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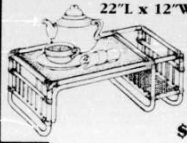
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READER

VOLUME 14, NO. 19, MAY 19, 1985 SAN DIEGO'S WEEKLY

Who needs poker parlors?

A bunch of elderly gents up at the Ace's Duce's, that's who.



The Only Honest Game in Town

There's a certain time in midmorning when a retired man's home becomes his prison. He's had his coffee, cleared his lungs of phlegm, smoked a cigarette or two, and had the routine quarrel with his wife over who left the thermostat on all night and who didn't let the dogs out. The thought of watching the missus fuss over her dried-weed collection one more time, or worse, listening to her get on the phone and fret over her ailments, becomes intolerable, and he knows he has to get out of the house or he'll lose his mind.

Shortly after ten o'clock the grumpy old men come shuffling into the Ace's Duce's, one by one. Flip, the black and skinny janitor/assistant manager, is out front with his broom, stirring up the dust on the sidewalk. It's still too early in the day to risk conversation, so he just smiles warmly at each of the customers as they enter. Inside, Bill, one of the co-owners, greets the players: "Two more and we got us a game!" "One more and we got us a game!" "Gentlemen, we got us a game!"

Of the three tables, the one by the window looking out onto El Cajon Boulevard is the favorite. The light is

good there, and in a slow game the players can watch the traffic on the sidewalk and street. The old men buy their chips — sixty, eighty, maybe a hundred dollars — and sit down, still not saying much. Most talk in a card room, they well know, is just a bunch of horseshit — which is okay in a way, but it takes time to warm up to it. "Believe there's a ball game on Channel 11," somebody finally says, and Flip switches on the TV.

The Ace's Duce's is one of the smallest card rooms in town. It's just a little cubbyhole tucked in between the Playhouse bar and the State Theater. There are larger, fancier card rooms up the street, like the California Room and the Lucky Lady, which feature a house dealer and a faster style of poker, but the Ace's Duce's, which probably has the smallest pots of any card room in town (usually between ten and fifty dollars), has found its own niche among the ten poker rooms on El Cajon Boulevard. The Ace's Duce's caters mostly to the older, retired card players who don't mind taking turns dealing their own cards and saving the \$200 or \$300 the dealers in some card rooms make in tips every

(continued on page 10)

By Steve Sorenson
Illustrations by David Diaz

THANKS SAN DIEGO FOR MAKING OUR OPENING A BIG SPLASH

Your enthusiastic turnout at the grand opening of our newest Rusty Pelican restaurant made our celebration a great success.

And now that we're open we'd like to see even more of you. So join us for fresh fish and fun. Enjoy dancing, nightly live entertainment and convenient valet parking.

Come sea us again soon.

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RUSTY PELICAN

In A Sea Of Young People

I would like to address your May 9 feature, "So You Want to Be a Doctor," from the perspective of one who didn't make it.

As you say, pre-meds lead an anxious, often painful existence. But their story doesn't end with the admitting committee's decision. Duggedly working on the principle that any goal can be achieved if one only pursues it single-mindedly, I earned a highly specialized and eventually unmarketable undergraduate degree. Eventually I had to go back to school for the broader education I had missed the first time around.

The alternative to medical school is emphatically not the "death train to Treblinka," as I have long since moved on to other important challenges. But the fact remains that I am in a career that was not my first choice. I still recall certain key exchanges from my interviews, substantiating the more judicious responses that twelve years' additional maturity would have made possible.

LETTERS

The Reader welcomes letters for publication. Address them to: Letters to the Editor, Box 80803, San Diego, 92132. Please include your name, address, and telephone number. Letters may be edited for length and clarity.

Of course, the selection criteria are somewhat arbitrary, and will remain so as long as the ratio of seats to qualified applicants is so disproportionate. I'm not in a position to address the question (which your article skirted) of whether this imbalance is necessary. Still, regardless of the underlying reasons for the situation, there must be a more effective way for our society to absorb the sea of young people who cherish this high ambition. It is discouraging to learn that things have not improved.

Stephen Gallup
San Diego

The AMA Way

Your cover article "So You Want to Be a Doctor" (May 9) was a good expose of the dog-eat-dog mentality of medical schools, but it avoided mentioning the underlying root cause of the problem.

Medicine in America is dominated by the antihomocentric American Medical Association mentality. This same mentality has rigidly opposed any form of socialized medicine for years (because that would lower doctors' profits), and also supports the status quo of two few medical schools to keep down the supply of doctors.

Since would-be doctors must go severely into debt in order to pay their way through the years of arduous and expensive schooling required, most feel little guilt when they later gouge exorbitant fees from clients. Most then choose to migrate to costly parts of the world (like Beverly Hills or Santa Barbara) where old, rich patients can be had, leaving great stretches of rural (or poor) America without adequate medical attention.

Medicine has become one of the last bastions of corrupt capitalism in America. Ask anyone who has had to stay in a hospital for an extended period without medical insurance. There goes the life savings! It has managed to keep the supply of doctors low and the demand (and pay) for them high. It has successfully placed off attempts by liberals to compress it and provide all

Americans with adequate medical care regardless of their bank account.

The United States is the only major industrialized nation in the world without some form of socialized medicine. This is institutionalized crime. Robbery, by name is the American Medical Association.
Howard Burlew
San Diego

Either Oar Situation

This is a rebuttal to Stephen Heffner's story on the "Paddle Regatta" ("Highlights of Upcoming Events," May 2).

Needless to say, I was infuriated after reading it. I was a collegiate oarsman for five years. Crew is widely known and respected as one of the most demanding and grueling of sports. The "3,000 meters" of racing is just a fraction of the entire sport. In many cases, year-round training goes on. Although I didn't see the part nobody sees is the two-hour rowing sessions every morning, miles of running and state, weight lifting, not to mention the intense mental stress.

The comparison Heffner made is about equivalent to saying an athlete who runs the 100-yard dash is not as much of an athlete as one who runs a marathon.

I suggest Heffner investigate his stories before making derogatory statements about a subject he obviously knows nothing about.
Don Miner
Del Mar

The Plateau And The Pool Cue

I wish to respond to William Washington's letter in the May 2 issue. Although I didn't see the Reader article of April 25 ("City Lights"), I did get a chance to interview the victim of the SDSU dance incident. I work for a nursing registry that provides health care to major hospitals in the area. It was on one of my nursing assignments that I came into contact with the victim (I'll call him Mr. A). The facts are as follows: Mr. A, who is black, was escorting a young black woman out of the dance when (according to what he told me) the couple was accosted by six black sailors who had been denied entry to the dance. These "men" began to molest the woman by brazenly grabbing personal parts of her anatomy and making lewd suggestions. When Mr. A told them to quit, he was answered with a pool cue upside the head. A vicious beating ensued. Mr. A states he was hit in the eye three times with the stick and then beaten on his skull until the pool cue splintered to pieces. At this point he grabbed his head and left jelly — not home. He began to run out of sheer primal panic; it probably saved his life.

Mr. Washington wonders why the Associated Students Council gets so "bent out of shape" and "why large crowds of black people still frighten many whites." He maintains that a racist attitude is involved. He's right. Too many white people remember the burning of Watts and other American cities in the recent past. We remember Black Panthers testing automatic weapons, involved in shoot-outs with police. During the Viet Nam era, Stokely Carmichael publicly advised black soldiers to kill police officers instead of North Vietnamese — it was the "black man's way."

According to black activists, To cap (continued on page 18)

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City Lights

Voyage To The Bottom Of The List

The local U.S. Customs office has long had a set policy for inspecting incoming ships from foreign ports. If the vessel arrives between the customs office's normal working hours of 8:00 a.m. to 5:00 p.m., Mondays through Saturdays, the cost of the inspection is absorbed by customs; if the vessel arrives outside those hours, then its owners must pay for the inspection — at an average charge of several hundred dollars per vessel, the high cost of which stems from overtime wages paid to customs inspectors. When Crown Cruise Lines began its daily runs between San Diego and Ensenada a year ago last April, its owners abided by those terms, since the cruise ship employed by Crown on those day-long cruises, the *Viking Princess*, was scheduled to arrive back in San Diego at 11:00 p.m. or 1:00 a.m., depending on the length of its stay in Ensenada that day.



The *Viking Princess* docked at the B Street Pier.

the Thursday inspections, conducted in the customs warehouse adjacent to the ship's docking point on the B Street Pier. Today, however, Spencer notes with exasperation that his assumption was incorrect. Spencer says, "I never really occurred to us it would present a problem. We notified them a month in advance of our plans, requesting a 3:30 p.m. arrival

time; they informed us they couldn't accommodate us due to a lack of staffing, so in the spirit of cooperation we agreed to push back our arrival time to 4:00 p.m. That way, we reasoned, if the staffing wasn't available, it would only mean a wait of an hour; on the other hand, if no other vessel was scheduled to come in, we felt they could show good faith and service our vessel on time. They agreed to that, but since then they haven't started their inspections before 5:00 p.m. a single time."

Spencer adds that the cash payment his firm must make to customs each week — \$271 — represents only a fraction of the cost actually incurred by Crown as a result of the Thursday afternoon inspections. He estimates the thirty-hour delay costs his firm about \$2,500, mostly due to overtime pay for crew and other ship personnel.

Initially, Spencer says, he protested to local customs officials, but he was told nothing could be done due to the staffing problem. Earlier this year, the Cruise Consortium (a coalition of local business people and politicians created to lure a

Photograph by Tom Scharbach

Halligan's 4 Lawsuits

Halligan's 4 Fish restaurant, located on the Pacific Beach boardwalk, is named after a man who has used his former partners for civil fraud, and won. A superior court jury awarded Bob Halligan \$322,000 in compensatory damages in early February, and shortly after that the restaurant's owners, Wayne Blackman, Tom Hays, and Charlie Kahan (who also own TD Hays restaurant next door), put Halligan's into bankruptcy, which protected them from having to pay the judgment or secure a bond for it while they appeal the verdict. At about the same time as they filed for bankruptcy, the partners began circulating a prospectus soliciting investors for a restaurant, Third Avenue, for which they've leased space in the new downtown Horton Plaza shopping center. Both the restaurant and the center are due to open later this year.

Though he won the court case, Bob Halligan figures he was still beaten by his former partners' move into bankruptcy. He's already paid \$60,000 or \$70,000 in attorneys' fees, an expense that is continuing to spiral. His main hope now is that recent



Bob Halligan at Halligan's 4 Fish.

offers to purchase the restaurant will be accepted by the three partners. "It's really been just one long nightmare for me," he says dejectedly. Bob Halligan originally put up \$200,000 in 1976 to become a partner with Blackman, Hays, and Kahan in a new restaurant next door to the already booming TD Hays. Halligan's 4 Fish was an immediate success, but the business relationship soured quickly and in 1981 the original three partners signed a buy-out agreement with Halligan. They were to pay him \$275,000 in

monthly installments of \$4800, over a period of eight years. But after six months the payments stopped. The partners, who declined comment for this article, told Halligan that they needed to renegotiate the agreement because they were short on cash and foresaw financial

(continued on page 35)

The Second Time Around

In July of 1982, San Diego Union radio/television editor Don Freeman, a veteran of the Copley daily for more than fifteen years, published an interview with syndicated radio talk show host Bruce Williams, whose business and finance program, marketed through NBC's Talknet network, can be heard locally each weekday evening on radio station KSDO-AM (1130). About a month ago, when Williams was in town on a publicity tour, a second interview with him appeared in the *Union* in Freeman's new "Point of View" column. The similarities between the two columns are, indeed, rather remarkable.

The first column, for instance, begins, "For Bruce Williams, a convivial fellow who answers all manner of business questions on the radio, there is romance in a scrupulously clean balance sheet. Adventure lies in debits and credits, liens and debentures. He is part Adam Smith, part Arthur Godfrey, and the outlook for his career in broadcasting is so bullish that when Bruce Williams talks, E.F. Hutton listens." Following that introduction, local broadcast information is offered, and then, in both columns, comes some personal information about Williams, liberally sprinkled with quotations. One example, from among many, first from the 1982 column: "On radio," Williams says in his pleasantly robust baritone with its faint hint of New Jersey in the way certain words are shaped, "I sit back, relax, philosophize, ruminate, penetrate. . . I'm a businessman who got into radio by the back door." Williams says, "All I knew about radio was it had knobs. Well, it's not my general habit to invest in something I know nothing about. I talked to a guy I know who knew somebody else and they said, 'All right, Williams, you want to know how radio works — try it yourself!'"

(continued on page 35)

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And from last month's column: "He was in town on a promotional tour and he recalled how his radio career began. 'I'm strictly a businessman who got into radio by the side door,'

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City Lights

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VFW, WWI, 0-15

Last weekend you may have been approached by representatives of one of the thirty-five local Veterans of Foreign Wars (VFW) posts who were out on their annual "Buddy Piggy" sale. The red paper flowers represent the

poppies growing on Flanders Field in Belgium, where hundreds of World War I soldiers are buried. The fundraising scheme, which funnels money to needy and destitute veterans, rarely raises more than a few hundred dollars for each post, but this year the cash assumed much greater importance. Now that high-stakes bingo is booming

on local Indian reservations, VFW bingo, formerly the main fundraising vehicle for the posts, has been all but killed off.

According to VFW district commander Walt Hamilton, twelve posts offered regular bingo games before the federal government authorized Indian bingo in 1982. Now only three posts have bingo games.

County regulations limit the VFW payoffs to \$250, some of the games on the Barrona and

Sycuan reservations pay upwards of \$40,000. It's easy to see why bingo players would rather play the Indians' games.

"The sad part about it is, we used to donate thousands of dollars to the Boy Scouts, the Girl Scouts, the Veterans' Hospital, senior citizens' homes, et cetera," explains Hamilton. "The posts that had bingo averaged ten or fifteen thousand dollars a year in contributions. Now it's fallen way off."

L.A. Wills, who runs the volunteer program at the VA Hospital in La Jolla, confirms

that contributions from the VFW have been drastically reduced. "It's had a terrific impact here," Wills says. "They were consistent contributors, their money came in each and every month. I've bingo games were a major part of our contributions, and now I'd say we're receiving about thirty percent less money than before."

Lemon Grove post 2082 used to have the most popular VFW bingo games, and according to post commander Frank Brown the games resulted in an average charitable contribution of about \$30,000 a year. Early in 1984 the games were discontinued because of lack of attendance, but last January they were reinstated. Now they are doing about half the business they once were.

"What we're worrying about now is the state lottery," says Brown. "We're hoping it won't hurt us too badly."

— N.M.

A Park Full of People

It's a common complaint that playing fields and parking lots in Balboa Park are being overrun by San Diego's rapidly growing population. But look south to San Ysidro, where on weekdays forty-six adult soccer teams and thirty-eight softball squads compete for space on Larsen Field, a ten-acre park just north of the border. On weekends another twenty Little League baseball teams vie for use of Larsen's two diamonds, while men's and women's teams from Tijuana play pickup matches on the green. Picnickers fill what empty

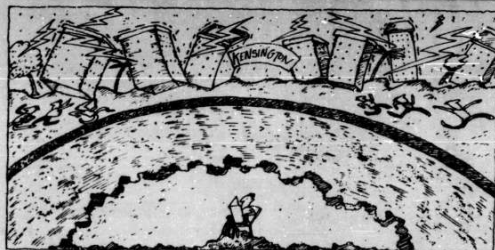
space remains, leaving their cars double- and triple-parked in the adjacent lot. "Sometimes it gets so crowded with cars that we have to call the police because there's no room for an emergency vehicle to get in if someone gets hurt," says Ricky Duran, director of the San Ysidro Recreation Center.

Duran and San Ysidro activist Doug Perry worry that the crowding will soon become much worse, as apartments develop the border park. Scurrying to take advantage of cheap border-area land, developers have built a 180-unit complex on the park's eastern fringe, abutted by an eighty-

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Doug Perry at Larsen Field, Housing Authority project in view.



Digging It In Kensington

Joseph Franklin Rutherford, president of the Jehovah's Witnesses from 1916 to 1940, planned to see Kensington engulfed in flames one day. If his predictions held true, he foresaw himself standing in the

third-story watchtower of his twenty-room home named Beth Sarin (House of the Princess) on Brashear Road, surrounded by God's resurrected faithful, surveying the violence and destruction of Armageddon as played out on the battlefield of Kensington. "Could Kensington endure the environmental impact of the traffic brought about by the thousands of sightseers for this event?" asks Dr. Thomas H. Baumann in *Kensington: Talmadge 1910-1985*, his 196-page history of the neighborhood, published in late January of this year.

Rutherford, unfortunately, did not live to see the blockbuster finale. He died in

1941 and is said to be buried somewhere on his property, although his neighbors protested violently when a church member, William Heath, formally applied for a permit to inter Rutherford near his home in a plot of ground on the canyon side of the home. Rutherford, however, was so convinced that the apocalypse would take place in his corner of San Diego that before his death he had his home landscaped with plants

indigenous to the Holy Land so that the souls of the prophets on hand to view the show would feel more at home.

Kensington-Talmadge 1910-1985 cost Baumann roughly \$7500 to research, and more than 500 copies have been sold since it has been placed in stores within the Kensington-Talmadge community. Recently Baumann was honored by the San Diego Historical Society for his book, which is one of what historical society activist Sylvia Arden describes as a disappearing genre. "It used to be that publishing a book was relatively inexpensive," Arden says, "but within the past decade prices have skyrocketed, and now most local histories are limited to small pamphlets. Dr. Baumann's book is important not only for the extensive amount of research it represents, but because it is part of a dwindling number." Local histories of Alpine, Carlsbad, and La Mesa are among the few recent examples

of the genre. The completion of Baumann's book was particularly timely, as Kensington will be celebrating its diamond jubilee at the end of this month.

Although Baumann's history does deal at length with the practical aspects of the establishment and growth of Kensington and its twin neighborhood Talmadge from their beginnings as real estate ventures in 1909 to the present, it does shed light on more than a few of the neighborhood's peculiarities. Digging, it seems, has been a mania for several Kensington residents. In addition to the alleged surreptitious stashing of Rutherford's body, others who have lived in Kensington have passed their time tunneling through the area's canyons. The

(continued on page 36)

STRAIGHT FROM THE HIP By Matthew Alice

Dear Matthew Alice:

I have this friend, you see, and she asked me to ask you this. Summer is nearly here, and suppose someone wants to get a start on a tan, but isn't about to don a bikini because of her little tummy and thigh bulges. Is it possible for my friend to lie on her living room floor — she's got a big picture window in her apartment — and get enough of a sun that her little ripples will be less noticeable when she actually ventures outdoors?

Diane Mosley
Hillcrest

Summer means fun, said the song of my youth. But there's no reason why the words can't still apply to my generation, now that we're getting up there in years. Obviously Diane is afflicted with a few of the hazards of advancing years (her thirdly disgraced "friend" notwithstanding), but still she feels the lure of those lengthening days, the bright sun, a cooling ocean breeze. . . . Let's join her in this marvelous weather.

Diane's ripples may or may not be hidden by a tan. After all, bodybuilders get tans because they believe the tan accentuates the contours and bulges of their well-honed bodies. But if you, Diane, want to pursue a passive course, instead of taking a more direct approach to eliminating those bulges, fine. Don't expect to get much of a tan, though, sheltered by your picture window. Visible light obviously has no difficulty penetrating windows (to the delight of your neighbors); glass is a much more effective barrier to ultraviolet light, that portion of the spectrum which causes your skin to darken. Ultraviolet light is measured in nanometers (a billionth of a meter), and ranges in length from four to 400 of the tiny little nanos. There's a catch, however: the portion of UV light that actually causes the tan, UVB, is from 290 to 320 nanometers long, and

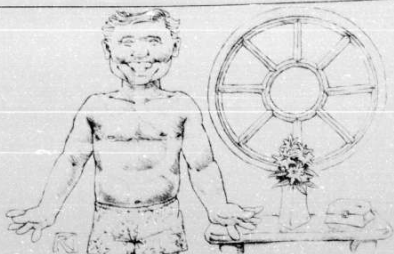


Illustration by Rick Covery

it so happens that glass more than three millimeters thick will filter out those wavelengths. What passes through is visible light and what's called UVA, the lower end of the ultraviolet range. UVA is about one one-thousandth as "powerful" as UVB, and has very little to say about whether your body turns a golden brown. In short, Diane under glass won't get tanned.

Dear Matthew Alice:

Please explain how an inch of rain is measured. What about an inch of snow? Is there a difference in the amount of water in each?

Kenn Nesbitt
La Jolla

Your timing is less than impeccable, Kenn, but sometimes it's good to remind ourselves of what we're leaving behind. In San Diego in summer, that's not much — we average 9.32 inches of rain a year — so every drop is worth measuring. Any old straight-sided, flat-bottomed container between four inches and three feet across is sufficient to measure rainfall;

just stick a ruler in and take a reading (An inch of rain is an inch of rain, whatever vessel it's in.) But the pros down at the weather service at Lindbergh Field use a sophisticated device with a four-inch-wide trap that funnels down to a two-inch-wide brass cylinder. The measuring "stick" is magnified by ten power, which allows them to read precipitation in hundredths of an inch, nearly drop by drop.

There are many types of snow, but ten inches of your average "wet" snow is equivalent to an inch of rain. Snowfall is measured by taking ten different readings at designated spots around the weather station and recording the average. Usually the weatherman (or woman) will place flat pieces of plywood at various spots around the station — before the snow falls, naturally — and the measuring rod is then inserted into the snow until it rests against the wood, providing a constant base for measurements.

Dear Matthew Alice:

As a San Diego native I remember a strange phenomenon, back in 1982. San

Diego went three months without sun (February, March, April, if I remember correctly). I don't remember if this was an indirect effect of Mount St. Helens or not. I remember going back to New York to get an early start on my summer tan. Please save me, my "transient" friends don't believe me.

Karen C.
Hillcrest

Summer may mean fun, and fun and sun may go together, but the equation falls apart in May and June in San Diego. The weather service measures sunshine by the minute, expressing the quantity as a percentage: how many minutes the sun is actually visible compared to the number of minutes between sunrise and sunset. When you wake up tomorrow and look out the window, the chances are you won't see the sun. That's because May has an average of only fifty-eight percent sunshine, June is even worse, at fifty-seven percent. Late spring is in fact pretty dismal here, since the average for the year is higher, at sixty-eight percent sunshine. The cause of the typical late night and early morning low clouds this time of year is the desert, which heats up and sucks in the moisture from the ocean, leaving it over their heads.

In 1982 we had an especially dreary spring. May had only thirty-seven percent sunshine, and June was not much better at forty-two percent. February and March were also way below average, by about fifteen percent. Temperamental Mount St. Helens may have had an effect, but don't forget El Niño, which messed around with the weather all over the Pacific.

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

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THE INSIDE STORY

BY PAUL KRUEGER

LARRY KAPLOFF LEFT THE STATE ASSEMBLY three years ago for a Superior Court judgeship, but Kaploff can't stay away from politics. He eagerly serves as chairman of the Superior Court's legislative committee, and his trips to the statehouse this year gave him the opportunity to roll around in the political mud bath of Famosa Slough.

Kaploff's current dabblings in the slough issue have pleased some of his former constituents, angered others, and left his Seventy-eighth Assembly District successor Lucy Killea disappointed and puzzled.

The Famosa Slough is a 20.5-acre wetland bordering West Point Loma Boulevard east of Nimitz Boulevard. Developer Terry Sheldon says it's a stagnant pond filled with garbage and old tires; he wants to clean it up and ring it with 400 condominiums.

Friends of Famosa Slough, a group of residents fighting the construction, insist the wetland is a unique breeding ground for birds and wildlife that's rightly protected by the state coastal commission. Assemblywoman Killea last year helped the Friends defeat a bill that would have led to construction, but this year, when a similar bill was introduced, Kaploff worried that Killea would be overwhelmed by her pro-development colleagues and he plunged into the controversy by lobbying for a compromise bill.

Working with the state Coastal Conservancy, the Sierra Club, and former colleague Assemblyman Tom Hannigan, Kaploff helped develop a plan to allow 7.5 acres of condos and thirteen acres of wetland on the slough. Five days before last week's vote of the Assembly's Natural Resources Committee, he met with the Friends of Famosa Slough to tell them of his "proprietary interest in saving" the wetland and to outline his compromise. Kaploff, who spent ten years in Sacramento, showed an uncanny grasp of contemporary capitol politics. After complaining about "interference from other legislators" playing politics "in our backyard," Kaploff explained that Assemblyman Mike Roos was the Assembly committee's swing vote on the slough's future. Roos would follow the lead of local Assemblyman Steve Peace, and



Famosa Slough, looking toward Pt. Loma Boulevard (top); along Famosa Boulevard (bottom).

Kaploff was working on both legislators to support the compromise. Kaploff solemnly told the Friends that if the compromise didn't fly, there was "a real chance of losing the slough" to developer Sheldon.

The compromise bill Kaploff supported died in the Assembly committee, which instead last week fashioned a

member Frank Garland argues that Kaploff's efforts were counterproductive. "If he really cared about the slough, he would have spoken in favor of Lucy Killea's bill," says Garland. (Killea pushed a stricter measure limiting development to just six acres of the slough.) "Kaploff should have been working with the state biologists [who urged protection of the slough] instead of playing political games in Sacramento."

Killea, a cautious politician who avoids confrontations, declined to discuss Kaploff's involvement in the slough issue. An aide to the assemblywoman was concerned but not surprised that Kaploff didn't inform Killea of his decision to meet with the Friends. "He's been actively involved in this for two years," the aide said. Kaploff didn't return phone calls on the subject, though he has frequently declined to comment on political issues since his appointment to the superior court bench.

*** Downtown San Diego's Horton Plaza Shopping Center is scheduled for an August 9 grand opening, but the neglected Fourth Avenue perimeter of the \$140 million retail project remains a major concern of city planners and merchants in the neighboring Gaslamp Quarter. While the north and west sides of Horton Plaza will draw customers through the elaborate entrances of Robinson's, Nordstrom, and

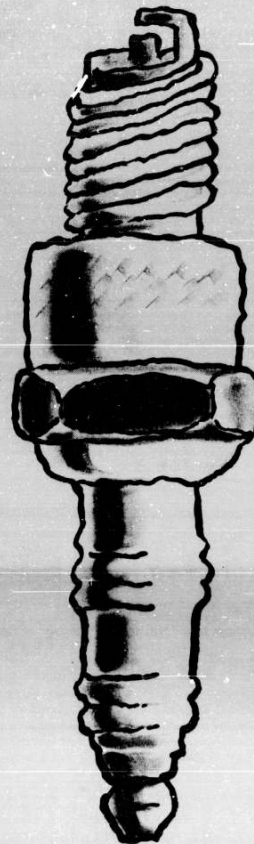
Mervyn's, the Fourth Avenue frontage will be the gray brick facade of a multi-story parking lot. And for months after the shopping center's opening, workers and their vehicles will use the Fourth Avenue side as a staging area for final construction of the center's multiscreen cinema and subterranean theaters.

Neither of the two pedestrian elevators intended to move shoppers from the center's chic boutiques down to the street-level shops in the Gaslamp are being constructed, and architectural drawings of planned improvements on the center's Fourth Avenue face between the Balboa Theater and the Golden West Hotel still haven't been delivered for review by Gaslamp Quarter merchants. The retailers, who see the new shopping center and its expected popularity as a financial salvation, two weeks ago demanded that the city planning department pressure shopping center developer Ernest Hahn into upgrading the frontage. They also formed a committee to keep the heat on. "We spent hundreds of hours working up design standards, and nothing is happening," says Dan Pearson, a Gaslamp pioneer who's developing a bed-and-breakfast hotel in the historic district.

The Gaslamp's side of Fourth Avenue — the face that greets Horton Plaza shoppers and invites them over to sample the restaurants and shops in historic buildings south of Broadway — is looking no

better. The run-down buildings can now be condemned if owners don't clean up the bars, adult book stores, and pawnshops, though there's been little progress with either alternative. Assistant city planning director Mike Stepper says fifty percent of the property owners have made "real commitments" to polishing their storefronts, but Gaslamp Quarter Council director Art Skolnik says written promises "are something you can blow your nose in." When we see building permits and contracts with architects, that's when we'll believe something is being done. "City planners had talked of scraping together five million dollars to finance the condemnation and acquisition of the derelict properties, but now no official will talk specifically about how much money has been set aside to carry through on the threats. This fiscal evasiveness reveals the planners' concern that if the condemnation kitty is too small, property owners will think the city has no muscle to follow through with its threats. Conversely, a well-financed condemnation bank account could entice the owners to hold out for a higher price. Skolnik argues that the cleanup, now a year overdue, can't be delayed any longer. "If the La Jollans and Del Marians arrive [at the new shopping center] via Fourth Avenue and see Sodam and Gomerah, what's the chance of their coming back downtown?" Skolnik asks. □

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Honest Game

(continued from page 1)

day. A conservative player who isn't concerned with winning big can play here from the time it opens at 10:30 a.m. to the time it closes at 2:00 a.m., and never lose more than the \$1.25 per half-hour it costs to sit at the table. And many of them do just that.

The card players take a hand or two, betting lightly if at all, before they settle into the game. One fellow puts on a pair of flip-up sunglasses that only go down when he's dealing. Another holds an unlit cigar in the center of his mouth. Yet another has the habit of stroking his bald head between deals. Most of the players at the Ace's Duce's have been playing with each other for so long they know each other's strengths and weaknesses as well as they know their wives' moods, which tends to stalemate the game. But when a younger player wanders in who looks as if he just got out of the navy and fancies himself to be a card shark, they eye him like vultures eyeing a sick cow. "Sit down," Flip says happily, writing the newcomer's name on the chalkboard. "Get t'know everybody. Be just like family here before y'know it."

"These guys any good?" the kid asks Bill; and Bill, a neatly dressed man with a pencil-thin mustache, an-

"These guys any good?" the kid asks Bill; and Bill, a neatly dressed man with a pencil-thin mustache, answers quite truthfully, "Son, there's over 400 years of poker experience sitting at that table."

swers quite truthfully. "Son, there's over 400 years of poker experience sitting at that table."

As extravagant as Bill's claim may sound, it's probably an understatement. Of the seven players at the table, none is under seventy, and all you have to do is watch them crack their knuckles to see that most of them knew their way through a deck of cards by the age of ten. If the world were always fair, players under the age of seventy wouldn't be allowed to play at the Ace's Duce's, because they really haven't got a chance. Oh, there may be some nimble-fingered shuf-

flers still in their teens. And there're some pretty confident gamblers in their thirties and forties. There're even some fifty- and sixty-year-old youngsters who can walk away from a game a few chips up. But day in and day out, the experienced players will tear them up.

In fifteen minutes or so, the old-timers have discovered the new kid's weakness: he can't afford to lose. He lets most hands pass, betting nothing more than the twenty-five-cent ante; then, when he thinks he's got a good hand, he cautiously bets four or five bucks, and one of the tough old vet-

erans immediately calls him and raises the bet ten or twenty dollars, forcing the kid to fold. Nobody shows him any mercy, figuring if he's old enough to sit at a card table, he's old enough to learn a lesson. Now and then someone will take a youngster like that aside and explain to him that poker is an idle game, for idle men, and that a young man should be out working instead of wasting his time in a card room. Not that it does any good. In forty-five minutes, the kid has lost sixty dollars. He quietly pushes his chair back, rises, and slinks out the door without saying a word. "It's tough to win when you're afraid to lose," one of the players observes.

Tom, the other co-owner, comes out to announce that the bathroom is back in service. "Somebody let a cigarette on the floor the other night," Flip explains. "Caught fire in a stack o' newspapers; come back nex' mornin' and the bathroom was all burn up." Besides blackening the walls, the fire cracked the toilet bowl. But the announcement that it's back in order brings only a round of scornful howls from the clientele. "I think I'll just keep using the one next door," somebody says. "At least they clean theirs once in a while."

Some of the players take out cigars and light them, hoping to keep the swarm of flies away from their faces. The sunlight through the smoke makes wavy patterns on the table.

(continued on page 12)

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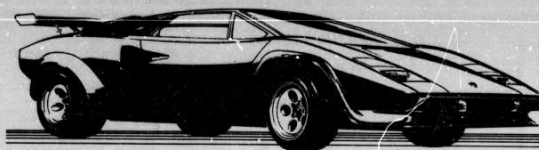
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No one seems to suffer from the Las Vegas gamblers' sense of urgency. Luck, as most people know, may run in streaks; but poker, as almost no one under seventy knows, doesn't have a whole lot to do with luck. The next hand, the next game, can wait.



Honest Game

(continued from page 14)

certain customers, that is nobody's business but their own. In effect, by giving credit, then failing to collect, they have hired shills.

Around three o'clock free sandwiches are served — a loser's consolation before going home — and the late-afternoon crowd begins sifting in: a biker with two-tone sunglasses and a bouffant pompadour; a 300-pound farm boy with the sleeves cut off his blue work shirt; a black kid with dreadlocks and patent leather navy shoes. None of them can last more than an hour or two with the old boys, though.

"I read where the airlines are having a price war again. Probably be a good time to take a trip."

"Henry, didn't you take one of them three-month, unlimited-mileage bus

trips one time?"

"Yeah, it took me four days to get to Orlando. That trip cost me ninety-nine dollars for the bus ticket, and \$300 for the booze. You couldn't pay me a thousand dollars to do it again."

A cluster of Vietnamese women passes by the window, their high heels click-clacking on the sidewalk, and their sweet perfumes swirling temptingly around the open door. Flip growls lustily from deep in his throat while he toys with the lint in his hair — but not one of the gamblers even looks up from his hand.

The pay phone rings. "Ace's Duce's," Bill says. "No, darlin', still haven't seen him. You know I will, darlin'."

Seeing a woman playing at the Ace's Duce's is about as unusual as seeing a man at a Tupperware party — there's no rule against it, it just rarely happens. There aren't many men who like to play poker with women, and nowadays, even fewer who will admit it. Women often don't know how to play the game, the men say, and only



Is it possible that neighborhood card rooms have only survived this long because their customers are mostly stubborn old men who come from a time when people created their own entertainment, using only the most basic of implements: cards, chips, and other people?

slow it down when they insist on trying. The pleasure a man takes in finding another gambler's fault and hammering at it until the gambler breaks is not as satisfying, for emotional reasons, if the 'broken gambler' is a woman; nor is it as tolerable if the gambler doing the hammering is a woman. More importantly, though, having a woman present disrupts the serenity which the men go there to find. A few women — mostly Orientals — ignore this custom, apparently unaware that the cigar smoke they find so annoying is intended to be a female repellent. In those cases, the custom must be enforced in other ways.

