION presents

DANCE THEATRE OF HARLEM
ARTHUR MITCHELL AND KAREL SHOOK, DIRECTORS

Electric

The Dance Theatre of Harlem, San Diego performs in an made possible in part by a grant from the National Endowment for the Arts and the California Arts Council.

The Smetana Centennial
An International Conference & Festival of Czechoslovak Music
Schedule of Musical Events

Thursday, March 29
7:00PM—San Diego Symphony, conducted by Pavo Berglund. Program: Smetana, *Ma Vlast*. Civic Theatre.

Friday, March 30
8:00PM—San Diego Symphony (repeat), Civic Theatre.
8:30PM—Recital 1: Pavel Ptáček, violin, Martina Masnerova, piano. Music by Smetana, Dvorak, Suk, and Martinu. SDSU, Smith Recital Hall.

Saturday, March 31
8:00PM—San Diego Symphony (repeat) East County Performing Arts Center.
8:30PM—Recital 2: Sequa String Quartet. Music by Smetana and Dvorak. SDSU.

Sunday, April 1
8:00PM—Recital 3: San Diego Chamber Players (with members of the San Diego Symphony). Music by Smetana, Dvorak, and Janacek. SDSU.

Monday, April 2
8:00PM—Recital 4: SDSU faculty and music students. Music by Dvorak, Jirak and Husa. SDSU.

Tuesday, April 3
8:00PM—Recital 5: SDSU symphony, chorus, and wind ensemble. Music by Smetana, Dvorak, and Husa. SDSU.

Wednesday, April 4
8:00PM—Recital 6: Linda D'Amico Gamble, piano. Music by Smetana and Suk. SDSU.

Thursday, April 5
7:00PM—San Diego Symphony. Featuring Karl Husa, conducting his Ten Sonnets from Martinu and James Paul conducting Rossini, Haydn, and Elgar. Civic Theatre.

Friday, April 6
8:00PM—San Diego Symphony (repeat). See April 5.
8:00PM—Recital 7: Frantisek Smetana, cello. Music by Krak, Dvorak, Janacek, Suk, Martinu, and Eben. SDSU.

Saturday, April 7
8:00PM—SDSU opera theatre workshop. Smetana, *The Huttered Bride*. SDSU. Recital 8.

Sunday, April 8
2:30PM—San Diego Symphony (repeat). See April 5.
3:00PM—Opera, *Huttered Bride* (repeat). SDSU.

All SDSU performances are in Music Building, Smith Recital Hall. For program information call: 265-6036, or 265-6031. Concerts: Ticket prices range \$3.75 for recitals, series tickets available at discount. Tickets call Atac Center Box Office, 265-6947 or Ticketron. San Diego Symphony tickets available at discount, through SDSU Music Department, call 265-6036, or 265-6031. This announcement is made possible through the Friends of Czechoslovak Music, San Diego State University.

KFSD-FM presents

A 25TH ANNIVERSARY CELEBRATION
with
KARL HAAS
host of
ADVENTURES IN GOOD MUSIC

Selections will include *Variations on a Theme of Salieri* by Mozart, *Mozart's Fantasia K. 475* and *Beethoven's Bagatelles Opus #126*.

WEDNESDAY, APRIL 25, 1984
8:00 pm
Mandeville Center, UCSD

\$10.00 admission
\$12.00 at the door
For your tickets send self-addressed envelope c/o 1540 6th Avenue, San Diego, CA 92101.
For more information call 239-9091.

evian's GREAT SWEET

We're looking for the best aerobic dancers in San Diego!

Work up a three-minute routine that includes high leg kicks, push-ups, sit-ups and running in place. The categories are individual, mixed pairs and teams of three. Judging will be based on skill, originality, enthusiasm and appearance.

April 13-15
La Jolla Village Square

Brought to you by **evian**, natural spring water and **SWPE**, magazine!

Further information available at your health club or call (213) 981-6096

Name _____ Phone _____
Address _____ STREET _____ CITY _____ STATE _____ ZIP _____
Club Affiliation (if any) NAME _____ LOCATION _____
☐ Individual \$15 (M, W, F) ☐ Mixed Pairs \$25 ☐ Team \$35

Checks Payable to: National Aerobic Championship
1947 30th St. in Golden Hill, Suite 101, Beverly Hills, CA 91210

T-shirt size: ☐ SM ☐ MED ☐ LG ☐ X-LG

Waiver: In consideration of the acceptance of my entry I understand, intending to be legally bound, that I, my partner, administrator and organizer, do hereby waive and release the sponsor(s) of this contest, from all claims for damages arising from my participation in and travel to and from this event. I also certify that I am physically fit and am qualified to participate in this event. Further I give permission to use and all of the above mentioned to use my likeness for any purpose.

SIGNATURE _____ DATE _____

In participation with **IDEA** International Fitness Association **AFM** Aerobic Fitness Magazine

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We're looking for the best aerobic dancers in San Diego!

Work up a three-minute routine that includes high leg kicks, push-ups, sit-ups and running in place. The categories are individual, mixed pairs and teams of three. Judging will be based on skill, originality, enthusiasm and appearance.

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In participation with **IDEA** International Fitness Association **AFM** Aerobic Fitness Magazine

MARCH 29, 1984 7

READER'S GUIDE TO LOCAL EVENTS

Home

(Continued from page 1)
fanned ten of our home-town boys consecutively on April 22, 1973, and thereby tied the record of nineteen in one game).
We've heard a lot of starchy-eyed talk the past few years about the new Padres, but it just might be true this time. They used to be eliminated from the pennant races by August; the last two years it's not been until the last week in September that the Pads have written themselves out of the

post-season script. Not only do they lose less often, they do interesting things on the field. They act like baseball players. One night a couple of years ago, Ruppert Jones tried to bean a great horned owl that landed on the center field turf (this threw mixed). Last year coach Bobby Tolan was ejected from the game before it even began, after exchanging leopards and — with the umpire at home plate. Shades of Leo Durocher? The team now wins as many times as it loses. And respectable, some people are

predicting that this is the year, this is our chance, this year we can win it.
Opening day of the season that just might see Padre brown and gold on top of the heap will be Tuesday, April 3. On that day the Pittsburgh Pirates, who have an even better chance of winning their own division, will take the field at 7:05 p.m. A fireworks show will follow the contest. A noontime rally on the Community Concourse (Third Avenue and B Street downtown) will be held on Monday, April 2, at which cheerleaders, Padre players, roving stadium food vendors, and the mayor will attempt to ignite Padre fever for those who take the time to watch the 1983 season.
— Dennis Parker

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Stay out of jail.
Protect your license.
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Call now **\$250**
Law Offices of Constance
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"The bar everyone has been talking about is finally here!"



Harry's BAR

330 W. Broadway, San Diego
(between State & Union)

Grand Opening
Friday & Saturday, March 30 & 31,
11:00 am-2:00 am


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would like to invite graduate students and professionals in the field of psychology to attend a workshop in **DIRECT DECISION THERAPY** at no cost

DR. LEO POLIZOTTI
(Director: New England Institute for Direct Decision Therapy.)
DR. HAROLD GREENWALD
(Author of Direct Decision Therapy and Active Psychotherapy.)

Two weekends: March 31, April 1 and April 28, 29.
Time: 9:00 am to 6:00 pm.
You may attend either one of the two weekends.
2425 San Diego Avenue, San Diego 296-4472

THE PIPAROS AT THE GLOBE



FRI., MARCH 30 & SAT., MARCH 31 11:00 PM
CASSIUS CARTER CENTRE STAGE
ALL THE "JUICE OF PIPAROS" YOU CAN DRINK
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TICKETS \$5.00 PHONE 239-2255

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The Saturday Sessions on Back Pain

Features: Lecture—Causes/Treatments
Exercises—Relieving Physical Stress
Problem-Solving—Individual Problems
Special Feature: Demonstration of the Cox Flexion-Traction treatment for low back & leg pain as seen recently on Channel 10.

Saturday, March 31, 10:30 am-1:30 pm, 200
945 Homblend, Suite D, Pacific Beach
Space is limited. Call for reservations 275-1010

READER'S GUIDE TO THE THEATER

Theater listings are compiled by Jeff Smith; commentary is by Jonathan Smith 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 for students, senior citizens, and the military; ask at the box office.

BETWEEN THEATERS

Reviewed this issue:
San Diego Repertory Theatre, Sixth Avenue Playhouse, through May 6; Tuesday through Sunday at 8:00 p.m. (through April 8); Thursday through Sunday (after April 8); Sunday matinee April 1, April 8, and April 29 at 2:30 p.m.

BUTTERFLIES ARE FREE

For its first production of 1984, the Rancho Bernardo Play Circle presents Leonard Gensle's gentle comedy about a young man with a physical handicap who seeks independence from his overly protective mother. He moves to New York, meets a very real sister neighbor — a bit of a mother hen on the scene. David Belloc directs the production. Members of the cast are Helen Jane Hilden, Nancy von Langen, Benjamin Gorman, and Kevin Jones. The set is designed by Jim Spinn and Jean Zapp; the costumes are by Nancy Johnston, and the lighting is by Frank Bacon. (Sm.)

THE GLASS MENAGERIE

The San Diego State University Theatre presents Tennessee Williams' "mystery play" Set in St. Louis, Missouri during the Depression, the drama explores the frustrated lives of Amanda Wingfield, her painfully shy and crippled daughter Laura, and Tom, her rebellious son, upon whose memories the play is constructed. Nick Reed directs the production. Timothly Jones in Tom, Katherine Faulconer as Amanda, Valerie J. Donahoe as Laura, and Tom Bethel as Jim, the friend Tom has brought home to meet Laura. (Sm.)

THE HOTHOUSE

I seriously recommend the Galspurg Theatre's production of an evening through it was the best I've seen. 1980 Harold Pinter drama. It is among the best work the Galspurg has ever done. The play is set in a rest home, where the patients are... are the day remaining to its administrators. Typical of Pinter, more is said than in the play, but one has the sense nonetheless that some (perhaps all) of the administrators and/or patients are fed up with the institution and plan an apocalyptic overhaul. Among other things, Hothouse is a murder mystery. Pinter's people, vulgar creations with dim minds and uncertain futures, are thus both characters and suspects. Roote, the paranoid, sadistic chief

Pinter is the musical director. A full-cast director, served in the Vestal Ballroom, precedes the show. (Sm.)
Vestal Ballroom, 1055 Se. 3rd Avenue, San Diego, Friday, March 30 and Saturday, March 31, 8:00 p.m. to 10:30 p.m., curtain at 8:00 p.m. For information call 462-5637.

FOR EVER AFTER

The Lambs Players Theatre presents two one-acts, which are concerned with love and human relationships. The story of Adam and Eve from the musical *The Apple Tree* is the story of the world's first couple. The story of Adam and Eve, the play suggests, is told in their first encounter. *A Phoenix Too Frequent*, by Christopher Fry, is the second one-act. Set in the early days of Rome, it is the story of a woman who, after losing her husband, vows to stave off death in his tomb. But Cupid has other ideas. Richard Young and Robert Smyth direct the two plays. Cast members include Deborah Gilmore, David Heath, Carolyn Schuch, Susan Smyth, Charles Jones, and Marilyn Miles. The set is designed by Neil Peterson, the lights by Richard Young, and the sound by David Thayer. The costumes are by Torrey Medford and Judy Hartz. (Sm.)

HOW I GOT THAT STORY

Ardis Gray's "lighter comedy" depicts the adventures of a cub reporter who is absolutely tickled to be in San Diego. 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 San Diego. Land with a prose style that glows with clarity, objectivity, and the subtle truth of this important historical event, through his eagerness to dominate the event smacks of the same impression that may have begun the conflict itself. The Reporter's aim to observe without any "prejudice" preconceptions is admirable. But the necessity of becoming an instant expert, coupled with his fundamental naivete, leads him through a number of increasingly perplexing encounters, both comic and nightmarish, that slowly diminish his reportorial vigor. *How I Got That Story* — thanks to a fine production by the San Diego Public Theatre — is a hilarious and

administrator, treats them that way, and so does Galspurg 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 detail, the event smacks of the same impression that may have begun the conflict itself. The Reporter's aim to observe without any "prejudice" preconceptions is admirable. But the necessity of becoming an instant expert, coupled with his fundamental naivete, leads him through a number of increasingly perplexing encounters, both comic and nightmarish, that slowly diminish his reportorial vigor. *How I Got That Story* — thanks to a fine production by the San Diego Public Theatre — is a hilarious and

composed of black squares, like a dehumanized chessboard with no and squares to which one's pieces can be moved, the set is one of Earl's best. The work of the cast, in particular, however, is outstanding. Peter's performance as Roote, is also of top quality. Paul Nolan's glacially instructive Gills, the bar's go-go-queen Leah, Barbara Murray's remote Miss Cuts — all are worthy suspects in the unmarked crime about to take place. And David Flint gains sympathy as the soft-spoken, kind. Of all the characters, Lamb is the least aware that his co-workers are spinning toward a heinous demise.

