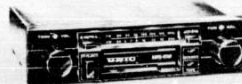


Mark the Shark Sounds Incredible

Stereo AM/FM Receiver



* TCBB • Dual right & left volume controls • FM stereo LED indicator • Stereo mono switch • Includes light weight stereo headphones • Belt clip in back
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6 1/2" Coaxial Speakers



Bevada BE600 • 50-watt
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Bevada 6 1/2" Speakers



TSS25P • Ideal for door mounting. Full range. Each speaker includes black padded grille cover.
Reg. \$12.95 a pair
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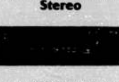
Bevada BE302 • High power box speaker • Deluxe 2-way for auto, home • 4 ohm impedance • Rubber air suspension.
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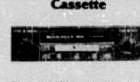
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Autotek CSR3050 • High power pushbuttons • Locking fast forward/reverse • Fader • ASC 2
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Rockstar RST800 • Auto-reverse cassette • Locking fast forward & reverse • Balance & tone
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Technicon HT-1000 • Telescopic antenna • Super light weight • Silver, gold, red, yellow • LED indicator • Compact, slim foldable design
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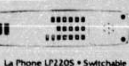
Technicon TC55 • 5 band portable radio • AM/FM TWT, TV2 and weather • AC/DC
\$17.95
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13" Color Television



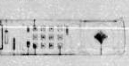
Portland TCR405P • Automatic frequency control • 2 yr. picture tube warranty
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20-Memory Touch-tone phone



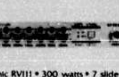
La Phone LP2205 • Switchable touch-tone or pulse dialing • Works with rotary phones with long distance services.
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10 Memory Telephone MP788



Pushbuttons • Stores up to 10 digits
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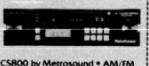
Unit: RV111 • 300 watts • 7 slide controls • 150 watts rated per channel • 2 row LED power display lights • Reg. \$49.95
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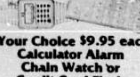
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SEADER
VOLUME 13, NO. 29, JULY 26, 1984 SAN DIEGO'S WEEKLY

Come Back When You're White



Players of San Diego, the Mission Valley restaurant and discotheque, opened on May 30 to much fanfare and long lines of young people eager to gain entrance. In those first hectic days, the club gained popular notice in the daily press for its extravagant opening parties, and also for its posted dress code, which read: "Dress code at our discretion." Interpretation of this code seemed to prohibit anyone who wasn't stylishly attired. A few incidents of patrons being turned away, reported with good humor and amusement, only added to the thrill of being part of San Diego's newest fashionable nightclub.

Today, two months after Players' grand opening, the blush of celebrity has faded from the club; the crowds are much smaller, the sense of excitement not quite so intense, and few people are denied entrance because of "inappropriate" clothing. As assistant manager Mitch Mathes says, "We've loosened up on the dress code. It's nice to have high standards, but numbers are important too." And these days at Players the numbers include a significant proportion of black customers mixing with white customers on and around the dance floor. That wasn't the case just a month ago.

Two weeks after Players opened, one employee witnessed a doorman

turn away a black at the club's front door. The man was one of a group of five well-dressed blacks, four of whom were allowed into the club, but all of whom left shortly after they discovered that their friend had been denied admission. The doorman had claimed that the black man's driver's license was suspicious, that the photograph didn't resemble the black man. The employee who witnessed this incident was angered by the apparent effort to exclude the black, and said so to the doorman. The doorman later confessed to this employee, "It's not me. It's managers' orders. We're not supposed to let that many blacks in."

Also in the first month after Players opened, another employee several times witnessed well-dressed black customers being turned back at the door because they supposedly didn't meet the club's ambiguous dress code.

In the San Diego nightclub industry, crowd control means no more blacks.

By Paul Krueger

Photographs by Robert Burroughs

(Continued on page 4)

City Lights

Grab Your Bears

The Four Ball Rally is every thumb-noser's dream come true. Imagine roaring across the country, from Boston to San Diego, at speeds wildly exceeding one hundred miles per hour in some speed demon's souped-up vision of hell on wheels, complete with all manner of radar scanners, citizen band radios, police scanners, and No-Dog. Imagine making it from Boston to San Diego in forty-four hours and twenty-three minutes. Jim Greenwood did, and this thirty-one-year-old San Diego resident lived to tell about how he managed to finish seventh in his first effort in the cross-country marathon.



Jim Greenwood with Camaro

Greenwood had been working on his 1973 Chevy Camaro for two years before he decided to try to make contact with the Four Ball Rally's organizers through various auto magazines. In early February he got his application, which asked for his driving experience and vital statistics. He sent in his \$850 entrant's fee, and a few weeks later he received a call from a member of the Preston family, which runs the annual race out of Boston. After a brief screening

over the phone to determine Greenwood's mental condition, he was informed of when and where the race would begin. He was told the race would start on Saturday, June 2 at the Marriott Hotel in Newton, Massachusetts outside of Boston.

Among the nineteen two-man teams that appeared at

the Marriott on that rainy Saturday morning to vie for the \$10,000 jackpot were drivers from Ohio, Texas, South Carolina, Missouri, Rhode Island, Maryland, Massachusetts, and New York. The New York driver was Farwell Perry, an artist specializing in car portraits and Greenwood's driving

lights, passing lights, and headlights and checked the gas gauge to make sure the forty-gallon tank was full. They had drawn the twelfth slot, and as they sped out of the Marriott driveway onto the street, approaching sixty miles per hour in first gear, Greenwood and Perry sipped lemonade and orange juice from long plastic tubes attached to tanks stashed in the car's rear. The next stop, not including five pit stops for oil, gas, and personal relief, and nine stops for speeding tickets, would be the Hyatt Islandia in San Diego.

At an average speed of 72.39 miles per hour, Greenwood and Perry headed across the continent but were soon stopped in New York by a state trooper who informed them that the troopers had been told of the race two weeks earlier by a reporter who had covered the event last year. Not only had the reporter sent a teletype letter to the troopers in New York, but he had also sent letters to all the state police agencies along the path of the rally's two suggested routes. After paying their first of nine fines (which totaled more than \$600), the two decided to take

(continued on page 33, col.1)

A Whole Slough Of Stuff

A year ago, most residents living in the vicinity of Famosa Slough thought the matter of what to do with the twenty-acre marsh had pretty much been resolved. The slough, located on the southeast corner of West Point Loma Boulevard and Montalvo Street in northern Point Loma, had been under the protection of the state coastal commission since 1979, and repeated attempts by property owner Alvin Hall to develop even a portion of the wetlands had been thwarted by various height and density restrictions and by strong neighborhood opposition. So it appeared the slough would remain unaltered for the foreseeable future, serving as a de facto wildlife preserve for more than fifty species of migratory birds, including the endangered least tern and many species of ducks and shorebirds.

But in July of 1983, developer Terry Sheldon took out an option to buy the marsh for an unspecified amount of money from its frustrated owner and began to devise a plan that would allow him to build on the site after all. And by the end of last year, he had come up with a solution he says he considered pretty fair: the ten acres in the center of the slough would be maintained and cleaned up to rid it of mosquitos — something the coastal commission never had funds for — while the other ten acres, forming a U adjacent to West Point Loma Boulevard, would house a three-story apartment complex containing 400 units.

In order to do so, however, Sheldon knew he would have to get the entire area out of coastal commission protection, since Hall had had problems in prior years with plans to develop even three of the twenty acres. So in February Sheldon circulated among area residents petitions that stated, "We live in the immediate area of the Famosa Slough. We support Senate Bill No. 1820

(continued on page 33, col.3)



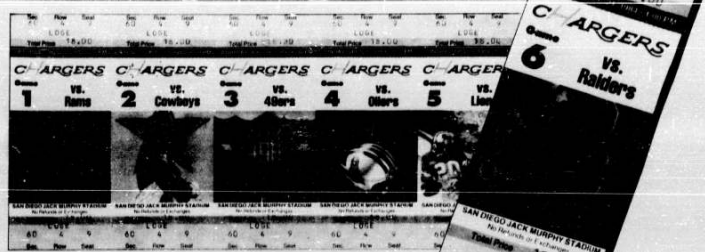
Famosa Slough

Photograph by Joe Kline

Stub Snub?

The lack of love between the Chargers and the Los Angeles Raiders is nothing new, but the San Diego football team's 56,000 season ticketholders discovered the latest twist in the running feud when they received this coming season's tickets in the mail last week. Unlike those of previous years, this year's batch of eleven tickets (three preseason, eight regular game) features artwork that incorporates the logos or insignias of whichever team the Chargers play on that date.

Tickets to the August 4 preseason match against the Los Angeles Rams, for example, show a Rams helmet suspended in the sky over the downtown Los Angeles skyline; the September 11 game against the Los Angeles Raiders don't show the Raiders logo anywhere; instead, pictured is the now-familiar rendering of the Chargers helmet suspended in clouds over the San Diego skyline, with lightning bolts coming down from the sky. Chargers spokesman Rick Smith explains that three years ago



receiver catching a ball superimposed over a pair of jumping dolphins. But tickets to the October 21 game against the Los Angeles Raiders don't show the Raiders logo anywhere; instead, pictured is the now-familiar rendering of the Chargers helmet suspended in clouds over the San Diego skyline, with lightning bolts coming down from the sky. Chargers spokesman Rick Smith explains that three years ago

the decision was made to place "theme art" (art using team logos) on the covers of programs to all home games, and for one game out of the season, Chargers art could replace that of the visiting team. "This year, we're going back to featuring individual players on the program covers," Smith says, "so we're taking the theme art concept to the tickets." Why were the Raiders singled out, both on last year's programs

and on this year's tickets? "I don't really know — it must be osmosis," Smith says, laughing. "I mean, it's not like the Raiders or anything, but it just seemed like a good game to use our own logo. And besides, they [the Raiders] don't use our logo on their programs or tickets either, so it's even."

Ah, but then the Raiders

don't use any team's logo on their programs or tickets but their own, says Julie Blosser from the Raiders' office in Los Angeles. And when she told the Chargers' obvious singling out of the Raiders, Blosser says, "It's hysterical."

—T.K.A.

The Sky Above, The News Below

San Diego Police Department officials may yet file a complaint with the local office of the Federal Aviation Administration about the excessive noise made last week by news helicopters covering the McDonald's killings. The loud drone of the copiers' turbo props made it difficult for police to hear one another over their portable "handy-talkie" radios. All three local television stations had news copiers on the scene by 4:30 p.m., about thirty minutes after mass murderer James Huberty commandeered the San Ysidro fast-food restaurant. Channel 8 news director Jim Holtzman says his station's copier — rented especially to gather aerial film of the massacre story — was "more than a thousand feet in the air and leaving the scene when" police SWAT team officers first mentioned that helicopter noise was disturbing

their communications. (Ironically, the Channel 8 copier never attained a signal strong enough to broadcast those early aerial shots.) Channel 10 assistant news director Jim Reiman took a phone call at about 4:40 p.m. from a police dispatcher who warned him that "Sky 10 [the station's copier] is in the line of fire and could be shot down

please get it out of the line of fire." Reiman says he immediately called the copier pilot and had him move away, though the helicopter stayed airborne to transmit live signals to the station's receiver.

Channel 39's news copier was still hovering above the restaurant at 5:15 p.m., when news director Ken Nelson, who was monitoring a police radio scanner in the station's studios, heard a SWAT officer say that the copiers were too close to the scene. "As soon as we heard that, we pulled our copier back," says Nelson, who says the whirlybird was out of hearing distance at least five minutes before SWAT

sharpshooters poised on the roof of the San Ysidro post office fired the shot that killed Huberty.

If the police department lodges a complaint about the noise with the FAA, it would probably have little effect on preventing a recurrence. FAA regulations restrict only how close a pilot can fly to the ground or fixed objects such as bridges without endangering passengers or people on the ground, should the copier's engines fail. There are no regulations regarding indirect safety concerns such as the effect of copier noise on police and fire department communications, and "AA rules specifically grant news copiers access to airspace above an emergency."

Still, local FAA administrator John Tompkins has several times dispatched his agency's helicopter specialist to discuss noise problems with members of San Diego's Professional Helicopter Pilot's Association.

(continued on page 34, col.2)



Zondra Gets The Heave

Zondra Schmitt is a forty-five-year-old grandmother of three who prides herself on being one of the original boosters of downtown's Gaslamp Quarter. She calls herself a "self-made woman," having bought, and for more than a decade, operated six downtown hotels, including both the Lark and the Neptune on Fifth Avenue. Within the last two or three years, she sold the hotels and netted herself a fortune she says is between six and eight million dollars. She helped organize the original Gaslamp Quarter council with the likes of Tom Horn and Dan Pearson, was a member of the Central City Association, and frequently travels abroad, including a recent trip to Monaco at the personal behest of Prince Rainier. Known for her flamboyant style of dressing — her regular apparel, at times, has included a shiny red fox coat, a nine-carat diamond ring, and tiger-print pants — she lives in the Coronado Cays, drives a burgundy Rolls Royce Silver Shadow, and is entering her tenth year as a member of the Coronado Cays Yacht Club. The one thing Zondra

Schmitt is not is a prostitute, and the fact that she says she was kicked out of the Hotel Inter-Continental one night late in March after being called a "working girl" by a security guard has resulted in a \$500,000 lawsuit filed July 20 against the hotel, security manager Peter Albanese, security guard Sean Griffin, and twenty other unnamed hotel employees.

This incident began on March 31, after a day-long sailing trip aboard her thirty-seven-foot yacht left Schmitt feeling a bit sick. She moored the yacht at the Hotel Inter-Continental Marina, where she had been a tenant for more than a month, and went inside to the hotel lobby to read some correspondence. The lawsuit alleges that shortly after she had seated herself on a couch in the lobby's far end, around 8:30 p.m., she was approached by hotel security guard Sean Griffin. Griffin told her to leave and demanded she show him some form of identification. Schmitt obligingly pulled out her business card, with simply her name, phone number, and city (Coronado) imprinted on it.

(continued on page 34, col.2)

Plan For Jewelers Turns Off Some Facets

Louis Capello, a master clock repairman who has for eighteen years based his business in the downtown Jewelers' Exchange Building, used to sell newspapers in front of the structure fifty-six years ago. It was at that time called the Werts Building and housed the offices of dentists, lawyers and other professionals. Since then it has been known as the Robinson Building and, since 1978, the Jewelers' Exchange Building (although it had already served as a center for San Diego's gem setters, diamond cutters, and jewelry wholesalers for some twenty-five years). Now the seventy-one-year-old building at 520 E. Street is scheduled to undergo yet another metamorphosis as it is swallowed up by downtown's creeping gentrification. By 1985 developer Jim Watkins and his Winners Circle Resorts International, which bought the building in mid-March for about \$2.2 million (approximately \$400,000 more

than what it had cost the previous owner, Ed Seykota), plan to turn the exchange into seventy to seventy-five units of luxurious condo living, sold on a time-share type of arrangement.

The first three floors of the renovated building will consist of restaurants, and the basement will house a cabaret. One central kitchen will be built below street level, and all of the eating establishments will be fed by a series of dumbwaiters. Judi Carroll, director of development for Winners Circle, says that she and her organization plan to make the Gaslamp Plaza (the building's new name) "a center of fun and excitement" for the entire downtown redevelopment area.

For the first of the building's original seventy-one tenants who remain in their offices, the Winners Circle project currently provides a source of excitement or, more precisely, anxiety as renters and lessees alike rush to find other suitable quarters for their businesses by the first of September. That's the date on which Winners Circle hopes to bring in the jackhammers. Kamran Simantob, owner of the building's largest wholesale jewelry operation, Selene, has been lobbying on behalf of

twenty-five tenants, half of whom hold leases, to have their deadline to move extended to late December. Representatives from Winners Circle have so far agreed to reimburse leaseholders by footing the bill for their relocation, including the formidable task of moving their safes and display cases, and have agreed to pay for the costs of reprinting their letterheads, business cards, and invoices. While Simantob busily negotiates the fine points of the relocation agreement, he is also looking for a new place for his own business and fellow tradesmen. Simantob says that it is actually better for the jewelers to work in a central location, since most of their business comes from referrals, another reason is that since wholesalers often deal in sizable quantities of precious metals and gems, it's easier to shuttle the items around inside of one building instead of struggling with the costly logistics of outside transportation. Among the buildings that Simantob has under serious consideration is the old Wells Fargo Building, the Sprinkle Building, and the Daily Transcript Building.

—R.O.



McDonald's aerial view from Channel 10 broadcast



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The Peter Principals

Peter Grant ("Anything for a
Laugh," July 19) couldn't keep his
finger out of the pie.

Not A Secret Sharer

This is a letter in reference to the
article in last week's issue on the
Rev. Terry Cole-Whittaker ("City
Lights," July 19).

The Reverend Terry
Cole-Whittaker came to San Diego
seven years ago and made an
immediate impact on our
community. She has always been a
viable, dynamic individual with
years of personal and business
successes to her credit.

As minister of the La Jolla
Church and her TV ministries she
has made a quality difference in
many people's lives locally and
through her television and
speaking engagements.
Terry is a moving star, getting
brighter every day, and is on her
way to a worldwide ministry. Her
God-given talents and energies
have always served as a catalyst
for some, and because of her
generous sharing of these
attributes, a foundation for others
to build upon.

The article seemed to negate the
fact that we all contribute to each
other's lives. Rev. Terry has been a
role model and inspiration for
many and should be acknowledged
for her contributions.
Anne-Marie Glisak
La Jolla

Looks Like Vein

This letter is my response to the
article about Terry Cole-Whittaker,
"Separation of Church and State
of Matrimony," which is a great
title in my opinion.

This is not a defense of Terry, as
she needs none, nor is it any
reflection on Leonardo, because I
refuse to believe that he was
quoted accurately. As a member of
the Terry Cole-Whittaker
Ministries for the past five and a
half years, I would suggest that the
author of this article do a little more
research into the Church of
Religious Science. This church is
very much based on the Bible and
the teachings of Jesus.

Secondly, Terry's standard mode
of dress has always been business
suits. I have never seen her in
black or ruffles, and I would like to
know what the new theme song is,
because I haven't heard it.
The article is written in the same
vein as a national tabloid whose
headlines and articles are an insult
to the average citizen.
I suggest that the author and
anyone else reading this article

attend next Sunday's celebration
and see for themselves.
Don Fred
San Diego

The Gospel According To Coni

I am writing in response to the
article concerning Leonardo
Radomick and Terry
Cole-Whittaker.
Although I have never met Mrs.
Cole-Whittaker, I have seen her on
TV and heard her speak. She is a
very intelligent person and a fine
speaker. She has some very good

Letters

things to say to encourage people,
to make people feel good about
themselves, and she wants people
to believe in God. She should be
commended for this. However,
even if she seems to me to be a
very nice person, she is not
teaching people the truth according
to the Bible, or living her life
according to the teachings in the
Bible. It seems a shame that she is
now four times divorced.

I suggest that the author and
anyone else reading this article

"For the married woman is bound
by law to her husband while he is
living, but if her husband dies, she
is released from the law
concerning the husband. So then
if, while her husband is living, she
is joined to another man, she shall
be called an adulteress, but if her
husband dies, she is free from the
law, so that she is not an
adulteress, though she is joined to
another man."

Matthew, chapter 5:32 says,
"But I say to you that everyone
who divorces his wife, except for
the cause of unchastity, makes her
commit adultery; and whoever
marries a divorced woman
commits adultery."

I am not condemning Mrs.
Cole-Whittaker or Mr. Radomick.
We are all human and make
mistakes, but they both are
teaching the word of God and
should abide by His rules if they
want to do His will. These people
are teaching us how to be saved
and I wonder if they are teaching in
error. I am trying to appeal to those
people who listen and follow the
teachings of Mrs. Cole-Whittaker
and Mr. Radomick to examine their
teachings, study God's word for
yourselves from the only authority
we have, the Bible, and make sure
you are hearing the correct Gospel,
and that you understand God's plan
for salvation.

Coni Weir
Linda Vira

Who Can See For Miles?

This is about "getting burned"
and a comment on your article
"War Between the Saints" in your
July 12 issue ("City Lights").

I have never personally met
Father Carroll, but because of his
appearance at our church to speak
and because of other
circumstances, I know of him. He
does not seem to be a saint. He is
the head of St. Vincent de Paul,
the organization sponsored by the
Catholic Church that temporarily
houses and feeds the homeless. It
is a nonprofit organization that
abides by the rules.

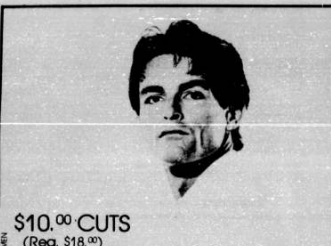
I have personally met and
worked with Warren Miles on a
volunteer basis. He was located on
Fourth and Market. A friend
and I helped him move to Upas
Street in a residential area.
Because of neighbors' protests, he
again moved to the Travelator on
Seventh and Ash. In addition to
this facility and because of the
generosity of a silent donor, he
was able to open another similar
facility in Oceanview. He was able
to operate these two facilities
because of donations from
individuals and organizations, but
the largest supporters were the
Catholic churches and the
Episcopal Church. He so stated
this in an article in the San Diego
Union.

Mr. Miles is no saint either. He
does deserve credit for what he
does for the homeless. Most of all
he deserves credit for having
aroused the community and made
them aware of the problem by
getting the media involved.
But he should give credit to
those who helped him. There were
many volunteers who helped and
offered help, only to be treated in a
less than Christian way. So why
does he keep on pointing fingers?
Why does he continue to attack his
benefactors of the past? (The
Catholic churches, the Catholic
Bishop, Fr. Carroll, St. Vincent de
Paul.)

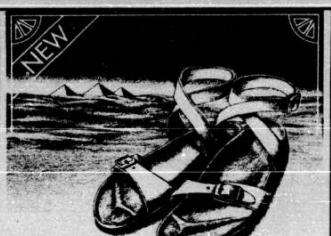
Getting burned by Mr. Miles is
not very Christian. Attacking those
who are doing beneficial work in
which they believe speaks for
itself. He is really interested in the
homeless and destitute or just in
beating his chest and telling the
community that he is "Mr. Warren
Miles."

Joseph Cervo
San Diego

(continued on page 34)



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Straight from the Hip

Matthew Alice

Dear Matthew Alice:
Why do I see people touch the tip of a pencil lead to their tongues before writing? I noticed Harvey Korman do it on the boob tube, and as I recall, many of the teachers and secretaries I've encountered have done likewise. I thought lead was supposed to be harmful if swallowed! Steve Button SDSU

All right, class, let's try an experiment. Everybody get out your pencils and draw a line across a sheet of paper. Now, moisten the tip of the pencil on your tongue and draw another line, using the same amount of pressure. What do we see? Uh, oh—I see two identical lines. What's going on here?

To fathom the seemingly useless behavior trait Steve writes about, I suspect we'll have to delve deeper into the human mind than do TV sitcoms. We may even find ourselves back in the time of Queen Elizabeth I, back when graphite mines were discovered in England. These mines were the source of the first pencil "leads" (a misnomer I'll address shortly), which were placed in elaborate holders and used as the first good writing alternative to the quill pen. The advantage of the pencil was that it was used dry and could be taken anywhere without the need for a messy, spillable ink pot. Perhaps the Elizabethans discovered that a little moisture helped, though, and that licking the tip of the pencil made their writing more legible. Could our mystery go back that far?

Maybe we only have to go back to the American Joseph Dixon, who invented the modern pencil in 1812 at the age of thirteen. Dixon concocted a mixture of graphite and clay, baked it in his mother's oven, and sandwiched the resultant "leads" between two pieces of cedar. Nineteenth-century users of the Dixon pencil may have discovered the beneficial

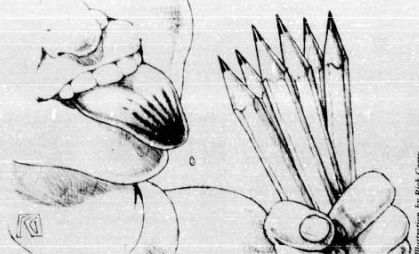


Illustration by Rick Carey

results of the application of tongue to pencil tip. They may have found that the small clumps of graphite in the coarse clay/graphite compound made blacker, more legible marks when moistened.

Regardless of the source of this arcane practice, it is really a moot point now. Technological advances of the last thirty years have refined the lead to the point where the "pores" between the two main ingredients (clay and graphite) are so small that the addition of moisture has no effect on the darkness or smoothness of the mark.

A more far-fetched explanation may be that children, as is their wont, put pencils in their mouths when first learning to write, and just continue the practice into adulthood. Which gets us back to the question of lead. The danger in chewing on a pencil came not from the "lead," but from the lacquer used to cover the paint on the

outside of the pencil and the paint itself—which at one time contained lead. Manufacturers stopped using these toxic ingredients some years ago, and now the only problem pencil lickers face is overconsumption of graphite. I haven't seen any scientific studies on this, but perhaps we'll find that this habit actually aids digestion, allowing food to slip on through the digestive tract.

Dear Matthew Alice:
Once you've lived in Hawaii, natives say, you'll come back, regardless of where you go in the interim. They claim this magical attraction is caused in part by the island's remoteness, being the farthest from land of any islands anywhere. I was telling a friend about this and he had the gall to contradict me. Hawaii is not the most isolated land on earth, he said (but he

couldn't remember what was). He's never been to Hawaii, so he's all wet, right? Sam Fisher Vista

Wrong. You're the one who's wet—as drenched as if you had swum all the way from the fiftieth state. The remotest point of land on earth is a twenty-two-square-mile island in the South Atlantic (54°26'S., 7°24'E.) known as Bouvet Island. The nearest land is 1050 miles away in Antarctica, which is quite a long haul in these tempestuous waters. Conditions are so difficult in this part of the world that it took explorers sixty-eight years to relocate the island after its discovery by Lozier Bouvet in 1739. Not that there's much reason to look for it: the island is uninhabited (except by penguins and seals), it's all but impossible to get ashore, and for much of the year heavy ice prevents any ships from approaching.

Feel like getting away from it all, but penguins don't strike you as the neighborhood type? Try Tristan da Cunha, also in the South Atlantic. Though you'll find dots of land closer to your island paradise than you would on Bouvet Island, the nearest inhabited land is some 1320 miles away. Personally, I'd rather live with the penguins: a volcanic eruption in 1961 forced the evacuation of all of Tristan's inhabitants, who were only able to return two years later.

Perhaps Hawaii is the best choice after all, if you can ignore the cultural destruction mainlanders have inflicted upon the island. According to several studies, Hawaii is the healthiest place to live in the United States. Pass me that coconut, Sam.

Get a question you need answered? Get it straight from the hip. Write to Matthew Alice, c/o the Reader, P.O. Box 90803, San Diego, California 92138.

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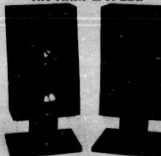
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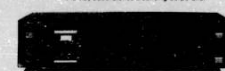
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No More Blacks

(continued from page 1)

"I've seen blacks dressed real nice, wearing those boxer-style tennis shoes," says this employee. "The doorman wouldn't let them in, but he'd let in whites wearing the same shoes." These Players employees, who were interviewed three to four weeks ago and who demanded anonymity for fear of losing their jobs, say they have at least five times overheard the club's doorman talking about "keeping down the number of blacks. If it looks like an easy effort to turn them away, they'll do it." Subsequent to their initial interviews, the employees say that blacks are no longer "haz-arded" at the door and are coming to the club in greater numbers than before.

Two weeks after Players opened for business, another new club began operating in Mission Valley. The club is called Confetti and is located on Mission Center Road, on the old site of Flanigan's nightclub. Like Players, the opening crowds at Confetti were overwhelming, with long lines and extended waits common on most evenings. Recently a couple waiting in line at Confetti watched as a black man at the entrance was asked for a "KGB card," a discount/promotion card issued by local radio station KGB and used for discounts and prize giveaways at selected clubs and restaurants. The black man didn't have the card and was turned away by Confetti's doorman.

But a white couple in line behind him was admitted to the club without having to produce the KGB card. The crowd inside Confetti was then and continues to be almost exclusively white.

Players and Confetti are new clubs whose continued success will depend in large part upon the reputations they develop in their first weeks of existence. However, a nightclub's successful longevity doesn't necessarily mean that such matters as dress codes become unimportant. For example, Crystal T's has survived its infancy in Mission Valley, adjacent to the Town and Country Hotel, but the club still maintains a restrictive dress code. A knowledgeable employee at the club explains why hats and sunglasses are posted as being prohibited at Crystal T's. White customers, he says, seldom wear either hats or sunglasses at night, but many blacks do. "Sometimes they [blacks] get angry when they read that dress code sign, and they turn away." But Crystal T's does not enforce its code uniformly. The employee says, "We'll tolerate a tourist in shorts [which are forbidden by the club's code], but a black guy has to look real good."

These are just three examples among many in San Diego, past and present, of nightclubs whose managers appear to make conscious efforts to control the racial mixture of their clientele. Those who candidly admit to the practice say that it stems not from outright racial prejudice but from economics: white crowds mean good money; black crowds supposedly scare away whites; and so it's important to monitor skin color to enhance profits. Those managers and owners who deny

that the practice exists at their own clubs far outnumber their more candid competitors.

At Players, assistant manager Mitch Mathes and his boss, co-owner Tim Herbst, both deny that the club's doorman have been told to exclude blacks by using the discretionary dress code or by questioning the validity of identification cards such as driver's licenses. They say that IDs are carefully scrutinized in order to prevent underage customers from entering the club. Mathes insists that dress-code judgments have been made entirely without regard to race. Herbst says, "There's a lot of white guys turned away with tennis shoes," adding that he watched earlier this month as one of his doormen refused entrance to three white customers for that very reason.

Confetti's manager, Mike Daly, was informed in an interview of the incident involving the KGB card and also of information from his employees that blacks often are required to produce four pieces of identification, this in an effort to develop "a more select clientele" and to "keep out minorities." Daly says, "I won't deny that has happened, but I will deny I've condoned it." The manager says he's received just one complaint from a black man who felt he was refused entrance because of his color. Daly says the man was turned away because he wore a sleeveless "muscle shirt," which is prohibited by the club's dress code. "When we first opened [in June], we turned away fifty or sixty people a night on dress code violations," says Daly, who gives his doorman great latitude in determining who should be allowed inside Confetti. "If a guy comes up with a scowl on his face and

our doorman smiles at him and asks, 'How ya doing tonight?' and he scowls back, he'd be asked to come back another time when he's in a better mood. We want happy people here."

According to Kirk LaRoue, manager of Crystal T's, his club's dress code is uniformly and strictly enforced, despite statements to the contrary made by an employee. Crystal T's caters to a large number of tourists due to its proximity to the Town and Country Hotel complex. "Unlike other Mission Valley clubs," LaRoue explains, "we have to maintain an atmosphere that's pleasant to tourists and local businessmen, as well as to our disco patrons."

Despite these denials of racial discrimination, many local club owners admit privately that they believe blacks and whites in San Diego simply do not want to mix socially, and they express fears that their clubs will develop a reputation as a "black club." Some of these owners contend that black men often make white women feel uncomfortable. One example they point to as evidence of this is that of a black man who won't immediately walk away from a white woman who has declined his invitation to dance. "Maybe only twenty percent of the blacks will 'harass' pretty white girls, but that ruins it for all blacks," says one San Diego nightclub owner who has witnessed such encounters. "That one white girl will cost you fifty to one hundred customers, because bad news spreads faster than good. She and her friends won't come back, and every club in this world revolves around women. If you don't have pretty white women, you don't have a club." Players manager Mitch Mathes says he

recalls one instance in which "two blacks made one of my [female] bartenders cry by demanding she dance with them." Mathes's boss, Tim Herbst, adds bluntly, "I know what blacks can do [to] a club. They do intimidate some people."

Another club owner, whose experience in San Diego spans a decade but who requested anonymity for fear of damaging his livelihood, admitted that "you can have five or ten percent blacks on your dance floor, but if it reaches twenty percent, you'll lose your white clientele. It doesn't mean you dislike or hate blacks, but word spreads through the grapevine [of white customers] and within a week to a month, the whites are gone." This general phenomenon is illustrated by an incident club owner Martin Montoya recalls that took place at his Great Escape nightclub on El Cajon Boulevard near Sixty-third Street. The Great Escape until this year was known as My Rich Uncle's and, with a musical format of rock and roll, had attracted a mostly white crowd drawn from San Diego State University. As the Great Escape, Montoya began featuring more funk and soul music on its two dance floors; the result was an increase in the number of black customers. Montoya says that one evening last January a group of about forty blacks had arranged to meet at the club for drinks and dancing. A number of whites were already at the club when the blacks arrived. "You could tell that all the whites noticed them [the blacks] come in," Montoya remembers. The blacks danced to a few songs on one of the club's dance floors, then filtered over to the other dance area. That floor had been filled with whites, but when



Great Escape

the blacks arrived, the whites — as if on cue — all moved over to the dance floor that moments before had been occupied by the blacks. "That shocked me," Montoya says. "I thought, 'This is 1984, isn't it?'" Montoya knew when he became the club's music manager from rock and roll to soul and funk that he was, in effect, inviting blacks from throughout the city to patronize the Great Escape. Music isn't the only reason blacks or whites choose to visit a particular nightclub, or choose to stay at the club once they are there. But the type of music a club provides for dancing is a powerful determinant of the crowd a club can expect to attract. In fact, next to "screening" at the door, music selection is the most potent tool a club owner can employ in his effort to control the racial mix of his customers. "Nothing works better," says local nightclub disc jockey Chuck Borra, who has

spun records at numerous San Diego discotheques. What Borra is referring to is something known in the nightclub business as "deterrent music," a practice in which a club's disc jockey will alter the music during the evening, either at the order of management or because the disc jockey himself recognizes a need to do so — the need arising from too many blacks in the nightclub or on the dance floor. "You could get on the microphone and say, 'We don't want blacks in the house. Leave!' You could use bug spray. That won't work as well," says Borra in reference to a change from the funk and soul music popular with blacks (as well as whites) to rock and roll or new wave or even country-western. "The blacks will stick around for a while, but it gets to the point where they're going to leave. And they never come back, never."

Other disc jockeys and club owners acknowledge the importance of music

selection in drawing profitable white audiences, but they also recognize the dilemma inherent in the fact that whites enjoy dancing to funk and soul as much as blacks do. So for those club owners who fear being overwhelmed by blacks, a musical mix of funk and soul with rock or some other type of music is a necessary part of every evening. In some cases, the music manipulation is a blatant effort to discourage the presence of blacks.

Disc jockey Jeff Marcone, who now works at the Great Escape, experienced this sort of manipulation in 1979 when his music selections kept blacks dancing — and arriving in ever larger numbers — at Raspun's nightclub on West Point Loma Boulevard. "The manager told me not to play soul music because he didn't want that type of clientele," Marcone says. (Today Raspun's management emphasizes funk and soul music and welcomes blacks.) Borra and fellow disc jockey Jim Allen, both of whom are white, had a similar experience when they worked at Crystal T's in 1977 and 1978. "The manager told me to dump the soul and rhythm and blues music because it was attracting a higher percentage of blacks than they wanted," Allen recalls. "I was reminded that the disco caters to tourists." Borra, who also worked at the Aspen Mine Company on El Cajon Boulevard in the late Seventies, says management there "would actually take a head count. The doorman would come up to the DJ's booth and tell us that there were twenty or thirty blacks in the house and that was too many. It was time to play some Rod Stewart, some rock and roll." (Owner-

(continued on page 10)

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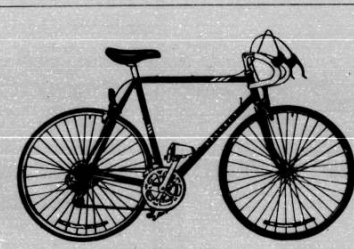
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Mike Davis at Confetti

No More Blacks

(continued from page 9)
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But deterrent music continues to be used as a racial control at San Diego nightclubs. The manager of a popular Mission Valley club, when promised anonymity, admitted that his disc jockeys currently manipulate music playlists in order to regulate the number of blacks at his club. While substituting country-western or rock and roll for funk and soul "won't get blacks out of my club, it does get them off the dance floor, and that's okay

with my boss," says this manager.
Two blacks with intimate knowledge of the local club scene say they frequently hear complaints from other blacks who believe that Crystal T's playlist is used to keep the disco from becoming too popular among blacks. "When there's not a lot of blacks there, it looks and sounds like a black club," says Monroe Greer, whose Solid Productions Record Pool provides current rhythm-and-blues hits to local clubs. "All of a sudden, if there's too many blacks, the music does a 180, it flips." The R&B and funk preferred by blacks is replaced with country-western or Top 40 tunes, which are much less popular with blacks. Greer continues, "You hear that mess for a few minutes and you're gone." Greer's observations are shared by Ken Hollis, who works as a disc jockey at Spanky's, the popular black nightclub at Midway and Rosecrans. Hollis says he often hears from blacks who visit his club after leaving Crystal T's. "They say it's still over there, that the music isn't good like it used to be," Hollis says.

Crystal T's manager Kirk LaKowe confirms that his club's disc jockeys aren't playing as much funk and soul as they did in the past but insists that the music "is not used as a deterrent to blacks or to control the [racial mix of the] crowd." As evidence of Crystal T's efforts to appeal to all musical tastes, LaKowe notes that weekend crowds at his club are jokingly referred to by employees as "United Nations West"—twenty percent black, twenty percent Hispanic, twenty percent Southeast Asian, and forty percent white.

Disc jockey Hollis has received equally unfavorable reports from blacks when they discuss the music at Players, which is located in the old Playboy building near the intersection of Interstate 8 and Highway 163. At Players, Hollis says, "the clientele was too stiff [when the club first opened]. They were kind of uptight. People don't get loose there." Players co-owner Tim Herbst says his disc jockeys mix current Top 40 hits in a way that's appealing to "the certain demographic I'm catering to—the twenty-five to forty-five-year-old." But others believe that Players' music mix is consciously intended to be unappealing to blacks. When a local fashion show promoter negotiated last month with Players management in hopes of staging a weekly fashion show at the club, one model brought along some funk and soul albums to serve as background music for the modeling. The music, which included Chaka Kahn, Jocelyn Brown, Germaine Jackson, and the "rappin' scratchin'" sound of the World Famous Supreme Team, was vetoed by a disc jockey who told the models that "my boss said [such music] attracts too many blacks" and that Players "isn't out to promote soul music."

Herbst, however, says the funk and soul music wasn't played because it's not what the club's patrons want to hear. "I don't want new-wave music either, and that's white music," he says.

Some other popular clubs, such as Confetti in Mission Valley and Bobby McGee's in La Mesa, train their disc jockeys or use those provided by their parent corporations. Typically, in such



Tim Herbst at Players



Martin Shusterman

corporate situations, the club will be provided with albums already selected by the headquarters office. If the individual club manager wants to purchase albums on his own, the headquarters will supply him with a list of recommendations. At Confetti, for example, the parent company, McFaddin Productions, supplies the local club with about 500 albums, plus the names of others approved for purchase. Customers at Confetti can make suggestions to the club's disc jockeys, but the disc jockey is not obligated to comply.
If many blacks believe that various forms of deterrent music limit the number of nightclubs at which they enjoy dancing, they complain just as much that they are limited in their choice of clubs designed primarily for socializing, with dancing a secondary consideration. Among these blacks are the educated, middle-class professionals who may go out to dance once in a

(continued on page 12)



Gil Brown

Photograph by Paul Stockdale



Ardy Shaw and Donell Smith



Mike Daly at Confetti

No More Blacks

(continued from page 9)

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Confetti

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Martin Montoya

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No More Blacks

(continued from page 11)
while but who also enjoy a comfortable lounge where they can gather with other educated blacks and feel welcome and at ease. The Black Frog restaurant and bar in Southeast San Diego used to be popular with such blacks, but the Black Frog closed in December of 1983 and since then there hasn't been another club or lounge specifically catering to middle-class blacks. Which is one reason Gil Brown began his "Private Affairs" gatherings last summer at the Cricket Lounge in the Mission Valley Holiday Inn. Brown is a thirty-eight-year-old di-

rector of the city's Regional Youth Employment Consortium who, with several of his friends, organized the Friday-evening happy-hour affair at the Cricket Lounge. Under the terms of an agreement Brown reached with hotel management, his group would be welcome at the lounge Fridays from 6:00 to 9:00 p.m. "Private Affairs" wasn't exactly a club with a closed membership, but it was directed specifically at black professionals. Word of the gathering spread last summer in the black professional community, and the politicians, lawyers, engineers, and many others grew from an initial fifteen to 175, all of them drawn to an attractive setting that Brown made more so by his addition of door prizes and impromptu comedy hours. In November, however, Holiday Inn management abruptly terminated its verbal agreement with Brown's group. Brown says many "Private Af-

airs" regulars later told him that it appeared obvious the hotel was concerned that its mostly white tourist clientele was reluctant to gather and drink in a lounge catering to so many blacks. A black woman who regularly attended the Friday-evening gathering says a comment she heard muttered by a hotel employee convinced her that the "Private Affairs" parties wouldn't last long. "There was a group of us sitting at the bar," this woman says, "and we heard one bartender say to another, 'I'll be glad when these niggers get out of here.'" But hotel manager Felipe Castro denies that his decision to terminate the "Private Affairs" agreement had anything to do with color. Castro says that promoter Brown's policy of having his guests pay a two-dollar cover charge at the door was a violation of hotel rules. "The lounge, like the lobby and restaurant, are public rooms, and no

charge can be made to use them," Castro says. Brown's agreement with the Cricket Lounge was negotiated by a subordinate of Castro's, and Castro says he was unaware of the cover charge until several months after the "Private Affairs" had been running. When he found out, he says, he allowed Brown to continue his gathering for several more months, as a favor to Brown. Castro also offered to let the group relocate to the hotel's banquet room. In that, Brown faced a dilemma. "After being up front in the lounge, I was concerned our clientele would find it insulting to go to the back [banquet room]. If we had started out [in the banquet room], it'd be okay, but we worried that they would put it in the category of being taken from here and moved over to there. It was too risky." Rather than take the chance that his friends would be offended, Brown re-

fused Castro's offer. "We lost our business but saved our name," he says.

Brown estimates that seventy-five percent of the "Private Affairs" guests "believe in their hearts that the happy hours were killed because they were black." He now says that he believes that Castro was in fact telling the truth about the cover charge violation but wonders whether "maybe our color was an incentive for [Castro] to rethink the situation. . . . It's hard to know that had it been a white group, would [the hotel management] have cared? Unfortunately, you're never quite sure why. And that's what's hard to deal with — not knowing why."

Two years before the Cricket Lounge incident, blacks lost another popular gathering spot. Since 1977 blacks and interracial couples had danced and socialized nightly in the small discotheque of the

Smuggler's Inn and Restaurant in Fashion Valley. "It was hot, really hot; just the place to go," recalls Ardy Shaw, a forty-three-year-old native San Diegoan who works as an assistant to a newspaper editor and hosts a weekly talk show on radio station KSDO. "Interracial couples were accepted, then black guys came to meet white women, and black women came to meet the black guys," says Shaw, who is black and who first visited the Smuggler's disco as the guest of a white man. Twenty regular customers, more than half of them black, joined Shaw at the club three or four nights a week. Another regular recalls that the crowd often numbered one hundred or more. "There were waiting lines to get in," says this man.

Then in the summer of 1981, Shaw says the disco's music changed abruptly. No more Arthur Prysock or Lionel Richie. "They actually put on a

Gene Autry record," she remembers. "We looked at the disc jockey like it was a joke, but he told me he was given that music to play and that he had to do it." Shaw says she and several friends "stayed around for a half-hour because we just didn't believe it. But then the light dawned, and we knew what was going on. We got up and left." Another black who frequented the disco says he and some of his friends refused to leave at the sound of country-western music. "We just sat out the music," he recalls. Several weeks later, the music stopped altogether. "We were going to picket, but decided to hell with it, it would just give them free publicity," says this customer. He recalls that several people wrote letters of protest to the restaurant's management in Los Angeles and that one letter writer received a response. "It was just a run-around," he says.

Smuggler's general manager. Al Mojtabed, says the closing of the disco "had nothing at all to do with color. We just wanted to bring in more business. . . . The disco fad was over so we switched to live music. It was a loss of business or bar receipts while catering to Shaw and her black friends. Mojtabed later amended his answer to say that in addition to the necessary switch to live music, the disco had been hurting business in the Smuggler's adjoining dining room. "There was no soundproof wall and the diners were disturbed," he added. Controversy over the closing of Smuggler's as a gathering place for

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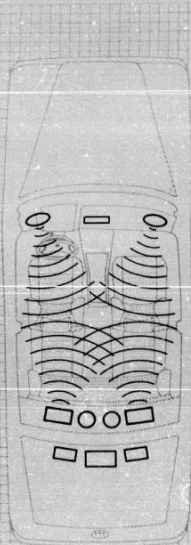
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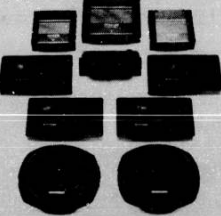


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No More Blacks

(continued from page 13)

blacks raises an issue that further complicates the perception among San Diego blacks that they simply are not wanted anywhere in large numbers. Several club owners and nightclub disc jockeys believe that blacks may have on occasion mistaken as prejudice decisions that were actually based on economics, especially with regard to the change in music formats several years ago to replace disco. "The switch in music at that time wasn't prejudice," says Great Escape owner Martin Montoya. "Disco — with its flashiness, three-piece suits, and fake gold chains — was fading. . . . Nightclubs are a fickle business where everything goes in circles," says Montoya. "If new wave dies, you switch to rock and roll. If rock and roll dies, you switch to funk and soul. If funk and soul dies, you switch back to Top 40. You do whatever it takes to bring people and their cash through the door."

Bernard Lipin says that's exactly

why he closed his Voyager disco on Shelter Island in 1980. Blacks active on the local nightclub circuit still believe that Lipin bowed to pressure from the San Diego Unified Port District (landlord of Shelter Island properties) and neighboring businessmen who allegedly complained about blacks loitering in the parking lots and breaking in to nearby hotel rooms while visiting the Voyager. But Lipin says he pulled the plug on the Voyager's popular disco only because "business was falling down by the point we were making no money. There was no violence, no break-ins, no problems." In an attempt to keep the disco open, Lipin says he gathered together ten of his regular customers and searched for an explanation as to why business, especially at the bar, had fallen off so badly. "We knew by researching the L.A. market that we'd get the black crowds when we opened that disco in 1977," Lipin recalls. "We didn't object to that." Blacks drove to Shelter Island from throughout the county to dance at the Voyager and listen to the music of K.C. and the Sunshine Band, the Spinners, and the Brothers Johnson. "It went over like a house on fire," Lipin says.

By late 1979, however, the crowds began to decline and revenue was fall-

ing, so Lipin asked the group of regulars gathered in his office to explain why business was sliding. "I told them, 'Here we have a place where you can come and congregate. Can't we get the word out in Logan Heights, in Southeast San Diego?'" Lipin says he would have liked to rejuvenate his disco, but nothing developed from his meeting and the club closed. After several failed attempts at different music formats, Lipin finally gave up and converted the club to a banquet room. This last July 3 he brought in a black promoter for a one-night disco event. The evening was advertised on XHRM-FM (92.5) and attracted a mostly black crowd of nearly 400, many of whom turned out because they remembered the Voyager disco. The promotion made money for both Lipin and the promoter, and Lipin says he'll probably repeat that experiment. Which is proof, he says, that he didn't close the Voyager disco because he felt blacks were giving him a bad name or hurting business at the adjoining Kona Inn motel and restaurant, which he also manages. "Being a religious minority myself [Jewish], I do not allow discrimination."

Lipin's experience with the Voyager's mostly black crowd did teach him that blacks are not necessarily

loyal to one place. Toward the end, he also had a problem with guests who would bring their own liquor and step outside to drink in their cars instead of at the Voyager's bar. This last matter — blacks not drinking as much as whites — is confirmed by other club owners and by black observers of the local social scene. "Unlike some whites, blacks don't tend to go to bars or clubs in groups, so they don't buy lots of rounds," says Donnell Smith, a local black fashion model who this year promoted the well-attended Friday-night functions at the now-defunct Oz nightclub in Mission Valley. "And rather than stay in one club and get shitfaced, we'll move around and check out a few places." Great Escape owner Martin Montoya says that while blacks tend to order more expensive, name-brand liquor when they do drink, they drink fewer hours per night. "Blacks come out later," says Montoya, "usually 11:00 p.m. instead of 8:30, and they'll stay maybe two hours instead of four." Bar owners often make up for this by asking steep cover charges at the door, three or four dollars a head at clubs catering to blacks instead of the one or two dollars levied by clubs that attract mostly white audiences.

Some blacks are at once mystified

and resentful of the fact that more club owners don't seek out their business. They note several examples of club owners who have promoted special funk and soul nights only when the club in question was on the verge of closing down. "It's always the last resort," says Darryl Yarbrough, a local black promoter who last year persuaded the management of the old Flanagan's in Mission Valley to allow him to sponsor Sunday nights there. "Sundays were just dead there," recalls Yarbrough. "In a matter of weeks, I took it from zero to 300 people." When the manager saw Yarbrough's success, he tried to promote the Sunday nights by himself and, according to Yarbrough, failed. Several weeks later the club closed down and was sold to new owners, who reopened last month as Conté.

Donnell Smith, the fashion model, had a similar experience with Oz, Mission Valley's former private club. Smith started promoting a Friday funk and soul night at the club this past January, and like Yarbrough, he enjoyed almost instant success, filling the club to its capacity and selling up to \$3000 each night in liquor. In May, however, the club was purchased by National University, which will transform it into a university library.

Aside from Montoya's Great Escape, the only other discotheque intentionally aimed at blacks is Spanky's, the popular Midway Drive nightclub that has been attracting blacks since 1979, when owner Yale Kahn began promoting Thursday rhythm-and-blues and soul nights. Kahn realized that the closing of the Voyager meant more business for Spanky's, so he and disc jockey Ken Hollis began promoting other special nights, first on Thursdays and Mondays, then adding other nights over the years, until now the club plays black-oriented music seven nights per week. Kahn and Hollis agree that Spanky's success is due in part to location — a good number of the club's 200 to 300 nightly patrons are young blacks stationed at the nearby Navy and Marine training centers.

Kahn's club, like Montoya's, appeals to a certain segment of the black population — those who like to dance to loud music. This, however, still leaves a large number of blacks without a nightclub similar to the old Smuggler's or the Cricket Lounge or the Black Frog. Some black professionals frequent Cynd's on Fifty-fourth Street or the T&T Lounge on

Sixty-third, both in Southeast San Diego. Others travel to Cid's, a neighborhood bar in Tiersanta owned by former San Diego Charger Cid Edwards. But Gil Brown, who organized the "Private Affairs" gatherings at the Cricket Lounge, says, "There's nowhere we're going now. It's terrible. There's a whole bunch of us out here. We're not elite, just professional. Spanky's is too young a crowd, and it's always dance, dance, dance. I like to dance maybe every two months, but now there's no club where you can talk and socialize. So we're not going anywhere."

Donnell Smith, the former Oz promoter, says flatly, "There's no place in town for sophisticated blacks. If we want to go to a nightclub, we go to Los Angeles."

If the black social scene in San Diego is as limited and frustrating as many blacks suggest, why are there no complaints, no serious protests of any sort that people are being ignored, or worse, discriminated against? Those black lawyers, civil servants, teachers, and other professionals who say they have experienced discrimination at the front doors and on the dance floors of local clubs seem to agree that protesting to the clubs or to government agencies such as the Alcoholic Beverage Control or the Equal Opportunity Commission is generally a waste of time. "First, you can't prove anything," says Andy Shaw, the black woman who was fond of Smuggler's Inn. "It's just your word against someone else's. So you may complain, but nothing ever happens." Gil Brown agrees with Shaw that repeated incidents of discrimination — or the appearance of discrimination — have led to apathy among many blacks. "Being turned away from a club is kind of commonplace in San Diego," Brown says. "Once it's par for the course, it doesn't shock you as much, and you'll just let it happen." Brown also says that club owners today are more discreet in their efforts to deter blacks than they were in the mid-1970s, when blacks who lived in Southeast San Diego first began venturing out to Mission Valley and Harbor Island and Shelter Island. "I've been to clubs six or seven years ago where I was asked for a cover charge and whites weren't," Brown recalls. "When you've gone from that to something subtle like dress codes and ID checks, you just tell yourself, 'I know that's been going on for a long time.'"

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"Don't worry, you got plenty of time before you have to get out," Richie Lockwood boomed cheerfully, sledgehammer in hand. I started worrying: the minute the gentle giant in surfer shorts and OB T-shirt swung the hammer against the succo walls of my house.

The sky's falling in, the sky's falling in," my daughter squealed as the ceiling cracked. I gave her a box of crayons and told her this was her only chance in life to draw on the walls. She looked at me as though I were crazy.

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to us, our job appealed to him — not less because he lives only two blocks away and therefore could grab an extra hour in the sack. He's the kind of man who can use all the sleep he can get. When he works, he concentrates, country music from his beat-up radio filling the silences between hammer and buzz saw. After work, several nights a week, he goes to the Elks Lodge or attends meetings for the Peninsula Bobby Sox league. The bumper sticker on his three-quarter-ton pickup reads

He's kind to animals. Kiss a cat, and he'll smile. He's the last to leave a party, sometimes staying till dawn, always ready to offer another cigarette, or to be accompanied by one of his own cigarette and beer. Only an EGK meeting or the fast of the beer will stem his end of the work-day discourses on many of the subjects that are the focus of the program to which his latest court case stands. Contractors are supposed to wait three days — not three weeks — before they sue. But the contract to start work. But Thierdes doesn't care. He calls himself a sidewalk lawyer and makes an occasional law-faking visit to court. Currently he is suing a construction company that wants late payments on a vehicle he considers faulty, he's seeking a woman's compensation for a lost child, and he's suing another, and he's trying to force one on a partner's apartment project that has fallen behind construction schedule. He'll wait a day and then he could sue as many calls from the street as from building suppliers.

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Richie Lockwood, age 37, is a carpenter and former high school baseballer. He plans to retire before he's forty and devote all his time to camping, fishing, hunting, and surfing. As it is, he heads down to Baja at every opportunity, sometimes with his two teenage sons in tow, and a hefty supply of Budweiser and rum and Coke to get him through four or five days of outdoor living. He's a walking billboard for Bud, and will often down a half-gallon Thermos of the brew on hot mornings, have a few more for lunch, and a six-pack right after work, before moving on to rum and Coke. He won't deny to drink any other beer and can easily distinguish bottled from canned. He prefers canned.

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I saw only his gentle side in the three months he worked on our house. He seemed one of those for whom life is a blessing, and who retain the wonderment of childhood all their years. "How about that sunset," he said while packing up his tools one September evening. "Boy, I've seen some sunsets. . . means you must have done something right that day and God's giving it to you as a gift. Yes, a freebie from God. Rainbows too, same thing."

Nevertheless, legends of Richie the roughneck are legion among his friends: his bar fights, his misadventures in Mexico, numerous injections of penicillin, and his scrapes with the law, like storming union headquarters to smash it up after union officials made off with members' pension funds. "That's a colorful law," Ted Thibault told the incident, and described how he, since took a tenor's stories home with him. The legend is useful to pass on to your wife. Penicillin is not.

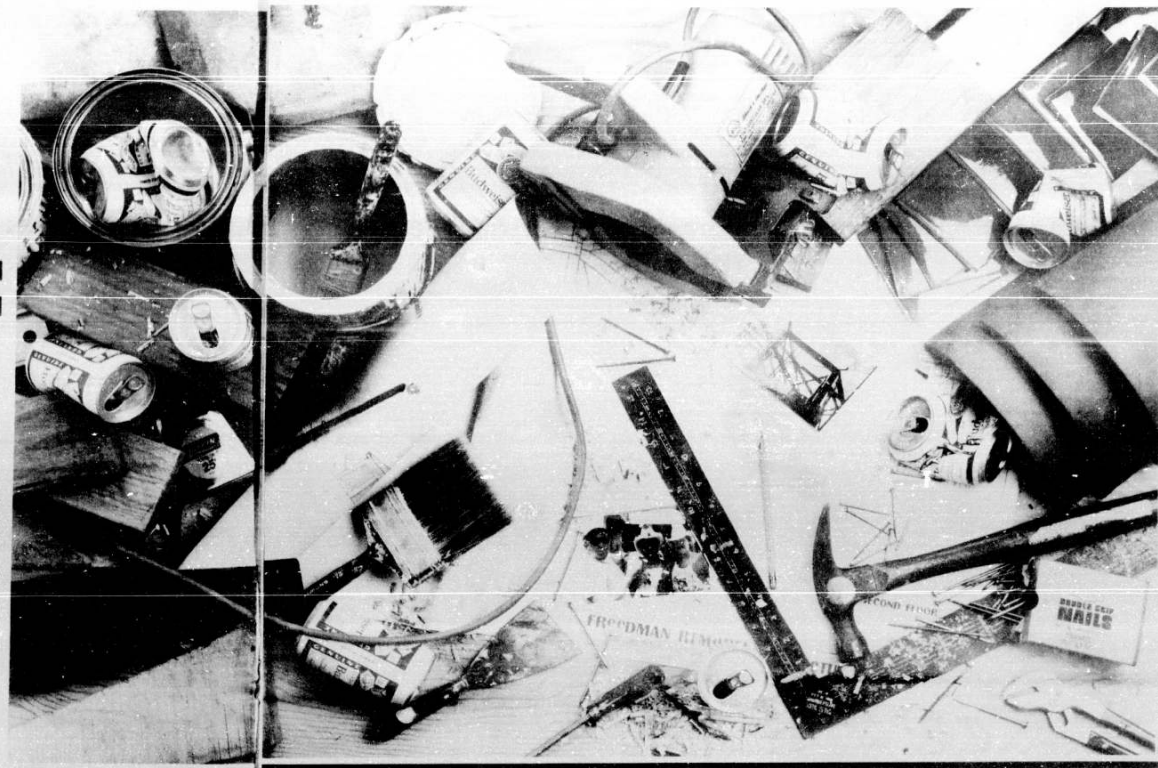
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"But Linda," Ted reminds Richie, "I know after fifteen years of marriage I *must* own more than this."

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Ted's line was, "You'll be in by Thanksgiving." Then we reached November 24, and it changed to, "You'll be in by Christmas." Then Christmas Day. We stopped asking when it would be finished. "It ain't my business," Ted would chide to when we were stumped. "This job won't



THE DAY THE ROOF WENT ON

It took beer, wood, nails
...and some more beer

"Don't worry, you got plenty time before you have to get out," Richie Lockwood boomed cheerfully, sledgehammer in hand. I started worrying the minute the gentle giant in surf shorts and OB T-shirt swung the hammer against the stucco walls of my house.

The sky's falling in, the sky's falling in," my daughter squealed as the ceiling cracked. I gave her a box of crayons and told her this was her only chance in life to draw on the walls. She looked at me as though I were crazy.

I was crazy, crazy with elation. For eight months my hopes of turning our shabby, postwar tract house into a dream home overlooking the Pacific had been no more than blueprints, budgets, and petitions for the building permit. Only two weeks ago it had looked as if the dream and the blueprints would be shelved indefinitely; our contractor had abruptly raised his price by \$14,000. But we found a new contractor, one who exuded a surplus of confidence that bordered on cockiness. We had signed the contract with Ted Thurber only three hours before. Now his Ocean Beach crew of would-be cowboys and aging surfers, led by Richie Lockwood, was raising a racket that demolished the tension of the wait along with the walls of our aging house in Sunset Cliffs.

Ted Thurber, a distant cousin of the late humorist James Thurber, is a thirty-eight-year-old good old boy whose graying beard and creased face tell of the years he has spent juggling jobs, family, get-rich-quick schemes, and lodge commitments. He considers the Point Loma peninsula the hub of the universe. For the last ten years he has built and reinforced homes for the Portuguese families of San Diego's fishing industry. When the bottom fell out of the tuna-fishing industry last year, the bottom fell out of Ted's tool box as well. His last five months had

been lean, so as much as he appealed to us, our job appealed to him—not least because he lives only two blocks away and therefore could grab an extra hour in the sack. He's the kind of man who can use all the sleep he can get. When he works, he concentrates, country music from his beat-up radio filling the silences between hammer and buzz saw. After work, several nights a week, he goes to the Elks Lodge or attends meetings for the Peninsula Bobby Sox league. The bumper sticker on his three-quarter-ton pickup reads

"Be Kind to Animals, Kiss an Elk." He's the last to leave a party, sometimes staying till dawn, always ready with another story or joke, accompanied by one more cigarette and beer. Only an Elks meeting or the last of the beer will stem his end-of-the-workday discourses on any number of subjects from the space program to where his latest court case stands. Contractors are supposed to wait three days—not three hours—after signing a contract to start work. But Thurber doesn't care. He calls himself a sidewalk lawyer and makes an avocation of taking issues to court. Currently he is suing a car dealership that wants lease payments on a vehicle he considers faulty, he's seeking workman's compensation for his widowed disabled mother, and he's trying to foreclose on a partner's apartment project that has fallen behind construction schedule. On any given day at work he could get as many calls from lawyers as from building suppliers.

Feisty as he is, his life is settled now compared to his younger days. His father, the late Harold DeLamere Thurber, was a lawyer and an early Point Loma contractor who in the Forties also owned the concessions for the rides at Belmont Park. His family split up when Ted was ten, and he began bouncing back and forth between his parents' new households until his arguments with

his father's second wife drove him from their house. He took to living on his own, making a decent living as a box boy at a Portuguese market while attending Point Loma High School. Ted took his first construction job three months after graduating from high school in 1963, married, and spent the next several years "working the trade." Then he became enamored of drag racing. He raced eight years on the national circuit, the last three professionally, until he had to choose between racing or job and family. His wife was tired of raising their daughters on the drag strip. Of his second daughter, Ted brags, "She was born with grease on her forehead."

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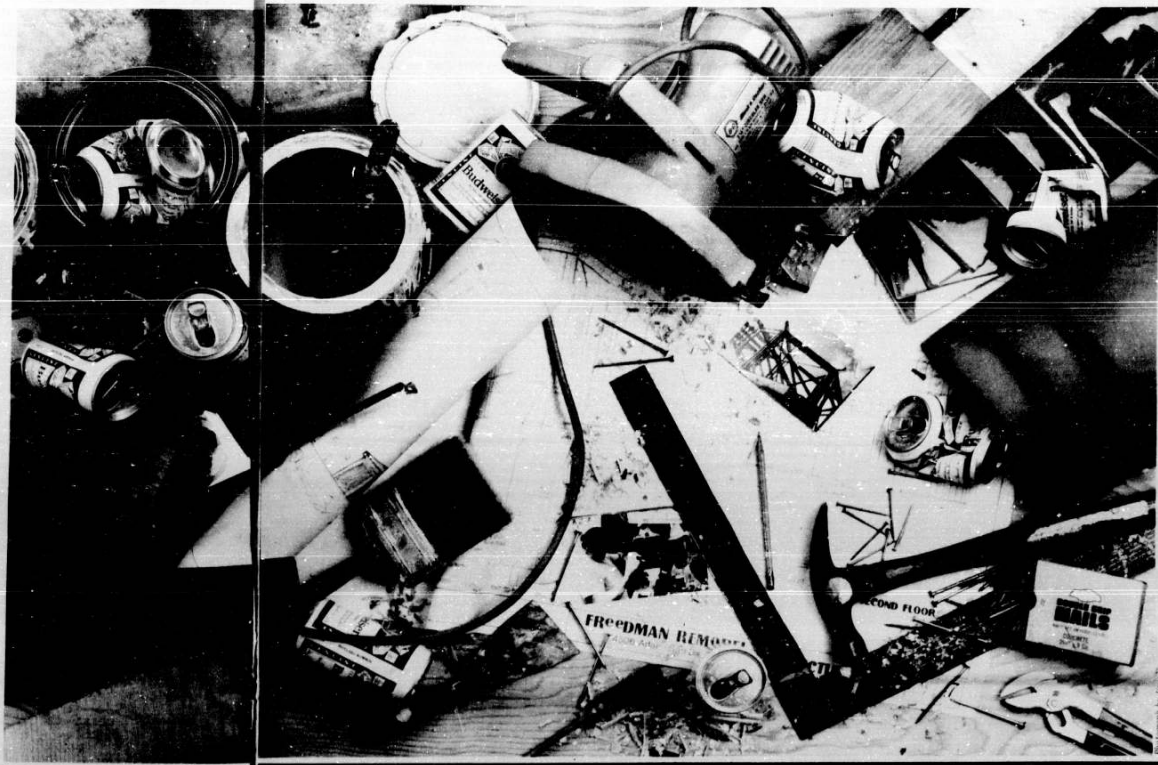
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By Maggie Locke

Notes from the Mound



Eric Show

JOHN D'AGOSTINO

It was nearly 2:00 a.m., Houston time, when the phone rang in guitarist Peter Sprague's Del Mar home.

"Hello."
"Peter? This is Eric. I hope I didn't wake you."

"Hey, man, how are you? I was just about to go to bed. Where are you calling from?"

"I'm in Texas. Listen, I have a few questions about these chords."

It's not at all unusual for someone taking private music lessons to contact his or her instructor with specific questions about their instrument. Sprague obligingly fields such random queries from his handful of guitar students, although they generally do not call in the early hours of the morning from halfway across the country. But then, only one of Sprague's students is paid hundreds of thousands of dollars to throw a baseball for a pennant-contending major-league team that spends roughly three months out of the year on the road. Conversely, few professional athletes are as passionate about an avocation as the San Diego Padres' Eric Show is about music.

At least, not to the extent that they would stay up half the night in a hotel room in muggy Houston to practice guitar chords. "I was restless that night," Show would later explain. "Most of the other guys [on the Padres] were asleep and I was going

through a series of chords that Peter had shown me. There are low-density and high-density series, and I had learned, for example, that you can construct twelve different guitar chords from a major seventh. Well, I was having trouble fingering some of those chords and was wondering if any of them had open strings, and I didn't want to go to sleep without getting them straight. So I called Peter."

Show's determined pursuit of such seeming minutiae will come as no surprise to those who have closely followed the twenty-eight-year-old pitcher's career. For just as Show's livelihood makes him an anomaly among dedicated musicians, so too is he in many ways an atypical athlete.

When the Padres selected Show in the eighteenth round of the free agent draft in June of 1978, they figured they'd obtained a pitcher with a promising future. Show subsequently rewarded management's confidence in him by posting thirty-seven wins against twenty losses in four seasons of minor-league service. But what the Padres hadn't realized was that they'd acquired not merely a pitcher but also a philosopher, scientist, political activist, and talented musician—in short, an intellectual with an insatiable appetite for knowledge that would elicit as much comment as his fastball or slider. As long as he toiled in such off-the-beaten-path, minor-league locales as Walla Walla, Reno, and Amarillo, Show's scholarly pursuits were not subject to scrutiny by the

media. But not long after he ascended to the major-league ranks in 1981, Show found himself under the magnifying glasses that many sports reporters wield in their attempts to sniff out eccentricities in pro athletes.

Soon there circulated stories about Show the Thinker, who would take along a suitcase full of books on philosophy, psychology, and science when the Padres were on the road. Show would readily offer discursive opinions on a wide variety of topics—opinions based on extensive reading and analysis—and in his spare time he was more likely to curl up with texts by Ayn Rand, Schopenhauer, Aristotle, or Nietzsche than with such baseball tomes as *Ball Four* or *The Umpire Strikes Back*, or the detective and mystery novels favored by a number of traveling ballplayers. He had little time for baseball when out of uniform.

Eventually, Show's reputation as a member of the literati and an outspoken theorist would set the stage for both minor and major controversies. As to the former, several people, including Padres manager Dick Williams, have suggested that when Show has problems on the mound it is because he "thinks too much," a notion that Show has rejected often and un-categorically. A more recent, major controversy continues to swirl around Show's political beliefs and affiliations. The brouhaha began innocently enough with a brief paragraph in Tom Blair's *San Diego*

Union column dated June 15 of this year, in which it was mentioned that Show and fellow Padres Dave Dravecky and Mark Thurmond would be autographing baseballs at the John Birch Society booth at the Del Mar Fair. By the time I met with Show on the morning of the Padres' final game before the All-Star break, that gossip spark had been fanned by the *Los Angeles Times* into a raging conflagration. Show greeted me in the humid Padres locker room that Sunday morning wearing nothing but a pair of gray gym shorts and a beleaguered expression. Like most of his teammates, Show appeared to be waiting until the last possible minute to don the double-knit Padres uniform and traipse out into the sweltering July heat.

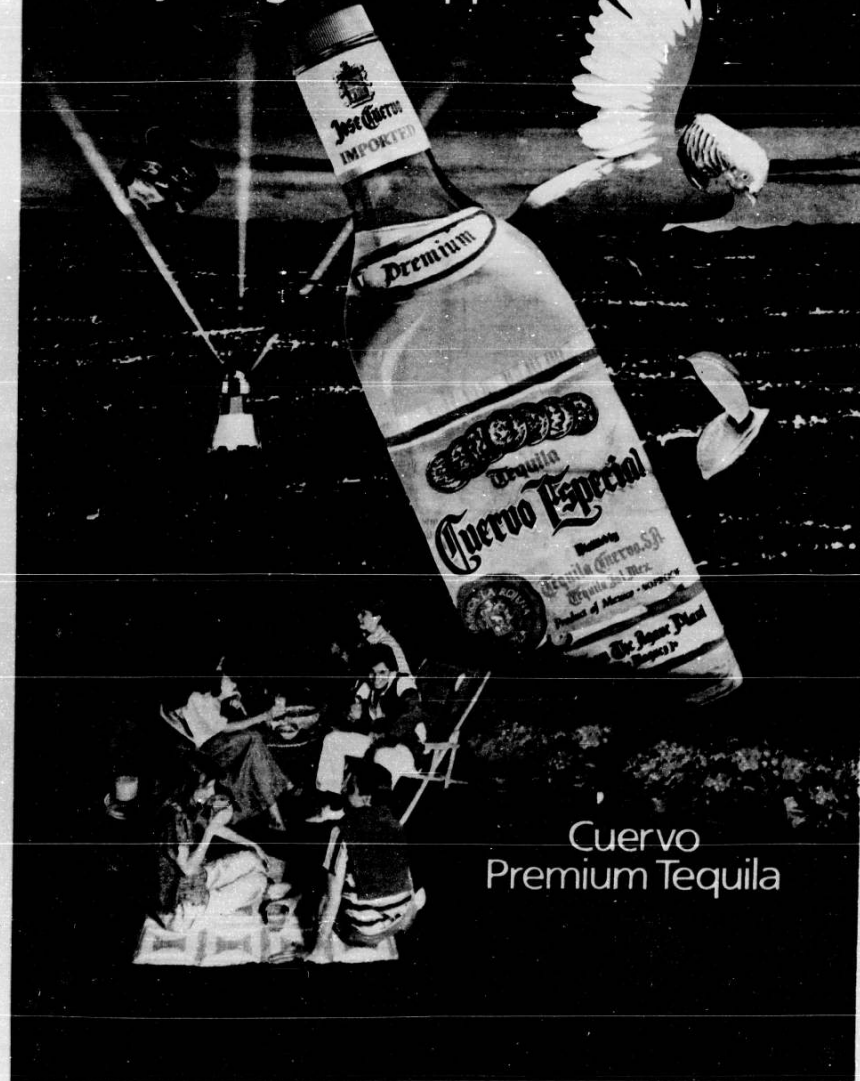
"Have you seen the morning paper?" asked Show. "I hadn't. 'Wait'll you see it,'" he said, shaking his head and rolling his eyes. "Front page of the *Times* sports section, all about Dave, Mark, and me, and our membership in the Birchers." He seemed eager to set aside the subject, and dismissed the article's most sensational aspect—mention of the Birch Society's alleged racist policies—by way of synopsis. "The allegations of racism are totally off the mark. All we [in the society] are saying is that there is a conspiracy in this country to undermine traditional American beliefs and values. And it isn't the type of conspiracy that features little Commies skulking and hiding behind rocks. It's much more insidious." The former physics student explained, "If you know anything about science, you know that nothing happens by accident. There is a design and a reason for everything."

"Now," he said, settling into a folding chair and leaning back against a wall, "let's talk music." Show held in his hand a small paper cup, into which at regular intervals throughout the conversation he would bend over to discharge a wad of brown, viscous spitte originating in a cheekful of chewing tobacco. I asked him if, given his twenty-year obsession with the guitar, he had at some point found it necessary to make a career choice between baseball and music, and, if so, why the former had won out. The response was pure Show.

"Well, the answer to that question actually has three parts. The first two parts are pragmatic, and the third is more philosophical. One, I chose to go into baseball [instead of music] because I was good at it, because it provided me with a viable chance to do well and make a lot of money. Incidentally, it has allowed me a great amount of free time to devote to practicing music. Two, baseball is a young man's game. You can do music when you're a little older, but you only have a certain number of years in which you can realistically play baseball. Three, the more serious you are about music the more deeply you want to get into it, the more you care about being true to it and not making a joke out of it. Right now I don't feel that I have as much to offer the world of music as I do the world of baseball. The Oscar Petersons, Charlie Parkers, John Coltranes, Art Tatum, Peter Spragues—they've already nailed [music] down. There's nothing that I could play on the

(continued on page 22)

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DOORSTEP DIETS

(continued from page 20)
guitar right now that's really new. So I can't — and shouldn't — compete in that market. But I can compete in baseball."

Like most professional athletes, Show relishes competition, but only if he feels that he has a reasonable chance to succeed, to be a controlling factor in the outcome of a particular endeavor. It is one reason why his decision first to pursue a career in baseball was inevitable. "Baseball is just as competitive as music, but there's an important difference between the two. In baseball, if you're skilled and persevering and manage to avoid serious injury, you will do well. If you hit .300 or as a pitcher win twenty games, no one can argue with those stats or take them away from you. But in music you can be great like Peter [Sprague] or Joe Pass and never make the money that musicians who have no business picking up a guitar are making. So there's more frustration and injustice and heartache and depression associated with music and those who want to be true musicians than there is with baseball."

Despite their obvious differences, Show finds sports and music very complementary disciplines, and allows that a balance between the two is necessary in his life. But he admitted that a few years ago sports and music seemed philosophically incompatible. In the Sixties and early Seventies, many young musicians considered sports too "straight," too representative of traditional. "Establishment" pastimes, Show agreed that there seems to have been a change of attitude among his contemporaries. "I think we all grew up," he

said. "When we went through that period years ago when we were all wearing long hair and everything, we were really making an anti-establishment statement. Some of that statement was good, but in retrospect most of it was negative. We fell into the trap of a lot of left-wing ideologies, many of which were well-intended in the beginning but then got subverted and exploited by different groups. I think that as our generation matured, we came to realize that life is a lot of things. There's a way that universe out there and music is a part of it and sports is a part of it and politics is a part of it, and they aren't exclusive of each other."

A case in point is Show's current political persuasion. "There's no reason why you can't be a jazz musician and also a baseball player or a John Birch or, for that matter, a member of the Black Panthers," he said, emphatically. "A lot of things out there may seem separate but really aren't. For example, a lot of the principles that apply to music also apply to sports, and to other things, as well. These things, it's possible to show interest in a number of seemingly disparate fields and schools of thought."

"It's funny," Show continued, grinning. "But whenever I see [renowned local bassist] Bob Magnusen, I want to talk about what he was thinking when he played a certain progression of notes, and he wants to talk about what I was thinking the night before when I struck out [the Montreal Expos'] Andre Dawson. Everybody wants to know what it's like on the other side."

The "side" that consumes most of Show's energies these days is, of course, framed by foul lines and outfield fences. But it wasn't always so. The pitcher's earliest compulsive preoccupation was not with the sound made when a white, horsehide-covered sphere travels ninety miles per hour to strike a catcher's mitt (or a bat), but with the sound of an electric guitar. Show may have been drawn to that sound earlier in life than some musicians, but it made its first impression on him in a way that is familiar to many.

"It was the Beatles — Ed Sullivan [showing] appearance in 1964," he laughs, recalling one of the great moments in popular music history. "I was never the same after that. I was only eight or nine, but I felt in love with that sound. I had to have a guitar. The day after that show, everybody at school was talking about it, and I met another guy who was just as insane about [the Beatles] as I was. We formed our first band when I was in the fifth grade, and it was just Beatles, Beatles — then the Animals and a few other groups. By the seventh or eighth grade I was memorizing Jimmy Page and Jimi Hendrix licks. I was totally self-taught up to that time. For a while I was into the hard-core metal stuff. Deep Purple, Black Sabbath."

Show emits an embarrassed chuckle at the mention of the group whose grooves, mock-occult image is hardly in keeping with his Christian faith. "Then I heard the more progressive groups. John McLaughlin's Mahavishnu Orchestra. Chick Corea. Yes, I was amazed by that kind of playing, and I wore out all my

records trying to get those licks down. As my tastes became more sophisticated, I found myself drifting away from the rest of the band."

A pivotal point in Show's development as a guitarist came a few years later. "In the early Seventies I could do most of [Deep Purple and Rainbow guitarist] Ritchie Blackmore's leads, and I'd memorized just about all of [the Mahavishnu Orchestra's] Inner Mounting Flame. Now at that time I thought I was pretty good. But I was really sort of feeling my way along blindly, memorizing things here and there and relating them to different parts of the guitar. And then at a party one night in 1975 a friend played an album by [jazz guitarist] Tal Farlow. I heard Farlow doing 'Stella by Starlight' and I realized I didn't know anything and that I'd have to get back to the drawing board and really learn guitar. So I... cut my hair." Show laughs again, "and practically gave away my '59 Strat [a 1959 Fender Stratocaster, a vintage, much-sought-after instrument] for a Gibson 355, which was a compromise axe on which I could play either rock or jazz."

"But probably the greatest impact on my development came when I first heard a recording [of legendary gypsy jazz guitarist] Django Reinhardt. I was totally blown away, and I started to play acoustic guitar, trying to play like Django — which is just listening to Django was a turning point for me, like when I was a kid and first heard an augmented chord against a minor seventh — a beautiful sound that evoked certain emotions in me and made me think

about life and my attitudes, and simultaneously gave me pleasure and a feeling of anxiety about the future. After [hearing Reinhardt] I bought only jazz albums. I have more than a thousand albums and probably 600 of them are jazz and probably 400 of those are by guitar players. So I've heard just about every jazz guitarist I can think of, and I have albums by just about everyone I've seen, playing in every conceivable style. I'd listen and listen and listen and try to memorize and at the same time I taught myself to read and write music, and to transcribe. I just tried to learn as much about the technical side of music as I could."

Show's suddenly accelerating musical growth coincided with his maturation on the pitcher's mound, and by 1981 he had graduated from the backwater towns of single-A and double-A ball to the Padres' triple-A affiliate in Hawaii, from which the next promotion would bring him to the parent club. One day on the islands Show picked up a magazine that featured an article about San Diego's Sprague. "Here was this guitarist talking about horn players — relating his guitar playing to that of the great horn improvisers," said Show. "I found that pretty fascinating. So when I got called up [the Padres brought him up to the big team in September of 1981], the first thing I did when I arrived in San Diego was to go to the Blue Parrot in La Jolla to hear Peter. I was completely blown away. Then I started buying Peter Sprague albums. I'd say that Peter's probably my favorite guitarist now. He's got all the old stuff down, all the bebop lines, plus the new show

stuff. He just seems to know everything." When asked about Show's abilities as a guitarist, Sprague reciprocated the compliment. "I'd say that Eric is actually pretty advanced," said Sprague. "I don't follow baseball, so I didn't really know who he was when he first approached me. But friends of mine who are into sports were impressed when they heard I was going to work with 'Eric Show.' As it turns out, Eric's a very intuitive player, which is important. He's a Joe Pass type of player. He doesn't hear the 'modern' thing yet, but that'll come. I think he's going to be an excellent guitarist."

Show is more modest in his self-appraisal. "The better I get, the more I see what I have to do, and sometimes I wonder if I'm too hard on myself or whether I'm stuck in a never-ending cycle in which I feel confident one minute and intimidated the next. I hear some jazz guitarists that I wouldn't be afraid to sit in with, but then there are others, like Pat Martino, who are so good that I don't know what I could possibly contribute. It's so intimidating to sit down with someone like Peter or [local jazz musician/educator] Hal Crook. When you work with guys who are that good, even when you know that they aren't being patronizing, you're wondering, 'Jeez, I'm holding this guy back so much — why am I even playing?'"

Show's reservations about his proficiency on guitar have with rare exceptions prevented him from performing live in San Diego, although he has on occasion driven to Palm Springs to play in small clubs there. But he admits that his reticence to go

public with his music is only temporary; he plans to make music a second career. In discussing what he hopes will be his future as a professional musician, Show convenes the scientific, philosophical, artistic, and theoretical characteristics of a personality that has prompted his teammates to refer to him casually as "Mr. Wizard."

"I'd really like to go into music full time after baseball," he said thoughtfully, "and to be honest with you, I may be at an advantage in that respect because my baseball earnings will probably make it unnecessary for me to go through that horrible period of duff-paying that so many musicians have to deal with. My problem will likely be a philosophical one. You see, to me music is mind translated into frequency, but it's what you do with that frequency that determines whether you're making music or noise. A lot of music today is just frequency/noise. For example, we have groups such as Kiss and Mötley Crüe, and if you stretch your imagination and in my opinion significantly lower your intelligence level, you might consider their stuff music. I consider it merely entertainment in the broadest sense of the word, not even in the true sense. And I think that if you're a serious musician, you'll gravitate toward the nonentertainment side of music."

"The ultimate thing for me would be to play straight-ahead jazz, but that doesn't really sell well because the record industry is geared to the seven-to-seventeen-year-old market. Older listeners who've been around awhile tend to be a little more intelligent and selective in their music, but they can't be depended upon to buy albums and concert tickets. So the music must be kept fairly simple for the younger listeners."

Show leaned forward for emphasis. "Now I'd like to be able to make a decent living playing music — I'd like to play something that will sustain me until I feel I'm good enough to move strictly in the jazz direction. So I'm thinking I might try to make it in music the way [jazz-tradition-pop guitarist] George Benson did it, not necessarily by playing dance music, but by playing something that I could have fun with that would also appeal to people. If I did a semi-Benson trip, I could water down the music a little bit but still be true to it, which is very important to me. As it is, I can play anything I hear the rock guys doing — I can easily copy anything I hear on the radio. So I think I'd have as good a chance as anyone to make it in music with the proper backing and, of course, a lot of hype."

It was by now close to game time and the rest of the Padres had already gotten dressed for a contest with the Pittsburgh Pirates. As Show moved toward his locker stall, his thoughts returned to baseball. "Baseball's tough, it requires a lot of time. So I have to cut down on my music making during the season so that I can focus as much of my attention as possible on the game. That's another thing: I want to be the best pitcher in baseball before I'm through, and that's going to take a great deal of hard work and concentration on my part." Then he grinned and added, "Even now, I can't seem to get away from music no matter what I do."

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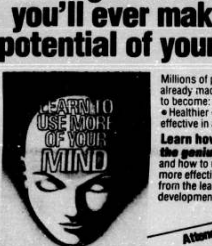
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QUARTER NOTES

BY JONATHAN SAVILLE



JOFFREY BALLET

The Joffrey Ballet — once again an offering of the San Diego Arts Foundation — returned to the Civic Theatre last week with two programs. There were two ballets by Gerald Arpino, the company's associate director and resident choreographer, one on each program. *Italian Suite*, set to the music of Ermano Wolf-Ferrari, is a charming, light, neoclassical ballet, in the choreographer's familiar deft style. It is, basically, a divertissement, with no more serious pretensions than those of the music: lovely, graceful, a bit thin. *Jamboree*, the other Arpino ballet, struck me as a manifest failure, in spite of a

few pleasing moments. It is one of those far-west cowboy numbers, in which the techniques and attitudes of classical ballet are ironically juxtaposed with homespun American material. There are some distinguished ballets of this type, and *Jamboree* simply does not measure up to the formidable competition. Too Macaroni music is pop pap, and the choreographer's inventiveness is in low supply, especially in the concluding section where he has the dancers doing little more than running around in circles. Only in the limpid "Prairie Psalm," a tender pas de deux, is Arpino at his expected level. Neither Balanchine's *Western Symphony* — so sassy, so

classy — nor Agnes DeMille's *Redos* has anything to fear from this latest str-waster, and the Joffrey itself gave us the proof by programming *Redos* on one program in the same place given to *Jamboree* on the other. *Redos* is still fresh and delightful; the wonderful Copland score was brilliantly performed by the San Diego Symphony; and the Joffrey dancers, totally in their element, showed off their technique and style with great panache.

The two ballets by Jiri Kylian of the Netherlands Ballet offered San Diegans a good perspective on this young choreographer's work. His version of Schoenberg's *Transfigured Night* and of Berio's *Folk Songs* (the ballet is called *Dream Dances*) acquainted us with his flowing, romantic, imperious vocabulary, and revealed his close adherence to the scores. *Dream Dances* showed his wit and playfulness, and *Transfigured Night* showed his passion. The latter ballet, however, remains inferior to Tudor's *Pillar of Fire* (to the same score), because Kylian confuses the simple dramatic plot by introducing two couples instead of one and adding another pair of men for a section near the end. The orchestra, under Allan Lewis, played the Schoenberg score beautifully, and Shirley Close was the engaging mezzo soloist in *Dream Dances*.

The other dance the Joffrey offered was Paul Taylor's *Cloven Kingdom*, performed with immense energy and precision, above all in the exuberant pas de quatre of the men. With its raucous clatter of different styles, its crazy hats, and its atmosphere of anything-can-happen-next, *Cloven Kingdom* remains as happily silly as ever, and the Joffrey danced it even better than the Paul Taylor Company does.



TURANDOT

I was able to go to only one of the Royal Opera's productions in Los Angeles, the new staging of *Turandot*. I understand that both *The Magic Flute* and *Peter Grimes* showed this great company at its best, but *Turandot*, for all the inventiveness of its staging, was not the thrilling affair I had hoped it would be.

Andrei Serban was the director, and he decided to do this Chinese-Italian opera in something like a Japanese kabuki style. Sally Jacobs designed a set representing a three-tiered courtyard; the chorus sat or stood on the three levels, watching the action down below as though it were on the stage of a theater. This theatricalism (too opposed to the extravagant fairy-tale "realism" of so many *Turandot* productions) was enhanced by many beautiful inventions: the great disc of the moon, descending from the flies; huge masks of the aggressively virgin Chinese

princess's former victims, the suitors who had failed to solve her three riddles and had consequently been decapitated; a wagon with the terrifying executioner posed on it, and with the latest victim, the pale little Persian prince, pinned inside; the floating cloud-throne of the Emperor, its ropes and pulleys fully exposed in true theatricalist fashion. Mr. Serban also devised a quasi-kabuki style of acting, very stylized, very oriental, which only Gwyneth Jones, in the title role, seemed comfortable with. Miss Jones's acting was often exquisite, and under Mr. Serban's direction she gave Turandot a human reality — an emotional complexity and vulnerability — that I have not encountered in previous productions of the opera. The price for this admirable mimicry, in character and setting, was a weakness in the big splashy scenes, such as that of the entrance of the Imperial court in act two. For the usual grand procession, Mr. Serban substituted a lovely, slow, stylized dance by "Japanese" dancers costumed in white and gold. This was visually lovely, and dramatically intelligible, given the overall style of the production. But Puccini's music is not kabuki music, and the lavish crescendo of spectacle he envisioned is incorporated in the score; the low-key staging, consequently, either was irrelevant itself or made the music irrelevant. Mr. Serban's staging was really not a staging of Puccini's *Turandot* but of the play by Gozzi it is based on; what the director did not seem to recognize was that the style of an opera is to be found in its music as well as in its story.

As for the music, I was all in all rather disappointed. Colin Davis, as far as I could hear, lacks a passion for Puccini; his conducting was adequate and

unexciting. The famous Royal Opera chorus was unaccountably ragged. There was thoroughly good singing only from Placido Domingo as Calaf, and even he did not sound or look as much in command as usual. He evidently did not take to "Japanese" acting, doing his usual Italianate thing but with a certain unease, as though he was not quite sure which country (or style) he was supposed to be in. Vocally, he was impeccable, but the conductor rushed his arias mercilessly, leaving this sensitive singer no time to shape the tender and heroic phrases of, for example, "Nessun dorma."

As *Turandot*, Gwyneth Jones exhibited her familiar vocal traits: a very loud voice, a very big wobble, screams at the high end, and a lot of intelligent musicianship. This was the first time she had sung the role, and I see no persuasive reason why it ought not to be the last time too. No one else sang particularly well. Yoko Watanabe (Liu) has a small voice with a flutter and with little expressiveness. Robert Lloyd (Calaf's father, Timur) sang as though he had a mouth full of jellyfish — a horrible image, but an accurate one. Robert Tear was pleasant as the Emperor, but anybody could sing *Ida*. The Royal Opera's *comprario* singers, on the evidence of this production, are remarkably poor. I have never heard a worse Pig, Pig, or Tong, and the Mandarin was at subprofessional level.



CAB CALLOWAY

San Diego jazz lovers, having been deprived of the first-rank jazz performances in our erstwhile Kool Jazz Festival, and having been further shaken by the closing of our most important jazz club, the Crossroads, had their spirits lifted last week by the appearance here of a truly legendary jazz musician. Cab Calloway became a star in 1929, leading his big band at Harlem's Cotton Club. His unique high-energy style combined swing with camp humor in a celebration of Harlem local color. An unbelievable fifty-five years

later, the inventor of the zoot suit and jive talk, and the model for Gershwin's *Sportin' Life* in *Porgy and Bess* is still leading his big band, and with as much verve, wit, and show-biz know-how as ever.

Calloway and his band appeared at the San Diego Zoo's Wegeforth Bowl. The outdoor, daylight setting in an amphitheater is no doubt more suitable to performing seals than to these elegant nightclub performers. But the seventy-six-year-old star's only concession to the setting was to replace his traditional white tails with a relatively subdued beige tuxedo with dazzling satin lapels. The undiminished range and vigor of his blues

shows, expressive melismas, and scat passages overcame any difficulties that the size of the Wegeforth Bowl might have presented. He pranced, trucked, and cakewalked around the stage, defying time and risking cardiac arrest, to turn each of the pop tunes that make up his repertoire into a zany personal statement.

His forte remains humor. "It Ain't Necessarily So" and "Minnie the Moocher" are still the high points of his act. In the former he turned his scat passages into nonsense Hebrew in reference to the Biblical subject matter, and he made good use of the meat surrounding the semicircular thrust stage to pantomime the story of Pharaoh's daughter finding the infant Moses.

"Minnie the Moocher" proved itself still able to knock out any decently raucous house in the world. The audience participation in the "hi-de-ho" passages was so rousing that even the nearby elephants and seals were impelled to join in. This song is Calloway's signature tune, and he has perfected it to a fine point, no doubt his performance of it in the film *The Blues Brothers* stole the show from such younger stars as Aretha Franklin and Ray Charles.

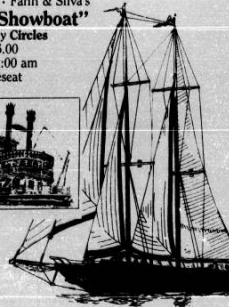
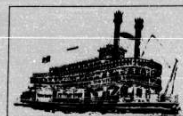
His female vocalist now is his beautiful daughter, Chris Calloway. She sang four more-or-less inspired pop songs in a style reminiscent of Nancy Wilson's — which wrenched us back from Harlem in the '30s to Las Vegas in 1981, a trip we could do without. The trip had a good job of adapting

itself to this relatively alien style, and Miss Calloway's obviously tickled papa generously restrained his antics and confined himself to conducting and beaming proudly. Whatever his motives in familial piety, this part of the show was doubtless a physical necessity. Even Cab Calloway cannot be Cab Calloway for a full-hour set. His kind of frantic, all-out performing demands a rest. While he was relaxing, his daughter redeemed herself with a very funny novelty tune, "Gimme That Wine," done in a camp black dialect and with echoes of Fats Waller, and so bringing us back to the swing era where the Calloway spirit has its true home.

It is interesting that Calloway has dropped "Reefer Man" from his show — a great tune that was a staple of his most popular in the Thirties. No doubt this paca to marijuana no longer seems a hilarious bit of Harlem local color. Calloway's predominantly white middle-age audiences, whose children are now victims of the "amusing" *Reefer Man*. Perhaps to compensate for all those decades of performing a prodigal tune, the one modern song Calloway offered — in his own unmatchable style, of course — was Danny O'Keefe's antithesis "Good Time Charlie's Got the Blues." Cab Calloway's contemporaries and pals — Pops and Fats, the Duke and the Count — are all gone now. But Calloway swings on, seemingly as timeless as his spirited and humorous music. □

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Skip Breakfast



Anne Gee Byrd, Lee Calheim

JEFF SMITH

Watching Lee Calheim's domestic comedy *Breakfast with Les and Bess*, which opened last week at the Cassius Carter Centre Stage, is like ordering a morning meal at a fast-food restaurant on its way out of business. The waitress hands you a multicourse menu, with several tasty dishes graphically depicted — and with reasonable prices to boot. Aha, you think to yourself, maybe this won't be so bad after all. A glass of water materializes as you ponder the scope of your appetite. Then the waitress returns. You order. "Nope, sorry," she says, "the chef doesn't prepare that dish anymore, or the three beneath it. This is an old menu." You regroup, mumbling "hair-and-switch" under your breath. She suggests coffee and a Danish with no substitutions. "But the Danish looks like it swam here from Denmark — last year," you observe. "It's got the barnacles to prove it." She doesn't

see the humor, or your growing gastronomic terror. "Take it or leave it," she says. What'll it be? "Just the coffee, I guess. And make it a double."

Breakfast with Les and Bess follows a similar downward path. From afar, the comedy looks like an undemanding but potentially interesting evening of theater. The play's central characters (a husband and wife morning-radio-show team) and the era in which it takes place (1961: a limbo year between the decline of the Fifties and the death of President Kennedy) suggest the possibility of — if not sculpted moral truths — at least some sunny-side-up humor based with occasional insights. *Les and Bess* tries for both, and it is very funny at times. But the play scrambles itself, when it strains for significance. If plays could fly, *Breakfast with Les and Bess* would be a dirigible: it is lighter-than-air — and filled with hot air as well.

Kalheim based his comedy on Dorothy and Dick (Dorothy Kilgallen and Dick Killmer) and *Tex* and *Jinx* (Tex McCrary

and Jinx Falkenburg), radio programs popular in the late Fifties. In the play, Les Dischinger is a former sports writer. His wife Bess writes a gossip column and, like Dorothy Kilgallen, is also a panelist on a *What's My Line?*-like television show. For ten years they have hosted a half-hour morning talk show from their posh New York apartment. Along with hobnobbing with the famous, Les and Bess have a large audience of dedicated listeners who look forward not only to the couple's interview with the likes of Leonard Bernstein and Princess Grace of Monaco, but also to the details of Les and Bess's extensive party life. And to the latest antics of their two children David and Shelby, both of whom have required increasing amounts of psychotherapy over the years.

Breakfast with Les and Bess, which chronicles three consecutive mornings, takes a behind-the-scenes look both at the changing lives of the characters and at the period itself. The latter is a smart strategic choice by the playwright — at least for sociology buffs. Change was in the air in 1961, though few people realized it. Prosperity abounded, the White House resembled Camelot, and countercultural elements — like rock-and-roll (which was shifting from black to white), freedom rides in the South, and the wanderlust impulses in the novels of Jack Kerouac — appeared destined for far shorter lives than the faddish hula hoops and limbo dances so popular at the time. The Sixties had yet to begin, but the playwright reminds us insistently, the great migration from the East to the Sun Belt states had, and — most conveniently for Kalheim's purposes — Les and Bess find themselves caught in the middle.

The sociology is interesting. What Kalheim does with it is not. *Les and Bess* divides down the middle into two different plays. The first act (like the second, about fifteen minutes too long) is an after-dinner-theater mini-cute and breezy. Les and Bess arrive to do their show, only to learn that their impish son David has driven his car into the lake in Central Park and is in jail because of it. These revelations come as no problem to Les, a zany kind of guy who is sympathetic even to his son's motive: David did it to impress a girlfriend with his daring. A bit more of a problem, however, is the Navy ensign in boxer shorts looking for the bathroom. It seems that their daughter Shelby married the man after a two-day courtship. She fell in love

with him simply because he did something "practical." And given the lighthearted (and lightheaded) farcical doings of the rest of the act, Shelby's instantaneous choice makes sense. Practically in this household is as rare as Les waking up without a half-strangling hangover.

In the first act of *Les and Bess*, the adults are children, and the children are childish too. Then, as if the playwright suddenly realized he was writing a play instead of a television script (he has written many successful ones), act two gets serious — and Eighties. Both Les and Bess realize that their fame has trapped them into trivial lives. They have neglected their children and each other. Their nuclear family verges on a civilization. "I think the problem began when the program began," Les says, apparently for those in the audience who either missed the first act or who slept through its nonthreatening mayhem. Worse yet in Kalheim's scheme of things, the couple's radio show could be canceled soon. It's a fossil of the past, their producer says, and Les and Bess just might have to (a) take responsibility for their lives, (b) confront the Eighties dilemma of a two-career marriage in a fickle job market, and (c) face for the first time an uncertain future.

All of which could be dramatic if the first act had better prepared us for the second act, which is actually believable, and if the two characters were worth caring about. In effect, Kalheim creates the illusion of trouble. Les, who gives a wonderful speech about the horrendous advent of domed stadiums and Astroturf, may move to Houston to broadcast baseball games for the then Colt 45s. Bess may stay in New York, doing radio and her gossip column. Will they opt for happy careers instead of marital bliss? Can they repatch their tattered relationship? Will they grow up? Did the plane to Fantasy Island just fly overhead?

The trouble with this play — well, one of the troubles, anyway — is that Les and Bess are too selfish to like. They never make a move without having a safety net beneath their feet. A buffer zone of glorious options — a lovely home awaiting them in Connecticut, exciting books to write, and a bulging bank account — stand between them and the stark, uncharted void contemporary couples face in similar circumstances. Kalheim buzz-words his way toward relevance in act two, but the

conflicts in his play are cosmetic. The two children may encounter some problems in the real world they enter at play's end. But daily life with Les and Bess has given David and Shelby a perfect crash course in coping not only with the Sixties, but maybe even with the Eighties as well. And after some obligatory (and tedious and shallow) soul searching, Les and Bess practically back themselves into a future as accurate as rosy-fingered dawn. All they had to do was let go of the show to find their true selves. Hey, life is but a dream — sha-boom.

Breakfast with Les and Bess has many funny moments. The playwright has a knack for zinging one-liners and comical, albeit formulaic, situations. But when Kalheim tries to give us something to chew on, his pseudosubstance chokes the show. *Les and Bess* has all the nutritional value of a sugared doughnut hole. At the Cassius Carter Centre Stage, director David McClendon appears to be fully

aware of the play's Jekyll and Hyde qualities. His staging, far more respectful of the work than necessary, tries for a middle ground between gushy nostalgia and illusory depth. McClendon tempers the farce and attempts to round out Kalheim's pencil-thin characterizations. Although his direction is more noteworthy than the play itself, McClendon is unable to harmonize the play's cacophonous tones — part jittery angst and part ultimate cute — and he can't conceal its predictability.

The cast is caught in the middle. In minor roles, Andrew J. Traister, as Les's drunken friend Nate Moody, has a tipsy field day staggering around the stage, and Charles Fee is competent as Roger Everson, Shelby's upright husband. Traister and Fee look good by comparison. They have no more than a handful of lines between them, and thus neither must walk the schizophrenic tightrope inherent in the Dischinger family's four characterizations. Of these, Don R. McManus has the

easiest assignment, since David (who must qualify as the hippest human being on the planet in 1961) isn't required to be anything more than crazy. As Bess and her daughter Shelby, Anne Gee Byrd and Diane Harper are difficult to place much of the time. Byrd becomes able to far more intelligent than her character, and Harper because the playwright has given Shelby nothing more to do than fume. As Les, James Callahan (remembered still for his fine performance as Scotty Templeton in the Fiesta Dinner Theatre's production of *Tribute* a few years ago), has the toughest task of all. Callahan emphasizes Les's gentler traits — an infantile passivity and an a-okay naïveté. This choice works fine in the first act. But when Kalheim literally rewrites Les's character in act two — a sudden lurch from noon to midnight — Callahan is unable to bridge the transition believably.

The Old Globe's technical staff with the production has treated the play with a re-

spect similar to McClendon's. Kent Dorsey's set, the interior of Les and Bess's swank Manhattan apartment, is a time capsule of early Sixties — i.e., late Fifties — modernism. Its many squared angles, lit too brightly by John B. Forber's lighting designs, must be the "squares" that inhibit the place. And Robert Morgan's costumes, like Dorsey's realistically detailed set, come closer to the period than does the play itself. So do Michael Winston's sound designs, which introduce each act with appropriate music, from "Moon River" to Jerry Lee Lewis. The score is apt; it shows us how far away we are from that era. There's another yardstick at the Cassius Carter that, if we dared to consider it, would chill us all the more. For the rest of the summer, *Breakfast with Les and Bess* will be running in repertory with Sophocles's tragedy *Elektra*. Comparing what these two plays reveal about their respective civilizations is guaranteed to make doubting Spenglerians of us all. □

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During his search for a running mate, the name Bertha Silovitz never crossed Walter Mondale's mind, even though my

Aunt Bertha was at the ready, hoping shyly that by some alchemy the presidential nominee would know of her existence. Hadn't she always supported the right causes, given selflessly of her time, been political long before it was fashionable for women to be? Moreover, she told me modestly, she was tireless, a terrific and forceful speaker, and she could bring in the votes of the M.O. "The M.O.?" I asked.

"Yes," she replied without blinking. "I know I could deliver the Moderately Overweight."

That Aunt Bertha was crushed when Geraldine Ferraro was chosen instead of herself, there could be no doubt. "I would have been perfect," she confided, putting the new short hairdo she acquired with an eye to possible photo opportunities. "After all," she confessed, "I'm a woman without prejudice," and she thrust her

arms out as if to embrace the world.

Aunt Bertha may think of herself as being free of the taint of prejudice, but in this she is a tissue of paradoxes: she has set opinions about every ethnic group and she airs these without restraint. For example, Aunt Bertha is inordinately fond of the Japanese and their culture. She adores *Tales of the Genji*, brush painting, and, of course, Japanese food. She may have read that parasites inhabit raw fish, but she pooh-poos the notion that sushi or sashimi could ever injure her. "Everyone knows," remarks this woman who scoffs at stereotypes, "that the Japanese are highly efficient and immaculate. My kitchen should only be as perfectly organized as a sushi bar. I would be lucky." And she scours the countryside for eating establishments owned and operated by Japanese.

Hard on the heels of her disappointment at not being the first potential woman vice president, she fastened me with a look of childlike appeal and said, "My new haircut. Wasted. My rice and fruit diet. Wasted. I know about this new restaurant called the Lobster Pond. It's in Cardiff-by-the-Sea and it has a view. And did I tell you, it's operated by Japanese people and..." What else could I do but capitulate?

The Lobster Pond is located across the coast highway from the Chart House and Aunt Bertha was correct: it is immaculate. "See, didn't I tell you?" she beamed at me. "Better yet the Lobster Pond has upstairs and downstairs dining rooms, a sushi bar, and a view."

The Lobster Pond's view is problematic. For one thing the Chart House captures a great deal of the horizon, and for another only a limited number of tables face the sea. Actually, we were seated at a booth in a corner. "Perfect," cried Aunt Bertha. "Just what I wanted, a cozy booth. Who needs the glare of the sun? If they pull down the shades to keep the sun out, the whole world becomes blue. Blue is not what I need at this time of my life," she

adds significantly. The menu, in the shape of a scroll, was placed on the table. Unfurling it gave Aunt Bertha pleasure. "I love scrolls," she admitted. "They're so romantic. And I love lobsters even better."

The lobsters, flown in from Maine, weigh one and a quarter to one and a half pounds and are served steamed, broiled, prepared with a light soy sauce, or Thai-mid style, in a wine sauce topped by cheese (\$16.00 to \$16.75, depending upon the method of preparation—soy sauce or cheese topping accounts for the extra few cents). Specialty of the house and its best item, the lobster is served on a platter, ringed with broiled tomatoes and vegetables. Lobster is also served in combination with chicken, prime rib, and New York steak (\$18.25 to \$24.95).

Placing the bill around her well-defined neck (some might call it hefty), Aunt Bertha napped into merciful silence, ignoring the really extended red clam chowder—one has a choice of chowders or salad with the entrée. I had a salad that included lettuce, hard-boiled egg, potato salad, and onion rings. The salad is very colorful and the choice between the true tomato clam soup and salad is difficult, but the red chowder was one of the best I'd sampled in San Diego.

For my entrée I had yellowtail teriyaki (\$9.95) which was terrifically "high" and fishy tasting. The portion at Lobster Pond was large, but I couldn't eat much of it. It had been broiled until dry and its edges were charred.

"Eat, eat," commanded my aunt between mouthfuls of lobster. "It's summer-time and the living is easy," she proclaimed as if she had coined the phrase that instant. A friend who had accompanied us had the kalam salmon (\$11.75) and that too was overcooked, having been kept under the broiler too long. But the accompanying vegetables were notable: broiled tomatoes, onions, and potato boiled zucchini.

Aunt Bertha had the best meal with her

choice of lobster, but she, who would bring in the Moderately Overweight vote, also voted for dessert. "The Japanese don't eat their meals with sweets," she correctly explained, "but this is not a restaurant for purists. The management is trying to make concessions to Americans, and who am I to deny my heritage?" She downed the chocolate cake (two dollars) and the cheesecake (\$2.50), both prepared on the premises, and proclaimed the chocolate the better of the two cakes. Then she raised her head and asked, "Should we order some sushi? It's not fattening, you know." But we left that for another evening.

The sushi bar is far from inexpensive; this is true not only of the Lobster Pond, but of most sushi bars in San Diego. On the list of more than thirty items, the cheapest, a cucumber roll, costs \$1.50, while the most expensive, futomaki (egg, mushroom, seaweed, and rice), is \$5.25. To get your fill of sushi a la carte, you could easily spend more than the cost of ordering a whole lobster.

We did not sit at the sushi bar on our second trip, but we did have a view table complete with sun glare. Since she wanted

a rich dish to complement the raw fish appetizer (\$5.25), Aunt Bertha ordered seafood au gratin (baked fish, shrimp, and scallops in a rich cream sauce, \$9.75). Alas, both dishes were disappointing. Gazing down at the meager offering of raw fish served in a small bowl, Aunt Bertha cried, "This is what they give for \$5.25—a few slices of tuna, a tiny roll of yellowtail, some tough slices of clam I can't even chew them they're so rubbery? This they call sashimi?" The waitress must have heard this, because she brought us some mackerel to substitute for the clam slices. Nevertheless Aunt Bertha had to concede that the raw fish appetizer was far from impressive. (The deluxe sushi platter costs twelve dollars but it may provide better variety and value.) Aunt Bertha chewed on her seaweed. "Do you remember the old days when for two dollars you could get all kinds of sushi? Now for ten or fifteen dollars you hardly notice swallowing these tidbits."

To illustrate her point, she polished off the raw fish appetizer and turned to the seafood au gratin entrée. "Au gratin means with sauce," she shrugged wearily, "but did I ask for a river, an ocean, the whole

Pacific of cream sauce should be in my plate?" She patted my hand. "I know you hate butter served in foil and squishy rolls, but let's face it, the entire menu is a sop to what they think is American taste. Did you ever have rolls and butter with sushi in the Orient? To tell you the truth, I think the dining room is pleasant. I know the Japanese and Caucasian waitresses, everyone tries to please, but on top of the scroll of the menu they should print: *Misha-Masha*. That would stand for some American dishes, some Japanese, some with French influence, none too distinguished."

I had ordered the shrimp tempura appetizer (\$4.75) which was beautifully done (the tempura entrée costs \$9.75 and is the second best dish in the house). Since Aunt Bertha had been sipping pieces of this excellent tempura, I was left with a baked potato that I had ordered a la carte (ninety-five cents). After you've tasted raw fish and seafood in too much sauce, nothing tastes as wonderful as a good baked potato. Good it was, and along with the tempura, it was the highlight of our evening. Lobster Pond is worth the trip for the lobster and the tempura—the rest is quite ordinary,

though the atmosphere and the attentive service compensate for the average fish and seafood dishes of moderate price.

It is an unspoken rule that I always treat my Aunt Bertha—I am usually compensating her for one emotional loss or another. But she insisted on paying the tip for the valet parking. "To have valet parking must be part of the mysterious East," she laughed, "because you can park your car yourself right here in all of these parking spaces. Maybe it has to do with a Zen principle—the sound of one hand clapping—for the tip you give the valet."

It was a Friday night. The air was sultry, the weather almost tropical. Everywhere in North County, restaurants had long lines outside them. It's not just children and surfers who long for endless summers, but restaurateurs as well. Business was booming.

After having been fed for two nights, Aunt Bertha would have forgotten her original hurt, I thought. But as we drove off into the fiery sunset, her eyes held a tinge of familiar longing, and she asked, "Do you think the name Bertha Silovitz, expert in many cultures, has a presidential ring to it?" □

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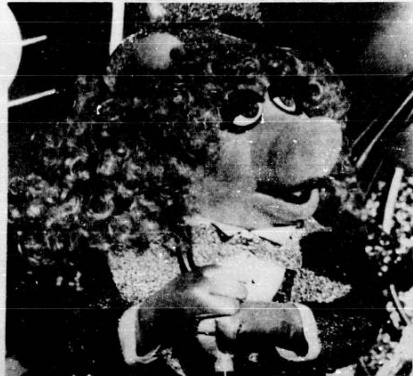
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Season of the Slow Burn



The Muppets Take Manhattan

DUNCAN SHEPHERD

To prevent any buildup of unnecessary suspense, let me make known now the available summer movies I will not be reviewing (because will not be seeing). Evaluation of these will have to be sought, and will not be hard to find, among critics who see their role more as consumer tipster or tour guide than as just another voice at the discussion table. To one of the latter, each of the relevant movies may be waved off as the sort of discussion topic one would not want to prolong by contributing to it. Prejudice, which will be some people's name for this attitude, is acknowledged to be an undesirable trait in a critic, so much so that a critic has to be careful, I should think, not to see too many of the sort of movie that fosters it. And for that sort of movie, summer has become the season of greatest risk.

The Muppets Take Manhattan. Never really having seen them on television, but having discovered in the first Muppets movie that I do not like their shapes, do not like their colors, do not like their voices,

and do not like their movements. I figure it a bad bet that I would find very much to like about their latest adventure. Those who like this, that, or one of the other things about them will not need to be prodded.

Cheech and Chong's The Corsican Brothers. Having seen not just the first, but also the second Cheech and Chong vehicle, which was one or two too many, I am on solid ground to contend that today's critic no more needs to see every last Cheech and Chong vehicle than yesterday's needed to see every last Bowery Boys or Francis the Talking Mule.

Police Academy. In the weeks before its opening, I saw the previews for this often enough to add up to feature length, and while it is not impossible that a movie with those scenes in it could nonetheless have some scenes in it of merit, I feel it has already claimed its allotted time in my life.

Best Defense. I saw the previews for this, too. (Only once, but once was enough.) In them, "this" looked a great deal more like "these": two separate movies, one with Dudley Moore and one with Eddie Murphy—and indeed knowledgeable reports indicate that the two ac-

tors, not to be mistaken as the hottest new comedy team since Cheech and Chong, never appear together in the same scene.

Bachelor Party. I could get interested in seeing a movie of this title, but not one which is badly written in the critical blubs as a cross between *Animal House* and *Police Academy*. I might be interested, for example, if not quite pleased, to see a movie of this title written by someone with the moral frenzy of Paddy Chayefsky, but I think I already saw that movie, and without much pleasure.

Cannonball Run II. The worry here was not that, having missed the *Cannonball Run* minus the Roman numeral, I would not be able to follow the continuation. The worry—no, the certainty—was rather that whatever my reason was for missing the first *Run* would apply to the second *Run* as well.

Meatballs Part II. See *Cannonball Run II*.

The Last Starfighter. Director Nick Castle showed some promise in *Tag*, but to get me to see yet another tie-in between science fiction and video games will require heavier support in the critical blubs than Judith Crist and Gene Siskel. This one hasn't been ruled out altogether; it is rather being held in reserve in the event that cinematic starvation manifests itself before something more appetizing.

Revenge of the Nerds. I am waiting to see, in the critical blubs, what youth movies this is a cross between. In the meantime, it is being held in reserve in the event etc.

Electric Dream. Being held in reserve etc.

And speaking of something more appetizing, *After the Rehearsal* is set to open tomorrow at the Cove. When ever could an *Imagined* movie be looked forward to with more unequivocal eagerness? Or to ask it with the light-headedness appropriate to cinematic malnutrition: who's afraid of *Hour of the Wolf*?

I have never seen fit to say anything in print about that spoonful of alphabet soup known as the MPA rating code. But then, nothing in that area as compelling as the new "PG-13" rating had occurred during all my print-years to beckon me to break silence. This development, the excitement of which is no less than if the Campbell's people had thought first to add Arabic numerals to their soup recipe, would be to that the prevalence of such movies as enumerated above had threatened to let my attention wander well beyond the next batch of *Payments Due*. It isn't just that the ratings, and the issues surrounding them, tend to strike me as extra- or sub-critical, though they certainly do that. (Given the prevalence of the above-enumerated movies, it is hardly

deserving of the full-time critic with bills to pay should occasionally stray into such marginal areas as Audience Etiquette, Janitorial Standards, and Real Butter versus Butter Flavored.) To the critic who tries to keep in mind his prime function, however, the scrupulousness and even pedanticness with which the ratings board veers over to spell out in detail what atrocities an under-seventeen-year-old should only be allowed to witness in the company of an adult; and the impression is that the ratings board wants above all to avoid painting itself into any corners. One has heard often enough that such-and-such a rating would ruin the box-office for such-and-such a movie, and one has seen plenty of examples (*Pollux*, *Scarface*) of how the clout of the superproductions, denied the small fry, has made the ratings board buckle under. And surely the system loses whatever usefulness it might have, even if only as a Grundy-esque laughing stock, whenever it bends standards to the

deserving of the "R," nor what severer offenses may have slipped through, depending on whether the anti-violence or anti-sex forces currently hold the upper hand, under a milder rating. Granted there would be great possibility for argument and embarrassment if, in the manner of the old Hays Production Code, the ratings board were ever to spell out in detail what atrocities an under-seventeen-year-old should only be allowed to witness in the company of an adult; and the impression is that the ratings board wants above all to avoid painting itself into any corners. One has heard often enough that such-and-such a rating would ruin the box-office for such-and-such a movie, and one has seen plenty of examples (*Pollux*, *Scarface*) of how the clout of the superproductions, denied the small fry, has made the ratings board buckle under. And surely the system loses whatever usefulness it might have, even if only as a Grundy-esque laughing stock, whenever it bends standards to the

needs of the studios.

The people who will be directly affected by the new "PG-13" subdivision will never have had the experience of living in an America ungoverned by the MPA ratings board. For some of us who have lived so long, however, it has not yet become second-nature to think of movies in terms of the MPA categories, or even to notice which movies have been filed in which. We can dimly remember, for example, when something identified as "M" was first changed to "PG" (or rather, as I seem to recall, was first changed to "GP") on the grounds that the designation "Mature" was regarded as too forbidding. That might be seen as the first major sign that the system's moral backbone had roughly the consistency of warm icicles. The second such sign would be the virtual disappearance, after early tryouts on the likes of *Midnight Cowboy* and *Beyond the Valley of the Dolls*, of the stigmatic "X." (This catchy concept is kept alive today

mainly in the popular vocabulary, in such glibly contexts as "Her swimming suit was rated 'X'." or "His comment when he stubbed his toe was definitely 'X-rated'."—though obviously the ratings board, if passing judgment on that swimming suit or stubbed toe commentary, would opt for "R" or even "PG.") The latest ratings innovation can best be seen as yet a third such sign, and a natural outgrowth of the first two. If the board members were able to stick to their guns, or rather if they had any guns to stick to, and if the movie-makers were made to understand that they had to conform to standards or take the consequences, then more of the latter might take the route of *Dawn of the Dead* and go out in the marketplace without a rating. If enough did so, it might mean the downfall of the entire system, a prospect nowhere near as dreadful as, say, the dissolution of the United States Constitution, nearer in dreadfulness to the abolishment of powdered fruit juice or the divorce of

Ebert and Siskel. At the worst, the Concerned Parent would be forced, as would the seeker of violence and/or nudity and/or strong language, to read an occasional critic. And at the best, people like me would never have to get the hang of using terms which never were given definitions anyway.

Everyone ought to have a *bête noire* in his life. If only for the opportunity to use the term, and Paul Verhoeven has entrenched himself firmly as mine. At least until someone *plus* comes along. His current *The Fourth Man* may not be quite as repulsive as his *Spetters*, which may not have been quite as repulsive as his *Soldier of Orange*, which may not have been quite as repulsive as his *Kerje Tippel*, which may not have been quite as repulsive as his *Turkish Delight*. But it is hard and pointless to try to differentiate between shades of *noir*; and at the present rate, dawn's first light is still an omen or so away.

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Dance of Existence



Sankai Juku

JONATHAN SAVILLE

Of all the dance theaters the enterprising San Diego Arts Foundation has brought to San Diego, none has been more fascinating, disconcerting, and inspiring than Sankai Juku, the Japanese company that performed *Kinshu Shonen* ("The Cumquat Seed") at the Spreckels earlier this month. Sankai Juku (the name means "studio from the land of mountain and sea") is a small company of only five dancers, including its director-choreographer Ushio Amagatsu. Its artistic aims, however, could not be grander. Other dance theaters aim at entertainment, formal beauty, the telling of a dramatic

story, the illustration of a piece of music. For Sankai Juku, nothing less will do than the ritual recreation of the profoundest mysteries of existence. The subtitle of *Kinshu Shonen* is "A Young Boy's Dream of the Origins of Life and Death."

A subject so deep, treated by highly creative artists in an alien intellectual and religious tradition naturally leads to obscurities. The images created by Mr. Amagatsu in this work are bizarre in the extreme. Toward the end of the fourth episode we see, simultaneously, the following: two men, virtually naked, covered with white chalk, and their heads shaved, wrestling with each other; two men, similarly decorated, making love; a kimono-clad dwarf, laughing; and a live peacock. We seem to be at an extreme of incoher-

ence. But in fact these various enigmatic activities make perfect sense, once we have understood the system of thought that lies behind them and the artistic principle by which they are brought together.

The artistic principle is that of the dream, in which experiences are fused, dislocated, and presented in symbolic forms, and in which normal processes of logic are transcended. The entire piece is to be taken as the dream of the young student, dressed in his school uniform, who appears at the very beginning on the shore of the sea and imagines himself being reborn as a fish. In the manner of dreams, the figures that appear subsequently are sometimes men, sometimes sea creatures, sometimes both at once. The apparently irrational juxtapositions, the extreme precision and slowness of the dancing, and the hypnotic repetitiveness of the accompanying music—these demand a response from the audience's unconscious, a willingness to identify with the dance at the deepest levels of understanding. The dreamlike atmosphere is only a step on the way, however. The dream becomes myth, and the descent into the unconscious becomes an ascent to a higher perception of the meaning of life and death.

That perception is essentially Buddhist. The human being bound to the wheel of life and death is shown as doomed to suffering. Birth is an agony, represented with stunning concreteness as the boy becomes a fish and begins to breathe the "air" of his new environment: Mr. Amagatsu grabs handfuls of what looks like more white chalk dust, stuffing the powder convulsively into his mouth and spitting it out again. To be a fish, to be a human, to breathe, to exist, to depend for the continuation of one's life on the world around one—we are made to feel the terror of all this by empathizing with the dancer's sensations as he "breathes" the dust. Similarly, dying is agony—an experience represented near the end of *Kinshu Shonen* by four dancers with long metal needles apparently run through their heads, speared fish in their final convulsions.

Between the agonies of birth and death come the follies of life, the misguided attachments to objects of desire. The four dancers, with barnaclelike masks, claw at each other to a chaotic accompaniment of pounding progressive rock, like microbes under a microscope or robots in a tank—and this is the nature of lust, of human organization designed to give meaning to life. The lead dancer appears embracing a peacock, emblem of our devotion to vanity, to physical beauty, to the pride of life. The wrestlers show us aggression, the desire for satisfaction through overcoming others; the lovers show us eros, the desire for satisfaction through the pleasures of the body. Transformed into women, the dancers conduct busy conversations and lan-

guidly apply makeup to their faces—all empty activities, binding us tighter and tighter to the wheel of suffering.

It is at this point that the dwarf appears. It is Mr. Amagatsu once again, crunched within the kimono so that his body actually seems tiny and deformed. As he slowly moves downstage, step by painful step, the dwarf is consumed by silent laughter. The slowness of the body is belied by the briskness of the music at this point, a lively number for Scottish bagpipers that drones on with relentless cheerfulness. The dwarf laughs at the wrestlers and the lovers; he laughs at the peacock; he laughs at a translucent screen, part of the set, which he "inadvertently" bumps into; he laughs at his own deformity, as he tries to climb a step too high for his short legs. This bald-headed little man is like an *arhat*, an enlightened Buddhist saint who has recognized the folly of all desiring, has renounced attachment to the world, and has thus risen above it. He can laugh at desire-oriented human activities because he knows that they lead to suffering and that he is free of them. But this is not a dogmatic exposition of Buddhism but a dream, a phantasmagorical vision, in which characters and sexes blend into one another, in which attachment and non-attachment, suffering and enlightenment, *samsara* and *nirvana*, flow through the mind of the dreamer alternately or simultaneously. The enlightened dwarf is transformed into a beautiful woman, rejoicing in her body, her beauty, her pleasure, her attachment to herself, frenziedly dancing as though her life will last only a moment and she must make the most of it. It does last only a moment; the scene that follows is that of the speared fish, undergoing the agony of death.

After death, what? The Buddhist answer to this perennial question is that those who have indulged in the pleasures and sufferings of attachment, in desiring, getting, possessing, achieving, will be reborn to another life of suffering. The enlightened person, in contrast, will pass into "the luminous splendor of the colorless light of Emptiness," no longer a self, no longer subject to suffering or to any experience. It is this state that seems to be depicted in the thrilling final scene of *Kinshu Shonen*. The chief dancer is revealed hanging upside down in a tall, narrow rectangle of luminous blue, slowly gyrating. It is a birth canal into nothingness, a rebirth that is the end of rebirth. The image itself, like all the images in *Kinshu Shonen*, is stunning in its imaginativeness and its beauty. For those who are open to the supralogical communications of this nonverbal medium, it explains itself without any need for ancillary learning, for it appeals to an area of our minds antecedent to all doctrines. Whether in the East or the West, this is one of the great dance-dramas of our time.

City Lights

Bears

(continued from page 2)
their own route north of the valley's two recommended paths, driving through Chicago, Denver, and rural Utah in hopes of avoiding more run-ins with the police.

Had they had the scowling know-how of the two drivers from Texas, who placed second in the race, they might have fared better. The two Texans had a 1981 Ford LTD police car outfitted with a sliding license plate that, at the touch of a button, could cover their Texas license with a replica of a U.S. Government plate. In addition to two CB radios and two radar scanners, the car also had red flashing lights in the rear window and a removable, revolving green light that could be affixed to the car's top. The two Texans looked officious themselves, dressed in white shirts and ties. They finished the coast-to-coast race in a record-breaking time of thirty-seven hours and eight minutes and only received one

speeding ticket. They averaged nearly eighty-three miles per hour.

While the two Texans zipped along looking like Feds, Greenwald and his partner kept up a steady pace, munching peanut butter and jelly sandwiches and averaging ten minutes per pit stop whenever the car needed gas. As they passed through Illinois, Colorado, and Utah on their way to California, they chatted with truckers over their CB and took catnaps in the car of the Camaro, converted by Greenwald into a kind of bed. As the hours passed, the two popped caffeine tablets, which did little to perk them up as the real fatigue of driving for a day and a half set in.

At 2:00 a.m. Monday morning, Greenwald and Perry zoomed up to the Hyatt Island, nine hours and twenty-three minutes behind the first place contestants, Ed Rahill and Tim Montgomery from Ohio. The victors had driven a 1984 Pontiac Trans Am across the country in a record-breaking time of thirty-five hours and forty-six

minutes, their average speed was eighty-seven miles per hour (which includes a total two and one-quarter hours of delays during the course of their trip). The speedy Ohioans received only one traffic citation, given to them in their home state for changing lanes without using turn signals.

Greenwald was so elated at completing the race and placing seventh that he even managed to make it to work that morning at the Linkabit Corporation in La Jolla, where he makes his living as a mechanical engineer. "It [the race] was the most fun I had in my life," he says now.

"Getting the first ticket was a liberating experience, and after that I said, 'I don't care how many I get, my number-one priority is to get back in one piece.'"

—R.O.

Slough

(continued from page 2)
(Senator Ellis) to remove the Famosa Slough property from state coastal commission jurisdiction. We want local

control of decisions about potential environmental and residential development of the Famosa Slough property so that the slough can be cleaned up as soon as possible. The petitions, circulated by paid petitioners, do not do so and do not guarantee that the slough will not be built on, and that the plan an additional acre of buffer between his apartments and the undeveloped zone, which he would have to maintain as a wildlife refuge. Killea's request was granted, and the next assembly committee hearing has been set for August 7.

Some area residents, however, are staying cool themselves, maintaining the petitions circulated by Sheldon back in February made no mention of development, which they most definitely do not want. So with the help of the Sierra Club they've begun a petition drive of their own, asking the state legislature to reject the Ellis bill, keep the slough under state coastal commission protection, and prevent any kind of

(continued on page 14, col. 2)

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Letters

(continued from page 4)

Sink To Bathroom Joke

Two comments regarding your article on Dr. John Laly and colonic therapy ("City Lights," July 12). In past articles concerning holistic health or metaphysical topics, the Reader has shown a consistent negative attitude — cute comments, undue skepticism, innuendo, emotionally loaded words and phrases, and inaccurate and incomplete information being the norm. Holistic health practices are not a strange new fad — certainly not in San Diego — and colonics are not a Freudian bathroom joke to be snickered at behind one's journalistic hand. Scientific journals and other publications with more relevance than yours are now, finally, giving metaphysical principles and occurrences the serious attention and credence they always have deserved. If the Reader wishes to be taken seriously as a news journalist, your editorial outlook must progress beyond tongue-in-cheek pretentiousness in these avant-garde areas.

To those colon therapists your reporter talked with, a plea: gossip, back-biting, innuendo, and other hypocrisies of the "real world" have no place in the close-knit holistic health community. If a certain practitioner is truly unwell, he should be identified. "Declining"

City Lights

(continued from page 2)

development. Susie Smith, who lives on Montalvo Street and is one of the people circulating the new batch of petitions, says she hopes to collect 1500 signatures and present them to the assembly committee before the August 7 meeting. "He [Sheldon] sent out a hand of people to talk to the neighbors here," Smith says, "and all they said was signing the petition meant they were in support of cleaning up the slough. But we didn't understand what they meant." Sheldon, however, maintains that the people who signed the original petitions "should have known" he would not simply offer to clean up the slough and get nothing in return. "I don't think they were misleading at all," he says, referring to his petitions. He is confident the bill will eventually pass both houses of the state legislature, paying the way for him to start his \$30 million project by the start of 1985. But if that does not happen, Sheldon says, he will still submit his plans to both the city and the coastal commission — much as Hall did several times in years past — and exercise every legal right I have. — T.K.A.

The Sky Above

(continued from page 2)
most notably after Tompkins had prompted him to meet with the work of firemen at the 1978 PSA crash in North Park. "The pilots are more cooperative," says Tompkins. "But this is their livelihood. They'll do everything they can to prevent us from forcing regulations down their throats." — P.K.

to do so only hurts everyone — practitioners and clients — and truth is still its own defense against court actions. If, on the other hand, the allegations are merely gossip, don't repeat them. Period. Michael Leonard Creditor
La Jolla

Prey To Shams

Hard to believe that in two weeks only one letter has defended the Reader's story on William Spain ("City Lights," July 5), and that one for the wrong reasons. What is the purpose of the press in this country if not to expose flagrant abuses by people in power? Spain was a man of great influence in the most powerful religious institution in the world. For all its shortcomings, the Catholic Church still does represent ideals of love, decency, truth, justice, and charity. Messenger Spain at some point in his life chose to make himself a defender of these ideals and an example of God-like behavior. He also chose at some point in his life to take drugs and to have sex with men. Spain is no angel, nor is he a victim. He is a man whose actions contradict everything he pretends to represent, and the Reader, by exposing him, did a service to all those who fall prey to hypocritical shams. If, as Spain suggests, homosexuality among priests are common, we need holistic health like this one, not fewer.
Pete Trick
La Jolla

Zondra

(continued from page 2)
and at that point, the suit alleges, Griffin began waving the card around in front of a group of hotel employees and guests attracted by the commotion, saying, "We have a working girl here." She's working the hotel... she's soliciting customers and handing out cards. Schmidt followed Griffin to the hotel's front desk, where she was met by security manager Peter Albanese. She informed Albanese of what had transpired and told him of her marina contract, an oral agreement which she claimed gave her full use of most hotel facilities, including the lobby. Albanese, however, told her she had been "misinformed," the suit states, and proceeded to escort her out the door, adding, "You are not welcome here. Now, lady, don't come back."

Stanford Stangl, the Hotel Inter-Continental's general manager, confirms that Schmidt was asked to leave the hotel, but denies she was accused by any of his employees of being a prostitute. He defends his employees' actions by saying that while the marina and hotel are both owned by Torrey Enterprises, they are managed separately, and having a slip in the marina does not give tenants the right to lounge around the hotel. "She had nothing to do here, she was not a guest, and she was repeatedly asked to leave," Stangl says. He did admit, however, that a slight problem with prostitution gave her full use of most hotel facilities, including the lobby. Albanese, however, told her she had been "misinformed," the suit states, and proceeded to escort her out the door, adding, "You are not welcome here. Now, lady, don't come back."

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Off the Cuff

In what order do you read the Sunday paper?



Tom McFarland
Language Student
La Jolla

I get up about eight on Sundays, bring in the *L.A. Times*, begin to make a pot of decaf, pull out some bagels, and toast them with cream cheese — then I dissect the paper on the kitchen table. First I pull out the front page and the business section. I skim the front page and make a mental note of any articles that have to do with international economics — that's my bottom line for what's really going on in the world. I read the business section to follow what the dollar and gold are doing, also the computer file feature. I go back to the front page and read virtually everything. Then I dig through for the opinion section. Then I read all of the ads in the sports section. That's about two or three cups of coffee, time to get going. I pull all of the sections like Calendar and food and save those for the finches.



Paula Doblado
Humanist/Comedian
Broadway Heights

Sunday morning, first thing, I spread the paper on the living room table and browse through it before I do anything else. I never spend more than a half-hour on the whole thing. I read the headlines, the arts and the sports, always the sports. I like the *Los Angeles Times* because they're partial to the Padres. The *L.A. Times* has too much about the Dodgers. I read *Parade* and I keep the Garfield cartoon. I have a whole stack of them. I go through the coupons. Aim toothpaste had a good deal, where you sent in a box top with a small amount of money. I received a teddy bear and a T-shirt with my favorite team's name on it — the Chargers, of course. I don't read the women's section or the business section. Sometimes I save the paper to use when I'm painting, but most of the time it goes to the paper bin. In the winter I burn it in the fireplace.



Al Roach
Humanist/Comedian
Broadway Heights

On Sundays I get up about six or seven and go out to find the paper, which is usually under the camper, in the bushes, or on the grass. I check to see if it's wet. If everything's cool I bring it into the house, unwrap it, and go immediately to the sports page. I look for tire sales, front-end alignment specials, brake specials — no sports for me. Then I go through the sale papers like Target, Montgomery Ward, those places. I guess I'm looking for sales on doodads, knickknacks, anything. Then I read the magazine section and it's on to the classifieds — personals first, then help wanted, then apartments for rent. Monday through Friday I actually read the paper. On Sundays after the ritual I just described, I circular file it.



Paula Hanzlik
Interpreter for the Deaf
Scripps Ranch

If one of the few mornings my new husband and I get to spend together, so it's a togetherness thing. We get the *San Diego Union* delivered. I put on some coffee (I'm usually still in my bathrobe) and we spread the paper out all over the living room floor. My priority is *Parade*. I like the personality part in front and the comics in back. Food coupons are a real highlight in the Sunday paper. I dig through it for those. Then I read the comics: Dennis the Menace, Peanuts, Andy Capp — never any of the sequel ones. Then I look through the clothing advertisements, then I go to the front page. Generally I look for human interest stories and read those. I seldom look at the economy, home, travel or classified sections. Those go in the other pile. We let the papers collect for about a week, then we throw them out.



David R. Murray
Computer Consultant
Hillcrest

On Sunday mornings I usually indulge and sleep in until about eleven. I get up, brush my teeth, pull on a pair of jeans and a shirt, and head out to Lindeberg Field, where the *New York Times* arrives at the newstand by noon. Then I try to find a place there where I can linger over the paper, have two poached eggs in a bowl, twenty refills of coffee, and smoke a pack of cigarettes. Generally I read the paper from back to front, saving the bad news for last. I probably spend the longest time mulling over the editorials, financial section, arts and leisure, and, of course, the book review. Then I do the crossword puzzle, engaging many people as possible and help, although I never cheat, then I pitch the paper into the nearest trash receptacle. I leave the waitress a generous tip.

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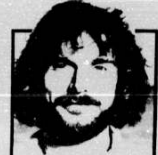
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Section 2

Events, Theater, Music, Film

Game Is Afoot!

A unique opportunity presents itself this Monday, July 30 to San Diego sports buffs and, especially, our runners, those Noks, clad nomads who decorate our highways, canyons, and arenas, who hustle and puff with muscled zeal in the struggle against heart disease, depression, and flab. This is a chance to see people who run for a different reason — gold. Robin Williams, co-presenter of the Point Loma International Triathlon, hopes for a good crowd at what he calls "the best track meet this town has had in a long time." Not since the mid-1960s, when the AAU Championships were held at Balboa Stadium, have so many top runners competed in San Diego.

Williams' contention, this city has not been receptive to track and field. "The OK case seems to have taken over," he says, "and it's had a detrimental effect on track and field." For some reason, even the fittest of America's finest don't



seem to be interested in watching competitive foot racing. Not that they don't watch elite, stringy speedsters dashing for the tape. Where running is concerned,

meaty fight it out at San Diego Stadium on Sunday afternoons every fall. Few, however, care to watch elite, stringy speedsters dashing for the tape. Where running is concerned,

participation is in the spotlight. Until now, if ever a track and field meet will attract San Diegoans, this is it. On Monday, four days before the track and

field events begin in Los Angeles, a number of the world's finest short- and middle-distance runners will be competing in their final tests at the Naamans

The Potters' Field

One of Japan's greatest contributions to both world aesthetics and global utilitarian needs is the art of pottery. Whether considering the distinctive mar markings on the sides of the neolithic Jomon culture or the hundreds of clay figurines produced for ornament alongside remains of the wife of Emperor Suinin or the fourth-century raiding of "ana-gama" (terracotta kiln) technique from South Korea by an imperial expeditionary force, Japan has long been a potter's haven. If you had happened to

be one of the Korean peasant potters brought back as a prisoner of war between 1902-98, you would have lived under the protection of your "daimyo," or clanked. These were the days when pot production was high and the sign of a good, solid, cup was when it was going up in smoke. The kiln doors opened and there sat 300 new tea bowls for master's weekend host.

Up to the mid-1800s, the shogunate government allowed the art of the folk potter to flourish in villages throughout Japan. A cursory examination of the Arima blue-and-white technique, the first use of overglaze enamel in earthenware, the Seto brown-glaze tradition, or the Sue

tradition of unglazed ware only hint at the dozens of techniques for firing and glazing that developed over hundreds of years.

According to Herbert Sanders in his book, *The World of Japanese Ceramics*, one of these developments was Raku ware. "About the middle of the Sixteenth Century, Chojiro Raku created a special type of tea ceremony ware. Raku was guided by the famous Kyoto tea master, Sen no Rikyu in his production of a low-fired, soft-bodied ware with a lead glaze. The design of the ware was based on Korean Yi dynasty teabowls, and the glaze was the lead glaze of the Ming dynasty. The ware of Chojiro was made in three colors: 'kuro' (black) Raku, 'aka' (red) Raku, and 'shiro' (white) Raku. Chojiro Raku's memory was honored by Hideshi Inouami when he granted to Raku, Chojiro's son, a gold seal bearing the character 'raku,' which signifies 'enjoyment of leisure.' Over the centuries Raku has come to mean a low temperature ware with a lead glaze.

"Smoke and Fire" is Gallery Eight's newest ceramic exhibition, which opens Sunday, July 28. While show's sixteen artists, many employ the Raku low-fire technique, which traditionally uses wood as the combustible. For M. K. Grossman, using sand as an interactive agent on the clay surface, with the resulting earth tones the perfect vehicle for his ritual vessels. Montana artist Jeff Wilson brushes iron oxide onto his surfaces to create wild, prehistoric, cattle that recall the fantastic cave paintings of Altamira and Lascaux.

Containers called "saggers" allow other potters to fire their pieces with a combustible at a higher temperature. The saggers, a clay box or container in which the clay piece sits and is protected from the direct action of flame and time, is replicated inside the kiln. Inside the sagger



A Passage To Indian Films

The film industry of India is among the oldest (it began in 1899) and most active (more than 300 features are released annually) in the world, yet it remains a puzzle to Westerners who would try to pull together its scattered elements and traditions. In such a populous nation, with nearly 150 languages and dialects in use and a diversity of religions, culture, and customs, it might seem difficult for a truly national cinema to emerge. In fact since the beginning, India has been a melting pot of influences from the West, the East, and the Middle East. The film industry, based in Bombay and Madras, which produces a mass audience product in Hindi and Urdu and a few nationalistic

of regional stories, largest of which is the Bengali industry, centered in Calcutta. Over the decades, the popular national movie fare of mythological epics and glossy melodramas has occasionally given way to film of serious social significance. But it was not until 1955 that Indian cinema came into its own, with the work of a young film director named Satyajit Ray.

Born into a prominent Calcutta family, Ray studied economics and physics, as well as poetry, music, and painting in 1955, while working for a British advertising agency, he spent his salary and sold off possessions to finance his first film, *Pather Panchali*. This quiet, lyrical, and intimate tale of a Bengali village was an international success, introducing Indian film to the West and securing Ray's reputation as a new humanist

READER'S GUIDE

Contributors to READER EVENTS must be received by mail no later than the Friday preceding the Thursday event in order to be considered for publication. Please do not phone. The Events Editor reserves the right to edit all materials. Send complete information, including a description of the event, the date and time it is to be held, the precise address of where it is to be held, and a contact phone number to publication at: READER EVENTS EDITOR, P.O. Box 88853, San Diego, CA 92188.

Dance

Scottish Country Dancing is held Fridays, 7:30 p.m., St. James Hall, 7776 Eads Avenue, La Jolla, 494-5109.

"An Evening of International Dance," Middle Eastern dancing, Appalachian clogging, a French cancan, Russian dances, and other

choreographed numbers are featured in a graduate student recital, Friday, July 27 and Saturday, July 28, 8 p.m., Studio Theatre, Women's Gym, SDSU, 265-6821.

"Dance Jam," create your own style in an evening of freestyle, recreational dancing every Friday night, 9 p.m., 3255 Fifth Avenue, Hillcrest, 239-1715.

Irish Dances will be performed by the Pride of Erin Celtic Dancers and other guest artists, Sunday, July 29, 2 p.m., the patio of the House of Pacific Relations, Balboa Park. Free. 466-7654.

Folk Dancing to the Yiddish instrumental Klezmer music of Zimroz will be offered, Sunday, July 29, 7:30 p.m., Folk Dance Cafe, 2127 Meade Avenue, North Park, 265-9658.

Circle Dancing, meditative "Soft Dancing" is conducted weekly, Mondays, 7 p.m., 4070 Lakewood Street, Mission Hills, 295-9677.

Film

For Children, children's films will be shown Friday, July 27, 3:30 p.m., Chula Vista Public Library, 365 F Street, Chula Vista. Free. (619) 517-61, three films will screen, Thursday, July 26, 3 p.m., Coronado Public Library, 642 Orange Avenue, Coronado. Free. 435-4187.

Nature Films, *Norpon and Island of the Moon*, an examination of endangered lemurs on the African island of Madagascar, will be shown, Saturday, July 28 and Sunday, July 29, 1 and 2:30 p.m., Natural History Museum, Balboa Park, 232-3821.

"The Ancient Games," the Peloponnesian Wars of ancient Greece, held in Delphi, are recreated on film, Wednesday, August 1, 1 p.m., Natural City Public Library, 325 East Twelfth Street, National City. Free. 474-8211.

International Film Series, the La Jolla Museum of Contemporary Arts' ongoing series concentrates this month on films made in India. *The Music Room*, directed by Satyajit Ray in 1951, opens the series, Wednesday, August 1, 7:30 p.m., Sherwood Auditorium, La Jolla Museum of Contemporary Arts, 700 Prospect Street, La Jolla, 454-3541.

Music

Folk Musicians and others will have a chance to take the stage and share their talents every Thursday, 9:30 p.m., Greenwich Village West, 516 Fifth Avenue, downtown, 237-9151 or 231-4925.

Big Band Music, the Chicago Fifteen will perform for one and one-half hours, Friday, July 27, 11:30 a.m., the west patio of the Imperial Bank Tower, 701 B Street, downtown. Free.

Lunch Hour Concerts are scheduled each Friday, noon, the plaza of the Wells Fargo Bank Building, 101 West Broadway, downtown.

Classical Recital, pianist Linda Hill, flutist Janet Sperry, and oboist Bill Sperry will present a varied program, Friday, July 27, 3:30 p.m., La Jolla Village Square, 8657 Villa La Jolla Drive, La Jolla. Free. 497-7922.

For Children, folk musician Sam Hinton will give a special performance, Saturday, July 28, 10:30 a.m., San Diego Public Library, 820 E Street, downtown. Free. 236-3849.

Vocal Works of Handel will be performed, with a program of aria, Saturday, July 28, 8 p.m., and selections from his romantic duets, Sunday, July 29, 3 p.m., St. Paul's Episcopal Church, Fifth Avenue and Nuremberg Street, Hillcrest, 267-0318.

TO LOCAL EVENTS

Jazz, the Peter Spague Trio will perform, Tuesday, July 31, 8 p.m., Maggie's Folk Cafe, 1380 University Avenue, North Park. Free. 298-8584.

Chamber Concert, the Allegro Quartet performs music of Bach, Vivaldi, Telemann, Haydn, Tchaikovsky, and others, Sunday, July 29, 1 p.m., La Jolla Village Square, 8657 Villa La Jolla Drive, La Jolla. Free. 497-7922.

Organ Concert, George Butterfield will play works of Bach, Mendelssohn, Viennese, and others, Sunday, July 29, 2 p.m., Spreckels Organ Pavilion, Balboa Park. Free. 236-5471.

Horn Trio, the Mitzmar Horn Trio presents works by Mozart, Bridges, Brahms, Gail, and Weigl, Sunday, July 29, 1 p.m., Mary Star of the Sea Catholic Church, 7727 Girard Avenue, La Jolla. Free. 466-9417.

Free. 435-9260.

"Miniconcerts on the Mall," two-hour concert featuring a variety of musical programming will be offered each Tuesday and Thursday, in July, 6 p.m., Grossmont Center Mall. Free. 456-2930.

"Twilight in the Park," summer concert series continues with the Calvary Baptist Young Adult Choir, Tuesday, July 31, the San Harbor Church, Wednesday, August 1, and the San Diego Concert Band, Thursday, August 2, all concerts at 6:30 p.m., Spreckels Organ Pavilion, Balboa Park. Free. 236-5471.

San Diego Summer Pops continues with the program "Richard Rodgers and Friends," Wednesday, August 1, Thursday, August 2, Friday, August 3, and Saturday, August 4, 7:30 p.m., Hospitality Point, Mission Bay, 283-5501 or 239-9721.

Special

Mexican Folk Tales, the public is invited to hear Hispanic storyteller Olga Loya and other recent folk tales and other stories of Mexico, Thursday, July 26, 7 p.m., Pecos Maggie's Cafe, 3089 University Avenue, North Park. 569-9199.

Circus Oz, the San Diego Arts Foundation's Circus Arts Showcase series brings Australia's most famous version of the Big Top — replete with highwire walkers, heads of "Lancasters," robots, comedic routines, and rock and roll music, Thursday, July 26, Friday, July 27, and Saturday, July 28, 8 p.m., and a Saturday matinee at 2 p.m., Spreckels Theatre, 121 Broadway, downtown. 459-9788.

Break Dance Contest/Computer Fair, Kappo Corporation sponsors a two-day break dancing contest and computer fair, which features

demonstrations, seminars, a dancing robot, and prizes, Friday, July 27 and Saturday, July 28, 10 a.m., Plaza of the Four Flags, San Diego Beach. Free. 259-4461.

Puppet Shows, Family Tree will present *The Adventures of Blue with hand puppets*, Friday, July 27, 10:30 a.m., 1 and 2:30 p.m., and Saturday, July 28 and Sunday, July 29, 11 a.m., 1 and 2:30 p.m., Puppet Theatre, Residents Way, Balboa Park. 445-1919.

Rubber Boat Surf Races, for the eighth triennial event, seven-man crews (in five divisions — military, open, women, seniors, and mixed) will compete in timed heats, Saturday, July 28, 9:30 a.m., south of the main lifeguard station between Deal Court and Coronado Court, South Mission Beach. 224-7581.

Guided Hikes, Walkabout International offers a Lake Murray meander, Friday, July 27, 5:45 p.m. (286-9931), a moderately paced, level walk of approximately thirteen miles is scheduled to Shelter Island and back, Sunday, July 28, 7:45 a.m. (286-9931), for information on the numerous daily walks available through Walkabout International, call 223-WALK. Offshoot Botanical Tours sponsors two-hour walking tours of Presidio Park, Friday, July 27 and Saturday,

July 28, 9:30 a.m., meet at the Serra Museum's veranda, 295-0289.

Comedy, the international comedy troupe Modern Times will perform two shows every Friday and Sunday night in July, 8 and 11 p.m., La Mission, 3641 Fifth Avenue, Hillcrest. 296-0119.

Bird Fair, the Hawkbill Holidays sponsor the eighth annual bird fair, birdshows include, in addition to the hundreds of rare birds, birds who can do tricks, talks by veterinarians, displays by bird breeders and bird clubs, clowns, country music, and a bird photo booth, Sunday, July 27 and Saturday,

July 28, 10 a.m. — 5 p.m. EXOTIC BIRD FAIR featuring Dave Frank, trainer from San Diego Wild Animal Park with talking, juggling and singing birds. San Diego's own Fluffy Bird and Co. Herbs of birds, shows, displays. Vets to answer questions, live bluegrass music and more. It's all free!!!

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One day only July 28th
Info 271-4082

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Exhibition will continue through August 12

An Old Time Cafe Concert presentation
A summer evening with
GEORGE WINSTON
Solo jazz pianist • Windham Hill recording artist

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8:00 pm
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"Tobacco Road" featuring Sue Palmer on piano, "infectious blend of blues, boogie woogie, big band, bebop and swing." —7:30 p.m.

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Beautiful Bullfighting by the Sea

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World's Greatest Bullfighters:

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READER'S GUIDE TO LOCAL EVENTS

1920s to 1950s is on display. Museum of Man, Balboa Park, 239-2001.

Afoot!

(continued from page 1)

College track in Point Loma. On hand will be the British 400m and 1600m relay teams, including Olympic gold medalist Allan Wells, winner of the 100m dash in Moscow, and Davy Thompson, the present world champion in the 400m. In the 100m, Herbie Minter, and Marty Krue. The 100m intermediate hurdles will feature James King, currently ranked ninth in the world in the 400m. And Mitch Couser, fourth in the Olympic trials in the 400m, is a strong contender in the event.

His meet will take place Monday, July 30 from 2:00 p.m. to 4:30 p.m. at Point Loma Natatorium, 3300 Lomas Drive. At 1:45 p.m. the House of Scotland Rhythmic Band and Highland Dancers will perform. Tonight at 7:30 Britain's top coaches will meet informally at the college. All members of the community interested in track and field are invited to attend. For information on both events,

Asian Games, will run in the 800m. Olympians from Australia, Sweden, Ireland (former SDSU student Monica Jove), and the United States will also compete in both track and field events. Steve Scott, the USA's fastest mile, has stated he will run in the 1000 meter race.

A number of local athletes, non-Olympians, will also compete. Most notable is the 400m relay team consisting of William Stoddy (US Armed Forces 200M champion), Kipper Bell (former California state high school champion in the 100M), Herbie Minter, and Marty Krue. The 100m intermediate hurdles will feature James King, currently ranked ninth in the world in the 400m. And Mitch Couser, fourth in the Olympic trials in the 400m, is a strong contender in the event.

contact Jim Crakes at 222-6474 — Stephen Meyer

The Potters

(continued from page 1)

and around the clay works. David Bigelow also places mature. The pastel swirls which Bigelow creates on the surfaces of his large, asymmetrical stoneware are testament to the extraordinary chemical powers of this combustible. Another sagger-fir artist is Jorg R. Dubin, who employs this technique to great advantage in his pots that sprout all manner of construction beams and rocks. Some think Dubin's pots are colonized by little brown desert people.

Other ceramists whose work will be on display will be Paul Chaffert, Kris Cox, Maurice Grossman, Yoshio Ikeda, Les Lawrence, Dennis Miller, Frank Papworth, Mollie Pogreben, Ted Saito, Chris Spanovich, Byron Temple, George Tomkins, and Lana Wilson. "Smoke and Fire," opens this Saturday, July 28, with a reception for the artists from 3:00 p.m. to 5:00 p.m., and closes September 8, Gallery Eight, located at 7404 Girard in La Jolla, is open Mondays through Saturdays, 10:00 a.m. to 5:00 p.m. — George Stevens

Indian Films

(continued from page 1)

artist in the tradition of Renai and De Sica. His promise was borne out in two more films, *Apogeo* (1956) and *The World of Apa* (made in 1959, which, with *Pusher Fanchali*, make up the famous "Apa Trilogy"), and by a subsequent thirty-year output of intimate, impeccably crafted, and sharply observed movies that probe the vagaries of human interaction. He remains today India's best-known and most important filmmaker.

In the early Sixties India received further accolades on the international film scene with the work of the young American director James Ivory. A graduate of the USC film school, Ivory pursued a career in documentaries before he emigrated to India. There he entered into a long-lasting partnership with Anglo-Indian producer Ismail Merchant and German-Indian writer Ruth Prasad Jhalwala to make a series of modest, sophisticated comedy-dramas, beginning with *The Householder* (1963) and continuing through last year's *Heat and Dust*, which cast a knowing eye on post-colonial India's peculiar mix of Eastern and Western cultures. — Rick Geary

Contemporary Art, in its continuing international film series, will dedicate the month of August to the cinema of India and, in particular, to the contributions of Satyajit Ray and James Ivory. Kicking off the month next Wednesday, August 1 is Ray's fourth film, *The Music Room* (1958), a penetrating study of a tradition-bound nobleman and his obsessive efforts to outdo his nouveau riche neighbor with lavish musical soirees. Performances by India's best-known musical ensembles punctuate the drama at frequent intervals.

Upcoming weeks will bring Ray's *Dost* (*The Godless*) (1960) and *Days and Nights in the Forest* (1970), as well as James Ivory's first two films, *The Householder*, a gentle rural comedy, and *Shakespeare Wallah* (1965), a satiric look at an impoverished British theatrical company on a tour of the provinces. The Music Room screens next Wednesday, August 1, at 7:30 p.m. in the museum's Sherwood Auditorium, 700 Prospect Street in La Jolla. Indian films continue over the next four Wednesdays, at the same time. For further information, call 454-3541.

READER'S GUIDE TO THE THEATER

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

AMERICAN BUFFALO
David Mamet's visceral drama is about Bobby Don and Teach — three Chicago lawless, Don and Teach plan a robbery and claim that what they are doing is simply exercising their right as citizens of the free enterprise system. Fulfilling every step of the way, the two men devise their task, bicker over fine points, and relish each precious moment. The job frees their imaginations, hopes, and fears. It also reveals their ineptitude. The foul-mouthed, violent Teach is hardly a likable character and Don's only saving grace is his kindness to young Bobby. But in the scenes where they plan the burglary, both men become somewhat sympathetic when one realizes that the very principle of the highest imaginings is, at best, only a foolishness. These men cannot even dream in Technicolor. *The Bowery Theatre* has captured many, though not all, of Mamet's intentions in this drama about an American Dream gone wrong. On the plus side, Tom Perlin's set must qualify as one of the best-stocked pantries in town. Enhanced by Sean Lamotte's lighting design, the set provides a striking visual equivalent to the three-way language, the second-hand ideas, and the single-day dream of the three men who scheme, rant, and ultimately fail to liberate themselves from their environment. The Bowery's production overall, however, is uneven. August 12, Tuesday, through Saturday, dinner at 6:30 p.m., curtain at 8:15 p.m. Sunday, dinner at 5:30 p.m., curtain at 7:15 p.m. Matinee Wednesday and Sunday, buffet luncheon at noon, curtain at 1:15 p.m.

ANNIE GET YOUR GUN
The Fallbrook Players are staging the musical — music and lyrics by Irving Berlin, book by Herbert and Dorothy Fields — about the life and times of sharpshooter Annie Oakley. From humble beginnings, Oakley rises to become the star attraction of Buffalo Bill's Wild West Show, much to the chagrin of Frank Butler, the erstwhile sharpshooter on the circuit. Notable songs from the show include: "There's No Business Like Show Business," "What Comes Naturally," "I Got the Sun in the Morning," and "Anything You Can Do." *Putter Junior High School, Fallbrook, through August 5, Friday and Saturday at 8:00 p.m. Matinee Sunday at 3:00 p.m. For information call 728-0608.*

THE BEST OF BURLESQUE
The Fiesta Dinner Theatre is offering an evening of music, comedy, and magic in the tradition of the vaudeville stage. Heading the cast, directed by Frank Wynn, is Miss Sandy O'Hara, who has headlined in five of the largest burlesque productions of the modern era. Also featured in the production are Bob Kerney and Nikki Buddy. *Grand, Charlotte Husslein, David Harrison, and the Don Crawford Dancers. (S.M.) Fiesta Dinner Theatre, through August 12, Tuesday through Saturday, dinner at 6:30 p.m., curtain at 8:15 p.m. Sunday, dinner at 5:30 p.m., curtain at 7:15 p.m. Matinee Wednesday and Sunday, buffet luncheon at noon, curtain at 1:15 p.m.*

BREAKFAST WITH LES AND BESS
Reviewed this issue. *Cassius Carter Center Stage, Balboa Park, through September 23, Friday, July 27, Sunday, July 29, and Tuesday, July 31 at 8:00 p.m. Matinee Sunday, July 29 at 2:00 p.m.*

July 31 at 8:00 p.m. Matinee Sunday, July 29 at 2:00 p.m.

CAMELOT
The San Diego Playgroup Series presents Richard Harris and the national touring production of the musical — music by Frederick Lowe, book and lyrics by Alan Jay Lerner — based on T.H. White's novel, *The Once and Future King*. The story of King Arthur, his wife Guinevere, and his devoted knight Sir Lancelot. Camelot succumbs to the decline of the ill-starred triangle, and the Round Table as well. Harris directs the production and plays Arthur. Betty Joseph is Guinevere, Richard Pearce is Lancelot, James Valentine is Merlin the Magician, and Mark Martino is Mordred, the illegitimate son of Arthur. The musical — which features such songs as "Camelot," "If Ever I Would Leave You," and "What Do the Simple Folk Do?" — will run for two weeks, only in San Diego. (S.M.) *For Theatre, through August 5, Tuesday through Saturday at 8:00 p.m. Sunday at 3:00 p.m. Matinee Wednesday and Sunday at 2:00 p.m. For information call 231-4858.*

A CASE OF LIBEL
Many Denver's courtroom publicist, which recreates an actual libel suit that was correspondent Quentin Reynolds brought against columnist and former friend Westbrook Pegler, is a tedious, good-versus-evil affair, with the good guys awesomely pristine and the bad guys even on the verge of devouring their young. The play remains the historical personalities Reynolds is recast as Dennis Corcoran and Pegler, an ultraconservative is Boyd Berdell. It recreates the courtroom trial and the private conferences between the plaintiff (Corcoran) and his lawyers. Along the way — and it's a long way — *A Case of Libel* raises some important questions about the nature of written defamation and the rights of authors, in this instance journalists, to make "fair comment" about a person in print. The issues are intriguing, but the play soon abandons them in favor of a watered-down, formulaic melodrama that dwells over the clichéd cuteness and Perry Mason leopards. The author writes like a lawyer. His dialogue is just

wooden, it's etched in sequence. His characters are more plot devices than people, and he never leaves any doubt in our minds about how we should regard each character. His scenes — half lengthy exposition, half tension, and half failed — unravel in clunking succession and with a stiff, one-sided centaur. At the Gaslamp Quarter Theatre, director Will Sampson (who has a wonderful knack for taking an unpromising script and giving it a refined and vivid theatrical life) was unable to resurrect this verbose, predictable play from its well-earned spot in the burial ground for defunct dramas. The production on opening night was flat and listless, a dreary, seemingly endless look through a script that either should have been edited severely or simply scratched from the Gaslamp's list of scheduled shows altogether. In an effort to tone down the play's combative excesses, Sampson encouraged his cast to perform in a subtly neutral style. The choice was a smart one — with this play possibly the only way to go — and it might have worked if Sampson had acted equal to the task. But with just a few exceptions, Sampson's cast must rank as the weakest, most amateurish group of actors seen on the Gaslamp's stage in years. (S.M.) *Matinee Wednesday and Sunday at 2:00 p.m. For information call 231-4858.*

CRIMES OF THE HEART
This staging of Beth Henley's script about three "tame" Mississippi sisters leaves one wondering why the play should have won the New York Drama Critics' Circle Award and the Pulitzer Prize in drama. There is certainly a lot of emotional and dramatic material there. Lenny McGrath is lonely and unmarried and because she has a shrewish older sister who fears that no man will ever want her. Meg McGrath has made no success of her singing career, and still has a yen for a former boyfriend she abandoned when his leg was mangled in a hurricane. And her sister Babe has shot her husband Zachary in the stomach at just about the time when Zachary was finding out

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232-4308
- CIVIC THEATRE**
202 C Street, downtown
236-6510
- CORONADO PLAYHOUSE**
1725 Strand Way, Coronado
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9665 Camino Real, Spring Valley
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547 Fourth Avenue, downtown
234-0983
- GROSSMONT COMMUNITY COLLEGE**
Grossmont Theatre
9800 Grossmont College Drive, El Cajon
465-1700 x101
- HEWITT COMMUNITY CENTER**
Ford and Center Theatres
4079 Filly Road, San Diego
383-3300 x36
- LA JOLLA PLAYHOUSE**
Hansel House Theatre, 1810
452-3960
- LA JOLLA STAGE COMPANY**
Fisher Auditorium, La Jolla High School
750 Nautilus Street, La Jolla
452-3960
- LAMB'S PLAYERS THEATRE**
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9800 Lawrence Walk Drive, Escondido
749-3444
- LEMON GROVE PLAYERS**
Lemon Grove Junior High School
3148 School Lane, Lemon Grove
466-5570, 466-1445
- LYRIC DINNERS THEATRE**
7579 El Camino Boulevard, La Mesa
464-1196
- MARQUEE PUBLIC THEATRE**
MARQUEE GALLERY THEATRE
3171 India Street, San Diego
238-8111
- MIRACOSTA COLLEGE**
Little Theatre
One Bernard Drive, Coronado
757-2121 x239
- NORTH COAST REPERTORY THEATRE**
1205 La Vista Way, Vista
724-3421
- NORTH COUNTY COMMUNITY THEATRE**
1205 La Vista Way, Vista
724-3421
- OLD GLOBE THEATRE**
Old Globe Theatre
Cassius Carter Center Stage
Frederick Stage, Balboa Park
239-2250
- OLD TOWN OPERA HOUSE**
2101 Tropic Street, San Francisco
268-0062
- PALOMAR COLLEGE**
Palomar College Theatre, San Marcos
344-8861
- PARADISE PLAYHOUSE**
Vanguard Shopping Center
1211 E. Valley Parkway, Escondido
746-6559
- PINE HILLS LODGE**
2800 La Jolla Village Way, San Diego
765-1191
- POINT LOMA COLLEGE**
San Diego
3000 Lomas Drive, Point Loma
227-4414 x48
- SAN DIEGO CITY COLLEGE THEATRE**
San Diego City College
239-3642
- SAN DIEGO JUNIOR THEATRE**
Casa del Prado Theatre, Balboa Park
239-4355
- SAN DIEGO MESA COLLEGE**
7250 Mesa College Drive, San Diego
230-5744
- SAN DIEGO PUBLIC THEATRE**
311 Eighth Avenue (at P.O. downtown)
233-3378
- SAN DIEGO REPERTORY THEATRE**
1620 Sixth Avenue, downtown
235-8025
- SAN DIEGO STATE UNIVERSITY**
San Diego and Experimental Theatre
265-6884
- MAN DEQUITO PLAYHOUSE**
Del Mar Fairgrounds, Del Mar
755-7398
- SCRIPPS RANCH COMMUNITY THEATRE**
Scripps Ranch High School Auditorium
9235 Gold Coast Drive, Mesa Mesa
566-7003 x216
- SOUTH COAST REPERTORY THEATRE**
655 Town Center Drive, Costa Mesa
714-967-4333
- SOUTHWESTERN COLLEGE**
Amen Theatre, Mission Hill
940 San Luis Road, Chula Vista
421-1180
- STANFORD**
Stanford Theatre, Balboa Park
232-3647 x234 STAN
- UNITED STATES INTERNATIONAL UNIVERSITY**
Zeller Theatre
12405 Pomeroy Road, Scripps Ranch
571-4189
- UNIVERSITY OF CALIFORNIA SAN DIEGO**
1250 Theatre, John Muir Theatre
Stable Theatre
452-4119
- UNIVERSITY OF CALIFORNIA SAN DIEGO**
1250 Theatre, John Muir Theatre
Stable Theatre
452-4119
- UNIVERSITY OF SAN DIEGO**
Carmichael Theatre, Balboa Park
Linda Vista Wood, San Diego
292-6481

READER'S GUIDE TO THE THEATER

about Babe's sexual affair with a fifteen-year-old black boy. There is also an old granddaddy dying in a hospital, a bumbay cousin, a self-confident young lawyer, and Meg's limping lover of yesterday. The problem of the play is one of focus, and director Tami Ross has not solved it. We are never sure whether what we are seeing is intended as farce, as psychological realism, as satire, or as a modernized and vulgarized *Three Sisters*, and consequently we are never sure how we should react to the events on stage. In effect, it turns out to be a tawdry as to whether or should laugh in amusement or sink away in

embarrassment. Above all, it is hard to respond to the three McGrath sisters with the wailing affection like playwright evidently expects of us. These sisters—at least in the play's production—are simply not lovable. They aren't even interesting. No sense in watching for this one. (S+)

San Diego Repertory Theatre, Sixth Avenue Playhouse, through August 26, Thursday through Sunday at 8:00 p.m. Matinee Sunday, August 19 at 2:30 p.m.

ELEKTRA
Sophocles' treatment of the ancient story of maternal revenge has a

morally unsatisfactory ending: Orestes, who has murdered his mother, and Electra, his sister, who has grieved him on to this matricide, are proclaimed happy and triumphant without remorse, guilt, or the prospect of being punished. There are a number of ways this ending might be made intelligible to a modern audience. But director Diana Maddox has avoided interpretation, teaching her excellent actors to speak Sophocles' lines with clarity and eloquence, and leaving it up to the audience to make sense of the result. It is a beautifully re-created, reverential treatment of a classic, which never comes dramatically alive and which never succeeds in gripping the audience's feelings in the title role.

Katherine McGrath is a radiant princess, fully in control of her splendidly modulated oratory, rather than the ragged, embittered, frenzied victim of insupportable circumstances we need to see if we are to make any sense of the playwright's text. Most of the other actors evince even less character; they seem mere devices for turning written words into spoken ones. In any case, this is a production that is a production to see for the blocking, the lighting, the costumes, the character, situation, or theme, and the grand dramatic moments Sophocles created pass by with little impact in Miss Maddox's unimaginative use of the intimate Carter and its arena stage. This is neither Greek tragedy as Sophocles knew it, nor an inventive re-creation for a modern audience utilizing the manifold resources of the modern theater. It belongs to the weak, old-fashioned school of compromise that has given the classical drama such a bad odor with theatergoers. (S+)

Cassius Carter Centre Stage, Balboa Park, through September 2, Thursday, July 26, Saturday, July 28, and Wednesday, August 1 at 8:00 p.m. Matinee Saturday, July 28 at 2:00 p.m.

FIDDLER ON THE ROOF
Now in its fourth season of outdoor musical productions, the Vista Summer Theatre presents the popular musical—music by Jerry Block, lyrics by Sheldon Harnick, and

book by Joseph Stein—based on the stories of Sholem Aleichem. Pat Lerner directs the production, which features such songs as "If I Were a Rich Man," "Tea and Sympathy," and "Do You Love Me?" John Menschling is Teyve. The set is designed by Mark Anderson, and the lighting is by Rina Friedland. Led Perez is the choreographer. Martin Reed is the musical director, and Pat Hoy is the conductor. (Sm)

Moonlight Amphitheatre (Broadway Exit) off Highway 78, east to East Vista Way, right on Vista Terrace, Bregle Terrace Park, Vista, through August 12, Thursday through Sunday at 8:30 p.m. For information call 724-2962.

HOT FLASHES
And that they are. This women's improvisational comedy group, made up of M. Gaffney, Maggie Gille, Sheri Olsen, and Robyn Samuels, will perform an extended run at the Old Town Opera House. Adapted at both humor and seriousness, the group combines improvisational games, songs, and written sketches. Their material, both improvised and scripted, is often genuinely funny. It is also, on occasion, both insightful and moving. (Sm)

Old Town Opera House, through August 25, Sunday at 8:00 p.m.

MAYBE I'M DOING IT WRONG
The La Jolla Playhouse is staging a cabaret of songs by Randy Newman. And that they are. This women's improvisational comedy group, made up of M. Gaffney, Maggie Gille, Sheri Olsen, and Robyn Samuels, will perform an extended run at the Old Town Opera House. Adapted at both humor and seriousness, the group combines improvisational games, songs, and written sketches. Their material, both improvised and scripted, is often genuinely funny. It is also, on occasion, both insightful and moving. (Sm)

Old Town Opera House, through August 25, Sunday at 8:00 p.m.

JACK IN THE BEANSTALK
Now in its thirty-sixth year, the San Diego Junior Theatre presents the classic fairy tale, which will run in repertory with the Junior Theatre's production of *The Pajama Game*. Jill Parker directs the production, which is cast entirely with students eight to fifteen years of age. The sets are designed by N. Olson Park, and the lighting is designed by Bob Sherwood. (Sm)

Casa del Prado Theatre, Balboa Park, Tuesday, July 31 through Saturday, August 4 at 2:00 p.m.

LAST OF THE RED-HOT LOVERS
The Pine Hills Players present the Neil Simon comedy about a middle-aged man's attempt at infidelity. Burt Cushman is a fish-house proprietor

and a faithful husband for twenty-five years. How long, however, Barney decides that his life is passing him by and years for his recent divorce. Since his mother's apartment is conveniently empty during the day, Barney attempts a series of affairs with the women of the neighborhood. (Sm)

Pine Hills Lodge, through August 11, Friday and Saturday, dinner at 7:00 p.m., curtain at 8:00 p.m.

THE MERRY WIVES OF WINDSOR
The Old Globe Theatre's production of the Shakespearean comedy has an intentionally tawdry look. Daniel Sullivan, guest director from the Seattle Repertory Theatre, has refused to "carnelize" his stage, the way most productions of the play do, with bright colors, lavish apparel, and an overall atmosphere of elegance. Sullivan's portrait of the town of Windsor is a drab nut-brown, graced by the occasional splintery flower and littered with the grungy details of the age. This is an environment where people confuse road for soap opera, where leanings toward refinement are

instantly mocked by their surroundings. But while the Old Globe has captured the play's stability, look quite well, a full realization of the comedy's energetic spirit is missing on opening night. There was nothing inherently wrong with the show—no glaring mistakes, no obvious shortcomings, or obvious shortcuts through Shakespeare's prose. The production was competently done, but it rarely matched the venturewardness of its setting. It offered few genuine moments of merriment, and it tended to struggle with the play's many expository passages in ways that often left the pace. James Benedict's *Faust*—played in an overly resigned and surprisingly dignified manner—and the production in general sit at ease and lack rather than soaring them with much-needed energy and abandon. In minor roles, actors Tom Lacy and Dennis Bailey capture the play's spirit (as Doctor Faustus, the essence of pomposity, Lacy performs an odyssey of language—a part French, part English)—but comically slips back halfway across an English Channel, and the members of the "Young Globe Company" display a consistent relish for the play. But Queen Elizabeth I (for whom Shakespeare wrote the comedy originally, wanted to see fully entertained on the stage. For the most part, the Old Globe's production has produced it, at best, only partially. (Sm)

Old Globe Theatre, Festival Stage, through September 2, Thursday, July 26, Saturday, July 28, and Wednesday, August 1 at 8:30 p.m.

THE MIRADO
Project Vanguard of the Westminster Presbyterian Church presents the popular light opera by Gilbert and Sullivan. Michael Taver directs the production. Members of the cast include Larry Smith, Neville Cordell, Phil Green, Paul Goodwin, Leslie McGuire, Dennis Krause, and Jane Hoof. The set is designed by Larry Smith, the costumes are by Susan Canfield and Barbara Jensen, and the

lighting is by Stan Folis. (Sm)

Westminster Area Theatre, corner of Talbot and Carson streets, First Lutheran Church, through July 29, Friday through Sunday at 8:00 p.m. For information call 225-4236 or 223-3100.

MODERN TIMES
Gale 5, on the top floor of La Maison restaurant, is featuring a new improvisational comedy troupe composed of five people whose lineage includes Chicago Second City, the Comedy Store, Theater, radio, and video. The show takes its direction from suggestions by the audience and is based on scenarios like Mr. Rogers at a pick-up bar, professional gopher-fish farmers ("Good answer! good answer!"), and animal swap meets. Members of the troupe are Don Victor, Chris Wright, Kim Breslin, Bryan Scott, and Laura Phinney. (Sm)

Gale 5, 3601 Fifth Avenue, Hillcrest, through July 28, Friday and Saturday at 8:00 p.m. and 11:00 p.m. For information call 298-0119.

OKLAHOMA!
The Lawrence Well Village Theatre is staging the musical—made by Richard Rodgers, book and lyrics by Oscar Hammerstein II—based on the play *Green Grass the Lullaby* by Lynn Riggs. In the musical, which is set just after the turn of the century, both Jody 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 Lou Valera as Curly, Cheryl Candel as Laurey, Cynthia Priege as Auntie Curly, and Michael DeVries as Will Parker. (Sm)

Lawrence Well Village Theatre, through July 29, Thursday through Saturday at 8:00 p.m. Matinee Thursday and Sunday at 1:45 p.m.

ON GOLDEN POND
The Coronado Playhouse is offering

Ernest Thompson's popular drama about an elderly couple who return to their summer home of Longview, Maine, in 1900. Golden Pond in Maine. He is seventy-nine and a beginning to feel his life drawing to a close. But he meets a teenage boy, and the association renews his energy and spirit. Richard George and Tim Reeve are codirectors of the production. Members of the cast include Robert J. McNamee, Pat Allen, Hunter Smith, Walter Truitt, Kimberly Leary, and Shel Gold. On Golden Pond is running in repertory with *Suds* at the Coronado Playhouse. Call the theater (435-4856) for specific dates and times. (Sm)

Coronado Playhouse, through August 26.

OTHELLO
The Old Globe Theatre presents Shakespeare's poetic tragedy of love, jealousy, and intrigue. Jack O'Brien directs the production. Paul Winkfield is Othello, Roberto Naveas is Desdemona, and Jonathan McMurtry is Iago. Other members of the cast include Jeffrey Alan Chandler, Oliver Cill, J. Kenneth Campbell, Mitchell Edmonds, Robert McElroy, Katherine McGrath, James Carpenter, Jill Tanner, and Vaughn Armstrong. Richard Seger is the scenic designer, Lewis Brown is the costume designer, Kent Doner is the lighting designer, and Roger Kane is the sound designer. Music for the production has been composed by Conrad Susa, and the light scenes are directed by Anthony De Longis. (Sm)

Old Globe Theatre, through September 2, Thursday, July 27, Sunday, July 29, and Tuesday, July 31 at 8:00 p.m. Matinee Sunday, July 29 at 2:00 p.m.

THE PAJAMA GAME
The San Diego Junior Theatre presents the musical—book by Richard Basile and George Abbott, music by Richard Adler and Jerry Ross—based on Basile's novel *7-11-2*. Centis Pajama Game chronicles the unlikely labor-management romances that develop at the Sleep-Tite Pajama Factory when the workers demand a

seven-and-one-half-cent per hour wage hike. Dan Regas directs the production, which will be performed by teenage actors, fourteen to eighteen years of age. Anne Choukarian is the conductor. Choreography is by Linda Cohen, sets by N. Olson Park, costumes by Marilyn Pime, and lighting by Bob Sherwood. (Sm)

Casa del Prado Theatre, Balboa Park, Friday, July 27 through August 4, Friday, July 27 and Tuesday, July 31 through Saturday, August 4 at 7:30 p.m. Matinee Saturday, July 28, Sunday, July 29, and Sunday, August 5 at 2:00 p.m.

THE PASSION OF DRACULA
San Diego State University's Summer Showcase Theatre presents a staged version of the novel by Bram Stoker, adapted by Bob Hall and David Rothman. Jody Fields directs the production, which will have the feel of a black-and-white movie, and which will feature flying bats and an exploding chandelier. Stan Madrugra is the bloodthirsty Count Dracula. Other members of the cast include Lathen Hachova, Christopher Redd, Cathy Penman, Charles Jackman, Stephen Burhoe, Richard Frost, Jim Morfio, and David Wheeler. The scenic designer is John Redman, the lighting

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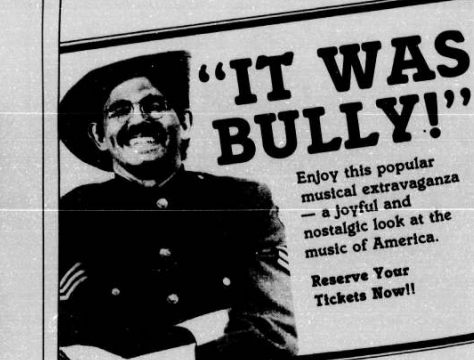
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BY RANDY NEWMAN

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LA JOLLA PLAYHOUSE

READER'S GUIDE TO THE THEATER

designer in Peter Noyk, the costume designer is Nancy Heymark, and the sound designers are Laura Campbell and Ned Anderson. (Sm.) Main Stage Theatre, San Diego State University, Thursday, July 26 through August 1, 8:00 p.m., Friday, Saturday and Sunday at 2:00 p.m. Matinee Saturday at 8:00 p.m. and Wednesday, August 1 at 2:00 p.m.

RASHOMON
The Old Globe Theatre's handsome production of this intriguing drama is at once a factual whodunit and a thoughtful speculation on the paradoxical nature of truth. The play, written by Fay and Michael Kram and based on stories by Ryunosuke Akutagawa, details the many ways an actual event can become distorted by those who were involved and by those who hear about it second hand. All ten of the play's characters offer differing versions of what took place in a wood near the Rashomon gate a thousand years ago. The fact is that a woman was assaulted, and her husband is dead. The rest is a competition among discordant voices, each claiming to be true. Most productions of the play perform similar variations. There are many, in fact, to convert Rashomon into a title, pseudohistorical or more or less given one's natural tendency to want simple solutions. — Valerie in favor of a simple perspective. At the Old Globe, however, director Craig Noel has avoided this. "Not only does this character and situation demystify, but it's a simple story of view intrudes on the others, and all have their day in court. This shined view, the opposite of what each individual is trying to do, creates a crisp, funny, and multidimensional production out of the play's discordant voices. In effect, the show encourages its audience to play the role of an impartial judge. And each character — from J. Kurosawa, Campbell's sagging bantam to Jonathan McMurtry's vividly portrayed (and consummately off-putting) womanizer — tells his/her side convincingly. They plead. They caper. They reason. They

lie. Or do they? It is the woodcutters' version correct? He was there, after all. Do the cynical cynicism's acerbic observations take the day? For any of them telling the truth? All of them? I recommend that you see this play. It is terrific as *Miss Raaich* performs little tasks, putting away the groceries and preparing a meal. There appear to be no other things to happen! But without ever saying a word.

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Since coming to San Diego in the summer of 1981, the Nepth Company has offered us a truly alternative theater. Each of its five productions has either reminded us of our theatrical heritage, often in new ways, or has brought us up to date in the case of its current production — Franz Xaver Kroetz's *Requiem* — the Nepth Company may be showing us the future of drama as well. The company begins the evening with *Requiem*, an early work by Kroetz that serves as an introduction to the German playwright and his theater of silence. In approximately fifteen short scenes, a young man and woman behave as if all feeling had been pounded out of them long ago (Kroetz, who claims theater is too gamelike, too talkative, never names the cause of the couple's disengagement, he simply illustrates its effects). The play traces a rapid, pathetic, and final disintegration of what little the couple has left. The Alpha's production of *Requiem*, directed by Ole Nash and performed by Mike Loney and Gabe Antico, has several rough spots — a note in the program acknowledges that the play is presented as a work in progress — but it does serve a purpose. With a chilling line that claims "no one knows anything about no one," *Requiem* acts as a fitting prologue to *Request*. Confronted with the thirty-eight-year-old play's mature and expressive, On the

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surface, very little happens in this hour-long play. It's just an evening with Miss Raaich. She tends to her chores and even speaks. Above on the stage and without the comfort of dialogue, actress Bonnie Dillingham (who is terrific as *Miss Raaich*) performs little tasks, putting away the groceries and preparing a meal. There appear to be no other things to happen! But without ever saying a word.

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technical problems (the lighting is spotty and the sound levels in the background are often too loud), but the performances, for the most part, are adequate. And overall, the production captures both Mamet's format, thirty-four skits and blackouts, and the deplorable lives of the play's characters, reasonably effectively. The same cannot be said, however, for the second show in the Mamet's double bill, *Like Sexual*, which Mamet wrote in 1974. *Sexual* is also an early Mamet work by another of America's most important playwrights, Sam Shepard. Were anyone else to have written this brief drama, I doubt that it would ever be staged. In the play, two men, turned through the garbage cans of a large, unnamed city, are (Stu and Chet) and their Western movie heroes (Clem and Milt). Their lives are aimless — demythologized — a Shepard allusion might be quick to say. Then one dies. End of fragment 8. You haven't seen *Sexual* previously. I recommend the Mamet's production. If you are a fan of the later works of Sam Shepard, also, you should see how the playwright has come since the last of his slender one-act in the late States. (Sm.)

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READER'S GUIDE TO THE MUSIC SCENE

Music commentary by John D. Apostolos. Please send concert information and photographs to Reader Music Scene, P.O. Box 80800, San Diego 92138.

A number of reasons have been advanced in an attempt to explain the seemingly sudden demise in 1965 of the "girl group" phenomenon that had held the rock and roll world captive since 1958. The Beatles and other members of the landing party known as the "British Invasion" have been blamed for siphoning off a monster portion of the worldwide pop audience in 1964, as have the rise of male and co-ed Motown groups, surf music, the folk rock of the West Coast, and the dramatic rise in the cost of the hairspray needed to keep those bouffant bubbles in place. Another development that must have hurt the cause of the female vocalists was the unavoidable maturation and inevitable disappearance of New York's Brill Building tunesmiths who in their teens and early twenties had kept the teen hits coming — songwriters such as Carole King, Neil Sedaka, Gerry Goffin, Paul Simon (yes, that Paul Simon), Ellie Greenwich, Jeff Barry, Jerry Lieber, Mike Stoller, and Phil Spector. It could be argued that once these hitmakers went their separate ways — some into marriage, others into their own performing careers — the girl-group market could only go



RONNIE SPECTOR

in one direction, down. Maybe it was a combination of all these events. No one knows for sure. Scarier still is an acceptable rationale for the equally sudden resurgence of girl groups a few years ago, spearheaded by the success of the Go-Go's. Undoubtedly the women's movement had to have played at least an indirect role in introducing young girls to the macho world of guitars and drums. But to credit

consciousness-raising alone would seem to omit a number of other possibilities, not the least of which is that the Go-Go's and their imitators emerged during a relatively fallow period for rock and roll, much as the original girl groups had come to the fore during a similar period in the late Fifties. At any rate, legitimate representatives of both the old and new girl-group camps will be in town this week for what

could prove to be two "fun" shows.

In 1959, Veronica "Ronnie" Bennett was just one of thousands of young black girls who formed or joined singing groups hoping to hit the big time. Bennett, her older sister Estelle, and their cousin Nedra seemed to have gone as far as they could go when they landed a paying job performing as part of the Jody Lee review at the Peppermint Lounge in New York City. But fate took the Ronettes a giant step further along when in 1962 a bizarre young genius named Phil Spector heard them and signed them to his fledgling Philles record label. That same summer, Spector, Ellie Greenwich, and Jeff Barry wrote a song for the Ronettes, "Be My Baby," that propelled the trio (and Philles Records) to the top of the charts. The record was a classic example of what would eventually come to be known as the "Spector Sound": all multitracked percussives, echo-y piano and vocals, and swirling horn and string choirs (it would also inspire a later hit by another weird genius, Brian Wilson, who would use "Be My Baby" — right down to the drum intro — as the model for the Beach Boys' "Don't Worry Baby").

Indicative of the impact that Spector's studio magic had on pop music is the fact that the Ronettes are now regarded as one of the two or three most important female groups of the

Fifties and early Sixties, even though they only recorded three songs of note ("Be My Baby," "Baby I Love You," and "Walking in the Rain"). In 1968, Ronnie Bennett married Spector and subsequently spent six quiet — and by her own accounts very strange — years living with the reclusive rock pioneer in his Hollywood mansion. Since their divorce in 1974, Ronnie Spector has recorded and performed sporadically (with, among others, Bruce Springsteen's E Street Band and Alice Cooper). I heard her on a television special not long ago and she sounded — and looked — as exotic and sexy as ever. She'll be at the Bely Up Tavern tonight, Thursday, with the Mar Dels. The Bangles are the evolved, contemporized version of the original girl group in that, unlike their predecessors, they write, arrange, and perform their own songs. This difference cannot be overemphasized. Like sexy marionettes, the girl groups of the Fifties/Sixties were completely dependent upon producers, songwriters, and studio musicians to pull the strings that would give them life, and they often fared well when they tried to take even one aspect of their careers into their own hands. The Bangles, like their peers, are pretty much self-contained. But there's an ironic catch. As much as they and the other current female bands have distanced themselves from their

(Continued on page 14)

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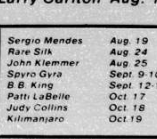
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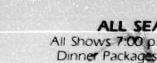
Larry Carlton Aug. 17



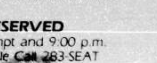
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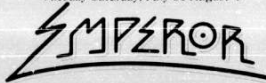
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Friday & Saturday

\$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

NEW DAY!

Every Wednesday
**Dr. James
Downs, Ph.D.**
Hypnotist
Rockn-Roll

NO COVER
Open Sunday
\$1.00
Drink Specials

Monday, July 30
New-Mom Goes Surfing
with ZZZYZX
\$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

747-5000: Just Us, contemporary.
Tuesday through Saturday: live
musical entertainment, Sunday and
Monday, call club for information.

Hungry Hunter, 1271 Vista Way,
Oceanside, 433-2127: Steve Morris,
comedy and music, Wednesday
through Saturday; John Barker, Top
40 favorites, Sunday through
Tuesday.

Hungry Hunter/Rancho Bernardo,
11940 Bernardo Plaza Drive,
Rancho Bernardo, 366-2400: The
Rosa Korpatsch Duo,
contemporary, Thursday through
Saturday; Michael Edwards,
contemporary, Wednesday.

July Roger/Oceanside, 1601 North
Harbor Drive, Oceanside, 722-1231:
Chuck Showalter, contemporary,
Wednesday through Saturday.

July Roger/Solana Beach, 937
Lomas Santa Fe Drive, Solana
Beach, 755-0117: Patrick Campbell,
contemporary, Wednesday through
Saturday.

Kirby's, 215 Fifteenth Street, Del
Mar, 481-3001: Rick Lightfoot,
contemporary, Friday and Saturday.

Muñane's, 340 East Grand
Avenue, Escondido, 741-0935: P.J.
Fog, contemporary, Thursday
through Saturday; John Kelley,
contemporary, Sunday and Monday;
Rich Hunt, contemporary, Tuesday;
Kracker, rock, Wednesday.

Normandy Cocktail Lounge, 215
North Hill Street, Oceanside,
722-4271: Prowell, rock, Thursday
through Saturday; the Look, rock,
Sunday and Monday; live rock,
Tuesday and Wednesday, call club
for information.

Old Del Mar Cafe, 2730 Via de la
Valle, Del Mar, 755-6614: Rocky and
the Jets, vintage rock, Thursday and
Friday; Whatcha rock, Saturday;
the Mar Dels, vintage rock, Sunday;
Ella Ruth Figgie, jazz and blues,
Monday and Tuesday.

Old Time Cafe, 1164 North
Highway 101, Leesdale, 436-4030:
Urban Coyote, bluegrass, Thursday;
Duke Van Ronk, blues and folk,
Friday; early evening and evening:
Guy and Candie Carawan, folk,
Saturday; early evening and evening:
the Two Magicians, Irish music,
early evening, Sunday; Old Time
Hoet Night, Tuesday; jew's harp
each in with Sam Hinton,
Wednesday, Sunday Branch
Concert: Catherine Eganova, Irish
harp.

Pacific Espresso, 235 North El
Camino Real, Encinitas, 436-1248:
Prowell, jazz, Friday and Saturday;
Steve Strauss, jazz piano, Sunday
brunch.

Pancho's, 1309 Camino Del Mar,
481-0414: The Rhythm Kings with
the Bad Habit Horns, rock and
blues, Friday and Saturday; live
music, Sunday, call club for
information.

**Paradise Garden's Natural Food
Restaurant**, 260 West Crest Avenue,
Escondido, 489-1217: Paul and Carla
Roberts, folk, Wednesday.

Pea Soup Anderson's, 800 Palomar
Airport Road, Carlsbad, 438-0889:
Strictly Business, contemporary,
Wednesday through Saturday.

Pomerada Club, 12237 Pomerada
Road, Poway, 746-1133: High
Steppen, country, Wednesday
through Saturday; country dance
lessons, Wednesday.

Poway Mine Company, 12375
Poway Road, Poway, 746-7296,
966-2070: Steppen, that country
rock, Tuesday through Thursday;
One, rock, Friday and Saturday;
Dean, contemporary, Sunday and
Monday.

Ralph and Eddie's, 390 Grand
Avenue, Carlsbad, 729-2986:
Irvington Rockers, rock, Friday
through Sunday.

Rancho Bernardo Inn, 17550
Bernardo Oaks Drive, Rancho
Bernardo, 487-1611 or 277-2146:
Jim Gates and Sound Investment,
contemporary, Tuesday through

Saturday; the Marley Days Quartet,
contemporary, Sunday and Monday;
Duang Room, Peter Kobbersch,
pianist, Tuesday through
Saturday; Jim Malone, pianist,
Sunday and Monday; Greg
McGinnis, pianist, Tuesday and
Wednesday.

Reuben's, 2515 El Camino Real,
Carlsbad, 434-1766: Clutch Cargo,
contemporary, Tuesday through
Saturday.

Rogue Stills, 9850 Carmel Mt.
Road, Pettinghaus, 578-2144: Peter
Jay, contemporary, Monday
through Saturday.

Roxy, 517 East First Street,
Encinitas, 436-5001: Kevin Lettau
and Ron Satterfield, jazz, Sunday
and Monday.

Rudi's Hidden Acres, 3700 Carmel
Valley Road, Del Mar, 481-0606: Live
music, Friday and Saturday, call
club for information.

Stage Coach Inn, 1865 Vista Way,
Vista, 724-9080: Coyote, country,
Wednesday through Sunday.

Sundowner, 135 East Vista Way,
Vista, 940-9000: Afro, Latin music,
Wednesday and Sunday.

Tepper Room, 1270 Main Street,
Ramona, 789-3733: Country
Justice, country, Friday and
Saturday.

Tequila Flats, 3296 Mission Avenue,
Oceanside, 757-7757: Miteing,
rock, Wednesday through Saturday.

ABILENE
Country Saloon
Join us for a dance good time MON-
DAY, 8:00-11:00 PM. Live Country
Music and a special Happy Hour
from 7:00-8:00 PM. **HAPPY HOUR** every
night from 4:00-8:00 PM. Refreshments
and drinks - **10¢ BEER** - **10¢**
Margaritas. For our SUNDAY BRUNCH
call 757-7757.

STAMPEDE
Tues. thru Sat.
beginning at 9:00 p.m.



Town & Country
HOTEL
500 Hotel Circle North
Mission Valley
291-7131



MARLEY DAYS
Quintet
Tues. - Fri. at 8:30 p.m.
Sat. at 9:30 p.m.
Championship Happy Hour
begins at 5:30 p.m.
Located atop the
East Hill
East Hill Parking

Pavillon
Lounge

5 LINES UP
5 LINES UP



THE MERGER OF FOUR EYES AND THE SPEEDSTERS

FOUR EYES IS NOW 5 LINES UP

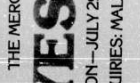
RODEO - JULY 27 & 28 • HALCYON - JULY 29 & 30 • STARDUST BALLROOM - JULY 31 • DISTILLERY WEST - AUGUST 1 & 4

INQUIRES: MALCOLM FALK c/o 3RD EAR (619) 481-3030 • 481-8140

5 LINES UP
5 LINES UP



5 LINES UP
5 LINES UP



5 LINES UP
5 LINES UP



5 LINES UP
5 LINES UP



5 LINES UP
5 LINES UP



HAPPY HOUR HYSTERIA

MONDAY-FRIDAY, 4:00 PM TO 8:00 PM

\$1.00 WELL DRINKS, 50¢ DRAFT BEER,

WINE & CHAMPAGNE, FREE HORS D'OEUVRES



Come play at

**PLAYERS
OF SANDIEGO**

425 Camino Del Rio South - Mission Valley - 297-5103

Thursday, July 26th

PLAYERS & BLOOD BRING YOU
"THE WEEKEND WARM-UP"
25¢ Beer & Wine, \$1.00 Well Drinks 4:00 to 8:00 pm.

Friday & Saturday, July 27th & 28th

IT'S THE WEEKEND—CUT LOOSE!
Double your fun! Two dance floors.
TOP 40—NEW AGE ROCK—OLDIES

Sunday, July 29th
50¢ Champagne All Night

SALON OLYMPICS

San Diego's finest salons bring you "far out" and traditional hairstyles for a terrific show and contest.
Special thanks to KMS for donating their great products.

Also, stay and see



modeling top designs

Monday, July 30th
50¢ Draft Beer All Night

"MUSCLES TO MAZATLAN"

Attention, Hard Bodies! Players is looking for the man and woman with the best physiques in San Diego. Cash prizes will be awarded every Monday. Finalists compete Monday, August 27th.
1st Prize—Mazatlan trip for 2 at the fabulous



2nd Prize—Viking Princess Cruise for 2 to Ensenada.

3rd prize—Invader Dinner Cruise for 2

Contestants will be judged by the audience as well as professionals in the fitness field.

Tuesday, July 31st
50¢ Margaritas until 10:00 pm
Wednesday, August 1
50¢ Wine until 10:00 pm

BE IN A MAJOR MOTION PICTURE! "SHOWGIRL"

Don't miss this once in a lifetime opportunity!

WINNERS WILL BE AWARDED A PART IN THE MOVIE
BEAUTY CONTEST—TUESDAY NIGHT, DANCE CONTEST—WEDNESDAY NIGHT
Contestants stop by Players for further details.

PLAYERS RESTAURANT

Buffet lunch Monday-Friday, 11:30 am to 2:30 pm. Dinner served Monday-Saturday, 6:00 to 10:00 pm.
Reservations accepted.

Hit N' Run, rock, Sunday through Tuesday.

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

Time Machine/Chez Orleans, 302 North Midway, Escondido, 743-1722: The London Brothers, rock, Thursday through Saturday; 911, rock, Tuesday and Wednesday.

Valley Center Inn Saloon, 27555 Valley Center Road, Valley Center, 748-1466: Steppin' Out, country, Friday and Saturday.

Vista Entertainment Center, 435 West Vista Way, Vista, 941-1032: Jockey Club: The Echoes, 166 rock, Thursday through Monday; Tuff Room: image, contemporary, Friday, Saturday, and Wednesday; Derby Room: recorded dance music, Friday, Saturday and Wednesday.

Whiskey Creek, 14240 Poway Road, Poway, 748-7331: The Gravel Canyon Band with Linda Rae, country, Wednesday through Saturday; Ray Sanders and the

Fallbrook Band, country, Monday and Tuesday.

Whiskey Flats, 1260 West Valley Parkway, Escondido, 745-8640: Planet, rock, Thursday through Saturday; Toys, rock, Sunday and Monday; the Heroes, rock, Tuesday and Wednesday.

Winner's Circle, 350 Via de la Valle, Solana Beach, 753-6666: Bob Long, piano variety, Tuesday through Saturday.

Wooden Nickel, 13301 Poway Road, Poway, 748-6164: Ron Morris, country, Thursday and Wednesday; live country music, Friday and Saturday, call club for information.

Beaches

Aimee's, Hotel La Jolla, 7766 Fay Avenue, La Jolla, 434-3007: Jimmy Fontaine, contemporary, Tuesday through Saturday; J.J. Frank, contemporary and jazz piano, Sunday through Friday happy hours.

Atlantis, 2595 Ingraham Street, Mission Bay, 224-2434: The Elements, contemporary, Tuesday through Saturday.

"Bahia Belle", at the dock, Bahia Hotel, 998 West Mission Bay Drive, Mission Bay, 488-0531: Main Street, contemporary music for dancing, Friday and Saturday.

Bahia Hotel, 998 West Mission Bay Drive, Mission Bay, 488-0531: Fortune, top 40 dance music, Tuesday through Saturday; Chatham's Jazz Quartet, jazz, Sunday; Piano Bar: Beverly Keys, Tuesday through Saturday; Bob MacLeod, Sunday and Monday; Afternoon Tea Dance: the Eddie Stanger Band, Big Band dance music, Friday.

Beach Club, 1821 Razon Street, Ocean Beach, 222-6822: The Hurricanes, blues and rhythm and blues, Thursday; Jagwire, 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; L.A., rock, Tuesday and Wednesday.

Catamaran Hotel, 3999 Mission Boulevard, Mission Beach, 488-1081: Southwind,

contemporary, Tuesday through Saturday; SuperOP, country, Sunday; Polynesian Lounge: Steve Woods, contemporary, Monday through Friday happy hours, with Don Herf's 1984 Friendly Follies, variety stage show with music, Monday evening.

Chuck's Steak House, 1250 Prospect Street, La Jolla, 454-5325: Zazi, jazz, Wednesday through Saturday; the Bruce Cameron and Hollis Gentry Ensemble, jazz, Sunday and Monday.

The Comedy Store, 916 Pearl Street, La Jolla, 454-9178: Mattias Campan, contemporary, early evening, Thursday through Saturday; Nancy Scarr, contemporary, early evening, Sunday, Monday, and Wednesday; comedy shows, Wednesday, and Thursday through Sunday, call club for information, Comedy Amateur Night, Monday.

Elmer's, 7955 La Jolla Shores Drive, La Jolla, 459-0541: Jeanne Reith and Sweet Sound, jazz, Wednesday through Saturday; Stone's vintage jazz, swing, and rock, Sunday through Tuesday.

Halcyon, 4258 West Point Loma Boulevard, Loma Portal, 225-9559: Taxi, rock, Tuesday through Saturday; with Streetcar Eyes, rock, Friday happy hour; Five Lines Up, rock, Sunday and Monday.

Hilton Hotel, Cargo Bar, 1775 East Mission Bay Drive, Mission Bay, 276-4016: People Movers, contemporary, Wednesday through Saturday; Triple Plus, contemporary, Sunday through Tuesday.

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

Islandia Hotel, Circle Lounge, 1441 Quivira Road, Mission Bay, 224-3541: Sander and the Ram Band, variety stage show, Tuesday

through Saturday.

Joe Murphy's, 4302 Mission Boulevard, Pacific Beach, 270-3220: Private Domain, rock, Thursday through Saturday; Bobby Chevrolet, rock and blues, Sunday and Monday; the Mar Dels, vintage rock, Tuesday; Dirk Debonaire, rock, Wednesday.

La Avenida, 1301 Orange Avenue, Coronado, 435-6262: The Boogie Machine, recorded dance music, Friday and Saturday.

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

Le Chalet, 5046 Newport Avenue, Ocean Beach, 222-5300: France, rock, Thursday through Saturday; the Hurricanes, blues and rhythm and blues, Sunday and Monday; Driver, rock, Tuesday and Wednesday; afternoon concert: Dark Ryder, rock, Sunday.

McP's, 1107 Orange Avenue, Coronado, 435-5280: The Boogie Brothers, rock, blues, comedy, and rhythm and blues, Thursday through Saturday; Jack and Diane, contemporary, Sunday; In the Groove, contemporary, Monday and Tuesday; live music, Wednesday, call club for information.

Mexican Village, 120 Orange Avenue, Coronado, 435-1822: Karen and Colin, contemporary, Tuesday through Thursday; Third Degree, contemporary, Friday and Saturday; Jim Moore, contemporary, Sunday and Monday.

Mom's Saloon, 945 Garnet Avenue, Pacific Beach, 434-7737: Emperor, rock, Tuesday through Saturday; ZZYX, rock, Sunday and Monday.

Mulhenny's, 1031 Orange Avenue, Coronado, 435-4650: Judith Williams, contemporary, Thursday; Black Market, contemporary, Friday and Saturday; talent night, Sunday,

New DOBBER'S NIGHTCLUB

Dining
Dancing
Romancing
New Las Vegas Style
Showroom & Restaurant

Wednesday-Saturday 7:30-11:30 pm
Night Flight

Tuesday-Thursday
Late Night Dance Special
Nostalgic Rock

Monday Night
Jazz Jam Open Session

Tuesday & Sunday
Specialty Night—
anything goes

Specials:
Midnight Happy Hour
\$1.00 well drinks
Heineken on draft
Food served till last call
Early Bird Dinners
Minimum 3 choices \$5.25
All well drinks 2 for 1
11 am-5 pm daily
Palate Pleasers:
Fresh fish, steaks, pastas,
chicken

380 N. El Camino Real,
Encinitas
753-0912

THE SPEAKEASY

presents
JAZZ
with
THE JIMMY CORSARO TRIO

featuring
JOE MARILLO

Every Friday & Saturday
beginning at 8:00 pm

9179 Mira Mesa Blvd. 566-0970



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JAZZ
RECORDS

Disco, Swing, Pop, Pop
All new! we'll
special order anything

THE BOOKCASE
737 Pearl, La Jolla
454-9832

3 days only
Thursday, July 26-Saturday, July 28
RON BOLTON BAND



The fun starts Sunday, July 29
BILL BRACKETT IS BACK!
Bill will entertain you with
his comedy rock every
Sunday and Monday
through Labor Day—
plus nightly

Wednesday, August 1 through
Saturday, August 4

All shows from 9 pm to 1 am
DOC MASTERS

2051 Shelter Island Drive
in the Shelter Island Marina Inn



The World Series Of
DanceAerobics

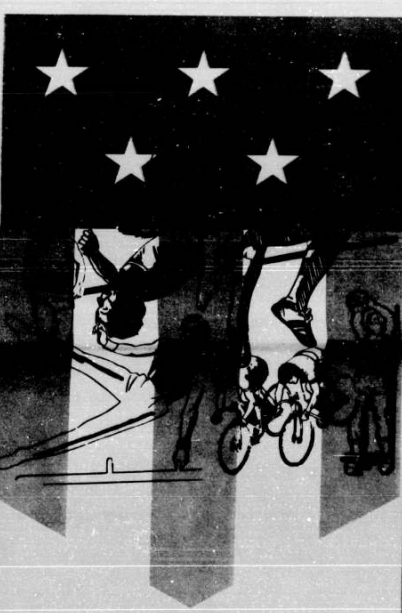
July 26
Finals Competition
San Diego's Hottest Aerobic Dance Contest

You've got to see this exciting show of color, music, grace
and showmanship not to mention physical ability.
Advance tickets available.
A portion of the proceeds will benefit
the Special Olympics.
You've got to see this great contest!

Celebrity Judges from the worlds of Sports,
Entertainment and Physical Fitness.

Located in front of the
Town & Country Hotel
500 Hotel Circle No., Mission Valley
294-3010

WATCH
ALL THE
1984
SUMMER
GAMES



AT
CRYSTAL T'S

Crystal T's is the unofficial "Sport Viewing Lounge" for the 1984 Olympic Games. Our 10' screen and six monitors make the Olympics come to life in the comfort of Crystal T's Emporium.
SPECIAL • SPECIAL • SPECIAL • SPECIAL
• Wear anything RED, WHITE & BLUE anytime the 84 Olympics are being shown on our video system and your drinks will be "Happy Hour" prices.
Don't fight the traffic or the air of L.A. Come to Crystal T's for all your Summer Game Coverage!

**Crystal T's
Emporium**

(In front of the Town & Country Hotel)
500 Hotel Circle North • Mission Valley
294-3010

Mulhane's, 4230 Mission Boulevard, Pacific Beach, 483-7483. Diverse, contemporary. Thursday through Saturday.

Old Pacific Beach Cafe, 4287 Mission Boulevard, Pacific Beach, 270-7522. Jim Hawks, contemporary. Wednesday through Saturday. The Bruce Cameron and Hulla Gentry Ensemble, jazz. Sunday. The features, rock, Monday and Tuesday.

Rolon, 5800 Villa La Jolla Drive, La Jolla, 452-5500. Dirk Debonaire, rock. Thursday through Saturday; comedy night with Jerry Lewis and Glen Soper, Sunday; Bad Manners, rock. Monday early evening and Tuesday.

evening. A Drop in the Sea, rock, and Psychobad, rock. Tuesday. Patrick, rock. Wednesday.

Sandtrap Lounge, 2702 North Mission Bay Drive, Mission Bay, 275-3334. Take 3, nostalgia, pop, and more. Thursday and Friday. Contemporary, funk, and blues. Sunday.

Texas Teahouse, 1970 Village Street, Ocean Beach, Tom "Cal" Courtney, blues, Thursday. Chuck Bolt, blues, ballad, and rock. Tuesday and Sunday.

Upstart Crow and Co., Seacoast Square, 4475 Mission Beach Boulevard, Pacific Beach, 272-8990.

The Pacific Ensemble, light classical music. Sunday brunch.

Victor's, 1403 Rosecrans Street, Point Loma, 226-1871. Upstart, Patrick and Lisa, contemporary. Thursday through Saturday. Norman Clifford, contemporary. Sunday through Tuesday. Plumb, Bar Louie Vaguer, early evening. Monday through Friday with Norman Clifford and Frankie Pelfin, Friday and Saturday evening.

Windrose, 1535 Quivira Road, Marina Village, Mission Bay Park, 223-2245. Free, rock. Wednesday through Saturday; the London Brothers, rock. Sunday and Tuesday.

Monday. Ricky and the Jets, vintage rock. Tuesday.

San Diego North

The Allien Country Saloon, Town and Country Hotel, 200 Hotel Circle North, Mission Valley, 291-7131. Stampede, country. Tuesday through Saturday, country dance lessons. Tuesday through Thursday.

The Alamo, 3993 Claremont Drive, Claremont, 276-2245. Flower, rock. Thursday through Saturday. The Ron Bolton Band, rock. Tuesday and Wednesday.

Ricehall, 8022 Claremont Mesa Boulevard, Kearny Mesa, 560-8022. Cycles, Top 40 dance music. Thursday and Friday. Speed of Sound, jazz and rock. Saturday. Staffer, Top 40 dance music. Sunday. Act Alert, rock, and the Paladins, rockabilly. Wednesday. Jackson Ties, jazz. Thursday through Saturday. Eric Foster, classical guitar, early evening. Wednesday through Saturday. Walter Clark, classical guitar, early evening. Sunday and Monday evening. Rick Lightfoot, contemporary. Tuesday. Jeff Brian, pop, rock, and country. Wednesday.

Black Angus, 10370 Friar Road, Mission Valley, 963-5802. Kicks, rock. Tuesday through Saturday.

Blaney Stone Pub, 5617 Balboa Avenue, Claremont, 279-2003. Chair O'Dogherty, Irish music. Wednesday through Saturday.

Banbury's, 9006 Mira Mesa Boulevard, Mira Mesa, 578-8866. The Goodall Boys, country, oldies, and mellow rock. Thursday through Saturday.

Cafe in the Valley Restaurant, 951 Camino del Rio South, Mission Valley, 296-6329. The Brown Jackson Ties, jazz. Thursday through Saturday. Eric Foster, classical guitar, early evening. Wednesday through Saturday. Walter Clark, classical guitar, early evening. Sunday and Monday evening. Rick Lightfoot, contemporary. Tuesday. Jeff Brian, pop, rock, and country. Wednesday.

Haji Baba, 104 Mission Valley Center West, Mission Valley, 298-2000. Live Arabic music and entertainment. Wednesday through Sunday. "Greek Night" with the Olympians, Monday.

Carriage House, 7945 Balboa

Avenue, Claremont, 279-3567. Ten Corner, country originals. Wednesday through Saturday.

Gold Coast Lounge, Town and Country Hotel, 500 Hotel Circle South, Mission Valley, 291-7131. Plumb Bar, Sharon Schidloff, Sunday. Monday, Wednesday, and Thursday. Kevin Nelson, Tuesday. Friday and Saturday.

Haji Baba, 104 Mission Valley Center West, Mission Valley, 298-2000. Live Arabic music and entertainment. Wednesday through Sunday. "Greek Night" with the Olympians, Monday.

Holiday Inn/Mission Valley.

Crick's, 595 Hotel Circle South, Mission Valley, 291-5729. Family Ties, contemporary. Tuesday through Saturday. Skip Garcia, contemporary. Monday.

Islands Lounge, Honolulu Hotel, 2270 Hotel Circle North, Mission Valley, 291-1101. Freddy Bass and Private Lines, contemporary. Thursday through Saturday. The Spat Brothers, comedy and rock. Sunday and Monday. Niteline, contemporary. Tuesday and Wednesday.

La Hacienda Cantina, 878 Hotel Circle South, Mission Valley, 298-8291. Niteline, contemporary. Thursday through Saturday.

Jarrett, oldies and newies. Sunday and Monday. Mike Murphy, comedy and music. Wednesday.

Lehr's Greenhouse, 2828 Camino del Rio South, Mission Valley, 299-2828. The Swaz Brothers, rock. Tuesday through Saturday, with the Reflectors, rock. Friday and Saturday. The Reflectors, rock. Sunday. Lame rock, the Paladins, rockabilly. Lane of Motion, rock. Sunday and Monday. Niteline, contemporary. Tuesday and Wednesday.

Monk's, 10475 San Diego Mission Road, Mission Valley, 261-6666. Doves, Top 40 dance music. Thursday through Saturday. Ella Buhi Piggie, jazz and blues. Monday.

Monterey Whaling Company, 857 Camino del Rio South, Mission Valley, 291-1638. The Twenties, rock. Tuesday through Saturday. Express, contemporary. Sunday and Monday.

The Moonlight, 6013 Claremont Drive, Claremont, 277-1022. Justice, Top 40 and oldies. Tuesday through Saturday. Jimmy Nixson and Overbome, country. Sunday and Monday.

Narajo Inn, 6515 Narajo Road, San Carlos, 465-1700. BBR, rock. Tuesday through Saturday. Random Sample, rock. Sunday and Monday.



Thurs. 7-26
Fri. 7-27
Sat. 7-28
Sun. 7-29
Mon. 7-30
Tues. 7-31
Wed. 8-1

- * Oyster Bar—every Thurs. Outdoor patio bar
- * Ribs & chicken wings—outdoor patio bar
- * Prime Rib in the dining room
- * Prime Rib in the dining room
- * Open at 5:00 pm
- * Champagne Brunch only \$3.44—Come listen to our Diskland Jazz Trio
- * Hot dogs & chili dogs
- * Doubles for the price of singles
- * Ladies' Night—House wine & champagne only \$1.00
- * South of the Border Night at Donegal's. Tacos & margaritas
- * Padre Ticket Night—Bring your ticket stub in after the game and get a beer for 75¢

Happy Hour Mon.-Fri. 4:00-8:00 pm

A Week's Worth of Great Events
 5323 Mission Center Road, San Diego • 297-6370

THE OLD del mar CAFE
 Thursday & Friday, July 26 & 27—Rock & Roll
RICKY & THE JETS
 Saturday, July 28—Rock & Roll
WHEELS
 Sunday, July 29—Nostalgia Rock Party
MAR DELS
 Monday & Tuesday, July 30 & 31—Jazz
ELLA RUTH PIGGEE
 2730 Via de la Valle 455-0920

Aloha from the Islands
 We Have Great Live Entertainment 7 Nights A Week...

FREDDA ROSS & PRIVATE LINES—through July 28
SPID BROTHERS—July 29 & 30
NITELINE—begins July 31

FRIDAY FASHION AUCTION presented by Gemini Fashions 6:30 & 7:45 pm shows

Watch the Olympics on our 10-foot wide screen

NEVER A COVER!
THE ISLANDS
 Lounge

ILANALEI HOTEL
 2270 Hotel Circle North, Mission Valley, 277-1101

Atlantis Lounge
 Tuesday through Saturday featuring
The Elements through August 11
Jesse Davis August 14 through August 25
Columbus 3 + 1 August 28 through September 22

on Mission Bay next to Sea World 226-3888

The Bar Everyone's Talking About Has Something Special For You!

HAPPY HOURS
 Relax in Harry's Gracious Tavern
 Mon. to Fri. from 4:30 to 7:30 pm

LIVE ENTERTAINMENT
 nightly from 8:00 pm.

SUNDAY BREAKFAST BUFFET
 Cham Berry Served from 10:00 a.m. to 2:00 p.m.

NEW! 16-oz. STUFFED BAKED POTATO
 Served from noon to 1:00 a.m.—with your choice of: Fresh Veggie & Cheese, Crab Newburg, Marinated Beef, Chicken Supreme, Taco Potato, or Special of the Day. All baked potatoes served with sour cream, chives, whipped butter, and topped with our own special dressing!

Harry's BAR
 339 W. Broadway
 between State & Union, San Diego
 Next to the Hotel San Diego

Joe's Murphy's Nightclub & Pub
 4302 Mission Boulevard, Pacific Beach 270-3220

BOBBY CHEVROLET Sunday & Monday
THE BRATZ Thursday-Saturday
THE MAR DELS Tuesday

Wild on Wednesday
DIRK DEBONAIRE
 6-8 pm 50¢ well call and domestic beer
 8-10 pm \$1.00 any drink in the house

LEHR'S GREENHOUSE

9IX MDA 7
"Stage 91"
ROCK WARS '84
 through September 2

BANDS
 Monday, July 30
LAWS OF MOTION Paladins
 Coming "Stage 91" ROCK WARS '84 attractions:
 Sure • Seventh • Bowling 4 Larva • Heroes • 5 Lines Up • Reflectors

JUDGES
 Bob Donley (KGTV Channel 10), Karen Adams (RCA Records), George Varga (Entertainment Writer, S.O. Union-Tribune), Rusty Garfield (Rockers Records), Bill Silva (Fahn & Silva Presents), Brian O'Donnell (Encore Records), John D'Agostino (Reader Music Critic), Steve Bonilla (Island Records), Thomas K. Arnold (Billboard Magazine), Steve Brack (Chrysalis Records).

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All written sponsor forms are available for inspection at M.D.A. Offices, 6136 Mission Gorge Road, San Diego, CA.
 For updated details, listen to 9IX (91.1 FM), or dial 570-1-9IX

2828 CAMINO DEL RIO SOUTH, MISSION VALLEY 299-2828

BODIES

Every Wednesday & Thursday—Country Rock featuring:
THE LONE RIDERS
LENNY LOCKEN—lead guitar
BUFFALO—lead vocal
TONY—drums
PAUL—bass & vocals
 8 pm-10 pm—well drinks \$1.00, bottle beer \$1.00

Friday & Saturday, July 27 & 28
REUNION WEEKEND—Extremely rare performance by COUNTRY DICK & THE SNUGGLE BUNNIES

ROCK'N' ROULETTES
 with PAUL KAMANSKI
 JOEY HARRIS
 VICTOR PAUL
 STEEL-BONE

with BUDDY BLUE
 ROLLIE DEXTER
 MARK WILLIAMS

Never again—one time only!
 6 pm-10 pm—well drinks \$1.00, bottle beer \$1.00
 Every Sunday until the end of time, from 8 pm

MITCH CORNISH & THE HELLHOUNDS and THE SYNDICATE OF SOUL featuring MOJO NIXON & SKID ROPER
SPECIAL GUESTS, "FREE-FOR-ALL"—so bring your instruments
 6 pm-10 pm—your choice \$1.25, bottle beer \$1.00
 Monday & Tuesday—the band that everybody loves
 8 pm-10 pm—well drinks 75¢, bottle beer 75¢

Join the apocalyptic, mystical world of close up magic with **JEFF GOLDEN**
 Nightly at 7 pm—Sun., Mon., Wed. & Thurs
 Coming soon **ON THE BORDER**

6149 University Avenue • 583-5700

Mulvaney's, 4230 Mission Boulevard, Pacific Beach, 483-7383. Televis, contemporary, Thursday through Saturday.

Old Pacific Beach Cafe, 4287 Mission Boulevard, Pacific Beach, 270-7522. Jim Hawley, contemporary, Wednesday through Saturday; the Bruce Cameron and Hollis Gentry Ensemble, jazz, Sunday; the features, rock, Monday and Tuesday.

Rodeo, 5980 Villa La Jolla Drive, La Jolla, 457-5500. Dark Debonaire, rock, Thursday through Saturday; comedy night with Jerry Lewis and Glen Soper, Sunday; Bad Manners, rock, Monday early evening and Tuesday.

evening: A Drop in the Gray, rock, and Psychobad, rock, Tuesday; Planet, rock, Wednesday.

Sundrugs Lounge, 2702 North Mission Bay Drive, Mission Bay, 274-3314. Take 3, metal, pop, and blues, Thursday and Wednesday; Andy and Dennis, contemporary, Friday through Sunday.

Texas Teahouse, 4970 Voltaire Street, Ocean Beach, Tom "Cat" Courtney, blues, Thursday; Chuck Bolt, blues, ballads, and rock, Tuesday and Sunday.

Uptown Crow and Co., Seacoast Square, 4475 Mission Beach Boulevard, Pacific Beach, 272-8990.

The Pacific Ensemble, light classical music, Sunday brunch.

Victor's, 1403 Rosecrans Street, Point Loma, 226-1871. Upstairs: Patrick and Lisa, contemporary, Thursday through Saturday; Norman Clifford, contemporary, Sunday through Tuesday; Piano Bar Louis Vascue, early evening, Monday through Friday with Norman Clifford and Frankie Porlin, Friday and Saturday evening.

Windrose, 1935 Quivira Road, Marina Village, Mission Bay Park, 223-2335. Boss, rock, Wednesday through Saturday; the London Brothers, rock, Sunday and Tuesday.

Monday: Ricky and the Jets, vintage rock, Tuesday.

San Diego North

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

The Alamo, 3093 Clairemont Drive, Clairemont, 276-2240. Flywell, rock, Thursday through Saturday; the Ron Bolton Band, rock, Tuesday and Wednesday.

Bacchanal, 8022 Clairemont Mesa Boulevard, Kearny Mesa, 560-8022. The Goodall Boys, country, oldies, and mellow rock, Thursday through Saturday.

Cafe in the Valley Restaurant, 911 Camino del Rio South, Mission Valley, 296-6329. The Byron Jackson Trio, jazz, Thursday through Saturday; Eric Foster, classical guitar, early evening, Sunday and Monday evening; Rick Leighton, contemporary, Tuesday; Jeff Bryan, pop, rock, and country, Wednesday.

Black Angus, 10379 Friars Road, Mission Valley, 563-5882. Kicks, rock, Tuesday through Saturday.

Blarney Stone Pub, 5617 Balboa Avenue, Clairemont, 272-2223. Chair O'Dogherty, Irish music, Wednesday through Saturday.

Bunbury's, 9906 Mira Mesa Boulevard, Mira Mesa, 578-8666. The Goodall Boys, country, oldies, and mellow rock, Thursday through Saturday.

Cafe in the Valley Restaurant, 911 Camino del Rio South, Mission Valley, 296-6329. The Byron Jackson Trio, jazz, Thursday through Saturday; Eric Foster, classical guitar, early evening, Sunday and Monday evening; Rick Leighton, contemporary, Tuesday; Jeff Bryan, pop, rock, and country, Wednesday.

Black Angus, 10379 Friars Road, Mission Valley, 563-5882. Kicks, rock, Tuesday through Saturday.

Blarney Stone Pub, 5617 Balboa Avenue, Clairemont, 272-2223. Chair O'Dogherty, Irish music, Wednesday through Saturday.

Avenue, Clairemont, 278-2597. Dan Connor, country originals, Wednesday through Saturday.

Gold Coast Lounge, Town and Country Hotel, 500 Hotel Circle North, Mission Valley, 291-7131. Piano Bar, Sharon Skidell, 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, Wednesday through Sunday; "Greek Night" with the Olympians, Monday.

Carriage House, 7945 Balboa

Cricker's, 595 Hotel Circle South, Mission Valley, 291-5720. Family Ties, contemporary, Tuesday through Saturday; Skip Garcia, contemporary, Monday.

Islands Lounge, Hana Hotel, 2270 Hotel Circle North, Mission Valley, 297-1101. Freda Ross and Private Lines, contemporary, Thursday through Saturday; the Spud Brothers, comedy and rock, Sunday and Monday; Niteline, contemporary, Tuesday and Wednesday.

La Hacienda Cantina, 878 Hotel Circle South, Mission Valley, 298-8281. Niteline, contemporary, Thursday through Saturday.

Jarrett, oldies and newies, Sunday and Monday; Mike Murphy, comedy and music, Wednesday.

Lehr's Greenhouse, 2828 Camino del Rio South, Mission Valley, 299-2828. The Siers Brothers, rock, Tuesday through Saturday with the Reflectors, rock, Friday and Saturday; the Reflectors, rock, Sunday; Luna, rock, the Paladins, rockabilly, Laws of Modern, rock, and the Reflectors, rock, Monday.

Monk's, 10475 San Diego Mission Road, Mission Valley, 563-0000. Devocon, Top 40 dance music, Thursday through Saturday; Ella Ruth Piggie, jazz and blues, Sunday.

Monterey Whaling Company, 887 Camino del Rio South, Mission Valley, 291-1638. The Twotones, rock, Tuesday through Saturday; Express, contemporary, Sunday and Monday.

The Moonlight, 4015 Clairemont Drive, Clairemont, 273-1022. Justice, Top 40 and oldies, Tuesday through Saturday; Jimmy Nixon and Dawhome, country, Sunday and Monday.

Narvaez Inn, 8515 Narvaez Road, San Carlos, 465-1730. HBC, rock, Tuesday through Saturday; Random Sample, rock, Sunday and Monday.



Thurs. 7-26 • Oyster Bar—every Thurs. Outdoor patio bar
Fri. 7-27 • Ribs & chicken wings—outdoor patio bar—Prime Rib in the dining room
Sat. 7-28 • Prime Rib in the dining room
Sun. 7-29 • Champagne Brunch only \$5.44—Come listen to our Distant Jazz Trio
Mon. 7-30 • Hot dogs & chili dogs
Doubles for the price of singles
• Ladies' Night—House wine & champagne only \$1.00
• South of the Border Night at Donegal's
Tacos & margaritas
• Padre Ticket Night—Bring your ticket stub in after the game and get a beer for 75¢
Happy Hour Mon.-Fri. 4:00-6:00 pm

A Week's Worth of Great Events

5323 Mission Center Road, San Diego • 297-6370

THE OLD del mar CAFE

Thursday & Friday, July 26 & 27—Rock & Roll

RICKY & THE JETS

Saturday, July 28—Rock & Roll

WHEELS

Sunday, July 29—Nostalgic Rock Party

MAR DELS

Monday & Tuesday, July 30 & 31—Jazz

ELLA RUTH PIGGEE

2730 Via de la Valle 455-0920

The Bar Everyone's Talking About Has Something Special For You!

HAPPY HOURS

Weekend Lunch & Dinner
Mon. to Fri. from 4:30 to 7:30 pm

LIVE ENTERTAINMENT
Nightly from 8:00 pm

SUNDAY BREAKFAST
Buffet

Cham. Berry, Served from 10:00 am to 2:00 pm

NEW! 16-oz. STUFFED BAKED POTATO

Seven different toppings to choose from with your choice of fresh Angus Beef, house-made Newburgh Whipped Cream, or our famous Newburgh Apple Pie. All items are prepared with care and served with a smile.

Harry's

339 W. Broadway

San Diego, California 92101



BOBBY CHEVROLET
Sunday & Monday

THE BRATZ
Thursday-Saturday

THE MAR DELS
Tuesday

Wild on Wednesday

DIRK DEBONAIRE

6-8 pm \$5.00 well, call and domestic beer
8-10 pm \$1.00 any drink in the house

Aloha from the Islands

We Have Great Live Entertainment 7 Nights A Week...

FREDDA ROSS & PRIVATE LINES—through July 28
SPID BROTHERS—July 29 & 30
NITELINE—begins July 31

FRIDAY FASHION AUCTION
presented by Gemini Fashions
6:30 & 7:45 pm shows

Watch the Olympics on our 10-foot wide screen

NEVER A COVER!

THE ISLANDS Lounge

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

Atlantis Lounge

Tuesday through Saturday
featuring
The Elements
through August 11

Jesse Davis
August 14 through August 25

Columbus 3 + 1
August 28 through September 22



on Mission Bay next to Sea World
226-3888

LEHR'S GREENHOUSE

91X MDA 7
"Stage 91"
ROCK WARS '84
through September 2

BANDS

Monday, July 30

LAWYERS OF MOTION **Paladins** **Paranoid**

Coming Stage 91 ROCK WARS '84 attractions:
Sure • Seventh • Bowling 4 Larva • Heroes • 5 Lines Up • Reflectors

JUDGES

Bob Donley (KGTV Channel 10), Karen Adams (RCA Records), George Varga (Entertainment Writer, S.D. Union-Tribune), Rusty Garfield (Rockers Records), Bill Silva (Fahn & Silva Presents), Brian O'Donnell (Encore Records), John O'Agostino (Reader Music Critic), Steve Bonilla (Island Records), Thomas K. Arnold (Billboard Magazine), Steve Brack (Chrysalis Records).

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Prestige Dining Club, Total Workout, T.D. Mays Restaurant, Helligans, Gentlemen's Quarter, Family Fitness Center, International Male, Sheffield Limousine, Dan Bechler Productions, Astec Travel Inc., Choice Travel, GTC Travel, Travel Travel Downlow La Jolla, The Country Deli, Accu-Sound & Video Studios, Square Pen Plaza, Hotel Canterbury, Sound West Recording Studio, Alter Hours Design, Pro-Graphics.

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6136 Mission George Road, San Diego, CA.
For updated details, listen to 91X (91.1 FM), or dial 570-1-91X

7828 CAMINO DEL RIO SOUTH, MISSION VALLEY 299-2828

BODIES

Every Wednesday & Thursday—Country Rock featuring:
THE LONE RIDERS
LENNY LOCKEN—lead guitar
BUFFALO—lead vocal
TONY—drums
PAUL—bass & vocals
bottle beer \$1.00

8 pm-10 pm—well drinks \$1.00, bottle beer \$1.00
Friday & Saturday, July 27 & 28
REUNION WEEKEND—Extremely rare performance by
COUNTRY DICK & THE SNUGGLE BUNNIES

with **PAUL KAMANSKI**
JOEY HARRIS
VICTOR PAUL
STEEL-BONE

ROCK'N' ROULETTES

with **BUDDY BLUE**
ROLLIE DEXTER
MARK WILLIAMS

Never again—one time only!
6 pm-10 pm—well drinks \$1.00, bottle beer \$1.00
Every Sunday until the end of time, from 8 pm

MITCH CORNISH
& THE HELMSTROMS & THE SYNDICATE OF SOUL featuring
MOJO NIXON & SKID ROPER

SPECIAL GUESTS, "FREE-FOR-ALL"—so bring your instruments
6 pm-10 pm—your choice \$1.25, bottle beer \$1.00
Monday & Tuesday—the band that everybody loves!
8 pm-10 pm—well drinks 75¢, bottle beer 75¢

Join the spellbinding, mystical world of close-up magic with **JEFF GOLDEN**
Nightly at 7 pm—Sun., Mon., Wed. & Thurs.

Coming soon: **ON THE BORDER**

6149 University Avenue • 583-5700

Drive, Harbor Island, 291-1880.
Gloria Michaels and Spring Fever,
contemporary, Tuesday through
Saturday.

Sakerno's, 102 University Avenue,
North Park, 291-6163. The Jet
Reinick Trio, jazz, Thursday and
Tuesday; Peter Sprague and Rob
Schneiderman, jazz, Monday, with
break dancing exhibitors, early
evening, Monday; Lori Bell and
Dave Mackay, jazz, Wednesday;
Anna Blarmon, Herman Sakerno,
and guests, opera highlights, pop,
and show tunes, early evening
Friday and Saturday.

Sheraton Harbor Island, 1380
Harbor Island Drive, Harbor Island,
291-2900. Signed, Sealed, and
Delivered, contemporary, Tuesday
through Saturday; Ricky and the
Jets, vintage rock, Thursday and
Friday happy hours, and Monday
evening.

Sheraton Harbor Island West,
Sandpiper Lounge, 1590 Harbor
Island Drive, Harbor Island,
291-6400. Piano Bar: Peter
Robberecht, Sunday through
Wednesday.



BANGLES, Saturday, SDBU's Montezuma Hall

Solead's, 425 West B Street,
downtown, 232-7588. The Most
Valuable Players, jazz, Thursday
through Saturday.

Tom Ham's Lighthouse, 2150
Harbor Island Drive, Harbor Island.

291-9110: Dusty and Melissa,
contemporary, Wednesday through
Sunday; Donna Cole,
contemporary, Monday and
Tuesday.

Top of the Park, Park Manor Hotel,

525 Spruce Street, Hillcrest,
295-2181: Ken Meredith and
Friends, jazz, Sunday afternoon.
Piano Bar: Bob Corwin, Wednesday
through Sunday.

Triton, 6011 El Cajon Boulevard,

East San Diego, 583-3240: Ella
Ruth Piggee, jazz and blues,
Thursday through Saturday.

Trojan Horse, 6179 University
Avenue, East San Diego, 582-1070:
The Us Band, rock, Thursday
through Saturday; live rock,
Wednesday, call club for
information.

Tuba Man's, 2551 University
Avenue, North Park, 295-9426: The
Three Stooges, pop and country,
Friday; the Plach Magnets, rock,
Saturday; jam session, Sunday.

Tuba Man's No. 2, 7149 El Cajon
Boulevard, East San Diego,
698-6042: Charley's Goodtime
Band, Dixieland jazz, Thursday; Ira
Cobb's Jazzbo, jazz, Saturday;
Tobacco Road, vintage jazz and
boogie-woogie, Wednesday.

Upstart Crew and Company, 835 C
West Harbor Drive, Seaport Village,
232-4855: Tom Cahoon, folk, early
evening Friday.

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

East County

Antonio's Hacienda, 700 North
Johnson, El Cajon, 442-9827: Mike
Sanders, contemporary, Friday and
Saturday.

Baxter's, 1025 Fletcher Parkway, El
Cajon, 442-9271: No Exit, rock,
Thursday through Saturday;
Runner, rock, Tuesday and
Wednesday.

Black Angus/El Cajon, 1000 Graves
Avenue, El Cajon, 440-5035: Laura
and the Lookalikes, contemporary,
Tuesday through Saturday.

Blarney Stone Too, 7059 El Cajon
Boulevard, La Mesa, 463-2263:
Bryon Connolly, Irish music,
Tuesday through Saturday; Jim and
Theresa Hinton, Irish music,
Sunday.

The Boondocks Restaurant, 8320
Parkway Drive, La Mesa, 465-3660:
Denny Tonia, contemporary,
Thursday through Saturday; Bruce

Robbins, contemporary, Sunday
and Monday; Jim Moore,
contemporary, Tuesday through
Wednesday.

Boil and Bear, 690 North Second
Street, El Cajon, 440-3577: The
Headband, rock, Tuesday through
Saturday.

Calyso Lounge, 975 Greenfield
Avenue, El Cajon, 440-6526: Ron
Mavin, contemporary, Friday and
Saturday.

Chico Club, 7366 El Cajon
Boulevard, La Mesa, 464-9555:
Gary Rotor and Mike Ross, oldies,
country, and contemporary, Friday
and Saturday.

Circle D Corral, 1013 Broadway, El
Cajon, 444-7443: Country
Casanova, country, Tuesday
through Saturday; live country
music, Sunday and Monday, call
club for information.

Deck's Landing, 1185 East Main
Street, El Cajon, 442-0238: Piano
bar: Jim Allen, Thursday through
Saturday; Dale Pearson, Sunday
through Tuesday; Jerry Burchard,
Wednesday.

Don's West, 5286 Baltimore Drive,
La Mesa, 462-0333: Southern
Comfort, country, Tuesday through
Saturday.

Flinn Springs Inn, 15505 Highway
80, El Cajon, 443-9568: Free Rein,
country, Friday through Sunday.

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

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

Hungry Hunter/El Cajon, 402
Fletcher Parkway, El Cajon,
442-0517: Mariner, contemporary,
Thursday through Saturday.

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

Lakeside Hotel, 9940 River Street,
Lakeside, 443-9591: Red Lane and

Rumblin' Fever, country, Friday and
Saturday.

Lorenson's, 596 Broadway, El Cajon,
442-9696: Pitch 'N' Woo with Gerrie
Woo, contemporary, Tuesday
through Saturday; Vision,
contemporary, Sunday and Monday.

Legends, 2734 Alpine Boulevard,
Alpine, 445-3545: Full Circle,
contemporary, Friday and Saturday.

Magnolia Mulvaney's, 8961
Magnolia Avenue, SanTEE,
448-8550: Ippo Factor, rock,
Thursday through Saturday; the
Effect, rock, Wednesday.

Man's Mink, 573 East Main
Street, El Cajon, 442-5572: Mark
Lashier and the Pony Express,
country rock, Friday and Saturday.

Mr. Bill's Backroom Saloon, 399
North Magnolia, El Cajon,
447-4506: Hooten and Beel with
Dave Szemore, contemporary and
variety, Wednesday through
Saturday; Steve Horne, comedy and
contemporary, Sunday; live
entertainment, Monday and
Tuesday, call club for information.

Nite Owl East, 667 North Mollison
Avenue, El Cajon, 447-3854: The
Fat Cats, contemporary, Tuesday
through Saturday; Vision,
contemporary, Sunday and Monday.

Our Favorite Place, 9566 Mission
Gorge Road, SanTEE, 449-6240: Bob
Sortillon and Key Largo,
contemporary and oldies, Thursday
through Saturday evening, and
early evening Sunday.

The Outpost, 652 Grand Avenue,
Spring Valley, 464-9007: County
Line, country, Friday and Saturday.

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

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

Sexton's, 7353 El Cajon Boulevard,
La Mesa, 468-1501: Chain Reaction,
contemporary, Thursday through
Saturday.

UNITED EFFORT
presents

AGGRESSION

ILL REPUTE

(BOTH OF OXNARD)

DECRY

AND THE INSOLENTS (S.D.) AT

FAIRMONT HALL

3760 FAIRMONT AVE.

OUR PLACE

Friday & Saturday 9 pm-1 am

BOBBY GORDON

DIXIELAND TRIO

LUNCH SPECIALS DAILY
Fresh Yellowtail Chips \$3.95

2424 Fifth Ave. • 232-1173 • Valet parking
(next to Mizkan Japanese Restaurant)

"Where's the beat?"

Enroll now and find out.

JazzSchool

creating musicians

Hal Crook, Director
284-5240

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Ocean Beach, California

Thursday, July 26

Outragious
Rhythm & Blues with the

Friday & Saturday,
July 27 & 28

Nightly drink specials

Next week
CHORDS OF FAME & DARK RYDER

1921 Bacon Street (Newport and Bacon)
Ocean Beach 222-4822

Hot Southern Rock

DARK RYDER

Cordially invites THE ENTIRE WORLD to its

"Seventh Anniversary of Existence Celebration"

Sunday, July 29
2:00-4:00 pm

Le Chale

5040 Newport Ave., Ocean Beach

TUBAMANS GRANDSLAM SALOON

Daily happy hour 3:00-7:00 pm
New kitchen hours 11:00 am-midnight

Live Jazz!
Wed., Thurs., Sat.
10:00-11:00 pm

Guest bartender
K&D's Ron Reins
8:00-9:00 pm

Guest T.V. Screen
Beer & Fine Food
Families welcome

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

HALCYON

4258 W. Point Loma 225-9559

Thursday, Friday, Saturday
July 26, 27, 28
Tuesday-Saturday July 31-August 4

TAXI

Sunday & Monday, July 29 & 30

FIVE LINES UP

(formerly Four Eyes)

Every Friday

ROCK & ROLL HAPPY HOUR

Doors open 5:00 pm

* Free food

This week:
5:30-8:30 pm
STREETCAR
EYES

* Great drink specials

Every Tuesday night is

ST. PAULI GIRL NIGHT

* St. Pauli Girl \$1.25
* Shots of Schnapps - cinnamon or peppermint \$1.25

NO COVER CHARGE
FOR THOSE
WEARING SHORTS
EVERY THUESDAY

Forward Motion

Exclusive engagement through Sept. 1

The best dancing & entertainment
on the waterfront

Nightly entertainment

L.A. Coming Aug. 29 & 30

Anthony's Harborside

232-6358

WE'RE DEALING

LIVE ROCK

TUESDAY THROUGH
SATURDAY FROM
8:00 PM NIGHTLY
DOUBLE GIANT SCREEN
MUSIC VIDEO

FLYHEEL

Last 3 nights

ROCK ON

July 31 through August 14

Every Thursday is **LADIES' NIGHT SPECIAL**
DRINKS ALL NIGHT LONG

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

Tuesday, July 31

\$3333.33 LIP SYNC FINALS

HIGH ENERGY ENTERTAINMENT AT ITS BEST

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

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

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

Friday & Saturday

BIG FUN ROCK WEEKEND

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

REFLECTIONS BELIEFCTIONS

Monday Night is
"Jazz Hot"

Limited engagement

Ella Ruth Piggee

August 6, 13, 20, 27 from 8:30 pm

Signed, Sealed & Delivered

Tuesday-Saturday from 8:30 pm

Happy Hour Specials
Monday-Friday, 5:00-7:00 pm
Double well drinks \$1.50. Exotics \$1.75
Complimentary hors d'oeuvres, daily drink specials

Sheraton-Harbor Island East

1380 Harbor Island Drive, San Diego

TICKET EMPORIUM

BILLY IDOL
Aug. 15, San Diego

ELTON JOHN
Aug. 19
Aug. 20, *at the Palace*

RATT & FASTWAY
ROBBY DANGERFIELD

PAUL SIMON Aug. 20
BILLY IDOL Aug. 21
ROCK Aug. 21
GROVER CRAWFORD

JIMMY BUFFETT
Aug. 21
LINDA RONSTADT Aug. 22

AL JARREAU
MICHAEL JACKSON
Sept. 24, 7-9, 11-12
The Tower, L.A.

CAMELOT
July 24-Aug. 5
Richard Harris
boxed seats, resident seats
CARS Sept. 7

**ALL PADRE
GAMES**
ALL HUMPHREY'S
SHOWS
LIMOUSINE SERVICE
ALL A.L. THEATRE
& SPOITS
NBA STARS VS.
OLYMPIC
BASKETBALL TEAMS

IF YOU DON'T SEE IT LISTED, CALL AND ASK.
We have special programs for all kinds of parties. Send us
Colorado Springs/round 1000 Stewart, Chicago, Ill.
Yes! Call to Denver, 784-2210.

Not in Colorado?
578 7669 232-4165
Outside U.S. (408) 491-0101

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We have special programs for all kinds of parties. Send us
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Yes! Call to Denver, 784-2210.

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Palomine Star, 1018 Main Street,
Chickadee, 427-5896. Don Tibbo,
country. Wednesday, Thursday and
Sunday. The coast of this country.

Bobby G's

Always Rock & Roll at Bobby G's

Thursday-Saturday
July 26-28

STATUS

Thursday-Tuesday
July 29-31

HEATERS

Wednesday-Saturday
August 1-4

**RANDOM
SAMPLE**

Lunch & dinner 7 days a week. Daily luncheon specials.
All sports events 7 days on our satellite T.V.
Mooovers! Free drinks in Happy Hour prices
with La Paloma cocktail stub.

485 FIRST ST., ENCINITAS 436-7397



NITELINE
 Tuesday through Saturday beginning at 9 pm
JARRETT
 Appearing Sunday and Monday

MIKE MURPHY *Return to Portland 1*

LAKE HOUSE
LA HACIENDA
 RESTAURANT

1000 Avenue of the Stars • Century City • Los Angeles • 341-1111

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NEW RELEASES - T-SHIRTS - MAGAZINES

BUY - SELL - TRADE
 WE'RE OPEN 7 DAYS
 MON-FRI 10 AM TO 5 PM SAT 11 AM TO 4 PM
 ROCK HARDY'S RECORDS & TAPES

TICKET EMPORIUM

BILLY IDOL
Aug. 15, San Diego
ELTON JOHN
Aug. 19
OLYMPICS—Buy & sell
RED & FASTWAY Aug. 7
RODNEY DANGERFIELD
Aug. 11
PAUL SIMON Aug. 12
BEATLES Aug. 13
GO-GO'S Aug. 13
GRACEY WASHINGTON
Aug. 15
JURNEY SUPPORT Aug. 23
LINDA RONNETT Aug. 23
AL JARREAD Aug. 31
MICHAEL JACKSON
Sept. 24, 7-11, 12
The Forum, Los Angeles

CAMELOT
July 24, Aug. 5
Richard Harris
Deposit now, excellent seats.
CARS Sept. 2
ALL PADRE GAMES
ALL HUNTERBY'S
SHOWS
LINDSHERE SERVICE
ALL-7 THEATRE
& SPORTS
NBA STARS VS.
OLYMPIC
BASKETBALL TEAMS
July 25

If you don't see it listed, call and ask.
Accept deposits for all upcoming San Diego
Concerts, Springfield, Rod Stewart, Chicago,
Yes, Hall & Oates, Triumph, ZZ Top.

805/531-7669
(Also a 24-hour concert line)

331 N. Broadway
232-4166




Sunday, the Gookan boys, country,
 Sunday, the Gookan boys, country,
 Sunday, the Gookan boys, country,

Bobby G's

Always Rock & Roll at Bobby G's


Thursday-Saturday
July 26-28

STATUS




Monday-Tuesday
July 29-31

HEATERS




Wednesday-Saturday
August 1-4

**RANDOM
SAMPLE**



Lunch & dinner 7 days a week. Daily luncheon specials.
All sports events 7 days on our satellite T.V.
Newbies: Well drink at Happy Hour prices
with La Paloma ticket stub.

