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READER

VOLUME 13, NO. 37, SEPT. 20, 1984 SAN DIEGO'S WEEKLY

Meet the man who put together the 1984 San Diego Padres



Runners stand at every base. The pitcher glances at them one by one from his vantage point on the mound, as if he is hoping they will evaporate, will reveal themselves to be characters in a bad dream that will end if he concentrates hard enough. Wake up, wake up! But the runners remain; the situation is real. For the pitcher, it is an unfortunate situation. The batter is Carmelo Martinez, the Padres' left fielder, a young slugger with a baby face and shoulders that practically bulge out of his uniform. The pitcher winds up and throws; Martinez watches the pitch go by. "Strike two!" cries the umpire.

In his box high behind home plate, the Padres' general manager, Jack McKeon, takes a cigar out of his mouth momentarily. "You gotta jump on pitches like that in this situation," he remarks. "You don't need a good eye here; you gotta knock the runners in."

The pitcher (a member of the Houston Astros) wipes sweat from his forehead with his glove, steps off the pitching rubber, walks down behind the mound, picks up the rosin bag that is lying there, throws it down, walks back up on the mound and puts his foot on the rubber, glances into the stands, then squints at his catcher. Is there anything else he can do to delay throwing the next pitch? No. It is time. He winds up and throws, but the ball never

The Team That Jack Built

By Gordon Smith
Photographs by Craig Carlson

quite reaches home plate. As it nears the plate's vicinity it is intercepted by Martinez's bat, and with a crisp, loud crack the ball flies like a wisp-high rifle shot between the shortstop and the second baseman. Before either of them can take more than a step toward it, it is past them, skittering into the outfield: a base hit. Two runners come in to score.

McKeon takes a drag on the well-saturated butt end of his cigar. Smoke rises in a cloud above his head. Impassively, still staring at the field, he nods.

The afternoon is stiflingly hot. Summer's dog days have not only arrived but are turning out to be unpleasantly persistent. The team has lost nineteen of its last thirty-two games in recent weeks and has hit into more double plays than you can hear in a week of listening to 91X. Some of the players have been dropping throws and fly balls and otherwise making errors reminiscent of the old Padres — the ones who between 1969 and 1983 lost an average of more than ninety-one games a year, more than any other team in baseball.

Still, no one on the team is panicking, least of all McKeon. In the last month the Padres have slipped in the division standings by only a game and a half, and lead second-place Houston by eight games. The Padres are not a

(continued on page 12)

City Lights

New Leather Store Can't Hide

For the last month and a half, ever since the Crypt opened a branch store at 4640 Park Boulevard, just off the corner of Park and Adams Aves., university Heights resident Tim Span reports his quiet neighborhood just hasn't been the same. The arrival of the "crypt," with its collection of catfish goods and assorted kinky sex toys and a clientele considered to be largely homosexual, was apparently the last straw for local residents who had sat by anxiously and watched while three gay "leather" bars opened up in their neighborhood over the last few years. The most recent of these is Pee's, a gay bar for four years but never as visible as the time of its recent name change, which coincided with the Crypt's opening. Span says as of last weekend, a big banner heralding the presence of Pee's has drawn crowds of leather garbed bikers to his



The Crypt at Park and Adams

neighborhood, and both he and other residents report that several bar and Crypt patrons have been attacked, both verbally and physically, by

locals in at least a half-dozen separate incidents. Ron Umbaugh, who oversees operations at the new Crypt satellite, says he's

unaware of any actual incidents of violence against his patrons, but admits that since the branch store opened six weeks ago life has not been easy for the

store's employees or its patrons. Shortly before the store officially opened for business, he says, a woman burst in and swore at the clerk about running a "gay" store; shortly thereafter, someone filed a complaint with the San Diego Police Department, charging the Crypt with being an "adult business." "They [police] came out and we showed them we are not an adult business; we are primarily a leather manufacturing company that does work for our other three stores," Umbaugh says. But since then, he adds, the Crypt has received close to a dozen crank and threatening calls, prompting the owners to replace the front window glass with a large shatter-proof pane, install an alarm system, and push back the time it opens from 8:00 a.m. to 6:00 p.m., closing at midnight. "By being open only in the evenings," Umbaugh explains, "we hope to get better neighborhood acceptance."

—T.K.A.

All The Answers

We may whine about the traffic and yip about the crowded beaches, but those who really take it on the chin during San Diego's summer sightseeing madness are the answer ladies at the Mission Bay Tourist Information Center. There they sit on their high stools as up to 1500 people stream by the center on a busy summer day. Tiny heads of sweat may form on their upper lips, but their smiles do not tighten as they field, for the umpteenth time, such skull numbing queries as: "How long is the one- and two-hour harbor excursions last?" and "What time do the whales go by?"

Miki Wulff, director of

operations, has been answering tourists' questions at the center for seven years. Despite the Olympics, she says, the center was no busier this past summer than it usually is at that time of year; however, the unusual rainfall two weeks ago did produce a spate of calls from San Diego locals demanding to know when the tropical precipitation would end. "Some of them became irate when I told them that I didn't know," Wulff says. "There's something about the word 'information' in the center's name that encourages people to ask regardless of their needs. Wulff recalls answering questions regarding how to preserve a fruitcake and how to make flat-fell jeans, and a man called from Buffalo, New York wanting to know if his wife had filed for a divorce.

There are some questions which are unanswerable, which beg for a stinging quip: "I've heard of the grunion running, but where do they run to?" "What do you see when you go whale watching?" "At what time do the swallows return to San Juan Capistrano?" In addition to the individuals who persist in asking such things as "What's the name of the Coronado bridge?" and "Where do we find the bridge to Catalina?" are the endearing tourists, Wulff says, like the German couple who were planning to visit Tijuana. When Wulff asked them if they had the proper visa to enter and exit Mexico the two smiled and proudly responded, "Yes, and we have Master Card, too."

R.O.

Rodeo Drive In Lakeside

Charlie Perkins has run the Lakeside Rodeo Grounds on Mapleview Street for more than twelve years. The 5500-seat facility has been averaging close to thirty events a year, from the annual nine-day Eastern San Diego Junior Fair to three-day rodeos and single-night boxing matches, wedding receptions, and concerts by country artists such as Merle Haggard, Lacy J. Dalton, and Hank Williams Jr. Since the middle 1950s the area in which the rodeo grounds are located has been zoned by the county of San Diego for agricultural use, and Perkins never figured he needed any kind of special use permit to stage his productions.



Frank Williams, Jr.

letter agreeing with Perkins' assertion and saying that since public events had been held at the rodeo grounds for such a long time, the facility could be granted an exception to the zoning requirement, due to what is commonly known as a "grandfather clause." So the ABC relocated and allowed last summer's events to proceed unimpeded.

This year, however, shortly after the booking of an August 31 boxing match and several other events, including a Hank Williams, Jr. concert October 20, the county planning department did an abrupt about-face and in a second letter, notified both Perkins and the local ABC office that since Perkins and his associates had never obtained a special use permit, the grandfather clause was no longer valid. "The information we based [our earlier decision] on was not correct," says Randy Hurlburt, deputy director of the county planning department. "To fall under that category, the facility had to be operating prior to any legal zoning, and that was not the case." The letter from the county also informed Perkins that in order for his scheduled events to proceed (and for the rodeo grounds to remain in business) he would have to get

(continued on page 37, col. 1)

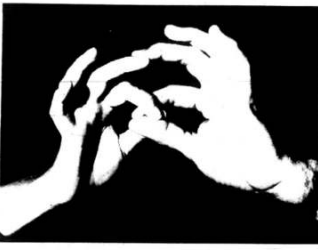
On Deaf Ears

Mark Medoff's award-winning play, *Children of a Lesser God*, details the cultural difficulties that both the hearing and deaf alike confront when brought together at work and in love. The play's conflict's center on the seemingly unbridgeable chasm which separates the two worlds. Medoff, however, might have found sufficient material for another similar dramatic work in the recent controversy involving the North Coast Repertory Theatre's summer production of *Children of a Lesser God*. In the script, Medoff stipulates that three of the play's characters (two deaf women and one hard-of-hearing man) must be played by individuals possessing those same traits. When North Coast's director, Olive Blakistone, began casting for her production in June, she knew that the task of finding deaf and hard-of-hearing men and women to audition for the roles would not be easy. She contacted the local

Deaf Community Services Center (DCSC) to enlist their aid, and claims to have met at least ninety other calls in San Diego and to Los Angeles as well.

In mid-June, as time for rehearsals neared, Blakistone managed to cast the female lead, Sarah, with a young deaf woman, Maureen O'Grady, and the supporting role of another deaf woman, Lydia, with a hard-of-hearing woman, Tiffany Drummel. The part of Orin, a militant, hard-of-hearing student, still posed a significant challenge. Blakistone had initially cast the part with a profoundly deaf young man. Two and a half weeks before opening, however, after coming to a full realization of the complexity of the script and the difficulty of actually speaking his lines clearly enough for a hearing audience to understand, he backed out. Blakistone was without an Orin. Once again she called Deaf Community Services, and once again she called the various agencies

(continued on page 37, col. 1)



Giao Chinatown

San Diego's Chinatown was never much worth talking about. At its height in 1912 there were three or four grocery stores, several restaurants, and some hand laundries in the seven square blocks south of Market Street. Sixteen tenements housed the Chinese residents, but most of these buildings were condemned and destroyed when city officials cleaned up downtown's notorious Whiskey District in anticipation of the 1915-1916 Panama California Exposition.

Chinatown continued to lose both residences and businesses over the next three decades. Woo Chee Chong, Chinatown's last full-service grocery, moved east to Sixteenth and G in 1964, and some forty of Chinatown's senior citizens have more recently abandoned their Chinatown apartments for modern units in the rent subsidized Loma Manor and Horton House high-rises on Third and Market.

Financing is being completed this month for two

bed-and-breakfast hotels which will replace eight more of Chinatown's oldest units, meaning that fifteen Chinese—about one third of the neighborhood's remaining population—will have to find new places to live. These one-bedroom apartments have stood on the corner of Third and Island since 1916. Six families live in the

400-square-foot units, each with a living room, kitchen with small adjoining bath, and a single, split-level bedroom. The apartments are owned and run by the Bing Kong Tong, which charges each family seventy-five dollars per month rent.

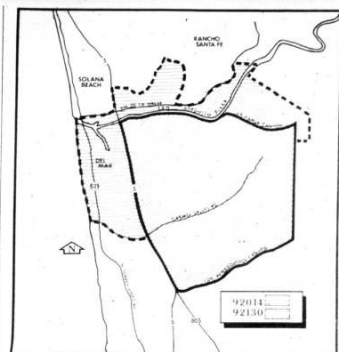
The tong—a fraternal association that helps newly arrived Chinese immigrants—



Bing Kong Tong headquarters at Third and Island

Have Another Zip

For longer than even U.S. Postal Service spokesman Jerry Vega can remember, residents and businesses in Carmel Valley, located in the northwesternmost part of the San Diego city limits, have had their mail routed through the Del Mar post office, enabling them to enjoy a prestigious Del Mar mailing address even though they are officially within the confines of the City of San Diego. When mail service was started there in the early years of this century, Vega says, the nearest San Diego post office was in Pacific Beach, more than fifteen miles to the south and west; for convenience's sake, it was decided to service the Carmel Valley "stragglers" from the Del Mar post office, just three miles to the west. Throughout the years, the predominantly rural area—bounded on the west by Interstate 5, on the east and north by Rancho Santa Fe and other unincorporated county communities, and on the south by an imaginary line just south of and running parallel to Carmel Valley Road—has remained fairly constant; the number of deliveries, chiefly to farms, riding stables, and other typically rural businesses, has stabilized at around 150, and service to them has for years been accomplished through a single postal service route. Nothing in the mail delivery system has been changed, even though in the ensuing years closer post office branches have been constructed in La Jolla, Mira Mesa, and various other nearby communities. But when North City West



New postal service demonstration

development began in earnest at the start of this year, Vega says, an average of more than seventy-five new deliveries every month—there are more than 6000 a year—will increase from the long time when there were only a few. The increase is only going to get worse, as predicted by post office projections that envision a total of 12,000 deliveries in the Carmel Valley within fifteen years. "We've decided to do something before the situation got out of hand," Vega says. With little fanfare, the postal service a few weeks ago announced that, effective immediately, mail to the Carmel Valley will be routed through the Mira Mesa post

office, eight miles southeast, stripping the 150 core residents and businesses of their Del Mar address, which Vega says they may not like. "I don't know if they will," he says. "I don't know if they will like it or not." The mailing change has already roused the ire of both developers who are building Del Mar subdivisions through development names like "Carmel Hill" and long-time residents who are businesses who have their

into the yellow-stuccoed, apartments at 222-224 on Third arriving here from Hong Kong. A teller at the Bank of America's Fifth and Market Street branch, Hong lives with her mother and son. Five of the eight apartments house Chinese. A woman lives in the sixth, and two units serve as a meeting room and storage space for the tong.

If Gaslamp District entrepreneur Dan Pearson wraps up financing for his ambitious \$10-million hotel and breakfast development, the tong apartments will be demolished in January. Pearson will then move the historic Grand Saddlery and Horton hotels onto the Third and Horton site. There will still be Chinese living in the district. Joe Quin's family maintains a two-story home office around the corner on Third Avenue, and two nearby boarding houses still rent rooms to about twenty single men. Prices start at eighty dollars a month, a large room with bath runs about \$150 monthly. And though old-timers like Joe Quin



Illustration by Rick Warren



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The Year That Just Built

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My Sister, The Elephant
I have just read Judith Moore's "The Tale of an Elephant" (September 6), and it was a masterpiece of humanity in words. My heart goes out to Cindy the elephant and all of our animal brothers and sisters. Can you ever

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forgive us for the suffering we have caused you through our ignorance!
Hopefully, people like Alan Rucroft and the San Diego Zoological Society will help us to re-see and change ourselves to be merciful and kind, and then the earth and its children will see us as a friend.
Mary Esther Mills
La Jolla

Erratum

A typographical error in the last week's feature story "Survivors" misdated the Nazi occupation of Czechoslovakia. The correct date for the Nazi occupation is 1939. The Reader regrets this error. Ed.

Newton Fingert

It is evident in his response to Mort Schwartz's query about a hummingbird in a submarine

("Straight from the Hip," September 6) that Matthew Alice has an engineer's rather than a physicist's perspective, as shown by his dismissal of the weight of a hummingbird as negligible compared to the weight and stabilization capacities of a

Letters

submarine (not to mention whether we would even be able to distinguish the effect from that due to the action of wind and waves). However, Mr. Alice's response, though pertinent, misses the point of the question (possibly deliberately so, either because he was not able to provide the correct answer, or more likely, because it makes for a lot less interesting reading), which is one of principle rather than practice. That is, does consideration of theoretical laws make it unnecessary to even worry about how we would measure the effect? The answer is yes. Even without the counterweights of flood tanks and sail planes (I thought a sail plane meant a glider anyhow), even the most perfect instruments would not be able to detect any listing of the submarine when the hummingbird lands. The reasoning behind this reasoning answer is as follows:
When the hummingbird is perched, gravity exerts a downward force equal to its weight on the submarine. When it is flying, it keeps itself in the air by beating its wings, exerting an upward force equal to its weight in order to counteract the force of gravity which tends to pull it

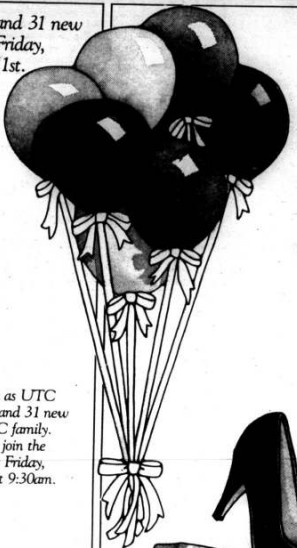
down. However, Newton's third law of physics requires that for every force there must be an equal and opposite reaction force, so that in order to keep itself aloft with an upward force equal to its weight, the hummingbird must be exerting an equal force in the downward direction on the molecules of the air, which is in turn transferred to the deck of the submarine. Thus, whether it is perched or in the air, the hummingbird produces a downward force exactly equal to its weight on the submarine, and an observer outside of the submarine would not be able to determine if the hummingbird were flying or not, as there would be no change in list if the bird were to land. We can now see that Mr. Alice's analysis (rhyme not intended) (okay, maybe it was) is rendered unnecessary by careful consideration of the principles involved.
Roger Cliff
La Mesa

Prison Sentences

Your August 30 issue contained a most informative and important article on probation, "The Last Chance," by Stephen Meyer. As a program coordinator for Project J.O.V.E., Inc., a nonprofit organization dedicated to assisting ex-offenders find employment as they attempt to re-enter society after incarceration, I work with individuals in the probation department daily, including many of those quoted in the article. The work of probation officers is indeed often misunderstood. (continued on page 18)

THE GOOD LIFE JUST GOT BETTER

Nordstrom and 31 new stores open Friday, September 21st.



Be dazzled by UTC's growing collection of jewelry. Sparkle with Ben Bridge, Gem Galleria, Weisfeld's, Jessops and Dream Station.



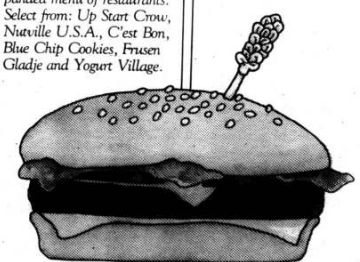
Step out in style as a great selection of shoes gets even better. Step into: G.H. Bass and Streichers/Forsheim.

Take a new look as UTC adds Nordstrom and 31 new stores to the UTC family. You're invited to join the opening festivities Friday, September 21st at 9:30am.



Rounding out the picture for gifts, home and special services are: 60 Minute Photo, Musicland, Brookstone, Wooden Bird, Pathmark/Reality World, The Sunglass Hut, Personalized Treasures and the Crystal Chalice.

Experiment with UTC's expanded menu of restaurants. Select from: Up Start Crows, Naville U.S.A., C'est Bon, Blue Chip Cookies, Frusen Gladje and Yogurt Village.



Picture fashions to suit your personal style... Joining the UTC fashion picture are: Daniel's, Jaymar Sansabel, Benetton, Brady's, Levante, Plaza Swimwear, Victoria's Secret, Germaine's, Saturdays, The Limited and The Lamb Shop.

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Straight from the Hip

Matthew Alice

Dear Matthew Alice:
What is the origin of the term "gringo"? My grandfather always claimed it came from the war with Mexico in 1848. Supposedly the American soldiers marching through Mexico sang "Green Grow the Lilacs" so often that the opening words were shortened. Any truth to that?

Michael Rummel
San Diego

I'm sure old Gramps was full of wisdom, and that his colorful tale was just another example of his vast storehouse of knowledge. No disrespect to your grandfather, but his explanation is an oft-told bit of malarkey. It's a pity it isn't true; the truth is not so dramatic, though it is based on international misunderstanding. We have to go back to Spain in order to discover the origin of the word. How far back in time nobody knows, but quite a while ago the Spanish had a saying, "Hablar en gringo," which loosely translates "to speak nonsense." Literally it means "to speak in Greek," which to most Spaniards was synonymous with nonsense. When the saying was transported across the Atlantic, "gringo" (Greek) was corrupted to "gringo" in a process that was no doubt similar to the one your grandfather mentioned in the case of the lilac song. In South America the word is used to describe any foreigner whose language is not Spanish; in Mexico and Central America it has come to refer specifically to those of us from the USA. For our neighbors to the south someone is "hablando en gringo" when he is speaking gibberish. Another idiom also points a mocking finger at us gringos: "Hacerse el gringo" means "to play dumb." A gringo is also, by extension, a fair-haired person. One final definition of the term comes from Costa Rica, where it refers to a certain card game. Americans are, of course, far from guiltless when it comes to name calling. One of our favorite disparaging appellations for natives of Mexico is "greaser," which has



Illustration by Rick Garry

an interesting history of its own. Supposedly the term was first applied by Spaniards to American and English traders in the days before California became a state; those traders dealt in hides and tallow, and the origin of the term should be obvious. But in a curious bit of fit-for-fat, the traders began referring to the Spanish tallow dealers as "greasers," and eventually it settled on the Mexicans, who were probably just minding their own business in first place, watching the insults fly back and forth between the two invaders.

Dear Matthew Alice:
A friend and I were remembering that San Diego Bay used to have seaplanes coming and going for flights out of the bay. The bay may be too crowded now for seaplanes, but when did the seaplanes disappear from San Diego?

Ralph Muñoz
Chula Vista

San Diego is nothing without the ocean. It makes our weather reasonably bearable (usually); it provides excellent scenery; it gives surfers and beachgoers someplace to go and thereby gives the rest of us some breathing room. The ocean means tourist money, and perhaps most important to our city's character, it means the military. So it is perfectly logical that the first airplane the Navy ever had was a single-engine seaplane based at North Island back in 1912. It is also no surprise to learn that North Island was in effect the home of all the Navy's seaplanes and flying boats (which float not on pontoons but on their hulls). And that's why you used to see so many of them flying around our bay. San Diego was very, very good to seaplanes. We also set some records here. The first time an aircraft carried more than 300 people, it landed on our bay (safely — it was a seaplane) in 1949 with 308 passengers arriving from Alameda. A year earlier

the world's largest flying boat (pre-Spruce Goose) landed here one day instead of in Santa Monica, its original destination, where fog had aborted the landing. And the world's first delta-wing jet seaplane, the Sea Dart, was tested in our bay in the early Fifties. This plane also brought notoriety to San Diego when on a test flight in 1954 it exploded, killing the pilot.

The explosion was in a sense a symbolic blow to the seaplane: though the aircraft continued to be used through the rest of the decade, by the late Fifties seaplanes were being phased out, and the Sea Dart itself never did succeed. A 1955 editorial in the San Diego Union reflected the optimistic tenor of seaplane boosters when it myopically predicted that someday commercial planes would be so large that they would be forced to land in water instead of on land.

The evolution of the helicopter after the Korean War sounded the death knell for the dinosaurian seaplane. In the Forties and on into the Fifties the Navy had relied on sea-based craft, but technological advances in helicopters made the planes obsolete. All the things a seaplane was used for — observation, surveillance, short-range passenger runs, antisubmarine warfare — could now be done much better by a helicopter. The copter could even be stashed below decks of a destroyer and brought out for liftoff from a platform on the fantail. The helicopter's range was greater and it could carry a larger payload; it was, in essence, a more versatile aircraft. The last of the Navy's seaplanes landed in 1968, a victim not of overcrowding but of obsolescence.

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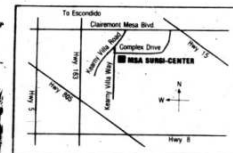
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THE INSIDE STORY

BY PAUL KRUEGER

WHEN THE LOCAL COGNOSCENTI CHATTER about the birth of a new downtown art gallery, they credit La Jolla philanthropist Danah Fayman as the vision, energy, and money behind the ambitious project. The generous Fayman did conceive of the San Diego Arts Center, bringing together Lefty Adler — temperamental former director of the La Jolla Museum of Contemporary Art — with mounted art lovers, including the Roland Sahms of Rancho Santa Fe and physician Vance Kondon. But it's Jerry Trimble, director of the publicly funded Centre City Development Corporation, who's making the deals that may allow Fayman's group to take over the stately Balboa Theater and transform it into a gallery-retail complex.

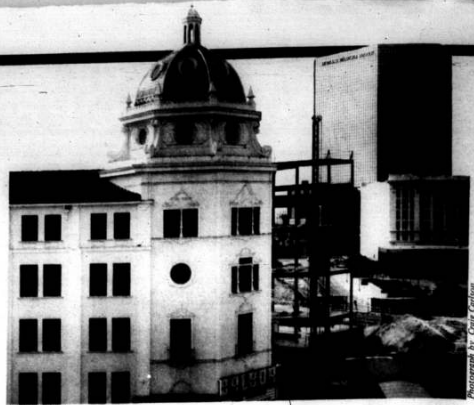
Trimble won't ask for credit, as a bureaucrat overseeing downtown's rebuilding he is practiced at yielding the stage to private developers. For the Arts Center project, he directs publicity to Fayman, Mayor Roger Hedgecock, and City Councilman Uvalde Martinez. But Trimble gets a heavy payoff from a successful gallery project, he helps to secure his position as downtown's master builder, and proves to his urban development colleagues that he can do more than just demolish old buildings and replace them with reflective-glass skyscrapers. "This [Arts Center] project represents the cultural aspects of redevelopment, something Jerry's been criticized as lacking," says one planner who has watched Trimble's career. "This is a rebirth with a specific use, and it's another kind of feather in his cap."

Trimble has quietly dominated the Arts Center project since last year, when he invited Fayman down town to

four possible sites for a new gallery. He talked up the virtues of the Balboa Theater — its architectural uniqueness and proximity to both the \$140 million Horton Plaza Shopping Center and the western edge of the struggling Gaslamp Quarter district. Having sold Fayman and her backers on the Balboa, Trimble moved them into negotiations with Frank Russo, whose family owns the property. CCDC acted as a middleman while Russo and Fayman's group spent seven months discussing possible deals, including a ten- or fifteen-year lease of the building and a joint ownership agreement. The talks went nowhere. Russo says the lease talks faltered because the Arts Center negotiators wanted him to spend six million dollars renovating the building; center spokesman Fred Colby says his group worried about the difficulty of getting donations for the gallery if they didn't own the building outright. The joint ownership talks were undercut by the problem of determining which side would benefit from rehabilitation tax credits and who would be responsible for the cost of the project.

When purchase of the property appeared to be the only alternative, CCDC brought in an appraiser, who figured out a price of \$1.5 million, or \$110 a square foot for the theater and its adjoining storefronts. Trimble says the price is more than fair, but Russo claims his property is worth closer to four million dollars. (The money would come from redevelopment taxes.)

If Trimble's strategy works, it would also solve one of his stickier political problems. Gaslamp merchants have been furious at shopping center developer Hahn's decision not to build retail shops along Fourth Avenue, south of the Balboa. Hahn has agreed to



Balboa Theater

build a single level of shops, but the Mortenson/Arts Center wing will cover half the disputed block with four stories of retail and gallery space, further placating the Gaslamp merchants, who felt they were being slighted by Hahn and CCDC.

Chief Probation Officer Cecil Steppe leaves October 4 for a two-day inspection of the controversial VisionQuest Wilderness Camp near Silver City, New Mexico. Steppe's aides spent a week at the camp investigating Cano's death. Their twenty-page report, which was finished in June and later leaked to the media, urged Steppe to "withdraw all San Diego youths assigned to VisionQuest's New Mexico Wilderness Camp immediately and return them to San Diego. The possibility of future abuse, injury, or death occurring at this facility is predictable."

Steppe, however, has continued placing children in VisionQuest programs, explaining that his negotiations with VisionQuest administrators for more medical care at the camps gave him "a high degree of comfort" about the programs "pending the completion of other investigations" into Cano's death by New Mexico officials. He said his aides' report failed to give him "that physical training at austere,"

remote campsites — was further criticized in a strong three-part series aired last month on Channel 39. The grand jury expressed concern that the county doesn't have "free access to records of San Diego children" enrolled at VisionQuest and urged that the program should immediately improve its medical care and access to doctors. Steppe's aides spent a week at the camp investigating Cano's death.

Both the 1983-84 county grand jury and two of Steppe's senior aides recommended that the county place no more local youths in VisionQuest programs until alleged shortcomings in the program were cleared up. VisionQuest — with its emphasis on tough physical training at austere,

(continued on page 10)

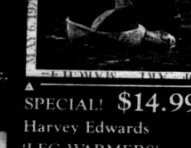
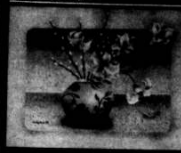
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THE INSIDE STORY

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Trumble won't ask for credit, as a bureaucrat overseeing downtown rebuilding he is practiced at avoiding the stage of private developers. For the Arts Center project, he directs publicity to Fayman, Mayor Roger Hagdorn, and City Councilman Luis de Montano. But Trumble gets a heavy payoff from a successful gallery project: he helps to secure his position as downtown's master builder, and proves to his urban development colleagues that he can do more than just demolish old buildings and replace them with reflective glass skyscrapers. "This [Arts Center] project represents the cultural aspects of redevelopment, something Jerry's been criticized as lacking," says one planner who has watched Trumble's career.

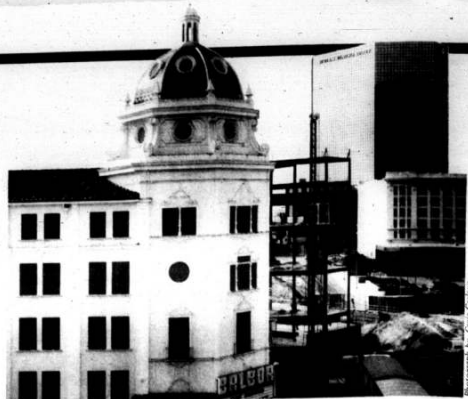
This is a rebuff with a specific use, and it's another kind of feather in his cap.

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When purchase of the property appeared to be the only alternative, CCDC brought in an appraiser, who figured out a price of \$1.5 million, or \$110-a-square-foot for the theater and its adjoining storefronts. Trumble says the price is more than fair, but Russo claims his property is worth closer to four million dollars. (CCDC sources say Russo family members agreed to the price while others balked. Russo says no one was satisfied with the offer.)

So Trumble immediately moved the deal from the negotiating table to the city council chambers by instituting the first steps in a proposed proceedings at a compressed



Balboa Theater

mid-November council meeting. Trumble meanwhile brought in developer Chris Mortenson to meet with Fayman's group. Mortenson, Fayman, and other Arts Center backers have since agreed to form a separate partnership that would remodel the Balboa and build a south wing on the theater, increasing gallery space by 30,000 square feet to a total of 91,000, and adding 3,000 square feet of commercial space. Trumble also hopes to make shopping centers, says developer Ernest Hahn a partner in the Mortenson-Fayman project. Should that group still fall short of the estimated six million dollars for purchase and renovation, the CCDC chief seems confident he can persuade the city council to contribute one million dollars or more to the project, on the grounds that the gallery retail use would entice more shoppers downtown.

(The money would come from redevelopment taxes.) If Trumble's strategy works, it will also set one of his eyes on the Balboa Theater. Russo says he has been thinking of selling the theater since the city council voted not to let it be used as a parking lot. Russo's group is now along Boardwalk Avenue, south of the Balboa. Hahn has agreed to

build a single level of shops, but the Mortenson-Fayman wing will cover half the disputed block with four stories of retail and gallery space, further placing the Gaslamp merchants, who felt they were being squeezed by Hahn and CCDC.