For Lamb, he never hears the starting gun. It goes off at the Galspurg at 8:00 p.m. And may this excellent production continue to run for a long time to come. Note: Jo Ann Reeves has replaced Barbara Murray in the role of Miss Cuts. (Sm.)

Galspurg Theatre, through April 1, Wednesday through Saturday at 8:00 p.m. Matinee Sunday at 2:00 p.m.

THE BOWERY THEATRE

420 E. Street, San Diego 232-4088
CIVIC THEATRE 202 C Street, downtown 236-6510
CORONADO PLAYHOUSE 1750 Strand Way, Coronado 475-4856
EAST COUNTY PERFORMING ARTS CENTER 2101 E. Main Street, El Cajon 440-2277
EDUCATIONAL CULTURAL COMPLEX THEATRE 4343 Ocean View Boulevard, Southeast San Diego 230-2800
PIERCE THEATRE 5800 Camino Road, Spring Valley 591-8977
FOX THEATRE 520 B Street, downtown 233-6331
GALILEO QUARTER THEATRE 547 Fourth Avenue, downtown 234-9583
GROSSMOUNT COMMUNITY COLLEGE Stagehouse Theatre 1800 Grossmont College Drive, El Cajon 465-1700 #410
JEWELRY COMMUNITY CENTER 4079 Fifth Avenue, San Diego 543-3300-36
LA JOLLA PLAYHOUSE Mandalay West Center, UCSD 453-3960
LA JOLLA STAGE COMPANY 790 Thurston Street, La Jolla 459-7773
LAWRENCE PLAYERS THEATRE 500 E. La Jolla Village, National City 474-6142
LIGHTHOUSE COMMUNITY THEATRE Ben Ross Fine Arts Center 803 University Avenue, La Mesa 464-4938
LAWRENCE WELLS VILLAGE THEATRE 6800 Lawrenceville Drive, Escondido 749-3448

chilling (often at the same time) account of a young reporter's evolution from fresh-eyed innocence to experience. And actor Charles Free, with a remarkable ability to probe the Reporter's striped spirit in the face of seemingly unglimmering circumstances, affords the process in a believable, touching stages. Free's character becomes, in effect, a willing participant in a small game of dislocation, sleight of hand, manipulation, and unfeeling complexity. And although Story has more than two dozen other characters, actor Steve Pearson plays the rest — called, by the play, the Historical Event. Pearson supplies each character with more than enough detail (and mystery) to be convincing. That he must shift from one to another within

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Performer from Bob Fosse's "All That Jazz" & "Dancin'", and choreographer of *Starlight Theatre*, to teach a
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Saturdays through May 19
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Solana Beach
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Theater Directory

- | | | |
|---|---|--|
| THE BOWERY THEATRE
420 E. Street, San Diego
232-4088 | LEON GROVE PLAYERS
7250 Leon Grove Drive, San Diego
279-2000-2326 | SAN DIEGO RESEA COLLEGE
7250 Leon Grove Drive, San Diego
279-2000-2326 |
| CIVIC THEATRE
202 C Street, downtown
236-6510 | SAN DIEGO PUBLIC THEATRE
311 Eighth Avenue, San Diego
232-3778 | SAN DIEGO REPERTORY THEATRE
311 Eighth Avenue, San Diego
232-3778 |
| CORONADO PLAYHOUSE
1750 Strand Way, Coronado
475-4856 | SAN DIEGO STATE UNIVERSITY
New Stage and Experimental Theatre
265-8601 | SAN DIEGO LITTLE THEATRE
Del Mar Fairgrounds, Del Mar
755-7358 |
| EAST COUNTY PERFORMING ARTS CENTER
2101 E. Main Street, El Cajon
440-2277 | SCOTT'S RANCH COMMUNITY THEATRE
Wargemeyer Junior High School Auditorium
9250 Scott Canyon Drive, Mira Mesa
566-7000-4216 | SOUTH COAST REPERTORY THEATRE
605 Town Center Drive, Costa Mesa
714-971-4233 |
| EDUCATIONAL CULTURAL COMPLEX THEATRE
4343 Ocean View Boulevard, Southeast San Diego
230-2800 | STARLIGHT
605 Town Center Drive, Costa Mesa
714-971-4233 | UNITED STATES INTERNATIONAL UNIVERSITY
Zales Theatre
14000 Friars Road, Scripps Ranch
717-4300 |
| PIERCE THEATRE
5800 Camino Road, Spring Valley
591-8977 | THE PROGRESSIVE STAGE COMPANY
1151 E. Valley Parkway, Escondido
746-6669 | UNIVERSITY OF CALIF. JERVA SAN DIEGO
UCSD Theatre, John Muir Theatre
San Diego
452-4574 |
| FOX THEATRE
520 B Street, downtown
233-6331 | PIRE HILLS LOOGE
2960 La Puente Way, Julian
765-1100 | UNIVERSITY OF SAN DIEGO
Carnegie Theatre, Acacia Park
Linda Vista Road, San Diego
291-6480 |
| GALILEO QUARTER THEATRE
547 Fourth Avenue, downtown
234-9583 | PORT LOMA COLLEGE
Salmon Hall
3800 Lombard Drive, Port Loma
222-6474-6448 | WEST COAST REPERTORY THEATRE
3459 Imperial Avenue (at Broadway), La Jolla
596-6370 |
| GROSSMOUNT COMMUNITY COLLEGE Stagehouse Theatre
1800 Grossmont College Drive, El Cajon
465-1700 #410 | THE PROGRESSIVE STAGE COMPANY
1151 E. Valley Parkway, Escondido
746-6669 | |
| JEWELRY COMMUNITY CENTER
4079 Fifth Avenue, San Diego
543-3300-36 | PORT LOMA COLLEGE
Salmon Hall
3800 Lombard Drive, Port Loma
222-6474-6448 | |
| LA JOLLA PLAYHOUSE
Mandalay West Center, UCSD
453-3960 | THE PROGRESSIVE STAGE COMPANY
1151 E. Valley Parkway, Escondido
746-6669 | |
| LA JOLLA STAGE COMPANY
790 Thurston Street, La Jolla
459-7773 | SAN DIEGO CITY COLLEGE THEATRE
Theatre and Arts Center, downtown
739-7898 | |
| LAWRENCE PLAYERS THEATRE
500 E. La Jolla Village, National City
474-6142 | SAN DIEGO JUNIOR THEATRE
Casa del Prado Theatre, Balboa Park
234-8320 | |
| LIGHTHOUSE COMMUNITY THEATRE
Ben Ross Fine Arts Center
803 University Avenue, La Mesa
464-4938 | | |
| LAWRENCE WELLS VILLAGE THEATRE
6800 Lawrenceville Drive, Escondido
749-3448 | | |

THE HOTHOUSE by HAROLD PINTER

Wed.-Sat. 8:00 pm
Sun. 2:00 pm
This production made possible in part by The Koll Company

Reservations: 234-9583
Valet parking available
547 Fourth Avenue

"... a provocative evocation of sophisticated theater art" —Wilton Jones, S.D. Union
"... a splendid production... an exceptional cast... a stunning set design" —Bill Hagen, The Tribune

READER'S GUIDE TO THE THEATER

SENSITIVE PLAY with outrageous sense of humor seeks adventurous theatregoer for meaningful relationship.

Christopher Durang's

Beyond Therapy

"AN EVENING FULL OF LAUGHTER"
—S.D. Union

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seconds makes his work all the more impressive. As is, in general, the Public Theater's production, well directed by Bartlett Sher. Story line: who lives up to the sweeping ambition (and, frankly, some of the depth) of an Apocalyptic New or Robert Stone's novel, *Das Soldaten*, but is own ruling metaphor about coverage of Third World nations has more current applications than do these larger works. The play offers no answers, but it raises important questions — about truth, historical events, and the shell games that may mediate them — in a fresh, often funny, and compelling way. (Sm.)
San Diego Public Theatre, through April 1, Thursday through Saturday at 8:00 p.m.

INDIAN CAPTIVE: THE STORY OF MARY JENSON
The Pato Playhouse Theatre presents the story of Mary Jenson, which Los Lemski has adapted for the stage from James Everett Soren's biography of Jenson. Of Irish descent, young Mary Jenson was captured by the Indians during the French and Indian War. Called "Corn" because she was adopted by an Indian family. The play describes her years of efforts to escape, and her gradual understanding of the language and customs of her new family. It also describes the dilemma she faces when given the opportunity to return to "white civilization." (Sm.)
Pato Playhouse, Saturday, March 31 through April 8, Saturday at 4:00 p.m. and 7:30 p.m.; Matinee Sunday at 2:00 p.m.

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PREVIEW

The Fantasticks

March 29, 30

LYRIC DINNER THEATRE

Opening night, Saturday, March 31
Complimentary champagne punch with cast
Dinner 6:00 p.m.; curtain 8:00 p.m.
For reservations call 464-1196
7576 El Cajon Blvd., La Mesa

"Ideal crime." The play takes place in an interrogation room, where a policeman, a psychiatrist, and finally the victim's father, who always kept the gun, confront the murderer: Richard McGuire directs both productions.
Cast members are Ken Leeson, T.C. Davis, Ellen Cameron, Bob Bloomington, and Tom Kiley (Sm.)
Marques Theatre, Thursday, March 29, open-ended run, Thursday through Saturday at 8:00 p.m.

ILUES OF THE FIELD
The Coronado Playhouse is staging F. Andrew Leslie's stage adaptation of the novel by William E. Barrett. In the play, Homer Smith is a doctor in the Southwest who encounters a group of men trying to subvert a wasteland of sagebrush and cactus. The Lord superior, Marie Marthe, believes that Homer has been sent by the Lord to build a chapel for the ruins. Franc Rosa directs the production. Members of the cast include Tony De Winters, Tina Kaplan, Frederick Edmund, Jeff Matthews, Susan Heister, Celia Hoffman, Michelle Hills-Shaw, Richard Beverly, and Donald Pugh. The scenic and lighting designs are by Jeff Rowan. (Sm.)
Coronado Playhouse, through March 31; Thursday through Sunday at 8:00 p.m.; Dinner-theater night, Friday, March 30, dinner at 6:30 p.m., curtain at 8:00 p.m.

THE LITTLE PRINCE
Project Vanguard Productions is staging a dramatic adaptation of the popular story by Antoine de Saint-Exupéry. Richard Taser directs the production, which will include music and dance.
Westminster Presbyterian Church, Anna Theatre, 3598 Talbot Street, San Diego, Friday, March 30 through April 15; Friday through Sunday at 8:00 p.m. For information call 222-4236.

MAN OF LA MANCHA
The Lawrence Welk Village Theatre offers Dale Wasserman's musical about Miguel de Cervantes and the fate of a manuscript he has written called *Don Quixote*. Having been sent to prison for dubious crimes, Cervantes possesses only the manuscript, and when his lawyer informs him that his value lies in using them to act it out. The musical, which includes such songs as "The Impossible Dream," "Dulcinea," "It's All the Same," and "What Do You Want of Me?" is directed by Gary Davis. Members of the cast include George Ball (as Cervantes), Chera Holland, Vince Tarr, and Jack Ritchey. (Sm.)
Lawrence Welk Village Theatre, through April 15; Thursday through Saturday at 8:00 p.m.; Matinee Thursday and Sunday at 1:45 p.m.

THE MARTIAN CHRONICLES
The Palomar College Theatre presents the world premiere of William Adam's stage adaptation of Ray Bradbury's science fiction classic, which takes a comic glimpse at the colonization of Mars. Adam also directs the production, which features an original musical score written by Anthony Adams and performed on flutes of the polytonal instruments created by Harry Patch. Members of the cast include many of whom play multiple roles, including Buddy Ashbrook, Claudia Hager, Katherine LaRue, Christopher Lowry, David Babich, Christopher Brand, Dwayne Daniels, Dennis Davis, Tom Erickson, Corby Lange, Pat O'Brien, Sheila Browder, John Douglas, and Kevin Mann. David Boyd is the technical director. Ray Bradbury will attend the opening night performance. (Sm.)
Palomar College Theatre, Thursday, March 29 through April 7; Thursday, March 29 through Saturday, March 31, and Wednesday, April 4 at 7:30 p.m.; Matinee Sunday, April 1 and Saturday, April 7 at 2:00 p.m.

THE MOUSETRAP
The Fiesta Dinner Theatre is staging the Agatha Christie whodunit about a group of strangers stranded in a boarding house during a snowstorm. One of them is a murderer. Frank Wayne directs the production. Members of the cast are Susan Thompson, Larry O'Brien, Kim Bennett, Sylvia Thompson, Gloria Jackson, Peter Brown, Spike Sorrentino, and Kenneth Enright. Mary Burnett has designed the set. (Sm.)
Fiesta Dinner Theatre, Friday, March 30 through Saturday, March 31, at 7:30 p.m., curtain at 8:15 p.m.; Sunday, dinner at 6:30 p.m., curtain at 7:15 p.m.; Matinee Wednesday and Sunday, buffet luncheon at noon, curtain at 1:15 p.m.

