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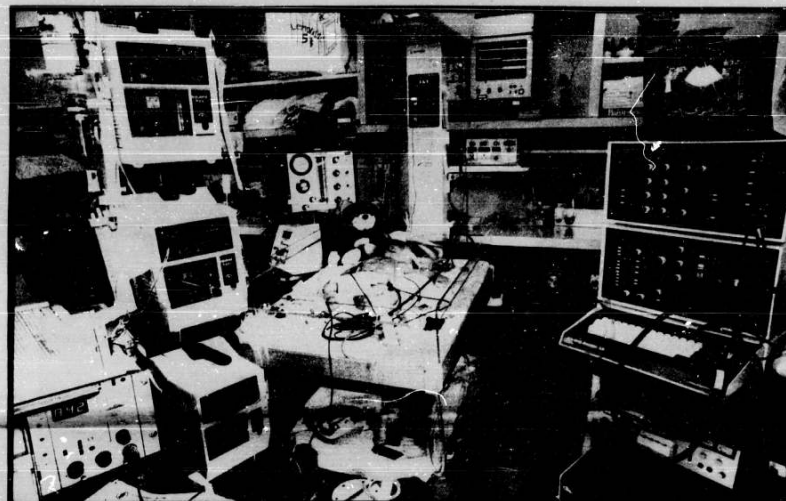
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Freedom Sale Ends July 14th, 7:30 P.M.

OPEN 7 DAYS 9:00 AM - 7:30 PM

READER

While doctors may be
prepared for an infant
born three months
premature, parents
usually are not.



Newborn Intensive Care Unit, Children's Hospital

One day this past January I walked into Children's Hospital to see my infant son, born three months prematurely. Within the intensive care unit, he was in a small room that accommodated four babies, and all four were sleeping when I arrived. The two nurses charged with their care were talking quietly; they seemed to forget me as I slipped into a side alcove to pump some breast milk. It took me a moment to realize they were airing their feelings about premature babies. One nurse, blonde, delicate, groomed meticulously, was saying if she ever were pregnant and she started to go into labor early — very early — she would simply stay home. She didn't spell it out, but her implication was clear: she would choose almost certain death for her baby rather than bringing it to the hospital, to the ministrations of people like herself.

Like all things you're not supposed to hear, her sentiments fascinated me. I couldn't help comparing her words with my actions, couldn't stop marveling at how sophisticated her thinking was compared with what mine had been. Now, in hindsight, I know what she knew: that when a baby is about to be born long before its time, the only certain way for its parents to retain control over their lives is to hide

(continued on page 8)

The Baby Came Early

By
Stephanie
Murphy

Photographs by David Conroy



Fun in the sun sidewalk sale

July 11th to 14th

Sizzling Summer values from University Towne Centre.

Hottest Legs in S n Diego Competition. Preliminary-July 11th, 4pm. Finals-July 13th, 1pm.

Rock & Roll with the Monroes. July 13th, 1pm.

Summer safety for your children. Register with Ringling Bros. and Barnum & Bailey "Safe Kids" Program-July 11th & 12th, 12 noon to 5pm.

University Towne Centre

Filth & Yellow Pages

Your "Dog Wars" story (July 3) missed the point: when people board their pets, the pets should be properly cared for.

Christmas, 1983, we had to board our Irish setter for two days/three nights. Kelly's Pet Motel has the most appealing ad in the *Yellow Pages*, and the people there sounded so nice over the phone. When I arrived there with the dog it was at night and too late to change, and in spite of the smell (after all, it was a kennel) the people were friendly and seemed to love dogs. I had read of Ruby Mae over the years, but this was a place called Kelly's. If I had only known, I'd have kept our dog at home and called off our trip.

When I picked up our dog two and one-half days later, I discovered she had been sleeping on dirty newspapers in a small room packed with small dogs, not in a separate carpeted cage. She was covered with feces, and when I washed her the water ran yellow with urine.

LETTERS

The Reader welcomes letters for publication. Address them to **Letters to the Editor**, Box 80803, San Diego, 92138. Please include your name, address, and telephone number. Letters may be edited for length and clarity.

About four days later she became ill and had a high fever. The vet said it was a lung infection. In spite of intensive care in an animal hospital, she died nine days after leaving Kelly's. It really wasn't Kelly's, it was Ruby Mae's. I found out too late. You can still find her ad in the *Yellow Pages*; it reads just great. The *Yellow Pages* people know all this, but they don't care. They and Ruby are sort of partners in this problem. If it weren't for their ad, I'd probably still have my pet.

Yes, I do believe that Ruby Mae loves dogs. She just can't understand that pets can be killed with filth. That is why she shouldn't be allowed to board my pet or your pet. It isn't Ruby Mae against all those big bad old authorities, it's Ruby Mae against misinformed you and me.

And I've learned not to trust those *Yellow Pages*. Apparently any kind of operation can get a nice, confidence-inspiring ad. **Stan Laque** *Clatskanie*

What Laurie Says

I just finished reading the article "Rocky and a Hard Spot" ("City Lights," July 3) and was appalled at the number of inaccuracies. I'll list just a few.

An announcer posing as Mark DeBoskey expressed his disapproval over something Rocky had said.

In fact, it was Mark DeBoskey's voice and comment on the television ad.

Exactly what Rocky had said was never identified.

Had the person who wrote this article ever listened to the show, he would have heard the explanation.

Rocky discussed such topics as Ted Lettner's waistline and his scold's idiot.

Rocky never talked about Mr. Lettner's waistline and never used the old seafood joke on the air at any time.

Rocky had imaginary characters such as the "Almost Righteous Brothers."

Maybe the writer was referring to the "Self-Righteous Brothers?"

"Dave Otto was quoted as saying, 'The whole problem was that Rocky just wasn't very funny.' If that is really how Mr. Otto felt, why did he spend so much

time trying to make a joke out of Rocky during his radio show on KSIO? Usually you only try to discredit someone who is a threat.

President Jim Smith interceded and fired three people.

Four of us were fired at K-Best 95.

Mark DeBoskey, the general manager, Garry Mitchell, the program director, and the morning team, Rocky Marlowe and myself.

Had the person who wrote this article done some real investigation, he would have tried to find out why so many people were fired during a rating period and during a "\$100,000 ad campaign."

Had the person who wrote this article known anything about radio he would have wondered if this was a cost-cutting move on the part of an owner who was getting ready to sell his station.

Just to give you an update, K-Best 95 (Alta Broadcasting) was sold Monday, July 1, 1985. Next time, Thomas K. Arnold should think before he writes.

Laurie DeYoung *Pacific Beach*

Thomas K. Arnold replies: Ted Lettner's waistline was provided by K-BEST's former general manager Mark DeBoskey and by KSDO-FM's disc jockey Dave Otto. Otto, in fact, said he played a tape of the joke on his own program. The information about the "Almost Righteous Brothers" came from DeBoskey, Otto, and K-BEST's corporate president Jim Smith.

According to Mark DeBoskey and Jim Smith, only three people were fired on May 31: Mitchell, Marlowe, and DeYoung. DeBoskey himself resigned from his position as general manager shortly after the firings.

Thomas K. Arnold *San Diego*

Pregnant In San Marcos

In regard to "The Issue at Issue" in the June 20 Reader ("City Lights"), if Bob Roosen is really interested in preventing abortion, how about addressing the real problem: the one-in-five San Marcos High teen pregnancy rate, which is caused largely by ignorance (nine out of ten teen pregnancies are unintentional), with peer pressure, alcohol and drugs, and low self-esteem playing major roles. Maybe a little support and information for these young women before they get pregnant would be a better use of time than all the inflammatory pamphleteering. Or how about some help for those who choose to have their babies and are suddenly faced with the enormous financial, educational, and emotional problems of the unwed teenage mother? It seems as though the impressive wealth of the tax-exempt Catholic Church could be of some use in that regard; of course, it might not be as much fun.

Since Right-to-Lifers are justly famous for their tendency to harass, threaten, and injure those who have the temerity to disagree with them (firebombing, tire-slashing, and obscene phone calls being a few of the most popular tactics), I won't sign this letter, not wanting to put myself or my family at risk. However, Patton, Roosen, and their cronies should remember that approximately seventy percent of the American public (according to any and all polls taken on the subject) support Roe v. Wade.

The young women in San Marcos who choose abortion are making a decision; in the end, must be their own, based on their own convictions, beliefs, and feelings—not someone else's.

Name Withheld by Request **San Diego**

Stuck To Its Conception

After having seen a performance of Merrill's *Roll Along at U.C.* (continued on page 35)

CONTENTS

July 11, 1985

The Baby Came Early Science and humanity save and sustain a mother and her premature baby. By Stephanie Murphy	1
Letters	3
City Lights The mayor may or may not have a bodyguard, what's new in traffic schools, an artist files suit over a coat, Vietnamese try for unity, and more	4
Straight from the Hip It's a long toke and a daytime turn-on for Matthew Alice this week	6
Junkies, Clunkers, and Cash Local auto-wrecking yards get every last dime out of old cars. By Bob Owens	16
Comedy It takes courage as well as wit to pull off improvisational comedy. By John D'Agostino	22
Theater A play titled <i>Suds</i> has Jonathan Saville all in a tizzy at the Coronado Playhouse	25
Movies Clint Eastwood rides again, but not far. <i>Pale Rider</i> reviewed by Duncan Shepherd	26
More Theater Jeff Smith on stage	28
Restaurants Eleanor Widmer raves about an elegant new eatery in Tijuana	30
Quarter Notes Handel's <i>L'Allegro ed il Penseroso</i> in La Jolla, a baroque concert, and a musical series on KPBS-TV. By Jonathan Saville	32



Page 4

Highlights of Upcoming Events A weekend fundraiser for local jazz station KSDS-FM, the fifth annual Ramona rodeo, and a birthday bash for Balboa Park	1
Events Listings Dance, film, music, lectures, radio/television, sports, specials, for kids, galleries	2
Guide to the Theater	10
Music Scene Upcoming concerts, clubs, and performers	14
Current Movies Capsule reviews and complete directory	38



Page 1

Index to Specialized Display Advertising Automotive, real estate, restaurants, services, sports and fitness	1
Life in Hell Sea Village. By Matt Greening	29
Ernie Pook's Comeek This land is 'all's land. By Lynda J. Barry	31
The Reader Puzzle Hardcover. By Don Rubin	33
Off the Cuff If you had only five minutes to evacuate your home, what would you take? By Lin Jakary	35



Page 31

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VERIFIED

City Lights

Meanwhile, Back At The Ranch . . .

Smack in the middle of the Scripps Ranch community, the Meanley estate is an island of solitude amid the burgeoning I-15 corridor. It's also one of only a handful of parcels that rest squarely within the City of San Diego's far-flung boundaries yet remain unincorporated. So the former cattle ranch — with its sprawling Spanish-style home and a mammoth lake populated with ducks and coots — isn't affected by the vagaries of the city's land-use politics.

Scripps Ranch residents who cherish the urban oasis knew that would change when Meanley, daughter of newspaper publisher E.W. Scripps, died in 1981. The property was put up at auction, and community leaders figured the Irvine-based Donald L. Bren Co. would be the winning bidder at nine million dollars. Bren pledged to honor the Scripps Ranch community plan — a design for ideal growth put together by neighborhood residents — by



Bob Dingeman at Scripps Meanley estate

building no more than 500 residential units on the acreage and dedicating twenty-five percent of the property to open space. Bob Dingeman, president of the neighborhood's civic association, says Bren also concurred with residents' suggestion that Meanley's 96-year-old widow, Thomas, be allowed to live in the estate's 700-square-foot home for the rest of his life. But the Currie/Samuelson

development company entered the auction war and pushed the bidding to \$11.5 million. The Bren Company dropped out of the bidding. The winning bidders have told reporters that the Meanley estate will be transformed into a commercial/industrial complex. That's a disappointment to Dingeman, who says residents "never considered it would be industrial." Dingeman is more

troubled by the fact that Currie/Samuelson hasn't made public its plans for the property. Forty residents turned out for an April 16 meeting with the developer, but questions about the Meanley estate were politely brushed aside. A Currie/Samuelson

Right Off The Wall

Muralists always worry that their oversized, exposed creations will be faded by bright sun and dirtied by airborne soot. But sunlight and smog weren't artist Michael Schnorr's only concerns when he completed two large murals in San Diego's Chicano Park. Roosting atop the concrete pillars of the Coronado-San Diego Bay bridge — whose smooth sides served as Schnorr's outdoor canvas — were flocks of pigeons. The muralist also worried that angry Anglo youths might throw paint or acid on his artistic tributes to Mexican culture.

In late 1979 Schnorr's thirty-foot tall re-creation of the Aztec earth goddess Coatlicue was marred by vandals who splattered the mural with paint-filled balloons. After cleaning up the mess, Schnorr searched for a clear coating that would protect the murals from paint and pigeon droppings. He found what appeared to be the perfect solution at Frazee's paint store: an anti-graffiti sealant that, he says, was

spokesperson says the proposed low-rise business park, an extension of the company's Scripps Ranch business park, will be less dense than the 500 homes proposed by Bren and that an adequate "buffer" zone will protect the privacy of residents on cul-de-sacs bordering the Meanley estate. The joke and irony will stay. Residents' clamor for more details is "very, very premature," says the spokesperson, who promises that Currie/Samuelson will unveil specific plans sometime this summer.

The developer, though, has a better-defined timetable and has hired Peterson, Teague & Price — one of San Diego's premier land-use law firms — to convince the city council that the land should be annexed and the existing community plan altered to allow industrial development on the estate. Civic association president Dingeman says residents will be watching closely. "We're an active, informed, and visible community that makes our desires known very strongly," — P.K.

specifically recommended for mural-type artwork. Schnorr paid \$15 for five gallons of Vandl Guard, which he applied to the murals. A year later Schnorr learned that the murals had been defaced. The Vandl Guard shielded his artwork, but on closer inspection Schnorr noticed "something wrong with the murals' surfaces." Both the sealant and the paint, he says, had cracked into "a web of minute fractures . . . like the crackle glaze on an ancient Chinese vase."

Several other Chicano Park murals treated with Vandl Guard were similarly affected, and Schnorr, a Southwestern College art professor, drove to San Ysidro to check the mural he had painted on the community health center. "It was undergoing the same stress," he recalls. Yet other murals in Chicano Park, including those painted fifteen years ago by seminal artists Salvador Torres and Mario Torres, looked fine. "The only difference was that the unaffected murals were never covered with Vandl Guard," Schnorr says.

Artist complained to (continued on page 24)



Michael Schnorr with mural

I'm Here On A Scholarship, Anyway

For years, traffic school has been an eight-hour period of time spent in a yawning time warp, a place where minutes bend toward eternity. Instead of paying with one's time to wipe one's record clean, one feels as if one were paying with one's life. But not anymore. Times have changed. Since the California Department of Motor Vehicles gained regulatory control of traffic schools in January, schools have developed exotic programs to lure customers, and boredom is over. And prices, along with the competition in the business, have stiffened.

According to R. D. John, manager of the drivers' safety division of the local DMV, the laws that went into effect some six months ago required that all traffic schools be licensed. The schools now have to pay a \$150 registration fee with the department, submit a lesson plan of the material they routinely cover in their classes, pay a seventy-dollar fee for each location where they teach their classes, and submit to routine spot checks of their class's location. "We don't want them to do the YMCA with a dog dancing demonstration going on right next to them," John says.

And while these fees may be good for the DMV and its coffers, they have added to the costs of the schools. Before January, John says, it was possible to find traffic schools whose fee was as low as \$7.50, but now the minimum is thirteen dollars (San Diego Driving School) and the average is fifteen dollars, with some schools charging as much as twenty-five. And as the price varies with each school, so does the program offered. Rick Milford, owner of United Driving School and two other

similar businesses, is perhaps the most aggressive advertiser of the lot. His traffic school is regularly taught by a police officer who doubles as a kind of stand-up comic, and Milford's patrons are guaranteed plenty of yuks through two three-and-one-half-hour courses. In addition, Milford has also appeared on the Dave Dawson talk show on KSDO and advertises regularly. Although unwilling to disclose exact figures, Milford says that it's possible for someone like himself, who charges fifteen dollars for the class, to net as much as \$400 per week, per class. Milford schedules four classes per week.

Although Milford says his business is doing well and word has gotten out that his is the funniest class in town, his good luck may not last for long. His class's success may be due, in part, to the fact that his school is the first listed in the "traffic violator school licensing list" that the DMV has started to print quarterly and hand out to those who wish to go. A school's place on the list is decided by a lottery, and Milford worries that he may end up at the bottom the next time it is printed.

But Owen Michael, owner of the Lunch 'n' Learn School at Salmon House on the Bay, is not worried. She says that the new listing procedure hasn't hurt her business at all (she's fifth on the list) and says that there are plenty of people out there willing to pay her twenty-five-dollar fee, which includes a buffet all-you-can-eat lunch. There are several other schools on the list that charge as much (Sears Roebuck Traffic School, for example) and don't even offer lunch. But people will often opt for the school because the name is well known, she says. Michael used to have as many as five schools on the list, but is now down to two. The new DMV regulations require that (continued on page 24)



Illustration by Debbie Tilly

City Lights



Ngyuen Van Nghi

Yearning To Be Organized

It's been ten years since the first waves of Vietnamese refugees hit American shores, and now between forty and fifty separate Vietnamese organizations exist in San Diego. Last month, the long-held dream of bringing most of these organizations into an umbrella group was partially realized with the formation of the Vietnamese Federation of San Diego. "Our first purpose is to overcome the spirit of division that has existed among Vietnamese since the war," explains sixty-one-year-old Ngyuen Van Nghi, who was elected president of the federation two weeks ago.

"The forces in Vietnam tried to divide us in order to control us. Colonialism, capitalism, communism. We don't understand each other very well, we don't trust each other very well since the war. The spirit of division still exists." After nearly two years of organizing, the federation has proven at least one thing: it's going to take a lot more time to size its goal of unifying the Vietnamese community. Many Vietnamese organizations refused to join the federation. One of the biggest and most powerful of the nonjoiners, the Vietnamese American Women's Association, headed by Theresa Do, who is an unusually outspoken leader in the Vietnamese community. "I've dreamed of having something like this for years. But we need something of real value, something Americans can respect. I feel very disappointed."

Nghi, the federation president, says one of his first priorities is persuading Do and her group to enter the fold. "In the beginning she was very active, and she contributed money [to the organizing process]," explains Nghi, who was a high school principal and teacher in Nha Trang, 300 miles north of Saigon, before coming to the U.S. in May of 1975. "I don't know why Theresa Do didn't join."

Do has her reasons. She says many of the organizations that joined the federation are actually just committees, with very few members. Several of the organizations are headed by the same person, whose close allies are now delegates in the federation's seventy-person ruling body. (Forty-two delegates were appointed by their member organizations; twenty-eight were elected by vote of the Vietnamese public.) "At least half the delegates have never been involved with the Vietnamese community before, and never expressed any concern or interest," says Do. She was one of seven people (and the only woman) who were elected to the steering committee charged with organizing the federation, and Do says she insisted that potential delegates be screened for their background and reasons for wanting to serve. "But they [the steering committee] don't think that way, and they disagreed with me. So they held meetings separately without me, and things like that make me mad. So I quietly got out. It's operating just like in Vietnam."

The seventy delegates elected the federation's officers in late June, but Do says the group's leaders already had a list of the people to be elected officers. "Just like in Vietnam, I could have told you three months ago who would be president and vice president, and the rest. I hate to say it about Vietnamese, my people, but the truth is the truth." Do

also contends that the federation's main source of funding — the U.S. State Department's government refugee assistance program — "You watch, they'll apply for grant money, refugees helping refugees, but the money will go to the friends and relatives of the people organizing the programs. Everyone will get jobs helping the refugees, but the refugees will get little help. They've done that in the past, some of these same people. We have lots of refugees who need help, not those people."

Federation president Nghi, who has been active in community affairs (particularly in government-funded organizations) for almost ten years, says one of the group's goals is to educate Vietnamese children in how to read and write Vietnamese, and in Vietnamese history. "As long as you can think as a free Vietnamese, you can keep the idea of a free Vietnam alive," says Nghi. "That's what we tell our children." Subcommittees have also been set up to institute job training programs in association with Vietnamese businessmen. He considers the federation's membership to be a good resource for helping the Vietnamese community. This includes the Vietnamese Professional Association, made up mostly of engineers; the Vietnamese Association of



Theresa Do

Physicians; the Vietnamese Pharmacists Association; three student organizations; the Vietnamese Boy Scouts; the Vietnamese Association of Auto Mechanics; the Vietnamese Youth and Martial Arts Association; the Vietnamese Air Force (continued on page 35)

Have Gun, Will Hang Around

For the last seven weeks, senior police officer Larry Gossnell's near-constant presence at city hall and assigned civic functions has been a clouded in ambiguity. Gossnell's official role, according to Assistant Police Chief Bob Burgreen, is to provide "building security" at city hall, specifically the three floors occupied by the city council, the mayor's office, and the city manager's office; he's also present at all meetings of the city council, as well as

those of the four main council committees. The armed, plainclothes Gossnell's city hall assignment, Burgreen adds, came about as the personal request of Assistant City Manager John Lockwood. Lockwood himself says that over the last few years he had been told of a growing number of thefts and other "minor incidents" around city hall, and his request for a full-time police guard — which led to Gossnell's May 20 transfer from a desk job at police headquarters downtown — was simply a way of "beefing up security in general."

That's not entirely accurate. True, Gossnell does earn his \$29,000-a-year salary by keeping a close watch on city council and committee meetings, but even casual observers may have noticed that his eyes, more often than not, are affixed on Mayor Roger Hedgecock. And when the meetings are over, Gossnell

doesn't bide his time walking down the hallways of city hall, carefully checking doorknobs and peering into vacant offices; instead, he generally accompanies Hedgecock wherever the mayor might go. He's just a few steps behind Hedgecock on the mayor's weekly neighborhood walks. He's been seen driving the mayor to and from a weekly average of about five or six other functions. And on July 3, when the mayor rode the San Diego Trolley down to the border for a meeting with Tijuana Mayor Rene Trevino, Gossnell followed in his unmarked police car and then picked up the mayor, rushing

(continued on page 34)



Illustration by David Tate

STRAIGHT FROM THE HIP By Matthew Alice

Dear Matthew Alice: I enjoy cooking. Not all of my culinary creations meet my guests' expectations, however. I have a theory about these hats. You won't find it in any history books, but I'll stand behind my theory because it's based on (a) historical fact, (b) human nature, and (c) the unerring Alicean instinct for truth. I think the chef's hat — known as a toque — was invented by a short chef. It is undeniably true that the hats used to be taller than they are now, sometimes reaching two or more feet in height. Even as recently as fifty years ago the height of the toque was in fact a direct indication of the status of the chef beneath it — the higher the hat, the more important the chef. One also must remember that chefs have great egos; short chefs (short people being what they are) have even greater egos. Naturally, a self-inflated short chef felt far superior if his toque towered above the heads of his minions in the kitchen. Thus the headdress.

There may be a few of you who don't believe me (probably short people). That's all right. This is not one of history's most momentous topics, anyway. But history does show that the toque came into being in Europe in the Sixteenth or Seventeenth century (history is a bit murky on precise details). France can



Illustration by Rick Gray

probably lay claim to its development, though Italy, as the source of Europe's second great cuisine, is in the running. But the first illustrations of chefs wearing toques are of Frenchmen; Italian chefs of that time usually wore a flat hat called a pizzoccolo. This must have occurred in the late 1500s, because that was the first time being a chef was considered a serious occupation. If there was an official Chef's Uniform Committee, its roster has been lost over the years. But what was worn by chefs in the Sixteenth Century is still being worn today: white apron and coat, checkered pants, black shoes, a napkin around the neck (to catch the perspiration dripping down under the collar — chefs can stand the heat in the kitchen), and of course the toque. The only appreciable change is that the toque used to be black, not white. The uniform varies somewhat from country to country now, but the toque itself is almost universal in distribution.

Dear Matthew Alice: The Coronado Bridge is an imposing structure, admittedly, and is pretty hard to ignore. That's why I was wondering why in the dickens the lights were blazing away on it the other day, in the middle of the day. Surely it wasn't so some battle-ship wouldn't run into it. It's bad enough that we have to pay \$1.20 every time we want to cross it — now they're wasting our taxpayer dollars lighting the thing up during the day. Why?

Concerned Citizen
Coronado
I suppose the answer would be that it's too expensive to pay electricians to work at night. Or perhaps it's that they do what they do better (or more safely) during the daytime. Either way, the bridge was ablaze with light the other day so that electricians could see which bulbs needed replacing.

dium vapor lamps — bright, fancy, expensive bulbs, to be sure, but light bulbs nevertheless. And light bulbs need to be replaced, of course, except for the one up in a fire station in northern California that's supposedly been burning since 1901. The bulbs on our bridge need replacing more often, about every two years. So periodically the lights are switched on, the electricians go out on the deck, and any burned-out or feeble bulbs are replaced. Makes a much nicer post card ("Coronado Bridge by night") if all the lights work, instead of having blank spaces, don't you think?

And by the way, the lights are governed by a photoelectric cell that switches them on when the light level falls below a certain point in the evening (or during an eclipse) and off after the sun comes up. If it gets foggy, the lights can be turned on manually from the toll plaza.

I guess I shouldn't have done it without drinking a cup of coffee. In my column of June 6, in which I explained how coffee is freeze dried, I got a little muddled (it was late at night when I wrote the thing). I noted that blocks of frozen coffee are placed in vacuum chambers, where the pressure is raised and the temperature lowered, resulting in the dehydrated product. Of course this is incorrect — the pressure is lowered, not raised, during this procedure. Alex Conser and Phil Cushing were the only readers who caught my mental lapse, or at least were the only ones who bothered to let me know I wasn't perfect. Thanks, guys. □

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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Baby

(continued from page 1)

within their home. In contrast, when things started to go wrong for me and my husband and our unborn child last November, we were total innocents, and so of course we passively delivered ourselves to the experts.

Patricia and Sam Frustaci had months in which to prepare themselves for the recent premature birth of their septuplets in Orange County. My husband and I had about fifty-four hours. This is not enough time, not when a pregnancy brings as much joy and excitement as ours brought us. In our marriage, years had passed in which a child would have intruded, unwanted. But slowly our feelings had changed. When we first began trying to conceive, I still felt ambivalent. But every barren month that passed, my disappointment intensified. We consulted fertility specialists, had tests. I was scheduled to undergo surgery that we hoped would help us, when we learned that I was pregnant, after two years of trying.

So the greatest pleasure of this pregnancy was our absolute certainty that we wanted it. We had lived through a vision of childlessness and found it bleak. Another pleasure was my seeming good health; morning sickness never bothered me. Toward the end of my sixth month, I was writing in my journal about how good I felt, how thrilling labor seemed, three months away. "I'm not close enough to it to worry too much or be physically uncomfortable," I recorded. "I feel intensely in love with Steve. . . .



Every night, settling down to sleep, with the warmth of him next to me and the baby inside, brings me uncountable pleasure, and waking up to snuggle for a few moments in the morning is the coziest, sweetest time I've ever known."

Thirteen days after I wrote that, a warm fluid began to seep out from deep within me. I happened to be out on the campus of San Diego State and I rushed to the nearest bathroom. The liquid was clear and sweet-smelling, and I knew it was amniotic fluid (the liquid in which the baby is suspended). Later that afternoon, when I finally reached my gynecologist on the phone, he tried to calm my fears, suggesting that maybe it was mucus

or urine. He told me to stay in bed, as still as possible, and to come to his office the next morning.

Throughout the night, the liquid continued to leak out, a few table-spoons at a time, and my horror pooled, and grew. My gynecologist's confirmation the next morning that it was indeed amniotic fluid was unnecessary; I knew that my baby's safe harbor was draining out of me, and I felt wild with despair, with incredulity. My doctor, David Priver, took samples of the fluid to be sent for laboratory analysis; a test would tell us something about how far developed the baby's lungs were after only six months of gestation, a crucial question, since once out of the womb, a

baby must breathe to live; underdevelopment of the lungs is the biggest killer of premature babies. Priver also conducted a sonogram, and from the ghostly images on the screen he guessed that the baby weighed about two pounds. Finally, a sample of my blood was drawn to see whether I showed signs of some infection, the most common culprit behind this "premature rupture of the membranes."

Priver sat behind his desk and gave us his blunt prediction: I would probably go into labor within twenty-four hours. The same question seemed to arise from both Steve and me simultaneously. If the baby survived the birth, what would be its chances of a

normal, healthy life? Priver looked grim and said he would be frank with us, that with a child born that small and that early, there was significant risk it would suffer some impairment. But he hastened to add that before the birth — if there were to be one — we would speak with one of the neonatologists from Children's Hospital who could explain to us in detail what we faced. A neonatologist would be with us in the delivery room, and would be prepared to make a split-second evaluation of whether the baby's life was truly viable. "I've talked to all those guys and I know where they're coming from philosophically," Priver said. We wouldn't have to suffer through the ordeal of a Baby Doe-type situation, in which the parents had met with resistance to their desire to avoid heroic interventions to save their grossly handicapped infant.

Priver's words comforted us both, but somehow they seemed to grow more and more distant the next day, after our arrival at Sharp Hospital. I had spent the night at home, in bed, trying to remain immobile, trying to will the placenta inside my body to heal, but by late the next morning my pulse and temperature had begun to climb, as had the baby's heartbeat (we had borrowed an electronic stethoscope from a midwife friend). At the hospital, a fetal monitor confirmed that labor had begun, but after an hour or so, Priver said that my cervix had barely dilated. The baby's skull was probably too fragile to protect adequately against brain damage during a long and arduous vaginal delivery, so the doctors would take the baby by Caesarean section, as soon as possible.

The appearance of neonatologist Larry Johnsard moments before I

went into the delivery room seemed to me almost an afterthought on his part. In addition, he made no mention of any split-second delivery-room decisions; instead, all he seemed to talk about was how little he could tell us about what would happen either to us or to our baby. One thing we could count on, he said, was for things not to go smoothly; tiny premature babies almost always experienced precipitous ups and downs. We should brace ourselves for the baby to remain in the hospital until about the time of its due date, three months hence.

We asked about the baby's chances of survival and, even more urgently, what chance it would have of a normal life, and to each such question the neonatologist seemed to shrug his shoulders; indeed, to me it seemed as if he were offended by our hunger for such numbers. "I really don't like to talk statistics," he demurred. "I just don't think it's fair to you or your baby." Resentment and hostility flared up within me; the doctor seemed cavalier, patronizing, almost impatient with the delays caused by our questions. I finally blurted out what had been gnawing at me: didn't my husband and I have some decisions to make in the midst of this crisis? Not really, the neonatologist told us.

The hour that followed, the Caesarean section, was a vortex of fear and pain. At some point I had begun to wish, secretly, that my baby would be a boy, and I remember a brief stab of elation at the news of his sex. I remember the shock of hearing a tiny voice pierce the delivery room, crying. Later, right before they rushed him away, voices urged me to look at my son. I was shaking violently, and the drugs they had given me made it hard to focus my eyes. I know I

looked where they directed, but today I have no memory of what I saw.

Later I learned that my husband, Steve, had accompanied the baby on the long journey through the corridors that connect Sharp Hospital's maternity ward with Children's Hospital's Newborn Intensive Care Unit (NICU). The baby, already connected to a half-dozen wires and tubes, rode within a portable incubator that blinked and beeped like a robot of science fiction. When Steve finally reported back to me in the recovery room, I was surprised to hear a note of chellence in his report of how the baby had shaken his clenched fists and kicked his tiny legs. "He was bright red, and he was angry!" When Steve saw this, he said, he felt that the baby wasn't about to die.

That evening Steve also was introduced to the procedures in Children's Hospital's NICU, where our son had been placed. I wasn't able to tolerate the fifteen-minute trek there until early the next afternoon, and when Steve finally wheeled me over and explained where to check in with the receptionist, where to obtain a surgical gown, where to wash my hands, I felt like a novice in some frantic, underground society.

This was a place of intense, concentrated activity, one of those places too densely crammed with sights and sounds for the newcomer to be able to perceive all of that with which he is being bombarded. It is a place bustling with people in hospital gowns, up to a dozen and a half nurses and ten doctors at a time, plus technicians and receptionists and custodians and visitors. Alarms sound routinely here, every minute or two, announcing that this baby's heart rate is dropping, that

that one has stopped breathing, that one of the dozens of intravenous lines has ceased to flow. Rock music churns in the background, syncopated by the buzz of phones. This is a page out of *Brave New World*, not a nursery.

Through this turmoil, Steve led me to our baby, a tiny red figure lying flat on his back, arms and legs splayed wide. "What a nice face he has," I thought. "Nick white tape obscured part of it, tape that was holding some of the tubes in place. His eyes were closed. But his features looked delicate and well formed, his eyes large and deep-set, his head covered with a fuzzy haze of red-gold hair. His face sustained me."

I could look at it and imagine what a strong and handsome face it might become, and somehow that allowed me not to see him coldly objectively, as a three-month-premature baby, which is good, because that sight is one of the most pathetic, most heart-breaking in the world. Newborn premature babies look a lot like the babies starving in Africa, with their outstretched heads and visible rib cages — except a very premature baby is so stunningly tiny. My son was one inch longer than a schoolkid's ruler, and he weighed two pounds, five ounces.

He looked, on the one hand, astonishingly human, with tiny, perfect hands and toes, tiny, perfect fingernails and toenails. On the other hand, the machinery made him look like an alien creature. The tape on his face held in place a tube that ran into his mouth and down into his lungs, aiding with his breathing. Another tube, entering his nose, was used to suction secretions in his lungs. Five separate electronic probes, some wider than his hand-span, were glued to his body, (continued on page 10)

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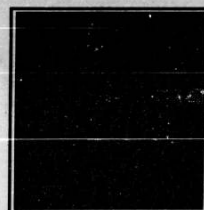
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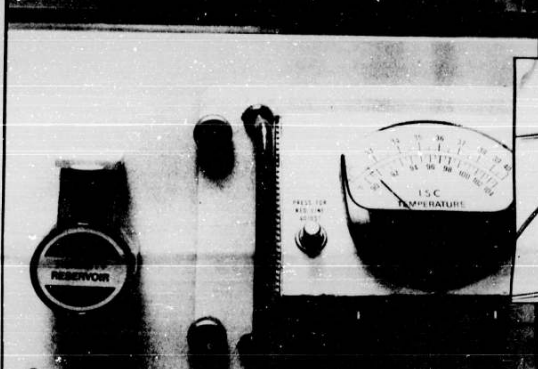
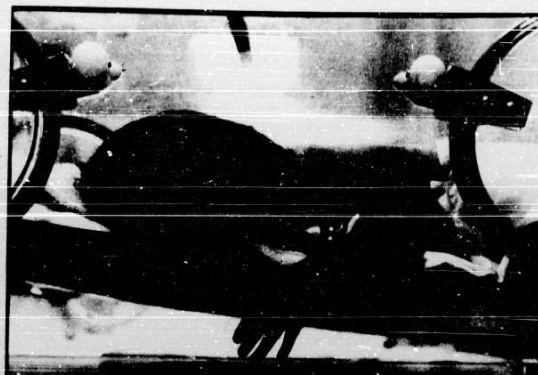
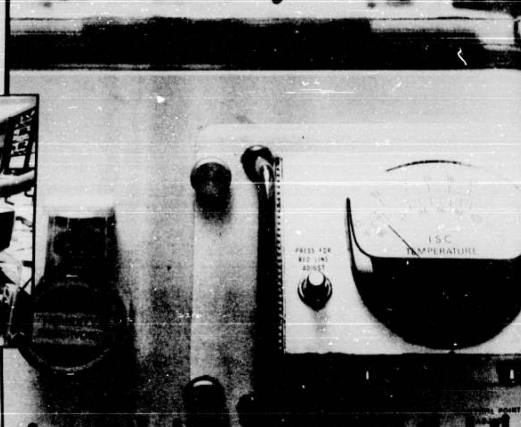
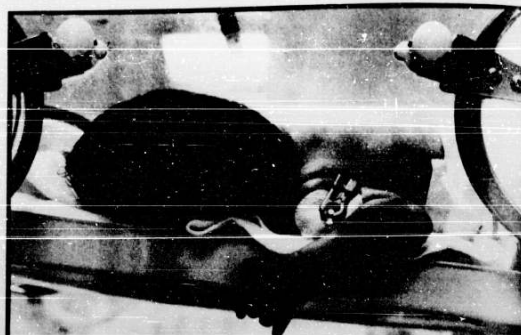
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All photos taken at Children's Hospital NKU



Baby

(continued from page 5)

sensing his heartbeat, respiration, body temperature, and blood-oxygen levels. An intravenous line had been sewed into a blood vessel in his navel to act as a high-tech umbilical cord; blood samples would come out through this line while nutrients and fresh blood would enter him through it. Most pathetic of all were the cloth restraints that pinned his wrists to the bed, preventing him from grasping at the equipment which invaded him.

Somehow all the machinery seemed to siphon attention away from the baby. The machinery was lively, flashing numbers and emitting noises; the baby, on the other hand, lay as still as something washed up from the sea, half-drowned. Steve and the baby's nurse eagerly explained to me each machine's function, and not long after they had finished, it seemed time to

return to my hospital room at Sharp. Adrenaline buoyed us; I felt amazed that both the baby and I were alive. I also felt warmed every time a friend would call and congratulate us (instead of offering condolences). Although Steve and I had not expected to pick a name for another two months, we quickly settled upon "Michael." It sounded strong and normal.

The next morning was a Monday. Steve had to work, so an aide wheeled me over to the NICU alone. This time at Michael's bedside I found even more machinery and a cluster of people; someone explained that a cardiologist was using an ultrasound machine to examine the baby's heart. As big as a small forklift, the machine squealed and panted like some demon, while complex waves pulsed on various screens. Only the cardiologist and her assistant were paying any attention to the testing — I know that now — but at that moment it seemed as if a crowd of strangers was gazing at my baby's innermost essence. No one ever should have seen this part of him, not even me, and I felt depths of sorrow.

Eventually the doctor and the ultrasound machine completed their tasks, and finally I could pull up a stool and sit next to the baby. He lay on a mattress on a metal platform underneath electric coils that radiated heat. Sheets of clear plastic surrounded the platform to contain the warmth, but I could lift the plastic to touch him gently and talk to him. I tried this, said hello to him and asked him how he was doing, and suddenly I felt as if everyone in the room was watching me, witnessing my crude, blundering attempts to act like a mother. Every time I said something to Michael, waves of something like shame flooded me and I found myself compulsively sneaking glances all around me, to see who was looking. I wanted to hide, to take my baby and hide with him, and hold him, and instead it felt as if we both were naked and on display.

Gradually these feelings subsided. Within a day, or two I began to learn how the doctors and nurses were talking about my baby, through the medium of the machines. Children's Hospital's NICU has a policy

whereby every parent of a child in intensive care may visit or telephone the unit at any time of the day or night, and as I began visiting and calling, the machines surrounding Michael gradually stopped being a shiny jumble of garbage and started taking on some individuality, like characters in a play.

There were, for example, the "bili lights," banks of blue-white light aimed at Michael, so bright that he had to be blindfolded. I learned that the bili lights were there because Michael had jaundice; that is, his immature liver was failing to break down a toxic substance in his blood called bilirubin. The lights were supposed to help his body break this down. We could tell how well this was working from daily tests of the bilirubin levels in his blood.

So when we called or visited, one of the questions we could ask was, "How is his bilirubin level today?" They could answer this question. They would say, "It was thirteen." "It was eleven." or "It stayed the same" — still nine. We learned that when it reached seven or eight, the doctors did nothing about it, when

away. I learned about the respirator that was inserted down into Michael's lungs within moments of his birth. Many premature babies need such assistance because their immature lungs lack surfactant, a fluid coating that keeps them from collapsing when they exhale; every breath then becomes a terrible struggle. Michael's major respiratory problem, however, was a tendency to forget to breathe. This condition, called apnea, also is extremely common in premature babies; the centers in their brains that control breathing are simply immature. As explained to me, the respirator was giving Michael enough of a boost to insure that his body was getting enough oxygen.

I learned that the respirator had two important components. First, the nurses could adjust the percentage of oxygen that the machine was putting into his lungs. Normal air is composed of twenty-one percent oxygen, but for many premature babies that isn't enough. They need to breathe in a higher percentage of oxygen in order to wind up with enough in their

blood. Some need as much as a hundred percent oxygen (a very bad situation, since too much oxygen is poisonous to humans; one common complication of breathing this much oxygen is eye damage, even blindness). Michael never needed much more than about thirty-five percent oxygen, and from hour to hour the nurses would try to decrease that amount (checking the oxygen levels in his blood to see if he was tolerating the weaning process).

The other variable of the respirator was the number of breaths per minute it could give to the baby — anywhere from 150 down to four. The constant goal was also to reduce this number, to wean the baby off the respirator entirely.

So we could also always ask, "What percentage of oxygen is he getting?" and "How many breaths a minute?" These questions they could answer with ease.

But it didn't take me long to figure out that there were some questions it would do no good to ask, not then. Will he be blind? Deaf? (We couldn't

Baby

(continued from page 11)

even begin to test his sight and hearing for several weeks.) Will he be mentally retarded? Physically incapacitated? (It would be months if not years before we could make these predictions.) What emotional scars does it leave upon someone to come into the world three months early, to have one's first experiences of the world be those of prolonged suffering and pain?

Those questions haunted me, but if they had no answers, the answers we did receive the first two weeks were encouraging. Although the heart sonogram showed that one of the little blood vessels outside Michael's heart failed to close properly, treatment with a drug seemed to correct the problem within a few days. Better still, head scans revealed no signs that the trauma of birth had caused bleeding in his brain, a major cause of cerebral palsy. Five days after he was born, he somehow yanked the respirator tubes out of his lungs, and he did well without the breathing assistance. Eight days after his birth, one of the nurses let me wash him (with moistened cotton balls), and for the first time since his birth I heard him cry — miniature, high-pitched squeals. The same nurse let me hold him inside the warmer, cradling in my arms his whole assembly of heaters and wires and gauges. Steve held the oxygen tube near his face, and Michael looked at me, his eyes as large and blue as those of the fetus in 2007. He



Michael at home, April, 1985

grasped my finger with his tiny hand, and as I talked to him, he seemed calmer.

Within days he moved from the open warmer into an incubator (nowadays they call them isolettes). The nurses routinely began inserting a tube down into his stomach and giving him tiny amounts of the breast milk I was pumping — starting with a sixth of an ounce every three hours, and ever so gradually increasing the quantity. Two weeks after Michael's birth, Dr. Johnson told me he thought Michael was doing "superbly." We tried to tell ourselves not to relax, not to start to feel confident. But at night, after a couple of glasses of wine, we also started to talk about how a gentle birth probably wasn't all that important, and how — if he survived the hospital unscathed — he might even be better off for having gotten his head start on the real world.

sufficient, she would snap her finger against the bottom of his feet. Invariably, this worked. You could see him take a deep breath and the pink glow would return.

In the NICU slang, these spells were "A's and B's," for apnea (the failure to breathe), and bradycardia (the slowing of the heartbeat that usually accompanied the apnea). And so the pattern of our daily questions changed. "How many A's and B's did we have?" became the first thing out of our mouths. Some eight-hour shifts would pass with one or two, then he'd have six, seven, nine. We'd been warned that this might happen, warned that time and time again a tiny preemie would do splendidly for a week or two, then would seem to tire out and would once again need the machine to help him breathe. Warnings cannot adequately prepare one for such a setback, and depression engulfed both of us. I wept daily. But after a week of watching Michael's struggle, of watching him turn dusky over and over again, I felt almost relieved when on December 11, twenty-four days after he was born, he went back on the respirator once again.

The next day he looked visibly pinker and more rested. The day after that he looked awful, with a 102-degree fever, his stomach distended. The staff began to fear he might have contracted some hospital-bred infection and so they began a grueling series of tests: of his blood, his urine, his spinal fluid. The next five days he steadily improved, then at 7:30 one morning we received a call from the neonatologist on duty in the NICU. He told us that during the night Michael's heartbeat had begun dropping — and the nurse couldn't rouse him,

until finally the team had taken out the respirator tube and replaced it with another one. Perhaps the first time he had gotten clogged with mucus (completely cutting off Michael's air supply) or perhaps some other problem was developing. We would have to wait and see. With that incident, Michael went from needing six ventilations per minute of room air to twenty breaths per minute of air containing fifty-five percent oxygen.

Slowly, painstakingly, the weaning process began again. Steve and I spent Christmas Eve and part of Christmas Day in the NICU. Our best present came the day after Christmas, when the staff judged that once again Michael was ready to try breathing unaided. He weighed three pounds, two and a half ounces. Steve and I had been told that someday, before he could come home, he would probably move over to the less-intense "special care nursery" at Sharp Hospital. But the day Michael came off the respirator for the second time, we couldn't imagine his ever leaving the NICU.

I often marvel at how quickly human beings adjust to their environments. In a few weeks, the NICU had become as familiar as home, which is strange, considering that it has to rank as one of the most unnatural places in

the world. Here people, in effect, are growing babies in artificial wombs. Here there is no day or night. The bright lights shine ceaselessly, and when we question whether that's good for the babies, the staff responds that they need to see whether the babies are changing color, a much better indication of distress than any machine. The noise of the telephones and the alarms combines with radio station B-100. I wondered if classical music might not be better for the babies, but I held my tongue; aggressive, hard-driving rock seemed so appropriate for the NICU nurses.

Over the weeks, I met dozens upon dozens of these young women (and all were women, and most were young, just as all five of Children's staff neonatologists are middle-age men). Michael seemed to have three new nurses (one for each shift) every day. Some were chatty and some were impassive. Some were aloof, though a much higher percentage were so maternal and sympathetic that their warmth would bring tears to my eyes. Far more striking than their differences, however, were the things they had in common. Like air traffic controllers, they thrived on having three things to do at any given moment, in an atmosphere of imminent crisis. Be-

cause they have to make minute-by-minute decisions, the NICU nurses work more independently of doctors than nurses in other areas of medicine. They are far more important in the lives of their tiny charges than are the babies' own parents, and I think the nurses know this, and like it.

If the nurses are the front-line troops of the NICU, hopped up and elbow-deep in the mundanities of caring for very tiny, very sick babies, the neonatologists are the generals. Once a day they and various other key medical personnel would float from one isolette to the next, pondering each baby's case, making strategic decisions in a manner that looked calm and measured and judicious (parents were required to retreat to some distance during these "rounds"). The vast majority of the time I talked not with the neonatologists but with one of the three nurse-clinicians. Donna Brandon. Brandon was more like a diplomat than a soldier. She knew what the neonatologists were planning, and she could work shoulder-to-shoulder with the nurses, but she also was our main source of information about Michael's overall status. Almost every day I besieged her with dozens of questions, and she answered them patiently. Slowly, day by day, I began

to get an insight into the frontiers of medicine, of how imprecise it is, how dependent upon trial and error — of how, even when something "works," now many questions never get answered.

One day I had another insight into modern American medicine. It suddenly struck me that this experience in the NICU was the only time in my life I'd ever been in a place where everyone acted as if the cost of things were irrelevant. Almost everything, no matter how shiny and sturdy-looking, was used once and thrown away, or so it seemed. No one ever so much as mentioned the price of anything — be it alcohol wipes or brain scans — because price was never a consideration in whether to do something. Not that I wanted to know what Michael's care was costing us. Steve's private insurance covered everything except the first \$500, but it still terrified me utterly to hear what those expenses were, the hospital bill alone — not including doctors' fees — for just the first nine days was more than \$25,000. Other babies who lacked private insurance were substantially covered by state and federal funds. Steve commented that the NICU was the most democratic place

(continued on page 14)



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Baby

(continued from page 13)

he'd ever known, here you could find a Mexican farmworker's baby next to a La Jolla lawyer's baby, both receiving the most sophisticated medical care on earth, administered by people to whom money seemed to be no object.

We guessed that some of the other parents were farmworkers, though we never knew for sure. Throughout all the weeks, we never really got to know any of the other parents. I yearned to talk to some of them; it seemed as though no one could really understand what I was experiencing except for someone in the same position. But we never made the connections; we weren't there at the same times or were too shy to step up and introduce ourselves. But even though the other parents were shadowy figures, flitting in and out of the background, their babies were always there, and Steve and I talked about them daily, and came to care about them. The nurses and the doctors all knew what was wrong with each baby, but they didn't share the daily news with us; some unspoken code seemed to proscribe this. Still, Steve and I could read the posted names of the babies located near Michael, and by eavesdropping on the nurses, we got a vague idea of which were seriously ill, which were thriving.

All the books about premature babies I was reading warned me not to compare Michael with the other babies, but the comparisons were inevitable. For weeks upon weeks it seemed as if he were the tiniest baby in sight; baby after baby moved in, stayed for a few days, then moved out, while we remained. Then one day in early January I came in to find a new baby occupying the open warmer next to Michael's isolette. He was a boy, twenty-six or twenty-seven weeks (gestational age), and he weighed two and a half pounds — very close to what Michael had been. Seven and a half weeks had passed since Michael's birth — and already it was hard for me to believe that Michael had ever looked so raw, so horribly fragile, like a broken baby bird. That day, weighing four pounds and two ounces, my son looked plump, even robust, and I knew that soon we would be leaving the NICU.

It actually took two more weeks, time in which Michael began learning to drink his breast milk from a bottle (instead of having the nurses pour it into his stomach through a tube). Laboriously he would suck half an ounce and fall asleep. He would choke, turn blue, set off the heart alarms. It took nine days to get him to consume his full quota: one and one-third ounces. Four days later we got permission for him to feed at my breast for the first time; and later that day Michael once again rode in a "transport incubator" through the corridors that connect Children's with Sharp Hospital, where he checked into the special care nursery.

I hated the Sharp nursery that first

day. I didn't recognize any of the nurses, didn't know to whom I could turn for information. The place seemed sterile and tomblike. Being there reminded me of what had happened when we were there two months earlier. I was forced to relive the trauma of Michael's birth.

But it took only a day or two for me to see that I had grown addicted to the maelstrom of the NICU, that the Sharp nursery — clean, quiet, orderly — was a much better place for babies. Here, if all went well, Michael only would need to practice drinking his meals orally to grow a little plumper.

All didn't go well. Five days after entering the Sharp nursery, Michael's skin suddenly began looking as if it had been washed with a yellow stain. Tests showed that his blood contained a very high level of bilirubin. Once again he had jaundice. But unlike the jaundice that had afflicted him immediately after birth, this jaundice was frightening. Michael's liver wasn't working properly, and this time the doctors didn't know why. Once again the neonatologists were demanding blood, urine. Once again they ordered ultrasound tests, and then they called in more doctors, specialists in baby gastrointestinal systems. The experts ordered yet more exotic tests; technicians injected radioactive particles into one of Michael's veins and watched a screen to see that the particles passed through the liver and out into his bile tract.

The doctors finally concluded that Michael's liver probably had been irritated by some of the intravenous fluids he had been given in the NICU.

This happened fairly often, about fifteen percent of the time, and Michael's jaundice would probably just go away, they guessed. Since his bottle feedings were improving, suddenly everyone was talking about when to discharge him. We picked him up from the hospital February 16, two days short of his due date. He was five pounds, four ounces, and three months old.

It took twenty minutes to drive from Children's Hospital to our home, but it took months to leave the hospital behind. Weeks passed before I could bring myself to stop keeping hourly records, like a nurse, of everything from Michael's temperature to his bowel movements. It took me even longer to stop worrying obsessively about every single milliliter of milk he failed to consume; not until we finally switched over to complete breastfeeding was I able to begin to relax, as Michael steadily gained weight. We came home from the hospital with a rented machine that monitored his heartbeats and respirations. Every night we connected Michael to it with a soft rubber belt which we fastened around his chest with Velcro tabs. When three and a half months passed with no significant apnea spells, we finally returned the monitor. Recently Michael went back to the hospital for day surgery on a hernia, another ailment that commonly plagues preemies. The scar from that is fast fading.

Other signs of his experience will take longer to recede. X rays of his lungs still show some mild damage, but unlike adults, babies can grow

new lung tissue, and we expect that Michael's should heal by the time he's two years old. Another legacy of Michael's prematurity visible to sharp observers is the shape and size of his head, large in comparison to the rest of his body and flattened on the sides (by the pressure of lying on the sides for three months, instead of being supported uniformly in the womb). Michael also still is very small, though our pediatrician thinks he will catch up to the normal size range by the end of this year. He cried and fretted throughout most of his first months at home; preemies are notable for their early irritability.

At the same time, we've been so lucky. His eyesight and hearing seem to be fine, and he's been very healthy. The jaundice has disappeared. He's an alert, bright-eyed baby who smiles readily, huge delighted grins that brighten up the whole room. He's active and vigorous and he's doing most of the things done by babies his age (minus three months): reaching for and gumming things, creeping and rolling over, babbling.

It will be years before we can definitively answer whether Michael's prematurity has hurt his development. The scientific studies that exist aren't

much help in making predictions. For one thing, there aren't a whole lot of them; just ten years ago, most babies born three months early simply died. One of the major studies that have been done indicates that only about five percent of very early, very small preemies suffer severe developmental handicaps — but many (an additional thirty-five percent) develop milder problems such as learning and behavioral disorders, lack of physical coordination, or hyperactivity. To complicate things still further, a host of factors appear to influence the odds, including everything from the parents' socioeconomic levels to whether or not the baby was on a respirator.

I never asked that one nurse in the NICU why she would let her (hypothetical) premature baby die, but I assume she had to be thinking of all the things that can (and do) go wrong. I know she was aware of how nightmarish, horribly wrong things become once in a while, as they had for one of the NICU's little patients. Born only two months prematurely, he had progressed quite well until he had developed an infection that put him back on the respirator, whereupon his lung disease failed to improve. For a year and a half. At eighteen months, he

had spent his entire life in the NICU, and was still on a respirator. When Michael was there, this baby's family members were preparing themselves for the homecoming of the little boy — and all his medical equipment, including the breathing machine.

Another nurse, whose mother was a social worker specializing in the mentally retarded, told me that her mother had never forgiven her for choosing to work with the tiny preemies. "She says, 'Your patients today are my clients in the future,'" the nurse said. When Michael was still in the hospital and I didn't know if he would be mentally retarded, when I didn't know if he too would develop some infection that would lead to chronic lung disease, I seethed at the circumstances that had trapped Steve and me into facing such terrifying prospects.

But what would I have done differently, even if someone had been brutally honest with me, had said, "Once you enter that hospital, they're going to cut you open and take your baby away from you for a very long time, and when they finally give him back there's at least a forty percent chance he'll be damaged"? Even if I had known that, I don't see how I could have stayed home and delivered Mi-

chael alone, to die. And once I was in the hospital, how could the doctors have acted differently? Not knowing precisely what the consequences of their interventions might be, how could they do other than to employ their skills and hope for the best? I've been thinking about this ever since Michael was born, and I don't have any other answers. Technology has forced us to play these games with these babies' lives, yet at every turn we have only one move.

Since Michael's birth, several friends and acquaintances have called him a "miracle baby." Every time I hear the phrase, I squirm. Miracles are supposed to be instantaneous and inexplicable and free. What we lived through cost more than a quarter of a million dollars and involved three months of round-the-clock care by dozens of people who were among the most skilled, dedicated, and hardworking I've ever known. There are other times, too, however, when I'm holding Michael close to me and he looks at me with his big blue eyes and his face lights up and I am overcome with love. Then I think maybe I don't know the meaning of the word miracle.

Stephanie Murphy is a pseudonym.

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JUNKERS, CLUNKERS, AND CASH

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Sign at Otay Mesa



Street & Sons



Street & Sons

"I'll admit that automobile junk yards — wrecking yards — used to depress me. The emotion was a hangover from the time some years ago when I was searching for a part (in the dim past you had to locate and remove the part yourself) in a New Jersey yard and came across a 1949 gray Plymouth sedan, exactly like the first car I ever owned, which I had sold to a private party ten years previous. Even though I now realize that there must have been thousands of similar models of the same color produced in that year, at the time I was absolutely certain it was my car, my old Plymouth built like a tank, not like the contemporary versions with the thin, cheap metal that anyone of moderate strength can dent with a punch, without injury to the hand. I had driven that Plymouth out to California and back. I had taken it to Florida and Canada. The passenger seat had often been graced by the lovely form of the young and beautiful Doris Snyder, when we were dating (and where is she now?). And there it was — I was sure — sitting in a junk yard, unwanted, unloved, rusting in the rain. Damn.

"Junk yard." I know now, is probably a misnomer, since "junk" implies uselessness. The wrecking yards aren't the end of the line for the heaps and the wrecks, but a new beginning. Their various usable parts are reincarnated continuously into the vehicles still flying around the freeways, and even the huses, the frames, and other recyclable metal parts are eventually crushed, shredded, and shipped off to become

part of a brand-new baby destined for a dealer's showroom. Little wonder that most people in this business prefer to call themselves "auto dismantlers" or "recyclers," or even "auto ecologists."

The South Bay is home to between forty and fifty such yards, almost all of them located off Otay Valley Road, on Nirvana Avenue and Energy Way in Chula Vista, and on Heritage Road in South San Diego, right next to Brown Field. This last location encompasses fifteen or twenty wrecking yards, and the property on which all of these yards sit is owned by Joe Street, Sr., who also operates his own yard there — Street and Sons — and who at sixty-eight is a sort of living history of the auto wrecking business in San Diego.

Street has been in the same business for fifty-two years; he started working in 1933 in a yard owned by his father, on Ninth and Island avenues in downtown San Diego. At that time there were only four or five yards in the entire county. "We used to buy a lot of Hudsons and Franklins, and of course some Model T's," says Street. "But we didn't sell many parts — there weren't that many cars around then. Sometimes we'd sell an engine for five or ten dollars, and the tires, batteries, and radiators, but mostly we'd buy the cars for the aluminum that was in them. You could get maybe 175 pounds of aluminum off the old Hudsons and Franklins."

Street bought the business from his father in 1941, and during World War II the wrecked cars were sold as

scrap to City Junk Company, which in turn sold it to National Steel where it was used in the construction of warships. After twenty-five years at the Island Avenue location, Street moved his business to north Chula Vista, near the I-5 freeway, and when that property (on Bay Boulevard) became attractive to other enterprises such as restaurants, retail stores, and warehouses, he sold out and moved to his present site.

When Street bought the land on Heritage Road ten years ago, he paid \$10,000 an acre; it's worth seventy or eighty thousand now, he says. "I'd sell out," he claims, "but I wouldn't have any place to go. I love this business. It keeps me young, there's something different every day. I get up at six in the morning to be here. What would I do if I sat around the house all day, being underfoot? My wife would shoot me."

He refers to his business as a wrecking yard. "That's what they are. The [San Diego County Auto Dismantlers] Association asked me to change my name to something they think is more acceptable, like 'auto recycler' or some such, but we'd still be a wrecking yard. But we're not a junk yard. The junk business is something completely different, and it's one of the biggest industries in the United States. When the cars leave here they go to the junk yard."

When a wrecking yard has either sold or removed all the valuable parts from a car, they sell the body to a "scrapper," a business that — on the West Coast — buys junk metal

and ships it overseas. There are eight or ten such businesses in California, but the only one in San Diego County is Pacific Steel, a company itself owned by a Mexican steel mill.

Pacific Steel is located on Cleveland Avenue near the bay in National City. The crushed cars are transported from the wrecking yards to a scale, where they are first weighed and then sent to a huge metallic pile that also contains old refrigerators, trash cans, steel girders, street signs, and industrial scrap. Eventually all this junk metal is sent to a shredding machine on the premises, where the nonferrous parts such as plastic and foam rubber are removed and the usable metal is processed out as hand-size spiral mounds. Aluminum, copper, and other valuable metals are also separated out in the shredder.

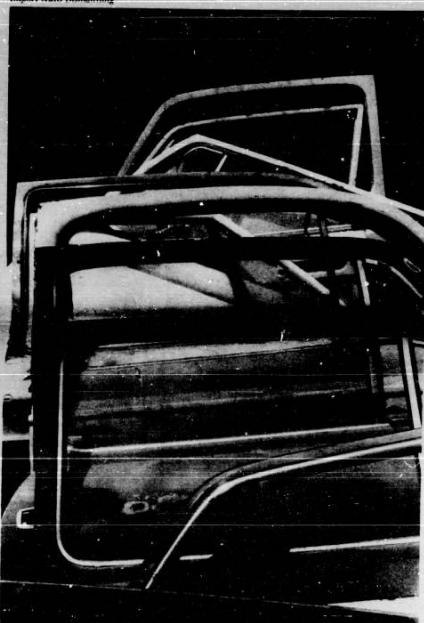
"We do have a little problem disposing of the nonmetallic parts," says Jack Payton, a director of the company. "Because the government considers them toxic, they have to be buried, which seems to me a hellacious waste since they could be used to produce much-needed energy." Payton speaks of his business as being "the last part of the chain, where the automobile carcasses are processed and shipped overseas, mostly to Japan and Thailand, where they're put into electrical furnace mills." Some of the junk metal is also sent to the steel mill in Guadalajara that owns Pacific Steel. (The metal is exported, Payton says, because there are no steel mills on the West Coast.)

Wrecking yards are paid about

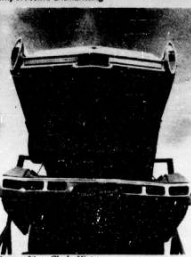
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Import Auto Dismantling



Import Auto Dismantling



Energy Way, Chula Vista



Shredded metal at Pacific Steel

BY BOB OWENS
Photographs by Paul Stachelek

JUNKERS, CLUNKERS, AND CASH

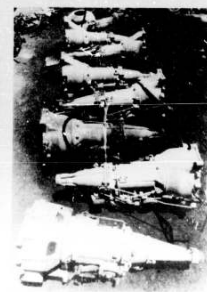
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Seen at Olay Mesa



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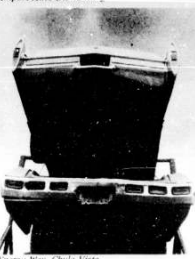
(continued on page 18)



Import Auto Dismantling



Import Auto Dismantling



Energy Way, Chula Vista



Shredded metal at Pacific Steel

JUNKERS

(continued from page 17)

twenty dollars a ton for the auto carcasses, which represents a fifteen percent drop in price in the last couple of months. "The market for new steel right now is soft, the dollar is too strong, and with the new import quotas on new steel coming in it means that there's less demand for our product overseas," Payton says. "We're market-sensitive, and we pay the yards what the metal is worth."

Actually, the sale of the auto bodies — the "carcasses" — represents little more than gravy to the wreckers, who make their money by selling off the parts, an enterprise that has boomed in the last dozen years. So great is the demand for used parts that there are now yards that specialize in European and Japanese cars, and there are even a few that deal strictly with Volkswagens.

"Anything negative in the economy," claims Will Robertson, who with his wife Judy owns Import Auto Dismantling on Heritage Road, "hard times, car prices skyrocketing, oil and gas prices going up, is excellent for this business. A few years ago, when OPEC put the squeeze on, there were people in the yard fighting over parts for the small imports, paying almost retail prices. It's still a good business, but at that time it was so good it could support ignorance —

almost anyone could make money in it. Now, you pretty much have to know exactly what you're doing, how much a car will yield and how fast you can turn it over."

Some people have the perception that a car may sit in a wrecking yard until every last fender is sold or until the rusty hulk collapses into the ground. However, the cars that come to the yards are seldom there for more than a few months, although some may be kept for a year or longer if the yard operators believe there will be a demand for the parts. But generally a quick turnover is the key to profits.

"I make my money on the buy, not the sell," Robertson states. "What I mean is that even before I buy a car, I know exactly what I can realize from it, and in approximately how much time. I got a car in here today, an MG, and a couple of hours later I had tripled my money on it, on the sale of the parts. Sometimes a car is only here for a week before all the parts are sold off, and we're able to sell the frame to the scrapper."

Robertson maximizes his profits by requiring the customers to bring in the damaged or nonfunctioning part of their own car that they wish to replace (known as the "core"). "I'm a recycler. I always get the core, send it out for rebuilding, and sell it again. Not all the yards do this, but this way I can sell the same car, in effect, two, three, even four times." He likes, he says, to make 1000 percent profit within thirty days of each buy. Robertson has several hundred cars on his two acres and he

points out that some of the smaller yards make most of their money by locating parts for their customers, that is, by buying from the larger yards and then selling the part at a markup.

Others of the smaller yards also make ends meet by installing engines and other parts for the customer. Mike Calhoun of T and J Auto Dismantlers on Energy Way in Chula Vista will install any engine or transmission he sells for an additional \$150, to cover his labor. Occasionally he will also get a car with minimal damage and instead of selling it for parts will do the repair work and sell it as is. One day recently he had just bought a 1974 Volvo 342 for \$150, and thought that if he repaired the damaged ball joints he could sell it for \$1200.

Some people, he states, apparently just don't want to take the time to sell their old cars to a private party, or they might be military personnel who are being transferred on short notice. There are also those who believe — often mistakenly — that the damage to their auto will cost more to repair than the car is worth. Calhoun tells of an incident where he went out to Tiersanta to pick up a 1977 Nova. "The fella said that his car wouldn't run anymore, and he wanted \$200, fifty more than I really wanted to pay, but I finally gave him the \$200 and towed the car in. My dad took a look at it and realized it was only a bad fuel pump. We repaired it, and sold the car for \$1500." A final way that the yards can serendipitously turn a nickel is

by thoroughly searching each incoming car and, sometimes, coming up with money-filled wallets, jewelry, and valuable tools — which are legally theirs once they buy the car.

Certain wrecked cars are worth more than others to a yard. Calhoun cites late-model Datsuns and Mustangs as very desirable, and says that smog devices on all cars are selling fast, ever since the new California emissions-test law went into effect last year. As an example, he says that a smog pump for a Datsun 240Z would sell for "an arm and a leg at the dealer," but if they stocked them at all, "but a wrecking yard usually has them for seventy-five or a hundred dollars." Other parts are very hard to find. Take a VW Bug from the 1960s. You can find hundreds of right side doors for that car but it's extremely difficult to locate a good left side door. I don't know why."

Calhoun gets most of his cars from private parties, with an ad in the *Yellow Pages*, because, he says, it's a lot cheaper to buy them that way than from an auction. Most of the dealers, though, are obliged to buy cars at auction in order to maintain a viable stock of parts. The largest open auction of wrecked and recovered (stolen) cars in the country is County Auto Pool, owned and operated by Jim McCormack on a large site on Energy Way, in the midst of the wrecking yards. (County Auto Pool also has an auction yard in North County.) McCormack auctions off

about 250 cars every two weeks at his Chula Vista location and, he says, wreckers come from as far away as Oregon and Utah to bid on cars they've seen in the advance catalogues he regularly mails out. He acts as a middleman for the insurance companies, which consign their wrecks — and stolen cars that are recovered after the insurers have paid off the claim — and pay him a flat rate per car.

Only wreckers and used car dealers are invited to the auction, not because there's any law that specifically bars the general public, but because of what McCormack calls an "unwritten agreement" he has with the California Department of Motor Vehicles. "I guess they don't want people who steal cars coming to an auction to buy wrecks so as to get the titles."

McCormack has been an agent for the insurance companies since 1968, but until 1976 he accepted only sealed bids on the cars, as most such agencies in the nation still do. He was the first in California to use the open bidding method, because, he says, "We felt it would be a better and simpler way to handle it. The sale is made immediately, and our volume has increased tremendously. A lot of our bidders are wreckers and used car dealers from Tijuana who, in many cases, can't write or understand printed English, but who know enough to understand prices and the bidding procedure, so we have a lot more of them coming up."

(The South Bay wrecking yards also draw a large number of customers

from Baja; estimates by the yard owners range from twenty to forty percent of buyers who are from south of the border, making the Mexican clientele a vital part of the wrecking business in San Diego.)

"The Mexicans can only take cars back to Tijuana that are five years old or older — it's the law down there," McCormack continues. "And of course they have to pay to take them across." He explains that there is an import tax on such vehicles, but this is usually avoided by paying a lesser *mordida*. "A lot of them, though, will take the car out on the street and fix it up to running condition just so they can drive it across, and avoid paying the *mordida* at the border if they had the car in tow," McCormack also says that the open bidding is favored by the insurance companies since it encourages higher prices. Even though the dealers are allowed to inspect each car two days before the auction, "some people get carried away by emotion in the heat of the bidding, and pay more than they would if we still operated on a sealed-bid basis. And sometimes dealers who don't like each other will bid up against each other, trying to drop it on the other guy. When that happens, someone always ends up getting burned."

There are nonetheless some bargains at the auctions, and some of the dealers will actually buy a car for their own personal use. Judy and Will Robertson recently bought a '68 Porsche at auction that had nothing more than a clutch problem, which

they repaired. They paid \$2000 for the Porsche, which could probably bring about \$5000 on the open market. "We actually have eleven cars we drive ourselves," says Robertson. "That's the nice thing about this business — you can drive just about any car you want. You fall in love with a certain car and drive it until you get tired of it, and then get another one."

Most of the vehicles at McCormack's auction, having been in a collision, are body damaged, but there are also some in fairly good shape, most of the latter being stolen cars that were recovered after the claim was paid off. McCormack states that he gets about twenty recovered cars a month from Mexico alone. At one of his auctions two weeks ago the prices that the autos sold for ranged from one hundred dollars (for an '81 Malibu sheriff's vehicle without a motor) to three or four thousand (an '84 T-Bird, owned by Hertz, with right front fender damage, went for \$3400). A '73 Chevy pickup consigned by the City of San Marcos brought \$500, a '77 Honda in good shape and running condition sold for \$675, a stolen/recovered '66 Mustang — a much-desired vehicle — came down at \$1050.

Despite the essential service which the wrecking yards perform, they are probably doomed to extinction in most expanding urban areas, at least in the way they operate at present. The problem is that nobody wants the wreckers in their own backyards. And if the property

they're occupying begins to look good for other kinds of uses, the wreckers are usually forced out. The few yards that remain in Logan Heights in San Diego are moving out under pressure from local residents and from the city. Joe Street's business and a number of other yards that at one time lined Bay Boulevard in Chula Vista have been forced to move to Otay Valley. And now, as development and civilization has moved eastward, the wreckers — particularly those on Energy Way and Nirvana Avenue — are once again under pressure to pick up their unsightly wrecks and go elsewhere. This has created more than a little bitterness among some of those who make their living in the business.

In 1970 the City of Chula Vista annexed (from San Diego County) a section of land on the north side of Otay Valley Road, and about seven years later designated it as an area for "recyclers" (it's actually called the "Otay Industrial Re-Cycling Park"), giving to those wreckers who were squeezed out of Bay Boulevard a place in which to operate their businesses. To the rear of the wrecking yards is a twenty-year-old "refuse disposal area," a landfill that by law must stay put for another twenty years, since it was at one time used for dumping toxic wastes.

But after a number of yards had taken advantage of the opportunity and had relocated to Otay Valley Road, the Robinhood Point housing development was built, just to the

(continued on page 20)

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JUNKERS

(Continued from page 19)
west of the recycling park and the landfill. Two years ago the residents of Robinhood filed a lawsuit against the City of Chula Vista, alleging that the city's redevelopment plan for the area failed to address the environmental concerns caused by the dump and the yards. To further complicate matters, in the past few years Chula Vista became very interested in developing

environmentally acceptable light industry and warehousing facilities on nearby parcels in Otay Valley. Although the zoning couldn't be changed, the city worked out a compromise plan with the homeowners and the wreckers, one which redesignated the area for light industry, warehouses, and high tech research facilities. As one city planner said, "It's the last great area left for development in the whole South Bay." The wreckers who were already there could stay, but any expansion of the yards was discouraged.

Jim McCormack owns the land where his County Auto Pool is located, and he says he is protected by a grandfather clause, regardless of what the city wants to do with the area. "I'll be here forever, and the only way the city can get me out is to condemn the land, and I don't think they'll go that far." He is, however, angered by the city's land-use maneuvering. "They're trying to call this a redevelopment area, and there's nothing to redevelop. . . . It's a joke if they think a lot of classy companies are going to relocate here. Ever see this area at night? It's

a battle zone, with the illegals coming across the border in droves." Chula Vista city officials dispute McCormack's and other wreckers' claims that companies will not be interested in the area. They cite several light industries and warehouses that have already relocated, and say more have expressed an interest. Yet the planners admit some companies have expressed concern about "being neighbors to a pile of junk." Karl Turecek is another who is incensed over the city's plans for the area. He owns his own wrecking

yard in the complex and is also landlord to most of the other dismantlers who do business there. "I made an investment of two and a half million dollars here, putting in the streets, sidewalks, and landscaping, making it right for wrecking yards. Now the city comes along and wants it for light industrial use, but it's not going to fly. Listen, we're right next to a refuse dump, and sometimes people who don't want to pay the dumping fee throw their garbage out on my property. You think some egghead, some professor or engineer, wants to come

and do his research in this area? They want to stay up in La Jolla or Sorrento Valley. There's some guy sitting in an office in the new [Chula Vista] city hall, figuring out all this stuff, but they all got their heads in the sand. They want to develop the land on my money, with the investment that I made to fix the area up." Turecek also isn't too happy with the environmental lawsuit filed against the city by the homeowners of Robinhood. "We were here before them, and they come in with a sixty or seventy-five thousand dollar

house and they think suddenly they're in La Jolla, they don't like anything they see around them." Turecek claims that he "tried to work with the city, to make compromises and meet them halfway, but they haven't even accepted one, not one, of our suggestions." Joe Street's property on Heritage Way is a few miles southeast of Turecek's, and on higher ground, more or less out of sight; the city of San Diego issues a conditional use permit every five years. Street figures that increasing property

values will force him just to pick up and move farther east, deeper into the boonies, but a few of the wreckers are beginning to think along more innovative lines. "It'll only be a few years, I think, before the yards here won't be around," says Will Roberson. "We're already too far out for a lot of people. So what I'll do then is to have someone dismantle the cars in the boonies, open my own retail outlet downtown, or Mission Valley, anywhere where there's people, and bring the parts in for sale. That's the future of this business."

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JOHN D'AGOSTINO

There are some things in this life the mere thought of which scares me, that I nevertheless like to think I'd be willing to try. Barring against Rich "Goose" Gussage when he's angry and wild. Free falling from a plane. Scuba diving at night. Then there are other things that I wouldn't do if you waved a fistful of sawbucks at me. One of these would be to stand cold in front of an audience and try to improvise tapestries of humor from the skimpiest of suggested threads. I'm not alone; even the great Richard Pryor throws up his hands at the notion of facing an audience without a rehearsed routine. But there are those who do improvisational

comedy for a living. I rank these individuals with such as snake-handlers, test pilots, NFL middle-linebackers, and cops, for which professionals, transcendent skill is only one of several requisites. You also have to be a little nuts. And in the case of an improvisational comic, it helps to be an egomaniac, someone so sure of his rightful place in the spotlight and of his ability to conjure something from nothing that he accepts the possibility of failure with less trepidation than the rest of us feel when faced with the prospect of a long line at the supermarket. In improvisational comedy, or "improv," the potential for failure is so great that its practitioners are considered accomplished if they can "hit" with fifty percent of their ad-libbed material. By those standards, Margaret "Maggie" Gillette, Sheri

Glaser, and musical accompanist Lawrence Nass—known collectively and appropriately as the Egomaniacs—are more than accomplished, as they proved to an audience last weekend at the Grass Roots Cultural Center.

It's quite a distance—both geographically and demographically—from the chic Improv in Pacific Beach to the funky Grass Roots in Golden Hill. But an absolute gulf separates the Egomaniacs' brand of comedy from the slick, practiced patter of the other club's visiting professionals. Of course, many standup comedians incorporate a form of improv into their acts, but it's improv of a comparatively narrow stripe. Rare is the comic who doesn't at some point in his show ask a member of the audience where he's from or what he does for a living. According to form, there follows a caustic put-down of the respondent's hometown or occupation, and in some cases a dialogue ensues in which the comedian wrings from the exchange every available drop of sardonic humor. These bits can be very funny, but they're also inherently cruel and not improv in the truest sense.

Real improv feeds on the unknown, spontaneously transforming unforeseeable, usually verbal, stimuli into interpretive monologues or extemporaneous mini-dramas. Because of its associative nature, improv demands of a performer a hair-trigger wit. And because improv requires quick reactions that don't allow a comic to edit his material or to slide protective mechanisms into place, frequently the improviser finds himself summoning sentiments or prejudices that would otherwise have slumbered undisturbed in his subconscious. For that reason, improv is perhaps the most naked, most vulnerable form of public performance, one that can provide an almost cathartic, therapeutic experience for performer and audience alike, but one that also is shadowed by embarrassment at every turn. The likelihood of its touching on basic truths and personal feelings makes improv a natural form of comedy for a small, socially conscious venue such as the Grass Roots,

whose folding chairs and lack of airs are just the right sort of supportive, intimate atmosphere for this dicey art.

One of the first things the Egomaniacs did in the show I saw last week was to put the audience at ease with regard to its safety from the sick, practiced patter of the other club's visiting professionals. "Unlike other improv acts we won't use you if you make a suggestion," assured Glaser, who, like Gillette, is an alumna of the groundbreaking local, all-female improv quartet, Hot Flashes. "We'll take your ideas and..." (Glaser makes a caressing gesture.) As if to prove their point, the Egomaniacs immediately solicited the audience's participation. "Is there anything you want to get off your chests?" asked Gillette. Apparently it was too early in the show for those present to have unleashed their inhibitions, so Gillette and Glaser instead performed an original, self-referential dance tune ("Egomaniacs Are on the Loose") to Nass's piano, synthesized bass, and drum-machine accompaniment.

With that production-number introduction out of the way, the Egomaniacs proceeded to justify their name by way of exorcism. "The word 'egomaniac' has gotten a lot of bad press," complained Gillette. "There's nothing wrong with being an egomaniac." Gillette then instructed the audience members to turn to the persons next to them and boast about something at which they are really terrific (most intriguing to me was the admission, without elaboration, by a woman in front of me who claimed to be a great navigator...). Then the audience was told to stand and, in a bit seemingly borrowed from the movie *Network*, to raise its hands in the air and loudly proclaim, "I'm an incredibly great person!" This the crowd did willingly and with some gusto, leading one to assume that this exercise effectively primed the audience's pump and readied them for full involvement in the show. But the Egomaniacs would soon learn that on this night the audience would be of little assistance, a fact that would make the Egomaniacs' job doubly tough. More than any other form

of comedy, improv requires a certain amount of input from an audience. As free-wheeling and hip as it can get, contemporary improv is directly descended from the commedia dell'arte that was practiced in fifteenth-century Italy, where troupes of virtuosic comedic actors played to unruly, inattentive street crowds. Commedia dell'arte performers had to remain constantly attuned to an audience's whims or risk losing it to other diversions. So, too, must modern improvisers be connected to an audience's impulses. But when they tried to plug into this particular audience's collective and individual psyches, the Egomaniacs found a very low current indeed.

"Is there anything that's happened in your lives recently that could give us a place to start," Gillette almost pleaded to the reluctant group. "Maybe even something in the news? In the papers?" Finally a woman offered, "Contaminated watermelons."

"Okay," said Gillette, a bit reluctantly. "And how about a place you were at last Tuesday?" added Glaser. "In bed," suggested a man at the rear of the small room. "Contaminated watermelons in bed," repeated Glaser, a little glumly. In an instant Gillette was in a prone position, presumably moaning in her sleep, and Glaser was at her side comforting her. This led to a series of rapid-fire changes in which the women free-associated their way into and out of several contexts. First Glaser was an acting student and Gillette her instructor ("Let me hear it one more time... with feeling!"); then the two were a therapist and her patient ("You're blocking—you need to get rid of that block," prompted therapist/Gillette, whereupon patient/Glaser picked up a carpeted cube on which she'd been sitting and removed it from the stage); then they were a woman and her pet cat; then two Polish women who have trouble communicating ("How's Gdansk?" "It's fine, but he's lost too much weight"). The duo worked into a funny bit in which Glaser tries to sell Gillette on the advantages of having a reincarnation plan written into

her life insurance policy. "I don't know," concludes Gillette, "I just don't think I'm ready to transition." It's one of the first of a dozen good-natured pokes at new-age philosophy.

Although spotty, the initial improv bit had some funny moments and built to a strong close, and the audience responded in kind. Their reaction seemed to warm Glaser and Gillette for their first prepared piece of the night, a telling routine in which the two are grown-up twins meeting for lunch at a chichi restaurant. The sisters talk about their lives in measured, mature tones before looking at the menu. Each orders a chef salad, but Glaser asks that hers come without the meats, cheeses, and salad dressing. "I'm food-combining," Glaser explains to the waitress. "You're weird," says her twin, only half-joking. Soon the two are rediscovering their vast differences, and when Gillette recalls that their mother had recently referred to Glaser as a "psychodrama queen" the discussion boils into a full-blown shrieking match that grows more childish with each volley. The women are once again little girls at odds, finally facing off in a spittle-splawing war of "raspberries." The exchange breaks the tension between the sisters, and when the waitress returns to check out the communion, Gillette demurely requests, "Yes, can we have some more ice water, please?"

The women then take turns in the spotlight, Glaser first doing a monologue in which she's a street-toughened child talking in uncharacteristic pop-psychology terminology ("Man, I been manifesting my ass off, joo-know?"). For her solo spot, Gillette is a woman who has only twenty minutes in which to meditate before going to work. She puts on an album by new-age pianist George Winston (actually, Nass playing acoustic piano just offstage) and yells at someone outside her apartment to "knock off all that racket—I'm trying to meditate!" Regaining her composure, Gillette squats on the floor, closes her eyes, and tries to remember her mantra. Instead, she drifts into mumbling

(continued on page 24)

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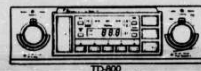
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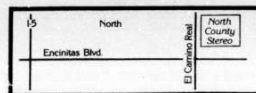
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After drawing that bit to a conclusion, the women become little girls reenacting the recent Beirut hostage crisis, using a Charlie Brown doll as President Reagan and assorted stuffed animals as the other principals in the international drama. This piece of dark humor segued into a bit in which the two — still as little girls — bug an older brother (Nass) to play the piano so they can sing Michael Jackson's "Beat It." When the two have difficulty

visited by Glaser, an anti, a libertine woman
sings of having sex at least three times
daily with a variety of lovers. Gillette
tunefully reproaches the wanton Glaser,
singing of "disease, sluttness, and what
people might think." The two gradually
trade attitudes, Glaser feeling increas-
ingly guilty about her loose ways, Gillette
eventually admitting that she's got the
"heart of a whore" under her chaste fa-
cade. The "operetta" ends with a suitably
corny resolution, Gillette and Glaser

For their last improv bit of the night, Glaser and Gillette assume the roles of elderly and, from their accents, presumably Jewish women rocking and talking outside an old folks home. The two begin by improvising with each other, and their characterizations and observations on contemporary life from the perspective of old age produce some of the evening's funniest moments. At one point, Glaser

"Exactly," says Glaser.

After a few more minutes of this, the Egomaniacs close the show with a gospel-style song (complete with tambourines) that espouses the free expression of one's feelings. It's an "up" way to finish and the audience gives the Egomaniacs a well-deserved ovation. As I drive off, I notice the trio of performers catching their breaths on the sidewalk outside Grass Roots. It dawns on me that after two presumably draining hours of onstage, the Egomaniacs still have another show that night, as well as two the following night (they'll be at the Grass Roots this Friday and Sunday, too). There's gotta be an easier way to make a living.

habent sua fata libelli. Many many years ago, a San Diego author named Mary Lasswell wrote a novel about some eccentric San Diegans in the early 1940s. Under the title *Suds in Your Eye* (the habitual expression of its beer-swilling heroine), it became a comic play, which ran for sixteen consecutive summers at the Coronado Playhouse. A few years ago, Miss Lasswell, now well into her eighth decade, wrote a new version of the play (titled *Suds*), with her own music, and the new version is now in its second season at the Coronado, going as strong as before. By this time, the show is less a theatrical event than a fact of nature. Its tradition and its popularity have the solidity and almost the sacredness of the Oberammergau Passion Play. Before it, criticism must

beer, growing flowers, and writing songs) are visited periodically by a group of singers named the Spielers, led by a zany, zanyly named Israel Shapiro. Mrs. Feeley has a handsome nephew in the navy, who, on a visit home, falls in love with a young friend of Miss Tinkham's. There is also a neighbor named Ol' Timer. So much for the main characters. Now for the plot. Mrs. Feeley owes six years in back taxes. If she cannot find \$600 she will lose the house. What to do? Miss Tinkham writes a smarmy religious song which she sells to a corrupt evangelist named Rev. Verba P. Withers. But the check bounces. What to do? Well, Ol' Timer decides to — but why on? It is all a combination of the most old-fashioned kind of musical comedy (love at first sight, eccentric but lovable old aunts, a world of simple values

I hate to say it, but *Studs* is — in its own inimitable, atrocious way — a lovable script. I have even more to admit that the Coronado production, which is miserably amateurish, is equally lovable. Hal Alexander has directed. He could have — he ought to have — made things go about twice as fast. He ought to have eliminated those numerous moments when the pace sags, when no one is doing anything, when an actor is fumbling with a knot or a pencil while the audience humbly waits for the action to start up again. Yet the ambling pace, the general looseness, the

[illegible]

Ought you to go to *Suds*? Go ahead, but don't blame me if you do. Don't go, but don't blame me if you miss something you'll never forget. This unequivocally positive, ferociously negative recommendation is the result of all my self-pinching, and is all you will get out of me. □

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The New Old West



Pale Rider

DUNCAN SHEPHERD

The great sorrow of the film critic is his failure to encounter in the real world adequate occasions on which to vent the rave reviews in his heart. The great shame of the film critic is to go ahead and vent them anyway. Nobody, I think it is safe to say, except perhaps for animal trainers, trick riders, and others with a vested interest, can have been rooting more fervently than I have for the announced re-

turn of the Western; and all hope hasn't yet been abandoned. A last, latest inventory, together with long-range prognostics on the future of the genre, would wisely be put off until after the arrival this week of *Silverado*. By then, the box-office picture on *Pale Rider* should have come clear, and, more importantly, the "straight" Westerns of 1985 will at last have pulled even with the spoofs: *Last in the Dust* and *Rustlers' Rhapsody*. Any talk of a trend had best confine itself to the "straight" pair. Two more showfills of dirt on the half-filled grave of the genre

will not be counted by me as part of any trend to revive it. They have been counted by anyone as part of such a trend, rather than as opposition to it, could be seen optimistically as an earnest effort for one. But the numerical standoff would indicate that gratification is still a ways off.

The kindest that can be said for *Pale Rider* is that Clint Eastwood may have been to pick up the genre right where he left it, nine years ago with *The Outlaw Josey Wales*. Where he left it, though, was on its sickbed, and what comes entirely natural to Clint Eastwood might well have seemed teeth-graspingly self-conscious and pretentious to one such as John Wayne, alongside whom Eastwood, with not yet a dozen Westerns notched on his gun, is still in the position of a tenderfoot. To have so closely copied the story pattern of *Shane* may have seemed a guarantee of mythical "correctness." But it would be well to remember that a Western connoisseur of the day, Robert Warshaw, found in *Shane* a lamentable example of the "aestheticizing tendency" of the genre, too stripped to the essentials for its own good. He was probably right at the time, but he might not have been so hard on it if he could have dreamed how far that tendency would go.

With any form as rigid as the Western, and especially with any specimen of it as spare as *Pale Rider*, it is the minor modifications, not the bedrock essentials, that will catch the eye of the connoisseur. To alter the *Shane* pattern so that the persecuted ones are not farmers, but gold prospectors, and so that their persecutors are not cattlemen, but simply more prosperous prospectors, might seem no worse than an attempt to cater to the contemporary public, assuming that that public is as immersed as we hear in the get-rich-quick, something-for-nothing, state-lottery, Publishers-Clearing-House-Sweepstakes mentality. But any historical and mythical echoes will quickly die in the Idaho snowcaps. Oh, Michael Moriarty as the designated spokesman of the prospectors, or in other words the Van Heflin figure, pays eloquent lip-service to

the concept of "roots," but the fly-by-night mining camp and nearby jerry-built town do not support him in this vision. And before long he is talking about clearing out as soon as he strikes it rich. I didn't quite get it.

The long time Western watcher, the one, I mean, who has tuned into *Shane* on television more times than he can count on his fingers, will at least be kept busy noting the variations and figuring up the losses. A rock in a stream takes the place of the symbolic tree stump in the front yard, and this is got rid of with one tap of the sledgehammer by that preposterous giant from the Bond films, Richard Kiel. The latter aspires to take the place of Ben Johnson, and is led away moments later comically clutching his privates. The young h. no-worshipper of the earlier film has been replaced by a rather older, and rather curvier, hero-temperess, and by some brutally embarrassing dialogue into the bargain. There is nothing lost in substituting the square-faced Doug McGrath for Elisha Cook, Jr., nor a fine powder of snow for a mud puddle as his deadbed. But John Russell, hardly a significant enough figure from the Western past to justify his casting in the Jack Palance role, looks far too decrepit to be a worrisome adversary for Eastwood, even with his six identically duster-dressed henchmen.

Not that anyone (or any seven) would have given Eastwood a good fight here. More a mystical than mythical character, he seems to emerge (if superimpositions still mean what they used to) in direct answer to prayer, and the six bullet holes in his back imply that he may have been dispatched all the way from heaven. The turn-around collar, in case we might have thought he had been dispatched from That Other Place, suggests perhaps a refreshing new use for Eastwood's ninken whisper: the hushed breathless piety of a TV evangelist in the face of the ineffable. Some other time, maybe. The collar here never seems more than a disguise, and the absence of a sidearm, as in the "classic" case of Deshay, serves only to tax our patience. An axe-handle, wielded with the

efficiency of a samurai sword (possibly a tip of the hat to *Yojimbo*, which served as the model for Eastwood's first big Western, *A Fistful of Dollars*, and which itself owed something to *Shane*) will have to do us over. Rather later than sooner, the collar goes into a safe-deposit box, and out of that same box, precisely at the point in the story where Alan Ladd had unpacked his buckskins, comes a gun and holster. The Jean Arthur figure, Carrie Snodgrass, will be pardoned for her confusion: "Who are you, really?" "Well," he enlightens her, "it really doesn't matter, does it?" I would have thought it did.

Eastwood the director, as distinct from Eastwood the actor, still communicates a sense of fun in his work, starting immediately with the exhaustive selection of camera angles on an angry-looking group of riders, and continuing through the standard allotment of Eastwood's trademark shot, the monumentalizing low angle. But the fun is somewhat dimmed by the contribution of cinematographer Bruce Surtees, who around the time of *The Outlaw Josey Wales* and *The Shogun* seemed to be getting better and better, but who has lately seemed to be getting worse and worse. The darkness of the nocturnal urban world of *Tightrope* was at least understandable in its intentions, but I can't help but feel that in a movie taking place out of doors and in broad daylight you

ought to be able to see people's faces. People's hats and horses are enough, I suppose, to convince you that you are watching a Western, even if one as skimpy on action as on character and plot (the traditional separation between the kiddie Western and the adult). But memory is, and not so short that we need give it special dispensation simply because of the surrounding Western wastelands, that we need, in other words, elevate a bump in the road into a majestic butte. Many a run-of-the-mill Western of twenty years ago, a *Rio Conchos* or *Rough Night in Jericho*, plunked down intact in the present context, would deserve just such special treatment, would lose as something miraculously rare, reactionary, "classical." *Pale Rider*, big and hollow, with only a few un assembled spare parts of old movies rattling around in it, is perfectly in step with today's fashions in every department but clothing. The show-down image of Eastwood's beaver hat in the middle of the dusty street sums things up pretty well.

Science fiction "to update the topic under discussion here recently" has taken a turn for the better with Robert Zemeckis's *Back to the Future*. (Not "Steven Spielberg's," please! Whatever that man has done to raise public consciousness of The Director now threatens to be undone in his role as rubber-stamp Executive

Producer.) The task of tailoring the time-travel theme to the teenage market has led to, besides such concrete accessories as skateboards and electric guitars, an inordinate dwelling on anachronisms, with a contemporary teenager plunged (much like an addict of TV's *Happy Days*, only deeper) into the Fifties. It's as though the genealogical time-line has collapsed into itself like a retractable aerial, or better, has been bent back on itself in a U-shape, so that the generation gap may be measured as the distance between parallel lines and without any unflattering reference to age. The interest in anachronisms never, predictably enough, rises above the parlor games of which the time-machine theme so frequently, and comfortably, settles. Take, for instance, the problem of trying to order a Tab or a Pepsi Free from a 1955 soda jerk: How can a customer be given a tab before he orders something? He can leave a Pepsi, but he'll have to pay for it. At this frivolous, almost vanesville level, with a very wide latitude for caricature, the movie is quite consistently amusing, and even when not, is too fast-moving over to be really annoying. The speed of the thing helps get it over the worst pitfall of time-travel stories, that of failing to stay ahead of the viewer, of failing to head off his questions. The possibility, for example, of a time-traveler being in two places at once — one of the

nagging problems of logic with any such mobile time machine as our remodeled DeLorean here, custom-fitted with something called a "flux capacitor" — is bravely confronted, albeit only for a distance and only for a moment.

The in-memorial speed, in any case, ought not to obscure how scrupulously Zemeckis has set up the time motif (starting with the Rube Goldberg array of alarm clocks during the credits), nor how thoroughly he has sketched in the small-town locale, soon to be jerked back through thirty years of undevelopment (or ought that to be de-development?). The plot that unfolds thereafter is a sort of juggling act of hot potatoes, including such things as the hero playing Cupid to his own mother, and playing second-hand mentor to Chuck Berry. But the movie's brightest idea — its twice-baked potato as it were — does not come until the final fulfillment of the rule. The weary time-traveler, having taken a hand in covering the future, now finds himself back in the present with a different past from everyone else. That idea, with its infinite possibilities for nostalgia and alienation, appealed to me greatly. It is passed over, of course, as rapidly and unreflectingly as every other idea in the movie, but coming as it does at the very end, or the virtual end, excepting one final frivolity, it tends to linger.

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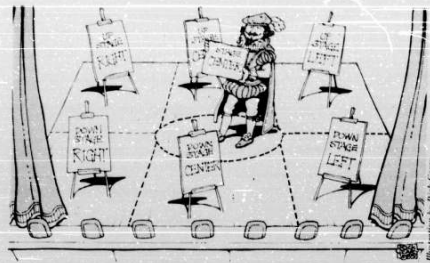
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Upstage, Downstage



JEFF SMITH

San Diego theater is in the midst of what may be its most exciting summer season. Houses are sold out, shows are having extended runs, and more people than ever before are discovering the joy of live theater. Amid this plenitude of quality offerings, I thought it might be useful to pause for a bit and take a look at something so obvious that it often goes unseen among the myriad elements that make up a production.

Imagine a bare stage, without actors, costumes, props, furniture, lights, and a play. Assume that it's a conventional

proscenium stage that extends from the raised curtain back to a blank wall in the rear. From our front row seats, the space seems flat and empty — and also a little eerie, since we are accustomed to watching the song and clamor of life parading upon its boards. But according to theorists throughout the ages, the bare stage itself is actually alive and imbued with a veritable geography of strengths, moods, and values.

From our vantage point, looking at the space from a seat in the theater, we can make two simple divisions. The rear half of the area is called upstage, and the front half is the downstage. The rear half got its name originally because stages were raked; they rose in elevation from front

(down) to back. Thus actors playing scenes in the rear area stood higher than those in the front.

The pejorative term "upstaging" comes from this higher positioning in the rear. To increase their visibility actors would creep back up the rake and force the other actors to turn their backs to the audience when speaking to the "upstaging" actor. In today's terminology, the word upstaging has been replaced by the phrase "stealing focus." This happens when an actor, anywhere on the stage, calls attention away from the central thrust of a scene and toward his or her own disruptive shenanigans.

The second division we shall make requires a minor adjustment in our orientation. No one can say with certainty when the distinction was first drawn, but actors traditionally reverse the audience's viewpoint. Thus the left and right sides of the stage are designated not as the audience sees them but as the actor does, looking out from the stage. Stage right is that area to the actor's right, left to the actor's left. This shorthand, cartographers of the stage believe, came into use as a means to facilitate the rehearsals of a play. Actors told to move right or left of center could do so without having to transpose the plan of the director — or of the playwright/dramaturge in previous centuries — into their own reversed bearings.

Let's keep in mind, since other divisions are coming, that left means right and right, left, and that rear is up and front is down. So if someone is standing downstage left, for example, that person stands, from the audience's point of view, at the front of the stage, on our right side.

At some point late in the Nineteenth Century, the stars of the theater learned to avoid playing their scenes in the stage left areas. It is said that James O'Neill, father of playwright Eugene, stood either in the center or downstage right when he performed the Count of Monte Cristo more than a thousand times. Other name attractions, like the "golden-voiced" Sarah Bernhardt and the magical Eleonora

Duse, did the same. They knew the audience came to see them, and they used every trick in their repertoire to make sure it happened. Years of experience, and a craving for every eye, taught them that performing up or downstage center, or slightly to the audience's left, put them in the strongest positions on the stage.

The reasons that stage right is visually stronger than stage left are both crystal clear and shrouded in speculation. The most obvious is that we read from left to right, and thus our eyes are conditioned to look first to the left (stage right) to scan across, and, like the carriage of a typewriter, to jump back to the left again. We do this not only when we read, students of aesthetics tell us, but also when we approach a painting. The eye begins its journey just left of center. And since the proscenium stage was meant to look like a painting in the Nineteenth Century, the actors became attuned to the habits of the eye and used them to their advantage.

The more imaginative of speculators roam far and deep for other possible origins of this phenomenon. Both ancient Egyptian and medieval religious paintings, they tell us, stress a fundamental division between good and evil. Each has a definite spatial area on the canvas. In theatrical terms, Heaven is traditionally located upstage right, and Hell is downstage left. Thus the world is divided in these paintings by a diagonal line, slicing down from the rear to the front, with good on our left and evil on our right. The good is distant, and requires a climb, while evil is close at hand.

Regardless of whether its origins were aesthetic or moral or something else altogether, the stage has acquired a maplike grid, which charts its relatively strong and weak areas (the other media have similar maps; stars of film and television often demand that they play their scenes in the stronger areas, keeping the other actors on their left, in weaker positions visually). This coding of the areas didn't come into being until the Twentieth Century, when the importance of the director

rose in status — and, as we shall see, it is by no means universally accepted to this day. What follows, then, are six basic divisions of the stage, out of a possible fifteen or thirty, an assessment of their relative strengths, and brief lists of the scenes traditionally played in these areas.

The six areas, from strongest to weakest, are: down center, up center, down right, down left, up right, and up left. The person most responsible for these evaluations is Alexander Dean, for years the chairman of the department of drama at Yale University and author of the book *Fundamentals of Play Directing*. Dean did not invent the map, however. He borrowed heavily from the work of such pioneer directors as Adolphe Appia, Gordon Craig, David Belasco, and Konstantin Stanislavsky. But Dean and Lawrence Carra, who has revised editions of the book since Dean's death in 1941, have formalized it.

1. **Down center** — a place of chaos, conflicts, and showdowns. Traditionally believed to be the strongest area of the stage, down center is also where the strengths of the characters are tested. Heroes confront villains — he they real or another aspect of the hero's personality — for this uncontrolled turf. Like the middle squares of a chessboard, down center is the friction area, upon which the forces of the play meet and do battle.

2. **Up center** — the most formal area

of the stage, a place of control and domination. This is where the king sits — be he Richard II or Hoss, the rock and roll champ in Sam Shepard's *Twist of Crime* — high on his throne. The battles waged below, down center, are fought for this position of visual and dramatic prominence. Those in power scan the room, from above, and trace the slow determination of their fates.

3. **Down right** — a place of shared confessions. The third strongest point on the stage, down right is a warm, intimate area, less formal than the others. This is where characters generally open up and reveal vulnerabilities to each other in private — and where we get to know them better.

4. **Down left** — a place of both introspection and conspiracy. Soliloquies occur here, but so do evil designs. This area — on the right front side of the stage, from the audience's point of view — seems jealous of the others. It wants more. Thus it welcomes plots, plans, and wiled schemes designed to overthrow not only the positive forces in the play but also those stronger areas of the stage itself. Things fester here.

5. **Up right** — the area of romance and lyricism. Visually distant, and usually elevated, up right is where our dreams unfold. The margin between reality and mysticism blurs in this corner of the stage. Love and poetry reign, and the as-

pirations of youth promise to endure in this ultimately fragile space. Juliet's balcony was said to be here.

6. **Up left** — the graveyard of depression and defeat. Considered to be the weakest dramatic area, up left opens out to an end point, beyond existence. Albert Johnson, author of a bizarre book one need not read called *Drama: Technique and Philosophy*, calls up left, "the domain, an unexciting area, a good place to quit or die." There's an irony in all of this that chills me to my bones. Before it was ripped to shreds, the old Lyceum Theatre was said to be haunted. The ghost, those who saw it claimed, lurked under a torn-down stairway, just behind the up left area of the stage.

Thus far, we have looked at these divisions in isolation, in an empty proscenium stage. And we have not taken several important factors into account. The first, and most glaring, is what the other elements of a production can do to strengthen or weaken an area. Today's masters of stage lighting, for example, can reshape our view, boosting tradition out the door and creating surprisingly new playing spaces. Scenic designers, using different elevations, can shake up the conventional picture. And so can actors, by making strong dramatic movements or by softening their presence — merely sitting down.

A second phenomenon, which indicates the ways contemporary artists can rankle at tradition, is evident all over San Diego. Many of our newer theaters, especially the smaller, more intimate playing houses, have either some form of a thrust stage — one that juts out toward the audience — or, like the *Caravan* and the *Lamb's Players Theatre*, an arena stage where scenes are played in the round. On these theaterscapes, the old rules of geography rarely apply. Contemporary stage architects have abandoned the domineering, one-point perspective of the proscenium stage in favor of spaces that require much more fluidity.

Codes, charts, and maps are being devised for these stages even as we speak. And you can bet that, as they are doing with the traditional playing areas, inventive directors and designers will swerve away from them as soon as these formal grids reach the dark of print. The conventional geography of the stage functions like a grammar that says, like a bully, "This is the way it is done." An intentional deviation from a hallowed law can often have an arresting effect. Like a sentence fragment. The aim, and it's going on this summer in San Diego's theaters, is more than mere disruption, though. It constitutes an ongoing exploration of the resources of the stage, of its unseen hills and valleys, with an eye toward making an old scene sing a bright new song.

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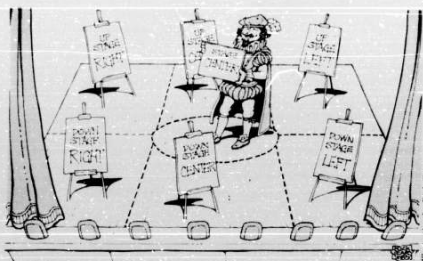
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Upstage, Downstage



JEFF SMITH

San Diego theater is in the midst of what may be its most exciting summer season. Heures are sold out, shows are having extended runs, and more people than ever before are discovering the joy of live theater. Amid this plenitude of quality offerings, I thought it might be useful to pause for a bit and take a look at something so obvious that it often goes unseen among the myriad elements that make up a production.

Imagine a bare stage, without actors, costumes, props, furniture, lights, and a play. Assume that it's a conventional

proscenium stage that extends from the raised curtain back to a blank wall in the rear. From our front row seats, the space seems flat and empty — and also a little eerie, since we are accustomed to watching the song and clamor of life parading upon its boards. But according to theorists throughout the ages, the bare stage itself is actually alive and imbued with a veritable geography of strengths, moods, and values.

From our vantage point, looking at the space from a seat in the theater, we can make two simple divisions. The rear half of the area is called *upstage*, and the front half is the *downstage*. The rear half got its name originally because stages were raked; they rose in elevation from front

(down) to back. Thus actors playing scenes in the rear area stood higher than those in the front.

The pejorative term "upstaging" comes from this higher positioning in the rear. To increase their visibility, actors would creep back up the rake and force the other actors to turn their backs to the audience when speaking to the "upstaging" actor. In today's terminology, the word upstaging has been replaced by the phrase "stealing focus." This happens when an actor, anywhere on the stage, calls attention away from the central thrust of a scene and toward his or her own disruptive shenanigans.

The second division we shall make requires a minor adjustment in our orientation. No one can say with certainty when the distinction was first drawn, but actors traditionally reverse the audience's viewpoint. Thus the left and right sides of the stage are designated not as the audience sees them but as the actor does, looking out from the stage. *Stage right* is the area to the actor's right, left to the actor's left. This shorthand, cartographers of the stage believe, came into use as a means to facilitate the rehearsals of a play. Actors told to move right or left of center could do so without having to transpose the plan of the director — or of the playwright/dramaturge in previous centuries — into their own reversed bearings.

Let's keep in mind, since other divisions are coming, that left means right and right, left, and that rear is up and front is down. So if someone is standing downstage left, for example, that person stands, from the audience's point of view, at the front of the stage, on our right side.

At some point late in the Nineteenth Century, the stars of the theater learned to avoid playing their scenes in the stage left area. It is said that James O'Neill, father of playwright Eugene, stood either in the center or downstage right when he performed *The Count of Monte Cristo* more than a thousand times. Other name attractions, like the "golden-voiced" Sarah Bernhardt and the magical Eleonora

Duse, did the same. They knew the audience had come to see them, and they used every trick in their repertoire to make sure it happened. Years of experience, and a craving for every eye, taught them that performing up- or downstage center, or slightly to the audience's left, put them in the strongest positions on the stage.

The reasons that stage right is visually stronger than stage left are both apparent and shrouded in speculation. The most obvious is that we read from left to right, and thus our eyes are conditioned to look first to the left (stage right) to scan across, and, like the carriage of a typewriter, to jump back to the left again. We do this not only when we read, students of aesthetics tell us, but also when we approach a painting. The eye begins its journey just left of center. And since the proscenium stage was meant to look like a painting in the Nineteenth Century, the stage became attuned to the habits of the eye and used them to their advantage.

The more imaginative of speculators roam far and deep for other possible origins of this phenomenon. Such ancient Egyptian and medieval religious paintings, they tell us, stress a fundamental division between good and evil. Each has a definite spatial area on the canvas. In the theatrical terms, Heaven is traditionally located upstage right, and Hell is downstage left. Thus the world is divided in these paintings by a diagonal line, slicing down from the rear to the front, with good on our left and evil on our right. The good is distant, and requires a climb, while evil is close at hand.

Regardless of whether its origins were aesthetic or moral or something else altogether, the stage has acquired a maplike grid, which charts its relatively strong and weak areas (the other media have similar maps: stars of film and television often demand that they play their scenes in the stronger areas, keeping the other actors on their left, in weaker positions visually). This coding of the areas didn't come into being until the Twentieth Century, when the importance of the director

rose in status — and, as we shall see, it is by no means universally accepted to this day. What follows, then, are six basic divisions of the stage, out of a possible fifteen or thirty, an assessment of their relative strengths, and brief lists of the scenes traditionally played in these areas.

The six areas, from strongest to weakest, are: down center, up center, down right, down left, up right, and up left. The person most responsible for these evaluations is Alexander Dean, for years the chairman of the department of drama at Yale University and author of the book *Fundamentals of Play Directing*. Dean did not invent the map, however. He borrowed heavily from the work of such pioneer directors as Adolphe Appia, Gordon Craig, David Belasco, and Konstantin Stanislavsky. But Dean and Lawrence Carra, who has revised editions of the book since Dean's death in 1941, have formalized it.

1. *Down center* — a place of chaos, conflicts, and showdowns. Traditionally believed to be the strongest area of the stage, down center is also where the strengths of the characters are tested. Heroes confront villains — be they real or another aspect of the hero's personality — for this uncontrolled turf. Like the middle squares of a chessboard, down center is the friction area, upon which the forces of the play meet and do battle.

2. *Up center* — the most formal area of the stage, a place of control and dominion. This is where the king sits — be he Richard II or Hoss, the rock and roll champ in Sam Shepard's *Tooth of Crime* — high on his throne. The battles waged below, down center, are fought for this position of visual and dramatic prominence. Those in power scan the fray, from above, and trace the slow determination of their fates.

3. *Down right* — a place of shared confessions. The third strongest point on the stage, down right is a warm, intimate area, less formal than the others. This is where characters generally open up and reveal vulnerabilities to each other in private — and where we get to know them better.

4. *Down left* — a place of both introspection and conspiracy. Soliloquies occur here, but so do evil doings. This area — on the right front side of the stage, from the audience's point of view — seems jealous of the others. It wants more. Thus it welcomes plots, plans, and woe-schemes designed to overthrow not only the positive forces in the play but also those stronger areas of the stage itself. Things fester here.

5. *Up right* — the area of romance and lyricism. Visually distant, and usually elevated, up right is where our dreams unfold. The margin between reality and mysticism blurs in this corner of the stage. Love and poetry reign, and the as-

pirations of youth promise to endure in this ultimately fragile space. Juliet's balcony was said to be here.

6. *Up left* — the graveyard of depression and defeat. Considered to be the weakest dramatic area, up left opens out to an end point, beyond existence. Albert Johnson, author of a bizarre book one need not read called *Drama: Technique and Philosophy*, calls up left "the zone in, all tucked out area, a good place to quit or die." There's an irony in all of this that chills me to my bones. Before it was ripped to shreds, the old Lyceum Theatre was said to be haunted. The ghost, those who saw it claimed, lurked under a torn-down stairway, just behind the up left area of the stage.

Thus far, we have looked at these divisions in isolation, on an empty proscenium stage. And we have not taken several important factors into account. The first, and most glaring, is what the other elements of a production can do to strengthen or weaken an area. Today's masters of stage lighting, for example, can reshape our view, boosting tradition out the door and creating surprisingly new playing spaces. Scenic designers, using different elevations, can shake up the conventional picture. And so can actors, by making strong dramatic movements or by softening their presence — merely sitting down.

A second phenomenon, which indicates the ways contemporary artists can rattle at tradition, is evident all over San Diego. Many of our newer theaters, especially the smaller, more intimate playing houses, have either some form of a thrust stage — one that juts out toward the audience — or, like the Casus Carter and the Lamb's Players Theatre, an arena stage, where scenes are played in the round. On these theaterscapes, the old rules of geography rarely apply. Contemporary stage architects have abandoned the domineering, one-point perspective of the proscenium stage in favor of spaces that require much more fluidity.

Codes, charts, and maps are being devised for these stages even as we speak. And you can bet that, as they are doing with the traditional playing areas, inventive directors and designers will swerve away from them as soon as these formal grids reach the dark of print. The conventional geography of the stage functions like a grammar that says, like a bully, "This is the way it is done." An intentional deviation from a hallowed law can often have an arresting effect. Like a sentence fragment. The arm, and it's going on this summer in San Diego's theaters, is more than mere disruption, though, it constitutes an ongoing exploration of the resources of the stage, of its unseen hills and valleys, with an eye toward making an old scene sing a bright new song.

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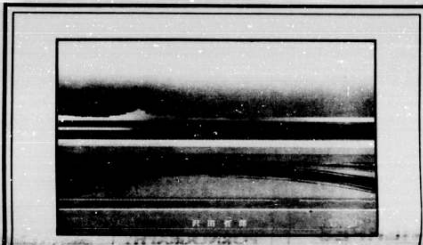
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A Rio Bravo



ELEANOR WIDMER

The Restaurant: Alcazar del Rio
The Location: Paseo de los Héroes No. 56-4, Zona Rio, Tijuana (706-664-2672)

Type of Food: Spanish and international
Price Range: Top price for entire approximately eleven dollars, many are six or seven dollars

Hours: Open daily, Sunday, noon to 10:00 p.m.; Monday through Saturday, noon to 1:00 a.m.

In the decade I have been dining in Tijuana, I've rarely experienced a more memorable evening than I did the other

night at Alcazar del Rio, a new restaurant situated, as its name implies, in the Rio section of Tijuana — an area that more and more comes to resemble Mexico City. Located a few blocks south of the Cultural Center at Plaza OH! and directly next door to an interesting new art gallery, Alcazar del Rio creates a sense of cosmopolitanism that seems to be a harbinger of the future for parts of Tijuana. Splendid in its proportion and design, the restaurant's large room is done in earth tones and is made interesting by the presence of a second-story gallery. The colorful paintings that grace the walls are the work of the owner, José Fernandez del Valle, who is also responsible for the interior design. A big window at the entrance re-

veals deserts, fruits, and sausages, all visually stimulating. The full bar achieves a colorful facade because of the panels of stained glass that encase it at its top. The cloths, silverware, and china are impeccable, and at approximately 8:30 p.m. the piano player renders tunes that you might hear in New York, Paris, or London. Señor del Valle has provided an ambience that is not only sophisticated but that would do justice to any major city in the world.

Señor del Valle is himself a charmer — handsome, gallant, courtly, the product of both Guadalajara, where he was raised, and Spain, where he lived and worked for many years. He spoke to us in Spanish and when I complimented him on the extraordinary meal, he brought out Ramon Lomas Lau, his highly gifted chef, who was raised in Mexico but is of Chinese extraction.

Ramon Lau not only chatted with us in perfect English but explained the origin of his obsession with haute cuisine. Though he's only thirty years old, he's been cooking for seventeen years. He started out in a Chinese restaurant, but was soon producing French specialties. "I learned from Paul Bocuse," he laughs, but hastens to explain that he didn't study with the French master of nouvelle cuisine, but rather learned from his cookbooks. "I was always reading different cookbooks and trying these recipes and doing some of my own," Ramon Lau admitted, as he explained the circumstances under which he had learned his craft. At present he may seem far removed from the mainstream, but one of these years Ramon Lau will be discovered and quickly transported to an expensive Los Angeles bistro.

Since my escort, the gentleman I call my "Tijuana connection," had already eaten at Alcazar del Rio for three nights running, I had the benefit of his advice, as well as that of his colleague; both of them are determined to eat their way through the menu, which offers ninety items! All dishes are a la carte with prices listed in pesos. Since the peso was about 200 to the dollar that night and is purported to be 300 at this writing, the currency conversion arithmetic is fairly easy — you simply divide the number of pesos by three and add a decimal point before the last two digits to get the dollar amount. The top price for any entrée is 3300 pesos, or eleven dollars; filet mignon is under eight dollars, chicken is about \$4.80, and fish entrees range in price from six dollars to about \$7.90. In other words, you may have an elegant meal here for about half of what a comparable one would cost you in San Diego.

We began our dinner with a complimentary appetizer of tongue prepared with pimientos and marinated in a vinaigrette. The free appetizer varies every night and this one was excellent. The tongue proved tender, the dressing perfection. But the appetizer that we ordered from the menu, spinach baked in clam sauce (number seven, approximately \$2.85), was three times the size of the complimentary one, and a marvel. It consisted of fresh spinach baked with chopped clams and wine, and topped with cheese. Those who favor vegetables but sometimes eat fish should not hesitate to order this spinach dish — it and a salad are all you need for a complete meal.

Our appetizers were followed by two spectacular soups: the first was a garlic soup with a consommé-like broth that is topped by a raw egg that cooks by itself in the very hot liquid (number twenty-eight, two dollars), and the other was a seafood consommé filled with pieces of lobster and finely julienned vegetables, and covered with pastry (number twenty-seven, \$3.33). While the garlic soup is delightful and light, the lobster soup with the pastry placed over the top of the bowl is a knockout. It compares favorably with any soup I've had at Dobson's or Mille Fleurs.

We then had two salads, neither one of which I've ever had in San Diego. Number seventeen (about \$1.65) consists of a mound of fresh, raw, perfectly washed and tender green beans, plus avocado, tomato, and giant fresh mushrooms; the dressing is served on the side. I've rarely encountered so refreshing a salad made with fresh green beans. The second salad, number sixteen, consists of lettuce, watercress, mushrooms, liver pâté, and fresh shrimp dressed in wine vinegar and three kinds of oils: walnut, peanut, and olive. The shrimp are not listed as part of this salad on the menu, but ours came with large shrimp, and the pâté was covered with pastry. The number sixteen salad together with lobster soup would make a stunning dinner. This salad costs about \$2.65, so the soup and salad would add up to about six dollars.

And now we come to the entrées. Alcazar del Rio offers shrimp, lobster, fish, beef, and chicken prepared international-style. But we decided to try the Spanish specialties, two of which were designated as originating in old Castile. We ordered three-week-old piglet baked in its own juices (number thirty-seven, ten dollars),

haked lamb (number thirty-eight, \$6.15), bacalao, or dried codfish, cooked in a sauce of pimientos, chilis, olives, and wine (number fifty-six, \$7.60), and a half-order of paella (number thirty-six, \$6.40 for a full order). All of these were delightful but the piglet was outstanding. No one at our table had ever had that dish before. The piglet is milk fed, is literally three weeks old, and is baked for three hours at slow heat. The flesh is whitish in color, the texture akin to that of very tender rabbit, and the taste a cross between fowl and veal. It's quite spectacular, though I had a bad moment thinking of this baby pig going so early to its demise, an argument that I would also have to make for lamb and veal. If you can put these scruples aside, don't overlook this gastronomic treat — to my knowledge it's not available in San Diego. Steamed carrots are served with it, but you don't need anything but this Castilian delicacy. I also loved the lamb; it is cooked crisp

on the outside and well done on the inside. I happen to enjoy well-cooked lamb, though my family prefers it French-style, slightly pink inside. You get a huge serving of lamb plus one or two riblets, which are extremely tasty.

The bacalao is a standard Spanish dish — codfish done in a spicy red sauce. This was nicely prepared, though not as interesting as either the piglet or the lamb. My half-order of paella was good, full of shrimp, mussels, and clams, as well as chicken and squid. Even if we hadn't ordered as much food as we did, a half-order of paella would have sufficed by itself or as a dish to be shared with everyone at the table.

Everything about this evening was festive; the unusual and artistically prepared food, our conversations with both José del Valle and chef Ramon Lau, the wonderful and attentive service — I even enjoyed the piano playing. For its high quality, soothing atmosphere, and intrinsic elegance,

Alcazar del Rio can't be duplicated in Tijuana. Neither can its unusual offerings and its low cost be duplicated in San Diego. We spent seventeen dollars each with wine (liquor was sent over at the end of the meal free of charge), and with tip it was slightly under twenty dollars. We ordered more than was necessary but we did have an enchanting time. I hugged the owner as I left and he replied, "Pro, regrese" (please return). I plan to do so.

Directions: As you cross the border into Mexico, bear right and follow the signs for Paseo de los Héroes. This will take you to the Rio section of Tijuana. Stay on this broad road for five blocks beyond the Tijuana Cultural Center (with the spherical theater in front). The restaurant will be on your right, located in Plaza OH!, which also contains the nightclub called OH! If you enter the traffic circle with the statue of Abraham Lincoln, you've gone one block too far.

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QUARTER NOTES

BY JONATHAN SAVILE



Michael Parker. Gerald Whitney. Martha Hamilton. Constance Lawler. Ronald Banks

L'ALLEGRO ED IL PENSEROSO

Handel's *L'Allegro ed il Penseroso*, which was performed recently at Mary Star-of-the-Sea Catholic Church in La Jolla, is not an easy work to classify. To call it an oratorio would not be precisely wrong: It is a lengthy work for soloists, chorus, and orchestra, divided into numbers, and intended to be performed without staging, action, or theatrical characterization. Handel's own *Messiah* and *Judas Maccabeus* fit the definition perfectly. But as those titles suggest, the usual subject of an oratorio is religious, and, indeed, Biblical. *L'Allegro ed il Penseroso*, in contrast, is based on Milton's poem (or poems) of the same name — secular, nonliturgical, non-Biblical, and nonnarrative descriptions of two humors or character types, the sanguine man, Charles Jennens, who was to be Handel's librettist for *Messiah*, was particularly good at excerpting the writings of others with an eye to their musical potential, and in this case he selected some of the most colorful and suggestive

contains one of Handel's most ravishing duets, "As steals the morn upon the night"). The music's illustrative power makes it one of the composer's greatest works in its kind; its evocation of mood, particularly the mood of ecstatic contemplation, is virtually unparalleled in his extensive oeuvre. To achieve these ends, Handel made great use of orchestral color. There are two "bird" arias, one on the lark and one on the nightingale, the latter featuring an obbligato flute part imitating the sounds of the bird, often in duet with the soprano voice. An aria depicting the pleasures of the hunt features appropriate phrases on the horn. An allusion to "high triumphs" is accompanied with an outburst on trumpets and drums. The melancholy man's pleasure in church services calls forth the sonorities of the organ. If Milton calls for the "merry bells" to "ring round," Handel supplies him with cascading scales on a carillon. And, throughout, we are meant to hear the pungent sounds of the baroque orchestra, the equivalent in sound of the neat, bright, pointed images of Milton's verse.

What, alas, happens to all this when in place of the orchestra and all its obbligato instruments the score is performed on a grand piano — and one with mushy felts, and the lid down? Even with so practiced a Handelian as Michael Parker at the keyboard, the performance must inevitably resemble an out-of-focus, black-and-white print of a movie meant for lavish Technicolor. What we experienced at Mary Star-of-the-Sea — at least on the first half of the program, which was all I could stay for — was a conscientious reminder of the existence and excellence of *L'Allegro ed il Penseroso*, rather than a vivid and fully fleshed musical event. Or, to put it more fairly, what we heard was a preliminary stage



Jane Taylor

of what might be a truly exciting performance of the work, if budgetary restraints could be overcome and a full baroque orchestra with harpsichord continuo could be substituted for the dull, colorless, fiberless sounds of the piano. Mr. Parker knows his Handel; his tempos were well chosen, his rhythm was spirited and supple. The small chorus was exceptionally well trained and produced sounds of lucid power. Soloists Martha Hamilton, Constance Lawler, Gerald Whitney, and Ronald Banks demonstrated a remarkable command of Handel's florid style (though all Miss Hamilton's precise trills and roulades could not succeed in concealing the fact that the flute-obbligato aria, "Sweet bird," is monstrously overlong — a miscalculation on Handel's part that is usually amended in performance by ruthless cutting). All the material for a fine performance of *L'Allegro ed il Penseroso* (ed *Il Moderato*) was there, in its nucleus; if only a patron of the arts could be found to provide Mr. Parker, his singers, and G.F. Handel with the orchestra they need and deserve.

MUSIC IN TIME

Last week, KPBS-TV began a new sixteen-part series titled *Music in Time*, hosted by flautist James Galway. Presumably, later installments will feature complete works of music from various periods and with various artists; the first program was apparently something in the nature of a preview or table of contents, offering fragments of which only one or two were longer than a minute or so. Starting with a piece of avant-garde contemporary music, the program moved backward in time, giving bits and snatches of all the major composers and styles, decade by decade and century by century, back to the Middle Ages, with each brief excerpt accompanied with a brief cliché-ridden commentary. The whole procedure was extremely irritating at first, but gradually it began to have a more positive effect. When do we ever hear such radically diverse means of musical expression juxtaposed in this way? The fragmentary nature of this potpourri, and its mishmash of styles, made the listener (and viewer) realize in

immediate experience how much Western music has changed over the centuries, and it also demonstrated how strange it is that a music-lover of catholic tastes in the Twentieth Century can get so much pleasure from music of such extremely different forms and materials, understanding and responding to all these disparities at once. This is a perception that we, with our wide range of concerts and recordings, experience much more potently than any previous generation in the history of the world. *Music in Time* evidently means to capitalize on our modern ability to go striding in an aural "museum without walls," as André Malraux called it, and in its first program it made its point quite indelibly.

CONNOISSEURS BAROQUE CONSORT

The ubiquitous Michael Parker presented a concert of baroque vocal music at St. Paul's Episcopal Church. Mr. Parker is an excellent musician, a keyboard artist of note, and a specialist in the baroque; his understanding of baroque style is particularly admirable. The present concert consisted of songs and arias by a number of baroque composers (including, anomalously, one piece each by Paisiello and Rossini, who are post-baroque), with half the program devoted to excerpts from operas and oratorios by Handel. The vocalists were soprano Virginia Sublett and tenor David Rader. One of the problems in such performances is the accompaniment, for the baroque vocal line, with its specific articulation, phrase shapes, and ornamentation, demands a special sound in the accompanying forces, and for a small, low-budget concert like this one a complete baroque orchestra would be of course out of the question. Mr. Parker solved this dilemma in an ingenious way. For the orchestra he substituted the harpsichord, which thus played both the continuo part and a

keyboard reduction of the whole orchestra score, along with a single violin, which played the crucial violin line of the orchestration. Behold, such is the flexibility and resilience of baroque music that these two instruments sufficed in large measure to reproduce the tone, atmosphere, and musical quality of the baroque orchestra, in spite of all the timbre, but necessarily were left out. Mr. Parker's own energetic, nuanced, and stylish playing of the harpsichord, with his expressive and the pungent ornamentation, was ably seconded by the graceful and emotionally committed violin playing of Andrew Stubbs, whose rapid, shallow vibrato often gave his instrument a timbre close to that of the baroque violin played in the authentic manner of the Seventeenth and Eighteenth centuries. The success of these two instrumentalists in taking the place of a whole orchestra was miraculous.

Equally impressive was the vocalism of Miss Sublett and Mr. Rader. Curiously, I find that everything I have to say about either singer applies equally well to the other: they were astonishingly matched in both the quality and the style of their singing. Both have rich voices of pleasing timbre, smoothly produced from bottom to top, and placed so as to produce thrillingly ringing tones above the staff. In the case of Mr. Rader, I at first thought he was an accomplished tenorino, with a small, sweet, light voice well suited to the unpretentious Italian songs of the period; but in Rossini's pastiche of Stradella, the impassioned, tragic "Pieta, Signore," Mr. Rader suddenly revealed the larger, deeper claxon call of the true lyric tenor — a Rodolfo or a Riccardo. Both singers, too, made much of the emotion in the music they sang, recognizing this essential element of baroque song and (especially) opera, and commanding the expressive vocal resources to embody the requisite emotions with great communicative power, yet without distortion of the music's formal structure.

However, in both singers this expressiveness was undermined by a systematic suppression or softening of consonants and of the *differentiae* among the vowel sounds. For the sake of a smooth vocal line (something greatly to be desired), they would often make the words unintelligible (something greatly not to be desired). Plosives did not explode, fricatives were barely touched upon, sibilants virtually disappeared, and the "ee" and "oo" vowels fused in an undifferentiated "uh." Who could not admire Miss Sublett's fireworks in "Morra, si" and "Mio caro bene" from *Rodolinda*? But even a native Italian would have had great difficulty in telling what she was so furious or so ardent about. A native English-speaker would have had great difficulty in telling what language Mr. Rader was singing in when he performed "Where'er you walk" from *Semele*.

Admittedly, these same objections have been made to the singing of Joan Sutherland, whose glorious vocalism has for decades succeeded in transcending her dramatic weaknesses. But it is of course possible to sing baroque music beautifully, expressively, and intelligently, all at the same time; young singers of such outstanding natural endowments and musical talents as Miss Sublett and Mr. Rader would really do better to follow the examples of Jan Baker, Marilyn Horne, Luigi Alva, or Robert Tear. For the essence of baroque vocal music — and of Handel's, above all — is the fusion of words and music, with the music expressing the words and the words giving dramatic point and direction to the music. Pure vocalism, however beautiful and even thrilling in itself (as so frequently in Miss Sublett's and Mr. Rader's performances), cannot do justice to music that intends to express human feelings, at a dramatic high point, in a specific situation, and as experienced by a particular character; for that, one must hear and understand the words too.

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City Lights

Have Gun

(continued from page 4)
him over to the Normal Heights fire scene for a quick rendezvous with Governor George Deukmejian.
"No one's trying to be secretive or anything," says one source with the mayor's office. "It's just that nobody wants to come out and call him a quote-unquote bodyguard." Assistant City Manager Lockwood still maintains "providing building security" is Gonsnell's official function, but concedes that

Gonsnell "does devote most of his time outside council meetings to the mayor." Lockwood says that until the late Sixties, a full-time bodyguard/chauffeur had been assigned to the mayor "for years and years," but the practice was discontinued during the term of former Mayor Frank Curran "because Frank felt there was just not enough activity to warrant it."

Pete Wilson, who replaced Curran as mayor in 1972, felt likewise. Lockwood says, and the mayor went about his daily tasks, unprotected, until just recently. "Now, we're going back to more of what we had under Charles Dail [Curran's predecessor], just instead of having a security officer in the mayor's office, he covers all public meetings as well," Lockwood says. "He's been with Roger every time the mayor's gone out, and somebody may be sensitive about that, so I want to make it clear that he's not the mayor's personal bodyguard or driver. He's a police officer assigned to provide security, and he's available to every elected city official."

At first the mayor's own

press aide, Mel Bushbaum, denied Gonsnell's role as Hedgecock's bodyguard-driver, but when told of Lockwood's comments, he changed his story. "I don't want to be the next James Brady," Bushbaum says. "That's why I'm delighted to have Larry around."

— T.K.A.

Off The Wall

(continued from page 4)
executives of Rainguard Products, one of the firms from which he'd purchased Vandl Guard. The firm's president visited Chicano Park to inspect the murals, which he said were not damaged by the sealer. So in 1982 Schnorr retained local attorney Peter Karlen, who sued Rainguard and Frazee, claiming it was Vandl Guard that caused Schnorr's murals to crackle.

Both companies argue that Schnorr applied both the paint and the Vandl Guard coating incorrectly and maintain that the graffiti shield didn't ruin the murals. "We've got reports from people who've seen [Schnorr's] other murals in Chicano Park and say they're just as bad," says Kathleen

McCormick, attorney for Frazee (Rainguard's attorney wasn't available for interview.) Schnorr admits the murals not covered with Vandl Guard have faded from exposure, but argues they haven't cracked or peeled.

As the litigation drags on, the artworks in question chips of paint can be flaked off with a scrape of a fingernail. Schnorr says the murals have become a professional embarrassment. "In a gallery you can put paintings you don't like in the closet, but there's no way to hide a 400-square-foot mural," he reflects.

In downtown San Diego, the wall-size mural of a bright red trolley car painted three years ago by Art Cole is also disintegrating. Cole says he coated the C Street and Kenner Boulevard art work with Vandl Guard, and has retained attorney Karlen to file a suit on his behalf. Karlen also plans to advertise in national magazines, such as *ARTWORLD*, seeking artists who claim they've had similar problems with the anti-graffiti product.

Despite his contention that

Vandl Guard damaged the Chicano Park murals, Schnorr hasn't soured on the idea of protecting his work with a graffiti shield. After consulting with other muralists and with experts at the Balboa Art Conservation Center, he decided to try another product, Solvair, which had been used with good results for two years. Eight months ago he applied a coat of Solvair to Chicano Park's tallest mural, a fifty-six-foot homage to Mexican radical Pedro J. Gonzalez, which was sponsored by the Centro Cultural de la Raza in cooperation with the Chicano Park Arts Council. Schnorr says the mural shows no signs of stress or cracking.

— P.K.

Scholarship

(continued from page 5)
each school listed have its own bank account, phone number, and license. Michael's three other schools all offered the same program, but had different names, and their mere presence on the list increased the odds that a prospective client would pick Michael instead of one of her

competitors. The fee increases have made such marketing unprofitable. "We even have to buy the completion certificates from the DMV. That's at three bucks each, and for someone running a small business, an outlay of \$600 for certificates is considerable," she says. "I think that these new rules may drive some of the smaller guys out of business."

— A.O.

in the long run we'll have all of them as members. We should prove that we're capable of working for everybody."

— N.M.

—Paul Krueger,
—Neil Matthews,
—Thomas K. Arnold,
—Abe Opincar

LETTERS

(continued from page 5)
Irvine and later seeing the opening performance of *Merrily II* in La Jolla, I feel compelled to make some much-needed comments. The Irvine director had made some changes from the original 1981 production, but, in the main, had stuck to its conception—which included the opening graduation scene that the La Jolla production omitted. Based on what the New York critics had said about the 1981 production, I went to Irvine expecting to hear hand dialogue, to mingle with cold, unmotivated characters, to see callow youths playing adults, and to have nothing but scorn for the production. But what was my great surprise when I enjoyed it! The contrast between "Good Thing Going" and "Rich and Happy" (the latter not included in the La Jolla production) in the overture

worked, and both songs were tied together by "Now You Know." The high school students questioning the authenticity of Franklin's graduation speech provided a motivation for going back in time. Without this opening, the first scene is flat, existing in a vacuum. The contrast between Franklin's graduation lyric, the optimistic "Hills of Tomorrow," and the clanking cliché-ridden "Rich and Happy" sets the stage for the major battle to come. Seeing in its criticism of a particular milieu, the song actively involves Franklin in some gratuitous self-satisfaction. As a result of the harsh satire, Myers' song, which follows, has real pathos.

The play's allegorical nature will not appeal to all, but it is a major component of the show. To strip it away is to destroy the fundamental drama of the book. And it is the height of irony that a show which is about the dangers of selling out should, in fact, do just that. For the La Jolla version is nothing more than a watered-down version of the original. And some of the lyrics that might have been offensive have been neatly pruned away and replaced by more "acceptable" ones. In addition to the "don't rock-the-boat" nature of the production, the orchestra played each lyric at the same slow pace, with none of the crispness of the Irvine production. Thus I am led to conclude rather ruefully:

How did you get there from here,
Mr. Sandheim?
What did you have to go through?
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Mr. Sandheim?
Boy, did they do it to you.
Robert Weiss
La Jolla

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Park & Fly

When I found Spain's public parks last month, I was amazed to discover that Spanish Colonial is as popular a style there, especially in the South, as it is in San Diego, and I was immediately struck by the architectural similarities to Balboa Park. Retro Park's gentle paths, leafy woods, and formal rose gardens gave respite from Madrid's traffic, and Barcelona's Ciutadella's zoo (home to the world's only white gorilla, if anyone's interested), fountains, and fountains offered sanctuary from the Catalan capital's frenetic pickpockets. But I barely had time to peruse Maria Luisa Park's Spanish Renaissance buildings, its Moorish archways and gardens, and its general Café del Rey menu (flavor when a well-fed flock of Andalusian pigeons convened and mercilessly splattered my head and shoulders, driving me out in desperate search of Kleenex).

That singular trauma ended forever my exploration of Seville's parks and I was forced to spend the remainder of my visit drinking fifteen-cent glasses of Spanish sherry in the numerous tapas bars where I pondered the hundreds of afternoons I'd spent in Balboa Park without ever having been so victimized.

Next Saturday, July 13, Balboa Park's Committee of 100 is throwing a benefit in honor of the 117th birthday of our nation's sixth-largest city park. We're all invited to Spreckels Organ Pavilion for a slice of the sixty-foot-high birthday cake decorated on-site by a White House-entitled master design chef flown in from Boston for the occasion. In addition to the multilayered cake and floral displays, there will be lots of free entertainment — Mike Van and the Great American Jazz Band.

Bob Crosby's Big Band on the Prado, operatic highlights at the House of Hospitality, a Starlight Opera showcase performance in the Spreckels Organ Pavilion, and tours of the Starlight Bowl and the Old Globe. The Committee of 100 is arranging clowns and free balloons for the kids who'll have a chance to see Marie Hirschbeck's puppets perform at the Puppet Theater, and the San Diego Civic Youth Ballet will dance a cancan on the steps of the Casa Del Prado, where the San Diego Junior Theater will perform scenes and mime. The House of Pacific Relations will be dishing up ethnic food along with entertainment, some of the museums will offer reduced admission, and the Natural

History Museum will have walking tours of the park. This is an opportunity to peek at the new Museum of San Diego History still under construction, where visitors will receive a full-color reproduction of a poster used to promote the 1915 Panama-California Exposition in Balboa Park.

Not to worry about parking. The Committee of 100 is sponsoring free San Diego Transit shuttle buses running continuously from 10:00 a.m. to 6:00 p.m., from the County Administration Building (1600-1700 La Jolla Village Highway). For more information and for the times of each of the events, please call 447-1514 or 246-9559.

And don't fret about pigeons. (continued on page 9, col. 1)



88.3

A local jazz fan recalls the regular jazz program on the radio. "It was in a backwater suburb on the East Coast. The population comprised mainly Italian, Portuguese, and Irish immigrants, who worked as fishermen or in outdated factories operated by dying industries. High culture was Red Sox baseball on the black-and-white TV. But every night at ten, Wednesday through Sunday, a disc jockey named Fred Grady would come on the dial at around 55 and spin jazz until two in the morning. He had a soft-edged, bass voice that would flow out of the speaker like warm oil. I'd get him in the car on the way home from a night job. I had, or on the clock radio before going to sleep, and he'd fill up the dark with that honey-smooth voice and then scatter the jazz like sand.

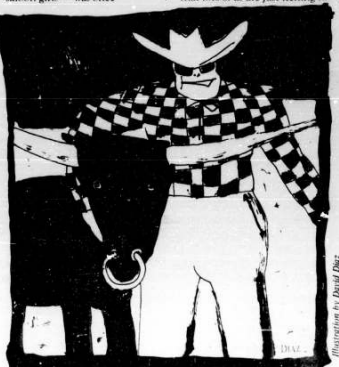
There were no recorded commercials and no news, just a few spots held do himself for the regular sponsors. And he was never in a hurry. There was no need. He was unshowable, high up in a magic place in the airwaves, and he'd draw the believers up every night with that sweet jazz music.

The perpetual and largely unsuccessful struggle of jazz to gain mass popularity is accurately reflected in the scarcity of jazz programming on the radio. All-jazz stations are as rare as California cowboys, and only slightly more commonplace are progressive radio stations that devote some portions of their programming to jazz. For the last eleven years, San Diego's City College's KSIS-FM, 88.3, has served as the local version of radio-ecstasy by broadcasting an all-jazz

Bustling With Broncos

The rural life — slapping a dusty hat against a chip-encased thigh, cheap whiskey, riding the range, loose but goodhearted saloon girls — was once

considered the rough-and-tumble life. Now, by comparison, it seems to have been a piece of cake. The real glamour for strong-but-silent males is to be found in our nation's cities. Subway vigilance has heralded a new era and, if Clint Eastwood as a national institution means anything at all, it would seem that lots of us are just itching to



blast the entrails out of the next thing who crosses our path. Today, even the first lady carries a small gun. High noon main street showdowns were once a source of drama and entertainment; today such scenes are played once every sixteen minutes, and the grim statistics are shrugged off as yet another sign that the world is to end too soon.

But there are still those who have found solace in the emblems and rituals of America's quaint and naively savage past. They still call themselves cowboys and it is doubtful that there has ever been a more earnestly romantic crew. Somewhat akin to madrigal singers in their blind devotion to anachronism, cowboys belong to a larger, broader category of human behavior that has come to be called "country."

"Country," or "being country," has become a world view. It is generally expressed by those who accurately reflected in the driving of large American trucks with gun racks mounted in the rear window, the wearing of baseball or cowboy hats, Wrangler jeans, boots, and by a sympathy, if not a downright cow-pie-kicking enthusiasm for, vis-à-vis interaction with animals.

It is important to keep in mind that these folks are not heeding (continued on page 9, col. 2)

program — but it has done so without many of the technical niceties that would make the task easier.

This weekend, from 10:00 a.m. to 6:00 p.m., KSIS will run a fundraising campaign designed to bring its broadcast capabilities closer to state-of-the-art. In particular, the station would like to move its broadcast tower to a higher vantage and to boost its operating power, upgrade the production studio and its master control system, refurbish the 5000-record library, acquire compact-disk capability, preserve the tape library that has evolved from the live jazz program, upgrade the stage on which the live jazz is performed, and expand programming to twenty-four hours.

The fundraiser will consist of two days of both on-air and live music programming. From noon on Saturday, July 13, until 2:00 a.m. Sunday, July 14, and from noon Sunday until midnight, the KSIS airwaves will buzz with recorded jazz and plugs for donations. Listeners will be able to call in requesting tunes by pledging one dollar for every minute of music requested. Donors of twenty-five dollars or more will qualify for a jazz cruise aboard the Monterey, featuring the Bruce Cameron Ensemble.

Outside the station, in the grassy bowl at the foot of C Building on the City College campus, dozens of local jazz artists will play on both Saturday and Sunday from 1:00 p.m. until 6:00 p.m. At 7:00 p.m. each day the live music will recommence indoors in the City College Theatre. The on-air program on Saturday will include a blues jam beginning at 10:00 p.m. and continuing until 1:00 a.m. City College is located at Fifteenth Avenue and C Street, downtown. For more information call 234-1062 or 234-4241.

Stephen Heffner

Illustration by Tom Ives

Do You Begin A Diet With Good Intentions...



But Always End Up Feeling Like A Failure?

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

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Park & Fly

When I found Spain's public parks last month, I was amazed to discover that Spanish Colonial is as popular a style there, especially in the South, as it is in San Diego, and I was immediately struck by the architectural similarities to Balboa Park. Retiree Park's gentle paths, leafy woods, and formal rose gardens gave respite from Madrid's traffic, and Bos Aires' Central Park is close to the world's only white gorilla. If anyone's interested, I can take anyone interested to see the world's only white gorilla, if anyone's interested, I can take anyone interested to see the world's only white gorilla, if anyone's interested, I can take anyone interested to see the world's only white gorilla.

Next Saturday, July 13, Balboa Park's Committee of 100 is throwing a benefit in honor of the 11th birthday of our nation's sixth largest city park. We're all invited to Spectacle Open Pavilion for a slice of the sixty-foot-long, Sunday cake decorated on site by a White House-trained master chef. In addition to the multi-layered cake and floral display, there will be lots of free entertainment — Mike Vax and the Great American Jaz Band.

Bob Crosby's Big Band on the Plaza, opera highlights at the House of Hospitality, a Starlight Opera showcase performance in the Spectacle Open Pavilion, and tours of the Starlight Road and the Old Globe. The Committee of 100 is arranging shows and free balloons for the kids who'll have a chance to see Marie Hirsch's puppet performance at the Puppet Theater, and the San Diego Civic Youth Ballet will dance a concert on the patio of the Casa Del Prado where the San Diego Junior Theater will perform scene and music. The House of Hospitality will be doing up ethnic food along with entertainment, some of the museums will offer reduced admission, and the Natural

History Museum will have walking tours of the park. This is an opportunity to peek at the new Museum of San Diego. History still under construction, where visitors will receive a full color reproduction of a poster used to promote the 1915 Panama-California Exposition in Balboa Park.

And don't fret about pigeons.



Bustling With Broncos

The rural life — slapping a dusty hat against a chaparral hedge, cheap whiskey, riding the range, loose but goodhearted saloon girls — was once

considered the roughneck tumble life. Now, by comparison, it seems to have been a piece of cake. The real glamour of the strong-but-silent males is to be found in our nation's cities.

Saloon vigilance has heralded a new era and, if Clint Eastwood and a national institution means anything at all, it would seem that lots of us are just itching to

blast the entrails out of the next thing who crosses our path. Today, even the first lady carries a (small) gun. High noon main street showdowns were once a source of drama and entertainment. Today such scenes are played once every sixteen minutes, and the grim statistics are straggled off by another sign that the world is to end too soon.

But there are still those who have found a place in the emblems and rituals of America's quaint and naively savage past. They still call themselves cowboys and it is doubtful that there has ever been a more earnestly romantic crew.

Some of them are madrigal singers in their blind devotion to anachronism, cowboys belong to a larger, broader category of human behavior that has come to be called "country."

88.3

pleasure of having had access to one of the finest... It was in a backwater subunit on the East Coast. The population comprised mostly Italian, Portuguese, and Irish immigrants, who worked as fishermen or in outposts.

factories operated by dining industries. High culture was Red Sox baseball on the black-and-white TV. But every night at ten, Wednesday through Sunday, a disc jockey named Fred Grady would come on the dial at about 55 and spin jazz until two in the morning. He had a soft edge, bass voice that would flow out of the speaker like warm oil. I got into the car on a Sunday home from a night job. I had, on the clock radio, before going to sleep, and had filled up the dark with that honey-smooth voice and then scatter the jazz like a dust.

There were no recorded commercials, and no news, just a few spots held for himself for the regular sponsors. And he was never in a hurry. There was no need. He was unshakable, high up in a magic place in the airwaves, and he'd draw the listeners up every night with that sweet jazz music.

The perpetual and largely successful struggle of jazz to gain mass popularity was only slightly more commonplace in progressive radio stations that devote some programs to jazz, and only slightly more commonplace in progressive radio stations that devote some programs to jazz.

It is important to keep in mind that these stations are

fragments. But in back news without... The 12.7 for San Antonio and nonprofit KSOT will run a fundraising campaign designed to bring its broadcast capabilities closer to state-of-the-art.

In particular, the station would like to move its broadcast tower to a higher vantage and to boost its operating power, upgrade the production studio, and to master control system, retrofit the 5000-record library, acquire compact disc capability, preserve the tape library, that has evolved from the live jazz program, upgrade the stage in which the live jazz is performed, and expand programming to twenty-four hours.

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Donors of twenty-five dollars or more will qualify for a jazz cruise aboard the Monterey, featuring the Bruce Cameron Ensemble.

Outside the station, in the green field at the foot of the building on the City College campus, dozens of local jazz artists will play on both Saturday and Sunday from 8:00 p.m. until 6:00 p.m. At 7:00 p.m. each day the live music will commence indoors in the City College Theater. The main program on Sunday will include a play-announcing at 12:00 p.m. and continuing until 10:00 p.m. a concert of jazz music by the Monterey Jazz Festival.

For more information, call 521-1111 or 521-1112.



Illustration by James H.



Illustration by David (B)

READER'S GUIDE

Contributions to **READER'S GUIDE** must be received by mail no later than the Friday preceding the Thursday issue in order to be considered for publication. Please do not phone. The Events Editor reserves the right to edit all material. Send complete information, including a description of the event, the date and time it is to be held, the precise address where it is to be held, a contact phone number, and a phone number for public information to: **READER EVENTS EDITOR, P.O. Box 90835, San Diego, CA 92158.**

Dance

International Folk Dancing is held tonight, Thursday, July 11, 7:30 p.m., Balboa Park Club, Balboa Park. For details phone

449-4611 during business hours.
Street Dance, the Glamour Quarter Council sponsors this outdoor dance, with music by Warren Messers and His Orchestra (formerly the Windmills). Friday, July 12, from 6 to 10 p.m., on Island Avenue between Fourth and Fifth avenues, downtown. 283-5227. For information phone 213-5227.

Scottish Country Dancing is held Fridays, 7:30 p.m., St. James Hall, 7776 Eads Avenue, La Jolla. 454-5391.

"**Dance Jam**," create your own dance style in an evening of freestyle, recreational dancing every Friday night, 9 p.m., 3255 Fifth Avenue, Hillcrest. 219-1711.

"**Summer Lo-Loe Series**," Three's Company and Dancers presents its "Young People's Workshop Concert," Saturday, July 11 and Sunday, July 14, 8:30 p.m., at the

company's studio, 3255 Fifth Avenue, Hillcrest. 296-9521.
Folk and Classical Dances of the many regions of India will be performed by members of the San Diego Indian community under the direction of Kamlesh Bani and Mushtaq Shetty, and by Anjali Ambekar and her dance company, sponsored by the Center for World Music, Sunday, July 14, 3 p.m., Spanish Village, Balboa Park. Free. 265-4243.

The San Diego Dance Club meets every Sunday, beginning classes start at 1 p.m., and beginning to live music starts at 4 p.m., Lehi's Greenhouse, 2828 Camino del Rio South, Mission Valley. 274-3235.

More Scottish Dancing takes place every Monday, offered by the San Diego branch of the Royal Country Dance Society, 7 p.m., room 202, Casa Del Prado, Balboa Park. 276-7084 or 488-2617.

"**Circle Dancing**," "Sufi" dancing is conducted every Monday evening, 7:15 p.m., 4070 Jackline Street, Mission Hills. 295-9677.

Israeli Dancing is conducted every Monday evening, 8 p.m., Lawrence Branch Jewish Community Center, 4226 Executive Drive, La Jolla. 457-3030.

"**Summer Symposium Workshop**

Concert, Stage Seven's dance concert will take place next Wednesday, July 12, at City College Theatre, San Diego City College, downtown. For show time and ticket phone 234-4647.

Music

The San Diego Concert Band entertains tonight, Thursday, July 11, from 6:30 to 7:30 p.m., at Spreckels Organ Pavilion, Balboa Park. Free. 216-5471.

"**The Dismembered World**," a program of live and electronic music and poetry, featuring performances of John Cage's *Asia*, a poem about Cape Igor Korneichuk's *Jabovosky*, Laurie Fox's *The Corruption of Sound* by Idon, and more, is presented tonight, Thursday, July 11 and tomorrow, Friday, July 12, 8 p.m., Multicultural Arts and Humanities Center, 425 Market Street, downtown. 215-4097.

Summer Pops, the San Diego Symphony summer concert series continues with showtimes by Lerner and Lowe — selections from *Cop*, *Dragon*, *Camel*, and

My Fair Lady, today, Thursday, July 11 through Saturday, July 13, 7:30 p.m., at Hospital City, Mission Bay. 699-4200.

Salsa and Flamenco Works will be performed by the ensemble labeled III, with vocalists Terenci, flamenco guitarist Rodrigo, Jeff Segal on drums, and Kevin Delgado on congas and electric guitar. Friday, July 12, 7:30 and 9:30 p.m., Galerie 5, La Maison, 3681 Fifth Avenue, Hillcrest. 298-0191.

Jazz, the Bryant Allard Jazz Trio, with trumpet, bass, and drums, performs Friday, July 12, 8 p.m., The Book Works, 2670 Via de la Valle, Del Mar. 755-3735.

Jazz, Robert Williams (flute, clarinet, and sax), Fred Benedicti (saxophone), and Jeffrey McFarland (bass) will perform for two nights, Saturday, July 13, 11 p.m., and Sunday, July 14, 11 p.m., at the Old Town, Old Town, Del Mar. 292-0099.

Jazz Jam, the North Coast Jazz Society plays a jazz session Saturday, July 13, 7 p.m., The Book Works, 2670 Via de la Valle, Del Mar. 755-3735.

Folk Singer/Musician Sam Hinton performs Saturday, July 13, 8 p.m., Words and Music, 3806 Fourth Avenue, Hillcrest. 298-4011.

"**Pops under the Stars**," the Jewish Community Center Symphony Orchestra performs Saturday, July 13, 8 p.m., at the center, located at 4079 Fifth Avenue, San Diego. For information phone 581-3300.

Baroque, Classical, and Contemporary chamber music will be performed by the Allergo Quartet, featuring Jill Cooley, flute; Karen Victor, oboe; Mary Lindholm, cello; and Muriel Hendershott, harpsichord and piano, Sunday, July 14, from 1 to 3 p.m., at the cottage complex of the House of Pacific Relations, Balboa Park. Free. 455-7550.

Lawn Program, in honor of Basille Day, the House of France hosts a program of French music, including Jacqueline Kendall's presentation of songs of Ralph Piel and piano works from the Thirties and Forties, Sunday, July 14, 2 p.m., in the cottage complex of the House of Pacific Relations, Balboa Park. Free. 469-0763.

Organ Concert, civic organist Robert Plimpton performs works of Bach, Debussy, Mulet, Gershwin, and others, Sunday, July 14, 2 p.m., Spreckels Organ Pavilion, Balboa Park. Free.

Guitar/Cello Recital, classical guitarist Fred Benedicti and cellist Jeffrey McFarland-Johnson perform chamber music and jazz standards, Sunday, July 14, 8 p.m., Downey Magie's Cafe, at 3089 University Avenue, North Park. 298-8584.

"**Concerts at Dusk**," the San Diego Brass Consort, members of the San Diego Symphony brass section, will perform, Monday, July 15, 7:30 p.m., sponsored by Westminster Church, at the church amphitheater, 3598 Talbot Street, Point Loma. Free. 440-0079.

"**Twilight in the Park**," the evening concerts in Balboa Park continue with the San Diego Concert Band, Tuesday, July 16, the San Diego City College Night Band, Wednesday, July 17, and another San Diego Concert Band performance, next Thursday, July 18. All hour-long concerts begin at 6:30 p.m., Spreckels Organ Pavilion. Bring a picnic. For details phone 236-5471.

Contemporary Patriotic Numbers will be performed by the United States Marine Band, Tuesday, July 16, 6:30 p.m., at the Rio Seco Outdoor Theatre, San Diego. For directions and further information on this free concert, phone 225-3354.

TO LOCAL EVENTS

Summer Symphony, the Mesa Costa College San Diego, will perform a varied program, with works ranging from classical to pop. The orchestra performs every Tuesday night this summer, from 7 to 9 p.m., at the college's Del Mar Show Center, at Ninth Street and Stratford Court in Del Mar. 755-3486.

Disland Jazz will be performed every Wednesday from 6 to 8 p.m., in the cozy area of East Park, Seaport Village. Free. 235-6569.

More Pops, to celebrate Disneyland's thirtieth anniversary, the San Diego Pops with conductor Matthew Garbutt presents an all-Pops program, with such hits as "When You Wish upon a Star" "Who's Afraid of the Big Bad Wolf," "Mickey Mouse March," and excerpts from *Fantasia* next Wednesday, July 17 through Sunday, July 20, 7:30 p.m., Hospital City, Mission Bay. 699-4200.

Film

David Bowie fans, two films, *The Man Who Fell to Earth* and *Ziggy Stardust*, will be shown Friday, July 12, the former, at 5 and 9:30 p.m., and the latter, at 7:15 p.m., Ken Cinema, 4061 Adams Avenue, Kensington. 281-5900.

"**Real to Real Film Series**," The

Hunt for a Lady Hunter, starring Alan Arkin, will be shown, followed by discussions of family values, Friday, July 12, 7 p.m., room G-112, San Diego Mesa College, 7250 Mesa College Drive, San Diego. For more information phone 562-3768. Free.

Monster Feature, *Godzilla Versus Megalon*, featuring that scaled behemoth on the rampage against Seaport's guardian, will be shown, followed by the short story *Bambi Meets Godzilla*, Saturday, July 13 and Sunday, July 14, 10:30 a.m., and 12:30 and 2:30 p.m., Natural History Museum, Balboa Park. 231-3821.

"**Monday Night Film Series**," the July series continues with the controversial 1954 film *Salt of the Earth*, made entirely by Blacklisted

artists. The film will screen Monday, July 15, 7 p.m., third floor auditorium, San Diego Public Library, 840 E Street, downtown. Free. 216-5648.

"**Pygmalion**," Henry Higgins and Colonel Pickering transform Eliza Doolittle into a duchess, Tuesday, July 16, 7 p.m., Coronado Public Library, 640 Orange Avenue, Coronado. Free. 522-7390.

"**Toss of the D'Urbervilles**," this 1924 silent film, starring Conrad Naegel and Blanche Sweet, is the second in the series of "Summer Silents," and will be shown Tuesday, July 16, at 8 p.m., Palomar College, 1140 West Mission Road, San Marcos. The film will be shown again next Thursday, July 18, same time, at the Miraflores College Del Mar Show Center, at

Ninth Street and Stratford Court, in Del Mar. 942-1151.

Library Films, two films, *Wildlife* and *Adventures of Alaska and Mt. Rainier National Park*, will be shown next Wednesday, July 17, 1 p.m., National City Public Library, 129 East Twelfth Street, National City. Free. 474-8211.

"**The Judge and the Assassin**," the month-long series of French director Bertrand Tavernier's films continues with the 1973 story of a murderer and the judge who becomes fascinated with his story. The film screens Wednesday, July 17, 7:30 p.m., Sherwood Auditorium, La Jolla Museum of Contemporary Art, 730 Prospect Street, La Jolla. 454-0267.

"**Chronos**," Ronald Fricke's new

DO MORE THAN ADMIRE...



Vintage Vehicles are for hire!

2 Hour Chauffeurs
2 Hour Minimum
Gift Certificates
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The ONLY 1941 Packard & Buick Convertibles & 1960 Cadillac Limousine for hire in San Diego County!

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After a day at the beach, relax at **OFURO HOT TUBS**

California's finest hot tub rental facility

66.00 per tub per hour with hot and cold water on call for 2 tubs. 2 people. Nightly. Expires 7/31/85. Also valid on our NEW MINERAL TUBS 760 Thomas Avenue (across from the market) Pacific Beach For info and reservations call 483-1684

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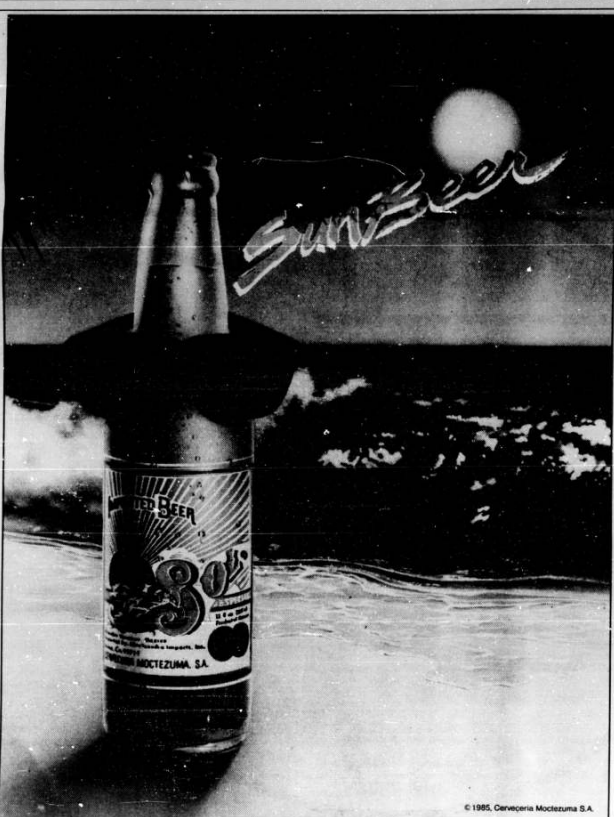


"HERE'S TO GOOD FRIENDS"

Free Community Concert Sunday, July 14, 7:30 p.m.

Seaport Village, The San Diego Unified Port District and Lowenbrau present our Annual Summer Pops Spectacular. Help us celebrate the 5th Anniversary of Seaport Village by enjoying the San Diego Pops Orchestra and a spectacular fireworks display in the Embarcadero Marina Park adjacent to Seaport Village. Free concert series continues as grand finale to America's Finest City Week on Sun. August 25.

Seaport Village
LOWENBRAU



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READER'S GUIDE

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 UMSIMAX screens of the Beaches, H. Fleet Space Theater and Science Center in Balboa Park throughout the summer. For show times and further information phone 238-1168.

IMPROV COMEDY
MODERN TIMES IS BACK!
La Maison
Fifth Avenue
Comedy run starts July 19

Lectures

The G-Iapagos Tortoise, Susan Schuler, senior tortoise keeper at the San Diego Zoo, will present a slide-illustrated lecture at the next open meeting of the San Diego Turtle and Tortoise Society, Friday, July 12, 7:30 p.m., room 101, Casa

WORDS & MUSIC
SAM HINTON
Folk musician
Sam will sing & play music saluting our independence & our heritage.
Hillcrest - 3806 Fourth Ave.
286-4717

runs every half hour at Old Town Galleria, at Jean and Harvey Streets, in Old Town. For show times and information phone 286-2800.

Author Michael McKeever will talk on little-known historical facts about Cere, sponsored by CCEC, Sunday, July 14, 2 p.m., Downtown Information Center, 119 West F Street, downtown. Free. For reservations phone 696-1215.

"Avoiding Probate and Reducing Estate Taxes", local attorney Robert Armstrong will speak Tuesday, July 16, at the Lomas Santa Fe Country Club, Lomas Santa Fe. For information on the free talk, phone 297-5556.

Producer/Director Frank Christopher will discuss his film, the Academy Award nominee in the Name of the People, next Wednesday, July 17, 7 p.m., in the continuing SFPSI series, "Television and Motion Picture Marketing," in the Little Theatre, Heyner Hall, SFPSI. Free. 265-5152.

Diving in Antarctica, marine biologist for Scripps Institution of Oceanography, James Stewart, will

present a slide-illustrated lecture on a recent dive, Wednesday, July 17, 7:30 p.m., Carlsbad City Library, 1750 Elm Street, Carlsbad. Free. 438-5614.

Special

Barbecue, Starlight Center, a local chapter of the Association of Retarded Citizens, hosts its annual benefit barbecue (200 pounds of beef, salad, wine, and beer are some of the items on the menu) and crafts sale, Saturday, July 13, from noon to 5 p.m., 1280 N. San Antonio Avenue, Chula Vista. 427-7574.

Nature Walks in the northern Santa Fe estuary are conducted every Saturday, 1:30 p.m., sponsored by the Southwest Wetlands Interpretive Association, meet at the south end of Fifth Avenue, Imperial Beach. 237-6768.

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.

Second Annual Trivial Pursuit Tournament, all four versions of

the game are used in this tournament, with each game lasting ninety minutes only. Saturday, July 14, starting at 10 a.m., in the new room, 12706 Road Road, El Cajon. To reserve a time slot, phone 446-5673. The event benefits the San Diego Community Theater.

Summer Picnic, the Slovak Heritage Association of San Diego hosts its fifth annual picnic, replete with ethnic foods, Sunday, July 14, from noon to 8 p.m., Morley Field, Balboa Park. For information and reservations phone 558-5325.

Beach Walk, Scripps Aquarium sponsors this naturalist-led walk along Ocean Beach, Sunday, July 14, from 10:30 a.m. to 2:30 p.m., meeting at the parking lot at the end of Newport Avenue in OLB. For reservations and information phone 452-4578.

Nature Tours through the historic Wildflower 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 Wilbur Canyon Road. For details or information on group tours call 443-7998.

Sports

Over-the-Line Championships, the thirty-second annual CITL softball games take place this weekend, with more than 600 teams in the competition. Preliminary games start at 7:30 a.m., Saturday, July 13 and Sunday, July 14, and continue until dusk. Finals take place next weekend, Fiesta Island, Mission Bay. 297-6480.

Races continue at the El Cajon Speedway; Saturday, July 13, stock cars and a destruction derby are featured, 7:30 p.m. Take the Bradley off-ramp at Gillespie Airport in El Cajon. 448-8900.

Ultralight Fly-In, from fifty to one hundred Ultralight aircraft are expected to participate in this daylong fest, which includes demonstrations, spot-landing contests, "bomb drops," and Nerf ball catching, Sunday, July 13 and Sunday, July 14, beginning at 8 a.m., at the San Diego Ultralight Park, located five miles south of Ramona on Wilbur Canyon Road. Free. 789-9474.

Orienteering, the public is invited to participate in this sporting event, which is defined by its organizers as "the art of navigating through unknown terrain using a map and compass." This Sunday, July 14, at 10 a.m., the groups will gather at Filarete Flat at Mt. Laguna. For details and directions phone 286-7958.

Frisbee, the International Frisbee Disk Association hosts its Frisbee workshop every Sunday, 4 p.m., La Jolla Cove Park, La Jolla. Free. 273-7441.

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

In Person

Mack and Jamie, this comedy duo (they've opened for such acts as Diana Ross and Crystal Gale) headlines with Subliminal at The Improv, tonight, Thursday, July 11 through Sunday, July 14, with show times at 8:30 weekdays and 8 and 10:30 p.m., Friday and

TO LOCAL EVENTS

Samurai, The Improv is located at 832 Garnet Avenue, Pacific Beach. For reservations phone 274-5300.

Comedians Raising Kenos, Fins Henderson, Jeff Witte and Lisa Blumfield headline this week at the Comedy Store. Show times are 9 p.m., tonight, Thursday, July 11 and Sunday, July 14, and 8 and 10:30 p.m., Friday and Saturday, July 12 and 13. The Comedy Store is located at 916 Pearl Street, La Jolla. For reservations phone 474-9176 or 634-1332.

"Summer Sucka! Performance Series", Carla Kirkwood's monologue, *Your Mama and Your Sister* and *Just Girlhood*, which is currently playing at Sucka Gallery, now will be presented Saturday, July 13, 8 p.m., Del Mar Commons art center, 240 Tenth Street, Del Mar. No reservations are accepted; tickets will be sold at the door, only. 235-8466.

Radio/TV

Jazz, from noon on Sunday, July 13, until 2 a.m., Sunday, July 14, KSIS-FM 88.1 will air a live broadcast marathon. Listeners are invited

to call in, pledging one dollar per minute of requested music. Proceeds go toward developing a twenty-four hour programming format for the station.

Three Comics, Jimmy Alcock, David Wood, and Fred Wood take over the boards at The Improv, opening Tuesday, July 16 and continuing through next Sunday, July 21. Show times at 8:30 p.m. on weeknights and 8 and 10:30 p.m., weekends. The Improv is located at 832 Garnet Avenue, Pacific Beach. 274-5300.

Live Coverage of the United Nations 1985 World Women's Conference, held through July 26 in Nairobi, continues on KPBS-FM 88.1 on Monday, July 15 and next Friday, July 19, 2:40 p.m. The reports will be followed by discussion of related issues affecting San Diego women.

Celebrate Bastille Day

Sample San Diego's finest Champagne & Chocolate
Live entertainment • Celebrities • Raffle
Sunday, July 14 6-9 pm
Sushi & Grapes
1001 6th Ave., Hillcrest
\$10 per person
All proceeds benefit the California Center on Victimology

For Kids

"Crystal Gardens", young people in the fifth and sixth grades will examine and grow crystals in their two-hour summer, Friday, July 12, 10 a.m., Robben H. Fleet Space Theater and Science Center, Balboa Park. For registration information phone 738-1233.

"Tad, Fred Life", young people in the fifth through seventh grades will explore local tidal pools in this class, which includes free snacks. The course begins Friday, July 12, 12:30 p.m., Scripps Institution of Oceanography, La Jolla. For details and registration information phone 557-4387.

Films, children's films will be shown Friday, July 12, 3:30 p.m., Chula Vista Public Library, 365 F Street, Chula Vista. Free. 691-5269.

Writing Contest, in connection with the return of the popular

"The End", Bart Reynolds, Sally Field, and Dean Cain star in this comedy. Tuesday, July 16, 9 p.m., KCST, Channel 19.

"Economicism" (third and fourth grades) will experiment with science, history, literature, civics, and more in this hour-long (and building) season. Friday, July 13, 1 p.m., Robben H. Fleet Space Theater and Science Center, Balboa Park. 238-1233 x213.

"Egg Drops and Other Interesting Brain Teasers", young people in the seventh, eighth, and ninth grades will be faced with such challenges as packaging an egg so that it can survive intact a ten-foot fall. Friday, July 12, from 1 to 3 p.m., Discovery Center, Robben H. Fleet Space Theater and Science Center, Balboa Park. For registration information phone 738-1233 x213.

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Writing Contest, in connection with the return of the popular



Swing Dance Classes
Starts Thursday, July 18
Beginning Jitterbug—7:30-8:30 pm
Beginning Swing—8:30-9:30 pm
Learn to dance to rock, country, western, 40s & 50s swing, rockabilly music.
For information on classes or Jitterbug Club call 281-0361

WIN 4 FREE HOURS LIMOUSINE TIME

IN A STRETCH LIMOUSINE PROVIDED BY
MONARCH LIMOUSINE SERVICE
(APPOINTMENT NECESSARY-NOT AVAILABLE HOLIDAYS)

WITH COMPLIMENTARY BOTTLE OF CHAMPAGNE!!

TO ENTER... All you have to do is stop by **Luxury Auto Shine** and fill out an entry form.
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DRAWING HELD AUGUST 1, 1985

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READER'S GUIDE

Street, Old Town 225-8859.

"Robert Mangold Paintings: 1971-1984" thirty-seven paintings by the minimalist artist are collected in the first large-scale exhibition of his work in the U.S. in a decade, the exhibit continues through August 2, La Jolla Museum of Contemporary Art, 720 Prospect Street, La Jolla 454-3541.

"The Indian" some 140 prints, including etchings, linocuts, silkscreens,

woodcuts, and linocuts, are on view in this touring exhibition, curated by SDSU art professor Paul Lingner, the exhibit continues through August 2, at the art gallery, SDSU, 265-5204.

Drawings, Paintings, and Mixed Media Works gallery artists are on view through August 3, Regis Graphics, 585 Rio Street, North Park, 298-8929.

"Between Breakdowns" oil paintings, watercolors, and collages by the late Mary Lane

Quire, author of *The Snake Pit*, a partially autobiographical account of her own nervous breakdown, will be on view through August 6, in the Walker Library of United States International University, 10455 Fenwick Road, San Diego 693-4639.

"Spectrum Invites" Spectrum Galleries presents this show, for which its forty-three member artists meet at other art centers.

downtown 232-9743.

"Fortissimo! Thirty Years from the Richard Bowen Baker Collection of Contemporary Art," this exhibit of more than 160 contemporary works by such artists as Roy Lichtenstein, Jackson Pollock, Andy Warhol, Willem de Kooning, and others, remains on view through August 11, San Diego Museum of Art, Balboa Park 232-7931.

"Faces" more than forty photographers, including Walker

Evans, Arnold Newman, Irving Penn, Henri Cartier-Bresson, Diane Arbus, and Alfred Stieglitz, are featured in this eighty-year retrospective. Included in the exhibit are 150 studies, subjects, celebrities, artists, children, and men at war. "Faces" continues through August 25, Museum of Photographic Arts, Balboa Park 239-5262.

"Journey to the Surface" Los Angeles artist Michael McMullen's installation, employing light, water, recorded music, and naval

TO LOCAL EVENTS

imagery, is on exhibit through August 27, Installation Gallery, 447 Fifth Avenue, downtown 232-9915.

"Endless Orbit: Planetary Visions in Glass" this "space art exhibit," consisting of nine panels of stained glass by Mark Proff, continues on view through August 31, Rialto Theatre, downtown 238-1233.

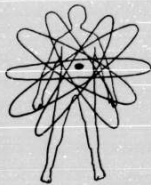
invaded by the navy for the Florida Canyon expansion of Balboa Naval Hospital, and the northwest border of the park has been usurped by the Girl Scouts of America, our birthday party hosts, the Committee of 100, have made a non-negotiable pact with San Diego, specifically, to pursue activities, that are considerably safer. Cowboys have simply chosen another kind of complexity, not unlike that of people who live in artistic enclaves dedicated to the preservation of traditional dance and theater. And we in San Diego are fortunate to have an entire region filled with such passionately romantic types just minutes away. Yes, East County

— Sue Garson

— Close enough for all of us to enjoy for a few hours and still return home in time to enjoy the latest news of celebrities and serial numbers. This weekend East County, specifically Ramona, will be host to a magnificent display of country western rodeo. Starting Friday, July 11 at 7:00 p.m., and continuing through Sunday, July 13, the fifth annual Ramona Rodeo will be in full swing at the Fred Grand Arena. The site can easily be reached by taking Main Street in Ramona to Fifth Street then following it to Agua Lane. Once there, eager viewers can abandon themselves to the raw thrill of bull riding, steer wrestling, Hackback barrel racing, saddle horse riding, and calf roping. There will also be a chili cook-off and lots of tobacco chewing and spitting into Styrofoam coffee cups. Noncowboys and noncowgirls (over 21) are permitted by completing an affidavit about the unpleasant odors attendant to such sport and by signing themselves in front of the starting gates to protect the treatment of the rodeo animals. Much fun is sure to be had by all. Performances will also be held on Saturday at 7:00 p.m. and on Sunday at 4:00 p.m. For more information please call 785-2316.

— Albe Opincar

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An Old Time Cafe Presentation

READER'S GUIDE TO THE THEATER

becomes transformed into a British soldier and leads the army against a group of Indian rebels. Robert Woodruff directs the production. Cast members include: Bill Irwin, Ray Barry, Mary Chaykin, Geoff Hoyle, Brandon Kemp, Fawn Perry, Elise Rose Smith, John Vickers, Diana Berry, Mark Hallen, Steven Itoh, Gloria Mann, Christopher Randolph, Douglas Roberts, and Tisha Roth. David Stein is the scenic designer. Susan Demson the costume designer. Richard Riddell the hair designer. *La Jolla Playhouse* for the production is by Douglas Wisselman. (Sm.) La Jolla Playhouse, Tuesday, July 16 through August 10, Tuesday through Sunday at 8:00 p.m. Matinee Thursday and Sunday at 2:00 p.m.

A MIDSUMMER NIGHT'S DREAM
Jack O'Brien's expert staging of Shakespeare's popular comedy strikes a deft, precarious balance between the comical and the serious elements of the play. Audiences expecting a Whitman's Sampler of confections will have many to savor. But this refined production also displays a clear, unflinching sense of the play's deeper tonalities. Its

reading of the spirit world, in particular, comes closer to that realm's dual nature — as a place of both magic and potential nightmare — than any other production I have seen. *Shakespeare's Men* is fickle in this production, as are the immortals. Oberon and Titania (played splendidly by David Ogden Stiers and Katherine McGrath). And Jeffrey Combs's Puck is both a merry prankster and hobgoblin, a bupbear capable of sinister designs and a clown of the first order. *Shakespeare's Men* is a production that is both a pleasure and a challenge. For the production is by Douglas Wisselman. (Sm.) La Jolla Playhouse, Tuesday, July 16 through August 10, Tuesday through Sunday at 8:00 p.m. Matinee Thursday and Sunday at 2:00 p.m.

down five hundred years ago. Puck would have been blamed. For sheer fun and levity, the production also offers a rilly come performance by Kandi Chappell, as a giddy Hermia. Williams' admission is free, and the company recommends that audiences bring a cushion — or a love? "Consider Yourself," "I'd Do Anything," and "As Long As He Needs Me." Buddy Astor directs the production. John Barger is Oliver. Other members of the company are: Steve Linn, Hankin, Chiamine, Jensen, Tina Albom, Fernando Vega, Jennifer Knapp, Todd Becker, Trevor Hale, Lori Dunbar, Katie McLaughlin, and Don McClure. (Sm.) Palmomar College Theatre, Wednesday, July 16 through Saturday, July 20 at 7:30 p.m. Matinee Saturday, July 20 at 2:00 p.m.

THE MUSIC MAN
The El Cajon Youth Summerstock Theatre presents the Meredith Wilson musical, based on a story by Wilson and Franklin Lacey. The Summer Workshop is a private corporation set up by local teachers and parents to provide theater experience for children. The production — which features such popular songs as "Trouble," "Till There Was You," and "Seventy-Six Trombones" — is directed by Mary Bosworth and Robert J. Baker. Baker Bush is the choreographer, and Ida Huf is the accompanist. (Sm.) The Little Theatre, Room 175, Granite Hills High School, 1719 East Madison, El Cajon, through July 20, Tuesday, July 11 through Saturday, July 13, and Monday, July 15 through Saturday, July 20 at 7:30 p.m. For information call 442-3463.

OLIVER!
The Palomar College Theatre is staging Lionel Bart's musical adaptation from the Dickens novel, *Oliver Twist*. Included in it is the popular song "Consider Yourself." "I'd Do Anything," and "As Long As He Needs Me." Buddy Astor directs the production. John Barger is Oliver. Other members of the company are: Steve Linn, Hankin, Chiamine, Jensen, Tina Albom, Fernando Vega, Jennifer Knapp, Todd Becker, Trevor Hale, Lori Dunbar, Katie McLaughlin, and Don McClure. (Sm.) Palmomar College Theatre, Wednesday, July 16 through Saturday, July 20 at 7:30 p.m. Matinee Saturday, July 20 at 2:00 p.m.

PERIOD OF ADJUSTMENT
Rarely one to take the safe route, with this "serious comedy" first produced in 1960, Tennessee Williams did just that. It is hard to believe that the author of *A Streetcar Named Desire* and *The Glass Menagerie* actually wrote this melodrama about two couples whose deeply ingrained marital woes can be easily resolved by the simple solution implied by the play's title. *Period of Adjustment* is formulaic, mechanically contrived, and completely devoid of Williams's

linguistic verve and emotional resonances. It is, in fact, the kind of popular theater Williams reacted against strongly in the *Forties* and *Fifties*, when he cut a wide, passionate swath down Broadway. The play may be a "cruel parody of the story comedy" genre, but at the *Colorado Playhouse*, the newly formed American Theatre Heritage Company has treated it with more respect than it deserves. Though the play itself is not one of them, the production does have several pluses. The Modica's company's founder, has directed it faithfully and reasonably well, with an eye toward recreating the acting style of the original production. This rowdies does play into Williams's excesses — shrill scenes and put answers — but Modica has been able, where possible, to coax some tender moments out of his leads. Mark Anthony, Rick Bullinger, and especially Pallette Harfield. Modica has also designed a handsome set, and the production in general evinces a genuine concern for detail. In the program notes, the new company has announced its aims:

"producing American plays of the 1930s to the 1960s, plays out of our own theatrical heritage." The company's inaugural effort shows definite signs of fulfilling these aims, at least with respect to production values. All that is needed now is a script, from our heritage, more worthy of the company's vision. (Sm.) Colorado Playhouse, through August 30, Call the theater at 435-4545 for specific playing times and times.

PRESENT LAUGHTER
The Gaslamp Quarter Theatre is staging Noel Coward's light comedy about a pampered stage actor, and his colorful collection of friends, fans, and lovers. Will Simpson directs the production. Members of the cast are Robert Haddad, Susan Bender, Gerry Krensch, Pat Mouss, Mackey Mulligan, Rebecca Nicholson, Naumie Perry, Chris Reddy, Mark Robertson, Corale Schatz, and Rosemary Tynes. The scenic design is by Robert Earl, the lighting is by Matthew Cubitto, the costumes are by Joseph Davis, and the sound is by John Heister. (Sm.) Gaslamp Quarter Theatre, Thursday, July 11 through August 31, Wednesday through Saturday at 8:00 p.m. Matinee Sunday at 2:00 p.m. Information call 235-8466.

SUMMER SUSHI A PERFORMANCE SERIES: YOUR MAMA AND YOUR SISTER AND YOUR GIRLFRIEND
Sushi, Inc., and the Del Mar Communications Center present a series of women's monologues, written and performed by Carla Kirkwood and containing Vivanna Cossetti Enosse. The monologues include profiles of women from San Diego to Chicago, and from Hong Kong to Beijing. The work is based on the lives of women who either directly or indirectly influenced the author's life. Among the group are Judy, a steelworker fighting against

sexual harassment on the job, Cindy, a housewife with desires, and Cissy, a prostitute from the States, who works in Hong Kong "servicing" the military on WESTPAC cruises. (Sm.) Del Mar Communications Center, 2400 South Street, Del Mar, Saturday, July 13 at 8:00 p.m. For information call 235-8466.

THE SUPPORTING CAST
The Jolla Playhouse is staging George Furth's comedy about Ellen, the novel she has written, and its characters. Four of whom are based on her "friends and inspirations." The only problem is that her book won't be released until she gets her friendly approval. Thus she has invited all four to her "Matisse" beach house for lunch — and perhaps a little discussion. Jo Rubin directs the production, with assistance from Pat Shanahan. Cast members are Karen Bender, Dave Williams, Dave Kelley, Dana Hoyle, and Dave Treasher. (Sm.) Jolla Playhouse, through July 28, Friday and Saturday at 8:00 p.m. Matinee Sunday at 2:00 p.m.

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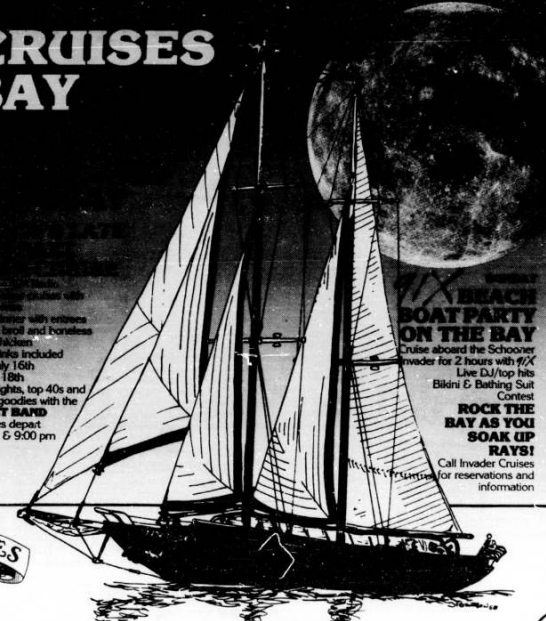
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READER'S GUIDE TO THE MUSIC SCENE

Music commentary is by John D. Apollonio. Please send concert information to: Reader Music Scene, P.O. Box 80803, San Diego 92138.

The reggae band **Aswad** represents a culmination of sorts. Aswad (which means "black" in Arabic) was the first British reggae group to be signed to Chris Blackwell's Island Records label in 1979. Blackwell had founded the label in 1964. Flashed with success after having produced the seminal ska hit "Mr. Tambourine Man" for The Small Faces, Blackwell wanted to create a record label that would bring Jamaican music to the world. A Jamaican-born white guy, Blackwell had signed and produced a number of Jamaican acts between the mid-'60s and mid-Seventies but took a calculated gamble in signing a British reggae band. Until a few years ago the consensus among reggae stalwarts was that despite their West Indian roots, British reggae bands lacked the environment essential to produce authentic reggae. Aswad succeeded in proving the skeptics wrong by establishing themselves as a source of original reggae music most British reggae groups prior to Aswad merely covered material by native Jamaican artists.



430-47

Aswad's hot rocksteady and dub tracks and occasional scuffling political diatribes effectively distanced the band from the mainstream "pop" reggae groups in Great Britain. Nearly a decade later, and after umpteen moves among various record labels, Aswad can hang out a single identifying flag as the best reggae band England has to offer. The nucleus from the current Aswad — rhythm guitarist/vocalist Ramsey Foulke, keyboardist Tony Gad, and drummer/vocalist Angus Drummond — will be joined by six additional musicians for their first San Diego concert.

Tuesday night at Polaris Gardens in North Park. Also on the bill are L.A.'s **Idren** and a reggae band from the Rockies called **Little Women** (Rocky Mountain reggae). Oh yeah, you super-trivia buffs might already know that a song titled "Jamaican Ska" was released to little fanfare in 1969 by — hold on — Annette Funicello. In recent weeks there have been, in San Diego, at least two concerts by guitarists whose music necessitated the invocation of the late Jimi Hendrix's name. Steve Jordan and James "Blood" Ulmer to name the two I remember

without rilling through yellowed concert reviews. In the cases of the two mentioned here, I was a bit chagrined that their shows took place within days of each other since, by disintering the Hendrix legend twice in such a short span of time, I risked flattery with that hane of reviewers and joke-tellers — awkward repetition. Once extricated from that testy situation, I breathed more easily, figuring that it would probably be some time before I'd feel compelled again to mention Hendrix in the course of discussing a current artist. Oh? You mean Hendrix's old

rhythm section of drummer **Mitch Mitchell** and bassist **Steve Redding** is coming to town in support of guitarist/Hendrix impersonator **Randy Hansen**. And the band is calling itself the **Band of Gypsies**. All right, Mr. Gib Pop Critic, let's see you swim around this one.

I've chatted with more than one Hendrix aficionado who believes the guitarist began a gradual artistic decline that coincided with the departures, first, of a disgruntled Redding and, eventually, of Mitchell in 1969. As two-thirds of the Jimi Hendrix Experience, the bassist and drummer had been understandably overshadowed by the visionary, flamboyant, and charismatic Hendrix. But in listening to early Experience recordings (and having heard the original band in concert at least twice), one realizes just how essential to Hendrix's pioneering sound were Mitchell's splayed, scattershot drumming and Redding's fundamental rumblings. Mitchell and Redding were perfect accomplices for Hendrix because they combined technical competence (perhaps more than competence in Mitchell's case), receptivity and adaptability to bold ideas, and, apparently supportive personalities. These qualities enabled them musically to complement Hendrix without aping off any of the guitarist's thunder. Even after

(continued on page 16)

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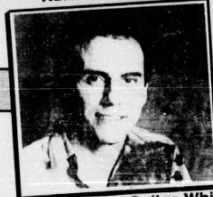
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(continued from page 14)
Mitchell and Redding had been replaced by Buddy Miles and Billy Cox, respectively. Ironically, the current line-up takes its name from that former duo. Redding, who had been heard to utter praises for the former duo's musicianship. And I'd partially agree with those who have found Hendrix's later work less than his best, toward the end, his music was still inventive and compelling, but Miles was too stylized and heavy-handed a force on drums, and Cox was too dispassionate and unimaginative a musician to allow Hendrix's flights of fancy to achieve liftoff.
Considering the acrimonious circumstances that caused

Hendrix, Mitchell, and Redding to part company, it's a wonder the former Experience bandmates would want anything at all to do with a Hendrix tribute act. Redding, especially, must have harbored some hard feelings for a few years after his leaving. A guitarist himself, Redding had in 1966 been recruited by Chas Chandler of the Animals (who became Hendrix's manager) to play bass in the Experience, a move that automatically forced Redding to subordinate his own musical interests to those of Hendrix. By late 1968, