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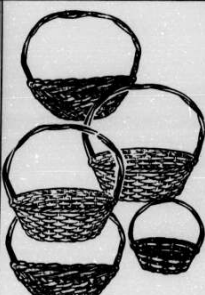


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READER

VOLUME 13, NO. 16, APRIL 26, 1984 SAN DIEGO'S WEEKLY

If Geoffrey Chaucer were writing today, he just might grab
his tape recorder, hop aboard a bus, and call his masterpiece

THE GREYHOUND TALES



Benny Tony was a long way from home. Only ten days earlier he had stood, shivering, under a gray New York City sky, his big bones cold. Now huddled in line to buy his ticket from Los Angeles to San Diego, Benny Tony said he remembered way back: "Ten years ago I climbed off the bus in Manhattan from down South," he said. "I kneeled and I kissed that ground." Now that Benny Tony was in California, his hands and feet had warmed up. But he missed Manhattan and the garment district where he sewed collars on raincoats for seven years. While the Greyhound bus, heaving gears and shuddering, pulled out into Los Angeles's downtown streets, Benny Tony said he missed New York. "like a mama misses her baby."

The passenger who got off in L.A. had left a brown paper bag on the seat in the back of the bus where Benny Tony sat down. Benny Tony stuck his big hand into the bag. He rattled an unopened sack of pork rinds and lifted out one-half a Butterfinger. "I don't eat rinds," he said. "They breaks down your teeth. An' I don't eat sweets, neither." He opened his jaws wide. Gold flashed in the dark gape of his mouth. He closed his jaws and drew down his full bottom lip and

pointed with a pale fingernail to gold dots inset into his front teeth.

What brought the twenty-nine-year-old Benny Tony west, sleeping and waking and sleeping cramped into his bus seat through Pittsburgh, Columbus, St. Louis, through Amarillo, Flagstaff, and Phoenix, was his boss's heart attack. "He died," Benny Tony said. "and then his wife fire me. He trusted me. I had keys to the whole place. She what give him that heart attack. She a pure devil."

While the forty-foot-long Greyhound bus swayed down along I-5 from L.A. to San Diego, filled to capacity with forty-three passengers, Benny Tony talked about all the devils he'd known. The first wa, his father, a white man he'd never met. Benny Tony's mother, black and part-Indian, died in childbirth when he was ten. No one in his family wanted him, he said. "They thought I was retarded. I got took to an institution. The officer that drove me there, he said, 'We're just taking you where some nice boys and girls are.'" Benny Tony laughed. "To me my family is no family. They just meat."

Benny Tony's throaty bass rose

when the portable radio blared, one seat behind, his voice carrying words like kicked gravel on country roads, while the white-haired woman grasped the last seat back and waited her turn in the restroom. When the bathroom door whined open, a black man bolted out. Benny Tony shook his big head and, gurgling laughter, said, "That brother have a ba-ad smell."

The bus honked, idled, then zipped ahead, then slowed, blocked repeatedly in L.A.'s late afternoon traffic. Up through the twenty-odd rows of seats in front of Benny Tony, passengers' profiles had already turned nose to nose. Mouths opened and closed, spurring still-spontaneous and introductory talk. Above the murmuring conversations jumped words and phrases, like popcorn hitting the top of a closed pan. "S... title." "My husband died." "He... laughter, you see, had three children." "I broke my glasses in

(continued on page 12)

By Judith Moore

City Lights

The Towers Becomes The Hill

A full-page advertisement in the real estate section of the April 15 *San Diego Union* heralded the "grand opening" of Tiffany Hill, a new luxury high-rise of forty-four condominiums priced from \$155,000 for a two-bedroom unit to \$600,000 for the two-tenth-floor penthouses. The ad entices readers by asking them to "suspend your sense of disbelief. You're about to see elegance and all-embracing value San Diego hasn't experienced in decades. If ever." It goes on to promise such features as two-way wet bars, whirlpool baths, onyx bathrooms, and dramatically angled window walls that "smile down on the bay and city below" from the complex's location on the northeast corner of Albatross and Laurel streets, high atop Banker's Hill. What the ad neglects to mention, however, is that Tiffany Hill is not a new complex after all, but simply a new name for the ill-fated Brittany Tower, which during the year following its "grand opening" in January 1983 sold a total of eight out of fifty-two units.

Keel Or Be Keeled

Though it may be a throwback to the age of seaplanes, which it was originally designed to test, the hydrodynamic tow tank just off Harbor Drive behind the Lockheed Ocean Laboratory has remained useful for boat designers. Twelve feet wide, six feet deep, and as long as a football field, the tow tank is one of only a few such technological oddities in the country. And along with these other strange testing tanks, the one beside the bay has suddenly become important to a select group of people: competitors for the America's Cup sailing trophy.

All bets, and all gloves, are off, now that the infamous winged keel of victorious *Australia II* has changed everything for twelve-meter racers. It is known that this revolutionary keel was tested in a tow tank in the Netherlands, a tank whose 830-foot length, thirty-five-foot width, and eighteen-foot depth puts the local one to shame. It is assumed that most entrants in the America's Cup race off *Australia* in 1987 will feature winged keels and will require enormous budgets of time, money, and research. Dave Carroll, who manages the local tank for a National City-based shipbuilding company called



Photograph by Craig Carlson

year, though, slow sales had caused the relationship between the two firms to sour, and effective February 1, 1984, Home Life dissolved its partnership with Tucker and Brittany Tower and another condominium project, not yet built, called Laurel Terrace and located one block further west on Laurel Street. Home Life ended up with sole ownership of the \$14.4 million Brittany Tower, and Tucker wound up with the land on which the two firms had been planning the second project. Then Home Life called in the Noni Corporation, a marketing company based in Maryland that works with problem real estate all over the country. A complete house-cleaning job

was ordered. Noni promptly shut down the building for eight weeks, during which time it changed the name of the high-rise, slashed prices (from \$199,000 to \$155,000 for the least expensive units, and from \$849,000 to \$600,000 for the larger of the two penthouses), introduced an appealing low-interest financing plan (9.9 percent) that only required a down payment of five percent, and spent more than \$600,000 on a variety of structural and cosmetic improvements. And on the day of its reopening, reports sales manager Scott Foster, eight more units were sold.

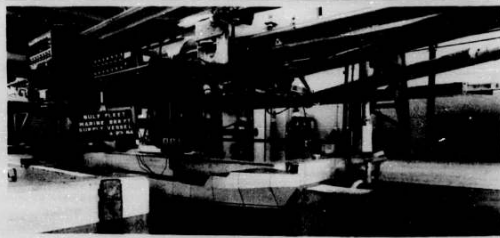
The name Brittany Towers had taken its lumps as an unsellable project," Foster

says. "The prices were too high for the San Diego market, and there was no financing available except for the first few weeks after it went on sale. Plus the building was never really finished." Among the tasks accomplished during Noni's two-month renovation: The exterior walkways were sloped and tilted to eliminate the puddles that formed on their waterproof surfaces. A second-story planter, without plants for more than a year because plumbing had never been installed, was covered with rocks. Twenty washers, dryers, and trash compactors which merely had been set in place were fully installed. Refrigerators were put into the

kitchens. Dining room chandeliers were hung. Mirrors were put on walls. Base paint was added to the previously chalk-white walls. The front and back of the complex were landscaped. Floor safes were drilled open and resurfaced because another drainage problem had caused many of them to be flooded. Sixteen whirlpool motors in the bathtubs had burned out and were replaced, as were eight heating and cooling systems, which had been unserviced for more than a year. And a tiny, two-desk sales office tucked away on the seventh floor was moved into larger, more plush offices on the ground floor, which houses all the complex's recreation facilities. "It's hard for people to buy when you don't give them the chance," Foster says. "And we're out to do just that."

Foster smugly notes that in one day Tiffany Hill sold as many units as Brittany Towers had in more than a year, and the units have continued to sell. Residents who had purchased the original eight units are nonchalant about the fact that they paid a lot more for their condos than more recent purchasers. "I never worry about those things," philosophizes Patricia Bailey, who in October of 1983 paid \$299,000 for a two-bedroom suite on the fourth floor. "I bought it when I needed it. I wanted it, and I found it. And now I'm delighted, especially by the sunsets and by the fact that in the last few weeks they're finally finishing the rest of the building."

—T.K.A.



one-seventh of full size. The East Coast tank, at the naval ship research center in Carter Rock, Maryland, is ten times as long (3000 feet), twice as wide, and twice as deep.

Models there are tested at one-third scale. So a twelve-meter racing sailboat tested here is scaled down to about six feet long; a twelve-meter tested in the

larger tank can be about twelve feet long. The debate centers on the accuracy and applicability of data gained from the different-size models. "The problem of scaling the data up in order to predict what'll happen on the actual boat hasn't yet been completely solved for any scale," says Carroll. "On power boats, you can be off by one-tenth of a knot in scaling up from the tests, and that's no big deal. But on a twelve-meter, being off one-tenth of a knot can lose the race."

In RMI's favor is the extensive testing done at the local tank in the famous twelve-meter *Interpud* in 1973. Another factor, Carroll says, is the fact that thorough testing at the larger tank can cost three

(continued on page 38)

RMI tow tank

Photograph by Craig Carlson

City Lights



Steve Temko

Developments

Neighborhood organizer Steve Temko and 200 of his midcity loyalists certainly got the city council's attention last February. These residents of North Park, Normal Heights, and other neighborhoods from Park Boulevard east to Fifty-fourth Street had demanded a moratorium on new apartment and condominium construction. Their councilwoman, Gloria McCall, was forced to support the building halt because she'd promised to do so last year during a heated election campaign. And Mayor Roger Hedgecock—who who listens to community groups because their members tend to vote in large numbers—also promised his help for the crowded neighborhoods.

On March 19 McCall and Hedgecock joined other members of a city council committee in voting unanimously for a building moratorium in several midcity neighborhoods. But support for the moratorium began evaporating before it could be approved by the full council this month. Neighborhood

spokesman Temko says Councilman William Jones, a frequent fence-walker on development issues, wouldn't promise his vote for the construction ban, without Jones's support. Temko realized that he didn't have the votes for the moratorium, so he decided to "cut the best deal possible" by negotiating concessions from the building industry.

Councilwoman McCall acted as the intermediary, bringing together Temko and construction industry representatives for a series of private bargaining sessions. The two sides eventually agreed that developers would foot a big increase in development fees. Those fees, which pay for the acquisition of park space, will jump from \$75 to \$660 per apartment/condo unit.

Some midcity organizers, though, aren't completely satisfied with the compromise. "It's a lot better than what we had, but it doesn't stop all this construction," says Eric Duval, a University Heights resident. Duval and other activists insisted that McCall also agree to an "eleven-point plan" that would improve overcrowded schools, limit housing commission projects, and save old buildings. McCall accepted the list and says the city is already working on all eleven demands, though Temko claims there's no sign of action on at least four of the issues. He's concentrating his efforts on the eleven-point list, but other midcity organizers say a building ban campaign can be reignited this fall. These organizers base their optimism in part on a meeting last week in San Ysidro, where activists discussed the idea of lobbying for a moratorium in that area of the city.

—P.K.

Scallops Lifted In North County

Residents of the area surrounding Agua Hedionda Lagoon in North County apparently will stop at nothing to serve speckled scallops at their tables. Even adverse publicity does little to deaden their appetite for the plump little creatures all aswin in butter and parsley. In the past month, officers from the California Department of Fish and Game have nabbed more than twenty-five of the area's locals, each in the possession of an average of twenty-five pounds of the endangered bivalves.

Art Lawrence of fish and game fumes over their glutty for the scallops, which have been protected for the past thirty years and are just now beginning to make a comeback. Since starting to patrol the lagoon for scallop poachers a month ago, Lawrence has noticed a considerable decline in the animal's population. In an effort to make the public aware of the problem of the poaching and its consequences (taking scallops from the lagoon is a misdemeanor and carries a maximum \$500 fine), on April 12 Lawrence appeared in a news story on Channel 10. The story showed him citing four people—a husband and wife, and a father and son—who, in total, possessed more than a thousand scallops. However, the broadcast did little to help. At low tide three days later the poachers were at it again, blithely snatching up the helpless creatures from the eelgrass where they lay, unable to flee. Bill Basom, another fish and game officer, apprehended four people who, again, had more than a

thousand scallops. The four were arrested rather than cited because they lacked sufficient personal identification. Lawrence vows that his department is going to put an end to the poaching. Earlier this year the department was so pleased with the expanding scallop population that it was considering opening a limited season for the animals sometime in the future, but the illicit snatching has posed such a threat that the chances for such a season are now very weak. "I just wish that they'd leave the damned things alone," Lawrence says of the poachers. "It's a lot harder now for them to fill up their buckets than it was a month ago. This is one of the few lagoons where there are any [scallops] at all left in the state."

—R.O.



Speckled bay scallops

Photograph by Joe Avila

Custody Of Alexander

After orchestrating and participating in a plot to kidnap her grandson from his wayward father in Central America, Betty Murray is ready to get back to work on her doctoral degree in organization development. At fifty-one, she may be the forerunner for what is possibly a new breed of grandmother—tough and cool-headed.

Murray's tale of intrigue began last October when her daughter Martha's husband skipped off to his native Costa Rica with their two-year-old son Alexander. Robert and Martha had been separated for about a year but had not filed for a divorce because Robert wanted to apply for U.S. citizenship. The couple shared custody of Alexander in an informal arrangement in Phoenix, Arizona. Their joint agreement to raise the child went well until late October of last year, when Robert failed to return the boy to his mother on the agreed-upon day. After several frantic phone calls, Martha discovered that Robert had vanished with Alexander. One of his relatives living in Phoenix suggested that the

husband may have gone to Atlanta but denied having any sure knowledge of his whereabouts. Martha's subsequent phone calls to friends in that city failed to produce any leads, and she continued to search for her son and his father by phone for the next few weeks. In mid-November she received a call from her ex-husband saying that he and her son were both in Costa Rica, in a small town outside of San José, the country's capital, living with his parents and family. He said that the boy was fine and that he intended to keep him until

he was grown. The phone conversation was brief, and Martha finally had to go to the State Department to compel Robert to give further information about her son's living conditions. (Robert told an investigator from the U.S. Embassy in San José that he had secured a job repairing video games and that Alexander lived with him in his parents' house along with six other members of his family.) Betty Murray was irked by her son-in-law's insensitivity and distressed by her daughter's emotional condition. Murray was

determined to dangle Alexander on her knee once again, even if it meant employing the services of a soldier of fortune, which she did. In late November she contacted Ralph Edens, who operated out of Hobby, Texas. He was an acquaintance of a friend of Murray's and was well known in mercenary circles, having written and appeared on several occasions in *Soldier of Fortune* magazine. He agreed to help her retrieve her grandson for a fee of \$15,000, including expenses.

They both left for Costa Rica in early December for a two-day stay in which Edens planned to nab the kid. The excursion proved to be a failure when Edens botched the attempt by breaking into the wrong house with two hired strongmen, only fifty yards from where the young child was actually staying. The whole affair nearly ended in disaster when the one engine on the plane Edens chartered to take them to Panama failed above the northern part of Costa Rica. After a tension-wracked half hour, the plane landed safely on a rural runway

and was subsequently repaired. Murray and Edens then flew to San Salvador, where she passed a sleepless night in the Sheraton Hotel before returning to the States the next day.

After arriving at her home in Serra Mesa, Murray decided that if she was ever going to get her grandson back, she was going to have to execute the kidnapping herself. She spent the next four months scheming and brainstorming with friends, and finally hit upon an idea she hoped would work. She wrote her son-in-law a long letter saying that she had gotten a job with Max Factor as a consultant for their plant outside of São Paulo, Brazil. She said that she was going to be training supervisors at the plant and would very much like to stop by Costa Rica on her way and see her grandson again. Robert, ignorant of

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Betty Murray and grandson Alexander

Photograph by Craig Carlson



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The Defense Writes

Having defended both columnist Jack Anderson and local developer Dick McKee in unrelated suits filed by Michael Aguirre, I've been able to form definite opinions about the questions you raised concerning Mr. Aguirre's motives and tactics. Since Mr. Aguirre fancies himself a libel lawyer, I have suppressed the urge to share those opinions with your readers. I feel compelled, however, to correct one matter described in your story ("Crime and Politics,"

April 19). The "Washington Merry-Go-Round" column in issue did not accuse Lancel Van Dierin of anything. Mr. Anderson merely reported accusations made by others.
Jonnie L. Eggers, attorney
San Diego

You Said A Handful

Bob Dorn's cover story on Mike Aguirre was excellent. And although we still don't know what in the hell makes Aguirre run, we do receive a clue as to what makes

Dorn get up and go: "The desire to grab a story by the you-know-what and make it cough."

Letters

Dorn's a real pro and whether or not we come away from his piece with all the answers is secondary to the fact that he always guarantees us a good read.
Dana Blas
San Diego

Erratum

In last week's cover story, "Crime & Politics," an editing change resulted in the misimpression that La Jolla resident Allen Glick was associated with the La Costa Resort Hotel and Spa. Glick has no formal association with La Costa. The Reader regrets this error.
—Ed.

Low Marks For Quotation

Although in general your April 19 article on the Livingston-Wheeler Medical Clinic was a satisfactory review of our work, the quotation from Helene Brown cannot be tolerated or accepted. To do so would imply that I have in some way been deceitful or unfaithful to my profession.

Helene Brown is in no way qualified to make the statement, "... because their own doctors have to tell them the truth and she doesn't. I think she's making a lot of money. It's as simple as that." She has never met me or visited this clinic. Such a statement is misleading and detrimental. It questions our competence and personal integrity and cannot be permitted to stand.

Virginia C. Livingston-Wheeler, M.D.
San Diego

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Tuff Enough

Congratulations on your excellent and in-depth article "San Diego Primalval" (April 5). There is indeed a plethora of interesting rocks in San Diego that keeps the rock hounds busy. Your mention of the "boulders that bikers and horseback riders pass in the middle of Penasquitos County Park" is of particular interest to us because of the upcoming Park Day (May 19) when we will have a geological exhibit at the historical Johnson-Taylor Adobe there. In fact, one of the boulders is at the entrance to the Penasquitos Canyon State Park off Black Mountain Road.

Whereas some of these boulders are made of andesite, others, including the one at the Canyonville Park, are composed of volcanic conglomerate and agglomerate cemented together by volcanic ash called "tuff." The boulders are erosional remnants of the Santiago Peak Volcanics that make up the inner gorge of the canyon where they have been exposed by stream erosion at and below the "falls." Where exposed there, the rock layers are interbedded with black shale beds and dip about sixty degrees to the east. The shale layers contain ammonite and belemnite fossils which date the Santiago Peak formation as Jurassic, which is at the dawn of the dinosaur age. (Dinosaurs flourished in the next geologic period, the Cretaceous, and then mysteriously disappeared.) Fossil hunters should look on the north side of Penasquitos Creek where the side canyons enter the creek bed below the falls. Good outcrops of basalt, andesite, dacite, and rhyolite are also well exposed there and for about a mile downstream. The boulders are in the fields on the north side of the creek above the falls and near the lower gorge about a mile downstream.
John Northrop
La Jolla

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Straight from the Hip

Dear Matthew Alice:
Can you tell me the origin of the expression
"Indian giver?"
Eddie Conn
Pacific Beach

The phrase would be more appropriate were it something like "federal giver," in view of all the broken promises and reclaimed "gifts" the U.S. government has given and then taken from the native inhabitants. But we can't write etymology and it is most probable that the phrase originated in Colonial days and was based in the settlers' belief that the Indians had a custom which dictated that one should expect a gift in return for giving one. Or so says the *Handbook of American Indians*, published by the Smithsonian Institution in 1907. The word "Indian" was commonly used as a pejorative adjective by Colonials to describe something new to them and seemingly bogus, such as Indian summer and Indian corn. I was able to find a quotation from as early as 1764 that used "Indian gift" in the sense I describe. An Indian giver is, of course, the giver of such a gift. Originally, the phrase applied to someone who expected a better gift in return, but over time the giver apparently lowered his expectations. Other explanations for the phrase's origins no doubt exist. I've even run across some unusual definitions, such as "repentant giver." But I'll accept the Smithsonian's word, for now.

Dear Matthew Alice:
It's getting to be that time of year again. Sap's rising and soon all of nature will be caught up in a procreative frenzy. Yes, yes, birds do it, bees do it, but why do they do it? At the risk of being indiscreet (it's really none of my business anyway), do animals other than humans experience "well, orgasm?" I mean, do mice have tiny, squeaky nice orgasms? Do chickens experience "the little death"? Does the earth move



Illustration by Rick Conroy

when goats make whoopee?

Dan Rapino
San Diego

As the motel signs say, "No kids, no pets." Out of consideration for the more sensitive readers out there, I must ask that adults hide this week's column from the ever-inquisitive eyes of their youngsters. Not telling what damage might ensue if the tykes read some of the naughty words to follow. And please, don't allow your pets to read it either—they are even more impressionable. So turn this column face down when you line the bottom of the bird's cage.

That said, let's get down to it. The idea that animals other than humans could experience orgasm was almost heretical even up into the late Seventies. Nonhuman primates were, not surprisingly, the first animals scientists suggested might have the capacity for experiencing something similar to what humans do when, ah, inspired

by the more corporeal instincts. But it's a subject clouded by controversies, and the research is so skimpy and so new that no universal conclusions have been reached.

Foremost among the debatable issues is the definition of an orgasm. Obviously you can't ask the animal if that was the real thing. (I'm speaking of females, for the most part; males are another story, as always.) I spoke to half a dozen scientists and all had their own definitions for what is essentially a subjective experience. But science isn't satisfied with defining orgasm as a "sense of exquisite pleasure," as one of my sources did. More acceptable are the criteria proposed by a couple of scientists named Fox: changes in blood pressure, respiratory patterns, and heart rate; changes in muscular tension (including contractions in places I can't mention here); hormonal changes; and vocalization.

If you accept that definition, are chick-

ens having as good a time as we are? Most scientists—but not all—would say so. As far as I know, nobody has yet measured physiological changes in a bird during intercourse, so we have to infer the fowl's subjective experience from the external evidence we see. Some would say the bird's brain (and the brains of all lower animals) is too little developed to provide a feeling of orgasm. An analogy can be made, they argue, in the case of a human male with a certain type of spinal injury. These people can have ejaculations, but they don't have orgasms, because the neural connections to the brain are lacking. Therefore, birds can't see fireworks at the appropriate time. Also, some would say intercourse is too brief to allow orgasm-producing responses in the female. But others would argue that the animals obviously enjoy it, and we can't state unequivocally that they are acting purely out of unfeeling response to hormonal stimulation. Still, the prevailing view at this time is that the lower vertebrates do not have orgasms. Hormones make their worlds go 'round, not pleasure.

But some primates, scientists now believe, willingly partake of some of the finer things in life, unmotivated by mere chemicals. Again, I can't go into great detail here, but if you're really curious (or really kinky) I can direct you to two studies that attempt to prove female primates have orgasms: an article by D.A. Goldfoot, et al., in the June 27, 1980 issue of *Science*; an article by M.J. Allen and W.B. Lemmon in *American Journal of Primatology*, volume 1, number 1, 1981. Both articles show that what monkeys see and do seems to be somewhat similar to what we humans do.

Got a question you need answered? Get it straight from the hip. Write to Matthew Alice, c/o the Reader, P.O. Box 80803, San Diego, California 92138.



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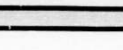
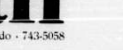
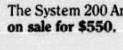
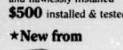
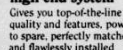
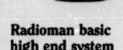
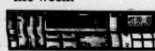


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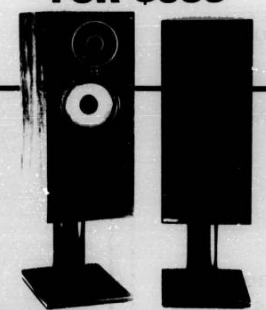
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THE INSIDE STORY

BY PAUL KRUEGER

DEVELOPER DOUG MANCHESTER, WHO HAS built one hotel — the Inter-Continental — on downtown's Navy Field and plans to build another concurrent with construction of the new convention center, did a masterful job last week of silencing his most outspoken opponent, port commissioner Maureen O'Connor. O'Connor has spent the past year asking serious and sometimes embarrassing questions about the sources of Manchester's construction financing — specifically his relationship with Werner Ray, the controversial Swiss investor who held a twenty-five percent limited-partner interest in the Inter-Continental project. O'Connor has also been critical of the port's convention center plans, which are intertwined with Manchester's hotel construction schedule. Though she didn't join or help fund the anticonvention center campaign last fall, O'Connor occasionally brainstormed with center opponent Fred Schaubel.

When Manchester moved to quiet O'Connor, his strategy was obvious, and very effective. Like Mayor Roger

Hedgecock before him, Manchester attacked O'Connor on the sensitive issue of possible conflicts of interest posed by the varied financial holdings of her husband, financier Robert Peterson. Hedgecock defeated challenger O'Connor in the 1983 mayor's race in part because he claimed that Peterson's ownership interest in the downtown U.S. Grant Hotel would prevent O'Connor from voting on issues concerning adjacent redevelopment projects. An unidentified researcher recently found that Peterson and O'Connor have a forty percent interest in an Anaheim hotel located near the Anaheim convention center. The mysterious researcher had all trust deed documents concerning the Anaheim hotel photocopied and hand delivered in unmarked envelopes early this month to at least four local newspapers, including the *Daily Transcript*. A *Transcript* reporter followed the anonymous tip with a call to the state's Fair Political Practices Commission (FPPC), asking if a public official (O'Connor) who owned a hotel next to a convention center (Anaheim) might be forced to abstain from voting on a convention center



Maureen O'Connor project in her own city (San Diego). The FPPC official told the *Transcript* that "disqualification may be in order," and the paper, on April 10, published a front-page article headlined, "Anaheim Hotel Interest May Bar O'Connor Vote." Two days later Manchester's attorney wrote the port district citing the *Transcript* story and asking if O'Connor would be disqualified from voting on convention center issues and also on "matters intertwined with the convention center," a reference to her desire to rule on Manchester's limited partners for the hotel financing. (Manchester spokesman Ben Clay says his firm had no part in assembling the Anaheim documents and says he learned about O'Connor's interest in

the hotel "only when we read about it in the *Transcript*.") After O'Connor learned of the Manchester letter on Monday, April 16, she called fellow port commissioner Lou Wolfshimer to discuss the conflict-of-interest questions. Wolfshimer recalls that O'Connor was angry over what she felt was "an attempt to bring up the [Anaheim hotel] ownership to muzzle her." O'Connor had planned to seek a new policy requiring port commission approval of Manchester's limited partners in the hotel projects. The commissioners were scheduled to select the winning convention center design and discuss the approval of limited partners the next day (Tuesday), and Wolfshimer reassured O'Connor that he felt

the Anaheim connection posed her absolutely no conflict whatsoever. At the Tuesday port meeting, the port's attorney essentially repeated Wolfshimer's advice, and though he opined that the Fair Political Practices Commission should be allowed to rule on the conflict question, the port attorney emphasized that O'Connor could participate in the convention center design selection. But O'Connor didn't. She instead complained that Manchester and his firm have "all along been trying to silence my voice... by taking away my right to vote," and she promised "not to be silenced." O'Connor then abstained on the design vote and left the meeting to catch a plane for Europe. (The port

(continued on page 10)

ARE YOU AN AMERICAN WHO STRONGLY BELIEVES IN HER IDEALS?

If so, then how did you feel when first learning of the U.S. invasion of the small island of Grenada? Did you stand up and cheer or wince in complete disbelief as I did? Were you joyful in the knowledge that we finally "stuck it to them" or were you sickened by seeing your government invade a sovereign country during peace time for the purpose of overthrowing its existing government? Oh sure, Ronald Reagan had his reasons for military invasion. So did Hitler when the Nazis invaded Poland. The Soviets had their rationale when they invaded Afghanistan. Of course our reason was to protect the students from a "possible" danger. But how does this explain why we continued to overthrow their government? And why do our troops remain after the students are gone? The truth is the same for the remaining Soviet troops in Afghanistan — there's no difference! Now we are involved in the civil war in El Salvador, trying to start another in Nicaragua and training military troops in Honduras. Just what the hell are we doing? The truth is that the United States is conducting itself exactly as Castro and the Soviets would wish. We are supporting a government who threatens their people with "Death Squads". We are sponsoring a guerrilla war attempting to overthrow the Nicaraguan government and now pulling Honduras into the whole mess. Oh yes, Central America, we are your friendly helpful neighbors to the north — just trust us.

The Reagan administration has now committed an act of terrorism by ordering the mining of Nicaragua's harbors. An act which Congressman Bill Lowery highly approves of. But this latest intervention resulted in denouncement from our strongest allies, the British. And France has volunteered to undo the damage we have done. The World Court has adamantly protested our military action and our President is "stonewalling it." My God, what has happened to those American ideals I once cherished so much? There was a time when I was proud of the American contributions to the World — but not now!

Our men did not die on the beaches of Normandy so that we might be able to invade Grenada. American lives were not given on Iwo Jima so that we might be strong enough to control El Salvador's government. The struggle for Pork Chop Hill was done in a different spirit than the winning of Nicaragua's harbors. Please don't tell me that we didn't learn anything from the 50,000 American lives lost in Viet Nam. It sickens me to know that we are the world's largest military arms merchant. And man, can we stimulate business!

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THE INSIDE STORY

(continued from page 8)
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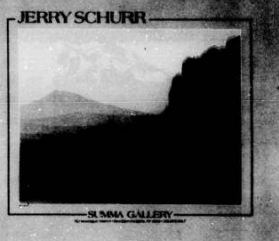
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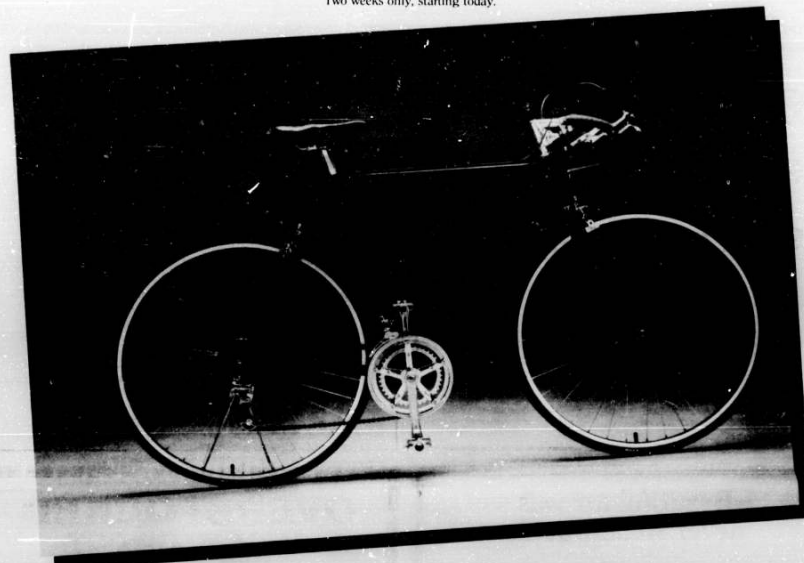
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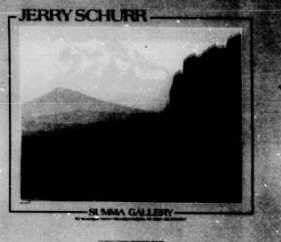
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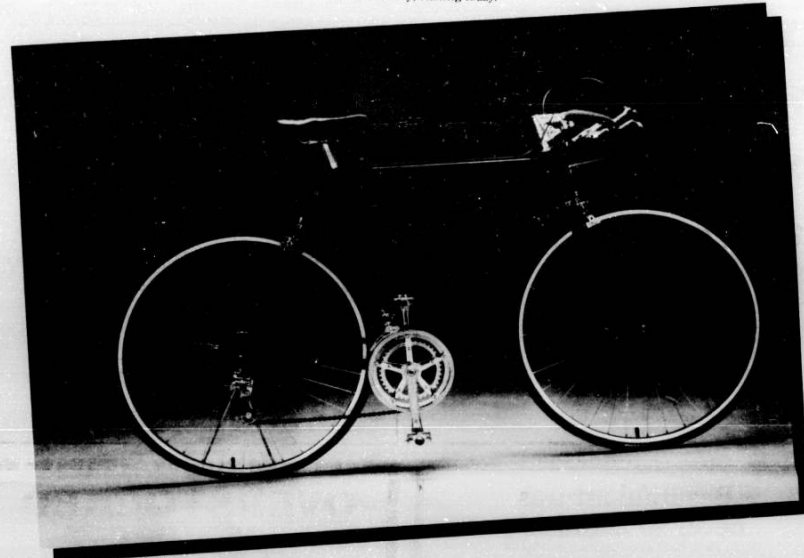
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GREYHOUND

Continued from page 12
going down, orange on the breaking waves. "This all used to be animals," he said, adding that he was interested in nature. "You gotta be interested," he said somberly, "because nature's you. Many times in my life I wanted to die. But then I'd get out in the sun. I takes care of my body. I won't never let no one operate on it or give me surgeries." Benny Tony rubbed his broad knee again. "God put me here solid. I want to die solid." He pointed to the hills rising above I-5. "I likes those mountains," he said. "We don't have no mountains in Manhattan. It's all look down at the concrete, look up at the sky."

Benny Tony said when he got to San Diego he would go to the zoo. Then he planned to head back to New York and take that devil woman's recommendation letter and look for a new job. He said he'd go into buildings in the garment district and, starting at the top floor, he would work his way to the basement, knocking on every door.

The sun had gone down, and clouds that piled above the sea burned orange



on their undersides. Benny Tony looked out to the land side of the highway, sketching a circle on the glass with his finger. "I has a life," he said quietly, "but I don't have no future." Then he turned his huge head and spoke in a swelling, oracular voice that filled up the space as a church organ jamming out chords on the final hymn fills up a chapel. "But if I ever learns to read you can be sure I will write a book that is so true won't nobody not be able to believe it."

Inside the city, the streets had emptied. Benny Tony asked, "Where is the peoples?" as the creaking bus nosed into its slot behind the Greyhound terminal at First and Broadway. The bus frame shuddered when the bus came to a full stop. The passengers stood up, still talking loudly enough to be heard over the engine. They were talking so loudly that their sentences boomed out when the driver cut the engine. When they heard themselves,

they giggled and began to speak normally. They scrambled in the bins above seats and rooted underneath for sacks, packs, coats, and pillows. Benny Tony stiff-leggedly climbed down out of the bus and stopped on the asphalt, kicking at the blacktop. He took in a long, noisy breath of the warm evening air. "It already be night," he said.

The gold dots in his front teeth sparkled when he lifted his head and pushed through the narrow door into the terminal. Benny Tony stopped by the wall of steel lockers stacked three high. His tight, oiled curls gleamed under the yellow light, and his round eyes were already resting on the distance ahead when he said, in a voice that quavered, fractured, and then broke, "I may have no hope left, but I do got dreams." When he shook hands, his palm was hot.

In Chaucer's day writers did not invent stories. They were not fic-

tionalists; they simply retold stories they knew. In his prologue to the *Tales* Chaucer writes that the author "is bound to say, as nearly as he can, Each single word, if he remembers it. However rudely spoken or unfit, Or else the tale he tells will be untrue." *The Canterbury Tales* is fourteenth-century journalism in verse. Chaucer did not have a tape recorder, and did not take notes. But he had a good ear.

The squat San Diego Greyhound terminal stands along the line of Broadway tattoo parlors, hotels, topless bars, and game arcades. It is shadowed by the surrounding high-rises. Almost no one comes to meet arriving passengers. Some arrivals find the pay telephones inside the First Street entrance and dial relatives and friends, then turn back to the benches, rick luggage at their feet, and wait, combing their hair and flossing with their lipstick. Departing passengers enter the terminal, often trailed by one or



Today, air travel cuts the hours, and days, needed to move from city to city. It has also cut short the storytelling. But on the bus, people have time to tell tales. And they do.



two nonpassengers who carry battered suitcases, boxes, and plastic bags. The traveler heads to the ticket counter, and once his ticket is in hand, he cuts diagonally across the green tile floor and checks his cumbersome luggage in the baggage room.

The small terminal is waiting room and marketplace, with a twenty-four-hour lunch counter, a gift shop, the always-dark and mysterious Stage Tavern, a side door into the Pickwick Hotel, and a game arcade where video games snap and fizzle even when not in use. Mike Ryan, Greyhound's day-shift Pinkerton guard, said his entire round "takes no more than ninety seconds, and that includes the parking lot where people drive in to pick up Express."

Ryan came to San Diego in April of 1982 from Springfield, Illinois, where he was employed as a social worker for the state. He has been at the terminal only since February, and his uniform,

tailored for a bulkier man, bags on his slight frame. He is, like the Inn Host in *The Canterbury Tales*, "a merry-hearted man . . . Bold in his speech and full of tact." And like that host, Ryan functions as the terminal's master of ceremonies. He keeps order, answers questions, directs passengers to the YMCA and senior citizens' hotels, points out the Traveler's Aid telephone number, and settles disputes.

Terminal management, Ryan said, wants the area kept free of panhandlers, prostitutes, and street people. "To be in here," Ryan explained, "the general rule is that you have to have a ticket or to be spending money. Generally in the morning, right after the first bus leaves for San Ysidro and Tijuana, the terminal pretty well clears out and then I do a ticket check." He can tell street people from passengers. The latter, he lets doze. The former he speaks to, softly. When they open their eyes and scramble up,

Ryan tells them, almost sadly, "You have to leave."

He noted that "Lots of retired people come through. They come up to me and say, 'I haven't been here in forty years,' and they tell me how drastically the city has changed. San Diego has lots of memories for people, especially people who came here during the war years."

Ryan estimated that thirty percent of Greyhound's local business continues to come from the military. On weekends, he said, when ships are in and the military has leaves, "lines for the L.A. bus—which leaves hourly—stretch out from the ticket counter onto the sidewalk on Broadway. There's no place even to sit down!"

Normally, however, traffic through the terminal is sporadic. "It may be dead at the ticket counter one minute," Ryan said, "and then, all of a sudden, I see twenty people in line." When the

(Continued on page 16)

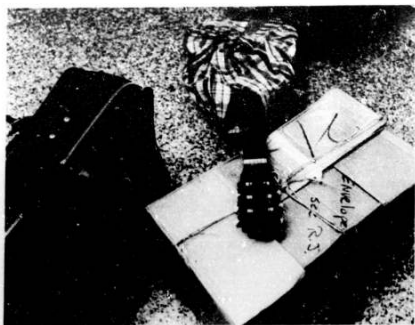
GREYHOUND

Continued from page 15
voice over the loudspeaker calls out — in English and Spanish — that a departing bus is ready, benches clear rapidly as the line forms at the designated door. Within thirty minutes the emptied benches and the black plastic TV-watching chairs (twenty-five cents for fifteen minutes' viewing) have filled up again with men, women, and children, boxes and bags piled in semicircles around their feet. Only faces change. "About three hours is the longest most in-transit passengers have to wait," Ryan said, "and that's for buses heading east."

Bus passengers are smokers. They light a fresh cigarette off the butt of the old, and more than one person can be seen deftly rolling a cigarette from a pack of Bugler, or just bumming a smoke. Doris, a stout woman with a blackened eye and a bruised cheek, asked a woman by her, "Honey, how 'bout you give me one of them smokes?" pointing to the woman's pack of filtered Camels. By nighttime the cigarette machine is out of two or three brands.

An airport waiting room is a thick of *Wall Street Journals*, *USA Today's*, and local newspapers. But in the terminal Ryan noted that he sees few people reading anything. Most bus passengers bite time, cracking knuckles and idly stroking hands together, tapping fingers on knees, and staring into an eye-level distance as if watching a mildly puzzling or distasteful panorama unfold. Older women prick at small squares of needlepoint canvas or crochet. Their reddened, arthritic hands are circled with colored wools, and crochet hooks flash through the air. Women generally talk only with other women, and men seem most likely to initiate conversation with other men. If a man sits by an older woman, she will pull her skirts in closer under her hips.

The terminal's interior is decorated in a nautical theme with ship's ropes, life preservers, anchors, spars, port-holes, and paintings of ships at sea. The name of the gift shop is the Gift Port Galley. A string of colored lights twinkle above the hissing, gurgling, flashing video games. A shocking-pink vending machine puts out helium-filled balloons and shows, behind glass, a smirking kewpie doll.



The Gift Port Galley's windows are stacked with button-eyed bears and plush, stuffed dogs. At nine in the morning under the perpetually burning lights, the terminal gives off the air of a carnival on the morning after the show.

Although blue-uniformed Greyhound janitors push brooms hourly over the tiles, politely asking passengers to move their feet, and the bathrooms' sinks are scoured out with cleanser every few hours and the floors are scrubbed and the toilets kept flushed, the terminal — at any hour, at all times — remains dulled by a haze of defeat. Looking about at the nautical bric-a-brac and the balloon-extruding kewpie doll, one waiting passenger said, "Maybe they want to give us a sense of adventure."

Rassoun, one of the founders of a local reggae band, the Rebel Rockers, sat late in the morning on a bench waiting for his Jamaican drum to show up in the hold of the next bus. The drum, he said, apparently had not arrived with him from the Santa Cruz terminal whence he had departed the night before. Rassoun was completely exhausted. His trip down from Santa Cruz left him minus a night's sleep, and he was not happy. In fact, he was miserable. His six-month-old marriage had just broken up. He had his one-hundred-pound sea bag, jammed full "with all my knickknacks," but he could not show the photographs of his estranged wife because he had packed them. He didn't want to keep flipping

through them and be reminded.

Tall and slender, Rassoun (whose name is Ethiopian) was dressed in pressed jeans and a red windbreaker onto which he had pinned a button emblazoned with a cannabis plant.

Rassoun's father was an American and his mother a Jamaican. He lived in Jamaica with his grandmother until he turned eleven. Then he came to the States. Even exhausted and depressed and down as Rassoun was, the lilting Jamaica-accented English that he spoke put a kick to words, a tricky backbeat rhythm and so much melody that simple sentences and mundane phrases shook with the rhapsody his intonations lent them.

Rassoun explained that he was a Rastafarian, a member of the group that worships the late Haile Selassie, whom Rassoun hailed in magisterial tones as "the king of Ethiopia, the Lion of Judah." Because the Rastas, like the Hassidic Jews, follow an Old Testament injunction not to cut their hair, Rassoun and his fellow Rastas wear their hair in "locks" or "dreads." Rassoun wears what he called a "Congo lock," unbraided and unbarbered hair that rises off his scalp. Also, just as do the Hassidic Jews, Rastas wear their heads covered. Rassoun had on a tam, crocheted with inverted triangles that formed a Star of David design. His tam not only serves as a head cover, Rassoun said while reaching up to touch it, but it is also a crown, a symbol of man's election by God.

The Rastafarian movement has helped black men "put back some self-esteem that has been stripped from them," he explained. Rastafarians, who are mostly poor men and women, reject materialism. "So much is put into the material world," Rassoun said, "but it is the spiritual world that keeps on going forever. Not the material." Rassoun spoke gently, making himself heard over the blaring loudspeakers and the yawling babies by careful enunciation rather than a raised voice. "When you have nothing," Rassoun intoned through the racket, his voice murmurous and soft, a wan smile crinkling his smooth brown cheeks, "then all you have to share is your love."

Rassoun was heartbroken. He said so. His marriage had started to come apart when his wife, a schoolteacher, "cut her locks and cut away from Rasta." That had been, it seemed, the beginning of the breakup. Rassoun had come to San Diego to stay with old, good friends — "ready," he said plaintively, "for something different."

Horseback, canoe, bus, or airplane, one aspect of travel has always been the same. Once the traveler is on the road, he is suspended. He hangs in an ether between the past and the future, between good-byes and hellos, between here and there. He is not who he was when he closed the door on his room, and she will be changed when he arrives at her next destination.

Greyhound passengers who have traveled two and three days, eating and sleeping and spilling coffee and waking and dozing off again on buses and in terminals, squashed shoulder-to-shoulder and knee-to-knee in bus seats, small rank. Bodies have steeped in their own broths of eruptions and gases and dews of sweat. Shirts and dresses, trousers and jeans, hair and hands and sweaters effuse stale deodorants and perfumes and aftershave, tobacco smoke, hamburgers and fried onion with mustard, sourish tormented open-mouthed sleeps, bus fuels. From the mouths that have dried in the closed buses, bacteria have hatched rancid acid ferments, and the breath on which speech emerges comes on in hot and caustic spurts.

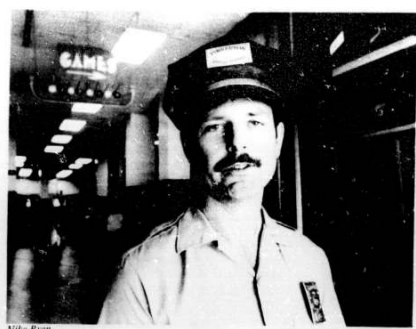
A bus ticket from Los Angeles to San Diego costs \$12.60. A plane ticket can be twenty-nine dollars or thirty-nine dollars. An Amtrak ticket is seventeen dollars. Most people ride the

bus because it's cheaper. But a check of fares offered last month shows that on longer journeys a skillful travel agent might have found seats on planes that would have cost not much more than bus fare.

With few exceptions people coming and going through the Greyhound terminal have plenty of time and little money. They look poor. By middle-class standards their clothing is ill-cut and clumsily, carelessly sewn. The fabrics are sleazy. On younger men and women the clothing is designed to look sharp, even chic. But the poreless polyesters and plastic leathers, the botched tailoring, fail to grasp and hold the high style they emulate. The drape and hang of these tricky nylon-trimmed blouses and crimped, stinky jackets express wretched, terrible pathos. Jeans — on both men and women — are often worn so tight that they show the bulge of men's genitals and the bifurcations of the women's, and the buttocks are separated and lewdly outlined. The effect is not tantalizing or sensual. This exposure, which in women's jeans is surely not intended and which in some of the men's jeans bespeaks a swagger and bluster of masculinity, becomes, as does the drape of the clothing, pitiable.

On older people clothes are older too, and shabby, smelling of cedar chests, mothballs, cough medicine, and Vick's Vap-O-Rub. ("I put Vick's on my cat's nose," one elderly woman told the woman next to her on the bus.) The look is concocted out of grim conservation and fierce dignity. The coats, jackets, sweaters are heavier fabrics than younger people wear, and are buttoned up to throats and drawn snugly against chilly around shoulders.

The poverty of bus travelers shows in more than dress. It shows in attitude, in a cowed, slumping posture toward ticket sellers and baggage clerks and the manager of the Gift Port Galley, bus drivers, even the broom-pushing janitors. Women and elderly people act humble, even obsequious, and often fearful. When making inquiries these men and women look up, as people so often look up to doctors and priests, with hopeful, widened eyes. But the younger men, especially urban blacks, take an opposite tack. They taunt clerks and Pinkertons, daring any authority to offend, to vex, to push their tensed, restless bodies one inch over an undefined line. Each question, every inquiry, loads up with explosive potential.



Mike Ryan

Guard Mike Ryan's smiling face emits a benevolence that is almost Zen-monkish in its gaze of undifferentiated good will. But when he glances passengers' way, heads may go down, eyes may quickly take off in another direction and let go their focus.

When other passengers stride by, older women grip their purses. Street people ramble in from Broadway, mumbling and slurping the terminal's coffee, talking in conspiratorial voices on the pay telephones, or depositing three more quarters into the storage lockers. In-transit passengers respond to their presence by pushing a foot down on luggage. Young mothers grab children tightly around the wrist.

About the worst that happens — the worst that Ryan says he's aware of, anyway — are duos of card sharks who strike up games of three-card monte with naive servicemen. "The management wants them out," Ryan said, "so I watch for them."

Travelers have always existed in a peculiar relationship to one another — in Chaucer's day, before then, and now. Those who journey from home are granted a quixotic dispensation that permits greatest intimacy in the shortest time. Not only do travelers exist in a space of that odd, emptied-out timelessness, when each hour is bracketed only by the arrival of the next bus in the next town, but they know they will see each other only for one night or one afternoon, and then never again. A confessional tone falls over travelers.

gathered the excess fabric around his scrawny waist.

Doris frowned and drew up straight the 200 pounds she carried on her five-foot frame. She breathed laboriously, her bosom heaving with each inhalation. The breasts rising out of her low-cut black Lurex leotard were deeply cleaved, and she had pulled a flowered skirt over the leotard and cinched the skirt at the waist with a wide plastic belt. Her battered face peered out from under a stiff black wig. Wisps of paler hair strayed out of the wig along her temples. Doris told a growing audience of eyes and ears turned her way that her swollen left eye "got socked with a fist." She made a fist and raised it as she said that. Her eye and left cheek had turned lavender and yellow-green. She had drawn a two-small cupid bow's mouth inside her own fuller lips. Doris had no teeth.

Doris had taken the bus from a town outside Redding, up north. She came to stay at her mother's house in San Diego "to get help," and was waiting for her sister to come for her. Her boyfriend in Redding, she said in a rough voice, in babyish, hisping enunciations, had beat her up two nights ago and smashed her \$600 dentures with a rock. "A big rock," she said. "Vow-ey big." In retaliation she had poured a cup of scotch into the tank of his Toyota pickup. The old man whickered. Doris slapped her knee and guffawed, her belly vibrating under her skirt. The two laughed and wheezed and laughed louder, together.

Socorro sat in the row of chairs back-to-back against the row where Doris and the elderly man had perched. Socorro, almost seventy, thought she had heard everything in the years she bagged groceries in an East Los Angeles grocery store. But she chuckled and shook her grayed head slowly, as Doris told her story.

"My name means help," Socorro explained to the woman next to her, an older woman whose face powder beaded dark hairs shading her upper lip. "I don't regret not marrying." Socorro continued. "It is less trouble for women not to be with a man." And as the woman agreed, nodding her head and upper lip and hairy chin affirmatively, Socorro took out her needle-point oval and began to dot the oval's still-blank eyes with yellow wool. "I came here for my nephew-in-law's wedding," Socorro said. "And you?"

Doris was saying she had not had

(continued on page 18)

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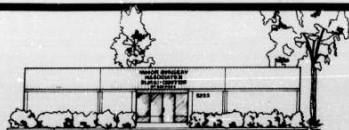
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GREYHOUND

(continued from page 17)

teeth since she was twenty-three. Socorro overheard the phrase "a pool of blood," and shook her gray crimped head. She pulled the yellow up and sniffed through the canvas. The elderly man cackled and also shook his head side to side, while Doris talked in detail about the extraction of her teeth. He rolled his round, bloodshot eyes and scratched with his long nails at his trousers' legs as Doris told how the dentist had given her false teeth that would not "hang in right." But this pair, she said, "These that got beat? They were so good." Her battered, rubbery face fell in mourning and she said it again. "They were so-o-o good."

Another older woman, blue-haired and prim, on the elderly man's other side, leaned around him to listen and to look at Doris. Doris was talking about the dentist, "I shoulda' said his ass," she said, then asked her audience, "Shouldn't I?" She didn't wait for, or expect, any response, and went on to say, "There I was, just a girl, twenty-three, and no teeth in my head." Although Doris did not smell of liquor, Socorro suspected she had been drinking, and felt sure she was drunk when Doris began to sob, her be-ringed, plump hand covering her empty mouth. "She must be drunk," Socorro said to the woman next to her. They clucked. The elderly man's cackle stopped, and Doris, moving her hand to her bruised cheek, sought out each set of eyes — the old man, Socorro, the woman next to Socorro, and the blue-haired woman.

"Jack's his name," Doris said, "and he pulled me out of the motel court where he was for the night and he drug me aroun' some." Doris reached around to the underside of her bulging arm and twisted the hanging folds around toward her own face, bringing the bloody fingernail marks into her view and that of her listeners. "Then he grabbed out my plates from my mouth and put them down on the con- cress and beat them to little pieces with a rock."

"Poor creature," Socorro said tenderly, and looked at her needlepoint owl, frowning. Doris looked over her black Lurex shoulder at Socorro and said, "Thank you, woman."

At that moment one of the newer video games in the room set off the alarm in the terminal. The sudden, high-pitched drone caused all of Doris's audience and Doris — to jump. They glanced about, puzzled, at one another and at the terminal walls and doors until the alarm, as suddenly as it went on, shut off. Looking thoughtfully into her wide flowered lap in which a white plastic purse gaped open, spilling out a tarnished compact and the kitchen matches. Doris massaged her empty jaws between her thumb and stubby fingers. Her jaws, without teeth, looked like an emptied purse, the skin slack and jaw-line fallen and her lips, painted in the center with the Cupid's bow, puckered and shirred.

Drawing her squat frame up taller and squaring her massive shoulders, settling the black belt between rolls of fat that rose from her lap to beneath her jutting breasts, Doris addressed her crowd of four, her pink gums gleaming under frothy saliva inside her mouth. "I bet you all can't guess what I do for a living." None of them answered. Only the elderly man, running long stained fingers through his white crimp, bringing down a new rain of dandruff,

looked squarely into Doris's bruised moon face. "I'm a country-and-western singer," she said. The man chortled and coughed. Socorro, pulling her thread faster through the canvas, made a whistling sound through her front teeth.

"Sure as shit," the old man said, standing up and hiking his drooping, stinking trousers, and spitting a shred of tobacco stuck to his chapped lips onto the tiles. "You never been no singer except to yourself. Has she?" He looked to the others, accusingly, one at a time. No one responded.

Doris stood. She loosened the folds of her full skirt from around her jiggling hips and, mouth wide open, drool sliding from the crimp at the corner of her lips, she cursed him. Socorro shook her head and slipped her needle work down onto her lap. "You old piss-pants," Doris shrilled, her lips vibrating around her empty mouth, spittle flying. She punctuated the end of a hiss of foul words by spitting toward the man's high-top black boots. She hefted her scraped blue Samsonite cosmetics case from the floor and, breathing stentorously and reddening, she leaned over to pick up her fallen white purse, the matches, the compact, bloody balls of tissues, and dollar bills. With her rump in the air it seemed for a moment the old man might kick her.

Doris's listeners, except for the old man who remained standing, all directed their gaze back to the tiles. Walking slowly, hunched and waddling on swollen bare feet in terry cloth scuff slippers, her gait almost foolishly graceful, Doris crossed the terminal's green floor. Swaying, she cut through rows of benches and past the Gift Port Galley's lighted display of dogs and bears, past the pink balloon machine and smirking kiewpie doll, headed for the pay phones.

Socorro, once again, told the woman next to her that she did not regret not marrying her, and emphasized, "Now," she said, "I have my own little apartment in Los Angeles, and when I wake up in the morning, it is easy for me. I fix an egg. I do my needlework." She lifted the square up and showed the owl with its yellow, seed-stitched eyes. "And I watch my programs on television."

The mustachioed woman was telling Socorro, "My stomach is just all woe out," when the four o'clock bus to L.A. was announced over the loud-speaker. The group responded by grabbing up their shopping bags, their purses, and their suitcases, and struggling toward Door Two. "I hope," the woman said, nodding her head toward Doris, "that woman finds her way home."

Two seats down from where Socorro and the woman had been sitting in the waiting room, a newly shaved Marine in fatigues had just lifted his Casio watch toward his buddy. "It plays 'Happy Birthday' every hour on the hour on my birthday," he said.

The buddy replied, "Hell, if you don't have a Seiko, you ain't nobody," and seeing Socorro's struggle, he sprang up and rushed toward the two women. He hoisted up Socorro's suitcase and grabbed the other woman's shopping bag, lifting it in a swooping arc, and, smiling broadly at the two women, carried their bags to the door. Socorro's hands flattered as she thanked him.

When he sat down again in one of the black molded plastic TV-watching chairs, the young Marine said, "I got four rows of books my dad left to me, all about the Second World War. And I've got a story about the Cuban crisis, about the time when they had just dis-

covered they had all that stuff over there. If we'd have backed them, you know, like we did in Grenada, we could have Nicaragua, too."

"You know what history is?" Socorro's luggage-bearer asked his Marine friend, staring solemnly at him. The Marine shook his head, indicating that he did not know. "History," he frowned yesterday. "The young man furrowed his eyes down to points. "Back to the beginning."

Between Portland, Oregon and San Diego the bus trip lasts twenty-eight hours. From Dallas to San Diego it takes thirty-three hours, and from Boston to San Diego the trip is three days long. Those who come from long distances talk to each other about the trouble they have sleeping on buses. Sandy, Gene, and their ten-month-old baby, Trenea, came from Ohio, and in the terminal women's room, Sandy and two other women talked about nights on the bus.

"Gene slept," Sandy said, while she unpacked a green plastic garbage bag stuffed with what she called her summer clothes. "But not me," she snuffled. "I couldn't sleep." The other two women, one young and one past sixty, agreed with Sandy. They could not sleep. "The baby fussed," Sandy said, scrounging through skirts and blouses for an outfit to change into in which she would meet Gene's brother and sister-in-law for what she said was "the first time ever."

"I'd just about get to sleep," the younger woman offered, "then we'd pull into another town and all the damn lights would come on. And then some damned hamburger would go by you." Her face and upper body were reflected in the mirrors. Someone — not recently — had scratched tattoos down her bare arms with a ball-point pen: an inch-high lopsided heart; "LUV"; "DOUG"; a squat sailboat with "D" printed in the triangular sail. Her olive skin was acne-scarred and the deep pits had etched purple blotches that turned a lurid violet under the bathroom light. She had tipped back her head to drop eyelids into her eyes, revealing on the underside of her chin a blue four-leaf clover that had been drawn, like the scrollwork on her arms, with ball-point pen.

The worst was that, Sandy said, holding a plaid skirt and shaking it out, "was when some hippie type got on?" She looked to the reflections of the women. When the older woman said "Mmmmm" in acknowledgment and smiled helpfully, Sandy said, "This hippie, he sat right behind us and took off his boots and socks and put his feet up on the seat. That was a stink," she said, her thin sharp face rumpled with disgust, "like . . . ah . . . like dead people in the nursing home where I worked before I had Trenea." She grinned, squirming into the skirt from the feet up.

The older woman, who had just completed making up her face, brushed pink face powder off her navy polystyrene jacket. "In our bus coming down from Portland," she said, "a woman got stuck in the restroom and beat on the door and screamed until the driver stopped. After that I was awake all the way to Fresno."

Out in the waiting room, Gene had settled into a TV chair with Trenea squirming on his lap. He combed out her thin blond hair while she suckled a pacifier. The clock on the wall read 5:15 and the Gift Port Galley had closed down for the day. The stuffed dogs and bears stared out toward Gene and Trenea from the dark window.

Next to Gene a plump sailor, his round thighs straining his white pants and his stomach stretching his middie, had

pressed his face into a backpack he had stuffed against his chair's TV console. The sailor snored.

Gene's hands had rough red scabs. "Postrais," he said, looking at his scaled flesh. He had lost his job as a general laborer when he cracked his ankle. Because he worked "under the table for a nonunion outfit" and took his pay in cash, he said he couldn't get unemployment or worker's compensation. He had come to San Diego to his brother who owned a nonunion painting outfit and who offered him a job. "We've been living on money borrowed from Sandy's folks for three months. It ain't no damn good." He pointed to the green garbage bags, the boxes, the Styrofoam cooler, and the gray pasteboard suitcase in an arc at his feet. "We brought about everything we owned with us," he said, blinking in the yellow light, "and we stored the big stuff at Sandy's folks." The months out of work had taken a "toll on my nerves," he said, adding, "a man loses faith in himself." Trenea wriggled. Gene cradled her cheek in his hand, thrumming his inflamed fingers softly on her fringe of blond hair.

"We knew we couldn't afford to eat bus station food all the way from Ohio," he said. Sandy had packed bologna, mayonnaise, baby food, apples, corn chips, Oreos, oranges, rye bread, a fruitcake from Christmas, Trenea's cereal, cheese, and pressed ham and cheese loaf. "We pretty much ate on that all the way," Gene said. He looked forward to seeing his younger brother. "He's done good out here." Gene nodded while rearranging Trenea in his arms. "And he's willing to spread his good around."

Each adult ticket gives the Greyhound passenger free cartage for two pieces of baggage to be checked. The total weight is not to exceed one hundred pounds. Bus travelers make luggage from boxes, using a Hitachi crate or a Bacardi rum or Bran Flakes carton and wrapping and securing it with rope. Some packers contrive handles from wire and dowels and attach these to the crossbars on boxes. The heavier-gauge green or black plastic garbage bags and the lighter-weight white bags are gathered at the top and wrapped with string and used to carry clothing. Smaller white bags go on board and the larger bags get checked. Stacked around the feet of passengers waiting in line and on benches are rolled-up blankets cinched with belts, sleeping bags, pillows, backpacks, shopping bags, Styrofoam coolers, scarred and scratched and dented suitcases left over from the hard-luggage era.

Twenty-two-year-old Bud stood by the pay phones. Next to him was a suitcase, a Bible, and a box that he had tied with clothesline rope. When he returned to one of the TV seats, dragging the box, he retied the rope, which had slipped loose. Bud said he was born in National City and went to Sweetwater High. He had been away from home for two months, at Teen Challenge in Bakersfield. "A Christian Life Center," he explained. "They teach you to be a Christian and to walk a victorious Christian life." He said he was glad to be back. "I love the sea. I was raised up around it and it always draws me back to it. Every time I go, I have to come back."

Bud's flannel shirt pulled tight over his chest, and his cheeks showed he had spent some days in the sun. "I may not look like it," he said, "but I've done twelve years of hard drugs. I started when I was only eight or nine years old. Satan deceives you as such a young child." Bud spoke, then, as if

(continued on page 20)

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GREYHOUND

(continued from page 139)

from the vantage of fifty years. He looked across the suddenly crowded terminal, glanced at a screaming baby, looked out toward the Broadway door, all the while shaking his large head in an exaggerated negative. "The older people are doing drugs and they tell you it's cool. But they themselves are being blinded by Satan." Almost as an aside he said, "You can't believe in heaven if you don't believe in hell," and then he blinked and laughed.

Bud's parents came to San Diego when World War II started. When Bud was ten they broke up, and he started following his older sister. "She was hanging around with hippies and I was tagging along. A lot of the older hippie guys, they were so wasted, they didn't even know what they were doing." But Bud said, emphatically, that he did not blame anyone—not his parents or his sister or older people—for his involvement with drugs. "No one tied me down and forced me. I'm not proud of my past. I just praise God I never used a needle."

His childhood marijuana smoking led him to use other drugs, he said: cocaine, booze, crystal, methedrine, amphetamines. "Basically I was a speed freak." During his two months at Teen Challenge in Bakersfield he had gained weight. "Eating regular," he laughed, patting his stomach. "But it didn't bother me to be a little heavy."

Bud got his drugs through working, he said. He worked concrete construction. He had friends for whom he sold drugs. "I even sold my plasma," he said. "But I never got into stealing and I got no police record. I lost more jobs than I can count. I didn't show up for



work or I got fired or I quit or I made mistakes. You feel so high on the drug, you think you're Superman, you think, 'I can handle anything.'"

He was waiting for his sister's husband to get off work so that they could come downtown for him. "Back two months ago," he reflected, "my vocabulary was basically fifty percent cussing. I was basically like any street person. You lie and you hustle and you grab a few bucks." Bud said that he had lived in his car off and on, and pointed to a bearded, long-haired man in a worn brown overcoat and shoes without socks. "Like that. Even if you are not an actual bum, after two or three days you look like a bum. It's a hard life. I look upon a lot of people out in the world as just hungry wolves. The street can be a dangerous place. People don't know how thin the line is out there between life and death. You just have to get dizzy or make one

wrong move on the street and you're dead. To survive, I became a real psychiatrist to my own mind."

When Bud left the San Diego terminal for Teen Challenge, he said, he was "really a mess." Bud chose on his own to go to Teen Challenge, but some people, he said, "are probed by the court to the program. They basically turn you around and set your life going. They got me off drugs." Bud frowned, leaching his brown Leatherette Bible. "They don't want you to talk of no worldly things at all while you're at Teen Challenge, which means nothin' about your past life. Their basic mind plan is to take your whole old life and throw it away and start from brand-new Day One. An' basically, that's an okay plan." But a dismay threatening Bud's tone indicated that something felt wrong to him about the Teen Challenge program. "You gotta figure," Bud went on, talking

above a rising clamor in the terminal, "there's a lot of young old life that ain't all that bad. I've had some good times. I don't want to throw all that away."

The terminal had filled with yet another new rush of hurrying passengers, men and women encumbered with suitcases, plastic bags, boxes, grease-spotted sacks of food. Two, three, even four babies cried. One of the toddlers' mothers flapped at the youngster's sagging diapers with a folded magazine. His furious screams added an anguished, violent undercurrent to the increasing volume of pandemonium. Through individual cries, shouts, mutters, accusations, through the exhalations of exhaust and grinding of gears on a bus outside, the splatting loudspeaker announcement cut through: Buses boarding for Sacramento, San Francisco, for San Ysidro, Tijuana.

Pointing to the swirl of people around him, Bud said, "This is another one of those continuous atmospheres, one of those continuous places that is constantly changing, never the same. There's whole blocks of this kind of thing now in big cities... change, change, change."

At Teen Challenge Bud had been involved in daily Bible study. "One preacher told us, 'Wouldn't you call somebody a pervert who peeped around the neighborhood into people's windows when they were making love? Well, that's what the TV's doing.' Bud patted the glass face of the console attached to the TV chair. "That's what the old boob tube is doing," he sighed. "People get so down and they turn to television, radio, drugs. It takes their mind away. But they should be figuring out what to do for their troubles."

Bud's Bible study convinced him

"that we are definitely living in Revelations times. A lot of those old prophecies are really coming true. Too many things are coming at us." He mentioned homosexuality, sexual perversion and pornography, crooked politicians, increased drug use by older and younger people. He talked about the sinfulness of cities, and compared Los Angeles to Sodom and Gomorrah. "Some people think Sodom and Gomorrah is one city," he said, "and I used to think that. But it's really two cities, sister cities or twin cities, like Minneapolis and St. Paul."

"Cities are so full of lonely people. My heart really goes out to the young people who run away from home and end up in the gutter. I ended up that way too many times, on my face and bummed. My heart goes out to old people too," he said, glancing toward a trio of elderly women rushing under heavy loads to take their place in line for the bus to Los Angeles. "They have too many lonely nights. I know what that's like."

What Bud would like to do, he said, was to get a nice old forty-foot boat and turn it into a retreat for Christians. "Just to get away, cast a few rods, cast off from the hustle and bustle."

Now that Bud was back in town and off drugs, he planned to avoid his old friends. He was afraid that he would "get sucked back in. Until I get spiritually strong enough to handle temptation, I am going to keep to myself. I want my life to bear good fruit. I'm tired of falling on my face. I'm going to pray to God and hit the streets—tomorrow morning—looking for work." Smiling in an ear-to-ear grin that left him looking not much older than fifteen, he said, "This is a good homecoming."

Three years after Chaucer began

The Canterbury Tales, his patron, John of Gaunt, returned to the English court and restored the author to favor. Chaucer never finished the tales. He originally planned for thirty pilgrims to tell two tales each on the way to Canterbury and two tales coming back. At the story's end, all thirty pilgrims were to select the best tale and its teller was to be awarded a feast. What Chaucer wanted to do in *The Canterbury Tales* was to create a portrait of an entire nation: the rich and poor, old and young, educated and ignorant. Among his pilgrims were a few poor people... the miller, the yeoman, the cook. Almost everyone in the bus station and on the bus was poor.

At four in the morning a warm breeze was coming in off the bay. Camped just inside the Broadway entrance, his possessions around him, was a skeletal thin, bearded young man wrapped in layers of cast-off clothing. He drew on a large sketch pad. A friend, spilling coffee as he walked, brought him hot coffee from the terminal lunch counter. They sat together, backs against the wall, looking at the drawing and sharing the coffee. What the young man had drawn was a tall man, thin and bearded like himself. Loose, full robes fluttered around the man's sandaled feet, and the sketcher had drawn an intricate jeweled crown on his head.

Across benches and sprawled in the TV-watching chairs, under the lights that are never turned off, sleepers slumped holding heads in hands. Heads fell back on the TV chairs and eyes were closed and mouths were open. In such a public place the dark O's of mouths, looked at as other passers-by looked at them, seemed violated.

A sailor punched at a video game. A

muscularly built man, past fifty, an aluminum-frame backpack hiked high on his shoulders, bought a candy bar from the vending machine, frantically stripped off its wrapper, and ate the candy in only two bites. Two plump women on a bench, scarves tied over their salt-and-pepper hair, talked, in Spanish, and leaned wearily on each other's shoulder.

Two black men in pinstripe suits pestered a tall Hispanic woman. Walking away from them, a square suitcase in her hand, she said, "Everybody has their own way of doing things. This is mine." The scene gave off a terrible menace.

A woman paced from the Broadway entrance through the waiting room, staring into the opened snoring mouths, to the First Street exit. Then she circled the block and came back, again and again. Her fists clenched and unclenched, and her grinding jaws made a ghastly crunching sound as upper and lower molars scraped. She was shuddering and her frail body rattled.

When the bus from L.A. pulled in at five-thirty, a heavyset woman, heavily made-up and not much past twenty, in a red shirt, tight jeans, and black spike heels, strode into the terminal with a bearded man in a cowboy hat scooting right behind her, yelling. He loudly accused her of taking his money. Sleepers sat up and rubbed their eyes and yawned. He said she had taken all of his money—\$300 in twenties—from his wallet while he slept. She said that she had not touched his wallet, that he was drunk and got fresh in the bus's back seat and now would not leave her alone. Two police cars drew up at the Broadway entrance. Everyone in the terminal, by then, had heard the story. "It's his word against

hers," onlookers said.

Downtown buildings began to pick up orange from the rising sun. The San Diego edition of the *Los Angeles Times* and the *San Diego Union* were being tucked into boxes, and taxi drivers, parked out front all night, were still peering into the terminal door, looking for fares getting off the L.A. bus.

The cowboy sat in one police car and the red-bloused woman in the other. The growing crowd along the street discussed the situation. As the sky turned from dark to pale, the cowboy, shaking his head, emerged from the car where he had talked with a policewoman. "All she's got in her purse," he said to the twenty people clustered around the terminal, hugging themselves against a stiff breeze coming up, "is \$300 worth of twenties. And that's all I had."

He had come from Oakland for a week's vacation, he told the crowd, and had been sleeping, stretched out across the back seat, when the woman got on in L.A. and asked to sit next to him. He made room for her, he said, and then went back to sleep. He slept—soundly—until the bus pulled into San Diego. Then he noticed his wallet was gone and that the woman, whom he again pointed out still sitting in the back seat of the second police car, had moved to another seat nearer the front of the bus.

A husky blonde woman had been outside the terminal most of the night. A Greyhound janitor, standing outside with his push broom, said she was a gypsy car driver. She turned to the cowboy, pointed to the terminal walls, and said, "If you'll give me one hundred out of the three, I'll put her face into those bricks and grab her purse." □

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JOHN D'AGOSTINO

"See that house over there? Supposedly that's the last place Jimmy Hoffa was seen alive." Mark Meadows is pointing from the second-story veranda of the high-ceilinged, Spanish-style manse which he shares with his lady, Connie, and her four kids. The ancient Greek who invented the word *panorama* must have been inspired by a scene like the one from this balcony. Perched on a bluff in the posh residential hills above La Costa, the house looks over an unobstructed view of million-dollar estates and a natural, reedy marsh that fans out below. Green and brown hillslopes to the north and south converge in the distance as if to direct the eye to a 180-degree expanse of blue Pacific. But for the moment all I care about is a house being basted by the morning sun not a stone's throw from Meadows's index finger. Just being in the neighborhood of what is alleged to be a playground for the sultans of organized crime has already engendered in me a strange mixture of security and mild paranoia that can only affect a person of Italian descent. And now this guy is matter-of-factly conjuring up visions of clandestine meetings and things that go thump in the night.

"In fact," Meadows persists, "if you look closely you can see a slab of cement near the sidewalk that's a different color than the rest of the driveway."

My eyes and my world momentarily narrow to a squinting slit, and I truly hope

not to see what I'm looking for. Suddenly, Meadows convulses in a hearty laugh, and for once I feel relieved and glad to have been had. "C'mon, let me fix you some breakfast," he offers, still laughing, and we re-enter the house, weaving through a maze of musical instruments and amplifiers that takes up an entire room. Once in the kitchen—a space into which seemingly the average one-bedroom apartment could fit with room to spare—Meadows sets about preparing one of his many culinary specialties, made-from-scratch waffles, as he relates the personal saga of one of San Diego's best-kept musical secrets.

Meadows's story is made peculiar by its context. Every week there seems to be an article in one of several local publications (including this one) about the travails of this or that San Diego-based new-rock or pop band and the boulders that obstruct its path to success in the record industry. For whatever reasons, one rarely reads about local black entertainers, and yet the fact that Meadows sings, writes, and performs contemporary rhythm and blues instead of punk, new wave, or rock and roll is not what differentiates his tale from those of dozens of other artists; the pattern of disappointments, rejections, near-misses, and intermittent, regionalized notoriety that can drive young artists to distraction—and worse—is color-blind and tone deaf. But if Meadows is not unlike most struggling artists who have ridden an emotional roller coaster in pursuit of the big time, his particular ride has been remark-

able as much for its jarring twists and accelerating curves as for its ups and downs. In Meadows's career, the fates have performed a frenzied dance in which first good fortune and then bad luck have taken the lead, each determined to dominate. Together they have conspired to dangle major success tantalizingly just beyond Meadows's reach. In fact, were it not for the capriciousness of the record business, the fickleness of chance, unfortunate timing, and unforeseeable developments that include the meteoric rise of another singer and Michael Jackson's recent brush with disaster, you might have been hearing Meadows on the radio for the past several months. What is paradoxical about Meadows's situation is the fact that while he toils in the relative obscurity common to so many aspiring musicians, he enjoys a lifestyle that would be considered opulent by most standards. How Meadows came to sit in the lap of apparent luxury without benefit of the musical success that continues to elude him would make a good television movie.

The youngest of five children in a musical family, the thirty-two-year-old Meadows was born in Roanoke, Virginia to a Baptist minister and his wife, who soon moved the brood to Philadelphia. It was in Philly that young Meadows's musical inclinations first came to light, but in a way that did not please his father. "I had a good voice as a kid, and my father had me singing in the church choir, but he didn't like the way I sang," he said. "Everybody said I sang too much like 'the world,' which

doesn't go over too well in a Baptist church." When his parents divorced in 1958, Meadows's mother took the five children to Cleveland. One of Meadows's older brothers, Roland, soon took up with a rough crowd, and his mother subsequently shipped him off to Boston to live with his father, who had recently moved there. The move did Roland some good, as he soon formed a vocal trio with two other singers who would go on to achieve a fair amount of success—Teddy Pendergrass and Donna Summer.

If the youngest Meadows's worldly singing hadn't found favor with dad, neither was it well received by his older brothers and their friends. "I wanted so badly to sing with them, but whenever I tried to throw in a harmony they'd get mad and say, 'Go on, get outta here, Mark.'" It was an inauspicious beginning for someone destined to make music a career, but fortunately Meadows had other talents with which to occupy his time. A good student and athlete, Meadows excelled in basketball, track, and football, and by the time he had reached high school had taken a special interest in the last. "I loved football, and I was a good wide receiver. Living in Cleveland, I idolized Jim Brown [the Cleveland Browns' legendary running back] and even studied and practiced his moves and legwork, hoping to be like him someday. Then I did a stupid thing."

While horsing around on the track field one day at Kennedy High, Meadows made a pass at the high-jump bar, something he'd never tried before. He landed awkwardly, with most of his weight going one way while his knee went another, and in an instant his sports career was past tense. "The football coach was so mad," he remembers. "The doctor who examined my knee told me, 'If you're ever late trying to catch a bus, you'd better just wait for the next one,' 'cause you won't be able to chase anything on this knee.'"

The knee injury gave Meadows little choice but to divert his energies to schoolwork and music, the former of which was not a popular undertaking in a neighborhood in which academic ambition was looked upon as less than manly. "Where I lived, they'd beat you up if they caught you carrying school books home. Each year for a while I had to lie to the teachers, telling them that I'd lost my books so they'd have to give me another batch. Then I'd keep one set at school and one at home so I could study." During this time Meadows was also developing both his singing skills and the musical eclecticism that would influence his later work. "We had a black radio station in Cleveland that couldn't afford to broadcast around the clock. So every night at 6:00 p.m., the black program would stop—sometimes in the middle of a song or a D.J.'s sentence—and the station would switch to playing pop, rock, standards, even country. I came to like a variety of music because of that, especially Beatles songs."

The church choir remained Meadows's musical anchor, but he also sang in his high school choir, performed in talent shows, plays, even light opera, and formed an a cappella vocal group, the Motifs, with

(continued on page 24)

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Mark Meadows

JOHN D'AGOSTINO

"See that house over there? Supposedly that's the last place Jimmy Hoffa was seen alive." Mark Meadows is pointing from the second-story veranda of the high-ceilinged, Spanish-style manse which he shares with his lady, Connie, and her four kids. The ancient Greek who invented the word *panorama* must have been inspired by a scene like the one from this balcony. Perched on a bluff in the posh residential hills above La Costa, the house lords over an unobscured view of million-dollar estates and a natural, reedy marsh that fans out below. Green and brown hillocks to the north and south converge in the distance as if to direct the eye to a 180-degree expanse of blue Pacific. But for the moment all I care about is a house being basted by the morning sun not a stone's throw from Meadows's index finger. Just being in the neighborhood of what is alleged to be a playground for the sultans of organized crime has already engendered in me a strange mixture of security and mild paranoia that can only affect a person of Italian descent. And now this guy is matter-of-factly conjuring up visions of clandestine meetings and things that go thump in the night.

"In fact," Meadows persists, "if you look closely you can see a slab of cement near the sidewalk that's a different color than the rest of the driveway."

My eyes and my world momentarily narrow to a squinting slit, and I truly hope

not to see what I'm looking for. Suddenly, Meadows convulses in a hearty laugh, and for once I feel relieved and glad to have been had. "C'mon, let me fix you some breakfast," he offers, still laughing, and we re-enter the house, weaving through a maze of musical instruments and amplifiers that takes up an entire room. Once in the kitchen—a space into which seemingly the average one-bedroom apartment could fit with room to spare—Meadows sets about preparing one of his many culinary specialties, made-from-scratch waffles, as he relates the personal tale of one of San Diego's best-kept musical secrets.

Meadows's story if made peculiar by its context. Every week there seems to be an article in one of several local publications (including this one) about the travails of this or that San Diego-based new-rock or pop band and the boulders that obstruct its path to success in the record industry. For whatever reasons, one rarely reads about local black entertainers, and yet the fact that Meadows sings, writes, and performs contemporary rhythm and blues instead of punk, new wave, or rock and roll is not what differentiates his tale from those of dozens of other artists; the pattern of disappointments, rejections, near-misses, and intermittent, regionalized notoriety that can drive young artists to distraction—and worse—is color-blind and tone deaf. But if Meadows is not unlike most struggling artists who have ridden an emotional roller coaster in pursuit of the big time, his particular ride has been remark-

able as much for its jarring twists and accelerating curves as for its ups and downs. In Meadows's career, the fates have performed a frenzied dance in which first good fortune and then bad luck have taken the lead, each determined to dominate. Together they have conspired to dangle major success tantalizingly just beyond Meadows's reach. In fact, were it not for the caprices of the record business, the fickleness of chance, unfortunate timing, and unforeseeable developments that include the meteoric rise of another singer and Michael Jackson's recent brush with disaster, you might have been hearing Meadows on the radio for the past several months. What is paradoxical about Meadows's situation is the fact that while he toils in the relative obscurity common to so many aspiring musicians, he enjoys a lifestyle that would be considered opulent by most standards. How Meadows came to sit in the lap of apparent luxury without benefit of the musical success that continues to elude him would make a good television movie.

The youngest of five children in a musical family, the thirty-two-year-old Meadows was born in Roanoke, Virginia to a Baptist minister and his wife who soon moved the brood to Philadelphia. It was in Philly that young Meadows's musical inclinations first came to light, but in a way that did not please his father: "I had a good voice as a kid, and my father had me singing in the church choir, but he didn't like the way I sang," he said. "Everybody said I sang too much like 'the world,' which

doesn't go over too well in a Baptist church." When his parents divorced in 1958, Meadows's mother took the five children to Cleveland. One of Meadows's older brothers, Roland, soon took up with a rough crowd, and his mother subsequently shipped him off to Boston to live with his father, who had recently moved there. The move did Roland some good, as he soon formed a vocal trio with two other singers who would go on to achieve a fair amount of success—Teddy Pendergrass and Donna Summer.

If the youngest Meadows's worldly singing hadn't found favor with dad, neither was it well received by his older brothers and their friends. "I wanted so badly to sing with them, but whenever I tried to throw in a harmony they'd get mad and say, 'Go on, get outta here, Mark.' " It was an inauspicious beginning for someone destined to make music a career, but fortunately Meadows had other talents with which to occupy his time. A good student and athlete, Meadows excelled in basketball, track, and football, and by the time he had reached high school had taken a special interest in the last. "I loved football, and I was a good wide receiver. Living in Cleveland, I idolized Jim Brown [the Cleveland Browns' legendary running back] and even studied and practiced his moves and legwork, hoping to be like him someday. Then I did a stupid thing."

While horsing around on the track field one day at Kennedy High, Meadows made a pass at the high-jump bar, something he'd never tried before. He landed awkwardly, with most of his weight going one way while his knee went another, and in an instant his sports career was past tense. "The football coach was so mad," he remembers. "The doctor who examined my knee told me, 'If you're ever late trying to catch a bus, you'd better just wait for the next one, 'cause you won't be able to chase anything on this knee.' "

The knee injury gave Meadows little choice but to divert his energies to schoolwork and music, the former of which was not a popular undertaking in a neighborhood in which academic ambition was looked upon as less than manly. "Where I lived, they'd beat you up if they caught you carrying school books home. Each year for a while I had to lie to the teachers, telling them that I'd lost my books so they'd have to give me another batch. Then I'd keep one set at school and one at home so I could study." During this time Meadows was also developing both his singing skills and the musical eclecticism that would influence his later work. "We had a black radio station in Cleveland that couldn't afford to broadcast around the clock. So every night at 6:00 p.m. the black program would stop—sometimes in the middle of a song or a D.J.'s sentence—and the station would switch to playing pop, rock, standards, even country. I came to like a variety of music because of that, especially Beatles songs."

The church choir remained Meadows's musical anchor, but he also sang in his high school choir, performed in talent shows, plays, even light opera, and formed an a cappella vocal group, the Motifs, with

(continued on page 24)

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(continued from page 22)

another brother, Lloyd. Although his grades could have gotten him into any number of the state's better-known universities, including Kent State or Ohio State, Meadows chose to stay fairly close to home and attend Hiram College, located only twenty-five miles outside of Cleveland. At Hiram, Meadows majored in political science and economics and minored in music, but spent most of his spare time involved in the latter. In addition to his ongoing participation in the church choir, Meadows sang in the college's all-black student choir and with the school's jazz band, whose director was sufficiently impressed to arrange for Meadows to sing with the Maynard Ferguson orchestra when it visited Hiram in 1971. That performance earned Meadows two standing ovations and fueled his growing desire to sing professionally. By his sophomore year Meadows had decided that the West Coast was the best place to pursue a musical career, but being a practical sort he knew that it would be self-defeating to move to California without some means of support. He therefore enrolled in a management training program at the Sears store in Cleveland, working there every summer until his graduation in 1974, by which time he had taken a wife. Within two months after earning his diploma, Meadows asked for and received a transfer to the Sears in El Cajon. The relocation was not without its difficulties.

"That was what you'd call a culture shock," he said. "I had not even seen a bale of hay before, and here I was working and living in an area where the guys wore cowboy hats and stuff. The other employees at Sears tried to break the ice by telling racial jokes, you know, and the security guard even followed me around everywhere until I convinced him that I was an employee. It was different."

For the time being, the only audience for Meadows' musical talents was the rows of merchandise in the Sears stock room, where he would steal away to sing at every opportunity. So at the suggestion of friends, Meadows entered the Mr. Black San Diego contest later that year, winning

third runner-up. His placement in the finals angered some of the contestants, who questioned Meadows' status as a "San Degan." As a result of some hard feelings, the contest's rules committee thereafter made it mandatory for contestants to have lived in San Diego for at least a full year to qualify for the competition. But if Meadows' performance in that event had carried the enmity of a few individuals, it also impressed a number of people, including musician Melvin Patterson and fellow contestant Permain Rackley. Patterson and Meadows soon formed a band, Flash, with Meadows as lead vocalist. Rackley, meanwhile, married a woman who was a first cousin to a family named Osborne, two of whose members — Joel and Jeffrey — would someday play major roles in the advancement of Meadows' career.

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Valley Center

Country Living— Past Tense

Valley Center will never be the same

A few years back, from the tops of several hills in Valley Center, one could see the Pacific Ocean some twenty miles away in the west. If it were clear, Mt. Palomar would be visible to the northeast, each ridge looking like the finger of a giant's hand buried under the footman. The surrounding hills in this high chaparral ecosystem were a dusty green color much of the year. The coloring was a subtle combination of sage, oaks, manzanita, some less prominent plants, and gray, lichen-covered boulders. Eventually the rains would come, washing the flora on the hills into a darker green, making the brush look deceptively plush and soft.

As I looked out on this scene as a child almost two decades ago, I looked hard among the hills, hoping to see Indians or wild animals. At that time, deer moved throughout the area in herds numbering as many as

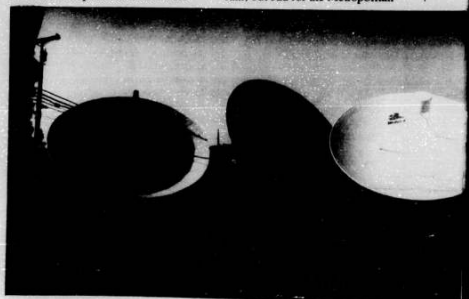
By Brandon Cernat

fifteen, bobcats menaced ranchers, and golden eagles would glide over valleys to their aeries on a remote ridge.

Today, climbing these hills to a valley some 1300 feet above sea level reveals few of these sights. The hills around Valley Center are either the dark green of well-watered avocados or are striped with rows of new trees terraced up the hillside. A home in one of these groves has a private feeling. Being hidden from the eyes of the world, but still having the room to expose one's self to the

earth and sky — that's the attractive feature of the homes in this "unspoiled" area. Although the orchestration of plants into rows isn't nature's way, growing food is compatible with the countryside in a way housing developments aren't.

But even this obvious connection to nature is being threatened. Ironically, by nature herself. Weather changes have brought increased rainfall to Southern California. This has been great for the trees, which vividly respond to rain, but bad for the Metropolitan



Water District, which can't sell as much water as it had anticipated. The result will be an increase in pumping costs that will make its way to the Valley Center Municipal Water District. As it is, increasing water bills have forced some landowners to stop growing fruit and start trying to turn their land into mobile home estates, a fancy term for trailer parks. Unless a grower has a well, he's in for a rough time. As one local citrus grower says, "Next year we'll be growing houses instead of avocados."

I've wanted to make acorn mush since Mrs. Johnson took her kindergarten class over to some boulders in an area now known as Adams Park. Underneath some large oaks lie the boulders with holes worn into them. According to Mrs. Johnson, these holes were made by Indians as they ground acorns into meal for their mush.

The park is a quarter mile or so from the intersection of Valley Center Road and Cole Grade Road, the center of activity in Valley Center, but the Indians have since disappeared into a canyon along the northeastern edge of town. Through this canyon runs what's left of the San Luis Rey River, where most of the Luiseno Indians lived. Those who weren't already settled there were moved into the area shortly after California was opened up to



claim-staking after the Mexican-American War.

The Euro-Americans took the Indians and the land by surprise. Being somewhat nomadic, these Indians found the idea of land ownership frivolous: "We don't own the land, the land owns us." Well, I guess we showed them. The Indian now, like the white man, has his own land, but it certainly isn't his land by choice.

Spaniards came to what is known as Pala, five miles north of Valley Center, with plans for building a mission to introduce the gospel to the Indians. Whatever else the two cultures shared, the mission appears to be one of the most enduring contributions. Since 1816 the mission has held a fiesta which has brought people together for one of the biggest events in North County. The music, brightly dressed dancers, aromas of food cooking, flowing wine, bullfights, and horse races created a scene of old California that

would live in the memory of Abel Davis with Governor Pio Pico himself as the main character. As Davis mentions in his memoirs (entitled *Valley Center*), one day around 1883 he was admiring Pico's horse at the fiesta at the Pala mission. He was stroking the bay's shoulder when the governor himself walked up and complimented the young Davis on his "fine hand for horses." At this time, a local gentleman named Louis Wolfe proposed a race between the bay and a gray he had brought back from Kentucky just to race Pico, who suggested a wager of ten head of cattle. Wolfe agreed and Davis took a place right beside the finish line, where a crowd was gathering. As the horses started, it looked like the gray had the jump, but the bay was soon running side by side with the gray down the stretch. It was a good match, and by the time they crossed the finish line Davis was sure the race had ended in a dead

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Country Living—Past Tense

heat. The judge had a different opinion, though, and decided in favor of Wolfe. At this Pico just laughed, congratulated the victor, and told him to come pick up his winnings any time and they'd have a fiesta of their own.

Although Pico attempted to insure that the Mexican land grants would be honored in the peace treaty negotiations in the 1840s, few of the many Mexican descendants living in California today own land. Most of them are laborers. The conditions in which these men and women live is something less than lower class by U.S. standards. Many of the workers live in shacks or little more than a windbreak. No electricity, no trash service, no septic tanks, but they are usually able to get access to a faucet at the end of a row of trees in the grove. The last week of November, the body of an illegal alien was found near the Valley Center grade. The sheriff's blotter in a local paper reported that the cause of death was probably a drug overdose; the word in the grove is that the Mexican died of exposure.

Despite the poverty some of these people live in, I have found them to be as generous and as gracious hosts as I imagine Governor Pico to have been. Last summer I retrieved a few cases of cold beer out of the walk-in cooler for some migrant workers who came into the Pala Vista market where I worked. The man buying the beer was so thankful for the extra-cold beer that he offered an

invitation to dinner. Making the arrangement wasn't too easy with my broken Spanish and his broken English, but I think our smiles, patience, good intentions, and heavy use of the word "amigo" helped us find some common ground. "Ah, viernes... that's Friday. Yeah, I don't work that night. I want: no trabajo en la noche de viernes. Oh yeah, uh... carne asada o mas bien con cerveza, uh... yeah, I like beer, I mean cerveza... er... uh... ¿que hora comenzamos? ¿Cuanto media? So early? ¿Tan temprano? ¿Tu casa no tiene electricidad? No problema?"

At 4:30 on Friday I sat in my car at the end of a dirt road, waiting for Alfonso and Alfredo to lead me to their place. A few minutes later, my friends came spreading dust in a well-used pickup. We waved "Hola" and took off down some grove roads that finally led to a clearing among the citrus trees. In the clearing stood a shack that had two rooms the size of a tool shed with three cots in each room, and a little trailer that had once been white but now was in the process of returning to earthen rust and dust.

Alfonso unloaded a roast that had been cut into thin slabs. Alfredo grabbed a case of beer, and I broke out some ice and a case of Schlitz. Malt tells that I had brought. About eight Mexican men of all ages gathered around the junked ice box in the middle of the camp and started talking so rapidly that I couldn't catch half of what was being said, except that it was funny. My host asked if I liked hot salsa. I said I like salsa hot, but not too hot. Alfonso sent a boy who couldn't have been

older than fifteen to get some lemons, but all the fruit within arm's reach had been picked, so he started knocking lemons out of the top branches by throwing a beer bottle at the fruit. Soon half of one of these lemons was added to half an onion, three tomatoes, and some jalapeños, all being ground in a pan with the bottom of a jar. We cooked the meat and heated the tortillas over a fire pit in the center of camp, slapped it together, and made carne asada. So simple, just drip some fresh salsa over a taco just off the fire, no dishes to wash, just streamlined eating.

We'd soon eaten everything. More and more people arrived, some women and children. I learned that many of them were planning to spend the winter in Mexico, where they'd been sending their pay all summer. A few were staying here all winter. One old man was spending Christmas at the camp, leaving his nine children behind in Mexico. His face had such lines in Mexico. His face had such lines in Mexico. His face had such lines in Mexico.

Soon there was music. A shy man gave in to the crowd and sang *Rosa Maria*. By this time the night had fallen and we were in the middle of a full-blown fiesta. Suddenly some headlights came swinging through the grove; everyone stopped talking and looked toward the road. It took me a moment to understand why approaching car should stop all conversation, singing, and laughter. Then I realized that these people were illegal aliens. A border patrol raid could mean another difficult and oftentimes dangerous border crossing. There had been a raid in

the local market a couple weeks before. It was an easy job for the border patrol—just wait outside any afternoon and six or seven illegals are bound to come out carrying their sacks of tortillas, peppers, land, and beer. This particular day one illegal tried to hide in the produce section, but the patrol came in and caught him, too.

The headlights were switched off, the car door opened, and the silence around the campfire disappeared. Our new guest was somebody's cousin or everybody's cousin. I couldn't quite make out which. By this time they had me singing *Jambalaya*. All I could remember was one verse and the chorus, but my hosts were too happy to care.

In Valley Center the problems usual has fallen recently, growers are buying less water and people are starting to conserve. The decreasing demand for water has reduced the generation of sufficient funds for the operating costs of the Metropolitan Water District, which sells Valley Center its water. To compensate, the Metro District has raised its fees. Valley Center follows by passing those increases along in the form of rate hikes, one in January of this year and one to come in July. Depending upon the pumping charges, the increases could range from fourteen to thirty-two percent. Whether the increases are contrived or unavoidable can be known only by those at the top, wherever that may be. For the families of North County who have relied on the groves as sources of income and buffers to maintain privacy and a pleasant, uncongested environment, the

increases in the water rates may turn their groves into very expensive liabilities.

Not all growers would suffer by selling. Along with water rates, the price of property has also been on the rise. This offers a chance to get out of a thankless and risky business. The great risk in agriculture is primarily that of natural disaster. In order to bring in a little more money and to become "the market" on a crop, growers will hold fruit on the trees for as long as is safe, and sometimes longer. A strong Santa Ana could knock a crop off the trees. A cold spell could freeze the fruit to the point where it is no longer saleable. The grower takes these and other risks while the brokers take avocadoes at thirty-nine cents, juggle them around, and sell them for seventy-nine cents only ten miles away, all at no risk.

As a tough business gets tougher, growers are considering their options, and many feel that the best choice is to get out. One grove at the corner of Mac Tan Road and Valley Center Road has been left idle for a couple of seasons. The owner wants to put in a trailer park. After letting the land go for so long, the loss sustained, unless the land were developed, would be staggering. If it is developed, the action will mark another step toward the end of Valley Center as a rural town.

The community plan and county supervisor recognize the need for low-income housing, which this trailer park would be. Unfortunately, across the street sits a chicken ranch, a small herd of cattle, and a herd of goats. I suspect that the residents of this new neighborhood would soon encourage the demise of these

ranches, just as the residents of Valley Parkway Mobile Homes made life difficult for the owners of the Songer Ranch in Escondido. The Songer Ranch has been a working stockyard for at least thirty years, run by the same family. In the late 1960s a trailer park was built next door. The new folks in town became annoyed by the scent of the country air and they complained. Being protected by a grandfather clause in the zoning laws, the Songers have been able to stay on, but their tenure has not been without troubles. The city's health and safety department has inspected compost piles, gas tanks, and animals to the point that some of the inspectors themselves admit to being tired of the senseless frequency. Police officers have given Songer instructions to have down his driveway, put trucks and tractors in barns, and generally made requests of him that are not made of other citizens.

The grove at Mac Tan and Valley Center roads will probably be replaced with housing of greater density than Valley Center is accustomed to having. There are, no doubt, other landowners who haven't yet publicly expressed their desire to make their land pay off. Should these land developments transpire, the works of the community plan will be prophetic, though certainly not surprising. The agricultural base of the community has shifted over the years as urban sprawl pushed out agriculture in other nearby areas.

Until now, growth in Valley Center has been slowed by a septic tank moratorium initiated in October of 1980. A high water table combined with heavy rains had

caused the failure of several septic systems, and the San Diego County Department of Public Health responded by imposing the moratorium and closing several businesses in the latter part of 1980. Four years later the moratorium is still in effect, while the Valley Center Municipal Water District struggles to plan a sewer, state funding is expected to arrive by this summer, and federal assistance by October. With outside funding likely, the plans are nearly completed. The sewer system has the support of most of the citizens, whose choices placed them in a tough position regardless of which way they went. To oppose the sewer could only put the community in a state at best; some buildings under the septic moratorium would be condemned without long-term solutions to their problems. Its support a sewer would open up the valley to an explosion in construction and population. Aloha Valley Center.

When I was young, I often became car sick as the family station wagon swerved back and forth on the grade that climbed into Valley Center. A small child, I couldn't always see which direction the road would turn next. My ungrounded, unprepared equilibrium would be taken advantage of as the road unexpectedly twisted, tossing peanut butter and bile up the back of my throat. I must have thought that the difficult access would keep my home secluded. Valley Center, a lonely place to get to, but a nice place to be. In the mid-Seventies this began to change with the construction of an improved three-lane grade. The county is now making further plans

to improve access and circulation to the town of about 9000, a town with no traffic lights in sight. Among the plans are the widening of the Valley Center grade and a bridge, which should help circulation, and an improved intersection at Latac and Old Castle roads, which should make for safer access to I-15.

As the county goes into action to improve circulation, I have doubts that all the new residents will drive out of the valley to work. Once the agricultural industry is moved out, some new industries will need to be introduced. What will all these people do for a living? If farming is no longer able to coexist with suburbia, the new industries will probably not maintain the rural agricultural atmosphere the present community plan desires. Nor will they need to.

I used to ride my horse at night to the top of one of the hills above Valley Center. When the weather was clear I could see the lights randomly scattered on the valley floor. Tonight from the same view I see my house as a light in the twinkling grid taking shape along the roads of the valley. As the drive to Escondido grows shorter and shorter each year, I'm shopping at the new stores by Lyle Songer's ranch out on East Valley Parkway. My family moved here, and I stayed for many of the same reasons hundreds are moving here today. The only difference is that I lived here while it was still country and not a rural landscape housing development of two-acre plots. Looking at myself, I'm part criminal, part victim, and a not-so-innocent bystander whose testimony can only incriminate himself.

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When Body Is Soul



Betzi Roe, Patrick Noller, Jean Isaac

JONATHAN SAVILLE

Some thoughts on dance inspired by the absorbing and often beautiful tenth anniversary concert of Three's Company last weekend.

Dance embodies universals

We are individuals, thoroughly contained within our own skin, our own personality, the events of our own life. We are members of a species, in all categories of being and experience completely analogous to all other members of the species. This is a paradox.

The individuality of the persons we see

in the dance theater is tenuous, frequently it disappears. It is a rare dance work that shows us a specific person, with all the habits, tastes, reactions, memories, and contingencies that give him his idiosyncratic uniqueness. The most we can usually expect is a Prince Siegfried or a Giselle. But these are merely local habitation and names for generic masculine heroism and passion or feminine ethereality and vulnerability. The effort to specify individuals weakens as the characters recede into names such as "The Girl," "The Man," "The Woman in Violet." Finally, as in all specific dances performed at the Three's Company concert, there are no names to the "characters" at all. In Betzi Roe's *Dances*

to *Klee*, the dancers enact anonymous components of visual compositions inspired by Klee's paintings. In Patrick Noller's *Valse Triste*, we see a male and a female mask from the commedia dell'arte, a Pierrot and a Columbine, perhaps, not individuals but traditional types. Jean Isaac's *The Most Leaves No Scar* is an excavation of male and female roles in a traditional culture (Japanese) where manners and attitudes are rigorously prescribed, regardless of personal traits and inclinations; the four women and six men usually dance in unison groups, rather than as individuals. James Perrot's *Octet for One* (a solo danced by Betzi Roe) and Jean Isaac's *Glassworks* (for large ensemble) are abstract, plotless, character-free realizations of the repetitive, hypnotic, utterly depersonalized music of Steve Reich and Philip Glass. Patrick Noller's three-person *Triad* is a psychological exploration of generic Man and the warring forces within him; the persons and actions of this dance work, evidently rooted in the personal experience of the choreographer, have been pruned of all specifically autobiographical claims and raised to the universal status of Jungian archetypes.

All six dances tell us that the individual is an illusion. What is significant and real in an individual is the universal speaking through him.

Dance flees the natural

To embody a universal is to strike the largest sort of resonance. Each of us is everyone. Yet because this is, in a deep way, true, we run the constant risk of merely doing, thinking, saying, being what everyone else does, thinks, says, is; we risk falling into the cliché, the routine, existing as an echo or a reflection rather than as a true self. So it is with the body. As in the case of our hopes, fears, aspirations and destinies, our bodies are all fundamentally alike. My arms, my legs, my torso are particular instances of the universal human shape. When the soul moves thoughtlessly, without self-awareness, it becomes a stereotype, an automaton. For the body, this descent into the heart of the Xerox machine is even easier; indeed, it is thoroughly natural. Our walk, our gestures, our facial expressions, those specific outward signs of what we consider to be our unique internal life, are as routine, as little our own, as the grammar of the

language we speak. There are, presumably, a million different happinesses, and a million different ways of experiencing each one, but they all result in that banal stretching of the lips and curling of the teeth that we call a smile.

In dance, the body is the soul; the body is the only representative of the soul; we see the soul only through the body. But all art is a flight from the cliché; it is an image of our struggle to be, rather than merely to echo or reflect. So, in dance, the vitality of the self, its possibilities of truly existing, are shown in the abnormality of the bodily movements; their movements into being, the people ordinarily walk and stand and turn and express their intentions and feelings. In ballet, the vocabulary of unnatural movements is narrow, purified, idealized. In modern dance, there are no limits, except in the downward direction: the movements must never become normal, natural, hence routine and meaningless.

The arm is raised and bent in a way anatomy allows but no conceivable actual circumstances in ordinary life would motivate. A gesture suggesting yearning is abrupt and terminated, replaced by a trembling of the limbs, which just as inconspicuously dissolves into a leap. No real succession of inner emotions could bring this succession of movements into being; the movements have a freshness, an independence, a bizarreness, that propels us away from the dulled comprehension of commonplace statements to a puzzled, risk-taking, liberated speculation on meaning. What was clear and dead becomes mysterious and alive.

Consider Betzi Roe's exquisite dancing in *Octet for One*, itself a bugatelle with little structure and nothing much to say. With the dance negligible, the dancing becomes everything. Miss Roe's sinuous grace, the continual flowing from one motion to the next, the poise and harmony of her body as it absorbs and re-emits the mantra-like monotony of the Reich music, the precision of the hand and arm movements (like the ritualized gestures of Balinese dance lifted free from their tradition), the utter control that rounds every edge, smoothes every corner, dissolves every transition — not a gesture or a movement here imitates real life, all is artifice, yet in those few enchanting moments the dancer is so much more real.

more present, more there than any crowd of people walking through a city street, their every motion of muscle and joint totally natural, totally uncontrived, totally unselfconscious, and totally mechanical. This dancing shows us that the body can live; and the implication — far more daring — is that if we soul can live, too.

Dancing is acting

In the late Nineteenth and Twentieth centuries, all the arts seem to have converged to be something else. Poetry, as Mallarmé suggested, aspired to the condition of music. Cézanne's paintings aspired to the condition of architecture. Gaudí's architecture aspired to the condition of sculpture. Scriabin's music aspired to the condition of mysticism. Zola's novels — oh, noble yearning! — aspired to the condition of sociology.

In Russia, two rival schools of acting arose, divided by their notions of the something else that acting should become (since the climate of opinion forbade that acting should merely remain itself). Stanislavsky wanted the actor to experience the character's desires and emotions as his own; he must be real joy and real grief in the actor's heart, as he moves about the stage in the guise of Chatsky or Vershinin. Meyerhold wanted the actor to become a superbly trained marionette, the master of stylized physical actions that make sense only in the theater. For Stanislavsky, acting aspired to the condition of life; for Meyerhold, modern dance is acting at the Meyerholdian extreme. The personal feelings of the actor-dancer are irrelevant. What counts are the physical movements, in all their craft and unnaturalness. We are not meant to empathize with the inner emotional adventures of the persons we see on stage. Instead, the stylization detaches emotion and intention from the individual actor-dancer and from everyday life, making these "subjective" impulses part of an objective, comprehensive, and purely theatrical world of experience.

Given this essential characteristic of modern dance, it is no wonder that choreographer Jean Isaac, like Meyerhold be-

fore her, was drawn to the extremely stylized, objective, and unnaturalistic theatrical arts of Japan. *The Most Leaves No Scar* is perhaps her most impressive composition, because it realizes so fully, and with so classical a sense of proportion, the impersonal power of acting in the traditions of Noh and Kabuki. The three sections of the work are devoted to the women, hieratic, erect, deliberate, lofty and conformed with luminous strength and grace by Carol Rieand; the men, aggressive, crouched, frenzied, near-naked, bound to the earth; and the reconciliation of the two, as women drape the men in scarves and enlist their vital energies in the mysterious and transcendent ritual with which the dance concludes. The unison dancing of the groups represents the ultimate of nonnaturalistic, Meyerholdian acting: in their mutually identical movements, the dancers express not their unique inner feelings but the feelings of the group, the gender, which exist in an objective way outside any individual psyche. Yet this is not a matter of mechanical subservience to a norm, a routine, the mindless conformity of the crowd. The actor-dancers realize themselves most completely by their conscious, intentional, freely willed fusion with the group will, which, in this ennobling ritual, becomes more real, more permanently meaningful, than the will of any single, isolated person could be, even with such a person's vast, detailed, Stanislavskian repertoire of personal whims and quirks. So each member of a rowing crew is most himself, most essentially alive, and most the Meyerholdian actor, when his objective and the trained, dance-like activities of his muscles are identical with those of his fellow athletes, for he has willed himself to take on their common aim, rhythm, and self as his own. This is the profound lesson of human existence that *The Most Leaves No Scar*, intentionally or not, teaches us.

Dance aspires to the condition of ontology

The subject of dance is the struggle to be human.

If no human means to be weak, inaudible, a shadow, an inhabitant of the

void, then it is all too easy to attain this status. But if it is to be human means to rise into a state of meaningful activity, true selfhood, responsibility for one's being, and moral consciousness, then there is no harder task; it is the fullest of full-time jobs. The task of becoming human is hard because we are — paradoxically — both completely individual and completely universal, and because being individual can so easily be corrupted into narcissism and being universal can so easily be corrupted into stereotypes. In life, as in dance, the self-absorbed, isolated narcissist and the mechanical imitator of clichés both withdraw themselves from the spontaneity, challenge, danger, and excitement of authentic, engaged existence. Such life and such dance bore us, leave us with a feeling of lifelessness and tedium; they are precisely the condition we aspire to get away from.

It is only natural that dance — and modern dance, above all — should be centrally concerned with this issue. In Jean Isaac's works, ritual and unison movement are the means by which we are imaginatively induced to find our true selves: through relations with others, and through merger with a cause, a self, a being, higher than that of any single individual. In one of Betzi Roe's *Dances to Klee*, the one evidently inspired by the painter's playful, sinister, enigmatic *The Twining Machine*, the dancers are both birds and machines, neither human nor even organic; and so trapped in their subhuman status that their intermittent struggles to free themselves and become real can only take the form of mechanical gestures. The humor of this typical device of modern dance, of Meyerholdian theater — the human being as machine — is darkened with pathos, for subhumanity desperately and vainly struggling toward being human is no joke but rather the definition of suffering.

Patrick Noller's dances make this theme explicit. The masks in *Valse Triste* are like straw-stuffed puppets, attempting to engage in a real human romance, but continually tumbling into the clichés of conventional theatrical gesturing. They want

to love and to be loved, but the only access they have to these experiences is through the inept imitation of rhetorical acting (itself an inept imitation). As they tumble through the stereotypes of balletic courtship, we laugh at them because they are so awkward, so "subhuman," but here too there is great pathos (as there always is in modern depictions of commedia dell'arte figures: Picasso's Harlequins, Stravinsky's Petruschka), for the inept, able to live by imitation and the ineptitude such ineptitude engenders are inherent in our own state of aspiration toward being and repeated failure to attain it. Mr. Noller's embodiment of the theme is so convincing that we are equally made aware — once and forever — of the banality and false rhetoric of Sibelius's familiar music, which the dance devastatingly mocks.

There is a moment when this cliché-strangled mime seems suddenly replaced by true feeling. The Columbine dies, and the Pierrot sinks over her, as though grief had finally dragged him up from his mechanical subhumanity into a real experience of loss, all his own, not an imitation but the thing itself. It is a moment that might well be described by the lines Mr. Noller attests to in his *Triad*, which is equally about the struggle to attain wholeness as a human being: "I suffer most/ I am real." But the struggle is too demanding, for Pierrot as so often for us. The dancer lifts his head, his mouth agape, and throws his hands into the air with fingers spread wide. The real emotion, the real experience of being human, has almost instantaneously been converted into the exaggerated, stereotyped posture of conventional stage grief. The poignance at this final tableau of Mr. Noller's subtle and touching work lies not so much in the death of the beloved as in the image of our own inevitable inadequacies. We swim like a fish in the dark sea of nonbeing; we muster all our mortal energies and for an instant touch our head above the surface; but that ungrounded air threatens us with drowning; and we sink back, safe, breathing, but that strangers to the truly human self we ought to have become. □

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EL NORTE

DUNCAN SHEPHERD

Without having stood in the street to conduct what the political analysts this season refer to as an "exit poll," but with just keeping cars open, I have gotten the distinct impression that the majority opinion holds *The Man Who Knew Too Much* to be less good than *Vertigo*, and *Vertigo* to be less good than *Rear Window*. The trend downhill would suggest that the strategist at Universal Studios who planned the current Hitchcock series (and while I think of it, let me protest that it violates my sense of movie history to see the Universal logo on what has always been Paramount productions, but at least the people at Universal were not so deceitful as to put their 1950s logo on them) — the trend would suggest, I had begun to say, that someone at Universal knew well what he was doing, and it suggests ill for the one entry in the series I have never been able to see: *Rope* is being held back till last, one supposes, so as to discourage the fewest number of customers from a return. Of the others, the only ones I honestly felt a need to re-see ran out after the first two. But it is my sworn duty — well, my paid assignment anyway — to point out that in addition to placing *The Man Who* on a vertical axis with the rest of Hitchcock's work, where it would fall in the middle to upper-middle range, and in my view a bit above the 1934 version of the same title, we must not forget to place it also along a horizontal axis in relation to the rest of the movies now around. It will be seen to stand head and shoulders above most of that crowd.

Hitchcock, even at half-speed, is too clever and active a movie mind not to be able to bring off an effect here and there. The insert of the hero's thumb riffling through the pages of the phone directory during a tense call — almost like an art-

after all. (If there is, as we know from *Vertigo*, such a thing as acrophobia, there must also be acrophilia or at any rate acromania, and Hitchcock must have it.) Similarly, the climactic plan to rescue the kidnapped boy (the most uncharismatic child ever seen on screen, dressed up in a suitcoat, his hair modeled in Brylcreem, as if to be photographed for the family Christmas card) depends on the mother's ability to belt out a parlor song with such lung power as to travel up several flights of stairs and through a locked door — and then on the child's ability to whistle the tune back at equal volume. This foolishness is very nearly justified by the ascending shots of the staircase, by the perfect timing of the pistol snaking in from outside the doorframe, and by the slow descent at gunpoint.

As in *Vertigo* and *Rear Window* and any number of others, I find it hard to look past such shoddy, maybe-nobody-will-notice plot ideas to the purported moral ideas that Hitchcockian realists find in such abundance. The domineeringness of the hero, which the sophisticated are so ready to see as penetrating insight into the wormy recesses of the American male psyche, seems to me one of those inevitable bonuses of historical hindsight. It, together with the hero's cheerful subordination of his sining career to her husband's Indianapolis medical practice, gains greatly, especially comically, from the wealth of scholarship in the intervening years on male chauvinism. "I make my living knowing when and how to administer medicine," expounds the hero as he forces a couple of sedatives down his wife's throat before he will let her in on the fact that their son has been abducted by international terrorists. (It might be interesting to note that in the Thirties — that hotbed of feminist nostalgia — the heroine was not an ex-entertainer, but a crack marksman who took the rescue of her child into her own two hands.)

There are plenty of other incidental bonuses as well. One is the on-screen appearance of musical scorer Bernard Herrmann as the conductor of Arthur Benjamin's *Storm Cloud Cantata* in the Albert Hall sequence. This, helped again by historical hindsight, emerges as a nice tribute in advance to the composer who was, like any other concert buff, while her box-seat companion awaits the cymbal crash that will cover his gunshot! Hitchcock's ingenuities of construction are far more often "purely" cinematic than (even partly) narrative: built onto, that is, rather than into, the plot. And time and again unallowable situations must consequently be coaxed down through persuasive technique, like aspirins in a spoonful of jam. No director has shown a greater confidence in his ability to overcome any obstacle through sheer technique, and thus he lets pass, and frequently even seeks out, the silliest ideas — as, for example, when the hero escapes from a locked church by climbing the bell rope rather than by smashing one of the ground-floor windows with one of the abundance of chairs. But sure enough, the view from the church rooftop and the crowd of onlookers drawn by the clanging of the bell make it seem not such a bad idea

script for better movies in general, merely a judgment on which is the better movie of the two, to say that the point at which *El Norte* comes closest to that other is the high point of the movie: a suburban L.A. housewife's head-spinning instructions to two Spanish-speaking maids on how to operate her multiple-option washer and dryer. That is perhaps also the point at which the viewer, unless he happens to be a household-appliances salesman, comes closest to a shared experience with the aliens. Director Gregory Nava, an American, starts from a standpoint well on the outside of the people and their culture, and makes little headway toward narrowing the gap. This can have certain advantages, as in the amount of anthropological, or just touristic, documentation done by Nava. The Guatemalan's passage through Mexico, for instance, is an occasion to substantiate every myth you have ever heard about the Mexican bus system. But are these myths as much Guatemalan as American?

Two hours and twenty minutes is time enough to have made the two siblings into something more than stick figures, or perhaps one ought to say pepperoni-stick figures, for these two sweetest of people are more like candy flavors than flesh-and-blood. Much of the lack of progress in the movie, of any more than a geographical type, would seem to stem from its posture of spokesmanship, a posture dependent on careflessness not to offend and — what perhaps amounts to the same thing — not to complicate. It is this, with all its inevitable naivete, that must have prompted Nava to give his characters lines like "They treat their animals better than us" and to invent far more melodramatic motivations for them than are needed to mobilize most illegals: their father machine-gunned and beheaded, their mother imprisoned, the brother pursued by the militia for a self-defense killing. It is this, too, that must have prompted Nava to look, by his own admission, for visual equivalents to the prose of Gabriel Garcia Marquez, a semi- or sometimes-surrealist imagery, buoyantly lit and colored, well-ventilated and sweet-scented.

But Nava never seems more naive than in his supposed sophistication, never more outside the characters than when he attempts to enter (or put thoughts into) their heads: the Junior Baudel dream scene with the dead fish in a flower basket, the "poetic" shots of the moon in its various phases, with or without clouds; the rapid-fire shots of California suburbia such as might have been clipped from a housing-development brochure. Difficult, really, to dislike, in fact no fun at all to dislike, this well-meant movie is sometimes so ridiculously far outside its characters as to lose sight of them completely. Even their grueling crawl through the rat-patrolled sewer between Tijuana and San Diego is interrupted by suspenseless cross-cutting to the activities of the border guards on the far side. And just after their emergence from this tunnel, Nava switches to a night-time aerial view of downtown Los Angeles which shows how this glimmering dream city would look to an alien if the alien were to approach it in his own private helicopter.

El Norte, the story of a Guatemalan brother and sister who enter the United States through four miles of abandoned sewer, is very different in tone from that other immigrant adventure, *Moulin Rouge* on the Hudson. It is not of pre-

Overdressed



Illustration by Sue Shapiro

ELEANOR WIDMER

The Restaurant: Visions
The Location: La Jolla Village Inn, 3299
Holiday Court, La Jolla (453-5500)
Type of Food: Continental nouvelle
cuisine
Price Range: Dinner entrees, \$9.75 to
\$15.75; fixed-price gourmet meals with
wine, \$22.50
Hours: Open nightly, 5:30 p.m. to
10:00 p.m.

Often when I attend an event that requires formal attire, I am amazed at the way some woman has put her ensemble together. She may be wearing a red taffeta dress with ruffles at the throat and hemline, a black sequined jacket, a tan beaded purse and, as a final dissonant note, while leather high-heeled summer sandals. The woman has undoubtedly given great care to her appearance. She has taken time to make these purchases, was unflinching in the amount of money she spent, assembled everything with diligence, and dressed herself with great anticipation. But the results are mildly grotesque because there isn't one item that complements the other. It was well turned out you have to practice a degree of austerity.

Similarly, dinners may be overdressed. They may contain costly ingredients, be given much thought, and are expected to

create a stir. But after a moment you discover that the combinations are wrong, that this well-dressed plate has less merit than one which is simpler but better prepared.

The particular restaurant which I am comparing to an overdressed woman is Visions, located at La Jolla Village Inn. Visions is a splendid name and its logo of a willflower listing over an open-mouthed V in the name Visions shows greater than usual concern with menu graphics. The room itself has a certain panache — the tables are large, the booths comfortable, and because of their high, enclosed sides, they are also private. Tall windows allow glimpses of the idyllic spring which characterizes these long spring nights. I wouldn't say that the room is the most elegant in San Diego, but for a hotel dining room it certainly provides ease and comfort without offending.

Both times that I dined there the restaurant seemed short of help and we had to wade to get service. Still, the waiters were dedicated and hard-working. Visions makes special demands upon them because when you are served the water holds the edge of the blue earthenware plate with a folded towel whose other end is held stiffly up in the air. It's end imagine who dreamed up this style of presentation because you soon discover that these heavy blue dishes which you assume to be hot to the touch are, in fact, stone cold.

Both times we had to request that the food be reheated. But I am jumping ahead of myself.

Visions offers fixed-price gourmet dinners nightly at a cost of \$22.50. Don't be put off, as I was, by the phrase "forty-five dollars a couple." With two dining, one may order the gourmet dinner while the other selects from the regular evening menu. Menus for the gourmet dinners change every week and include four courses plus two glasses of wine. The first glass is served with the appetizer and the second with the entrée. The wines are from respectable vintners, such as Clos du Bois and Callaway.

On the night we had the gourmet dinner, the menu consisted of pasta with smoked salmon and golden caviar; endive and watercress salad garnished with poached egg and warm bacon vinaigrette; soft-shell crabs with lime caper butter sauce; and melon and fresh berries covered with Sweet Nancy Callaway Riesling. Doesn't that sound good? The concept of the menu was fine, the execution less so.

For one thing, the pasta arrived cold. It was presented in a blue earthenware "pan" which we assumed was sizzling because the water gave it the stiff-towel-held-upright treatment. Both the dish itself and what was in it proved cold. My friend was so hungry that she began to eat her pasta, but after I tasted mine I asked that it be reheated. As a result of reheating the golden caviar tasted briny and the sauce dried up. The smoked salmon on the pasta was an inspired idea and worked beautifully.

The salad of endive and watercress was good, though the poached egg was superfluous. But the major fault with the dinner lay in the treatment of the entrée — soft-shell crabs — a delicacy whose basic nature was violated by the manner of preparation. Soft-shell crabs are freshly molted and because the carapace is pliable, we are able to eat almost every part of it. But to do so the crab and its shell must remain tender. The simplest preparations of soft-shell crabs — broiled or lightly sautéed — are often the best. At Visions, the crab was heavily breaded and deep-fried until it was dark brown. When I sampled it, the delicate flavor of the crab was entirely lost and the heavy breading overwhelmed the winsome crustacean.

There were generous portions of vegetables (carrots, zucchini, cauliflower) but they were drowned with butter sauce and were served with pasta. Since we had begun our dinner with pasta, this was redundant. The dessert was a relief: fresh melon balls in Sweet Nancy Callaway Riesling, named for the wife of the vintner.

When I had finished dinner, I felt great compassion for the chef. How much money and effort had been lavished on this production! How well-meaning was the attempt! How dead wrong was a tepid pasta dish and deeply breaded overcooked soft-shell crabs! I felt like going over to the chef and comforting him for his valiant effort and his less-than-glorious results.

On my next visit I was determined to order from the regular menu. I had an excellent piece of broiled fresh salmon fillet — the best I'd had this season (\$12.50). The salad that came with it was good, the sourdough roll fair, and the vegetables many. The salmon arrived smothered in a rich cream sauce that contained capers and fresh tomatoes. So this is what I did: I scraped the sauce off the salmon and off all the vegetables and I enjoyed the entrée a great deal. If you are wary of heavy sauces, order the salmon plain and ask for a slice of lemon instead.

My friend had the veal and avocado with Chardonnay sauce (\$15.75) again with a mish-mash; the veal had a strong flavor, a mark of western rather than eastern veal which is delicate and gentle.

One of our party had the gourmet dinner of the week; the entrée was broiled duck breast with dark rum, bananas, and kiwis. Apart from the fact that it arrived so tepid that it had to be reheated, you have only to read the ingredients to recognize that the disparate elements may not work. Duck, and rum, and bananas. Kiwis on top. Duck and rum, maybe. Duck and kiwis, perhaps. Put it all together and you don't know whether you're having fruit salad or fowl. This is my opinion. The friend who ordered it liked the novelty, and complained only because the entrée wasn't hot enough. We ended our meal by sharing a frozen cappuccino soufflé that was covered with too much whipping cream and too little chocolate sauce. We asked for and received more chocolate sauce. (If you ask for anything extra you should add at least a dollar to your normal tip.)

My friends and I felt kindly toward the management because of their efforts. It would be nice to have a good dining room in that particular area of La Jolla where so many visitors to San Diego spend time. And surely Visions would like to enjoy a reputation for its gourmet food. At present it hasn't learned to achieve it. The restaurant buys the best ingredients and then overcooks, overserves or overkills them. The room, the service, even the prices are fine. What's lacking is the integrity of the final product. A beautiful woman does not need adornment. A beautiful piece of fish or fowl or meat doesn't either.

You sense, from the first minute you're seated at Visions, how anxious the management is to please. You know, from the first forkful, that somehow this concept of nouvelle cuisine is going astray.

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Snow Rises



Bill Geissinger, Annabella Price, Brian Kerwin

JEFF SMITH

I'm sure there are a jillion economic and contractual reasons why it could never come to pass, but every now and then I have this pipe dream that won't go away. It has to do with the brief lives of bona fide hit shows in San Diego. And the demolition of the Lyceum Theatre. And the frustration I feel when I see a wonderful production, urge others — at pinpoint, and sometimes more forcibly — to do the same, only to discover that the show is sold out or that its run will not be extended, and that these people will not be able to catch it.

Were this the best of all possible Leibnizian worlds, San Diego would have a theater that could accommodate these shows — a Lyceum-size, 400-seat house

into which local companies could move their most successful productions when they had to get on with obligations to season subscribers and stage the next play in their series. Before it was bulldozed into shards of memory, the Lyceum Theatre served this function for the San Diego Repertory Theatre's gigantic hit *Working*.

After a successful run at its Sixth Avenue playhouse, the Rep moved *Working* into the Lyceum. The move enabled the Rep to continue its regular commitments, and it gave this excellent production a much-deserved longevity. In recent years, the Gaslamp Quarter Theatre's *Hairs*, the Marquis Public Theatre's *Gemini*, the Rep's current production of *Beyond Therapy*, and several others, could have lived on were such a space — and money, and tempered equity contracts, and those jillion other reasons — made available. San

Diego has become a theater town. And yet, for the dedicated theatergoers who cannot afford season tickets and who are thwarted by sellouts, it is too often the case that they are unable to see the shows that would uplift them most of all.

The latest source of my admittedly wild imaginings is the Old Globe Theatre's production of Steve Metcalfe's *Strange Snow* now playing at the Cassius Carter Centre Stage. This is a deceptively simple, ugly duckling of a play — at first — about the intertwining of three lives, about wounds from the war and elsewhere, and about the necessity of shedding long-worn, psychological cocoons. It is also a love story, one that sneaks up on its audiences, like a thief, and gently frisks even the most hardened of hearts. The production is excellent and, were there a Lyceum or its equivalent to house it, the show could

move and delight audiences indefinitely. Instead, the production — which concludes its run on the twentieth of May — is almost sold out. Only "limited seating" is available (along with a newly added matinee on Thursday, April 26 at 3:30 p.m.). One other alternative is to go to the Globe early on the night of a performance and hope for cancellations. Hardly the best of all possible worlds, and neither is the one the three characters of *Strange Snow* inhabit at the beginning of the play.

A first look at Fred M. Duer's set — a kitchen and living room decorated in nouveau dreary — makes this point even before the characters arrive. Both rooms look like a battlefield where tidiness is losing a daily war with sloth. The furniture is bargain basement, somewhere between hand-me-down and swap meet, and its one-bright hues have long since begun their descent into a common denominator: fungus brown. A television set and rumpled beer cans dominate the living room.

In the fully-equipped, slightly neater kitchen (neater, that is, if one overlooks pockets of tucked-away garbage so old they have lost their odor), reading glasses sit atop homework of some sort on an all-purpose, faded formica table. The set tells us much about the characters and their lives. The beer cans, ashtrays, coffee and sugar containers suggest personal addictions, for example. And what's missing is equally telling. There are no house plants, no favorite paintings or colorful posters on the walls. Save for a collection of tarnished trophies in a small glass case, the rooms contain few reminders of the past, and their present condition verges on fifth-stage entropy. In this environment, a smile must be as rare as a war job on the kitchen floor.

Martha and her brother Dave Flanagan live here. Barely. Their emotional lives, a trace between excitement and lethargy that guarantees each a minimum of feeling, are subsistence level. And their customary activities and pain-numbing habits have been going on for quite some time. A veteran of the Vietnam War, Dave drives a truck — an undemanding, "milk run" of a job — during the day. On Saturday night he goes

out looking for action. But this too has become a routine patrol to the nearest tavern for a few chilly lagers, and a brawl — or a woman — though these latter are never the kind he would take home to meet Martha. And, unless Dave has been able to bully one of his buddies into taking his pretty, very shy sister out on a date, home is where Martha will be on a Saturday night, correcting her students' biology papers, eating too much fudge, and, in the midst of a withdrawal so ingrained she is no longer aware of it, probably convincing herself that things could be — or have been — much worse.

Like a rambunctious otter in the dead of winter, Joseph "Megs" Megessey cascading onto the scene early one morning, Megs is vigor personified, a veritable whirlwind of energy who has arrived, unannounced, to take his fellow Nam vet Dave trout fishing on opening day. After she has come downstairs to see what all the commotion's about, and after she has threatened to report the maniac hanging on the living room window to the police, Martha finally invites the stranger to her into the house. Together they look like two halves of an unsynthesized Hegelian system. Martha is drab and reserved, and her frumpy bathrobe is no sight to behold. And yet Megs, bouncing around the room and checking out every object as if it were a priceless relic, is jazzed by every word she says — something Martha does not fail to perceive. But this guy, who looks like a young Sam Shepard on the happiest day of his life, can't be for real, can he? His enthusiasms — for Martha, for trout, for a

kitchen he thinks should be featured in *House Beautiful* — all appear far too excessive for the objects they appreciate. And the scars on his right hand, which he tries to conceal, indicate there's more to this man than rabid joy.

One of the admirable features of Metcalfe's writing is that the occasion of "opening day" serves as a controlling metaphor for what happens to the three characters. During the single day in which the story takes place, Martha, Megs, and Dave slowly — and painfully — open up, to themselves and to each other. But rather than clober home in his metaphorical talisman with a sledgehammer, Metcalfe simply treats it lightly and leaves room for the audience to append thematic significance to it. *Strange Snow* is not without imperfections, however. Megs' and Dave's recollections of Vietnam — centered around guilt over the death of a close friend named Bobby — often sound second-hand, only partially believable. Metcalfe strains unnecessarily for his effects at times, but these lapses fade quickly. And the play's many strengths — initially unpromising but surprisingly genuine and likable characters, a delicate mixture of repressed hurt and possible redemption, and the tender love that grows between Megs and Martha — are captivating throughout. They remain so long after the curtain has come down.

The Old Globe's production of *Strange Snow* is praiseworthy — all the more so since it begins with a huge, seemingly insurmountable risk. Duer's accurately detailed set is an eyecore, as are Sally Cleve-

land's equally depressing costumes. The eye has no place to go for relief, and the mind begins to estimate how many seats will be empty after the intermission. The Flanagan's emotional stasis also prompts such tabulations. All combine to create an atmosphere of pervasive gloom. It looks as if director Warner Shook and his designers have intentionally stacked the deck against this production. They have flatly refused to make a single visual compromise — touches of glamour here and there — to lure viewers into the play. What Shook has done, instead, is to trust the script to work its enduring wonders, and to trust his fine cast — like the three characters they portray — to overcome the handicap of bleak surroundings.

Though he could visit a little longer before striking into rage, actor Bill Geissinger is consistently solid as Dave, the cynical brother determined to block not only his guilt but also his sister's freedom. Barely taller than the refrigerator — and initially about as attractive — Annabella Price is excellent as Martha. Dave's den mother who blossoms from a wallflower to a potential rose in the course of the evening. Price, who is able to communicate her character's thoughts without saying a word, traces Martha's progress in gradual, seemingly unperceivable ways so effectively that one can almost hear the audience rooting out loud for Martha to take the next step — toward Megs and toward a richer life. Actor Brian Kerwin rounds out the cast with one of the finest performances of the season. Where Dave swallows his past at the neighborhood pub,

Kerwin's Megs goes to the other extreme. He's a nonstop joyaholic, sincerely devoted to optimism in spite of a life that should contradict the impulse completely. Kerwin's work is a tour de force. In every scene — and practically every moment — he shows that the degree of Megs' unabashed hope is in direct proportion to the magnitude of his pain.

For all his chipper extroversion, Kerwin's Megs is actually as timid as Martha — and as unable to erase his memories of the war as Dave. But with Megs as a catalyst, all three characters begin what will be a lengthy process of recovery. To his credit, however, the playwright has built in no guarantees that the three will live happily ever after. *Strange Snow* concludes with humble grace. Dave has finally started to face his past. Megs and Martha may have begun something together. But hold everything. There's no way these two will last. Dave isn't going to give up his mothering sister without a struggle. At the first sign of trouble with Megs, Martha will dive back into a pile of biology papers. And Megs is anger — a compulsion to shatter glass with his right fist when provoked — won't just disappear of its own accord. Sure, each has awakened dormant, positive feelings in the other. And that's achievement enough. So come on. The likelihood of their staying together is as remote as San Diego's ever having a theater to accommodate great productions like this one for extended runs. Megs and Martha don't have a prayer. But then again — and this is the magic of the Old Globe's production — maybe they do. □

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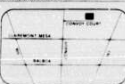
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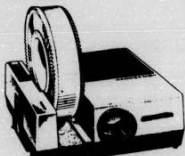
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QUARTER NOTES

BY JONATHAN SAVILLE



BERNARD RANDS

The coupling of UCSD composer Bernard Rands with Dr. Seuss in the headlines last week had a delightful absurdity, for though both live in San Diego and both won (and deservedly won) Pulitzer Prizes, the two men belong to quite different worlds artistically. Dr. Seuss is sufficiently known to everyone, but it is worth saying a few words about Mr. Rands' achievement and what it means in the history of contemporary music.

That history has not been a happy one, for modern music has been widely treated as an alien thing not only by the general public but even by a great many serious music lovers. The musical avant-garde, throughout the past eighty years continually looking for new ways to be original, new sounds and structures to experiment with, new modes of expression to explore, inevitably has fallen into the habit of pursuing radical ideas to their shocking extremes and ignoring the needs of audiences. I do not mean the need to hear familiar harmonies in comfortably old-fashioned forms, but the

much more legitimate need to achieve insight into the self and the world through the experience of a work of music. Much music in the past few decades has been so intrigued with abstract structural matters (serialism, for example) and material techniques (the development of new sound sources) that it has lost sight of the moral and cultural function of the art.

Mr. Rands's musical career has had its forays into his barren territory, but in its main outlines and direction it has been saved from sterile formalism and morally empty avant-gardism by a number of prominent elements in this composer's musical personality. There is, first of all, a penchant for a special modern type of music-drama, theatrical performance works in which a real human experience is embodied in both sounds and action. The real world, real feelings, and a real relationship with a living audience are inherent in the nature of this form, however enigmatic its individual elements may be. One of the first works of Mr. Rands I heard was such a theatrical piece: a requiem for his teacher Bruno Maderna, which I found

incomprehensible and unlikable at first, but the memory of which has continued to haunt me, growing more powerful through the years. It was this work and others like it (including Mr. Rands's performances—as conductor—of similar theater pieces by Luciano Berio) that gradually taught me to understand and value one of the few really important modern innovations in musical form: the musical performance that is itself a theatrical event.

Mr. Rands and his audiences have also benefited from his respect for the music of the past, his recognition that the continuity of musical tradition is too precious a heritage to be demolished for the sake of originality. In such works as his *Madrugali*, which he conducted here with the San Diego Symphony, this completely modern composer reclaimed the heritage of Monteverdi, affirming his debt to the great masterpieces of the past while at the same time creating a work of music fully new and fully relevant to the human condition in our time. Finally, there is Mr. Rands's literary interest, his love for poetry in numerous languages, and his fascination with the problems of weaving a unified artistic experience out of the different expressive modes of words and tones.

These varied impulses—for the dramatic, for a reaffirmation of the past, and for vocal music—came brilliantly together in the two most recent Rands compositions which we have had the fortune to hear performed in San Diego, the *Canti Lunatici* and the *Canti del Sole* (it was the latter masterly work for which he was awarded the Pulitzer Prize). Without abandoning his knowledge of, and commitment to, the discoveries and tendencies of twentieth-century music as a whole, Mr. Rands in these

works (actually two parts of a single work) decisively broke with the dogmatism, fanatism, and rootlessness underlying so much of the past few decades, and created beautiful, expressive, and profound music precisely in the center of the humanistic tradition. This is music concerned with hope, joy, grief, death, and nature, accessible to any attentive listener, and offering what only major works of art can offer: a comprehensive view of human life, knowing, wise, compassionate, and honest. We are lucky to have Bernard Rands in our midst, not because his Pulitzer Prize has helped to put San Diego on the map culturally, but because we are likely to get first hearing of many of the works this fine composer has yet to create.



MICHAEL INGHAM

Baritone Michael Ingham was in town for a few days at UCSD to offer recitals of *Baritone* by Liszt and Schumann, in collaboration with pianist Carolyn Horn. I heard their performance of Schumann's *Dichterliebe*, which mixed some real excitements with a number of flaws. Mr. Ingham understands that *Lieder* singing is basically a form of acting, that this music, however small its scope, is dramatic and must be performed that way. *Dichterliebe*, in particular, with its loose but nonetheless compelling dramatization of moments in an unhappy love affair (the texts are by Heine),

requires strong dramatic and emotional commitment on the part of the singer if it is to be effective. That commitment was certainly there in Mr. Ingham's performance, and there were many moments of powerful dramatic communication, when words, music, and the presence of the singer came together to convey an intense, lived experience. But there were also many moments when a desire to make a dramatic effect, or an insistence on vocal-emotional interpretation of every nuance within a line, resulted in a mannered performance, in which the listener was conscious less of the meaning of the text and more of the singer's histrionic virtuosity in contriving that sudden pianissimo or that shocking change of vocal color. Mr. Ingham's model is doubtless Dietrich Fischer-Dieskau (there is even a similarity in the timbre of the two voices), who also at times has a tendency to become mannered, to overinterpret the detail at the expense of the overall dramatic and lyrical structure, but Fischer-Dieskau usually turns even his mannerisms into expressive emotional devices, while with Mr. Ingham, they often detract from the dramatic truth of the performance.

The sudden pianissimo seems to be a vocal mannerism in this singing as well as an interpretive mannerism. Mr. Ingham has a tendency to shape a large majority of his phrases with a loud arch in the middle and a radical falling off at the end; far too many of his phrases, in all sorts of songs, end with the voice thinned down to nothing. This mannerism results in the dropping off of most of the "en" endings so common in Heine's verse at the end of feminine lines ("en" in German indicates the infinitive of verbs and the plural of many nouns). It interferes with the necessary clarity of diction in

enunciating the text (which must always be fully understood, in *Die Heide* and in *Lieder* in general) and also distorts the shape of the vocal line by repeated dropouts. There were other disappointments in this performance as well, such as the singer's decision not to take the high note in "Ich grüße nicht," thus decisively weakening the dramatic and musical intensity of that agonized *cri de coeur*. Miss Horn, in contrast, played the elaborate accompaniment to this song cycle with impeccable expressiveness, technical mastery, and a sense of decorum and proportion; it was unfortunate that the piano was out of tune.

DOWN IN THE VALLEY

Kurt Weill's "American folk opera," *Down in the Valley*, was given one of its rare performances in PBS's "Great Performances" series last week. It is a poor opera, and the production, directed by Frank Civanovich, was even poorer. But these failures are useful in that they can teach us something about what opera is and what it is not; and there is real poignance in what they reveal about the sad career of the composer.

Down in the Valley takes its story, such as it is, from suggestions in the folk song of that title. Young Brack Weaver, down in the Southeast somewhere, loves beautiful Jennie Parsons. A rival wooer attacks Brack at a dance, and Brack accidentally kills him. The Anglo-Saxon legal system apparently does not function in that part of the country, for Brack is condemned to death. He breaks out of Birmingham



jail to have one last duet with Jennie, and then surrenders and willingly goes to his death on the scaffold. As it is, there is not much material for an opera here (or for any kind of drama), and librettist Arnold Sundgaard seemingly had no idea of how to develop the concept into something viable. He left the characters in all their single-minded simplicity, he added no complications of motive or plot, and he was not even able to flesh out the bare story with illustrative episodes, exacerbations of the conflict, or delaying tactics. He merely showed the three or four dramatic highlights of the plot, giving all the explanatory and developmental material to a narrator. This libretto is

occasional decorative adjunct. In the PBS production, this musical style did give the one decent singer in the cast, Linda Lou Allen (as Jennie Parsons), the chance to sound and look pretty and heartfelt, though from the point of view of vocal expressiveness one would have preferred to hear Judy Collins, who introduced the program. But even in its own, lyrical, nondramatic terms, the musical style proved unconvincing to Weill's talents. In the European part of his career, before he was driven out by the Nazis, he had composed those clever, acerbic, cabaret-song operettas in collaboration with Bertolt Brecht: *The Threepenny Opera* and the like. In America, he felt compelled to come to terms with the American commercial musical theater, and he tried to adapt himself to what he thought was the American popular style. He entirely abandoned his own style—narrow, but witty and effective—and rather than listen to the promptings of his own musical imagination, went over to a wholesale imitation of fibrous Muzak. The choruses in *Down in the Valley* are positively embarrassing, with their soupy harmonies, superfluous counterpoint, and general atmosphere of the Fred Waring chorus (though on PBS it was no less than John McCarty's Ambrosian Singers performing

these ineptitudes). Occasionally, in Weill's later career in exile, the old talent came back, ripened and deepened, as in parts of *Lost in the Stars*. But *Down in the Valley* is musically unidiomatic and dull. The use of folk (or folkslike) tunes to create a specifically American musical-theatrical form was nothing new in 1947, when the Weill opera was first performed as a theater work. It had been preceded by *Porgy and Bess* (1935), *Oklahoma* (1943), and numerous ballet scores by Aaron Copland, all of which offered a far more inventive and engaging (and original) use of the musical material than Weill's similar efforts. American folk music was simply a foreign language to him, and the foreignness is evident in every one of his settings. Director Civanovich could not do much with this unpromising work. He filled in the long blanks between moments of action (and music) with beautiful, static, tempo-dulling scenes of forests and meadows. Lovely as these were, they interfered with what little drama there was, and they had none of the inherent dramatic quality themselves which was visible in the famous Walker Evans photographs shown as a filler at the end of the program.

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City Lights

Keel Or Be Keoled

(continued from page 2)
times as much money as similar testing in RMI's smaller tank. He believes the smart skipper might do extensive tests in the small tank, and then move to the larger tank for verification studies. But even if the local tank does sign Conner or one of the other syndicate leaders, Carroll says he probably wouldn't admit it to anyone. Just the fact of where a skipper is doing his testing, and for how long, would be a valuable piece of information to racing competitors.

If RMI does twelve-meter testing, it will concentrate on the area of "speed made good to windward." All twelve-meter courses are triangular, with the first leg going upwind. The boat must tack upwind exceedingly well, and here's where the winged keel paid for itself. The wing reduced the drag on the boat created as water passed from the high-pressure to the low-pressure side of the keel. (This pressure differential is created when the keel resists the sideward push of the sails.) The dynamics of water as it moves around the keel can be measured in the tow tank, where sophisticated electronics and underwater photography are applied in controlled

conditions. The tank can even create waves and surface chop. Complicated formulas help translate the raw data into predictable boat behavior on the sea. And this time Carroll believes meticulous model testing will be more important because the rough sea conditions off Australia, where the race will be run, are so different from the old course off Rhode Island, where relatively gentle seas dictated design of a particular type of twelve-meter. Carroll hopes to provide part of the drawing board to which Cup contenders are now going back.

—N.M.

Custody Of Alexander

(continued from page 3)

Murray's previous attempt to take his son, believed her and extended an open invitation in a letter saying that she was welcome to visit Alexander when she arrived.

Murray's original plan was to lure her son-in-law to her hotel room with her grandson, where she would offer Robert a drink laced with something that would put him to sleep so that she could make a getaway to the airport. She later abandoned this plan when she was unable to find anything in San Diego or Tijuana that was

safe and fast-acting enough for her purposes. She called her daughter in Phoenix and told her that it would be best if they both returned to Costa Rica to see what they could arrange there.

Murray arrived in San José on March 28, and her daughter Martha was to follow her a week later. Murray booked a room in the Plaza Hotel and spent the next six days meeting with Robert and her grandson, going to amusement parks and for walks, gradually gaining her son-in-law's confidence. Carefully skirting the potentially volatile issue of his breakup with her daughter, Murray consistently steered their conversations to more neutral topics. When Martha arrived at the end of the month, the two began to search for someone, preferably an ex-GI, willing to lend his brawn for a fee to help them carry out their mission. They didn't have to look far. A middle-aged Texan named John, who was also staying at the Plaza Hotel, offered his services for \$500 after learning of their plan from Martha. Murray made reservations for the Sunday, April 8 flight to Panama City and called Robert, asking to meet with him and Alexander on that same day.

Murray met with her son-in-law and grandson late Sunday morning. She suggested that they visit a local amusement park, but warned that she had to be back to her hotel room by 6:00 p.m., as she was "expecting a call from her boss" in California. The three passed a pleasant afternoon at the park and returned to the hotel a little after 6:00 p.m. Murray inquired at the desk if she had received any calls. The clerk told her that she hadn't, and Murray suggested that the three go to her room to wash up before going out for dinner. Robert agreed.

On the way down the third-floor hall on the way to her room, Murray chatted loudly with Robert to signal her co-conspirators of their arrival. Murray, holding her grandson in her arms, unlocked the door and entered the darkened room. Robert following behind her. The accomplice, John, leaped out from behind the door, knocking Robert to the ground; Martha, the estranged wife, trotted out of the bathroom with a strip of packing tape and several lengths of nylon cord. Mayhem ensued as Murray crouched with the child in a corner. Robert resisted violently as John struggled to pin his arms behind his back. Helpless, he started to scream, but was cut short when John suggested that he may not live to tell of the event if he didn't keep quiet. Although effectively silenced, he severely bit his wife several times as she attempted to cover

his mouth with the tape. Murray rushed to her daughter's aid and shoved a towel into Robert's mouth, as John securely tied the man's arms and legs. When all three were satisfied that Robert could neither move nor scream, they collected their belongings, checked out of the hotel, and made a dash for the airport. They arrived with only ten minutes to spare. Murray, Martha, and the child left for Panama City, leaving John behind as planned.

Alexander is now safely with his mother in Phoenix, after a brief transitional stay with his grandmother in Santa Rosa. Robert remains in Costa Rica. Murray says that the boy is now bilingual and hopes that he'll continue to speak Spanish with his mother, who speaks the language fluently. When asked if she thinks that the harrowing event will somehow affect Alexander emotionally, Murray replies, "No, I think he's resilient enough. When he speaks of what happened, which is seldom, he says that his life fell down. To me the decision was clear: we either had to take him like we did, or leave him in Costa Rica forever."

—R.O.

Paul Krueger,
Neal Arnolds,
Thomas K. Arnold,
and Randy Opincar

Off the Cuff

Where did you sleep last night?



Gilgamoesh
The Busy One
San Diego

For the last few weeks I've been sleeping here, among the trees. You want to pick a concealed place with a flat surface and steep incline. It discourages people who might want to bother you. I put this very thin mattress out and spread twigs around. I've got two pieces of plastic—one for my pillow, one for my blanket. This is a trash bag. I cut a hole in the top and on the sides and I slip into it at night to keep warm. During the day I wash up at the park. People are not always friendly. I say, "Hm, this is life." But you can always pick up enough cigarette butts to roll your own. Today a lady gave me a peanut butter sandwich. I would never eat at the Mission. I have more privacy in the woods. Who knows what's next? If I could see the future, I might not be here.



Mario Ches
Unemployed
San Diego

The airport. It wasn't intentional. I walked a friend there and we didn't arrive until midnight. Recently I've been camping around here. Please don't say where "here" is. I hope to have a job before the police do a sweep. You never plan on being this unfortunate. I was a private and commercial investigator in Italy for nine years before this. I had a wife. I wanted to return to California, but unfortunately I ran out of money here. My first three nights out I didn't sleep at all. It was partially pride but it was also frightening at first. The fourth night I conked out. Most people have a stoned buddy. It's safer that way, although I haven't seen any violence. I don't feel desperate anymore. Under ordinary circumstances I'd love to camp out—in Yosemite. I don't like living like this.



Susan Cox
Live Bait Digger
San Diego

Some people call it a hole in the ground. David calls it hell. It's been called a cave. I call it home. I dug it out with my own hands. One wall's dirt and the other wall's made of whatever I could find—wood and stuff. It's in the sticks behind the farm where cucumbers are grown. I've got everything I need in there. Bed. Firepit. Draggings in a loveseat. My five dogs are in there most of the time, too. You could fit eight people in there comfortably. Don't pay rent. Use what money I make to buy food and batteries and loads of candles. Water's the only problem, but we have friends who let us use theirs any time we need to. The place is completely camouflaged by trees and bushes. We add fresh stuff all the time. And you never have to worry about air conditioning, it's always nice and cool.



Edward Fitzgerald
Unemployed
San Diego

I slept at the Mission last night. It was pretty crowded. I've been there about thirty nights. You just go on with the people on the floor. I've been given plasma and I worked a temporary job as a dishwasher, but it's hard to save. Do you know of any jobs? I'll work for minimum wage. I suppose you want to know how I got this way. I deserted. I had had it. The pressure. I needed a rest. I went AWOL and spent sixty days in the desert letting my hair grow, then I went to L.A. The LAPD arrested me for sleeping at the beach under a bridge and that was it—a felony, for military desertion. Spent time in the brig at Long Beach and I was discharged from San Diego. Now all I really want to do is save enough money to buy some good backpacking equipment and travel around. Start again.



John (Pops) Johnson
Retired
San Diego

Right there on Fourth and I, right along the curb. You're not alone. There's four, maybe five of us. We've got a few old carpets from Carpet Barn, a few blankets. Got out of the hospital last October. Expensive surgery. Can't go no place, can't work. My other friends, they're street people—they take care of the old man. They call me Pops. I survive selling old newspapers and cans. Price just went up, too! It's kind of fun, you know. And I'm lucky. I really am. Today I found a pack of Kools. Most of the time the police are nice, but sometimes they say, "Move." Where the hell am I going? I've been in San Diego thirty-eight years. Raised my family, done and gone. Wife died. There's no such thing as vagrancy. No law against being poor. My philosophy is, if you can't help, don't harm.

—Lin Lukary

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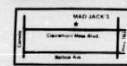
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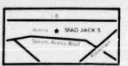
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We offer factory authorized in or out of warranty service for service call 583-8005
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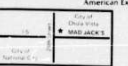
KEARNEY MESA 569-4920
8252 Claremont Mesa Blvd.
Mon-Fri 9:00-9:00
Sat 9:00-7:00 Sun 10:00-6:00



EL CAJON BLVD. 583-4141
4951 El Cajon Blvd.
Mon-Fri 9:00-9:00
Sat 9:00-7:00 Sun 10:00-6:00



SPORTS ARENA 223-5531
3350 Sports Arena Blvd.
Mon-Fri 9:00-9:00
Sat 9:00-7:00 Sun 10:00-6:00



NATIONAL CITY 474-8631
404 West 24th Street
Mon-Fri 9:00-9:00
Sat 9:00-7:00 Sun 10:00-6:00



LA MESA 460-7411
Highway 8 at Jackson Dr.
Mon-Fri 9:00-9:00
Sat 9:00-7:00 Sun 10:00-6:00

Carnival of Culture

The San Diego Festival of the Arts, like similar institutions around the country, is basically a means of calling attention to local arts events. For the three-week duration, from April 27 through May 20, it will help to publicize those local and visiting organizations that would be performing here, festival or no (the Dance Theatre of Harlem, Cinco de Mayo activities, the San Diego Symphony, the Old Globe, and so on). But it will also offer some events of its own, including theater and gallery tours, a \$150-per-person masked ball at the Hotel Inter-

Continental, and a reproduction of Copenhagen's Tivoli Gardens at Seaport Village, with various performers and exhibitions. It may all sound like a bit of a ragbag, and you may have the same feeling when you hear that one of the two main events of the festival's first week will be a blockbuster pop/punk "Carnival Parade of the Arts" in Balboa Park, with some sixty participating groups. The parade really belongs to San Diego State's Center for World Music, which would like to "bring out of the woodwork some of the arts and cultures in San Diego that people don't know about yet," as the center's director explains. "The parade will show that the arts are for everyone, that almost

Section 2 Events, Theater, Music, Film



everyone is involved in the arts in some way, whether they know it or not. Break dancing or puppet making, just for fun, is as much an art form as ballet or the symphony."

In the general breakdown of standards and values that this attitude represents, there will also no doubt be a lot of amusement, of a sincere or cynical sort, depending on who you are. The overflowing fullness of this collection of popular-art parades will include dancers of all types and from a host of cultures: a Brazilian samba troupe, Greek folk dancers, North African dancers, kilied Scottish highland

dancers, Slovak dancers, dancers from six different states of Mexico, a Danish marching group, Portuguese American, Japanese, German, and Armenian dancers, and even a bunch of Turkish belly dancers, complete with bellies. But the imagination of those coming out of the woodwork will not be

confined to mere dancing. There will be a sea of paper-mache and fabric flying fish, floating jellyfish, and two whales (mother and child) supported on ten-foot bamboo poles. There will be roller skaters doing fancy steps. There will be first groups portraying figures in the African folk tale, *Anansi the Spiderman*. There will be Chinese lion heads, accompanied by drums, gongs, and umbrellas to scare away evil spirits (if they have not already flown the coop). There will be a turn-of-the-century brass band, a Renaissance ensemble, live business, a bubble machine, clowns, unicyclists, jugglers, and

Auschwitz Legacy

Yom Hashoah is a day of remembrance for the six million Jews killed by the Nazis in World War II. Why remember these awful events? Would it not be better to bury the past, along with the dead? It would certainly be easier. But those who do not remember the past are compelled to repeat it. It may be that continual reminders of the horrors the human race has been capable of committing will keep such things from happening again. It may be...

improvements. The first of these was compactness. How built his installations as combination units, each of which contained an anteroom, a gas chamber, and an oven for body disposal. Second, he decided after visiting Treblinka that the carbon monoxide method was not very efficient. Accordingly, he introduced in his camp a different type of gas: quick-working hydrogen cyanide (prussic acid—commercial name, Zyklon B). Unlike carbon monoxide, however, this gas was not produced on the spot, and a major administrative effort, stretching out over a period of years, was required to solve some of the complicated problems arising during the erection of the special combination units and the establishment of a dependable gas supply. The killing centers worked quickly and efficiently, a man would step off a train in the

morning, and in the evening his corpse was burned and his clothes packed away for shipment to Germany... In three years the total of incoming traffic reached a total of close to three million Jews. The most striking fact about the killing center operations is that, unlike the earlier phases of the destruction process, they were unprecedented. Never before in history had people been killed on an assembly line basis. The Destruction of the European Jews. Raul Hilberg

Rosarito Dreamdays

Every American's dream of Mexico includes a warm little town like Rosarito Beach. As he slugs his way along the freeway at night, he pictures a long, empty road that sweeps around brown (or green, or yellow, depending on the season) pastures at the northern approach to this Mexican dreamtown. As the American chokes down a sad imitation of Mexican food outside Taco Bell, he tastes the scrumptious pork and fresh-made tortillas in La Flor de Michoacan, the ideal cantina place in his ideal town. The phoniness of yet another "atmosphere" bar in La Jolla reminds him of the beach bar at



the Rosarito Beach Hotel, where cane chairs and tropical drinks ease the sea view toward sunset. As the American punches his time clock on Friday afternoon and slinks past his boss, he sighs: such a Mexican apartment really exists, and it's holding a place for him. Twenty minutes south of Tijuana, where the curling waves spray little rainbows along the shore, Rosarito beckons the footsore, the harried, the buckled. It doesn't ask for your huddled masses, who are looking for a way to make a fast buck; it asks for your energetic few, looking for respite from oppressive freedom. Sure, the rental houses are broken-down fugitives from the glue factory, and the roads, dirt and otherwise, are adventures in themselves, and the tenuous

READER'S GUIDE TO LOCAL EVENTS

A compilation of local events is mailed to subscribers of the Reader's Guide. The events are listed in order of their importance 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 for publication to: READER'S GUIDE, P.O. Box 8883, San Diego, CA 92138.

Dance

"Dance Connection" an evening of music, dance, and social interaction will be held Friday, April 27 and Saturday, April 28, 8 p.m. Educational Cultural Complex, 4141 Ocean View Boulevard, Southeast San Diego 92162.

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

Hillcrest, 249-1213.

Circle Dancing, meditative "Soft Dancing," is conducted weekly, Mondays, 7 p.m., 4575 La Jolla Village, Mission Hills, 249-9672.

Film

Political Film Series continues with the San Diego premiere of *White Rose*, based on a German underground movement during the Third Reich, in German with Eng-

lish subtitles, Sunday, April 28, 7 p.m., auditorium, Mandeville Center, USD, Free, 452-4452.

"Umatilla and His Five Women," the 1941 Japanese film, directed by Kenji Mizoguchi, screens Wednesday, May 2, 7:30 p.m., Sherman Auditorium, La Jolla Museum of Contemporary Art, 320 Prospect Street, La Jolla, 494-2267.

For Children, film will be shown Friday, April 27, 4:30 p.m., Chula Vista Public Library, 465 F Street,

Chula Vista, (619) 512-61, the Coronado Public Library, screens children's films Thursday, May 3, 3 p.m., 643 S. Ventura Avenue, Coronado (435-4187).

Music

Piano Concert, Rick Erlan will perform original, solo, and meditative piano compositions, Thursday, April 26, 7:30 p.m., CBJ Time Cafe, 1464 North Highway 101, (continued on page 4)

SDCM

San Diego early music society

presents

Jennifer Paul
harpichordist
17th and 18th century
music by Haydn, Galluppi,
Frescobaldi, J.K.F. Fischer
and J.N.P. Royer
April 28
Saturday, 8:00 p.m.
St. Paul's Episcopal Church
April 29
Sunday, 2:00 p.m.
Leib Auditorium, La Jolla
(old Scripps Center)
\$7 (56 SDCMS members)
272-8425

Lemon Grove BICYCLE RACE



Sunday, April 29, 1984 Main Event 1:00 pm

Racing starts at 7:15
Open Racing For Beginners
\$2,000.00 in prizes
"Part of Lemon Grove Old Time Days"
For information—Go to any Bicycle Shop or Call: 569-0539
Sponsored by The La Jolla Cycling Club.

the Old time CAFE

RESTAURANT FOLK CLUB
FOLK • BLUES • BLUEGRASS
1464 North Highway 101, Encinitas 92036
Reservations Recommended.

Thursday 26	ORIGINAL PIANO COMPOSITIONS & RAGTIME MELODIES RICK ERLAN	7:30
Friday 27	SOUTHERN MOUNTAIN & BRITISH ISLES MUSIC JODY STECHER & KATE BRISLIN	7:00 & 9:00
Saturday 28	NEW ENGLAND & AMERICAN FIDDLE MUSIC CATHIE WHITESIDES & TOD WHITTEMORE	7:00 & 9:00
Sunday 29	RAGGLE TAGGLE	7:00
Tuesday 30	OLD TIME HOOT NIGHT	7:30
Wednesday 1	SINGER-SONWRITERS TOM CAROON & DENNIS WARE	7:30

COVER CHARGE NIGHTLY - BEER & WINE

9IX welcomes

MICHELOB STREET SCENE
in the Gaslamp Quarter
A part of the San Diego Festival Of The Arts
Saturday, May 12

2 stages of continuous music • Rockin' 5th Ave. between J & K from 5 to 10 pm.

Los Lobos • **The Blasters** • **Joey Harris**
King Biscuit Blues Band • **Rebel Rockers**

Tickets available at all **TELESEAT** locations. Call 283-SEAT for information. Hosting the **MICHELOB** street scene will be 9IX DJs Russ I. Noll, Steve West, Jimmy G. and Mad Max.
An outdoor adventure, rain or shine. No bottles or cans allowed. Gates open at 4 pm.
Produced by the San Diego Jazz Festival, Inc.

The San Diego Jazz Festival wishes to thank **MICHELOB** & Coast Distributing, the San Diego Festival of the Arts, 9IX and the Gaslamp Quarter Council for making this event possible.

5 hours • 5 bands • 5 bucks

Ad paid for by Gaslamp Quarter Council.

Discover SDSU's New Tradition



May 4 & 5
Aztec Bowl

- Food
- Games
- Rides
- Entertainment

Welcome to Spring Fiesta

San Diego's largest student-run event. The "new tradition" will prove to be the highlight of the year for all ages. This two-day celebration will include carnival rides, food & game booths, displays, entertainment, plus fireworks! You are invited to join in this fun and worthwhile event. All proceeds benefit Camp Able—a summer camp for handicapped youth and adults.

For More Information Call 265-4632
Tickets available at Ticketron outlets, Aztec Center Box Office, or at gate. General \$2.00, Children (under 12) \$1.00

Friday, May 4
6:00 p.m. to Midnight

Saturday, May 5
12 Noon to Midnight



9IX

ASSOCIATED STUDENTS



SAN DIEGO STATE UNIVERSITY

READER'S GUIDE

"Breaking the Silence: The Generation After the Holocaust" discusses children of New Haven survivors. Monday, April 25, 10:30 p.m., KDBS-TV Channel 15.

Science Fiction: the continuing dramatization of Ray Bradbury stories features "Kaleidoscope" Tuesday, May 1, 7:30 p.m., KDBS-TV Channel 15.

Lectures

Supernatural Birds and the role of winged creatures in the Ghost Dance, a ritual of Western Indians in the 1880s will be the topic for Sandra Bruce, Thursday, April 26, 7 p.m., auditorium, Museum of Man, Balboa Park, 214-2231.

"The Artist as Reflection and Prophet of Change": Ben Hazard will discuss the artist as a vehicle for communication between individual and ethnic communities. Thursday, April 26, 8 p.m., room

C-7, Old Theater, Mission College, 755-3121 or 942-1182.

"The Mexican Political System: Prospects for Survival?" Professor Richard Smith will discuss issues of social and economic stability. Thursday, April 26, 8 p.m., Forum Hall, second level, Cienega Avenue and La Jolla Village Drive, University Town Center. Reservations 214-0111.

Poetry reading from their work will be Joan Lindgren, Thursday, April 26, 7 p.m., Bookworks, Flower Hill Center, 7625 Verde La Valle, Del Mar 355-5755. Allen Mandelbaum, Monday, April 30, 4 p.m., room 142, Third College Humanities Building, UCSB 435-6700. Iceland Feter will read works of the major poets of the Soviet Union, Monday, May 1, sponsored by the SDSU Comparative Literature program, Tuesday, May 1, 3:30 p.m., Scripps Cottage, SDSU. Free. (265-6526). Steve

Kowit, Magoo Latta, Joe Diemer, and Paul Freeman will read, Wednesday, May 2, 7 p.m., Scripps Cottage, SDSU. Free. (265-6526).

"Nuclear Values and Western Societies" Dr. Maher Harbut of the Islamic Center of Southern California will speak, Friday, April 27, 7 p.m., Salomon Lecture Hall, USD. 291-6480 x4260.

"Nuclear Issues in the 1984 Elections" the San Diego chapter of Physicians for Social Responsibility sponsors a symposium featuring Nobel laureate Dr. Linus Pauling, Rear Admiral Eugene Carroll, Rev. Dr. Joseph Lowery, and other noted speakers. Saturday, April 28, 12:30 p.m., Open Air Amphitheater, SDSU. 265-6974 or 265-9941.

"Romantic Giants" Vire Wolfe delivers the second of his four-part lecture series on "The Victorian Tradition in Music." Monday, April 30, 7:30 p.m., Athenaeum Music and Arts Library, 1000 Wall Street, La Jolla. Free. 454-3872.

Drama Critic Frances Burdack will share her knowledge of the theater in a lecture sponsored by Theaterarts of San Diego. Monday, April 30, 7:30 p.m., auditorium, San Diego Gas and Electric Company, 101 Ash Street, downtown. Free. 365-PLAY.

"Architectural Time" the historical association between architecture and the decorative arts will be discussed by Frederick Koeper, in conjunction with the museum's newest exhibit, "Architecture in Silver," Tuesday, May 1, 8 p.m., Silverwood Auditorium, La Jolla Museum of Contemporary Art, 700 Prospect Street, La Jolla. 454-3872.

"The Fiction of American Women: 1820-1865," Judy Fetterly, SDSU Albany professor of English will speak in the continuing "New Views of Women" series. Wednesday, May 2, 7 p.m., room 221, Hopper Hall, SDSU. Free. 265-6524.

"The Prints of Barnett Newman" the artist's lithographs, etchings, and aquatints will be on view beginning Sunday, April 28, continuing through June 10, La Jolla Museum of Contemporary Art, 500 Prospect Street, La Jolla. 454-3872.

Works on and of Paper by more than thirty San Diego artists will be shown through April 28, Maple Gallery, 2400 Kettner Boulevard, downtown. 214-2151.

"Found Photographs," an exhibition of the work of Boyd Rice will be on display from Friday, April 27 through May 26, Richard Peterson Studio, 711 Eighth Avenue, downtown. 216-0284.

"Architecture in Silver," an exhibition of silver tea and coffee

Galleries

"Hidalgo Market, Tijuana," a photographic exhibit by Richard Hughes will be featured through April 27, Athenaeum Music and Arts Library, 1000 Wall Street, La Jolla. 454-3872.

"The Last and First Eskimos," a photographic essay by Alex Harris on modern life in remote Eskimo villages will be on display through April 29, Museum of Man, Balboa Park, 219-2031.

April Foolery, the first Annual International Humor in Art exhibition continues through April 30, A.R.T. Beasley Gallery, Suite 16, 2802 Juan Street, Old Town. 295-0075.

To Local Events

series designed by eleven internationally recognized architects begin Saturday, April 28, continuing through June 3, La Jolla Museum of Contemporary Art, 500 Prospect Street, La Jolla. 454-3872.

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Carnival

beginning from page 31 a.m. on, and on Sunday, April 29 from 10:00 a.m. on. Some Like It Hot will be shown there at 3:30 p.m. on Saturday and 5:00 p.m. on Sunday. For information on the film showings, phone Thomas J. Morrow at 527-8040.

The Some Like It Hot anniversary dinner (\$150 per person) will take place at the Hotel del Coronado on Sunday, April 28, with no-host cocktails beginning at

6:30 in the hotel's central courtyard, followed by dinner and dancing. For dinner reservations, phone Debbie Brown at 232-3174.

"An Afternoon With Billy Wilder," sponsored by the San Diego Film Society, will take place at the Spreckels Theater on Sunday, April 29, beginning at 12:30 p.m., and it, too, will conclude with a screening of Some Like It Hot. Tickets are available through TeleScan and at the Spreckels box office on Sunday. For further information, phone Stephanie Harwood at 219-2381.

Upcoming events in the San Diego Festival of the Arts will be included in subsequent issues of the Reader. For more information on the festival, phone Lynne Walker at 296-8145.

— Achilles Hertz

The Golden 100 introduces
FREE CAR WASH* & FESTIVAL
Sunday, April 29, 10:00 am-4:00 pm

*1st 100 cars free, others only 99¢ (reg. \$2.99)

- Free "sundae" dessert
- Free live entertainment—music, dancers, robot & clowns
- 99¢ special hot brunch served by Skinny Haven Restaurant

Convoy Car Wash
(corner of Convoy St. & Othello St. near the Kearny Mesa Target store.)

100th
Car Wash
Festival
100th
Car Wash
Festival

New Moon Party
Everyone joins in celebrating the Taurus new moon



Come and celebrate, make new friends, dance 'til the cows come home. Future forecast for Taurus featuring San Diego astrologer, Diane Elizabeth Clarke. Entertainment, prizes, fashions, and special drink of the night—Taurus Today.

Leah's Greenhouse
Wednesday, May 2
8:00 p.m. to midnight
For information: 297-9235

At the door:
\$4 for Taurus
\$5 for friends

JEWISH SINGLES 25-38

Another superior party given by Jewish Interactions, not affiliated with any formal religious organization. Help us celebrate our fourth anniversary. Still only \$5.00!

HOLIDAY INN
MISSION VALLEY
Saturday, April 28, 8:30 midnight
Further information 576-3999

A studio designed for dancers and for those who always wanted to dance.

Bonni Marie has restored an 1894 Victorian house as a creative and performing arts school in Coronado. Classical Ballet • Jazz • Tap • Dance exercise • Social Beginnings • Intermediate • Advanced classes for men & women • children • seniors

Bonni Marie Dance Studio
1000 Eighth Street, Coronado, 435-2200

Healing...
Are paranormal methods effective? Find out for yourself at

"Healing in the New Age"
A one-day symposium on psychic surgery, laying on of hands, spiritual mind healing, exorcism, healing with breath and light, and crystals and healing. Hear and meet Rev. Alicia Morgan Light... the healer whose life story was featured in the movie "Resurrection" and other experts.

8:00 am-5:30 pm this Saturday, April 28
1000 Tenth International Center
2445 San Diego Ave.
\$20 whole day, \$10 U.F. credited nurses.
Single lectures \$10.00 & \$2.50


Call 280-0310 for more information or see classified ad under "entertainment" for complete program.

Antique Sale
Friday-Sunday, April 27-29 only 10:00 am-6:00 pm

Just arrived. A large display of furniture, Mahogany, solid grandfather clock from 1780, mahogany display bookcase and chest plus many more. One huge roll-top desk—must be seen. Round light oak table with 15 chairs. Pine armchairs, chests and other furniture. Also, painted pieces, and a small, fine collection of clocks and weapons. Everything in most condition.

1264 Nantua St., La Jolla

UCSD Events Office presents



VINCENT PRICE
THE VILLAINS STILL PURSUE ME
A HISTORY OF VILLAINY

VINCENT PRICE returns in an all-new program with an old title. We urge you to get your tickets early.

G.A. \$7.00, UCSD Fac. Staff \$5.00, UCSD St. \$4.00

MAY 3, THURSDAY, 8:00 P.M.
MANDEVILLE AUDITORIUM

UCSD Box Office & Ticketron: 452-4559



Opening Night THIS FRIDAY!
No Brakes! One Gear!

See The **SPEED Machines!**
Reach 40 Miles per Hour


EVERY FRIDAY NIGHT 7:30 P.M.
Early Program - 6:00 P.M.
April 27th-June 15th

San Diego Velodrome, Balboa Park

Admission: \$2.50 Adults - Children Under 12, FREE
Call 298-1570 For Details

Contemporary Black Arts Program
University of California, San Diego
presents in concert

Rod Rogers Dance Company
of New York City



Friday, May 4, 1984
UCSD Mandeville Center
Auditorium, 8:00 pm

UCSD students \$5, UCSD staff/faculty/others \$6, general admission \$8. Tickets now on sale at UCSD Box Office and Ticketron Outlets. For more information please call 452-3103/4559.

Physicians for Social Responsibility and SDSU Cultural Arts Board present

Nuclear Issues and the

ELECTION '84

LINUS PAULING, PhD, Nobel Laureate (Peace and Chemistry)
ADAM EUGENE CARROLL (Retired), Center for Defense Information
PROF. ROGER FISHER, Harvard Law School
REV. JOSEPH LOWERY, Pres., So. Christian Leadership Conference (Successor to Dr. Martin Luther King Jr.)
Beating Swords with Plowshares
JOSEPH J. BOOKSTEIN, MD, Vice President, PSR/San Diego
Post Nuclear Human Extinction
The Medical Evidence: Some Policy Implications
DANA ANDREWS, From Star
My Country, Right or Wrong
BIBI BESCH, M.C., Actress, "The Day After"
Thoughts Before "The Day After"

ACADEMIC CREDIT—One unit, SDSU Extended Studies 265-5871

Ticket prices: \$3.00 general; \$2.00 SDSU students
Tickets available through TICKETRON outlets & UCSD Box Office
Phone: 565-9547 & the SDSU Arts Center Box Office 265-0247
REGISTER & VOTE IN 1984

APRIL 26, 1984

READER'S GUIDE TO THE THEATER

ASPECT OF THE PAST The lights are on in San Diego's new production of "The Aspects of the Past" by Tom Rusk Productions. The production is a musical about the lives of the San Diego's first settlers. It is a musical about the lives of the San Diego's first settlers. It is a musical about the lives of the San Diego's first settlers.

GUTS AND DOLLS The popular musical "Guts and Dolls" is being staged by the San Diego's first settlers. It is a musical about the lives of the San Diego's first settlers. It is a musical about the lives of the San Diego's first settlers.

THE HOUSE OF TENDRE The musical "The House of Tendre" is being staged by the San Diego's first settlers. It is a musical about the lives of the San Diego's first settlers. It is a musical about the lives of the San Diego's first settlers.

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San Diego's Best Entertainment

VALUE

The Fantasticks

LYRIC DINNER THEATRE

Wednesday through Sunday
7578 El Camino Blvd., La Mesa 464-1106

Mary Mary

April 27 & 28, May 1, 3, 4, 5, 11 & 12, 8:00 p.m.
Matinee: May 12 & 13, 2:30 p.m.

Special benefit performance for "Save Our Shuttle Program" May 3
Dinner at The Hotel plus show \$25.00
Box office hours: 12:00 to 6:00 p.m.
Parker Community Auditorium
750 N. La Jolla Village Drive, La Jolla • Charge by phone 458-7773

Tom Rusk Productions presents

GODSPELL

Don Room - El Cortez Hotel
702 Ash Street, San Diego, California 92101

Performances—All at 8:00 p.m.:
Friday & Saturday, April 27 & 28
Friday & Saturday, May 4 & 5
Friday & Saturday, May 11 & 12

Cabaret seating:
\$10.00 per person Main Floor—\$8.00 Sides.
*Special group performance rates available (Groups of 15 or more).

*For information and reservations, call 231-4703.
Sponsored by St. Vincent de Paul Center.

Hammond Studio of Dance

Chris Aguilar & Phil Fontaine

of Jazz Unlimited

to teach new beginning, intermediate & advanced jazz classes
Monday through Thursday evenings.

Call now for information
626 San Ramon (behind Handymen)
Solana Beach 481-1464, 756-2992

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Solana Beach 481-1464, 756-2992

Seascope

Edward Albee's Pulitzer Prize Winner
Worm, human, poetic

On stage April 20-May 20
Thursday, Friday, Saturday, 8 p.m.; Sunday 7 p.m.
(except Sunday, May 8 & Sunday, May 20 at 2 p.m.)
Information & Reservations: 481-1464

NORTH COAST REPERTORY THEATRE
next to 13th & Broadway
Place at the intersection of 13th & Broadway
East of intersection off I-5 and Santa Fe Drive

Seascope

Edward Albee's Pulitzer Prize Winner
Worm, human, poetic

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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 80803, San Diego 92188.

When a recently overheard discussion of music touched on the brand of mellow jazz played on late-night radio programs, one local wag opined, "The people who listen to that stuff have blond hair that's styled to look shaggy, go skiing when it's too cold to sail, and drive brown Toyota Celicas." I am reminded of that amusing bit of conversation as I sit here at my humming Smith Corona piecing together a composite of the imaginary "typical" fan of Norwegian saxophonist Jan Garbarek. I see a white, college-educated male in his late twenties who wears his hair fashionably short and chooses his clothes from the "Weekenders" rack in the men's section of a major department store. A pragmatic chap, he has abandoned his liberal arts background to pursue a promising career in computers, and just recently opened an IRA account. On Sundays, he sips from a glass of white wine or a mug of freshly ground coffee while reading the book section of the *Los Angeles Times*, after which he indulges in his avocational passion: amateur photography. He has many of his photos framed and receives compliments on them from friends and visitors. They especially like the one of the



THE JAN GARBAREK GROUP

solitary, rain-dappled rose shot against an out-of-focus backdrop of sooty, imposing factories and warehouses. Of course it's entirely possible that there isn't one Garbarek fan who fits the foregoing description, but then the objective of such speculating is not pinpoint accuracy. Rather, this observation is useful in illustrating how easy it is to presume certain demographic characteristics of a person given no more information than his or her taste in music. The music we listen to — or rather the music we prefer to listen to — usually reflects our attitudes in other areas of life. The components of Garbarek's music would seem to appeal most to someone who favors a

more conservative, more rational strain of jazz than that being played by avant-garde, "free," or new-jazz artists. There is an academic propriety about Garbarek's playing, a sense of order and serenity in his compositions that would find an audience among those who fancy understatement and clear thought, who believe that the simplest, cleanest lines and expressions produce the greatest beauty and elegance. One person so drawn to Garbarek's music is German record magnate Manfred Eicher, the founder and producer of the European jazz label, ECM (Editions of Contemporary Music). Eicher, a former violinist and producer for the aristocratic classical label

Deutsche Grammophon, was raised on chamber music, and his motivation for starting his own label in the early Seventies was to provide an outlet for the sort of chamber jazz that appeals to the gentler sensibilities. Although in recent years ECM has opened its doors to more avant-garde artists, the company earned and still maintains its reputation with the dreamy, soft-focus, almost clinically impressionistic jazz in which Garbarek specializes. One of the earliest and most popular artists to record under the ECM banner, Garbarek perhaps more than any other musician defines the company's official policy of eschewing the rough, bombastic, experimental approaches to jazz in favor of

music that, in Eicher's words, "gets to you slowly." To describe Garbarek's sound, then, is to describe the "ECM Sound," and vice versa. A harmony instrument (piano or guitar) combines with a lyrical bass to produce a paradoxical ambience that is at once warm and desolate. There are vast spaces in the music, but rather than create a light airiness, this spatial quality adds to the music's somber moodiness, a feeling relieved only slightly by percussion that usually emphasizes the glimmering, pinging hiss of a ride cymbal. Into this dark, monochromatic color field, a melody instrument — in Garbarek's case a tenor or soprano sax or flute — slowly etches thin, melancholy designs, occasionally ornamented with precise grace notes, slurs, and bends. Especially on sax, Garbarek produces an imploring tone with a serrate edge. It is a reticent, introspective voice that makes concise statements in carefully chosen words and phrases. There is a static quality to Garbarek's tone pieces; there is no forward thrust or linear momentum, but instead only the subtle movement of sonorities within an oblique frame. Likewise, his own playing makes no bold pronouncements, proffers no forebodings of improvisational abandon. The more excitable (and, perhaps, more exciting) jazz realists

(Continued on page 14)

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continues from page 121
 disturb one's sense of security with musical explosives that warn of impending confrontation, like rattles heard coming from nearby bushes. But if there is menace in Garbarek's playing, it is a passive, implied menace, more that of eerie, serpentine tracks left in the desert sand than of the snake itself. Even Garbarek's infrequent bebop asides do little to disrupt the almost oppressive, pastel tranquility of his compositions. In these extemporizations Garbarek

comes as close as he ever does to what the purist would consider real jazz blowing, but in the context of his music Garbarek's occasional lapses of continuity are like the intermittent, frenzied flittings of a fly that keeps returning to alight on the same, safe spot. Many jazz buffs have impugned the Garbarek/ECM school of music for accomplishing nothing more fruitful than the establishment of a new, hip form of mood music. While their jibes are generally well-aimed — with

exceptions the entire ECM catalogue is a tribute to noncommittal ephemerality — these critics fail to take into account that certain of the ECM artists, including Garbarek, present a different picture in live performance than they do on record. Garbarek, for example, is known to play with much more intensity and to interpret his compositions much more liberally in concert. We will see if that's true when Garbarek makes his San Diego debut this Friday night at the Sherwood Auditorium of the La

Jolla Museum of Contemporary Art. Joining Garbarek for this performance, as he has so often in the studio, is the German bassist **Eberhard Weber**. Weber, another ECM artist who like Garbarek trades in atmospheric tone paintings, offers a fine complement to Garbarek's writing with his poetic bass lines and singing tone. Together, Garbarek and Weber will perform the first installment of a series sponsored by the San Diego Jazz Festival and entitled,

"Foreign Exchange: A Four-Part Series." In a busy week that will bring thirteen concerts to town this weekend alone, the **Scorpions** and **Bon Jovi** are at the Sports Arena tonight, Thursday; while **Walter Egan** and **Sancho** **Barand** are at the Belly Up Tavern. Friday's schedule brings blues belter **Big Mama Thornton** to UCSD's Triton Pub for an afternoon performance with **Jeannie Cheatham**; while later that night country star **Merle Haggard** performs at

(continued on page 16)

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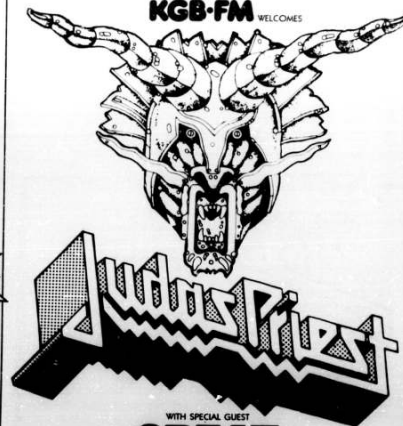
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The James Harman Band and Hammer Smith: Belly Up Tavern, Saturday, April 28, 9 p.m., 143 South Cedros Avenue, Solana Beach, 481-9022.

Broken Edge, Urban Umbrella, and Laws of Motion: Spirit, Saturday, April 28, 9 p.m., 1100 Buena Vista, 278-3903.

Berlin, Mr. Mister, and Bill Nelson's Vistaluna: UCSD Gym, Sunday, April 29, 8 p.m., University of California at San Diego campus, La Jolla, 452-4090.

Linton Kwesi Johnson, the Dennis Bovell Dub Band, and the Reggae Rockers: Club Reggae, Tuesday, May 1, 8 p.m., 24th and Broadway, Golden Hill, 239-5338 or 696-9686.

What Is This?: Rodeo, Tuesday, May 2, 8 p.m., 8980 Villa La Jolla Drive, La Jolla, 457-5591.

Billy Joel: Sports Arena, Thursday, May 3, 8 p.m., 224-4176.

Willie Nelson and Waylon Jennings: Sports Arena, Friday, May 4, 8 p.m., 483-6339.

Ella Roth Piggy: UCSD's Triton Pub, Friday, May 4, 4:30 p.m.,

University of California at San Diego campus, La Jolla, 452-7221.

Indigo: Serra High School Performing Arts Center, Friday, May 4, 8 p.m., 5156 Santo Road, 279-3096.

L. Subramaniam: Sherwood Auditorium, Friday, May 4, 8:30 p.m., La Jolla Museum of Contemporary Art, 700 Prospect Street, La Jolla, 459-1404.

Tom Browne: Humphrey's, Friday, May 4, 6:30 and 9 p.m., 2303 Shelter Island Drive, 283-SEAT.

The Henry Threadgill Sextet:

Sherwood Auditorium: Saturday, May 5, 8:30 p.m., La Jolla Museum of Contemporary Art, 700 Prospect Street, La Jolla, 459-1404.

Stephen Bishop: Humphrey's, Saturday, May 5, 6:30 and 9 p.m., 2303 Shelter Island Drive, 283-SEAT.

Cinco de Mayo Music Festival: featuring Tito Puente, Gil Scott-Heron, Flaco Jimenez, Los Lobos, Pete Escovedo, and Calixta Soto's Open-Air Theater, Sunday, May 6, 1 p.m., San Diego State University, 265-4947.

The Robert Cray Band and the Nighthawks: Belly Up Tavern,

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The Hal Crook Jazz Orchestra and the Palomar College Jazz Ensemble: Palomar College, Monday, May 7, 8 p.m., rSan Marcos, 284-5240 or 276-0657.

"Jazz Live" featuring Jim Storey and Roadmap: San Diego City College Theater, Tuesday, May 8, 8 p.m., 14th and C streets, downtown, 230-2481.

Judas Priest and Great White: Sports Arena, Wednesday, May 9, 8 p.m., 224-4176.

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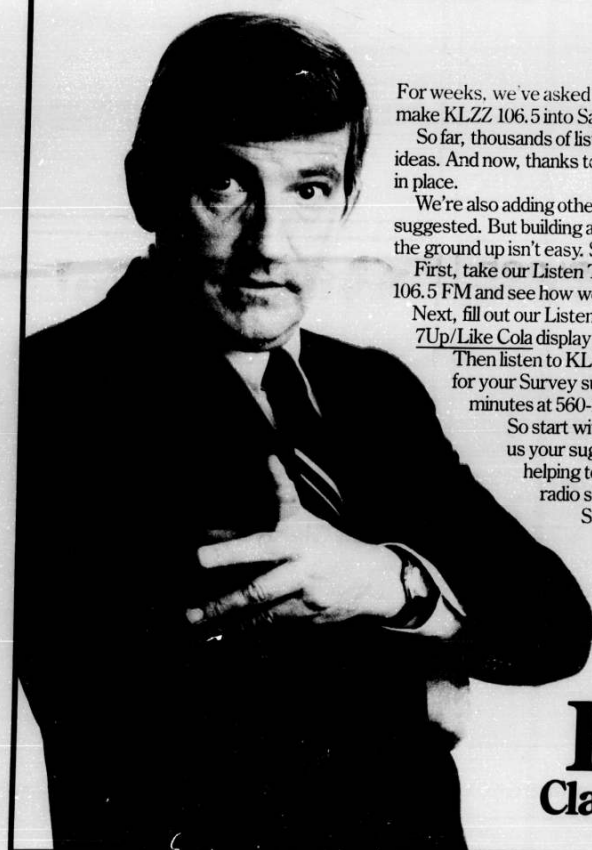
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Next, fill out our Listener Survey, available at the 7Up/Like Cola display in all Big Bear Supermarkets.

Then listen to KLZZ. If you hear us thank you for your Survey suggestions and call us within 15 minutes at 560-1765, you'll win a valuable gift!

So start with the Listen Test. Then give us your suggestions. And you'll be helping to build KLZZ into your kind of radio station.

San Diego's Class FM.

KLZZ

Class FM 106.5

Complete contest rules available upon request at KLZZ studios, 8665 La Jolla Village Drive, #201, San Diego, CA 92121, or on contest forms at participating Big Bear Supermarkets.

MOM'S

276-9933
915 garnet, 1-11
Live rock Tuesday through Saturday



Rapidly becoming S.D.'s hottest band
Friday & Saturday
\$1.00 \$2.00
cover 8:00-8:30 pm cover 8:30-9:00 pm

Tuesday, May 1
**The 4th Annual Miss Legs
America Beauty Pageant
Grand Prize—trip for two to
The Caribbean This week's
special judge:**

Jan Berry
of the
legendary

Jan & Dean
Jan will also perform a few of
his hits such as Surf City,
Little Old Lady From Pasadena
and Barbara Ann.

Each week's winner will be in the finals to be held
May 15. Soon to be seen on Playboy.

Wednesday, May 2
Amateur T-shirt Contest

Cash prizes: **\$400**

Nightly Specials:

Tuesday through Saturday
50¢
well drinks, draft beer & wine
8:00-9:00 pm

No Cover
Tuesday
\$1.00
well drinks all night

No Cover
Wednesday
\$1.00
Vodka drinks all night

No Cover
Thursday
\$1.00
Long Island Iced Teas
all night

and Gary Hoffman (Soul Club)
Thursday, May 10, 9 p.m., 263-6131
Carmel, 444-0756

Holly Gentry (Soul Club)
Friday, May 11, 9 p.m., 263-6131
Carmel, 444-0756

Thompson Twins and Re-Flex (Soul Club)
Friday, May 11, 9 p.m., 263-6131
Carmel, 444-0756

Agent Orange (Soul Club)
Friday, May 11, 9 p.m., 263-6131
Carmel, 444-0756

The Hal Crook Jazz Orchestra:
Southwestern College, Saturday,
May 12, 8:30 p.m., 9401 Gates Lakes
Road, Chula Vista.

James Taylor (Soul Club)
Friday, May 12, 9 p.m., 263-6131
Carmel, 444-0756

The Generation Band with Tom
Scott, Robben Ford, and Victor
Feldman: Humphrey's, Saturday,
May 12, 6:30 and 9 p.m., 2303
Shelter Island Drive, 283-SEAT.

The Beach Boys: San Diego
Stadium, Sunday, May 13, following
the San Diego Padres baseball game
(the game should be over by about
4 p.m.), Mission Valley, 453-6339.

Mag Christian and Fernand UCSD's
Mandelville Auditorium, Tuesday,
May 15, 8 p.m., University of
California, San Diego campus, La
Jolla, 452-7221.

Steel Pulse (Soul Club)
Wednesday, May 16, 8:30 p.m.,
University of California at San
Diego campus, La Jolla, 452-7221
or 452-6339.

The Four Tops and the
Temptations: Golden Hall,
Thursday, May 17, 8 p.m.,
Community Concourse, downtown,
236-6510.

The Blonde Bruce Band: UCSD's
Triton Pub, Friday, May 18,
4:30 p.m., University of California
at San Diego campus, La Jolla,
452-7221.

The Hal Crook Jazz Orchestra:
O'Farrell Junior High School,
Friday, May 18, 8 p.m., 284-3240 or
276-0657.

Suicidal Tendencies, the Vandals,
and Neighborhood Watch:
Fairmount Hall, Friday, May 18,
8 p.m., 3670 Fairmount Avenue,
East San Diego, 281-3857.

John Denver: SOS's Open-Air
Theater, Friday, May 18, 8 p.m.,
San Diego State University,
263-6947.

Angela Bowie: Spirit, Saturday,
May 19, 9 p.m., 1130 Buenos,
276-3861.

Joe Jackson and Howard Jones:
SOS's Open-Air Theater, Sunday,
May 20, 8 p.m., San Diego State
University, 263-6947.

Earl Kluge: Humphrey's, Monday,
May 28, 6:30 and 9 p.m., 2303
Shelter Island Drive, 283-SEAT.

Jennifer Hyman: Humphrey's,
Tuesday, May 29, 6:30 and 9 p.m.,
2303 Shelter Island Drive,
283-SEAT.

Phyllis Hyman: Humphrey's,
Thursday, May 31, 6:30 and 9 p.m.,
2303 Shelter Island Drive,
283-SEAT.

CLUBS

Club listings are compiled by Ben
Jennings. If you wish to be
included, please call 263-9392
Thursday afternoon or Friday
before 2:00 p.m. The listings are
free.

North County

Barr-N Ranch House, 119 East
Broadway, Vista, 724-0510/1200.



Thursday, April 26
9IX presents
**THE
ORIGINAL HAPPY HOUR
OF THE '80s**

Starring **RUSS T. NAULZ** 6:00 pm-9:00 pm.
25¢ drafts, 50¢ hot dogs, cheap wells and that
9IX cheese. Prizes to be given away.
Plus

**THE
LONDON
BROTHERS**



Friday, April 27
A JAZZY HAPPY HOUR
5:00 pm-8:00 pm
95¢ wells, 25¢ beer and wine.

**RICK
ELIAS**

**THE
LONDON
BROTHERS**

Saturday, April 28
RICK ELIAS

**THE
LONDON
BROTHERS**

9IX Sunday, April 29
presents
**DANCE PARTY
OF THE '80s**
with **PAM WOLF** spinning records, giving away
prizes, and being bitchin'. With special guests

N-E-L

Tuesday, May 1
Adventures with Paradise
featuring
WHAT IS THIS

Wednesday, May 2

Concept:

8:00 pm

Simply the best in dance music.

**SOUP, SALAD &
PASTA BAR**

Rodeo is now open for lunch
11:30 am-2:00 pm, Mon-Fri.

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.



Dress Code: must have proper I.D.
6205 El Cajon Blvd. San Diego • 287-7332

TONIGHT
**THE ULTIMATE VIDEO
LIP SYNCH CONTEST**
**\$3,562.50
CASH & PRIZES**
Sign up before 9:30 every Thursday

FRIDAY & SATURDAY



**Columbia
Pictures**

in conjunction with



**Hardbodies
CONTEST**
Bring your own jazzercise, dance or workout
for contest

**\$1000
IN CASH & PRIZES**
Grand Prize Winners:
One-year membership to
Family Fitness plus a cash prize

Runners-up:
6-month membership to
Family Fitness
Other lucky people: One year
membership to Family Fitness, T-shirts,
& tote bags. Compliments of
Family Fitness Center
of Mission Valley.

**TUESDAY
STYLE MAGAZINE
MODEL SEARCH**
Winner will be on cover of Style Magazine
plus other prizes.

DR and Rick Country Galle,
country, Tuesday through
Saturday, dance instruction,
Tuesday.

Billy Jay Tavern, 141 South Cedros
Avenue, Solana Beach, 481-9022.
Walter Egan, pop rock, and Sanchez
Bernard, rock, Thursday; the Rebel
Rockers, rock and reggae, and the
San Diego Trinidad Steel Band,
reggae, Friday; the James Hartman
Band, rhythm and blues, and
Hammer Smith, rhythm and blues,
Saturday; the Chicago Fifteen, big
band swing, early evening Sunday;
and the King Biscuit Blues Band,
blues and rhythm and blues,
Sunday; the Rhythm Kings, rock
and blues, Monday; the
International Reggae All-Stars,
reggae, Tuesday; the Mar Fels,
vintage rock, Wednesday. Afternoon
Concert: Stone's Throw, vintage
jazz, swing, and rock, Wednesday;
the Chicago Six, Dixieland, Friday.

Bobby G's, 485 First Street,
Encinitas, 436-7397: The Source,
rock, Thursday through Saturday;
Network, rock, Sunday through
Tuesday; the Echoes, 60s rock,
Wednesday.

Bookworks/Pannikin Coffeehouse,
Flower Hill Center, 2670 Via de la
Valle, 161 Mar, 735-7325: Jeannie
Cheatham and Holly Hofmann,
jazz, early evening Friday.

The Bridge, 1100 North Hill Street,
Oceanside, 722-1844: Kenny Tynes,
country and contemporary, Tuesday
through Saturday; Don Tension,
country and contemporary, Sunday
and Monday.

The Captain's Anchorage, 180
North El Camino Place, Encinitas,
942-1400: Fran & Doran,
contemporary, Wednesday through
Saturday.

Charlie's Niteclub, 680 West San
Marcos Boulevard, San Marcos,
744-4120: Wes Roe and the
Countrymen, country, Wednesday
through Saturday.

The Chopping Block, 10783
Jomacha Boulevard, Spring Valley,
726-8770: Live rock, seven nights,
call club for information.

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

The Cupboard, The Vineyard,
1535-E East Valley Parkway,
Escondido, 743-0421: The Tripp
Sprague Trio, jazz, Friday.

Distillery East, 755 Metcalf Street,
Escondido, 741-9093: N-E-L, rock,
the Moderns, rock, and Luna, rock,
Thursday; recorded music, Friday
and Saturday; Urban Umbrella,
rock, and Four Soldiers, rock,
Sunday; the Drive-Ins, rock, and
She'll Live, rock, Wednesday.

Distillery Nightclub, 140 South
Sierra Boulevard, Solana Beach,
735-6733: Bratz, rock, Thursday
through Saturday; live rock,
Sunday, call club for information.
Notice to appear, rock, Monday and
Tuesday; the Reflectors, rock,
Wednesday.

El Comal, 12845 Poway Road,
Poway, 486-1010: Don Tension,
country and contemporary,
Wednesday through Saturday.

Fireline Lounge, 439 West
Washington, Escondido, 743-1931:
Roby Barn, rock, Thursday
through Saturday; Bandit, rock,
Wednesday.

Fish House West, 2633 South
Highway 161, Cardiff, 733-6118:
Deluxe, contemporary, Thursday
through Saturday.

Gizmo's, 380 North El Camino
Real, Encinitas, 942-1676: The
Heaters, rock, Thursday through
Saturday; comedy night, Sunday;
Purl, rock, Monday; Random
Sample, rock, Tuesday; the West
Coast Twisters, rock, Wednesday.

Henry's, 263 Elm Street, Carlsbad,
729-9214: Tony Soraci and Co. with

Wind rose
presents

Wednesday-Saturday, April 25-28

Don Debon



Sunday & Monday, April 29 & 30

Automobiles



9IX's Jim LaMarca

presents

Nostalgic Rock 'n' Roll

Every Tuesday—No cover



Jim LaMarca "The Unknown Cricket"
& Buddy Holly

Wednesday-Saturday, May 2-5

**DIFK
DEBONAIRE**

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: Cerveza Gold \$1.25

Monday: Heineken on draft \$1.25

Tuesday: Margaritas \$1.25

Wednesday: Stoly 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!
Banquet facilities available.

Judy Ames, contemporary, Tuesday through Saturday; the Belar Boys, vintage rock, Sunday and Monday.

Hill House, 2730 Via de la Valle, Del Mar, 753-6614: The Echoes, 60s rock, Thursday; Mike Chandler and Sam Cie, soft rock, Sunday.

Hungry Hunter, 1221 Vista Way, Oceanside, 433-2633: Steve Morris, comedy and music, Wednesday through Saturday; John Barker, Top

40 favorites, Sunday through Tuesday.

Hungry Hunter, 11940 Bernardo Plaza Drive, Rancho Bernardo, 566-2400: Michael Edwards, contemporary, Thursday through Saturday; Terry Schmitt, contemporary, Wednesday.

Judy Roger, 1900 North Harbor Drive, Oceanside, 722-1831: Russ Kirkpatrick and Dan Lehner, contemporary and country, Wednesday through Saturday; Outta Control,

Wednesday through Saturday.

Mulaney's, 340 East Grand Avenue, Escondido, 741-9935: Random Sample, rock, Thursday through Saturday; C.C. Mauck, contemporary, Sunday and Monday; Rich Hunt, contemporary, Tuesday; the Features, rock, Wednesday.

Normandy Cocktail Lounge, 215 North Hill Street, Oceanside, 722-4771: Frowell, rock, Tuesday through Saturday; Outta Control,

rock, Sunday and Monday.

Old Time Cafe, 1464 North Highway 101, Escondido, 436-4030: Deborah Lay Johnson and Rick Erlien, blues, folk, and originals, Thursday; Judy Stecher and Kate Brulin, Southern Mountain and British Isles music, Friday; Cathie Whitesides and Ted Whitemore, New England and American fiddle music, Saturday; Raggle Taggle, variety — Renaissance to jazz,

Pacific East Espresso, 235 North El Camino Real, Encinitas, 436-1248: Peter Sprague, John Leftwich, and Steve Kujala, jazz, Friday and Saturday evenings and Sunday morning.

Pancho's, 1309 Camino Del Mar,

Sunday: Old Time Hoot Night, Tuesday: Tom Cahoon and Dennis Ware, folk, Wednesday: Sunday Brunch Concert: Catherine Espinoza, Irish harp.

Pancho's, 1309 Camino Del Mar,

Sunday: Old Time Hoot Night,

481-0414: Recorded music, Thursday: the Echoes, 60s rock, Friday and Saturday: the Five Card Lowers, blues jam, Sunday: recorded music, Monday through Wednesday.

Pea Soup Anderson's, 800 Palomar Airport Road, Carlsbad, 438-0880: Mossia, Top 40 dance music, Thursday through Saturday.

Pomerado Club, 12237 Pomerado 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: The Johnny Almond Rhythm Rease, rock and blues, Thursday through Saturday; Ambition, soft rock, Sunday and Monday; Miss O'Meara, rock, Wednesday.

Ralph and Eddie's, 390 Grand

Avenue, Carlsbad, 729-2989: Live, rock, Friday and Saturday; call club for information; Incognito, rock, Sunday.

Ramada Inn, Scotty's Pub, 2500 South Escondido Boulevard, Escondido, 747-5000: Ted and Dave, contemporary, Thursday through Saturday; Just Us, contemporary, Sunday through Tuesday.

Rancho Bernardo Inn, 17550 Bernardo Oaks Drive, Rancho

Bernardo, 487-4611 or 277-2146: Jim Cote 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.

Rogue Hills, 9850 Carmel Mt. Road, Pismo, 578-2144: Live music, Thursday through Saturday;

call club for information; Peter Jay, contemporary, Monday through Wednesday.

Rod's Hidden Acres, 3700 Carmel Valley Road, Del Mar, 481-9606: Johnnie B., classical, contemporary, and ethnic music, Friday and Saturday.

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

PACIFIC ESPRESSO

235 N. El Camino Real, Encinitas • 436-1248



Pacific Espresso will bring **Steve Kujala** to San Diego to join **Peter Sprague** during his regular engagement **John Leftwich**, guest bassist

Steve Kujala, jazz flutist from L.A. is just returning from world tour with Andy Gibb and has frequently recorded with Chick Corea.

... his tone, his improvisations, and namely him as a person make making music with him one of the great events of my life. — Peter Sprague

Friday and Saturday, April 27 & 28, and Sunday, April 29, 8:00 pm-11:30 pm.



Sunday mornings are a special event at Pacific Espresso.

Not only do we have the best contemporary jazz in town with **Peter Sprague and Steve Kujala**, we also offer a great brunch, champagne, and a bright lively atmosphere. 10:00 am-1:00 pm. Open Mon-Thurs. 6:30 am-9:00 pm. Fri. & Sat. 6:30 am-midnight. Sunday 9:00 am-4:00 pm

SEXTON'S Restaurant & Nightclub

Tuesday-Saturday in the lounge. Now appearing:

Chain Reaction

Tuesday Night **Ladies' Night 9:00 pm-1:00 am** Beer, wine & well drinks \$1.75

Wednesday Night **Hops & Schnapps Night** Light beer & apple Schnapps \$2.25 8:00 pm-1:00 am

Happy Hour Monday-Friday 4:00 pm-6:00 pm Complimentary hors d'oeuvres • \$1.00 well drinks, beer & wine

Banquet Facilities Available 7353 El Cajon Blvd., La Mesa 460-1300

An undersea grotto...

- Fresh Catch of the Day
- Fresh Pacific Red Snapper
- Harpoon of Beef
- Hawaiian Chicken
- Mahi Mahi
- Fish 'n' Chips

Your choice \$5.50

All dinners include rice pilaf, a basket of hot bread and a trip to our soup & salad bar. Sunday-Thursday 5:00-7:00 pm, closed Monday.

The Triton presents

Bruce Cameron Hollis Gentry Jazz Ensemble

Jazz Thursday-Saturday 9:00 pm-1:00 am



6011 El Cajon Blvd., at College

Reservations for dinner, 583-3240, closed Mondays. ... truly distinctive seafood restaurant

Mustang Club

is now **Rock n' Roll** with Chicago's own

"THE RENT"



No cover charge

Open Thurs-Sat. 7 pm to 2 am 3595 Sports Arena Blvd. (across from S.D. Sports Arena) 223-5396

REFLECTIONS

welcomes



TRIO V

In their first San Diego appearance. Tuesday-Saturday from 8:30 pm

The Best of the '50s Every Monday night from 8:30 pm

Happy Hour Thursday & Friday, 5:00-7:00 pm Complimentary hors d'oeuvres, with **Ducktail Revue**



Sheraton-Harbor Island East 1380 Harbor Island Drive, San Diego



HALCYON

4258 W. Point Loma 225-9559

Thursday-Saturday, April 26, 27 & 28



Every Monday Night

FIESTA NIGHT

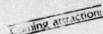
Mexican entrees and appetizers Margaritas \$1.50 Tequila shooters \$1.25

Every Friday

ROCK & ROLL HAPPY HOUR TGIF

5:30-8:30 pm **CIRCLES**

Live Rock & Roll starting at 5:30 pm. Door open at 4:00 pm. Free food and drink specials.



Tuesday-Sunday, May 1-5

ipso facto

We're looking for courteous and friendly persons for doorman positions. Apply in person, Monday, Tuesday or Friday after 12:00 noon.

MAGNOLIA MULVANEY'S

Thursday through Saturday

Quest

Friday and Saturday

Quest



ipso facto



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

MONK'S

presents

FORWARD MOTION



through Saturday

Jazz in the Valley every Sunday & Monday. This week **Ron Satterfield Quintet**

Thursday is Happy Hour all night

Fantasy Fashions auction every Tuesday

Monk's 10175 San Diego Mission Rd. 563-0060

Vista Entertainment Center, 435

Whiskey Flats. 1260 West Valley Parkway, Escondido, 745-8640.

Reaches

contemporary, Thursday through Saturday; Stone's Throw, vintage jazz, swing, and rock, Sunday and Monday; Jesse Davis, contemporary


contemporary, Sunday through Tuesday.

Sunday and Monday: David Bradley and the Marjorie Barst, comedy and

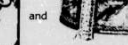
Le Chalet, 3046 Newport Avenue,

Mexican Village, 1200 Orange Avenue, Coronado, 335 1899, Thu-

The DEL MAR CATTLE CO.

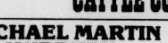


and




present

MICHAEL MARTIN MURPHEY



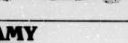
May 6, 2 shows, tickets \$8.00

THE BELLAMY BROTHERS



May 21, 2 shows
with special guests **STAMPEDE**

JOE STAMPLEY



May 13, 1 show, tickets \$8.00

Watch for national acts appearing weekly throughout the year.

Live music 7 nights a week.

STAMPEDE Thursday • Monday • **WHITE LIGHTNIN EXPRESS** Tuesday & Wednesday.

FREE DANCE LESSONS Tuesday & Wednesday • **CLOGGING LESSONS** Monday & Thursday.

Steak • Seafood • Spirits

Lunch & dinner served 7 days.

Carmel Valley Road & Via Cortina, Del Mar 259-8833.

<p>Country 105 FM</p> <p>State Beach</p> <p>Live Country</p>	<p>↑</p> <p>2</p>	<p>Country 105 FM</p> <p>State Beach</p>		
<p>Carmel Valley Rd</p>				

The Cafe, Revelle Campus, Torrey Pines Road, UCSD. 452-2311: Born Crosseyed, music of the Grateful Dead, Friday; Sanguma, music from New Guinea, lunch time, Monday.

Le Chalet
Entertainment by the Sea
DANCING
**LIVE ENTERTAINMENT
7 NIGHTS A WEEK**
HAPPY HOURS:
WEDNESDAY 8-9, 75c Schnapps
THURSDAY 7-9, \$1.00 import beer
FRIDAY 4-5, 95c well drinks
MONDAY-SATURDAY 5-7, \$1.35 well doubles

ThrillSeeker
Thursday, Friday & Saturday
April 26, 27 & 28

HURRICANES
The blues are back.
Sunday & Monday
April 29 & 30

RED ALERT
Rock & Roll
Tuesday & Wednesday
May 1 & 2
Sat. & Sun. Pool Tournament 2 pm
5046 Newport Ave. • Ocean Beach
222-5300


Upstart Crow and Co., Seacoast Square, 4475 Mission Beach Boulevard, Pacific Beach, 272-8999

LEHRS GREENHOUSE

TONIGHT!

Thursday, April 26

CAMPUS NIGHT
 1st pic & admissions with student ID
 7th drafts until 10:00 pm
 10th Letterman or Top Ten




Lehr's Greenhouse welcomes
 the
THURSDAY NIGHT CLUB
 5:00 to 8:30 pm
 Hours of music & dancing

ROCKIN' WEEKEND

Friday & Saturday, April 27 & 28

DIRTY DEBONAIRE

plus
THE HEROES



Two bands
 Two dance floors
 Three bars **\$3**
 Three music video screens

SUNDAY

Sunday, April 29
 Drink specials & surprises

the FEATURES
 11:30 pm Music of '70s Disco

MONDAY

Monday, April 30

91X NIGHT with STEVE WEST
 Drink specials, surprises, major premiere movie ticket giveaways
 and **91X** personalities

the FEATURES
 11:30 pm Music of '70s Disco

TUESDAY

Tuesday, May 1

Tuesday is
SUPER FASHION AUCTION NIGHT
 WITH FASHION INTERNATIONAL

Donny & the Band

THE MAY ESCAPE
 SDSU Fencing Club Benefit
 with
the FEATURES
 11:30 pm Music of '70s Disco

WEDNESDAY

Wednesday, May 2

Donny & the Band

NEW MOON PARTY
 with Stranger Dave Currey
 Dancing • Fashion show • Cocktails

Dress code & picture ID strictly enforced!

CABARET DRINK SPECIALS

SUNDAYS MONDAYS
 Vodka \$1.25 Long Island Iced Teas \$1.25

TUESDAYS WEDNESDAYS THURSDAYS
 Irish Coffee \$1.25 Kazis \$1.25 Margaritas \$1.25

2828 Camino del Rio South, Mission Valley 359-7826

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

Rachael, 8022 Clairemont Mesa Boulevard, Kearny Mesa, 569-8622: Postmodern, Top 40 dance music, Thursday through Saturday, with Blue Sky, rock and contemporary, Saturday afternoon recorded music, Sunday, the Hal Crook Jazz Band, jazz, Monday, J.J. Frank and the Cultures of the World, rock, jazz and contemporary, Tuesday and Wednesday.

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

The Blarney Stone Pub, 5617 Balboa Avenue, Clairemont, 279-2033: Irish music with Sam McKicker, Wednesday through Saturday.

Banbury's, 1906 Mira Mesa Boulevard, Mira Mesa, 578-8666: At Nova, rock and roll, Thursday through Saturday.

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

El Rico, 5353 Mission Center Road, Mission Valley, 291-8361: Michael Edwards, contemporary, Wednesday and Thursday, live jazz, Saturday and Sunday, call club for information.

Gold Coast Lounge, Town and Country Hotel, 500 Hotel Circle North, Mission Valley, 291-7131: Piano Bar, Jack P. Black, Thursday through Saturday, Stuart Skidgell, Friday through Monday, Kevin Melton, Tuesday and Wednesday.

Haji Baba, 104 Mission Valley Center West, Mission Valley, 298-2010: Live Arabic music and entertainment, Tuesday through Sunday, with open stage belly dancing, Tuesday, and Laila Abdo, Egyptian vocalist, Sunday.



BERLIN, Sunday, UCSB Gym

Holiday Inn/Mission Valley, Circle South, 395 Hotel Circle South, Mission Valley, 291-5720: Fortune, contemporary, Tuesday through Saturday.

Islands Lounge, Harbort Hotel, 2270 Hotel Circle North, Mission Valley, 297-1101: Jambone, contemporary, Thursday through Saturday, Trach, contemporary, Sunday and Monday, live entertainment, Tuesday and Wednesday, call club for information.

Kearny Mesa Bowl, 7505 Clairemont Mesa Boulevard, Kearny Mesa, 279-1501: Triple Play, contemporary, Thursday through Saturday.

La Hacienda Cantina, 878 Hotel Circle South, Mission Valley, 298-8281: Jesse Davis, contemporary, Thursday through Saturday, Bill Brackett, comedy and music, Monday, Mike Murphy, comedy and music, Wednesday.

Lehr's Greenhouse, 2828 Camino del Rio South, Mission Valley, 299-2828: Dark Debonaire, rock, Thursday through Saturday, with the Heres, rock, Saturday, the Features, rock, Sunday through Tuesday, the Ron Bolton Band, rock, Tuesday and Wednesday.

The Magic Lamp, 9522 Miramar Road, Mira Mesa, 271-8780: Live rock, Wednesday through Saturday.

call club for information.

Munk's, 10475 San Diego Mission Road, Mission Valley, 363-4960: Forward Motion, contemporary, Thursday through Saturday, the Ron Satterfield Quintet, jazz, Sunday and Monday.

Monterey Whaling Company, 887 Camino del Rio South, Mission Valley, 291-1638: The Twonotes, rock, Tuesday through Saturday, L.A. rock, Sunday and Monday.

The Mongolow, 4615 Clairemont Drive, Clairemont, 273-1022: Justice, Top 40 and oldies, Tuesday through Saturday.

Navajo Inn, 8515 Navajo Road, San Carlos, 465-1730: BBC, rock.

Tuesday through Saturday, Quest, rock, Sunday and Monday.

Pat Joe's, 5147 Waring Road, Allied Gardens, 286-7873: Pro Brighton's Proseutarian Band, Bluecland, swing, and oldies, Friday and Saturday.

Pavilion Lounge, Town and Country Hotel, 500 Hotel Circle North, 291-7131: Seafood, contemporary, Tuesday through Saturday.

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

Spirit, 1130 Buena Vista Avenue, Ray Park, 276-3993: The Rane, rock, the Quibs, rock, and stretch, rock, Thursday, the Call, rock, the Penetrators, rock, and Wicked Fence, rock, Friday, Broken Edge, rock, Urban Umbrella, rock, and Loves of Motion, rock, Saturday: "Panna Butter and Blues Jam" Night, Tuesday, the Heard, rock, Mojo Nixon, rhythm and blues, Claude Cornu and the F's, rock, the Shards, rock, and the Sons of Dan McLain, rock, Wednesday.

Springfield Wagon Works, 5255 Kearny Villa Road, Kearny Mesa, 363-2272: Jo Tractor, piano bar, Thursday through Saturday.

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

Tio Leo's/Mission Gorge, 6333 Mission Gorge Road, Mission Gorge, 280-9844: Vista V, contemporary, Thursday, Sunday, Monday, and Wednesday, Joe Stewart, contemporary, Tuesday, Friday, and Saturday.

Wrangler's Roost, 6608 Mission

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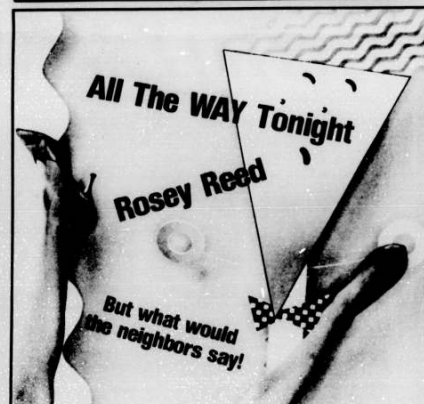
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George Road, Mission George.
281-6263. Steel Cuts, country.
Tuesday through Saturday; live
country music, Sunday and
Monday; call club for information.

San Diego South

Anthony's Harborside, 1335 North
Harbor Drive, downtown.
252-5358: The Backbeat Revue,
vintage rock. Thursday through
Saturday; Ricky and the Jets,
vintage rock. Tuesday and
Wednesday.

Artex Bowl, Torreyes Lounge,
4366 Thirtieth Street, North Park.
283-3135: Aardark, contemporary.
Thursday; Funk and Good
Company, contemporary. Friday
and Saturday.

Harbuck 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.



JAMES HARMAN BAND, Saturday, Belly Up Tavern

Thursday through Saturday:
Tommy Rocker, comedy and music;
Sunday and Monday; the Spud
Brothers, 50s rock and comedy.

Tuesday and Wednesday.

Bodie's, 6149 University Avenue,
East San Diego. 583-5700: The

Lane Riders, rock. Wednesday and
Thursday; the Beat Farmers,
rockabilly and country. Friday;
Mitchell Cornish and the Hell
Hounds, rock, and Lane rock.
Saturday: Ram Run, rock. Sunday;
live rock. Monday and Tuesday; call
club for information.

Cafe Anglique, 1578 West Lewis
Street, Mission Hills. 299-2246:
David and Francesca Savage, light
classical, early evening Sunday
and Sunday brunch.

Cafe del Rey Momo, 1549 E. Prado,
Balboa Park. 234-8511: Hale
Vernon, piano and guitar variety.
Tuesday through Saturday evenings
and Sunday afternoon.

Crossroads, 345 Market Street,
downtown. 233-7856: Ella Roth,
Figgie, jazz and blues. Friday,
Saturday, and Sunday; jazz jam
session, Monday.

Doc Masters, 2051 Shelter Island
Drive, Shelter Island. 233-2572:
The Spud Brothers, 50s rock and
comedy. Thursday through
Saturday; live entertainment,
Sunday and Monday; call club for
information; Old Bridge, comedy

and music. Tuesday and Wednesday.
Doodle's, 1225 E. Coast Boulevard,
East San Diego. 283-6581: Paul
Grogg, piano bar. Wednesday
through Monday; Patti Glenn,
piano bar. Tuesday.

Drowsey Maggie's, 136 and
University, North Park. 298-8584:
San Diego Storytellers, tall tales and
folk stories, early evening. Thursday;
Raggle Raggle, variety.
Renaissance to jazz. Friday; the
Paradise Street Band, Irish and
original music. Saturday; Tobacco
Road, vintage jazz and boogie-
woogie, early evening. Sunday; Old
Time Host Night, Monday; Peter
Sprague Trio, jazz. Tuesday;
Bluegrass Jambooree, Wednesday;
Early Evening Show: Lynn Hall,
Latin American harp. Thursday;
Tom Caboon, folk. Saturday.

The Escape Lounge, 421 University
Avenue, Hillcrest. 295-8282: Eddie
Kane, pianist, organist, and vocalist,
Friday through Sunday and Sunday
brunch.

Fat City/China Camp, 2137 Pacific
Highway, downtown. 232-0086:
Most Valuable Players, jazz. Friday

and Saturday.

Harpoon Henry's, 2725 Shelter
Island Drive, Shelter Island.
234-8522: J.J. Frank and the
Coalition Orchestra, pop, the
Zorgonian Jazz Quartet, jazz.
Friday through Sunday.

Hotel San Diego, 339 West
Broadway, downtown. 234-0221:
Juke Box Lounge: Skip Garcia,
contemporary and originals.
Continental Room: The Big Little
Band, swing. Friday happy hour; It's
Cobb's Jazzbo, Disneyland, early
evening. Sunday.

Humphrey's, Half Moon Inn, 2241
Shelter Island Drive, Shelter Island.
234-3577: Bruce McKeithen, piano
bar. Wednesday through Saturday;
Alicia Thomas, contemporary.
Monday and Tuesday; Larry Moore,
contemporary. Monday through
Friday happy hours.

Imperial House, 505 Kalmia (at
Park Boulevard), Hillcrest.
234-3525: Wayne Jure and Richard
James, jazz. Friday and Saturday.

"The Insider", at the dock at 1066
North Harbor Drive, downtown.



WEATHER REPORT, Friday, Humphrey's

298-8066: The Invaders,
contemporary music for dancing,
early evening seven nights.

Jelly Roger, 867 West Harbor
Drive, Seaport Village. 233-4300:
John Barker and Melissa
McCracken, contemporary.

Wednesday through Saturday.

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

blues, Tuesday and Wednesday.

**Mona Lisa Restaurant and
Cocktail**, 2061 India Street,
downtown. 234-8803: Gary and
Jackie with Gil Warner and guests,
Italian songs, pop standards, and
opera, Sunday.

Our Place, 2424 Fifth Avenue,
Hillcrest. 232-1773: The Larry
Foster Trio, jazz. Friday and
Saturday.

Pacific Wine Bar and Bistro, 1901
Market Street, downtown.
239-9879: Dining Room: Mel Good,
jazz piano, lunch time and early
evening. Friday and Saturday.

Patrick's II, 1284 F Street,
downtown. 233-3077: The St.
Raney Trio, jazz. Wednesday; Eric
Brigham's Preservation Jazz Band,
jazz, early evening. Thursday;
Stetman, 50s and 60s light rock
for dancing, early evening. Friday
and Saturday.

Prophet Restaurant, 4461
University Avenue, East San Diego.
283-7448: The Orson Trio, classical
guitar, early evening. Wednesday
and Saturday; Lori Bell and Friends,
jazz, early evening. Thursday; Lori
Bell and Shep Meyers, jazz, early
evening. Sunday.

Salerno's, 1102 University Avenue,
North Park. 290-6163: Richard
James and Friends, jazz, early
evening. Tuesday through Thursday.

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The finest new music,
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9 pm-2 am

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481-6221 • Minimum age: 18

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Ocean Beach, California

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UNIVERSITY BEACH 232-1872

Thursday, April 26
Late night
happy hour

Friday & Saturday, April 27 & 28
RED ALERT
formerly Fuzo

Friday night
\$1.00 Kazi night
Saturday night
\$1.00 Banditos

Next week **BREAKERS & JAZZ**

THE SYNDICATE
presents

Saturday, April 28, 9:00 pm
• **MANUAL SCAN** •
with guests
TELL TAIL HEARTS and TREBLES

2176 Chatsworth Blvd.
At corner of Chatsworth & Ventura in Palm Springs. Late reservations eat from
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232-4578. Doors open at 9:00 pm. Ages 17 and up welcome.

*La Maison
5th Avenue*
presents

**Peter
Sprague**
Thursday, April 26
7:00-10:00 pm

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Rock 'n' Roll at its best. Dance your feet off.
Friday, April 27

THE BEAT FARMERS Special guest appearance by
FORBIDDEN PIGS

MOJO NIXON

Saturday, April 28
LUNA
All lady band. 91X Rock to Riches album winner. Plus
**MITCH CORNISH
& THE HELLHOUNDS**
Government recording artists soon to be realized—
"This Is The Time For This".

Sunday, April 29
Sign up for band auditions 4:00 pm-8:00 pm.
BAM-BAM
Hot rock 'n' roll on their way up.

Monday & Tuesday, April 30 & May 1
SURPRISE BAND
Rock 'n' Roll

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\$5.00 steaks with open salad bar and baked potato.
You cook it yourself, so if you burn it—tough steak.

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Tuesdays
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Hits of the
'60s & '70s
with the
sound of
the '80s!

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All Parties
Tuesday-Saturday night, 7 pm till close

All evening Happy Hour
Double well drinks for price of single
Beer and wine \$1.00
In Rick's Cafe American
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Dance, Dance, Dance
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Neon light swizzle stick
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Special Bands, Special Prices
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April 29, 30—"TOUCH"
May 6, 7—"MOMENTS NOTICE"
May 14, 20, 21—"THE FABULOUS
SPUD BROS."

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Lounge**

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THE EXHILARATING SOUNDS OF




MARK MEADOWS

With an all-star band: Melvin Patterson—bass, Mark Aquilino—lead guitar, Chris Hoffman—keyboards, Chris Johnson—drums, Eric Shapiro and dancers.

Different styles of music will be performed. Recently returned from his European Tour, Mark brings his magic back to San Diego for one unforgettable evening. This show is guaranteed to be a Sight & Sound Sensation.

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NETWORK

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485 FIRST ST. ENCINITAS 436-7397

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, 291-2440: Trilogy Five, contemporary, Tuesday through Saturday; Ducktail Revue, vintage rock, Thursday and Friday happy hours and Monday evening.

Soleada's, 425 West B Street,
downtown, 232-7588: Impulse, jazz, Friday and Saturday.

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

Top of the Park, Park Manor Hotel,
525 Spruce Street, Hillcrest, 295-2181: Marsh Milligan, contemporary guitar and sing-along, Thursday and Friday happy hours and Saturday evening.

Triton, 6011 El Cajon Boulevard,
East San Diego, 583-3240: The Bruce Cameron and Hollis Gentry Ensemble, jazz, Thursday through Saturday.

Trojan Horse, 6179 University
Avenue, East San Diego, 582-1070: Voyeur, rock, Thursday; the Us Band, rock, Friday through Monday; Messenger, rock, Tuesday; Presence, rock, Wednesday.

Tuba Man's, 2551 University
Avenue, North Park, 295-8426: Recorded oldies with D.J. Larry, Friday; Charter Flight, rock and contemporary, Saturday.

Tuba Man's No. 2, 7140 El Cajon
Boulevard, East San Diego, 698-6042: Tobacco Road, vintage jazz and honky-tonk, Thursday; recorded music, Friday, Monday, and Wednesday; the Chicago Six, Dixieland, Saturday.

Viscount Hotel, 1960 Harbor Island
Drive, Harbor Island, 291-6700: Jarrett, oldies and newies, early evening Tuesday through Saturday.

East County

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

Baxter's, 1025 Fletcher Parkway,
El Cajon, 442-9871: Kicks, rock and roll, Tuesday through Saturday.

Black Angus, 1000 Craves Avenue,
El Cajon, 440-5055: Diamond, rock, Tuesday through Saturday.

Blarney Stone Two, 7059 El Cajon
Boulevard, La Mesa, 463-2263: Irish music with Brian Connelly, Wednesday through Saturday; the Hinters, Irish folk music, Sunday and Tuesday.

The Boondocks Restaurant, 8330
Parkway Drive, La Mesa, 465-3660: 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: Clutch Cargo, contemporary, Tuesday through Saturday.

Cabypa Lounge, 975 Greenfield
Avenue, El Cajon, 440-9526: Run Morin, contemporary, Friday and Saturday.

Circle D Corral, 1033 Broadway,
El Cajon, 444-7443: Country Casanova, country, Tuesday through Saturday; Cottonwood, country, Sunday and Monday.

Dock's Landing, 1185 East Main
Street, El Cajon, 442-0258: Piano Bar: Joy Chess, Wednesday and Thursday; Joy Chess and Stevie Adams, Friday and Saturday; Dale Pearson, Sunday through Tuesday.

Don's West, 5286 Baltimore Drive,

Crystal T's Emporium

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LADIES NITE

\$1.50 ICE TEAS
"SUPER" VIDEO LOUNGE
"Looking for Mr. GoodBod"
* T-Shirts for participants
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ALL REGULAR COCKTAILS
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Hors d'oeuvres from 4:00-7:00 pm daily.
Entertainment from 6:30 pm, Tuesday-Saturday.

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MICHAEL EDWARDS
saxophone, Wednesday, Thursday, Friday, Saturday, Sunday

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Live music every day, all night
Late night Happy Hour
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Mondays \$1.25 tequila drinks

Tuesdays Ladies' t-shirt night
\$1.00 well drinks, 75¢ beer & wine

Wednesdays Win a \$25 bar tab!
\$1.25 vodka drinks, 75¢ beer & wine

Thursdays Men's t-shirt night
\$1.25 kamikazes, 75¢ beer & wine

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through Saturday 9:00 pm-1:00 am

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

JESSE DAVIS
begins Tuesday, May 1

Clarie's
RESTAURANT

Summer House Inn 7955 La Jolla Village Dr.

La Mesa, 462-0533: Southern Comfort, country, Wednesday through Sunday.

Flinn Springs Inn, 15566 Highway
80, El Cajon, 443-4568: Free Rein, country, Friday through Monday.

George Joe's Restaurant, 9586
Murray Drive, La Mesa, 469-6158: Darryl Topaz, 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, 402 Fletcher
Parkway, El Cajon, 442-0517: Terry Scheidt, contemporary, Thursday through Saturday.

Kentucky Stud, 11377 Woodside
Avenue, Santee, 448-3402: Shadow Riders, country, Friday through Sunday.

Lakeview Hotel, 9540 River Street,
Lakeside, 443-9591: Red Lane and Ramblin' Fever, country, Friday through Sunday.

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

Lorenson's, 596 Broadway, El Cajon,
442-9696: Patsy and Prime Time, contemporary, Thursday through Saturday; Fro Bringham and the Preservation Band, Dixieland jazz, Sunday and Monday; Steve Moutas and Finest Action, contemporary, Tuesday and Wednesday.

Magnolia Muevany's, 8861
Magnolia Avenue, Santee, 448-8550: Quail, rock, Thursday through Saturday.

Mr. Billy's Backroom Saloon, 399
North Magnolia, El Cajon, 447-5500: Huston and Best with Dave Stierme, contemporary and variety, Wednesday through Saturday; Steve Morris, comedy and contemporary, Sunday through Tuesday.

Our Favorite Place, 9646 Mission
Gorge Road, Santee, 449-6240: Bob Sortillon and Key Largo, contemporary and oldies, Thursday through Saturday evening, and early evening Sunday.

The Ox Bow Inn, 9816 Campo
Road, Spring Valley, 469-9616: Center Stage, country and music of the 40s and 50s, Tuesday through Thursday; Alton and the Ox Bow Country Lads, country, Friday and Saturday.

Park Place, 1280 Fletcher Parkway,
El Cajon, 448-4111: Prophet, rock, Tuesday through Saturday; Circles, rock, Sunday and Monday.

Section's, 7353 El Cajon Boulevard,
La Mesa, 469-1596: Steve Moutas and Finest Action, contemporary, Thursday through Saturday; live entertainment, Sunday and Monday; call club for information; Chain Reaction, contemporary, Tuesday and Wednesday.

Silver Spur, 7941 Mission Gorge
Road, Santee, 448-4882: Arty Baze and a Touch of Country, country, Wednesday through Sunday.

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

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

South Bay

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

Black Angus, 707 E Street, Chula
Vista, 425-9200: The Baja Strings, Top 40 dance music, Tuesday through Saturday.

Bull N' Stick, 608 Palm Avenue,
Imperial Beach, 425-5236:

Professional. Experienced. Inspiring. Concerned.

The best music training comes from the best music teachers.

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creating musicians

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Hal Crook, Director
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Listen to Paradise
Saturdays
10 pm
9IX

Tuesday, May 1, 8 pm - 9:30
At the **RODDEO** 21 & up
TELEVISION

Dance Machine, 1862 Palm Avenue
Imperial Beach. 429-1161; Bandit,
rock, Thursday through Saturday;

Hutch's, 1463 Palm Avenue, Imperial Beach. 423-3479: Country Comfort, country, Friday and Saturday.

Landmark Cocktail Lounge, 2511 Sweetwater Road, National City. 475-7313; Frank Dixon and Country Night Live, country, Friday and Saturday.

The New Trophy Lounge. 999 National City Boulevard, National City. 477-5753; Vergie and the Orient Express, contemporary, Thursday through Sunday; Fortune, country, Monday through Wednesday.

Old Bonita Store Restaurant, 4014
Bonita Road, Bonita. 479-3537:
Tony Irvine, comedy, country rock,
and oldies, Tuesday and Wednesday;
Wayne Gire, comedy, country rock,
and oldies, Thursday, Tuesday, and

Palomino Star, 3008 Main Street, Chula Vista. 427-5889; Goodall Boys, country, Tuesday through Saturday.

through Saturday; dance to recorded oldies, Sunday and Monday.

DUSAN BOGDANOVIC, Saturday, La Jolla Museum of Contemporary Art

Lighthouse
East Coast: *La Maze*
Easy Money: *Carlos Murphy's*
Michael Edwards: *Hungry*
Hunter/Rancho Bernardo,
Rico/Mission Valley
The Elements: *Hotel Del Coronado*
Espresso: *Tio Leo's/Mira Mesa*
McP's
Fortune: *Holiday Inn/Mission*
Valley
Forward Motion: *Monk's*
Fran & Doran: *Captain's*

Anchorage
J.J. Frank: *Almee's*
J. J. Frank and the Coalition
Orchestra: *Harpoon Henry's,*
Bacchanal
Freestyle: Reuben's
Fundi and Good Company: Aztec
Bowl, McP's
Skip Garcia: Hotel San Diego
Jim Gates and Sound Investments
Rancho Bernardo Inn
Wayne Gire: Old Bonita Store
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11 am to 11 pm Sunday - 10 am to 10 pm
225 15th Street, Del Mar (619) 481-8843

Performers listings are compiled by Ron Jennings. If you wish to be included, please call 265-9382 Thursday afternoon or Friday before 5:00 p.m. The listings are free.

Aardvark: *Aztec Bowl*
Ambition: *Poway Mine Co.*
Judy Ames: *Henry's*
Kenny Anderson: *Carlos Murphy's*
The Joe Azarelli Trio: *Rancho
 Bernardo Inn*

The Baja Strings: *Black Angus/Chula Vista*
John Barker: *Hungry Hunter/Oceanside*
John Barker and Melissa McCracken: *Jolly*

Jeff Bryan: *Dock's Cocktails*
Jerry Burchard: *The Boondocks Restaurant*
Chain Reaction: *Sexton's*
Mike Chandler and Nan Cie: *Hill House*

Charter Flight: *Tuba Man's*
Norman Clifford: *Victor's*
Clutch Cargo: *Bull and Bear*
Colin and Karen: *Hungry*
Hunter/Imperial Beach
Rick Cozey: *Mulvaney's/Coronado*

Costa Vito: Tio Leo's/Mira Mesa and Mission Gorge
Donna Cote: Tom Ham's Lighthouse
Jesse Davis: La Hacienda Cantina, Elario's
Delene: Fish House West, Carlos

Dusty and Melissa: *Tom Hume's*

at your table Friday & Saturday
Seating limited. Reservations suggested—call
280-6163
3102 University Ave., San Diego, CA 92104
Your hosts: Herman & Rose Salerno

WEEKEND WARMUP
25¢ beer, \$1.00 wells, free hors d'oeuvres
music at 6:00 pm by

BRATZ

JAD

Plus a special guest appearance by Shy Hands
(because Paul thinks they're bitchin')

Wednesday, May 2 through Saturday, May 5

Congratulations
winners of Best
New Music
Entertainer Music
Awards '84

Wednesday is **91¢** Big Wednesday featuring
25¢ beer, \$1.00 wells & our famous taco salad

Wayne Gire and Tony Irvine: *Old Bonita Store Restaurant*
Jim Hawley: *Old Pacific Beach Cafe*
Ruth Hoot: *Mulwargry's Escondido Heights*
Rick and Bert with Dave Sizemore: *Mr. Bill's Backroom Saloon*
Image: *Visita Entertainment Center*
The Invaders: *"The Invaders"*
Tony Irvine: *Old Bonita Store Restaurant*
Jarrett: *Viscount Hotel*
Jaebone: *Islands Lounge*
Peter Jay: *Rogue Stills*
Justice: *Moonglow*
Just Use: *Ranada Inn*
Karaoke Cabaret: *Wimmer's Circle*
Russ Kirkpatrick and Dan Lehner: *Jolly Roger/Oceanside*
Fred Land: *Aimee's*
Danny Lopez: *Tio Leo's/Mira Mesa*
Lodie and Pina: *Joey's*

Rick Lyons: *Dock's Cocktails*
Main Street: "Bahia Belle"
C.C. Mauck:
 Malvern's s.c. scoldis
Bruce McKeith: *Humphrey's*
Gloria Michaels and Spring Fever:
 Atlanta
Mardi Milligan: *Top of the Park*
Mixed Company: *La Avenida*
Jim Moore: *The Boondocks*
 Restaurant
Larry Moore: *Humphrey's*
Ron Morris: *Caligula Lounge*
Steve Mouzas and Finest Action:
 Section 8, Lorenos
Mevola: *Blue Victor Anderson's*
Music Magic: *Victor's*
Gary Narramore: *Roadway Inn*
Native Son: *Malvern's/Pacific*
 Beach
Neutral Ground: *Intonto's*
 Hacienda

Nitetrain: *Patrick's II*
Rex Paris: *China Fire Restaurant*
Patsy and Prime Time: *Lorez210's*
People Movers: *Hilton Hotel*
Precision: *Winner's Circle*
Eddie Prestor: *Kamalee Hill's*
Peter Probrecht: *Rancho*
Bernardo Inn
Bruce Robbins: *Boondocks*
Restaurant, La Mize
The Rockaways: *Smuggler's Inn*
The Rondeau Brothers: *Hungry*
Hunter/Rancho Bernardo
Terry Scheldt: *Hungry Hunter/El*
Cajon, Hungry Hunter/Rancho
Bernardo
Shine It On: *Vacation Village*
Hotel
Signed, Sealed, and Delivered:
Babina Hotel
Tony Soraci and Co.: Henry's
Rest. Scuttles and Key-Lone Club

Favorite Place:
Southwind: Parillon Lounge
Joe Stewart: The Lion's Head Music

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698-6042

1410 Broadway,
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425-4000

PIONEER

Progressive American Auto Sound

4698 Mission Bay Dr., Pacific Beach • 376-1002 • 9-6 Monday-Saturday

APRIL 26, 1954 29

Time Café
Calgary: Musical
Brian Connolly: *Blamey Stone Too*
Gene Denez: *Police Bands: Narvarian*
Lynn Hall: *Drowsy Maggie's*
The Hintons: *Irish music: Blamey*
Stone Too
Deborah Loh Johnson and Rick

BUCK'S TICKETS

San Diego's first and finest ticket service—since 1976. We always have the best seats and lowest prices.

Thursday, April 26, 1984
Friday, April 27, 1984

PADRES/DOGGERS

4:00 PM Field & Plaza seats

Thursday, April 26, 1984
Friday, April 27, 1984

BERLIN

Thursday, May 3, 1984
Friday, May 4, 1984

WILLIE NELSON/

WAYLON JENNINGS

Wednesday, May 2, 1984
Thursday, May 3, 1984

JUDAS PRIEST

Thursday, May 3, 1984
Friday, May 4, 1984

JAMES TAYLOR

Friday, May 4, 1984
Saturday, May 5, 1984

PADRES/DOGGERS

4:00 PM Field & Plaza seats

Thursday, May 3, 1984
Friday, May 4, 1984

BEACH BOYS

4:00 PM Field & Plaza seats

Friday, May 4, 1984
Saturday, May 5, 1984

FOUR TOPS

4:00 PM Field & Plaza seats

Saturday, May 5, 1984
Sunday, May 6, 1984

TEMPTATIONS

4:00 PM Field & Plaza seats

Sunday, May 6, 1984
Monday, May 7, 1984

JOE JACKSON

Monday, May 7, 1984
Tuesday, May 8, 1984

DAVID GILMOUR

Tuesday, May 8, 1984
Wednesday, May 9, 1984

DAVID GILMOUR

Wednesday, May 9, 1984
Thursday, May 10, 1984

DAVID GILMOUR

Thursday, May 10, 1984
Friday, May 11, 1984

DAVID GILMOUR

Friday, May 11, 1984
Saturday, May 12, 1984

DAVID GILMOUR

Saturday, May 12, 1984
Sunday, May 13, 1984

DAVID GILMOUR

Sunday, May 13, 1984
Monday, May 14, 1984

DAVID GILMOUR

Monday, May 14, 1984
Tuesday, May 15, 1984

DAVID GILMOUR

Tuesday, May 15, 1984
Wednesday, May 16, 1984

DAVID GILMOUR

Wednesday, May 16, 1984
Thursday, May 17, 1984

DAVID GILMOUR

Thursday, May 17, 1984
Friday, May 18, 1984

DAVID GILMOUR

Friday, May 18, 1984
Saturday, May 19, 1984

DAVID GILMOUR

Saturday, May 19, 1984
Sunday, May 20, 1984

DAVID GILMOUR

Sunday, May 20, 1984
Monday, May 21, 1984

DAVID GILMOUR

Monday, May 21, 1984
Tuesday, May 22, 1984

DAVID GILMOUR

Tuesday, May 22, 1984
Wednesday, May 23, 1984

Country/Country Rock

Alton and the Ox Bow Country

Lads Or Buds

Rick Backus and Harmony Valley

Center Jim Schorn

Jerry Baez and a Touch of Country

Silver Star

The Best Friends: Rod's California: Van Hinkle's

Center Stage: Dr. Ray Jim

Cimarron: Allene Country

Solomon

Dan Cameron: Carriage House

Cottonwood: Circle D Corral

Country Casanova: Circle D Corral

Country Connections: Circle D Corral

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BILL NELSON, Sunday, UCSD Gym

High Steppin': *Paradise Club*

Dan Cameron: *Carriage House*

Cottonwood: *Circle D Corral*

Country Casanova: *Circle D Corral*

Country Connections: *Circle D Corral*

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Southern Comfort: *Don's Wild*

Steeple: *Out Valley Center Inn*

Steele: *Wings of the West*

Steele: *To Let's/Mina West*

Steele: *Mission Green*

Steele: *Superior: Cutman Hotel*

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Flour, El Pandero

Flour Little Buds: *Swing, Don San*

Anna Barnson and Herman

Salerno: *open highlights and*

Bill Brackett: *comedy and music*

La Hacienda: *comedy and music*

La Hacienda: *comedy and music*

La Hacienda: *comedy and music*

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La Hacienda: <

CURRENT MOVIES

quasi-history season would somewhat dignify the sex and violence. With Massimo McCool, McQueen, Teresa Ann Savoy, Helen Mirren, Peter O'Toole, and John Gielgud. 1979
 (Cinema Plaza 6, UA Glasshouse 6, 4:27 and 28 midnight)

A WONDERFUL MOVIE
 Stunning. One of the best American movies I've seen by a long time. A beautiful visionary film.

★★★★★
 Vivid and remarkable. Stunning. It is rare to see a modern movie that has topical pertinence, mystical sweep and also a sense of humor. Undoubtedly moving.

EXCEPTIONAL
 beautiful epic.

★★★★★
 El Norte is a marvelous work. Important, thought provoking and satisfying.

AN ASTONISHING EPIC. A vibrant, humorous, warmly compassionate and ultimately deeply moving work.

★★★★★
 Remarkably lush, a warmly sympathetic movie. A haunting historical poem.

The magical film that reveals the world between the dream and the reality.

El Norte
 R Unrated
 1818 GARNET, 274-4000
 Evenings 7:00 and 9:30
 Sat-Sun Matinee 1:30 and 4:15
 Special engagement, sorry, no passes.

Champions — True story of a British boxer, stricken with cancer, starting a fight and directed by John Huston. (Cinema Plaza 5, Grossmont, from 4:27)

Chariots of Fire — Anguish in the triumph. The factual story concerns the four British runners, one a Chinese, who competed at the 1924 Olympics until Fate (not always the best plotter) finds a way for both of them to win and creates a somewhat diluted double climax. If the movie is weak where you would expect it to be strong, that is in visualizing the sports action (somehow sports movies almost always succeed in distorting their chosen sport to such an extent that you can no longer tell why they were attracted to the sport in the first place). It is strong where most sports movies — most movies, really, of any sort — take no interest at all the characters, tortured rationalizations for what they do, the Jew running for personal glory, the Christian for the glory of God. Each of these characters has a particularly sharp-edged scene in which they, in their turn, are put at a social disadvantage and then forced to find a philosophical answer in addition to social awkwardness. With Ben Cross, Ian Holm, John Gielgud, and Lindsay Anderson, directed by Hugh Hudson. 1981
 (Kin, 5:1)

The Dogs of War — Christopher Walken as a soldier of fortune hired by foreign platinum investors to overthrow an Idi Amin-type African dictator. He's a bit delicate-looking to have survived the number of illnesses, injuries, and gunshot wounds he is supposed to have, or to handle the devastating XM16 weapon of which much is made in the final shootout. But he is an almost perfect hero figure for the adolescent notions of many, many day. Jack Cardiff's photography is somewhat uneven, but occasionally nicely atmospheric, especially out of doors and after dark. With Tom Berenger and Colin Baker, directed by John Huston. 1981
 (Balboa, from 4:27)

El Norte — Reviewed this issue. With Zaide Silva Gutierrez and David

From his French mail, he got Private Lessons. Now his English professor is giving him a real education.

THEY'RE PLAYING with FIRE
 Starts Tomorrow!

Center Cinema
 18 at Stadium Way
 Mission Valley • 297-1886
 Pacific Sweetwater • Theaters
 1805 S Sweetwater • 474-8571
 Grossmont Mall Theaters
 3520 Spout, Arroyo Blvd. • 469-7100
 South Bay Drive-In
 2770 Coronado Ave. • 423-2727

LA Jolla Village Theaters
 8975 Villa La Jolla • 453-7811
 (North of La Jolla Village Square)
AMC Santee Village • Theaters
 Mission Gorge Road, East Block
 West of Cuyamaca • 562-7910
Main Sports Arena 6
 3520 Spout, Arroyo Blvd. • 469-7100

Now playing at the
SPACE Theater
 and Science Center
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ASER PRESENTS
PINK FLOYD
THEY'RE PLAYING with FIRE
STARTS TOMORROW!

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Eraserhead — Euphoric with a touch of horror and a touch of the surreal. A satirically overplayed sound track. David Lynch's nightmare vision being somewhat in the area of fantastic art, but have found a somewhat uncomfortable home on a somewhat uncomfortable home. The main narrative thread, if one can be extracted from the jingly snarl, centers around a slimy, encephalic brat who creates (a fine example of monstrous special effects, and one that the makers of STAR WARS and CLOSE ENCOUNTERS might well look at with envy) which has somehow been kind by the movie's sadistic hero, and which now lies on a table in his apartment, mewing, setting up, contacting chicken pox, and being generally disgusting and this threat possesses something of the quality of Gogol's and Kafka's satirical horror stories, although not as firmly embedded in a believable background and a lucid, factual tone. The shock value of these characters has a particularly sharp-edged scene in which they, in their turn, are put at a social disadvantage and then forced to find a philosophical answer in addition to social awkwardness. With Ben Cross, Ian Holm, John Gielgud, and Lindsay Anderson, directed by Hugh Hudson. 1981
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Vinylpiano — Directed by Gregory Naito. (Fine Arts)

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Balance of Power — Presentation about an American trying to steal a Russian MIG that early at its times the speed of sound and can thus fly invisible on radar screens. It has a clear-cut, two-part structure, a dark hall in which the psychologically shaky pilot sneaks behind the Iron Curtain and a brighter (but less interesting) half (or almost half) in which he takes flight in the hooked ulcers. 1982
 (Balboa, Frontier Drive In, Harbor Drive In, New Valley Drive In, Star from 4:27)

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 up, as John Lithgow, with turn-around color, rants from the pulpit. If he isn't telling us, how do you account for the proliferation of this rock-and-roll music? (Haydn, he exclaims to his daughter in private, is okay. It's uplifting. It doesn't count people's minds and bodies.) Trouble starts to brew in earnest when an up-to-date Chicagoan (Kevin Bacon) moves to this Hicksville, which is somewhere in the Bible Belt, but might as well be in Iran, dancing is officially outlawed. And trouble starts to brew in earnest when a determined campaign for a senior prom, fought all the way to the Town Council, where in a strange way of Clarence Darrow, the porcine-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 pubescence lives been on a dance floor, he trots out a chorus line of Broadway-Vegas professionals. 1984
 (Claremont, Mira Mesa Cinemas, New Valley Drive In, Joannadine 8, Santee Village 8, Sports Arena 6, Sweetwater 6, Village, from 4:27)

Greystoke: The Legend of Tarzan, Lord of the Apes — An anecdotal, biographical approach to Edgar Rice Burroughs's Jungle Man (never called by the name of Tarzan, called only by the name of Clayton, Earl of Greystoke). This approach ensures some dull stretches, as we pick up the story before birth, proceed through infancy, childhood, and adolescence, hit all the major milestones along the way (the deaths of parents, both human and simian, etc.), and reach a form of adulthood that strangely suggests a European tennis star of the Borm Borg era. When you know that the narrative is eventually going to get around to the Ape Man's occupancy of his ancestral Scottish estate (identified on the soundtrack by the stirring march from Elgar's First Symphony), the jungle stuff seems to be wasted, or bled, time. And the gritty realism ex-

pressed on that stuff seems to be wasted effort. There's some fun, finally, when the Ape Man goes to mix in society, but not as much fun of a similar type as in TARZAN'S NEW YORK ADVENTURE, 1942. With Christopher Lambert, Robert Richardson, Ian Holm, James Fox, and André MacDonell, directed by Hugh Hudson. 1983
 (Claremont, Loma, Oceanwide 8, Plaza Bonita, Rancho Bernardo 6, University Towne Centre)

Isleman — Rip Van Winkle multiplied by 2,000. And the product to create an Arctic research team violently divided on what to do with him. The situation is engrossing from the start, despite a visual style that is often like a sharp click poked in the eye, and the movie on the whole takes itself rather too seriously, rather too religiously, even. There are nonetheless some moments of play, wonder, and well, for instance, the Neanderthal's first sight of his 20th-century descendant, who, isolated in a climate-controlled vivarium, he wrestles, as if to alleviate the tedium by alternating between different teddies. 1983
 (Kin, through 4:28)

The Man Who Knew Too Much — Reviewed this issue. With James Stewart and Doris Day, directed by Alfred Hitchcock.
 (Kin, 5:1)

Moscow on the Hudson — Paul Mazursky's movie about a Russian circus musician who defects in Bloomington's is his most thematically, even ideologically, tight to date. In the long run, it is perhaps too intricately thematic in conception. But not in the short run, nor even in the middle-distance run. It goes along quite well and quite far as a series of

The Keep — The Medieval stronghold occupied by the Nazis on their Balkan frontier appears to be built back to back to it as if to keep someone in rather than out. How cold! The Cappharn locale is a reputable horror-movie tradition, as is the monster carrying of the girl trapped in its arms. This ought to be a good deal of fun, but any potential in that direction is snuffed by the scene's pretentiousness. (Well, Ian McKellen, in the harness whistler performance since Lionel Barrymore, is fun of a sort, but at the movie's expense.) There is a good special effect — or rather, spatial effect — of a farmhouse underground cavern, and the monster's metamorphosis, from ball of smoke to pillar of smoke to full-color model of a human musculature system, is stranger to see. But the overworked visuals on the whole suggest nothing so much as an MTV video. In specific, the smoke, the wind, the dirty castle, and the glowing eyes suggest nothing so much as the video for Bonnie Tyler's "Total Eclipse of the Heart." With Scott Glenn and Jürgen Prochnow, written and di-

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anyone not of a like mind. The only part of the venture that seems to arise from genuine emotion, or might be able to give rise to same, is the mouth-watering catalogue of small-town icons, bowling alley roller rink, public library, fine-enriched pond, pocket fences and front porches. The railroad, and so on. Historical accuracy note: one very minor character is described as looking "just like Robert Walker," he in fact looks nothing at all like him, but that's not the main reason a California bobby sover would not be saying so in 1942. With

Nicolas Cage, directed by Richard Benjamin. 1984. (Cicero 8, Seaside 6, from 4:27. UA Cinema 3 from 4:27. Video: Twin, Weigand Plaza 6.)

Richard Pryor Live on the Sunset Strip Not just live, but more importantly alive, and also incredibly well, after this accidental self-immolation while taking with drugs. He gets off to a rather shaky start, and an extremely bonny one. He makes up for this soon, not only with better humor, but with some some-

what penitent displays of newfound humanness. Hassel Wecker's scars, for the uninitiated, give you the best (closest, most mobile) seat in the house. Directed by Joe Layton. 1982. (Towse, 5:29 through 5:11.)

The Right Stuff Why go to the lengths of a three-and-a-quarter hour duration, a sixteen-year time span, a \$27 million budget, and not also go to epic heights? Or to ask it another way, how come this is such a smart-ass epic? Philip Kaufman's portrait of the first American astronauts does not

want to treat its subjects with anything near reverence (it saves that attitude for the uninitiated test pilot, Chuck Yeager). But this means, practically speaking, that in order to preserve the life, everyone else in the cast of characters must be reduced in proportion. Hence, character after character, or caricature after caricature, gets chopped off at the knees. Or hips. Or upwards. There are perhaps enough good moments here—most of them involving around John Glenn, a.k.a. Dudley Dornig, Harry Harshart,

Romancing the Stone The sweetly Western action, for openers, is not everyone's mental image of a romance novel—more suitable, one might think, for Stacy Western. It is 1937. The accompanying strains of Alfred Newman's HOW THE WEST

was won awaken a thrill for something other than a spool—not to be asked here. Nor is the tale, really, Katharine Hepburn's and her sister's idea of a "romance novel" (the name of John Wilder). But she is just the person, or Kathleen Turner is just the actress, to be swept up in a Latin American adventure wider than Wilder's wildest. Something, but not enough, and nothing at all complicated, is made of the relationship between the hero's books and her real-life adventure. The popularity of these books in the macro market is one such thing, perhaps the best such thing, it gets her out of one jam, and doesn't get her out of another, and gets a laugh both times. With Michael Douglas and Danny De Vito, written by Diane Thomas, directed by Robert Zemeckis. 1984.

(Center 3 Cinemas, Cinema Plaza 5, Frontier Drive, In. La Jolla Village, Rancho Bernardo 6, UA Cinema 3, UA Glasshouse 6, UA Movies 6, Weigand Plaza 6.)

Seven Beauties Lina Wertmüller's loudly cynical treatment on the coast of survival to human dignity. By setting her shaggy-dog tale in Fascist Europe and, ultimately, in a Nazi prison camp, she has facilitated her argument with appeals to emotions that have already been well attuned in nearby Italian films. (THE DAMNED, THE NIGHT PORTER, MASSACRE IN ROME). Wertmüller likes to set down a point and then grind her heel into it. When the proud Spanish anarchist drowns himself in a trough of experiment and the sadistic hero obeys the order to shoot a comrade in the brain, the point is driven well into the ground. Wertmüller's impulsive, convulsive, regularity of direction of the material pretty much demolishes any possibility of a steady tone, however, cinematographer Tonino Delli Colli achieves a beautiful consistency in the monochromatic images—the

Splash Romance between man and mermaid... and the tale of the sailor (Giancarlo Giammi) are cut off from the real and maneuvered on an unrelenting Mediterranean island. The taboos are turned. The script often preaches a brand of Marxism, but the action, bespeaks male supremacy, and the moral of Lina Wertmüller's little parable is badly garbled. In any case, the structure is faulty. First the conflict goes all one way, then it goes all the other, and at the drawn-out resolution it doesn't seem to know where to go. Wertmüller's direction favors loud voices and applause lines (the ideological debate is mostly carried out on the level of name-calling), but her color scheme of sea, sky, sand, and tanned skin provides a pleasant setting. 1975.

Swing Shift Or GOLDIE THE RHYTHM, for those who need Goldie Hawn and marital infidelity to perk up the documentary, ROSE THE RHYTHM, on the female work force in World War II. And even Goldie, in an effort to show how her character grows and

the Stationmaster's Wife Local premiere of Robert Wertmüller's 1977 portrait of a struggling marriage, with Kurt Russell. (Ken, 5:2 through 5:11.)

The Sting II I can't find an old adage. Once stuck twice shy, or something like that. Well, there should be a Jackie Gleason, Mac Davis, Ten Gari, Oliver Reed, Karl Malden, and then by David S. Ward, directed by Jeremy Paul Kagan. 1983.

Sneep Away by an Unusual Destiny in the Blue Sea of August THE ADMIRABLE CRICHTON with new wrinkles. A rich bitch (Marangola Melato) dishes out undiluted contempt to the hired help on a yachting expedition, but when she and one of the sailors (Giancarlo Giammi) are cut off from the real and maneuvered on an unrelenting Mediterranean island. The taboos are turned. The script often preaches a brand of Marxism, but the action, bespeaks male supremacy, and the moral of Lina Wertmüller's little parable is badly garbled. In any case, the structure is faulty. First the conflict goes all one way, then it goes all the other, and at the drawn-out resolution it doesn't seem to know where to go. Wertmüller's direction favors loud voices and applause lines (the ideological debate is mostly carried out on the level of name-calling), but her color scheme of sea, sky, sand, and tanned skin provides a pleasant setting. 1975.

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Brooks' fed feature seems somewhat over-the-top. The production is overgeneralized about the bond between a single mother and an only child. (See Shirley MacLaine and Debra Winger, respectively) as well as the high school might were called for. None is called for very often, in any event, since the movie chooses to concern itself with the mother-daughter relationship as the one hand, and the daughter's relationship on the other. The generation gap, together with the geography gap, the society gap, the sexuality gap, and various other gaps, affords plenty of variety, at least, as we switch between two lives and two milieus over a period of more than a decade. And variety is enriched, in a sense, by a method of characterization that tends to lessen the people with ac-

Tank Anachronistic movie and man, a service comedy in which the hero is expected to apologize for being in the service. The movie finds things in the service to complain about, however. Such as the on-base disco. I don't want to go to a disco, I want to go to a bar. James Garner appears to have no problems with this rule, and brings to the weight of lost connection. Unfortunately, the built-in ambivalence of his character is not matched in his antagonism to the sadistic Southern sheriff of the collective liberal unconscious. The movie nevertheless fits in nicely with the tendency of Marvin Chomsky to do movies of small pretensions for the big screen and moves of big pretensions for the small screen (HOLCAUST, LAW AND ORDER, etc.) and up until the rising stars, it makes a nice companion to such bits of Americana as EVEL KNEVEL, MACKINTOSH AND T.J., and LIVE A LITTLE STEAL. A LOT. With C. Thomas Howell, G. D. Spradlin, and Shirley Jones. 1984. (Avis, from 4:27.)

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...played for them, whether they're really serious about the project or in those introductory (with) by Michel Le... memorable any comparable, by... It seems... becomes more... cannot fail to... on the heroine's

ness, or, in greenness, of the project is brutally apparent in those introspective musical soliloquies (with memorable melodies by Michel Legrand), and slightly more memorable lyrics, in the sense that any comparative trauma would be memorable, by Alan and Marilyn Bergman. It seems this little game I play. Becomes more risky every day. One cannot fail to find a parallel between the heroine's incursion into the masculine world and Streisand's seizure of the director's chair. But her actual dictates from that post — mushy telephoto shots, slushy dissolves, buttery yellow light, countless closeups of the star — ensure that her victory is purely personal. **D**

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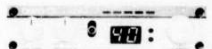
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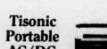
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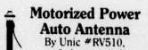
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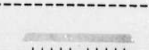
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LED power indicator, monitor switch, RCA jacks. Beveda BE1000.
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With this coupon. Expires 5/3/84.



Cordless Telephone
Remote. Power, model RF1000.
750 ft. range, built-in long life rechargeable batteries.
Operates on touch tone or rotary systems.
\$39.50
With this coupon. Expires 5/3/84.



150-Watt Amplifier-Equalizer
By Steco. #PB450.
7 slide controls with front to rear fader.
2 rows LED peak lights.
\$21.99
With this coupon. Expires 5/3/84.



Hi-Fi Mini-Speakers
for Walkman-type stereos.
\$3.95
a pair with this coupon. Expires 5/3/84.



200-Watt Amplifier
5-band equalizer for car stereo.
Unit model #R81.
Compact size.
Only \$15.95
With this coupon. Expires 5/3/84.



Pushbutton Cassette by Tancredi.
Model TC2060. AM-FM cassette with auto-stop & fader.
Was \$79.95.
Now \$39.95
With this coupon. Expires 5/3/84.



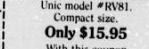
Jogging-Style Cassette Player
Tisonic #JW130, ultralight stereo headphones, anti-rolling mechanism, locking fast forward, DC power jack, uses AA batteries. (Not included.)
\$14.95
With this coupon. Expires 5/3/84.



6x9 3-Way Speaker System or 5 1/4 inch Round Speaker System
100 watts by Rockstar.
\$7.99 each speaker.
With this coupon. Expires 5/3/84.



Stereo AM/FM Headphone Radio
Radio completely contained in headphones. Incredibly light weight. By Compact.
#L0109.
\$19.95
With this coupon. Expires 5/3/84.



Folding Solar Wallet Calculator
By Sceptre SSW-1.
regularly \$14.95.
Now \$9.95
With this coupon. Expires 5/3/84.



Look for Shark's truck.
NEED FINANCING? CREDIT IS NO PROBLEM. MILITARY WELCOME.
3 LOCATIONS OPEN 7 DAYS
Repairs available. Limited to stock on hand. Prices good through 5/3/84.
PROFESSIONAL INSTALLATION - REASONABLE PRICES
Chula Vista 2244 Main St. (at I-5) 575-0373
Kearny Mesa 7644 Clairemont Mesa Blvd. 292-1850
San Diego 1925 El Cajon Blvd. 265-1885
All items similar to illustrations.

Section 3/Classifieds

How to Place Your Free Classifieds

CLASSIFIED ADS mailed to the Reader MUST BE TYPED on 3x5 cards and sent under envelopes. Official Postal Service (with 3x5) for 25 words or less, plus 10¢ per word for each additional word. Business Classifieds may run for any number of days. Payment is required. All business ads must be prepaid in advance. There will be a 15% fee charged for any check returned as undeliverable.

DEADLINES: Classified ads of any kind can be mailed to the Reader and must be received by 4 p.m. Thursday. Corrections before the intended issue. Only 1000 business ads and one private party ad may be brought to the Reader office. (603) State Street, downtown before 4 p.m. Monday, 4 p.m. Saturday and Sunday. All late private party ads of 25 words or less require a \$7.50 late fee. All other late private party ads of 25 words or less require an additional \$10.00.

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

ALL MAILED ADS SHOULD BE SENT TO:
P.O. BOX 80083
SAN DIEGO, CALIFORNIA 92138

For Sale

DRIVE ALLEY HEADS: 1000 & changed heads for sale. Call 221-2111. (San Diego) 1000-1000.

LAKEVIEW FURNITURE: 1000 & changed heads for sale. Call 221-2111. (San Diego) 1000-1000.

LAKEVIEW FURNITURE: 1000 & changed heads for sale. Call 221-2111. (San Diego) 1000-1000.

BUSINESS CLASSIFIEDS: (continued) including all types of paid services, profit making enterprises may run for any number of days. Payment is required. All business ads must be prepaid in advance. There will be a 15% fee charged for any check returned as undeliverable.

LAKEVIEW FURNITURE: 1000 & changed heads for sale. Call 221-2111. (San Diego) 1000-1000.

LAKEVIEW FURNITURE: 1000 & changed heads for sale. Call 221-2111. (San Diego) 1000-1000.

RESTAURANTS

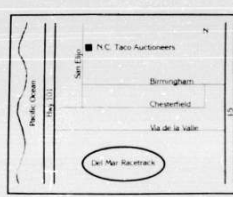
TACO AUCTIONEERS CINCO DE MAYO CELEBRATION

99¢ beer and wine • **FREE** botanas (hors d'oeuvres) from 5 pm on
FREE CATERED PARTY FOR 20 PEOPLE*
(within San Diego area.) (See raffle section below.)

"... The atmosphere is fantastic. The service is excellent... some day it's going to be famous."
—Jack White, Channel 10
"... North County Taco Auctioneers is the Mexican restaurant San Diego has been waiting for."
—Pat Stein, San Diego Tribune
"... Great Taco Tray Monterey for two, with excellent, fresh tortillas & 10 fresh ingredients."
—Douglas Verkaaik, San Diego Union
"... Best dish on the menu? Impossible to choose."
—Dan Berger, San Diego Home & Garden
"... It's funky and it's fun, their food is authentic."
—Blair Forsythe, La Jolla Light



"Home of the fresh tortilla"
1951 San Elijo, Cardiff 942-TACO





Romaine's new owners
present

Cinco de Mayo Celebration



THE ALL NEW
Romaine's
MEXICAN RESTAURANT

1125 TAYLOR ST. SAN DIEGO, CA

OWNERS
VINCE
NET

Win a trip to Cabo San Lucas

By putting your name and phone number on a coupon (available at Romaine's) you will become eligible to win **3 days and 2 nights in beautiful Cabo San Lucas** (airfare and hotel). Plus prizes for other winners. Drawings will be held May 5 at 11:00 p.m.

½ Price Specials

From April 26 to May 5, buy any item at regular price and receive a second item of equal or less value for **½ price**.

Join us on Cinco de Mayo for drink specials, complimentary Botanas, and Marachis from 8:00 p.m. to midnight.

Only good with this ad.

4105 Taylor Street - In Historic Old Town
next to the Old Town Museum



From San Francisco
and out of this world.

The Potsticker

The award-winning dumpling with Yet Wah's special
ingredients. Half pan fried, half steamed.

月華園 *Yet Wah*

Mandarin Cuisine
prepared in the tradition of our
9 San Francisco restaurants.

Birthdays • Weddings • Banquet Facilities • Cocktail Party

the

Casa Vallarta-La Villa Taxco

25th Anniversary

Muy Grande Give-Away!

April 16-May 6

To celebrate our first 25 years of serving the Finest Mexican Cuisine in Southern California, we're giving away everything from Nachos, to Three Grand Prize Trips to Puerto Vallarta! No purchase is necessary and complete rules are at all Casa Vallarta and La Villa Taxco Restaurants!

Old Town 260-8124, Rancho Bernardo 487-6701

One Scratch-and-Win Game Card Per Dining Party - Some Prizes Have Restrictions

KCO

**ALL YOU CAN EAT
SEAFOOD BUFFET**

A bountiful harvest from the seas: Mahi mahi, shrimp,
swordfish, poached salmon, scallops, plus one whole, large

**LIVE MAINE
LOBSTER**

A must for all true seafood lovers.
Includes our garden fresh salad bar
and homemade Boston clam chowder.

Only

\$15.95
plus tax

Fridays only 5:00 pm to 10:00 pm
Reservations required.


Torrey Pines Inn



11480 North Torrey Pines Road
La Jolla 453-4420

293-5111

3146 Sports Arena Blvd., Glasshouse Square
Open daily for lunch and dinner. Early reservations: **223-9800**
Free garage parking on Sports Arena Blvd.

[illegible]

enter. Considerable help wanted.

Always, plan tickets good for
and Baltimore until July 31, 1984

any super stars, 62 live act, 28
common 61.83, great condi-
mentage.

condition, all hardware
1.50.

RESTAURANTS

280-8652

DISCOUNT AT HOME — D.P. — 1000 (bargain training
for men in females. Fresh up joined with. Brand new
jackets. 1190. Post. 256-9474 or 273-5451.

WOODEN CLOSET DOORS (bldg) for opening up
privately. 71 x 19 1/2. 12. great condition. 325
499-2114 after apns.

DINING ROOM TABLE. 4 high back chairs plus chair
cabinet with signs in good cond. large and excellent
condition. Asking 325.00 or 7 280-0330 after apns.

Sushi-by-the-Sea
only **\$2.75** per box
Our fancy mix is only \$3.75
Pick up a box, take it to the beach, or have it here.

As always, lowest prices on our
Ahi and dinner entrees. Served

Chicken Teriyaki \$3.50
Yakitori \$3.99
Tempura \$4.25
Beef Teriyaki \$4.25

Now featuring shaved ice,
5 flavors, \$5.50 and \$1.40

Open Mon. - Sat. 10:00 am-9:00 pm
Closed Sunday

Food service from 11:00 am
Grocery & Restaurant
1130 Garner Ave. Pacific Beach
across from McDonald's 270-5733



Fuji-San

Coupon

Free dinner.


Buy one dinner, get the second for free.

Our specialties include fresh steaks or prime rib, salads, vegetables, the State House potatoes, fresh hot bread & fruit garnish. Choose any of these dinners.

- **Queche Lorraine \$4.95**
- **Chicken Wellington \$5.50**
- **Halibut \$7.95**
- **Liver, bacon & onion \$5.95**
- **Special of the day**

Not valid with other discounts. Leave expensive dinner free.

Limit 4 persons after 4:00 pm. Expires May 10, 1984.

 **THE BAKE HOUSE**
Cakes • Pastries • Bread • Cookies • Confections

Try our beautiful French bakery
Garden Restaurant & Bakery
10450 Friars Rd. • 280-6935
In the Friars Village
Shopping Center

APRIL 26, 1984 5

BUY ONE, GET ONE FREE



Fuchsia
8" Hanging Pot
Blooms now —
through summer.
Reg. \$15.00 each



Gardenia
(Veitchii)

Bursting with
fragrant blooms.
5 gal. size
1-2 ft. tall
1-2 ft. wide
Reg. \$15.00 each

2 / \$15.00!
Mix or Match



Corn Plant
2-3 ft. tall
2-3 Trunks
Reg. \$25.00 each



Elephant's Foot
11 yrs. old
2-3 ft. tall
Reg. \$25.00 each



Bamboo Palm
Grows in Dark,
Hot room.
Reg. \$25.00 each

Your Choice — Any two for \$25.00 or \$13.00 each!

Rattan Furniture Close-Out

(1.) Living Room Chair

Solid built

32" Tall - 26" Wide . . . ~~\$45.~~ \$22.50

(2.) Rattan Throne Chair (with cushion)

Best rattan chair you can buy —

45" Tall - 26" Wide . . . ~~\$150.~~ \$75.00

(3.) Assorted Chairs . . . ~~\$60.~~ \$30.00

(Not shown)

(4.) Fernwood Couch

47" Long - 30" Tall - 20" Wide . . . ~~\$70.~~ \$35.00

(5.) Baby Crib

Beautiful & Sturdy

47" Long - 30" Tall - 20" Wide . . . ~~\$120.~~ \$60.00



Open 9-7 • 7 Days a Week
291-0215



3rd & Washington
In Hillcrest
180 E. Washington