ON GOLDEN POND
The Pine Hills Players of Julian present Ernest Hemingway's popular drama about an elderly couple who return to their summer home of forty-eight years on Golden Pond in Maine. He is seventy-nine and is beginning to feel his life is drawing to a close. But he meets a teenage boy, and the association renews his energy and spirit. Scott Kinney directs the production. Members of the cast include Jim Langhans and Joe Goodman, alternating as Norman Thayer, Jr.; Barbara Kesteven as Ethel; Jim Holzer as Charles Martin; Rich Nichols as Charles; John Roman as Dr. Haskins; and Bill Allen. A barbecue dinner precedes the show (and a vegetarian dinner is also available). (Sm.)
Pine Hills Lodge, through March 24; Friday and Saturday, dinner at 7:00 p.m., curtain at 8:00 p.m.

PENANCE
The San Diego Gilbert and Sullivan Repertory Company is offering Gilbert and Sullivan's satire on the aesthetic craze that swept through the 1890s — one that includes half poets, rhapsodic madmen, a colonel, and a major with a regiment of Dragon Guards. Wilton Jones, theater critic for the San Diego Union, directs the production.

THE BOWERY THEATRE
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Thurs.-Sun., 8 p.m.
480 Elm St.
Reservations 232-4088

Members of the cast are Peter Duncan, Vincent Ferrer, Robin Gillette, Janet Anne Coggins, Gary Hook, Patricia Lane, Shari Miller, John Scott, Mel, Vicki Pierce, John Polhemus, and George Weinberg. Hollican Kornan, artistic director of the company, is the conductor. (Sm.)
Casa del Prado Theatre, Balboa Park, Friday, March 30 through April 8; Friday and Saturday at 8:00 p.m.; Matinee Sunday at 2:30 p.m.

THE PIPEROS LIVE AT THE GLOBE
The Piperos? San Diego's stars of the late-night show "The Piperos" live at the Globe? Yes, for two nights. The comedy/musical group, originators of late-night comedy in San Diego, will present a "concert" of their song-parodies at the Casca Center Stage, the new for their having won the Old Globe Theatre's 1983 San Diego Comedy Festival competition. The group — Spike Tuley, Bill Wolf, Willy Bipp, and Duke La Doo — will perform a combination of old and new songs, accompanied by Moe Nara on the piano. And to prove that their appearance at the theater does not mean dignified efforts, the Piperos will include a "Roast of the Globe" among their satirical sketches. (Sm.)
Casca Center Stage, Friday, March 30 and Saturday, March 31 at 11:00 p.m.

QUARTERMAINS TERMS
SARON GAY is one of the major contemporary playwrights concerned above all with disaffected intellectuals whose desires are frustrated and whose lives fall apart. The latest play of Gay is not one of his strongest, though it shows his usual preoccupations and methods.

THE STRONGER
Shoreline San Diego, a newly formed organization designed to enable actors to cultivate their craft between jobs, is offering an intriguing demonstration of how a single text can be interpreted for the stage in different ways. The text is August Strindberg's *The Stronger*, which the playwright wrote for an experimental theater project in Copenhagen. In the play, Madame X and Madame Y meet by accident at a café on Christmas Eve. Both are actresses and they have been rivals for the love of Madame X's husband Bob. This latest competition, or to be precise, this staged and played. But there is a twist. Instead of a screaming match between the two women, only Madame X speaks. Y is silent. And during this debate in the form of a monologue, one begins to wonder which of these two women is,

it presents its chief virtue is its realistic decision of a professional group, a social class, an historical moment, with wit and accuracy. This meticulous realism is reflected in sets by Fred M. Duni and costumes by Deborah Dryden, and the play is directed with unobtrusive skill by David Macdonald. But many of the actors, while strong in character and emotion, do not get the style quite right, so that



The Piperos

becomes hard to believe fully in the reality they are portraying. Two notable exceptions are U. Wood and Kendall McClean, whose performances are perhaps enough in themselves to justify a visit to the Carter. (Sa.)
Casca Center Stage, through April 5; Tuesday through Saturday at 8:00 p.m.; Sunday at 7:00 p.m.; Matinee Sunday and Saturday at 2:00 p.m.

TAKING STEPS
The latest in the local productions of Alan Ayckbourn's bedroom farces is

in fact, the "stronger." Under Ginny Lynn Safford's capable direction, the answer may differ for each version of the play in the first one, Wendy Warren plays Madame X and Stephen Miller is Madame Y. This version is a straightforward, restrained treatment of the piece, and faithful to the decorum of the actors, while strong in character and emotion, do not get the style quite right, so that



The Piperos

them to be negotiated by the actors in a clever manner of real climbing (hence the play title). It is a device providing some fun, especially when the narrow spiral staircase (actually a circle with spokes, painted on the floor) is involved. But such a trick is not enough to sustain the play, which therefore has to depend mainly on the staples of the genre: adultery, mistaken identities, bed-switching, innervation, and silly characters such as barbers and boms. As compared with Ayckbourn's other farces, this one is relatively slow moving; the plot lacks the last full measure of snail complexity, and the confusions and coincidences are somewhat sluggish in pace. The author professes to have written a savage play about marriage, and indeed we do see a number of self-centered and manipulative people involved in relationships. But this theme is only a minor element in what is basically a machine for producing amusement. The machine is efficiently engineered, but it lacks the

THE TALES OF UNCLE REMUS
Huge! Natchez Children's Repertory Company offers Joel Chandler Harris's classic tales of the South, in a new adaptation by Lynn Berchenko. Directed by Gwyneth Low, the production combines live action, puppets, music, and special effects to re-create Uncle Remus and his memorable tales, and the audience is encouraged to help tell the story by miming actions, giving cues to the characters, and by participating in a variety of other ways. Cast members are Debra Fisher, Alan Goss, Kent Blosil, Jill Haris, and Brian McMillan. (Sm.)
Old Town Opera House, through April 2; Saturday at 1:00 a.m. and 1:00 p.m.; Sunday, April 8 and Sunday, April 15 at 1:00 a.m. and 1:00 p.m. For information call 296-1764.

TWO ON THE ABLE
The Covenant Arts Theatre is offering a musical revue that traces the history of musical comedy from vaudeville and melodrama to more modern expressions of the form. Tom Busch, who has adapted the show for the stage, directs the production. Members of the cast include Ginny Denner, Paul Tarr, Theresa Barner, Mike Cox, Chad Dorman, and James McDonald. The set design is by Ginny Denner. The lighting is by Greg McEwen, and the choreography is by Chris Parnum. Dana Beddows is the musical director.
Covenant Arts Theatre, through April 1; Tuesday through Saturday at 8:00 p.m.

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READER'S GUIDE TO THE MUSIC SCENE

Music commentary is by John D'Agostino. Please send concert information and photographs to Reader Music Scene, P.O. Box 80805, San Diego 92138.

When we think of *fin de siècle* artistic consciousness, we think of Europe, possibly the northeastern United States, but certainly not Australia. Yet in the latter part of the Nineteenth Century, when the French Symbolist poets were holding court on the Continent and a handful of American painters occupied themselves with applying Yankee sensibilities to French concepts of color and light, another significant if largely ignored artistic revolution was taking place Down Under. It was during the 1880s and 1890s that the socio-political tracts of Henry Lawson, the popular ballads of A.B. "Banjo" Paterson, and the lively fiction of Joseph Furphy forever changed the way Australians would think of their own culture. To that time, Aussie art, music, and poetry belonged to the middle classes, for whom an identification with Great Britain and the emulation of British style was still automatic and endemic. But thanks to Lawson, Paterson, Furphy, and a raft of like-minded journalists, artists, novelists, and musicians, the working-class masses came to think of themselves first and above all as Australians, and that consciousness led to a widespread striving to portray



MIDNIGHT OIL

Australian reality in the arts. Nearly a century later, that native consciousness is reasserting itself in the new music of Australia's rock bands, of whom perhaps the most articulate and talented is Midnight Oil.

The major difference between the current Aussie rock (and film) renaissance and the turn-of-the-century artistic upheaval is that this time it is the American aesthetic model that is being discarded. There is among the more popular Aussie bands a common arrogance

born of the belief that Australian rock and roll is not only equal to but actually better than that coming from the States. While regional bias surely plays a part in this chauvinistic feeling, it is nonetheless true that in reacting against the blow-dried homogeneity of American album-oriented rock, several Aussie groups have shared their Yank counterparts by rebuffing the rock and roll cue cards to produce music that is daring, imaginative, and, of course, uniquely Australian. Midnight Oil is the best of the

hunch because they don't compromise in any direction. There is in Midnight Oil's music an undercurrent of postpunk fury that appeals to that country's youth, whose frustrations in dealing with the usual issues of school, unemployment, and political impotence in the face of nuclear weapons deployment are exacerbated by an inherited defiance of the world's view of Australia as the dumping ground for the British Empire's human refuse. But the band's attention to purely musical

matters prevents this angry undercurrent from becoming an undertow. The songs on Midnight Oil's American debut album, *10.9.8.7.6.5.4.3.2.1.*, may address themselves to serious concerns in direct, accusatory lyrics, but the group's Dr. Frankenstein approach to songwriting doesn't allow the listener to concentrate solely on potential point making. It also precludes facile categorization, as indicated by the fact that critics can't seem to reach a consensus as to whether Midnight Oil is a punk, heavy metal, new wave, or even art rock band.

The source of the confusion is the music itself. Several of the songs on *10.9.8.7.6.5.4.3.2.1.* are written in the pastiche style, in which often incompatible musical motives are stitched together to form a somewhat disorienting if fascinating pattern. Synthesizers may create a Peter Gabriel-like future gloom in one passage, only to be broken by thrashing new-rock, which surrenders to Alarm-like folk-rock, which is derailed by bobbing, neo-pop melodies. "Power and the Passion," for example, seems to be three songs in one; and only by watching the grooves on the record can one determine that a protracted, nightmarish instrumental on side one is nothing more than the introduction to a slow-tempoed, oddly appealing bit of morbidity entitled "Scream in Blue" ("I

(Continued on page 14)

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opposing artistic inclinations wage war in the tracks. Patches of minimalism are answered by volleys of artsy bombast. Pastoral interludes are interrupted by buzz-bombing guitars, and raging rockers that threaten to lose control instead dissolve into stately, somehow disconcerting resolution.
In fact, the only constants on this album are the high quality of the songs, the drumming of

Rob Hirst (who spans his snare with an authority second only to that of the Police's Stewart Copeland), and the vocals of Peter Garrett. It is Garrett's voice — which alternately snarls, growls, yells, chants, and sings — that holds things together on record. In concert, Garrett is the focal point for different reasons. His six-and-a-half-foot-tall frame and naked pate would be enough to secure one's attention, but in performance Garrett gives motion to the frantic dynamics of Midnight Oil's music with

berserk gyrations and gestures, and Aussie audiences have been known to lose their grip on reality during Garrett's more animated moments. Such antics would, of course, be boring if the music supporting them was less than great. But in the case of Midnight Oil, the songs are so damned good that the hand when it makes its San Diego debut at SDSU's Backdoor Sunday night.
In other concerts this week, Latin singer Jose Jose will be

at the Fox Theatre tonight. Thursday, while across town flutists Hubert Laws and Jim Walker perform together at SDSU's Montezuma Hall; and further north Population 5 and Four Eyes are at the Belly Up Tavern. Friday's shows include UK Subs and Personal Conflict at the Adams Avenue Theater, and country-punkers Rank and File with the Best Farmers at SDSU's Backdoor.
On Saturday at the Sports Arena Ozzy Osbourne and Slide will entertain those who have nothing better to do with

their time and money; while the James Harman Band and Hammer Smith are at the Belly Up Tavern. Tuesday's concerts have Elizabeth Cotten and Sam Hinton performing folk in the MiraCosta College Theater in Oceanside; while the "Jazz Live" series will present vocalist Sharmar Duran, with pianist Bill Cantos, bassist Kirk Cagle, and drummer Marty Navarro, and some as yet unidentified horn soloists in a performance of blues, ballads, bebop, and Brazilian jazz in the San Diego City College Theater.

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CONCERTS

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

Hubert Laws and Jim Walker: SDSU's Backdoor, tonight, Thursday, 8 p.m., Aztec Center, San Diego State University. 265-6562 or 265-6947.

Population 5 and Four Eyes: Belly Up Tavern, tonight, Thursday, 9 p.m., 143 South Cedros Avenue, Solana Beach. 481-9022.

UK Subs and Personal Conflict:

Adams Avenue Theater, Friday, March 30, 8 p.m., 3325 Adams Avenue, Normal Heights. 565-9947.

Rank and File and the Beat Farmers: SDSU's Backdoor, Friday, March 30, call for time, Aztec Center, San Diego State University. 265-6562 or 265-6947.

Ozzy Osbourne and Slade: Sports Arena, Saturday, March 31, 8 p.m., 224-4176.

James Harman Band and Hammer Smith: Belly Up Tavern, Saturday, March 31, 9 p.m., 143 South Cedros Avenue, Solana Beach. 481-9022.