Chief Probation Officer Cecil Steppe leaves October 1 for a two-day inspection of the controversial VisionQuest Wilderness Camp in Silver Lake, New Mexico. Steppe—one of the officials for local courts juvenile offenders will allow him. Steppe's husband, what improvements have been made in VisionQuest's program since the death there last April of Mario Cano, a sixteen-year-old from Chula Vista. The chief probation officer must also hope his visit will calm those who say he hasn't responded forcefully enough to Cano's death.

Both the 1983-84 county grand jury and two of Steppe's Senate colleagues said the county place no more local youths in VisionQuest programs until alleged shortcomings in the program were cleared up. VisionQuest with its employees on touch physical training at a state-

remote campsite—was further criticized in a strong three-part series aired last month on Channel 39. The grand jury expressed concern that the county doesn't have "free access to records of San Diego children" enrolled at VisionQuest and urged that the program should immediately improve its medical care and access to doctors. Steppe's aides spent a week at the camp investigating Cano's death. Their twenty-page report, which was finished in June and later leaked to the media, urged Steppe to "withdraw all San Diego youths assigned to [VisionQuest's] New Mexico Wilderness Camp immediately and return them to San Diego." The possibility of future abuse, injury, or death occurring at this facility is predictable.

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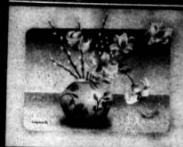
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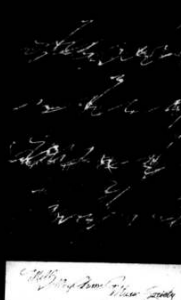
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THE INSIDE STORY

(continued from page 6)
overwhelming feeling that my kids were at death's door," and argues that their vivid recounting of Cano's last days at Wilderness Camp

"shouldn't be translated into an indictment of the whole [VisionQuest] program." While Steppe's personal visit to New Mexico may pacify some critics, the VisionQuest controversy will continue. Several probation department staffers are urging that the county file child-abuse charges against VisionQuest in Cano's death (Steppe says such charges would more rightfully

come from New Mexico authorities), and VisionQuest critics will urge members of the current grand jury to open another investigation of the program when they finish their current probe of Mayor Roger Hedgecock. Talk continues, too, that Steppe is reticent about withdrawing youths from VisionQuest because he is "intimidated" by Superior Court Judges Robert O'Neill and Dennis Adams, both outspoken defenders of VisionQuest. "I don't respond to such statements," Steppe says.

Even before Roger Hedgecock was elected mayor

last year, he moved to shore up his support among the many developers, land-use attorneys, and other high-powered conservatives who had either sat out the mayor's campaign or begrudgingly supported Republican Hedgecock over his Democratic opponent, Maureen O'Connor. Hedgecock's Business Advisory Group was formed to give those influential businessmen a monthly forum for their thoughts on how Hedgecock could moderate his "environmentalist" philosophy and to help the new mayor win them over as contributors for his re-election. But the Business Advisory

Group is now in a coma, while the forty-seven-member committee hasn't officially been disbanded, it hasn't met since April. Hedgecock aide Michele Anderson says the group's monthly meetings ceased when chairman Gordon Luce finally made public his long-expected endorsement of Hedgecock opponent Dick Carlson. Anderson says another chairman wasn't chosen because "we didn't want to ridicule or thumb our noses" at Luce by formally replacing the Republican. Hedgecock, however, has been equally concerned at the decimation of the group's

roster when Carlson established himself as a more solid alternative to the incumbent mayor. Eleven of the biggest names — including financiers Malin Burnham, Jim Schmidt, and Charles "Red" Scott, and builders Doug Allied, Pat Kruer, and Dan Larsen — have pledged to Carlson. Seven more are either privately backing the mayoral challenger or are moving from a pro-Hedgecock to a neutral stance. This group includes Mike Madigan of Pardee Construction, builder Bruce Hazard, Yellow Cab owner Don Swortwood, and chamber of commerce director Lee Grissom.



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McKeon

(continued from page 1)

great team, but in a year when other teams have been plagued by injuries and by so-called superstars who are having mediocre years, the Padres' strength seems to be that they do not have any glaring weaknesses. For the first time in their history they have average or above-average players at every position (with several more on the bench), and this year that has been enough to give them an excellent chance of competing in the playoffs and perhaps even the World Series.

The turnaround was accomplished by cashiering the team's old personnel over the last few years and bringing in a host of new players, and the man who is principally responsible for the changes is Jack McKeon. In the four years since he took over as the Padres' general manager, McKeon has traded away some forty players and traded for forty-four. He has signed a couple of free agents and at least one college player who is now a starter on the team. Only one man who was a member of the Padres the day McKeon went to work in the front office is still around — reserve infielder Tim Lincecum. "Who knows? Flannery could have been gone, too, if someone had asked for him," McKeon observed not long ago.

The numerous trades McKeon has worked with other teams have earned him the nicknames of "Trader Jack" and "the Sultan of Swap" — nicknames the plain-spoken baseball executive clearly relishes. McKeon had never held the position of general manager when he came to the Padres; he had never traded for a player, never negotiated a contract. Nevertheless,

his success does not surprise him. He regards it as proof that he has an ability not possessed by many: that during his thirty-seven years of playing, scouting, and managing in baseball he acquired the elusive knack of being able to judge a good ballplayer before that player has matured or has even become very good. "I've coached for Jack McKeon, and I think his judgment of young ballplayers is as fine as anyone I've ever known in baseball," says George Bamberger, a former manager for the New York Mets and the Milwaukee Brewers. "He's gifted with foresight. Other guys can only tell if a player has great talent. Guys like Jack, the top guys in baseball, can look at players with mediocre talent and see that they might develop into players with great talent."

The game, continues, with the Padres hitting line drives all over the park for a quick eight-to-nothing lead. McKeon begins to study a sheet full of statistics that shows the latest individual and team records for nearly every category in baseball, from strikeouts to home runs. Patiently he updates the teams' won-lost records as games around the league are completed and their scores appear on the stadium scoreboard in right field. It is a chore he does out of habit, just to pass time; a new sheet with updated statistics will be on his desk tomorrow in any case.

Suddenly there is action on the field. A Houston player is heading for the plate, but so is the ball, hurled in a long, low trajectory by the Padres' right fielder, Tony Gwynn. The ball arrives a split second ahead of the runner, but the Houston player slides in safely before catcher Terry Kennedy can whirl and tag him out. McKeon swivels in his chair to watch the instant replay on a television suspended from the ceiling of his box, chomping down

hard on his cigar. Again ball and runner head toward home, again the runner's long leg stretches toward the plate, again his foot slides across it just before the burly catcher can tag him.

"Goddamn," McKeon says, turning back to his statistics sheet. "Goddamn, Terry, block the plate."

McKeon was named acting general manager of the Padres in August, 1980, at a time when the team appeared to be headed nowhere. Although there were different players on the field, in terms of ability it was little different from the team that owner Ray Kroc had publicly berated over the stadium's loudspeakers in 1974. A lot of people who appreciate good baseball sympathized with Kroc's feelings, if not his style; after all, the 1974 Padres finished an amazing forty-two games out of first place, and had a team batting average of only .229. The 1980 squad had a composite batting average of .255 but finished nineteen-and-one-half games out of first — which placed them, as in 1974, dead last in the western division.

When he appointed McKeon acting general manager, club president Ballard Smith made it clear that McKeon had almost no chance of getting the permanent job. Yet within two months Smith formally named McKeon the team's general manager. "There was a lot of pressure from my father-in-law [Kroc], the media, and the public to hire someone with a 'name,'" Smith said recently. "There was a feeling that with my inexperience in running a sports organization, the person that was going to be making the talent decisions ought to be someone with a proven track record."

"But I spent a lot of time interviewing people [including Al Rosen and Gene Marchi], and I came to the conclusion that the people who really had

the track records already had jobs. Second of all, Jack went out and made some moves that I thought were good."

What McKeon did, before and after he got the title of general manager, was get rid of a lot of older players with established (if mostly unspectacular) reputations, players such as Jerry Mumphrey, Kurt Bevacqua, Willie Montanez, Rolfe Fingers, Randy Jones, Gene Tenace, and John D'Aquisto. They were replaced with young players that fans had never heard of: Luis Salazar, Alan Wiggins, Terry Kennedy, Tim Lollar, Chris Welsh, Joe Lefebvre, Tony Phillips, Randy Bass, and John Pacella. Many of these players later wound up being traded to other teams for other players (Tony Phillips, for instance, went to Oakland with two additional players for pitcher Bob Lacey, and Lacey soon was traded to Cleveland for second baseman Juan Bonilla). The Padres also made only a halfhearted effort to negotiate with their one true star, Dave Winfield, who became a free agent after the 1980 season and eventually signed with the New York Yankees.

To the public, McKeon's strategy seemed like a huge gamble. It wasn't the first time that a lot of young, unproven players had joined the Padres, and most of them had later departed still young and still unproven. But McKeon had seen many of the players he was trading for during his tenure as a manager, and was convinced they were players who could not only make it to the major leagues but remain there. (In addition, he felt Winfield's attitude was a bad influence on the team. "We got rid of the bad apples," he says now, expressing no regrets at having let Winfield go. And a nationally known sportswriter, who asked

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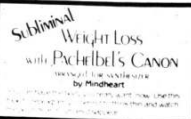
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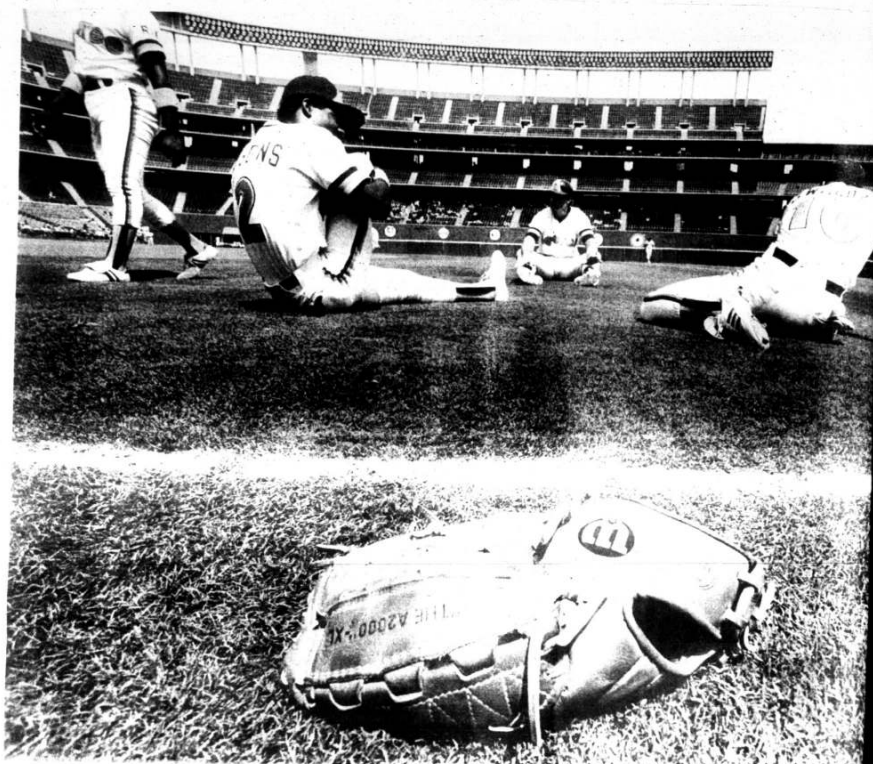
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McKeon

that his comments were not to be attributed to him by name, noted recently that letting Winfield go was "an excellent move. Winfield's a loser... the number one 'Me guy' in baseball." At baseball's annual winter meeting in Dallas in 1980, United Press International sports editor Milton Richman noted that McKeon was by far the hardest-working baseball executive visible, often prowling the hotel lobby until three or four in the morning in the hopes of running into someone with whom he could trade a few players. "If you're up in your room sleeping, you can't make any deals," McKeon told Richman. "I'm here to make the Padres a pennant contender as quickly as possible. Mark my words, they will be in a few years."

McKeon is a short, thick man with big jaw, set in a broad face, a pre-fighter's face. An enormous cigar is almost constantly clamped between his teeth. He is ambitious, demanding, and not reticent about spending his mind or toiling his duties. "I'm not sayin' I'm a miracle worker, but I'm a winner," he says. "I know what makes baseball work. A lot of these guys sittin' in my position today [with other baseball clubs] are guys that worked up through the system as office boys and clerks, and they hung around long enough to assume the position [of general manager]. I'm not sayin' that some of 'em are not good. But none of 'em can compete with me as far as experience... I mean in actual playing time, and knowledge of the game, and knowledge of the players."

A bulge around his middle hints at the good life the fifty-three-year-old McKeon leads now, but his roots are in the blue-collar town of South Ambury, New Jersey, a community of about 10,000 people some twenty-five miles from New York City. His father owned a garage and taxi service, and McKeon

also took a few taxis, and helped out in the family business whenever he could. But even as a teenager he felt involved around baseball. "We didn't have the distractions and opportunities to travel and take vacations that kids have today," he recalls. "All you did was grow up with a baseball team, in New Jersey we'd take batting practice in December, in the snow. Or at night, in the middle of a cloverleaf on the highway, where there were streetlights so you could see. My father had a garage that he used to store trucks and snowplows and stuff in. Hell, it was a big enough garage that we used to take the trucks out, put 'em over the windows, and take batting practice."

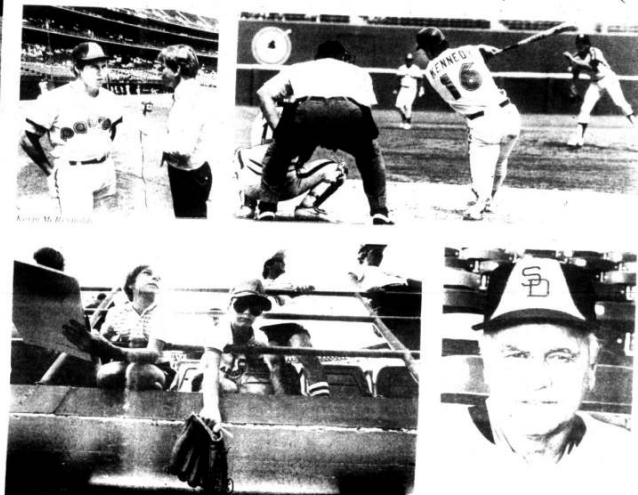
John O'Brien, a high school friend of McKeon's, who is currently the assistant manager for operations at Seattle's Kingdome, remembers playing baseball with McKeon on highway cloverleafs and in McKeon's father's garage. The garage "wasn't that big, but it was a place we could play it in, it was raining," O'Brien recalled recently in a telephone interview. "Back



in those days there wasn't much to do, and there wasn't a lot of money around. Sports was the big thing. I can't remember when we weren't playing." Half the town thought we were crazy."

According to O'Brien, McKeon also had a good sense of humor. The two attended the Catholic St. Mary's High School in South Ambury, and O'Brien remembered that "Jack had to stay after school a lot. Once, we filled up a man's desk drawer with grasshoppers. When she opened the drawer, well, she was the first thing I think we got blackboards after school for a week for that one."

In 1948 McKeon signed a contract with the Pittsburgh Pirates baseball team. He was just out of high school and got a \$500 bonus. His goal was to play in the big leagues, but after three years of playing in Pittsburgh's minor-league organization he tried to evaluate his chances objectively. "I decided to scout myself," he says. "I was a good defensive catcher with a great throwing arm, and a good knowledge of pitchers. But I wasn't a good



hitter, and I lacked speed. I said to myself, 'Hey, you're not going to make it to the big leagues as a player.' So I decided I was going to make it as a manager. I kept my goal the same, but I changed directions. And I ended up managing in the big leagues in 1973. McKeon managed the Kansas City Royals from 1973-75 and the Oakland A's from 1977-78, but not before putting in nearly twenty years as a coach, scout, and manager for minor-league teams in Denver, Vancouver, Missoula, Montana, and Arico, Puerto Rico, among other places. As a minor-league manager, he gained a reputation for pulling one of his players, including tying one of his players to first base. "We had a guy named Sandy Valespino at Missoula who was always running at the wrong time, tryin' to steal bases and gettin' thrown out," McKeon explains with a faint smile. "So I got a rope, and whenever this guy got on base the first base coach would tie the rope around him, just to hold him there for a couple of pitches; then let him go. Teach him a lesson."

"I figured that when you're in the minor leagues you're a show man, you try to entertain the fans. But some of the clubs I managed were so bad I'd do something like that just to get the players' minds off him. McKeon finally gave up managing in 1979, burned out, he claims, by a schedule that had him managing in the United States during the spring and summer, and in Puerto Rico during the winter—a total of ten months a year. He came to the Padres as an assistant to general manager Bob Foutage, who took all to himself when Foutage was fired. "One of the reasons we made a change was because we didn't feel there was any talent coming up from our farm system," says Ballard Smith. "It appeared to me at the time that we were good at developing players who were very successful at the minor-league level, but who were not able to make the jump to the major leagues. I was looking for someone who could develop major-league players."

McKeon did not turn the Padres into



McKeon

(continued from page 12)
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McKeon did not turn the Padres into
(continued on page 16)

McKeon

(continued from page 15)

permanent contenders overnight. In the strike-shortened 1981 season the team won forty-one games and lost sixty-nine — good for last place in the western division once again. "We were playing just knowing that we were going to get beat," recalled Eric Show, who was a rookie during the 1981 season. "There wasn't a lot we could do. We tried, but we just knew that there would be something that would happen in the seventh inning or the ninth inning or whatever, that would be detrimental. The only thing guys had to look forward to after the game was eating the spread in the clubhouse."

McKeon went on making trades, however, sending shortstop Ozzie Smith and pitcher Alan Olmstead to St. Louis for shortstop Garry Templeton and pitcher Luis DeLeon. Juan Eichelberger and Broderick Perkins departed to Cleveland for pitcher Ed Whison. Frank Howard, the manager McKeon had hired to get tough with the team after the dismal experiment of having announcer Jerry Coleman manage the Padres during the 1980 season, was fired, too, at the time. McKeon told the press that Howard was let go "because we didn't make as much progress as we should have in fundamentals and in learning to win." McKeon had had high hopes for Howard, but as Thomas Boswell, baseball writer for the *Washington Post*, noted recently, "Frank Howard was too nice a guy, [as are] a lot of people who are six-foot-seven and weigh 300 pounds. They learn to tread lightly so they won't be perceived as monsters. Howard has the disposition of someone who's five-foot-seven and weighs 150

pounds. . . . His undoing was that he was too simple and decent and normal a man." Howard's replacement was Dick Williams, an experienced and capable if somewhat controversial manager, who has a genuine reputation for being tough on players when necessary.

Under Williams the Padres finished the 1982 season at 81-81, their best finish in four years. McKeon signed free-agent Steve Garvey that winter, and when the team finished the 1983 season with the same record, 81-81, he kept right on trading. Pitcher Gary Lucas went to Montreal for pitcher Scott Sanderson, and Sanderson was promptly traded to the Chicago Cubs for Carmelo Martinez, Craig Lefferts, and another player. In January of this year McKeon signed free-agent Goose Gossage, one of the best relief pitchers in the major leagues, and in March the general manager traded pitcher Dennis Rasmussen and a player to be named later to the Yankees for third baseman Graig Nettles. All at once the Padres, long a benchmark for truly bad sports franchises, had one of the best line-ups in the league.

By his own estimate McKeon spends nearly 300 days a year scouting baseball players. Often he is scrutinizing players who play for one of the Padres' opponents during a regularly scheduled game; other times he will journey to towns such as Durham, North Carolina, or Stillwater, Oklahoma, specifically to see a college or minor-league player who may be of interest to him. On the latter trips he is usually acting on the recommendation of one of the team's fourteen full-time and fourteen part-time scouts, who mail reports to the Padres' front office every few days. Many of these scouts are former

major-league players who regularly attend games between obscure teams from even more obscure places in the hopes they will discover some kid loaded with baseball talent. As the Padres' general manager, McKeon has duties that also include overseeing the team's five minor-league teams and negotiating contracts, but he regards scouting as his strongest suit and prefers to judge young players with his own eyes, even though such activities tend to fill up his already crowded schedule.

"When this club's on the road, I'm gone," McKeon told me as he sat in his stadium office one morning not long ago. "I'm either out lookin' at a minor-league club or I'm lookin' at some [major-league] players here or there. I want to be prepared. That way when some player's name comes up [in trade discussions], I've seen the guy and I got an idea if I want him."

"I've probably spent more hours [working] than anyone else in baseball in this same position. I'm not tryin' to outwork everybody for ego, or just to say that I work hard. But there are no shortcuts to success; it takes a certain amount of work. I said I was gonna make this club a winner and I'm gonna make 'em one."

McKeon admitted that he does not know much about such things as Walter Mondale's campaign platform or the latest bulletins in the endless media frenzy over the fall of San Diego financier Jerry Donnell. However, he can talk all afternoon about what it takes to be a good baseball player. "I like the guy who can run and throw," he declared. "I'm not so much worried about the guy who can't hit. You can teach a guy to hit, but you can't give him good legs and a good arm. Besides, you find a lot of guys who can

hit and can't do anything else."

McKeon conceded that even a player with speed and a strong arm "has to be some kind of decent hitter" to be considered a good prospect, and added that what he looks for in a hitter is "power and a quick bat. You also look at how many 'holes' the guy has in his swing — whether he has loops in his swing, or pitches he can't handle; whether he backs away from the pitches inside."

"With a pitcher, all you look for is good velocity [in throwing the ball]. You take your chances on everything else."

"I like big guys, too, especially big pitchers, but that's just a personal preference. They seem to be more intimidating on the mound. A lot of the most successful pitchers in the big leagues are pretty big guys. Left-handers can be a little smaller, though; they seem to get away with it. I have no idea why."

"When I'm lookin' at a player I don't get too carried away with his statistics. A lot of scouts are what I call 'performance' scouts. They go to a game to see some guy, and if he gets three hits they like him. If the guy goes 0 for 4, they have some doubts. Hell, when I went to see [Kevin] McReynolds for the first time, he went 0 for 4, and I took him number one [in the June draft]. He didn't hit the ball well at all, but there was something else there. I liked the way he carried himself, and he had good speed. I watched him in batting practice, and he obviously had good power. . . . He was a pretty good defensive center fielder, too. So it just happened to be one of those games when he went 0 for 4."

That was in 1981; today Mc-

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McKeon

(continued from page 16)

Reynolds is the Padres' starting center fielder, and is tied for the team lead in home runs with twenty.

McKeon is, in many ways, Jack McKeon's ideal baseball player, and not only because he's big, fast, and powerful. The general manager considers attitude almost as important as physical talent, and says he values a player who can remain emotionally stable through the highs and lows of a long season. McKeon is legendary among his teammates for his close-mouthed manner, and his face is expressionless whether he has just struck out or walloped a home run. (He even told reporters recently that his wife often gets exasperated when, in the middle of an argument, he responds to her comments with blank-faced silence.) "You want to see a guy who's got confidence in himself," explained McKeon. "You don't want a mopey, a guy who's going to get down on himself all the time. I also like to stay away from the players who habitually bitch and are not honest with themselves. Players have a tendency to fault someone else — the front office, or the management, or the coaches — if they're playing poorly. A real pro will say, 'Hey, I'm not doing the job.' Jesus, we're not dumb; we're not going to keep a guy out of the lineup if he's playing well."

Although McKeon and manager Dick Williams confer about what positions need to be strengthened and which ballplayers might be desirable for the job, McKeon said he never second-guesses Williams publicly about strategy or whether a particular player is not getting enough playing

time. "I might do things differently sometimes, but I wouldn't second-guess him because when I was a manager, I didn't appreciate that," said McKeon. Williams agreed that McKeon leaves him free to manage the way he sees fit. "Jack gets the players and I run the team," he said. "This is as good a situation as I've ever managed in, right here."

McKeon, in turn, has almost total autonomy at his job, a situation unlike that of many other general managers in the league and one that is particularly helpful when he wants to acquire a player from another team. "The only time I have to run anything by Ballard is if I would dramatically increase the payroll — you know, pick up a guy who's making two million dollars a year — or if there is an 'undesirable' out there [a player with a history of drug abuse or emotional problems] that I would be willing to trade for. But if I want to trade for someone tomorrow, and Ballard is in Florida or Chicago, I won't sit around thinking, 'Well, I gotta check with Ballard.' If I think it's right, I'll do it and then tell him. A lot of credit belongs to Ballard Smith. He has had faith in me, and he has let me do my job without standing over me all the time."

By all accounts McKeon is unusually straightforward when negotiating a trade. St. Louis manager Whitey Herzog (who completed several trades with McKeon in his former capacity as the Cardinals' general manager) said that "one thing you have to like about Jack is that he lays everything out there. There's no bullshit. When we want to make a deal we talk about it, and think about it for a while, and then if we want to do it we do it." And as George Bamberger has noted, McKeon's style is the exception rather

than the rule among baseball's general managers. "When you talk trades with ball clubs today, they kind of jerk you around," said Bamberger. "They play games . . . they ask for a top player, and in return offer you some guy who can't even play. What they're looking for is a counteroffer. I think Jack's more or less goes on the premise, 'Let's not mess around, here's what we want. Can we do it or can't we?'"

McKeon himself bemoans the slowness with which most teams negotiate a trade, and it is not the only point on which he differs from most of his counterparts with other ball clubs. "A lot of general managers seem to get their rocks off by saying, 'Look how many kids we brought up to the big leagues from our minor-league system,'" he said scornfully. "Well shit, if they can't play, who cares?"

"I've called up other general managers in the last month," he continued, "and . . . McKeon's voice trailed off, and he sighed. "And they're not in. They're out playing golf. That's great. They've got a second-division ballclub and they're out playing golf? We've been in first place all year and I can't play golf because I don't have time for it. I like to play golf. I like to get away. But I don't have time for it because I haven't completed the job."

Actually, with the Padres' virtual shoos-ins for the National League's western division title, even McKeon managed to squeeze in a round of golf one morning recently. But he only gave himself another reason to stay away from the links. Playing at Stardust Country Club with Tony Gwynn, he shot a ninety-nine.

Batting practice on a hot day; the flag hangs like a corpse on the pole at San Diego Jack Murphy Stadium. Two hours before

game time the players are out on the field, where, to the driving beat of the Pointer Sisters and Huey Lewis and the News coming over the stadium's p.a. system, they warm up and banter with their teammates and with players from the opposing team. The scene is punctuated by the steady *thwack! thwack!* of baseballs being solidly hit as each player takes his turn at the plate. It is a time when the players can relax, when they are still wearing plastic or rubber cleats (instead of the metal spikes they will put on for the game) and every third ball hit seems to fly over the fence.

"At this time of year, though — early September — heat and weariness are also on the players' minds. "Right before and after the game, you're thinking, 'Man, will I be able to make it through another game?'" said Terry Kennedy, the Padres catcher. "But after the first pitch, you don't even think about it. You've always got more [energy] than you think you've got, even in the heat."

"I'll never forget one game when I was still playing" for the Cardinals. It was about this time of year, and it was on a Sunday. We were playing in the Reds in St. Louis. The air temperature was 107, and it was 152 on the artificial turf. We played thirteen innings, and I played all thirteen. And I remember the fielders, when they'd come into the dugout between innings, would stick their shoes in tubs of ammonia water to cool the spikes off. You could hear 'em sizzle. I ran a lot that day, and I lost thirteen pounds."

Although they are tired, the Padres know they are almost certain to make the play-offs for the first time ever, and Kennedy and many other players on the team acknowledge that McKeon

(continued on page 20)

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McKeon

(continued from page 18)

deserves the credit for putting together a team capable of accomplishing such a milestone. "If you've got the horses, you win, and Jack has done a tremendous job assembling this team," said Eric Show. "He filled in some serious holes, particularly power. He alleviated a serious power shortage. Some people would argue that we still don't have enough, but he's made a great stride in that regard. This team is not awesome, but it's consistent."

"Jack deserves all the credit," agreed Kennedy. "When he decided he wanted somebody, he went out and got him. And when the Kres realized how close we were getting [to a championship team], they decided to put out the money for the free agents. You don't usually get free agents to build a team, you get them to put you over the top."

"Since 1980 we've gone from pretenders to contenders. I mean, we talked a good game before, but we couldn't back it up because we didn't have the talent or the experience. Now we know we can beat anybody, and that comes from developing the right players at the right positions."

It also comes from spending the money that good players demand: players such as Garvey, Gossage, Kennedy, Nettles, and Tompkins are all veterans with hefty salaries worth hundreds of thousands of dollars a year, and even manager Dick Williams's contract is worth a reported \$450,000 annually. Nevertheless, it takes more than money to fashion a winning team. For instance, the New York Yankees and the California Angels have team payrolls in the



Eric Show, Terry Kennedy

neighborhood of \$15 million; the Padres' payroll this year is \$7.5 million, and the team has a far better record than either the Yankees or the Angels.

The Padres are, in fact, remarkably free of contract disputes, and a number of players say this, too, is largely due to McKeon. Kennedy, the only player currently on the Padres who does not have an agent, was advised by his father when he negotiated a six-year contract in 1983. The negotiations, he said, were "so easy it was unbelievable. We offered, they counteroffered, we counteroffered, and they accepted. The whole thing took about five or six phone calls, with about two weeks between each phone call. Probably it was better for me not to have an agent."

A lot of agents are not well liked. And besides, I don't have to pay my father ten percent."

Eric Show joked that the lack of contract hassles "is due to McKeon's very clever philosophy of, 'Sign 'em up for two years, at least, if you think

they have any potential at all. Eliminate [binding] arbitration, if possible, for at least one year."

"In all seriousness, though, Jack is pretty fair. . . . I remember once when I was in the minor leagues I approached him about the fact that I didn't think I was making enough money. He thanked me for coming in, said he appreciated me talking with him. I didn't get the raise I wanted, but I got a raise."

Not surprisingly for a man who came to his present job having spent countless hours on a baseball field but few in an office, McKeon says negotiating contracts with players' agents is the least enjoyable part of his job. From November to February he spends much of his time, as he puts it, "fighting" with agents — time-consuming work that he often finds frustrating. "Agents are negotiators, they don't know too much about baseball. The majority of 'em are stat-conscious. If their client has had a good year, they talk stats; if he's had a

bad year they say, well, he's played in the big leagues for so many years, just like so-and-so, and so-and-so is making such-and-so. . . . They've got everything to gain and nothing to lose." Adds Padres' manager Dick Williams, explaining why he would never want to become a general manager himself: "The majority of the modern players have agents, so [the general manager] is not talking to the player, he's talking to a middleman who's trying to get his client the best back possible. Which he should do. But [frequently] agents know nothing about the game of baseball. . . . It can be frustrating as hell. Jack's blown up a few times talking to those people."

Although it has become commonplace for players and their agents to ask for special incentives in contracts, such as low-interest loans, business franchises, expensive cars, and first-class seats on every airline flight the players make with the team, McKeon claims the Padres refuse to put any special incentives in their players' contracts (with the exception of the contracts for free agents Steve Garvey and Goose Gosage, who have incentives for winning awards such as Most Valuable Player or Relief Pitcher of the Year). Yet only two players in the last three years felt they had been offered unacceptable amounts of money, and took their contract disputes to an arbitrator whose decision is binding: Tim Lollar after the 1983 season, and Juan Bonilla after the 1982 season.

Standing in a corridor outside the Padres' clubhouse deep beneath the stadium, an ice pack strapped to his shoulder after having warmed up and hit during batting practice, Lollar said the arbitration hearing that he attended to present his arguments had a "businesslike atmosphere." (Also present at

the hearing were Lollar's agent, the arbitrator, McKeon, and a specialist who represents the Padres in arbitration cases). "You hear stories about how ball clubs try to downgrade the players who take them to arbitration, try to make them look really bad," Lollar continued. "But Jack was never like that. He's a negotiator; he's shrewd. But he's not out to screw you. . . . It was like a well-pitched ball game. Someone had to lose." The arbitrator decided in Lollar's favor, but Lollar insisted that "had I lost, I would have accepted it."

Lollar is still a starting pitcher for the Padres, and last year signed a multiyear contract without having to go to arbitration again. Juan Bonilla was not so lucky. Earlier this year he, too, won his arbitration case, but it is perhaps a measure of how tough McKeon can be that Bonilla was soon released from the team (he was never acquired by any other team). "It's interesting to see where there's justice in this arbitration system," McKeon commented recently, noting Bonilla's current lack of employment in baseball.

Another thing McKeon has little patience with is the promotional hoopla that accompanies modern major-league baseball. Earlier this year he rather bluntly took command when he felt the San Diego Chicken's antics on the field were beginning to interfere with Padres players and the game. During a home game against the St. Louis Cardinals in late June, Ted Giannoulas, who plays the diminutive mascot, decided to celebrate his anniversary as a professional cheerleader by riding a horse across the field between innings. Unfortunately, the horse balked as Giannoulas attempted to ride off the field, and the game was delayed while stadium attendants

rushed to Giannoulas's aid and tried to coax the horse off the grass. McKeon is reported to have said, "What is this, Disneyland?" as he watched the fiasco unfold, and since then, according to McKeon, the Chicken has been asked to clear his proposed skits in advance with the Padres front office any time he plans to perform on the field during home games. (However, when Giannoulas does show up at Padres games in his bird suit these days, he usually only lounges in the right field stands.)

The decision to curtail the Chicken's activities on the field "was a club decision," McKeon insisted. But he added, "You're not dissatisfied with the Chicken's performance, occasionally, on the field, but when it gets to the point where it holds the game up and distracts, then it becomes a liability. This whole thing came about because there was no clearance whatsoever about [what the Chicken's activities during the anniversary party were going to be]. I mean, are we playing major-league baseball here, or have we got a circus? Before, when we didn't have a good ball club, no one gave a damn. Now, I'm interested in putting a championship ball club in the field. . . . and I get upset when people block or hinder what I'm trying to do, even if it's unintentionally. The ultimate goal is to win here, and I don't want anyone blocking the path of progress."

Thomas Boswell recently observed that "McKeon is like a 1950s Marine, but he's a Marine who wouldn't sacrifice his troops to win. He's old school but with a brain, not old school and dumb. Like a lot of people in baseball. He works almost twenty-four hours a day, but he seems to enjoy it. . . . He certainly watches more baseball than any other general manager, and maybe more than anyone else on earth." It is

not surprising that such a man does not cotton to people who dress up in feathered or furry outfits and turn it up for the crowd, especially during a game, as a local sportswriter once remarked, to people like Jack McKeon, baseball is practically a religion.

Baseball is a complicated game, and one that continually surprises. There are nine ways to score from third base, and sixteen ways for a runner on the base paths to make an out. For reasons no one has ever been able to fathom, every year there are gifted college players who are scouted intensely, drafted, given thousands of dollars and the best training available, and yet never become quite good enough to play in the major leagues. If you stop to think about anything in baseball for very long, you'll either be crazy, or out, or both.

Jack McKeon approaches the game with simple concepts — get the player with the stable mind and the good arm — and perhaps that is why he has been so successful. Peering at the lofty peaks of baseball and the men who play it, he sees the bedrock below. Two of his simple goals — to become a manager, then a general manager — have been accomplished, and now only three remain. Two of them are to have the Padres win the league championship and then the World Series.

The other is to keep the Padres a winning team, and to McKeon, that means building up the team's system of minor-league teams in order to provide the club with a steady supply of young, fresh, talented ballplayers. Since coming to the Padres he has markedly increased the number of personnel the team has at the minor-league level, most of them coaches who train the players in the complex fundamentals of the game. The Padres have also increased their scouting

staff, including adding three scouts to cover Latin America, where so many of the current players in the major leagues grew up. However, as he sat in his office at the stadium not long ago, McKeon gruffly denied that he wants to place special emphasis on scouting in Latin America, even though teams such as the Dodgers and the Pittsburgh Pirates have enjoyed considerable success by scouting and signing a relatively large number of Latino players. "You sign one hundred guys, you might get one or two good ones," he said, dismissing the Dodgers' front-office strategy with a wave of his hand. "The main idea is to get good scouts."

George Bamberger once observed that being a general manager "takes good judgment and a little bit of guts. You can't be afraid to take a chance on somebody, or afraid that a deal will backfire and make you look bad. You've got to make a decision and then stick with it. We're all going to be wrong in this game, but the key is not to be wrong too many times. And Jack is not going to be wrong too many times. His best asset is knowledge of players, and he's not scared to take a chance." The position of general manager, Bamberger summed up, "is the perfect job for Jack McKeon."

McKeon seemed to confirm as much as he sat behind his desk. Looking very much like the perfectly typecast general manager, he leaned back in his chair. It yet another cigar, and said, "My life is baseball. My wife sometimes chases me out of the house, tellin' me, 'Go on, get out of here, you're a pain in the neck. Go on down to the ball park where you're happy.' So I go to the ball park, sit in an office like this one, smoke a cigar, chew some tobacco, and relax. I'm in heaven. I'm happy. I'm right where I wanna be."

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The author was sentenced to six months in prison on federal drug charges involving cocaine. While incarcerated at downtown's Metropolitan Correctional Center, he wrote to his friends. These are his

LETTERS FROM THE INSIDE

By Tom Gleason



Boys. I have finally found some time to take out of my busy schedule in order to write a letter.

This afternoon I had an extended luncheon engagement with some of the finest people in the area. They included: Jeff "Sonny" Blackman, a noted black leader involved in banking and firearms; Calvin "Big Head" Johnson (no relation to the football player), a well known motorcycle enthusiast and advisor on transportation matters; John Cemo, also involved in banking but his background includes many years experience in the Treasury Department. Apparently he took over the enormous task of inflation fighter. His simple solution: "Print your own money," made it possible for many people to find relief from financial pressure over the past 10 years. Finally, Salvatore Di Napoli. Mr. Di Napoli is well known throughout the country and internationally as well. Due to lack of time and space I won't go into the enormous list of his accomplishments. I'll just say "He's a gooda boy to know."

On a personal basis, I am happy to report that I have been elected *unanimously* as a member of the "Board of Governors" in this region. This news came after the luncheon and my formal introduction to the board, by Mr. Di Napoli. As guest speaker today I presented my views as well as my accomplishments over the past 10 or 12 years. Due largely to my success in New York, Chicago, Miami and Las Vegas not to mention the Caribbean, South America and Mexico, the final decision was an easy one for the board.

That about does it for the news at this time. However, an update will follow as soon as a story breaks. Thank you and good nite!

Compadres,

I thought the opening salutation appropriate since the air is filled with an international flavor. Although I'm not sure whether that flavor is South American or Mexican the culture is very similar.

Today we are being entertained by our own

"Mariachi Band." Even though they have only been playing and howling for three hours now I'm beginning to realize the tempo and rhythmic synchronization of their music. I'm proud to say I have been with this group since the beginning of their "four" and I would venture to say they will be around for many years to come. Throughout this latest medley they have accomplished vocal feats beyond your wildest dreams (nightmares). It's hard to believe a human larynx could achieve such fluctuations much less continue to function after three hours of grueling highs and lows. The nature of this music is very simple: "Find anything you can possibly produce sound with and beat, strum, shake, rattle or roll it, as long and as hard as you can." This perfect blend of music and vocal backdrop could quite possibly be the answer to any one of a dozen advertisements in the pain remedy field.

What's Happenin'

Another day another dollar! Actually not quite



10 Quail, Twelfth floor

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a dollar. I think we make about 25 cents a day (if that!).

Today was just a little bit off in all respects but what can ya do. Usually, I dream about being around with their jingling keys and screaming, at 8:00 a.m., no problem, I thought. They kept us locked up so I missed out. Figures! Next I thought I would look at the "Reader" which we "managed" to get in here somehow. My roommate threw it out because he thought we both read it already. O.K. so I'll shave, wash my face, and read a book. Ten minutes later I looked commercials and a cow's view of a butcher shop. Since there wasn't enough of my face left to wash I was too pissed off to read.

126 days left.

Succo! How are ya Doctas.

Today is Sunday and it's a beautiful day outside. I know because I can see the sun and a panoramic view of the harbor. All I need is a balcony, a butter and some Don Perignon.

And, if frogs had wings they wouldn't bump their asses when they hopped."

This morning we had crumb cake and coffee for breakfast. Not a bad eye opener. A friend of mine in here doesn't get along too well with the goodies he was in trouble. The guy in charge told me to tell him he wouldn't get any. This created a little friction. I got three pieces (as opposed to the normal 1 small piece per gringo) so I lightened up my buddy later on. It pays to speak Spanish.

This place is divided into three camps. White, Black, and Brown. The blacks get along better with us however since we are Americans. The first one I got here they were deciding where to put me and in with him. "At least he's American" he said. But the boys already had it arranged for me to move in with the Goldfarber.

Since then I've become real good friends with that black guy, and he is definitely a good guy to know. I pretty much cruise it easy. I don't take rides unless something directly affects me so I get along in all three camps.

I cracked up laughing the other day while we were watching a football game. Some new white guy, who looked pretty middle class straight, was sitting next to crazy Harris. Harris is black in here for murder on a Marine Base. It seems there was a slight disagreement so he disemboweled a few marines. Anyway, this new guy starts talking Christmas and how his grandmother would always bake all kinds of cakes, pies and assorted goodies. Harris listens intently nodding in earnest. "That's nice" he says. "Yo gran momma was a baka. I remember my gran momma too" he says. "She was a butcher. She butchered her last three husbands." He laughed his deep wild laugh and pulled his finger across his throat from ear to ear. Needless to say this new white dude excused himself and went to the bathroom.

Merry Christmas

Que Paso mis Amigos,

Spare me I've just encountered a space cadet of the worst kind.

This guy is about 4'11" tall, weighs 110 lbs and is very much convinced that he not only has but will continue to conquer the world. He's into just about everything in creation that could possibly turn me off. You name it he's got it, knows about it or has done it. Marines, policeman in Kentucky, "lovely" little military wife, a bundle of joy that should be bound and left on the doorstep of the ugly farm. Top this off with his new found life, free from alcohol and full of the Lord and you have one boring "almost" offensive individual. What a prince.

How do people like this exist? I'll tell you how they exist! Their wives collect money from the government for protecting us from foreign invasion and he trains "guard dogs," participates as an active member of the Armed Forces (armed & extremely dangerous), and finally, he prints and accepts phony checks (go 'n' checks I might add) for deposit in his military account. What a MAROON!

Of course, he is extremely wealthy. He makes 38 dollars/hr not counting his paycheck from the service. But he's over here burning coffee and cigarettes from me. I gave him half a bag of coffee and a pack and a half of cigarettes just to

save him a trip (not to mention saving myself the aggravation of seeing him more often).

If there is a God, how come he'll allow nut wits like this guy to go on living while people like John Lennon get gunned down. Yo no salt!

This guy has a 3 foot by 4 foot picture of Christ hanging over his bed. On the wall is another giant sign which reads "NO SMOKING IN THIS ROOM AS AN OFFERING TO GOD IN HOPES THAT HE WILL HELP ME TO A SPEEDY RELEASE FROM PRISON SO THAT I MAY REJOIN MY WIFE AND MY 5 MONTH OLD CHILD AND CONTINUE MY LIFE IN HIS HONOR FOR THE GREATER GLORY OF HIS SON JESUS AND THE HOLY SPIRIT AS WELL."

Meanwhile he smokes like a fiend outside the room and constantly talks about his guns and killer dogs.

You can be sure I will get his address and phone number in order to look him up on the outside. That way, I could be sure that my contact with him will keep me in contact with the LORD and reality.

I just had another visitor. He's our resident leader of the Black Panthers.

Slight interruption — Jesus was back AGAIN! This time he brought back our Playboy, and exchanged it for a Penthouse. Of course, those magazines don't stimulate him in any way because he is totally "into" his wife (and the Lord). AMEN.

Any way, my Black Panther friend came to tell me not to worry. We made a bet on the Charger Pittsburgh game (for toothpicks of course) and he said he'll take care of me within the next day or two. "I not worried" I said. "I don't think you'll be running out on me." He laughed.

He said he likes me "cause you got balls man. You're the only white dude that calls me a Nigger to my face and to top it off you laughs."

Honesty is the best policy!" I told him. Besides what are friends for?

Love

Arnold Schwartznager

P.S. I'm getting Buffed! By the time I get out I

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LETTERS FROM THE INSIDE

(continued from page 22)
should be able to handle "Bad Mike"

What it is,

Well I'm finally burned out on the breakfast around here. I took 9 days to finally become disgusted with the bugs and plastic eggs and microwaved pork fat. I drink a lot of the coffee (not their my own).

We finally got the TV back and this morning they have "Bugs" (Bunny that is) going full tilt. Hearing the Loony Tunes theme, up full blast, seems very appropriate some how. There is an over abundance of Loons around this place.

When I first got in, I picked up some bad vibes from one of the hard core yard birds. He's a white guy and he's got his own little crowd. All of them are full-on buff boys and I get along with all of them except him. For some reason he decided he didn't like me. Does this eye look worried? I guess it is because I came in looking real beachy and healthy. Not your typical bad ass. Anyway, we had a minor altercation last night when they handed out the mail. They called him right after me and the crowd was passing back the letters and cards. Somebody handed me a card from Taya and he came up and snatched it, thinking it was his I guess. I asked him if his name was Cleanest too, with a smile, then he looked at the address. We froze with hard eyes as he handed it back. Storm Clouds are a gathering. It seems to have been building since the first day. "Queen safe" Who knows?

Yes it's been a wonderful week. Sunday my wonderful wife came to visit. She was here two minutes and I asked her to leave. I won't go into details. She called me an animal who belongs

behind bars. I thanked her and she left promising not to return. Finally, a reprieve!

Hasta Luego,
Tomas

How ya, How ya, How ya.

I still haven't received a single letter yet and I'm beginning to wonder. It's only been days but that's a long time in here. As I write this the guard is at the door of my cell.

He just came in to do an "inspection." I should say he just came in to bust balls because this guy surely has his "Masters" in pissing people off. We just scrubbed this whole place this morning and I'm sure it was obvious but he still had to stick his head down over the "howl" and say "Boy this could use a cleaning." So, I would bring in a *Flame Thrower* I'd be glad to get it cleaner.

"Actually," I continued, "it could be that you were too far in there and you were smelling your own bad breath." He gave me a half smile, a bld inspection mark and took off in search of the next victim. This whole place is a battle of wits and will. Only the strong survive and I've been a survivor all my life.

Love T

What's Happenin'.

Today was a most interesting day. We had live entertainment for lunch. The guard stepped outside to talk to some official and an old friendship was rekindled between two Mexicans. One of them tried to present a gift to the other. It was a beautiful resculptured fork. The beneficiary seemed reluctant to accept it, however. As much as the one guy would try to give it to the other, the second guy just kept jumping back and forth from side to side saying "O Dios" (O my God) I guess he was overwhelmed.

Finally he was forced to accept. Now nice! Mick is "rollin'" on the radio with Brown Sugar and I feel like dancing. I'm sure one of the

"girls" over in A Quad would just love to shake it with me but I guess I'm just too shy to ask. When I first got here I was almost floored as I watched a "Blonde" with long well-kept hair come swishing up the stairs. I was wondering what she was doing here on our floor until I got a closer look. "Say Hey Babe, take a walk on the Wild Side." She lives with another cutie over there and I'm sure they are just as happy as could be in the odds in their favor.

The Mexicans are happy to have them around because they provide a constant source of diversion. If there is nothing better to do they go over to A Quad and throw "kisses" and "cat calls" to the bitches. In the early morning or late evening they also like to watch the "ladies" set and brush their hair. They set up a mirror and brush the required 100 strokes each day. Sweet.

Another plus for the girls is the fact that many of them of the girls as long as they (the girls) are on the receiving end of the action. Lucky girls. They certainly aren't frustrated in here.

T

Howdy.

Today is Tuesday the 23rd and we were given a surprise for breakfast. I guess it was because of the Holiday Season. Instead of just regular cereal we also received a bonus, fresh meat. This meat was so fresh, it was still moving, in the form of tiny little animals. They were generously spread throughout the cereal. Who says the System doesn't care. Merry Christmas!

Things have been pretty cool in general. The only real problems so far were one flip-out by a big black dude who only had 1 1/2 days left. He went nuts and started tearing the place and people up. He also bounced a few of the guards around as they struggled to get him down and out. He ended up on the "5th" floor. The infamous "5th" floor. That's where they take the antisocial criminals, crazies and cockroaches. Believe me, around here being antisocial in this community means you are a psychologist's

dream. The other major problem was concerning another large black fellow who decided to end television for everybody because he couldn't watch what he wanted. Needless to say that television is history. In this case it would be a TV repair man's dream, a bad one.

Yes, we do have temper tantrums in here.

T

Good Evening!

I just had dinner with our resident comedian and two other maniacs. This black comedy act consisted of Clinton "Mitch" Mitchell, one of the truly great black comedians and his straight man Lyton Miller alias Mike Miller. Miguel, Tydel Miller, Jesse Sanchez, Miguel Sanchez, Sanchez Sanchez and a list that extends on into infinitum. Tonight we were discussing the heritage and general "Roots" of "Miller." Mitch told Miller that contrary to his claim of Mexican, West Indies, American, Black, Guadalupean and a variety of other cultural influences upon his heritage he was in reality a runaway migrant worker from a cotton field in the Deep South. Miller, in his black Caribbean accent, said he was not black but rather a Latino.

"Nigger, please," said Mitch "you know you a got-damn black man." "I'm from de Guadalupe," replied Miguel. "More like Guadalupe-Harlem, brother," says Mitchell. They banttered back and forth until I had cramps from laughing. Since Mitch is lighter in complexion he asked Miguel how come he was so black, if he was a Latino. "Dey ave di black people down der." Finally, I told Mitchell it's possible that Miguel has strong genes for pigmentation.

"Strong genes? This nigger couldn't get his tongue around that upper lip if his life depended on it. Besides, look at dat nappy head. Black Mesicans have a nappy head like yours man." I was laughing too hard to reason with him so I just listened. "You know, Miller," said Mitch "if the Klan came in here right now they'd be takin' yo black ass outa here before mine. I could just hear y'll scream O no please I ain't no

nigger. I'm just a pough black lookin Mesican from Coolahan."

We were all laughing so hard the guard came over to check us out. I think he thought we were all stoned. Everybody in the place must have thought the same thing. My bad ass "friend" that white dude I told you about who doesn't seem to like me, seemed disturbed by the fact that I was sitting with the brothers. They call him "Fast Eddy." He just sat there giving me bad looks. I hope he's real fast cause ole Tomas el Gato has lightning in his hands.

Adios
T-Bone

Brothers,

Where are ya when I need ya? Ya Fucks! Right now I need a good back up man. Fast Eddy and his boys are putting the pressure on me. Today, I wanted to work out. In order to work out you need a "Pin" for the Universal. Of course, Fast Eddy controls the pin (at least the white pin). None of the brothers, with access to the black pin, were around. So I asked Jimmy, Eddy's right hand man, for the pin. We have been fairly friendly and at least on speaking terms. Today he said he didn't know where the pin was so I checked around and came up dry. I went back to Jimmy and he still "didn't know" but he said maybe Eddy would know. Obviously I wasn't going to ask that cocksucker so I left their Quad pissed off.

One of the Mexicans picked up on the rub and said "Tomas esperame" and came back with a pin from the Mexican sector. Fuck'em all. If you don't control a pin or work out with a specific group it's hard to obtain a pin because people don't let them out unless they are in the room. The groups are very defined but I usually pop in on whoever is working out, when I feel like it. Except, of course, when bad ass is in the room.

I decided, before I even came in here, that I wasn't going to join any group and I still will not do it. I think that's another them in the side of Eddy and his gang. At first it was just him, but

now they are all become a little stand-offish. Too fucking bad. I've never been a joiner and hopefully never will. One of my best friends in here just got out. "And the best goes on." His name was Bill. He's Irish with 38 years old and bad. Good-bad that is. He's Irish with a big chowder head, slightly balding and a constant smile, but don't EVER piss him off. He weighs about 260 lbs. 6'4" x 4" x 4". His arms are the size of my thighs and you know how dainty my thighs are. Anyway, he got out this morning so I guess the gang over there thinks I'm more vulnerable now. Wrong.

I've got 85% of this place behind me one way or another. Besides, I can handle anybody one on one. I only worry about the "third man in" as they say in hockey. My other buddy from Boston got out a few days ago too. Of course, I still have my eyes in the hole and that's the ace of spades, the ace of diamonds the ace of clubs and the all important ace of hearts.

The ace of spades is obviously Jenkins the Black Panther from the Bay Area, the ace of diamonds is my own roomie "The Godfather," the ace of clubs is my Mexican connection with Rudy the Mexican giant and finally the ace of Hearts, the best of all, is mine and mine alone. I have more heart, as they say in the big apple. Nothing or nobody will ever take that heart away from me. That's what makes me bad and that's what Fast Eddy is going to have to deal with if and when the time comes.

One thing I did change, however, is my dress code. From now on I won't be wearing sneakers or shower shoes. Strictly work boots. Even to the shower. I learned that strategy a long time ago in the New York black and blue bars. You don't want to be wearing dress shoes or sandals if the shit hits the fan. It most definitely pays to think ahead. I saw a good friend of mine get his ass kicked by a black dude in New York who he outweighed by at least 40 lbs and had 3 or 4 inches on him in height. This happened because big Mick Giglio wore sneakers and Charlie

(continued on page 26)

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LETTERS FROM THE INSIDE

(continued from page 25)

Lowe, a bad ass black guy we went to school with, wore work boots. They were fighting on grass and big Mike slipped with those damn sneakers. Charlie took advantage by kicking him in the face with his work boots and thurs all she wrote.

T

My hisos.

I woke up this morning looked around and my heart started pounding. Boy did I have a bad dream.

Typical of my luck lately, the shower was cold. When I came back to the cell my "roomie" started talking to me and I realized my bad dream wasn't a dream. Fuck, I can't believe it.

Last nite, the institution had a little of the Holiday Spirit. They gave each of us a little cup of egg nog. Everybody was hanging out in the dining area when this bad looking Mexican approached me. "Can I talk to you man?" I said sure and he motioned that we step down the stairs behind us. When we got to the bottom I expected him to be selling drugs of some kind. Instead he looks me in the eyes and says "Hey motherfucker man, you think your bad or something?" It took a few seconds to register and then I knew I was in trouble. My instincts took over and I braced myself for the storm to come. A quick evaluation told me to be careful. He looked tough with dark squinty eyes and pretty buffed. The worst thing however was when I noticed the outline of a knife in his pocket. After

the initial shock and fear I kept it together. I said "What's the problem man, I'm not trying to get bad with you or anyone else around here. Did I do something to insult you?" "Man, I just don't like you. I'm going to kill you." "My head started to spin and a million thoughts ripped through. I thought of being here six months and getting out in April and my "good time" and going to school. Why the hell is this happening to me? I cursed under my breath. I cursed myself and my luck as I waited with anticipation for the first fist to fly. He had one hand in his pocket as he talked to me. His whole attitude was cold and definite. He didn't like me and that was it. I tried to reason with him saying "If we get into a hassle we both go to the hole and get extra time." "Time don't mean shit to me," he snarled. "I got plenty of mean shit to me." Fuck! Fuck fuck. Just then my black friend Miller, the guy with a Caribbean accent came down the stairs. "Hey you gonna play it cards?" When he saw that there was friction in the air he backed up a few steps. With him standing there I just told this guy "I don't want any trouble with you man." "Well you got it man and I'm gonna get you, just wait." As he walked away, I felt scared and sad and everything else that goes with a situation like that. Why the fuck did this have to happen? I feel time and get out. Here I am worried about Fast Eddy and this asshole comes in out of the blue for no reason at all. Believe me, I would much rather deal with Eddy than this sick bastard. My worst fear has now been realized.

I spoke to my roomie about this and he said I handled it the right way. He also said the guy is crazy and will definitely be back. I asked what I should do and he said I only had one choice. Kill the bastard.

Merry Fucking Christmas

T

Hi guys.

Well it's the day after Christmas and I'm still here and still in one piece. My brush with the dark side of life had me down but not out.

Last nite he came back. We were playing cards when he came into my section. Since I was seated with a fine group of gentlemen including a bad Mexican I don't think he wanted any part of it. He abruptly turned and disappeared. Before he did I raised my eyebrows and shot him a look like "Can I help you?"

I got to thinking about this whole scene and as with death I've had in the past, it dawned on me. "Fuck this guy and everybody else." I will survive and that's a promise. I've had better guys than this motherfucker try to do me in. My initial shock and fear has turned into hate and rage.

Now I'm almost looking forward to the confrontation so I can get it over with (and him over with).

I'm at a great advantage because he thinks he has the upper hand and that's a mistake. His over confidence will do him in when the final cards are laid upon the table. He is convinced that I'm afraid but my reluctance was only to save my "good time" and the extra two months it would mean if I pound him into eternity.

Yo diggo — Ten Cuidado Cabron! porque Soy un malo hombre cuando estoy enojado!

Today I watched him pumping iron. He's definitely a rock but believe me, in a fair fight, I'd smoke him in a heartbeat. With his blade, I'll still smoke him because I have faith in myself and experience and I was street wise before he could walk. He's only 24 or 25 best. He looks the part though. I watched as he worked up a sweat. Streams of salty water were running down over the many spiders and snakes and naked girls on his body as he furiously banged away at the Universal. Tattoos from his toes to his nose but

he's still a punk.

Ten Cuidado, Pendejo!

I must say I cut a fine figure of elegance as I stroll around here in gym shorts (compliments of the godfather) black socks and work shoes topped off by a Guinea T-shirt. Cute! Very stylish.

The Jesus freak asks me everyday "Hey man, where did you get those Combat Boots? I'm laughing inside as I think "You hit the nail right on the head asshole."

Funny how you notice things. When you buy a new car you tend to notice that make, model & year a lot more than you would otherwise. I donned my "combat boots" and noticed all the long termers and hard core yardbirds were the same. Not exactly a coincidence. They noticed mine too! Agguu!

See you soon,

T

Buenos Dias.

And a good morning it is. I just took a nice ice cold shower and loved it. It's been sooo hot in here this week you would not believe it. Since my "suite" faces southeast, it is about the hottest room in the house. The fact that we are the penthouse (top floor) is another reason for added heat. I hear it is in the 80s outside.

I quit smoking (again!) As Mark Twain used to say "It's easy to quit smoking. I've done it a thousand times." If only I could get outside to

run or at least see the sun & some fresh air. Too bad I can't get sent to some minimum security camp. That would be dynamite. I keep flashing back on the Thursday that we all played football after finals. What a day! I knew then, what I would feel like now, so it meant even more to me. I just can't describe the feeling of freedom that I experienced that day. Running free in the sun!

This morning as I took a cold shower, it made me trip out. I just closed my eyes and stood there under the ice cold water, imagining I was somewhere else. I thought of upstate N.Y. in the early summer or late spring. When I went to college up in Albany, there was a beautiful waterfall way out in the country. I used to ride my motorcycle (a 650 BSA) up there with this girlfriend of mine. We'd get naked and dive into the pool at the bottom of the waterfall. The water was freezing since it was all melting snow but it felt great. What a rush! We would stand there under the falling water and play and make out. Then we would lay on the hot flat rocks. I always felt like a lizard laying naked on those smooth hot rocks. C'est la vie!

T

Hell.O.

This place sure gets smaller every day. I think it's safe to say that I would easily be able to find my way around here blindfolded. Funny thing is, I am half blind right now. My right eye is

swollen shut and I hope the bone isn't broken in the orbit. "I walked into a door!" Accidents will happen. A lot of people around here have been accident prone lately. Some guy fell down the stairs and knocked himself out at about the same time I walked into a door. We really must be careful!

I made some calls today. It was really great to talk. I feel some kind of reality is still out there when I call the other world. I can't call my parents because they think I'm out on a tuna boat. I refuse to call my sister or brother anymore because I haven't gotten any mail from them and I'm really pissed off about it. I just wrote an open letter to everybody back there telling them all to fuck off! And I mean it sincerely.

At this time, I still haven't gotten any of my school books in yet. That will be nice if and when I can get them. I really want to power down and know that stuff inside and out.

Boy do I have an urge to smoke right now but I don't think I will. I was smoking so much and drinking a hell of a lot of coffee in the beginning. The headaches were worse then too because of all that nicotine and caffeine. Of course, I have a headache right now. My whole head is throbbing but it certainly isn't from coffee or cigarettes.

Those doors will do it every time.

TG

To be continued next week.



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JONATHAN SILVER

To see what makes South Coast Repertory's production of *Saint Joan* so good, and to get an insight into the peculiar nature of Shaw's masterpiece, one might look at the performance of Kay I. Kuter as the bishop of Beauvais, head of the ecclesiastical court that prosecutes Joan for heresy. Like everyone in this distin-

guished cast, Mr. Kuter speaks beautifully. His voice is resonant, his diction precise, his accent nonregional, mid-Atlantic, educated, and musical, his phrasing and intonation simultaneously responsive to the shape of the ideas in the words the playwright has given him to speak. All of this is vitally important, for in a play conceived of as a debate on a major philosophical problem an intelligent and intelligible command of language on the

part of the actors is indispensable. We encounter that same command, with its air of professional authority and technical assurance, in John David Keller's severe archbishop of Rheims, in Richard Doyle's good-natured Dunois, in Tim Rosati's stately earl of Warwick, in Larry Drake's fanatical Stogumber, in I.M. Hobson's magisterial Inquisitor, even in such brief roles as John Ellington's small-minded Courcelles, Dan Kern's compassionate Brother Martin, and Don Took's bluff Bertrand de Poulengy. This is, from top to bottom, an astonishing cast, proof that it is possible to assemble in Southern California a troupe of classically trained American actors as eloquent as their colleagues of the Royal Shakespeare Company.

But Mr. Kuter, like so many of his fellows in this production, goes far beyond eloquence—something, indeed, that must be done if Shaw's play is to succeed. Mr. Kuter, in this role, radiates personality. The aristocratic bearing, the self-confident manner, the ironic twinkle in the eye, the mixture of surface suavity and underlying earnestness, the distinctiveness of every gesture and intonation—these give a concrete, immediate, palpable life to the bishop, make us aware of him not merely as a spokesman for a point of view but as a focal point of human will and of theatrical energy. This is not to say that Mr. Kuter creates a character, in the usual sense. With only a few exceptions, the persons in this play are fundamentally resistant to that project of the actor's art. The bishop is not a human being but an idea given tongue. He represents that sincere conservatism in human affairs that wars off freedom and change as precursors of anarchy, that sees tradition, authority, and institutional power as the only guarantors of order and stability. Shaw has him voicing the claims of the medieval Roman Catholic hierarchy to defend the Church against heretics, but the real thrust of his arguments is a defense of all intellectual and social status quo against any challenge by those disruptive, creative geniuses who (according to Shaw)

provide the motive force for progress in history.

This is an attitude, an ideology, and one so broad and so abstract that it cannot even be tied down to a specific historical period or situation. It has nothing to do with individual character, that complex interweaving of desires, inhibitions, interests, tastes, quirks, passions, fears, and personal history that we encounter in real people and in the characters of Shakespeare, Chekhov, or O'Neill. The bishop of Beauvais in Shaw's play has no inner life, no past, he never had a childhood; he has no preferences in breakfast food; in fact, he never eats breakfast or any other meal; he has no existence whatever apart from the moments he spends on stage, and during those moments he reveals nothing of himself (for there is nothing to reveal) other than the ideas he embodies. Mr. Kuter's triumph—and it is a triumph he shares with virtually everyone in SCR's *Saint Joan*—is to transform a philosophical point of view into a theatrical presence so vivid that we respond with interest and excitement to its sheer vitality, even while perceiving that there really is no character there.

To embody an idea and to project a vivid personality, without creating a character, is not an easy task for an actor, especially since creating character is what modern actors are chiefly trained to do. That is why Shaw's plays present such a problem to actors and directors. The ideas, even with the lines intelligently and accurately recited, would be bloodless without the projection of personality, and not all actors—including some very accomplished ones—have or can communicate such a definable but unmistakable quality. In some productions, the director and actors resort to the desperate expedient of working up a "realistic" character out of nothing and superimposing a set of extraneous traits on a role that does not need them and cannot use them.

The brilliance of the SCR production lies to a large extent in the fact that director

John Allison so thoroughly recognizes the peculiar nature of Shaw's dramaturgy—very intellectual and very theatrical, but not very human—and that instead of attempting to disguise it or compensate for it, he revels in its challenges to technique, talent, and imagination. With his remarkable cast, as strong and distinctive in theatrical personalities as it is in eloquence, he manages to keep the audience absorbed both in the play of ideas and in the power and liveliness of those intense (if hollow) figures engaged in their urbane debates. His reading of the text is an exceptionally rich one. He seems to have found every possible nuance of drama and humor embedded in the lines and in the pauses between them, so that again and again phrases which in the script seem relatively neutral are converted by a gesture, a glance, a turn of the body, or a subtle alteration of tempo into an instigation to laughter—and laughter of the serious sort, the sort that comes from sudden, compressed insight into the real meaning of a thought or of a confrontation of thoughts. Like Shaw himself, Mr. Allison understands that ideas can have an exuberant dramatic life of their own, and that a conversation on an abstract issue such as tradition versus innovation or order versus progress can be as colorful, amusing, and theatrically fascinating as a melodramatic quarrel about property or adultery. Moreover, he and his actors know just how to make us share that conviction.

Saint Joan is not entirely a matter of ideas clothed in personalities, however. There are two roles in the play that belong to a different—and more familiar—theatrical world, and these are, in the nature of things, the starring roles. Both the dauphin and the girl who gets him crowned king of France are embodiments of ideas and attitudes, like the other persons in the drama. But in addition they have a human-

ity, a quality of being made of frail flesh and of existing within untheoretical nature, that sets them off from the more schematically constructed warriors and ecclesiastics who populate the play. The dauphin is a comic character role, much more notable for his feebleness, fearfulness, and pettiness than for his ideology, and Ron Boussom's droll and pathetic characterization of this silly creature is as bizarre, pungent, crafty, touching, and memorable as the same actor's convulsing performance in *Amadeus* last year.

Mr. Boussom is one of the founding members of South Coast Rep and appears frequently on their stages, always impressively. His treasurable performance in *Saint Joan* offers another instance of one of the greatest strengths of this company. There is a core of actors who appear season after season—Richard Doyle, John Ellington, Art Koustik, and Don Took are other performers in the present production who belong to this group—and each time they take on a new role their familiar characteristics seem renewed, reshaped, given a freshness and uniqueness that are all the more pleasing for having been formed out of talents the audience already knows so well. We are given the comfort of familiarity and the stimulation of newness at the same time. Such are the advantages of a repertory company, but of course they depend on the initial excellence and the continuing versatility of the repertory players. There are other companies where this system proves to be little more than a bad habit: mediocre actors tediously repeating tiresome mannerisms from one season to the next, world without end, or good actors thrust into roles they are utterly unsuited for simply because these favorites of the director are perpetually there. The repertory system can easily degenerate into the buddy system. Miraculously, this has not happened at South

Coast Rep. An actor like Ron Boussom, suitably cast as he invariably is at SCR, illuminates every play he is in; it is evident that he was cast as Shaw's dauphin not simply because he was a founding member of SCR but because one would have to search a long time to find an actor who could draw so much comedy, pathos, and charm from this particular role.

SCR is open to new faces as well, as any healthy repertory company should be. Ruth de Sosa, who plays Joan in the current production, is an MFA acting student at UCLA, making not only her first appearance at SCR but also her debut as an Equity actress. Shaw has given the actress in this role a very great deal to do. His Joan is one of the creative geniuses of history, an ordinary rustic teenager transformed—by intuition, or insight, or nature—into an instrument of the evolutionary life force. She is an embodiment of that individualistic self-confidence, that unbounded personal energy, and that productive eccentricity valued by Friedrich Nietzsche, John Stuart Mill, and their disciple George Bernard Shaw as the supreme qualities of the human race. She is—according to Shaw—in the vanguard of the future movements of Protestantism and nationalism. At the same time she is a French peasant, a plain-spoken soldier, a visionary mystic who believes herself to receive instructions from the saints and who eventually (half a millennium later) will be declared a saint herself. And she is also a vulnerable young girl whose destiny, the encounter of character and history—is to be burned at the stake.

Young and relatively inexperienced as she is, Miss de Sosa does an admirable job of conveying all these components of Joan's character. She is boyish and feminine, forceful and vulnerable, abstract and concrete, medieval and modern—and immensely alive. Under Mr. Allison's

canny direction, she convinces us thoroughly that her voice is real for her, without in any way forcing us to believe that they are real for us. To Shaw, Joan was an instrument of history, which is real enough, but certainly not of a Catholic God, who from his point of view has no objective existence. *Saint Joan* is a play about the truth of creative historical inspiration, not about the validity of church doctrine. This is a fine distinction but a crucial one, and not at all easy to convey in the theater, especially if the audience expects sentimental pieties. It is a tribute to Miss de Sosa's skill as an actress that the distinction comes across so clearly in her performance.

In addition, she displays a sure sense of decorum in those scenes which, belying Shaw's typically arrogant insistence on the exclusively philosophical intentions of his play, call upon Joan to suffer and rejoice like a real human being, and to make the audience share her emotions. Miss de Sosa is particularly splendid in handling the pathos of Joan's breakdown at her trial. She is so fragile at that moment, her experience of the heroine's moral dilemma (deny the reality of your own beliefs, your own self, or be burned) is so cruel, that we are compelled to weep for her; yet that flame of suffering on stage has not the slightest coloration of exploitative melodrama, which plays upon the audience's sympathies purely for theatrical effect. And in the scene twenty-five years after Joan's death, when she returns to the aged King Charles (the still fussy and terrified Mr. Boussom) in a dream, Miss de Sosa's jauntiness, her humor, her rough good spirit, her pride, her ardor, her innocence, and her unabashed persuasive power are once again perfectly in keeping with the high imaginative playfulness of the playwright, here at the ultimate boundaries of his own irrepressible genius.

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Genius Envy



Amadeus
DUNCAN SHEPHERD

Amadeus looks like a show-in-to-become one of the prestige motion pictures of the year (one of the most immediate benefits of which is always to be termed, as already in the ad copy, a "motion picture" rather than a mere "movie"). This should come about, anyway, unless the criteria of prestige undergo a radical reversal. To be based on a prize-winning play, to be two and a half hours in length, to be transposed with the music of Mozart (under the supervision and baton of a staunch Mozartian like Neville Martinson), it should be the essential subject of the piece and thus to be

have been affected if we had heard a little less Mozart and a little more, for purposes of comparison, of his antagonist Antonio Salieri. I suspect, on very insufficient evidence, that the real reason we did not hear more Salieri is that it would probably sound pretty legitimate, and would not be quite as apt to produce a disdainful laugh as Mozart's sly deprecations of it. Personally I wouldn't have known I was supposed to laugh at the one snippet of the one Salieri opera without the broad hint of the eyesore production: not, incidentally, what's meant by a "cinematic" attribute. Neither, in the longer view, is the continual emphasis on opera at the expense of other musical forms, despite the upshot of getting more costumes onto the screen (and if we're to have a party scene, let's by all means have it be a costume party). Much is made in the production notes of the uniqueness of the all-wood Tyl Theater in Prague, secured as the site of these operas, and that being the case, it would have been nice to get to see some of the place, more of it, anyway, than that out-of-focus cavern arcing over the orchestra conductor.

The point here is not that all this stuff is unuseful, but that in Miles Forman's hands it is unuseful. The return of this director to his home country, there to work for the first time since the Soviet invasion of 1968, gives occasion to remember the sort of Little Man movies, *Fireman's Ball* and *Lovers of a Blonde*, which launched his career, and which, despite their (or his) air of condescension, he has never much risen above. The overall flatness of his vision, which might have been mistaken in the early work as the flatness of his satirical characters, is verifiable here in the most literal sense, in images that look to have been run through a wringer and hung out to dry, depleted of both body and color. (Indeed the waxen complexion of the people make it particularly hard to notice when Mozart's health takes a turn for the worse: the intermittent cough has to do all the groundwork for the rocking of feet, rolling of eyeballs, etc.) The figures, fitted up in

paper-doll clothes, seem to slide sideways into place like cutouts at a shooting gallery, although that image loses its appropriateness if it implies a readily definable space, the action might just as well have remained on stage, or even on the stage apron.

This diminishment of space is connected to a diminishment of motion, which is connected, though it needn't have been, to an overall diminishment of flow. Anywhere from a half to a full hour too long, the movie begins to be really bothersome in this regard only as it nears the end, when it begins to resemble the Olympic marathoner who is determined to finish the prescribed course even though the dragging leg would have been well content with 3000 meters. The "suspenseful" cross-cutting between Mozart on his deathbed and the homeward journey of his estranged wife is not only not suspenseful, but it also violates (not for the first time) the narrative point of view—that of Antonio Salieri in old-age makeup, telling his tale in flashback to a Father Confessor at a Bedlam lunatic asylum: a setting that allows us to breathe a sigh of relief (for the first but not only time) that at least the director was not Ken Russell.

Through whatever defacements, you can still see the makings, in Peter Schaffer's screenplay of his own stage play, of a potent historical fiction: potent enough, that is, to stir up curiosity about how much of it is true and to put down protests about how much of it isn't. The rivalry between the traditionalist court composer Antonio Salieri and the freelance innovator Mozart, driven by envy of talent, and revulsion at personal temperament, into the most melodramatic sort of chicanery—has almost as universal an application as Shaffer means it to have: mediocrity is everywhere, and its best hope to escape

detection is to stamp out anything better. But the particulars of this case tend, as particulars will, to obscure the application; and though most people by definition should have an easier time identifying with Salieri, the dramatic sympathy plays all the other way. "Chastity, industry, and humility"—the barring items Salieri is ready to offer to God in exchange for musical immortality—do not sound anywhere near as much fun as the bouts of partying that seem to take up the bulk of Mozart's time, in between jolting down those masterpieces that come to his head fully formed. The notion of "genius" as a sort of genetic lottery prize (rather than as that no-fun definition of Carlyle's, the transcendent capacity for taking pains) will help to make Mozart a hero for our time, if only to provide a handy excuse for packing it up whenever work bogs down. And it will be easy to forget that Salieri, by the only standards that matter to him, is at least as far above the general run as Mozart is above him. There would seem to be no mind composer anywhere in existence to make out the middle or lower ground.

Nothing pushes the dramatic conflict further toward oversimplification than the portrayal of Mozart (by Tom Hulce) as one of Mickey Rourke circa 1939, complete with bawdy laugh. More than Salieri (F. Murray Abraham) will have trouble believing that this could be the composer of *Don Giovanni* or the C-minor

Adagio and Fugue for Strings. Simplification makes advances on other fronts as well. Certainly it is unusual in such rivalries for one of the parties to be so ready to admit his own mediocrity and even more unusual the absolute genius of his rival. Rather than win him any points for self-knowledge or open-mindedness, this readiness of Salieri only increases his spitefulness. The last simplification leads into the smugness of historical hindsight, from which vantage we are encouraged to tolerate and even to relish the (perhaps not so unusual) arrogance and tactlessness of the acclaimed and/or self-anointed genius. See, for a prime example, the well-written scene when Mozart is introduced to the Viennese court and, after one hearing of Salieri's welcoming piano march (in a spirited but all-thumbs rendition by the Emperor Joseph himself), manages to suggest some improvements on it. Mention of this scene should not be allowed to pass without particular attention to the character of Joseph, who, on the safe outskirts of the central melodrama, emerges as quite the most subtle character and a monarch open to foremen in screen history: open to the counsel of others, able to change his mind, able to take a joke even if he doesn't like it, possessed of an enthusiasm for music which much outlasts any taste or talent for it, and which much offsets any consequent tendency to look the fool. It says a lot about the movie that we so

warmly welcome each new appearance by this character (played with a Lloyd Nolansque blandness by Jeffrey Jones) and so painfully miss him when, as he does too soon and for too long, he drops out.

Speaking of culture...

The San Diego International Film Festival, to which thoughts had gotten accustomed to turn at this time of year, has never been too quick with a press release (and no quicker, I might add from another personal angle, with an inner-organizational memo to one of its charter Associate Directors). Anyone who might be interested has been left to his own pace to begin to get suspicious, and eventually to figure out, that there will be no festival again this year (for the second year in the past three). It would only be wild speculation at this point to ponder any longer-range intentions of the festival to pull the sod permanently over its face. The film critic's Book of Common Prayer, meanwhile, is not so full of relevant Laments that it can be pulling one out every couple of years for the film festival. And luckily on the present occasion it will be just as appropriate to pull out some expression of Thanksgiving, though not one of all-out Exultation, for the new weekly film series which is easy to think of as having taken the festival's place, or at least taken its site: the La Jolla Museum.

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The Third Party

JEFF SMITH

Signs of health in San Diego, Scooby said recently that the reason Padres fans aren't flocking to the stadium is because San Diego is a "healthy" city. It doesn't have to cram the whole of its identity into the fate of a professional team. And, indeed, it doesn't. On August 1, 1990, the Padres' games have had a lackluster, spring-training air about them, but we won't go into that here. Last week the city's cultural health also manifested itself. Twice. The Gaslamp Quarter, an area of historic buildings in downtown San Diego, was the site of a "heating loom" huge as looms. Both theaters opened the fall season with world premieres of new scripts by and this is riskier yet—local playwrights. Seeing a new play is like going on a blind date. The more you know in advance about the play, the more you're predisposed to give up. But both Janet Schechter's *The Third Party* (at the Gaslamp) and David MacFadden's *A Proud Look, a Lying Tongue* (at Lamb's) are at the stage where they merit a production. Both are good plays, but they're good enough to make their weaknesses show clearly.

Take out a piece of paper. Janet Schechter's *Third Party* is about Belya Lockwood

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Bela Ann Bennett Lockwood ran for president in 1984, 1988 and 1992. In 1984, she was 47 years old. A teacher, lawyer, suffragist, Lockwood's life is filled with firsts. She was the first woman to run for president, the first woman to be elected to the U.S. Supreme Court, and the first to sponsor a black lawyer to do the same. She was responsible for the legislation for both breakthroughs, as well as legislation to end discrimination against women in federal employment. Defending the Cherokee Indians in 1906, she won them the largest settlement awarded by the Supreme Court: \$5 million. In 1984, she was elected to the U.S. Supreme Court. In 1988, Lockwood ran for president, as the nominee of the National Equal Rights Party. Her platform included women's rights and world peace. In 1992, she ran for president to advocate a world court of peace.

These are just some of the highlights

builds logically toward this climactic moment. The play is well researched and well written — especially the dialogue. It has a good feel for the period and some interesting (though occasionally underdeveloped) characters; and while Lockwood could be more complex — less saintly and more self-doubting — for the most part she comes alive on the stage. Above all else, *The Third Party* knows exactly where it's going. Its dramatic arc, leading to the confrontation scene, is clearly evident, and its conclusion has a rich symbolic resonance that makes Lockwood's decision all the more touching.

The play knows where it is going, but the Gaslamp's production does not. Directed by Jean Hauser, the show is strangely quiet, sweet, and folksy. The pacing is sluggish, and the production in general demonstrates no awareness of the historical momentousness of its characters or of their historical momentousness. This is hardly the kind of treatment one would expect for a woman who was obviously kind but also strident, someone who would force headlong into the blur with an enviable recklessness. Lockwood loved drama, and she loved to perform in the grandest of venues in the courtroom and on the lecture circuit. But except for some bright red bloomers, we rarely see this quality on stage. Instead we see a surprising placidity, as if Lockwood and everyone around her have a severe aversion to conflict. The production in fact conveys a sense of the climactic moments in an offhanded, throwaway manner that strips their energy clean.

from a life of courageous contributions. Everywhere Lockwood turned, it seems, she made history, which raises a simple question: why haven't we ever heard of her? Janet Schechter's play — based on *The Girl Who Ran for President* by the late Laura Nowak Kerr, one of the original founders of the Gaslamp Quarter Theatre — gives us some intriguing answers about the Pope Joan of American politics.

According to Schechter, Lockwood had a choice. Her trusted friend, the famous reformer Susan B. Anthony, felt that Lockwood's presidential campaign made a mockery of the woman suffrage movement. Anthony, who was writing a definitive history of the movement, told Lockwood that if she continued to run, Anthony would write her out of history. If Lockwood ceased campaigning, Anthony promised to record her achievements glowingly. True to her own instincts, Lockwood eschewed immortality and continued her efforts to win the presidency. She made history, but no one recorded it.

The dramatic confrontation between Lockwood and Anthony — and the one inside Lockwood as well — takes place in act two of *The Third Party*. On paper it's a potential fireworks display, a clash of powerful forces determining history, be it real or feigned. And Schechter's script

wright David McFadzean couldn't have asked for a better staging of his new mystery, *A Proud Look*, a *Lying Tongue*. Directed with care and precision by Robert Smyth, everything in the production is an ally of the script. The actors—especially Lamb's regulars David Heath, Smyth, Kerry Cederberg, Carolyn Schade, and the ever-versatile Deborah Gilmour—all turn in competent work. Don Lonisborough's two-tiered set effectively replicates the ground floor and the attic of a large home on the small stage. Terann Medcalfe's costumes are a time capsule of the tastes of 1927, the year the play is set. And Dave Thayer's terrific lighting and sound details, ominous penumbra and spidery tendrils of noise just behind your ear, drench the stage with an appropriately spooky atmosphere.

The play begins on a Tuesday afternoon. Six people have gathered at Mountain Cliff, the resort home of Alexander Langeland, an actor of some renown. His two sons are there: Oliver, a ne'er-do-well actor with an unquenchable thirst for

sherry and Aaron, a lawyer running for political office and it would seem a puppet whose strings are pulled by his wife Dorra. Also in attendance are Emily, the housekeeper; Lillis, Alexander's snooty niece; and Anna, his daughter, whose brain suffers from catatonic dysfunction. All Anna can do is roll with the pendulum of a grandfather clock and recite lines from Shakespeare's *Antony and Cleopatra*—at random, apparently. Her mother played *Cleopatra* quite well until the day someone handed her a real asp for the death scene. The gathering was meant to be either a family reunion or some sort of announcement by Alexander. No one knows. Over the weekend Alexander Langland was brutally murdered. And someone in the room did it.

—McFadzean's script has all the necessary ingredients for a claustrophobic thriller, plus a few new wrinkles, including a live snake — an asp? — allegedly slithering through the theater in search of your particular chair. His resolution and denouement fasten the play's unravelings in a

tight and unexpected knot. Getting to that resolution, however, is often a slow trek.

A double bind is built into the construction of every play. The story must move forward, propelling itself toward a climax. At the same time, in order to make that motion and its conclusion believable, the play must also create a tangible world that is consistent, not necessarily with the real world, but rather with itself. Thus the playwright must use static elements — details, thoughts, images, narrative — all of which, though essential, tend to detract from the momentum of the play. In much of McFadden's script, these static elements dominate. It has too many lengthy patches of exposition, too many places where the action stops cold and characters reveal not their motives but their biographies. By the end of the play, we know more about these people than we need to. But most of what we learn is circumstantial, and the time taken to learn it detracts from the play's potential for suspense.

When Agatha Christie puts ten people in a room and bolts the door, paranoia pre-

vails. By a mathematics of mortal subtraction, corpses materialize, and people back themselves into the nearest corner, wary of everything in the universe. *A Proud Liar* is a novel that lacks the subtlety of a dystrophic mayhem. Except for that vile reptile lurking who knows where (about which the man next to me assured his date, who was not a date, that he was not an actor, dear?), no one in the room appears to be either legitimately menacing or menaced. And unless the playgoer has a few extra weeks to spare (and I don't, I don't do), some of his characters don't qualify as suspects at all. The entire play is bracketed by two murders and their solution, which is a pity, for the playgoer. Putting more of us on-stage, and cutting the mesential biographical information, would shore up the play's much-needed suspense considerably. *McFadden's* is a play that is a little like the Lamb's layered fine production accentuates its many strengths. But it's a good ride away from being a genuine rip-off.

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QUARTER NOTES

BY JONATHAN SAVILLE

SUMMER POPS

The San Diego Pops concluded its immensely successful 1984 season with a gala fundraiser at Hospitality Point. There was a fancy cold meal, entertainment by the Platinum Coast Dixie Jazz Band, a concert by the orchestra of some favorites from earlier programs, and a guest appearance by old-time pop singer Frankie Laine. Almost all the guests wore T-shirts imprinted with an outline of a tuxedo collar and black bow tie; champagne was poured by Steve Garvey, Mayor Hedgecock, a gold-medal Olympic member of the U.S. Olympics volleyball team, and other notables; there were elaborate fireworks, and the release into the sultry evening sky of hundreds of black and white balloons. There could not be the least doubt that Barbara Mandel, who arranged the festivities, had done a bang-up job. But was it music?

This is the question that has plagued the Pops all summer. If an organization drawing record crowds and making a hefty profit can be thought of as "planned," my colleague Donald Dirks, who has been relentlessly realistic about the Pops' musical deficiencies, was accorded the honor of a huge derogatory sign next to



Matthew Garbutt

the stage, one which the management unaccountably left there throughout the gala. Tastes differ; some people enjoy one kind of evening, and some another. It is obvious that the Pops — including its final installment — has provided a lot of real pleasure to a lot of people. The profits will help to strengthen the winter season, so that the Pops will make its contribution to the cause of serious music in San Diego. But is there anyone — even the things who designed that stupid attack on "Donald Dirks" — who would maintain that the Pops concerts, in themselves, have been of cultural value? There have, of course, been

exceptions to the general musical insipidity of these performances. When Matthew Garbutt and the orchestra (not the pitiable pickup group of several concerts but the San Diego Symphony) have performed light classics of the sort that make up most Pops programs in other cities, this talented young conductor and his excellent musicians have done quite a decent job musically, in spite of the ridiculously limited rehearsal time and the time-consuming of the loudspeaker system. Show tunes and popular songs have fared much less well. Neither Mr. Garbutt nor the orchestra seems to have much

felt for this music — for which one cannot blame them, since it is inherently preposterous to inflate some nice Broadway tune to the dimensions of a Tchaikovsky symphony. Jazz suffered even more, although the "Big Bands" concerts (where Mr. Garbutt — mercifully for him — was replaced by a visiting conductor) seem to have won more audience approbation than anything else all summer. This audience in fact gets bored with the classics, however light. What they really enjoy, as the gala demonstrated, is the likes of Frankie Laine, whose musical virtues consist of loudness and longevity. As Mr. Laine chopped up the phrases and swallowed the consonants of "Moonlight Gambler," "The City of the Will Geese," "Lord You Gave Me a Mountain," and "Jezebel," large numbers of his listeners stood on their chairs and screamed with enthusiasm. Mr. Garbutt and the orchestra, even with all the amusing practical jokes that graced this final concert (electronic distortions of the conductor's voice, a fog machine, a moving podium), were a distinct letdown, for all of them seemed to know in their hearts that they really belonged elsewhere.

What, then, is to be said ultimately about this popular, money-earning, shoddy, trivial series of concerts? This ten years ago the San Diego Symphony was not much good, but time, money, support, and anxiety have built it into a fine orchestra, offering an excellent winter season under a magnificent conductor. The summer Pops are now in their early stages of development, where Mr. Garbutt's (where Mr. Garbutt — just as though everything had started from scratch, and it is whistling in the wind to expect that these concerts will immediately resemble those of Tanglewood, Ravinia, or the Boston Pops. If the development of the Symphony is any indication, things are bound to get better in future seasons. The physical setting will be improved, there will be better sound amplification (or even, if a proper shell is built, no need for amplification at all), the programs will become more substantial, and — above all — an audience will come into existence that wants Jesse Norman and Dvorak's "Carnival." Overture rather than Frankie Laine and "Take Me Out to the Ball Game." In the meantime it is futile to listen too intently to these concerts and to judge them as though they were essentially musical events. The gala told us what they really are — for the time being: fireworks and balloons, wine and sunset, summer euphoria for a group of worthy musicians,

financial stability for the San Diego Symphony, and the outline of a real musical experience printed on a T-shirt.

BACH TO BACH

KPBS-TV has been prodigal of good music lately, a great blessing during these painful and weeks before the live music season begins. Perhaps the most fascinating of last week's telecasts was the one from Lincoln Center's Alice Tully Hall that matched Christopher Hogwood's Academy of Ancient Music with the Chamber Music Society of Lincoln Center in back-to-back performances of works by J.S. Bach. The pun of the title and the down-home-compone introduction by the Lincoln Center group's artistic director Charles Wadsworth suggested show-biz trickery, but the concert itself was in fact a serious and illuminating comparison of two approaches to the performance of baroque music. The Academy of



Ancient Music plays on original baroque instruments — wooden transverse flute, loosely strung fiddle bows, and so on — while the Lincoln Center musicians use modern instruments. The result is a marked difference in tone color, articulation, and phrasing, as we heard in performances by both groups of instrumental movements from Cantatas 209 and 156. The difference was by no

means as pronounced, however, as it would have been had the ancient music group been (for example) the Concentus Musicus of Vienna, for Mr. Hogwood's Academy tactfully avoided the exaggerated mannerisms characteristic of Nikolaus Harnoncourt's ensemble. In fact what was most striking about the Bach-to-Bach comparison was how closely the Academy of

Ancient Music and the Lincoln Center group resemble each other in performance practices, if not in the provenance of their instruments. An intermission discussion between Mr. Hogwood and Lincoln Center's Kenneth Cooper (well known to San Diego audiences from his participation in the Santa Fe Chamber Music Festival concert) showed the two harpsichordists in thorough agreement about the need to embellish Bach's melodies. The illustrative performances indeed suggested that Mr. Cooper's group is considerably bolder than the more conservative Academy of Ancient Music in applying this historically correct practice. Having made these instructive points (and produced some lovely music along the way), the performers devoted the rest of the concert to illustrations of other matters. There was an exciting comparison of the Prelude from Bach's E Major Partita for solo violin (played by the Academy's Simon Standage)

with the composer's own large-scale transcription of it for organ, strings, trumpets, and tympani, in his Cantata No. 29. We then heard a transcription by Mr. Hogwood of Bach's C Major Concerto for Three Harpsichords (Schmieder 1064), with the harpsichords replaced by violins. These baroque music performers do sometimes take extraordinary licenses — justified (as in this case) by historical plausibility and by the high quality of the resultant music. The Lincoln Center musicians countered with a brilliant performance of the Fifth Brandenburg Concerto, with Mr. Cooper's sensational harpsichord solo in the first movement of the piece. A pair of encores gave us the "Badinerie" from the Second Suite in two performances; by the Academy's Lisa Benzonik and Lincoln Center's Paula Robinson. As throughout this delightful concert, there was no battle and no need for choice, but only an embarrassment of riches.

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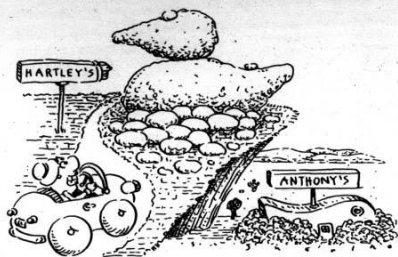
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In the Family



ELEANOR WIDMER

The Restaurant: Hartley's
The Location: 5509 La Jolla Boulevard, La Jolla (459-7427)
Type of Food: Fish, steaks, ribs
Price Range: \$7.95 to \$18.95
Hours: Open daily, Sunday through Thursday, 5:00 p.m. to 10:00 p.m.; Friday and Saturday, 5:00 p.m. to 11:00 p.m.

The Restaurant: Anthony's
The Location: 166 South Solana Hills Drive, Plaza Hills II shopping center, Lomas Santa Fe exit, off I-5 (481-0662)
Type of Food: Fish and seafood
Price Range: \$3.95 to \$15.75
Hours: Closed Tuesday, Open Sunday through Thursday, 11:30 a.m. to 8:30 p.m.; Saturday and Sunday, 11:30 a.m. to 9:00 p.m.

What's an ex-television producer, exposed to the high salaries and low job security of the Los Angeles television industry, doing at the helm of a new fish and steak house in La Jolla? "Restaurants are theater," replies Paul Hartley Rabwin of Hartley's on La Jolla Boulevard in Bird Rock. But the truth is that food and restaurants are not new to the Rabwin family. Brother Mark has operated the Pescadero in Del Mar for years, and decades ago Papa Rabwin dreamed up a barbecue sauce that adds zest to the barbecued dishes at Hartley's. Paul was seeking new fields where he could apply his talents and the lease on the Cantina Zona Rosa (formerly Ocean Fresh) was available. It seemed too auspicious an opportunity to pass up.

Of course, one can only speculate as to why the Cantina Zona Rosa did not succeed. It had a gorgeous interior, a very happy happy hour, and low prices for its Mexican food. The food was highly Americanized but in some quarters that's not considered undesirable. The major problem may have been that there was no one

mind the store; part of a chain, Cantina Zona Rosa did not have on-site owners who concentrated their interests in San Diego.

If minding the store is one of the components of success, then Hartley's should succeed eminently. One of the best aspects of the operation is that either Mark or Paul is always on hand, unfailingly polite and anxious to please diners. And this is quite necessary for all restaurants in Bird Rock, tourists, doesn't have the drawing power of Prospect Street open for San Diegans, and depends on building up a steady clientele from among local people. L'Escargot, Maitre D' and Sun's Kitchen, all successful Bird Rock restaurants, have the advantage of on-the-spot owners—it does make a difference, not only in quality of product but in good will.

Hartley's does project that feeling of good will. Paul goes from table to table in a soft-spoken, quiet manner, seeking to know his patrons. This is appealing to those who may dislike the impersonality of chain restaurants, such as the Chart House or the Triton, two restaurants whose menus are fairly similar to Hartley's—mostly seafood, with some steak and chicken. Hartley's also serves ribs—a pleasant surprise—and a good barbecued chicken-and-shrimp combination.

I've actually been to Hartley's three times. The first was on a Friday night when the restaurant was open barely two weeks. The place was overflowing with diners and the service seemed less-than-organized. I erased that night from my mind and returned some weeks later, when things had settled down. Sure enough, the service was smooth, the food arrived quickly, and it was evident that some of the early kinks had been ironed out.

My assessment of the food is that it's unassuming, it's plentiful, and the prices are fair. Prices range from \$7.95 to \$18.95, with most dinners between ten and thirteen dollars. That's moderate these

days. All entrees offer good-size portions and include a large fresh salad and bread and butter. The fresh fish, prepared on mesquite, arrives with dill sauce in a side dish (a bonus to many) and offers a fresh vegetable, as well as a choice of pasta or baked potato. The pasta isn't too tasty and I opted for the baked potato one evening and found it very satisfying. One night I sampled fresh sea bass and swordfish (both \$12.95) and another night red snapper and salmon (\$8.95 and \$14.95). Fish prices vary according to season and there are at least three fresh-fish specials nightly. The fish dinners are of simple preparation, hold few surprises, and are splendid for those who don't want rich sauces or complicated side dishes.

However, my friend and I were titillated by the full-order of barbecued spare ribs and the chicken-and-shrimp combination with the aforementioned sauce that Papa Rabwin developed (each \$11.95). The ribs and the chicken are marinated for twenty-four hours and baked on mesquite with the sauce on—many restaurants bake the ribs and chicken and then add sauce before serving. A boneless breast of chicken dinner is only \$7.95—a bargain—and a half-rack of ribs (baby-back-spare-ribs) is \$9.95. My advice to bargain-hunters is that they try the chicken dinners or the lowest-priced fresh fish—generally red snapper. Mention should be made of two children's "share plate" for only two dollars.

Above all, Hartley's is a family restaurant to which you can bring grandparents and children and not get dressed up, as you would when dining at George's at the Cove in La Jolla, for example. It's unpretentious and comfortable. The food isn't scintillating but it's fairly priced for what you get. I was impressed also with the way Paul Rabwin handled a situation new to him. My young escort brought his own bottle of wine. That doesn't happen too often in San Diego, though a few wine connoisseurs bring their own wine even to such restaurants as Mister A's. A corkage fee is quite normal, and depending on the restaurant, you may pay as little as two dollars or as much as seven or eight dollars corkage. When Paul Rabwin saw the wine, he was momentarily nonplussed; he admitted this had not occurred at his restaurant before. But he was most gracious about it and said, nodding to me, "Since she's been here before, there's no fee." That demonstrates not only courtesy, but a desire to build a long-lasting clientele.

Those who visited the Cantina Zona Rosa will remember the spiffy interior. The starfish implanted in the white walls and the white-clothed cacti and animal figures have not been changed, but more booths have been added in the rear and an outdoor patio has been opened—a welcome thought during hot weather.

I visited the new Anthony's, which is located in a small shopping center in Solana Beach, and shed a few tears for the loss of Anthony's in La Jolla. In fact I spoke to young David Gio (a grandchild of the founders) who is managing the Solana Beach place—I recognized him from his childhood in the public schools of La Jolla. He told me that a dozen times a day La

Jolla patrons ask whether Anthony's will ever return there—it was in existence on Prospect Street at least a quarter of a century before the "progress" in La Jolla put an end to it. But the chances for relocating in La Jolla, according to David, are small. "We can't pay those rents and still charge 'groovy' prices," he told me.

The Solana Beach Anthony's is located in the Plaza Hills II shopping mall, just west of the I-5 turnoff at Lomas Santa Fe. The Anthony's used to have a fountain in the middle of the dining room. This has been removed to provide more space for tables and waitresses; but to add interest to the dead-dull room, the walls have been painted with colorful landscapes and seascapes. Despite the bright colors and the few interior awnings placed at strategic places, the rooms have the air of a coffee shop.

At most of the Anthony's branches (none of which takes reservations) there's a long wait during the warm weather. Not so at Solana Beach. On a Wednesday night the wait was no more than five minutes. The major advantage of eating at this Anthony's, apart from the comforting familiarity of its many salads and specials that have endured over the years, is that the prices are still low. Fillet of shark is only \$5.35, fillet of sole, \$6.75, and freshwater trout, \$6.50. And this includes salad, rolls, and butter placed between wedges of cardboard.

I ordered a small crab Louis salad (\$5.95) that proved to be skimpier than I remembered it, as well as being just plain skinny, and that great standby, fish and chips "in our famous batter" (\$4.95). Let's face it, that fish and chips dinner is still terrific for what it offers and its equipment can be found at any fish and seafood restaurant in San Diego. There were three very large pieces of fish, plenty of chips, and a choice of salad or cole slaw.

My friends had the fillet of sole (\$6.75) and the baquette fish (\$7.25). Both were broiled, moist, palatable, and modest in aims and cost. My friends were small eaters and found the portions satisfying. But he was most gracious about it and said, nodding to me, "Since she's been here before, there's no fee." That demonstrates not only courtesy, but a desire to build a long-lasting clientele.

I grieved for the loss of those wonderfully efficient waitresses from La Jolla. The young waitress we had in Solana Beach shyed my Louis salad onto the serving plate, said she'd bring me fresh sauce, and never did. She constantly forgot requests for water, never approached our table unless I made dramatic arm movements, and was a caricature of a beach waitress—all suntan and no substance.

The winter should be a better time for this branch of Anthony's because the rooms won't seem quite claustrophobic. I told a friend of mine that I had visited Anthony's in Solana Beach and she replied, "I didn't even know you had an Anthony's there." They do indeed, though it hardly evokes "that old feeling." □

City Lights

Rodeo

(continued from page 2)
an amendment to the county's general plan that would legally change the zoning of the grounds to commercial rather than residential. "And until they do," says Hurlburt, "they would be in violation of the zoning ordinance." If the scheduled events were allowed to go on. A second letter from ABC director Leslie "Pete" Case told Perkins that as of September 4, just after the annual Lakeside Chamber of Commerce Labor Day chili cook-off, the facility could no longer serve alcohol of any kind—a sure death knell, even without the county prohibition on public events. "You can't have a concert or a rodeo and not serve alcohol," Perkins observes. "The people, through the years, have come to expect it."

So now Perkins finds himself in a particularly helpless position. Amendments to the county's general plan can be submitted three times a year—in March, August, and November—and he's not only past the August deadline, but he says he can't assemble the necessary documents and arguments until several months have passed, which also rules out the November deadline. He will thus have to wait until March of 1985, before the start of the traditionally busy summer season but well after the staging of several fall and winter events, three of which have already been booked months in advance: a three-day Shriners rodeo, set for September 21 through 23; a "Vietnam Veterans Dinner" on September 30 sponsored by Congressman Duncan Hunter; and the October 20 Hank Williams, Jr. concert. The county planning department's Randy Hurlburt says that for any of those events to be held, Perkins has only one choice: he must obtain a temporary administrative permit from the sheriff's department for each event.

—T.K.A.

On Deaf Ears

(continued from page 2)
serving the deaf community in Los Angeles. She had no luck. With only two weeks left before the play was scheduled to open, Blakistone cast as Orlin Randy Frost, a young man who has full hearing ability. Deaf Community Services in San Diego was not pleased with Blakistone's decision.

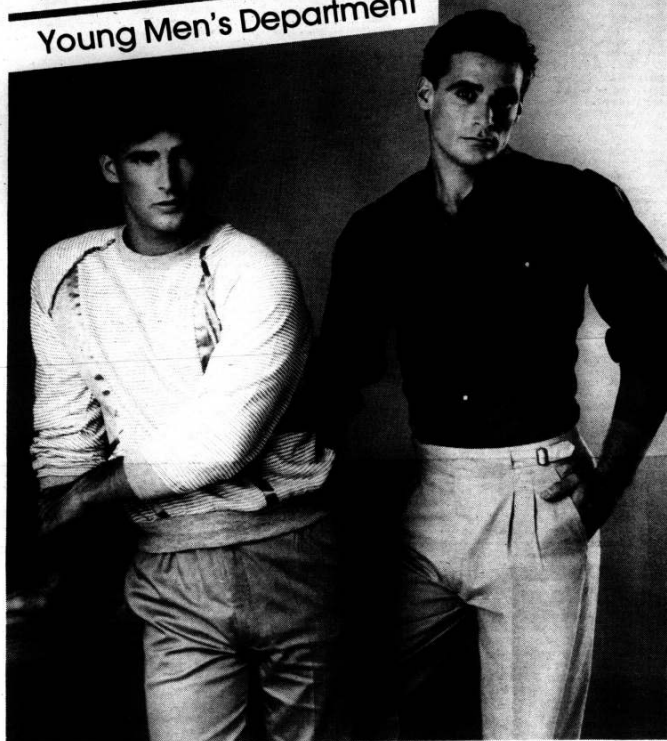
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(continued on page 38, col. 1)

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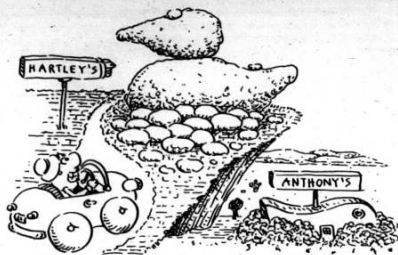
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In the Family



ELEANOR WIDMER

The Restaurant: Hartley's
The Location: 5509 La Jolla Boulevard, La Jolla (459-7427)
Type of Food: Fish, steaks, ribs
Price Range: \$7.95 to \$18.95
Hours: Open daily, Sunday through Thursday, 5:00 p.m. to 10:00 p.m.; Friday and Saturday, 5:00 p.m. to 11:00 p.m.

The Restaurant: Anthony's
The Location: 166 South Solana Hills Drive, Plaza Hills II shopping center, Lomas Santa Fe exit, off I-5 (481-0642)
Type of Food: Fish and seafood
Price Range: \$3.95 to \$15.75
Hours: Closed Tuesday. Open Sunday through Thursday, 11:30 a.m. to 8:30 p.m.; Saturday and Sunday, 11:30 a.m. to 9:00 p.m.

What's an ex-television producer, exposed to the high salaries and low job security of the Los Angeles television industry, doing at the helm of a new fish and steak house in La Jolla? "Restaurants are theater," replies Paul Hartley Rabwin of Hartley's on La Jolla Boulevard in Bird Rock. But the truth is that food and restaurants are not new to the Rabwin family. Brother Mark has operated the Posidon in Del Mar for years, and decades ago Papa Rabwin dreamed up the barbecue sauce that adds zest to the barbecued dishes at Hartley's. Paul was seeking new fields where he could apply his talents and the lease on the Cantina Zona Rosa (formerly Ocean Fresh) was available. It seemed too auspicious an opportunity to pass up.

Of course, one can only speculate as to why the Cantina Zona Rosa did not succeed. It had a gorgeous interior, a very happy happy hour, and low prices for its Mexican food. The food was highly Americanized but in some quarters that's not considered undesirable. The major problem may have been that there was no one

minding the store; part of a chain, Cantina Zona Rosa did not have on-site owners who concentrated their interests in San Diego.

If minding the store is one of the components of success, then Hartley's should succeed eminently. One of the best aspects of the operation is that either Mark or Paul is always on hand, unfailingly polite and anxious to please diners. And this is quite necessary for all restaurants in Bird Rock, an area of La Jolla that's not known to tourists, doesn't have the drawing power of Prospect Street even for San Diegans, and depends on building up a steady clientele from among local people. L'Escargot, Maitre D' and Sun's Kitchen, all successful Bird Rock restaurants, have the advantage of on-the-spot owners — it does make a difference, not only in quality of product but in good will.

Hartley's does project that feeling of good will. Paul goes from table to table in a soft-spoken, quiet manner, seeking to know his patrons. This is appealing to those who may dislike the impersonality of chain restaurants, such as the Chart House or the Triton, two restaurants whose menus are fairly similar to Hartley's — mostly seafood, with some steak and chicken. Hartley's also serves ribs — a pleasant surprise — and a good barbecued chicken and shrimp combination.

I've actually been to Hartley's three times. The first was on a Friday night when the restaurant was open barely two weeks. The place was overflowing with diners and the service seemed less-than-organized. I erased that night from my mind and returned some weeks later, when things had settled down. Sure enough, the service was smooth, the food arrived quickly, and it was evident that some of the early kinks had been ironed out.

My assessment of the food is that it's unassuming, it's plentiful, and the prices are fair. Prices range from \$7.95 to \$18.95, with most dinners between ten and thirteen dollars. That's moderate these

days. All entrees offer good-size portions and include a large fresh salad and bread and butter. The fresh fish, prepared on mesquite, arrives with dill sauce in a side dish (a boon to many) and offers a fresh vegetable, as well as a choice of pasta or baked potato. The pasta isn't too tasty and I opted for the baked potato one evening and found it very satisfying. One night I sampled fresh sea bass and swordfish (both \$12.95) and another night red snapper and salmon (\$8.95 and \$14.95). Fish prices vary according to season and there are at least three fresh fish specials nightly. The fish dinners are of simple preparation, hold few surprises, and are splendid for those who don't want rich sauces or complicated side dishes.

However, my friend and I were titillated by the full-order barbecued spareribs and the chicken-and-shrimp combination with the aforementioned sauce that Papa Rabwin developed (each \$11.95). The ribs and the chicken are marinated for twenty-four hours and baked on mesquite with the sauce on — many restaurants bake the ribs and chicken and then add sauce before serving. A boneless breast of chicken dinner is only \$7.95 — a bargain — and a half-rack of ribs (baby back-spareribs) is \$9.95. My advice to bargain-hunters is that they try the chicken dinners or the lowest-priced fresh fish — generally red snapper. Mention should be made of the children's "share plate" for only two dollars.

Above all, Hartley's is a family restaurant to which you can bring grandparents and children and not get dressed up, as you would when dining at George's at the Cove in La Jolla, for example. It's unpretentious and comfortable. The food isn't scintillating but it's fairly priced for what you get.

I was impressed also with the way Paul Rabwin handled a situation new to him. My young cousin brought his own bottle of wine. That doesn't happen too often in San Diego, though a few wine connoisseurs bring their own wine even to such restaurants as Mister A's. A corkage fee is quite normal, and depending on the restaurant, you may pay as little as two dollars or as much as seven or eight dollars corkage. When Paul Rabwin saw the wine, he was momentarily nonplussed; he admitted that had not occurred at his restaurant before. But he was most gracious about it and said, nodding to me, "Since she's been here before, there's no fee." That demonstrates not only courtesy, but a desire to build a long-lasting clientele.

Those who visited the Cantina Zona Rosa will remember the spiffy interior. The starfish implanted in the white walls and the white-clothed cacti and animal figures have not been changed, but more booths have been added in the rear and an outdoor patio has been opened, a welcome thought during hot weather.

I visited the new Anthony's, which is buried in a small shopping center in Solana Beach, and shed a few tears for the loss of Anthony's in La Jolla. In fact I spoke to young David Gioia (a grandchild of the founders) who is managing the Solana Beach place. He told me that he had known Anthony's there. "They do indeed, though it hardly evokes 'that old feeling.'" □

Jolla patrons ask whether Anthony's will ever return there — it was in existence on Prospect Street at least a quarter of a century before the "progress" in La Jolla put an end to it. But the chances for relocating in La Jolla, according to David, are small. "We can't pay those rents and still charge 'grocery prices,'" he told me.

The Solana Beach Anthony's is located in the Plaza Hills II shopping mall, just west of the I-5 turnoff at Lomas Santa Fe, in space until recently occupied by La Familia Restaurant. The views, so strongly associated with many of the restaurants in the Anthony's chain, are missing. La Familia used to have a fountain in the middle of the dining room. This has been removed to provide more space for tables and waitresses; but to add interest to the dead-end rooms, the walls have been painted with colorful landscapes and seascapes. Despite the bright colors and the few interior awnings placed at strategic places, the rooms have the air of a coffee shop.

At most of the Anthony's branches (none of which takes reservations) there's a long wait during the warm weather. Not so at Solana Beach. On a Wednesday night the wait was no more than five minutes.

The major advantage of eating at this Anthony's, apart from the comforting familiarity of its many salads and specials that have endured over the years, is that the prices are still low. Fillet of shark is only \$5.35, fillet of sole, \$6.75, and freshwater trout, \$6.50. And this includes salad, rolls, and butter placed between wedges of cardboard.

I ordered a small crab Louis salad (\$5.95) that proved to be skimpier than I remembered it, as well as being just plain skimpy, and that great standby, fish and chips "in our famous batter" (\$4.95). Let's face it, that fish and chips dinner is still terrific for what it offers and its equivalent can be found at any fish and seafood restaurant in San Diego. There were three very large pieces of fish, plenty of chips, and a choice of salad or cole slaw.

My friends had the fillet of sole (\$6.75) and the baqueta fish (\$7.25). Both were broiled, moist, palatable, and modest in aims and cost. My friends were small eaters and found the portions satisfying — people who dine at Anthony's don't expect mountains of food — the seafood salads gain their height and width from shredded lettuce.

I grieved for the loss of those wonderfully efficient waitresses from La Jolla. The young waitress we had in Solana Beach shooed my Louis sauce onto the serving plate, said she'd bring me fresh sauce, and never did. She constantly forgot requests for water, never approached our table unless I made dramatic arm movements, and was a caricature of a beach waitress — all suntan and no substance.

The winter should be a better time for this branch of Anthony's because the rooms won't seem quite so claustrophobic. I told a friend of mine that I had visited Anthony's in Solana Beach and she replied, "I recognize it. I know they had an Anthony's there." They do indeed, though it hardly evokes "that old feeling." □

City Lights

Rodeo

(continued from page 2)
an amendment to the county's general plan that would legally change the zoning of the grounds to commercial rather than residential. "And until they do," says Hurlbut, "they would be in violation of the zoning ordinance" if the scheduled events were allowed to go on. A second letter from ABC director Leslie "Pete" Case told Perkins that as of September 4, just after the annual Lakeside Chamber of Commerce Labor Day chili "cook-off," the facility could no longer serve alcohol of any kind — a sure death knell, even without the county prohibition on public events. "You can't have a concert or a rodeo and not serve alcohol," Perkins observes. "The people, through the years, have come to expect it."

So now Perkins finds himself in a particularly helpless position. Amendments to the county's general plan can be submitted three times a year — in March, August, and November — and he's not only past the August deadline, but he says he can't assemble the necessary documents and arguments until several months have passed, which also rules out the November deadline. He will thus have to wait until

March of 1985, before the start of the traditionally busy summer season but well after the staging of several fall and winter events, three of which have already been booked months in advance: a three-day Shriners rodeo, set for September 21 through 23; a Vietnam Veterans Dinner on September 30 sponsored by Congressman Duncan Hunter; and the October 20 Hank Williams, Jr. concert. The county planning department's Randy Hurlbut says that for any of those events to be held, Perkins has only one choice: he must obtain a temporary administrative permit from the sheriff's department for each event. — T.K.A.

On Deaf Ears

(started from page 2)
serving the deaf community in Los Angeles. She had no luck. With only two weeks left before the play was scheduled to begin, Blakistone cast as Ona Randy Frost, a young man who has full hearing ability. Deaf Community Services of San Diego was not pleased with Blakistone's decision.

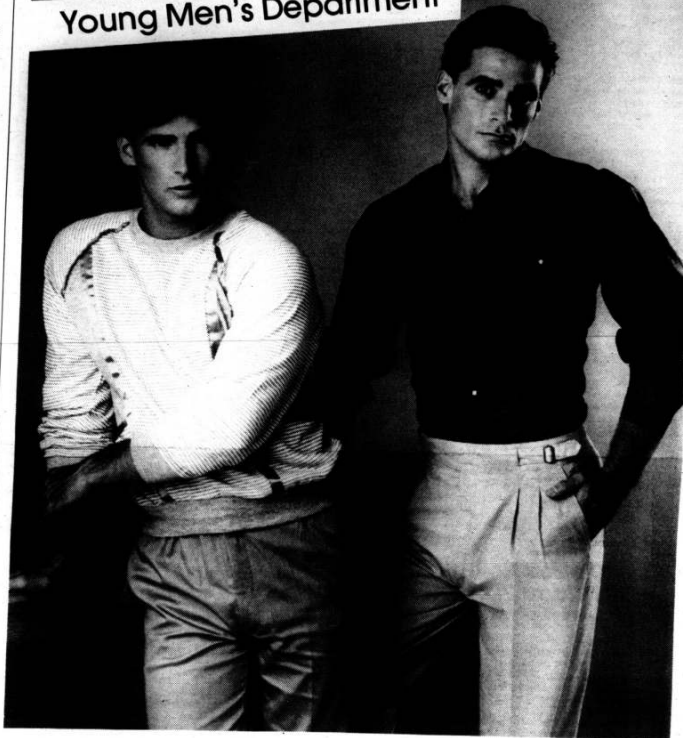
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Blakistone had cast a hearing man as Ona, the director says, Deborah Castle made it clear to her that DCS would no longer be interested in supporting the (continued on page 36, col. 1)

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City Lights

On Deaf Bars

(continued from page 23)
production, that it no longer wanted the stage for a fundraiser, and that it would make no secret of its dissatisfaction to the deaf community at large.

Deborah Castle declined to comment publicly on DCS's reaction to North Coast's choice of actor for Orin, but suggested that Pat Siegen, the organization's president, would be willing to talk. "Our first responsibility is to the deaf community," says Siegen, a hearing woman. "Casting a hearing person in a deaf or hard-of-hearing part would be like having a white person play a black person's part in any play; only in this case it's worse. In the first place, there are few plays that deal with the concerns of the deaf, and secondly, Orin is actively involved in fighting for the deaf community. He's militant. To have a hearing person play his part is ridiculous."

Caught in the crossfire are the deaf people involved in the production. Maureen O'Grady, who plays the female lead, faintly flinches when discussing the controversy. "DCS is supposed to serve us, the deaf community. They know very well how hard Olive [Blakestone] tried to find a deaf person for Orin's part; they shouldn't let politics dictate everything that they do. The play itself is important for deaf people." She goes on to say that DCS's displeasure had a chilling effect within the deaf community and that the interpreted performances for the play were poorly attended by the deaf and hearing and deaf. "The deaf community in San Diego is very small," she says. "It's around 12,000. So it's like a small town and everyone knows all the gossip. Everyone knew that DCS

wasn't happy with the play." Pat Siegen counters by saying that if DCS had made it clear that they were unhappy with North Coast's production, they would have been taken to task by the more militant members of San Diego's deaf community. "Many deaf people are tired of being ignored," she says. "They're tired of having hearing people making their decisions for them."

—R.O.

Zip

(continued from page 3)
accustomed to their Del Mar addresses. "I am not pleased with it at all," says Sandy Arledge, for eight years the owner of A.O.H.A. Horses For Sale on El Camino Real. "I feel it's going to be confusing to have a San Diego address when the nearest city is Del Mar, the nearest post office is in Del Mar, the nearest everything is in Del Mar."

—T.K.A.

Chinatown

(continued from page 3)
who has lived in Chinatown since his birth in 1917—herman the female demise of Chinatown, most of the long residents are concerned only that rents in their new apartments will be more costly, even with promised government subsidies of up to \$4000 over four years. Michael Yuan, a junior at San Diego High, hopes to convince his parents that North Park is the best place to settle. He won't have to transfer schools, and there are several supermarkets in North Park. "My parents say there's no Chinese market there, but that's fine with me," Michael says. "I don't like Chinese food anyway."

—P.K.

Paul Krueger,
Thomas K. Arnold,
and Randy Optimar

Letters

(continued from page 4)
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—T.K.A.

The Full Gamut

I, also, am disappointed in the "City Lights" article "Down on the Pharmacies" (August 23). In reading the article, most were left with the impression that Point Loma Pharmacy was one of the pharmacies under investigation by the district attorney. It is not.

Further, the article's interpretation of my comments led to the statement being printed: "It is virtually impossible for a pharmacist to quote a price for a drug without seeing the patient." That statement led to the further confusion of an already incompetent CalPRO consumer program director, Carmen Gonzalez, as evidenced by her letter which you printed September 6.

The thrust of my comments was not directed at "seeing" as in "looking at," but in "knowing" exactly what services the patient wants included in the prescription price. A simple explanation is that a prescription price includes two factors, the cost of the medication or product and the service rendered. The latter, the "service," is what a full-service

pharmacy must know before quoting an exact price for a prescription. My pharmacy is a full-service pharmacy offering, at one end of the spectrum, the full gamut of services (charge accounts, free delivery, computerized patient profiles, and emergency service). At the other end of the spectrum is a cash-and-carry net price (prescription service only), which is far less costly. Hopefully, this will clarify your article for your readers. As for Ms. Gonzalez, I doubt anything will help.

Alan G. Robins, president
Point Loma Pharmacy, Inc.

In Your Face

Regarding your article which dealt with cosmetic surgery ("The Incision Decision," August 16), many wrote at length and several letter writers echoed a theme such as, "No one seemed to really notice"; or they did, but couldn't tell why the person seemed different. No one seemed to hit on the fact that just isn't that damned important to others that you're tried to "redo the map" which is your face. They're busy with their own preoccupations. In one of his lesser-known gems of wisdom, Abraham Lincoln said, in effect: after the age of forty or so, each is responsible for his own face. You bet! The psyche etches its state onto your physiognomy, and feeling around with it doesn't change the content of the psyche or the values reflected on the mug—a face is still just that. Real content will shine through and will be noticed. Believe it and save your money.

D.J. Briggs
San Diego

Says Who

As a frequent reader of the Reader over the past several years, I have read Duncan Shepherd's film reviews often—with offense and/or amusement. He's entitled to his opinion as long as he doesn't mix opinion with fact and as long as he gets his facts right.

In his short blurb about *A Thousand Clowns* ("Current Movies," August 2), Mr. Shepherd should be advised that Jason Roberts plays the boy's uncle, not his father. Indeed, Roberts, when asked by the social worker where the boy's father is, replies, "That's a 'who' question, not a 'where' question."

Gail Forman
Del Cero

Do You Still Beat Your Students?

Your reviewer, Duncan Shepherd, has plumed new depths of ignorance and inaccuracy. He solemnly informs his readers ("Current Movies," August 2) that *Another Country* is "a portrait of Cambridge University in the 1930s." The most modest check of the facts would have informed him

that it is in fact a portrait of an English public (i.e., private boarding) school in the 1930s. (I am not speaking of the locations on which the movie was shot.) Does Mr. Shepherd seriously believe that beatings were administered at Cambridge or any other English university in the 1930s? Any journalist who can display so total a contempt for factual accuracy has no business to be reviewing for your journal.

Nicholas Jolley
Solana Beach

Duncan Shepherd replies: Frankly I did not seriously believe very much of *Another Country*, and did not come out of it with much more knowledge of the English educational system than I went in with. I thought I recollected when I sat down to do the write-up that the school had been quite cunningly unspecified. A studious check of the *Los Angeles Times* and the *San Diego Union* suggested that it was "an Oxford-like school." "Oxford," respectively, but I also recollected that the actual person on whom the movie was based had gone to Cambridge. And then the actors, almost to a man, looked too old to be "any students but university."

Such depths of inaccuracy ought to be able to be plucked without provoking such heights of indignation.

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Gail Forman
Del Cero

Off the Cuff

How do you feel about the pop lyrics being written today?



Dirk Petch
Traveler
La Jolla

What I don't like are all the heavy metal things with references to Satan, Venom, for example, sings, "I'm in a league with Satan/I'm the master's own/I drink the blood of children/As they lie alone." Something like that. It's pretty dumb, everybody's doing it right now. What I do like is psychobilly—it's kind of a mixture between rockabilly and punk. A lot of the songs are about insanity and madness. It's kind of funny, actually. My favorite one is "Earwigs in My Brain." The lyrics go: "I want to the doctor and he said/I fear you've got a female earwig growing in your brain/One female earwig can do much harm/But if you put one in your brain, you'll get an earwig farm."



Linda A.
Secretary
Pacific Beach

Words that are repeated over and over again that don't have anything to do with anything else drive me crazy. There's a song out now and it goes: "You're gonna ride the white horse/You're gonna ride the white horse/You're gonna ride the white horse." They just keep going—ride, ride, ride. Then it changes to: "You're gonna ride the white pony/You're gonna ride the white pony/You're gonna ride the white pony." About five more times with the white pony, then it goes back to the white horse. It's really dumb. I like Cyndi Lauper's lyrics a lot, you know, the girl with the pink hair. She sings "Girls Just Want to Have Fun." I like Pat Benatar. Songs like "Hit Me with Your Best Shot." That goes something like: "Hit me with your best shot/Hit me with your best shot/Hit me with your best shot/Fire away."



Fran Spaltro
Student
Normal Heights

One of my least favorite lyrics is the one about the guy who finds a girl's number written on a wall and decides to call her up for a good time. The lyrics are something like: "Beechwood 4-5-7-8-9/You can call me up and have a date/Any old time." It's a cheap idea. I like lyrics that have a little worth. They don't necessarily have to make sense. Jackson Browne has always appealed to me. And there's a line from a song by Huey Lewis and the News that really hit home, it goes: "I used to make me so fed up/People always askin' me/What are you now that you've grown up?" Exactly what I want to be. I'm a student of English literature, Latin, and Greek. I'm fed up being asked what I'm going to do with it.



Margaret Andrikopoulos
Dental Student
San Diego

In Greece there was recently a popular song with words I didn't like; nasty words that talk about drugs. I just can't repeat them but it was about a guy who gets involved with drugs, goes to jail, and instead of helping, he gets deeper into it there. In my country we don't have rehabilitation centers for addicts like you have here. I like lyrics that talk about life and about romance. That's what I listen for in American pop music. There's a Greek song that's been around for a long time. I love it. If I tell you the words in English I'm not going to sound as good but I'll try. "Don't talk about love/Love is everywhere/In our eyes, hearts, lips, minds./If you're suffering from the loss of love, remember/Love will knock at your door again and say good morning/That's how life goes."



Ed Deffin
Marine Biologist
Del Mar

I'm not crazy about current pop lyrics but it's impossible to live in this culture and not be exposed to them. There's one song that drives me nuts. "If ever I'm in your arms again/This time I'll love you forever/This time will never end." What does that mean? What makes this time any different? Did the guy go through intensive therapy? Was he hit by a bus? Half the lyrics today are unintelligible. I'm a sucker for romantic songs of the Twenties and Thirties. I like words from show tunes. How about E. Y. Harburg: "Stars in the night/Blazing their light/Can't hold a candle to your razzle-dazzle/You've got me flyin' high and wide/On a magic carpet ride/Full of butterflies inside/Wanna cry, wanna cry/Wanna laugh like a loon/It's that old devil moon in your eyes."

—Len Jenkins

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PRODUCED BY FAHN & SILVA PRESENTS IN ASSOCIATION WITH

Section 2 Events, Theater, Music, Film

Celebrity, Excess & Style

The Jazz Age, a brief decade between the Allied victories and the Crash of '29. The Scopes trial, Teapot Dome, Prohibition, and Einstein's postulations on Relativity are mere chronological beatings in an era when notoriety, celebrity, style, and excess blurred into an unending Tetraon banquet whose hosts, Scott and Zelda, reigned supreme over a land of plenty, lapped by a wine-dark sea.

This Monday, September 24, novelist F. Scott Fitzgerald would have been eighty-eight. As it was, he died in relative obscurity when he was forty-four, an alcoholic, down on his money and heretofore former friends. Zelda died eight years after in a fire at the North Carolina sanitarium where she had passed six of the last twelve years of her life.

In commemoration of Fitzgerald's birthday anniversary this Monday, D.G. Wills bookstore in La Jolla will offer an evening of discussion and dramatic readings. San Diegoan Wilmon Menard, a former news correspondent and screenwriter, who spent several years on the Riviera with Somerset Maugham and who subsequently became his biographer, will serve as host. Highlights on the program will include a taped reading (the voice is that of actor Alexander Scourby) of the final chapter of *The Great Gatsby* and a dramatic reading by Heath Park from Menard's one-man stage play,

W. Somerset Maugham; the scene recalls Maugham's impressions of Fitzgerald's work and years in Europe (Maugham, like Hemingway, blamed Zelda for her husband's artistic and physical deterioration). Most unusual, however, will be the tape recording procured from the Princeton University archives—the only known recording that Fitzgerald made. Shortly before his death he and columnist Sheilah Graham—

(continued on page 8, col. 1)



F. Scott Fitzgerald, Zelda Sayre Fitzgerald

When You're Having More Than One

In matters of beer, San Diego is generally noted as a consumer of the life-giving beverage, not as a producer of it. Who can ignore, after all, the astounding Annual Thirst, also known as the World Championship Over-the-Line tournament held each July on Fiesta Island? And, of course, there was the late but legendary Murry "the Sandman" McCaffrey of Mission Beach, who, in 1955, perfected the previously precarious art of drinking beer while riding a bicycle by adding elevated handle bars with an attached styrofoam sleeve to a Schwinn Suburban and created the prototype of the now-ubiquitous beach cruiser.

But beer buffs with a taste for history in their hops need only look a little deeper to learn that San Diego didn't always get its chilly lagers exclusively from out-of-town brewers; indeed, the years from 1868 through 1953 saw the rise and fall of no fewer than eleven breweries in the local area. The first was the Pioneer Chollas Valley Brewery, which opened 116 years ago on the Christian Dobler farm in Chollas Valley, and made brew until 1882. During roughly the same period the City Brewery Saloon and Beer Gardens manufactured and served cold ones on the corner of Fifth Avenue and B Street, downtown. The biggest of the local suds factories was the San Diego Brewing Company, which opened in 1896 and was then



Photograph by Cathy Corcoran

removed unceremoniously by the Navy in 1942 on the flimsy and still-controversial pretext that the Thirty-second Street site was more valuable to the war effort as a base for the Pacific fleet than as a source of icy brews.

Thanks to the proximity of our foreign neighbor to the west, not even the Volstead Act could stop the proper production of beerola in the local area, for, in response to Prohibition, brewers opened in both Tijuana and Mexicali, filling the arbitrary and wholly unnatural void created by a few dangerously sober pilgrims in American public office. In 1932 the Mexicali operation moved to Main Street in San Diego, where it survived until 1953, first as the Attec Brewing

Company, and, later, as the Alter Brewing Company—pending finally in the face of competitive pressure from rapidly expanding national brewers.

If you think you have the bells for this kind of thing, hops on down this Saturday, September 22 to 1741 Hancock Street (at the foot of Washington Street) and join the International Beer Tasting, sponsored by the San Diego Historical Society's Horton League. The tasting will be conducted by Frank Dickens, an Englishman who claims to have been born in a brewery and who grew up to become a brewmaster for Watney's in England. A single tax-deductible admission buys your beer, compatible horns

(continued on page 9, col. 1)

Glued To The Tube

My appreciation for surfing increased exponentially one summer day in 1968, when I visited Torrey Pines for what I expected would be the first of many ritualistic communions with the sea. With Dick Dale guitar providing a neural soundtrack, and packing under my arm a just-purchased, used surfboard whose length and weight would by today's standards make it a veritable aircraft carrier. I sloshed through the knee-deep foam toward the manly outer swells. My first inkling that Mother Sea was in no mood to receive one of her children came

soon enough when a sly wave reached up and shoved the board into my face, chipping a tooth and bloodying my lip; what followed made that unpleasant occurrence seem like a welcoming kiss. For two hours I wrestled with the behemoth board as if it were a stuffed vinyl alligator from a Taran film. If I wasn't breathlessly paddling to catch a swell that would inevitably pass by me with a devious hiss, I was being tumble-dried by a wave that would separate me from my board, dunk us both, then reunite us with an unexpected whump just as we broke the surface, Polaris-style. I spent much of the second hour pursuing my board as it made vain attempts to escape embarrassment by floating solo

to the beach. But the coup de grace came when I emerged from one of many near-drownings to see the outline of a shark's fin creasing the water nearby. I yelled like a maniac to those surfers within shouting distance, only to realize that the "fin" was nothing more than the skeg on my overturned board. Bruised, battered, and humiliated, I trudged to shore and swore never again to set foot to board. I have kept my oath for sixteen years, during which time I have on numerous occasions found myself watching agile surfers ply the local waters, my brow knitted with the combination of awe and befuddlement that Captain James Cook must have experienced when he first saw Hawaiians riding the waves in

(continued on page 9, col. 1)

Stage Of Revolution

Here is a fascinating and revealing vignette from the career of Nicaragua's Nixtalero, a theater collective headed by Alan Bolt. Bolt brought his company to the Havana Theater Festival last February. They performed his play *El Mundo, El Demonio y La Carne* ("The World, The Devil, and the Flesh"), which is about a power-hungry official in one of the Sandinista ministries. The play and its production came in for a great deal of criticism. Bolt's theater had come into being before the Sandinista takeover, and its raison d'être at that time had been opposition to the pre-revolutionary regime. Dictatorship and neocolonialism were its subjects, its aim was the overthrow of the regime, and its means was to make its audiences, mainly the poor Indians of the Nicaraguan mountains, take part in the struggle against oppression. This, then, was political theater, critical and revolutionary, somewhat in the manner of Brecht, though its roots were in the native traditions of the country's Indians.

After the Sandinistas—revolution, the theater contended to be political. But the need to overthrow the pre-revolutionary dictatorship, as Bolt refers to it, was now superseded. What was needed



Alan Bolt, director of Nixtalero was theater that criticized abuses within the revolutionary government and society. The tyrannical bureaucrat, the "little Machiavelli," became Bolt's target, and his play constituted an attack on this tendency. In Havana, however, he was reproached: "Why are you talking about these little Machiavellis in the state? Couldn't that be bad propaganda for the revolution?" It is a familiar question to those who know the history of theater. The same reproach was leveled against similar Soviet theaters in the 1920s and again more recently: Poland and Czechoslovakia have seen the syndrome repeat itself. The answer Bolt gave in Havana was also familiar: "To talk about the truth is never bad propaganda." How many Soviet artists said

(continued on page 9, col. 4)



READER'S GUIDE TO LOCAL EVENTS

Contributions to READER EVENTS must be received by mail no later than the Friday preceding the Thursday issue in order to be considered for publication. Please do not phone. The Events Editor reserves the right to edit all materials. Send complete information, including a description of the event, the date and time it is to be held, the precise address of where it is to be held, and a contact phone number for publication to: READER EVENTS EDITOR, P.O. Box 80803, San Diego, CA 92158.

Dance

Scottish Country Dancing is held Fridays, 7:30 p.m., St. James Hall.

7776 Eads Avenue, La Jolla, 454-5191.

"Dance Jam," create your own style in an evening of freestyle, recreational dancing every Friday night, 9 p.m., 1255 Fifth Avenue, Hillcrest, 239-7713.

Circle Dancing, meditative "soft dancing" is conducted weekly, Mondays, 7 p.m., 4070 Jackdaw Street, Mission Hills, 298-9677.

The Royal Scottish Country Dance Society of San Diego conducts beginning classes, every Monday, 7:30 p.m., room 222, Casa Del Prado, Balboa Park, 565-9981 or 466-0724.

International Folk Dancing is held, every Wednesday, 7 p.m., Balboa Park Club, Balboa Park.

583-2541.

Benefit Dance, "September Swing 1984," a benefit for St. Vincent de Paul Center, featuring the Bob Crosby Band, playing music from the Big Band era, Friday, September 21, 8 p.m., San Diego Hilton Beach and Tennis Resort, Mission Bay. Reservations: 297-5756.

Dance Concert, Mary Ann Willoughby will present works by Rene Guernick, Jean Isaac, Nancy McCabe, and Edward Winslow, Saturday, September 22, 8 p.m., San Diego City College Theatre, Twelfth Avenue and C Street, downtown, 296-9521.

Benefit, Too, the La Jolla Civic University Symphony Association hosts a benefit tea dance, Saturday,

September 23, 4 p.m.; reservations for the dance, which will be held at a private residence, may be made at 223-0492 or 459-0140.

Film

Film Premiere, director Jonathan Kaplan's *Hair Like a Wheel* has its San Diego premiere, Friday, September 21, 7:30 p.m., Sherwood Auditorium, La Jolla Museum of Contemporary Art, 700 Prospect Street, La Jolla, 454-0267.

Museum Films, two films, *The British: Heritage of the Sea and Dances*, an animated short, screen, Saturday, September 22 and Sun-

day, September 23, 1 and 2:30 p.m., Natural History Museum, Balboa Park, 232-3821.

"American Way Film Festival," the two-month, twelve-film series of classic American movies continues with *Way Out West*, Monday, September 24, 7:30 p.m., and *From Here to Eternity*, Tuesday, September 25, 7:30 p.m., Puppet Theater, Presidents Way, Balboa Park, 236-5471.

"High Noon," Gary Cooper and Grace Kelly star in this film western, Tuesday, September 25, 7 p.m., Coronado Public Library, 640 Orange Street, Coronado, Free, 435-4187.

(continued on page 4)

"Something we were withholding made us weak—until we found it was ourselves."—Robert Frost

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Roll back the rug, put out the snacks, and bring in the cat. Saturday afternoon "A Prairie Home Companion" is on the air—live from downtown St. Paul, Minnesota.

Dance to the Music Le Hot of Butch Thompson (America's Most Relaxed Man) and his award-winning trio. Catch up on all the news from Lake Wobegon, "The Little Town That Time Forgot." Learn about cat-owning from Bertha's Kitty Boutique. And find out what Powdermilk Biscuits can do for you.

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Art Show



Thursday, Sept. 20 - Sunday, Sept. 23

Come browse through an extensive collection of fine art from local artists and craftsmen. You'll see beautiful paintings, handcrafts, sculptures, wood carvings, batiks, stained glass and more. Shop Bullock's, Saks Fifth Avenue, May Company, Montgomery Ward and 125 specialty shops and restaurants. New Saks Fifth Avenue and all shops are open Monday through Friday 10am to 9pm, Saturday 10am to 6pm and Sunday 12 to 5pm.

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EXIT 18 at Mission Center Road

THIS WEEKEND!



COIN SHOW WITH \$1,000,000 RARE COIN AUCTION!

San Diego's biggest and best major national coin show. Approximately 200 dealers in all areas of coin collecting, from throughout the country. Free coin seminars starting Saturday, 1 pm by some of the nation's foremost rare coin experts.

1/2 PRICE ADMISSION

Save \$1 with this coupon (regular \$2 admission). Children under 16 admitted free. Hours 10 am-6 pm on Friday & Saturday; 10 am-2 pm on Sunday.

Friday, September 28-Sunday, September 30
Convention & Performing Arts Center (Golden Hall)
202 "C" Street, Downtown San Diego
For further information call 273-3566

Next coin show: January 25-27, 1985

MEET DONALD DUCK AT HIS 50TH BIRTHDAY PARTY!



LA JOLLA VILLAGE SQUARE, SATURDAY, SEPTEMBER 22

Donald is inviting all his special friends to celebrate with him at the party of the year this Saturday at La Jolla Village Square.

10 am - 2 pm

Sign Donald's giant birthday card which will be presented to him at his party.

1:15 pm

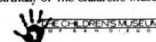
See Donald Duck tour the La Jolla Village Square Convenience Center in San Diego's longest, most elegant \$100,000 limousine.

Provided by Rich Man Poor Man Limousine Service

2:00 pm

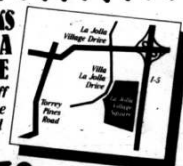
Greet Donald as he arrives at his birthday celebration at La Jolla Village Square. Children receive free Donald Duck buttons and cake.

Join La Jolla Village Square in celebrating Donald Duck's 50th Birthday and the 1st Birthday of The Children's Museum of San Diego.



MAKE TRACKS TO LA JOLLA VILLAGE SQUARE

On Villa La Jolla Drive off La Jolla Village Drive between Torrey Pines Road and I-5



LI

LA JOLLA VILLAGE SQUARE

READER'S GUIDE

(continued from page 2)

"Evening Film Series," the multi-long series of Brazilian film concludes with *Vida Seca* ("Barren Lives"), a 1963 film recounting one family's struggle to survive in the drought-ravaged sertão of Brazil. Wednesday, September 26, 7:30 p.m., Sherwood Auditorium, La Jolla Museum of Contemporary Art, 700 Prospect Street, La Jolla. 454-3541.

MUSIC

Chamber Orchestra, the Los Angeles Chamber Orchestra, under the direction of Gerald Schwartz, returns for another season; the first program features Schubert's Symphony No. 4 in C Minor (Trio), Liszt's "Valse-Andante," and a concert for Chamber Orchestra, and David

Diamond's *Romeo and Juliet*. Friday, September 21, 8 p.m., East County Performing Arts Center, 210 East Main Street, El Cajon. 459-3724.

San Diego Folk Festival House Concert Series continues with the Slide Series, Friday, September 21, 8 p.m., Copley Family YMCA, at Fortieth Street and Landis Avenue, North Park. 282-7833.

Guitarist John Lyon will perform Saturday, September 21, 7:30 p.m., Habitat Bookshop and Cafe, 4711 Third Street, La Mesa. 697-7222.

Jazz: the James Zollar Jazz Quartet will be featured, Saturday, September 22, 8 p.m., in the galleries of the Multicultural Arts Institute, 425 Market Street, downtown. 236-1521.

A Pre-Selichot Concert, featuring the Jewish Community String Orchestra, with about Karen Kravitz, guitarist Fred Benedito, and tenor

Sheldon Merel, is scheduled; the program includes Julius Chapin's "Melody and Dance for English Horn and Orchestra," Alan Hovhaness' "Shepherd of Israel," written for flute, horn, and strings, Milton Barnes' "The Ladino Suite," and Jewish folk songs. Sunday, September 22, 9:30 p.m. The public is invited to attend the Selichot service afterward, at 11:30 p.m., Congregation Beth Israel, 2512 Third Avenue, Hillcrest. 239-0449.

Quartet Recital, the Classical Arts String Quartet will perform a program of Bach, Mozart, and Hindt, Sunday, September 23, 1 p.m., La Jolla Village Square, 8657 La Jolla Village Drive, La Jolla. Free. 455-7550.

Organ Concert, Robert Plimpton will play works of Mendelssohn, Milhaud, Dvořák, and others, in tribute to the opening of "The Precious Legacy" exhibit, Sunday, September 23, 2 p.m., Spreckels

Organ Pavilion, Balboa Park. Free.

Piano Recital, pianist Roger Gregory will perform Debussy preludes, Sunday, September 23, 5 p.m., Words and Music, 1806 Fourth Avenue, Hillcrest. 298-4011.

Organ Masterworks from a variety of musical styles and periods will be performed by Daniel Burton, Sunday, September 23, 7 p.m., First United Methodist Church, 2111 Camino del Rio South, Mission Valley. 297-4366.

"The Naked Gershwin" seems to be straining all over town; the program, with pianist Cecil Lytle, vocalist Gwendolyn Lytle, and narrator Paul Salzman, will now stop off for a performance, Sunday, September 23, 7:30 p.m., First Unitarian Church, 4180 Third Street, Hillcrest. 298-9978.

"Basically Bach," Jack Miller will perform an organ recital, accompanied by several instrumentalists

and singers, in celebration of the bicentenary of J.S. Bach's birth. Sunday, September 23, 7:30 p.m., Christ Lutheran Church of La Mesa, 2929 La Mesa Boulevard, La Mesa. 462-5211.

Classical Guitarist Fred Benedito will perform works of Bach, Albeniz, and others, Wednesday, September 26, 2 p.m., Carlsbad City Library, 1250 Elm Avenue, Carlsbad. Free. 438-5614.

An Evening of Improvisation and Composition will be offered by bassist Bertram Turetzky, percussionist Daryl Pratt, with Vinne Golia, woodwind, and Lee Kaplan, synthesizer, Wednesday, September 26, 8 p.m., Recital Hall, Mandeville Center, UCSD. 452-1229.

Chamber Music, flutist Diane Anshel, clarinetist Samuel Glashow, and pianist Neil Miller will perform sonatas of Bach, Hindemith, and Wisthal, Tuesday, September 27,

To Local Events

7:30 p.m., San Diego Public Library, 820 E Street, downtown. Free. 236-5849.

Special

Storvick's Carol Buch will regale her listeners during the next evening of family storytelling, tonight, Thursday, September 20, 7 p.m., Downey Magge's Cafe, 3089 University Avenue, North Park. 569-9399.

Puppet Shows, the Kott family enacts *The Three Little Pigs*, Friday, September 21, 10 a.m., Saturday, September 22, 4 p.m., at the site of the old Mission Brewery Company's bottling, 1747 Hancock Street, near Washington Street, and Kettner Boulevard, downtown. 297-3158.

The Nicaraguan Theater Company Nixavoleros, on its first U.S. tour, will perform one night only,

Friday, September 21, 8 p.m., First Unitarian Church, 4190 Front Street, Hillcrest. 459-4650.

Nature Walks in the northern Tijuana River estuary are conducted, every Saturday, 9 a.m., sponsored by the Southwest Wetlands Interpretive Association, meet at the south end of Fifth Avenue, Imperial Beach. 237-6768.

"International Beer Tasting," the San Diego Historical Society sponsors this benefit in recognition of San Diego's role in the history of beer making; after all, once upon a time there were eleven breweries in operation here; a former brewmaster will be on hand, and you'll find displays of beer, memorabilia, Sunday, September 22, 4 p.m., at the site of the old Mission Brewery Company's bottling, 1747 Hancock Street, near Washington Street, and Kettner Boulevard, downtown. 297-3158.

1984 Beach Ball, Mission Beach's

Save the Coast committee sponsors a benefit featuring a 1920s theme, with Dixieland jazz, food, a dance contest, and raffle; period costume is recommended, Saturday, September 22, 7 p.m., at the roller coaster, Mission Beach. Reservations at 224-4347.

Walking Tour, a moderate, one-hour hike through San Clemente Canyon will be offered by the Natural History Museum Camponeros, Sunday, September 23, 2 p.m. Free. 232-1821 x264.

Bicycle Show, exotic bikes will be on exhibit, and prizes will be awarded in various classes, including Antique, Most Unusual, Most Beautiful, and Lightweight Classic, Sunday, September 23, 6 a.m., CycloArt, 410 Cabbage Lane, San Marcos. 744-7450.

Picnic for Peace, a number of organizations, including the Peace Resource Center, N.W. Nuclear Weapons Freeze, Womancare, and

the Alliance for Survival, sponsor this event; bring your own food—information will be provided; Sunday, September 23, noon, Balboa Park along Sixth Avenue between Laurel and Juniper streets. 238-1603.

Mexican Rodeo, the main event will be the tamale Pass of Death, in which a rider must ride his horse at full gallop (no saddle or reins) across the ring and leap from it onto the back of a wild mare, Sunday, September 23, noon, the Jamul charru ring, for directions and information phone 442-3529.

Lawn Program, the House of England's program will include music and songs by the Welsh Choral Society of San Diego, an English Maypole dance, and the Country Dancers, Sunday, September 23, 2 p.m., in the patio of the House of Pacific Relations, Balboa Park. 466-7654.

F. Scott Fitzgerald Birthday Celebration, dramatic readings and the only taped recording of a Fitzgerald recitation (Othello and poetry) highlight the evening of commemoration, Monday, September 24, 7:30 p.m., D.G. With Books, 7527 La Jolla Boulevard, La Jolla. Free. 456-1800.

Sports

Velodrome Racing continues, Friday, September 21, 7 p.m., San Diego Velodrome, 2221 Morley Field Drive, Balboa Park. 298-1570.

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

Celebrate the HIGH HOLIDAYS with the non-traditional alternative Jewish community

with Rabbi Rami Horvitz and cohosts Karla Holand-Montz & Greg Gottlieb



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Helen Martin brings her broad experience as a professional musician and teacher in London to a practical program designed for parents who want the love of music and performance skills to be an important part of their children's lives.

FREE WORKSHOP
Sunday, September 23, 8:00 pm
ASK ABOUT OUR SUZZUKI-PILUS PROGRAM
For more information 457-0671

THE DEL MAR FAIR SEEKS SCULPTOR

The 22nd District Agric. Assn. seeks an artist to create a full-size bronze statue of Don Diego. Two phase competition: 1. Submission of drawings. Closing date: 10/1/84. 2. Selected artists given stipend for scale model. Closing date: 10/22/84. Final sculpture completed 12/31/84; casting to commence 1/15/85. Total commission: \$33,000—including stipend & casting. To enter call Susan Travers at (619) 297-0338 or 755-1161.

Psychic Fair & Symposium

Saturday, September 22, 9:00 am-5:00 pm
featuring seminars with
Richard "Dick" Crippen
"Which birthstone is for you?" 11:00 am
Dr. Russell Meyer
"Your spiritual report card" 1:00 pm
Rick Williams
"Experiencing your dreams" 3:00 pm
Love donations of \$5 per seminar or \$12 for all three.

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PEACE—NOT WAR—IN '84

PICNIC FOR PEACE
Sunday, Sept. 23, Balboa Park
On 6th between Laurel & Juniper
All individuals, families and humanitarian organizations are welcome to attend this afternoon picnic to share their interests for world peace. Guest speakers and information tables will discuss the issues of peace, nuclear arms control and equal rights during the 1984 Presidential election.

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HOLIDAY INN

MISSION VALLEY
SATURDAY, SEPTEMBER 22
8:30-MIDNIGHT
Further information 586-0330

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"STUNNING" elegant, wickedly funny theatre... Nancy Green, San Francisco Examiner
"BREATHTAKING" full-fledged musical dramas with overwhelming impact... Robert Taylor, Oakland Tribune

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Fri. Six Even & Opening Night... \$19.50
Tues. Wed. Thurs. Even. at 8 p.m. & Sat. Even. at 7 p.m. \$18.00
Sat. & Sun. Mats. at 2 p.m. \$12.50
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OLD GLOBE THEATRE
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San Diego Arts Foundation presents

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October 5-7 at 8:00 P.M.
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Tickets \$28 \$16 \$10
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READER'S GUIDE

(continued from page 7)
Gallery, 660 Ninth Avenue,
downtown. 233-9242.

"New Responses to Ancient Media" artists Chetlain, Garner, and Plateris employ, respectively, paper, silk, and bamboo for their wall reliefs and sculptures, on display through October 18, Galerie 5, La Maison, 3683 Fifth Avenue, Hillcrest. 298-0119.

"Camera Magic," photographic works of Chuck Rouse, Steve Goldstein, Paul Johnson, and Alan Cook will be on display through October 20, Marbles Cultural Center, 247 South Kalmia, Escondido. 743-3322.

Jewish Settlement in San Diego 1850-1900," photographs, documents, and miscellaneous household items of the period chronicling the life of the first Jewish settlers in San Diego are on exhibit through January 21, 1985, San Diego Museum of Man, Balboa Park. 239-2001.

Pueblo Indian Pottery from the 1820s to 1900 is on display, Museum of Man, Balboa Park. 239-2001.

Celebrity

(continued from page 1)
his lover during his last years—passed a Hollywood shop whose window advertisement beckoned

passers-by to come in and record their voices. Fitzgerald did so, and recited extensive Act I, Scene 3 of *Oedipus*, as well as some poetry which scholars have yet to identify and may be of his own composition.

Today the reputation Fitzgerald enjoyed in the early Twenties is again his spokesman for his generation, who captured the innocence that came with the loss of innocence, and brought his gifted, graceful characters to ruin. His style was facile, Gertrude Stein called him "the only one of the younger writers who wrote naturally in sentences," but Hemingway, who thought of him as a "natural" rather than an artist and who derided most of Fitzgerald's work for both its superficiality and artificiality, wrote, "His talent was as natural as the pattern that was made by the dust on a butterfly's wings."

At one time he understood it no more than the butterfly did and he did not know when it brushed or marred. "His writing was effortless, and enabled him to produce the scores of short stories and articles which he alleged would bring him the financial freedom to concentrate on his novels. Instead, the money Fitzgerald made he squandered on revelry. Other impediments existed, however. First were the critics

whom Hemingway credited with making Fitzgerald so self-conscious about his early successes (notably *Gatsby*) that he feared of falling short in later endeavors rendered him impotent as a writer. And there was the legendary drinking, which began during Fitzgerald's Princeton years but catapulted into full-fledged inebriation in Europe, where he first met Hemingway, Stein, Joyce, and the coterie of expatriate literati. Both Hemingway and Thomas Wolfe believed that Fitzgerald's binges were born of his artistic frustration; later they suspected that his frequent drunken visits were—at some level of which he may have been unaware—attempts to disrupt their own work. Gradually, they learned to avoid him.

But Zelda. She was wild and beautiful and, at nineteen, had married the twenty-three-year-old Fitzgerald, whose first novel, *This Side of Paradise*, had been published only months before. From the start they were society's darlings and Zelda, the quintessential Southern belle, saw no reason to end the party. She asked whenever her husband wrote until he put aside his work to escort her out once again. Increasingly she grew jealous of his success, and not a few of her contemporaries blamed her for the waste of

Fitzgerald's talent. Hemingway recounts a dinner at which "she smiled happily with her eyes and her mouth too as [Fitzgerald] drank the wine. I learned to know that smile very well. It meant she knew Scott would be unable to write."

Their relationship worsened; at a dinner party at which she thought her husband too attentive to Isadora Duncan, Zelda hurled herself headlong down a stone stairway. Another time he had to wrestle the steering wheel from her hold as she veered off a road toward seaside cliffs. There was the evening she tried to throw herself beneath a train, or the night she lay down in front of their car and dared Fitzgerald to run her over; he had to be restrained. She publicly accused him of sexual inadequacy and homosexuality.

Their marriage became openly competitive. At twenty-eight Zelda took up her dancing lessons; she also started to write her own articles and books, and painted. Ironically, she grew most diligent when Fitzgerald was founding in alcoholic fog, and he, in turn, resented her discipline. When Zelda made plans to write a novel dealing with insanity, Fitzgerald, who was then working on *Tender Is the Night*, accused her of poaching his material and forced

her to withhold submission of her manuscript until after his own was published. He, however, would never blame Zelda for his increasing inability to write; at most he would record in his *Notes*, "I left my capacity for hope on the little roads that led to Zelda's sanitarium."

Zelda first collapsed in France in 1930, and was to spend the rest of her life in and out of institutions there, in Switzerland, and the U.S. Fitzgerald publicized his own version of emotional bankruptcy in his serialized "Crack Up" articles for *Esquire* magazine. His last years were spent as a screenwriter in Hollywood, suffering the contempt of former friends. He did, at the end, stop drinking, and began his final novel, *The Last Tycoon*, but did not live to complete it or to know that if he had, it would have been hailed as his finest. In the year of his death, his books sold a mere seventy-two copies.

Such anecdotes as these will no doubt be told, and there will be commentary on his writings at the anniversary commemoration this Monday, September 24, 7:30 p.m., at D.G. Wills Books, 7527 La Jolla Boulevard in La Jolla. The event is free. For further information on the evening's program phone 456-1800.

—Dinah McNichols

TO LOCAL EVENTS

Having More

(continued from page 1)
d'ouevres, and a chance to view a collection of beer memorabilia organized by the event's chairman, David Williams. The site will be the former bottling building of the Mission Brewing Company, which operated across the street (in what is now the American Agate Company building) from 1913 until 1918. Proceeds will be donated to benefit the San Diego/Tijuana International History Fair. Doors will open at 4:00 p.m. The tasting begins at 5:00. For further information on the International Beer Tasting event, please phone 297-7528.

—Stephen Hoffer

Tube

(continued from page 1)
1778. Since that failure years ago, I have been more willing to accept the claim by beach bunnies that surfing is more an art than a water sport. If it is, then a number of aquatic Picasso, Leonardos, and

Renoirs will be in San Diego this week to compete in the 1984 Stubbies Pro international surfing tournament. The Stubbies Pro, which is the biggest surfing event ever to take place in San Diego and which will mark the final California stop on the 1984-85 Association of Surfing Professionals (ASP) tour, will field 188 of the globe's finest surfers, representing eleven nations. During the first four of the tournament's six days, surfers will compete in four-man heats (under the world's only double-elimination format) for the two-day main event's twenty-eight berths. Those twenty-eight finalists will join the world's top sixteen surfers from the 1983-84 season and four wild-card seeds for the man-on-man competition that will see an overall champion walk away with the \$4000 first prize from a total purse of \$22,000. Among the competitors are two well-known Australians—1983-84 world champ Tom Carroll and four-time world champ Mark Richards; South Africa's Shaun Tomson and Martin Potter; Hawaii's Michael Ho, and top mainland United States surfer Tom Curran of Santa Barbara; Wes Laine of Virginia Beach, Virginia, and Jose Baran of nearby Vista will also compete. Site of the Stubbies Pro will

be Oceanside Harbor, chosen because it provides one of the best beach breaks in California and attracts good waves from all directions, especially at this time of year. Standing on scaffolding high above the beach, judges will be awarding points for such fundamentals as wave selection, ability to catch waves, distance traveled, skill in maneuvering, form, and execution of such acrobatic moves as "roundhouse cutbacks" (long, sweeping turns into the middle of a wave), "aerials" (leaving the water's surface and landing while still on the board), "off the lips" (thrusting to the top of a wave and then racing back down with a sharp, snapping movement), and "360s" (spinning a board in a complete revolution while riding the wave). More than 60,000 spectators are expected at Oceanside Harbor Beach to watch the Stubbies Pro, which is sponsored by Stubbies, Ltd. (an Australian surf-clothing manufacturer), the Dodge Division of Chrysler Corporation, O'Neill International, and Sol's Beer. The tournament will be held Tuesday, September 25, through Sunday, September 30, beginning at 6:30 a.m. each day, with the main event scheduled for Saturday and Sunday. For more information call 434-3026.

—John D'Agostino

Revolution

(continued from page 1)
that before they were silenced! Nixtayloro was criticized in Havana for another reason as well. This is not realistic theater. Building on native traditions, Bolt and his colleagues (they are five young men and two young women) had developed a theater of masks and dance, of songs and parables, of magic. The acting technique they used was not naturalistic but "presentational"—that is, the actors present the action, show it, tell it, but do not dissolve themselves in it; they remain outside the action, critically aware of it, even while they are acting. Once again the technique is Brechtian (Bolt had studied in Germany), although Nicaraguan Indian plays were the more immediate source. In Havana the use of music and dance and the nonrealistic treatment of the stage space was criticized as being "too avant-garde for the masses," "too uneducated people"—to which Bolt replied that this was not an

avant-garde theater but a popular theater, speaking to the common people in their own theatrical language. Once again the dispute has the ring of familiarity: just so the innovative, exciting, creative, revolutionary, avant-garde theater in Russia came into conflict with the Soviet government, with results that are widely known.

If I had been around in the Twenties, and had known what was to happen to the theater of Mayakovsky and Meierhold, I would have rushed to see that theater before it was too late. Nixtayloro, the bilingual theater from Nicaragua, will be performing in San Diego on Friday, September 21 at 8:00 p.m. The place: First Unitarian Church, 4190 Front Street (opposite University Hospital). The visit of this company, now engaged in a tour of the West Coast, is sponsored by the church's Social Responsibility/Service Committee and by the Friends of Nicaraguan Culture. For further information phone 459-4650.

—Ben Sira

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READER'S GUIDE TO THE THEATER

OTHELLO
Jack O'Brien's controversial production is on a small scale, with characters, emotion, and rhetoric toned down to give an intimate feeling. The production is controversial because some players seem to enjoy this approach, while others — like me — find it contrary to the whole spirit of Shakespearean theater. Paul Wolfeld, as the title character, is a competent actor and speaks the lines intelligently, but he lacks Othello's power, authority, passion, madness. Neither as the noble general making his grand speeches nor as the jealous husband in a frenzied breakdown does he attain anything near the monumentality demanded by the role. With so underbitten an Othello, the director was pretty well compelled to make Iago even less forceful. The result is Jonathan McMurry's bland, conversational, underplayed Iago, a villain that could not scare a cat. Gone is the icy Machiavellian will, gone the ennobling power of evil, gone the frightening power of character that can make everyone, even the audience, respond to his insidious persuasions. The rest of the acting is equally pallid, if not downright incompetent. Only Katherine McGrath stands out, but she is merely Emilia, a very small part. In addition to the weakness of its acting, this production is filled with bits of extraneous business that not only do not reinforce the meaning of the lines but in fact distract from what the characters are saying. This is an Othello to sleep

through. (Sa.)
Old Globe Theatre, through September 23; Thursday through Sunday at 8:00 p.m.; Matinee Saturday and Sunday at 2:00 p.m.

Cheshire cat, leaves only an ironic smile where your label would have gone. *Otherwise Engaged* begins with what appears to be an exception. Our first look at Simon Hensch, the

assured. Nothing, it seems, could frustrate his empyrean calm. Everything indicates he has long since risen above the mano-a-mano mess of daily existence. *Otherwise Engaged*,

of the man. Without altering a single gesture, Hensch's metamorphoses before our eyes. He betrays every character in the play — and our trusting expectations as well. *Otherwise Engaged* is a delightfully funny, beautifully crafted work of art that unravels not only itself but the audience as well. It is also in good hands at the Bowers Theatre. Director Kim McCallum has wisely cast himself as Simon Hensch. Those familiar with this actor's Mark Twain side will see a new McCallum here. His Hensch is rational, ironic, serene, at once a sinner by therapy for the masses huddling at his home and a satiric director orchestrating a shabby melodrama for his own summary amusement. This role — an anchorite and a libertine in the same breath — is but another indication of McCallum's range and enormous skills as an actor. McCallum the director has also assembled a first-rate cast. Brian Salmon, Douglas Roberts, Tamaris May, and Andrew Nichols all turn in noteworthy performances. As first their characters seem, by contrast to Hensch's equanimity, frantic, petty, and trivial. But the more we learn about Hensch, the more human the others become in this intelligent, funny, and brain-teasing production. (Sm.) Bowers Theatre, through September 23; Thursday through Sunday at 8:00 p.m.



The Dining Room

OTHERWISE ENGAGED
Simon Gray's characters refuse to stay put. Just when you think you can cubbyhole one of them into a convenient category, the character sidesteps the attempt and, like a

play's protagonist, suggests that for once Gray has created a stable being, a constant center around whom we can measure accurately the lunacies at the play's circumference. Hensch is an accomplished man, relaxed and

however, is like a mountaineering expedition led by a two-faced Shreps. The accent shows us one side of our leader, the descent another. In the play, Hensch doesn't change at all. What does change, irremediably, is our view

A PROUD LOOK, A LIVING TONGUE
Reviewed this issue.
Lamb's Players Theatre, through

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"The Bowery Theatre production of *Otherwise Engaged* is another triumph for McCallum and his colleagues."—Bill Hagen, Tribune

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READER'S GUIDE TO THE THEATER

October 7, Tuesday through Saturday at 8:00 p.m.; Matinee Sunday at 2:00 p.m.

TOP GIRLS

The South Coast Repertory Theatre presents the comedy by Carol Churchill, that asks the question: what price does the New Woman pay for success? As part of the play's answer, Churchill arranges a dinner party, at which women who have made their mark in history gather to discuss the issue. David Emmes directs the production. Cast members are Jennifer Parker, Martha McFarland (who plays Pope Joan), Patti Johns, Anni Long, Karen Hensel, Patti Naumke, and Gabrielle Sinclair. Cliff Faulkner has designed the sets, Shigeru Tajiri the costumes, and Brian Gale the lights. (Sm.)

South Coast Repertory Theatre, Second Stage, Tuesday, September 25 through October 21; Tuesday through Sunday at 8:00 p.m.; Matinee Saturday and Sunday at 2:30 p.m.

TWO FOR THE SEESAW

The Marquis Public Theatre is staging William Gibson's two-character

comedy-drama about a plain young woman from the Bronx who falls in love with a Midwestern lawyer with a cultured background and a beautiful socialite wife. Myka Andros directs the production. Margie Caserio is Gittel and Michael Picozzi is Jerry. The set design is by Joseph Dana. (Sm.) Marquis Public Theatre, Thursday, September 20 through October 14; Thursday through Saturday at 8:00 p.m.; Matinee Sunday at 2:00 p.m.

SANIT JOAN

Reviewed this issue.

South Coast Repertory Theatre, Mainstage, through October 14; Tuesday through Saturday at 8:00 p.m.; Sunday at 7:30 p.m.; Matinee Saturday and Sunday at 2:30 p.m.

SCAPINO!

As a counterweight to the most wretched summer season in Old Globe history we now have *Scapino!*, and it is a hit, a palpable hit. One can tell already that something terrific is in the offing the moment one spots the

gloriously gaudy and vulgar set by Douglas W. Schneider, this clever designer's consummate masterpiece. The outrageous boldness and gaudiness of the set, with not the slightest hint of anything good taste and decorum, is characteristic of the whole production, from costume design to the director's intentions, and the nature of the play. (Sa.) Old Globe Theatre, Festival Stage, through September 23; Thursday through Sunday at 8:30 p.m.

THE SUNSHINE BOYS

The Pine Hills Lodge Dinner Theatre presents the Neil Simon musical — lyrics by Carol Bayer Sager and music by Marvin Hamlisch. An established composer and his aspiring young lyricist collaborate well professionally, but they have a few problems in their personal relationship with each other. John B. Warner directs the production. Members of the cast include Toni Tanna, Richard Norason, Kathy Brown, Marko Denning, Kathleen Le Nestor, David Hendrick, and Billy Workman. (Sm.) North County Community Theatre, through September 25; Friday and Saturday at 8:00 p.m.; Matinee Sunday at 2:00 p.m.

actresses manage to create a solid little ally characterization, which is even more than the script requires. All the smaller roles, including some entertaining silent ones, are carried off skillfully. Above all, there is a consistency of style throughout the cast, a sense shared by everyone of the exact degree of preposterousness needed to suit the characters to the set, the director's intentions, and the nature of the play. (Sa.) Old Globe Theatre, Festival Stage, through September 23; Thursday through Sunday at 8:30 p.m.

THE THIRD PARTY

Reviewed this issue.
Gastrop Quarter Theatre, through November 10; Wednesday through Saturday at 8:00 p.m.; Matinee Sunday at 3:00 p.m.

or steak at 7:00 p.m. Vegetarian entrees are available on request. (Sm.) Pine Hills Lodge, through October 13; Friday and Saturday, dinner at 7:00 p.m., curtain at 8:00 p.m.

THEY'RE PLAYING OUR SONG

The North County Community Theatre presents the Neil Simon musical — lyrics by Carol Bayer Sager and music by Marvin Hamlisch. An established composer and his aspiring young lyricist collaborate well professionally, but they have a few problems in their personal relationship with each other. John B. Warner directs the production. Members of the cast include Toni Tanna, Richard Norason, Kathy Brown, Marko Denning, Kathleen Le Nestor, David Hendrick, and Billy Workman. (Sm.) North County Community Theatre, through September 25; Friday and Saturday at 8:00 p.m.; Matinee Sunday at 2:00 p.m.

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READER'S GUIDE TO THE MUSIC

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

It seems to follow that for a period immediately after a pop artist such as Prince becomes a bona fide phenomenon, everything that artist touches turns to gold—or in this case, purple. Although they can't hope to compete with the Main Man in terms of sales, such Prince projects as the Time (featuring Morris Day, his rival in *Purple Rain*), Apollonia 6 (nee Vanity 6), and Sheila E have benefited from the unmistakable, undeniable input of their mentor/producer. Like a doting father figure, Prince has bestowed upon each of these musical offspring his own predilections toward a sartorial dandyism that reeks of twisted glamor, percolating pop/funk rhythms seen together with shiny synthesizer filaments, and a satyrical sexuality so overt that it borders on parody. But Prince's influence has proven a mixed blessing. Because of a widespread inability to think of Prince's proteges as anything more than well-groomed studs and fillies in his stable, and because generally their talents pale in comparison to his, these artists-in-waiting seem to have suffered more than the usual quota of critical nit-picking and second-guessing. If any of Prince's subjects ever manage to escape from beneath his royal



SHEILA E

shadow, it will probably be Sheila E.

A skilled percussionist and studio musician long before she came to Prince's attention, Sheila E is a self-contained package to which Prince only added glittery wrapping, and her debut mini-album, *The Glamorous Life*, is more a tribute to her talents than to Prince's. The "E" in her name is an initial for Escovedo, a name respected throughout the Bay Area as nearly synonymous with Latin percussion. Raised in Oakland and trained as a violinist, the teenage Sheila

joined her father, Pete Escovedo, on timbales, congas, and other rhythmic instruments in such bands as Santana and Azteca before striking out on her own to work with the likes of George Duke, Con Funk Shun, Herbie Hancock, Spyro Gyra, Lionel Richie, Jeffrey Osborne, Diana Ross, and the late Marvin Gaye. By the time Prince asked her to contribute to the *Purple Rain* soundtrack, Sheila E was recognized as one of a handful of top-notch session percussionists in contemporary music. Prince, the twin sons of

whose solar system are music and sexy women, was so taken with Sheila E on both counts that he offered to work with her on her own album.

On first listen, then, *The Glamorous Life* sounds like a suitably kinetic pop/funk effort to which Prince has affixed his co-producer's imprimatur. It is after the second, third, and fourth hearings that one recognizes the record for the modest tour de force that it is. Not because it breaks any new ground in songwriting or production (although "The Belle of St. Mark" and "The Glamorous Life" are as good as anything Prince himself has done), but because the album shows the upstart Sheila E to be both a skilled multi-instrumentalist in her own right and a songwriter/co-producer with a veteran's intuition for providing each song with the appropriate musical framework and emphases. It's impressive enough that Sheila E sings all the lead and most of the background vocals and plays most of the instruments on *The Glamorous Life*, whose percussion-heavy mix balances salsa flavored, serpentine syncopation with head on funk/rock. But as great as the album sounds, it would merely be another rhythmic workout if Sheila E hadn't also imbued the songs with humor, heart, and an unforced sensuality. Sheila E is not a great singer in the soul diva tradition, but

she shows fine emotive and interpretive range in registering the warm-sheets sultriness of "Noon Rendezvous" ("I've been wondering what to wear/I love our noon rendezvous/I want to make love to you/your words they intoxicate me/I shiver each time you speak"), the mischievous playfulness of "Oliver's House" ("Fun... Oliver's house/make a lot of white noise... play with the white boys"), the mock-stately, opera buffa whimsy of "Next Time, Wipe the Lipstick Off Your Collar," and the funky wisdom of the title track ("She wants to lead the glamorous life/she don't need a man's touch/she wants to lead the glamorous life/without love it ain't much"). Sheila E's winning formula—wit, sensuality, quirky riffs, and compelling rhythms equal good listening—makes *The Glamorous Life* much less a spin-off from the Prince camp than an announcement of the arrival of a new and very promising original talent. Sheila E will be at the Rodeo on Monday night.

In other concerts in this abbreviated week, Gary Myrick will be at the Rodeo tonight, Thursday. Friday's shows include *Psychobud*, *Urban Umbrella*, *Modern Art*, and the *Accessories at the Spirit*, and Tommy Tutone at the Rodeo. On Saturday, *What Is This, Act Alert*, *Se Bevel*, and *Friends of Ghosts* are at the Spirit; while *Yellowman* is at the Rodeo.

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TICKETS AVAILABLE AT **THEATRE** AND **PROFESSIONAL** INCLUDING ALL MAY CO. AND **MAD JAZZ**, PLAZA AND **SHOPS** AND THE **ATC** BOX OFFICE. INCREASED FOR 50% ASSOCIATED STUDENTS BY **AVAILON** ATTRACTIONS. NO BOTTLES, CANS, OR ALCOHOLIC BEVERAGES PERMITTED IN OR AROUND THE FACILITY. TO CHANGE BY PHONE CALL (619) 592-0800 OR (714) 140-5500

Fahn & Silva presents

9IX
The Rock of the 90's
WELCOMES

BY OVERWHELMING SAN DIEGO DEMAND... THE RETURN OF

THOMPSON TWINS

A SPECIAL EXTRAVAGANZA IN THE DEL MAR TRADITION TO BE FILMED FOR AN UPCOMING THOMPSON TWINS T.V. SPECIAL

SUNDAY, SEPT. 30, 6:30 PM
DEL MAR RACETRACK

AND JUST ADDED
A FLOCK OF SEAGULLS

TICKETS—\$15.00 RESERVED AND \$13.50 GENERAL ADMISSION
RESERVED AND GENERAL ADMISSION TICKETS AVAILABLE AT ALL TELESEAT TICKET OUTLETS

GENERAL ADMISSION TICKETS AVAILABLE AT ALL TICKETMASTER TICKET OUTLETS

WITH SPECIAL GUEST
THE **WEATHER GIRLS**

PRODUCED BY FAHN & SILVA PRESENTS IN ASSOCIATION WITH THE DEL MAR FAIR ASSOCIATION

KIFM98 WELCOMES

AN UNBELIEVABLE NIGHT OF JAZZ... FUNK
... REBBAE FEATURING
ROBOTS! BREAK DANCERS!

HERBIE HANCOCK
and the **ROCKIT BAND**
with **DST, Bernard Fowler**
& **Foday Musa Suso**

And Very Special
Guest Stars
STEEL PULSE

Thursday, Sept. 27, 8 PM
Fox Theatre,
720 'B' Street

All seats reserved, available at the Fox box office, Aztec Center, Sears, 32nd St. Naval Station, On Target Records, and all Ticketron outlets or call 231-3554 to charge by phone.

KGB-FM 101 WELCOMES

QUIET RIOT

WEAR ALL CRAZEE NOW!!!

Whitesnake and **Kick Axe**
FRIDAY, SEPTEMBER 28, 7:30 P.M.

San Diego Sports Arena

TICKETMASTER

ALL SEATS RESERVED \$12.75 AND \$17.75. AVAILABLE AT THE SPORTS ARENA BOX OFFICE, AZTEC CENTER, 32ND STREET, NAVAL STATION, MAD JACKS, ALL ARENA OUTLETS, AND FOR MORE INFO: 234-4796

CONCERTS

Gary Myrick: Rodeo, tonight, Thursday, call for time. La Jolla Village Drive and Villa La Jolla Drive, La Jolla, 457-5590.

Yellowman: Rodeo, Saturday, September 22, 10 p.m., La Jolla Village Drive and Villa La Jolla Drive, La Jolla, 457-5590.

Psychobud, Urban Umbrella, Modern Art, and the Accessories: Spirit, Friday, September 21, 9 p.m., 1100 Bucones, 276-3863.

Tommy Tutone: Rodeo, Friday, September 21, call for time. La Jolla Village Drive and Villa La Jolla Drive, La Jolla, 457-5590.

What Is This, Art? Act. So Reveal, and Friends of Ghosts: Spirit, Saturday, September 22, 9 p.m., 1100 Bucones, 276-3863.

The James Zollars Quintet: Multi Cultural Arts Institute, Saturday, September 22, 8 p.m., 425 Market Street, downtown, 284-2071.

Gene "Negro" Perry and Orchestra Afro Rumba: Multi Cultural Arts Institute, Saturday, September 23, two shows, 5 and 8 p.m., 425 Market Street, downtown, 284-2071.

Sheila E: Rodeo, Monday, September 24, 10 p.m., La Jolla Village Drive and Villa La Jolla Drive, La Jolla, 457-5590.

The Charles McPherson Quintet: Monks, Tuesday, September 25, two shows, 8 and 10 p.m., 10475 San Diego Mission Road, Mission Valley, 281-9060 or 361-0060.

D.O.A., Abrasive Wheels, the Dum Dum Boys, and the Dairies: Fairmount Hall, Thursday, September 27, 8 p.m., 3670

Fairmount Avenue, East San Diego, 281-3670.

Herbie Hancock and Steel Pulse: Fox Theatre, Thursday, September 27, 8 p.m., 720 H Street, downtown, 481-6339.

Quiet Riot, Whitesnake, and Kick Axe: Sports Arena, Friday, September 28, 7:30 p.m., 224-4176.

Billy Vera and the Beaters: Billy Up Tavern, Friday, September 28, 9:15 p.m., 143 South Cedros Avenue, Solana Beach, 481-9022.

Odetta: Old Time Cafe, Saturday, September 29, 7 and 9 p.m., 1494 North Highway 101, Encinitas, 436-4030.

McVoy Tynes: La Jolla Museum of Contemporary Art, Sherrwood Auditorium, Saturday, September 29, 7:30 and 10 p.m., 700 Prospect, La Jolla, 439-1404.

Cyndi Lauper: SIDS's Open Air Theater, Saturday, September 29,

8 p.m., San Diego State University campus, 265-6947.

Thompson Twins, A Flock of Seagulls, and Weather Girls: Del Mar Fairgrounds, Sunday, September 30, 7:30 p.m., Via de la Valle, turn off from I-5, Del Mar, 481-6339.

The Diane Reeves Quintet: Monks, Tuesday, October 2, call for time, 10475 San Diego Mission Road, Mission Valley, 281-9060 or 361-0060.

George Benson: Fox Theatre, Wednesday, October 3, 7 and 10 p.m., 720 H Street, downtown, 481-6339.

Raphael: Golden Hall, Thursday, October 4, 8 p.m., Community Concourse, downtown, 481-6339.

Exciter and Prowler: Monks Avenue Theatre, Friday, October 5, 8 p.m., 3325 Adams Avenue, Normal Heights.

Santana: SIDS's Open Air Theater, Saturday, October 6, 7:30 p.m., San Diego State University campus, 265-6947.

The Art Ensemble of Chicago: La Jolla Museum of Contemporary Art, Sherrwood Auditorium, Friday, October 12, 9 and 11 p.m., 700 Prospect, La Jolla, 439-1404.

Johnny Winter: Bacchanal, Wednesday, October 17, 9 p.m., 8022 Clairemont Mesa Boulevard, 481-6339.

Rocio Durcal: Fox Theatre, Thursday, October 18, 8 p.m., 720 H Street, downtown, 272-8862 or 426-9060.

The Pointer Sisters: SIDS's Open Air Theater, Friday, October 19, 8 p.m., San Diego State University campus, 265-6947.

The Fixx: USD Gymnasium, Friday, October 20, 8 p.m., University of California at San Diego campus, La Jolla, 481-6339.

ROCKOLA the '60s



TONIGHT • 9 PM
Bathhouse, North Island
SUNDAY & MONDAY • SEPT. 23 & 24 • 9 PM
Carlton Murphy • UTC La Jolla
FRIDAY & SATURDAY • SEPT. 28 & 29 • 9 PM
Pia Soup Advertisers • Carlton
Booking information: 481-9316



THE BACKDOOR IS BACK WITH THE UNTOUCHABLES PLUS MANUAL SCAN

Friday September 21, 8:00 pm
The Backdoor, S.D.S.U.
Students \$5.00 General public \$7.00
Aztec Center box office (265-6947), all Ticketron outlets, plus Off the Record.

COMING UP: ZUMA 2—FRIDAY, OCTOBER 5
ROMEO VOID—SUNDAY, OCTOBER 7

Sponsored by the

ASSOCIATED STUDENTS **AS** with **9IX** The Rock of the '80's!

WE'RE DEALING LIVE ROCK TUESDAY THROUGH SATURDAY FROM 8:00 PM NIGHTLY PLUS DOUBLE GIANT SCREEN MUSIC VIDEO



San Diego's number 1 band is "Not For Your Lovell"

Thursday, September 20 **LADIES' NIGHT SPECIAL**

MIDORI MARGARITAS

BLACK RUSSIANS

WHITE RUSSIANS 2 FOR 1

& ANY DRINK IN THE HOUSE 75¢ TILL 9:00 PM

Tuesday, September 25

"CHAMPAGNE PARTY NIGHT!"

25¢ CHAMPAGNE ALL NIGHT LONG

"LET'S GET CRAZY!"

Every Wednesday is

LADIES' T-SHIRT NIGHT

\$200 CASH PRIZES Free tank tops to contestants

& ANY DRINK IN THE HOUSE 75¢ TILL 9:00 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

MONK'S

Basa Strings
Mon, Tues, Thurs



Feelin'
Friday & Saturday



Tuesday Night Jazz—Fall Series
September 25

Charles McPherson Quintet

Charles Burnett—Drums

Robert Morris—Piano

Kesin Quail—Trombone

Gunnar Biggs—Bass

2 Shows—8 & 10 pm

\$4.50 admission—

Good for both shows

Tickets available at Monk's or

TELESEAT

Coming—

Diana Reeves Quintet
Tues, Oct. 2

Ricky & the Jets
Wed, Sept. 26

Friday & Saturday Pre-Party Warm Up

50¢ well drinks 7-8:30 pm

Kazis & Ice Tea shooters 2 for \$1

No cover until 9 pm

Monk's

10475 San Diego Mission Rd.

563-0060

SOUTHLAND CONCERTS

PROUDLY WELCOME
AT THE FABULOUS RODEO



Sheila E.

MON. SEPT. 24

FOR ONE SHOW ONLY! 9 PM

THE ULTIMATE ROCK'N ROLL PARTY!

JOHN CAFFERTY AND

THE BEAVER BROWN BAND

THE MUSIC BEHIND "EDDIE AND THE CRUISERS"

SAT. SEPT. 28

WITH SPECIAL GUESTS **THE MONROES 9 PM TILL?**

Tickets at all Telesat Outlets and the Rodeo. The Rodeo is located on the corner of La Jolla Village Dr. and Villa La Jolla Dr. For more information, call 457-5590. You must be 21 or older to enter and picture I.D. is required. Dress Code.

SOUTHLAND CONCERTS

BEST

WELCOMES YOU TO

HUMPHREY'S

CONCERTS

Play the Day

JUSTO ALMARIO

WADLEY HOCKENSMITH

ALEX ACUNA

BILL MAXWELL

SHARON ROBERT

KOINONIA

Sept. 28



Patti LaBelle

Oct. 24

NOTE DATE CHANGE

TICKETS HONORED

FOR NEW DATE

Judy Collins

Oct. 18

Killmanjaro

Oct. 19

Listen to "Late Night" Jazz with **ART GOOD**

Everynight 10 p.m. to 1 a.m. on **KBEST 95 FM.**

ALL SEATS RESERVED

Tickets at Hap House Inn Motel, San Diego Stadium, Convention Center Box Office, Bill Gambles, Aztec Center Box Office and all Telesat outlets or change on Satellite. Tickets available at Humphrey's day of performance. Dinner packages to available. Call 283-5547

PRODUCED BY

SOUTHLAND CONCERTS

Minutemen, Social Distortion, MIA, and the Front: Adams Avenue Theatre, Saturday, October 27, 8 p.m., 3225 Adams Avenue, Normal Heights.

CLUBS

Club listings are compiled by Ron Jennings. If you wish to be included, please call 265-8062. Thursday afternoons or Friday before 5:00 p.m. The listings are free.

North County

Acapulco Restaurant, 3020 West San Marcos Boulevard, San Marcos, 471-2150: Carmen and Carmen, contemporary, Tuesday through Saturday.

Barr-X Ranch House, 119 East Broadway, Vista, 724-0506: North Forty, country, Friday and Saturday; country dance lessons, Tuesday and Saturday.

Belly Up Tavern, 111 South Cedros Avenue, Solana Beach, 481-9022: Odds and Ends, rock, and Sancho

Burnard, pop, rhythm and blues, and rock, Thursday; the Rebel Rockers, rock and reggae, and the International Reggae All-Stars, reggae, Friday; the James Harmon Band, rock and rhythm and blues, and the Paladins, rockabilly, Saturday; the Five Careless Lovers and the Bad Habit Horns with James Harmon, blues, Sunday evening, with the Chicago Fifteen, big band swing, Sunday early evening; Dirk Deborator, rock, Monday; Fo Mo, reggae, Tuesday; O.D. Coral, rock, Wednesday; Afternoon Concerts: the Chicago Six, Dixieland jazz, Sunday; the Five Careless Lovers and the Bad Habit Horns with James Harmon, blues, Sunday; Jimmy Cribb and

the Cotton Band, country, Wednesday.

Bobby G's, 485 First Street, Encinitas, 436-2397: The Echoes, 60s rock, Thursday through Saturday; Purl, rock, Sunday through Tuesday; the Heaters, rock, Wednesday.

Bookworks/Panikin Coffeehouse, Flower Hill Center, 2670 Via de la Valle, Del Mar, 735-3735: Mitchell Wong and Coral Tuhit, jazz, Friday; Borrelli's Back Room, 2677 Vista Way, Oceanside, 721-5400: Midnight Delight, contemporary, Tuesday through Saturday; Jam session, blues, Sunday; Jimmy Cribb and

The Bridge, 1803 North Hill Street, Oceanside, 722-1948: Denny Tymor, country and contemporary, Tuesday through Saturday; Don Tension, country and contemporary, Sunday and Monday.

The Captain's Anchorage, 180 North El Camino Place, Encinitas, 942-1400: Too Dangerous Women, contemporary, Friday and Saturday.

Charlie's Niteclub, 680 West San Marcos Boulevard, San Marcos, 744-4128: Larry Prewitt and Cinnamon Ridge, country, Wednesday through Sunday.

Chelsea Garden Restaurant, 145 South Highway 101, Solana Beach,

401-4034: Jeff Calcaro, classical guitar, Friday and Saturday.

The Chopping Block, 1740 East Vista Way, Vista, 726-8770: Inta Wistful, rock, Tuesday through Saturday; Freewill, rock, Sunday and Monday.

Club Z, 135 North Highway 101, Solana Beach, 481-6221: Tel Aviv, rock, Saturday.

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

The Del Mar Cattle Company, 12702 Via Corina, Del Mar, 259-8833: Alaska, country, Tuesday through Saturday.

Distillery Nightclub, 140 South Sierra Boulevard, Solana Beach, 755-6733: The Reflectors, rock, Thursday through Saturday; Notice to Appear, rock, Sunday and Tuesday; 5 Lines Up, rock, Wednesday.

Dobber's Restaurant and Nightclub, 380 North El Camino Real, Encinitas, 942-1676: Ricky and the Jets, vintage rock, Thursday; Gina Eckstine and Jim, contemporary, Friday; the West Coast Twisters, vintage rock, Saturday; Dick Bran and His 12 Piece Big Band, big band dance music, early evening Sunday; Slim Peru and the Wandering Boys, blues and rhythm and blues, Sunday evening, jazz jam session with Tony Ortega, Monday; Slim Peru and the Wandering Boys, blues and rhythm and blues, Tuesday; the West Coast Twisters, vintage rock, Wednesday.

El Comal, 12845 Poway Road, Poway, 496-1010: Don Tension, country and contemporary, Wednesday through Saturday.

Firehole Lounge, 439 West Washington, Escondido, 745-1801:

Robyn Barr, rock, Wednesday through Saturday.

Fish House West, 2631 South Highway 101, Cardiff, 753-6438: Russ Kirkpatrick and Dan Leher, contemporary and country, Thursday through Saturday.

Gilbey's Cocktail Lounge, 945 West Valley Parkway, Escondido, 480-0420: Friendship, contemporary, Tuesday through Saturday; Gil and Linda, contemporary, Friday through Monday.

Henry's, 264 Elm Street, Carlsbad, 729-9244: Tony Soras and Co. with Jay Ames, contemporary, Tuesday through Saturday; the Belair Boys, vintage rock, Sunday and Monday.

Hotel Escondido, 2500 South

Escondido Boulevard, Escondido, 747-5000: Arnie and Lou Alpine, contemporary, Tuesday through Saturday; Ron Brannon, contemporary, Sunday and Monday.

Hungry Hunter, 1221 Vista Way, Oceanside, 433-3833: 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, 566-2400: Tammy Ricker, comedy and music; Wednesday through Saturday.

Jolly Roger/Oceanside, 1000 North Harbor Drive, Oceanside, 722-1831: L.A. rock, Wednesday through Saturday.

Jolly Roger/Solana Beach, 937 Lomas Santa Fe Drive, Solana Beach, 755-0117: Cori Cobb, contemporary, Wednesday through Saturday.

Kirby's, 215 Fifteenth Street, Del Mar, 481-1001: Rock Lighten, contemporary, Thursday and Saturday; Jeff Proctor, soft rock, Friday.

Leo's Little Bit of Country, 680 West San Marcos Boulevard, San Marcos, 744-4120: Stampede, country, Wednesday through Sunday.

Mukane's, 340 East Grand Avenue, Escondido, 741-0935: Neon Vanilla, rock, Thursday through Saturday; live music, Sunday and Monday; call club for information; Rich Hunt, contemporary, Tuesday;

Transaction, rock, Wednesday.

Normandy Cocktail Lounge, 215 North Hill Street, Oceanside, 722-4777: Outta Control, rock, Tuesday through Saturday; Hit N Run, rock, Sunday and Monday.

Old Del Mar Cafe, 2730 Via de la Valle, Del Mar, 755-6611: The Heaters, rock, Thursday through Saturday; the Roosters, rock, Sunday; the Bruce Cameron and Hollis Gentry Ensemble, jazz, Monday and Tuesday; Purl, rock, Wednesday.

Old Time Cafe, 1464 North Highway 101, Leucadia, 436-4030: Ranch Party, newgrass and bluegrass, Thursday; La Bette Scurante, Irish jig and reel, Friday early evening and evening; Geoff Bartley, blues guitarist.

THE OLD del mar CAFE

Thursday-Saturday, September 20-22
HEATERS

Sunday, September 23-Nostalgic Rock
ROOSTERS

Monday & Tuesday, September 24 & 25
BRUCE CAMERON & HOLLIS GENTRY

Wednesday, September 26
PURL

2730 Via de la Valle 455-0920

the =OLD= pacific beach =CAFE=

Wednesday-Saturday 9:30 pm-1:30 am
Jim Hawley

Sunday 9:00 pm-1:00 am
Bruce Cameron/Hollis Gentry Ensemble

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

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

4287 Mission Blvd., Pacific Beach 270-7522

BODIES

Thursday, September 20
THE PALADINS plus **THE SHARDS**
8-10 pm—well drinks & bottle beer \$1.00.

Friday, September 21
RHINO RECORDS RECORDING ARTISTS

THE BEAT FARMERS

Winners of the 91X Rock Wars!
"The Beat Farmers are raucous, riotous, loud-rock rowdies. A cross between The Blasters and Creedence Clearwater Revival, but with a great sense of humor."—**LA WEEKLY**
"One of the best bands around. The Beat Farmers make the kind of music that I really love."
—**STEVE RANAGO, S.D. UNION**

with special guests: **THE SYNDICATE OF SOUL**
8-10 pm—well drinks & bottle beer \$1.00.

Saturday, September 22
Welcome back
BUFFALO plus **THE LONE RIDERS**
8-10 pm—well drinks & bottle beer \$1.00.

Sunday, September 23
THE PALADINS plus
THE 911 BAND—Texas Boogie/Blues
Free barbecue starts at 5 pm. 7-9 pm—well drinks & bottle beer \$1.00.

Monday, September 24
Watch **FOOTBALL** ON GIANT SCREEN T.V. Free hot dogs and cheap beer.

Tuesday, September 25
THE 911 BAND—Texas Boogie/Blues
8-10 pm—well drinks & bottle beer \$1.00.

Wednesday, September 26
THE LONE RIDERS
8-10 pm—well drinks & bottle beer \$1.00.

6149 University Avenue • 583-5700

Appearing Tuesday-Saturday
Heads above the rest
in San Diego comedy

Oh Ridge

BILL BRACKET IS BACK!

Bill will entertain you
with his comedy every
Sunday & Monday night

MONDAY NIGHT FOOTBALL
Happy hour prices throughout game
free hotdogs

All shows from 9:00 pm-1:00 am

DOC MASTERS

2051 Shelter Island Drive
in the Shelter Island Marina Inn

WEST

SAN DIEGO'S MOST PROGRESSIVE DANCE CLUB!

Thursday
SENSATIONAL LADIES' NIGHT
8-12 MIDNIGHT
GUESS WHAT...?
2 for 1 drinks 5-8 pm.

Friday & Monday
CLUB 100
NEW DANCE MUSIC
Doors open 7 pm with
SPECIAL 2 FOR 1 DRINKS 7-9 pm

Tuesday
BAR & RESTAURANT EMPLOYEE & GUEST BASH
All well drinks, beer & wine 95¢
9 pm-2 am

Wednesday
Club Cult
DANCE WITH THE DARKNESS
Record giveaways: Virgin Rock 80's, Ruts DC, Tom Tom Club, DAF, New Order & The Cult
Happy hour prices 25¢ draft, 50¢ wells 8-10 pm

Saturday
College students with ID get in the Roxy free.
9IX SUPER NIGHT WITH EXCITING PAM WOLF
Be a winner of giveaway prizes & trips...
9-10 pm
25¢ drafts and 50¢ wells

WEDNESDAY SPECIAL
UNDERGROUND-DANCE MUSIC NEW IDEAS FOR A NEW GENERATION.

2201 El Cajon Blvd. • 298-1722

JAZZ

LIES OUT KFM98 welcomes

The San Diego Jazz Festival in association with the La Jolla Museum of Contemporary Art presents

McCoy Tyner
Saturday, September 29,
7:30 & 10:00 pm

Sherwood Auditorium, La Jolla Museum of Contemporary Art,
700 Prospect Street

Don't miss this dynamic pianist and his trio.

Tickets available at all Ticketmaster locations, or call Ticketmaster to charge by phone, 231-3554. Tickets \$10.00 advance or \$12.00 at the door, general admission, call 459-1404 for further information.

A part of the Masters of Jazz Series. Funded in part by a grant from the National Endowment for the Arts.

Special thanks to **RNCHOL**

McCoy Tyner

Sunday and Monday; the Ron Bolton Band, rock, Tuesday and Wednesday.

The Magic Lamp, 9522 Miramar Road, Mira Mesa, 271-8786. Recorded dance music with Mr. Goodbye, Wednesday through Sunday; live music, Saturday through Monday; call club for information.

Man's, 10475 San Diego Mission Road, Mission Valley, 563-0960. The Baja Strings, contemporary, Thursday and Monday; Feelin', Top 40 dance music, Friday and Saturday; the Charles McPherson Quartet, jazz, Tuesday; Ricky and the Jets, vintage rock, Wednesday.

Monterey Whaling Company, 887 Camino del Rio South, Mission Valley, 291-1638. The Spud Brothers, rock and comedy, Wednesday through Saturday; L.A. rock, Sunday through Tuesday.

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

Navajo Inn, 8515 Nacoga Road, San Carlos, 865-1278. The Headband, rock, Tuesday through Saturday; Red Alert, rock, Sunday and Monday.

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

Pavilion Lounge, Town and Country Hotel, 500 Hotel Circle North, 291-7131. Lisa McDowell and Spotlight, contemporary, Tuesday through Saturday.

Peter D's, 5149 Clairemont Mesa Boulevard, 277-3217. The Rosie Trio, contemporary music and variety stage show, Thursday through Saturday.

Smuggler's Inn, 402 Fashion Valley, Fashion Valley East, 291-7170. Skip Garcia,

contemporary, Thursday; Jim Moore, contemporary, Friday and Saturday; Gary Lehman, contemporary, Tuesday; Linda Dale, contemporary, Wednesday.

The Speakers, 9379 Mira Mesa Boulevard, Mira Mesa, 566-0970. The Jimmy Corano Trio, jazz, Friday and Saturday.

Spirit, 1130 Buena Vista, Bay Park, 276-3993. Streetcar Eyes, rock, sure, rock, and Three Simple Words, rock, Thursday; Psychobad, rock, Urban Umbrella, rock, the Accessories, rock and Modern Art, rock, Friday; What Is This, rock, Act Alert, rock, So Reveal, rock, Saturday; Friends of Ghosts, rock, Saturday.

Born Crossed, music of the Grateful Dead, and the Sons of Dan McLain, rock, Tuesday; the Syndicate of Soul, blues and rhythm and blues, the Shards, rock, and the Spa, rock, Wednesday.

Springfield Wagon Works, 5255 Kearny Villa Road, Kearny Mesa, 565-2272. Jo Treanor, piano bar, Wednesday through Saturday.

Tio Leo's/Mira Mesa, 10787 Camino Ruiz, Mira Mesa, 695-1461. Frank Dexter, contemporary, Thursday and Wednesday; Espresso, contemporary, Friday and Saturday; Benny Cannon and Terry, contemporary, Sunday through Tuesday.

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

The Wheelhouse, 10789 Tierrasanta Boulevard, Tierrasanta, 561-6677. Ray and Laine Correa, swing, pop, nostalgia, and contemporary dance music, Thursday through Saturday.

Wrangler's Roost, 6608 Mission Gorge Road, Mission Gorge, 280-6263. Steve Crazy, country, Tuesday through Saturday.

Cimarron, country, Sunday and Monday.

San Diego South

Anthony's Harborside, 1355 North Harbor Drive, downtown, 232-6358. Sandee and the Ram Band, variety stage show, Tuesday through Saturday; live music, Sunday and Monday; call club for information.

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

The Boat House, 2040 Harbor Island Drive, Harbor Island, 291-8011. Rochela, Beatles music and oldies, Thursday; Ricky and the Jets, vintage rock, Friday and Saturday; Colin and Karen, contemporary, Sunday through Tuesday; Espresso, contemporary, Wednesday.

Bodies, 6149 University Avenue, East San Diego, 583-5700. Live rock, Wednesday through Sunday; call club for information; the Choice, rock, Monday and Tuesday.

Cafe del Rey, 1549 El Prado, Balboa Park, 234-8531. Dale Vernon, piano and guitar variety,

Tuesday through Saturday evenings and Sunday afternoon.

The Chocolate Affair, 606 West Washington, Mission Hills, 296-1311. Minette, Celtic harp and folk guitar, Friday and Saturday; Lynn Hall, Irish harp, Sunday.

Doc Masters, 2051 Shelter Island Drive, Shelter Island, 233-2572. Old Ridge, comedy and music, Tuesday through Saturday; Bill Brackett, comedy and music, Sunday and Monday.

Doonies, 4225 El Cajon Boulevard, East San Diego, 283-6981. Paul Gregg, piano bar, Wednesday

through Monday; Patti Glenn, piano bar, Tuesday.

Drowny Maggie's, 31st and University, North Park, 298-8504. The San Diego Storytellers, tall tales and folk stories, early evening, Thursday; Rocket to Stardom, Night, the best Host Night performers, Friday; the Gypsy Moon Trio, international and original folk music, Saturday; Ennio, Klezmer dance music, Sunday; Old Time Hook Night, Monday; the Samra Gael Celtic Band, Irish music, Tuesday; the Brian Jackson Group, jazz, Wednesday; Early Evening Shows, Tom Calson, folk, Saturday; Rick Saxon, popular music and originals, Wednesday.



Sandee & The Ram Band

Unique shows full costumes and characters in the Sunset Lounge. Excerpts from Fiddler on the Roof, 30's Rock & Roll, Country & Western and more themes. Live entertainment and dancing. Tuesday thru Saturday in the Sunset Lounge. Tuesday, Thursday, 8:30 pm-1:00 am, Friday & Saturday, 9:00 pm-1:30 am. No cover, no minimum.

Anthony's Harborside
232-6358



HEATERS Sunday & Monday
PRIVATE DOMAIN (Formerly the Bratz) Thursday-Saturday
IN COLOUR Tuesday & Wednesday

CHARGERS & PADRES

See all Chargers & Padres games on our 3 satellite T.V.s
50¢ hot dogs during games

HALCYON

4258 W. Point Loma 225-9559

Thursday, Friday & Saturday, September 20, 21 & 22
Tuesday-Saturday, September 25-29
New Language



Sunday & Monday, September 23-24
MONDAY NIGHT FOOTBALL on **GIANT SCREEN TV**
• Happy Hour prices during entire game:
75¢ draft, 75¢ wine, \$1.25 well drinks
• 75¢ Hot Dogs • Appetizers

Every Wednesday night is **STROH'S COLLEGE NIGHT**
No cover charge with student I.D.
75¢ Stroh's draft & \$1.50 well drinks all night

Every Friday **ROCK 'N' ROLL HAPPY HOUR**
• Free hours of oeuvre • Great drink specials
• 50¢ draft & wine • \$1.25 well drinks
• Live music starting at 5:30 pm
This week presenting **RED ALERT**

Every Tuesday **ST. PAULI GIRL SHORTS NIGHT**
St. Pauli Girl beer \$1.25. Shots of schnapps - all favors \$1.25
Everybody wearing shorts will be admitted FREE

Atlantis Lounge

Tuesday through Saturday featuring
Columbus through September 22
Paul & Kathy September 25 through October 20
Southwind October 23 through November 3



on Mission Bay next to Sea World
226-3888

An undersea grotto...

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

Your choice \$5.50

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

The Triton presents live jazz

Ella Ruth Piggee
Jazz Thursday-Saturday 9:00 pm-1:00 am



The Triton
6011 El Cajon Blvd., at College
Reservations for dinner: 583-2240, closed Mondays.
... truly distinctive seafood restaurant

Aloha from the Islands

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

FIFTH AVENUE Through September 29
FRIDAY FASHION AUCTION presented by Gemini Fashions 6:30 & 7:45 pm shows
RED WEATHER Sundays & Mondays

10-FOOT WIDE SCREEN NEVER A COVER!

THE ISLANDS Lounge
HANA LEI HOTEL
2270 Hotel Circle No
Mission Valley, 297-1101

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C'mon Honey, Chess Club is meeting at Foggy's Notion and they have bottled Michelob quality brews for only... **89¢** Reg \$1.40

But... But... I haven't had this much fun since the science fair! ...and everyone looks like me!!

This is so funny I forgot to laugh
Most Tasteless Attire Contest 1st Prize is... **Dinner for Two with Limo Service** by **Starlight Limousines!**
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Seaport Village
Nitteline: Islandia Hotel
Norman, Miller, and Price:
Residents
Hobby O'Day: Islands Lounge
One Plus One: Rancho Bernardo
Inn
Jim Palmer: Carlos Murphy's
Patrick and Lisa: Victor's
Paul and Kathy: Atlantis
Paly and Prime Times: Vin Cody's
People Movers: Hilton Hotel
Dennis: El Comodo, The
Pit N' Woo with Gervie Woods
Lorenzo's
Eddie Preston: Bernadette Bill's
Jeff Proctor: Kirby's
Peter Robberecht: Rancho
Island West
Bruce Robbins: Boondocks
Restaurant, La Maza
Juan Robles: China Fine
Restaurant
The Rockaways: Rockaway Inn
The Rustic Tree: Peter D's
Shine It Out: Vacation Village
Hotel

Tony Soraci and Company: Henry's
Rob Sorrell and Key Largo: Our
Carnegie Place
Southside: Calumet Hotel
Spotlight: Furlan Lounge
Spring Fever: Rainbow & Lee's
Steven and Tanya: Fox Soap
Anderson's
Brian Stevens: L.A. Victor's
Makanyo/Coronado
Joe Stewart: The Leo/Mira Mesa
Tale 3: Sandtrap Lounge
Don Tension: El Comodo, The
Bridge
Third Degree: Mexican Village
Tito and Augustine: Dock's
Cocktails
Too Dangerous Women: Captain's
Anchorage
Triangle: Nite Owl East
Triple Play: Hilton Hotel
Denny Tenney: The Bridge
Vergie and the Orient Express: The
New Trophy Lounge
Ken Williams: Hungry
Jeff Williams: Hungry
Hunter/Imperial Beach

Jinnah Williams: Vacation Village
Hotel
Window Rock: Pine Valley
Restaurant
Jazz
Joe Azarelli: Hotel San Diego
Lori Bell: Prophet Restaurant
Prophet Restaurant
Bras Tax: That Plaza Place
Pro Brighman's Preservation Band:
Pat Ayer's, Patrick's II,
Lorenzo's
Bruce Cameron and Hollis Gentry
Ensemble: Old Pacific Beach
Cafe, Old Del Mar Cafe, Church's
Steak House
Cheatham's Jazz Quartet: Bahia
Hotel
Peter Spangue: Rung's/Chickadee
Stone's Thru: Elario's
Steve Strauss: Pacific Expresso
Carroll Tubb: Bookworks/Paradise
Cafehouse
Tobacco Road: Tuba Man's No. 2
The Whisker: After Midnight
Jazz
Mitchell Wong:

Meat Goot: Pacific Wine Bar and
Bistro, Top of the Cove
Harvey and the 3rd Street Jive:
Fat City/China Camp
The Brian Jackson Group: Drowsy
Magpie's
The Jazzmatics: Cafe in the Valley
Restaurant
Bob Long: Winem's Circle
Charles McPherson Quintet:
Monk's
Ken Meredith and Friends: Top of
the Cove
Most Valuable Players: Pancho's
The O'Learys: Dobber's Restaurant
Sun Palmer: Old Town Opera
House
Ella Ruth Pigges: Triton
The Sly Rhyth: Dobber's Restaurant
Ron Satterfield: Radio
The Bill Shreve Quartet: Cafe in
the Valley Restaurant
Peter Spangue: Rung's/Chickadee
Stone's Thru: Elario's
Steve Strauss: Pacific Expresso
Carroll Tubb: Bookworks/Paradise
Cafehouse
Tobacco Road: Tuba Man's No. 2
The Whisker: After Midnight
Jazz
Mitchell Wong:

Books/Paradise
Cafehouse
Folk/Ethnic
Afro: Sundowner
Atacama: Wild Animal Park
Blugrass Etc.: That Plaza Place
Tom Caboon: Drowsy Magpie's
Upstart Crow and Company:
Seaport Village
Siamese Gail Cull Band: Drowsy
Magpie's
The Copy Moons: Drowsy Magpie's
The Hinton: Slurping Stone Too
La Bottine Sourciant: Old Time
Cafe
Louise Chang: Joe's
Jim Mooney: Old Time Cafe
Ole Train: Tuba Man's No. 2
The O'Learys: Dobber's Restaurant
Paradise Street Band: Slurping
Stone Too
Ranch Party: Old Time Cafe
Paul and Carla Roberts: Paradise
Gardens Natural Food
Restaurant
W.H. Rude: Old Time Cafe
Rick Saxon: Tuba Man's No. 2
Drowsy Magpie's
Peggy Watson: Old Time Cafe
Zimras: Drowsy Magpie's

Chimarras: Wrangler's Roost
Dan Connor: Carriage House
Cottonwood: Oasis Bar
Country Casanova: Circle D Corral
Country Justice: Topaz Room
County Lines: The Outpost
Coyote: Stage Coach Inn
Jenny Cobb and the Cotton Band:
Belly Up Tavern
Cressford: Van Winkle's
Jesse Daniels and Banders: Abilene
Country Saloon
Free Betts: Palm Springs Inn
Grand Central Station: Hutch's
The Gravel Canyon Band with
Linda Rae: Whiskey Creek
Huge Steppin': Portenado Club
Red Lane and Rumble: Fever
Lakeside Hotel, Belly Up Tavern
Mark Lashlee and the Pony
Express: Mama's Mink
Gail Lee and Firecracker: Country
Burgers
Lone Star Country: The Country
Side Restaurant and Lounge
Denny Michaels and Big Sky: Don's
Ron Martin: Caligano Lounge,
Wooden Nickel
North Forty: Barr-X Ranch House
On the Border: Trojan
Shadow Riders: Kentucky Stud
Stagecoach: Trojan Horse
Stampede: Leo's Little Bit of
Country
Stephanie: Old Valley Center Inn
Sonora, Pecos Mine Company
Steer Crazy: Wrangler's Roost
Joe Stewart: Top of the Cove
Ron Tabor: Palomero Star
Rick Tanner and the Skillet
Lickers: Red Coach Inn
Escudado
Wild Fire: Red Coach
Inn/Escudado



WHAT IS THIS, Sunday, Sept.

Everything Else

Mary Adams: harp music,
O'Hangy's
Scott Baldwin: classical guitar,
Words and Music Bookstore
Fred Benedit: classical guitar,
Prophet Restaurant
Chuck Bolt: blues, ballads, and
rock, Texas Teahouse
The Boone Brothers: comedy,
rock, and rhythm and blues,
Patrick's II, The Blue Bayou
Lounge
Bill Bradetti: comedy and music,
Dixie Masters
The Dick Braun Band: Big Band
dance music, Dobber's
Restaurant
Jeff Bryan: guitar and vocals,
Salmon House
Jeff Caluso: classical guitar,
Chateau Garden Restaurant

Walter Clark: classical guitar,
Prophet Restaurant, Cafe in the
Valley Restaurant
Ray and Laine Corrae: swing, pop,
nostalgia, and contemporary
dance music, the Wheelhouse
Gary D. and the Pop and Oldies
Show: contemporary, pop, and
oldies, Mr. Bill's Backroom
Saloon
Gene Downe Polka Band: polka
music, Rancho Inn
Gary Duncan: barby and guitar,
Plaza Restaurant/Old Town
Catherine Explosive: Irish harp
music, Old Time Cafe
Forecasts: contemporary jazz, and
rhythm and blues, Carlos
Murphy's
Eric Foster: classical guitar, Cafe
in the Valley Restaurant
The Al Gable Band: Big Band
dance music, Dobber's
Restaurant
Carolyn Gaines and Jerry Johnson:
jazz and show tunes, the Escape
Lounge
Wayne Gire and Tony Irvine:

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1st. Bring your own music
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choose from our music
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House by the Cemetery — Horror movie starring Katherine MacColl and Douglas Lissander, directed by Lucio Fulci (Carnino Cinema 4, Carousel Cinema 6, Bijou, Cinema, Frontier Drive In, Harbor Drive In, Sweetwater 6, from 9/21)

School of Acting & Video Techniques

* (Oceanside 8; Plaza Twin; Valley Circle)

The Last Tango in Paris — Bernardo Bertolucci's big splash. It has been so overdiscussed that nearly every incident, obscure familiar even as it's been

Monty Python's The Meaning of Life The funniest "bit" has to do with a restaurant that serves conversations to its customers. *Life* is more a study of

The story of a woman

lished the tone for such stories as whimsical. **THE NATURAL** makes perhaps one attempt to get into that spirit, with an absurdist gag about a cyborg, *holding water*. Also, a story in

performable as a concert piece, perhaps, entitled something like AN OUTFIELD OVERTURE or FANFARE FOR THE UNCOMMON SPORTSMAN. In this context a momentary

bet there's something behind it." Produced, directed, written, photographed, and edited by Don Coscarelli 1979

CAL STON

bewilderment over his predicament soon shoved aside by his maternal instincts and a drearily rational love interest. We could

as the time-hole in the Western
threatens to suck up the planet
like a mere pea. With Nancy
Bobby Di Cicco, and Eric Christ
directed by Stewart Raffill. 198

and so on, are meant to communicate the depth of anguish of a space-rock star and son of a Serbian V. Var casually, immaturity, fun,

RES

AGEMENT STARTS FRIDAY
THEATRE
Hillcrest • 295-2000

move starring Kate MacColl and Luca Laurenti (Assistant, directed by Luca Fioi).

(Carnegie Center, 4; Carousel Cinema 8; Bway, College 8; Dances, 8; Dances, 8; Drive-In, 8; Sweetwater, 8; from 9-12)

Juanita Jones and the Temple of the Lotus The role of camp is read over from the previous Spielberg-Lucia collaboration to a sounder here first thing in the morning, a Chinese qipao for the Paramount (shank) and the Paramount (shank) moves from that to the snoring of a movie of a movie out of which emerges a blonde ring.

The Hugo Award
Acting & Video Techniques

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[illegible]

16
15
14
13
12
11
10
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House by the Cemetery

AMADEUS

EVERYTHING YOU'VE HEARD IS TRUE

A black and white movie poster for the film 'Amadeus'. The title 'AMADEUS' is at the top in large, serif capital letters. Below it, the tagline 'EVERYTHING YOU'VE HEARD IS TRUE' is written in a smaller, sans-serif font. The bottom half of the poster features three black and white portraits of the main characters: F. Murray Abraham as Salieri, Christopher Reeve as Mozart, and Tom Hulce as Leopold Mozart. The portraits are arranged horizontally and partially overlap. The background is dark and textured.

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CURRENT MOVIES

[illegible]

Red Dawn — John Milius's endorsement of a Colorado small town occupied by Allied Communist Invader Forces starts out in a genuine nightmare vein, but it soon seems to wake up and to enter a controlled daytime-vein, a conscious conjuration of the Good Old Days of the Min-

[illegible]

Romancing the Stone — The sweet Western action for openers is not everyone's mental image of a "romance novel" — more suitable, one might think, for *Spicy Western* ca-

[illegible]

And the action scenes with the Jungle Queen pressing fingers to forehead as if to relieve sinus pressure, but actually giving telepathic orders to obedient elephants, rhinos, zebras, monkeys, etc., are oddly sluggish. With Ted Wass, directed by John Guillermin. 1984
* (UA Chula Vista 6)

[illegible]

hummed, but modesty may have prevented director Nimoy from granting actor Nimoy quite as grand a reintroduction 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 ponies and its chorus-girls in white

[illegible]

branch of science fiction which assumes no further advance of our present society, only decline and decay. One thing, clearly, that has not advanced beyond its present state is pop music, which brings us to the movie's self-classification, not as some sort of science-fictional Western, but as "a cook-and-sell fable."

[illegible]

found our interest fairly far, but the downward irreparable scrupulous dream director Richard have trouble distri- And from the

[illegible]

holds it fairly well, she begins to break with a very unscene that writer-Tuggle seems to pushing from real-point onward, it

[illegible]

— American tourist
romance with a
L'Hermitte), di-

Marquand
The Fabian Valley
Fr. Frontier Drive in
J.A. Village
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The casting level cover-girl visage of Le Block), with her of plastic lips, is a the elegant and Duperrey Le Block android could love lacks the basic not

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The chiselled Kelly Le Brock (or novelty-store pair) is a poor substitute for a feminine. Annie is a woman only an And Gene Wilder malinity, so well em-

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CURRENT MOVIES

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and our interest. It holds it fairly well, fairly far, but the case begins to break down irreparably with a very unimaginative dream scene that writer-director Richard Tuggle seems to have trouble distinguishing from reality. And from that point onward, it

[illegible]

Until September — American tourist (Karen Allen) in a romance with a Frenchman (Thierry Lhermitte), di-

[illegible]

point, a couple of high hurdles of disbelief have to be leapt over, but any basic incomprehension of computer procedures will go well with the general air of distrust. The action never stagnates, as it easily might have, in front of computer terminals and

[illegible]

The casting level: The chiselled cover-girl visage of Kelly Le Brock (or Le Block), with her novelty-store pair of plastic lips, is a poor substitute for the elegant and feminine Anny Duperey. Le Brock is a woman only an android could love. And Gene Wilder lacks the basic normality, so well em-

[illegible]

circumstances, have no doubt warmed the reception of this film in the world market. What is actually on screen is at times interesting as cultural data. As a narrative, however, it connects on a week's level. It is heavy and hammering. 1982 (Ken, 9/24)

[illegible]

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