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### Codiaeum

**Croton**  
This vividly colorful indoor plant has glossy leaves patterned in green, red, yellow, purple, bronze, pink, or almost any combination of these.



### Coleus

**Painted nettle**  
This popular plant has intricately patterned leaves in brilliant combinations of green, chartreuse, yellow, salmon, red, orange, magenta, and brown.



### Dieffenbachia

**Dumb cane**  
An old favorite, this large plant has pointed leaves, colors vary from dark green to shades of chartreuse, variegated with flecks, dots, or stripes of white or pale cream.



### Maranta

**Prayer plant**  
This large plant has long, bushy leaves with paired brown spots along the midrib; spots turn dark green with age. At night, leaves fold.



### Philodendron

**Most types**  
This large family of much-loved house plants has been popular for years. Thanks to its members' leafy good looks, large size, and easy care.



### Syngonium

**Arrowhead plant**  
This slow-growing, vining plant can be trained to climb. It also looks good in a hanging basket. Arrow-shaped leaves are green or variegated.



### Tolmiea

**Frogspawn plant**  
Heart-shaped, apple green leaves are covered with delicate fuzz; miniature plants appear at leaf joints. Low-growing, somewhat trailing.



### Chlorophytum

**Spidder plant**  
"Baby" plantlets sprout at ends of long stems, long, curved leaves, blue broad grass blades, grow in clumps. Prefers bright light, but tolerates low light.



### Dracaena

**Compliment**  
This dramatic, good-looking plant can grow quite tall. Broad, long leaves arch from a central trunk. Some varieties have striped leaves. Tolerates some neglect.



### Ferns

**Most types**  
A very large group of feathery, leafy, or otherwise delicate-leaved plants. For most, a north- or east-facing window is best.



### Ficus

**Fig**  
The Ficus family includes some of the most popular indoor plants. Most grow to considerable height, tolerating low light.



### Tradescantia

**Wandering Jew**  
These fast-growing vines are popular hanging plants. Some types bloom, perking up a room with tiny flowers. All are easy to grow.



### Epipremnum aureum

**Pothos**  
Often sold as Philodendron. Easy to grow and to train upright. Usually grown on moss, but can also vine around a window.



### Monstera

**Split-leaf philodendron**  
Though Monstera and Philodendron look like identical twins, they belong to different groups. Monstera grows amazingly fast.



### Schefflera actinophylla

**Umbrella tree**  
This tropical-looking plant's long-stalked leaves radiate outward like umbrella ribs. Indoors, it grows rapidly to 6 to 12 feet tall.

# PRESIDIO

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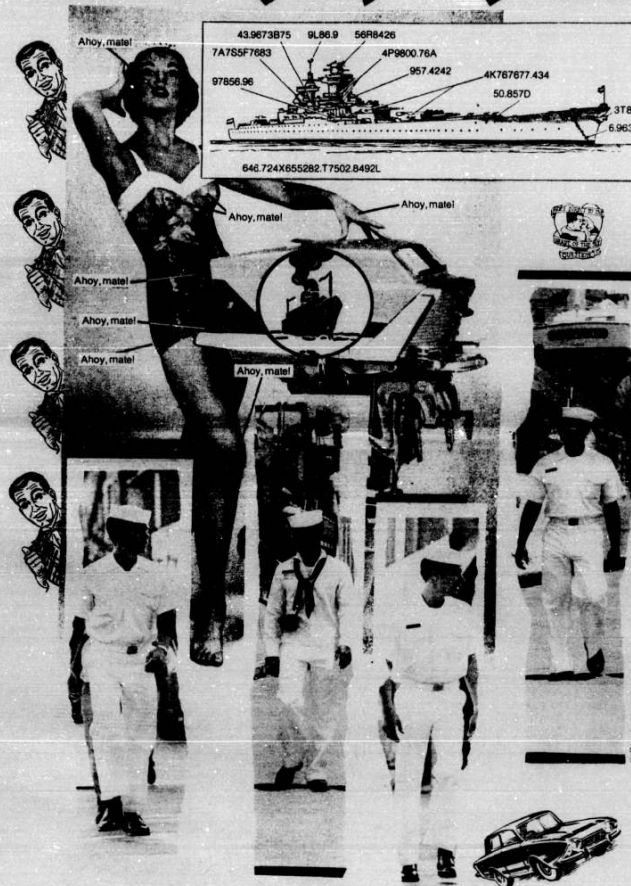
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# READER

VOLUME 13, NO. 24, JUNE 21, 1984 SAN DIEGO'S WEEKLY

What's a poor sailor to do in a big, bad city like San Diego?

## LIBERTY CALL



Once a week Cathy Elkin has the unlikely task of educating 500 new sailors about the dangers of their first liberty. The Navy calls it "Liberty Lecture," and Elkin, who is director of public affairs for the USO, is uniquely talented to deliver it. She

can shout like a sailor's company commander, scold like his mother, swear like his best friend, and tease like his wildest dream. Besides that, she looks like Jane Fonda.

(Continued on page 110)

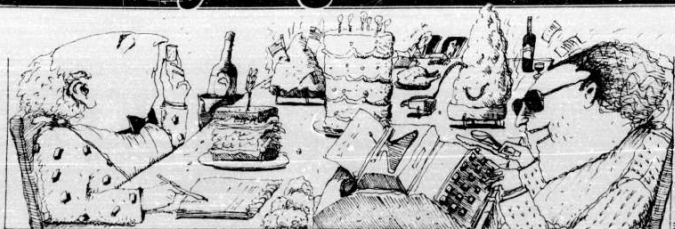
By Steve Sorensen  
Photographs by Jim Cuit

# City Lights

## Ink On Food All Over Town

What do the following local publications have in common with each other: the *Pennysaver*, a weekly "shopper" that consists almost exclusively of typewritten classified ads; the *Arroyo View*, a monthly publicity sheet for the San Diego Sports Arena; the *Charger Football Weekly*, a sports tabloid featuring stories about the San Diego Chargers; and the *Heritage*, a weekly newspaper for the Jewish community?

They've all got restaurant critics, as do more than thirty other publications (and two television stations, Channel 8 and Channel 10) ranging from large dailies such as the *San Diego Union* and the *Tribune* to small community weeklies, magazines, and a variety of specialty publications, such as the *San Diego Gazette* and *Senior Life*. Six joined the ranks in just the last year—the



*Arroyo View*, the *Hill Country*, the *Holistic Living News*, *La Prensa San Diego*, the *Pennysaver*, and *Senior Life*—while all but a handful of the others began reviewing local eating establishments within the last five years. In some cases, the publications pay for the meals and their critics dine, and review, under the cover of anonymity; that's the way it is at nearly all the larger journals, including the Copley pair, the

*Los Angeles Times*, the *San Diego Business Journal*, *San Diego Magazine*, and the *Reader*. In other cases, the reviewer makes his presence known and the restaurant ends up taking care of the tab (the *Heritage*, *La Prensa San Diego*); in others still, the reviews are part of a prearranged advertising deal (the *Charger Football Weekly* and the *Chula Vista Star News*). Some publications

cover any type of restaurant within their circulation area; others tend to restrict reviews to fit in with their readership. The *Holistic Living News*, for example, limits reviews to "health food" (and preferably meatless) restaurants, while the *San Diego Gazette* tries to cover eateries owned or frequented by gays and lesbians.

Regardless of their method of operation or their specialty,

food critics are the fastest-growing breed of journalist in town, and even the publications in which you'd least expect to read about your favorite restaurant can come up with reasons to justify their inclusion. Van Smith, critic for the *Pennysaver*, has a ready-raised column. "We did it to get more readers, to give people one more reason to browse through the *Pennysaver*." —T.K.A.

## We're Talking Parrots

A couple of redheads and a few bleached blondes (the customs officers call them "Lady Clairols") fidget in their wire enclosures as an armed officer keeps an eye on the eager crowd of onlookers. Funny, the blondes and redheads don't look like the kind to do sixty to ninety days in isolation at the San Ysidro border crossing, but they do look tough; they're real Amazons. Every now and then a couple of the blondes start to scream at each other, and the guard with the gun tells the crowd to move back. "This isn't a particularly good bunch," says Jeannie Loring of the United States

Department of Agriculture, "but some of the ones we've got in quarantine right now are real beauties. They just need a little love." Love seems to be the farthest thing from the onlookers' minds, though, as most of the crowd's murmured chatter revolves around cash. A static-distorted voice from a loudspeaker on top of an old trailer in the Virginia Street truck compound parking lot welcomes the crowd to the monthly U.S. Customs Service auction. The announcer says that the thirty or so Amazon parrots that everyone has been eyeing so closely will be the first items up for bid. A few of the smart buyers, most of them exotic bird wholesalers, already have their lawn chairs parked in front of the trailer that serves as the auction block. It will take a little under half an hour to sell all thirty of the birds.

Since 1982 the U.S. Customs Service has been auctioning off the birds that it



Jeannie Loring

nabs from big-time smugglers with elaborate schemes and from nervous housewives who wrap the birds in newspaper and stuff them in their purses. Prior to 1982, customs officials killed the birds that they found. As a means to add a little money to the agency's general fund, the customs service set up an operation with the U.S. Department of Agriculture to quarantine and screen the birds for Newcastle disease. At their best auction last year, when more than fifty birds were sold, customs grossed more than \$15,000, and from that the USDA took \$6000 for its services.

Jeannie Loring, a USDA animal health technician who has been with the local auction since its inception, is known to local exotic bird wholesalers as one of the most skilled and

compassionate individuals involved in the bird industry. She bristles when describing smugglers' inhumane techniques to get the birds across the border. "Two months ago customs caught a guy who had twenty birds concealed in the door panel of the car. He'd fed the parrots toguila to keep them quiet. First he had wrapped them in newspaper, I'm bound them with wire. The birds couldn't even breathe. By the time we got them, nearly half of them were dead. Often the smugglers will bleach the parrots' feathers to make them resemble the more expensive, rarer varieties. It's pretty wild."

Few of the people at the auction are actually looking for pets, and even those wholesalers who come are reluctant to give out their names and discuss their business. Patty Brown (not her real name) runs what she calls a

respiratory infection. One of them has died and the other two still have it. I won't be able to sell them."

Brown says that there is a glut of exotic birds right now in the U.S. despite the fact that Mexico will no longer allow any of its birds to be exported. The oversupply is the result of legal importations from Honduras and other Latin American countries, and from smuggling, Brown explains. She says that she knows of a San Diego smuggler who two weeks ago brought 400 parrots into the U.S. through the hills east of San Ysidro. "San Diego is known by exotic bird dealers all over the country as being the center of illegal bird trafficking," she says.

The prices that customs lists for the birds range from \$75 for a half-moon conure, to \$1000 for a yellow-naped Amazon. (These figures are what the agency feels the animals would bring at pet stores.) As the auction progresses, the bidding is fairly slow, until the three yellow-naped Amazons come up for bid. The yellow-napes are known for their gentle disposition and are very easy to train, and therefore are highly desirable. A couple of buyers at the back of the crowd push the bids up to \$400. "They're dealers," remarks Brown. The gavel swings down at the winning price of \$450 for one of the yellow-napes and the proud owner trots up to the stand to complete his transaction. "Well, well," chuckles Brown. "Four hundred and fifty dollars. I'm surprised. Last week I was at a commercial quarantine station in L.A. where they bring the birds in from South America. Their yellow-napes were only \$350."

—R.O.

## A Bottle Of Old Dad

Little Equity is one of those small bars that rest on the 3500 block of that seemingly interminable stretch of concrete and neon called El Cajon Boulevard, inside it's clean but dim. At 10:00 a.m. the morning regulars make their way in for a cold, tall glass of Miller draft, and they find Pat Blakely sitting at the counter putting out cakes of ground beef for the Little Equity staple—quarter-pound cheeseburgers. She chats as she works, now and then glancing at the shelves that surround the inside of the bar filled with row after row of beer bottles and cans. There are more than 2000 visible on display, and packed away in boxes in the storage room are an additional 6000 or so. Blakely is now recounting the life of her father, Jack Blakely, whose life and times are recorded by the cans and bottles. Her brother Jim looks up from his Miller and says, "To get all the stories about them (the bottles and cans), you'd have to talk to my dad."

He wistfully gazes at a clay 1939 Coors bottle. "And that's a long-distance call now." Jack Blakely died last September. Bob and Pat have been running the bar since.

The Coors bottle that caught Bob's eye was originally manufactured for the Colorado State Fair in 1939. Two years ago Coors offered Jack Blakely \$2000 for it, but Jack turned them down. That bottle, along with his 8000 others, had too much sentimental value. The Pabst Blue Ribbon can from 1949 is one example. It was the container responsible for the entire collection, which began when Blakely was ejected unharmed from the passenger side of a fraternity brother's car



Photograph by Craig Callahan



Bob and Pat Blakely

in an auto accident. Blakely was holding the Pabst can in his hand at the time, and ever afterward called it his lucky can. Across from it sits the first version of the Budweiser can, and a bottle from Zagreb, Yugoslavia. Way up on the back shelf above the counter sits a bottle that a G.I. smuggled back from Hanoi for Jack, and next to it is an empty bottle of Beijing beer that was brought back from Peking in 1972, after President Nixon normalized relations with mainland China. There's a San Diego Brewing Company

bottle from 1915 that was found in a dumpster outside the Delmar Cafe, and empty cans of Old Frothinglosh, and Volga Beer with Volga boaters on the label.

Pat, who formerly worked as a secretary for the Convention and Performing Arts Center, says that she thinks that she's going to stay on at the bar as manager. She says that Little Equity has a nice, quality clientele. An elderly regular named Virginia sidles up to the bar, and Pat drops an order of crinkle-cut fries into the fryer for her. "You're going to think I'm crazy," Pat confides, "but I know that Dad's still here."

You see that Stag Beer bottle up there on the shelf? Every day it slides out to the edge of the shelf little by little and I have to push it back and say, "Okay, Dad, that's enough. I know you're here."

—R.O.

## A Woman's Place

It's easy to forget that the local transient population is made up of both men and women. What few experts there are in this field say transient women are generally a less evident—but sizable—population. And a recently opened drop-in center for homeless women downtown is making that population both more and less visible.

Rachel's Women's Center on Eighth Avenue near the post office has been open only since February 8. Operated by Catholic Community Services mostly through money from the county alcohol program, the center offers a place where skid-row women (men are not allowed entrance) can spend the day off the street in relative comfort and safety. But come four o'clock the center closes, and many of the women return to the street to forage for a place to sleep. By that time they may be less conspicuous, after showing at Rachel's and perhaps receiving a fresh set of clothes from a supply donated to the center. On the other hand, as of last week, when a fairly comprehensive study of these women was published by the county, the statistical profile of San Diego's homeless women has been sharply focused.

The study was conducted by Jeff Wynne, chief of research for the county health service's alcohol program. Eighty-two women who came into Rachel's over the past few months filled out questionnaires prepared by Wynne, and the results were in some ways surprising. For

instance, Wynne found that skid-row women here tend to be much older than their male counterparts. Almost half of the women are between forty and fifty-nine years old, while only twenty-four percent of skid-row men (based on another survey completed by Wynne) are in that age category. One of the more alarming figures presented by the study showed that sixteen percent of the women had dependent children with them on skid row. Thirteen women in the study had a total of twenty-three children in tow.

Another interesting statistic showed that sixty-four percent of the women lived not alone, but with others. A substantial number of those said they were homeless, sleeping in the park, in abandoned buildings, or elsewhere downtown, with groups of other women.

Before Rachel's opened downtown, homeless women could get a free lunch at the Catholic Worker soup kitchen at Eighth Avenue and I Street, or at the Rescue Mission south of Market on Fifth Avenue.

"But those places are male dominated," says Sister Raymonda DeVal, director of emergency services for Catholic Community Services and organizer of Rachel's.

And while they welcome women, the women feel so outnumbered, and are subject to comments, gestures, and whistles from the transient men. "So one of the goals of Rachel's was to offer a free lunch (supplied by the Catholic Worker) for women only. About thirty women a day come in to eat. "There's so much sexual harassment, you can't be a normal girl."

(continued on page 34, col. 3)

## Cops In The Cellar

From the season diary of Scotty Cowan, manager of the softball team for the police department's western division subdivision:

• After complaining about always having to play catcher, Captain Dave Worden is finally allowed to switch to second

base. In his first attempt to catch a ball, he gets mowed down by an opposing team member, who proceeds to round the bases unhampered and scores a run. Following a visit to his doctor the next day, the captain decides that playing catcher isn't so bad after all.

• Pete Madrid and Manny Smith, two beefy SWAT officers, are trained to leap over walls and outrun crooks.

Positioned at right and center field, respectively, a ball comes between them. They both go for it, but instead run into each other, head-on. Neither one shows up for future games.

• Captain Worden, as usual, isn't having much luck up at bat. So Cowan bribes the opposing team's shortstop with two beers to allow the captain at least to make it to first base.

And so the season goes for the team whose motto is "Where the debris meets the sea," and whose dismal playing record—one win and five losses, with never more than three runs against scores of eleven, fifteen, and twenty runs by opposing teams—has ranked them dead last among the other law enforcement teams in the Friday Night Grab-Ass League. The league consists of sixteen teams, one each from the seven police substations and the rest from police divisions such as traffic, special investigations, and administration, as well as other law enforcement agencies including the FBI and the Narcotics Task Force. The games are played every Friday at 4:30 and 6:00 p.m. on four

(continued on page 34, col. 3)



Photograph by Craig Callahan





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## Legitimate Chide

Please tell your writer, Violet Rosenbloom ("Events Highlights," June 14), that there are many legitimate nonsexist substitutes for "manned" (as in "manned station") without resorting to the ridiculous "personnel." Two of them would be "staffed" or "operated." The property room is staffed/operated by civilians.

## Winos To Flee Foyer

After my having served the Reader staff from the receptionist to the publisher for more than seven years at Melvin Deli and then at Melvin's Restaurant, Eleanor Widmer has finally passed judgment ("Two for a Quarter," June 14). The food got a solid B, maybe even a B+, the plant a C, and the service a shining A. Considering this critic's enormous capacity for disappointment, the review of the restaurant was, I think, positive and held hope for

future improvement. There are improvements we have already begun to effect: we now have true white veal, we've hung some "good art," and we possess to replace the carpet. What, however, was most unsettling to me was not the grades Melvin's received but the F for F Street, the F for Fifth and the Gaff for the Gaslamp. Eleanor, you're from New York, how could the Gaslamp give you "a sense of unrest?"

There are, and have been, hundreds of unusual heroes in the Gaslamp trying to make a special place for San Diego. Many years of work are coming to fruition in the district. Try us again in a few months and I'm sure you will see what many of us already feel, the historical Gaslamp Quarter is going to be the most exciting, vibrant area in San Diego. The arts will flourish, entertainment will abound, the restaurants will be gourmet, and the shops will be exquisite. Who knows, maybe we'll even be able to leave the doors open.

Thank you for your review.  
Paul D. Merrill  
Melvin's Restaurant

## The Lion In Widmer

As a businessman in downtown San Diego for more than twelve years, as an expert witness in food and beverage industry matters, as a former restaurant reviewer/writer, and as a mainly satisfied customer of the Golden Lion, I must take exception to Eleanor Widmer's review and fatuous recommendations ("Two for a Quarter," June 14).

## Letters

We all know that downtown needs new and vibrant businesses. The Golden Lion scores on both these counts. We all know that a new restaurant or tavern requires a break-in period to sort out all the bugs. Competent reviewers know this and either temper their judgment or, at least try a place repeatedly prior to executing a sometimes well-deserved "hatchet job." It is obvious that Widmer was offended by various things, but made no attempt to place them in perspective.

My experience in the Golden Lion has been largely positive.

Yes, I have had excellent food as well as some that didn't measure up. But we are not taking Mr. A's here; we are addressing a tavern. Does Widmer know what the purpose of a tavern or old-time saloon really is? It is simple and that may be why it is beyond her limited comprehension. It is a meeting place, a "fun" place, a sometimes noisy place, it is a place to drink, and in this order of things, food is secondary if not tertiary. And I can tell you this: the service has improved since the opening to a standard with which I, as a discriminating customer, am more than happy. The Golden Lion is packed for lunch and is becoming an end destination for those from the suburbs. The Golden Lion has my and my friends' support.

Finally, Eleanor dear, if you know so much about running such establishments, why are you not doing just that instead of producing uneven and unfair assessments of those who do put their money where their mouth is, to coin a phrase.  
L. Allan Ferguson  
San Diego

## Joe's Reactions

One random reader's reactions to your excellent weekly:  
Jonathan Saville: Hot damn. Opens up every play he writes about.

Font-page features:  
Consistently interesting and offbeat, up to and including Stephen Meyer's "Hard Times High School" (June 14).

Matthew Alice: Where did you find this guy?

Lin Jakary's "Off the Cuff": Weird questions make this work better than most efforts in this journalistic subgenre. ("When was your perception of time radically altered?" yeah!)

The writing of Duncan Shepherd: I'm sure all of these sentences make sense and even parse well, but I'm just a poor moviegoer in search of an unconvoluted declarative statement or two. Ever read James M. Cain?

The humor of Lynda J. Barry ("Ernie Pook's Conquest")  
Boring. Same gag every week. Aren't there enough classifs?

Joe Kellner  
La Jolla

## Frog Man

For the first time in many months I picked up a copy of the Reader for an out-of-town visitor. This particular issue (May 24) had two items of special interest to me.

(continued on page 14)

## ROUND TRIP CRUISES TO MEXICO

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# Straight from the Hip

Matthew Alice

Dear Matthew Alice:  
Why do we sneeze when we look at the sun?  
And how come when someone near us  
starts yawning, we feel like joining in?  
Aaachoo, please abhh answer this per-  
plexing Pavlovian puzzle.  
Mort Schwarz

Normal Heights

"What's this 'we' business? I could look at the sun all day long and not sneeze once. Do you hear an endless chorus of sneezes when you take a stroll along the crowded beach on a sunny day? No, Mort, of course you don't. Admit it: you're different from most people." Thus ran the little monologue in my mind when I first read Mort's question. But then Stephen Peroutka set me straight. Many people exhibit what is called a "photic sneeze reflex," Peroutka told me — as much as one-third of the population — and the fact that I don't is perhaps attributable to my parents' thoughtfulness in providing me with the proper genes.

Sneezing is a big deal in many cultures. Especially important is when one sneezes, and how many times the phenomenon occurs. In India, for example, to sneeze first thing in the morning is considered lucky; sneeze just before retiring at night, however, and you're in for some tough times. Germans believe (some of them, anyway) that it is bad luck to sneeze while putting on your shoes. But should a German sneeze in the middle of a conversation, then the last statement he uttered before saying "Aachoo!" was undeniably true. The ancient Greeks thought a sneeze was a divine omen. In Estonia, if two pregnant women sneeze together, they'll have girls. Elizabethans believed that if a man sneezed twice two nights running, someone in the house would die — or else something really great would happen

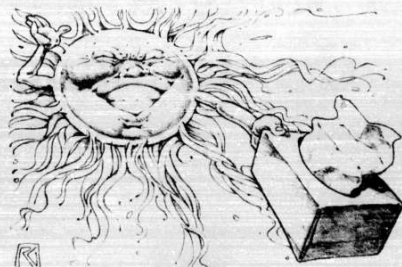


Illustration by Rick Corry

within that domicile. Apparently the Elizabethans found it difficult to interpret sneezes.

But we're rational, scientific people, right? We don't believe such superstitions — the deeper meanings of "God bless you" and "Gesundheit!" notwithstanding. It's surprising, therefore, that the first investigation by a scientist of the mysterious sneeze-sun relationship was conducted only last year. Stephen Peroutka, then a neurology resident at Johns Hopkins University, noticed that his four-week-old daughter exhibited the same tendency he did of sneezing twice when coming out of a dark place into the sun. His curiosity piqued, Peroutka polled twenty-five of his colleagues at the university and found that nine of them had the same reaction to the sun. Further investigation revealed that about one-third of all those questioned sneezed when suddenly exposed to bright

sunlight, and that there seemed to be a genetic basis for the trait. Calculations show that there is a fifty-percent chance of inheriting the sneeze reflex from parents who sneeze in the sun. A brief mention of the phenomenon in a neuro-ophthalmology textbook was all Peroutka could find in the literature, so he was truly blazing new ground in his research. He found further oddities: ophthalmologists told him that many patients will sneeze when the bright light used for examinations is shined into their eyes; more men than women show the sneezing response; and some people say incandescent light can trigger the response in them, but not fluorescent light.

The logical question becomes, why does this sneezing fit take place? The logical answer is, nobody knows. Peroutka has a theory, mere speculation at this point. He believes it may be an automatic

mechanism that protects us from staring at the sun. (The question then arises, are those who sneeze too dumb to realize that they shouldn't stare at the sun in the first place?) But as he says, "There is a whole sneeze population out there that is untapped in terms of medical research." Future scientists of the world, go to it!

Budding researchers might also wish to study an equally mysterious phenomenon, yawning. The physiological cause is apparent enough. Simply stated, it's an automatic response that seeks to correct an imbalance of carbon dioxide and oxygen in the blood. A portion of the brain is constantly monitoring the carbon dioxide level in the blood, and when too much builds up, the brain sends a signal to the lungs to breathe faster and deeper, bringing more oxygen into the blood stream. The yawn is an additional method by which more oxygen is inhaled. When one is breathing shallowly or slowly, such as in times of stress or fatigue, the lowered oxygen supply often triggers a yawn.

But nobody has explained why we yawn when our neighbor does. That it's contagious is obvious (though Hippocrates spoke of the wrong kind of contagion when he said that yawning foretold a fever). Beyond that, science has naught to say on the subject. Why are the yawns of babies or animals not contagious? Why do people who are acutely ill yawn less frequently than healthy people? And why do psychotics hardly ever yawn?

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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## THE INSIDE STORY

BY PAUL KRUGER

SEVENTY-FIVE-YEAR-OLD HORTON PLAZA IS likely to be remodeled to coincide with the August, 1985 opening of the adjoining Horton Plaza shopping center, but the debate over the plaza's new look is an intense one: there are those who revere the original design by eminent architect Irving Gill, and those who insist that the traditional plaza design is outmoded and architecturally out of sync with the new shopping center.

The city council will decide Horton Plaza's future on July 25, and the result will probably be a compromise that retains the plaza's current layout and flavor while at the same time mixing in elements proposed by San Francisco architect Lawrence Halprin. The compromise will place most importance on cost, not sentiment or aesthetics, and expense will also provide a convenient excuse for politicians who don't want to anger either side in the dispute.

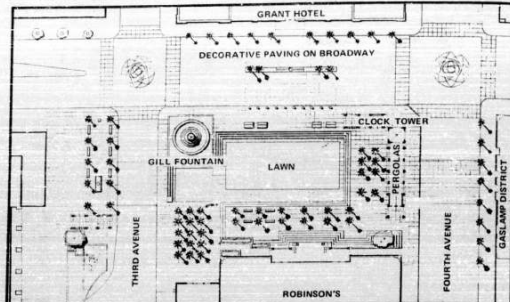
The Centre City Development Corporation, public overlord of the new \$140 million shopping center and chief proponent of Halprin's radical redesign, admits that the Halprin plan will cost at least \$1.8 million. That covers new brickwork and curbs (\$902,000), moving and refitting the hallmark Gill fountain (\$405,000), building a new clock tower and adjoining pergolas (\$162,000), and constructing steps leading to the Robinson's department store (\$110,000). Add the \$99,000 already paid to Halprin for the series of public seminars that resulted in his design, and at least \$100,000 more for his future services, and the cost climbs past two million dollars. (CCDC says the project could cost up to \$2.5 million.)

The alternative to the

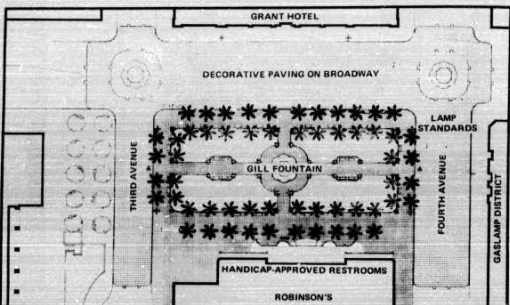
Halprin design was presented last month by local architect Wayne Donaldson, whose proposal adheres to Gill's original 1910 specifications but includes some improvements. Donaldson would add more palm trees, restore the fountain to its precise original form, install twelve refurbished old lamp standards, and include plans for underground bathrooms (which the Halprin plan does not). In common with Halprin, the Donaldson proposal features decorative paving on the streets immediately around the plaza, and a formal entrance to the Robinson's store.

The estimated cost of Donaldson's design is about \$650,000, a figure that has helped him to win some allies. Among those endorsing the restoration of Gill's original plan are the local chapter of the American Institute of Architects, the Save Our Heritage Organisation, and the San Diego Historical Society. Another Donaldson ally is Walt Smyk, whose \$70 million Meridian condominium high-rise adjoining the new shopping center makes him an important downtown player. Smyk, who complains that the restoration of Gill's original plan "would give the transients a fountain, pergola, and a clock tower to hide behind," last Friday called in representatives from the Chamber of Commerce, San Diegoans Inc., and the Central City Association to listen to a Donaldson presentation. That same day, Carol Caplan, newest member of the CCDC board, stunned her colleagues by asking aloud if the informal conversation about the Halprin and Donaldson alternatives shouldn't be terminated because she saw no future for the Halprin plan.