Midnight Oil: SDSU's Backdoor,

Sunday, April 1, call for time, Aztec Center, San Diego State University. 265-6562 or 265-6947.

Elizabeth Cotten and Sam Hinton: Miracosta College Theater, Tuesday, April 3, 7:30 p.m., One Barnard Drive, Oceanside. 757-2121, 942-1352, or 744-1150.

"Jazz Live" featuring Sherman Durrin: San Diego City College Theater, Tuesday, April 3, 8 p.m., 14th and C streets, downtown. 230-2481.

World Saxophone Quartet: Brunwig Drug Building, Thursday, April 5, 8 p.m., 363 Fifth Avenue,

Galamp Quarter, downtown. 459-1404.

Rough Cutt and Allies: SDSU's Backdoor, Friday, April 6, call for time, Aztec Center, San Diego State University. 265-6562 or 265-6947.

Smoke Wilson with the Hurricanes: Mt. Helix Elks Lodge, Friday, April 6, 8 p.m., 5860 Market Street, Southeast San Diego. 264-5963.

Mink DeVille: Rodeo, Sunday, April 8, 8 p.m., La Jolla Village Drive and Villa La Jolla Drive, La Jolla. 457-5590.

The Romantics and Wang Chung:

UCSD Gym, Friday, April 13, 8 p.m., University of California at San Diego campus, La Jolla. 483-6339.

Rain Parade: SDSU's Backdoor, Friday, April 13, call for time, Aztec Center, San Diego State University. 265-6562 or 265-6947.

Jason Michaels: Legler Benbow Little Theater, Friday, April 13, 8 p.m., USU campus, 10455 Pomeroy Road. 693-4637.

Cleo Laine with John Danworth and the Danworth Quartet: California Theater, Friday and Saturday, April 13 and 14, 8 p.m., 1122 Fourth Avenue, downtown. 283-SEAT.

PROPHET PRODUCTIONS PRESENTS
FEATURING
YVONNE DEANE

THE MIGHTY INVADERS



SAT APR 7 8:00 PM
CLUB REGGAE
24TH & BROADWAY IN GOLDEN HILL
(CARPENTERS HALL) \$8.50 AT THE DOOR
\$10 ADVANCE. ALL AGES WELCOME.
FOR TICKETS & INFO CALL 225-5130, 260-0606
LISTEN TO REGGAE MAKASSA, SUNDAYS AT 9 PM ON 91X FOR DETAILS

TIM MAZE PRESENTS
MORE CORE IN '84

U.K. SUBS

FLIPPER
PERSONAL CONFLICT

FRIDAY • MARCH 30 • 8 PM
ADAMS AVENUE THEATRE

49th Anniversary Celebration
DANNY TOPAZ
Piano organist
In our piano bar
Thurs-Sat. 7 pm
March Dining Room Special
9-course
Anniversary Dinner
\$6.50
(\$7.50 value)
GEORGE JOE'S
OFF-8 east of Grossmont Center
(at Grossmont Blvd./Huney Dr. exit)
469-4158
All major credit cards

Thursday, March 29
91X presents
THE ORIGINAL HAPPY HOUR OF THE '80S
starting RUSS T. NAILL 6:00-9:00 pm.
254 drafts, 504 hot dogs, cheap wells and that 91X cheese.
Prizes & surprises
9:00-close
Moving Targets
FANTASY FASHION AUCTION
featuring
DENISE
from New Orleans
Friday, March 30
Moving Targets
plus guest
HAPPY HOUR CHEF MICHAEL BROOKS
#7 of the Clippers—he's really doing the cooking!
Saturday, March 31
Moving Targets

Sunday, April 1
MS U.G.L.Y. BARTENDER CONTEST KICKOFF PARTY
featuring:
DRIFTERS
RICKY & THE JETS
and
THE WEST COAST TWISTERS
\$3 cover—all of which will be donated to the National MS Society.
RODEO
The Rodeo is located on the corner of La Jolla Village Dr. and Villa La Jolla Dr.
For more information, call 457-5590.
You must be 21 or older to enter and picture I.D. is required.
Dress Code.
Tuesday, April 3
URBAN UMBRELLA

Wednesday, April 4
THE LONDON BROTHERS
Coming events
Sunday, April 8
MINK DE VILLE
Sunday, April 15
RODEO 3RD ANNIVERSARY PARTY
with
NE-L
THE LONDON BROTHERS
Moving Targets
Souvenir T-shirts & other good stuff
WANTED:
Take-charge guy/gal to plan, organize and implement our entire food department.
Base salary and percentage to qualified person. Apply in person Thursday & Friday, 3:00-7:00 pm.
HOSTESS WANTED
Under 21 preferred

Fahn & Silva presents
Radio Latina welcomes
JOSE JOSE
USA TOUR
MARCH 29
7:30 P.M.
FOX THEATER
720 B STREET

Tickets \$15.00, \$12.50 advance. Tickets available at Fox Box Office, Sears, 32nd St. Naval Station, at Ticketron outlets, International Camera (Chico Vista), XLTN Studio. For more info 235-4203.

91X 'The Rock of the '80's' welcomes
Romantics
with very special guest
Wang Chung
FRIDAY
APRIL 13 8 P.M.
UCSD GYM

Tickets \$11.50 advance, general admission
Tickets available at UCSD Box Office

Aloha from the Islands!


Sunday & Monday Evenings
Dance To The Best Of San Diego's Live Top-40 Entertainment!

RESTAURANT & LOUNGE EMPLOYEES SPECIAL
...THIS IS YOUR NIGHT TO BE CATERED TO...

Right here in Mission Valley, we'll make you feel great at the Islands Lounge. Surrounded by lush tropical gardens, grass huts, fish, the works you can enjoy some of the best exotic cocktails—dance to the best of San Diego's Top-40 Live Bands—and take advantage of our special all-time low cocktail prices—Sunday & Monday nights only. Everybody is invited...save your favorite cocktail, visit with friends and dance, dance, dance.


THE ISLANDS
HAWAII HOTEL
2270 Hotel Circle North, Mission Valley, 297-1101

MONTEZUMA HALL
Flute duets & other surprises featuring



HUBERT LAWS & JIM WALKER
Thursday, March 29 • 8:00 pm
S.D.S.U. students \$5.50
other students \$6.50
general public \$7.50

BACKDOOR



RANK & FILE
with
BEAT FARMERS and NEOPHYTES
This Friday, March 30 • 9:00 pm
students \$4.50, general \$5.50

MONTEZUMA HALL
MIDNIGHT OIL
with
PLAYGROUND SLAP
This Sunday, April 1 • 8:00 pm
students \$5.00, general \$6.00

BACKDOOR
Coming soon: April 6—ROUGH CUTT & ALLIES • April 13—RAIN PARADE plus TELLTALE HEARTS • April 27—MINUTE MEN • May 11—ABERT ORANGE

Tickets 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. and Cultural Arts Board.

Highway 101, Leucadia. 436-4030.
 Van Crev, Patrick guitars.
 Thursday, Sally Rogers and Howie
 Bursen, folk and ballads with banjo
 accompaniment. Friday: Dave
 Swarthick and Simon Nicol,
 traditional British folk music.
 Saturday: Sam Hinton, folk.
 Sunday: Catherine Espinosa, Irish
 harp music. Sunday brunch: Old
 Time Hoot Night. Tuesday: Shelly
 Savern and Elena Melendez, poetry

reading, Wednesday.

Pacific East Espresso, 235 North
 El Camino Real, Encinitas.
 436-1248: The Peter Sprague Trio,
 jazz. Friday and Saturday, and
 Sunday brunch.

Pancho's, 1399 Camino Del Mar,
 481-0144: Pop, rock, Friday and
 Saturday; the Five Careless Lovers,
 blues jam, Sunday afternoon.

Pizza Chalet, 958 South Santa Fe,
 Vista. 738-5740: San Diego North
 County Bluegrass Club open stage,
 fourth Tuesday of each month.

Pomerada Club, 12237 Pomerada
 Road, Poway. 748-1135: High
 Steppin', country. Wednesday
 through Saturday; country dance
 lessons. Wednesday.

Poway Mine Company, 12375
 Poway Road, Poway. 748-7296.

566-2070: Johnny Almond Rhythm
 Revue, rock and blues. Thursday
 through Saturday; Ambition, easy
 rock, Sunday through Tuesday;
 Miss D'Meanor, rock. Wednesday.

Ralph and Eddie's, 390 Grand
 Avenue, Carlsbad. 729-2909:
 Incognito rockers, rock. Wednesday
 through Sunday.

Ramada Inn, Scotty's Pub. 2500
 South Escondido Boulevard.

Escondido. 747-5999: Ted and Dave,
 contemporary. Tuesday through
 Saturday; Just Us, contemporary,
 Sunday and Monday.

Rancho Bernardo Inn, 17550
 Bernardo Oaks Drive, Rancho
 Bernardo. 487-1611 or 277-2146:
 Jim Gates and Sound Investment,
 contemporary. Tuesday through
 Saturday; the Joe Azarelli Trio with
 Linda Wakefield, contemporary and

jazz. Sunday and Monday. Dining
 Room: Peter Robberecht,
 contemporary, early evening
 Thursday through Saturday.

Reuben's, 2515 El Camino Real,
 Carlsbad. 434-1766: Live
 entertainment. Tuesday through
 Saturday, call for information.

Stage Coach Inn, 1865 Vista Way,
 Vista. 724-9090: Coyote, country.
 Wednesday through Saturday.

Reper Room, 1270 Main Street,
 Ramona. 789-5755: Green River,
 country. Friday and Saturday.

That Pizza Place, 2622 El Camino
 Real, Carlsbad. 434-3171: Brass Tax,
 jazz. Friday.

Vista Entertainment Center, 435
 West Vista Way, Vista. 941-1033:
 Jockey Club: The Bizz, rock.
 Thursday through Saturday. Turf
 Room: Just Us, contemporary.

Tuesday through Saturday. Derby
 Room: Recorded music with DJ Lou
 Taverna. Thursday through
 Saturday.

Whiskey Flats, 1260 West Valley
 Parkway, Escondido. 745-8640:
 Planet, rock. Thursday through
 Saturday; live music. Sunday and
 Monday; call club for information.
 Planet, rock. Tuesday; Rob Garret,
 Ehis impersonator, Wednesday.

Beaches

Aimer's, Hotel La Jolla, 7766 Fay
 Avenue, La Jolla. 454-3001: Bruce
 McKethen, contemporary piano
 and vocals. Tuesday through
 Saturday. J.J. Frank, contemporary
 and jazz piano. Tuesday through
 Friday happy hours.

"Bahia Belle," at the dock, Bahia
 Hotel, 988 West Mission Bay Drive,
 Mission Bay. 488-0521: Main Street,
 contemporary music for dancing,
 Friday and Saturday.

Bahia Hotel, 988 West Mission Bay
 Drive, Mission Bay. 488-0521:
 Mercedes Lounge: Signed, Sealed,
 and Delivered, contemporary.
 Tuesday through Saturday;
 Chestnut's Jazz Quartet, jazz,
 Sunday. Piano Bar: Buddy Reed,

Whiskey Flats

presents
 Wednesday, April 4, 9 pm
 from Las Vegas

Rob Garrett
 with **Rock & Roll Heaven**

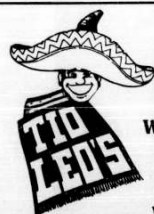
in
**Elvis:
 The
 Legend
 Lives**



March 29, 30 & 31
 April 3, 5, 6 & 7

Planet

Dancing • 3 huge video screens • Banquet facilities
 1260 West Valley Parkway, Escondido, 745-8640



The return of
Wednesday Night jazz
 at Tio Leo's

with

FINELINE

9:00 pm to 1:00 am
Margaritas \$1.00
 (in lounge only)

Tio Leo's

10787 Camino Ruiz, Mira Mesa 695-1461



4302 Mission Boulevard, Pacific Beach 270-3220

presents



**BOBBY CHEVROLET
 & THE SHAMES**
 Sunday & Monday



THE SHERS BROS.
 Thursday-Saturday



**DAVID BRADLEY &
 THE MANIAC BAND**
 Tuesday & Wednesday

**4th ANNUAL JALAPENO
 EATING CONTEST**

Wednesday, April 4, hosted by David Bradley
 1st prize \$50

Tickle Your Tastebuds.*



Enjoy our
SUNDAY BRUNCH FIESTA
 \$6.95 per person 10 am-2 pm
 (including champagne & mariachis)

DOS AMIGOS
 MEXICAN FOOD

*Family Prices—Most menu items under \$5.

1904 Quivira Rd. • West of Sea World in Marina Village • 223-8061

BODIES

Thursday, March 29
LONE RIDERS Rock 'n' Roll
 Back by popular demand.

Friday, March 30
 Saturday, March 31



Friday with
MOJO NIXON

Saturday with
OUTRIDERS

Sunday, April 1

CURBS
 Rock 'n' roll dance band—
 the people's choice.



Monday & Tuesday,
 April 2 & 3

DEADLINE Rock 'n' Roll dance band—
 and they entertain, too! Great show!