485 FIRST ST., ENCINITAS 436-7397



NITELINE
Tuesday through Saturday beginning at 9 pm
JARRETT
Appearing Sunday and Monday

MIKE MURPHY Returns August 1

LA HACIENDA
RESTAURANT

875 Hotel Circle South, Mission Valley • 296-0281

The London Brothers: *Time Machine/Choe Orleans, Windsor*
The Lone Riders: *Hoddes*
The Look: *Normandy Cocktail Lounge*
Lana: *Leah's Greenhouse*
The Mar Delas: *Belup Up Tavern, Wild Mar Mar Cafe, Jose Murphy's*
Mel: *Mar Mar Cafe, Wild N' Storm*
New Language: *Belup Up Tavern*
New Marines: *Distillery East*
Oldies: *Machine Gun, Leash's Greenhouse*
Nitewing: *Touqua Falls*
No Exit: *Baxter's*
Notice to Appear: *Acoustic Nightclub*
One: *Pravny Mine Company*
Ousta Company: *Chopping Block*
The Padelins: *Raceland, Fire's Greenhouse*
Planet: *Whiskey Flats, Leash's Lounge, Rodco*
Pravny Domain: *Jose Murphy's*
Psychobad: *Rodco*
Random Sample: *Bobby G's, Pravny Mine*
The Reflectors: *Distillery*
Nightclub: *Leah's Greenhouse*
Ricky and the Jets: *Windsor*
Rockers: *Pravny Mine*
Rodco: *Mar Mar Cafe*
Rodco's: *Mandarin Island*
Ruby: *Ruby's Roulette*
RPME: *Blue & Angus/Chula Vista*
Rumors: *Baxter's*

OFF
THE
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 Clutch Cargo: *Reuben's*
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 Ed Cunningham: *Hungry Hunter*
 Cycles: *Ranchard*
 Marley Day Quartet: *Rancho Bernardo Inn, Pavilion Lounge*
 Dean: *Pacific Music Company*
 Delane: *Mulaney's Pacific Beach*
 Devoean: *Mork's*

Dusty and Melissa: *Tom Ham's*
 East Coast: *La Maza*
 Michael Edwards: *Hungry Hunter*
 The Elements: *Islands*
 Express: *Mulaney's*
 Compagnie: *Tio Levi's Mesa*
 Family Ties: *Holiday Inn, Mission Valley*
 The Fat Cats: *Nite Owl East*
 P.J. Fog: *Mulaney's Escondido*
 Jimmy Fontaine: *Arroyo's*
 Fortune: *Martha Hotel*
 Forward Motion: *Anthony's*
 Harborside: *J.J. Frank: Arroyo's*
 Friendship: *Gallego's Cocktail Lounge*
 Full Circle: *Legends*
 Fundi and Good Company: *Letor Bowl*
 Skip Garcia: *Holiday Inn, Mission Valley, Smuggler's Inn*
 Jim Gates and Sound Investment: *Rancho Bernardo Inn*
 Gil and Linda: *Gallego's Cocktail Lounge*
 Wayne Gire: *Old Bonita Shore Restaurant*
 Jim Hawley: *Old Pacific Beach Cafe*
 Rich Hunt: *Mulaney's Escondido*
 Hutson and Best with Dave Stearns: *Mr. Bill's Backroom Saloon*
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 Island Society: *Henry's*
 Jack and Diane: *McP's*
 Jarrett: *Vicent Hotel, La Hacienda Cantina*
 Peter Jay: *Rogue Stills*
 Jane: *Boat House*
 Justice: *Mauldin's*
 Just Us: *Rancho Bernardo*
 Karen and Colin: *Mexican Village Restaurant*
 Gloria Kay: *Hotel San Diego*
 John Kelley: *Mulaney's Escondido*
 The Russ Kirkpatrick Duo: *Hungry Hunter Rancho Bernardo*
 Laura and the Lookalikes: *Black Angus El Cator*
 Rick Leighton: *Kirby's Cafe in the Valley Restaurant*
 Louie and Pita and Mark: *Joe's*
 Rick Lyons: *Duck's Cocktails*
 Main Street: *"Bubba Bell"*
 Marlene: *Hungry Hunter El Cator*
 Gloria Michaela: *Reuben E. Lee's*
 Midnight Delight: *Burrell's Back Room*
 Jim Moore: *Boonack's Restaurant, Mexican Village, Smuggler's Inn*
 Larry Moore: *Hungry Hunter's*
 Neutral Grounds: *Arroyo's*
 Nightlife: *Jobber's Restaurant*
 Night Manager: *Jolly Roger*
 Scoop Village: *El Corral, The*

Islands Lounge
 Nitecrim: *Patrick's II*
 One Plus One: *Hotel del Coronado*
 Patrick and Lisa: *Victor's*
 People Movers: *Hilton Hotel*
 Pitch N' Woo with Gerrie Rose: *Islands*
 Eddie Preston: *Rancho Bernardo*
 Family Ties: *Victor's*
 Peter Kobnerrecht: *Rancho*

Bridge
 Third Degree: *Mexican Village*
 Tito and Augustine: *Duck's Cocktails*
 Danny Topaz: *Boonack's Restaurant*
 Triple Play: *Hilton Hotel*
 Denny Tysner: *The Bridge*
 Verge and the Orient Express: *The New Trophy Lounge*



JUDY MOWATT, Sunday, Club Reggae

Violon: *Nite Owl East*
 Jinnah Williams: *Mulaney's/Coronado*

Jazz

Joe Asanillo: *Hotel San Diego*
 Lori Bell: *Prophet Restaurant, La Maison Fifth Avenue*
 Lori Bell and Dave Mackay: *Salerno's*
 Lori Bell and Shep Meyers: *Prophet Restaurant*
 Brass Tax: *That Pizza Place*
 Roy Brigham's Preservation Band: *Full Jazzy, Patrick's II, Lorenzo's*
 Bruce Cameron and Hollis Gentry Ensemble: *Old Pacific Beach Cafe, Chuck's Steak House*
 Charley's Goodtime Band: *Tubo Man's No. 2*
 Chatham's Jazz Quartet: *Bubba Hotel*
 The Chicago Six: *Belly Up Tavern*
 The Chicago Six: *Belly Up Tavern*
 The Jimmy Corsaro Trio: *The Speakeasy*

Steve Feinabend:
 Bookworks: *Parrishin*
 Coffeehouse
 Forecast: *Carlos Murphy's*
 J.J. Frank: *Arroyo's*
 Freefall: *Pacific Espresso*
 Mel Good: *Pacific Wine Bar and*
 The Bobby Gordon Trio: *Old Place*
 Harvey and the 52nd Street Jive: *Fort City China Camp*
 The High Society Jazz Band: *Ranchard*
 Keyon Lettau and Ron Satterfield: *Rancho*
 Bob Long: *Wimmer's Circle*
 Ken Meredith and Friends: *Top of the Park*
 Shep Meyers: *Dobber's Restaurant*

Most Valuable Players: *Solodas*
 John Nae: *Bookworks/Parrishin*
 Coffeehouse
 Sue Palmer: *Old Town Opera*
 Ella Ruth Piggan: *Tribun, Old Del Mar Cafe, Monk's Saloon*
 The Sybil Trio: *Patrick's II*
 Jeanne Smith and Sweet Sound: *Elaroy's*
 The Art Kessick Trio: *Salerno's*
 Stu Shames: *La Maison Fifth Avenue*
 Speed of Sound: *Ranchard*
 Peter Sprague and Rob Schneiderman: *Salerno's*
 The Peter Sprague Duo: *La Maison Fifth Avenue*
 The Peter Sprague Trio: *La Maison*

Fifth Avenue: *Drummy Magpie's*
 Stone's Throw: *Elaroy's, Belly Up Tavern*
 Steve Strauss: *Pacific Espresso*
 Tobacco Road: *Old Town Opera*
 House: *Tubo Man's No. 2*
 The Walkin' After Midnight Trio: *Escape Lounge*
 Zazig: *Chuck's Steak House*

Folk/Ethnic

Mina Sanderson: *Alcatraz: Wild Animal Park*
 Bluegrass Etc.: *That Pizza Place*
 Tom Latham: *Drummy Magpie's*
 Two Magicians: *Old Time Cafe*

Scoop Village
 Goy and Candie Carawan: *Old Time Cafe*
 Shasta Gael Cell Band: *Drummy Magpie's*
 Brian Connolly: *Hungry Hunter*
 The Constables: *Tubo Man's*
 The Hinton: *Hungry Hunter*
 Louie and Pita and Mark: *Joe's*
 Chair O'Dougherty: *Hungry Hunter*
 The Olympians: *Legit Rube*
 The Paradise Street Band: *Drummy Magpie's*
 Paul and Carla Roberts: *Paradise Garden Restaurant*
 Rick Saxton and Friends: *Drummy Magpie's*
 Two Magicians: *Old Time Cafe*

Blues/R&B/Reggae
 Charlie A.: *Spirit*
 Ricky B.: *Spirit*
 Billy and the Beaters: *Belly Up Tavern*
 Bobby Chevrolet: *Joe Murphy's*
 The Booz Brothers: *McP's*
 Tom "Cat" Courtney: *Reuben's*
 The Five Careless Lovers: *Belly Up Tavern*

Contemporary/Top 40

Andy and Donna: *Sandtrap Lounge*

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Rick Caszay and His Blue Zoo
 Revere: *Spirit*
Hollywood Pats: Billy Up Tavern
The Hurricanes: Le Châlet, Beach Club
King Biscuit Blues: Mandolin
Wend
Mojo Nixon: Spirit
Sue Palmer: Old Town Opera House
Rod and Honey Piazza: Billy Up Tavern
Elle Ruth Pidge: Trilene, Old Del Mar Cafe, Monk's Saloon
Syndicate of Soul: Spirit
Tapistry: Jags
Tremours: Spirit
Dave Van Ronk: Old Time Cafe

Country/ Country Rock

Alton and the Ox Bow Country
Lake: On the Run
Jerry Raze and a Touch of Country:
Silver Spur
Denny Cannon: To Love's Mira Mesa
Center Stages On Stage Inn
Climax: Wrangler's Road
Dan Connor: Cattle House
Country Casanova: Circle D Corral

Country Comfort: Hatch's
Country Dick and the Snuggle
Bunnies: Budas
Country Justice: Joyce Room
County Line: The Outpost
Coyote Stage Coach Inn
Don't Mess With Country
Jimmy Cribb and the Cotton Band:
Don't Mess With Country
Crossfire: Van Winkle's
Dark Horse: Charlie's Music
Frank Dixon and Country
Nightlife: Landmark Cocktail Lounge
Elton J.R. and the Country Golds:
Bar-N-Ranch House
Four Star Country: Oasis Bar
Free Reins: Palm Springs Inn
Wayne Gire: Old Bonita Stone Restaurant
Goodall Boys: Barbours
The Gravel Canyon Band with Linda Rae: Whiskey Creek
High Steppin': Pomerado Club
Tim Trilene: Old Bonita Stone Restaurant
Red Lane and Ramblin' Fever:
Lakeview Hotel, Billy Up Tavern
Mark Lashley and the Pony Express: Mama's Mink
Gail Lee and Firecracker Country
Bunnies
The Lone Riders: Budas
Lone Star Country: The Country Side Restaurant and Lounge
Don Martin: Calypso Lounge

Wooden Nickel
New Country: Country Side Restaurant
Jimmy Nixon and Downhome:
Morgue
Ray Sanders and the Fallbrook Band: Whiskey Creek
Shadow Riders: Remy's Stud
The Smith Brothers: Horseshoe Tavern
Southern Comfort: Don's West
Steppin' Out: Valley Center Inn
Saloon, Denny's Nine Company
Steer Crazy: Wrangler's Road
Joe Stewart: To Love's Mira Mesa and Mexico George
Supercell: Calumet Hotel
Ron Tabor: Palomero Star
Tapistry: Jags
Don Trillone: El Comal, The Bridge
The Three Stingers: Tuba Maria
Denny Tynner: The Bridge

Everything Else

Mary Adams: harp music, O'Hungary
Ken Hawker: twelve string originals, Pomerado
Phil Beeber: guitar variety, Mike's
Frederick: El Fandango
Prophet Restaurant
Anna Bjornson and Herman Salomon: new harp music and piano, Lakeview Hotel
Chuck Bolt: New Orleans and rock, Texas Saloon
The Kasser Brothers: rock, blues, comedy, and rhythm and blues, Mike's
Bill Strachett: comedy and music, Dixie Masters
Jeff Brown: new rock and jazz, Lakeview Hotel
Walter Clark: classical guitar, Prophet Restaurant
Marley Doss Quartet: new and swing music, Rancho Bernardo Inn, Pomerado Lounge
Gene Dewey Polka Band: polka music, Barman Inn
Cary Duncan: harp and guitar, Plaza Restaurant
Catherine Espinosa: Irish harp music, Old Time Cafe
Forecast: contemporary, jazz, and rhythm and blues, Carib



DAVE VAN RONK, Friday, Old Time Cafe

Murphy's
Eric Foster: classical guitar, Cafe in the Valley Restaurant
The Al Gabbas Band: Big Band dance music, Hotel San Diego
Paul Gregg: piano bar, David's
Patti Likens: piano bar, David's
Guy and Jackie with Gil Warner: variety, jazz to pop, Mona Lisa Restaurant
Lynn Hall: Latin American harp, Denny's
Don Herte's 1984 Friendly Vellies: variety show with music, Calumet Hotel
Sam Hinton: new harp music, Old Time Cafe
Steve Hudson: comedy and music, Fish House West
Bob MacLeod: piano and vocal variety, Bahia Hotel, La Valencia Hotel
Kevan Nelson: variety piano, Gold Coast Lounge
Steve Moris: comedy and music, Mr. Bill's Backroom Saloon, Hungry Hunter Occasional

Mike Murphy: comedy and music, La Hacienda Casino
The Pacific Ensemble: light classical music, Upstart Crow and Company
Dale Pearson: piano variety, Dock's Landing
Gary Rayner and Mike Ross: oldies, country, and contemporary, Chino Club
Rodriguez: flamenco guitar, Denny's
Maggie's
Sander and the Ram Band: variety stage show, Islandia Hotel
San Diego Storytellers: tall tales and folk stories, Denny's
Maggie's
Sharon Skidgel: piano bar, Gold Coast Lounge
The Eddie Stanger Band with Mary Hicks: Big Band dance music, Bahia Hotel
Jo Treason: piano bar, Springfield Wagon Works
Louie Vasquez: piano bar, Victor's
Dale Vernon: piano and guitar variety, Cafe del Rey Motel

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CURRENT MOVIES

mean mythology, and Judgment Day could suddenly be just round the corner. The movie, directed by Ivan Reitman, is in and out, around and about, the correct form for this sort of thing — although the special effects are always effective. Too undisciplined to be a genre parody in the company of Roland's FEARLESS VAMPIRE KILLERS, it's more like a concretization of the wisecracks, gags, babbling, wisecracks, might make while watching better movies than this one on the Late Show. (The nearness in time to the old Bob Hope comedy, GHOST BREAKERS, is perfectly apt.) Two of the stars, Dan Aykroyd and Harold Ramis, wrote the script, which may explain why both of them click into character and stay there, while the more prominent star, Bill Murray, bounces around as the very embodiment of the movie's amiable sloppiness. "You know, he's told at one point, 'You don't act like a scientist. You're more like a game-show host.' With Sigourney Weaver and Rick Moranis. 1984." (Center 3 Cinemas, Cinema Plaza 5, Flower Hill Cinemas, Garden Drive In, New Valley Drive In, Parkway.

Seuss had led us to supplement his reputable prebiotic practice with the footprints in India, two generations previously, of a family friend (Greta Scacchi), all the way to getting herself exiled by a native. The larger amounts of wine and interest are apportioned to the flashbacks, in the story of a nice, gentle, olive-skinned kid from New Jersey who has sand kicked in his face by rich, blond, black-bellied California bullies (or more accurately, has sand kicked in his face by their motorcycle wheels). The bullies continue, 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 wise old East and wiseguy West, is sweet, though scanty. It all comes down to a city-wide karate tournament at which the movie-maker, to excite the audience, plays as dirty as the students of the bloodthirsty Mr. Green Beret. With Ralph Macchio, Noriyuki "Pat" Morita, and Elizabeth Shue. 1984. 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Indiana Jones and the Temple of Doom — The note of campiness, carried over from the previous Spielberg-Lucas collaboration, is sounded here first thing, and with full better Middle-earth force. Paramount logo fades into a bare relief design on a Chinese good of a paper-mâché dragon out of which emerges a blonde night-club singer (Cate Blanchett). Indiana Jones (Harrison Ford) is at the same time, blocking out a couple of letters of the movie title (joke), as though it were slotted behind her on stage as instead of a "penned-on" on the screen. This little song-and-dance expands into one of those Butchy 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. 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 main-reaction principles in force there. The Kate Capshaw character, spoiled, pampered, a constant complainer, and frequent screamer, very much in contrast to the Karen Allen character in Raiders of the Lost Ark, seems to it that the tone of facetiousness never the single most serious to be made or bided time. And the gritty realism expended on that stuff seems to be wasted effort. There's some fun, really, when the Ape Man attempts to mix in society, but not as much fun as a similar type, as in TARZAN'S NEW YORK ADVENTURE of 1982. With Christopher Lambert, Rip Torn, Richard S. Tedlow, James Frawley, and Andie MacDowell; directed by Hugh Hudson. 1984. (Poway Theater, Strand, from 7-12)

Greystoke: The Legend of Tarzan, Lord of the Apes — An abecedarian biographical approach to Edgar Rice Burroughs's jungle Man (never called by the name of Tarzan, called only by John Clayton, Earl of Greystoke). This approach ensures some dull stretches, as we pick up the story before both proceed through infancy, childhood, and adolescence, hit all the major milestones along the way, the deaths of parents, both human and simian, etc.), and reach a form of adulthood that strangely suggests a European tennis star of the Boris Borg era. When you know that the narrative is eventually going to get around to the Ape Man's occupancy of his ancestral Scottish estate (identified on the soundtrack by the stirring march from Elgar's First Symphony, the single most serious to be made or bided time. And the gritty realism expended on that stuff seems to be wasted effort. There's some fun, really, when the Ape Man attempts to mix in society, but not as much fun as a similar type, as in TARZAN'S NEW YORK ADVENTURE of 1982. With Christopher Lambert, Rip Torn, Richard S. Tedlow, James Frawley, and Andie MacDowell; directed by Hugh Hudson. 1984. (Poway Theater, Strand, from 7-12)

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CURRENT MOVIES

compatible, but interdependent neighbors keep nudging the proceedings into a whimsical SATURDAY NIGHT LIVE sketch — which would be all right if it lasted no more than five or ten minutes. With Cathy Moriarty, directed by John G. Avildsen. 1981. (Santee Drive In)

The Neverending Story — Fairy tale from German director Wolfgang Petersen (DAS BOOT), starring Noah Hathaway (Fashon Valley, Grossmont Mall, Oceanside & Plaza Bonita, Rancho Bernardo & Santee Drive In, Santee Village & Sports Arena & University Towne Centre, Wiegand Plaza 3)

Pete's Dragon — Musical fantasy from the Disney people, featuring imbecilic hillbillies and a melodramatic

caly mustachioed huckster as villain, a carrot topped war as a hero, and a too-cute, leopards-shaped, pink-green-and-lavender cartoon dragon. There's also Helen Reddy, a movie debutante, as the steadfast, spiritual, lighthouse-keeper's daughter, a sort of mythical Lady of the Lamp. The old lighthouse and surrounding scenery, are crisscrossed with Mickey Rooney, Red Buttons, and Jim Dale, directed by Don Chaffey. 1977. (Frontier Drive In, from 7:27)

Pink Floyd, the Wall — A sort of "Video Jukebox" selection, but on a very large and very lavish scale, even allowing for the vast amount of footage run through more than once. Blood, dangling telephone receivers, pig-faced masks, more blood, vomit-

ous animation sequences, frenzied camerawork and cutting, more blood, and so on, are meant to communicate the depth of anguish of a spaced-out rock star and son of a Second World War casualty. Inevitably, turnt not with Bob Geldof, directed by Alan Parker. 1982. (UA, Glasshouse 6, 7:27 and 28 midnight)

Privates on Parade — British service comedy with John Gielgud, Denis Quilley, and Nicole Peggel, directed by Michael Bakewell. (Guld, from 7:27)

Purple Rain — Rock star Prince in his first movie, made in his hometown of Minneapolis, written and directed by Albert Magnoli. (Acad Drive In, Balboa, Fashion Valley, Grossmont Mall, Oceanside & Plaza

Bonita, Santee Village & Sports Arena & University Towne Centre, Wiegand Plaza 6, from 7:27)

Revenge of the Nerds — College comedy, with Robert Caradine, Anthony Edwards, Ted McCarty, and Renee Casey, directed by Jeff Kanew. (Camino Cinema 4, Center 3 Cinemas, La Jolla Village, South Bay Drive In, Sweetwater 6, UA Cinema 3, UA Glasshouse 8, Vineyard Twin, Wiegand Plaza 6)

Rhinestone — Can Dolly 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 lose the wagger and be obliged to sleep with her obnoxious manager (played by the obnoxious Ron Leibman)? For the answer, we have to treat to the

scripts 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 Dolly 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 horrible predictability, it is possible nonetheless to look forward to each successive scene just to see what Parton will be wearing next. Directed by Bob Clark. 1984. (Santee Village 8, UA Chula Vista 6)

Romancing the Stone — The sweaty Western action, for openers, is not everyone's mental image of a "romance novel" — more suitable, one might think, for Spicy Westerns, ca. 1937. The accompanying strains of Alfred Newman's HOW THE WEST



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CURRENT MOVIES

was WON awaken a thirst for something other than a speed — not to be asked here. Not is the pale, frail Katherine Mansfield, an writer every one's idea of a "romantic novelist" — pen name of Joan Wilder, but she is just the person, or Katherine, Turner is just the actress, to be swept up in a Latin American adventure wilder than Wilder's wildest. 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 *macho* market is one such thing, perhaps the best such thing. It gets her out of one jam, and doesn't get her out of another, and gets a laugh both times. With Michael Douglas and Danny DeVito, written by Diane Thomas, directed by Bob Zemeckis. 1984. (Carousel Cinema 6, Mira Mesa

Cinema, Santee Village & Sports Arena, from 7:27, UA Chula Vista 6, UA Glasshouse 6)

Rope — Hitchcock's celebrated experiment in single-takes, pinned together so as to create a unity of time effect, is a bit less rigorous than legend had cracked it up to be. The cuts between reels (three of them, in all) are not disguised in the least, and the cuts within the reels (four of these) are not disguised well enough to disguise them. But the experiential aspect turns out, also, to be not terribly important to the movie's attractiveness. The primary interest here, much more than elsewhere in Hitchcock, centers on such old-fashioned foundation stones as story and character, and the loose modeling of these on the infamous Leopold-Loeb case reveals a true fascination with the sub-

ject of murder. (The technical experiment must, one feels sure, have come second for Hitchcock, as a means of watching away some of the guilt for having availed himself of so many, a single play.) The one character on whom the bulk of the interest falls — that of the two murderers, Philosophy professor in college and their Nazi-bear mentor — is one of the few credible intellectuals in American movies. James Stewart is uncharacteristically odd in this role. But not as some would have it, badly. His humor and his humanity boost up the character, create larger pockets of ambiguity, prevent stereotyping, and hold back the movie from slipping as the way into the Capra-esque anti-intellectualism so prevalent at that time and since. John Dall, Farley Granger, Cedric Belfrage. 1948. (Guld, 7:28)

Sixteen Candles — The dramatic debut of comedy actor John Hughes, a movie for and about teenagers, and with their same impatience and exaggeration. It's simply de if I don't get a laugh in the next five seconds. And the next and the next and the next. Anthony Michael Hall, as a socially maladjusted freshman, is given every opportunity to steal the movie, more appropriately, even than Sean Penn in FAST TIMES AT RIDGEMONT HIGH or Christopher Penn in FOOTLOOSE. He steals a few scenes at the least. But the movie belongs, as is only right in Molly Ringwald, playing straight-woman to all the cards and cut-ups in a boldly but dignified performance as the way into the Capra-esque anti-intellectualism so prevalent at that time and since. John Dall, Farley Granger, Cedric Belfrage. 1984. (Guld, 7:28)

right, from that liberty and John Hughes, 1984. (UA Chula Vista 6)

Splash — Romance between man and mermaid — and the tail of the story, which gives way to a serviceable pair of legs when dry, will disguise nicely as a symbol for all the unnamed something which one partner in a relationship acquires that the other won't leverage. It's a *Thorne Smith*ian premise, but without any real heat for her. (as the casting of a *Miss California* Bland — Daryl Hannah — would indicate). The basic uncertainty in its place is a pleasant enough substitute for the easygoing Tom Hanks is representative there). But all this is undone by the Steven Spielbergian finale with the lovable alien having to elude the courtier forces of the U.S. Government. Who wouldn't trade that entire sequence, from the moment the

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thermard, a stolen captive, for a few more examples of the kind of English language an innocent immigrant might learn from his captors. The film is by Candy Eugene Levy, directed by Ron Howard. 1984.

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vented director Nimroy from granting actor Nimroy, quite as grand a re-introduction as Robert Wise gave him in the first TREK movie. The climactic documentation of what we have heard alluded to as "Vulcan mysticism," with its incanted gobbledygook and its gorilla and its clausure-gris-à-la-white rages, may have been more model to a fault: just a step or two above PLAN NINE FROM OUTER SPACE. And in truth, Nimroy, usually content to order up a mug shot of somebody or other, steers this third movie installment

But the final and unexpected emotional core of the movie, as never before, is the Starship Enterprise, hastily patched up and still in need of repair after its last expedition, and ticketed for the junkyard. This old crate is enough of a source of anxiety and of exhilaration that its ultimate demise, as a brief sad comet in the heavens, earns the full emotional response that Spock's demise, in the previous adventure, didn't quite. William Shatner, DeForest Kelley, Christopher Lloyd (1984

The Survivors — The prelude:al music, Gov. Huey Long's "Every Man a King" as sung by Randy Newman, sets the tone for this smart-ass social comedy. It starts out being about economic hard times and then expands its horizons — smoothly and surprisingly, but also improbably — to include other types of hard times. "The world out there is coming undone like a cheap suit." And it ends up taking a long cold look at the sur-

livalist alternative: a cabin in the woods and a private arsenal to defend it. Walter Matthau, as a more old-fashioned sort of sufferer, is very good, but Robin Williams is only Robin Williams. The movie bends over backwards to accommodate him, with lots of latitude for his improvisational shtick, but it never persuades him to join the team. **Jerry Reed**, James Wainwright; written by Michael Leeson; directed by Michael Ritchie. 1983.

** (Frontier Drive-In, New Valley Drive-In)

This Is Spinal Tap — Its fictitious director, Marty DiBergi, only too happy to subscribe to the *journal* *du jour*, labels this movie a "rockumentary." We might suggest in that same spirit, and in that same *Time* Inc. shade, that

As actual director, Rob Reiner, describe it as "a mockumentary, a put-on (or—down) of all the rock concert/documentary clichés that you see on TV." As Martin Scorsese's *THE LAST WALTZ* (Certain the beard and the furrowed brow and the subsidiary role as on-screen interviewer, in addition to the baptismal name, bring to mind Scorsese's) Every episode that might be said to go too far in search of a laugh can be matched with one that goes just the other way, and the other is still left over. And, in any event, the performances of Michael McKean and Christopher Guest as the co-founders of the band — David St. Hubbins and Nigel Tufnel respectively — function almost gyroscopically to compensate for any deviation. They, and a whole lot of other people, including the lower-profile Derek Smalls, never drop their masks long enough even to wink at the view-

er. If, despite all that, there is any demanding complaint to be raised, it would just be that the filmmakers have made things too easy on themselves (and on the heavy-metal fans in the audience) by focussing on a group so precariously and potentially in decline. Heavy-metal fans will be able to reassure themselves that the egregious badness of the music, and the broadness of much of the humor, are necessary to the parody. Heavy-metal non-fans on the other hand, or fans of parody in general, will feel quite justifiably that no such precautions were needed. It is easy enough for the latter, of course, to laugh whenever they want to at the bona fide heavies on MTV. But that's a colder and lonelier experience than this is. 1984.

Top Secret — What starts out as a spoof of the Cold War spy adventure ends up as a spoof of the Second World War spy adventure, with sidekick trips into other genres along the way. The directional trivium of Jim Abrahams, David Zucker, and Jerry Zucker (*AIRPLANE! AIRPLANE!*) and *AIRPLANE!* has come up with enough gag ideas to make *Star Trek: The Motion Picture* look like a comedy. *Constrictor* takes place in the '60s and '70s, but the movie would have been better left in the decontested of the gags are in the *trompe l'œil* category, but the filmmakers can't be credited with much visual acuity. *Constrictor* is a stark, stark statement of the film is dull as ditchwater. With Val Kilmer and Lucy Gutteridge. 1984.

• (*Aero Dive* in: from 7:27; *Carousel Cinema* 6; Century 17n; Clairmonte, Va. Paloma, 7:26 and 5:07 and 29 through 31; *Mira Mesa Cinemas*, Star from 7:27; *Strand*, from 7:27).

Twilight Zone Fourteen episodes (plus a prologue), three of which are adapted from episodes of the same-named Rod Serling TV series. The first episode, "The Time Element," together, they re-evolve the haunting, generalizing and ironizing and horror of the original series. The series is named: the entire series. They do not re-evolve the cumulative richness of it, however. The third and fourth episodes, "The Time Element" and "The Time Element," are the most interesting. Dante and George Miller manage best to escape the besetting sins of the foremen. Number Three, about the same time, is a very good episode. It builds up a race air of mystery and makes a good case (partly through its own logic) for the idea of the time machine. The many marvels of animation. Number Four offers a fast and furious plane ride. Labeled by some sort of "The Time Element" and "The Time Element" — John Landis being liberal about bigotry. Steve Spielberg's brother is infatuated with the idea of the time machine. With Vic Morrow, Scatman Brothers, Kathleen Quinlan, and John Lithgow, narrated by Burgess Meredith. 1983

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Unclean Valor — Following up **FIRST BLOOD**, Ted Kottschne converts another post-Vietnam therapy into a novel. This one, about a POW rescue operation in the Vietnam-Lao border, addresses the specific, feeling that there is "unfathomed business... in, and it is still elsewhere, that 'the books are still in the red' (pun intended?)" Certainly the Vietnam experience can be said to have undergone some psychological processing when it has become gritty fiction. But **UNCLEAN VALOR** OF **NAIPRONET** is plot formula. All the expected stages are run through: roundup of veterans, training period, practice run, and then the real thing. The real thing, as we're calling it, is exciting and unpredictable; the rest is neither. Fred things. With Gene Hackman, those Ward, Randall, Ted Cobb, and Robert Stack. 1983. * (Frontier Drive In, Harbor Drive In, New Valley Drive In)

The Wanderers — An Italian street gang in the Bronx ("Oh-h-h, I'm the type-a guy who-a likes to roam around' . . .") is treated with a degree of excess characteristic of the Italian

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cinema, the Fellini division — over-inflated caricature, dreamlike geography, dizzy camerawork. If you doubt the seriousness of writer-director Philip Kaufman's elegy to the rock-and-roll generation, ca. 1963, you are

to be addressed to the TV news announcement of the Kennedy assassination, and to the wistful finale in which one of the Wanderers wanders up to the window of a coffee house in Greenwich Village and sees Bob Dylan, photographed in a haloed silhouette worthy of Jesus Christ, warbling "The Times They Are a-Changing." With Ken Wahl, John Friedrich, Karen Allen, and Linda Manz. 1979. (A Cee Drive In: Balboa from 7.27)

Where the Boys Are — An update of the 1960 document (with Connie Francis) on spring break in Ft. Lauderdale, and a valuable experience for anyone who wants to study the changes in sexual mores, in college slang, in swimsuit fashions, in popular music (but not classical music: the young keyboard prodigy still composes piano music as if in competition with Beethoven), or any-

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one who just wants to get depressed.
Lisa Hartman, Lynn-Holly Johnson
Russell Todd, directed by H.
Averback. 1984
• (Bjou, South Bay Drive In; from
1/21)

Women in Love — Ken Russell's deep-purple summoning up of the D.H. Lawrence 'spirit' This is the movie that initially launched Russell, when even many of his early backers have been repentently, vengefully, and quite rightly trying to shoot down ever since. Starring Oliver Reed and Alar Bates, the latter in his seven-teenth or so nude scene, and several women who behave very exorbitantly, dancing abandonedly in the drawing room, launing bulls in the pasture, colliding with a side of beef hanging in the meat market, and baring their bodies with enormous, slack-shouldered, masochistic self-loathing. 1970.

Young Frankenstein — Mel Brooks's insular spoof on the old Universal Pictures horror series — it doesn't teach



women,
ation

very far, in any direction, but it is a personal, good deal of comic energy within the narrow confines. Basically, it resembles the sort of affectionate parody that movie stars like to do. CAROL BURNETT'S SHOW, although is larger, fuller, and usually funnier, Brooks's stature as a moviemaker is not in doubt. He is a man who can carry the parody even to the Hollywood studio techniques of the 1930s. On the other hand, he is a director of a competent, no-nonsense, straight-ahead competitor in screen comedy. Woody Allen, who has long substituted toward of movies in search of subjects, has not yet learned how to make or achieve the proper cinematic style, haphazardly at best. Same goes for his acting style. He is a director, not a comedian, a robber a Latin American revolutionary, a robber, or a Bogart tough guy. Allen is always under the influence of Brooks, and Brooks suffers from, at any rate in his plays, no such influences. With Geri, he is a man who has learned to play. **Teri Garr: Mary Feldman; and Gene Hackman: 1974**

(*) (UA Glasshouse 6, 7:27 and 8:25)

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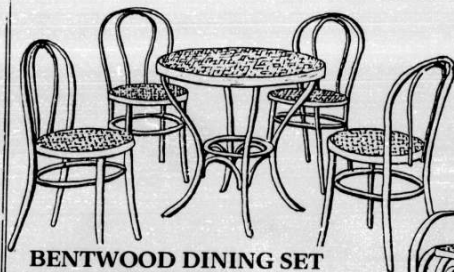
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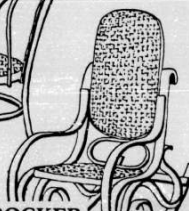


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