The most influential individual in the controversy may be Councilman Uvalde



Halprin design for Horton Plaza



Donaldson design for Horton Plaza

Marinez. Because the plaza lies within his district, his opinion carries special weight with council colleagues, who can be expected to listen closely to his analysis of the competing proposals. Martinez compliments the Halprin plan as "aesthetically" the preferred choice because it "integrates" well with the shopping center. He criticizes the Donaldson design for keeping the plaza as an "isolated park." That said,

however, Martinez tips the Halprin price tag. "I gotta tell you," he says, "I'm building an eight-acre park in South Bay for \$440,000, and this is \$1.8 million or more for one-third of an acre. It's a big concern." Martinez's equivocation, in addition to a strictly neutral stance by the influential and usually outspoken Gaslamp Quarter Council, plus the Donaldson allies, may dampen CCDC chief Jerry Trimble's lobbying on behalf of Halprin.

All of which makes a compromise solution more likely. Such an agreement might keep the Gill fountain in its present location but drop plans for public restrooms, cut back on Donaldson's wish for more palm trees, and incorporate Halprin's design for decorative paving. A compromise would also disarm an otherwise nasty fight in which Halprin could be accused of shilling for CCDC and shopping center builder

Ernest Hahn, who, it might be alleged, are only concerned that the fountain be positioned in such a way as to draw customers past the plaza and into the shopping center's new stores.

Mayor Roger Hedgecock's staff can barely open their campaign accounting books without confronting another minor crisis. The latest folly of

financial reporting is a "donation" by jeweler George Carter Jessop and his family of some 250 gold-plated "Roger '84" lapel pins. Jessop, a long-time Hedgecock supporter, had the pins made for Hedgecock backers who paid \$250 each to attend the mayor's lavish re-election campaign kickoff in December, 1983. Those were the carefree days before David, and Jessop says he

intended the \$613 worth of jewelry as a gift to the mayor. No such "gifts" are allowed under the campaign ordinances, which dictate that all products and services must be accounted for. The Jessop jewelry wasn't listed on the appropriate campaign statement for the period that included the December party, but it appeared last month in Hedgecock's latest statement. Jessop said last week that

although the pins were his gift, they were listed on last month's statement because Hedgecock advisers were concerned about another tussle over incomplete bookkeeping. Nancy MacHutchins, a Hedgecock fundraiser, says she had all along intended to disclose the lapel pins as a contribution but that the manufacturer's invoices didn't arrive until this spring. Dick Carlson's staff isn't satisfied.

They argue that the pins aren't an in-kind donation from the Jessops, but from the family jewelry company, and note that such corporate gifts are forbidden by the campaign code. Hedgecock's advisers insist the lapel pins were Jessop's personal contribution. Regardless, Carlson so likes the flashy pins that his aides talked with Jessop about making a "Carlson '84" version for his campaign.

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Sailors and Joints on Broadway



From Broadway, downtown San Diego

## LIBERTY

ter in change. They turn around and look at the woman dancing on the stage. She is nude, all right, but one glance is enough to make them wish she weren't. Her days as a sailor's fantasy are long past. She bungee and grinds her way through a series of gyrations that can only be described as obscene, and when she notices the sailors' flagging attention, she steps up the tempo in a frantic attempt to regain what she has lost. She only succeeds in looking more desperate, more sad. It's a horrible vision, the kind of thing that can bring temporary impotence to even a young man. The sailors, visibly depressed, stare right through her until their eyes glare over and they see nothing at all. When the music mercifully comes to an end, the woman slides down off the stage and shouts, to no one in particular, "Gimme a drink, I wanna get drunk. I'm sicka this shit!"

Down the street at Master Tattoo, a young sailor, naked to the waist, slouches low in his chair and stares up dreamily into the eyes of his girlfriend, while Lefty Al, the tattooist, shaves the blond fuzz from the sailor's chest with a straight razor and sculps the patch of smooth skin with a cotton ball soaked in alcohol. "This is going to

hurt," the boy says to his girlfriend, making sure his courage doesn't go unnoticed. When the girl squeals and squirms on cue, the boy takes a long drag off his cigarette, leans his head back, and slowly exhales the smoke toward the ceiling, relishing his final moments of boyhood.

Lefty Al slaps a wet decal of a Playboy bunny on the boy's chest, then peels it back carefully, trying not to make it smear. He clicks on the electric needle and, using his left hand, begins tracing over the pattern, lifting his head artistically, stopping now and then to inspect his work and wipe away the bluish dribble of ink and blood. "What color eyes you want on the bunny?" he asks.

The boy looks toward his girlfriend for her opinion, but she just shakes her head. Whatever he wants is fine. "How would yellow look?" the boy asks Lefty Al.

"Yellow?" Lefty Al shrugs. "It'd look okay. It might fade faster than some other color. . . ." But before the boy can change his mind, the bunny has yellow eyes. Lefty Al sneaks the tattoo with Vaseline to slow the bleeding, then turns to the girl, winks, and says, "Watch out, he's a playboy now."

The sailor slips on his white shirt, and almost instantly a patch of blood the size of a quarter oozes through. "That blood's one thing that never comes out," he says.



Along Broadway, downtown San Diego

Later that night, after the sun goes down, Broadway begins to resemble a carnival more than anything else, with the restless crowds roaming back and forth, the gaudy neon color, the noisy arcades, the clash of music coming from several different directions, the reckless pursuit of cheap thrills. It's mostly sailors on the street — some of them from other countries — mixed with bikers, con artists, hookers and pimps, refugees from mental institutions, and anybody else desperate enough to ignore the obvious signs of danger.

The younger sailors stay away from the bars on Broadway and in National City — not so much because of the Navy's warnings, but because they're too young to get in. I.D.'s are checked for anybody who looks under forty, and at some of the places, the sailors say, the bouncers will confiscate phony I.D.'s, and will handcuff and hold young sailors until the shore patrol arrives to take them away. The only alternative for a young sailor looking for a raucous celebration is Tijuana, and there are plenty of them who choose to take that route.

"I'm old enough to die for my country, but not old enough to walk into a bar and order a beer," Russ says, repeating the standard young sailor's complaint. "You can drink at the club on base if you're eighteen, but I went to a dance there once, and there were about 200 guys for eight girls. I was

already drunk by the time it was my turn to dance with one of them."

Russ comes from a small tobacco town in North Carolina, and he had never been to the West Coast, or anywhere else, before he joined the Navy and was sent to San Diego for boot camp. The teen sailor is deeply tanned, smiles a lot, and looks as though he could be from California, until he opens his mouth and his thick Southern accent gives him away. "I never been in trouble in my life," he says. "Never had the chance. Hell, I'm nineteen; I got to find out what getting into trouble is all about."

After graduating from boot camp, he and his buddies went to have a look at Broadway. They decided immediately that it wasn't for them. "Our company commander told us to stay away from Tijuana, but he said it with a smile on his face. So of course that's exactly where we went. We stopped off at the bus station in downtown San Diego, stashed our uniforms in a locker, and caught a bus going south. I heard there were a lot of muggings in TJ, and I had \$300 on me, so I put twenty dollars in my pocket, twenty dollars in my wallet, and the rest in my shoe. There were a lot of sailors there that night, but it didn't take me long to find what I was looking for. She was a Mexican girl — real nice — who could only speak two words of English. Ten dollars. That was all she needed to know."

He says that for him, liberty weekend in Tijuana was everything liberty weekend was supposed to be, but that he probably won't go back. Since then he has looked around San Diego some, but figures it will be a while before he feels comfortable here. "Everybody seems to have some place to go, something to do. . . . Sometimes I feel like I'm at a party where everybody's dancing except me. Does that make any sense?"

San Diego is situated where it is because San Diego Bay happens to be one of the finest natural harbors in the world. The U.S. Navy is here for exactly the same reason, and even though the interests of the two are sometimes conflicting, they are forever inseparable. It is a simple matter of geography. For better or for worse, San Diego County is the home of the largest military complex in the Western world.

Sometimes San Diego and the U.S. Navy act like two old married people who have been together for a long, long time, but never quite got used to each other's annoying habits. The honeymoon was over a hundred years ago, so they quarrel and exchange insults, secure in the knowledge that neither party can leave.

If San Diego and the U.S. Navy are married, then National City is the bed they lie in. Driving south on Harbor Drive, you can see the gray ships — America's muscle, one-fifth of the en-

tire Naval fleet — docked at the Thirty-second Street installation, their jumbled network of towers silhouetted against the skyline. During World War II, the older sailors say, there weren't enough docks in the harbor for all the Navy ships, and most of them had to anchor out in the bay and run smaller liberty ships back and forth to give the men their infrequent weekend on the town. Liberty became an exercise in indulgence, an orgasmic forty-eight hours of relief from all the pent-up cravings men can accumulate on board a cramped ship, and the sailors earned their famous reputation as being insatiable drunks with superhuman lusts. It didn't matter that for the other eleven months and twenty-nine days they were at sea, they were as sober and celibate as priests.

Today life aboard ship isn't quite the hardship it once was. Roomier accommodations, better food, more and varied forms of recreation, and even an occasional beer on extended cruises, have all helped to make ship life more tolerable. Now most of the ships dock at the pier when they are in port, and the men are free to come and go after hours, just like anybody else working at an eight-hour job.

Every evening you can see them strolling out the gates of the Thirty-second Street installation in packs of three or four. They walk along Harbor Drive to Eighth Street, where they turn





Romance at the Westview



Sailors and friends on Broadway



Elkin demonstrates at liberty lecture

## LIBERTY

(continued from page 11)

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(continued on page 14)







John Gallagher amid barroom rats

## LIBERTY

(continued from page 14)

inland, cross the railroad tracks, and duck under the freeway overpass, sometimes stopping to jot down the hookers' phone numbers scribbled on the concrete abutments. When they reach National City Boulevard, they are in the middle of what is known as "the block."

There are all the businesses you would expect in a Navy town: the checks-cashed-fast, the rent-a-car, the pawnbroker who promises to buy "anything of value," the credit furniture store where you can pick up a three-room group for \$37.50 a month, the Pussycat Theatre featuring *Dirty Dixie* and *Fever*, the Filipino restaurants, the adult bookstores, and, of course, the bars.

It's an ugly place, the block, about as seedy as a neighborhood can get. But if you talk to the sailors about it, they love it for that very reason—not because it's ugly, but because it's a neighborhood, a place where you live and spend your time, a community with its own friends and enemies, a place where you feel comfortable and

in control, where you can share the closeness of your own circle, have traditions, tell stories, and pass on the legends that were passed on to you; it's a place where you don't have to salute anybody, there is no chain of command, and everything isn't painted navy gray or baby-shit brown.

The block was so ugly the sailors were sure nobody else would want it. It was theirs by default. It was the one corner in a strange town where they could go and almost feel as though they had a home. Until the bulldozers started knocking it all down.

The sailors sulking in the shadows behind the P&L Club, staring into the pile of rubble that used to be Brandy's and the Town Club, are in an angry mood. It's Friday night, just past dusk, and somebody has already been over to the liquor store to pick up the traditional Friday-night bottle of pepperoni schnapps. A smog-tinted moon rises over the Filipino restaurant across the street, while the sailors squat on their haunches, or lean back against the cyclone fence, and pass their bottle around the darkening circle.

Nobody says much at first. These are men who are used to watching things happen to them, knowing there isn't much they can do about it. That's what military life is all about—you take whatever comes down and keep

your mouth shut. At least until you get to the block. Then you can scoff at your officers, rail against the government in all its blind stupidity, mock the ignorant civilians, and by the time the schnapps is gone, you are about halfway toward finding some kind of peace.

Now National City has more ambitious plans for these three square blocks of dilapidated buildings. The city's redevelopment plan has been approved by the voters, funded by municipal bonds, and supported by the courts. The waterfront honky-tonks, once a sailor's only refuge, will soon be motels, restaurants, and banks; and even though the sailors huddled behind the P&L Club knew it was coming, they can't quite get over the shock of seeing the bulldozers standing where their favorite hangouts used to be.

"I don't understand this shit," John Gallagher says. "I feel bad. I feel sorry. They wanna tear down a piece of my life and put up a high-rise motel." The lean bosun's mate in baseball cap and cowboy boots is a leader of sorts, and his comments bring grunts of approval from the other sailors. Gallagher is a nine-year veteran of the block, and met his wife when she was tending bar at the P&L Club. Originally from a small town in Ohio that has one church, one bank, one store, and nine bars, he

understands and appreciates the people on the block. "They call it a 'blighted' area," he says. "What's blighted? Look around, we're a family here on the block. We got no hookers, no hypes. When I walk down the street, I know everybody. They're good people, the kind of people who are there when you need help. . . . Blight? That's just an opinion. The opinion of somebody who doesn't understand."

"The trouble is that National City is having an identity crisis," a sailor with a gruff voice says bitterly, stroking his blond beard. "They don't wanna be National City. They wanna be San Diego. They wanna push out all the locals and bring in outsiders. They think they're gonna attract tourists. Christ, if you were a tourist, would you come to National City?"

He gets a round of obscenities in response.

"We got a petting zoo behind the police station here," another sailor says with a tone of wonder in his voice.

"I guess that's about it. . . . The only tourist dollars that get this far south are on their way to Mexico. Sometimes people like to drive by and look at all the ships in the harbor. . . . but then they keep right on driving."

"Sailors don't get paid enough to go to the kind of places they wanna put up here," the sailor with the beard complains. "They wanna put in restaurants where I can afford to eat once every time I re-enlist. . . . I'll be goddamned if I'll come to some cocktail lounge in National City and pay four dollars for a drink."

"The old-time sailors used to say that National City was one of the best places in the world to pull liberty," Gallagher says. "Look at it now. The only places left are the Westerner and the P&L Club. See that grocery store?" he says, pointing south down National City Boulevard. "They're going to tear it down clear to there."

He picks his way across the rubble of bricks and glass, growing more and more angry by what he sees. Then, inspired by his memories, and perhaps a little by the liquor in his belly, he delivers a moonlight eulogy to the neighborhood he loves: "Where I'm standing right now is where Brandy's used to be. It was a topless bar, and it had the ugliest broads you ever saw. I don't know why they were so ugly, but there's no use denying it; they were. Right next to Brandy's there was a passageway that went behind the P&L Club, where we always drink our bot-

tle of schnapps. There was a crack in the wall of Brandy's where the light would shine through, and when the bottle of schnapps was empty, whoever finished it off would throw it against the wall and try to hit that crack. It was a tradition. I know it sounds silly now, but that's what we did."

"Where that bulldozer is standing right now is where the Town Club used to be," he continues. "It was owned by Mama Boat. We called her that because she was retired Navy—a bosun's mate, like me. Mama Boat was like a mother to us, and if you were a sailor, you could do no wrong in her bar. She had a knot board that she made in the Navy hanging on her wall, and when you walked in and saw it, you knew you were in a sailor's bar. If a fight broke out, Mama Boat could turn her back and walk away from it because she knew the rest of us would take care of it for her. When you got hungry at Mama Boat's place you could order a sandwich from Mario's across the street, and they'd bring it over to you because they knew if you were in the Town Club you had to be a sailor. You didn't even have to go to it. . . . That's how it was here on the block; people were so used to dealing with sailors that we were accepted."

Everywhere else, sailors are only tolerated."

One of the sailors heaves the empty schnapps bottle against the side of the bulldozer and it shatters and falls among the other debris. "If they tear down the rest of the block," Gallagher swears, "I'll never set foot in National City again."

Every Friday, Saturday, or military payday, there's a white shore patrol van parked across the street from the Westerner bar, and inside are two MP's slumped down in their seats, looking tired and bored by the tedious job of watching other sailors having fun. At first it would seem as though their presence would be intimidating to the sailors who frequent the bars on the block, but that isn't the case. The sailors even say they like having them there, for two reasons: one, the most violent crimes in the area have been committed not by sailors, but against sailors, and the shore patrol's presence helps prevent that; and, two, the shore patrol's primary duty is to take "courtesy turnovers"—intoxicated sailors picked up by the local police—back to their military stations, which prevents the sailors from being punished twice, once by civil, and once by military law.

The owner of the Westerner, which

is the largest and most popular bar on the block, is Harold Dodds. Besides the Westerner, which he has owned since 1958, he also owns Harold's Club, the Golden Barrel, the Western Steak House, and part of the E-Z 8 Motel—all of them on the block. Dodds is a scrappy little guy with the moxie of a street fighter who is being rat-packed by two bigger street fighters: National City and the U.S. Navy.

In September of 1983 the Navy placed the Westerner off-limits to Navy personnel, and placed several other establishments on the block under probationary status. It was the Navy's way of notifying business owners in the area that they wouldn't tolerate the increasing number of violent assaults and muggings that had been taking place against sailors on the block.

For eight weeks business at the Westerner dropped to almost nothing. During that time, Dodds met with the Navy on several occasions, and finally agreed to install better lighting in the parking lot, to trim the shrubbery around the bar where muggers had been hiding, to improve security inside the bar by using bouncers and uniformed guards, and to refuse to serve alcohol to sailors who are intoxicated. The Navy then asked National City to

provide better lighting on the streets leading back to the Thirty-second Street installation, which it did; and the Navy began providing free transportation from the block back to the base between the hours of 11:00 p.m. and 3:00 a.m.

To Dodds's relief the Westerner was then removed from the off-limits category. But he still had to deal with National City and their redevelopment plans for the block. "Kile Morgan [the mayor of National City] says he's gonna take a big bulldozer and shove me off into the bay," Dodds says. "Hell, I'm a respected citizen. I work hard, and run a good place. I don't run any dope places, no prostitutes, or anything like that. But he says he's gonna push me right into the bay."

Dodds says the redevelopment plans can only hurt the area. "It'll take dollars away from National City. The sailors will just end up in Tijuana. That's what's happening right now. They're going down there getting into fights, crime, bringing back diseases. If we got them up here in this area, we can at least take care of them. They like being close to their base. We built motels for them to stay in, and they spend their weekends here. The city sees how lucrative the motels are, and

(continued on page 15)

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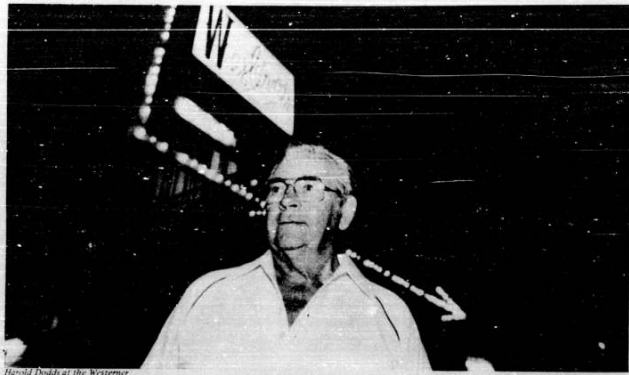
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Harold Dodds at the Westerner

## LIBERTY

(continued from page 13)

they want to tear all this down and put up more motels, but what they don't understand is that the sailors staying in the motels are going to these nightclubs."

Dodds thinks National City won't be satisfied until it changes its image as a sailor's town, and he considers that a mistake. "Sailors are great spenders," he says. "They don't bother nobody. They don't get in no trouble. Oh, I've seen them getting into fights out in the parking lot, but you're gonna have that. Kile Morgan says he don't like

them. Says he don't want the trash. He calls them troublemakers and says they're what's caused all the blight in National City. Once a year he'll hold a Navy Day... then the other 364 days he hates them."

Even though Dodds thinks the redevelopment plans are a bad idea, he says he won't be the one to stand in their way. "To this day nobody from the city has come down to talk to me about acquiring this place. I'm not against redevelopment. All you have to do with old Harold is bring your checkbook and come on down. I'll sell to anybody for fair market value. But they're not going to take it away from me."

Inside, the Westerner is dark and

smoky, big as a warehouse, with a crowded dance floor and a rock band that can be heard blocks away. Sailors roam restlessly among the tables where women huddle together, pretending they don't want to be bothered.

There are almost always a lot of women at the Westerner, which seems surprising, considering the area's dangerous reputation. But Gina and Debbie, two blond cherubs from Lemon Grove who go to the Westerner so often the Navy should offer them a pension, say it isn't as bad as it seems, that the bouncers on the block are very protective, and other than being mistaken for prostitutes from time to time, they never have any trouble.

They both say they come to the Westerner because they have a genuine fondness for sailors. "If you go to some of the nightclubs around San Diego, all you get are a bunch of snobs, a bunch of pretty surfer boys," Gina says. "But swabbies are different. They're nice. They'll spend their paycheck. They'll buy you a drink and ask you to dance. They're good-time boys."

"Yeah, but they're one-night stands," her friend Debbie warns. "And they'll never tell you if they're married."

The girls are avid pool players and usually show up with their own custom cues, ready to challenge a sailor at a sailor's game. Gina, the more experienced of the two, slides a quarter into the table's money slot and racks up the balls with a confidence that shows she has racked up more than a few before. She enjoys baiting the sailors by calling them "swabbies," or "squids," knowing it makes them mad. "I can tell the difference between a sailor and a marine from across the room by the length of his hair," she says proudly.

Debbie, who is divorced and has a young son to support, says she envies a sailor's freedom. "They don't pay rent. They don't buy food. They don't buy gas. They live on a ship two blocks away and all their expenses are taken care of," she says. "They got it made."

"Yeah," Gina adds, "but they all say they hate the Navy, anyway. Most of them joined up to get away from their parents, or the law, or both. Out of all the swabbies I've known, only one re-enlisted."

A sailor comes up to ask Gina to dance, and watching her friend and the sailor walk away, Debbie says,

"They're just a bunch of lonely boys a long way from home."

Back at the USO in San Diego a group of six or seven sailors is playing cards. These guys have already served their time on Broadway and in the smoke-filled waterfront bars. They already have their tattoos. Most of them are married men now, lifers, for whom San Diego has become more like a home than a place where you spend a liberty weekend. They say that things have changed since they went through boot camp, but not that much. "There's still a lot of ways for a young sailor to go wrong," one of them says, "especially if he's trying to live up to the 'image' of a sailor."

They tell about the sailors who get in a "closed" card game — a setup — and lose their whole paycheck without even knowing they've been had. Or the sailors who get invited up to a prostitute's room and find three guys there waiting to beat him up and take his money. Or about the undercover cops on Broadway who will go after a sailor because they know he has money in his pocket and is looking for action, while they won't even bother one of the street characters. Or the car dealers and loan sharks who prey on the kids who are too green to know what they're doing.

"This kid wanted me to see a Camaro he'd just bought down on the Mile of Cars," one of the old-timers says. "I took one look at it and could see it had been in a wreck. It was a piece of junk. It was the first car he'd ever bought, and he didn't know what he was doing. I asked him to show me the papers he'd signed, and I figured out he was paying 22.5% interest on the loan."

They say there are lots of ways the local community makes them feel un-

welcome. They talk about walking down the street in their whites and having teenagers yell at them. "Where's your ice cream truck?" One of them tells about the time he had a date with a local girl, and the first time he showed up at her door her father thought he was just a clean-cut kid and shook his hand; the second time he went to her house, the father knew he was a sailor, and told him he wasn't welcome there.

Some of them are bitter about their experiences here. "People are always talking about how great San Diego is," one of them says. "I've been all over the world and seen how other people live, and I don't think it's so great in San Diego. If this is the California dream, you can have it. I think it's a nightmare. People in this town live off of military money, but they don't give a damn about a sailor unless he's going to drop a dollar."

"Ah," one of his buddies scoffs, "you won't find too many sailors who don't like San Diego. What the young guys have to do is get away from downtown, get away from the rip-offs, go inland, go to the college communities — college students and sailors have similar financial problems."

"Get away from the beaches, too," another one adds. "It's easy for sailors to get girls if they don't have to compete with the guys with the fancy hairdos who live off of daddy's money and don't have anything better to do than pump iron all day."

"A sailor has to take advantage of all the good things there are to do around San Diego," another sailor says. "The USO can help him do that. This place was a godsend for me — I don't smoke or drink, and never got into the bar scene. It took me four months to find out about the USO, and I haven't left since." □

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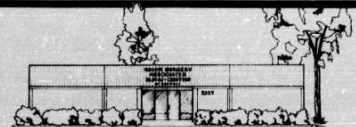
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# STUCK ON THE BORDER

Customs inspectors really don't want to make your life difficult, but . . .

**W**henver I'm stuck in some interminable traffic jam at the border, I want to know why the cars aren't moving. There's never an answer to this question, but it torments me—and the readiest answer is that the culprit must be the unseen inspector at the head of the line. In my more cynical moments I attribute distinctly malevolent motives to the sluggish inspector. Recently, however, Frank Musaraca sought to set me straight.

"People think we work slower when the traffic is longer. But the truth is, we work the same all the time," insisted Musaraca, who has scrutinized border-crossers at this port of entry for eight years. When thousands of cars suddenly converge on the traffic lanes just south of San Ysidro, Musaraca says, the resultant logjam is "not our fault. It's their fault! They went to Mexico!" Nothing about Musaraca would likely catch the average border-crosser's attention—unless it would be the extraordinarily attentive look he directs at the drivers and pedestrians who pass by him on their way into the United States. One recent Sunday morning he undertook to show me how a line at the border could build despite the best efforts of the inspector at its head.

Musaraca led me to gate number sixteen, at the western end of the line of twenty-four crossing gates. There he took the place of another inspector, then turned to face an old Country Squire station wagon carrying eleven Mexican passengers. The driver handed Musaraca a fistful of border-crossing cards and passports. After eyeing each one, Musaraca asked the man, in Spanish, to please open the back of

the station wagon. "See this," he whispered to me, pointing at something visible through the car's back window: a wall panel inside the rear compartment obviously had been unbolted. "We get a lot of marijuana stuffed into compartments like that."

This particular compartment, however, concealed nothing but a dusty void, so Musaraca gestured for the station wagon to move on. A sedan driven by a young Mexican woman pulled up in its wake.

Musaraca asked her what she was bringing into the United States, then waved her through. The inspector put more questions to the next driver, a single young man in a shiny black Mercury Lynx, who told him he was a house painter. "Would you mind opening the trunk for me?" Musaraca asked. When the opened cavity appeared innocent, Musaraca dismissed the driver, then explained his actions to me. "This was a case where I just wasn't quite sure enough. I wanted to get the guy out of his car to where he's standing naked in front of me, so to speak. Maybe he's driving a car that's just a little too new for the type of work he does. I just wanted to have an extra few seconds to observe him."

At this time, Sunday morning, the majority of the crossers are Mexicans, one of the many predictable patterns of border traffic. In like fashion, the traffic swells every weekday morning between the hours of 5:00 a.m. and 8:00 a.m., when both Americans and Mexicans living in Tijuana or its suburbs commute to jobs north of the border. Customs officials say other common causes of traffic gluts are less obvious. "Every night [when]

there's a Padres game, we see a big traffic influx. There's a lot of baseball fans in Tijuana," says Tom Welsh, the chief customs inspector at the border. Welsh adds that at other times, traffic can thicken or drop off to nothing with the suddenness to baffle the most experienced border official.

Although traffic volume alone—the sheer number of cars heading northward—may be the major reason lines form at the border, Welsh admits that some of those lines move more briskly than others.

Traffic on the eastern half of the border crossing, for example, tends to flow more smoothly, and for two major reasons. Welsh's second-story office commands an unobstructed view of the concrete roadway leading to the twenty-four inspection gates, and from that perspective both reasons are obvious. From there one can see how all northbound cars must feed through one of two apertures. One traffic stream goes underneath the building that houses Mexican customs offices, while the other flows east of that building, past a set of much-ignored traffic lights.

The difference between the two traffic streams is that just north of the traffic lights, the eastern stream expands from seven lanes into twelve, while the westernmost cars receive no such supplementary outlets.

In addition to that physical difference between the east and west sides of the crossing, different types of people tend to congregate in different lanes. The only access to the roads leading to the eastern (border-moving) half of the crossing process. Even the existence of a checkpoint tends to bedevil newcomers to Tijuana. "It's not like being at an airport where people are fully aware that they've left the country and are coming back, and they've filled out their little customs declaration while they're still on the



Frank Musaraca suspects tampering in a gas tank.

border by following the main road out of the center of Tijuana—a route that deposits them on the western side of the crossing. From Welsh's window above the traffic lanes, one can see immediately that the greater concentration of campers and vans is on that western side. Welsh says the "commuters" who flock to the eastern side tend to move through the inspection process faster than the tourists and campers funneled into the western side for several reasons. "The commuters are familiar with our procedures. They'll usually have their windows down. The Mexicans will have their border-crossing passes ready." But the tourist-laden recreational vehicles often contain larger numbers of passengers, all of whom must at least be asked their citizenship in a time-consuming process. Even the existence of a checkpoint tends to bedevil newcomers to Tijuana. "It's not like being at an airport where people are fully aware that they've left the country and are coming back, and they've filled out their little customs declaration while they're still on the

plane," says Welsh. "A lot of people think of Tijuana as just another of the tourist attractions. To them, going to Tijuana is like going to Disneyland, and so they're surprised to be questioned about it." Welsh concedes that the inspector at the head of every line also can significantly affect that line's rate of progress. He doesn't directly oversee all those inspectors; about a third of the force consists of Immigration and Naturalization Service officers who wear lighter blue pants and wear a different shoulder patch than do the U.S. Customs officers. Although both agencies have different responsibilities at the border, customs and immigration officers share the job of screening border-crossers in order to streamline the entry procedure. Welsh says both forces undergo the same training and are supposed to meet the same standards—but some officers from each group are simply faster than others. "In particular, your younger people tend to be more concerned about missing something," he says. Another veteran officer elaborates.



Inspector prepares the removal of gas tank.