Wednesday, April 4

Hump Day Blues Night
 at its best.

HURRICANES

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

6149 University Avenue • 583-5700

Atlantis Lounge

Tuesday through Saturday
 featuring

Touch

Now through April 7

**Gloria Michaels &
 Spring Fever**

April 10 through May 5

Paul & Kathy

May 8 through June 2



The Atlantis

on Mission Bay next to Sea World
 224-2434

the
 =OLD=
 pacific beach
 =CAFE=

Thursday-Saturday
 9:30 pm-1:30 am
 and Sunday
 9:00 pm-1:00 am

**Bruce Cameron/
 Hollis Gentry
 Ensemble** Jazz

Tuesday is

**Restaurant Employee
 Night**

Wear your T-shirt. \$1.00 drinks

Monday & Tuesday
 9:30 pm-1:30 am

Wheels Rock 'n' Roll

Wednesday

Jim Hawley

4287 Mission Blvd., Pacific Beach 270-7522

MONK'S



Forward Motion
 through Saturday



Devocean
 starts Wednesday, April 4

Jazz in the Valley
 every Sunday & Monday
 featuring **Ron Satterfield** this week.

Fantasy Fashions Auction
 on Tuesday

The best in live entertainment every night.

Monk's
 10375 San Diego Mission Rd.
 563-0060

DISTILLERY NIGHTCLUB
1405 S. Santa Ave. Solana Beach 755-0733
Tonight & Saturday

Don't miss the free Distillery Friday Buffet 7-9 pm

Friday Night Showtown
this kids

and

Every Sunday:
original music.
This week:
Joey Harris & the Speedsters
&
Laws of Motion.

Every Tuesday:
'50s & '60s night
This week:
The Mar Dels

Every Wednesday:
9IX Big Wednesday Happy Hour
with DJ **Billy Bones**
7:00-9:00 pm 25¢ draft beer, \$1.00 well drinks, 9IX Taco salad, surf flicks (compliments of Rip Curl).
Music by
REFLECTORS
Next Friday:
Reflectors & Dirk Debonaire

ESCONDIDO'S DISTILLERY EAST Ages 17 & up

Bill Coviello presents
Thursday, March 29
THE BOYS ARE BACK!
from the hit movie '48 Hours'

THE BUS BOYS
plus guests **NE-1** and **Red Paws**

Friday & Saturday
VIDEO MADNESS
The biggest dance party in Southern California featuring DJs **Ty Alexander & Hollywood Hub**

Sunday
ROCK OF THE '80s
featuring
Ty Alexander
plus a special guest band
Admission \$3.00

Wednesday
San Diego's own
★STAR SEARCH★
3 BANDS
featuring
Leading Edge
Jester
Tension
Admission \$3.00

Coming in April
April 5: **NE-1** and **The Moderns**
April 12: **This Kids, The Moderns & guests**
April 19: **The New Marines with The Question**

All concerts minimum age 16.
Mission & Metcalf, Escondido, 741-9393
8:30 pm until 1:35 am every night.
All events subject to cancellation.

Stephen Brinkley, Solana, Bill
MacLean, Solana and Monday.

Beach Club, 1022 Pacific Street,
Solana Beach, 422-9900. The
Hillman, 1022 Pacific Street,
Solana Beach, 422-9900. Solana
Beach, 422-9900. Solana Beach,
422-9900.

Calamian Hotel, 1990 Mission
Boulevard, Mission Beach,
483-1093. Southwind,
contemporary, Thursday through
Saturday, 9:30-11:30 pm.
Sunday, Mike's Bar/Club,
contemporary, Tuesday and
Wednesday.

Chuck's Steak House, 1250
Prospect Street, La Jolla, 434-5425.
Mudra, jazz, Wednesday through
Saturday.

Elario's, 2055 La Jolla Shores
Drive, La Jolla, 459-0541. Sandi
Stewart and Company,
contemporary, Tuesday through
Saturday.

Halecon, 4258 West Point Loma
Boulevard, Loma Point, 225-9659.
Jazz, rock, Thursday through
Saturday, with Rick Elias-Rand,
rock. Friday happy hour.
Automatics, rock, Sunday and
Monday.

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

Hotel del Coronado, 1350 Orange
Avenue, Coronado, 435-9611.
Gloria Michaels and Spring Fever,
contemporary dance music,
Tuesday through Saturday.

Islands Hotel, Circle Lounge, 1441
Quinta Road, Mission Bay,
224-3541. Sander and the Ram
Band, variety stage show, Tuesday
through Saturday.

Islands Saloon, 104 Orange
Avenue, Coronado, Rose Maddox
with the Constables, country and
bluesgrass, Friday.

Joe Murphy's, 1302 Mission
Boulevard, Pacific Beach, 270-2220.
The Stern Brothers, rock, Thursday
through Saturday. Bobby Chevrolet
and the Shams, rock and blues,
Sunday and Monday. David Bradley
and the Maniac Band, comedy and
music, Tuesday and Wednesday.

La Avenida, 1301 Orange Avenue,
Coronado, 435-9262. Mixed
Company, contemporary, Friday
and Saturday.

La Posada del Sol, 5450 La Jolla
Boulevard, La Jolla, 459-0834.
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.

La Chale, 5046 Newport Avenue,
Ocean Beach, 222-5300. Paris, rock,
Thursday through Saturday.

France, rock, Sunday and Monday.
Thrillseeker, rock, Tuesday and
Wednesday.

McP's, 1107 Orange Avenue,
Coronado, 435-5296. Fundi and
Gold Company, contemporary,
Thursday through Saturday.

Mexican Village, 1201 Orange
Avenue, Coronado, 435-1822.
Moments Notice, contemporary,
Friday and Saturday. Con Cabs,
contemporary, Sunday through
Thursday.

Mom's Saloon, 945 Carnat Avenue,
Pacific Beach, 483-7737. Blazon,
rock, Tuesday through Saturday.

Muhney's, 1031 Orange Avenue,
Coronado, 435-4666. Lee Henning,
contemporary, Friday and Saturday.

Muhney's, 4230 Mission
Boulevard, Pacific Beach, 483-7303.
John Ingram, contemporary, Friday
and Saturday.

**WE'RE DEALING
LIVE ROCK
TUESDAY THROUGH
SATURDAY FROM
8:00 PM NIGHTLY**

AT THE AZAMO

FLYHEEL

**SAN DIEGO'S #1 BAND,
2 CONSECUTIVE YEARS**

plus
VIDEO/DANCE • 2 GIANT SCREENS

Tuesday is
LADIES' NIGHT SPECIAL \$1
• ALL NIGHT LONG
Well drinks • wine • domestic beer

Wednesday is
LADIES' T-SHIRT NIGHT \$200
CASH PRIZES
Free tank tops to contestants

Every Thursday is
LONG ISLAND \$1
ICED TEAS
ALL NIGHT LONG

Wednesday & Thursday
ANY DRINK IN 75¢
THE HOUSE
from 8:00 pm to 9:59 pm

Friday & Saturday
BIG FUN ROCK WEEKEND
Door charge Tuesday-Thursday \$2; Friday & Saturday \$3.
Must be 21 with proper I.D.

**3093 CLAIREMONT DRIVE •
SAN DIEGO**
Adjacent to Clairemont Bowl
276-0301 • 276-2240 • 276-3437

Wind rose
presents
Wednesday-Saturday, March 28-31
LONDON BROTHERS

Sunday & Monday, April 1 & 2
Rock 'n' roll with

NETWORK
and

RANDOM SAMPLE

9IX's Jim LaMarca
presents
Best of oldies but goodies
every Tuesday—no cover

Twisters
Jim LaMarca & The Twisters

Coming April 4
Ron Nelson Band

Every Friday at 7 pm

International Fashion Auction by
FASHION INTERNATIONAL
You name the price! (Free giveaway every show)

The Windrose weekly drink specials:
Sunday: Cuervo Gold \$1.25
Monday: Heinekens on draught \$1.25
Tuesday: Margaritas \$1.25
Wednesday: Stolzy Kazes \$1.25
Thursday: Iced Teas \$1.25

Wind rose
223-2335
The best of live rock & disco in San Diego
At Windrose, we serve fun!

Old Pacific Beach Cafe, 1795
Mission Boulevard, Pacific Beach,
259-2222. The Blues Cannon and
Hollis Country, Friday night, jazz,
Thursday through Sunday. Wheel
rock, Monday and Tuesday. Jim
MacLean, contemporary, Wednesday.

Redox, 8800 Villa La Jolla Drive, La
Jolla, 457-5090. M. Young, Topguy,
rock, Thursday through Saturday.
West Coast Twisters, rock, and
Bucky and the Jets, vintage rock,
Sunday, live rock, Tuesday, call club
for information. London Brothers,
rock, Wednesday.

Roadway Inn, 2801 Smitty
Boulevard, Loma Point, 224-3655.
Jack and Diane, contemporary,
Thursday through Saturday, live
music, Tuesday and Wednesday, call
club for information.

Salmon House, 1920 Green Road,
Marina Village, 223-2234. The Fine
Line, jazz, Friday and Saturday.

Sandtrap Lounge, 2702 North
Mission Bay Drive, Mission Bay,
274-5114. Tric Spirit,
contemporary, Wednesday through
Saturday.

Texas Teahouse, 4970 Villare
Street, Ocean Beach, 226-8849.
Tom 'Cal' Courtney, blues,
Thursday. Michael Fleming,
country blues, Saturday.

Uptart Crow and Co., Seacoast
Square, 4475 Mission Beach
Boulevard, Pacific Beach, 272-8090.
Light classical music, Sunday
brunch.

Vacation Village Hotel, Bay Lounge,
Vacation Isle, Mission Bay,
274-4636. Shm If On,
contemporary, Tuesday through
Saturday, musical entertainment,
Sunday and Monday, call club for
information.

Victor's, 1401 Rosemary Street,
Point Loma, 226-1871. Uptarts,
Music Magic, contemporary,
Thursday through Saturday.
Espresso, contemporary, Monday
and Tuesday. Helene,
contemporary, Wednesday. Flann
Bar, Loma Vista, seven night,
Jame Moran, Latin music, Friday
and Saturday.

Windrose, 1935 Quivira Road,
Marina Village, Mission Bay Park,
223-2335. London Brothers, rock,
Thursday through Saturday, live
rock, Sunday and Monday, call club
for information. West Coast
Twisters, rock, Tuesday, Ron Bolton
Band, rock, Wednesday.

San Diego North

The Albino Country Saloon, Town
and Country Hotel, 500 Hotel
Circle North, Mission Valley,
299-7121. Diamond Rough with
Derry Darling, country, Tuesday
through Saturday, country dance
lessons, Tuesday through Saturday.

The Alamo, 3093 Clairemont Drive,
Clairemont, 276-2240. Fiswell, rock
and roll, Tuesday through Saturday.

Bachand, 8022 Clairemont Mesa
Boulevard, Kearny Mesa, 360-8022.
Danceout, top 40 dance music,
Thursday through Saturday, tea
dance with big band music, Sunday
afternoon, the Hal Crook Jazz
Band, jazz, Monday. Forward
Vision, top 40 dance music,
Tuesday and Wednesday.

Black Angus, 10370 Friars Road,
Mission Valley, 363-5862. Trax,
rock, Tuesday through Saturday.

The Blarney Stone Pub, 5617
Babcock Avenue, Clairemont,
279-2033. Irish music with Sean
McVicker, Wednesday through
Saturday.

Bushy's, 9906 Mira Mesa
Boulevard, Mira Mesa, 374-8606. Jr.
Nose, rock and roll, Thursday
through Saturday.

Carriage House, 7945 Biltmore
Avenue, Clairemont, 228-2597. Dan
Conner, country, original.

THE GREAT ESCAPE VIDEO CLUB
RESTAURANT • MAGIC LOUNGE
Dress code, must have proper I.D.

Tuesday through Saturday
50¢ WELL DRINKS
Beer & wine 8:00-9:00 pm

Thursday—tonight
LADIES' NIGHT
25¢ DRINKS
10:30-11:30 pm

Sunday & Monday
FUNK & SOUL MUSIC

Tuesday
STYLE MAGAZINE
MODEL SEARCH
Winner photographed for cover of
Style Magazine plus \$300
in cash and prizes
Contest every Tuesday
Finals on April 30
ICED TEAS \$1
All night

Wednesday
NUTS 'N' BOLTS NIGHT
All the ladies receive a bolt
and all the men receive a nut.
Only three matching pairs. 1st
pair to match receives
\$100.00
in cash & prizes

**FRESH FROZEN
STRAWBERRY OR
REGULAR MARGARITAS
\$1 ALL NIGHT**

**COLUMBIA PICTURES
MOVIE PREMIERE PARTY**
Starring Robin Williams, April 5

Dress code, must have proper I.D.
6205 El Cajon Boulevard (1 1/2 blocks east of College Blvd.)
247-7332

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

Flanigan's, 5373 Mission Center Road, Mission Valley, 297-8635: Clubland, rock, Thursday through Saturday.
Gold Coast Lounge, Town and

Country Hotel, 300 Hotel Circle North, Mission Valley, 291-7131: Piano Bar, Jack Pollack, Tuesday through Saturday; Sharon Skidgel, Sunday and Monday.

Haji Raba, 101 Mission Valley Center West, Mission Valley, 298-2016: Live Arabic music and entertainment, Tuesday through Saturday, with open stage belly dancing Tuesday; live Greek music, Sunday.

Holiday Inn/Mission Valley, Cricket's, 505 Hotel Circle South,

Mission Valley, 291-5729: Fortune, contemporary, Tuesday through Saturday.

Islands Lounge, Tansel Hotel 2270 Hotel Circle North, Mission Valley, 297-1101: The Spinal Brothers, comedy and vintage rock, Tuesday through Saturday; Chakra, contemporary, Sunday and Monday.

Jose Cuervo's, 10415 San Diego Mission Road, Mission Valley, 280-9060: Aardvark, contemporary, Friday and Saturday.

Kearny Mesa Bowl, 7565 Claremont Mesa Boulevard, Kearny Mesa, 279-1501: Third Degree, contemporary, Thursday through Saturday.

La Hacienda Cantina, 878 Hotel Circle South, Mission Valley, 298-8281: Jason Chase, contemporary, Tuesday through Saturday; Bill Brackett, comedy and music, Monday.

Lehr's Greenhouse, 2829 Camino del Rio South, Mission Valley, 299-2828: Ron Bolton Band, rock, and Dirk Debonaire, rock, Thursday through Saturday; Rick Elias Band, rock, Sunday and Monday; Moving Targets, rock, Tuesday and Wednesday.

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Lehr's Greenhouse, 2829 Camino del Rio South, Mission Valley, 299-2828: Ron Bolton Band, rock, and Dirk Debonaire, rock, Thursday through Saturday; Rick Elias Band, rock, Sunday and Monday; Moving Targets, rock, Tuesday and Wednesday.

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The Magic Lamp, 9522 Miramar Road, Mira Mesa, 271-8780: Pataty and Prime Time, contemporary, Thursday through Saturday.

Mark's, 10475 San Diego Mission Road, Mission Valley, 563-0060: Forward Motion, contemporary, Thursday through Saturday; Ron Satterfield, jazz, Sunday and Monday; Devocion, contemporary, Wednesday.

Monterey Whaling Company, 887 Camino del Rio South, Mission Valley, 291-1638: The Twosomes, rock, Tuesday through Saturday; Rob Huff, contemporary, Sunday and Monday, with the "Rebecca Drake Rising Star Revue," Sunday.

Navajo Inn, 8515 Navajo Road, San Carlos, 465-1730: BBC, rock and roll, Tuesday through Saturday; Red Alert, rock and roll, Sunday and Monday.

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

Pavilion Lounge, Town and Country Hotel, 500 Hotel Circle North, 291-7131: Jon Sandoval and Aeropos, pop and jazz, Thursday

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through Saturday; Dan Luviano, contemporary, Tuesday and Wednesday.

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 Buenos Avenue, Bay Park, 276-3993: Defiant, rock, Jacky, rock, and Claude Corna and the Ws, rock, Thursday; Joy Harris and the Speedsters, rock, Touchy Subjects, rock, Wicked Fence, rock, and Clear Spirit, rock, Friday.

Tio Leo's/Mission Gorge, 6333 Mission Gorge Road, Mission Gorge, 280-9944: Costa V, contemporary, Thursday, Sunday, Monday, and Wednesday; Joe Stewart, contemporary, Tuesday.

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Hounds, rock, Wednesday.

Springfield Wagon Works, 5255 Tucson Villa Road, Kearny Mesa, 565-2272: Jo Treanor, piano bar, Thursday through Sunday.

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

Tio Leo's/Mesa Mesa, 10787 Camino Ruiz, Mira Mesa, 695-1461: Joe Stewart, contemporary, Wednesday and Thursday; Costa V, contemporary, Friday and Saturday; Darryl Lopez, contemporary, Sunday through Tuesday.

Tio Leo's/Mission Gorge, 6333 Mission Gorge Road, Mission Gorge, 280-9944: Costa V, contemporary, Thursday, Sunday, Monday, and Wednesday; Joe Stewart, contemporary, Tuesday.

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Friday and Saturday.

Wrangler's Roost, 6608 Mission Gorge Road, Mission Gorge, 280-6263: Steer Crazy, 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, 232-6358: Ohi Ridge, comedy and music, Tuesday through Saturday.

Astec Bowl, Turquoise Lounge, 4356 Thirtieth Street, North Park, 283-3135: Mixed Company, contemporary, Thursday; Espresso, contemporary, Friday and Saturday; Double Dose, contemporary, Wednesday.

Cafe Angelique, 1578 West Lewis Street, Mission Hills, 299-3250: David and Francesca Savage, light

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: Ricky and the Jets, vintage rock, Wednesday through Saturday; Tommy Rucker, comedy and music, Sunday and Monday; Double Dose, contemporary, Tuesday.

Bodie's, 6149 University Avenue, East San Diego, 593-5700: Lone Riders, rock, Thursday; the Beat Farmers, rockabilly and country, Friday and Saturday; the Carbs, rock, Sunday; Buddy Reed and the Rock-its, rock, Monday and Tuesday; the Hurricanes, blues and rhythm and blues, Wednesday.

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classical, early evening Saturday and Sunday brunch.

Cafe del Rey Morn, 1549 El Prado, Balboa Park, 234-0511: 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 through Friday; Percy Mayfield, blues, Saturday; Blues jam session, Sunday.

Doc Masters, 2051 Shelter Island Drive, Shelter Island, 233-2572: Wheels, rock, Thursday through Saturday; L.A., rock, Sunday and Monday; the Spud Brothers, '50s rock and comedy, Tuesday and Wednesday.

Dougie's, 4225 El Cajon Boulevard, East San Diego, 283-6581: Paul Gregg, piano bar, Wednesday

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through Monday.

Timothy Magg's, 31st and University, North Park, 298-8584; Tuleño and Guaraní, folk music—Renaissance to jazz, Friday; Paradise Street Band, Irish and original music, Saturday; Tobacco Road, vintage jazz and boogie-woogie, Sunday; Old Time Hot Night, Monday; Peter Spagone Trio, jazz, Tuesday and Wednesday; Early Evening Show, Lynn Hall, Latin American harp, Thursday; Ken

Baeker, folk and originals, Friday; Tom Calvert, folk music and originals, Saturday; Harking Bears, country and folk, Tuesday.

Fat City/China Camp, 2137 Pacific Highway, downtown, 232-0886; Harvey and 52nd St. live, 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 Coalition Orchestra, pop, the

Zorgeman Jazz Quartet, jazz, Friday through Sunday.

Hotel Inter-Continental, 333 West Harbor Drive, downtown, 234-1589; Mike Norford, Guaraní, Rigo, and Jim Plank, jazz, Tuesday through Sunday.

Hotel San Diego, 309 West Broadway, downtown, 234-0221; Skip Garcia, contemporary and originals, Thursday through Saturday.

Imperial House, 505 Kalmia St.

Park Boulevard, Hillcrest, 234-3525; Wayne Jure and Richard James, jazz, Friday and Saturday.

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

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

Mandolin Wind, 308 University Avenue, Hillcrest, 267-3017; King Biscuit Blues, blues and rhythm and blues, Thursday through Saturday; the Haricantes, blues and rhythm and blues, Tuesday; the Marica Ball Band, rhythm and blues, Wednesday.

Mona Lisa Restaurant and Cocktails, 2061 India Street, downtown, 234-4893; Gay and Jackie with Gil Warner and guests, Italian songs, pop standards, and opera, Saturday.

Old Town Saloon, San Diego Avenue, Old Town, Mercury, rock, Saturday and Sunday.

Our Place, 2124 Fifth Avenue, Hillcrest, 232-1773; The Art Biscuit Trio, jazz, Friday and Saturday.

Pacific Wine Bar and Bistro, 480 Market Street, downtown, 238-9838; Dining Room: Mel Good, jazz piano, lunch time and early evening Friday and Saturday.

Patrick's II, 428 F Street, downtown, 233-3077; The Sy

Raney Trio, jazz, Wednesday; Pro Brigham's Preservation Jazz Band, jazz, early evening Thursday; Shofran, 70s and 60s light rock for dancing, early evening Friday and Saturday.

Prophet Restaurant, 4161 University Avenue, East San Diego, 283-7448; The Orion Duo, classical guitar, early evening Wednesday and Saturday; Lori Bell and Friends, jazz, early evening Thursday; Lori Bell and Shop Meyers, jazz, early evening Sunday.

Raphael's, Travelodge Tower, 1969 Harbor Island Drive, Harbor Island, 291-6700; Jarrett Kershaw, acoustic contemporary guitar, early evening Tuesday through Saturday.

Salerno's, 3102 University Avenue, North Park, 280-6163; Richard James and Friends, jazz, early evening Tuesday through Thursday; Anna Harrison, Herman Salerno, and guests, opera highlights, pop, and show tunes, early evening Friday and Saturday.

Sheraton Harbor Island, 1380 Harbor Island Drive, Harbor Island, 291-2900; Doris Cole, contemporary, Thursday through Saturday; Ducktail Revue, vintage rock, Thursday and Friday happy hours and Monday evening.

Sokolof's, 425 West H Street, downtown, 232-7588; Ron Satterfield and Keyon Lattau, jazz, Thursday through Saturday.

Tom Ham's Lighthouse, 2150

Harbor Island Drive, Harbor Island, 291-9101; Dusty and Melissa, contemporary, Wednesday through Sunday; Doris Cole, contemporary, Monday and Tuesday.

The Top of the Park, Park Manor Hotel, 325 Spruce Street, Hillcrest, 295-2181; Live entertainment, Thursday through Saturday, call club for information.

Whims, 6011 El Capon Boulevard, East San Diego, 583-3240; Ella

Oh! Ridge

Musical comedy show



Entertainment from 9:00 pm-1:30 am, Tuesday through Saturday.

Anthony's Harborside

Directly across from Anthony's Fish Grotto, on Harbor Drive. For reservations: 232-6358. Lunch 11:30 am-4:00 pm Monday-Friday. Dinner 4:30-10:30 pm. Happy Hour with free hors d'oeuvres Monday-Friday 4:00-6:00 pm.

"This radio station listens to you."



Ernie Kovacs, Station Manager, KLZZ 106.5 FM

A few weeks ago, we asked you to call and tell us what you'd like to hear on the all-new KLZZ. And to help us become San Diego's Class FM. Your favorite radio station. So you called. We listened. And now most of our music's in place. But we still need to know what else you want to hear. More news? Sports? Contests?

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KLZZ Stereo 106.5
San Diego's Class FM

MAGNOLIA MULVANEY'S

Each Tuesday-Saturday through April 14



ipso facto

Tuesdays & Wednesdays
\$1.00 cover charge. 50¢ draft beer all night.

Thursdays
No cover. Happy, happy hour
50¢ well drinks, beer & wine 8:00-10:00 pm

MAGNOLIA MULVANEY'S

Corner of Magnolia & Mission Gorge Rd., Santee 448-8550



HALCYON

4758 W. Point Loma 225-9559

Thursday, Friday & Saturday
March 29, 30 & 31



Sunday & Monday
April 1 & 2

Sunday:
Special guest
appearance by
"The April Fools"
Don't miss them



Also Sunday:
Foolish
Happy Hour prices
from 8:00 till
9:30 pm

ROCK & ROLL HAPPY HOUR

U.S.D. presents

TGIF



4:00-8:30 pm
* Free food * Drink specials
This week only—
Expanded Happy Hour, 3:30-7:30 pm

Tuesday-Saturday
April 3-7
RICK ELIAS BAND

Coming attraction



DOC MASTERS

at the Shelter Island Marina Inn
Phone 223-2572

Tuesday through Saturday 9 pm-1 am



WHEELS

Sunday and Monday 8 pm-12 am

L.A.



Coming April 3rd

the Fabulous Spud Brothers
No Cover

SEXTON'S Restaurant & Nightclub

Sunday & Monday 8:00 pm-12:00 midnight

Tim Knorr & T.S.S.B.

Tuesday-Saturday in the lounge
Steve Mouzas & Finest Action



Happy Hour Monday-Friday
4:00 pm-6:00 pm

Complimentary hors d'oeuvres • \$1.00 well drinks, beer & wine

Banquet Facilities Available
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Rick's Cafe Americain

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Music-Dance & Party
5 nights a week
with
All Night Happy Hour
TUESDAY - SATURDAY

with
Two Bars
Double Well Drinks
FOR THE PRICE OF SINGLES

and
Beer & Wine-\$1.00
From 7 to Closing

Tuxedo Charley's has changed for the better.

295-9023
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2688 Pacific Highway at Palm.





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Enjoy a unique dining experience with a taste of San Francisco at

SOLEDAD'S

425 West "F" Street, downtown San Diego, 232-7088
PRESENTED BY IRADY AND ASSOCIATES

Ruth Piggie, jazz and blues.
Thursday through Saturday.

Travis Horse, 6729 University
Avenue, East San Diego, 682-1070.
Crest, rock, Thursday through
Saturday.

Tuba Man's, 2551 University
Avenue, North Park, 295-9426.
Recorded oldies, Friday, Come
Fishing, country rock and
bluegrass, Saturday.

Tuba Man's No. 2, 7149 El Cajon
Boulevard, East San Diego,
698-6042. Tobacco Road, vintage
jazz and boogie woogie, Thursday;
recorded music, Friday, Monday,
and Wednesday; the Chicago Six,
Thursday, Saturday.

East County

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

Baxter's, 1025 Fletcher Parkway, El
Cajon, 442-9271. Rock and roll,
Tuesday through Saturday.

Black Angus, 1000 Groves Avenue,
El Cajon, 440-5055. The Head
Band, rock and roll, Tuesday
through Saturday.

Blumey Stone Too, 7059 El Cajon
Boulevard, La Mesa, 465-3860.
Irish music with Brian Connelly,
Wednesday through Saturday.

The Bonedocks Restaurant, 8320
Parkway Drive, La Mesa, 465-3860.
Jerry Burchard, contemporary
piano, Thursday through Saturday;
Bruce Robbins, contemporary,
Sunday and Monday; Jim Moore,
contemporary, Tuesday and
Wednesday.

Bull and Bear, 690 North Second
Street, El Cajon, 440-5757. Chain
Reaction, contemporary, Tuesday
through Saturday; Delece,
contemporary, Monday.

The Calypso Lounge, 975
Greenfield Avenue, El Cajon,
440-9526. Ron Morris
contemporary, Friday and Saturday.

Circle D Corral, 1013 Broadway, El
Cajon, 444-7443. Country
Casinos, country, Tuesday
through Saturday; Cottonwood,
country, Sunday and Monday.

Don's West, 5286 Baltimore Drive,
La Mesa, 462-0533. Southern
Comfort, country, Wednesday
through Sunday.

Flem Springs Inn, 15505 Highway
80, El Cajon, 443-9568. Free Rein,
country, Friday through Monday.

George Joe's Restaurant, 5586
Murray Drive, La Mesa, 469-6158.
Darryl Texas, contemporary and
variety, Thursday through Saturday.

The Horseshoe Tavern, 7664
Broadway, Lemon Grove, 469-6344.
The Smith Brothers, country rock,
Friday and Saturday.

Hungry Hunter, 422 Fletcher
Parkway, El Cajon, 442-0517. Terry
Scheldt, contemporary, Tuesday
through Saturday.

Kentucky Shad, 13377 Woodside
Avenue, Santee, 448-3402. South
Forty, country, Friday through
Sunday.

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

Live Oak Springs Resort, Old
Highway 80, Boulevard, 766-4288.
Back Country Blues, country,
Saturday.

Lorenson's, 596 Broadway, El Cajon,
442-9696. Groundspeed,
contemporary and country, Tuesday
through Saturday; Pro Brigham's
Preservation Band, Dixieland jazz,
Sunday and Monday.

Magnolia Mahoney's, 8861
Magnolia Avenue, Santee,
444-8556. Igo Facho, rock and roll,
Wednesday through Saturday.



"MONDAY" COMEDY NITE "RICK ROCKWELL"

This Very Funny Man performs two great
shows at 10 p.m. & 11:30 p.m. \$1.00
Beer & Wine this night only. "Don't miss
the Great Hors d'oeuvres beginning at
4:30 p.m. weeknights."

Located on North of the Town & Country Hotel
5th Street, Suite 10, Mission Valley, 294-9010

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LIVE IN CONCERT—EXCELLENT SEATS—
APRIL 15 & 16 SPORTS ARENA

OZZY OSBOURNE, March 31
OLYMPIC FRODO
SKATING TOGETHER, April 7
GRATEFUL DEAD, April 7
SAXON & ACCEPT, April 14
CHRISTINE McVIE, April 16
JOHN COGNAR, April 20
ADAM ANT, April 22
EURYTHMICS, April 22
WEATHER REPORT,
April 22
SCORPIONS, April 26
MERLE HAGGARD, April 27
BILLY JOEL, April 27
NITZ GAYTOR, May 1-5
VAN HALEN, May 20-21

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Our Favorite Place, 8646 Mission
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Sertillon and Key Largo,
contemporary and oldies, Thursday
through Saturday evening, and
Sunday.

early evening Sunday.

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

Sutton's, 7553 El Cajon Boulevard,
La Mesa, 460-1500. Steve Muzas
and Pinet Action, contemporary,
Tuesday through Saturday; Tim
Kover and T.S.B., one-man band
variety, Sunday and Monday.

Silver Spur, 7941 Mission Gorge
Road, Santee, 448-4882. Lightnin'
Train, country, Thursday through
Saturday; Jerry Bane and a Beach of
Country, country, Wednesday.

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

The Turquoise Lounge, 5975
Seven Drive, La Mesa, 465-1525.
Status, rock and roll, Tuesday
through Saturday.

Van Winkle's, 10055 Mission Gorge
Road, Santee, 448-0960. California,
country, Thursday through
Saturday.

South Bay

Baranin Inn, 1410 Broadway,
Chula Vista, 425-4000. The Gene
Dewey Polka Band, polka music,
Friday; live polka bands, Saturday.

Black Angus, 707 E. Street, Chula
Vista, 426-9200. RPM, rock,
Tuesday through Saturday.

Bull N' Sides, 606 Palm Avenue,
Imperial Beach, 429-5330. France,
rock, Thursday through Saturday;
Some Girls, rock, Wednesday.

China Five Restaurant, 569 H
Street, Chula Vista, 426-9651. Rex
Paris, contemporary, Thursday
through Saturday.

Country Bumpkin, 1862 Palm
Avenue, Imperial Beach, 429-1161.
The Savory Brothers, country,
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vintage rock, Sunday and Monday,
call club for information.

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

Duck's Cocktails, 317 Third
Avenue, Chula Vista, 422-1566. Lee
Whittington, contemporary and
country, Thursday through
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Hungry Hunter, 1344 Palm
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Hutch's, 1463 Palm Avenue,
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Comfort, 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, 2511
Sweetwater Road, National City,
475-7333. Fresh Dream and Country
Night Life, country, Friday and
Saturday.

The Lanterns, 1322 Third Avenue,
Chula Vista, 427-6206. Red Alert,
rock, Thursday through Saturday.

Maribel, 1680 Broadway 1st Main
Street, Chula Vista, 429-9045.
Colour, Latino, Thursday through
Sunday.

The New Trophy Lounge, 595
National City Boulevard, National
City, 477-5753. Verlie and the
Orient Express, Thursday; live
music, Friday and Saturday; call
club for information; Dinosaur,
oldies but goodies, Monday through
Wednesday.

Oasis Bar, 1121 Third Street,
Chula Vista, 428-2977. Four Star
Country, Friday through Sunday.

Old Bonita Store Restaurant, 4014
Bonita Road, Bonita, 479-3537.
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March 29, 30 & 31

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FORWARD MOTION

Bobby G's

Thursday-Saturday,
March 29-31

THE SOURCE

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 Bait: *Dance Machine*
 BBC: *Nuovo Iram*
 The Beat Farmers: *Bodie's, Spring Valley, Fern*
 The Belair Boys: *Henry's*
 The Biz: *Vista Entertainment Center*
 The Blue Cherubs: *Wild Turkey*
 Bobby Chevrolet and the Shames: *Joey Murphy's*
 The Ron Bolton Band: *Lehr's Greenhouse, Windrose*
 The Bus Boys: *Distillery East Clear Spirit, Spirit*
 Claude: *Flamig's*
 Claude Come and the IV's: *Spirit*
 Mitchell Cornish and the Hell Hounds: *Spirit*
 Crystals: *Dance Machine*
 The Curbs: *Bodie's*
 Defiant: *Spirit*
 Dr. Debonair: *Belly Up Tavern, Lehr's Greenhouse*

Ducal Revue: *Sheraton Harbor*
Island
The Echoes: *Bobby G's, Gismo's*
Hill House
The Rick Elias Band: *Halcyon*
The Features:
Mulaney's/Escondido
Flywell: *Alamo*
The Flyers: *Belly Up Tavern*
Frances: *Bull N' Stick, Le Chalet*
James Harmon Band: *Belly Up
Tavern*
Joey Harris and the Speedsters:
Spirit, Distillery Nightclub
The Head Band: *Black Angus/El
Paso*
Hip Pocket: *Charging Block*
Illusion: *Mom's Saloon*
Incognito Rockers: *Ralph and
Eddie's*
Ipsa Facto: *Magnolia Mulaney's*
L.A. of Music: *Spirit*
Kicker: *Baxter's*
L.A. Doc Masters: *Donagel's*
Laws: *Moe's Spirit, Distillery
Nightclub*
The London Brothers: *Windrose,
Roxo*
Loud Riders: *Reddy's*
Luna: *Escondido, After Dark, Spirit*

A black and white photograph of a man with a beard and long hair, wearing a patterned poncho, playing an acoustic guitar and singing into a microphone. The image is high-contrast and grainy, capturing a moment of performance.

Purl: *Gizmo's, Pancho's*
Quest: *Trojan Horse*
Random Sample: *Fireside La
Mulaney's Escondido*
Rebel Rockers: *Belly Up Tavern*
Red Alert: *Navajo Inn*
Buddy Reed and the Rock-its
Bodie's
The Reflectors: *Distillery
Nightclub*
Red Parls: *Distillery East*
The Rhythm Kings: *Gizmo's*

Ricky and the Jets: *Boat House, Hill House, Rodeo*
Roosters: *Hill House*
RPM: *Black Angus/Chula Vista*
San Diego Trinidad Steel Band: *Belly Up Tavern*
Slers Brothers: *Jose Murphy's*
Hammer Smith: *Belly Up Tavern*
Some Girls: *Bull N' Stick*
The Source: *Bobby G's*
The Spud Brothers: *Islands Lounge*

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March 29, 30 & 31

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Sunday, April 1

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Monday, April 2

PURL

Tuesday, April 3

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 Ten Towhee Quartet

April 4 Ron Fricke Quartet
 Richard James Trio

April 11 Scott Farris Quartet
 Scott Farris/Lamarla
 Woodwinds

April 15 Richard James Trio
 Ten Towhee Quartet
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
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Wholes: Old Pacific Beach Cafe
Dev: Madsen
Wicked Fence: Spirit

Contemporary/ Top 40

Aardvark: Jose Cuervo's
Judy Ames: Henry's
Agropop: Le Pavilion Lounge
The Joe Asarelio Trio: Rancho
Bernardo Inn
John Barber: Hungry
Hunter/Oceanside
Jeff Ryan: Rancho, China Five
Restaurant
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Monday, April 16, 8:00 PM
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Monday, April 16, 8:00 PM
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Monday, April 16, 8:00 PM
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Monday, April 16, 8:00 PM
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Monday, April 16, 8:00 PM
\$15

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Jason Chase: La Hacienda Cantina
Doris Cole: Sheraton Harbor
Coin and Karen: La Posada del
Sol/La Jolla
Rick Casey: Mulaney's/Coronado
Costa V: Tio Leo's/Mesa Mesa and
Mission Gorge
Donna Cote: Tom Ham's
Lighthouse
Barrie Cunningham: Fish House
West
Marley Days Quartet: Calamarian
Hotel
Delaney: Bull and Bear; Victor's
Devocion: Bacchanal
Double Dose: Hungry
Hunter/Imperial Beach, Astor
Rosa, Boat House
Dusty and Melissa: Tom Ham's
Lighthouse
East Coast: La Maza
Michael Edwards: Hungry
Hunter/Rancho Bernardo
Expresso: Victor's, Astor, Boat
Fortune: Holiday Inn/Mission
Valley
Forward Motion: Hank's
J.J. Frank: Alamo's
J.J. Frank and the Coalition
Orchestra: Harpoon Henry's
Pundi and Good Company: McP's
Roadway Inn
Shirley Garcia: Hotel San Diego
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Joe Stewart: Tio Leo's/Mesa Mesa
and Mission Gorge
Sandy Stewart and Co.: Elamo's
Tony Tardis: Mulaney's/Coronado
Ted and Dave: Ramada
Inn/Escondido
Don Terribles: El Comal, The
Bridge
Third Degree: Kearny Mesa Boat
Dance Tapes: George Joe's
Restaurant
Touch: Atlantis
Triple Play: Hilton Hotel
True Spirit: Southway Lounge
Verde and the Orient Express: The
New Trophy Lounge
Lee Whittington: Dock's Cocktails

Blues/R&B/ Reggae

The Johnny Almond Rhythm
Revue: Pasay Nine Co., Bobby
CJ
Marcia Ball Band: Mandolin Wind
Big City Blues Band: Crossroads
Bobby Chevrolet and the Shames:
Jose Murphy's
Tom "Cat" Courtney: Texas
Tubhouse
The Five Carless Lowers: Rancho's
James Harmon Band: Belly Up
Tavern

The Hurricanes: Beach Club
Bodie's: Mandolin Wind
International Reggae All-Stars:
Belly Up Tavern
King Biscuit Blues: Mandolin
Wind
Bob Long's Red Point Quartet:
Belly Up Tavern
Percy Mayfield: Crossroads
Mojo Mixon: Spirit
Ella Roth Piggies: Triton/San
Diego, Old Pacific Beach Cafe
Rebel Rockers: Jelly Up Tavern
The Rhythm Kings: Gismo's
San Diego Trinidad Steel Band:
Belly Up Tavern
Hammer Smith: Belly Up Tavern
Trowers: Spirit

Jazz

Agropop: Le Pavilion Lounge
The Joe Asarelio Trio: Rancho
Bernardo Inn
Lost Ball: Shepherd Restaurant
The Big City Blues Band:
Crossroads
Bruce Dax: That Pizza Place
Frederic's Preservation Jazz
Band: Pol Joey's, Patrick's II,
Lorenzo's
Bruce Cameron and Hollis Gentry
Ensemble: Old Pacific Beach
Cafe, Monk's

See Ozzy In Person.
BARK AT THE MOON
OZZY OSBOURNE In Person.
Friday, March 31st, 1984, 4:00 to 5:30 PM.
San Diego, 296 Fletcher Parkway, El Cajon.

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El Cajon 706 FLETCHER PARKWAY ACROSS FROM PARKWAY PLAZA
College Area 6400 EL CAJON BLVD NEXT TO THE ART ST PO
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CURRENT MOVIES

car from pile of junk to like new — is skipped over in a couple of giant leaps. The possibilities for automobile terrorism, on the other hand, are explored thoroughly, but are severely limited to begin with: radio turning itself on, doors slamming, locks depressing, headlights coming on, dents mending themselves. This last effect, as if the car were made of inflatable rubber, isn't bad. With Keith Gordon, directed by John Carpenter. 1983.

• (Fiesta Twin, from 3:30, New Valley Drive, from 3:30, Santee Village 8)

Circle of Iron — Oriental mysticism, original story by Bruce Lee, James Coburn, and Sizing Siliphant, screenplay by Siliphant and Stanley Mann, eminent mystics every one. Cord, the Seeker (acted by a contented Muscle Beach type named Jeff Cooper), travels the perilous path leading to Zetron, the Keeper of the Book. David Carradine pops up along the way in various guises, the first being a blind martial arts master who wears a bell on one toe, toots on his hollow walking stick as if it were a flute, and dispenses such insights as "The two birds together, and though they have four wings they cannot fly." Directed by Richard Moore. 1979.

• (Cinco, from 3:30)

Cross Creek — Mary Steenburgen as Southern novelist Marjorie Kinnan Rawlings, with Rip Torn and Alfre Woodard, directed by Martin Ritt. (Ken, 3/29)

The Dresser — The period of the Second World War, with its consequent boost to the spirit of *The Show Must Go On*, recalls Truffaut's *THE LAST METRO* and (an even closer contemporary) the remake of *TO BE OR NOT TO BE*. But lacking the speediness of either of those, this one, about a broadly matched Shakespearean touring company, serves as a bottomless vessel into which the spectator can pour whatever feelings he may harbor about show people. Something more is needed, certainly, than what is on



Racing with the Moon

screen. The movie on its own plays altogether too much like a play, which of course it originally was, and which would not be so bad a thing if the play itself were a good one. But it is not. Catty and gossipy at heart, and concerned more to cover ground than to dig in anywhere, it runs the gamut of emotions as though to beat the clock. The basic premise — nursing an ailing, senile, and apoplectic star through, but not very much beyond, a bomb-punctuated performance of KING LEAR — runs out of fuel at least by the intermission scene and the couple of very lachrymose encounters thereafter between the actor and two adoring females of different generations. All of the best stuff transpires before Curtains Rises: anyone who has ever had difficulty bucking down to work will be able to see in the actor's tantrums a monstrous, and hilarious, enlargement of himself. With Albert Finney and Tom Courtenay, written by Ronald Harwood, directed by Peter Yates. 1965.

• (La Jolla Village, Wedged Plaza 6, from 3:30)

Emmanuelle — A perfumed, ch-ch piece of erotica, exported from France and bearing a rather vain,

savoir-faire attitude about the ins and outs of carnal pleasure. Actually, the amorous adventures of the pious wife of a French diplomat in Southeast Asia rely mostly on obvious, frivolous amusements: masturbating in front of a Paul Newman pin-up, smoking a cigarette in the vagina, and such like. With Sylvia Kristel, directed by Just Jack. 1974.

• (Ken, 3/30)

Entre Nous — As in PEPPERMINT SODA and COCKTAIL SUBJECT, Diane Kurys takes her subject from her own life, in this case the friendship between her mother and another woman, a friendship that surpasses and survives each of their marriages. The apparent benefit of her faithfulness to reality is the freedom from feminist dogma, despite a certain hauteur on the parts of both Isabelle Huppert and Miquel-Mou. The non-benefit of this approach is the diffuseness. There are plenty of evocative tableaux of domestic life, of a rather static, snapshot type, and plenty of evocative details of the 1950s time-setting as well, of again, a type that could be culled from snapshots. With Guy Marchand. 1983.

• (Fine Arts)

Exhibition — Jean-François Davy's cinematic portrait of the French porno actress Claudine Baccarelli, can boast of appearances at the New York and Los Angeles film festivals. Its intentions, indeed, seem serious enough, but its course of action is basically, transiently, to encourage this tough-looking and glib-taking actress to look off to herself and her profession. She has no more intentions about what she shows, but perhaps she should have. The documentary distance gives the gratuitous sex scenes fractionally more educational value than the average bawdy movie (an off-screen voice intones: "Turn more this way, so the camera can see... lower your leg..."). But from all that is said and shown, it is difficult to see what this outpatient, smothering actress is bragging about. 1975.

• (Ken, 3/30)

Footloose — They've studied the demographics, calculated their risk, and decided to stick out their necks on the bet that the movie audience contains more teenagers than Moral Majority members. The battle lines are drawn straight off, as John Lithgow, with turn-around collar, vents from the pulpit: "If he isn't testing us, how do you account for the proliferation of this rock-and-roll music?" (Haydn, he explains to his daughter in private, is okay. "It's uplifting. It doesn't confuse people's minds and bodies.") Trouble starts to brew in earnest when an up-to-date Chicagoan (Kevin Bacon) moves to this Hicksville, but might as well be in Iran, dancing is officially outlawed. And trouble soon percolates into a determined campaign for a senior prom, fought all the way to Town Council, where, in a stroke worthy of Clarence Darrow, the precocious-haired hero demonstrates that even the Good Book would approve. It's a measure of how low this movie is willing to bow to its desired audience, that, when the big night arrives and director Herbert Ross has a

chance to depict the efforts of kids who've never in their pubescent lives been on a dance floor, he trots out a curious line of Broadway Vegas professionals. 1984.

• (Ace Drive In, from 3:30, Fashion Valley, Grossmont Mall, Occochee 8, Rancho Bernardo 6, Santee Drive In, from 3:30, Santee Village 8, Sports Arena 6, Sweetwater 6, University Towne Centre, Wedged Plaza 6)

Galipoli — If BREAKER MORANT is the Australian PATH OF GLORY, this is its CHARGE OF THE LIGHT BRIGADE. The method of making us feel the loss is the rather uneconomic one of forcing us to become quite close, over a leisurely and meandering hour and a quarter, to two bright lads whose friendship would appear to be founded on mutual homoeroticness and feebleness of foot. With the long delayed arrival at the Gallipoli battlefield, things finally pick up. The plan of viewing these climactic events as if through the innocent eyes of the rookie soldiers has inspired director Peter Weir to become bristlingly observant and inventive, and it results in a highly watchable last couple of reels. With Mark Lee, Mel Gibson, and David Gulpilil. 1981.

• (Ken, 3/31)

Gypsy: The Legend of Tarzan, Lord of the Apes — The Ape Man attempts to fit into British society, starting Christopher Lambert, Ralph Richardson, Ian Holm, and James Fox, directed by Hugh Hudson. (Cinemas, Loma, Plaza Bonita, Sports Arena 6, University Towne Centre, from 3:30)

Harry and Son — "Pa" and "Kid," a laid-off construction worker and a laid-back surfer, "an asshole and a bit of a bitch," Paul Newman and Robby Benson (well, he has blue eyes, too), Nice and cute, but not, as that even the Good Book would approve. It's a measure of how low this movie is willing to bow to its desired audience, that, when the big night arrives and director Herbert Ross has a

chance to depict the efforts of kids who've never in their pubescent lives been on a dance floor, he trots out a curious line of Broadway Vegas professionals. 1984.

CURRENT MOVIES

1984
• (Cinema Plaza 5, College, Parkway, Vineyard Twin)

The Hot New Hampshire — John Irving's stomach-upsetting mixture of anarchic comedy and sardonic philosophy has put director John Richardson into his romping TOM JONES mood, fast-motion for humorous effect, music by Jacques Offenbach. Daumier-esque caricature Irving might well feel flattered, though he is hardly well served, except perhaps by the visualization of Susie the Bear (Nastassja Kinski), with her woolsies and her curtain of hair. In that instance, it is Kinski who is not well served. With Jodie Foster, Rob Lowe, and Beau Bridges. 1984.

• (Fiesta Twin, from 3:30, La Jolla Village, Occochee 8, Santee Village 8, Sports Arena 6)

The Ice Pirates — Space adventure starring Robert Ulrich and Mary Crosby, directed by Stewart Raffill. (Cinema Cinema 4, Casino, from 3:30, Center 3 Cinemas, Frontier Drive In, New Valley Drive In, Rancho Bernardo 6, Santee Drive In, South Bay Drive In, Sweetwater 6, UA Cinema 3, UA Glasshouse 6, University Towne Centre, Village, from 3:30, Wedged Plaza 6)

Lesaire — A TV star, a TV director, a TV sort of one, a TV sort of script — all adds up, subtracting only some bits of non-TV sex, to a TV-ish Movie of the Week, about a cool (to the point of dull) jewel thief, conscripted in prewar London into the anti-Nazi cause. Tom Selleck, Jane Seymour, Lauren Hutton, directed by Roger Young. 1984.

• (Century Twin, from 3:30, College, Mira Mesa Cinema, Occochee 8)

Plaza Bonita, Sports Arena 6)

The Last Wave — A group of urbanized aborigines, in Sydney, Australia, is defended on a murder charge by a white attorney who, by a lucky coincidence, happens to be plugged in to the aboriginal concept of "dream time" and whose investigation of the case, and of his unique psychic powers, brings him to a somewhat incoherent moment of truth, face to face with some awful, late-primordial cave paintings and a glimmer of Paganism in his own likeness. Peter Weir's Rorschach-esque thriller about the collision of two alien worlds has a good deal of technical flash and some carefully worked-out water imagery running literally throughout. With Richard Chamberlain and David Gulpilil. 1978.

• (Ken, 3/31)

Max Dugan Returns — This could be lumped together with ONLY WHEN I LAUGH AND I OUGHT TO BE IN PICTURES, to form a sort of Generational Estrangement Trilogy by Neil Simon. The surface is slick enough, but the far-side storyline — a drop-out father drops back in after twenty-eight years, bearing a briefcase filled with six hundred thousand-some dollars — makes it harder than usual to detect any real emotion underneath. And it seems unwise for a writer like Simon to fabricate a character whose literary ego is William Shakespeare's Trackway. "I like an author who makes you work a little." With Marsha Mason, Jason Robards, and Donald Sutherland, directed by Herbert Ross. 1983.

• (Keno Drive In)

Mike's Murder — A drive-thru bank

teller's casual lesson with a free-lance tennis instructor and diatribe dope dealer opens the door to a world unknown. And the selection of localities in various parts of Los Angeles is fresh enough that even the old moviegoer might feel he doesn't know a thing or two. The whole business, at least up to the dam-in-district finale, is remarkably underplayed, so much so that the high points seem to be those that go further into tranquility and delicacy: cooking a chili burger, wearing a cocaine shirt. But it is also remarkably underdeveloped. Writer-director James Bridges seems loath to face up to the question of what sort of woman would let around pinning after a man whose only assets are physical, waiting literally months for the phone to ring, working up no hard feelings about it. In the circus stances, it seems imprudent of

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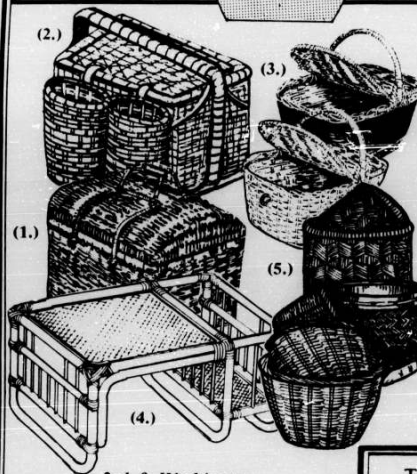
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