About four o'clock three girls barely out of their teens walk into the Ace's Duce's and announce they want to play low draw, which is a simpler, faster-moving game of poker favored by less skillful players. The girls are tough looking for their age, big shouldered, big hipped; they're also nervous about being in a card room and are trying hard not to show it. Flip

looks at the girls as though they were sent there by God to save him from one more dull afternoon listening to old men play cards, and he falls all over himself trying to make them feel comfortable, trying to work his devilish charm. "We'll have a low draw table goin' in just a minute. Lemme have your names and I'll write 'em on the chalkboard."

But this only makes the girls even more nervous. One of them arrogantly flips the ashes from her cigarette like a priest sprinkling holy water. "Isn't there a game going now?" she asks.

One of the players who has been observing all this pushes his chair back, stands up, and looking down at them with a perfectly blank poker face, says, "Don't you girls know you can't come in here? This is a card room."

Some of the other players laugh at this little joke, but the girls don't. "I don't see no sign," one of them challenges.

The poker player just looks over his

(continued on page 15)

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Honest Game

(continued from page 17)

glasses and down his nose at them, amused to see their tightly wound ball of confidence unraveling before his eyes.

"Let's get out of here," the second girl says, obviously flustered. At the door, the third girl pauses to say, loudly enough for everyone to hear, "At least we ain't no hookers!"

Flip looks depressed as he watches them go. "Don't get many young girls in here," he says. "Hardly ever get any old ones," his mouth souring on the word old.

The baseball game drones on. The flies buzz. Hours, days, weeks pass by. "Check, Check, Check," the poker players say.

"Check, Check, Check."

Cheating, most players agree, is almost nonexistent; most cheaters, who will occasionally try to hold cards from the game and reintroduce them at opportune times, are so well known around town, and are so carefully watched, that they don't have a chance to pull their tricks. There is talk about one card room owner who was said to have embezzled more than a million dollars from his patrons in a book-making scheme, but the notion that poker players are any more inclined to vice than, say, people who frequent the racetrack or play bingo, makes most of the clientele at the Ace's Duce's laugh out loud.

How is it, they wonder, that card rooms can harm the public image of a town where the mayor is being tried for perjury and conspiracy, the sheriff resigned from a presidential commission studying organized crime because of lingering rumors of his own associations with mobsters, hundreds of greedy investors were practically standing in line to be bilked out of millions of dollars by a filmflam man running a glorified pyramid scheme, and a TV evangelist went \$700,000 in

prostitution, and drugs. In 1983, when the squeeze on card rooms began, the city police claimed to have made almost a hundred vice arrests in card rooms in the previous five years.

The owners and players at the Ace's Duce's discuss this subject often. They wonder how an all-American game like poker could have acquired such a bad reputation. "The city fathers have decided card rooms don't present a desirable image to the tourists," Tom says. "Hell, you can see more flakes in the goddamned park, but they don't close it down."

"It's the retired rich that don't like us," Flip says.

Cheating, most players agree, is almost nonexistent; most cheaters, who will occasionally try to hold cards from the game and reintroduce them at opportune times, are so well known around town, and are so carefully watched, that they don't have a chance to pull their tricks. There is talk about one card room owner who was said to have embezzled more than a million dollars from his patrons in a book-making scheme, but the notion that poker players are any more inclined to vice than, say, people who frequent the racetrack or play bingo, makes most of the clientele at the Ace's Duce's laugh out loud.

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debt telling people prosperity is their divine right? "Poker," one card player says, "might be the only honest game in this town."

"You can't outlaw poker," Tom says. "It's an addiction, and people are gonna do it."

"There's always gonna be sharks, and there's always gonna be pigeons," someone else agrees.

"They been tryin' to stop prostitution since the Bible days," Flip says. "You can read about it in the Book of Psalms. And they still haven't stopped that."

"Card rooms will just go underground," Bill says.

"They already are," someone adds. "I know of three operating right now. And they aren't paying the city any \$3300 license fee, either."

"The big card rooms will just pick up and go somewhere else. That guy up in Oceanview will have a whopping business," Bill says.

"Best thing we could do," one old codger nearing eighty says, growing more irate the longer he thinks about it, "is put a contract out on the chief of police and the whole goddamned city council."

Besides their problems with the city fathers, the owners of the Ace's Duce's have fallen on economic hard times. In the nine years it's been open, business has never been slower. And nobody seems to know why. "I say it's the economy," Tom says. "For a while we thought it was the bingo parlors out on the Indian reservations cutting into our business. For a while they were getting 1500 people a night out there. Now I've heard their business is way off too. It's gotta be the economy."

"It's baffling," Bill says. "Two card rooms on El Cajon Boulevard closed

not long ago. All the card rooms are hurting."

"We should have three games going right now," Tom says sourly as two more players get up from the one active table. "Everybody acts like they can't afford to lose nothin'. It's gotta be the economy."

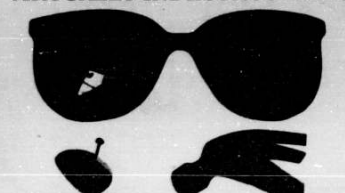
Flip, who had been emptying ashtrays and missed part of the conversation, says, "I still think it's the retired rich. They think we ain't good enough for 'em."

But what everybody is wondering, though nobody seems willing to say, is this: Are small, neighborhood card rooms like the Ace's Duce's living fossils out of an era of railroads, out-houses, straight razors, ten-cent cigars, and nickel beer? Is it possible they have only survived this long because their customers are mostly stubborn old men who come from a time when people created their own entertainment using only the most basic of implements: cards, chips, and other people? The ranks of those old men are growing thinner every day. Can they be replaced by a generation raised on video games, Walkmans, and personal computers?

As the afternoon drags along, the last baseball game draws to a close and some of the card players get up to go home for dinner, Bill and Tom eye the table nervously. There are only five players keeping the game alive, and if one of them leaves, the rest will leave, too. "Check. Check. Check. Open for two. Call and raise you two. Call, whatcha got? Pair of kings. That's it, I'm out." The remaining players rake in their chips, cash them in at the desk, and leave.

The pay phone rings. "Ace's Duce's?" Bill answers. "No, I'm sorry, darlin', he just left."

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New Persian, Kashan 100% wool	4x5-7 ft.	\$ 3,800.00	\$ 1,300.00
New Persian, Kashan 100% wool	12x18 ft.	\$ 50,000.00	\$ 12,500.00
New Persian, Kashan 100% wool	9x12 ft.	\$ 5,400.00	\$ 1,000.00
New Persian, Kashan 100% wool	4x6 ft.	\$ 1,300.00	\$ 275.00

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I grew up fatherless. I passionately desired, with a longing just prior to sex, to be on speaking terms with a person so much taller, who shaved his face and could tie complex Windsor knots in neckties. In first grade, as enthusiastically as a movie star—a fan club president and as much and as unequivocally in love, I gave my hero worship to the father of Dick and Jane, who wore brown suits and went to his office. “I know about fathers only what you tell me,” I say to Al.

Al's father, an immigrant's child, never grew past five feet four inches. Fastidious, he would not leave home without tie and jacket. He dressed, nightly, for dinner. In his eighties he struggled to learn to blow-dry his corona of white hair. He had the snappy Harry Truman gait, the same rapid walk that raised sweat on reporters who chased after the thirty-third president as he took his famous morning constitutional. Like the Little Haberdasher from Independence, Al's father also “walked tall,” his back straight and his shoulders braced. He hammered after his lanky, long-legged boys to do the same. He pointed to Harry as an example.

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Al's lips tremble and his blue eyes fill when he says, “My father criticized old people who harped on their poor health and talked about the past.” Al speaks both petulantly and humorously—an attitude as uncharacteristic for him as his father's behavior—telling me, “He always snored loudly, not even Mother would see him without his teeth.”

Always. Always. Al's disillusionment with his father surprises me. Disappointments. Disillusions. Al has been so realistic about people, about all of us. As he reports, weeping, “When father swallows his soup, he gurgles.” I wonder, why did he believe his father would be any different?

That was two years ago. Al tells me about the morning he drove his father home from the hospital after the prostate operation. Although he already knew, Al asked his father, so withdrawn that morning, “What does the doc say to do when you get home?” His father, looking smaller than Al recalled and his head bigger, scratched with his thumbnail at an imaginary spot on his pin-striped trousers. He did not look up, or out at the snow that had fallen during the night, whitening the faraway fields on either side of the freeway. He answered his son, whose blond hair has thinned and grayed. “He says that he,” nodding toward his crotch, “won't be able to do much any more.” Lifting his eyes, wiping his breath cloud off the passenger window with his fingertips, looking out through the cleared spot at horses that stood shivering just beyond the billboards, Al's father continued, “But that's all right. Your mother never liked him any way.”

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book of prayers for the month, her Bible, letters from her sisters and brothers—also clearly—and their son in New Mexico. She reads *Guidpost's* Bible verse for the day, smoothing with one hand the red, green, purple, and white ribbons stuck in the Bible. He stares toward the ceiling. When her voice stops, he whispers. When Al arrives she kisses her husband good-bye. Careful not to look back, she walks, stiffly, to the elevator.

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I can barely hear his “Yes.” Julie's parents split up when she was in high school. Her father married his young secretary. The marriage fell apart. He married again, a woman even younger. Julie rarely saw him, and when he

telephoned, always after her birthday, if he remembered at all, and on Christmas and Thanksgiving, he would be drunk. In Julie's senior

year of college, her father was ousted from his company for “tricking” the books. He avoided embezzlement charges. But his career as a CPA was finished. Julie's mother was getting her third divorce. The third wife left Julie's father. No one came to Julie's graduation.

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On a Friday afternoon her lover puts Julie's overnight bag (to which he has added, as a surprise, a package of Peppercorn Farm ginger men, because Julie's grief has left him helpless and he wants, somehow, to do something) in the back seat of his car and picks her up at her office. He drives her to the airport. They hold hands under a dusty chandelier in the bar. She asks him what he will do all weekend and does not wait for his answer, but reminds him—for the fifth, sixth time—to feed her fat cat, Buster. She drinks a double Scotch as fast as she drinks lemonade. On her way to the gate, she buys a pack of breath mints.

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in the Methodist Church basement. She vomits. “He counts on getting well,” she says out loud to the white tiles.

On Saturday afternoon, she sits with her father in the doctor's office. People with hoses in their nostrils suck air from portable oxygen tents. She smells death on them, on the notes to herself, the odor of mushrooms, of plant life that grows in damp and darkness, the smell of the midwest that is a side effect of living in Oregon's rain. The midwest rots woodens and leather shoes.

After she got up that morning, her eyes swollen from crying over gingerbread men that were broken in passage, she had tried to scrub the mossy mold from behind her father's kitchen sink.

The doctor tells Julie her father may not survive the surgery. “He has abused himself too long. . . . If the tumor is malignant, as the surgeon suspects, Julie hopes that her father does not survive. “Sound cruel and unusual,” she asks, her voice strained and the telephone connection yawning in big storm waves between us. I can see her standing there, tall, with long lovely legs and thick chestnut hair.

Her father continues to smoke two packs of Camel straights a day, she says. . . . There are long pauses

between words in sentences, while he gathers breath, she tells me. “And when he talks, he wants to say how sorry he is. . . . and I am not sorry,” she says. Her voice growing steely, she adds, “I raked up a storm and piled his fridge with casseroles.”

The doctor tells Al and his brothers that their father could live for several days or several more years. Al says that in moments of clear headedness, his father, sounding quite his old self, says matter-of-factly, “I am all washed up. I am no good, now, to anybody. I would like to die.” Al totters home, he grips Al's hand and with tears in his eyes, says, “Don't leave me, son. We've got to stick together.”

Al talks with bitterness in his voice, this unaccustomed, still unexamined acrimony about what his father had “always” said he would or would not do. His father has been for him the same as, and equal to, eternity. He has made God from pieces of his father. When she is back home, Julie frantically searches through old magazines for the issue of *Mother Jones* that features a nursing home expose. She looks, obsessively, at the photographs of nursing bed sores.

“Judith,” Julie says when she calls me this evening, “it's like standing over a canyon yelling ‘I love you.’ Your voice goes absolutely nowhere.”

I am glad, Father, whoever you are, to have had nothing, no one to lose.

BY JUDITH MOORE

Illustration by Tom Ivens

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When she is back home, Julie frantically searches through old magazines for the issue of *Mother Jones* that features a nursing home exposé. She looks, obsessively, at the photographs of cowering bed sons. "Judith," Julie says when she calls me this evening, "it's like standing over a canyon yelling 'I love you.' Your voice goes absolutely nowhere."

I am glad, Father, whoever you are, to have had nothing, no one to lose.

BY JUDITH MOORE
Illustration by Tom Voss

Julie's father, in his midfifties, has lung cancer. Al's father, almost ninety, has simply given out. Al and Julie watch their fathers live day to day, aboriginally, at the mercy of blind nature.

I grew up fatherless. I passionately desired, with a longing just prior to sex, to be on speaking terms with a person so much taller, who shaved his face and could tie complex Windsor knots in neckties. In first grade, as enthusiastically as a movie star's fan club president and as much and as unrequitedly in love, I gave my hero worship to the father of Dick and Jane, who wore brown suits and went to his office. "I know: about fathers only what you tell me," I say to Al.

Al's father, an immigrant's child, never grew past five feet four inches. Fastidious, he would not leave home without tie and jacket. He dressed, nightly, for dinner. In his eighties he struggled to learn to blow-dry his corona of white hair. He had the snappy Harry Truman gait, the same rapid walk that raised sweat on reporters who chased after the thirty-third president as he took his famous morning constitutional. Like the Little Haberdasher from Independence, Al's father also "walked tall," his back straight and his shoulders braced. He hampered after his lanky, long-legged boys to do the same. He pointed to Harry as an example.

He began to stoop in his mid-eighties, to repeat himself, to shamelessly relate intimate symptoms of bowels and urination, to complain about his dentures (previously a taboo subject), to talk persistently about the past, about long-dead relations and neighbors. He would occasionally take out the dentures, hold upper and lower plate in his hand, and gaze at the pink palate and rows of teeth. Late one afternoon with his wife, a small and rounded high-colored woman, was pouring tea for her "lady" guests, he took his teeth out and chattered the two plates together in what appeared to be an imitation of talk and chewing.

"What do they do when he does that?" I ask Al.

"They go on as if it is not happening," he answers.

Al had never seen his father without his teeth. The space under his father's long Nordic nose shrivels to half its length, and his puckered lips fold together, resembling more than anything the small black leather coin purse from which his father once dispensed dimes and nickels to his sons.

Al's lips tremble and his blue eyes fill when he says, "My father criticized old people who harped on their poor health and talked about the past." Al speaks both petulantly and rancorously — an attitude as unaccustomed for him as his father's behavior — telling me, "He always swore no one, not even Mother would see him without his teeth."

Always. Always. Al's disillusionment with his father surprises me. Disappointments. Disillusions. Al has been so realistic about people, about all of us. As he reports, wincing, "When father swallows his soup, he gurgles." I wonder, why did he believe his father would be any different?

That was two years ago. Al tells me about the morning he drove his father home from the hospital after the prostate operation. Although he already knew, Al asked his father, so withdrawn that morning, "What does the doc say to do when you get home?" His father, looking smaller than Al recalled and his head bigger, scratched with his thumbnail at an imaginary spot on his pinstriped trousers. He did not look up, or out at the snow that had fallen during the night, whitening the faraway fields on either side of the freeway. He answered his son, whose blond hair has thinned and grayed. "He says that he," nodding toward his crotch, "won't be able to do much anymore." Lifting his eyes, wiping his breath cloud off the passenger window with his fingertips, looking out through the cleared spot at horses that stood shivering just beyond the billboards, Al's father continued, "But that's all right. Your mother never liked him anyway."

That was last winter. It is springtime now. Each morning Al's father has to be retightened, bite-by-bite, to hold the spoon. His memory has gone as pale as his skin. He often does not know which son feeds him, does not know if the hand is his wife's or the visiting nurse's. Al knows that this "means nothing." He intends for his hurt not to show. All that his father seems to remember "whole." Al says, "are his prayers."

Today the old man, gripping Al's arm as he totters from bed to chair, is completely different from the man Al had always thought his father would eventually become. Al has no way, now, of knowing what he himself will be like twenty, thirty years hence. He imagines the worst. He sees himself, moving about in slow motion. He imagines his own arms flaccid, unresponsive to command — or his will gone numb, willing nothing — as his son helps him to go to the toilet, wipes him clean, puts him dry, leans down and zips his trousers. "The thought is unendurable," he says.

He bathes his father as he would a child. When he asks him to lift his arms or to turn around, the old man consents meekly. Al scrubs his buttocks from behind, veiling the drooping hindquarters with white socks. The old man looks down at his crotch. The wrinkled lavender flesh dangles limply from between his stick legs. Al covers him there, too, with socks.

His once-immaculate shirtfronts are stained. He soils himself. The doctor suggests diapers. Al's father,



Say Good-bye to Your Father

ON PREPARING FOR A PARENT'S DEATH

sobbing, refuses to have his wife diaper him. Al does it. He bends over the rolling hospital bed he and his middle brother fitted into the van and brought home. Al says, off-handedly, "Things like that don't bother me."

Finally, over the protestations of Al's mother, Al's father is put in the hospital. Al's mother, some of her plumpness and pinkness now gone, appears after sunrise. She feeds her husband of sixty years from the Cream of Wheat on the hospital tray. She does her embroidery — a garland of purple violets along the edge of a white pillowcase. In her bag she has brought *Guidepost's*

book of prayers for the month, her Bible, letters from their sisters and brothers — also elderly — and their son in New Mexico. She reads *Guidepost's* Bible verse for the day, smoothing with one hand the red, green, purple, and white ribbons stuck in the Bible. He stares toward the ceiling. When her voice stops, he whimpers. When Al arrives she kisses her husband good-bye. Careful not to look back, she walks, stiffly, to the elevator.

Al sits with him until ten o'clock. "What did you do all evening with your father?" I ask. Al laughs, the raspy laugh I know by heart. "I took his teeth out when he asked me to

and put more 'stick-em' on them, and then put them back in his mouth, and then three minutes later, when he wanted them out, I took them out again. And then," he said, not laughing, "I put them back."

In a moment of clarity, Al's father queries Al, "Is this the best I can afford?"

I ask Al, "Did it break your heart when he said that?"

I can barely hear his "Yes."

Julie's parents split up when she was in high school. Her father married his young secretary. The marriage fell apart. He married again, a woman even younger. Julie rarely saw him, and when he

telephoned, always after her birthday, if he remembered at all, and on Christmas and Thanksgiving, he would be drunk. In Julie's senior year of college, her father was ousted from his company for "tricking" the books. He avoided embezzlement charges. But his career as a CPA was finished. Julie's mother was getting her third divorce. The third wife left Julie's father. No one came to Julie's graduation.

Her father lives alone in an isolated southern Oregon timber and lumber mill town. "He is dead broke," she writes, "living in a shack, and the world has become smaller for him than either you or I can imagine. He sleeps a lot. Stares at his nine-inch TV. Eats cold cereal, three meals a day. Wonder bread and margarine. Never washes his clothes. Can't hear."

On a Friday afternoon her lover puts Julie's overnight bag (to which he has added, as a surprise, a package of Pepperidge Farm ginger men, because Julie's grief has left him helpless and he wants, somehow, to do something) in the back seat of his car and picks her up at her office. He drives her to the airport. They hold hands under a dusty chandelier in the bar. She asks him what he will do all weekend and does not wait for his answer, but reminds him — for the fifth, sixth time — to feed her fat cat, Buster. She drinks a double Scotch as fast as she drinks lemonade. On her way to the gate, she buys a pack of breath mints.

She arrives in time to go to the AA meeting with her father. "My name's Rick, and I'm an alcoholic. This is my daughter, Julie. Since I've been reading the 'Big Book' and learning the steps, I feel my life is better. . . . I am ready to ask forgiveness for the wrongs I've done others . . . especially," his hoarse, nicotine-stained and burn-scarred hand trembling and sweating on Julie's shoulder, "my little girl, Julie here." The rack of broken yellow teeth, buckled out by narrow jaws, chatter between his blue lips.

His skull glimmers through his face as a woman's body, in the right light, will show through her slip. His smile is carnivorous.

The Scotch, gulped down three hours earlier, burns her belly. She blows into her hand. The Scotch bounces back off her pink palm. She traces the lines a palmist would trace: heart line, head line, love line, life line.

Julie excuses herself, gets up off the folding chair where she sits next to her father, in among Gail, Randy, Charlie, Brenda. ("Hello, I'm Brenda and I'm an alcoholic.") Brenda flirts with Julie's father, who with a rise of color to his razor-raw cheeks, flirts back.

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BY JUDITH MOORE
Illustration by Tom Foss

Movement of the Hip



Eric Bogosian

JEFF SMITH

Today the "hip comedian" is taken for granted. Eddie Murphy, George Carlin, Richard Pryor, and their legion of clones abound. Using the vivid language of the counterculture, these comics display sharp wit and an outlaw's disdain for sacred cows. They delight in showing us the skyscrapers of our times from the sidewalk. Source seekers for this phenomenon point back to the early Sixties and claim that Lenny Bruce and Mort Sahl are the fountains from which the cool waters of hip comedy have sprung. But Bruce and Sahl are actually tributaries of earlier sources: of Ronny Graham's brief tenure at Uptown at the Downtown, a New York club where he devised the classic piece, "Hurry the Hipster"; and of Richard ("Lord") Buckley, a jazz-drenched, Ra-

belaisan cat whose legend, like strong perfume, always arrived before he did. The Buckley legend, embellished by numerous retellings over the decades, is something else. It is said that the California-born, always penny-poor Buckley came into some cash in the early Fifties. Rather than invest the money, Buckley threw a two-year party. Everyone came — musicians, poets, painters, Beatniks, bums, and Brahmins. During this nonstop bash, it is said, Buckley founded the Church of the Living Swing (America's first jazz church), became the self-titled "Lord of Flip Manor," and devised the "hip semantic," a lexicon of jazz argot he used in his comic routines.

The legend does seem a bit much, even for Topanga Canyon, where the party allegedly took place. But those who claimed to have seen Buckley in person believed it. They saw a Salvador Dali face, marbled by life's extremes, and a

man dressed in a tux, white sneakers, and a pith helmet, as if he were ready, simultaneously, for a black-tie function, a game of tennis, and a safari. And they heard him recounting familiar stories — Jonah and the Whale, Jesus of Nazareth ("The Naz"), and the plays of Shakespeare ("Willie the Shale") — in the language and rhythms of jazz. They were stunned by his verbal flights, his humor, and his almost religious adoration of earthly life. This guy not only looked capable of hosting a two-year party, they said, he also gave the distinct impression that it was still going on.

A fair criticism of Buckley is that he was one of the first white pirates to steal from the private speech of black musicians. This is undeniable. What separates Buckley from the other pillagers of the Forties and Fifties, however, is that the idioms seem ingrained in his soul. He utters them with unforced ease. Unlike novelist

Jack Kerouac, say, who donned hip slang as if he were trying on a suit of clothes that didn't quite fit, Buckley has surrendered himself completely to the language. He seems to worship it, in fact, an odd (but endearing) stance for a thief to take.

The recently renovated Bowers Theatre — which now offers more comfortable seats and a new air-conditioning system — is currently hosting British actor John Sinclair's one-person tribute to Buckley. Called *Lord Buckley's Finest Hour*, the show re-enacts many of the comedian's popular routines, and it captures, on occasion, his gregarious spirit. It begins with Buckley's "Jonah," in which the whale, the "king of the dip," warns Jonah, "I'm gonna knock you in your most delicate gear." And it concludes with Buckley's most famous piece, "The Naz," in which Jesus of Nazareth is described, with glowing admiration, as "the sweetest, the coolest, the grooviest, the waitin' cat who ever jumped on this sweet green sphere." In keeping with the spiritual aura that surrounds the Buckley legend, Sinclair conducts his show not as a series of comic bits but rather as a religious revival, calling it "high mass in a modern chapel."

Like W.C. Fields, Benjamin Franklin, and Socrates, Richard Buckley is one of those people who never seem to have had a youth. Our image is of an older person who was born old. Although he is much younger than one would have expected for someone doing Buckley, John Sinclair is a competent actor who cannot conceal his reverence for the material and the man. The highlights of the show are the routines themselves. Backed by the Jazz Orchestra of the Royal Court, directed by Richmond Shepard, Sinclair swings easily through Marc Anthony's funeral oration ("I came to lay Caesar out, not to hip you to him"), "The Gasser" (who explorer Cabeza de Vaca discovered inner strength), and "The Naz." And the audience, most of whom were hearing these pieces for the first time, appeared to be discovering Buckley, to their delight.

But on the night I saw the show, Sinclair only performed five of Buckley's routines. He interspersed these with long narrative stretches, which provided a biography of the comedian and a necessary toning down of the legend by illustrating the harsh particulars of the man's life. But these interludes were often lengthy and un-Buckley, in two senses. First, they sounded more like imitations of his speech patterns rather than the rivers of words that flowed freely from the man. And second, they diluted the show's overall tone of unabashed celebration. As a result, the energy of the production would flicker on and off, like a lazy strobe light. Sinclair could shore up his program by cutting much of the narration and by adding more routines, such as Buckley's bits about Gandhi and Einstein, and his hipster rendition of "The Gettysburg Address." In its current format, the show works when Sinclair recites Buckley. It is much less effective when he describes him. The net effect is *Lord Buckley's Finest Half-Hour*.

Eric Bogosian — a spellbinding actor, writer, and monologist — would terrify Lord Buckley. In his art, and in his life, Buckley regarded the world with supreme affection. People, whom he lovingly called "God's stash," were to him the "true flowers of life." He saw only positives, and even the dark side of the street seemed like part of a vast, fragrant garden. Like Buckley, Bogosian has a marvelous sense of humor and a keen, David Mamet ear for the rhythms of contemporary dialogue. But unlike Buckley, and though he gives every indication that he wishes it were otherwise, Bogosian is unable to overlook the way things are. His *Drinking in America*, performed last Friday night as part of the Third Annual Festival of the Arts (Newfest) at Sush, takes a harrowing look at the pervasive ways men get high to avoid, and to inflict, pain.

Bogosian, who looks like a young Lenny Bruce, has all the instincts of the "hip comedian." But he takes the type several steps further. Instead of merely describing something from a distance, with cool detachment, Bogosian goes inside the phenomenon itself. He becomes the thing he describes — so completely that Eric Bogosian, the person, vanishes. With each new character, his resonant voice changes — as does, it seems, his physical size. As a junkie who just had a fix, Bogosian reduces his on-stage presence to merely a slow, soothed speech and to shadows finger-painted on a wall. As a drunk who just guzzled a pint of Old Hickory, he slumps into a defiant slouch, paces the stage, and screams "I'm a man, all right" at the world. And as a street gang "God of the Neighborhood," he swells into a muscular thug who gives a stern, moral lecture to some wayward menials. In these and other instances, Bogosian demonstrates a remarkable knack for shape-shifting, and his hour-long performance constituted a human collage of want and hurt.

Bogosian, who is currently performing his *FunHouse* at the Matrix Theatre in Los Angeles, began the evening at Sush by announcing that *Drinking in America* was a work-in-progress. The show did have rough spots. But these actually enhanced the raw treatment of his theme in ways that a more polished performance would not have. And while the arrangement of the sequences could benefit from some reshuffling (one, about a guy who laughingly describes the chilling events of the previous night — a few beers, stolen cars, and the violent harassment of an elderly couple — might be more effective later on), Bogosian's overall approach should remain intact. His method is inductive. In scene after scene, he graphically presents the particulars of his subject without ever dropping his multiple masks and offering spoon-fed generalizations. The show's power, instead, comes from a direct immediacy that would make even Lord Buckley squirm.

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A Private Function

RICK GEARY

A Private Function is a delightfully scabrous social comedy that may not be exactly black, just a good dark gray — the kind the British do so incomparably well. Set in 1947 during the depth of Britain's postwar austerity period, the film gives us a close and carefully detailed view of life

half of the title's double meaning). And these obsessions are reflected in the incessant, tactile physicality of the film's images. Director Malcolm Mowbray and screenwriter Alan Bennett (this is the first feature for both) make the townspeople's privations so real that every laugh carries a wince, or a shiver.

At roughly the center of the story is hapless chiropractor Gilbert Chivers (Michael Palin), a mild-mannered wimp, who cycles about to people's houses, caring for the feet of pampered local matrons, and who desires nothing more than an office and surgery on the town's main street. His wife Joyce (Maggie Smith), a blithely self-centered social climber, is the town's piano teacher and organist at the cinema, and together, almost daily, they endure the numerous small humiliations that befall those toward the bottom of the social and economic scale. As Joyce pushes Gilbert to better their standing, she pulls such stunts as tossing fresh food into the garbage so the neighbors will assume they're well off. Living with them is her aged, senile mother (Liz Smith), whose erratic behavior is explained by Joyce with an offhand "She's seventy-four."

As the slight plot gets going, a broad swath of the town's social fabric comes into focus. It seems that three local fat cats — a physician (Denholm Elliott), a solicitor (John Norgington) and an accountant (Richard Griffiths) — are planning a large private party to celebrate the upcoming wedding of Princess Elizabeth and Philip Mountbatten. For this patriotic occasion they plan an unpatriotic crime: they're paying a farmer to raise an illegal pig as centerpiece of the feast. These three, as well as everyone else in town, stand guard against the conscientious nation board inspector (Bill Paterson), a grim, eccentric man who, ironically, has no sense of taste or smell (due, he says, to German measles as a child). Nevertheless, the black market flourishes. When Gilbert accidentally learns of the pig scheme, his immediate desire to turn in the three men, who look down upon both him and his profession, is overcome by

his wife's more pressing personal needs. He steals the pig under cover of darkness and brings it home, where it proceeds to make an absolute shambles of his family's ordered existence. Joyce becomes a middle-class Lady Macbeth, thrusting the dagger into her husband's unwilling hands, convinced that a ladder full of precious ham and bacon will gain them another step up on the social ladder ("It's not just pork, it's power!"). Woven in and out of the narrative are a large gallery of minor characters, each brought to twisted, quirky life by a brilliantly assembled cast: the accountant's coddled wife, a patient of Gilbert's, and their spoiled little daughter who is (seemingly) Joyce's only pupil; the farmer and his family, especially his silent, bespectacled son, the local "widow" who's not above bestowing sexual favors while availing word of her missing husband. None of these folks is very likable, but they all go about their lives with a blind, unheeding compulsion that makes them as fascinating and curious as entomological specimens.

Although star Palin is a former Monty Python clown, and screenwriter Bennett a former member of the *Beyond the Fringe* group, this film springs from neither of those comic traditions. It is far from wild and zany. In style and substance, A Private Function is a leaner, meaner, grimmer version of those famous Ealing Studios comedies of the early Fifties (like *Kind Hearts and Coronets*, *The Lavender Hill Mob*, and *The Ladykillers*) that sent up the class system and lampooned the pretensions of the middle class. This is a refreshingly nasty little movie.

The chameleonlike director Alan Parker may have finally spread himself too thin with *Birdy*, a labored and dreary Vietnam-era buddy movie. At first thought, it might seem healthy for a filmmaker to try on different styles and subjects, stretching himself and learning much along the way. This Parker has certainly attempted, hopping from the infantile satire of *Bugsy Malone* to the over-

heated prison melodramatics of *Midnight Express*, from the limmy youth musical *Romeo to the taut martial drama *Shoot the Moon*, and on to the violent rock fantasy *Pink Floyd, the Wall*. These films indicate a range that might stagger any movie director, and, were they of higher quality (though *Shoot the Moon*, with a fine script by Bo Goldman, was unexpectedly neatly and satisfyingly), Parker couldn't well be hailed as the British Louis Malle. As it is, he's merely straining to be different, with a resultant lack of personal commitment that hides itself in empty mechanics. His six films so far, both collectively and individually, have indicated nothing approaching emotional engagement or a coherent point of view — only a clumsy desire to shock and to manipulate audience response.*

At least that's all that can be seen in *Birdy*, a small film on a difficult subject, which, in more sensitive hands, might have been a little gem. It deals with the tenuous and sorely tested friendship between an honest and hardheaded Philadelphia youth named Al (Nicholas Cage) and his pal Birdy (Matthew Modine), the neighborhood weirdo, whose passion for birds and dreams of personal flight separate him from the normal course of adolescent life. Al becomes Birdy's protector as well as participant in his various schemes and obsessions, from collecting and raising pigeons to building and testing a large pair of wings. After high school both boys go to Vietnam, and years later we find Al, now a sergeant, recovering from severe facial wounds. He is ordered to an army mental hospital where Birdy is now under observation, in a last-ditch effort to bring his friend out of the birdlike catatonia into which he has retreated after months of being missing in action. This chronological narrative is stirred up by screenwriters S. J. Knopf and Jack Behr (adapting William Wharton's novel) into a complicated flashback structure, which alternates hospital scenes in the "present" with episodes of the boys' friendship and family lives back in Philadelphia.

First of all, this is not a Vietnam movie. Wharton's spare, surreal novel was set in World War II and, apart from a stray line or two of dialogue ("In another war we'd been heroes"), the moviemakers make no attempt to characterize Vietnam as a war different from others. Birdy is actually more akin to those postwar case-history dramas such as Mark Robson's groundbreaking *Home of the Brave* (1949) and Fred Zinnemann's *The Men* (1950, Marlon Brando's debut film), which concentrated on the difficulties of physical and psychological rehabilitation. But Parker overemphasizes and overheats things far beyond any case-history interest. It's hard to know what he is after here; he himself probably didn't know, judging from the movie's wild and distracting shifts in mood, tone, and point of view. He loves to spice up things with crude little shocks: a low-comedy stray dog hunt ends in a grisly visit to a dog and home rendering plant; a neighborhood cat after one of Birdy's pet canaries is treated as a bloodcurdling monster of mythic proportion. A hospital vignette introduces an orderly who continually spits because of the "bad taste" the war has left in his mouth, a nifty conception that probably worked on the printed page. Here, in extreme close-up, it's just another self-conscious grossout. Likewise, the utterly arbitrary shift midfilm, from what has been Al's story to a narration by Birdy, might have been organic in the novel, but here does nothing except muddy the film's already murky structure.

Finally and unfortunately, there is precious little to recommend *Birdy*, outside of a few impressive images (the fantasy flying scenes in subjective camera are thrilling, but seem cribbed from John Boorman's *Exorcist II*) and a good cast, headed by two remarkably accomplished young actors. In the few scenes not truncated by Parker's editing scheme, Cage, solid and loyal, and Modine, gawky and strange, make real the bond between the two characters, and almost make us see the compact and moving little drama that *Birdy* could have been.

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JONATHAN SAVILLE

"An Evening with Sigmund Freud and C.G. Jung — A Dramatic Presentation" — such was the announcement in the class schedule of the University for Humanistic Studies. Well, dramatic presentations are my halliwick, so I trotted down to Old Town to observe Rubin Naiman and Russell Pierce, clinical psychologists, impersonating Freud and Jung in a debate on the validity of their two divergent systems of depth psychology.

What I saw and heard was this: "Dr. Freud" and "Dr. Jung" sat to either side of a small table covered with books and

knickknacks (as though they were in Freud's Viennese consulting room). "Dr. Freud" was dressed in tails and sucked on a cigar. "Dr. Jung" was dressed in a lightweight business suit, a costume perhaps unintentionally symbolic. The two greeted each other with considerable reserve, particularly on "Dr. Freud's" part, as though they had been resurrected from the dead with their intellectual and personal quarrels of seven decades ago still pulsating. After some personal accusations ("Dr. Freud" accused "Dr. Jung" of apostasy from the psychoanalytical movement and of sympathy with Nazism, "Dr. Jung" accused "Dr. Freud" of authoritarianism and intellectual rigidity), the two proceeded to an exposition of

some elements in their respective systems, indicating their points of agreement and disagreement. After a while, the audience was invited to join in, posing questions to the two speakers ("Dr. Freud, is it true that you were deep into cocaine?"). "Dr. Freud and Jung, if you were alive today what would you think of the feminist movement?"). Attempting to remain in character, Drs. Naiman and Pierce improvised answers, continuing in this manner to expound on the differences between Freudianism and Jungianism.

Was this theater? Yes, indeed, for it was to repeat a common definition of "theater" — a representation of human life by actors before an audience. It was, in fact, a fusion of three specific kinds of modern theater: improvisatory theater (for there was no script), participatory theater (for the audience took part in the theatrical event, playing along with the fiction that they were interacting with the real Freud and Jung), and educational theater (that is, instruction in an intellectual discipline, with the medicine of learning sweetened by the dramatic form). The contradictions among these various genres turned out to be considerably more difficult to resolve than the psychological issues themselves.

If a theatrical experience was to be taken as its chief aim, this performance tended to founder through amateurishness and through its improvisatory nature. Drs. Naiman and Pierce are not, of course, actors — not even amateur actors. Yet they evidently wished to convey to the audience some sense of the personalities of Freud and Jung, and to make us feel the antagonism between the two as a dramatic conflict. Hence all the biographical data about the Freud-Jung relationship and its eventual dissolution. But since neither of the "actors" exhibited any notable command of the theatrical techniques of characterization and dramatization, the personal conflicts of Freud and Jung (which were insisted upon excessively) had scarcely any dramatic impact.

"Dr. Freud" did chew his cigar, pace, and talk in a tone of stolid sadness, but this hardly constituted a characterization, of the real Freud or of any dramatic character; and "Dr. Jung" appeared throughout as a cheerful Southern Californian, speaking the native demotic, and conveying no traits that would give us a sense of Jung as a specific human being defined by his era, his class, his nationality, and his personal quirks of mind and body. There is assuredly great drama in the relationship between Freud, the supremely strong-willed inventor of psychoanalysis, and Jung, his younger disciple who soon rebelled against "paternal" authority and re-created himself as a father to his own group of disciples. But to embody that drama, one would need professional actors guided (and this is most important) by a sensitively and inventively composed script; it would be too much to ask even of Laurence Olivier and John Gielgud that they make the whole drama up as they go along, and this is a *fortiori* true of a pair of clinical psychologists who clearly do not have the theater in their blood.

In these circumstances it would have been better — as "Dr. Freud" himself wisely commented — to omit personal matters altogether, and to confine the dramatic presentation to an intellectual debate between the Freudian and the Jungian. As it was, everyone involved (the actors, the audience, and the woman who introduced and moderated the evening) adopted a smilingly indulgent, almost coy, attitude toward the proceedings, as though the impersonation of Freud and Jung were nothing more than a cute joke shared by all the participants. A lover of theater may be permitted to ask: "Why do theater at all, if you are not going to take seriously this art's essential element, the audience's willing suspension of disbelief?" The answer of Drs. Naiman and Pierce would doubtless be: "In order to make the ideas more vivid." — *Janis*, the dramatization was chiefly a pedagogical

device. But even as educational theater, this performance was not without its grave flaws.

The two psychologists evidently knew their material, and throughout the evening there were neat, clear, simple expositions of basic Freudian and Jungian tenets (castration fear, the collective unconscious, and so forth). Many of the fundamental differences between Freudian and Jungian thought were articulated. But what was lacking was a real debate, with each of the debaters analyzing, criticizing, and attempting to demolish the doctrines of the other. "Dr. Freud" occasionally suggested that "Dr. Jung" was not being empirical, but there was no mind-to-mind combat about what constitutes empirical evidence in psychoanalysis or about the relationship of such evidence to theory. Nor were there sufficiently incisive attacks on the theories themselves. Freud's writings provide extensive critiques — explicit or implicit — of the weaknesses in Jung's reasoning and the inadequacies of his dynamics, but "Dr. Freud" made far too little use of them. "Dr. Jung," in turn,

made no comment on his opponent's exposition of castration anxiety and super-ego formation, aside from general objections against Freud's "overemphasis" on sexuality. In fact, one of the crucial points of controversy between Freud and Jung — Jung's rejection of the Freudian notion that neurosis, character, and culture are largely determined by the vicissitudes of the infantile sexual drive — was left completely unexplored; we were informed that they differed on the issue, but we never were told why, or shown in detail what the consequences were of this fundamental theoretical antimony.

As a result — and this was so of the entire overly polite discussion between "Dr. Freud" and "Dr. Jung" — the audience was left with the impression of two more or less amicably differing psychological systems, with perhaps equal claims to validity, each system dependent to a large extent on the personality and intellectual form of its founder, and the two to be judged mainly according to the personal preferences of the onlooker (pessimistic or optimistic, biological or spiritual, scientific or religious). What we did not ex-

perience, theatrically or intellectually, was the recognition that Freudian and Jungian thought can never be reconciled, that if one is correct on certain basic issues the other must be wrong, that the dispute must be decided on the basis of a great deal of objective clinical evidence and the force of uncompromisingly logical arguments, and that the aim of such a confrontation ought not to be a bland ecumenical tolerance but a firm perception of truth.

Such an approach — so unfriendly, so undemocratic — would perhaps have been inappropriate for a school whose current catalogue includes courses on Taoism, yoga, ecology, shamanism, music therapy, and "visionary states of consciousness." Nevertheless, and purely as educational theater, this evening with "Dr. Freud" and "Dr. Jung" was misleading and intellectually dangerous in the impression it gave — through its dramatic form — that the Freud-Jung antagonism was analogous to a dispute over whether to buy Hunt's tomato paste or Del Monte's, and that there are a lot of other comparably palatable brands in the great super-

market of psychological ideas. The notion that virtually all systems of thought — religions, astrology, alchemy, the "wisdom of the East" — are in some sense true, because they are all expressions of underlying psychological realities, is itself Jungian, so that the very context of this "dramatic presentation" already gave the upper hand to the tolerant, syncretistic "Dr. Jung." The ridiculous aspects of this ambient attitude were nicely brought out in one of the few authentically amusing moments of the evening. During the question period, when improvisatory theater was being transformed into participatory theater, a member of the audience asked "Dr. Freud" and "Dr. Jung" whether they agreed that Freud had concerned himself with the three lower *chakras* while Jung had been more interested in the three higher *chakras*. "Dr. Jung" would soon be explaining the possible psychological validity of this Indian system of spiritual nodes in the spine, but not before "Dr. Freud" had queried: "Was it *chakra* — *chakra*?" The voice of reason may be very soft, but eventually it makes itself heard.

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Parallel Force



James "Blood" Ulmer

JOHN D'AGOSTINO

I'd like to believe James "Blood" Ulmer when he insists that there is only a gossamer filament connecting his guitar style to that of the late Jimi Hendrix. So I'll just assume that in his concert last Friday night at the Spirit, Ulmer was merely attempting to exercise Hendrix's spirit by

invoking it loudly and repeatedly. Ulmer's playing wasn't consistently derivative in the pejorative sense, but in his hour-long set there were so many vocal, guitaristic, compositional, and rhythmic references to Hendrix as to make the parallels inescapable. These invocations apparently were not lost on the patrons of the crowded club, three of whom felt compelled to mention the presumed Hendrix

link to me during the show. On reflection, it is difficult to ascertain whether the audience responded heartily to Ulmer's music because they were taken with his unusual style or because they viewed him as a suitable musical proxy for a long-mourned favorite.

Ulmer has claimed over and again that he wants to be recognized for introducing a "different" methodology to the playing of the electric guitar, and he would discourage ghost hummers from seeking in his music the specters of other players. But if he wanted his influences to remain anonymous and irrelevant, Ulmer should have learned to quote from less obvious sources. When a jazz guitarist works some Barney Kessel, Herb Ellis, or Joe Pass lines into his playing it may be discernable to the more knowledgeable listeners, but the layperson will only identify that kind of playing as a form of "jazz guitar" so frequently heard as to sound almost generic. Hendrix, on the other hand, developed such a distinctive style that to incorporate even a single element of it into one's playing invites comparison by the most casual observer. And Ulmer employed enough of Hendrix's patented moves to risk trademark infringement.

To begin with, the band that Ulmer fronted last week in many ways a carbon copy of Hendrix's last trio, the Band of Gypsies. Ulmer's rhythm section of bassist Annan Ali and drummer G. Calvin Weston is, in my opinion, superior to the Billy Cox/Buddy Miles axis that provided Hendrix such anemic support. But Ulmer's sidemen recall Cox and Miles in that they are not terribly agile improvisers, and work best when they mesh to create a taut rhythmic groove. Having a Band-of-Gypsies-like rhythm section may have been Ulmer's attention all along, if one can infer from Ulmer's playing that such a strategy was likely. Ulmer, for example, seems these days predisposed to using parallel fourths in much of his linear improvisation. Parallel fourths (i.e., the interval between the first two notes of "Here Comes the Bride") are pretty easy to play on the guitar, and yet their use

results in the modal, vaguely Oriental flavor that permeated much of Hendrix's music, beginning as early as his second album, *Electric Ladyland*. Ulmer even employs parallel fourths—mostly in fairly simple, evocative melodic lines and whole-step slurs of the sort that can be heard in abundance on Ulmer's last studio album, *Odyssey*. There aren't that many contemporary guitarists who utilize parallel fourths as extensively as did Hendrix, and so Ulmer practically waves a flag by packing his solos with them. Slithery chordings, dreamy blues phrasings, and a tendency to break up jazzy dashes with trebly rhythmic and blues comps also contributed to the sense of déjà vu in much of Ulmer's playing Friday night. Nor did it argue against making the comparison to Hendrix that Ulmer occasionally engaged a wah-wah pedal, a sound-modifying gadget that was popular in the late Sixties when rock guitar was ruled by Hendrix and Eric Clapton, but one that is almost never seen or heard anymore.

As one who was a big fan of Hendrix, I don't really mind having my memory of the guitarist pricked, especially by someone with Ulmer's talents. But it is precisely because of Ulmer's unique gifts that I found his frequent salutes to Hendrix at best distracting. When he wasn't knee-deep in barely disguised albeit well-intentioned mimicry, Ulmer treated a standing-room-only gathering at the Spirit to a comprehensive and invigorating survey of his post-Ornette Coleman work. Using a peculiar thumb-picking technique not unlike that of the late, great Wes Montgomery (who, like Ulmer, was self-taught), Ulmer squeezed from his custom-made, Berlin hollow-body guitar a tone like a dinner knife: smooth and well rounded but capable of cutting when necessary. That tone unleashed its nautal personality on the funkier material pulled from Ulmer's first two Columbia Records releases, *Free Lancing* and *Black Rock*. On the former's "Timeless," for example, Ulmer's blues-informed jazz-rock licks carved off Ali's and Weston's loco-

tive funk patterns like stray bullets in a rock quarry. It was at such times, when the audience got its clearest glimpse of the musician hailed by so many critics as a major guitar innovator. Dancing around various tonal centers like willful, hyperactive children, Ulmer's guitar lines sounded like tough blues riffs that had been intercepted by electronic gnomes, who cut them up and spliced them together into crazy zigzags before relinquishing them to the amplifier.

Although he has corralled most of the excess of his more experimental days as the first guitarist to apply Ornette Coleman's "harmolodic theory" to the six-string instrument, Ulmer's only real con-

cession to mainstream tastes is his determination to mold his eccentric music to meet the requisites of the dance floor. Fortunately, we're not talking about the sort of simplistic dance beat favored by hip-hop and techno-pop artists, which is as rhythmically repetitious and as exciting as a picket fence. Ulmer's idea of danceability is an agitated, uptempo strut that syncs fusional polyrhythms with the tight-as-raguet-strings funk of middle-period James Brown. Most of the hot-wired moments of Ulmer's Spirit gig came during such tunes. With an intuitive grasp of the importance of "spaces" in music, Ulmer would quietly comp while Ali and Weston heated to a rolling boil, then splash wide swatches of primary

color into their busy, Jackson Pollock-like groove. When the tension between the rhythm section's rumbling riffs and Ulmer's stutter-starts seemed as though it would presently become unbearable, the guitarist would drop into the fray like a marble onto a roulette wheel, his salty licks bouncing between intervals and shooting mild currents through the audience.

Still it could be said that there were more surprises off-stage than on. It was surprising, for example, that so many people turned out to hear Ulmer, especially since another Ornette Coleman alumnus, Ronald Shannon Jackson, had drawn so poorly at the same venue only a couple of weeks earlier. It was also sur-

prising that only three or four people walked out during Ulmer's performance (perhaps because they had come expecting to hear "Purple Haze" or "All Along the Watchtower"), and that there were plenty of fans poised like sharks' teeth to move forward and take the places of the departed. But most surprising was the fact that those in attendance paid rapt attention and applauded Ulmer's more original feints and moves at least as much as they did his quasi-Hendrix tricks. Maybe if that kind of response is common enough during Ulmer's current swing before the public eye, it will convince the guitarist that there are fans out there who, like the critics, would be perfectly happy to accept Ulmer on his own terms.

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The Restaurant: Lamont Street Grill
The Location: 4445 Lamont Street, Pacific Beach (270-3060)
Type of Food: American: fish, seafood, chicken, beef
Price Range: Dinners, \$5.25 to \$14.25
Hours: Open nightly, Sunday through Thursday, 5:30 p.m. to 10:00 p.m.; Friday and Saturday, 5:30 p.m. to 11:00 p.m.

Several months ago I heard that one of San Diego's most fashionable formal Italian restaurants, Casina Valadier on La-

mont Street in Pacific Beach, was closed down due to illness in the family, and then that it was closed for renovation. Actually, it had been sold to Steve and Kathy Bettles, who rolled it inside and out, changed the menu entirely, and reopened several weeks ago as Lamont Street Grill (LSG as it is referred to by the locals). The new Lamont Street Grill is as different from Casina Valadier as Rome is from Pacific Beach.

Not that Lamont Street Grill lacks charm and elegance — it has both. It's simply that the new owners have created a restaurant in their own image, which is as it should be. For example, in order to remove all traces of the blue-patterned wall-

paper that had been glued to the interior of this converted house, the walls had to be replastered. They are now a warm peach color. Soft wall lighting has been installed and contemporary paintings have been hung. The rooms look fresh and relaxing, stylish without being hard-edged or too avant-garde. The outside of the building has been painted gray and is marked by white decorative arches.

It's a classy place in a subdued way and the owners themselves lend it great charm. They are young, attractive, and beautifully dressed — on both occasions that I visited, diners commented on Kathy Bettles's ice-cream-colored outfit, one in pale peach and the other in cool lime, which were fashionable and classic at the same time. And as this handsome husband-and-wife team works the rooms (Steve, along with the chef, is responsible for the cooking), the tone is set by their ease and style. All restaurants need owners who are on the spot, supervising discreetly, taking care of the flow of food, soothing and placating diners. Steve and Kathy Bettles perform these tasks in good measure; and to the extent that Lamont Street Grill is successful, it's due to the lowliness of the surroundings and the presence of the owners. Their dedication is already paying off. On a Friday night the streets were lined with Mercedes and Cadillacs, the tables in the dining room were occupied, and even the patio, heated and secluded for dining, was quite full.

Although I would characterize Lamont Street Grill as primarily a fish and seafood house, there are other items on the menu, including chicken, barbecued ribs, and steak. On our first visit there, my friend ordered the ribs (\$8.95), which I would rarely risk in a fish house. Since I knew that I would be eating there again, at which time I intended to order fish, I selected chicken Dijonnais served en pasta (\$8.95).

All entrées are accompanied by a beautiful-looking butter lettuce salad with

the leaves arranged like open flowers. The presentation of the salad reads high marks because the greens are hand-washed and artfully placed on the dish. And you need have no concern that these greens have been sprayed with preservatives. The mustard dressing has a nice zip to it and is enhanced by bits of walnuts and blue cheese. The French bread is brought to the table piping hot, is replenished frequently, and is served with butter of high quality.

I don't especially recommend the ribs. They weren't bad but there are better items on the menu — my chicken Dijonnais, for example, which was nicely done. The breast was moist and was covered with buttery bread crumbs (in spite of its name I didn't detect too much Dijon mustard). Since the chicken was served over a broad noodle, I mixed the bread crumbs with the noodles which gave them a crunchy texture. The chicken is offered with a choice of either snow peas or baked potato. My friend and I chose one of each; the Idaho potato was especially good. I thought my chicken dinner was quite pleasing for the price; since I didn't drink or have dessert my total cost, with tax and tip was a little under twelve dollars. This is not too extravagant for these times if both the food and the atmosphere are soothing.

Word of mouth does wonders for a new restaurant and although Lamont Street Grill has been open for a little over a month, it has already caught on with a fairly sophisticated crowd. On my second visit the friends who came with me, recent émigrés from New York, were impressed with the diners, who seemed cosmopolitan and interesting. Diners do a great deal to enhance a restaurant experience in the same manner that a hip audience can add to your enjoyment of a movie, or a knowledgeable one to your appreciation of a concert.

This time one of my friends had one of the three main-course salads, shrimp

Louis (\$8.95), my other friend had the halibut with dill sauce (\$10.75), and I ordered that night's special, swordfish (flown in from Japan (it's out of season locally), \$14.25). Of these the halibut was most outstanding: flaky, tender, sweet-tasting, and a good value. My one reservation about the halibut entrée lay with the dill sauce. I would have preferred a lighter sauce, prepared from sour cream and dill rather than one that tasted mayonnaise-based. But that is a small matter. The green vegetable that evening was fresh asparagus, one of my favorite springtime vegetables.

The shrimp Louis salad had wonderful

eye appeal and was replete with large shrimp. The Louis dressing had fine consistency and taste. My own swordfish was nicely grilled and the portion was enormous. My initial impression was that Lamont Street Grill should serve both a ment Street Grill and a baked potato, but the cake was neither light enough nor moist enough. One of my friends ordered fresh strawberries with cream (\$3.50) but these proved redundant because the management offers free strawberries dipped in chocolate. I made an absolute fool of myself with these berries and even asked for seconds, which were readily supplied.

On both my visits to Lamont Street Grill I did enjoy myself. LSG is a case of the sum being greater than its individual parts. The food preparation is solid B-plus, the service outstanding, the atmosphere convivial and relaxing. But you'd regard it as just another meal if all these factors didn't conjoin.

Those on a budget would do well to order the red snapper dinner at \$7.95 or the hamburger with salad at \$5.25. Be sure to inquire about the price of the nightly specials, which might prove more costly than the items on the regular menu and, if possible, dine here early in the week — weekends are quite noisy and are less relaxing than weeknights.

word chocolate is used twice and the menu calls it sheath cake), which is heated until the frosting melts. It costs \$3.50 a slice, the serving was large enough for the three of us to share, and its deep chocolate taste is unusual. The apple crumb cake (\$3.50) was less successful as the cake was neither light enough nor moist enough. One of my friends ordered fresh strawberries with cream (\$3.50) but these proved redundant because the management offers free strawberries dipped in chocolate. I made an absolute fool of myself with these berries and even asked for seconds, which were readily supplied.

On both my visits to Lamont Street

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QUARTER NOTES

BY JONATHAN SAVILE

SONOR

As part of UCSD's "Sound Shapes III," a week-long festival of contemporary music, the university's contemporary music ensemble SONOR presented a program of works by some of the eminent teachers of composers in the UCSD music department. This older generation included René Leibowitz, Roger Sessions, Luigi Dallapiccola, Ernst Krenek, and Roberto Gerhard, all of them but one born about the turn of the century (Leibowitz was born a decade later). The chief musical link connecting these composers was the influence of Arnold Schoenberg's twelve-tone method, a movement which, as the diverse nationalities of the composers indicate, was truly international, dominating serious musical composition

for some three decades after World War II. Leibowitz was the chief French theoretician of the dodecaphonic system. Sessions was an immensely respected American academic composer (Berkeley and Princeton), who fell under the influence of Schoenberg after having explored free atonality on his own in the four piano pieces, *Four My Days*, played by Cecil Lytic at the UCSD concert. Dallapiccola was the leading Italian dodecaphonist, wedding Schoenberg's method to a suave lyric sensibility typical of the Italian tradition. Krenek is an Austrian composer, long a resident in this country, whose compositions in the twelve-tone idiom extend to virtually all the musical genres, although his *Vier Gedänge nach allen Gedächtnis* (performed by Carol Plantamura and Keith Hamble



on the SONOR program) reverted to the older world of Romantic tonality and Viennese cabaret sentimentality and wit. Gerhard, a Catalan, actually studied under Schoenberg, spending the

latter part of his life as an influential composer in England. All these composers except Krenek are dead (Sessions died earlier this year), and in a sense the twelve-tone method has died with them. The

method began with an immense surge of creative energy in Schoenberg and his two greatest disciples, Berg and Webern, a series of lesser composers then adopted it, composing a number of beautiful and expressive pieces

notable more for their imaginative depth; the system became academic, giving rise to pretentious, bloodless, mechanized, and mathematized applications of what had once been a vital means of musical expression and organization, and finally a whole generation of students arose who knew not Schoenberg but who knew Rabbitt, and whose music attracted audiences consisting only of other twelve-tone composers. The more creative spirits among them eventually rebelled, so that nowadays almost no one would assert that the center of compositional invention and exploration is the twelve-tone method. History may eventually declare that out of this entire movement, with its numerous epigones and epigones of epigones, the only permanent contributions to the musical repertoire were made by the three original members of the Viennese school, along with the late Webern rap Stravinsky. Nevertheless, although the music of the later dodecaphonic generations is performed less and less, even in ardent centers of contemporary music, it is pleasurable to hear it occasionally, partly out of nostalgia and partly because of the undeniable merits of individual composers and compositions. This is particularly true when the performances are as accomplished as those of SONOR, whose musicians sail confidently and authoritatively

into seas of difficulty where earlier performers, less familiar with the idiom, often drowned both themselves and their listeners. Of all the works on the program, I venture to suggest that only the Dallapiccola *Due liriche di Amleto* can be characterized as a masterpiece—a small masterpiece, but an authentic one, which might perhaps have benefited from a more voluptuously lyrical performance than that of the SONOR performers, they tended to emphasize the composer's Schoenbergian and Webernian allegiances, rather than his deeper affinities with Monteverdi and even Puccini. The Leibowitz *Suite for Nine Instruments*, precisely and idiomatically played as it was, seemed little more than a conventional exercise in the by now familiar jagged punctuation so characteristic of what once used to be the avant-garde. The Gerhard Octet, dating from the same year (1967), was a considerably more interesting and appealing work, as one listened to it moment by moment, though after it was over the experience rapidly faded away, as it so frequently does with pieces in this style; the Octet seemed relatively minor Gerhard, if compared with such profounder works as the First and Fourth symphonies (the latter also from 1967), the Concerto for Orchestra, and the truly magnificent series for chamber ensembles, *Libra*, *Gemini*, and *Leo*, all from the same period in the last decade of the composer's life.



LOS ANGELES CHAMBER ORCHESTRA

The Los Angeles Chamber Orchestra performed a program of Baroque concertos at Sherwood Auditorium under the auspices of the La Jolla Chamber Music Society. It was not one of the LACO's more memorable concerts. The orchestra seemed fatigued; there were frequent unintentional quarter-tone

experiments among the violins, and guest conductor Robert Bernhardt rarely inspired the players to that concentrated energy and radiant precision without which Baroque instrumental music, rapidly slides off into dullness. There were a few high points in the conducting, the exciting penultimate movement of Handel's otherwise commonplace Concerto Grosso, Op. 6, No. 5, and the final movement of the Concertino No. 5 attributed to

the program to Pergolesi but now generally thought to be by Wassenauer (this movement is better known in the lightly improved version by Stravinsky in his *Pedro Malin*). Otherwise, however, what one was aware of in the orchestral playing was the formulaic quality of these works by Handel, Giuseppe Sammartini (a desecratedly obscure member of that enormous company of minor Baroque composers), Vivaldi, Tartini, and "Pergolesi," rather than of the particular cast of mind that gave each composer his individuality, or of the particular ideas characteristic of each work.

The program featured two instrumental soloists, and they could not have been more different. Michala Petri, a Danish musician, has specialized in the recorder, on which she demonstrates extraordinary agility. This was impressive in all the fast movements of the Sammartini Concerto in F and the Vivaldi Concerto in C for Soprano Recorder, R. 443, above all in the final "Allegro molto" of the latter. It is unlikely that the recorder has ever been played faster or with more brilliance. Unfortunately, Miss Petri's technical prowess did not seem to be accompanied with much musical sensitivity. She played without vibrato, at an absolutely unchanging level of loudness, and with a metrical precision so unyielding that it made the music sound like the mechanical whistling of a steam calliope. I don't think I heard a single-shaped phrase in

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either of Miss Petri's performances. While her remarkable agility in the fast movements somewhat compensated for the lack of real music-making, the inexpressiveness of tone, dynamics, and rhythm was fatal in the slow movements, which induced several of my neighbors to take a brief nap.

At the opposite extreme was violin soloist Ilkka Talvi, principal second violinist of the orchestra, who performed a D Minor Concerto by Tartinì with the sobbing vibrato, Romantic portamentos, and melodramatic devices of expression characteristic of Baroque performances in the old blemished days before musicologists began to understand authentic Baroque performance practices. I am rather fond of this incorrect but gorgeous style, and Mr. Talvi is certainly a master of it. I would love to hear him play.

Wieniawski, whose warm, rich tone, vastly arched phrases, and heart-on-the-sleeve emotionalism would be so much more at home. There is, indeed, something profoundly Romantic about Tartinì, though the self-abandoned cadenzas, one to each movement, did seem a bit much even for the image of Tartinì as a nineteenth-century gypsy *avant la lettre* (could they have been by Mr. Talvi himself?). But the trouble with this performance as a whole was not Mr. Talvi's anachronistic style of playing a Baroque violin concerto but the uncomfortable contrast between that style and the chapter, more routine, and stylistically unexceptionable (if uninteresting) playing of the LACO under Maestro Bernhard's direction. It was like celery with chocolate syrup.

SAN DIEGO LUTHERAN CHORALE

First Presbyterian Church was the site of a concert by the San Diego Lutheran Choral dedicated to the music of J.S. Bach, G.F. Handel, and Heinrich Schütz. The rationale of the program was not only the

musical supremacy of these three great masters of the German Baroque but also the fact that 1985 marks the three-hundredth anniversary of the births of Bach and Handel as well as Schütz's four hundredth anniversary. Such coincidences make the mind inclined to mysticism suspect a plan, as though God, in his desire to be worshipped through music, had a particular fancy for composers born in years ending with 85. We might also remember Domenico Scarlatti, born (like Bach and Handel) in 1685, and Alban Berg, born in 1885. It would be nice to think that another composer of this caliber is being born somewhere right now. In any case, the coincidence of birthdays gave the Lutheran Choral — along with a small orchestra and organist Ken Fall — the opportunity to perform works by Bach, Handel, and Schütz in a celebration both of the composers and of the God they themselves celebrated so splendidly.

In many ways this program asked to be judged as a social and religious occasion rather than according to purely musical criteria. The Lutheran Choral is a good church chorus, without the polish, sonorousness, or expressive power of more professional organizations. But there are concerts in which elsewhere comes more than the actual quality of the music making, and this was one of them. Other examples include the farewell performances of supernumerary singers and funeral concerts for deceased figures of state. The works performed were generally extracts from larger compositions; the audience participated in some stirring hymn-singing; the concert began with a rather grand procession of religious banners, and three ministers appeared in the guise of Bach, Handel, and Schütz, fully costumed and bewigged, to listen to their music and to punctuate it with brief autobiographical speeches. The aim throughout seemed less to impress the musically sophisticated than to make a joyful noise unto the Lord, in which latter aim the concert succeeded admirably.

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Voyage

(continued from page 4)
greater share of the cruise industry to San Diego) joined the fight on Crown Cruise Line's behalf, and after discussing the situation with Congressman Bill Lowery, Consortium spokesman Don Harrison says a partial victory has been obtained.

Congressman Lowery sits on the House Appropriations Committee, and he's apparently been able to get tentative approval of supplemental appropriations for additional customs inspectors for the coming fiscal year, Harrison says. Alan Rappaport, the district director for the local customs operations, admits the hour-long inspection delay is deliberate, but he says the reason is not just a lack of staffing, but a lack of budgeted funds. Contrary to Spencer's assertion that Crown Cruise Lines notified customs a month in advance of its four-day cruises, Rappaport says, "We received notification the very day they began their four-day run, in dealing with the federal government, anticipated services must be budgeted for well in advance, and since that wasn't done, we have no money in our budget to process Crown's Thursday afternoon arrivals." Other cruise lines that stop in San Diego, such as Princess Cruises, have in fact made arrival time arrangements well in advance, Rappaport adds, and are thus processed at no cost as long as those arrival times are within customs' normal inspection hours.

T.K.A.

Halligan's 4

(continued from page 4)
shoots ahead. Halligan eventually filed suit for civil fraud, alleging that the partners knew all along that they weren't going to pay him the money, and had orchestrated machinations to get out of the agreement.

A clause in the buy-out agreement stated that in the event of a default, Halligan could sell off some of the restaurant's equipment and thereby recoup his investment. When the monthly payments ceased and he sent them a notice of default, Halligan says the partners used the notice as their opportunity to unload the old equipment on him, get new equipment, and be rid of the financial obligation all at once.

They figured the equipment was my only recourse," Halligan contends. But on the advice of his attorney he never took possession of the equipment, and instead filed suit. Former partner Wayne Blackman, who referred all questions to his attorney, says, "I have a million things I'd like to tell you, and I'd love to explain my side of the story, but it just wouldn't be in anybody's best interest to discuss it."

During the trial the three partners testified that they met their end of the agreement by giving Halligan the equipment. Halligan and his attorney presented evidence alleging that the partners' claims not to

have the wherewithal to make the payments was incorrect. They entered into evidence documents that showed purchases of an Oldsmobile Cutlass, a partner's room remodeling, and other sizable transfers of cash that they should have gone into the payments to Halligan. "On the very day they cut Halligan off," says Halligan's attorney Stephen McDonald, "they had \$44,000 in cash in the bank."

The most curious part of the trial, though, was the partners' presentation of a defense: they didn't offer one. After mowing unsuccessfully to have the

plaintiff's case thrown out for lack of evidence, the defense rested without calling a witness. The jury came back with a unanimous verdict favoring Halligan, and in addition to awarding the \$322,000 in compensatory damages, gave him an additional \$100,000 in punitive damages. The judge disallowed the punitive damages, which decision Halligan is appealing. The three partners are appealing the compensatory damages, and are working hard on opening the new restaurant in Horton Plaza.

N.M.

Second Time

(continued from page 4)
Williams says in his pleasantly robust baritone with its hint of his native New Jersey. "All I knew about radio was that it had knobs. Well, it's not my habit to invest in something I know nothing about. And so a guy said to me, 'Williams, you want to know how radio works — try it yourself.'"

On radio, Bruce says, "I sit back, relax, philosophize, ruminate, penetrate."

Freeman, contacted several weeks after the appearance of his second column on Bruce

Williams, willingly discusses what he calls a "simple mistake." Several months prior to the publication of his second column, Freeman says, he interviewed Williams again, "but apparently he [Williams] was tired or something, because the interview didn't go well." On top of that, Freeman adds, when he sat down to write the second Williams column, he discovered he had lost his notes, with a fast approaching deadline, he simply decided to run the original interview again, with some minor changes and a new (continued on page 16)

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City Lights

(continued from page 35)
introduction. "I wanted to do the piece because I like Bruce Williams and I felt what he had to say was important," Freeman says. "This may not be for journalistic purists, but he had come here seeking publicity, and I didn't want to stiff him. I felt an obligation to write something, so I did. Besides," Freeman quips, "in television, returns are perfectly acceptable."

—T.K.A.

Full Of People

(continued from page 35)
unit apartment building. Within a block of the park's northern edge are five more residential complexes totaling 182 units and a two-story motel; two more developments yielding 530 apartments are planned for the southern end of Larsen Field. Within easy walking distance of the park, resident Perry counts at least 1600 homes and apartments, many of them filled with children. "What's supposed to be municipal park, with our

only soccer and baseball fields, will become a neighborhood park," says Perry, president of the United Border Communities Town Council. "They're using it as their back yard." Perry wants to halt the building and extend the park to the west, but he'll have to beat a determined opponent: the San Diego Housing Commission. The commission built 135 units on the northern rim and wants to construct a thirteen-acre mobile home park on the western edge. The mobile home development was

approved by the city planning commission last September, but when the commissioners reviewed their decision last month, Perry and other opponents managed to delay the vote until June 6, even though the commission sought approval for a lower density development. Perry believes the thirteen acres, dotted with wetlands safeguarded by the state's coastal conservancy, would be a perfect setting for picnic tables and paths, freeing more of Larsen Field for sports use. But housing commission executive Elizabeth Morris

warns that even if Perry succeeds in blocking the mobile home development, the new park land won't be free. Though the acreage is city owned, it's currently controlled by the city water utilities fund, which must be paid market value for the land no matter who buys it.

—P.K.

Digging It

(continued from page 35)
late Glen Havens became a sort of local celebrity in the Fifties and early Sixties for the more than 700 feet of tunnels he and

his sons dug through the sandstone underlying his property. According to Baumann, Havens's industrious project began one day in 1949 when Havens began to enlarge his pit barbecue. "Before we knew it," one of the sons said, "Dad started to dig and he kept going. He said it made him think... Pretty soon the whole side of the hill was covered with sand. It was a lot of good, clean fun. We tunneled right up to Carol's bedroom closet." Carol Havens's wedding reception was held, incidentally, in April

of 1960 in one of the rooms her father carved out of the earth beneath their home. According to Baumann, Havens's project was widely written about in the local press, although Havens was not the first in Kensington to dig compulsively. In 1939 a seventy-year-old retired druggist named W.R. Young began to dig a tunnel into the side of a canyon northeast of where Fairmount Avenue meets Monterama Road. Young reportedly began to dig the 250-foot tunnel for health reasons, and in a statement to

the press said, "I heartily recommend this to men who are feeling the approach of old age." To aid him in his endeavor, Young recruited boys from the neighborhood to help him, and by the summer of 1920, his unique form of exercise had achieved remarkable results. While the initial digging of the tunnel had provided untold hours of fun for the youngsters, the years that followed the tunnel's completion also proved to be equally exciting. Through the years it became the playground for packs of runaways and a

street gang named the Sons of Satan, and at least one youngster met with an untimely demise in an unfortunate cave-in. In 1941 Young himself was killed in an auto accident near his home on East Mountain View Drive. Three years later, when new owners moved in to occupy his house, they claimed that they heard him return on a nightly basis to wander about in the attic. The mysterious footsteps persisted for more than a year, then suddenly ceased. The tunnel itself was finally sealed shut in 1970.

when the Alvarado Community Association had twenty feet of concrete poured into its two entrances. From then until the publication of Thomas Baumann's book, nearly everyone had forgotten about the tunnel's existence.

—A.O.

Paul Krueger,
Neal Matthews,
Thomas K. Arnold,
and Abe Oppenear

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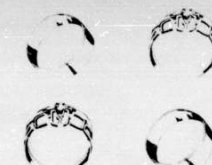
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LETTERS

(continued from page 2)
off that era we see the specter of black athletes raising the clenched fist salute at the Mexico City Olympics. The current climate of going warfare in Southeast Asia does little to dispel our concern.

I think it's laudable that the white students are expressing horror that a decent black man could be so brutally beaten by the thugs of "humanity."

The true horror is that everyone just stood around and let it happen. In order to effect a change in attitudes, blacks are going to have to do their fair share (and some are). In other words, all people on the planet should stop this tendency to dichotomize in terms of black and white.

When the individual reaches a certain plateau of spiritual awareness, he will realize that such externals as hair, eye shape, and skin pigmentation don't matter.

True humans of all colors should unite and disown the scam of their respective races. In order to obtain

upward mobility for one's own race, it helps to achieve a broader identification. As Mr. A told me: "Assholes are assholes."
Rita Anderson
San Diego

Body Of Disagreement

Why does the Reader allow an author to continually use female pronouns when writing about men? The "transsexual" men in your article, "The Shadow of Gender," April 25 are males, no matter how much they believe or are told they are in the wrong bodies. Since only one male in the story had had the surgery that is a prerequisite for a legal change of sex, the Reader by calling all these men "she" and "her," is buying into sexual stereotypes and the myth of transsexuals.

These unfortunate men were born into the wrong societies, not the wrong bodies. They are all victims of sexism, and many are also victims of homophobia, the fear and dread of homosexuality.

I have read many case histories of "transsexuals" who are overwhelmingly male to female, and all of the males came to believe they were really female

because they had feelings while they were growing up that are traditionally thought to be "feminine," or they wanted to behave in what are thought of as "feminine" ways. Thus we find men who as boys had been disliked being aggressive and competitive, who didn't want to fight, who wanted to cook or sew, who weren't athletic, who wanted to wear make-up, who sometimes cried, who were quiet and helpful, who played with dolls and liked babies, who liked to play, grew up who liked to giggle, or who may just have had sexual feelings for other boys growing up to believe they needed surgery to get their personality, feelings, and behavior into line with their physical sex. It is the saddest of tragedies that these men feel it is necessary to go through such extensive mutilating surgery. It is indeed extremely difficult and painful to live in societies with rigid sex roles and homophobic attitudes, but these people must be helped to learn that it is the societies that need changing, not them.
Audrey Levine
San Diego

Hold It

This is to comment on the letter by Art Salberg and Mark M. Kovak which you published on April 25. Indeed, the situation regarding the homeless in San Diego is a sadly neglected one, and the comments made were unfortunately only too valid. Having attended most meetings of the Mayor's Task Force on the Homeless, I am beginning to wonder what the results of all the work put in by a number of people have been, or will be. The task force was appointed in September, 1983 (I) and the final report was released in October of 1984.

In the meantime, an implementation task force has been appointed, and a staff person has been hired. His is by no means an easy task, having to first orient himself, and also facing the political realities. At present, one of his primary concerns appears to be to save 200 beds made previously available by Federal Emergency Management Agency funding, which will be cut off in June. So rather than looking forward to implementing the many good suggestions made by the Task Force, the present priority appears to be holding action. To date, little has been accomplished.

When several months ago the Housing Commission was asked to support a moratorium on the further destruction or conversion of downtown S.R.O.'s (single-room occupancy units), it was decided that a further survey was needed to find out just how many units are available, or how many have been lost. Everybody familiar with the downtown situation knows that far too many S.R.O.'s have been lost through demolition of hotels or conversion to other uses. Does it really matter exactly how many units were lost, once you know that the need is great? It appears, then, that anytime someone wants to avoid or delay making a commitment, another study is called for. Needless to say, the study is as yet not completed. And this is the commission's primary function of which is supposed to be to provide housing for those of low income!

An attempt this past winter by W.A.R.M. (Winter Assistance Resource Committee) to raise emergency funds to house the homeless during the coldest months was a very limited success, since insufficient funds were raised for that purpose.

When the mayor's task force first met in September of 1983, it was suggested that perhaps instead of

studying the matter further, certain actions could be taken based on previous studies, and that then further studies for future plans could be made. In particular it was proposed to do something about the S.R.O.'s and sanitary facilities downtown. This approach was not deemed practical.

Neither matter it has been resolved to date, and this is now about one and a half years later! There is now, finally, talk about providing some temporary rest rooms, since the approved facilities near the Civic Theatre are about nine months away from completion. If one has to go to the bathroom, this

might be really a bit too long to wait!

Judging by all these delays, it would appear that we really don't care quite enough. The homeless have no choice, and we expect them to be content with whatever homes we throw them.

A society should be judged by the way it treats its least fortunate members. By that standard San Diego can hardly make the claim to be "America's Finest City." The present situation is a disgrace!

Hans Jentsch
San Diego

And by the way, who is the Reader's events editor who deserves the kudos I searched but couldn't find anyone listed holding that job?

Am Wessner
La Mesa

Donald McNichols is the Reader's events editor.

It was hilarious and a challenge to decipher! Most interesting to me was the ability of the Reader's events editor to make the typographical errors so logical when my fingers outran my brain. A very funny piece which I've saved to share.

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Decipher Yourself

I want to thank you for the article in the Reader purported to be written by the fastest typist, Gloria Dacian, in the April 18 "Highlights of Upcoming Events" section.

It was hilarious and a challenge to decipher! Most interesting to me was the ability of the Reader's events editor to make the typographical errors so logical when my fingers outran my brain. A very funny piece which I've saved to share.

And by the way, who is the Reader's events editor who deserves the kudos I searched but couldn't find anyone listed holding that job?

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Tijuana Cultural Calendar

Tijuana mayor Rene Treviño Arredondo formulated a credible hypothesis in his suggestion that the recent photocopied death-threat flyer was not the composition of friends of the family of twelve-year-old Humberto Carrillo. It is doubtful that someone in the boy's column (his own house lacks electricity and even front steps), would have access to a typewriter and a copying machine, or the fluency in English to compose the grammatically, syntactically, and idiomatically sound missive

that found its way into the hands of an American male, about whom we have heard nothing since the threat was reported eight days ago. Without denigrating the obvious tensions this single sheet of paper has exacerbated, but without elevating any prospective trip to Tijuana into an exploit of wishful thinking, let's do, we bring to your attention three significant events taking place there this weekend.

Tonight, Thursday, May 16, at the new 1050-seat Performing Arts Center of the Tijuana Cultural Center, the Monterey theatrical company, *Los de la Pie* ("Those Who Are Going on Foot"), presents its award-winning production of *De Aquí Se Lado* ("Over Here on this Side") by director Rodrigo Soto.

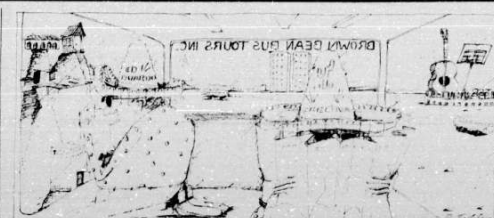


Illustration by Debra Tilly

The production, last year's first-place winner in a competition among the theatrical companies of the northern Mexican states, has as its subject (as did all the

considered plays) those border issues — tides of workers from the interior swelling the frontier towns while they await an opportunity to pass undetected

to "the other side," their hopes for a better life, the anxieties of families left behind, the men who never return, and the opportunity to pass undetected

(continued on page 10, col. 3)

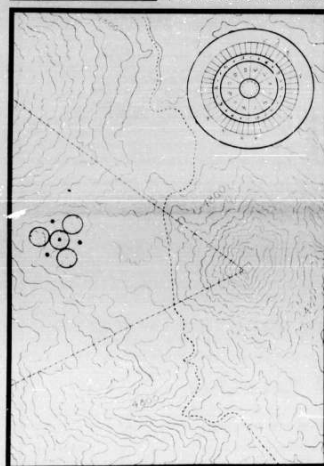
When The Music Is Dunn

During the wild out-crowding days of the Lost Generation, one of those book-end named poets like Ford Maddox Ford, or Dixie Nasher Dixie, or William Carlos Williams, staggered up to it. Hem at some cafe in Paris and

told him that the world needed more unpublished poems — works created for their own sake, rather than penned with recognition in mind. And if this need, expressed more than sixty years ago, represented some genuine, deep-felt longing for gratuitous virtuosity, that need is even greater today — an age in which, as playwright Philip Glass said in *Punch and Judy* and the *Art Baby*, the word artist has "become a little sappy misnomer for wretched self-promoter, who are torturing disgracefully on that fine line between creative cottage industry and vulgar merchandising."

Local composer David Dunn has never been one of those artists who grovel for mass approval, who dream of record contracts, who "sell out" by writing snappy jingles for minomasse commercials for the big boys on Madison Avenue. One doesn't get that fine car, that condo on Maui by dragging twentysix musicians out to the Anza-Borrego Desert, as Dunn did seven years ago, to have them play and play while their music is amplified to such an extent that passers-by can hear the roaring strains two miles away. That kind of music, doesn't go over too well with the Mantovani "singing strings" crowd. They like their music tame, shackled to the insides of the concert hall or recording studios, Dunn doesn't. He likes quirky locales for his music, places ripe with acoustic possibilities, like the floor of the Grand Canyon. In fact, he's not

(continued on page 10, col. 3)



Score notation from "Tritulament 2"

On The Good Ship Discoverer

A common lament these days is that true wilderness no longer exists; that the footprint of man has marred the landscape everywhere, including the moon. And even if there are places without footprints, such as in the deeper reaches of the Northwest territories, crazy bush pilots have the capability to deliver the booted feet to whatever remains of the virgin

grounds. The amazing thing about this argument is that it comes about since earth is the Earth's surface, the ocean. If the remote wilderness is a region attacked, smothered, unamed,

and perilously indifferent to human visitation, then the oceans are nothing if not wilderness. And they will remain so until people sprout gills.

This is not to say that the planet's waters are not being charred, plumbled, and exploited, which of course they are and have been for centuries. And certainly man has made his dent: oil slicks line the shipping routes, abalone have all but disappeared along sections of certain coastlines, and some species of whales have been hunted almost to extinction. But the seas still hold life's one

abiding promise: they cannot be generated and will prosper in the resurrection and, given enough

coats, new life-forms will be generated and will prosper in the watery womb. The oceans will succumb only when the sun dies.

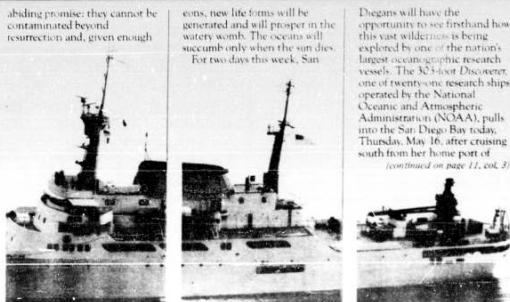
For two days this week, San Diegoans will have the opportunity to see firsthand how this vast wilderness is being explored by one of the nation's largest oceanographic research vessels. The *NOAA Discoverer*, one of twenty-one research ships operated by the National Oceanic and Atmospheric Administration (NOAA), pulls into the San Diego Bay today, Thursday, May 16, after cruising south from her home port of

(continued on page 11, col. 3)



Illustration by Joseph S. Brown

Foto



Oceanographic research vessel Discoverer

Do You Eat When You're Not Even Hungry?



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It's Not Your Fault... You're Not Alone.

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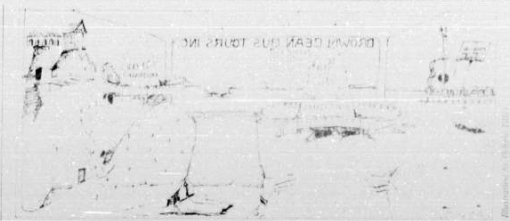
1(800) 255-1818

Tijuana Cultural Calendar

Immigration of Rosa Trevino. Abundant food, hotel, a comfortable hospital in his suggestion that the recent photocopy of death threat they were not the composition of friends of the family of twelve-year-old Humberto. Canillo. It is doubtful that someone in the box's column this own house, locked electric and even front step, would have access to a typewriter and a copying machine, or the fluency in English to compose the grammatically, syntactically, and phonetically sound missive

that found its way into the hands of an American male, about whom we have heard nothing since the threat was reported eight days ago. Without denigrating the obvious tensions this single sheet, a paper has exacerbated, but without elevating any prospective trip to Tijuana into an exploit of social class. Here, we are, being to your attention three significant events taking place there this weekend.

Tonight, Thursday, May 16, at the new \$250-seat Performing Arts Center of the Tijuana Cultural Center, the Montreux theatrical company, Los de la Pie ("Those Who Are Going on Foot"), presents its award-winning production, "De Asa de Este La" ("Over Here on this Side"). The director Rodrigo Solis,



The production, last year's first-place winner in a competition among the theatrical companies of the northern Mexican states, has as its subject to do all the

considered plays those border issues — rates of workers from the interior swelling the number towns while they wait an opportunity to pass undetected

to "the other side," their hopes for a better life, the strictures of families left behind, the men who never return, and the

(continued on page 10, col. 3)

When The Music Is Dunn

During the wild out-awing days of the Last Generation, one of these book-end named poets like Fred McDuff, Paul, or Dixie Nesbit Dixie, or William Carlos Williams, staggered up to tell them at some cafe in Paris and



told him that the world needed more unpublished poems — work created for their own sake, rather than penned with recognition in mind. And it this need, expressed more than sixty years ago, represented some economic, deep self-coping for gratuitous virtuosity, that need is even greater today — an age in which, as playwright Philip Cullen said in *Punch and Judy and the Art Rats*, the word artist has "become a little sappy, misnomer to scratched self-promoter, all too willing to degrade itself, as that fine line between creative postage industry and vulgar merchandise."

Local composer David Dunn has never been one of those artists who, as a result of mass appeal, who dream of record contracts, who "sell out" by writing songs for studios, or mass-market commercial radio for the big boys on Madison Avenue. One doesn't get that fine line that confuses Mann by digging roots, this means to write the Anna Berne's Desert, as Dunn did seven years ago, to have them play and play while their music is amplified to such an extent that passers-by can hear the humming strains two miles away. That kind of music doesn't go over too well with the Monterey "singing strains" crowd. They like their music, some, shocked to the inside of the concert hall or recording studio, Dunn doesn't. He likes places ripe with acoustic possibilities, like the floor of the Grand Canyon. In fact, he's not

A Voice In Lagos

Anglos have a very naive perception of what real political music is all about. From the bongos accompanied "beat"

disturbances of the streets to the "protest" singing of the Sixties to the punking and no-making of the Seventies to the about-danceable, raves wailing of the Eighties (see George, Frankie Goes to Hollywood, etc.), who would assume a political stance while entertaining us have given

(continued on page 10, col. 3)



On The Good Ship Discoverer

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abiding promise, they cannot be generated and will prosper in the water world. The species will come back when the sun does.

For two days this week, Sun

Discoverer will have the opportunity to see firsthand how these out-siders meet of being viewed from the water's surface, as the ship's research vessels. The NOAA's Discoverer, one of many research ships operated by the National Oceanic and Atmospheric Administration (NOAA), pulls into the San Diego Bay today, Thursday, May 16, after cruising south from her home port of

(continued on page 10, col. 3)



READER'S GUIDE TO LOCAL EVENTS

Public concert in a benefit concert to raise funds for the emigration from Poland of the wife and daughter of recent emigrant Jerry Strydom, a former Solidarity leader, who came to this country last year. The concert will be held Sunday, May 19, 7 p.m., La Jolla United Presbyterian Church, 6635 La Jolla Boulevard, La Jolla. For reservations phone 454-1728.

Full of Glee, the Wheaton College (Illinois) Men's Glee Club, who in their recent worldwide tour have won three first place awards, will come to San Diego to sing a varied program, featuring selections from the Renaissance and Baroque periods, hymns and spirituals, and works from Russian and American composers. Sunday, May 19, 7:30 p.m., First Presbyterian Church, 525 Date Street, downtown. 232-7513.

Quinter, the Louisiana Quarter, with Karl Canfield, flute; Erhan Dubik, French horn; Betty Spear, oboe; Brett Hebert, bassoon; and Charles McLeod, clarinet, will perform works by Anton Reicha, Charles LeCoeur, and Paul Hindemith. Sunday, May 19, 7:30 p.m., Termana Lutheran Church, 11245 Clairemont Mesa Boulevard, Termana. 560-8668.

Vendri's great Requiem Mass is performed by the SDSU Symphony and the combined SDSU and Point Loma College choirs. Sunday, May 19, 8 p.m., Montecito Hall, Ames Center, SDSU. 265-6947.

"A Night at the Opera", featuring Giorgio Tezi, soprano; Starlight Calmy, mezzo-soprano; Freda Rakouni, and tenor Alberto Mirrahi sing arias, duets, and quartets from opera, Broadway, and Jewish repertory. Sunday, May 19, 8 p.m., Sherwood Auditorium, La Jolla Museum of Contemporary Art, 700 Prospect Street, La Jolla.

For information phone Conversation Beth El at 452-1734.

Jazz, Ed Shaughnessy and the Tonight Show All Stars (yes, they're Johnny's bunch!) perform jazz numbers Monday, May 20, 8 p.m., Mayan Hall, Southwestern College, 855 One Lakes Road, Chula Vista. 421-1349.

UCSD Composer James Negyesi performs new works for the electric violin, next Wednesday, May 22, 8 p.m., Recital Hall, Mandeville Center, UCSD. 452-1229.

More Jazz, the Peter Spengler Quartet performs Wednesday, May 22, 8 p.m., room 801, Southwestern College, 950 One Lakes Road, Chula Vista. 421-1349.

Film

"Music as a Weapon Film" French filmmaker Stephane Tchigaloff's documentary on the Nigerian musician and outspoken government critic will be shown along with George Kuchar's Comedy of the Underground, tonight, Thursday, May 16, 7 and 10 p.m., Multicultural Arts Center, 425 Market Street, downtown. 284-7012 or 280-0907.

"The Films of Erich Von Stroheim" The La Jolla Museum's film series concludes with the 1979 film, *The Man You Loved to Hate*, on the life of this great director of silent cinema; his controversial career is highlighted in this ninety-minute film (also a silent), tonight, Thursday, May 16, 7:30 p.m., Sherwood Auditorium, La Jolla Museum of Contemporary Art, 700 Prospect Street, La Jolla. 454-3541.

"Political Film Series" the 1981 film, *The Casual Fight: The Alabamian Lynches Brigade in the Spanish Civil War*, details the contingent of some 300 Americans who went to Spain to combat fascism, a full five years before this country entered World War II; the film screens Friday, May 17, 7 p.m., room 807, Third Lecture Hall, UCSD. Free. 452-4552 or 452-2016.

"Coma", the issues of values and modern medicine will be discussed by panelists after the screening of this film, the seventh in the "Reel to Real" film series, Friday, May 17, 7 p.m., room G-112, San Diego Mesa College. Free. 560-2297.

"Gowkin" Hideo Goshu's samurai classic, starring Tetsuya Nakadai and Tetsu- Junma, will screen from Sunday, May 19 through Sunday, May 25, with show times at 6:16 and 9 p.m. nightly and Saturday and Sunday matinees at 1:45 and 4:10 p.m., Ken Cinema, 4801 Adams Avenue, Kensington. 283-3227.

"Father Sergius" this 1978 Russian film (shown with English subtitles) is based on Tolstoy's narrative about an officer of the guards, Prince Stepan Karsavsk, who renounces the temporal world to become a monk, when he is tormented by his mistress. The film, directed by Igor Talankin, will be shown Sunday, May 19, 11 a.m., Ken Cinema, 4801 Adams Avenue, Kensington. 283-5929.

"Monday Night Film Series" the month-long run of political films continues with an evening of three movies, including *Night and Fog*, a study of Nazi death camps; *Paul Robeson: Tribute to an Artist*, an examination of his art and controversial life; and *The Hand*, another documentary of the life and career of Jim Tinska; the three

films will be shown Monday, May 20, 7 p.m., third floor auditorium, San Diego Public Library, 5021 Street, downtown. Free. 236-5849.

"You Can Be Global and Stay Immobile" the travel film series continues with its second installment, *Holland: The Modern Fairy Tale*, sponsored by the Office of Community Education at Grossmont College; the film will screen Tuesday, May 21, 2 and 7:30 p.m., East County Performing Arts Center, 210 East Main Street, El Cajon. For reservations phone 440-2277.

"Paper Moon" Ryan O'Neal and precocious daughter star in this black-and-white Depression-era story, shown Tuesday, May 21, 7 p.m., Coronado Public Library, 640 Orange Avenue, Coronado. Free. 522-7390.

"Bakhtiari Migration" the latest yearly movement of nomadic people in the world, that of southern Iran's Bakhtiari tribes, who every year travel some 200 miles in more than five weeks, is captured on film, Wednesday, May 22, 1 p.m., National City Public Library, 220 East Twelfth Street, National City. Free. 474-8211.

"The Films of Chantal Akerman" a new series of films by the Belgian filmmaker opens with her 1975 work, *Les Rendez-vous d'Anna*, starring Annee Clement as a film director on a lonely tour for the promotion of her newest movie. The film, shown in French with English subtitles, will screen Wednesday, May 22, 7:30 p.m., Sherwood Auditorium, La Jolla Museum of Contemporary Art, 700 Prospect Street, La Jolla. 454-0267.

"Chronos" Ronald Frick's new film, a "celebration of human intelligence" that takes us through many of the world's architectural

and urban wonders, is shot completely in time-lapse sequence; the film continues daily on the OMNIMAX screen of the Reuben H. Fleet Space Theater and Science Center in Balboa Park throughout the summer. For show times and further information phone 238-1168.

"Discover San Diego" through June 30, the public may view this twenty-five-minute multimedia slide presentation (thirty projections are used to show more than 1000 slides) on the good life in San Diego. The show runs every half hour at Old Town Galleria, at Juan and Harvey Streets, in Old Town. For show times and information phone 562-4130.

Lectures

Marine Biologist for Scripps Institution of Oceanography, James Stewart, will present a slide-illustrated talk on underwater diving, tonight, Thursday, May 16, 7:30 p.m., Solana Beach Public Library, 9811, Lomas Santa Fe Drive (in the Lomas Santa Fe Plaza), Solana Beach. Free. 755-5703.

"Protection of the Environment: A Government or Corporate Responsibility?" former EPA director William Ruckelshaus will give the annual David Mark Belkin Memorial Lecture, tonight, Thursday, May 16, 8 p.m., room 108, Peterson Hall, UCSD. Free. 452-3120.

"Impacts of Downtown Redevelopment in San Diego", members from the Centre City Development Corporation, the Ernest W. Hahn Corporation, and

(continued on page 6)

Sale
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It's natural to think of Pier 1 for floor covering. We offer a variety of styles, sizes, and textures—coir, handwoven fibers right from Mother Nature—now at special sale prices. You can customize a rug up to 9'x36' easily, inexpensively. We'll cut your rug from the bale to fit any size floor area you desire. Measure your floor and visit Pier 1 today for savings on natural floor covering. Every foot in the family will thank you.

Chinese maize, 12" squares	Reg. 1.39	98¢ ea.
Chinese rice, 12" squares	Reg. 59¢	38¢ ea.
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 (Corner of I-5 & Washington St.) Phone 291-9920
La Mesa—Jackson-Grossmont Center
 8410 Center Dr. Phone 460-6760
Carlsbad—2525 El Camino Real
 (In the El Camino Real Mall) Phone 729-4286

Pier 1 Imports has stores in 10 states. Check the white pages. In Canada, contact Pacific Pier 1 Imports, 3010 Ave. 10, 10000 W. Hwy. 1, 10000, 10000.

DANCING IN THE STREETS

Presented by the Bank of America



THE COUNT BASIE ORCHESTRA

under the direction of Thad Jones

Dancing in the streets of the Gaslamp Quarter Saturday, June 1, 7-10 pm at Island Avenue between 4th and 5th Avenues.

Admission \$10.00 available through outlets—May Co. and Mad Jacks 232-0800. Rain or shine.

For information call the Gaslamp Quarter Council 233-5227.

Produced by the Gaslamp Quarter Council and Rob Hagey Productions



Announcing the Second Season of the Cinema Society of San Diego

Exclusive sneak previews of major first-run motion pictures



- * Last season members were guaranteed 10 films and received 15, including Paris, Texas; Country, Music; That's Dancing; Garbo Talks; In the Name of the People; Stranger Than Paradise; Blood Simple; All of Me and more.
- * Cocktail receptions
- * Visits by film-makers and studio representatives
- * Question and answer sessions following each film
- * Ten newsletters
- * Guest pass to American International Theatres (Flower Hill Cinema III, Carousell Cinema 6, Vineyard Twin Cinema)
- * Brass-plated season pass
- * Discounts to major film events

Reservations now being accepted for the second season, beginning this fall at our new home in the La Jolla Museum of Contemporary Art, Sherwood Auditorium, on selected Monday evenings. Contact the Cinema Society office at 452-1198 for complete information. Membership is limited on a first-come, first-served basis.

KFSD-TV 31.1 welcomes Jazz legend

STEPHANE GRAPPELLI
with **MARC FOSSET, Guitar**
JACK SEWING, Bass

"You'll not hear any more definitive 'swing' in your jazz listening than that of jazz legend violinist, Stephane Grappelli—SF Examiner

Thursday, May 30, 7:30 & 9:30 pm
Sherwood Auditorium, La Jolla Museum of Contemporary Art
700 Prospect Street, La Jolla
Tickets available at all TELLS: 2" outlets or call 454-3541
\$10.50 advance, \$12.50 door, general seating

Presented by Rob Hagey Productions

Coming Saturday, June 6
WAYNE JOHNSON TRIO and RALPH TOWNER
at Sherwood Auditorium. Tickets on sale now at all TELLS: 2" outlets.

STAGE 7 JAZZ SYMPOSIUM
BALLET JAZZ TAP STRETCH ALEXANDERTECHNIQUE

18 CLASSES PER DAY 4 PERFORMANCES

JUNE 24-JULY 17
JULY 22-AUGUST 14

SCHOLARSHIP AUDITION MAY 18

FOR MORE INFORMATION CALL 234-4647

READER'S GUIDE

(continued from page 4)
the San Diego city planning department will participate in a three-hour dialogue, Friday, May 17, 1 p.m., in the Mountain View Lounge, Third College, UCSD. Free. 452-3690.

"The Age of Dinosaurs" SDSU biology professor J. David Archibald presents the final lecture in the series, a talk on "Dinosaur Extinction Theories," Friday, May 17, 7:30 p.m., in the auditorium of the San Diego Natural History Museum, Balboa Park. For reservations phone 232-3821.

"Surviving the Twentieth

Century: A Comprehensive Look at the Nuclear Threat?" Miracosta College's Center for International Understanding, Physicians for Social Responsibility, and Beyond War sponsor this four-hour symposium, with featured speakers including PSR president William Hollingworth, UCSD history professor Alan Oels, and Miracosta political science professor Leon Bandat. Saturday, May 18, 1 p.m., at the Miracosta College Theatre, Miracosta College, One Barnard Drive, Occidental. 757-2121 or 755-5155.

Director General of the French

Archives in Paris, Jean Favre, will speak on the relationship between historians and poets, Saturday, May 18, 2 p.m., Salomon Lecture Hall, USD. 266-4629/4441.

"Redesigning San Diego: A Plan for a Sustainable Future" Jim Bell, director of the Ecological Life Systems Institute, will speak on his self-offering housing development in South Bay and the need for ecologically integrated urban environments, Sunday, May 19, 7:30 p.m., a potluck dinner precedes the talk, at 615 p.m., First Unitarian Church, 4100 Front Street, Hillcrest. 298-9978.

"The Bedouins of Jordan," ethnologist John Kohler-Rollison will discuss her research in the country at the recent "Brown-Bag Series" lecture, Monday, May 20, noon, Hewitt Hall classroom, San Diego Museum of Man, Balboa Park. 239-2021.

"New Towns in Progress in the Peris Region" Harry Anthone, professor emeritus of regional planning and environmental design at Cal Poly/Pomona, will speak Monday, May 20, 6 p.m., New School of Architecture, 2252 Main Street, Chula Vista. 429-6200.

Underwater Photographer Charles Arneson will speak and show slides of his photographs in conjunction with the "Captured by Camera" photographic exhibition at Scripps Aquarium; the talk will take place Monday, May 20, 7:30 p.m., Summer Auditorium, Scripps Institution of Oceanography, 8662 La Jolla Village Drive, La Jolla. Free. 452-8624.

"Dependence, Madonna, and Pure Puerility: The Art of Vito Acconci" the controversial works and life of the artist will be discussed by Ronald Chomsky of the Rhode Island School of Design, Tuesday, May 21, 8 p.m., Sherwood Auditorium, La Jolla Museum of Contemporary Art, 100 Prospect Street, La Jolla. 454-0267.

"Did Shakespeare Hate Women?" Nothing is sacred anymore! SDSU English professor Dorothy Kehler will discuss *The Taming of the Shrew* and *The Comedy of Errors* from a feminist approach. One can only hope that her scope is not so narrowed that she "neglects" to mention the standard fare from which much of Shakespeare's comedy derived and the other plays, in which women are clever, noble characters. The scholar will, as we are advised, "give the facts," Wednesday, May 22, 7:30 p.m., at the next meeting of San Diego Independent Scholars, in room 111A, Chancellery Complex, UCSD. 453-1878 or 459-5748.

"Alaska: The Great Land," wilderness photographer Jill Timm produced this multimedia presentation on the forty-ninth state, which will be shown Wednesday, May 22, 8:30 p.m., Alverno 16, 4602 Alvarado Canyon Road, San Diego. Free. 283-2374.

"Women's Poetry Series," three poets — Rae Armanout, Linda Brown, and Kathleen Idling — read from their works tonight, Thursday, May 16, 7 p.m., at the Center for Women's Studies and Services, 2467 E Street, Golden Hill. 233-8984.

"Herman Melville: Damned in Paradise" John Huston and E. Morris Abraham host this narrative documentary on the life and work of Melville, Sunday, May 19, 2 p.m., over KPBS-TV, Channel 15.

"Romantic Comedy" would you sit the high another showing of that slow motion conclusion? The film is repeated Sunday, May 19, 6 p.m., KPBS-TV, Channel 6.

"El Norte," the acclaimed film about two Guatemalan youngsters who flee to the United States to join an American playhouse, continues on stage tonight, Thursday, May 16 through Sunday, May 18, 8 p.m., Mandeville Auditorium, UCSD. 452-2023.

Comedian Emo Philips, described as a "one-man insane asylum," continues on stage tonight, Thursday, May 16 through Sunday, May 18, 8 p.m., on weeknights and 8 and 10:30 p.m., on Friday, May 17 and Saturday, May 18. The Improv is located at 832 Garnet Avenue, Pacific Beach. Phone 483-4521 for

reservations and further information.

Comedians Jackson Perdue, Carl LaRosa, Monika Puri, and Sam Kenyon headline at the Comedy Store tonight, Thursday, May 16, through Sunday, May 19, with show times weeknights at 8 p.m., and on the Friday and Saturday at 8 and 10:30 p.m. The Comedy Store is at 916 Pearl Street, La Jolla. 454-9176.

New York Performance Artist Judith Ren-Lai presents the West Coast premiere of her piece, *The Grandfather Tapes*. It's a work incorporating dance, acting, song, and monologue, which "interrogates the voice and memory" of her grandfather, Earle Haas, who invented... Tampac. The show starts Sunday, May 18, 8 p.m., Sush, 852 Eighth Avenue, downtown. 235-6466.

Sush's Newest continues with a comparison by San Diego artist David Dunn, whose vice lists study with David Arner, Norman Lawry, and Kenneth Gaburo, and a four-year professional association with Harry Partch. Dunn's work, *Entertainment 2*, is a site-work, and in its compositional structure Dunn has employed tracings from geological survey maps, astrological chartings, and a Ching

cuttings. The performance will take place Sunday, May 19, 1 p.m., in the Cuyamaca Mountains. Free. For specific instructions to the performance site phone Sush at 235-6466.

San Diego Post Shari Brinn will read from her work Monday, May 20, 7:30 p.m., D.G. With Books, 7527 La Jolla Boulevard, La Jolla. Free. 456-0800.

Amateur Comedians are invited on stage every Monday night, 8 p.m., The Comedy Store, 916 Pearl Street, La Jolla. For information on what it takes, phone 454-9176.

Comedy Night, three comics are featured every Tuesday evening, 8 p.m., in Monty's Den, SDSU. For more information phone 265-0947.

"New Writing Series," poet Stephen Rodeler will read from his works at the next meeting, sponsored by the Archive for New Poetry, Wednesday, May 22, 4:30 p.m., in Beville Formal Rooms, UCSD. Free. 452-6766.

Stand-up Comic Tom Dreese, whose career includes forty-eight years to the Empire State, opens at The Improv next Wednesday, May 22, and continues nightly through May 26. Show times are 8:30 p.m. on weeknights and Sunday, 8 and

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READER'S GUIDE

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.

Library Book Sale, children's books, cookbooks, show biz nostalgia, "coffee table" books, and more will be on sale. Saturday, May 18, from 9 a.m. to 4 p.m., East San Diego Public Library, 4289 Farmhouse Avenue, East San Diego, 283-3632.

"Diver's Day 1985", divers, would-be divers, diving clubs, landlubbers, plank walkers, deck scrubbers, gillnet hunters are all invited to this day-long affair, hosted by the Coastal Recreation Association. Featured are movies, slide presentations, equipment demonstrations, oysters, food, and a raffle. Sunday, May 19, 10 a.m. to 4 p.m., Coronet Middle Park, off Claremont Mesa Boulevard, in Claremont Mesa. Free. For information phone 573-3745.

A Two-Hour Walk along Point Loma's Basside Trail is sponsored by the Commission of the Natural History Museum, Saturday, May 18, 10 a.m. Free. For details on where to meet, what to take, phone 232-3821.

Happy Birthdays, Kensington! The neighborhood celebrates its seventy-fifth year this weekend and, in honor of the occasion, the San Diego Historical Society and

Walkabout International sponsor walking tours and through an architecturally-historically significant estate. Tour groups leave Kensington Library, 4121 Kensington Avenue. For information on guided or self-guided tours, phone 231-7463.

Walking Tours through the historic Gaslamp Quarter are offered each Saturday, 10 a.m. and 1 p.m., for information call the Gaslamp Quarter Council office at 233-5227.

Plant Show and Sale, the San Diego Geranium Society hosts its tenth annual show, with more than 80 different kinds of the plant on exhibit; slide shows will be presented during the day. Saturday, May 18, beginning at noon in room 101 and in the courtyard of the Casa Del Prado in Balboa Park. The show continues on Sunday, May 19, at 10 a.m. in room 101 of the Casa Del Prado. For information phone 422-4422, 583-9551, or 726-9269.

Bird Walks at Famosa Slough will be conducted by Friends of the Famosa Slough every Saturday, 1:30 p.m.; meet at the corner of Famosa Slough and West Point Loma Boulevard. For an information phone 272-8622 after 5 p.m.

The History of Los Peñasquitos Canyon, the site of the first Mexican land grant in California, will be recounted during a three-to-four-hour hike through the

emotions. Sunday, May 19, 8 a.m., sponsored by Friends of Los Peñasquitos Canyon. For details and directions phone 271-6710.

Nature Tours through the Silverwood Wildlife Sanctuary are offered by the San Diego Audubon Society every Sunday; the sanctuary is open to the public from 9 a.m. to 4 p.m., and is located five and a half miles east of Lakeside on Wildcat Canyon Road. For details or information on group tours call 443-2998.

"The Color Connection," the fifteenth annual conference of Southern California handweavers takes place, with booths of handspinning, weaving art, wall hangings, weaving and tanning demonstrations, and a fashion show. The event takes place Sunday, May 19, from 10 a.m. to 4 p.m., in the San Diego Convention and Performing Arts Center, 202 C Street, downtown. 566-3232.

Mexican Rodeo, the Charro Cero San Miguel de San Diego present their first charro de la semana, with nine events, including the "pass of death," during which a rider (on horse saddle or on foot) leaps from his galloping horse onto a wild mare. The event, a competition for points, not for money, will be held Sunday, May 19, 1 p.m. to dusk. Afterward a noisome band provides the backdrop for the association's dance. Take Highway 94 East toward Tecate, exiting at the steel bridge in Spring Valley. For more

details phone 442-3349.

Beachcomber Walk, Scripps Aquarium sponsors a two-hour walk from Beach to Field State Park in Imperial Beach, with a slide marine wildlife and the near shore environment. Sunday, May 19, 2 p.m., for information and reservation phone the aquarium at 452-4578.

Opportunities Week kicks off in October, and before that happens, the San Diego Advisory Board on Women needs to pick a logo for the event; a contest, open to professionals and nonprofessionals, will decide which logo design will become the association's permanent logo. For information on the competition, which ends May 18, 8:30 a.m., Sea World, 1720 South Shores Road, Mission Bay. For registration information phone 222-6363 x2452.

Puppet Show, Don Ave Puppets presents A Dragon Tale. Sunday, May 18 and Sunday, May 19, 11 a.m. and 2:30 p.m., Puppet Theater, Presidents Way, Balboa Park. 466-7128.

"Kazoo's Kids", a mime, puppets, song, and special guests entertain every Sunday, 1 p.m., near the Tile Shop in Newport Village, downtown. Free. 235-6569.

TV, an hour-long special on The mixed-media works by Jim Hubbell, Beth Ames Swartz, Conchita Amata, April Kari, and Mary are represented in this thematic show, which continues through July 7. A reception for the artists is planned for Friday, May 17, 8 p.m., Multi-cultural Arts and Humanities Center, 425 Market Street, downtown. 235-8292.

Children's Films, five animated films—Silver White, Gnome with the Ant, Peter Pan for Hand's Room, Prince, and Fire Chief—will

production that addresses teen problems; skits include satirical, thought-provoking looks at sex, love, peer pressure, suicide, and more. For information on the two performances, to be held at SDSU's Experimental Theatre, phone 231-6820.

"Penguins on Parade," children in the second and third grades may register for this morning workshop, which acquaints them with the "Penguin Encounter." Saturday, May 18, 8:30 a.m., Sea World, 1720 South Shores Road, Mission Bay. For registration information phone 222-6363 x2452.

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Information 454-9741

TO LOCAL EVENTS

be shown next Thursday, May 23, 1 p.m., Coronado Public Library, 4000 Coronado Avenue, Coronado. Free. 522-7392.

Bird Symbols abound in the etchings, drawings, and paintings by Lilly Ross, on view through Saturday, May 18, at Acevedo Gallery, 4010 Goldfinch Street, Mission Hills. 286-8748.

"Landscape Now," the paintings of five artists—Brian Long, Michael Lucero, Constance Mallison, Robert Gil de Montes, Pierre Picot, and Judith Simonian—are on view through Sunday, May 19, at Canto Gallery, 5150 S. Main Avenue, Hillcrest. 235-9065.

"California Landscapes," the thirteenth annual exhibition, featuring works by nineteen first artists, continues on view through May 25, Rugs Gallery, 2550 Fifth Avenue, Hillcrest. 235-9065.

"California Landscapes," paintings and drawings by Allan Menow and Stuart Burton continue on view through May 30, at Rugs Gallery, 2550 Fifth Avenue, Hillcrest. 235-9065.

Watercolors and Oils by Lucinda Abrams are on view through May 31, at the Frame Gallery, 835 Third Avenue, Chula Vista. 422-1030.

"CYMBAL", an electronic, computerized sound installation by Le Phillips is featured in the annual exhibition at SDSU's campus art gallery. The exhibit will continue through May 24.

Ceramic Art by Paul Seldner is on view through Saturday, May 18, at UCSD's Grove Gallery, at the UC

Craft Center on Revelle Campus. A reception for the artist will be held from 5 to 7 p.m., with a slide illustrated lecture beginning at 7 p.m. For details phone 452-2021.

"Batu Wacomina," a student exhibit of works created in a project led by "Memphis" designer Peter Shire is on view from Monday, May 20 through May 24, at Canto Gallery, 5150 S. Main Avenue, Hillcrest. 235-9065.

"Kilims and the Art of the Flat Weave," flat woven textiles from such countries as Algeria, Ecuador, Egypt, Turkey, and Yugoslavia, as well as the works of three contemporary artists—Jim Bauder, Vivian Vaughn, and Marlene Rona—are on view through Sunday, May 19, International Gallery, 643 G Street, downtown. 235-0465.

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Moore, twenty-eight etchings from Moore's "Elephant Skull" portfolio are on view through May 25, San Diego Print Club, 320 G Street, downtown. 232-4884.

"Dream Works," a series of small works done by Carol Derenberg and ceramic works by Yoonchung Kim are on exhibit through May 25, Spectrum Gallery, 726 Seventh Avenue, downtown. 232-9741.

"California Fibers," the thirteenth annual exhibition, featuring works by nineteen first artists, continues on view through May 25, Rugs Gallery, 2550 Fifth Avenue, Hillcrest. 235-9065.

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view through May 31, Earth Bound Gallery, 835 G Street, downtown. 574-0831.

"The Whistle and the Laugh," new paintings by John L. La Jolla Museum call him "exterior wall drawings," will be on view through June 16, La Jolla Museum of Contemporary Art, 200 Prospect Street, La Jolla. 454-1541.

"Captured by Camera," an exhibit of underwater photographs by Charles Ameson and Flip Nicklin continues through June 2, at the aquarium at Scripps Institution of Oceanography, 8602 La Jolla Village Drive, La Jolla. 452-1624.

"The Wedding," ceramics by Elizabeth Wiedrich, Carol Harmon, and Julie Thompson, graphic works by Shirley Perkins, and flower arrangements by Ann Farmworth are on view through June 9, Many Hands Arts Co-op, 6150 El Cajon Boulevard, East San Diego. 287-7150.

"Folk and Figures," figurative, multimedia works by Curtis Field, Gregory Hawthorne, Peter Mitten, Geri Morton, Doug Schneider, Joan Schenck, and Lawrence Wallman continue on view through June 9, T. B. Reed Gallery, 2802 Juan Street, Old Town. 295-8859.

"Collector's Series III," fiber-montage by Diane Itron, basketry techniques by Fran Kneek, Prince and Neil France, and woven vessels by Phillip M. Kuching continue on view through June 8, Gallery Eight, 239-5262.

7464 Grand Avenue, La Jolla. 454-9781.

Six Paintings by New Yorker Jean Michel Basquiat, who once was well known in some circles for what the La Jolla Museum call him "exterior wall drawings," will be on view through June 16, La Jolla Museum of Contemporary Art, 200 Prospect Street, La Jolla. 454-1541.

Hand-Loomed Rugs and Weavings by award-winning artists in cooperatives scattered throughout Island continue on view at Heritage Tapestries, 5670 La Jolla Boulevard, La Jolla. 454-9800.

Silk, wall hangings, scarves, shawls, and one-of-a-kind silk clothes designed by Nili Luvish are presented in "Silks One of a Kind" through June 8, Creative Studio Gallery, 415 Market Street, downtown. 232-6442.

"Siquiera," paintings, drawings, photographs, and smaller studies of the immense murals of Mexican artist David Alfaro Siqueira remain on display until June 9, San Diego Museum of Art, Balboa Park. 232-7911.

"European Edge: New Photographic Trends from Europe," the experimental works of thirteen artists from eight European countries are included in this exhibit, which continues on view through June 16, Museum of Photographic Arts, Balboa Park. 239-5262.

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READER'S GUIDE TO THE THEATER

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

ANNIE GET YOUR GUN
The International Company of USKI concludes its season with the musical — music and lyrics by Irving Berlin, book by Herbert and Dorothy Fields — about sharp-shooting Annie Oakley, Buffalo Bill, and Frank Butler, on whom Annie has her eye. Jack Yagari directs the production. Tickets to Larkin are \$10. Other cast members include Steve West, Richard Wright, E. David Hollingsworth, and Catherine Sholtz. Lighting design for the production — which features such songs as "There's No Business Like Show Business" and "The Swif's Wonderful" — is by Hal Benken, (Sm.)
The Theatre in Old Town (formerly the Old Town Opera House) through June 2, Wednesday through Saturday at 8:00 p.m. Matinee Sunday at 2:00 p.m. For information call 298-0082.

ANYTHING GOES
Sebastian's West Dinner Playhouse

is staging the 1934 musical — music and lyrics by Cole Porter, book by Guy Bolton and PG. Wodehouse (revised by Howard Lindsay and Russel Crouse) — about the adventures of Reno Sweeney and Herbie Abbott in ocean liner. Bill Rafferty has directed the production, which includes such popular hits as "Anything Goes," "You're the Top," "It's Develvey," and "Blow, Gabriel, Blow." Cast members are Jay Matthews, Jeff Schlichter, Lynn Dove, Mark Rydzynski, Richard Kieker, Donna Berg, Tim Bonner, Scott Lynn, Mark Eben, Dawn Starnes, Dana Vandiver, Mark Denning, and Debbie Levy. (Sm.)
Sebastian's West Dinner Playhouse, 140 Avenida Pike, San Clemente, through May 18, Thursday through Saturday, dinner at 6:30 p.m., curtain at 8:00 p.m. Sunday, dinner at 5:30 p.m., curtain at 7:00 p.m. Matinee Sunday, brunch at 1:30 a.m., curtain at 1:00 p.m. For information call 492-9950.

BEYOND THERAPY
The Marquis Public Theatre presents Christopher Durang's comedy, based on two young people trying — against all odds, it would seem — to sort out their lives through therapy. Menela Marquis directs the production. Members of the cast are Jim Johnston, Denise Graner, Mary Lynn, Jim Johnston, Randy Greene, and Thomas Hanson. Nancy Levinson has designed the set. John

Finnegan the costumes, and Dan Quinn the lighting. (Sm.)
Marquis Public Theatre, Friday, May 17 through June 14, Friday and Saturday at 8:00 p.m.

BREATH OF SPRING
The Alpha Omega Players present Peter Cole's comedy, which later became the movie *Make Mine Meat*. Based on the "Robin Hood Syndrome," the play is about a group of senior citizens who steal from the rich and give them to the poor ("You can't have the poor deans for this," says Henry A. Swanton, long-time member of the company). Virginia White directs the production. (Sm.)
Alpha Omega Players, through May 18, Friday and Saturday at 8:00 p.m.

THE BUTLER DID IT
The Pine Hills Players present the comedy thriller, a play within a play based on the intrigue surrounding the jockeys created when a younger neighbor replaces a veteran actress. Scott Kinney directs the production. Cast members are Jim Langham, Julian Mace, Lynette Russo, Rhonda Rebecman, Jim Nelson, and Bob Davis. A dinner buffet, cooked outdoors in the mountain air of Larkin, precedes the show. (Sm.)
Pine Hills Lodge, through June 8, Friday and Saturday, dinner at 7:00 p.m., curtain at 8:00 p.m.

CHILDE BYRON
Olive Blakstone's production of Romulus Linney's play at North Coast Rep is an amateur production redubbed by talent. Miss Blakstone's director is a theater professional, and John Giesels (as Byron) and Wendy Cheek (as the poet's daughter Ada), although less than thoroughly professional in their technique, have a quality that cannot be created in an acting conservatory. The play's idea of seeing Byron through the eyes of his daughter results in a diffusing of the play's focus. It also forces Linney to curtail

his portrait of Byron himself, who is shown chiefly as the gullible, self-inflating, brooding rich. Romantic of Child Harold Byron's other personality, the witty, ironic, high-spirited Byron of Don Juan is much less in evidence, and both Byron's reality and the play's dramatic interest are diminished thereby. (Ss.)
North Coast Repertory Theatre, through May 26, Wednesday through Saturday at 8:00 p.m. Sunday at 7:00 p.m. Matinee Sunday, May 26 at 2:00 p.m.

CLOUD 9
The San Diego Repertory Theatre is staging the triple One Award-winning comedy, by Harold Pinter, playwright Caryl Churchill, that places emphasis on the modern history of sexual stereotypes. Act one takes place in the Victorian 1880s, and act two in the present in both acts the play examines how confining "civilized" sexuality can be. San Woodhouse directs the production. Cast members are William Arant, Thom Muris, Rick Fair, Barbara Muris, Kate Frank, David Cash, and Travis Rock. Nick Reed is the scenic designer. Don Childs the lighting designer, and Sarah Ann the sound designer. (Sm.)
Lincoln University is musical director for the show. (Sm.)
Dono Repertory Theatre, South Avenue Playhouse, Friday, May 17 through June 2, Tuesday through Sunday at 8:00 p.m. Matinee Sunday at 2:30 p.m. (other June 2) Matinee Sunday, June 23 at 2:30 p.m.

AN EVENING OF ONE-ACTS
The Imperial Beach Players are staging four one-act plays, the theme of which is to recognize "the joke the universe has played on us all." The plays are *Love Bridge* by Grace B. Grant, *Save Me a Place* at Forest Labun, by Lorea Verby, *Faust* by Doves and Mr. Herbert, by Robert Anderson. Members of the cast,

directed by Bert Edwards, are Yvonne McClain, Muffi Shales, Phyllis Russell, and Phyllis Russell. Sandra Page, Paula Person, Jerry Moore, Pat Gert, Suzanne Cof, Marge Burrell, John Thomas, and Marge Cesario. (Sm.)
North Coast Repertory Theatre, through May 19, Friday and Saturday at 8:00 p.m. Matinee Sunday at 2:00 p.m.

A FUNNY THING HAPPENED ON THE WAY TO THE FORUM
For the concluding production of its Main Stage Season, the San Diego State University drama department presents the popular musical — music and lyrics by Stephen Sondheim, book by Barbra Streisand and Larry Gelbart — based on the plays of Plautus. Called "a scenario for visualizations," the musical tells the story of Pseudolus, a slave who comes to achieve his freedom in ancient Rome. In his way stand mischievous servants, lascivious seducers, self-centered warriors, and a cast of other characters. Memorable songs from the show include "Lovely," "Everybody Ought to Have a Maid," and "Comedy Tonight." (Sm.)
Main Stage Theatre, San Diego State University, through May 18, Thursday through Saturday at 8:00 p.m.

GOODBYE CHARLIE
The Franks Drama Theatre presents George Axelrod's comedy about a man who dies and becomes reincarnated as a woman. Charlie Reed is the scenic designer. Don Childs the lighting designer, and Sarah Ann the sound designer. (Sm.)
Franks Drama Theatre, through May 17, through June 2, Tuesday through Sunday at 8:00 p.m. Matinee Sunday at 2:30 p.m. (other June 2) Matinee Sunday, June 23 at 2:30 p.m.

THE IMPERIAL BEACH PLAYERS are staging four one-act plays, the theme of which is to recognize "the joke the universe has played on us all." The plays are *Love Bridge* by Grace B. Grant, *Save Me a Place* at Forest Labun, by Lorea Verby, *Faust* by Doves and Mr. Herbert, by Robert Anderson. Members of the cast,

directed by Bert Edwards, are Yvonne McClain, Muffi Shales, Phyllis Russell, and Phyllis Russell. Sandra Page, Paula Person, Jerry Moore, Pat Gert, Suzanne Cof, Marge Burrell, John Thomas, and Marge Cesario. (Sm.)
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Matinee Saturday and Sunday, buffet lunch at 1:30 p.m., curtain at 1:15 p.m.

HAPPY BIRTHDAY, WANDA JUNE
The North County Community Theatre is staging the Kurt Vonnegut comedy about a woman whose husband disappeared mysteriously in the Amazon. Figuring he's long gone, the woman has taken two widows when her husband, a big game hunter, arrives at her door — on his birthday. The adventure turns out to be a "wild chameleon of havoc" given to alienating friends and demolishing values. Renee Porte directs the production. (Sm.)
North County Community Theatre, Friday, May 17 through June 2, Friday and Saturday at 8:00 p.m. Matinee Sunday at 2:00 p.m.

HOW THE OTHER HALF LOVES
The Palomar College Theatre is staging Alan Ayckbourn's comedy about three couples, which tells of an illicit love affair between two of the characters, and which alternates between activities in the homes of two of the couples (both represented on stage at the same time). Pat Lamer directs the production. Members of the cast are David Hendrix, Lisa Jimenez, Joe Albreu, Elizabeth Quintillo, Kevin Mann, and M. Denise Perini. (Sm.)
Palomar College Theatre, Friday, May 17 through May 25, Friday, May 17, Saturday, May 18, and Sunday, May 23 through Saturday, May 25 at 7:30 p.m. Matinee Sunday, May 23 at 2:00 p.m.

IT'S A WONDERFUL LIFE
The Lawrence West Village Theatre presents the popular musical, based on Jan de Hartog's *The Fourposter*, that chronicles a long and happy marriage — from the couple's wedding day to the day when, full of years, they move out of their beloved big house, after the children have embarked on lines of their own. Gary Davis directs the production. Lisa



No So Papi! No So Papi!

Robinson is Agnes, and George Ball is Michael. The set design is by Gary Davis. Don Erik is the scenic artist, and Christopher Heath is the lighting designer. The costumes, a parade of fashions from the years 1880 to 1940, have been supplied by the Theatre Company of Larkin. (Sm.)
Lawrence West Village Theatre, through June 16, Tuesday, and Thursday through Saturday at 8:00 p.m. Matinee Sunday through Thursday, and Saturday at 1:45 p.m.

ISN'T IT ROMANTIC
Wendy Wasserman's new comedy, based on the novel by Jane and Harriet, two bright and attractive women who come to New York to seek their fortunes. Their initial prospects are few, however, and both feel they have to get going, because each is nearing thirty — the age, according to the unwritten law of Tupperdome, where success has already come to

the truly worthy. Lined up by their status-stained environment, and by the more anxious fact that their biological clocks are ticking louder, both women become involved with men for whom romance is conducted like a business deal, subject to frequent negotiation. These couples don't date; they take meetings. Although both the play and the Galamb's production have much to recommend, in an understanding way, they also encourage a strain of Tupperdome (or Tupperdome's) in their observers — not to "have it all," necessarily, but at least to want more than is there. Directed by Will Simpson, the production is often quite good and is often very funny, but it is also hollow, and even sleeps in the first act. Pacing is a problem, and the play is meaningfully — the age, according to the unwritten law of Tupperdome, where success has already come to

Exchange — take time to get going (and too long in between). On the plus side, when the lights come back on, the production does offer some fine performances. Nancy Han does a quality job as Jane, and Lisa Sullivan has a link as Tasha, a partly stereotypical Jewish mother and partly feminist creation, as overproducer of her own mania for Jazzerize as she is about her daughter. And Jeff Michaels does good work as Marty, Jane's betrothed who is a Big Baby forever expecting his father to arrive on cue. If the pace of the show moved as quickly as Mary conducts his courtship with Jane, the Galamb's uneven production of *Isn't It Romantic* would be easier to recommend. (Sm.)
Galamb Quarter Theatre, through June 15, Wednesday through Saturday at 8:00 p.m. Matinee Sunday at 2:00 p.m.

LIFE WITH MOTHER
The Santee Community Theatre is staging Howard Lindsay and Russel Crouse's comedy piece to their highly successful *Life with Father*. Life with Mother chronicles the further adventures of the Day family, this time centering on Mother's reactions to one of Father's old barnies, and young Clarence's first love. Samantha Rochco directs the production. Cast members are: Doreen Wood, Jerry McLaughlin, Alan Hark, Dwight Webster, Morgan Brown, Ryan Hurley, Jody Brumston, Irene Shaffer, John Levy, Martha Gibson, Joan Westmoreland, Charles Nichols, Adam Sarda, and Leroy Apodaca. (Sm.)
Santee Community Theatre, through May 25, Friday and Saturday at 8:00 p.m. Matinee Sunday, May 26 at 2:00 p.m.

LORD BUCKLEY'S FINEST HOUR
Reviewed this issue.
Bowery Theatre, through May 26, Thursday through Saturday at 8:00 p.m. Sunday at 7:00 p.m.

MASS APPEAL
This very popular play, by Bill Davis, is about the transformation of Father Tim Farley from a "young and daring" theologian eager to please to a priest dedicated to his calling. The catalyst for this change is Mark DeBartolo, a young young man who, by example, shows Farley that there is more to his job than fast cars, spending heavily, and a centered Rock. Though it wades only ankle deep into the issues of Mass Appeal as a farce, well-crafted, and emotionally gripping show (good of which is that it has been produced five times in San Diego in the last two years). At the Land's Theatre, though, it has been given a play of staging that repeatedly pulls back when the play wants to rush forward. At the core of the play are not issues but rather two men who are different, but at Land's, only James Tully, who plays DeBartolo.

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GROSSMONT COMMUNITY COLLEGE
Rampage Theatre
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IMPERIAL BEACH PLAYERS
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Reynolds
Imperial Beach
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LAMP LIGHTERS COMPANY THEATRE
Ben Fink Fine Arts Center
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464-0598

LAWRENCE WEEK VILLAGE THEATRE
6850 Lawrence West Drive, Escondido
749-3446

LEMON GROVE PLAYERS
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3145 School Lane, Lemon Grove
466-9578/466-1445

LYRIC DINNER THEATRE
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464-1196

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MURKIN COLLEGE
Lark Theatre
San Diego
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Loma Santa Fe Road, San Juan Capistrano
481-1055

NORTH COUNTY COMMUNITY THEATRE
1300 East Vista Way, Vista
754-3421

OLD GLOBE THEATRE
Old Globe Theatre
3800 La Jolla Village Drive, San Diego
524-1880

PALOMAR COLLEGE
Palomar College Theatre, San Marcos
744-8860

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Van Ness Shopping Center
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744-0666

PINE HILLS LODGE
2901 La Jolla Village Way, Julian
940-2100

POINT LOMA COLLEGE
San Juan Theatre
3150 La Jolla Village Drive, Point Loma
327-6474/4248

SAN DIEGO COMMUNITY THEATRE
Larkin Theatre
2601 P. Plaza Boulevard, National City
474-4542

SAN DIEGO CITY COLLEGE THEATRE
Civic Theatre, Alcala Park
239-7854

SAN DIEGO JUNIOR THEATRE
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AREA A-4	\$60	\$40	
AREA A-5	\$40	\$20	

SEATING CHART: 1000, 1001, 1002, 1003, 1004, 1005, 1006, 1007, 1008, 1009, 1010, 1011, 1012, 1013, 1014, 1015, 1016, 1017, 1018, 1019, 1020, 1021, 1022, 1023, 1024, 1025, 1026, 1027, 1028, 1029, 1030, 1031, 1032, 1033, 1034, 1035, 1036, 1037, 1038, 1039, 1040, 1041, 1042, 1043, 1044, 1045, 1046, 1047, 1048, 1049, 1050, 1051, 1052, 1053, 1054, 1055, 1056, 1057, 1058, 1059, 1060, 1061, 1062, 1063, 1064, 1065, 1066, 1067, 1068, 1069, 1070, 1071, 1072, 1073, 1074, 1075, 1076, 1077, 1078, 1079, 1080, 1081, 1082, 1083, 1084, 1085, 1086, 1087, 1088, 1089, 1090, 1091, 1092, 1093, 1094, 1095, 1096, 1097, 1098, 1099, 1100, 1101, 1102, 1103, 1104, 1105, 1106, 1107, 1108, 1109, 1110, 1111, 1112, 1113, 1114, 1115, 1116, 1117, 1118, 1119, 1120, 1121, 1122, 1123, 1124, 1125, 1126, 1127, 1128, 1129, 1130, 1131, 1132, 1133, 1134, 1135, 1136, 1137, 1138, 1139, 1140, 1141, 1142, 1143, 1144, 1145, 1146, 1147, 1148, 1149, 1150, 1151, 1152, 1153, 1154, 1155, 1156, 1157, 1158, 1159, 1160, 1161, 1162, 1163, 1164, 1165, 1166, 1167, 1168, 1169, 1170, 1171, 1172, 1173, 1174, 1175, 1176, 1177, 1178, 1179, 1180, 1181, 1182, 1183, 1184, 1185, 1186, 1187, 1188, 1189, 1190, 1191, 1192, 1193, 1194, 1195, 1196, 1197, 1198, 1199, 1200, 1201, 1202, 1203, 1204, 1205, 1206, 1207, 1208, 1209, 1210, 1211, 1212, 1213, 1214, 1215, 1216, 1217, 1218, 1219, 1220, 1221, 1222, 1223, 1224, 1225, 1226, 1227, 1228, 1229, 1230, 1231, 1232, 1233, 1234, 1235, 1236, 1237, 1238, 1239, 1240, 1241, 1242, 1243, 1244, 1245, 1246, 1247, 1248, 1249, 1250, 1251, 1252, 1253, 1254, 1255, 1256, 1257, 1258, 1259, 1260, 1261, 1262, 1263, 1264, 1265, 1266, 1267, 1268, 1269, 1270, 1271, 1272, 1273, 1274, 1275, 1276, 1277, 1278, 1279, 1280, 1281, 1282, 1283, 1284, 1285, 1286, 1287, 1288, 1289, 1290, 1291, 1292, 1293, 1294, 1295, 1296, 1297, 1298, 1299, 1300, 1301, 1302, 1303, 1304, 1305, 1306, 1307, 1308, 1309, 1310, 1311, 1312, 1313, 1314, 1315, 1316, 1317, 1318, 1319, 1320, 1321, 1322, 1323, 1324, 1325, 1326, 1327, 1328, 1329, 1330, 1331, 1332, 1333, 1334, 1335, 1336, 1337, 1338, 1339, 1340, 1341, 1342, 1343, 1344, 1345, 1346, 1347, 1348, 1349, 1350, 1351, 1352, 1353, 1354, 1355, 1356, 1357, 1358, 1359, 1360, 1361, 1362, 1363, 1364, 1365, 1366, 1367, 1368, 1369, 1370, 1371, 1372, 1373, 1374, 1375, 1376, 1377, 1378, 1379, 1380, 1381, 1382, 1383, 1384, 1385, 1386, 1387, 1388, 1389, 1390, 1391, 1392, 1393, 1394, 1395, 1396, 1397, 1398, 1399, 1400, 1401, 1402, 1403, 1404, 1405, 1406, 1407, 1408, 1409, 1410, 1411, 1412, 1413, 1414, 1415, 1416, 1417, 1418, 1419, 1420, 1421, 1422, 1423, 1424, 1425, 1426, 1427, 1428, 1429, 1430, 1431, 1432, 1433, 1434, 1435, 1436, 1437, 1438, 1439, 1440, 1441, 1442, 1443, 1444, 1445, 1446, 1447, 1448, 1449, 1450, 1451, 1452, 1453, 1454, 1455, 1456, 1457, 1458, 1459, 1460, 1461, 1462, 1463, 1464, 1465, 1466, 1467, 1468, 1469, 1470, 1471, 1472, 1473, 1474, 1475, 1476, 1477, 1478, 1479, 1480, 1481, 1482, 1483, 1484, 1485, 1486, 1487, 1488, 1489, 1490, 1491, 1492, 1493, 1494, 1495, 1496, 1497, 1498, 1499, 1500, 1501, 1502, 1503, 1504, 1505, 1506, 1507, 1508, 1509, 1510, 1511, 1512, 1513, 1514, 1515, 1516, 1517, 1518, 1519, 1520, 1521, 1522, 1523, 1524, 1525, 1526, 1527, 1528, 1529, 1530, 1531, 1532, 1533, 1534, 1535, 1536, 1537, 1538, 1539, 1540, 1541, 1542, 1543, 1544, 1545, 1546, 1547, 1548, 1549, 1550, 1551, 1552, 1553, 1554, 1555, 1556, 1557, 1558, 1559, 1560, 1561, 1562, 1563, 1564, 1565, 1566, 1567, 1568, 1569, 1570, 1571, 1572, 1573, 1574, 1575, 1576, 1577, 1578, 1579, 1580, 1581, 1582, 1583, 1584, 1585, 1586, 1587, 1588, 1589, 1590, 1591, 1592, 1593, 1594, 1595, 1596, 1597, 1598, 1599, 1600, 1601, 1602, 1603, 1604, 1605, 1606, 1607, 1608, 1609, 1610, 1611, 1612, 1613, 1614, 1615, 1616, 1617, 1618, 1619, 1620, 1621, 1622, 1623, 1624

(continued from preceding page)
Byrds and Johnny Horton, and tied them together until you can't tell where one strand ends and another begins. That kind of mild confusion often makes listening to music more fun than it would otherwise be, and it seems worthy of comment that *Hiking in the Shadow of the Big Man* always finishes long before you want it to. I haven't seen much press on this group yet, but a number of people are aware of them. Goodknight Diary could become one of those groups that achieve notoriety and a degree of grassroots popularity success before the super-hit critics have a chance to "discover" them. If my antennae aren't jiving me, it may be difficult for late-comers to

find decent seats when the unhappily hooded Guadalcanal Diary makes an appearance this Saturday night at the Spirit. Also on the bill are *Army of Love* and *Hope*.
In a rather abbreviated week (they even concert schedules need a break now and then), other shows include Christian musician *Benny Hester* at the Wangenheim Junior High School Auditorium tonight, Thursday; while *Judy Gorman-Jacobs* and terrific local performing songwriter *Deborah Liv Johnson* are at UCSD's Mandeville Auditorium; and the evergreen *John Mayall* brings his *Bluebreakers* to the Belly Up Tavern for a gig with *Preston Smith* and the *Crocodiles*; also opening a

weekend stint tonight, Thursday, is the *Mike Garson Quartet*, which features *Shelby Flint* and (our own) *Peter Sprague*. They'll be at Elario's in La Jolla.
Sunday's shows will have the *Ducilio Cosenza Samba Quartet*, *Peter Sprague's Samba*, and *AfroRumba* playing in New Town (Pantaja) Park, downtown, in a continuation of Solari's May Festival; and "New Age" acoustic pianists *Scott Cossu* and *Liz Story* doing two shows at Humphrey's. The week closes a bit earlier than a usual with a single show featuring the great *Joan Armatrading* and *Cook Da Books*, on Monday night in the Spreckels Theater, downtown.

CONCERTS

Benny Hester: Wangenheim Junior High Auditorium, tonight, Thursday, 7 p.m., 9230 Gold Coast Drive, Mira Mesa, 358-2244.

Judy Gorman-Jacobs and Deborah Liv Johnson: UCSD's Mandeville Auditorium, tonight, Thursday, 8 p.m., University of California at San Diego campus, La Jolla, 452-2023.

John Mayall's Bluebreakers and Preston Smith and the Crocodiles: Belly Up Tavern, tonight, Thursday, 9 p.m., 143 South Cedros Avenue, Solana Beach, 481-9022.

The Mike Garson Quartet

featuring *Shelby Flint* and *Peter Sprague*: Elario's, tonight, Thursday, through Saturday, May 18, call for times, Summer House Inn, 7855 La Jolla Shores Drive, La Jolla, 459-0541.

Guadalcanal Diary, Army of Love, and Hope: Spirit, Saturday, May 19, 9 p.m., 1129 Buenos, 276-3993.

The Ducilio Cosenza Samba Quartet, Peter Sprague's Samba, and AfroRumba: New Town (Pantaja) Park, Sunday, May 19, 1 p.m., State and G streets, downtown, 284-7012 or 280-0907.

Scott Cossu and Liz Story: Humphrey's, Sunday, May 19, 7 and 9 p.m., 2303 Shelter Island Drive, 232-0800.

Joan Armatrading and Cook Da Books: Spreckels Theater, Monday, May 20, 8 p.m., 121 Broadway, downtown, 232-0800.

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IN NEW VIDEO ACTION

SEE WHY AFTER DARK WAS VOTED #1 FRIDAY & SATURDAY

The party of Southern California. Join the crowd with legendary **TY ALEXANDER**. Plus you'll receive a special prize to come on Sunday for \$1.50.

Every Wednesday night — By far San Diego's Biggest Happening!

*** LADIES' NIGHT ***
FREE FOR THE LADIES! Every Wednesday night

*** SOMETHING NEW IN SAN DIEGO ***
*** GENTLEMEN'S NIGHT ***

All guys get in free. Cover charge for ladies just \$2 every Thursday night. Come hear Ted play the best dance music every Thursday.

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Corner Midway & E. Valley Pkwy., Escondido (3 miles east of I-15)
OPEN WEDNESDAY-SUNDAY 8:30 UNTIL 7:41-4055

CHAIN REACTION

Now appearing Tuesday-Saturday, 8:30 p.m.

BOBBY O'DAY

Sunday & Monday

Hatfield Hotel
2270 Hotel Circle North
Mission Valley • 297-1101

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DISTILLERY NIGHTCLUB

140 S. Sierra Ave. • Solana Beach • 755-6733

THURSDAY, MAY 23 9:00 PM

Dan Hartman

TUESDAY NITE

SATURDAY, JUNE 1 9:00 PM

9IX presents

Animation

283-5001

ALL SEATS RESERVED.
Tickets on sale from 10:00 a.m. till opening.
Admission: Box Office, San Diego State Univ.
General: \$10.00 and all other local outlets.
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May 21 through June 1

on Mission Bay next to Sea World
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THIS MONDAY

JOAN ARMATRADING

WITH SPECIAL GUEST

COOK-DA-BOOKS

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SPRECKELS THEATRE

TICKETS AVAILABLE AT: **TICKETMASTER** INCLUDING MAY CO. PLAZA MUSIC SHOPPE.
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9IX welcomes an Armed Forces Day special
The Georgia based "Jungle Cowboy" rockers

GUADALCANAL DIARY

with their latest, hot release "Watusi Rodeo"
as featured on Pam Wolf's
LISTEN TO THIS
show on 9IX Sunday evening

With special guests

ARMY OF LOVE
plus their first San Diego appearance, from L.A.,
HOPE

SATURDAY, MAY 18 • 9 PM

only at the
SPIRIT
1130 Buenos Avenue
Tickets available at all
TICKETMASTER
outlets, including Mad Jack's, May Co., and the Spirit box office. For further ticket information, please call 232-0800 or 276-3993.
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YOUR CONCERT CONNECTION

Open Air Theatre
SAN DIEGO STATE UNIVERSITY

JIMMY BUFFETT
THURSDAY - MAY 30 - 8 PM
TICKETS: \$4.75 - \$12.75

HOWARD JONES
WEDNESDAY - JUNE 5 - 8 PM
TICKETS: \$4.75 - \$12.75

TEARS FOR FEARS
JULY 9 - 8 PM
TICKETS: \$4.75 - \$12.75

RANDY NEWMAN
SATURDAY - JULY 13 - 8 PM
TICKETS: \$4.75 - \$12.75

GROVER WASHINGTON
TUESDAY - JULY 23 - 8 PM
TICKETS: \$4.75 - \$12.75

ADAM ANT
WEDNESDAY - JULY 24 - 8 PM
TICKETS: \$4.75 - \$12.75

ALSO ON SALE:
AL JARREAU
JAZZ EXPLOSION
LONNIE LISTON SMITH,
ROY AYERS, TOM BROWNE,
HERBIE ADAMS, PHILLIS NITMAN
DIRE STRAITS

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Sat. Sept. 24, 10:15 PM

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TRADE**

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ACROSS FROM THE
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NOW IN STOCK!!!

Brian Ferry—new LP
Chuck Jackson—reissue
David Thomas—LP
Mint Condition—new LP
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7 Seconds—new LP
David Byrne—LP
John Paul Jones—Soundtrack
Mazy Man—new LP
Raindrops—reissue
Moby Grape—reissue

Neal Tinsell—new LP
Frank Zappa—Baby Squeaks pic disc
Glen On Rad—new LP
Windbreakers—(Mick Easter) LP
Led Zep—collection of 45s
Los Lobos—10" w/ live tapes
Castello—12" (green vinyl)
Journey—new 12"
Yardbirds—Little Games
Lords Time—Great Garage
It's a Beautiful Day—1st & 2nd

WE RENT VIDEO
NEW S.O.A.—Kiss—Jam—plus lots of other titles

CASH PAID FOR ALBUMS & SINGLES

okworks/Pannikin
Freehouse, Flower Hill Center,
 70 Via de la Valle, Del Mar, 755-
 35; Comae (Lori Wheeler and

TRIP TICKETS

Big, small, medium prices
PADRES ALL GAMES/CAP NIGHT
May 11
CHAMPIONSHIP BOXING JON ARMATRADEING
May 18 (May 20)

NOOL FESTIVAL

Jeffrey Osborne, Coldimeditars and more June 1
Patricia LaBelle, Midnight Star and more June 6

JIMMY BUFFETT FRANKIE GOES TO HOLLYWOOD

May 30 Irvine, June 16

HUMPHREY'S CONCERTS BY THE BAY

RONNIE RAZZY May 26 - AMERICA May 31
DAVID BERNIESS June 1 EARL KAPOOR June 2
PIECES OF A DREAM June 14 - RONNIE LAVIS June 15
SHADOWBOX July 26 - ROCKAWAGON August 21, 22
NAT CHARLES August 27 - STANLEY CLARK September 12

TEARS FOR FEARS HOWARD JONES

July 5 July 9

GROVER WASHINGTON JR. RANDY NEWMAN

July 23 July 13

SPYRO GYRA ADAM ANT UB40 AL JARREAU

July 22 July 24 July 24 - JULY 11

CHAKA KHAN JAZZ EXPLOSION DIRE STRAITS

August 16 September 6 September 7

MIKHAIL BARYSHNIKOV LUCIANO PAVAROTTI

July 4

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We are accepting \$5.00 refundable deposits for:

UPCOMING SHOWS:

Cuffaro Club • Bruce Springsteen • Don Henley • ZZ Top
Journey • Kiss • Tom Petty • Glenn Ross • Chargers
etc. etc. etc. See us for a seat & \$5.00 - 10.00
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All A.L. - Greek Theatre - Universal Amphitheatre
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<p>1923 S. Valley Park (Inside "Supermarket")</p>	<p>CALLSBAO 2680 Colorado St. (Inside Redwood Shopping Center) 489-TRIP</p>	<p>442-5523 420-TRIP</p>

Sunday, May 19

**Bar and Restaurant
Employee Night**

Wear your bar or restaurant T-shirt or bring proof
of bar employment for **NO COVER CHARGE**. Extended
Happy Hour \$1.25 beer, wine & wells 3-10 pm.
\$10.00 shooter specials all night—2 for 1 wells
music by

Millennium

Every Tuesday

\$1.50 Iced Tea Night

Every Wednesday

Ladies' Night

No cover for ladies—\$1 Margaritas

This Tuesday and Wednesday

music by

**CAT
TRACKS**

NEVER A COVER BEFORE 9 P.M.

For entertainment booking information:
Nelson Talent Agency, P.O. Box 40109, S.D.
North County, 481-7557; S.D. 222-4320

McCabe's, 1145 South Tremont, Arcadia: 439-6646: The Mystics, rhythm and blues, Thursday and Wednesday; live music, Friday and Saturday; call club for information.

Millie Fleurs, 6009 Paseo Delicias, Rancho Santa Fe: 736-3085: Joel Cady promotes show times.

For a complete directory of restaurants, see page 10.

TIM MAZE PRESENTS
AN INTERNATIONAL MEMORIAL WEEKEND SLOWDOWN!

FROM ENGLAND
G.B.H.

FROM CANADA
D.O.A.

FROM THE U.S.A.
THE FRONT
MINISTRY OF TRUTH

SAT. MAY 25
8 PM

STATE THEATER
871111 CARMON BLVD.

ADVANCE TICKETS AT CIVIC THEATRE,
RECORD COMPANY, THEATRE, THEATRE,
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4258 W. Point Loma 225-9559

Thursday-Saturday, May 16-18



REFLECTORS

Every Sunday

BAR & RESTAURANT EMPLOYEES' NIGHT

If you work in a restaurant or bar just wear your establishment's T-shirt or bring a pay stub with you
NO COVER CHARGE
\$1.25 beer, wine & well drinks all night
HIJOR EVERYONE!!!
This week, May 19



Circles
80's ROCK

Monday, May 20

Circles
80's ROCK

NO COVER CHARGE BEFORE 9 PM

Tuesday, May 21 & every Tuesday night

9 PM - 11 PM THE HALCYON

"The alternative to boredom"

ORIGINAL MUSIC SHOWCASE NIGHT

This week featuring:

THE EYES & Sive lines up

Hosted by 91X FM's Bryan Jones of the Breakfast Club

91X HAPPY HOUR from 6-9 PM GET HERE EARLY

Free hors d'oeuvres

91X Long Island iced teas, 91X Schnapps shooters

\$1.00 potato skins

The "BITCHEN TRIVIA CONTEST" conducted by Bryan Jones for prizes, trips, dinners movie & concert passes

Wednesday-Saturday, May 22-25
NO COVER CHARGE ON WEDNESDAYS



Sive lines up

COMING ATTRACTIONS

Sunday, May 26
Memorial Day weekend

ALL ORIGINAL SHOW

Saturday, June 8

BAXTER ROBERTSON MONROES • LONDONS

Monterey Bay Cannery, 1325 Harbor Drive, Oceanside, 722-4474. Charlie, contemporary. Wednesday through Saturday.

Mulvaney's, 340 East Grand Avenue, Escondido, 741-0015. The Heaters, rock. Thursday through Saturday; audition night, Wednesday.

Normandy Cocktail Lounge, 215 North Hill Street, Oceanside, 722-4771. Sedons, rock. Tuesday through Saturday; Outta Control, rock. Sunday and Monday.

Oakvale Lodge, 14900 Oakvale Road, Escondido, 749-2803. Texas, country. Friday through Sunday.

Old Del Mar Cafe, 2730 Via de la Valle, Del Mar, 735-6614. The Siers Brothers, rock. Thursday through Saturday; The Fine Careless Lovers, blues and rhythm and blues. Sunday; Hollis Gentry and Faithbarger, jazz. Monday and Tuesday; Private Domain, rock. Wednesday.

Old Time Cafe, 1464 North Highway 101, Lucinda, 436-4000. The Robin Flower Band, jazz. Bluesgrass, 7 and 9 p.m., Thursday; Stone's Throw, vintage jazz and boogie-woogie, 7 and 9 p.m., Friday and Saturday; The Louisiana Cajun Trio, traditional Cajun music, 7 p.m., Sunday; Old Time Host Night, Tuesday; The Old Time Banjo Project, banjo playing with musicians from all over San Diego, 7:30 p.m., Wednesday; Sunday brunch-concert, Catherine, Espinoza, Irish harp.

Pea Soup Anderson's, 800 Palomar Airport Road, Carlsbad, 438-8880. L.A. rock, Thursday through Saturday; Deluxe, contemporary, 5:30-8 p.m., Monday through Friday.

Pomeroy Club, 12237 Pomeroy Road, Poway, 748-1135. The Saxxy Brothers with Farley the Fiddler, country. Wednesday through Saturday.

Quinby's, La Piche at La Granada, Rancho Santa Fe, 756-2855. Live music, Thursday through Saturday; call club for information.

Ralph and Eddie's, 390 Grand Avenue, Carlsbad, 729-2989. Live music, Friday through Sunday; call club for information.

Rancho Bernardo Inn, 17550 Bernardo Oaks Drive, Rancho Bernardo, 277-2146. Karen Cavanagh and One Plus One, contemporary, Tuesday through Saturday; David Watson and the Gathering, contemporary, Sunday and Monday.

The Red Coach Inn, 135 North Pine, Escondido, 743-9796. The Agents, rock. Tuesday through Saturday; The D Students, rock and rhythm and blues, Sunday and Monday.

Rogue Stills, 3859 Carmel Mt. Road, Petisisco, 578-2144. Carmen and Carmen, Top 40 dance music, Tuesday through Saturday.

Radi's Hidden Acres, 3700 Carmel Valley Road, Del Mar, 483-9606. Live music, Friday and Saturday; call club for information.

San Luis Rey Downs Golf Course Country Club, 31474 Golf Club Drive, Bonita, 736-1760. The Crescendos, big band dance music, 8:12 p.m., Friday and Saturday; and 6:30 p.m., Sunday; Bob Long, jazz piano, 7:11, Thursday.

Stage Coach Inn, 1965 Vista Way, Vista, 724-0600. Firecracker, country. Wednesday through Sunday.

Sylke, West of 15 on Via de la Valle, Del Mar, 735-7051. JJ Frank, The Coalition Orchestra, jazz and Top 40 variety, Thursday through Saturday and 3:17 p.m., Sunday.

Treep Room, 1270 Main Street, Ramona, 789-3755. Live music, Friday and Saturday; call club for information.

LEHR'S GREENHOUSE

Live Music Is Alive at Lehr's
We feature San Diego's hottest bands. Between sets, enjoy the latest music videos mixed by our VJs on San Diego's biggest screens.

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Thursday, May 16

11:01 a.m. to 1:01 p.m.
KGB-FM 101 NIGHT

with guest VJ Mike Berger
Drink specials & surprises - \$1.25 margaritas
1st price admission with KGB-FM card or student I.D.



with special guest
JOHNNY ALMOND

ROCKIN' WEEKEND

Friday & Saturday, May 17 & 18



plus
PRIVATE DOMAIN



Two bands
Two dance floors
Three bars
Three video big screens
with music videos mixed by Lehr's VJs

SUNDAY

Sunday, May 19

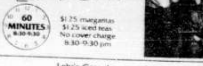
SPRING FEVER NIGHT
featuring \$1.00 drinks, 9:12 p.m. to 11:05 p.m. potato skins
\$1.25 Kumbazakes



PRIVATE DOMAIN

TUESDAY & WEDNESDAY

Tuesday & Wednesday, May 21 & 22



Lehr's Greenhouse welcomes the
HEALTHY SET
5:00-8:30 p.m. Wednesday • No Smoking
Cocktails • Hors d'oeuvres • Dancing

Dress code & a picture I.D. strictly enforced
CABARET DRINK SPECIALS
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Sundays - Rum & Raisins \$1.25
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Tuesdays & Wednesdays - 60 Minutes

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In a trance? Take a chance.

FREE BUFFET W/ADMISSION

Traffic nightly Wednesday-Sunday

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ROXY CLUB & CAFE

Dance music 7 nights a week

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THURSDAY, MAY 16 & WEDNESDAY, MAY 22

Prophet Productions' REGGAE NIGHT

with special guests, 91X d.j.s. Damaja Le & Makeda • Large skanking floor

FRIDAY SALSA DISCO NIGHT

The New York Latin Sound mixed by master McCoy from N.Y.C. featuring an exciting blend of SALSA, POP, FUNK and NEW WAVE

SATURDAY & MONDAY THE BEAT GOES ON

and the CHAOS continue with Mike & Dave

50¢ drafts 9-10 pm

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THE NEW YORK LATIN SOUND SALSA

TUESDAY

Dance to the N.Y.C. beat - 92.5 FM's STUDIO RASCALS performing master mix live

2 for 1 wets 5 pm-11 pm

Coming Thursday, May 23

'50s & '60s NIGHT

with Shotgun Tom Kelly

Tequila Flats, 3296 Mission Avenue, Oceanside, 737-7757. Clement Forest, rock. Thursday through Saturday; Firecoil, rock. Wednesday.

That Pizza Place, 2622 El Camino Real, Carlsbad, 434-3171. Brass. Jazz, jazz, Friday; Bluegrass, new and traditional bluegrass, Saturday.

Them Bones, 221 East Grand, Escondido, 741-9445. Dakota, country rock, Wednesday through Saturday.

Valley Center Inn Saloon, 27555 Valley Center Road, Valley Center, 749-1466. Chaser, country, Friday and Saturday.

Whiskey Creek, 14240 Poway Road, Poway, 748-7531. Alaska, country. Wednesday through Saturday; Tony Duckman and Red Fox, country. Monday and Tuesday.

Whiskey Flats, 1260 West Valley Parkway, Escondido, 745-8610. France, rock. Thursday through Saturday; The Beat Club, rock. Sunday and Monday; Planet, rock. Tuesday and Wednesday.

Wooden Nickel, 13303 Poway Road, Poway, 748-6364. Ron Martin, country. Thursday and Wednesday; CW Express, country. Friday and Saturday.

Beaches

Aimee's Hotel La Jolla, 7740 Fox Avenue, La Jolla, 454-3001. Mike Lamy, contemporary, Tuesday through Saturday.

Atlantis, 2595 Ingraham Street, Mission Bay, 226-2888. Olivera Michaels and Spring Fever, contemporary, Thursday through Saturday; the California Transfer, contemporary, Tuesday and Wednesday.

"Babie Belle" at the dock, Bahia Hotel, 998 West Mission Bay Drive, Mission Bay, 488-0551. Main Street, contemporary music for dancing, Friday and Saturday.

Bahia Hotel, 998 West Mission Bay Drive, Mission Bay, 488-0551. RPM, contemporary rock. Tuesday through Saturday; Cheatham's Jazz Quartet, jazz, Sunday; Piano Bar, Buddy Reed, Tuesday through Saturday; Bob McLeod, Sunday and Monday.

Beach Club, 3021 Bacon Street, Ocean Beach, 222-6822. The Blitz Brothers, rock. Thursday through Saturday; Antics, rock. Wednesday.

Carlos Murphy's, 4303 La Jolla Village Drive, La Jolla, 457-4170. New Men (Ron Bolton and Bruce Iuliano), rock. Thursday through Saturday; the Starmakers, recorded music and video audience participation presentation, Sunday through Tuesday; Belver, vintage rock. Wednesday.

Catamaran Hotel, 3999 Mission Boulevard, Mission Beach, 488-1081. Deborah Rice and Anna, contemporary. Tuesday through Saturday, except Wednesday when 11:15 Gentry and Faithbarger play jazz.

Chuck's Steak House, 1250 Prospect Street, La Jolla, 454-5325. Sakara, jazz. Wednesday through Saturday.

Elarrio's, 7655 La Jolla Village Drive, La Jolla, 459-0541. The Mike Garson Quintet with Shelby Flint and Peter Sprague, jazz. Thursday through Saturday; Bob Long, jazz piano, Sunday through Wednesday.

Halcyon, 4258 West Point Loma Boulevard, Loma Point, 225-9559. The Reflectors, rock. Thursday through Saturday; Circles, rock. Sunday and Monday; Sive Lines Up, rock. Tuesday and Wednesday, with the Eyes, rock. Tuesday.

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JOHN MAYALL & THE BLUES BREAKERS

with guests PRESTON SMITH & THE CROCODILES

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CHICAGO STE

Saturday, May 18

9 pm - Rock & Roll

5ive lines up

Sunday, May 19

6:30 pm - Blues & Boogie Woogie with THE PALADINS

40's Big Band Swing

CHICAGO FIFTEEN

Sunday, May 19

9 pm - Rockin' Rhythm & Boogie

THE JAMES HARMAN BAND

Sunday, May 19

6:30 pm - A Night of Comedy

TONY STONE

ALAN STEVENS

(Seen on Tonight Show & David Letterman)

Plus RUSSELL HALL and other San Diego comedians.

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6:30 pm - Blues & Boogie Woogie with THE PALADINS

MOLLY STONE

SUE PALMER

(Tobacco Road)

Tuesday, May 21

9:30 pm

RICK WELLS BAND

Tuesday, May 21

9:30 pm

BLUE RIDDIM BAND

Wednesday, May 22

6:30 pm - STONE'S THROW

9 pm - The original bands back!

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RHYTHM KINGS & ELECTRIC SONS

Friday, May 24

8:00 pm - REBEL ROCKERS

9:00 pm - BILLY YETTS & THE BEATERS

10:00 pm - PRIVATE DOMAIN

11:00 pm - PETER SPRAGUE & SAMBA

12:00 pm - MAN DELS

1:00 pm - TAJ MARAL

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East Mission Bay Drive, Mission Bay 278-4010. The People's Music, contemporary, Wednesday through Saturday. Triple Play, contemporary, Sunday through Tuesday.

Hotel del Coronado, 1550 Orange Avenue, Coronado 435-6611. The Elements, contemporary, Tuesday through Saturday.

Island Hotel, Supper Club Lounge, 1441 Quivira Road, Mission Bay 224-3541. Bogart, contemporary, Thursday through Saturday. Stu Skanes, jazz piano, Tuesday and Wednesday. A live outdoor concert is featured every

Saturday from 4-7 p.m. Call club for information.

Joe Murphy's, 4302 Mission Blvd. and Pacific Beach 270-3220. Dick DeBianco, rock, Thursday through Saturday. Live Lines Up, rock, Sunday and Monday. The Heaters, rock, Tuesday and Wednesday.

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

Le Châlet, 5046 Newport Avenue, Ocean Beach 222-5300. The Beat Club, rock, Thursday through

Saturday. Music, rock, Sunday through Tuesday. Call for info.

Le Saint Maxine, 1250 Prospect Street, La Jolla 454-2434. Puppet and Bob Latin, salsa, Top 40, big band, swing, French, Italian, and Greek music, Tuesday through Sunday.

Loma Portal (formerly Redwood Inn), 2910 Santa Boulevard, Loma Portal 224-3655. Spunky White Face, contemporary, Friday and Saturday.

McP's, 107 Orange Avenue, Coronado 435-5280. Sals, contemporary, Thursday, P.M.

contemporary, Friday and Saturday. The Reapers, contemporary, Sunday and Monday. Special guest, Tuesday. Call club for information. The Convertibles, contemporary, Wednesday.

Mexican Village, 1201 Orange Avenue, Coronado 435-3922. Miss D'Amore, rock, Friday and Saturday. Piano bar, Joe Chess, Sunday through Thursday.

Many Many's, 3595 Sports Arena Boulevard, Loma Portal 222-5596. In Colour, rock, Thursday through Saturday. France, rock, Sunday and Monday. The Reflectors, rock, Tuesday and Wednesday.

Mulhoney's, 1031 Orange Avenue, Coronado 435-4600. Live music, Friday and Saturday. Call club for information. Talent night with Kitty Kiefer, Sunday.

Mulhoney's, 4230 Mission Boulevard, Pacific Beach 483-7383. Robin Kenkel, jazz and blues guitar, contemporary, Thursday through Saturday.

926, 926 Turquoise Street, Pacific Beach 488-7300. Phil Beecher, classical guitar, Friday and Saturday.

Old Pacific Beach Cafe, 4287 Mission Boulevard, Pacific Beach

475-7322. Ella Ruth Piggie, jazz and blues, Thursday through Sunday. Hollis Gentry and the Big Jazzy, Sunday. Notice to respect rock, Monday and Tuesday. Five Careless Lovers, blues and rhythm and blues, Wednesday.

The Bar and Grill, 1025 Prospect Street, La Jolla 454-9711. Net set, jazz piano, Tuesday through Sunday.

Pelican, 4340 La Jolla Village Drive, La Jolla 587-1886. Ramal, contemporary, Tuesday through Saturday. Live music, Sunday and Monday. Call club for information.

The Salmon House, 1970 Quivira Road, Marina Village 223-2234. Sally Saxton, contemporary, Tuesday, Friday, and Saturday. Happy hours.

Sandtrap Lounge, 2702 North Mission Bay Drive, Mission Bay 271-3331. Ed Ellis and Tapestry, jazz, nostalgic blues, and contemporary, Thursday through Saturday and early evening Sunday.

Spice Rack Restaurant, 4315 Mission Boulevard, Pacific Beach 483-7666. Robert Mettel, classical guitar, Wednesday through Saturday.

Steamer's, 1965 Garnet Avenue, Pacific Beach 274-2323. T.M.J.Q. (Dean Davidson and Bob Morse), jazz, 5:30-9:30 p.m., Tuesday, Wednesday, Thursday and Saturday.

Tablao Flamenco Nightclub and Restaurant, 3567 Del Rey Street, Pacific Beach 483-2703. Live flamenco music and dancing, 7:30 and 9:30 p.m., Wednesday, Thursday and Sunday, 7:30, 9:30, and 11:30 p.m., Friday and Saturday.

Texas Teahouse, 4970 Vantage Street, Ocean Beach 222-6895. Tom "Cat" Courtness, blues, Thursday; the Dragonfly Ladies of the Crystal Wing Band, rock, 4

p.m., Sunday. Top of the Cone, 1216 Prospect Street, La Jolla 454-7779. Lulu Papova, classical, easy listening, and variety piano, Wednesday through Saturday and Sunday brunch.

Upstart Crow and Co., Seacoast Square, 4475 Mission Beach Boulevard, Pacific Beach 272-8990. David and Francesca Savage, light classical music, Sunday brunch.

Vacation Village Hotel, Bay Lounge, Vacation Isle, Mission Bay 274-4630. Marley Days "Panama Nights" with the Bob Campbell

Trio, Latin and contemporary jazz, Tuesday through Saturday. Laura Springer, jazz and contemporary piano and vocals, Sunday and Monday.

Victor's, 1403 Boverman Street, Point Loma 226-1871. Upstairs: Paul Eastland, Top 40 variety, Friday and Saturday. Downstairs: Norman Clifford and Frankie Ferlin, contemporary, Wednesday through Saturday.

Windrose, 1935 Quivira Road, Marina Village, Mission Bay Park 273-2335. The Horns with Johnny Almond, rock, Wednesday through Saturday.

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Linda Rae and the Gravel Canyon Band
7:00 pm buffet available—pick your table for the show!

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TEARS FOR FEARS—July 9
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Phil Collins (Irvine)	June 2
Grover Washington	June 23
Adam Ant	July 24
UB40	August 8
Chuck Mangione	August 21
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Saturday, May 18
FIVE CARELESS LOVERS
EVERETT KING'S MODERN RHYTHM

Sunday, May 19
EPISODE XVII "Beats Come Back With A Vengeance"
EVERETT KING'S MODERN RHYTHM
COTTONWOOD
FREE BUFFET 6-8 pm

Monday, May 20
Back at Paul's Jam Night with
THE SCRAMBLERS hosting
It's the 1st women playing live amplified by noted multi-instrumentalist and guitar teacher
ROBYN HAYES, who did not pick a single note out of place. An amazingly sensitive player, who could
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ALICE CAMERON was hardly being a hostess in town at Lorraine's University in America.
The women were so good they could play much better than the men. Not everyone is a "beats" to be
the best, but they are always not to be. See you there! P.O. W.

Tuesday, May 21
THE OUTRIDERS **RIMSHOTS**

DRINK SPECIALS 8:10 PM \$1.00 WELL & BOTTLE BEER NIGHTLY
COMING UP:
May 23—CALIFORNIA COUNTRY CLUB, MOJO NIXON & SKID ROPER
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May 24—PALADINS
May 25—BOBBY CHEVROLET and CINDY LEE H. ROBYN HILL
May 26—JOEY BOOKS BAND
May 28—DITTO II
May 29—SEVEN EIGHT and "E" TICKET ROLLERS

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Every Thursday beginning May 23

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San Diego North

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

The Alamo, 3093 Clairemont Drive, Clairemont, 276-2240. Flirt, rock, Tuesday through Saturday.

Bacchanal, 8022 Clairemont Mesa Boulevard, Kearney Mesa, 560-8022. Ring Recut Blues, blues and rhythm and blues, Wednesday through Saturday with special guests. Friday and Saturday the Electric Sons and special guests, rock. Sunday the Pitt Brothers, rock, and the Brother Young Band, rock. Tuesday the Scramblers play Sixties rock during the Friday happy hour.

Blarney Stone Pub, 5617 Balboa Avenue, Clairemont, 279-2033. Brian Connolly, Irish music, Wednesday through Saturday.



JOAN ARMSTRONG, Monday, Spreckels Theater

The Blue Bayou Lounge, 2537 Clairemont Drive, Clairemont, 276-0965. Live music, Thursday and Sunday; call club for information; Music Magic, Top 40 dance music;

Friday and Saturday: **Bogey's,** 5353 Mission Valley Center Road, Mission Valley, 297-8361; Ella Ruth Piggee, jazz and blues, Sunday.

Bunbury's, 9006 Mira Mesa Boulevard, Mira Mesa, 578-8666. The Procrastinators, rock and rhythm and blues, Thursday through Saturday.

Cafe in the Valley Restaurant, 911 Camino del Rio South, Mission Valley, 296-6129. Jazz, Thursday through Saturday; Eric Foster, classical guitar, early evening, Thursday and Saturday through Tuesday; John Lyons, classical guitar, early evening Friday and Wednesday; Mike Zornatas, classical guitar, Friday lunch; Mark Augustin, jazz guitar, 6-11 p.m., Tuesday and Wednesday.

Carriage House, 7945 Balboa Avenue, Clairemont, 278-2597. Jim Moore, contemporary, Wednesday through Saturday.

Gold Coast Lounge, Town and Country Hotel, 500 Hotel Circle North, Mission Valley, 291-7131. Piano bar: Sharon Skidgel, Thursday, Sunday, Monday, and Wednesday; Kean Melton, Friday, Saturday, and Tuesday.

Center West, Mission Valley, 288-2010. Live Arabic music and entertainment, Wednesday through Sunday.

Islands Lounge, Haralee Hotel, 2270 Hotel Circle North, Mission Valley, 291-5720. Chain Reaction, contemporary, Tuesday through Saturday; Bobby O'Day, contemporary, Sunday and Monday; Holiday Inn/Mission Valley, 585 Hotel Circle South, Mission Valley, 291-5720. Heart and Soul, Top 40 dance music, Tuesday through Saturday.

La Hacienda Cantina, Mission Valley Inn, 878 Hotel Circle South, Mission Valley, 296-6291. Mike Murphy, comedy and music, Tuesday through Saturday.

Lehr's Greenhouse, 2828 Camino del Rio South, Mission Valley, 296-2828. The Londons, rock, Tuesday through Saturday, with Private Domain, rock, Friday and Saturday; Private Domain, rock, Sunday.

The Magic Lane, 9522 Miramar Road, Mira Mesa, 271-8780. Recorded music with Mr. Goodbye.

Wednesday through Sunday: live music, Saturday through Monday, call club for information.

Monk's, 10475 San Diego Mission Road, Mission Valley, 563-0060. Side Kick, contemporary, Thursday through Saturday; live music, Sunday; call club for information; Miss D'Meanor, rock, Monday and Tuesday; Blues, contemporary, Wednesday.

Monterey Whaling Company, 887 Camino del Rio South, Mission Valley, 291-3638. Phil Stumpo, comedy and music, Thursday through Saturday; Ed Cunningham and Jeff Williams, contemporary, Monday and Tuesday; New Men (Ron Bolton and Bruce Dallas), rock, Wednesday.

The Moonlight, 4615 Clairemont Drive, Clairemont, 273-1022. Nightclub, contemporary, Tuesday through Saturday; Country Justice, country, Sunday and Monday.

Navajo Inn, 8515 Navajo Road, San Carlos, 465-1730. Headband, rock, Tuesday through Saturday; live rock, Sunday and Monday; call club for information.

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

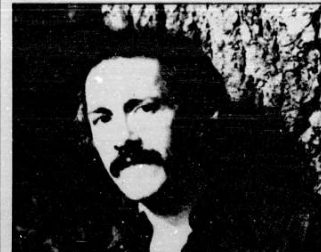
Pavilion Lounge, Town and Country Hotel, 500 Hotel Circle North, 291-7131. Jim Gates and Sound Investment, contemporary, Tuesday through Saturday; Dining Room: Kathy Lloyd, contemporary harp, Friday and Saturday.

Peter D's, 5149 Clairemont Mesa Boulevard, Mira Mesa, 566-0970. The Dan Connor Band, country and originals, Thursday through Saturday.

Smuggler's Inn, 402 Fashion Valley, Fashion Valley East, 291-7170. Terry Brubaker, contemporary, Friday and Saturday.

The Spokesman, 9179 Mira Mesa Boulevard, Mira Mesa, 566-0970. Heasas, contemporary and Top 40 dance music, Wednesday through Saturday.

Spirit, 1130 Buena Avenue, Bay Park, 276-0963. Opal, rock, the Pump, rock, and the Confused, rock, Saturday; GC and



SCOTT COSSU, Sunday, Humphrey's

the Lap of Luxury, rock, Limbo Slam, rock, and Ten Yards, rock, Friday; Guadalcanal Diary, rock, Army of Love, rock, and Hope, rock, Saturday; the Champs, rock, the Pump, rock, and the Confused,

rock, Tuesday; the Standard, rock, the Hi Beams, rock, and Relays, rock, Wednesday. **Springfield Wagon Works,** 5255 Kearney Villa Road, Kearney Mesa, 565-2272. Jo Treanor, piano bar,

Thursday through Saturday.

Starburst Hotel, 950 Hotel Circle North, Mission Valley, 296-6511. Coral Room: The Fear of Us, swing and group vocals, Tuesday through Saturday; the Dick Lopez Trio, swing, contemporary and vocals, Sunday and Monday; Crane Room: Bert Torres, contemporary, Tuesday through Saturday.

Tio Leo's/Mira Mesa, 10787 Camino Ruiz, Mira Mesa, 695-1461. The Most Valuable Players, jazz, Thursday; the Five Careless Lovers, blues and rhythm and blues, Friday; Jeff Williams, contemporary, Saturday through Monday; the Procrastinators, rock and rhythm and blues, Tuesday; Hollis Gentry and Pathways, jazz, Wednesday.

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

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Byron Glyn, June 23
R.E. Kline, June 23
Pat Metheny, July 20

Landscape Promenade, June 27
Country Music, Sanborns, July 7
Landscape Promenade, July 9

Barrett, May 30
Grove Washington Jr., July 21
Julian Asst., July 24
L.A. 80, August 6
All Young Men's Shows
Earl Klugh, June 2
Chuck Mangione, Aug. 21
Ray Charles, Aug. 27
Dino Dineo, Sep. 7
Al Jarreau, Aug. 11

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TUES. PEEL YOUR OWN SHRIMP
WED. HOMEMADE PIZZA
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Giant Margarita (16 oz.) with a Gold Shooter, \$2.00
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music, Thursday and Sunday.
Eatonville, 11th Street, 445-5660.
Wednesday, Friday and Saturday.

The Boonville Restaurant, 8720
Parkway Drive, La Mesa, 445-5660.
Randy Beecher, contemporary,
Thursday through Saturday. Bruce
Robbins, contemporary, Sunday
and Monday. Dale Pearson,
contemporary, Tuesday and
Wednesday.

Bull and Bear, 690 North Second
Street, El Cajon, 441-7575. Ricks,
contemporary rock, Wednesday
through Saturday.

Calyso Lounge, 975 Greenfield
Avenue, El Cajon, 441-9526. Ron

McCall, contemporary. Friday and
Saturday.

Carlton Oaks Country Club, 9200
Inwood Drive, San Diego, 448-4242.
Colin and Karen, contemporary,
Friday and Saturday.

Casa Don Diego, 8547 Camacua,
San Diego, 448-7926. Gary Ramon,
Top 40, blues, and country, Friday
and Saturday.

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

Cos Caca's, 1011 Broadway,
Avenue, Lakeside, 443-2399. Pule
Pearson, piano variety, Friday and
Saturday.

Duck's Landing, 1185 East Main
Street, El Cajon, 442-0258. Jerry
Burchard, piano variety, Wednesday
through Saturday. Carol Crawford,
contemporary, Sunday through
Tuesday.

Flon Springs Inn, 15905
Highway 80, El Cajon, 443-9568.
Hawire, country, Wednesday
through Sunday.

George Joe's Restaurant, 5586
Marion Drive, La Mesa, 469-6158.
Stephen Cole, contemporary, Friday
and Saturday.

Happy Days Car Hop, 3661 Campo
Road, Spring Valley, 463-4757. Live

rock, Friday, call club for
information. Three Speed, vintage
rock, Saturday.

Horseshoe Tavern, 7064
Broadway, Lemon Grove, 469-6344.
The Smith Brothers, country and
contemporary, Friday, Saturday,
and hosting a jam session, 7:30-11:30
p.m., Sunday.

Kentucky Stud, 11377 Woodside
Avenue, San Diego, 448-3402. Martin
Eddy and Country Breeze, country,
Thursday through Sunday.

Lakeside Hotel, 1940 River Street,
Lakeside, 443-9591. The Shadow
Riders, country, Friday and
Saturday.

Live Oak Springs, Old Highway 80
Boulevard, Jacumba, 766-4288.
Live country music, Saturday, call
club for information.

Lorenz's, 596 Broadway, El Cajon,
442-9696. Pitch N' Woo with Gerrie
Wiss, contemporary, Tuesday
through Saturday. Pro Brigham's

Preservation Band, Broadway jazz,
Sunday and Monday.

Magnolia Melon, 3801
Magnolia Avenue, San Diego, 448-
8550. Quest, rock, Friday and
Saturday.

Mama's Inn, 533 East Main
Street, El Cajon, 442-5573. Rocky
Kreitzer and the Big Oak Ranch
Band, country, Wednesday through
Saturday, and 6:30 p.m., Sunday.

Marie Callender's, 6950 Alvarado
Road, La Mesa, 465-1910. Acoustic
Music, popular and American folk
music, Tuesday.

Mr. Bill's Backroom Saloon, 399

North Magnolia, El Cajon, 447-
4382. Duddy and Gary, country and
oldies, Thursday and Wednesday.
Live music, Friday and Saturday, call
club for information. Lee and Jack,
country and oldies, Sunday.

Nite Owl East, 667 North Mission
Avenue, El Cajon, 447-3854. The
Bass Strings, Top 40 dance music,
Tuesday through Saturday.
Sergeant Slaughter, variety rock,
Sunday and Monday.

Park Place, 1280 Fletcher
Parkway, El Cajon, 448-4111. Ippo
Facts, rock, Tuesday through
Saturday. Toys, rock, Sunday and
Monday. Dr. Jim Downs, hypnotist,
Monday.

Park Place, 1280 Fletcher
Parkway, El Cajon, 448-4111. Ippo
Facts, rock, Tuesday through
Saturday. Toys, rock, Sunday and
Monday. Dr. Jim Downs, hypnotist,
Monday.

Pizza Plus, 764 Jambula Road, El
Cajon, 447-7000. The 4-Shifters,
Fifties rock, Friday and Saturday.

Too Much Saloon, 9503 Mission
Gorge Road, San Diego, 362-4399.
Linda Sherwood and Surfside,
country, Friday and Saturday.

Turquoise Lounge, 3975 Soerem
Drive, La Mesa, 465-1525. Three-
Ds, rock, Tuesday through Saturday.

Van Winkle's, 10055 Mission
Gorge Road, San Diego, 449-0900.
Cordone, contemporary and
country rock, Friday and Saturday.

Win Cody's Saloon, 240 West Main

Street, San Diego, 444-1111. The
4-Shifters, Fifties rock, Friday and
Saturday.

Too Much Saloon, 9503 Mission
Gorge Road, San Diego, 362-4399.
Linda Sherwood and Surfside,
country, Friday and Saturday.

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Van Winkle's, 10055 Mission
Gorge Road, San Diego, 449-0900.
Cordone, contemporary and
country rock, Friday and Saturday.

Win Cody's Saloon, 240 West Main

Dance to




Mercedes Lounge Tuesday-Saturday 9:00 pm-1:30 am
Cheatham's Jazz Quartet every Sunday, 6:00-10:30 pm
Happy Hours Monday-Saturday, 4:00-8:00 pm
Sunday 4:00-6:00 pm, hot 6 cold hors d'oeuvres
Sunday Buffet Brunch 10:00 am-2:00 pm
All you can eat, includes one cocktail
Adults \$9.95, children under 10 \$7.95

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Thurs.-Sat., May 16-18

Every Wednesday evening
The secret's out—Bia's back in Bonita with
the best music in town!! Your favorite songs
all night long.

4014 Bonita Rd., Bonita • 479-3537
(one mile east of 805)

Dance to



DEBRA RAY & ARIA
10:00 pm-1:30 am
No cover—No minimum

KIFM 98 *Live Out JAZZ*
Wednesday, May 23
HOLLIS GENTRY & FATTBURGER
Complimentary hors d'oeuvres 6:00-8:00 pm
Jazz begins 8:00 pm
No cover—No minimum

SUNDAY BRUNCH
On our patio, overlooking the Bay
10:00 am-2:00 pm
All you can eat \$8.95

Catamaran
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DIRK DEBONAIRE Thursday-Saturday
SIVE LINES UP Sunday & Monday
THE HEATERS Tuesday & Wednesday

No cover Thursdays

FASHION AUCTION
Every Tuesday night 8 pm presented by **Transomers**
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ON OUR OUTDOOR DECK



THE GREAT AMERICAN LIP-SYNC CONTEST

The Return of the "GREAT AMERICAN LIP-SYNC CONTEST"...
The demand has been deafening... it's been outrageous. You've begged us to bring
back the "Great American Lip-Sync Contest", and now we're doing it. For eight
consecutive weeks (beginning Thursday, May 9th), \$175 in prize money will be given
away to the talented "Sync'ers".
Then on July 11th, the Grand Finale will be
held and \$500 in prize money will be
awarded to talent destined to playwood.
Sign-ups begin at 9:00 pm.
Contest begins at 11:00 pm.
Opportunity awaits you... get those
lips in Sync.

Crystal T's
Emporium



Thursday-Saturday, May 16-18, 9:00 pm-1:30 am



Sunday & Monday, May 19 & 20



Sunday May 19, Mony Mony's brings you
FRANCE'S FIRST RECORD RELEASE PARTY!
Come celebrate with 25¢ drafts from 8:00-10:00 pm.
Wear a France T-shirt or clip this ad for a discount on France's new 45
"Dragon the Line: Disgrace of the Night." Don't miss it!

Wednesday is
HAPPY HOUR with **BRYAN JONES**
25¢ draft beer

Thursday is
FANTASY FASHION AUCTION NIGHT

Friday is
KGB NIGHT with **PAT MARTIN**, drink specials & surprises.
Live music 7 nights a week!
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KING BISCUIT BLUES



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FRIDAY, MAY 17—**PALADINS**
SATURDAY, MAY 18—**SIDEWINDERS**
featuring Douglas & David Farris from 1972

EVERY MONDAY & THURSDAY
LADIES' HAPPY HOUR
Singles from 6-12 midnight and Thursday
from 5-9 pm with the 11 greatest "Mr. Good
Body" in Southern California! **LADIES**
BRING YOUR... office party, birthday
party, divorce party, going away party or
bachelorette party! Call for reservations
560-8060.

FRIDAY, MAY 17 from 5-9 pm
HAPPY HOURS
50¢ beer & wine, 90¢ kamikaze
only.

SUNDAY, MAY 19
ELECTRIC SONS plus special guests

TUE-THUR, MAY 21
Two: The Night Life Productions presents
BI ITZ BROS.
and **BRO. YOUNG EAND**

WEDNESDAY, MAY 22
KGB-FM101 NIGHT with
JAM WINES, sponsored by **Transomers**

8022 CLAIREMONT MESA (BETWEEN HWY 163 & 805)

San Diego's finest jazz at



Mike Garson Quintet
Featuring **Shelby Flint**
and **Peter Sprague**
Thursday through Saturday
9 pm-1 am

Papa John Creech
Starting Wednesday, June 26
No cover charge

Bob Long at the piano
Sunday through Wednesday, 8 pm-12 am

Summer House Inn
7955 La Jolla Shores Dr. 459-0541

Street, El Cam, 449-9247. Forced
dance. Top 40 dance. Friday
and Saturday.

South Bay

Ball N' Stick, 108 Palm Avenue,
Imperial Beach, 429-5300. Live
rock, West Coast, Top 40, Saturday
night club for teenagers.

China Five Restaurant, 300 H
Street, Chula Vista, 426-9055. Asian
dishes, contemporary. Thursday
through Saturday.

Country Bumpkin, 1962 Palm
Avenue, Imperial Beach, 429-1001.
Gulf, live and top 40, live, country,
Wednesday through Saturday.
Live rock, country, R&B and
Monday.

Dance Machine, 1962 Palm
Avenue, Imperial Beach, 429-1001.
Automatics, rock, seven nights.

Da Vinci's, 100 E Street, Chula
Vista, 427-8880. Tito and
Augustine, contemporary.
Wednesday through Saturday.

Dock's Cocktails, 417 Third
Avenue, Chula Vista, 422-1300.
Diana Gorman, country, blues and
surreal music. Wednesday through
Saturday.



LEE STORY, Sunday, Humphrey's

Hungry Hunter, Imperial Beach,
1314 Palm Avenue, Imperial Beach,
429-1001. Live rock, country,
contemporary. Thursday through
Saturday.

Hutch's, 1463 Palm Avenue,
Imperial Beach, 429-1001. Live
rock, country, contemporary. Tuesday
through Sunday.

Imperial Beach, 429-3479. Grand
Central Station, country. Friday and
Saturday, five country dance
lessons, 7 p.m. Saturday.

Joe's, 415 Broadway, Chula Vista,
429-4528. Live and loose
change, contemporary and oldies.

Wednesday through Sunday. JC
Central Station, country. Friday and
Saturday, five country dance
lessons, 7 p.m. Saturday.

La Maze, 1411 Highland Avenue,
National City, 474-3222. Bruce
Robbins, contemporary. Tuesday
through Thursday. East Coast.

contemporary. Friday and Saturday.

Landmark Cocktail Lounge, 2511
Southcenter Road, National City,
475-7113. Four Star Country
country. Friday and Saturday.

The Lantern, 1322 Third Avenue,
Chula Vista, 427-4200. Live music,
Friday and Saturday, call club for
information.

Little Las Vegas, 1700 Palm
Avenue, Imperial Beach, 424-7534.
The Kings Men, ballroom dance
music. Friday.

Marisol, 1680 Broadway at Main
Street, Chula Vista, 428-8043.
Colson Latino, Thursday through
Saturday, with Los Lopez, Mexican
cumbia music, Thursday. Thursday
Mexican, Latin and Top 40 dance
music, Sunday, with Los Lopez,
early evening Sunday.

Onyx Bar, 1121 Third Street, Chula
Vista, 426-2977. Live country,
Friday through Sunday.

Old Bonita Steak Restaurant,
401 Bonita Road, Bonita, 479-
3537. The Two Tones, rock, Friday
and Saturday.

Zorilla's, 603 Palomar Street,
Chula Vista, 425-1626. The
Tardones, contemporary. Tuesday
through Sunday.

PERFORMERS

*Performance listings are compiled by
Paula Jennings. If you wish to be
included, please call 293-9382.
There is no charge for Friday
performers, but a charge for the listings are
free.*

Rock & Roll

The Agents, 1680 Broadway at Main
Street, Chula Vista, 428-8043.
Colson Latino, Thursday through
Saturday, with Los Lopez, Mexican
cumbia music, Thursday. Thursday
Mexican, Latin and Top 40 dance
music, Sunday, with Los Lopez,
early evening Sunday.

Onyx Bar, 1121 Third Street, Chula
Vista, 426-2977. Live country,
Friday through Sunday.

Old Bonita Steak Restaurant,
401 Bonita Road, Bonita, 479-
3537. The Two Tones, rock, Friday
and Saturday.

Zorilla's, 603 Palomar Street,
Chula Vista, 425-1626. The
Tardones, contemporary. Tuesday
through Sunday.

Headband: Nerve Jam

The Heaters: Jose Murphy's
Madrugada's 2500000

The Heroes with Johnny Almond

Wendy's: Le's 2500000

The Hi Beams: Spirit

Hope: Spirit

In Colour: Mary Mary's: Rock

Interpret: Rock Plaza

Isaac Factor: Rock Plaza

Jakal: Rock Plaza

The Jets: She's Not a Flower and

L.A.: For Some: Indes: 100

Limbo Slam: Spirit

The Londoners: Le's 2500000

Manual Sean: Rock Plaza

Messenger: Le's 2500000

Millennium: Rock Plaza

Miss D'Meanor: Mary's: Mexican

Music: 1000000

Private Domain: Le's 2500000

Rock Plaza: Le's 2500000

The Tardones: Rock Plaza

Wendy's: Le's 2500000

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New Men (Hon Bolton and Bruce

Dallas: Carlos Murphy's
Madrugada's 2500000

Notice to Appear: Dillinger's

Wendy's: Le's 2500000

Opal: Spirit

Outriders: Rock Plaza

Outta Control: Normandy

Side Ps: Rock Plaza

The Siro Brothers: Old 101 Mar

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Murray's TICKETS		
KOOL JAZZ 5/7 & 8/8 TEARS FOR FEARS 7/9 RANDY NEWMAN 7/13 GROVER WASHINGTON 7/23	BUFFET May 30 OLYMPIC PINS on Sale	ADAM ANT 7/24 US40 8/1 AL JANNACHE 8/11 CHAKA KHAN 8/16 DIRE STRAITS 8/17
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Braggers
the mind

FOGGY'S NOTION

Crusties
the senses

Housed by "Mr
Farmer's Tan"
Burt
DeCone

**Little Kings
Beach Party**

Thursday, May 23rd
8 pm-1 am

**Buckets of
Little Kings**

\$1.49 reg. \$1.00
Beach attire &
beach chairs
welcome!



**Buckets of steamed
clams \$2.09**

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Win a
Video game
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**ROLAND JUNO 106
POLYPHONIC
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With 16 midi channels. Reg. \$1100.00
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**SUNN DIGITAL LIGHTING
SYSTEM**
Complete system, 4 lights, 4 cans,
dimmer pack, digital controller, bar.
Control your lighting system through
mixing board or snake. (3 year warranty)
NOW \$799.00

**ATLAS MICROPHONE
STAND AND SHURE
MICROPHONE \$59.00**
Save \$39.00

**Sticks & Strings
3 for 1**
This weekend only!
Buy one set, get 2 free
(limit one per customer).
(Except Sanchez, Aranjuez &
Rotosound)
Music Mart drum sticks only.
Expires 5/19/85.

KORG DW-6000
Digital quality with analog speed &
convenience. Newly developed DWGS
digital sound plus analog VCF, VCA and
dual DECS, 6-voice polyphonic synth
with MIDI, portamento, 64-program
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ONLY \$989.50

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GUITARS, 50% OFF
MOST MODELS**
APPLAUSE FROM \$99.00
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**PEARL DRX-1 ELECTRONIC
DRUMS.**
- Today's "Hi Tech" electronic and
acoustic drums sound.
- Programmability - Memory recall - Line
in and out jacks - Mix-out jacks -
Headphone jack - True acoustic drum
"Feel"
UNDER \$1300.00

**CHECK OUT THE NEW
MIRAGE DIGITAL
SAMPLING KEYBOARD
FROM ENSONIQ**
The Mirage gives you all the sounds and
features of a \$10,000 keyboard for less
than \$1700!! At this price, it sounds too
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**ANY GUITAR AND AMP IN
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Fender, Gibson, Yamaha, Aria, Roland,
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No reasonable offer refused!

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Comae (Lori Wheeler and John Flood): *Brooklyn's Finest*
Coffhouse
Cruzin' (Mendel Wind)

Jimmy Conzaro Trio: *Ecstasy Lounge*
Judy Dupke and Deborah Rider: *Ecstasy Lounge*

Marley Days with the Bob Campbell Trio: *Lauren Village Hotel*
Aubrey Pops Quintet: *Plaza 88*
Robin Flower Band: *Old Time Cafe*

J.J. Frank and the Coalition Orchestra: *Sally's*
Full Circle: *Mendel Wind*
Mike Carson Quintet with Peter Sprague and Shelby Flint: *Elanos*
Hollis Gentry and Fattburger: *Old Pacific Beach Cafe, Old Del Mar Cafe, the "Traveler" Tin*
Levi/Mr. Mesa: *Mendel Wind*
Mel Goot: *Pax Bar and Grill, Your Palace*

Harvey and the 52nd Street Jive: *Hotel San Diego*
Doc James, M.C. and Company: *Arcadia*

Denise Jeter and the Bob Morris Trio: *Old Pacific Beach Cafe*
Kevin Kelly and Friends: *Ecstasy Lounge*
Maggie's: *Ecstasy Lounge*

Bob Long: *Elanos, San Luis Rey Avenue Golf Course, Country Club*
Mark Meadows: *Sherraton Harbor Island*

Moody Indians: *Island's Own*
Most Valuable Players: *Fat City, China Camp, Tin Leno's Mesa*

Ella Ruth Piggies: *Old Pacific Beach Cafe, Bobby's*
The Sybil: *Plaza 88*
Del Rey and the Blues: *Old Pacific Beach Cafe, Bobby's*

Colby: *Chuck's Steak House, Ron Satterfield Trio Holiday*
Stu Shames: *Abney Restaurant, Islandia Hotel*

Peter Sprague: *Old Pacific Beach Cafe, Bobby's*
Lettie: *Hotel San Diego*
Laura Spence: *Vacation Village, Hotel*

Molly Stone and Sue Palmer: *Billy Jay Tavern*
Stone's Throw: *Billy Jay Tavern, Elanos*

T.M.J. (Dean Davidson and Bob Morris): *Sherraton Harbor Island*
Tobacco Road: *Ecstasy Lounge*
Zazaj: *Cafe in the Valley Restaurant*

Everything Else

Philip Beeber: *classical guitar, 926 Dan Conner: piano and guitar, requests and originals, the Wellness*

Ray and Laine Corra with Bert Miller: *swing, pop, nostalgia, and contemporary dance music, the Wellness*

Bob Corwin: *piano bar, Viscount Hotel*
The Crescendos: *big band dance music, San Luis Rey Dancers Golf Course Country Club*

Cathy Curtis: *singer-songwriter, Diney's Magic's*
Dusty and Gary: *country and blues, the "Traveler" Tin*
Robin Flower Band: *Old Time Cafe*

Ed Ellis and Tapestry: *Ecstasy Lounge*
Catherine Espinoza: *Josh Barry, Old Time Cafe*

Eric Foster: *classical guitar, Cafe in the Valley Restaurant*
The Four of Us: *swing and group vocals, Nordhaus Hotel*

Frank Grigori: *acoustic music, Cafe Vienna*
Diana Gilman: *country, blues, and contemporary piano bar, Docks*

Patti Glenn: *piano bar, Docks*
Paul Gregg: *piano bar, Docks*
Guy and Jackie with Gil Warner: *rhythm, pop to opera, Mesa Lisa Restaurant*

Lynn Hall: *Latin American horns, the Chocoma: African Gourmet Restaurant, La Maison*

The King's Men: *big band ballroom dance music, Little Las Vegas*
Randy Klotz: *swing, rock, Cafe Vienna*

Lee and Jack: *country and blues, the "Traveler" Tin*
The Dick Lopez Trio: *swing, contemporary, and vocals, Studio*

Kathy Lutz: *contemporary piano, Purlington Lounge, Viscount Hotel*
The Sybil: *Plaza 88*

Bob MacLeod: *piano and vocal variety, Plaza 88, La Taverna Hotel*
Ken Nelson: *piano variety, Gold Coast Lounge, Gold Maders*

Mimette: *Cafe bar folk, and guitar, the Wellness*
Gourmet: *Mesa*

Miles Moynier: *classical guitar, La Maison*
Mike Murphy: *contemporary music, La Hacienda Center*

Joel Nash: *piano show tunes, Hotel Plaza*
Noel: *traditional harpist, the Chocoma: African Gourmet Restaurant*

Old Time Banjo Project: *banjo play-along with musicians from all over San Diego, Old Time Cafe*

Oh! Ridge: *comedy and music, Doc Masters*
Luba Popova: *classical, song, backing, and variety piano, Top of the Cove*

Dee Pearson: *piano variety, Cocoon's Next, Bonadicks Restaurant*
Pepper and Salt: *Latin, salsa, Pop, Big Band, swing, French, Italian, and Greek music, La Sainte Marine*

David and Francesca Savage: *light classical music, Upstart Cove and La Pacific Beach*
Paco Sevilla and Rodrigo: *concert flamenco guitar in solo and duets*

Phil Stumpo: *comedy and music, Monterey Hallway Comedy Trainers: Mexican jazz*

Jo Teano: *piano bar, Springfield Hagan Works*
Dale Vernon: *piano and guitar variety, Cafe del Rey Mesa*

Mike Zumaran: *classical guitar, Cafe in the Valley Restaurant*

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Artist of the month contest - details at all Top West outlets.

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CURRENT MOVIES



Laibach

great show of doubting out in the west and clutching his side with his right hand. The scene is set in a grand hall with a large chandelier. The man is looking down at his hand, which is clutching a sword. The scene is dramatic and intense.

snobism with another Judge. The scene is set in a grand hall with a large chandelier. The man is looking down at his hand, which is clutching a sword. The scene is dramatic and intense.

Blazing Saddles - Loading off with heavy crates in the color of cheddar cheese and a whip cracking parody of Frankel Jones' "Hallelujah" theme song. Mel Brooks bursts onto the Western plains, but the terrain point of view is unexpectedly, and opens up to allow any, a street brawl that spills across the Warner Brothers studio lot, onto a dusty Berkeley-ish

MOVIE DIRECTORY

<p>MISSION VALLEY</p> <p>Century 3 Cinema, 200 Camino del Rio North (201-1888) Theater 1: <i>Star Trek: The Motion Picture</i> Theater 2: <i>Star Trek II: The Wrath of Khan</i> Theater 3: <i>Star Trek III: The Search for Spock</i> Theater 4: <i>Star Trek IV: The Voyage Home</i></p> <p>Century 4 Cinema, 1000 Camino del Rio North (201-1888) Theater 1: <i>Star Trek: The Motion Picture</i> Theater 2: <i>Star Trek II: The Wrath of Khan</i> Theater 3: <i>Star Trek III: The Search for Spock</i> Theater 4: <i>Star Trek IV: The Voyage Home</i></p> <p>Century 5 Cinema, 1000 Camino del Rio North (201-1888) Theater 1: <i>Star Trek: The Motion Picture</i> Theater 2: <i>Star Trek II: The Wrath of Khan</i> Theater 3: <i>Star Trek III: The Search for Spock</i> Theater 4: <i>Star Trek IV: The Voyage Home</i></p>	<p>SOUTH BAY</p> <p>Century 6 Cinema, 1000 Camino del Rio North (201-1888) Theater 1: <i>Star Trek: The Motion Picture</i> Theater 2: <i>Star Trek II: The Wrath of Khan</i> Theater 3: <i>Star Trek III: The Search for Spock</i> Theater 4: <i>Star Trek IV: The Voyage Home</i></p> <p>Century 7 Cinema, 1000 Camino del Rio North (201-1888) Theater 1: <i>Star Trek: The Motion Picture</i> Theater 2: <i>Star Trek II: The Wrath of Khan</i> Theater 3: <i>Star Trek III: The Search for Spock</i> Theater 4: <i>Star Trek IV: The Voyage Home</i></p> <p>Century 8 Cinema, 1000 Camino del Rio North (201-1888) Theater 1: <i>Star Trek: The Motion Picture</i> Theater 2: <i>Star Trek II: The Wrath of Khan</i> Theater 3: <i>Star Trek III: The Search for Spock</i> Theater 4: <i>Star Trek IV: The Voyage Home</i></p>	<p>CLAREMONT</p> <p>Century 9 Cinema, 1000 Camino del Rio North (201-1888) Theater 1: <i>Star Trek: The Motion Picture</i> Theater 2: <i>Star Trek II: The Wrath of Khan</i> Theater 3: <i>Star Trek III: The Search for Spock</i> Theater 4: <i>Star Trek IV: The Voyage Home</i></p> <p>Century 10 Cinema, 1000 Camino del Rio North (201-1888) Theater 1: <i>Star Trek: The Motion Picture</i> Theater 2: <i>Star Trek II: The Wrath of Khan</i> Theater 3: <i>Star Trek III: The Search for Spock</i> Theater 4: <i>Star Trek IV: The Voyage Home</i></p> <p>Century 11 Cinema, 1000 Camino del Rio North (201-1888) Theater 1: <i>Star Trek: The Motion Picture</i> Theater 2: <i>Star Trek II: The Wrath of Khan</i> Theater 3: <i>Star Trek III: The Search for Spock</i> Theater 4: <i>Star Trek IV: The Voyage Home</i></p>	<p>CLAYTON LA MESA</p> <p>Century 12 Cinema, 1000 Camino del Rio North (201-1888) Theater 1: <i>Star Trek: The Motion Picture</i> Theater 2: <i>Star Trek II: The Wrath of Khan</i> Theater 3: <i>Star Trek III: The Search for Spock</i> Theater 4: <i>Star Trek IV: The Voyage Home</i></p> <p>Century 13 Cinema, 1000 Camino del Rio North (201-1888) Theater 1: <i>Star Trek: The Motion Picture</i> Theater 2: <i>Star Trek II: The Wrath of Khan</i> Theater 3: <i>Star Trek III: The Search for Spock</i> Theater 4: <i>Star Trek IV: The Voyage Home</i></p> <p>Century 14 Cinema, 1000 Camino del Rio North (201-1888) Theater 1: <i>Star Trek: The Motion Picture</i> Theater 2: <i>Star Trek II: The Wrath of Khan</i> Theater 3: <i>Star Trek III: The Search for Spock</i> Theater 4: <i>Star Trek IV: The Voyage Home</i></p>	<p>CLAYTON LA MESA</p> <p>Century 15 Cinema, 1000 Camino del Rio North (201-1888) Theater 1: <i>Star Trek: The Motion Picture</i> Theater 2: <i>Star Trek II: The Wrath of Khan</i> Theater 3: <i>Star Trek III: The Search for Spock</i> Theater 4: <i>Star Trek IV: The Voyage Home</i></p> <p>Century 16 Cinema, 1000 Camino del Rio North (201-1888) Theater 1: <i>Star Trek: The Motion Picture</i> Theater 2: <i>Star Trek II: The Wrath of Khan</i> Theater 3: <i>Star Trek III: The Search for Spock</i> Theater 4: <i>Star Trek IV: The Voyage Home</i></p> <p>Century 17 Cinema, 1000 Camino del Rio North (201-1888) Theater 1: <i>Star Trek: The Motion Picture</i> Theater 2: <i>Star Trek II: The Wrath of Khan</i> Theater 3: <i>Star Trek III: The Search for Spock</i> Theater 4: <i>Star Trek IV: The Voyage Home</i></p>	<p>CLAYTON LA MESA</p> <p>Century 18 Cinema, 1000 Camino del Rio North (201-1888) Theater 1: <i>Star Trek: The Motion Picture</i> Theater 2: <i>Star Trek II: The Wrath of Khan</i> Theater 3: <i>Star Trek III: The Search for Spock</i> Theater 4: <i>Star Trek IV: The Voyage Home</i></p> <p>Century 19 Cinema, 1000 Camino del Rio North (201-1888) Theater 1: <i>Star Trek: The Motion Picture</i> Theater 2: <i>Star Trek II: The Wrath of Khan</i> Theater 3: <i>Star Trek III: The Search for Spock</i> Theater 4: <i>Star Trek IV: The Voyage Home</i></p> <p>Century 20 Cinema, 1000 Camino del Rio North (201-1888) Theater 1: <i>Star Trek: The Motion Picture</i> Theater 2: <i>Star Trek II: The Wrath of Khan</i> Theater 3: <i>Star Trek III: The Search for Spock</i> Theater 4: <i>Star Trek IV: The Voyage Home</i></p>	<p>CLAYTON LA MESA</p> <p>Century 21 Cinema, 1000 Camino del Rio North (201-1888) Theater 1: <i>Star Trek: The Motion Picture</i> Theater 2: <i>Star Trek II: The Wrath of Khan</i> Theater 3: <i>Star Trek III: The Search for Spock</i> Theater 4: <i>Star Trek IV: The Voyage Home</i></p> <p>Century 22 Cinema, 1000 Camino del Rio North (201-1888) Theater 1: <i>Star Trek: The Motion Picture</i> Theater 2: <i>Star Trek II: The Wrath of Khan</i> Theater 3: <i>Star Trek III: The Search for Spock</i> Theater 4: <i>Star Trek IV: The Voyage Home</i></p> <p>Century 23 Cinema, 1000 Camino del Rio North (201-1888) Theater 1: <i>Star Trek: The Motion Picture</i> Theater 2: <i>Star Trek II: The Wrath of Khan</i> Theater 3: <i>Star Trek III: The Search for Spock</i> Theater 4: <i>Star Trek IV: The Voyage Home</i></p>	<p>CLAYTON LA MESA</p> <p>Century 24 Cinema, 1000 Camino del Rio North (201-1888) Theater 1: <i>Star Trek: The Motion Picture</i> Theater 2: <i>Star Trek II: The Wrath of Khan</i> Theater 3: <i>Star Trek III: The Search for Spock</i> Theater 4: <i>Star Trek IV: The Voyage Home</i></p> <p>Century 25 Cinema, 1000 Camino del Rio North (201-1888) Theater 1: <i>Star Trek: The Motion Picture</i> Theater 2: <i>Star Trek II: The Wrath of Khan</i> Theater 3: <i>Star Trek III: The Search for Spock</i> Theater 4: <i>Star Trek IV: The Voyage Home</i></p> <p>Century 26 Cinema, 1000 Camino del Rio North (201-1888) Theater 1: <i>Star Trek: The Motion Picture</i> Theater 2: <i>Star Trek II: The Wrath of Khan</i> Theater 3: <i>Star Trek III: The Search for Spock</i> Theater 4: <i>Star Trek IV: The Voyage Home</i></p>	<p>CLAYTON LA MESA</p> <p>Century 27 Cinema, 1000 Camino del Rio North (201-1888) Theater 1: <i>Star Trek: The Motion Picture</i> Theater 2: <i>Star Trek II: The Wrath of Khan</i> Theater 3: <i>Star Trek III: The Search for Spock</i> Theater 4: <i>Star Trek IV: The Voyage Home</i></p> <p>Century 28 Cinema, 1000 Camino del Rio North (201-1888) Theater 1: <i>Star Trek: The Motion Picture</i> Theater 2: <i>Star Trek II: The Wrath of Khan</i> Theater 3: <i>Star Trek III: The Search for Spock</i> Theater 4: <i>Star Trek IV: The Voyage Home</i></p> <p>Century 29 Cinema, 1000 Camino del Rio North (201-1888) Theater 1: <i>Star Trek: The Motion Picture</i> Theater 2: <i>Star Trek II: The Wrath of Khan</i> Theater 3: <i>Star Trek III: The Search for Spock</i> Theater 4: <i>Star Trek IV: The Voyage Home</i></p>	<p>CLAYTON LA MESA</p> <p>Century 30 Cinema, 1000 Camino del Rio North (201-1888) Theater 1: <i>Star Trek: The Motion Picture</i> Theater 2: <i>Star Trek II: The Wrath of Khan</i> Theater 3: <i>Star Trek III: The Search for Spock</i> Theater 4: <i>Star Trek IV: The Voyage Home</i></p> <p>Century 31 Cinema, 1000 Camino del Rio North (201-1888) Theater 1: <i>Star Trek: The Motion Picture</i> Theater 2: <i>Star Trek II: The Wrath of Khan</i> Theater 3: <i>Star Trek III: The Search for Spock</i> Theater 4: <i>Star Trek IV: The Voyage Home</i></p> <p>Century 32 Cinema, 1000 Camino del Rio North (201-1888) Theater 1: <i>Star Trek: The Motion Picture</i> Theater 2: <i>Star Trek II: The Wrath of Khan</i> Theater 3: <i>Star Trek III: The Search for Spock</i> Theater 4: <i>Star Trek IV: The Voyage Home</i></p>	<p>CLAYTON LA MESA</p> <p>Century 33 Cinema, 1000 Camino del Rio North (201-1888) Theater 1: <i>Star Trek: The Motion Picture</i> Theater 2: <i>Star Trek II: The Wrath of Khan</i> Theater 3: <i>Star Trek III: The Search for Spock</i> Theater 4: <i>Star Trek IV: The Voyage Home</i></p> <p>Century 34 Cinema, 1000 Camino del Rio North (201-1888) Theater 1: <i>Star Trek: The Motion Picture</i> Theater 2: <i>Star Trek II: The Wrath of Khan</i> Theater 3: <i>Star Trek III: The Search for Spock</i> Theater 4: <i>Star Trek IV: The Voyage Home</i></p> <p>Century 35 Cinema, 1000 Camino del Rio North (201-1888) Theater 1: <i>Star Trek: The Motion Picture</i> Theater 2: <i>Star Trek II: The Wrath of Khan</i> Theater 3: <i>Star Trek III: The Search for Spock</i> Theater 4: <i>Star Trek IV: The Voyage Home</i></p>	<p>CLAYTON LA MESA</p> <p>Century 36 Cinema, 1000 Camino del Rio North (201-1888) Theater 1: <i>Star Trek: The Motion Picture</i> Theater 2: <i>Star Trek II: The Wrath of Khan</i> Theater 3: <i>Star Trek III: The Search for Spock</i> Theater 4: <i>Star Trek IV: The Voyage Home</i></p> <p>Century 37 Cinema, 1000 Camino del Rio North (201-1888) Theater 1: <i>Star Trek: The Motion Picture</i> Theater 2: <i>Star Trek II: The Wrath of Khan</i> Theater 3: <i>Star Trek III: The Search for Spock</i> Theater 4: <i>Star Trek IV: The Voyage Home</i></p> <p>Century 38 Cinema, 1000 Camino del Rio North (201-1888) Theater 1: <i>Star Trek: The Motion Picture</i> Theater 2: <i>Star Trek II: The Wrath of Khan</i> Theater 3: <i>Star Trek III: The Search for Spock</i> Theater 4: <i>Star Trek IV: The Voyage Home</i></p>	<p>CLAYTON LA MESA</p> <p>Century 39 Cinema, 1000 Camino del Rio North (201-1888) Theater 1: <i>Star Trek: The Motion Picture</i> Theater 2: <i>Star Trek II: The Wrath of Khan</i> Theater 3: <i>Star Trek III: The Search for Spock</i> Theater 4: <i>Star Trek IV: The Voyage Home</i></p> <p>Century 40 Cinema, 1000 Camino del Rio North (201-1888) Theater 1: <i>Star Trek: The Motion Picture</i> Theater 2: <i>Star Trek II: The Wrath of Khan</i> Theater 3: <i>Star Trek III: The Search for Spock</i> Theater 4: <i>Star Trek IV: The Voyage Home</i></p> <p>Century 41 Cinema, 1000 Camino del Rio North (201-1888) Theater 1: <i>Star Trek: The Motion Picture</i> Theater 2: <i>Star Trek II: The Wrath of Khan</i> Theater 3: <i>Star Trek III: The Search for Spock</i> Theater 4: <i>Star Trek IV: The Voyage Home</i></p>	<p>CLAYTON LA MESA</p> <p>Century 42 Cinema, 1000 Camino del Rio North (201-1888) Theater 1: <i>Star Trek: The Motion Picture</i> Theater 2: <i>Star Trek II: The Wrath of Khan</i> Theater 3: <i>Star Trek III: The Search for Spock</i> Theater 4: <i>Star Trek IV: The Voyage Home</i></p> <p>Century 43 Cinema, 1000 Camino del Rio North (201-1888) Theater 1: <i>Star Trek: The Motion Picture</i> Theater 2: <i>Star Trek II: The Wrath of Khan</i> Theater 3: <i>Star Trek III: The Search for Spock</i> Theater 4: <i>Star Trek IV: The Voyage Home</i></p> <p>Century 44 Cinema, 1000 Camino del Rio North (201-1888) Theater 1: <i>Star Trek: The Motion Picture</i> Theater 2: <i>Star Trek II: The Wrath of Khan</i> Theater 3: <i>Star Trek III: The Search for Spock</i> Theater 4: <i>Star Trek IV: The Voyage Home</i></p>	<p>CLAYTON LA MESA</p> <p>Century 45 Cinema, 1000 Camino del Rio North (201-1888) Theater 1: <i>Star Trek: The Motion Picture</i> Theater 2: <i>Star Trek II: The Wrath of Khan</i> Theater 3: <i>Star Trek III: The Search for Spock</i> Theater 4: <i>Star Trek IV: The Voyage Home</i></p> <p>Century 46 Cinema, 1000 Camino del Rio North (201-1888) Theater 1: <i>Star Trek: The Motion Picture</i> Theater 2: <i>Star Trek II: The Wrath of Khan</i> Theater 3: <i>Star Trek III: The Search for Spock</i> Theater 4: <i>Star Trek IV: The Voyage Home</i></p> <p>Century 47 Cinema, 1000 Camino del Rio North (201-1888) Theater 1: <i>Star Trek: The Motion Picture</i> Theater 2: <i>Star Trek II: The Wrath of Khan</i> Theater 3: <i>Star Trek III: The Search for Spock</i> Theater 4: <i>Star Trek IV: The Voyage Home</i></p>	<p>CLAYTON LA MESA</p> <p>Century 48 Cinema, 1000 Camino del Rio North (201-1888) Theater 1: <i>Star Trek: The Motion Picture</i> Theater 2: <i>Star Trek II: The Wrath of Khan</i> Theater 3: <i>Star Trek III: The Search for Spock</i> Theater 4: <i>Star Trek IV: The Voyage Home</i></p> <p>Century 49 Cinema, 1000 Camino del Rio North (201-1888) Theater 1: <i>Star Trek: The Motion Picture</i> Theater 2: <i>Star Trek II: The Wrath of Khan</i> Theater 3: <i>Star Trek III: The Search for Spock</i> Theater 4: <i>Star Trek IV: The Voyage Home</i></p> <p>Century 50 Cinema, 1000 Camino del Rio North (201-1888) Theater 1: <i>Star Trek: The Motion Picture</i> Theater 2: <i>Star Trek II: The Wrath of Khan</i> Theater 3: <i>Star Trek III: The Search for Spock</i> Theater 4: <i>Star Trek IV: The Voyage Home</i></p>	<p>CLAYTON LA MESA</p> <p>Century 51 Cinema, 1000 Camino del Rio North (201-1888) Theater 1: <i>Star Trek: The Motion Picture</i> Theater 2: <i>Star Trek II: The Wrath of Khan</i> Theater 3: <i>Star Trek III: The Search for Spock</i> Theater 4: <i>Star Trek IV: The Voyage Home</i></p> <p>Century 52 Cinema, 1000 Camino del Rio North (201-1888) Theater 1: <i>Star Trek: The Motion Picture</i> Theater 2: <i>Star Trek II: The Wrath of Khan</i> Theater 3: <i>Star Trek III: The Search for Spock</i> Theater 4: <i>Star Trek IV: The Voyage Home</i></p> <p>Century 53 Cinema, 1000 Camino del Rio North (201-1888) Theater 1: <i>Star Trek: The Motion Picture</i> Theater 2: <i>Star Trek II: The Wrath of Khan</i> Theater 3: <i>Star Trek III: The Search for Spock</i> Theater 4: <i>Star Trek IV: The Voyage Home</i></p>	<p>CLAYTON LA MESA</p> <p>Century 54 Cinema, 1000 Camino del Rio North (201-1888) Theater 1: <i>Star Trek: The Motion Picture</i> Theater 2: <i>Star Trek II: The Wrath of Khan</i> Theater 3: <i>Star Trek III: The Search for Spock</i> Theater 4: <i>Star Trek IV: The Voyage Home</i></p> <p>Century 55 Cinema, 1000 Camino del Rio North (201-1888) Theater 1: <i>Star Trek: The Motion Picture</i> Theater 2: <i>Star Trek II: The Wrath of Khan</i> Theater 3: <i>Star Trek III: The Search for Spock</i> Theater 4: <i>Star Trek IV: The Voyage Home</i></p> <p>Century 56 Cinema, 1000 Camino del Rio North (201-1888) Theater 1: <i>Star Trek: The Motion Picture</i> Theater 2: <i>Star Trek II: The Wrath of Khan</i> Theater 3: <i>Star Trek III: The Search for Spock</i> Theater 4: <i>Star Trek IV: The Voyage Home</i></p>	<p>CLAYTON LA MESA</p> <p>Century 57 Cinema, 1000 Camino del Rio North (201-1888) Theater 1: <i>Star Trek: The Motion Picture</i> Theater 2: <i>Star Trek II: The Wrath of Khan</i> Theater 3: <i>Star Trek III: The Search for Spock</i> Theater 4: <i>Star Trek IV: The Voyage Home</i></p> <p>Century 58 Cinema, 1000 Camino del Rio North (201-1888) Theater 1: <i>Star Trek: The Motion Picture</i> Theater 2: <i>Star Trek II: The Wrath of Khan</i> Theater 3: <i>Star Trek III: The Search for Spock</i> Theater 4: <i>Star Trek IV: The Voyage Home</i></p> <p>Century 59 Cinema, 1000 Camino del Rio North (201-1888) Theater 1: <i>Star Trek: The Motion Picture</i> Theater 2: <i>Star Trek II: The Wrath of Khan</i> Theater 3: <i>Star Trek III: The Search for Spock</i> Theater 4: <i>Star Trek IV: The Voyage Home</i></p>	<p>CLAYTON LA MESA</p> <p>Century 60 Cinema, 1000 Camino del Rio North (201-1888) Theater 1: <i>Star Trek: The Motion Picture</i> Theater 2: <i>Star Trek II: The Wrath of Khan</i> Theater 3: <i>Star Trek III: The Search for Spock</i> Theater 4: <i>Star Trek IV: The Voyage Home</i></p> <p>Century 61 Cinema, 1000 Camino del Rio North (201-1888) Theater 1: <i>Star Trek: The Motion Picture</i> Theater 2: <i>Star Trek II: The Wrath of Khan</i> Theater 3: <i>Star Trek III: The Search for Spock</i> Theater 4: <i>Star Trek IV: The Voyage Home</i></p> <p>Century 62 Cinema, 1000 Camino del Rio North (201-1888) Theater 1: <i>Star Trek: The Motion Picture</i> Theater 2: <i>Star Trek II: The Wrath of Khan</i> Theater 3: <i>Star Trek III: The Search for Spock</i> Theater 4: <i>Star Trek IV: The Voyage Home</i></p>	<p>CLAYTON LA MESA</p> <p>Century 63 Cinema, 1000 Camino del Rio North (201-1888) Theater 1: <i>Star Trek: The Motion Picture</i> Theater 2: <i>Star Trek II: The Wrath of Khan</i> Theater 3: <i>Star Trek III: The Search for Spock</i> Theater 4: <i>Star Trek IV: The Voyage Home</i></p> <p>Century 64 Cinema, 1000 Camino del Rio North (201-1888) Theater 1: <i>Star Trek: The Motion Picture</i> Theater 2: <i>Star Trek II: The Wrath of Khan</i> Theater 3: <i>Star Trek III: The Search for Spock</i> Theater 4: <i>Star Trek IV: The Voyage Home</i></p> <p>Century 65 Cinema, 1000 Camino del Rio North (201-1888) Theater 1: <i>Star Trek: The Motion Picture</i> Theater 2: <i>Star Trek II: The Wrath of Khan</i> Theater 3: <i>Star Trek III: The Search for Spock</i> Theater 4: <i>Star Trek IV: The Voyage Home</i></p>	<p>CLAYTON LA MESA</p> <p>Century 66 Cinema, 1000 Camino del Rio North (201-1888) Theater 1: <i>Star Trek: The Motion Picture</i> Theater 2: <i>Star Trek II: The Wrath of Khan</i> Theater 3: <i>Star Trek III: The Search for Spock</i> Theater 4: <i>Star Trek IV: The Voyage Home</i></p> <p>Century 67 Cinema, 1000 Camino del Rio North (201-1888) Theater 1: <i>Star Trek: The Motion Picture</i> Theater 2: <i>Star Trek II: The Wrath of Khan</i> Theater 3: <i>Star Trek III: The Search for Spock</i> Theater 4: <</p>
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CURRENT MOVIES

four paws of a German Shepherd, or the instance that best reveals the level of stylistic seriousness — along a bar too topped a slumped over drunk men over the head of the later in a neat little head, then onward along the bar. There are two or three moves worth of direction here, and not one move worth directing. The whole thing, of course, can hope to be enhanced on the grounds that it is a pastiche, and is viewable as either an appreciation of a "sawed up" (recalling to taste of the hard-boiled thrillers of the Forties. Second-handiness creates a very funny film. (John Getz, Frances, Emmet Watson, 1984. (Flower Hill Cinema)

The Bostonians — A tip of war over the body and soul of a charismatic woman's emancipation, ca. 1875, between a repressed lesbian and a Southern gentleman of the old school (he's an enemy of our movement and our sex. You must fear him!) But the emancipationist has an interest in the gentleman too, as a potential proselyte, and this gives him exactly the crack in the door he needs. The issues are presented a bit directly, to be a very good advertisement for that matter, not responses, Henry James. (But then the original novel is not the best achievement for a very funny film. (John Getz, Frances, Emmet Watson, 1984. (Flower Hill Cinema)

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A Boy and His Dog — A tip piece of science fiction tragedy, the stereotyped wastards of post-WWII main belt friend is still his dog, and woman is still his Garden of Eden under. (The dog's minor monologues and telepathic dialogues sound like a canine counterpart of Morris the Cat — a dry wit, asked, "There is a Cornish-hedge Z frugally about the filming in all purpose Southwest desert locale, and yet I, G. Jones's direction is not lacking in diligence and not lacking in pretensions toward the 'offbeat' (e.g. a character named Felix, a galaxy of downish painted faces, a volley of anti-America ranters). The enormous puns, which must have been the prime incentive that kept the filmmakers powering steadily through the shaggy dog plot, is pretty much what you might expect from an award-winning novelist. By Harlan Ellison. With Don Johnson, Susanne Berman, and Jason Roberts. 1975. (Kin. 517)

The Breakfast Club — Improbably heterogeneous group of high school students at an improbable day — Saturday detention hall, improbably unsupervised. A detention hall without all the improbabilities, would not seem to have much chance at drama. But with all the improbabilities, it's a very good advertisement for that matter, not responses, Henry James. (But then the original novel is not the best achievement for a very funny film. (John Getz, Frances, Emmet Watson, 1984. (Flower Hill Cinema)

The Brother From Another Planet — A black extraterrestrial crash lands in New York and makes his way to

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Cat's Eye — Three separate tales of terror, linked together by a stray cat who just happens to be present at all times, and who actually takes a hand in the third, doing mortal battle with a knife-wielding troll. All three are written by Stephen King, and all three suffer from his soporific and self-serving sense of humor. A CUDU issue of horror. The second of at least an adequate technical exercise in apocrypha. With Drew Barrymore, James Woods, Robert Agee, and Candy Clark. Directed by Lewis. 1985. (College Parkway. Sta. from 517. UA Chula Vista 6)

Code of Silence — Chuck Norris as an honest Chicago cop, with Henry Silva and Bert Remsen. Directed by Andy Davis. (Baltica, Carousel Cinema 6, Center 3 Cinema, Grossmont, La Jolla Village, New Valley Drive In, Oceanside 8, Rancho Bernardo 6, Santee Drive In, Sweetwater 8, South Bay Drive In, Sweetwater 6, UA Grossmont 6, Village from 517, Wiegand Plaza 6)

The Company of Wolves — The fever dream of a contemporary British teenager turns into a fantasy on the werewolf theme, set in a walled fairy-tale kingdom, with a 19th-century tale with a bespectacled and bonneted Granny as guide to the dark mysteries. The whole show has something of the charged erotic atmosphere of Christina Rossetti's *GOBLIN MARKET* (as illustrated, perhaps, by Henry Rousseau), and it really quite serious, even quite bookish — not to suggest, however, that literary interests outweigh visual. The production — sets, props, costumes, mechanical movements, and all — is a true feast, soon a surfer, and altogether too much of the same thing, too many and unvaried a shade of brown, such that the several courses in the feast all seem to be mushroom-banquet. And the story, or rather scenes within the story, are mindlessly unconvincing. With Sarah Patterson, Angela Lansbury, and David Warner. Directed by Neil Jordan. 1984. (Fiesta Twin, from 517)

Dawn of the Dead — George A. Romero's companion piece to his NIGHT OF THE LIVING DEAD, set largely (and inspirationally) in a suburban Pittsburgh shopping center, less a sequel than a remake, a new and improved version with slicker technique and gaudier special effects, and positively guaranteed not to disappoint even the most hygienic fans of the earlier film. It is gratifyingly

scandalously, more thumbing a gory. But it also offers the excellent laughs of any American movie since *BEYOND THE VALLEY OF THE DOLLS* — unless, of course, you are one of those persons who under no circumstances can admit the possibility of there being anything humorous about, for example, a flesh-eating zombie having the top of his head sliced off, very much like Oscar Papp's lunchbox meat, by a helicopter propeller, and then going into a rubber neck wobble as though he had just experienced *Twofers*. Sheriff's right hand. 1979. (UA Grossmont 6, 517 and 18 midtown)

Desperately Seeking Susan — We are asked to swallow several horrible pills of improbability. A yuppie Madeline Bovary (Rosanna Arquette), who leads the Personalists the way an earlier generation read novels, and who has identified herself with a recurrent character named Susan (poor Susan Madonna), receives a bump on the head and wakes up thinking she has actually become Susan. The latter happens to have in her possession a pair of perfumed Egyptian ankh — Nerf's earnings, no less — and is being pursued by a blond haired, black dressed assassin. Complications, follow, in a roller coaster. The novel, written by Leora Barish and directed by Susan Seidelman, is overplayed as a matter of style in the same way as the Susan character overdoes for style the narrative overplay. You might say, of jacket over turned over necktie over see-through blouse over face book. It now takes all contact with reality — i.e., the sharp delineation of realities, with Julia Child on one side and a bag of cheese puffs on the other, a home in suburbia and a weekly trip to the beauty parlor as against a bus-station locker and a single banana-cream sandwich — in the same time, clearly, the really base in a ball-and-chain. With Adrian Quinn, Marc Blum, Laurie Mercat, and Will Patton. 1985. (Carousel Cinema 6, Plaza 5, Fashion Valley, Grossmont Mall, Santee Drive In, from 517. UA Chula Vista 6, UA Grossmont 6, University Borne Cinema)

The Falcon and the Snowman — Code names, lies, those are of two young Americans, one an amateur tactician and National Security employee, the other a drug dealer and user, who sell state secrets to the Soviet embassy in Mexico City. John Schlesinger's version of Robert Lindseth's nonfiction book provides adequate information on the how and the where, but inadequate on the why — why they did it, that is, and what they thought about it. (Oh, well, yes, one of them has an ex-FBI agent for a father, and they get along no better than a lot of other sons and fathers, and what of it? The thinking seems to be that because the story is true, it doesn't really need a

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point — or a shape. The emotion of the moment, however, a sometimes vividly conveyed, especially as regulated in the increasingly paranoid temperament of the Snowman, a fanboy and repellent performance by Sean Penn, who is done up in a hands and a mustache that call to mind Robert De Niro in *THE KING OF COMEDY*. With Timothy Hutton. 1985. (Vineyard Twin)

Full Moon in Paris — Comedy of manners, from French director Eric Rohmer, starring Pascale Ogier. (Kin. 516)

The Gods Must Be Crazy — A rooked charmer from South Africa, with, produced, directed, "fired" (photographed?), and edited by Jamie Lee A. Coca Cola bottle, chucked out of the sky, a massive dose of comic relief from young Matthew Broderick who acts, and almost looks, like a son of Jerry Lewis, and terrifically unconvincing action scenes which more resemble a first, slow, tentative rehearsal than an actual "take" and "print." Rupture Hauer, Michelle Pfeiffer, Leo McKern. Directed by Richard Donner. 1985. (Cinema Plaza 5, Grossmont, Loma Plaza, Rancho Bernardo 6, University Borne Cinema, Wiegand Plaza 6)

Lost in America — Something seems to be missing here, as compared with the earlier Albert Brooks movies, *REAL LIFE* and *MODERN ROMANCE*. Not laughs, surely, at least not in significant numbers. And the basic idea — of a young Establishment couple who, with the dim pre-established manner of *EASY RIDER* as inspiration, renounce the rat race, liquidate their assets, and set off to live out their lives as nomads in a Winnebago — is as potent as, or more so than, what Brooks has started out.

Harold and Maude — The late-blooming jokes are predictable, but the 27-year-old lady jokes are typical, but the unimaginative romance between adolescent Bud Cort and sophisticated Ruth Gordon has a sickening similarity to the earlier *Harold and Maude* — a comedy of manners that is quite beguiling. And the past impasse, which has been hooked onto the end of the film, is a bit of a letdown. Directed by Hal Ashby. 1971. (Kin. 517)

The Killing Fields — The narrative premise, of a foreign correspondent caught up in a country coming apart at the seams, might ring a bell, from a very close-by country history, but the understated staging of crowd scenes, the vivid impressionistic detail, the fine study of violence, the prolonged stretches of confusion and uncertainty — all this goes to show that there was still something to be learned from such movies as *CIRCLE OF DECEIT*. UNDER FIRE, and THE YEAR OF LIVING DANGEROUSLY. That the story here is based on the actual experience in Cambodia of the New York Times's Sydney Schanberg, much has been heard of the individual and what comes out of it. The credibility of the thing. But one always has to be wary when sorting out the virtues of this kind of movie, the kind that encourages film critics to feel that what they're covering is every bit as serious as — but only because exactly the same as — what is being covered in the "hard news" pages of their publications. 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reporter begins to steal the limelight. A nice twist, that, in fact the entire premise is quite gripping, although the extremes to which the movie will go in order to drum up suspense give you plenty of room and reason to squirm. **Score:** Kurt Russell, Mariel Hemingway, Richard Jordan. Directed by Philip Barlow. 1985. * (LA Chula Vista 6)

Mischief — "A long time ago in a galaxy far, far away... Ohio, 1956. So reads the printed preamble. But things are not as strange there as all that. There are two car accidents in the first few minutes, a bicycle accident fifteen minutes later, another car accident ten minutes after that, and a motorcycle accident five minutes after that. There is nothing more of that sort until the big bath up in the final few minutes, but there are the same old recycled cliches, same old mad shop same old driven restaurant and theater. The main reason for the film's return to this era seems to be to remove the suspense from the sex. There may even be some genuine nostalgia about that, but the rest of the nostalgia is synthetic. **Score:** Doug McKean, the star has given some since ON GOLDEN POND, and he looks like he would be perfect for the role in THE LARRY BIRD STORY. He seems to grow a mustache and another foot. (And the cassette he consistently makes "have would then has," been good practice.) With Catherine Mary Stewart, Kelly Preston, and Chris Nash. Directed by Mel Camack. 1985. * (Century Twin)

Out of Control — Romantic adventure starring Martin Hewitt, Andrew J. Lederer, and Betty Russell. Directed by Alan Holzman. (Beyou, Harbor Drive in Sports Arena 6, Star, Sweetwater 6, UA Cinema 3, University Town Centre, from 5/17)

Pink Floyd, the Wall — A sort of "Video Jukebox" selection, but on a very large and very lavish scale, even allowing for the vast amount of footage



The Purple Rose of Cairo

run through more than once. Blood drenching telephone receivers, pig-faced nudes, more blood, vomitous animation sequences, frenzied camerawork and cutting, more blood and so on, are meant to communicate the depth of anguish of a sinned-out rock star and son of a Second World War casualty immaturity runs riot. With Bob Depp. Directed by Alan Braner. 1982. * (LA Glasshouse 6, 5/17 and 18, midnight)

Places in the Heart — The anxious question (beyond) was whether or not the alleged autobiographical origins would produce something a little more truthful and free of formula than Robert Benton had given us in the past, something a little more detailed and individual, more expansive and at ease. Or to move a step nearer the nub, whether or not the inherent truthfulness of the material would lessen that string pulling urge that had carried at through Benton's movies, from his not

screen, as though that Window on the World we have always had so much about. Here, rather, an incongruously khaki and pill-hemmed character in a black and white 1935 RKD programmer steps down from the screen. Healed and in full color, and flees out the exit with a move that has house waitress who is seeing the movie for the fifth time. And even further unlike the Keaton, it is no mere dream. With a fantasy level every bit as high as in ZELG, it was undeniably that questions should come up in the viewer's mind without being put down on screen. Like matter SHERLOCK JR. is open to muddling too, but neither there nor here can enough into its pocket to underline the overall brilliance of the concept. And in sharp contrast to ZELG, where the joke went out long before movie's end, here it doesn't. You might only want to squirm while waiting for a first to arrive. After that, the movie changes direction often enough to keep things fresh. It perhaps too often to pursue its ideas as long as The ending, given what comes before, is both logical and touching. **Score:** Mark Farrow, Jeff Daniels. 1985. **** (Carousell Cinema 6, from 5/17, LA Jolla Village, Sweetwater 6, from 5/17)

Madigan, Ed Harris, Danny Glover, and John Goodman. 1984. * (LA Jolla Village)

A Private Practice — British comedy centered around the post war war portage, with Michael Palin and Maggie Smith. Written by Alan Bennett, directed by Malcolm Mowbray. (Cove)

The Purple Rose of Cairo — A movie by, but not with, Woody Allen. And the inevitable question to ask with any Woody Allen movie — who's the inspiration this time. Fellini or Bergman? — can be answered as follows: Fellini, specifically THE WHITE SHEEP, and the one about the provincial honeymooner who gets to meet in real life her hero from the turn-of-the-century moment in SHERLOCK JR. where Buster Keaton descends from the projection booth and enters the movie

photography of Robby Muller keeps it from sinking too far into an accessible underground. With Emilio Estevez, Harry Dean Stanton, and Tracey Walter. Written and directed by Alex Cox. 1984. ** (Ken 5/18, UA Glasshouse 6, 5/17 and 18, midnight)

Return of the Jedi — Another genealogical revelation, very much in the same line as the sole revelation in THE EMPIRE STRIKES BACK. Numerous other pursuits and skirmishes and creatures and contraptions — again in the same line as those that came before. The third and final chapter in the adventures of Luke Skywalker and his pals has all loose ends, but the initial chapter STAY WARS, remains the only one of the three that can stand on its own. Mark Hamill, Harrison Ford, Carrie Fisher, Billy Dee Williams, co-writer (with Lawrence Kasdan) and executive producer by George Lucas. Directed by Richard Marquand. 1983. * (Century Twin, Mira Mesa Cinemas, Vigore)

Rustlers' Rhapsody — A spoof of the Saturday matinee cowboy films, starring Tom Berenger, Fernando Rey, and Patrick Wayne. Directed by Hugh Wilson. (Aero Drive in Carousell Cinema 6, Cinemas, LA Jolla Village, New Valley Drive in Oceanview 8, Plaza Bonita, Rancho Bernardo 6, San Jose Village 8, Sports Arena 6)

Stick — Derivative of Slicker, but certainly just as well. Stick in the Mud, a middle-aged ex-convict happens out of step after seven years in the slammer. But Reynolds plays the part in a near whisper to denote weary sensitivity, or on specific occasions, concerned fatherliness and assured sexuality. He sometimes slips into his take-along "quester" persona, too, with totting glibly, looking when he is to be killed. He never, however, slips into character. The bad guys, in contrast, are well recognized by their bad makeup and bad costumes, the oddbody length Charles Durning, in shoulder length orange wig and bent-kneed Hawaiian sports shirt, and his black cowboy, pulled along by his horse. Other more promising characters — George Segal's cigar-waving "crime grout" and a vodka-cracking drug dealer — are merely badly acted. With Candice Bergen. Directed by Reynolds. 1985. * (Carmine Cinema 4, UA Chula Vista 6)

Stop Making Sense — A concert movie and nothing more, and as narrowly focused a one as ever was, one of the live audience, nothing at the backstage, only the on-stage. In fairness, the movie (directed by Jonathan Demme) is probably better to look at than most concert movies, and the concert (staged by David Byrne) is probably better to look at than most "mere concerts." But in the long run, neither the staging of the concert nor the filming of it, nor both those efforts put together, is inventive enough or disconcerting enough to take center stage from the music. And it can easily seem a very long run, indeed, with too much of the music stuck in the general area of dental punctured by indecipherable ones from the patient. To say that enjoyment of the Taking Heads music would be a help to enjoyment of their movie would be to underestimate comically. To say a strict prerequisite would perhaps get better the case. 1984. * (College, from 5/17)

The Gure Thing — Only a poster of this is SPARK, LAP and a contemporary. But, not far from anyone that this movie and that one were directed by the same man, Rob Reiner. The other movie must indeed have been a very special match-up of people and idea. This, on the other hand, is nothing very special. There is some good writing and playing within the self-imposed limits, but those limits are hardly wider than the horizons of weekly television. The "good" playing by John Cusack as a conscientious college freshman is a comically derivative of Bill Murray, Dan Aykroyd, John Belushi, Dustin Hoffman, et al. But after all, all of college freshmen is not to be missed on the same sources. With Daphne Zuniga. 1985. * (Carmine Cinema 4, Rancho Bernardo 6, UA Chula Vista 6, UA Cinema 3, from 5/17, UA Glasshouse 6)

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this sci-fi staple as anywhere outside of SOMEWHERE IN TIME. With Linda Hamilton and Michael Biehn. Directed by James Cameron. 1984. (Center 3 Cinemas, Grossmont Mall, La Jolla Village, New Valley Drive, Sweetwater 6, UA Glasshouse 6, 5/17 and 18, midnight, Village, from 5/17)

Trading Places — THE PRINCE AND THE PAUPER set in modern-day Philadelphia and without the gimmick of the two social opposites being physical duplicates, the princely figure, to the contrary, is a WASP financial wizard and the pauperish one is a ghetto black, and they trade places through no choice of their own, but through the machinations of a venal version of the Duke brothers, of Duke & Duke commodities brokerage in order to settle a wager on the old heredity vs. environment debate that one of them has been reading up on in Scientific American. The social consciousness of the premise gives the movie, not merely, but primarily, in order to satisfy Wain's curiosity. The early scenes of a horse-drawn buggy in automobile traffic and of a young Amish boy's first trip to the big city, Manhattan, a nice, well-earned quality right up through the arrested murder in the train station and the room. But the character is always less plausible, less sympathetic, less well acted than the Eddie Murphy character, so that the

movie is only half a movie even in its better two thirds or three fourths. With Ralph Bellamy, Don Ameche, and James Lee Curtis. Directed by John Landis. 1983. * (Mira Mesa Cinemas)

Where's Poppy? — An undeniably even if unrelentingly funny New York comedy about a low-spirited attorney (George Segal) who plots to get rid of his dependent mother (Ruth Gordon), who among her lesser faults, pours Coca-Cola over her breakfast cereal. Impersonal debut performances by Ron Leibman and Fran Van Derine, and the direction of Carl Reiner turns up pages of all sides with an alarmingly higher consistency than in his other films. 1971. ** (Ken, 5/17)

Witness — Peter Weir takes up his interest in Culture Clash and sets it down in modern-day Pennsylvania, where the Amish, community squashes the "crime" movie previously held by Australian Aborigines. It is not, regrettably, to know people intimately in order to satisfy Weir's curiosity. The early scenes of a horse-drawn buggy in automobile traffic and of a young Amish boy's first trip to the big city, Manhattan, a nice, well-earned quality right up through the arrested murder in the train station and the room. But the character is always less plausible, less sympathetic, less well acted than the Eddie Murphy character, so that the

dispatched by a method out of DW Griffiths A CORNER IN WHEAT, in the interim, a wounded Philadelphia policeman, hiding out in Menomonee county, instigates a culture exchange program in which City Slicker learns to milk a cow, and teaches Pretty Amish Widow to dance to Sam Cooke. And the inevitable question of what an Amish man will do when the local ruffian sticks an ice cream cone on the end of his nose is answered, or rather dodged, by having the disguised policeman (in his "plain" clothes) step forward like Billy Jack and beat the bully to a pulp. So much for pacifist philosophy. With Harrison Ford and Kelly McGillis. 1985. * (Carmine Cinema, Mira Mesa Cinemas, Parkway, Rancho Bernardo 6, Sports Arena 6, Sweetwater 6, Vineyard Twin)

Wizards — Science fiction cartoon about a cosmic struggle between the forces of Magic and those of Technology (the former a group of Peter Pan and Tinkerbell-like elves and gnomes, the latter a group of Nazis and reptiles). At best the conception is rather silly. But in mythic possibilities are brought to light by Ralph (FRITZ THE CAT, COONSKE) Ralph's bewitching red hair. As a Disneyesque dwarf with W.C. Fields' roundest nose and Peter Pan's Columbo voice. 1977. * (LA Glasshouse 6, 5/17 and 18, midnight)

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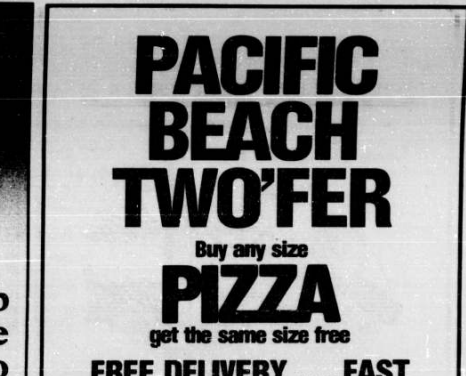
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