"When you're new out there, everyone looks like a crook." The work is extremely stressful, and consequently this port of entry has a high turnover rate among inspectors. This is a significant percentage of inspectors is new at any given time. At the moment, for example, forty-two out of one hundred fifty-two customs workers are still in their probationary period. At gate sixteen, Musaraca illuminates another reason veteran inspectors can process traffic more quickly. Before signaling for any car to pull up alongside, every inspector at the border must enter the car's license plate number into a special computer terminal whose screen is only large enough to display the numerals and one word: "YES" or "NO." The words tell the inspector if the car has been reported stolen or is wanted in conjunction with some crime. "When you're new out here you might have to check the license three times to make sure you got the right numbers," says Musaraca. "But after a while you get a photograph

By Jeannette DeWyze

Photographs by Robert Rodriguez

# STUCK ON THE BORDER

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At this time, Sunday morning, the majority of the crossers are Mexicans, one of the many predictable patterns of border traffic. In like fashion, the traffic swells every weekday morning between the hours of 5:00 a.m. and 8:00 a.m., when both Americans and Mexicans living in Tijuana or its suburbs commute to jobs north of the border. Customs officials say other common causes of traffic gluts are less obvious. "Every night [when]

there's a Padres game, we see a big traffic influx. There's a lot of baseball fans in Tijuana," says Tom Welsh, the chief customs inspector at the border. Welsh adds that at other times, traffic can thicken or drop off to nothing with a suddenness to baffle the most experienced border official.

Although traffic volume alone — the sheer number of cars heading northward — may be the major reason lines form at the border, Welsh admits that some of those lines move more briskly than others. Traffic on the eastern half of the border crossing, for example, tends to flow more smoothly, and for two major reasons. Welsh's second-story office commands an unobstructed view of the concrete roadway leading to the twenty-four inspection gates, and from that perspective both reasons are obvious. From there one can see how all northbound cars must feed through one of two apertures. One traffic stream goes underneath the building that houses Mexican customs offices, while the other flows east of that building, past a set of much-ignored traffic lights. The difference between the two traffic streams is that just north of the traffic lights, the eastern stream expands from seven lanes into twelve, while the westernmost cars receive no such supplementary outlets.

In addition to that physical difference between the east and west sides of the crossing, different types of people tend to congregate in different lines. The only access to the roads leading to the eastern (faster-moving) half of the crossing traverses the Tijuana River Valley, a route well known to residents of and frequent visitors to Tijuana but not so obvious to newcomers. Instead, tourists who have visited the shopping stalls along Revolución and campers coming back from the Baja back country usually return to



Frank Musaraca suspects tampering in a gas tank.

the border by following the main road out of the center of Tijuana — a route that deposits them on the western side of the crossing. From Welsh's window above the traffic lanes, one can see immediately that the greater concentration of campers and vans is on that western side. Welsh says the "commuters" who flock to the eastern side tend to move through the inspection process faster than the tourists and campers funneled into the western side for several reasons. "The commuters are familiar with our procedures. They'll usually have their windows down. The Mexicans will have their border-crossing passes ready." But the tourist-laden recreational vehicles often contain larger numbers of passengers, all of whom must at least be asked their citizenship in a time-consuming process. Even the existence of a checkpoint tends to befuddle newcomers to Tijuana. "It's not like being at an airport where people are fully aware that they've left the country and are coming back, and they've filled out their little customs declaration while they're still on the

plane," says Welsh. "A lot of people think of Tijuana as just another of the tourist attractions. To them, going to Tijuana is like going to Disneyland, and so they're surprised to be questioned about it."

Welsh concedes that the inspector at the head of every line also can significantly affect that line's rate of progress. He doesn't directly oversee all those inspectors; about a third of the force consists of Immigration and Naturalization Service officers who wear lighter blue pants and wear a different shoulder patch than do the U.S. Customs officers. Although both agencies have different responsibilities at the border, customs and immigration officers share the job of screening border-crossers in order to streamline the entry procedure. Welsh says both forces undergo the same training and are supposed to meet the same standards — but some officers from each group are simply faster than others. "In particular, your younger people tend to be more concerned about missing something," he says. Another veteran officer elaborates:



Inspectors prepare the removal of gas tank.

"When you're new out there, everyone looks like a crook." The work is extremely stressful, and consequently this port of entry has a high turnover rate among inspectors. Thus a significant percentage of inspectors is new at any given time. At the moment, for example, forty-two out of one hundred fifty-two customs workers are still in their probationary period.

at gate sixteen, Musaraca illuminates another reason veteran inspectors can process traffic more quickly. Before signaling for any car to pull up alongside, every inspector at the border must enter the car's license plate number into a special computer terminal whose screen is only large enough to display the numerals and one word: "YES" or "NO." The words tell the inspector if the car has been reported stolen or is wanted in conjunction with some crime.

"When you're new out here you might have to check the license three times to make sure you got the right numbers," says Musaraca. "But after a while you get a photographic

(continued on page 20)

By Jeannette DeWyzé

Photographs by Robert Burrows



## BORDER

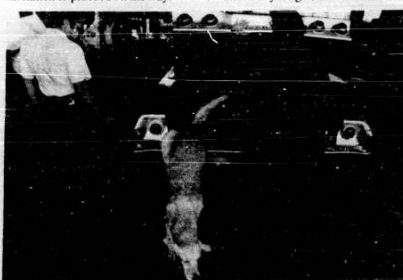
(continued from page 14)

memory when it comes to plates. "Effortlessly, he enters one string of numbers after another. Waving a van through the gate, he turns and asks, "Now how long did that take? Ten seconds? See, you can ask a few questions and check the people out and still keep things moving. . . I like to work fast. I like to get a cadence to it." Only when one watches a large variety of people do the telltale behavioral anomalies in a few suspicious individuals stand out, Musaraca asserts.

In the course of his career, Musaraca says he's seen smugglers in every imaginable guise. "I personally have caught little kids — nine, ten years old — with their pockets full of jewelry. Another time I got a guy who was over seventy-five years old carrying gems from Colombia." Such smuggling of merchandise is at least as common as drug running, he says. "People will say they're going to wash their clothes on the other side of the border. And they'll have a sack of dirty laundry. But under the laundry you'll find a bunch of (brand-new) soccer uniforms. Now that's a commercial item. The duty rate on soccer uniforms is over forty percent. . . Or you'll find \$200 worth of baby clothes, and it'll turn out they're going to L.A. to sell it in the swap meet."

A Mexican in a bear-up white Monarch has pulled up and Musaraca puts his routine questions

to the man. When the inspector asks if the driver has anything in the trunk, the driver says no and moves to get out of his car to demonstrate, but Musaraca stops him with a gentle invitation to proceed on his way.



Does searching for contraband

"Did you see that? The guy had his keys out and was ready to open the trunk. I'll bet you if he had, there wouldn't have been anything in it. I really don't want to look." A few moments later, Musaraca clears a young Mexican couple in an orange Volkswagen bug. It takes them four or five seconds to stow their border-crossing documents, put their car in gear, and pull away. "The biggest problem with the lines being slow is just the people, not us," Musaraca claims. "You'd be surprised how many people come all the way up to the primary and still don't have their ID card out."

But the dawdlers are not the only

ones who slow things down, as the next car demonstrates. It's a large, cream-colored Chevrolet Caprice in good condition, and it's occupied by two Mexican men, one middle aged, the other younger, and a woman in

drug cache. "I have personally found maybe fifteen to twenty gas tanks full of marijuana," he tells me.

In this case, Musaraca opts to accompany the Chevrolet and its occupants to the secondary inspection station. Whenever any inspector does this, it means that all the remaining cars in his or her line must sit, unmoving, until a replacement inspector can be alerted and make it to the gate to restart the procession. Because of this delay, inspectors sending cars to the stricter screening area often simply trust the drivers to proceed as directed, unescorted. But Musaraca thinks that if drugs are hidden in the Chevrolet's gas tank, the driver may be desperate enough to try to bolt.

Once inside the secondary inspection area, Musaraca first calls for a replacement inspector to take over his now-idle gate. He then instructs the three passengers to get out of their car and follow him to an interior office, where he pats down the males and searches the woman's pockets. While Musaraca is questioning the passengers more closely, a dog handler leads an alert-looking black Labrador retriever to the Chevrolet. The customs officers at the border routinely use a team of eleven different dogs, some of which are trained to sniff out drugs and others that search for explosives, and the Labrador gives an admirable demonstration of the canine techniques. First the dog circles the car, carefully sniffing around each wheel well, then he hops inside and noses under the dashboard and around the front and back seats. Finally his trainer calls him out of the interior and orders

her twenties. In response to Musaraca's question, the driver explains that he and his companions live in Los Angeles and have driven down to take a friend to the Tijuana airport. "Okay," Musaraca mutters to me as he heads for the trunk. "If that's true, they shouldn't have any luggage. I'm gonna see." The trunk contains no luggage, but then Musaraca squats down to peer under the back of the vehicle. Hastily he straightens up, hurries to the front of the car, and places a bright yellow marker cone on the Chevrolet's hood. He has noticed suspicious scratch marks on the gas tank underneath the car, he suspects a

him to leap into the trunk. If this dog had detected any suspicious scents he would immediately have bitten and torn at whatever was concealing the cache, but in the Chevrolet he gives no sign of anything being amiss. "The dogs can check out in a few minutes something which would take a person an hour or two to inspect as thoroughly," the handler explains.

Still, Musaraca isn't satisfied when he emerges from the interrogation chambers, even though the Chevrolet's occupants showed virtually no sign of nervousness upon being questioned. "Although these people don't look like crooks and they don't act like crooks, good crooks sometimes don't," the inspector says. He also has discovered the driver to be carrying \$220 in crisp twenty-dollar bills. Musaraca decides to place the vehicle on a hoist at the far end of the secondary inspection terminal, to provide a better view of the questionable tank. "Even though the dog said 'no,' that particular dog might have a cold today. Those dogs are not foolproof. They're just a tool you use," he explains.

Near the hoist, a pile of rusting gas tanks used by unsuccessful smugglers in the past gives some weight to Musaraca's concerns. Each reveals ingenious chambers built into the central cavities, some leave room for only a gallon or two of gas — "Enough to get across the border," Musaraca says. Once the mechanical lifting device has raised the Chevrolet five feet off the ground, Musaraca sees more evidence of the tank's removal. But the container reverberates hollowly

when Musaraca taps it with his flashlight. "This tank's only full of gas," he finally admits. "The guy said he bought the car just two months ago and had never had the tank out. Maybe there was

authorizes inspections of anyone or anything entering the country. "It's called a border search. We don't need any probable cause or reasonable suspicion or anything else," says Musaraca.



something wrong with the gas gauge and the previous owner had it fixed."

Unabashed, Musaraca drives the car back and summarily releases the occupants. A moment later the inspector explains to me, "If I had a reason to do so, I would continue the inspection until I cleared my mind. I could cut the tank apart. . . I do it all the time." (In those uncommon cases when customs officers damage the car of an innocent party, the innocent party can file a claim for reimbursement of the damages.) The customs officers say that all their activities fall under a special section of United States law which

while the other involved less than a gram each of marijuana and cocaine. In an additional fifty-five instances, the inspectors chose to deal with the malfeasances "administratively," either by exacting a penalty fee or by confiscating the offending material (such as excess bottles of alcohol).

Even though the number of seizures may on any given day may not sound very significant, Welsh claims that his people are currently finding a higher percentage of infractions than at any time in the past — despite the fact that the customs service for the past few years also has been trying various measures to cut the waiting time at the border. Those measures have met with mixed results. One attempt instituted four years ago was called the "queueing method" and involved the use of an elaborate computer model of border traffic. The model was supposed to tell the border officials exactly when to open various inspection lanes; by using such scientific guidelines the wait was never supposed to exceed fifteen minutes, according to the model builders. Alas, it didn't work, according to Welsh, who says that the border officials lacked the manpower to staff the inspection lanes exactly as the model dictated. On top of that, Welsh says that the model simply didn't account for all the complex variables affecting border traffic, so by the height of the 1980 summer season, it became useless.

Another program which was instituted last summer seems to be faring somewhat better. This involves the use of inspectors who

(continued on page 22)

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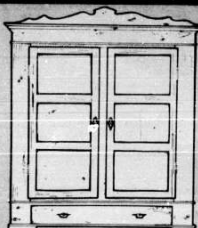
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## BORDER

(Continued from page 21)

rove through the lines of waiting cars and spot-check some of them before the vehicles actually reach the inspection gate. These teams of "rovers" then place a note on the windshield of every car thus inspected, indicating that the car should either be allowed through the gate without delay or sent immediately to secondary inspection. Musaraca, who occasionally works as such a rover, says the technique seems to increase the speed of the traffic flow by about ten to twenty percent but is being used only sporadically. "The program is still in its infancy."

Welsh says another measure that has shortened the border lines is the application of pressure upon inspectors to meet a certain standard in terms of the rate at which they process cars. "We're trying to shoot for between 80 and 125 cars per hour per lane," the chief says. He says an automatic traffic counter records the flow through every gate, a number which is also double-

checked periodically by supervisors. Welsh says that only two years ago no one was paying any attention to inspectors' processing rates. As one proof of the importance of such attention, he points to this past Memorial Day, when few people had to wait more than an hour. "In the past, two to three-hour waits have not been uncommon."

"Eight years ago when I was in training, they told me to open one trunk out of every three that went by. You wouldn't hear that anymore," says Musaraca. He has returned to gate sixteen after his abortive search for marijuana in the gas tank. The day has warmed and the lengthening lines of waiting motorists are beginning to stew in exhaust fumes, but the shaded inspection gates are surprisingly pleasant, ventilated by a natural breeze that blows through the former river bottom where the port of entry is located. If the searching of cars has become more selective in recent years, Musaraca says that's because all the inspectors are receiving more training in scientific methods for spotting smugglers — training Musaraca helped to develop.

Recently he wrote a four-hour training course (now in use at the

national training center for customs officers in Georgia) that teaches inspectors how to spot the signs of stress that so often tip them off to illegality. "When your body is under stress it goes into an involuntary fight-or-flight pattern. It's an animal response," he says. Inspectors thus can watch for elements in that pattern: a pumping of the carotid artery in the neck, increased respiration. "The arteries leading to the surface of the skin restrict and the stomach stops digesting food. Saliva stops flowing so the mouth gets dry and the voice cracks. The skin gets dry — and so it becomes itchy. You're a human lie detector out there!" Musaraca says.

Vehicle after vehicle comes under his eager surveillance; economy cars with cutesy license plates in holders that proclaim their owners' hobbies, and Mexican pickups with ornaments bobbling from the rear-view mirrors. Quickly reestablishing his rhythm, he peers at dirty clothing piled into the back seats and at cheap tabloids tucked onto the dashboards. When a dark blue Camaro containing two young Mexican men pulls up, the inspector asks the driver to remove his footwear — brand-new tennis shoes. Musaraca is

interested in these shoes because similar shoes have been used to smuggle five or six loads of heroin within the last few months. The Camaro driver's shoes, however, are concealing nothing but his feet.

A few minutes later, an old turquoise Impala rolls into the gate, a single male at the wheel. Musaraca thumps his flashlight lightly on the door, listening for an aberrant sound. He walks around the rear of the car and opens the right rear door, then probes along the length of the rear seat. "Now, people sitting in line there probably are thinking to themselves, 'Why'd he check that guy?' Look at this," Musaraca instructs me, pointing to a pile of empty plastic water bottles stacked up around the left rear seat and floor. "I think to myself, 'Maybe he doesn't want me to open this [the left rear] door.' So I go and check." It adds twenty more seconds to the wait of the passengers behind the Impala, but Musaraca isn't apologetic. "I gotta know when I go home at night that I didn't let anybody go through with a load of dope." If there are drugs in the Impala, Musaraca doesn't find them. He waves the driver northward, and turns again to face the line. □

## Techno For an Answer



Simple Minds

JOHN D'AGOSTINO

Like a woman whose veiled flirtations send oblique signals to would-be suitors, the techno-pop band Simple Minds makes music that is alluring but unclear in its intentions. As a result, rock critics have not known exactly how to approach the Scottish band. While nearly all have praised the quintet's lush sound, there has been a great deal of disagreement as to what that sound represents. Is it, as some critics have claimed, merely pretty-sounding veneer music with no substance? Is Simple Minds, in another frequent put-down, nothing more than a young clone of

that seminal techno-romantic, art-rock group, Roxy Music? Or, at the other extreme, is Simple Minds a talented and original aggregate that is practiced at the "fine art of being serious"? In truth, the group is a little of each of those things, yet in any equation of the band's success one must also consider an x-factor, an unknown, that accounts for Simple Minds' appeal. Certainly that element of mystery must be given some of the credit for attracting several hundred vocal fans to the Fox Theatre last weekend for Simple Minds' second San Diego appearance.

By definition, techno-pop is a dance-oriented form in which virtually every instrumental sound is generated or modified electronically. The predominance of

synthesizers, electronic drums and drum computers, sequencers, and assorted electronic keyboards makes for a music that is at once alien and disconcerting in its reliance upon mechanized, futuristic sounds, yet faithful to the tradition of danceable rock in its emphasis of a steady, bottom-heavy pulse. Where techno-pop makes its most significant divergence from traditional pop is in the relative low priority it places on the writing of actual songs. Whereas in most pop music a song's distinguishing characteristics are its vocal melody, chords (harmony), and/or instrumentation, in techno-pop these are secondary considerations. Of primary importance is the establishment of atmosphere, of an otherworldly context that is achieved by means of a seamless, hypnotic network of synthesized sounds anchored by the constant throb of an electronic drum beat. With so much attention paid to setting such an intricate web of interconnected sounds in motion, there is left little space for a dominant melody, and that complex body of sounds, once mobilized, is too unwieldy to accommodate the frequent shifting of tonalities that would produce interesting chord changes. When combined with the fact that all techno-pop artists have access to essentially the same array of electronic doodads (and few techno-poppers are imaginative enough to utilize them in a unique manner), those limitations can be blamed for the generally vapid sameness that plagues much of this genre.

Adhering strictly to that definition, one could argue with some validity that Simple Minds is no longer a techno-pop band. Over the course of the band's five-year career, during which time they've released a half-dozen albums (only the last two in this country), Simple Minds has continually shuffled its instrumental deck in an ongoing search for a suitable and stable stylistic identity. With the release earlier this year of *Sparkle in the Rain*, the group seems finally to have found its legs. On that album, and especially with the aid of producer Steve Lillywhite (Peter Gabriel, Sean Armstrong, XTC, Big Country, U2), Simple Minds effects a rapprochement between the splashy electronics of techno-pop and the colliding guitars and Amagami drumming of new rock. This new toughness promises to protect Simple Minds from new-rock's current backlash against the flaccidity of much techno-pop, but more importantly, the quarter now being given guitarist Charles Burchill and terrific new drummer Mel Gaynor has opened up the band's sound by depro-

gramming it and allowing for more spontaneity.

Where Simple Minds remains true to its techno-pop roots — and what makes the band an engaging concert experience — is in its reticence of and improvement upon that genre's consistently appealing components. Within the framework of a typical Simple Minds tune, elastic synthesizer lines hang suspended in midair like party streamers, kaleidoscopic sound patterns whirl like a neon carousel on the axis of Gaynor's galley-slave beat, Burchill's glassy guitar arpeggio ripples across Michael MacNeil's translucent keyboard riffs like water over diamonds. It is trance-dance music at its best, mesmerizing in its shimmering symmetry and seductive in its sensuous textures and rhythms. Vocalist and acknowledged leader Jim Kerr catalyzes this transcendental mash with cryptic, quasi-mythical lyrics intoned in a chantlike growl that is equal parts Bryan Ferry and Billy Idol. There is no way that Simple Minds' fans can pretend to know what the hell Kerr is singing about (who could possibly decipher a line such as "People walking hand in hand/once ships are moving south it will be East at Easter"?), but comprehension is not the goal here. This is music designed to be the stuff of imagination, and implied meaning — the mere suggestion that something is happening — is sufficient.

In concert, Kerr seems to walk through a tune while the music crawls and sloshes around him, and his slow-motion theatricality augments the music's sense of wonder and mystery. Like that of Roxy Music, Simple Minds' music imparts a feeling of unfocused romanticism, a vague awareness of the struggle between the innocent and the sinister, and the wistful conviction that the former will emerge the victor. At the Fox, Kerr milked the group's nearly two-hour set (comprising mostly material from the American releases, *New Gold Dream* and *Sparkle in the Rain*) for every drop of imagined drama and irony, and the audience responded with the fervor of pilgrims at a shrine.

Kerr could have been reacting from an auto parts catalogue, of course, and it wouldn't have mattered a whit to those in attendance. For if, as some critics contend, Simple Minds' music imparts a feeling of but hollow at its center, it is nevertheless the Fabergé egg of techno-pop — brilliant in its ornateness and attention to colorful detail. And the band's mastery of the form is capable of convincing even a hardened critic that there is art in artifice and purpose in deception. □

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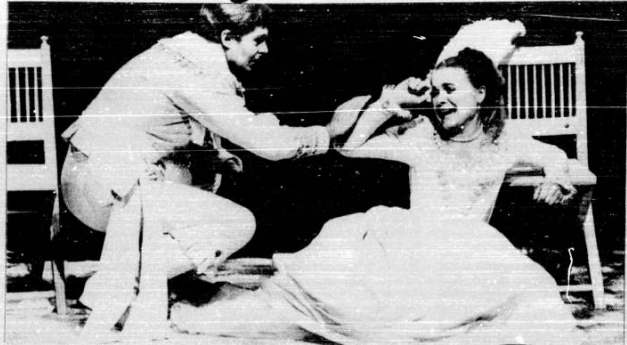


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Royal Shakespeare Company

JONATHAN SAVILLE

It is easier to write about a very bad theatrical production than about a very good one. The defects of a bad production stand out, like warts and wens and wounds; you can spot them immediately. The virtues of a good production, in contrast, make themselves invisible. They dissolve into a unified experience of truth, beauty, and pleasure. In fact, to be overly aware of some single excellence indicates that the production as a whole is not fully integrated. The proper immediate reaction to a well-staged play is not "What beautiful sets!" or "What terrific acting!" but "What a wonderful show!" The dissection came only later, and it remains a difficult operation. It is easy to remove and examine a blemish; it is not so easy to lay bare the structure of an exquisitely functioning, living organism.

The Royal Shakespeare Company's *Much Ado About Nothing*, which was presented at Royce Hall in Los Angeles as part of the Olympic Arts Festival, is just such an organism. Its effect on an audience is so comprehensively gratifying that one's first impulse is to say that the entire production, along with every component of it, is perfect. The actors are refined masters of their art. They speak their lines with inimitable grace, ease, clarity, and music. The comic stars of this production — Sinead Cusack

and Derek Jacobi as the witty, quarrelsome Beatrice and Benedick, and Christopher Benjamin as the asinine Dogberry — add to these universal virtues a delectable sense of humor, flawless timing, and exceptionally vivid stage personalities. Ralph Koltai has surrounded them with a set of great loveliness and ingenuity: a silvery, reflective box articulated by transparent plastic drops painted with stylized stars. Under the consummately imaginative lighting of Clive Morris and the production's director, Terry Hands, this set variously offers the audience a cheerful aristocratic pleasure garden, a lushly romantic night (complete with twinkling stars and glittering fireflies), and a radiant sunrise that makes the play's denouement seem a representation of cosmic harmonies. Mr. Hands has made full use of his actors' superb mimetic abilities; he has devised just the proper business to bring out character and emotion, now subtly, now with a nicely calculated bit of farcical invention; and he has turned the set into a breathing, pulsating, organic ambience, in which the space has as much life as the characters acting within it. And music director Nigel Hess has devised a score artfully combining charming Elizabethan pastiche, a heart-touching, melodious melancholy, and some truly magical effects of instrumentation. The impression produced by the production as a whole is one of flawless accord and luminous fidelity — fidelity to the script, to human na-

ture, and to the creative potential of the disciplined theatrical imagination. Underneath all this impressionistic perfection, however, there is a firm structure of thought and intention, the result of some hard choices. *Much Ado* is by no means an easy play to stage satisfactorily. The subplot of Beatrice and Benedick, warring lovers who have to be cajoled into revealing their true mutual affection, is supremely crafty comedy of character, and audiences always love it. But they do not always feel so comfortable with the main story: the romance of headstrong Claudio and innocent Hero, the cunning intrigue designed by the malevolent Don John to make Claudio believe Hero is sexually impure. Claudio's virulent denunciation of his bride-to-be at the wedding ceremony, and the equally cunning intrigue of their mutual friends which eventually brings the young couple together again. There is something uncomfortably dark about this comedy, and the darkness is centered in the character of Claudio. He leaps to conclusions in a way that is scarcely admirable, and having broken Hero's heart and disgraced her before her entire society, he slips easily back into lighthearted banter with his pals, as though nothing of moment had happened. When he is led to believe that Hero has died of grief and also learns that she was innocent of wrongdoing, he is appropriately repentant; but he accepts with alacrity the proposal by Hero's father that he should instead marry another young

woman of the family. This other young woman will, of course, turn out to be Hero herself, in disguise; the couple will be reunited; and all's well that ends well. Such are the demands of the story Shakespeare has based his comedy on, but in order to play his role in that thoroughly artificial plot, Claudio has necessarily been saddled with a character of the most unpleasant moral shallowness.

This is no inalienable on Shakespeare's part. Claudio's willingness to judge people and situations by rumors and appearances, rather than by a true perception of character, is *dramatic* in this play, whose title puns on "noting" — that is, "observing, eavesdropping, noticing." In the society of Messina, as we are shown it, everyone is always spying on everyone else, and not a single private conversation can take place without some observer hidden in the bushes immediately carrying the tale to the marketplace. The visiting prince of Arragon judges Hero as falsely as Claudio does; even her own father, who is governor of Messina, believes the story of Hero's licentiousness. The moral shallowness of Claudio reflects that of the whole world of the play. The problem presented by the staging of this play is therefore much broader than merely that of finding a suitable way to act the role of Claudio. It is the problem — found similarly (though with varying intensity) in *The Two Gentlemen of Verona*, *Measure for Measure*, and *All's Well* — of staging a play with a comic plot that at the same time presents a serious, satirical, and even gloomy picture of certain crucial aspects of human nature.

*Much Ado* is a witty romantic comedy that turns dark and serious right in the middle. At the end, happiness returns and we have the conventional dance, festival, and double wedding. Some productions of the play see its heart in that period of darkness: Claudio's naive folly, his hatred for his beloved Hero, her feigned death, his remorse, and the scene at her supposed tomb ("Midnight, assist our moan! Help us to sigh and groan! Heavily, heavily"). Yet a staging that gives too heavy emphasis to Claudio's defects of character, to the excessive busybodying that surrounds him, and to the suffering produced by all this, runs the grave risk of making the audience refuse to be satisfied with the neatly contrived happy ending. There is too much dark for the final light to be convincing. One comes away thinking, "This is one of Shakespeare's problem plays" — which means, "There's a lot of fun in it, but something has gone very wrong."

Terry Hands has, in an exceptionally shifted the play's center of gravity away from those discomfiting scenes. He does not neglect them, but he keeps them from dominating the audience's experience. The underlying tone of the production remains comic, even at moments that are often staged much more somberly. Claudio's denunciation of poor Hero can-

not be played for laughs, of course. But consider the scene that comes immediately afterward, in which Hero's cousin, Beatrice, inveigles Claudio's friend Benedick into promising that he will eulogize her in any request she makes.

Benedick: Come, bid me do anything for thee.

Beatrice: Kill Claudio.

It is a line that can cut like a sword blade, with its sudden revelation that even these comic lovers have been caught up in the potentially tragic events of the Claudio-Hero plot. But in the Royal Shakespeare Company production, the comic atmosphere has been so strongly built up and so pervasively maintained that Beatrice's line gets a good laugh out of the audience. That is clearly what Mr. Hands wants. Derek Jacobi's reaction to the line is not that of a tragic figure confronted with a horrifying moral dilemma; it is that of a droll comedian nonplussed by a reply he had not expected. The comic tone is sustained throughout this scene, which could be so grim, and the result is that the audience's experience of Claudio's cruelty and Hero's suffering is efficiently prevented from boiling over and engulfing the comic decorum of the whole play. If we can laugh at "Kill Claudio," we can feel assured that

the problem is not such a great one, that Claudio will change his mind, and that things will turn out all right in the end, without any residual scars.

This *Much Ado*, then, remains a comedy with some serious episodes, rather than a comedy that has gone wrong. To achieve such an effect, Mr. Hands had to work hard and cunningly, for it is so easy for the play to slip into the melodramatic mode or simply to seem confused and ill proportioned. But while insisting on the overall comic structure, the director has not neglected the script's darker implications. They are there, but they have been shifted from the plane of characters and action to that of spectacle. The reprehensible spying and misprisioning in Messina is represented by the glassy surfaces of the set in which every action is multiply reflected and distorted, and the transparent drops behind which eavesdroppers think they are hiding themselves even though they remain perfectly visible. The darkness of a world so riddled with envious malice, erotic ambivalence, and unearned suffering is converted into the opulent, star-studded darkness cast over the set when the lighting designers declare it is night. The sadness that lies behind all comedy, the sadness of knowing that

jokes, good times, and happy endings are more a product of the comic imagination than of the real world, is conveyed in the music, with its enchanting transformations of the most poignant melancholy. All the serious and grim aspects of life implied by the script are present, but they are present as an encompassing environment of sights and sounds, an environment so sensually beautiful and so aesthetically nuanced that the sardonic gloom, the problematic quality inherent in parts of the script, is thoroughly deprived of its sting.

This approach entails certain losses. At the end of *Much Ado*, the disguised Hero removes her veil and reveals to Claudio that she is not dead, as he had thought, but that she loves him in spite of everything and still wishes to be his bride. This scene anticipates the ending of *The Winter's Tale*, in which Hermione reveals herself in a similar circumstance. That moment in the latter play is of stunning dramatic power, for it comes as a miraculous redemption after a period of darkness and suffering so insipid that no devices of staging could possibly make it seem like merely a passing episode in an otherwise lighthearted comedy. Hero's unveiling can have some of that same power on stage, but only in a production where Claudio's

guilt and grief have been allowed to inundate the play, as Leontes's sufferings do in *The Winter's Tale*. By his resolution to keep *Much Ado* a comedy, Mr. Hands seems to have had to renounce the power of this *coup de théâtre*. Since we have never taken Claudio too seriously, since he has never seemed anything really like a tragic Leontes (Christopher Bowen plays him as a headstrong, callow youth), we cannot feel that explosive lightening of the spirit at his discovery that the "dead" Hero is in fact alive.

Consequently, this moment passes in the RSC production with no more emotional effect than any such plot-resolving revelation at the end of a comedy. In *The Winter's Tale*, we are shown death and resurrection, in stagings of *Much Ado* less pervasively comic than this one, we encounter the parallel (though less grandly dramatic) Christian message of repentance and forgiveness, while here the chief experience is merely of an error corrected and a problem solved. The loss of this moment in the price Mr. Hands pays for the particular way he has approached Shakespeare's richly suggestive script. A pity — but considering the great unity, decorum, and beauty of the production as a whole, it was a price worth paying. □

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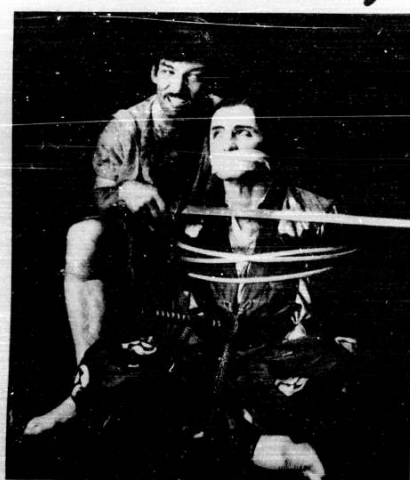
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## Version Territory



A. Kenneth Campbell, Anthony DeLongis

JEFF SMITH

In the Old Globe Theatre's fine production of *Rashomon*, which opened last week at the theater's main stage, the audience plays the role of an impartial judge at a court trial. At first the assignment doesn't seem all that difficult, since the bare facts of the case are simple. A local bandit assaulted the wife of a samurai warrior, and the warrior's bloody corpse was discovered in a wood near the Rashomon Temple of Kyoto, Japan. Both are crimes common to the area, and it is clear that some rudimentary logic is all that is needed to discern the truth and dispense the proper justice. After all, this is no ordinary bandit. He's Tajamaru, whose legendary brutalities have plagued the country for years. The case looks cut and dried. Tajamaru murdered the man. He has even confessed to the crime — under oath. So A

voice from the grave. She whisks into a trace out of which the warrior tells a sorry tale of infidelity and dishonor. His wife — the daughter of a lowly kitchen strumpet, he says — encouraged the bandit and consented to his wishes. Her act ruined his reputation, the warrior admits with shame. All he could do was commit hara-kiri, gentlemanly suicide, to save what little honor remained. Now surely the killer must be telling the truth. The dead don't lie... do they? But wait. Was that really his voice? And who believes the silly mumbo jumbo of mediums in the first place?

In *Rashomon* the truth is divided by three — five different ways. Eager to protect their own images, each of the witnesses places himself or herself far above the others. Each has been the victim of an insidious collaboration, and each boasts an honorable purity that the others lack completely. After they have told their sides of the story in court, and after these versions have been reenacted three different ways on the stage, all that one can take for granted are the bare facts of the case: a rape and a death. The rest is now mired in a competition among highly subjective points of view, a fierce battle of the living, and even the dead, that promises to cloud the truth in an endless conundrum of conflicting versions.

Fortunately, it would seem, we have guides to help us find the answer. In the script used for the Old Globe production — written by Fay and Michael Kahn and based on two stories, *Rashomon* and *In a Grove*, by Ryunosuke Akutagawa — three men assemble at Rashomon Gate and attempt to unravel the different versions of the event. One is a young, baldheaded priest about to make a long pilgrimage to sort out the confusions of his calling. Another is a humble woodcutter who was at the trial and who has taken a special interest in the case, even though the incident is hardly unique to the area. The third man is an embittered wigmaker who lives off the dead by plucking their scalps for his creations. He looks two hundred years old and is such a rabid cynic that he makes Dogenes seem like a jovial human being by comparison. These men wait out a rain-storm and, in the frame-tale of the play, probe the testimony of the witnesses.

They also subdivide the truth by three. One of the fascinating features of *Rashomon*, a source of both its abundant humor and perplexity, is that the three men at the gate also filter the truth through their own perceptions and outlooks. It is obvious, in the recreated versions, that the participants are frantically being the story to preserve their reputations. What is less obvious at first is that the seemingly objective men commenting on the action are doing the same thing. Instead of getting at the whole truth, each chooses to see only those parts of the story that confirm his particular

viewpoint. Thus the apparently sincere priest treats the tale as another sign of mortal confusion in the world. Convinced that such idiosyncrasy is the way things are, the wigmaker delights at the absurd and hypocrisy of the witnesses and prides himself that their actions jibe easily with his long-held, acerbic point of view. And the woodcutter has the most realistic of all, the tale selectively as well. Thus far, *Rashomon* has run what actually took place in the wood through six subjective rises. The three tellers and the three interpreters hint off only that portion of the story that will serve their own ends.

One of the truths of *Rashomon* lies in this formal pattern: both the teller and the listener are equally capable of distorting the tale. And most productions of the play entangle themselves in similar contortions, with the results being either a muddle of relativism or a show that has the sophomoric naivete of a first-year philosophy student eager to solve the universal questions of mankind immediately. There are many ways in fact to convert the play into a trite, pretentious bore — or to stant it in favor of a dominant point of view. At the Old Globe Theatre, however, director Craig Noel has avoided them all. Noel's *Rashomon* is a crisp, funny, and intriguing piece of theater, at once a farcical whodunit and a thoughtful speculation on the paradoxical nature of truth. Noel achieves this balance by treating each character and situation democratically. No single perspective intrudes on the others, and all have their day in court. This shared concentration, the opposite of what each individual is trying to do, creates a harmonious, multidimensional production out of the play's discordant voices.

Richard Seger's set supports this harmony by segregating the stage into three playing areas: the tall and crumpling Rashomon Gate, stage right, where the three men huddle to protect themselves from the rain; the police court, created by a mechanical platform that rises before the stage proper; and the wood, concealed behind two large bamboo walls. While this physical separation keeps the three realms from overlapping, Seger's set, along with Lewis Brown's costumes and Kent Dorey's lighting designs, affords stark (and comical) contrasts between the gray actuality of the present and the sparkling fictions about the past. The men at the gate and the witnesses at court wear unappealing costumes, for the most part. They are also lit sparsely, with only small shafts of light preventing the darkness from engulfing them. But when the bamboo walls slide apart, the production moves into the past and like Dorothy from Kansas to Oz. The drabness of the present gives way to a charming wood, lovely clothing, and even to a white horse, all engulfed in sunshine. The shift effectively enhances the play's movement from the real to the imagined.

The clothes of the warrior and his wife are as colorful as his stories are colored.

*Rashomon* requires ensemble acting, and three of the performers play ensemble parts within the same role. J. Kenneth Campbell as the bandit, Anthony DeLongis as the husband, and Roberta Maxwell as the wife all play decent characters. When each tells his or her version of the story, the character is played not realistically but heightened and overstated, as the character wishes to be seen. When the character is part of another's version, the role becomes, refocused through the eyes of the new teller. At no point, in other words, do these three actors play the real character. And while it mirrors the play's penchant for doing things in triplicate, the task must cause the actors to wonder where the centers of their characters actually are.

Of the three, Campbell is the most versatile. Depending on who is narrating the story, his bandit is either a frothing maniac, a sashucking Robin Hood, or a cowardly old, and Campbell swings into each variation with impressive energy. Roberta Maxwell is less effective as the

wife, a role she plays far more stridently — and centered — than need be. Since the husband is bland and gagger, DeLongis has fewer opportunities for diverse characterizations. But in the play's two fight scenes, which he has choreographed, DeLongis lets his expert swordsmanship define the heroic and comic ranges of his role. The second fight is one of the gems of the show. This is the woodcutter's version. He was in the wood that day and, he confesses, saw everything. Well, maybe. If what he says is true, the epic confrontation the others describe was actually a slapstick tea party between two hesitant buffoons, each apparently wielding his weapon for the first time. According to the woodcutter (and performed wonderfully by DeLongis and Campbell), the men did more stumbling than parrying. It's a terrifically funny scene, one that mocks the self-proclaimed powers of the two men at every turn. It is so comical in fact that one forgets that the woodcutter, a "have-not," might be quite biased in his depiction of the "haves."

In minor roles, Andrew J. Traister, Susan Shepard, and Mariangela Pino play

a deputy, the wife's mother, and the medium. All three make important contributions to the court scenes, where they speak on behalf of the bandit, the wife, and the husband. Thus far we have counted six different claims for the truth — at the gate and in the wood. But these minor characters add three more. They defend their respective claims vehemently at the court, singing praises and registering astonishingly off-punting, a scavenging vermin whose deathly odor precedes him everywhere. And yet, in the end, it is McCurry's unsympathetic character who connects a confession out of the woodcutter. But the wigmaker is so repulsive — surely he can't be onto the truth. So how about Jeffrey Alan Chandler's sensitive and seemingly trustworthy priest? His actions are consistent and he's the least likely person to have a personal stake in the story. But if the cynical wigmaker is correct, the priest is going on a pilgrimage not to seek the truth but rather to run from it. Is the wigmaker right? Are any of them? I recommend that you see this fine production of *Rashomon* and judge for yourself. □

In this regard, the Old Globe's production adds another ironic twist. The woodcutter, played most aptly by Mitchell Edmunds, does change in the end from the apparent disinterested of someone involved deeply in the action. The other two men at the gate don't change, but our views of them do. Jonathan McCurry's vividly portrayed wigmaker is consummately off-punting, a scavenging vermin whose deathly odor precedes him everywhere. And yet, in the end, it is McCurry's unsympathetic character who connects a confession out of the woodcutter. But the wigmaker is so repulsive — surely he can't be onto the truth. So how about Jeffrey Alan Chandler's sensitive and seemingly trustworthy priest? His actions are consistent and he's the least likely person to have a personal stake in the story. But if the cynical wigmaker is correct, the priest is going on a pilgrimage not to seek the truth but rather to run from it. Is the wigmaker right? Are any of them? I recommend that you see this fine production of *Rashomon* and judge for yourself. □

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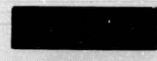


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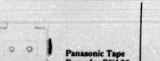
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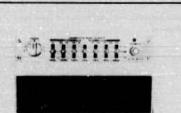


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## QUARTER NOTES

BY JONATHAN SAVILLE

### GEORGE BALANCHINE



George Balanchine died last year, after what is generally recognized as the most brilliantly creative and influential career of any ballet choreographer in this century. In tribute to the man and the career, KFBH-TV presented last week a two-part documentary on Balanchine's life and work. It was an exceptionally good program of its type. Interviews with the choreographer were interspersed with filmed excerpts from his ballets, spanning his entire career and not only showing us the wide range of his choreographic imagination (from the story-telling mime of *Prodigal Son*, *Don Quixote*, and *The Nutcracker*, to the pure, abstract neo-Classicism of *Serenade*, *Symphony in C*, and *Choreography Pas de Deux*, to the experimental, modern-dance-influenced settings of Stravinsky's *Agon* and *Movements for Piano and Orchestra* and Ives's *The Unanswered Question*) but also reminding us of the many glorious dancers who have been trained by Balanchine or who have worked under his tutelage.

In this latter respect, the editing of the film clips was

often spectacular in its cleverness and precision. Seeing in succession excerpts from *Apollo* (arguably the greatest of the Stravinsky-Balanchine collaborations) danced by Peter Martins (1969), Jacques D'Amboise (1960), Andre Eglevsky (1966), Lew Christensen (1937), and Serge Lifar (still photos from 1928) was thrilling enough in its demonstration of the enduring beauty and power of the choreography and the way such different dancers adapted themselves so successfully to the eloquent rigors of the Balanchine style. But even more astonishing was the sequence devoted to the *Choreography Pas de Deux*, where a continuous section of the music accompanied precisely dovetailed intercuttings from performances of the same steps, the same moments, by Martins, D'Amboise, Baryshnikov, Violette Verdy, Patricia McBride, and Melissa Hayden. There were, in addition, some rare examples of Balanchine's own dancing (in character roles of *The Nutcracker*, *Don Quixote*, and *Palmella*), as well as a fascinating glimpse into the way Balanchine rehearsed Baryshnikov for that dancer's stunningly dramatic portrayal in *Prodigal Son*. Balanchine's comments on his life and art, in the several interviews included in the program, were of great interest. There were comments on the training of dancers, on the superiority of female dancers (Balanchine thought of them as the ideal material for his art, and married many of them), on the necessity for choreographing roles to suit the abilities of individual dancers. But there were also remarkable statements of a general nature about the purpose and meaning of dance, many of which came as a considerable surprise. Dance, according to Balanchine, is

purely physical — "We don't dance spiritual feelings." It is not a reflection of life, but a purely abstract art. The choreographer's job is to prepare dances to entertain a paying public. And so forth. This was perhaps the most fascinating aspect of the Balanchine documentary, for it revealed once again how little artists' commentaries on their own work are to be trusted. For some reason, Balanchine wished to give the impression of being a practical materialist, a man of affairs, an entertainer, a mechanic of bodies, a maker of stage pictures having nothing to do with the life experiences of himself, his audience, or humanity in general. In fact, as the film clips of his ballets themselves decisively showed, his choreography (like all great art) was a way of presenting to ourselves, of revealing the spiritual basis of the physical, and of creating truth and beauty out of human emotions and human actions. A mere paid entertainer indeed! In these interviews, Balanchine was evidently displaying a public self and keeping his inner artistic life a secret. In that secret inner room, cleverly defended against incursion by journalists but visible to any sensitive viewer of the choreographer's creations, Balanchine was himself *Apollo*, leading the muses to the height of Olympus: the man who awakes to his godhood, and who trains and directs the bodies and spirits of women in the service of a divine truth.

### SIEGFRIED

A wag once described the third act of Wagner's *Siegfried*, in the "abstract" postwar production at Bayreuth, as "two great cows bellowing at each other in a submarine base." What a way to talk about that great love



young dragon-killer and his former Valkyrie aunt? But so many productions of *The Ring* call up comments of this sort: having been subjected to hour after hour of theatrical absurdity, with wretched acting, deadly sets, preposterous costumes, and (often enough) nerve-wracking singing, our battered feelings naturally take refuge in an outburst of ferocious wit.

The San Francisco Opera's *Siegfried*, the latest installment in their new production of *The Ring* which will be completed in 1985, was unveiled recently as part of the company's summer season. It is a magnificent achievement, and even the most confirmed Wagner-hater might find himself drawn by it into the heroic fairy-tale world of the opera's action. There are no great cows here to poke fun at, no submarine bases with their geometric platforms and blank backdrops, no unintentional suggestions that Wagner's imagination was essentially

stupid. Nor is there any social-historical message of the sort that inspired the next-to-last Bayreuth *Ring*. Patrice Chéreau's Marxist interpretation, which many opera fans saw last year on public television. The staging does not distract us from character, action, and music with covert references to capitalism, class conflict, the exploitation of workers in factories, or the need for social revolution.

Another aspect of the Chéreau production that is manifestly eschewed in Nikolaus Lehnhoff's San Francisco staging is self-conscious theatricality. Chéreau, when confronted with one of the intractable fairy-tale elements of the story, coped with his embarrassment at it by staging it so as to reveal all its playful artificiality; he told us (in effect), "This is not a dragon (any child of the modern, rationalist, industrial age knows that there are no dragons) but an awkward

wooden machine, rolled around on a wheeled platform by disguised stagehands." Mr. Lehnhoff gives us a dragon out of the world of myth, fantasy, imagination, and illusionistic stagecraft, rather than an illustration of a social or theatrical thesis. Its head, like the craggy fossil of a tyrannosaurus rex, is sixteen feet long; it rises some twenty feet in the air as it emerges enraged from its toothy cave; and while it does not evoke the shock of horror aimed at by monster movies with their extreme, convincing realism, it is sufficiently scary to awaken childhood memories of tales about noble-born orphans, maddens in diaries, threatening forests, and battles to the death.

This kind of thing can be mere kitsch, but that is not the case in San Francisco. Mr. Lehnhoff realizes that Wagner uses the trappings of fairy tales not for childish purposes but to pull us away from our middle-class rationalism into the world of fundamental mythical experience. His music is designed to re-create it. What we see in this production is not

Walt Disney, but an art much deeper, more evocative, and on a much higher level of style. The inspiration for John Cooklin's gorgeous sets and Thomas Munn's poetic lighting design is the art of the Romantic painter Caspar David Friedrich, with its scenes of wild, gloomy nature, its vast atmospheric spaces, its gnarled tree trunks and steaming rocks, its sense of a primeval world pulsating with mystical energies, its Northern loneliness, sadness, and fecundity. It was sets like this that the composer had in mind, as we know from Wagner's own Bayreuth productions, and it is amazing to discover in San Francisco how much the visual elements in such a staging contribute to the richness and power of the music, which here seems to express itself in sight as well as in sound.

The acting in such a neo-Romantic production need not have detailed realism or great psychological depth (these would in fact be out of place), but it must be strong, plausible, and sufficiently natural for the audience to be able to empathize with the

characters and their experiences. The acting in the San Francisco *Siegfried* is precisely of this kind, and in all cases it is inseparable from singing of the highest dramatic and musical quality. I have never been a great fan of tenor René Kollo, whose numerous Wagner recordings have left me with the impression of a voice less than pleasurable in timbre and a rather stiff, academic approach to phrasing and expression. But I had never seen and heard him in an opera house, and that apparently makes all the difference. His portrayal of the young Siegfried, both in action and in singing, has an engaging charm and a mixture of boyishness and heroism so potent that one is quite willing to overlook the weakness of his highest notes or the fact that for sheer vocal power and brilliance René Kollo will never thrill us the way Lauritz Melchior did. As Wagner's naive young hero, Mr. Kollo is anything but the typical Siegfried described by Ernest Newman as "some amorphous Heldenentwurf or other who looks and behaves like an overgrown Boy Scout, and

gives the spectator of the impression of a man whose mental development was arrested at the age of twelve and who has been in custody ever since." This Siegfried is real, touching, sensitive, noble — and one can hear it in the expressiveness and shapeliness of the singing as believably as one can see it in Mr. Kollo's exceptionally accomplished acting.

The San Francisco production offers similarly impressive characterizations from Helmut Pampuch as Mime (replaced in later performances by Francis Egerton, whom I did not hear), Helga Dernesch as a stunning Erda, Stanley Wexler as Alberich, and Thomas Stewart in his familiar role of Wotan. Great interest attaches to the Brünhilde in this production, Hungarian soprano Eva Marton, singing the role for the first time in her career. Is Miss Marton the Wagnerian soprano of tomorrow? It is hard to be sure yet. She is a beautiful woman, and a good actress in the large, impassioned style required by this opera. Her voice is immense, with a

warm, golden timbre of great attractiveness. She understands Brünhilde's music thoroughly, and her control is such that she is capable of the most exquisite effects of phrasing and expression. But in the performance I heard there was an overwide vibrato in the voice whenever it was pushed above a mezzo-forte, the sort of vibrato which, if not nipped in the bud early in a career, almost invariably grows into a judder and then into a wobble. Miss Marton is splendid this season in San Francisco; there can be no doubt about that. But will she be singing so excellent a Brünhilde five, ten, or twenty years from now?

The San Francisco *Siegfried* is an excellent, imaginative production, innovative in its bold return to a past whose theatrical potential is in no means exhausted. It is a tribute to the artists involved and to the financial sponsors of this new *Ring*, the Sells Foundation and the Bank America Foundation, organizations whose generosity is contributing to a true and perhaps revolutionary renewal of Wagner's masterpiece.

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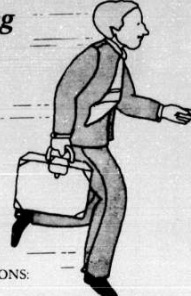
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# We Meet Again



Indiana Jones and the Temple of Doom



Star Trek III

DUNCAN SHEPHERD

The best thing about all this seduction-of-the-innocent, betrayal-of-the-sacred-trust sort of talk that has welled up around *Indiana Jones and the Temple of Doom* is that it has at least cut down on all the former sort of talk about director Steven Spielberg's (and, to a lesser extent, executive producer George Lucas's) special affinity for children. This change in the critical wind may leave individual hufflers-and-puff-ers open to the charge of being late on it; uptake, but it could be said in their defense, on the principle of Giving

Credit Where Due or Giving the Devil His Due or some such, that at any rate they are less content merely to repeat themselves than Spielberg and Lucas are. The direction in which the watercock is now pointing, however, may be a little off the mark. It certainly can't be maintained that Spielberg is no longer willing to get down on the rug and roll around with the little ones, nor that he has forgotten to them presents. He offers them, in the first place, a storyline to do with the deliverance of an entire Indian village of abducted and enslaved children (the neo-Thug abductors and enslavers had no interest, or rather Spielberg had none, in the able-bodied men and women of the village).

And next he offers them, more as a form of bribe or back-scratch than as a character to identify with, that dauntless and resourceful Chinese sidekick named Short Round—a kind of Boy Friday to Indiana Jones's Crusoe, or Robin to his Batman. And the "harrowing" sequence in the underground horror chamber, with its child-labor chain gang and its mind-possession drugs, is firmly in the tradition of, though nowhere near as imaginative as, the Pleasure Island locale in *Pinochio* where fun-seeking little boys are turned into jackasses and shipped off as chattel.

For me, the more serious betrayal of childhood, here as before (and I am afraid that, unlike the critics cited above, if

Spielberg is going to make the same movie all over again, I am going to have to register the same reaction to it), is the infernal faciousness of the thing. I can't presume to speak for actual children, no longer being one of them myself and not having any of them around the house with whom to consult. But I take as my authority in these matters a man I found occasion to mention only last week: Robert Louis Stevenson, who could be called on now to testify to the total seriousness and commitment with which a child at play will transmute an ordinary armchair into a galloping horse or a bowl of porridge into an imaginary continent, the sugar into a blizzard, the milk into a flood. The same sort of conviction. Quite the opposite, it seems somehow almost distracted, as if looking over its shoulder rather than concentrating on the task at hand. Nostalgia, even of the frivolous and unreflexive type indulged in by Spielberg, is not one of the major childhood emotions.

The note of campiness is sounded here first thing, and with full Bette Midleresque force: the Paramount logo fades into a bas-relief design on a Chinese gong (joke), and the camera moves over from that to the smoking mouth of a papier-mâché dragon out of which emerges a blonde nightclub singer (joke), doing "Anything Goes" (joke) in Chinese (joke) and, at the same time, blocking out a couple of letters of the movie title (joke), as though it were situated behind her on stage instead of superimposed on the screen. This little song-and-dance expands into one of those Bushy Berkeleyan production numbers (have we wandered into a Mel Brooks movie by mistake?) that shows no respect for the realistic boundaries of the stage nor for the point of view of the live audience.

But that's all part of the joke, too. The nightclub brawl and car chase that soon follow are in the outright slapstick vein of Spielberg's 1941, and indeed much of the action to come is built on the chain-reaction principles in force there: inflatable rubber raft serves as a parachute out of a crashing plane, then serves as a toboggan when it lands on a snowy mountain, then starts to serve as a raft again when it goes over a cliff into a river. The Kate Capshaw character, spoiled, pampered, a constant

complain and frequent screamer, very much in contrast to the Karen Allen character in *Raiders of the Lost Ark*, sees to it that the tone of facetiousness never flags. In that sense, she seems much more on the screen stand-in for the filmmaker than does the likable (thanks only to Harrison Ford) hero. Indeed, there's a strong temptation to see her as their official proxy, again, in her cupid and in her xenophobia, or at least parochialism, as regards any lifestyle (read "filmmaking style") that sinks below the comfort level of the Shanghai Hilton. As to whether the anti-feminism implicit in this character is also a value of the filmmaker, I will venture only that whatever points Spielberg/Lucas chalked up with feminists in *Raiders* are herewith wiped off the slate. This time around, the only useful female function is to serve as cheerleader, or rather screamleader, for the attending audience.

But now, at last, to the big (but completely extra- or sub-aesthetic) issue of whether or not this is any more "intense," to use the current cant, than Indiana Jones's previous adventure. Perhaps I, who would have thought that the proper distinction would be the more "edacious," will not make the best witness. The only part of the action that I can truthfully say drew me into it was the pursuit through underground tunnels on runaway cars; but there is no great trick, as we've known since at least *This Is Cinerama*, to getting that sort of reaction with a camera strapped aboard a rollercoaster. No doubt the action tends to be hectic, so much so that Spielberg is always mismanaging it in such ways as losing track of key people, missing or mislaying the emotional climaxes, and so overcompensating the schedule as to eliminate the crucial element of "timing." It thus goes rather cold. And I can't quite see what it has done to earn, if *Raiders* didn't do enough to earn, the outpouring of Surgeon General-type health warnings, newspaper editorials, proposed revisions of the MPAA rating system, and so forth. Of course here again we come upon the problem of my not being, or having, an actual child. To the best of my recollection, however, I think I would not have been bothered when I was ten years old or so, and would even have been rather interested, to see a Kali holy man pluck the heart from a living human, and then to see the gaping chest wound seal itself up again in a twinkling. I am probably more bothered by such a thing now, and am certainly less interested in it. And if this isn't suitable for a ten-year-old, for whom is it?

As sequels go, *Star Trek III: The Search for Spock* puts much more distance between itself and its predecessor than most—much more, for example, than the problem of my not being, or having, an actual child. To the best of my recollection, however, I think I would not have been bothered when I was ten years old or so, and would even have been rather interested, to see a Kali holy man pluck the heart from a living human, and then to see the gaping chest wound seal itself up again in a twinkling. I am probably more bothered by such a thing now, and am certainly less interested in it. And if this isn't suitable for a ten-year-old, for whom is it?

Once Upon a Time in America

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gobbledygook and its gongs and its chorus-girls in white negligees, may have been modest to a fault: just a step or two above *Pleasure from Outer Space*. And in truth, Nimoy, usually content to order up a mug shot of somebody or other, steers this third movie installment nearest the center of the old TV series. The bearded villain of the piece, too, is not quite the Khan of the previous adventure, more like a mere Genghis Khan, but well equipped with a reptilian-looking green spacesuit and an invisible-making shield for it. His *mano a mano* with Admiral Kirk on a rapidly decomposing planet is exciting, and William Shatner, who shows no signs of firing of his role, gives the villain a fine send-off with a line, or rather a reading of it, that will ring in your ears long afterwards. But the real emotional core of the movie, unexpectedly enough, is the Starship Enterprise, hastily patched-up and still in need of repair after its last expedition, and tickered for the junkyard. This old state is enough of a source of anxiety and of exaltation that its ultimate demise, as a brief sad comet in the heavens, earns the full emotional response that Spock's demise, last time round, didn't quite. One doesn't foresee, granting the full ingenuity of the creators, a *Star Trek IV: The Voyage of the Enterprise*, but one does wonder what they would come up with as a replacement for it already an outmoded design, of course, by current standards. And although there seems to be a steady decline in quality in the big-screen adventures, the loss of altitude is not as sharp as to suggest abandonment of the entire (lower-case) enterprise. I hope there's another.

In my excitement to see the first Sergio Leone movie in more than a decade, I tended to forget that I was never all that excited about his movies even when they were coming out with great regularity. I generally took a fair amount of interest in them, however, and, with expectations lowered almost daily by a very bad press, I

(continued on page 32)

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(continued from page 31)

took what seemed a fair amount in *Once Upon a Time in America*, too. But the interest is more of the sort issued by seeing incomplete and unremembered rushes rather than a finished work — incomplete and unremembered in spite of the fact that the scenes follow along in straightforward chronological order, beginning, reasonably enough, in a state of passionate longing and, also reasonably, ending up four decades later in bitter regret. The movie is never less than handsome, thanks to its beautifully coordinated old golds and woody browns (Tonino Delli Colli, cinematographer). It is the pace, however, that kills. An almost Wagnerian mag-

nificence had started to become one of the hallmarks of Leone (the showdown that doesn't get around to clearing leather until after twenty sweaty closeups of the participants), and a sense of recognition in that department can be found here in individual scenes: the interminable fantasia of silver on china, as one of the characters stirs his coffee in a sort of pre-hurricane calm, and the inevitable accompaniment of the ensuing conversation, once it erupts, by another of the characters on the sort of solo whistle that Ennio Morricone is forever inserting into his soundtracks. Pacing, of course, cannot be measured by the clock, and you do not need a Chestertonian appetite for paradox to believe that the evocation of an hour and twenty minutes (or

whatever it was) for American consumption, together with the "straightening out" of Leone's nonlinear narrative design, could very well have made the movie seem longer. As a mere prologue, the youthful scenes set in the Twenties go on far too long, although the child actors are quite good, and have clear enough resemblances to their adult counterparts (Robert De Niro, James Woods, Elizabeth McGovern). But if these scenes were scattered throughout and juxtaposed to who-knows-what — well, one can only wonder. There has been much complaint about the ineptitudes of the portrayal of the New York Jewish community. But to the extent that this is, as Leone has described it, a "memory" movie, it is a memory of other

movies, of an America seen through the screen and not firsthand, and thus the narrow social view, blocking out family, cops, contemporary history, can perhaps be justified. It is easy to forget, in any event, that these gangsters are meant to be Jewish at all, and when you are reminded of the fact (by the stray "mazel tov" or so), you can only ask why they are meant that way. As Italian director shuffling off some of the Mafia guilt? Any speculation in that area, or indeed in any other, must at this point be highly provisional. It would be more sensible to withhold further comment, and for the public to withhold further ticket money, until the production company makes good on its promise to release the full version; later this year. [F]



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# Picada Winner



ELEANOR WIDMER

**The Restaurant:** Espresso Internacional  
**Tijuana**  
**The Location:** 16 de Septiembre 212, Tijuana (86-52-53)  
**Type of Food:** Argentinian and Italian  
**Price Range:** Approximately four dollars to eight dollars  
**Hours:** Open daily, 12:30 p.m. to 11:00 p.m.

Every now and then when I'm at some ethnic restaurant thousands of miles from the scene of my childhood, I will bite into a dish with an exotic name, and the taste, the texture, the combination of ingredients will evoke with brilliant immediacy my grandmother's cooking. Then I will remember being under a feathered sun dark winter afternoon reading Charles Dickens, and my grandmother arriving with a plate full of goodies hot from the oven.

This happened to me the other night in Tijuana, when I was at a restaurant called Espresso Internacional, a modest but fine establishment that serves both Argentinian and Italian specialties. Nellie Vazana, who owns and operates Espresso Internacional, is from Argentina and she prepares food with a knowledge and love of her native land. But her outstanding empanadas (pastry stuffed with meat,

chicken, and cheese) reminded me of my grandmother's Russian piroshki.

Comparing empanadas to piroshki was not merely nostalgia or déjà vu; empanadas are thought to have originated in the Middle East and southern Russia from where they were disseminated to Spain, Portugal, and finally Latin America by Sephardic Jews. So while I was having an orgy with these empanadas, I was suddenly aware of tasting a dish that may have come to us through many a Diaspora.

This history aside, Espresso Internacional is a charming place with blue tablecloths, spotless china, and immediate and swift service. (To reach the restaurant, take Avenida Revolución south and follow it as it veers left and turns into Boulevard Agua Caliente, about a mile down; Agua Caliente, turn right where you see a Kentucky Fried Chicken. This street is 16 de Septiembre—it's also the old highway to Ensenada. Espresso Internacional is right opposite the Palacio Azteca hotel, about two blocks down.)

Early on a Wednesday night we were the only diners, so we had Nellie Vazana's undivided attention. For our main course, she suggested not the huge steaks that Americans associate with Argentina, but a folk dish called *parillada* Argentina. This is an Argentinian combination plate, pronounced *parryada* with a hard *j*. It costs about six dollars (the peso that day was two hundred to the dollar). But first we had

*picada*, an appetizer for two (slightly more than five dollars).

The *picada* is brought on a wooden platter that holds individual dishes of the following: marinated octopus, marinated beef and vegetables, marinated tongue, eggplant, stuffed eggs, Argentinian cheese, and a twisted bread baked in the Rio district by an Argentinian. The marinated dishes, served cold, were excellent. The *picada* was more than enough for two and could serve three. Since I had also ordered the *cus-cus* to little over two dollars for two, I had to go easy on the appetizer. But you'll find every separate dish of the *picada* as well as palatable.

A sterling broccoli soup with croutons followed and I regretted finally having to push my bowl away. A light and inexpensive meal could consist of this marvelous broccoli soup and empanadas. The soup is included with any other dish you order.

As for the combination plate called *parillada*, it's somewhat similar to London broil. It features, among other meats, *matambre*, that literally translated means "kill hunger." *Matambre* is a rolled, stuffed flank steak with a hard-boiled egg at its center. The *matambre* proved tender and moist. You also receive a huge and meaty rib; sweetbreads pounded thin and served very dry; and *chinchulines*, or entrails, an acquired taste I have yet to cultivate. Some of the zipper items were the spicy sausage and the batter-fried eggplant.

Possibly because of the method of cooking, most of the *parillada* was dry rather than succulent. This was particularly true of the rib that appeared to be roasted. *Parillada* costs six dollars, feeds two, offers samples of various meats, is authentic, but is not a gastronomic thrill. It's served with *salsa criolla* and a superb bread, different from the one served with the *picada*. Both the *picada* and the *parillada* are splendid for those who want to try Argentinian specialties.

Ordinarily I would have quit right there, gone home and returned a week later; but because it's high tourist season, which means possibly going through long lines at customs, I took a deep breath and ordered two Italian specialties.

Among the oddest meals I've ever consumed were a Chinese dinner prepared by a North African in Tel Aviv; Jewish cooking by an Indian in Mexico City; and Middle Eastern cuisine done by an American Southerner in Rome. Closer to home, I found the cuisine of the late Crook Gumbo in La Jolla prepared by the book but revealing little charm. There's a certain savvy and know-how that comes with cooking one's native dishes that can't be reproduced by following recipes. I never knew

how to prepare an American ham until I was in graduate school and I was always certain that my ham didn't taste "American." The oddest of cross-cultural cooking is that it may produce unexpected and interesting results. The Italian food at Espresso Internacional may not taste exactly like Italian dishes to which you are accustomed, but it's very good in its own hybrid way. Not only are these Italian dishes tasty, but they are about half the price of their counterparts in San Diego.

The veal Marsala, for example, is eight dollars and the white veal, just readily available in Tijuana, is actually purchased in San Diego. Done with Marsala wine and mushrooms, it was fork tender and had a delightful flavor. But I was especially taken with the *canelones* (cannelloni), the taster of which was filled with spinach and the other with cheese. The *canelones* were somewhat like omelets that were then stuffed and covered with a good homemade tomato sauce. Vegetarians might be especially interested in the broccoli soup and *canelones* costing slightly less than four dollars—there is no charge for the soup.

Because Espresso Internacional is basically a beef/veal/chicken house, I did not try the fish or the *pizza*. But we did have one very good flan and the house specialty, bread pudding (\$1.40 each). It goes without saying that, under ordinary circumstances, I would not have ordered as many dishes as I did. The most costly dishes (veal) were 1700 pesos or a bit over eight dollars, and a New York cut steak, for example, about six dollars. All the cooking was stimulating and I had a good time sampling some of the more unusual dishes.

Since the peso is now worth half a penny, you will find extraordinary food value in Tijuana these days. At Espresso Internacional I enjoyed the *picada*, with its marinated side dishes, as well as the veal and *canelones*. As for the empanadas, I must confess that I took two home with me and ate them the next day. One was filled with meat and olives, the other with corn and cheese. Next time I'm down there I intend to buy a half-dozen.

A last word of advice about dining in Tijuana this summer: try to go beginning to midweek, avoid weekends, and leave from San Diego as early as possible since the same menu is served from opening to closing in most restaurants. We left San Diego at 4:30 p.m. and with a very leisurely meal and no side trips we were back at customs shortly after 7:15 p.m. Both coming and going we went through customs with no waiting and no strain. It was still light when we drove home, and it was delightful to see San Diego shimmering against a luminous day's end sky. □

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## Letters

On page two I was surprised to see an article regarding two publications in which I advertise, the *La Jolla Report* and the *La Jolla Light*. The words "caus" and "class sharpening" demonstrate a sexist attitude on the part of the author. If the two publishers were men, those words certainly would not have been used. The photograph of Pat Dahlberg doesn't look anything like I have ever seen her, she normally looks like a person rather than a frog, but I suppose the ugly picture makes for good entertainment. I was not aware of the controversy over the anti-abortion ad, but having seen it, I am now clear that this is one potential "Bulldozer" who will not be seen in the same pages with it. I have advertised in the *Reader* in the past and had thought about advertising in it again, but I won't be. Thomas J. Meyer  
La Jolla

## Butts Of Death

It strikes me as curious, considering the negative feedback you have received over the Right To Life Council ads, that no equal

response has been generated by the full-page cigarette promotions printed weekly. Are the 350,000 premature deaths a year in the United States that are directly related to tobacco products, as reported by the National Centers for Disease Control, of less concern? At least no one is being glamorously enticed into having an abortion.  
Bernard Bowers  
San Diego

## Crumbs Crack

Having lived in San Diego for four years now, and as a weekly reader of your paper, it amazes me that you have not been able to find someone who is able to write a decent movie review. The Los Angeles version of your paper has several writers on its staff, giving at least a bit of variety to its reviews instead of the stale crumbs served up by Mr. Saphrod. His latest offering on *The Natural* (May 31) was to form, giving it his fairly predictable one-star rating. Duncan, save me the trouble next time by putting your star(s) where your mouth starts, right after your byline.  
Dan Chaud  
Ocean Beach

## City Lights

### Cops

(continued from page 2)  
other-hole-riddled fields at the Thirty-second Street Naval Station. And whenever the western division's team is playing, crowds are generally the largest. The main problem, manager Cowan laments, is a league rule that states anyone who wants to play must be allowed to do so. On all the other teams, Cowan says, prospective members recognize their limitations and let only the best players step forward, accounting for a manageable team size of about fifteen. "But on our team, they all think they can play, so we've got twenty-nine," Cowan says, adding that squabbling among team members for positions got so bad that two weeks ago he wrote them a memo telling them to "quit bitching" and admonishing them, "Play the position you are assigned and if you play the best you know how, you just might win a game. The less capable players need your support, not your ridicule." The game after the memo came out, Cowan notes proudly, his team scored its first win, 21-12 over the undercover narcotics team. But last Friday things were back to normal and they were beaten by central division, 20-1.  
—T.K.A.

## Woman's Place

(continued from page 2)  
downtown," says Carol Roskos, the licensed clinical social worker who runs Rachel's. "A seventy-three-year-old woman who was living on the street told me one time, 'When the men start drinking, even I look good.' That's one reason they come here — it's a haven from sexual harassment." Many of the women who end up at Rachel's are between checks and can't afford to stay in downtown hotel at the time.

Others are victims of rape and battering, who leave their mates and have no money, no home, and no resources. Roskos says probably more than half have moderate to serious emotional disorders. The center consists of one oblong room, with an arrangement of vinyl-covered couches at one end and some tables and chairs at the other, and a small back room containing bathroom and showers. One wall of the main room is paneled in wood, and the other wall is in the process of becoming a small gallery for women artists. "We feel it's important that the women have some sort of cultural exposure," says DeVall. So Roskos, who is married to a sculptor, is arranging for women to hang works at Rachel's. There are books and magazines and coffee available, and a washer and dryer. The fifteen regulars and an equal number of first-time and occasional drop-ins gather on the couches every morning, and there seems to be a kind of social ritual developing. They wait to use the phone, which is free for local calls, and they also wait for the mail. Rachel's offers itself as a mailing address for women on the street. The place is kept remarkably tidy and filled with flowers by the transients themselves. There is almost no "therapy" given. "The need is so great," says Roskos, "we couldn't possibly do a lot of casework. But we can try to establish a social norm here, a place where street women can become less self-centered. You can see these women slowly start interacting with each other, and sharing their stories of how they got here. The consistency of this place gives them an order on which they can hang their unordered lives."  
—N.M.

Neal Matthews,  
Thomas K. Arnold,  
and Randy Optincar

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# Off the Cuff

What have you saved for purely sentimental reasons?



Ed Hollingsworth  
Teacher/Performer  
La Mesa

Photographs and memorabilia from shows I've done — posters, signed programs. Especially important are the thank you notes and pictures from the kids at the school where I teach. My dad's watch is of sentimental value. I wear it. It's a gold watch they gave him when he retired. It always brings back memories. He was a good man. I managed to end up with my old baby shoes. They take up space in a drawer somewhere. My mother keeps managing to pass things along to me. One thing I've received that I love is a painting of two little puppies in a basket. It was done in 1892 by a French woman. It was my dad's favorite. I put it above the piano. It really makes me think of my parents when I see it.



Megan Jones  
Student  
North Park

I saved a Campbell's soup can — chicken noodle soup. I started going to this new school and Scott — he's a guy I really liked — came over. He got hungry, so I fixed him some soup. The relationship didn't really work out, but I kept the can. I wrote his initials on it and I keep pencils and stuff in the back who drank that particular bottle of beer — people I like, of course. I also have a couple of boxes of letters under my bed. I save them all. When I was little I was at an amusement park and my aunt was a teddy bear for me. The teddy's name is Amy and I've always kept her. She wears a dress I wore when I was little. She's old, the stuff's falling out, but I can't get rid of her.



Robert L. McCarty II  
Sales Representative  
Mission Valley

I have a box in the closet filled with things from the fall of '69, when I backpacked through Europe. I bought a one-way ticket from Oakland to London for \$135 and from then on you might say I threw my fate to the winds. I saved museum tickets, railway tickets, ship tickets, bus tickets, maps, posters — all kinds of paraphernalia. I have bar coasters from Switzerland where I drank teats to my brother's birthday even though he was thousands of miles away. I saved a black-and-white photo of myself with my arm around Pinocchio in Ancona, Italy; I was drinking a bottle of wine. I was sure that someday I'd still drive it and I always run into people who want to buy it from me. I don't think I'll ever sell it. It's just one of those things. It's a part of me.



Arleen Thompson  
Network Completion Clerk  
Mission Bay

Heavens! I must have been about ten the Christmas my parents gave me an oval-shaped print of the Madonna and Child. It has an old metal frame, the kind that creaks at the edges. It's hanging on my bedroom wall now. I guess it really is of sentimental value because it's one of the few things I have from my childhood. I saved all my daughter's dolls. I keep them in the basement. She'll be graduating from high school next year and maybe someday she'll want them. Definitely my car, it's a '66 candy-apple red Mustang. I bought it before I was married. I was in my mid-twenties. There are a lot of memories associated with it. I still drive it and I always run into people who want to buy it from me. I don't think I'll ever sell it. It's just one of those things. It's a part of me.



Pablo Wizard One  
Pacific Beach

I save rings. At the moment I'm wearing five of them. One of them belonged to a friend who died in Vietnam. It's a little piece of him I'll always have. The other rings were given to me by friends who haven't had a chance to be their true selves, for whatever reasons, they're being held down. They give me rings and I wear them proudly. I can feel their energy in them. The medal around my neck was given to my mother fifty-three years ago. Now it's mine. The whole ensemble around my neck is of other entities. My personal destiny was foreseen and planned when I was in the seventh grade. So I'm content. My capital gain is just growing older. Just being. I will take off these rings when the people who gave them to me are content. Then I'll start the whole cycle all over again.  
—Lin Jakary

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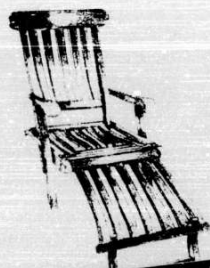


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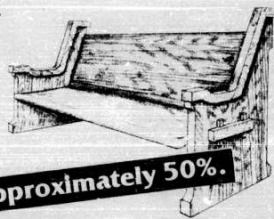
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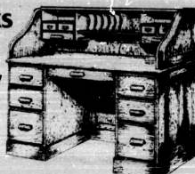
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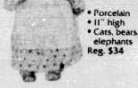
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## Section 2 Events, Theater, Music, Film

### Shuttered Light

Photographer Ansel Adams died on April 22 at age 82, and it's probably safe to say that a majority of Americans never noticed. Can we also claim that, for the same group, the American wilderness seems an otherworldly and frightfully inconvenient place in which one prays the car will never break down? And black and white wilderness photographs? As germane as mooncakes. "So this guy Adam Ansel had a thing for boulders," says the man on the subway. "As far as I'm concerned, if I never see another picture of tree bark it'll be too soon."

Two other segments of the populace were more closely affected. The larger group knew Adams's name well, and it always spelled trouble. You find

this crowd in two parts also: a ruling, bloodless minority of suits-and-ties who, when they view wilderness, hallucinate money on the trees; and a supporting mass of strong-back drunks, who require unpopulated land on which to alleviate sexual problems through internal-combustion toys—vehicles frequently bearing on their chrome bumpers gems of self-expression like "Sierra Club, Go Hike To Hell." In general, the group sees in wilderness photos of the Adams variety only advertisements for unspoiled opportunity. The most prominent spokesman for these good folk is an elderly millionaire who owns a huge spread in the mountains overlooking Santa Barbara and who cares little for any other wild, open space unless it can be lumbered, mined, farmed, paved, tract-housed, or

(continued on page 4, col. 5)



Ansel Adams, "The Golden Gate Before the Bridge", c. 1932



"Storyteller" by Carol Rose

### Native Art

A Papago Indian who lives in East San Diego weaves baskets made exclusively from the traditional materials of her people: horse hair, bear grass from the Tucson area, yucca root and fiber, and devil's-claw, each grown only on the Papago reservation in southern Arizona. In Pacific Beach, a Cochiti Indian produces necklaces from

Indian corn and melon seed harvested each summer at her New Mexico homeland. Up in Santa Ysabel, a Sicangu Sioux from South Dakota uses microscopic glass beads to create designs which are thousands of years old; he sometimes sews up to half a million of the tiny ornaments on a single buckskin dress. This weekend, these three people and thirty-two other craftsmen from various southwestern American Indian tribes will gather at the Museum

of Man in Balboa Park for one of the most extensive expositions of Indian culture presented locally.

Navajo and Cocopah, Tewa and Yaqui, Mayo and Acoma and Cherokee, the artists will be shaping pots, carving kachina dolls, sculpting the whimsical figurines known as "storytellers" that feature a maternally raconteuse holding more than an armful of young listeners. All the craftspeople will be demonstrating and selling their works in an open-air market to be set up in an inner courtyard adjoining the museum. There, Hopi and Navajo women will bake and serve hot Indian "fry bread" drenched with honey or dusted with sugar, and "piki bread" made out of blue corn meal.

In conjunction with the market, free performances by Hopi singer Clifford Lomahatewa, the Inter-Tribal Dancers from Los Angeles, the Yaqui Deer Dancers from Tucson, and the Kumeayay Bird Singers will be staged throughout the middle of the day on both Saturday and Sunday in the large plaza in front of the main entrance to the museum. The plaza also will be the site of pottery making and firing demonstrations by Lucy Lewis, one of the most acclaimed contemporary Indian potters. Born at Acoma Pueblo in New Mexico before the turn of the century, Lewis speaks the Keresan language, but her daughters will interpret as she explains the processes of clay

(continued on page 6, col. 3)



### Spikes

The reports from the ticket-buying front at the 1984 Summer Olympics in Los Angeles are not encouraging. Southern Californians who are battling it out in the trenches, hoping to secure tickets to the once-in-a-lifetime event, are limping away, bruised and battered. The place is lousy with

disgruntled fans, just now discovering that the good seats to the games are not to be had by the public. And the horror stories are just beginning to surface—like the gentleman from Fallbrook who spent two arms and two legs to take his family to a track event, only to learn after receiving his tickets that three of the four seats purchased are in different sections of the arena.

(continued on page 6, col. 4)

### In A Tailspin

It's hot. It's dusty. You've got that nasty, sinking feeling in your gut. You're wearing tight pants that are too long, a close-fitting jacket over your close-fitting shirt, a sombrero, and a big, flimsy bow tie. In just seconds you're going to race down a dirt corridor sixty meters long on a horse to slap a bull on its ass, grab the 600 pounds of raging, roaring beef by its tail, and try to throw it to the ground. Imagine 600 pounds of bull. That's more than 2400 hamburgers, that's 10,000

taquitos, that's hundreds of thousands of little kosher cocktail wienies, and all of them—every single one of them—are angry at you. It doesn't sound pretty and it doesn't sound safe and who, above all else, would want to perform such a deed? La Asociación de Charros Cero San Miguel would. They think it's fun. And on Sunday, June 24, they're going to get together with members of other charro associations from Mexico and California for their very own Mexican rodeo event.

For many, it is in itself difficult to confront a rare steak, but the thought of tackling

neatly a half-ton of furious lunch-on-the-hoof is overwhelming. But these charros—these cowboys whose uniform and tradition are patterned after the soldiers of the Mexican revolution—have the cojones to dash off on horseback and confront bulls in the heat and the dust. In the event scheduled on Sunday, each charro will have three turns to race after a bull, salute him, slap him on the rump, grab the bull by the tail, wrap his (the rider's) leg around it, and flip the bull to the ground. And this is just one of the skills that a man who wishes to call himself a charro must

(continued on page 7, col. 3)



Illustration by Carlos Diaz

## READER'S GUIDE

Contributions to READER EVENTS must be received by mail no later than the Friday preceding the Thursday issue in order to be considered for publication. Please do not phone. The Events Editor reserves the right to edit all materials. Send complete information, including a description of the event, the date and time it is to be held, the precise address of where it is to be held, and a contact phone number for publication to: READER EVENTS EDITOR, P.O. Box 80802, San Diego, CA 92138.

### Dance

New England Country Dancing to live music with caller Joseph Tardone will be held Thursday, June 21, 8 p.m., United Center.

cial Travellers Hall, 4509 Thirteenth Street, North Park, 436-4531.

Scottish Country Dancing is held Fridays, 7:30 p.m., St. James Hall, 7776 Lads Avenue, La Jolla, 454-5191.

"Dance Jam," create your own style in an evening of informal, recreational dancing events. Fridays, 9 p.m., 4355 Fifth Avenue, Hillcrest, 239-1713.

Circle Dancing, meditative "Soft dancing" is conducted weekly. Mondays, 7 p.m., 4070 S. Alhambra Street, Mission Hills, 295-9077.

### Film

For Children, children's films will

be shown Friday, June 22, 3:30 p.m., Chula Vista Public Library, 365 F Street, Chula Vista. Friday, 7:30 p.m., National City Public Library, 200 East Twelfth Street, National City. Friday, 7:30 p.m., Sherwood, 474-8211, more films for children may be seen. Thursday, June 28, 3 p.m., Coronado Public Library, 604 Orange Avenue, Coronado. Friday, 4:35-4:45.

Educational films, The Fields of the Senses and The Solar System will be shown, Saturday, June 23 and Sunday, June 24, 1 and 3:30 p.m., San Diego Museum, Balboa Park, 237-3821.

"Paper Moon," Tatum O'Neal makes her debut as an orphan who teams up with a con artist (Ryan

O'Neal, Tuesday, June 26, 7 p.m., Coronado Public Library, 640 Orange Avenue, Coronado. Friday, 4:35-4:45.

"The 400 Blows," a Cannes Festival award winner, the 1959 François Truffaut film, Wednesday, June 27, 7:30 p.m., Sherwood, 474-8211, more films for children may be seen. Thursday, June 28, 3 p.m., Greenwich Village West, 636 Fifth Avenue, downtown, Friday, 22-9374 or 233-4925.

### Music

Concerts International continues with Don Francisco guitarist Paco Sevilla and Rodrigo, Thursday, June 21, 7:30 p.m., Mirlos Cultural Center, 247 South Kolma, Escondido, 741-4691.

"Old Masters on the New," concert given will be performed on both traditional and experimental instruments, Thursday, June 21, 8 p.m., Camino Theatre, USD, 201-6863 or 452-0194, 452-3643, or 456-1627.

Folk Musicians and others will have a chance to be on stage and share their talent, every Thursday, 9:30 p.m., Greenwich Village West, 636 Fifth Avenue, downtown, Friday, 22-9374 or 233-4925.

Piano and Vocal Recital, pianist Ruth Winters and mezzo-soprano Dyanne Riley perform selections from Schumann, Ravel, Bach, and others. Friday, June 22, 7:30 p.m., Habitat Knowledge and Cafe, 4211 Third Street, La Mesa, 697-7922.

French Chansons of the 1600s and

## TO LOCAL EVENTS

Baroque meters will be performed by the US-207 Madrigal Singers. Fred Benckels will offer works by J.S. Bach to the organists. Friday, June 22, 8 p.m., Congregational Church of La Jolla, 1216 Cave Street, La Jolla, 452-0194, 452-3643, or 456-1627.

"The Naked Ghermain," a celebration of the composer's life and music will feature pianist Cecil Taylor, percussionist David Pratt, bassist Ben Shubert, and Paul Salzman as narrator. Friday, June 22 through Sunday, June 24, 8 p.m., with a 2 p.m. Sunday matinee, San Diego Public Theatre, 311 Eighth Avenue, downtown, 232-7378.

Argentine Music will be performed by the internationally renowned vocal group Los Frontereros. Friday, June 22, 8 p.m., Recital Hall (near the Aerospace Museum and the Puppet Theatre), Balboa Park, 442-1247 or 237-8464.

Chamber Concert, the Allegro Quartet will perform sonatas by

Lou and Virginia Curtis. Friday, June 22, 8 p.m., 1260 Robinson Avenue, Hillcrest.

Viola Recital, music by Bach, Brahms, Ravel, and Hindemith will be performed by Thomas Tors, viola, and Mary Jane Moore, piano. Friday, June 22, 8 p.m., Camino Theatre, USD, 291-6480 or 452-0194, 452-3643, or 456-1627.

Melody and Show Tunes, the San Diego Chorale will feature music and choreography from the Big Band era. Broadway and popular repertoires. Saturday, June 23, 1:30 p.m. and Sunday, June 24, 2 p.m., Casa Del Prado Theatre, Balboa Park, 232-7378.

Opera, Verdi's Simon Boccanegra will be performed by the San Diego Opera with guest star Sherrill Milnes. Saturday, June 23, 8 p.m., Civic Theatre, 202 C Street, downtown, 232-7636.

House Concerts continue with

Telemon and Vivaldi, guest soprano Candace Thornburgh will sing Bach's aria. Sunday, June 23, 8 p.m., Congregational Church of La Jolla, 1216 Cave Street, La Jolla, 452-0194, 452-3643, or 456-1627.

Jazz Concert, classic and contemporary jazz will be performed by the twenty-member Mesa College Concert Jazz Band. Monday, June 25, 8 p.m., Educational Cultural Complex, 4343 Ocean View Boulevard, Southwest San Diego, 230-2828 or 230-2827.

Jazz Concert, the new Orleans Preservation Hall Jazz Band returns to San Diego for a performance. Monday, June 25, 8:30 p.m., Starlight Bowl, Balboa Park, 234-5748 or 234-5749. Tickets on sale.

Outdoor Concert, bring a picnic supper and listen to Flanagan's International Band. Tuesday, June 26, 6:30 p.m., Berry Street Park, located on Mt. Vernon Street, west of Massachusetts Avenue, Lemon Grove. Free, 464-1630.

"Twilight in the Park" summer

concerts continue with an hour of rhythm and blues by the Slide-winders. Tuesday, June 26, the San Diego Navy Band. Wednesday, June 27, and the City Guard Band. Thursday, June 28, 6:30 p.m., Spreckels Organ Pavilion, Balboa Park. Free.

Special

Puppet Show, the Kent family's classic, Aesop's classic, The Tortoise and the Hare. Daily, 11 a.m., 1 and 2:30 p.m., with extra shows on Saturdays and Sundays, 4 p.m., Puppet Theatre, Presidents Way, Balboa Park, 420-0794.

Poetry, Janice Tolman Rindge will read from Roadwork. Thursday, June 21, 7 p.m., sponsored by the San Diego Poetry Forum. Multicultural Arts Institute, 425 Market Street, downtown, 236-1521.

Guided Hikes, Offshoot Botanical tours will explore the highlights of Pecoside Park. Friday, June 22 and Saturday, June 23, 9:30 a.m., meet at the Serra Museum, veranda (297-0289), the Los Peñasquitos Cultural and Natural Resources Center sponsors an evening hike and also watch. Sunday, June 24, 9 p.m., meet at the organizing parking area across from Hesperia's Park on Black Mountain Road (221-6712 or 294-2926). Will about International offers a Lake Murray meander. Wednesday, June 27, 5:45 p.m., meet at the corner of Lake Murray Boulevard and Keweenaw Drive across from the taco stand (426-9933).

Summer Solstice Celebration, bring friends and a dish from your ethnic group to the shortest (all-) night party of the year, sponsored by the Better World Workshop. Friday, June 22, 6 p.m., 1230 Marley Street, Linda Vista. 569-0855.

Indian Fair, more than forty Indian

## COMMENCEMENT '84



Please join us at our 1984 Commencement. Commencement speaker: Dennis Jaffe, Ph.D., President-elect of The Association for Humanistic Psychology, author, Healing from Within (Medical Self Care Book Award), Sunday, June 24, 1:00 p.m., Schroeder Hall.



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Wednesday, June 27, 6:30-9:30 p.m.  
Cost: \$5.00 Seating limited to 200  
Old Town Education Center, 2425 San Diego Ave.  
Human Development Institute  
(619) 692-0707 488-5515

### O.M.B.A.C.

(Old Mission Beach Athletic Club)

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Saturday, June 23, 5pm-10pm  
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\*Tickets: OMBAC members, The Pennant, The Beachcomber, The Coaster Saloon, Hamel's, Rocky's Bar in Crown Point.



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SUNDAY—AUGUST 12—8:00 PM  
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DANA HAGGARD  
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TICKETS: \$14.75, \$12.75\*



### MISSING PERSONS

RHYME & REASON TOUR '84  
SATURDAY—JULY 14—8:00 PM  
TICKETS: \$13.75, \$11.75\*



### FRANK ZAPPA

TUESDAY—JULY 24—7:30 PM  
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# READER'S GUIDE TO LOCAL EVENTS

artists and artisans, including award-winning painter Lucy Leary, have been invited to participate in a two-day exposition in conjunction with the museum's newest exhibit, "Heritage in Clay." Saturday, June 23 and Sunday, June 24, 12 a.m. Museum of Man, Balboa Park (the Laurel Street Bridge will be closed to automobile traffic during the Fair). 239-2001.

**Bird Walks** are given every Sunday, 8:30 a.m. Linda Lake County Park, Lakeside; meet at the ranger

station in the center of the park and bring binoculars. 365-8600.

**"Islamic Philippines: A Summer Celebration,"** dance, music, films, folk tales, a martial arts demonstration, a display of fighter kites, costumes, and arts demonstrations highlight the celebration of the Islamic Philippines. Sunday, June 24, Filipino-American Vegetarian Association Hall, 2026 Market Street, Southeast San Diego. 265-4299.

**Del Mar Fair** continues through July 1, with horse shows, contests, demonstrations, and entertainment. Del Mar Fairgrounds, west of Interstate 5 at the Via de la Valle exit. 745-1161 or 227-0238.

## Sports

**Frisbee Golf** is played daily at the Morley Field Disc Golf Course, located at the west end of Morley Field, near Pershing Drive and Redwood Street, Balboa Park. Free. 298-0920.

**Soccer.** The San Diego Sockers host Vancouver. Friday, June 22, and Tulsa. Wednesday, June 25, both games at 7 p.m., San Diego Stadium. 280-GOAL.

**Destruction Derby**, super and street stock auto competition, Sunday, June 23, 7:30 p.m., Cajon Speedway, El Cajon. 448-8900.

## Radio/TV

**"A Breath of Scandal,"** Sophia Loren and John Gavin star in this 1960 comedy set in Vienna. Friday, June 22, midnight. KQTV, Channel 43.

**"Major Barbara,"** the 1941 film adaptation of George Bernard

Shaw's story stars Rex Harrison, Wendy Maes, Robert Mays, and Deborah Kerr. Saturday, June 23, 9 p.m., KPBS-TV, Channel 15.

**Peruvian Novelist Jose Maria Arguedas** is featured on "Faces, Masks, Twentieth-century Latin American Authors." Monday, June 23, 7:30 p.m., KPBS-FM (89.5).

**"Jazz Live,"** the continuing series of live jazz broadcasts from the San Diego City College Theater features Dwight Stone and Eward. Tuesday, June 26, 8 p.m., KSDS-FM (88.3).

**"Low 'N' Slow,"** a documentary examining the Mexican-American art of lawriding airs. Wednesday, June 27, 10 p.m., KPBS-TV, Channel 15.

## Lectures

**Anthropologist Shirley Strum**, who has spent the better part of the last decade studying a troop of East African baboons on the Gili Gili Game Preserve, near Nairobi, Kenya and who was featured in a National Geographic cover story, will present a discussion and film of her experiences there, tonight, Thursday, 7 p.m., Cret Hall Oak Crest Junior High School, 675 Bolivar Street, Encinitas. Free. 751-6241.

**"The Evolution of Space Technology,"** Larry Randall of UCSD's Center for Astrophysics and Space Sciences will speak. Saturday, June 23, 2 p.m., Grossman Lecture Hall, Reuben H. Fleet Space Theater and Science Center, Balboa Park. Free. 366-0842.

**Backpacking Tips** will be offered by Bay Hospital Medical Center occupational therapist Carol Sampson. Saturday, June 23, 10

a.m., Buntz Room, San Diego Federal Savings and Loan, 4182 Buntz Road, Buntz. Free. 428-9820.

**"Renewed Turbulence in the Persian Gulf: How Serious Is the Crisis?"** The former ambassador to Kuwait, Frank E. Macintosh, will address the annual dinner and membership meeting of the World Affairs Council of San Diego. Tuesday, June 26, 7:30 p.m., Mission Room, Bahia Hotel, 908 West Mission Bay Drive, Mission Bay. Reservations 231-0111.

**Bankok and Singapore** are the subjects of a slide program with musical accompaniment offered by Joe Skimbo. Wednesday, June 27, 7:30 p.m., Carlsbad City Library, 1250 Elm Avenue, Carlsbad. Free. 438-5614.

## Galleries

**Photographic Motion Studies** by Edward Maysbridge, "Father of the Motion Picture," are on display through June 24, Museum of Photographic Arts, Balboa Park. 439-3262.

**"Centro in Central,"** the first in a series of reciprocal exhibitions between artists from Tijuana and Southern California will feature the work of Tijuana painter Ignacio Habrila, on view through June 30, Installation Gallery, 447 Fifth Avenue, downtown. 232-9915.

**Print Competition**, graphic works from the Second Original Print Competition are on view through June 30, San Diego Print Club, 325 G Street, downtown. 232-4884.

**"The Unseen Photographs,"** a selection of work from the gallery's inventory will be on display through June 30, Photography Gallery, 2468 Girard Avenue, La Jolla. 459-1800.

**Chinese Calligraphy and Brush Painting** are on display, sponsored by the San Diego Chinese Brush Painting Society, through June 30, Gallery 21, Spanish Village, Balboa Park. 755-9218 or 231-1991.

**Lapp Art**, an exhibit of Sioux art and craftsmanship will be on display through July 2, Mingo International Museum of World Folk Art, 4405 La Jolla Village Drive, University Towne Centre. 453-5300.

**Subliminal Artist John Alan Smith** will exhibit paintings and sculpture through July 5, Multicultural Arts Center Gallery, 425 Marker Street, downtown. 239-0221.

**Monotypes and Paintings** by San Francisco are on exhibit through July 7, Thomas Balcor Gallery, 7470 Girard Avenue, La Jolla. 534-2345.

**Paintings, Drawing, and Sculpture** by Dennis Jeffrey continue on view through July 7, Richard Peterson Studios, 711 Eighth Avenue, downtown. 236-0284.

**"Champions: The Olympic Athlete in Art,"** more than fifty rare Olympic posters are on display in an exhibit running through July 8, San Diego Museum of Art, Balboa Park. 232-7931.

**New Constructions** by Ron Williams are on exhibit through July 30, Patty Aunde Gallery, 660 Ninth Avenue, downtown. 233-9242.

## Shuttered

(continued from page 1)  
otherwise developed in ways benefiting his own stock.  
(continued on page 6)

NOW THROUGH JULY 1

## SAN DIEGO OPERA 1984 Verdi Festival



### Joan Sutherland Richard Bonyngne I Masnadieri

Also featuring Gordon Greer, Antonio Salvadori  
Directed by Tito Capobianco  
8:00 p.m. June 21 & 29; 2:30 p.m. June 24



### Sherrill Milnes Martina Arroyo Simon Boccanegra

also featuring Adriaan Van Limpt, Nicola Ghiuselev  
Conducted by Edoardo Guller  
Directed by Nathaniel Merrill  
8:00 p.m. June 23 & 29; 2:30 p.m. July 1

San Diego Civic Theatre, 202 C Street  
Tickets: \$35, \$52, \$20, \$14, \$7,  
Phone Charge 236-6510 or 283-SEAT  
Additional Information: 231-1353  
SAN DIEGO OPERA  
Ian Campbell, General Director

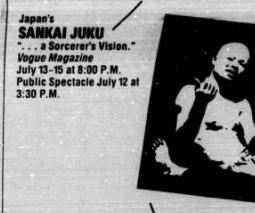
These performances of I Masnadieri and Simon Boccanegra are made possible by generous gifts from Shearson/American Express and Philip Morris Incorporated/Mission Viejo Company, respectively.

Special Rush Discounts: A limited number of seats may be available for half price, beginning one hour prior to each performance, subject to availability.

# Direct from Los Angeles San Diego's Olympic Arts Showcase



**Negro Ensemble Company**  
**A SOLDIER'S PLAY**  
Charles Fuller's Pulitzer Prize Winner  
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July 7-8 at 8:00 P.M.  
Presented in association with the Educational Cultural Complex Foundation



Japan's **SANKAI JUKU**  
"... a Sorcerer's Vision."  
Vogue Magazine  
July 15-16 at 8:00 P.M.  
Public Spectacle July 12 at 3:30 P.M.



Australia's **CIRCUS OZ**  
"Sensational Entertainment"  
London Financial Times  
July 24-26 at 8:00 P.M.  
July 28 at 2:00 P.M.  
The Circus Oz appearance has been arranged by Circus Australia Ltd. with the assistance of the Australia Council.

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Children under 16 \$11.25 \$8.25 \$5.00

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SPORTS ARENA

NBA FM 101

KSDN

than possess indoor plumbing, so why would anyone want to shell out *muchos* ducats to risk being killed by a South Korean sports journalist driving the wrong way on the Santa Monica Freeway during a stage-three smog alert? You can relax in your favorite comfy chair at home with your friends and watch the same Edwin Moses hurdle on TV for free, and the only hardship incurred will be the task of sitting through 27,000 Budweisers.

bowdlerize LGBT commercials. The immediacy and excitement of "being there when it happens," there is a middle ground. As most of you probably know, the United States men's volleyball team is stationed right here in San Diego. Many of their practices are open to the public, and exhibition games between the homeboys and teams from other countries are often scheduled. This is a terrific way to see Olympic teams compete in an Olympic sport, in person, without having to die on a Los Angeles freeway.

Locally, the final competitive appearance for the U.S. guy's v-ballers before next month's Olympics will be in the first USA Cup International

— Jeannette DeWyze

(continued from page 1)

But please, let's be realistic. It still holds true that more Americans own television sets

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## JUNE 21 1964 7



## READER'S GUIDE TO THE THEATER

Theater listings are compiled by Jeff Smith, contributing editor. All listings are accurate according to material given us, but it is always subject to change. Please call for the latest information. Many theaters offer discounts to students, senior citizens, and the military, ask at the box office.

### AMERICAN BUFFALO

The Bowers Theatre is staging David Mamet's powerful drama about three low-grade hustlers who plan on making a big score. Amid the detritus of a Chicago junk shop, where they carefully consider all the details of their scheme, the three men fancy themselves as no different from legitimate businessmen pursuing the privilege of free enterprise. Kim McCann directs the production. Cast members are: John Mathews as Danny, David Kornbluth as Bobby, and Michael Ricketts as Teach. The set is designed by Tom Perkins, the costumes are by Ingrid Helton, and the lighting is by Sean LaVigne. (Sm.) Bowers Theatre, Thursday, June 21 through July 29, Thursday through Sunday at 8:00 p.m.

### ANGELS FALL

The South Coast Repertory Theatre is staging Leland Wilson's drama about six individuals, confined to circumstances in a remote New Mexico church. Cut off from their respective destinies, they confront their options at this unexpected crossroads of their lives. Mary B. Robinson, associate artistic director of the Hartford Stage Company, is guest directing this production. Members of the cast include William Cam, Jordan Cherry, Pamela Dunlap, Tony Schultz, and Patricia Wetzig. (Sm.) South Coast Repertory Theatre, Mainstage, through June 24, Thursday through Saturday at 8:00 p.m.; Sunday at 2:30 p.m.; Matinee Saturday and Sunday at 2:30 p.m.

### THE BEST LITTLE WHOREHOUSE IN TEXAS

The Lyric Theatre is staging the musical — book by Larry L. King and Peter Masterson, music and lyrics

by Carol Hall — based on the demise of a chain ranch, known since the 1880s as one of the better pleasure palaces in all of Texas. While governors, senators, mayors, the sheriff, and the local college football team fight to keep Max Moran's opium, a crusading newspaper watchdog tries to close it down. Kim Hall directs the

and actor Tuck Mulligan is Huck Finn. Other members of the cast include: John Anderson, Susan Bernies, Melanie Chartoff, Ron Faber, Dann Phelan, John Goodman, Ben Hally, Jr., Ben Hally, Paul McCann, and Jack Muddock. The scenic design is by Heidi Landersman, who designed last season's set for *Runaway* and *Julius*

Caesars, who has murdered his mother, and Caesar (the actor) who has graduated from it to this matinee. He is punished happy and triumphant. Without remorse, guilt, or the prospect of being punished. There are a number of ways in ending might be made intelligible to a modern audience. But director Dana Maddox

through Sunday at 8:00 p.m. Matinee Sunday at 2:00 p.m.

### THE FANTASTICS

The North County Community Theatre concludes its fifteenth season with a staging of the popular musical by Harvey Schmidt and Tom Jones about the innocence of youth and, according to Jones, "The necessity of winter to insure the rebirth of spring." Cast members for the production are: Stan Mow, Richard Harris, Carl Hogue, Dick Stern, Bill Phillips, Ron Wood, Bob Plaster, and Marie Smoot. (Sm.) North County Community Theatre, through July 8, Friday and Saturday at 8:00 p.m. Matinee Sunday at 2:00 p.m.

### GUYS AND DOLLS

The San Diego Civic Light Opera Association opens its summer season with the popular musical — music and lyrics by Frank Loesser, book by Abe Burrows and Jo Swerling — based on Damon Runyon's short story "The Girl of the Year." The musical tells how Max Bialystock, the Saver-Soul Mission tends to the souls of Broadway riffraff and loses her heart to gambler Sky Masterson. It features such songs as "The Oldest Established," "I'll Know," "The New Born in Love Before," and "Luck Be a Lady." Ernest Sanchez directs the production, and Stan Mastin is the choreographer. Members of the cast include: John Cook, Carl Anshelm, Brad Blackford, Valerie Hays, Sal Gaudin, Hal Chidlow, Al Morris, Carl E. Erickson, Chris Shaffer, Phil Green, and Daniel Lual. (Sm.)

### HOT FLASHES

And that they are. This women's improvisational comedy group, made up of Mo. Gaffney, Maggie Caline, Sheri Caline, and Robyn Samuels, will perform an extended run at the Old Town Opera House, through August 25, Thursday through Saturday at 8:00 p.m.

### JOSEPH AND THE AMAZING TECHNICOLOR DREAMCOAT

The Youth Group of St. James Catholic Church of Solana Beach is staging the musical by Tim Rice and Andrew Lloyd Webber, based on the biblical story of Joseph and his brothers in the book of Genesis, chapters 37-45. The cast is composed of youth group members only whose ages range from fourteen to twenty-two. Admission is free. (Sm.) St. James Catholic Church, 622 South Nardo St., Solana Beach, Saturday, June 23 and Sunday, June 24 at 8:00 p.m. For information call 755-3448 or 755-2545.

### LAST OF THE RED-HOT LOVERS

The North County Community Theatre concludes its fifteenth season with a staging of the popular musical by Harvey Schmidt and Tom Jones about the innocence of youth and, according to Jones, "The necessity of winter to insure the rebirth of spring." Cast members for the production are: Stan Mow, Richard Harris, Carl Hogue, Dick Stern, Bill Phillips, Ron Wood, Bob Plaster, and Marie Smoot. (Sm.) North County Community Theatre, through July 8, Friday and Saturday at 8:00 p.m. Matinee Sunday at 2:00 p.m.

### STARLIGHT

Starlight Theatre, through July 1, Friday and Saturday at 8:00 p.m. Matinee Sunday at 2:00 p.m.

### THE MERRY WIVES OF WINDSOR

By William Shakespeare

### SCAPINO!

By Frank Dunlop & Jim Dale (adapted from Moliere's *Les Fourberies de Scapin*)

### CASSIUS CAESAR CENTRE STAGE

### ELEKTRA

By Sophocles

### BREAKFAST WITH LES AND BESS

By Lee Katcher

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## READER'S GUIDE TO THE THEATER

English—that comically slips into first half-century across the English Channel) and the members of the Young Globe Company, display a consistent regard for the play. But Queen Elizabeth I for whom Shakespeare wrote the comedy originally, wanted to see folly performed on the stage. For the most part, the Old Globe's production has produced it at best, only partially. (Sm)



**THE MIDDLE AGES**  
This new romance by A.R. Gurney is a play for the 1990s. The 17th-century comedy, which was written beyond warring the truth to fit their shimmering fables, would find serious fault with this play. While their fables quoted after Gurney and Gurney's romances still look like the time to invent their characters with believable motivations and psychologies. They also make sure that, however fantastical, the

*(Oklahoma)*  
emotional payoffs of their mythical tales were generally earned nonetheless. In Gurney's comedy, currently playing at the Galt House Theatre, the opposite is the case. The play's characters—its concept thirty years of unrequited love) and its setting the trophy room

of an exclusive club—are essentially credible. But the interiors of its four characters, especially the central figure, Barney, who exhibit a Peter Pan Syndrome—are pure fantasy. And its resolutions are facile beyond belief. The play and the Galt House production are funny, even very funny

in spots. But its parts, scattered over three decades, refuse to add up to a plausible, satisfying whole. In attempting to create centers for roles that lack them, the actors at the Galt House, while with the script in the process, as Barney, Bill Mann has tried down his character's annoying egotism in ways that make him more believable—but more irrelevant as well. Splendidly dressed in Janet Nichols's costumes, Wendy Warren's Eleanor—the over-polished stepchild of Barney's adoration—is a more deflated creation. But Warren's voice, energy, and anger, written as her character ages, Jane Wernman, who plays Eleanor's intransigent mother, Myra, does what she can with a stock, unlikable character. And Nat Modica's Charles, Barney's father, as a curious case between a dignified symbol of the ruling order and a TV game show host. Overall, the show has many funny moments. But, in spite of efforts to switch it off, the little light of Twinkled slowly dominates the fragmentary scenes and bleeds one in the end. (Sm)

**OKLAHOMA!**  
The Lawrence-Walk Village Theatre is staging the musical—music by Richard Rodgers, book and lyrics by Oscar Hammerstein II—based on the play *Green Grow the Lilacs* by Lynn Riggs. In the musical, which is set just after the turn of the century, both Jack Fry and Curly are in love with Laurey, niece of their boss Elmer Murphy. They compete for her affections as Oklahoma is about to become a state. The musical boasts such popular favorites as "Oh, What a Beautiful Morning." The *Surrey with the Fringe on Top*, "People Will Say We're in Love," and the title song. Cast members for the production include Lisa Valenti as Curly, Cheryl Candel as Laurey, Cynthia Pignone as Ada, Anita Carney, and Michael DeVries as Will Parker. (Sm)

**THE OVERCOAT**  
The Lamplighters Community Theatre is hosting a command performance of the Sante Company's staged earlier this year. The story is set in the 1850s in Russia, and it combines mime, fantasy, magical dreams, a sympathetic ghost, and—in the Sante production—the music of Tchaikovsky. Merie Williams directs the show.

Thursday through Sunday at 8:00 p.m.

**THE OVERCOAT**  
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**PERFORMANCE HELL**  
Philip Dennis Gales presents his "avant-garde" show, a three-person attack on the performing arts "at their lowest ebb." Among those doing the attacking are presidential candidate/hulking queen Maura Rogers, director, child star Baby

Cronwell, Punch and Judy, the Art Baby, the Gertrude Stein Circle, and the ghost of James Mandel. Later Gales's other avant-garde works include "Spiralizer Technique: Baby D in Person," *Island Beyond the Lure*, and *Adventures in Play*. Performance Hell's specialities in "venomous trades" ranging from self-fulfilling prophecy to literary cabaret. Performing will be actress-choreographer Helen Shamster, Sean Sullivan, and author Gales. (Sm)

**THE PIPAROS**  
The Piparos, recent winners of the Old Globe Theatre's comedy contest, will appear for four shows at the Marquis Public Theatre. These comedies, "stains of the tabletops," will present a brand new act composed of vocal parodies about current trends and lifestyles. Songs will include "Dead Low Melody," "Rory Reagan Land," "Tribute to Terrorism," "Sound of the Broom," "Equality," "Hopelessly Blind," and their anthem, "God Bless the Piparos." Members of the group are Bill Wolf, Spike Taktar, Luke La Dio, and Billy Ripp. Miss Marie will accompany the group on piano.

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Marques Public Theatre through June 23, Friday and Saturday at 11:00 p.m.

**RASHOMON**  
Reviewed this issue  
Old Globe Theatre through September 2, Tuesday through Sunday at 8:00 p.m. Matinee Saturday and Sunday at 2:00 p.m.

**SEE HOW THEY RUN**  
The Lamb's Players Theatre is staging the Philip King comedy. Set in World War II England, an American soldier (who is also an actor) has a woman who is a German spy, two friends, and a bishop are staying at an old vicarage. A mad ventures into this unlikely gathering and, in a comedy of mistaken identity, uncovers the truth about the group. David McAdams directs the production. Members of the cast are Charlie Jones, David Kroy, La McAdams, Neil Perkins, Trish Parker, Pamela Smith, Tom Stephenson, Duane Wexley, and Brett Walker. The set design is by John Young. The costumes are by Teren McCall and the lighting and sound is by David Thayer. (5m.)  
Lamb's Players Theatre, through July 7, Tuesday through Saturday at 8:00 p.m. Matinee Sunday at 2:00 p.m.

**SEXUAL PERVERSITY IN CHICAGO AND COWBOYS #2**  
The Marques Public Theatre presents a double bill of one-act plays by two of America's most important contemporary playwrights, David Mamet and Sam Shepard. In Mamet's *Sexual Perversity in Chicago*, "modern" people fall in and out of love with ease. —Mamet might say, "erose" —abandon. Nelson Andrus directs the production. Cast members are Andy Nichols, Susan Bennett, Pauline Hanfield, and Michael Poyano. In Sam Shepard's *Cowboys*, two young men out on the town alternate between who they really are and their heroes in Western films. Andy Nichols directs. Cast members are David Landis and Paul Landis. (5m.)  
Marques Public Theatre, Thursday, June 21 through July 29, Thursday through Sunday at 8:00 p.m.

**SUGAR BABIES**  
The San Diego Playhouse Series VI presents the original Broadway production of the musical —conceived by Robert G. Allen and Harry Righty — described as the "ultimate burlesque." The show stars Mickey Rooney and Ann Miller and includes fourteen showgirls (the "Sugar Babies"), a male ensemble, a gallery of comics, fan dancers, a tribute to Little Egypt, specialty acts, a strip tease, an opera interlude, and sketches. Ernest O. Platt has staged and choreographed the production, which features the music of Jimmy McHugh ("On the Sunny Side of the Street" and "I Can't Give You Anything But Love"). Sets and costumes are by Ronal Pene du Bois, with lighting by Gilbert V. Hernandez, Jr. Orchestration is by Dick Hyman, and dance music is arranged by Arnold Green. (5m.)  
Fox Theatre, through July 1, Tuesday through Saturday at 8:00 p.m. Sunday at 3:00 p.m. Matinee Wednesday and Saturday at 2:00 p.m. For information call 231-3554.

**THE TOOTH OF CRIME**  
Sam Shepard's mystical-existential masterpiece about real rock stars is given an intense, intelligent, responsible staging at the Rep. Director Sam Woodhouse has emphasized the play's satirical aspects — its evocation of the real life of rock singers — perhaps a bit at the expense of the script's deeper resonances. Frederick Edmund offers a convincing portrayal of the older Hoss, gone to seed and losing his nerve. Thom Murray is extravagantly "punk" as his younger challenger, Crow, and Gloria Mann shows considerable skill in making Hoss's gun moll both real and too loving. Her rape monologue is stunning. Hoss's throne, with its gigantic evocation of the culture of automobiles, is a triumph of Roger Costello's art as set designer, and the musical elements of the show are fine, rare, with strong, skilful singing by the actors and a lively Chicago band. There is more depth to *Tooth of Crime* than the Rep production shows us, but the quality of acting and staging is quite high enough to convey the play's unique integration of music and theatrical power. (5m.)  
San Diego Repertory Theatre, South Avenue Playhouse, through July 1, Tuesday through Sunday at 8:00 p.m. Matinee Sunday, June 24 at 2:30 p.m.

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**READER'S GUIDE TO THE MUSIC SCENE**

Music commentary is by John D'Agostino. Please send concert information and photographs to Reader Music Scene, P.O. Box 80803, San Diego 92138.

You've got to hand it to Lee Ritenour. The much-in-demand session guitarist has recorded with a mind-boggling number of big-name stars, has composed for and/or played on an impressive list of television and film soundtracks, and continues to juggle two solo careers — one as a jazz artist who releases instrumental albums and the other as the leader of a soft-funk, pop/rhythm and blues band that has placed Ritenour's music on the Top Forty charts. In short, it's been a nice life, one that finds the guitarist plotting various musical projects from the spacious Malibu manse that serves as his home base.

Many musicians in Ritenour's position would lapse into complacency by recycling the same formulaic sounds that purchased such comfort. But to his credit Ritenour recently applied the brakes to a recording project that would have produced the third installment in his highly profitable series of pop/funk albums (the first two being *Rit* and *Rit 2*). Ritenour already had written several songs for the new album when he decided to try something different. Chucking the finished tunes, Ritenour began anew by composing on keyboards instead of guitar, then gradually working in synthesizers, sequencers, computers, and electronic drums until the sound was unlike anything he had thus far produced. He also expanded his usual collaborative pool to include in the songwriting process Trevor Veitch, producer Greg Matheson, and vocalist John Massaro, as well as long-time collaborator Eric Tagg. The result is an album, *Banded Together*, that offers a wider variety of song styles than Ritenour's previous works, one which brandishes new-wave and techno-pop overtones that blend surprisingly well with Ritenour's patented, jazzy melodicism.

In truth, *Banded Together* is not so radical a departure from Ritenour's other albums that it should engender a wholesale desertion on the part of his loyal audience. But it is a risky enough venture to prove that Ritenour is not content to cushion his recognized niche for a long and restful stay. Ritenour and his current band will be at Humphrey's for two shows each on Friday and Saturday nights.

If I was impressed by *Icele Works* when they played at San Diego State a few months ago, and was equally delighted with their import EP, I am even more enamored of the Liverpoolian band now that I've heard their debut *Kralia Records* album, *Icele Works*. But not for the usual reasons. In addition to the track "Whisper to a Scream (Birds Fly)," which was also featured on the EP, the new album professes nine tunes that effectively challenge the contention that "the song's the thing." These guys are not even close to being great songwriters, but their layered instrumental textures are so appealing that one finds oneself responding favorably to songs that offer only marginally inventive melodies, harmonies, and rhythms. Although the trio doesn't stray from a basic mix of guitar, synthesizer, and drums, the cumulative effect of their stacked wavings creates a tonal thicket not unlike Phil Spector's famous "wall of sound," a sound that dazzles the listener into believing that there is more substance to the music than there really is. The stronger cuts on *Icele Works* (the above-mentioned song and "Love Is a Wonderful Colour") are in fact well-crafted songs, but for the most part this group's material is little more than the musical equivalent of a carnival midway: a lot of colorful razzle-dazzle that offers pleasurable diversion. Sometimes, as in this case, that's enough. If *Icele Works* plays as loudly at the Spirit on Friday night as they did at the Backdoor a while back, look for some furry creatures to check out of the pet motel across the street from the nightclub. Also on the bill are **Urban Undeals** and the **Seventh**.

In other concerts this week, **Tennessee Ernie Ford** will perform two shows at the Del Mar Fairgrounds Grandstand tonight, Thursday (the first is an afternoon performance); while **Smokey Robinson** is holding court at Humphrey's; and **Tower of Power** and **Sancho** (continued on next page)

**HUMPHREY'S CONCERTS**  
by the bay

**UPCOMING SHOWS**

**Lee Ritenour**  
Tomorrow and Saturday

**Ronnie Laws**  
June 28

**ALL SEATS RESERVED**  
All Shows 6:30 and 9:00 p.m.  
Dinner Packages available call 283-5EAT

**Seat Line 283-5EAT**  
Tickets at Convention Center Box Office, Bill Gambles, Artec Center Box Office and all Teleset outlets or charge on Seatline. Tickets available at Humphrey's day of performance.

**Smokey Robinson**  
Special one performance only  
Tonight, June 21, 8:00 p.m.

**Beginning with Ronnie Laws there will be new show times, 7:00 p.m. and 9:00 p.m. The 7:00 p.m. concerts will begin promptly at 7:00 p.m.**

**Steps Ahead July 2**  
Featuring Michael Brecker, Warren Bernhardt, Peter Erskine, Tom Kernhardt, and Mike Mainieri

Listen to "Late Nile" Jazz with **ART GOOD EVERYNIGHT 10 p.m. to 1 a.m. on BEST**







## Wind rose presents

Wednesday-Saturday, June 20-23  
**SIERS BROTHERS**



Sunday & Monday, June 24 & 25



9/10 Jim LaMarca  
welcomes  
Tuesday, June 26



Jim LaMarca & friends will be showing up for the grand finale—  
Jim's last appearance.

Coming June 27-30  
**SIERS BROTHERS**

Every Friday at 7 pm



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

The Windrose weekly drink specials:  
Sunday: Cuervo Gold \$1.25  
Monday: Heineken on draft \$1.25  
Tuesday: See your bartender  
Wednesday: Finlandia Coffees \$1.25  
(prices good after 9 pm)  
Thursday: Iced Teas \$1.25

## Wind rose

1935 Quivira Rd. • 223-2335  
The best of live rock & disco in San Diego.  
At Windrose, we serve fun!  
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parade, Thursday through  
Saturday, Jim LaMarca, pianist,  
Sunday and Monday, Greg  
McCombs, pianist, Tuesday and  
Wednesday.

Reuben's, 2415 El Camino Real,  
Carlsbad, 434-1766. Club, 6 songs,  
contemporary, Tuesday through  
Saturday.

Rogue Stills, 1800 Carmel Mt.  
Road, Fortuna, 725-2144. Peter  
Jac, contemporary, Monday  
through Saturday.

Rudi's Hidden Acres, 3700 Carmel  
Valley Road, 141 Mar, 481-9606.  
C.W. Express, country, Friday and  
Saturday.

Stage Coach Inn, 1865 Vista Way,  
Vista, 724-9800. Country, country,  
Wednesday through Sunday.

Teepee Room, 1270 Main Street,  
Rancho, 789-3753. Live country  
music, Friday and Saturday, call  
club for information.

Tequila Flats, 3206 Mission Avenue,  
Oceanside, 737-7757. The Bad  
Boys, rock, Wednesday through  
Saturday; H.S. Run, rock, Sunday  
through Tuesday.

That Pizza Place, 2622 El Camino  
Real, Carlsbad, 434-3171. Brass Tax,  
jazz, Friday; Bluegrass Etc.,  
bluegrass, Saturday.

Time Machine-Cheer Orleans, 302  
North Midway, Escondido,  
743-1722. Destiny, rock, Thursday  
through Saturday; Automatic,  
rock, Tuesday and Wednesday.

Valley Center Inn Saloon, 27535  
Valley Center Road, Valley Center,  
749-1406. Steppin' Out, country,  
Friday and Saturday.

Valley Fort Restaurant, Red Dog  
Saloon, 3737 South Mission Road,  
Fallbrook, 728-1968. The Belair  
Boys, vintage rock, Friday and  
Saturday.

Vista Entertainment Center, 435  
West Vista Way, Vista, 941-8022.  
Jockey Club, Premonition, rock,  
Thursday through Saturday; live  
rock, Sunday and Wednesday, call  
club for information. Turt Room:  
Image, contemporary, Wednesday,  
Friday and Saturday; Derby Room:  
recorded dance music, Thursday  
through Saturday.

Whiskey Creek, 14240 Pinway Road,  
Poway, 748-7531. Call Lee and  
Pete, country, Tuesday  
through Saturday.

Whiskey Flats, 1260 West Valley  
Parkway, Escondido, 745-8640.  
Dark Debonaire, rock, Thursday  
through Saturday; BBC, rock,  
Sunday and Monday; the London  
Brothers, rock, Tuesday and  
Wednesday.

Winner's Circle, 550 Via de la Valle,  
Solana Beach, 735-6666. Bob Long,  
piano variety, Wednesday through  
Saturday; Singing Machine,  
recorded music, sing-along,  
Tuesday.

Wooden Nickel, 1330 Pinway Road,  
Poway, 748-6364. Ron Morris,  
country, Thursday and Wednesday;  
live country music, Friday and  
Saturday, call club for information.

### Beaches

Amie's, 1140 La Jolla, 776-7666.  
Amie's, La Jolla, 434-2849. Jimmy  
Fontaine, contemporary, Tuesday  
through Saturday; J.J. Frank,  
contemporary and bluegrass,  
Monday through Friday; happy  
hours.

Atlantis, 2955 Ingraham Street,  
Mission Bay, 224-2434. The Marley  
Dues Quartet, popular and swing  
music, Tuesday through Saturday.

"Bab's Belle" at the dock, Bab's  
Hotel, 908 West Mission Bay Drive,  
Mission Bay, 488-0501. Main Street,  
contemporary music for dancing,  
Friday and Saturday.

Bahia Hotel, 908 West Mission Bay  
Drive, Mission Bay, 488-0501.  
Mercury Lounge, Forward 743-6100.



TONIGHT Thursday, June 21, 9 pm  
Tickets available at Belly Up and Ticketron outlets

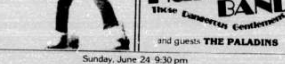
## TOWER OF POWER



Friday, June 22, 9 pm  
Caribbean Rock & Roll



and guests  
**THE B.D. TRINIDAD  
STEEL BAND**



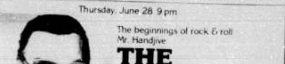
and guests **THE PALADINS**



Monday, June 23, 9 pm  
**MAR DELS**

Tuesday, June 26, 9:30 pm  
**FORWARD MOTION**

Wednesday, June 27, 9 pm  
**DAVID BRADLEY'S SURF & DESTROY**



Thursday, June 28, 9 pm  
The beginnings of rock & roll  
Mr. Handjive  
**THE JOHNNY  
OTIS SHOW**

Friday, June 29, 9 pm  
**HAMMERSTEDT and  
KING BISCUIT BLUES BAND**  
Saturday, June 30, 9 pm  
**SPENCER DAVIS and BANCROFT BARNARD**  
Sunday, July 1, 9 pm  
**SAN FRANCISCO ALL-STARS**  
Monday, July 2, 9 pm  
**BONNIE RAITT**  
Tuesday, July 3, 9 pm  
**BONNIE SPECTOR**

FREE AFTERNOON CONCERTS  
HAPPY HOUR 4:00 PM - 6:00 PM  
Wednesday, 6:00 pm  
Friday, 5:30 pm  
Sunday, June 17, 6:00 pm

**STONE'S THROW  
CHICAGO SIX  
SPUD BROS.**

FOR INFORMATION CALL 481-9022

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"OUT OF THE DARKNESS"  
"LOS DESAPARECIDOS"

WRITER, ARRANGER, PRODUCER, GUITARIST BY LITTLE STEVEN  
MIXED BY BOB CLEARMOUNTAIN FOR FAST FORWARD PRODUCTIONS  
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across from the  
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**EL CAJON**  
796 Fletcher Parkway  
across from Parkway Plaza  
Open 10 AM to 10 PM

**COLLEGE AREA**  
6405 El Cajon Blvd.  
next to the  
Art St. Post Office





Top 40 dance music, Tuesday through Saturday; Chatham's Jazz Quartet, jazz, Sunday; Piano Bar; Buddy Reed, Tuesday through Saturday; Bob MacLeod, Sunday and Monday.

**Beach Club**, 1921 Bacon Street, Ocean Beach, 222-6622: The Blonde Bruce Band, blues and rhythm and blues, Thursday; Jagger, rock, Friday and Saturday.

**Carlos Murphy's**, 4303 La Jolla Village Drive, La Jolla, 457-4170: Forecast, contemporary, jazz, and rhythm and blues, Thursday through Saturday; the Music Machine, recorded music, singalong, Sunday and Monday; L.A., rock, Tuesday and Wednesday.

**Catman Hotel**, 2699 Mission Boulevard, Mission Beach, 488-1081: Torch, contemporary, Thursday through Saturday; Supercell, country, Sunday; Impulse, contemporary, Tuesday

and Wednesday; Polymesian Lounge, Steve Woods, contemporary, Monday through Friday happy hours, with Don Hertel's 1984 Friendly Politics, variety show with music, Monday evening.

**Chuck's Steak House**, 1250 Prospect Street, La Jolla, 454-3622: Heaven and Earth, jazz, Wednesday through Saturday; Zapp, jazz, Tuesday.

**Comedy Store**, 916 Pearl Street, La Jolla, 454-9178: Mattias Schmitt, contemporary, early afternoon, Thursday and Saturday; Nancy Scarr, contemporary, early afternoon, Sunday, Monday; Wednesday, and Friday; Mark Meadows, jazz, Tuesday evening; comedy shows, Wednesday and Thursday through Sunday, call club for information; Comedy Amateur Night, Monday.

**Elbar's**, 7955 La Jolla Shores Drive, La Jolla, 459-0541: Jesse

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

**Halcyon**, 4258 West Point Loma Boulevard, Loma Portal, 225-9559: The Lovin' Brothers, rock, Thursday through Saturday, with Circles, rock, Friday happy hour; live rock, Sunday and Monday; call club for information; New Language, rock, Tuesday and Wednesday.

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

**Hotel del Coronado**, 1550 Orange Avenue, Coronado, 435-6611: One Plus One, contemporary, Tuesday through Saturday.

**Islands Hotel**, Circle Lounge, 1441 Quivira Road, Mission Bay, 224-3541: Sundee and the Ram Band, variety stage show, Tuesday through Saturday.

**Joe Murphy's**, 4302 Mission Boulevard, Pacific Beach, 270-3220: The Reflectors, rock, Thursday through Saturday; Bobby Chenoleit and the Shames with the King Riscuit Horns, rock and blues, Sunday and Monday; David Bradley and the Marine Band, comedy and music, Tuesday; Bratz, rock, Wednesday.

**La Avenida**, 1301 Orange Avenue, Coronado, 435-6262: M-men's Notice, contemporary, Friday and Saturday.

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

**Le Chalet**, 5046 Newport Avenue, Ocean Beach, 222-5200: The Echoes, 60s rock, Thursday through Saturday; the Hurricanes, blues and rhythm and blues, Sunday and Monday; the Predators, rock, Tuesday and Wednesday.

**McP's**, 1107 Orange Avenue, Coronado, 435-5280: The Bone Brothers, rock, blues, comedy, and rhythm and blues, Thursday through Saturday; the Hintons, Irish music, Wednesday.

**Mexican Village**, 120 Orange Avenue, Coronado, 435-1822: Live musical entertainment, Tuesday through Thursday, call club for information; Third Degree, contemporary, Friday and Saturday; Jim Moore, contemporary, Sunday and Monday.

**Mission Rose**, 1551 West Mission Bay Drive, Mission Beach, 224-9055: Joey Chess and Steve

# THE BIG WHITE PLAYHOUSE COMES TO THE VALLEY!!

JOIN US FOR THE BEST HAPPY HOUR IN TOWN!!

5:00 pm to 8:00 pm Monday to Friday

## Thursday, June 21st SWEETHEART NIGHT

For you players who missed out last Thursday here's your chance to get lucky! It's Sweetheart Night and the feeling's right! Everyone will be toasted with 75¢ wine & champagne. "Paul the Greek" will provide a luxurious limo to take a lucky couple off to an exciting evening and dinner for two at Humphrey's — contest at 10:00 pm. Also starting at 7:00 pm see Players' own gorgeous girls model sexy Elton swimwear.

Friday & Saturday, June 22nd & 23rd

## IT'S THE WEEKEND—CUT LOOSE!

Try the valley's newest, classiest nightclub! Cut loose on either one of our two dance floors and be a part of our \$100,000 light show & fogger machines. Dynamic sound system and the hottest D.J.'s in town! Saturdays open 6:00 pm.

## STAY & PLAY!

Breakfast buffet served until wee hours of the morning exclusively at Players.

Sunday, June 24th

## PLAYERS 1ST ANNUAL SALON OLYMPICS

Tonight see "Maxis", "Essence" & "Hot Locks" compete. Free Masey products, special drink prices and concoctions guaranteed to curl your hair. Special thanks to Jean Alexander and Page 2 under the direction of Yannis for opening the Olympics with their exciting show.

Monday, June 25th

## RESTAURANT APPRECIATION NIGHT

Alloy mates! Welcome aboard... it's Captain Morgan's Buccaneer's Bash! Special rum drink prices, contests and prizes. Monday's Happy Hour at Players never ends!

Tuesday, June 26th

## LADIES' & GENTS' NIGHT

The best hors d'oeuvres in the valley are right here at Players from 5:00 to 7:00 pm all week. Tuesdays features all vodka well drinks and tasty margaritas for \$1.00 all night long!

Wednesday, June 27th

## FIESTA NIGHT

Come enjoy your favorite South-of-the-Border dishes 5:00 to 8:00 pm. It's a fiesta all night long at Players with 75¢ margaritas.

Players presents for the first time in San Diego, the opportunity to appear in a soon-to-be released

## Major Motion Picture: "SHOWGIRL"

Winners of our weekly Free-Style Dance Contest and our Beauty Contest will compete in the finals for a part in the movie. Come to Players and fill out an application Monday through Friday, 9:00 am to 3:00 pm starting June 25th. Beauty Contest begins July 3rd and Free-Style Dance Contest begins July 5th.



Come play at

**PLAYERS OF SAN DIEGO**

425 Camino Del Rio South • Hotel Circle • 297-5103

Back for 2 weeks only!

## Phil Stumpo

June 20-21 and 27-30  
Wednesday-Saturday  
9 pm-1 am  
—a kind of controlled riot—  
—Seattle Post

887 Camino del Rio S.  
Mission Valley  
204-1608

Now appearing  
Tuesday-Saturday  
beginning at 5 pm

## SOUTHWIND

Tuesday-Saturday  
8:30 pm-1:30 am  
New Champagne Happy Hour  
beginning at 5:30 pm

**Pavillon Lounge**  
(Located atop the East Highrise)

**ABILENE**

**TOWN AND COUNTRY HOTEL**  
500 Hotel Circle N., Mission Valley, 291-7131

4258 W. Point Loma 225-9559

Thursday, Friday, Saturday  
June 21, 22, 23

**THE LONDON BROTHERS**

Every Friday  
**ROCK & ROLL HAPPY HOUR: T.G.I.F.**  
5:30-8:30 pm  
\* Free food **CIRCLES** \* Great drink specials

Sunday & Monday  
June 24 & 25

**Atlatl**

Tuesday-Saturday  
June 26-30

**NEW LANGUAGE**  
Formerly the Rick Elias Band

**EARLY BIRD DINNER SPECIAL**  
every day except Friday between 4 and 6 pm  
TERIYAKI, HAWAIIAN OR  
KANAKU CHICKEN DINNER—\$3.95  
FRESH FISH DINNER—\$4.95

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

**AT THE ALAMO**

Coming Thursday, June 28—1 night only  
**CHANNEL 10, KGTV**  
IS FILMING A VIDEO  
OF FLYWEIL!  
BE A PART OF  
THE SCENE!

plus  
**MOA NIGHT FOR JERRY'S KIDS**  
GIFTS & PRIZES!

Every Tuesday is  
**\$3333.33 CASH LIP SYNC CONTESTS**  
\$150 weekly • \$495 semi-finals • \$750 finals • Entry blanks and info at the Alamo

**& ANY DRINK IN THE HOUSE 75¢ TILL 9:30 pm**

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

**& ANY DRINK IN THE HOUSE 75¢ TILL 9:30 pm**

Every Thursday is **LADIES' NIGHT SPECIAL**  
**\$1 DRINKS ALL NIGHT LONG**

**& ANY DRINK IN THE HOUSE 75¢ TILL 9:30 pm**

3093 CLAIREMONT DRIVE • SAN DIEGO  
Adjacent to Clairemont Bowl • Doors open 8:00 pm • Must be 21 with proper I.D.  
276-0301 • 276-2240 • 276-3437

Adams, contemporary, Friday and Saturday.

**Mom's Saloon**, 945 Garnet Avenue, Pacific Beach, 483-7737: Pockettful, rock, Thursday through Saturday; ZZYX, rock, Sunday and Monday; the Blitz Brothers, rock, Tuesday and Wednesday.

**Muhoney's**, 1031 Orange Avenue, Coronado, 435-4669: Jerrah Williams, contemporary, Thursday; Lee Henning, contemporary, Friday and Saturday; talent night, Sunday.

**Muhoney's**, 4230 Mission Boulevard, Pacific Beach, 483-7383: John Ingram, contemporary, Thursday through Saturday.

**Mustang Club**, 3595 Sports Arena Boulevard, Loma Portal, 223-5596: Crystal, rock, Thursday through Saturday.

**Old Pacific Beach Cafe**, 4287 Mission Boulevard, Pacific Beach, 279-7522: The Bruce Cameron and Hollis Gentry Ensemble, jazz, Thursday through Saturday; Ella Ruth Piggee, jazz and blues, Sunday; the Features, rock, Monday and Tuesday; the Mar Del's, vintage rock, Wednesday.

**Omelette House**, 949 Orange Avenue, Coronado, 435-1867: Harvey and the 52nd Street live, jazz, Thursday.

**Rodeo**, 8880 Villa La Jolla Drive, La Jolla, 457-5590: Moving Targets, rock, Thursday through Saturday; the Penetrators, rock, Sunday; Violent Femmes, rock, W.B.I.I. rock, and Carnage & Forest, rock, Tuesday; live rock, Wednesday; call club for information.

**Sandtrap Lounge**, 4702 North Mission Bay Drive, Mission Bay, 274-3314: Take 3, nostalgia, pop, and blues, Thursday and Wednesday; True Spirit, contemporary, Friday through Sunday.

**Silver Fox Lounge**, 1833 Garnet Avenue, Pacific Beach, 273-5996:

Jimmy Nixon and Downhome, country, Friday and Saturday.

**Texas Teahouse**, 4970 Voltaire Street, Ocean Beach, 361-1471: Courtney, blues, Thursday; Chuck, both, blues, ballads, and rock, Tuesday and Sunday.

**Uptart Crow and Co.**, Seacoast Square, 4473 Mission Beach Boulevard, Pacific Beach, 272-8996: The Pacific Ensemble, light classical music, Sunday brunch.

**Vacation Village Hotel**, Ray Lounge, Vacation Isle, Mission Bay, 274-4639: Shine It On, contemporary, Tuesday through Saturday.

**Victor's**, 1403 Rosecrans Street, Point Loma, 226-1871: Upstairs, Music Magic, contemporary, Thursday through Saturday; Norman Clifford, Sunday through Tuesday; Phoebe Bar, Latin Jazz, early evening, Monday through Saturday, with Norman Clifford and Frankie Ferlin, early evening Friday and Saturday.

**Windrose**, 1935 Quivira Road, Marina Village, Mission Bay Park, 223-2335: The Sins Brothers, rock, Wednesday through Saturday; the Ron Bolton Band, rock, Sunday and Monday; live rock, Tuesday; call club for information.

## San Diego North

**The Abilene Country Saloon**, Town and Country Hotel, 500 Hotel Circle North, Mission Valley, 291-7131: Cimarron, country, Tuesday through Saturday; country dance lessons, Tuesday through Thursday.

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

**Bacchanal**, 8022 Clairemont Mesa Boulevard, Kearny Mesa, 569-8022: Devocan, Top 40 dance music, Thursday through Saturday, with

Charley's Goodtime Band, Disneyland jazz, Friday happy hour; Fortune, contemporary, Sunday; Ricky and the Jets, vintage rock, Wednesday happy hour.

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

**Bunbury's**, 9906 Mira Mesa Boulevard, Mira Mesa, 578-9666: Ar Nova, rock, Thursday through Saturday.

**Cafe in the Valley Restaurant**, 911 Camino del Rio South, Mission Valley, 296-6328: The Bryon Jackson Trio, jazz, Thursday through Saturday; Eric Foster,

classical guitar, early evening, Wednesday through Saturday; Walter Clark, classical guitar, early evening Sunday, and Monday event.

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

**El Rico**, 5353 Mission Center Road, Mission Valley, 297-8361: Michael Edwards, contemporary Tuesday through Saturday.

**Gold Coast Lounge**, Town and Country Hotel, 500 Hotel Circle North, Mission Valley, 291-7131: Piano Bar: Sharon Shidgett,

Sunday, Monday, Wednesday, and Thursday; Kevin Melton, Tuesday, Friday and Saturday.

**Haji Baba**, 104 Mission Valley Center West, Mission Valley, 298-2010: Live Arabic music and entertainment, Monday through Sunday; "Greek Night" entertainment, Monday.

**Holiday Inn/Mission Valley**, Cricket's, 595 Hotel Circle South, Mission Valley, 291-5721: Fortune, contemporary, Tuesday through Saturday.

**Islands Lounge**, Hanalei Hotel, 2270 Hotel Circle North, Mission Valley, 297-1101: Bizz,

contemporary, Thursday through Saturday; Bogart, contemporary, Sunday and Monday; Touch, contemporary, Tuesday and Wednesday.

**Kearny Mesa Bowl**, 7565 Clairemont Mesa Boulevard, Kearny Mesa, 279-1501: Rockola, Beatles music and odds, Thursday and Friday.

**La Hacienda Cantina**, 878 Hotel Circle South, Mission Valley, 298-8281: Steppin' High, contemporary, Tuesday through Saturday.

**Lehr's Greenhouse**, 2828 Camino del Rio South, Mission Valley,



LIVE ENTERTAINMENT AT  
**TIO LEO'S**  
IN MIRA MESA



Wednesday & Thursday  
**JOE STEWART**



Friday & Saturday  
**EXPRESSO**  
For a different musical experience

Monday & Tuesday **MELISSA MCCRACKEN**

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**Jeanne Reith**  
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**Sweet Sound**  
for the  
**Sweet Sound**  
of standard jazz  
Thursday  
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7:00-11:00 pm  
**Harry's/Hotel San Diego**  
State & Broadway

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Tuesday-Saturday in the lounge.  
Now appearing:

## Chain Reaction

No cover. I.D.'s required

Tuesday Night  
**Ladies' Night 9:00 pm-1:00 am**  
Beer, wine & well drinks \$1.50

Wednesday Night

**Hops & Schnapps Night**  
Beer & apple Schnapps \$2.25 9:00 pm-1:00 am

**Happy Hour Monday-Friday 11:00 am-6:00 pm**  
\$1.00 well drinks, beer & wine

Complimentary hors d'oeuvres 4:00-6:00 pm  
**Banquet Facilities Available**  
7353 El Cajon Blvd., La Mesa 460-1300

## the =OLD= pacific beach =CAFE=

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

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

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

Wednesday  
**MarDels**

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

4287 Mission Blvd., Pacific Beach 270-7522

## The fabulous Spud Brothers

Hits of the  
'50s & '60s  
with the  
sound of  
the '80s!  
No cover



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Win a bottle of wine in their trivia contest.

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2051 Shelter Island Drive,  
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**Aloha from the Islands**

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Live Entertainment  
7 Nights A Week...

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Blizz-Through June 23  
Touch-June 26-30

**Bobby O'Day**  
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NEVER A COVER!

**THE ISLANDS**  
Lounge

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

## FOGGY'S NOTION BEACH PARTY

Thank goodness it's...  
**SUMMER**

**THURSDAY,  
JUNE 28  
8 PM-1 AM**

Watermelon eating &  
wildest Hawaiian  
shirt contests.  
Gift certificates  
to local  
surf shops.



**ONLY 89¢ FOR DAIQUIRI, COLADA  
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## Comedy

Comes to the Salmon House in Marina Village featuring  
some of Southern California's finest comedians including  
Steve Gates, Grant Goulet, Russ T. Nailz and your host  
Tony Stone.

Beginning 9:00 pm, Thursday and Friday,  
June 21, 22 & 28, 29



**Steve Gates & Tony Stone**  
for a good time.



Salmon & seafood specialties.  
"Sweeping view of the harbor"  
1970 Quivira Road,  
Marina Village  
223-2234



# MOM'S

276-4653  
945 Garnet, P.B.  
Live rock 7 days a week

Thursday-Saturday  
June 21-23



## POCKETFUL

Sunday & Monday  
June 24 & 25

## ZZYZX

Tuesday-Sunday June 26-July 1



Every Wednesday

## Dr. James Downs, Ph.D.

Rock-Roll hypnotist

Friday & Saturday

**\$1.00** cover 8:00-8:30 pm  
**\$2.00** cover 8:30-9:00 pm

50¢

well drinks, draft beer & wine  
8:00-9:00 pm

COMING  
ATTRACTION

Tuesday-Saturday  
July 3-7



NO COVER

Open Sunday

**\$1.00**

Drink Specials

Monday

New—Mom Goes Surfing

**\$1.00**

Kamikazes

Tuesday

**\$1.00**

well drinks all night

Wednesday

**\$1.00**

Vodka drinks all night

Thursday

**\$1.00**

Long Island Iced Teas  
all night

299-2828: Ipsi Facto, rock, Tuesday through Saturday; Ties, rock, Friday and Saturday; Ties, rock, Sunday and Monday.

The Magic Lamp, 1922 Miramar Road, Mira Mesa, 271-8786: Live contemporary music, Sunday and Monday; call club for information.

Monk's Saloon, 10475 San Diego Mission Road, Mission Valley, 563-0060: Feelin', Top 40 dance music, Thursday through Saturday; Ella Ruth Piggy, jazz and blues, Monday; Cycles, Top 40 dance music, Tuesday and Wednesday.

Monterey Whaling Company, 2857 Camino del Rio South, Mission Valley, 291-1638: Phil Stumpo, comedy and music, Wednesday through Saturday; Jarrett, jokes and novelties, Sunday and Monday; Steve Hudson, comedy and music, Tuesday.

The Moonlight, 4615 Clairemont Drive, Clairemont, 273-1022: Justice, Top 40 and oldies, Tuesday through Saturday; Jimmy Nixon and Downhome, country, Sunday and Monday.

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

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

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

Peter D's, 5149 Clairemont Mesa Boulevard, 277-3217: The Bobbs, Adalo Trio, jazz and contemporary, Thursday through Saturday.

Smuggler's Inn, 402 Fashion Valley, Fashion Valley East, 291-7170: John Lewis, contemporary, Thursday; Rich Casey, contemporary, Friday and Saturday; John Ingram, contemporary, Tuesday and Wednesday.

The Speakeasy, 9379 Mira Mesa Boulevard, Mira Mesa, 564-9970: The Jimmy Conano Trio, jazz, Friday and Saturday.

Spirit, 1130 Buenos Avenue, Bay Park, 276-3993: Mitch Cornish and the Hell Hounds, rock, W.A.I.I., rock, and Born Crosegue, music of the Grateful Dead, Thursday; Icele Works, rock, Urban Umbrella, rock, and the Seventh, rock, Friday; Iron, rock, Bitch, rock, and Bible Black, rock, Saturday; Peanut Butter and Blues Jam Night, Tuesday; the Curbs, rock, Luna, rock, and the Splatters, rock, Wednesday.

Springfield Wagon Works, 3255 Kearns Villa Road, Kearns Mesa, 565-2272: Jo Treavor, piano bar, Thursday through Saturday.

Tio Leo's/Mira Mesa, 10787 Camino Ruiz, Mira Mesa, 695-1461: Joe Stewart, contemporary, Thursday and Wednesday; Egresso, contemporary, Friday and Saturday; Denny Cannon, contemporary, country, and rock, Sunday; Melissa McCracken, contemporary, Monday and Tuesday.

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

Wrangler's Roost, 6608 Mission Gorge Road, Mission Gorge, 280-4263: Steer Crazy, country, Tuesday through Saturday; Cimmaron, country, Sunday and Monday.

### San Diego South

Anthony's HarborSide, 1555 North Harbor Drive, downtown, 232-6158: NiteLife, variety dance

music, Tuesday through Saturday.

Artex Bowl, Turquoise Lounge, 4336 Thirtieth Street, North Park, 253-3135: Fun and Good Company, contemporary, Thursday through Saturday; live contemporary music, Wednesday; call club for information.

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

Boat House, 2040 Harbor Island Drive, Harbor Island, 294-8010: The Twotones, rock, Tuesday through Saturday; Calfatts, contemporary, Sunday and Monday.

Cafe del Rey Momo, 1549 El Prado, Balboa Park, 234-8011: Dale Vernon, piano and guitar variety, Tuesday through Saturday evenings and Sunday afternoon.

Doe Masters, 2051 Shelter Island



Entertainment by the Sea

DANCING  
LIVE ENTERTAINMENT  
7 NIGHTS A WEEK

NEW HAPPY HOUR  
MONDAY-SATURDAY 5-7 pm

\$1.35 Well doubles  
\$1.00 Domestic Beer

SATURDAY & SUNDAY  
Pool Tournament 2 pm



## THE ECHOES

Rock & roll  
Thursday, Friday & Saturday  
June 21, 22 & 23. No cover.



## HURRICANES

Rhythm & Blues  
Sunday & Monday  
June 24 & 25.



## PREDATORS

Rock & Roll  
Tuesday, Wednesday & Thursday  
June 26, 27 & 28.

5046 Newport Ave. • Ocean Beach  
222-5300

## Atlantis Lounge

Tuesday through Saturday  
featuring

## Marley Days Quartet

through June 30

## Touch

July 3 through July 14

## The Elements

July 17 through August 11



## The Atlantis

on Mission Bay next to Sea World  
226-3888

## FREE DINNER

San Diego's Most Spectacular Happy Hours Happen  
Monday through Friday from 4:30 to 6:30 p.m.

Looking for a way to skip dinner—and the dinner check—without going hungry? Then check into three of the most sumptuous Happy Hour spreads in town. Check out San Diego's beautiful people while you partake from a menu that changes every evening. And adjust your attitude with these generously poured yet amazingly inexpensive libations.



**Mugs of Draft Beer (15 oz.), \$1.50.**  
**Pitchers of Draft Beer (60 oz.), \$4.50.**  
**Giant Margaritas (16 oz.) with a Shooter of Gold, \$2.00.**  
**Raspberry Margaritas (16 oz.) with a Shooter of Gold, \$2.50.**

**The Feast at the Terrarium**  
MON: Hot Nachos & Hot Dogs  
TUES: The Deli Board  
WED: Make Your Own Potato Skins  
THURS: Beef Bar with All the Fixings  
FRI: The Bottomless Chili Bowl

**The Encounters Repeat**  
MON: Carved Roast Beef Sandwiches  
TUES: Beef Your Own Shrimp  
WED: Stuffed Pasta Night  
THURS: Taco Bar with All the Fixings  
FRI: Al Fresco Pizza

**The Humphreys Happy Hour Banquet**  
MON: Carved Roast Beef Sandwiches  
TUES: Beef Your Own Shrimp  
WED: The Bottomless Chili Bowl  
THURS: Taco Bar with All the Fixings  
FRI: Pizza  
Plus live entertainment in the Piano Bar.

Along the La Jolla Village Inn  
Corner Highway 5 and La Jolla Village Drive (619) 453-5500



MISSION HOTEL  
Mission Valley (619) 258-3961

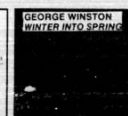
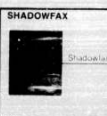


On Shelter Island  
(619) 224-3572

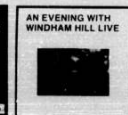
### TOWER RECORDS

## WINDHAM HILL SALE

THE ENTIRE WINDHAM HILL CATALOG IS NOW SPECIALLY SALE PRICED!



**6.99**  
LP CASS  
TOWER LIST 9.98  
WILL ACKERMAN  
SCOTT COSSU  
IRA STEIN & RUSSEL  
WALDER



LIZ STORY  
MARK SIHAM  
ROLA SETE  
ANDY NARELL

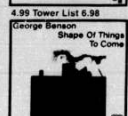
## JAZZIER

JAZZ GREATS NOW  
SOUND GREATER IN THE  
AUDIO MASTER PLUS  
SERIES FROM A & M

Half-Speed Re-Mastered Damage-Resistant Packaging Virgin Quix Vinyl Pressing



**6.99**  
LP CASS  
TOWER LIST 9.98  
OTHER TITLES  
AVAILABLE  
QUINCY JONES  
WALKING IN SPACE  
PAUL DESMOND  
SUMMERTIME  
GEORGE BENSON  
TELL IT LIKE IT IS  
WES MONTGOMERY  
DOWN HERE ON THE  
GROUND  
NAT ADDERLEY  
YOU, BABY  
ANTONIO CARLOS  
JOHNNY WAVE  
K. & J.  
ISRAEL



Some selections also available on chrome cassettes

Some selections also available on chrome cassettes

SALE ENDS JULY 16  
OPEN 9AM TO MIDNIGHT 365 DAYS OF THE YEAR

## TOWER RECORDS

SAN DIEGO  
3601 Sports Avenue Blvd.  
across from the Sports Arena

EL CAJON  
790 Fletcher Parkway  
across from Fletcher Park  
Open 10 AM to 10 PM

COLLEGE AREA  
4403 El Cajon Blvd.  
next to the K & J. Petal Office

The **CLUB ZU**  
**SUMMERTIME!**  
Every Friday & Saturday Night  
The finest new music, d.j.s & dancing

Wednesday, June 27  
Live on stage  
**3 SIMPLE WORDS**  
plus  
**TEL AVIV**  
Monday Nights  
**NOW OPEN! THE HIPPEST D.J.s AND DANCING**  
Closed Monday-Wednesday, July 24  
for remodeling

9 pm-2 am Monday  
Wednesday, Friday & Saturday  
135 North Highway 101 • Solana Beach  
481-8221 • Minimum age: 18

**FORWARD MOTION**

**Bahia**  
Mercedes Lounge  
Tuesday-Saturday  
9:00 pm to 1:30 am  
No cover • No minimum  
jazz jam every Sunday, 6:00-10:30 pm

Hotel & Restaurant  
908 West Mission Bay Drive  
488-0551

**SAY YOU DISCOVERED IT FIRST.**

Soon everyone will be talking about the new place to party. The happiest Happy Hour with half-priced drinks, hors d'oeuvres and live music from 5:00 o'clock and dancing after 9:00. Impress your friends. Take them to the Corniche tonight. Then you can say "I told you so."

**THE CORNICHE LOUNGE**

333 West Harbor Drive  
In the motel inter-Corinthian Bayside Pavilion  
Happy Hour, Monday-Thursday 5 p.m. to 7 p.m.  
Dance to Monday-Friday, 9 p.m. to 11 p.m.  
Saturday-Sunday 10 p.m. to 2 p.m.

Drive, Shelter Island, 233-2572.  
The Spud Brothers, comedy and rock, Tuesday through Saturday; L.A., rock, Sunday and Monday.

Dookie's, 425 El Cajon Boulevard, East San Diego, 281-6581. Paul Craig, piano bar, Wednesday through Monday; Palm Court, piano bar, Tuesday.

Drowsy Maggie's, 31st and University, North Park, 268-8584. Rick Saxton and Friends, jazz, Thursday; Peggy Watson and Friends, folk, blues, and originals, Friday; the Paradise Street Band, Irish music and originals, Saturday; Rodrigo, flamenco guitar, Sunday; Old Time Host Night, Monday; the Siamia Gail Cell Band, Irish music, Tuesday.

Bluegrass Jambores, Wednesday. Early Evening Shows, Lynn Hall, Latin American harp, Thursday, Tom Cahoon, folk, Saturday.

**The Escape Lounge**, 421 University Avenue, Hillcrest, 295-8262. The Tony Schiller Trio, jazz, Tuesday through Friday; Barbara Caele, piano, organ, and vocals, Saturday through Sunday; Helly Babel and Eddie Gold, piano, organ, and vocals, Sunday brunch.

**Fat City/China Camp**, 2137 Pacific Highway, downtown, 232-0686. Harvey and the 52nd Street Jive, jazz, Friday and Saturday.

**Harpoon Henry's**, 2725 Shelter Island Drive, Shelter Island, 224-8242. J.J. Frank and the Coalition Orchestra, pop, the Zorgerian Jazz Quartet, jazz, Friday through Sunday.

**Hotel San Diego**, 339 West Broadway, downtown, 234-0221. Harry's Bar, jazz and Friends, jazz, Thursday through Saturday; Dean, contemporary, Monday through Wednesday; Joe Anselmi, jazz, Monday through Friday happy hours, Continental Room; Ira Cobb's Jazzbo, jazz, Sunday afternoon.

**Humphrey's**, Half Moon Inn, 2241 Shelter Island Drive, Shelter Island, 224-3572. Piano Bar, Bruce McKeithen, Wednesday through Saturday; Larry Moore, Sunday through Tuesday; Alicia Thomas, Monday through Friday happy hours.

"The Invader," at the dock at 1609 North Harbor Drive, downtown, 298-8996. The Invaders, contemporary music for dancing, Tuesday through Sunday.

**Joely Rogers**, 907 West Harbor Drive, Newport Village, 233-4309. The Night Managers, contemporary, Tuesday through Saturday.

**Mandolin Wind**, 308 University Avenue, Hillcrest, 297-3007. King Biscuit Blues, blues and rhythm and blues, Thursday through Saturday; Rockola, Beatles music and oldies, Tuesday; the Blonde Bruce Band, blues and rhythm and blues, Wednesday.

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

**O'Hughy's**, 2547 San Diego Avenue, Old Town, 298-0133. Mary Adams, harp music, early evening Saturday and Sunday.

**Old Town Opera House**, 1040 Twigg, Old Town, 298-0092. Tobacco Road with Sue Palmer, vintage jazz and boogie-woogie, Thursday.

**Our Place**, 2124 Fifth Avenue, Hillcrest, 232-1773. The Larry Platter Trio, jazz, Friday and Saturday.

**Parade Wine Bar and Bistro**, 200 North Street, downtown, 233-9539. Dining Room: Mel Good, jazz piano, lunch time and early evening Friday and Saturday.

**Patrick's D.**, 428 F Street, North Park, 268-8584. The Spud Brothers, comedy and rock, Tuesday through Saturday; L.A., rock, Sunday and Monday.

**World Class Productions**  
proudly presents  
**MUSIC FESTIVAL '84**  
Stardust Hotel, Mission Valley  
Opening Night, June 29, 8:00 pm  
Happy Hour Specials—7:00 to 8:00 pm  
Margaritas, Pina Colodas, Chi Chis \$1.50

**Command Performance**

**Pope Brothers Greg Clayborn Rano the Magician**  
Coming attractions July 13, Billy Griffith; August 11, Mr. Dramatics, L.J. Reynolds.  
Future shows to be announced. Tickets on sale at all Teleset outlets. (Teleset charge 283-SEAT).  
For information 263-2268.

**★LOOK-ALIKE CONTEST★**  
Come dressed as Sandee and the Ram Band  
cartoon characters below ('50s style)  
on Wednesday, June 27, 9:00 pm.  
Prizes & fun.

**SANDEE AND THE RAM BAND**  
Tuesday-Saturday, 9:00 pm-1:00 am.  
No cover or minimum.

**CIRCLE LOUNGE** **HYATT ISLANDIA**  
1441 Quivira Road • San Diego • 224-3541

**JESSE DAVIS**  
Tuesday-Saturday 9:00 p.m.-1:00 a.m.

**STONE'S THROW**  
Sunday & Monday 8:00 p.m.-12:00 a.m.

**Garvin's RESTAURANT**  
Sun. to House Inn 7955 La Jolla Village Dr.

**TIJUANA NIGHTLIFE**  
18 YEARS AND OLDER

Five Nightclubs on Revolution. NO COVER CHARGE AT ANYTIME  
**DISCO REGINE**  
Revolution & 6th St. (1st floor) 6 pm-5 am  
PLUS LIVE MUSIC WITH HEAVY METAL BAND "LA CAJIZ"  
Wednesday and Sunday starting at 8 pm.

**COSMOS**  
Our newly remodeled club & restaurant located on the 2nd floor 6 pm-5 am  
Call us at 011-5266-85-4360 for banquets

**DISCO REGINE & COSMOS**  
Special Sunday sessions (1 pm-3 pm) for teenagers under 18.  
No beer or liquor served.  
**SAN'S SOUL & BAMBI CLUB** (24 hours)  
Revolution between 6th & 7th  
**LES GELS** (24 hours) **CLUB REGIO** (24 hours)  
Corner of Revolution & 1st Revolution between 6th & 7th  
**PROOF OF AGE REQUIRED**

**FREE DRINK**  
Monday-Thursday, with this ad

**15% OFF LIQUOR**  
At La Liquor Store, 1011 Revolution (between 6th & 7th)  
Get a discount on our already low prices!

**TRIO LOS SCALA**

Monday & Wednesday 7 pm to 10 pm

**50¢ TACOS, SHREDDED BEEF OR FISH**  
(patio & bar only)  
**\$1.25 MARGARITAS**  
**\$1.25 TECATE & DOS XX BEER**

**Romaine's**  
4105 Taylor St. • Old Town 295-5111

**The Trojan Horse**  
6179 University (College & University) 582-1070  
Thursday-Saturday, June 21-23

**BLITZ BROS.**  
Sunday, June 24  
Join us for Darlene's wedding at 2:00.  
Join us in the celebration with the US Band and Strike Force.

**NIGHTLY SPECIALS**  
Sunday—Tegula Sunrise \$1.25  
Monday—Bourbon well \$1.25  
Tuesday—Wear Trojan Horse T-shirt or hat—50¢ off any drink  
Wednesday—Long Island Iced Tea \$1.25  
Thursday—Tegula well drinks & margaritas \$1.25  
Friday & Saturday—All well drinks 75¢ 8-10 pm

**HAPPY HOUR**  
4:00-7:00 pm daily  
Kamikazes 65¢  
Bud Pitchers \$1.75  
Margaritas \$1.25  
Well drinks \$1.00  
Orange Crush 85¢

Brigham's Preservation Jazz Band, jazz, early evening Thursday; NiteTrain, '50s and '60s light rock for dancing, early evening Friday and Saturday.

**Prophet Restaurant**, 4461 University Avenue, East San Diego, 283-7448. Lori Bell and Friends, jazz, early evening Thursday; the Orion Duo, classical guitar, early evening Wednesday and Friday; Walter Clark, classical guitar, early evening Saturday; Lori Bell and Shup Meyers, jazz, early evening Sunday.

**Ruben E. Lee's**, 880 Harbor Island Drive, Harbor Island, 291-1880; Gloria Michaels and Spring Fever, contemporary, Tuesday through Saturday.

**Sakura's**, 3102 University Avenue, North Park, 280-4163. The Shreeve Brothers Quartet, jazz, Thursday and Wednesday; Anna Bjarnum, Herman Salerno, and guests, open highlights, pop, and show tunes, early evening Friday and Saturday; the Art Resnick Trio, jazz, Tuesday.

**Sheridan Harbor Island**, 1380 Harbor Island Drive, Harbor Island, 291-2900. Tringy Five, contemporary, Tuesday through Saturday; Ducktail Revue, vintage rock, Thursday and Friday happy hours and Monday evening.

**Sheridan Harbor Island West**, Sandpaper Lounge, 1590 Harbor Island Drive, Harbor Island, 291-6400. Piano Bar, Peter Robbeson, Sunday through Wednesday.

**Sekolah's**, 425 West B Street, downtown, 232-7588. Freefall, jazz, Thursday through Saturday.

**Tom Ham's Lighthouse**, 2150 Harbor Island Drive, Harbor Island, 291-9117. Dusty and Melissa, contemporary, Wednesday through Sunday; Donna Cote, contemporary, Monday and Tuesday.

**Triton**, 6011 El Cajon Boulevard, East San Diego, 583-3240. Ella Ruth Fajiga, jazz and blues, Thursday through Saturday.

**Trojan Horse**, 6179 University Avenue, East San Diego, 582-1070. The Blitz Brothers, rock, Thursday through Saturday; the Us Band, rock, and Strike Force, rock, Sunday.

**Tuba Man's**, 2551 University Avenue, North Park, 295-9426. The Three Stooges, vintage rock, Saturday.

**Tuba Man's No. 2**, 7149 El Cajon Boulevard, East San Diego, 698-6042. Charles's Goodtime Band, Dixieland jazz, Thursday; Ira Cobb's Jazzbo, Dixieland jazz, Saturday.

**Vicount Hotel**, 1960 Harbor Island Drive, Harbor Island, 291-6700. Jarrett, oldies and reviews, early evening Tuesday through Saturday.

**East County**  
**Antonio's Hacienda**, 700 North Johnson, El Cajon, 442-9827. Neutral Ground, contemporary, Friday and Saturday.  
**Baxter's**, 1025 Fletcher Parkway, El Cajon, 442-9271. Patrol, rock, Tuesday through Saturday.  
**Black Angus**, 1000 Graves Avenue, El Cajon, 440-5055. In Colour, rock, Tuesday through Saturday.

**Blarney Stone Two**, 7059 El Cajon Boulevard, La Mesa, 461-2263. Sam McKiver and Tom McMaster, Irish music, Wednesday through Saturday; the Hinton's, Irish folk music, Sunday and Tuesday.

**The Boondocks Restaurant**, 8320 Parkway Drive, La Mesa, 465-3960. Jim Edwards, contemporary, Thursday through Saturday; Bruce Robbers, contemporary, Sunday and Monday; Jim Moore, contemporary, Tuesday and Wednesday.

**TUESDAYS**  
Ron Sobel Productions presents  
**ADVENTURES WITH PARADISE**  
featuring June 26

**violent femmes**  
CARMIA DE FOREST W.W.III

Coming July 3:  
**PARADISE FREEDOM FEST**  
featuring AND AND AND  
Doors open at 8 pm at the **RODEO**  
21 & up • 50¢ draft beers  
Tickets available now 283-SEAT **TELES**  
Listen to Paradise Sundays at 11 pm on **9/CX**

**Crystal T's Emporium**

**"TUESDAY"**  
**LADIES NITE**  
\$1.50 ICE TEAS  
"SUPER" VIDEO LOUNGE  
"Looking for Mr. GoodBod"  
• T-Shirts for participants  
• Champagne  
Be here for "Ladies Nite"

Located in front of the Town & Country Hotel  
100 FINE Circle N. Mission Valley, 294-8611

**Bobby G's**

Thursday-Saturday, June 21-23  
**THE SOURCE**

Sunday-Tuesday, June 24-26  
**P.J. FOG**

Tuesday-Saturday, June 27-30  
**NETWORK**

Serving food 7 days a week.  
Baseball 7 days on our Satellite TV.  
Moviegoers: Well drinks at Happy Hour prices  
with La Paloma ticket club

**485 FIRST ST., ENCINITAS 436-7397**



**Bull and Bear**, 690 North Second Street, El Cajon 440-5757; The Headband, rock, Tuesday through Saturday.

**Cabypso Lounge**, 975 Greenfield Avenue, El Cajon 440-9526; Ron Morin, contemporary, Friday and Saturday.

**Chico Club**, 7366 El Cajon Boulevard, La Mesa 464-9555; Tim Knox, one-man variety, Friday and Saturday.

**Dock's Landing**, 1185 East Main

Street, El Cajon 442-0256; Piano bar; Jim Allen, Thursday through Saturday; Dale Pearson, Sunday through Tuesday; Jerry Burchard, Wednesday.

**George Joe's Restaurant**, 9586 Murray Drive, La Mesa 469-6158; contemporary, Thursday through Saturday; call club for information.

**Horseshoe Tavern**, 7964 Broadway, Lemon Grove 469-6344; The Smith

Brothers, country rock, Friday and Saturday.

**Kentucky Stud**, 11277 Woodside Avenue, Sanatee 445-3402; Shabaz Riders, country, Friday through Sunday.

**Lakeside Hotel**, 9940 River Street, Lakeside 443-4991; Red Lane and Ramblin' Fever, country, Friday and Sunday.

**Live Oak Springs Resort**, Old Highway 80, Boulevard 766-4288; The Trademarks, country, Saturday.

**Magnolia Mulvaney's**, 8861 Magnolia Avenue, Sanatee 448-8550; The Heroes, rock, Wednesday through Saturday.

**Mama's Mink**, 533 East Main Street, El Cajon 442-5573; Rawhide, country and rock, Tuesday through Saturday.

**Mr. Billy's Backroom Saloon**, 399 North Magnolia, El Cajon 447-4500; Huston and Best with Dave Siemore, contemporary and variety, Wednesday through Saturday; Steve Morris, comedy and contemporary, Sunday; live entertainment, Monday and Tuesday, call club for information.

**Nite Owl East**, 667 North Mollison Avenue, El Cajon 447-3854; Vision, contemporary, Tuesday through Saturday.

**Our Favorite Place**, 8546 Mission Road, Sanatee 449-6240; Bob Scortellin and Key Lango, contemporary and blues, Thursday through Saturday evening, and early evening Sunday.

**The Outpost**, 652 Grand Avenue, Spring Valley 464-9007; Country Line, country, Friday and Saturday.

**The Ox Bow Inn**, 9816 Camino 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.

**Section's**, 7353 El Cajon Boulevard, La Mesa 460-1500; Chain Reaction, contemporary, Tuesday through Saturday; live musical entertainment, Sunday and Monday, call club for information.

**Silver Spur**, 7941 Mission Gorge Road, Sanatee 448-4882; Jerry Baez and a Touch of Country, country, Wednesday through Saturday.

**Turquoise Lounge**, 9975 Severin Drive, La Mesa 465-1525; Status, rock and roll, Tuesday through Saturday.

**Van Winkle's**, 10055 Mission Gorge Road, Sanatee 449-0550; Claudio, contemporary and country rock, Friday and Saturday.

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

**Joe's**, 415 Broadway, Chula Vista 429-4828; Louie, Pita, and Mario, contemporary and Latin, Thursday through Saturday; Tapestry, country, Latin, and blues, Tuesday and Wednesday.

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

**Landmark Cocktail Lounge**, 2511 Sweetwater Road, National City 475-7333; Frank Dixon and Country Night Life, country, Friday and Saturday.

**The New Tropic Lounge**, 999 National City Boulevard, National City 477-5753; Verge and the Orient Express, contemporary, Thursday through Saturday.

music, Sunday and Monday, call club for information.

**Dance Machine**, 1862 Palm Avenue, Imperial Beach 429-1161; The Rent rock, Tuesday through Saturday; live rock, Sunday and Monday, call club for information.

**Dock's Cocktails**, 317 Third Avenue, Chula Vista 423-1566; Tito and Aguilera, contemporary, Sunday and Monday; contemporary, country, comedy, and rock, Friday and Saturday.

**Palomino Star**, 3008 Main Street, Chula Vista 427-5889; Ron Tabu, country, Wednesday, Thursday, and Sunday; the Goodall Boys, country, Friday and Saturday.

**Wild Turkey**, 5080 Bonita Road, Bonita 267-2552; Prophet, rock, Thursday through Saturday; Randit, rock, Tuesday and Wednesday.

Rapture, contemporary, Monday through Wednesday.

**Oasis Bar**, 1121 Third Street, Chula Vista 425-2577; Four Star Country, Friday through Sunday.

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

**Palomino Star**, 3008 Main Street, Chula Vista 427-5889; Ron Tabu, country, Wednesday, Thursday, and Sunday; the Goodall Boys, country, Friday and Saturday.

**Wild Turkey**, 5080 Bonita Road, Bonita 267-2552; Prophet, rock, Thursday through Saturday; Randit, rock, Tuesday and Wednesday.

**PERFORMERS**

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

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

**Landmark Cocktail Lounge**, 2511 Sweetwater Road, National City 475-7333; Frank Dixon and Country Night Life, country, Friday and Saturday.

**The New Tropic Lounge**, 999 National City Boulevard, National City 477-5753; Verge and the Orient Express, contemporary, Thursday through Saturday.

**The Lantern**, 1322 Third Avenue, Chula Vista 427-4200; Red Alert, rock, Thursday through Saturday.

**Marisol**, 1680 Broadway (at Main Street), Chula Vista 429-8045; Collier, Latino, Thursday through Saturday.

**The New Tropic Lounge**, 999 National City Boulevard, National City 477-5753; Verge and the Orient Express, contemporary, Thursday through Saturday.

**Bobby Chevrolet and the Shames** with the King Rascal Horns

**Jose Murphy's**  
The Ron Botton Band, Windrose  
The Boone Brothers, M/P's  
Boris Crossed, Spirit  
Brats, Jose Murphy's, Distillery

**Carmel of Forest: Spirit**  
Circles: Park Place, Halcyon  
Mitch Cornish and the Hell  
Hounds: Spirit

**Crystal: Mustang Club**  
The Curtis: Spirit  
Destiny: Time Machine/Chaz  
Gibson

**Diamond: Black Angus/Mission**  
Valley  
Dirk Debonaire: Whiskey Plats,  
Distillery Nightclub

**Ducktail Revere: Sheridan Harbor**  
Island  
The Echoes: Chopping Block, Le  
Chale

**The Features: Old Pacific Beach**  
Cafe  
Powell: Memo  
Four Eyes: Distillery Nightclub

**France: Bull N' Stick**  
Prewell: Normandy Cocktail  
Lounge

**The Headband: Bull and Bear**  
The Heroes: Magnolia Mulvaney's  
HE N' BAN: Tequila Plats

**Icon: Spirit**  
Ice Works: Spirit  
Incognito Rockers: Ralph and

**Edie's**  
In Colour: Black Angus/El Cajon  
Inta Washin': Normandy Cocktail  
Lounge

**Ipso Facto: Let's Greenhouse**  
Jagwire: Beach Club  
Kicker: Pita Soap Anderson's  
L.A.: Doc Masters, Carlos  
Murphy's

**The London Brothers: Whiskey**  
Plats, Halcyon  
The Lone Riders: Rodie's  
Lena: Spirit

**The Mar Del: Old Pacific Beach**  
Cafe, Kelly Pl. Canyon, 1447/147  
Mer Cafe

**Moving Targets: Rodie**  
Network: Bobby C's  
New Language: Park Place

**Halcyon**  
Notice to Appear: Distillery  
Nightclub

**One: Pita Soap Company**  
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# CURRENT MOVIES

rich, blond, black-belted California bullies (or more accurately, has sand kicked in his face by their motorcycle wheels). The bullying continues, until the Japanese handyman at the victim's apartment starts to instruct him in the ancient martial arts. As in *ROCKY*, the training period is both enjoyable and educational, and the relationship between old man and boy, between sweet, though scary, it all comes down to a city-wide karate tournament at which the newcomers to movie the audience, plays as dirty as the students of the bloodythirsty ex-Green Beret. With Ralph Macchio, Noriyuki Pat Morita, and Elizabeth Shue. 1984. (Oceanic 8, Plaza Twin, Valley Cinemas, from 6:22)

**Kentucky Fried Movie** — The Los Angeles-based Kentucky Fried Film

ter ensemble makes its movie debut with string-together parodies of movies and television (included are an interminable takeoff on Bruce Lee and a reasonably amusing shorter one on TV courtroom drama). These parodies use a grotesque attack, which is to say they are off target more than in. Obviously this movie is in the footprints of *THE GROOVE TUBE* and *TUNNELVISION* — as sense of humor is collegiate (i.e., baritone and/or dual) as a movie only by technique. Cameo appearances by Bill Bixby, Donald Sutherland, and George Lazenby, directed by John Landis. 1977. (UA Glasshouse 6, 6:22 and 23 midnight)

**Moscow on the Hudson** — Paul Mazursky's movie about a Russian circus musician who affects in Bloomington is his most thematically

even ideologically, rarely 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 experiments in cultural chemistry, the Russian and his Italian girlfriend, the Russian and his Cuban lawyer, the Russian and his FBI "in-laws," the Russian and the Columbia University Pol. Sci. professor, the Russian and the Texas businessman, the Russian and the homosexual cruiser. Ultimately, however, the shortcoming of the movie — and there always seems to be one of those in a Mazursky movie — is that the personal story never really comes up to the thematic level; the events, that is, never take on as large a personal meaning as a cut-off, and the movie loses its drive and its inventiveness and its novelty when it begins to work out narrative resolu-

tions. With Robin Williams. 1984. (Carnegie Cinema 4, Sports Arena 6, Sanite Village 8, UA Movies 6, from 6:22)

**The Natural** — One must of course be willing to go a certain distance, however grumblingly, with the movie's chosen premise: the nature of baseball lore and Arthurian Romance presented from the Bernard Malamud novel. But the road downward from Arthurian Romance to the latest issue of *Esquire* Digest is not short and not uncluttered. The problem isn't only or even mainly that "Casey at the Bat" might be thought to have put a permanent end to the epic approach. The problem is also, and mainly, that there have been plenty of other treatments of divine (or satanic, or otherwise supernatural) intervention into the game of baseball. *THE NATURAL*, inevitably, bears a closer family resemblance to them than to any distant Arthurian ancestor, and those others — *ANGELS IN THE OUTFIELD*, *DANNY YANKLES*, *IT HAPPENS EVERY SPRING*, et al. — have established the tone for such stories as ahistorical. *THE NATURAL*, makes perhaps one attempt to get into that spirit, with an absurdist gag about a right fielder who, like a character in a cartoon, crashes through the outfield fence in pursuit of a fly ball, but who, unlike any character in a cartoon, manages to break his neck in the process. This sort of gag can come off here — not amid all the golden photography, backlighting, and slow-motion, still less amid the flagging and crowing Aaron Coplandisms.

**Once Upon a Time in America** — Reviewed this issue. With Robert De Niro, James Woods, Elizabeth McGovern, and Tuesday Weld, directed by Sergio Leone.

**Rocky III** — The problem for Sylvester Stallone is how to preserve Rocky Balboa's adorable underdog persona, now that he wears the heavyweight championship belt, has reeled off ten successful title defenses, and enjoys the good life as a magazine cover boy, American Express Card spokesman, celebrity guest on *The Muppet Show*, etc. etc. The solution comes in the form of a

fire-breathing savage with a three-piece hand, who dismantles the suburban fat-cat in two bloody rounds. Re-enter Apollo Creed, deposed heavyweight king, who takes charge of Rocky's training, moves him to L.A. and row to remind him what hunger is, teaches him to fight like a black (which means, for one thing, some defensive capability, which is

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# CURRENT MOVIES

**Rhinestone** — Can Dolci Parton turn the next "normal" person she meets into an authentic country-western singer, even if the next person is Sylvester Stallone and has a speaking voice like a rusty gate or will she lose the wager and be obliged to sleep with her obnoxious manager (played by the obnoxious Ron Leibman)? For the answer, we have to trust to the script's say-so and not to our own eyes and ears. This variation on the Pygmalion myth is founded almost totally on ethnic stereotyping, and only Dolci Parton and Richard Farnsworth, as her Tennessee bluegrass father, hold on to their dignity. Stallone has his moments, but his dignity seems a steep price. Through all the hostile predictability, it is possible nonetheless to look forward to each successive scene to see what Parton will be wearing next. Directed by Bob Clark. 1984.

**Rocky III** — The problem for Sylvester Stallone is how to preserve Rocky Balboa's adorable underdog persona, now that he wears the heavyweight championship belt, has reeled off ten successful title defenses, and enjoys the good life as a magazine cover boy, American Express Card spokesman, celebrity guest on *The Muppet Show*, etc. etc. The solution comes in the form of a



The Kente Kid

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not a bad idea about seventy-nine professional fights) and finally, with no concern for mixed metaphors, re-imagines the Eve of the Tiger into the Italian Station. Move ups and downs in this chapter of the Rocky saga, and more action as well. With Tia Shire, Burgess Meredith, and Carl Weatherly, written and directed by Stallone. 1982. (Sage Drive In)

**Romancing the Stone** — The sweaty Western action, for openness, is not everyone's mental image of a romance novel — more subtle, one might think, for Spicy Western can exist. (The accompanying strains of Alfred Newman's *HOW THE WEST WAS WON* awaken a thrill for something other than a spoof — not to be staked here.) Nor is the pale, frail Katherine Marshfield either every one's idea of a "romantic novelist" (pen name of Joan 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 widest. Something, but not enough, and nothing at all complicated, is made of the relationship between the heroine's books and her "real-life" adventure. The popularity of these books in the market is one such thing, perhaps the best such thing, it gets her out of one jam, and

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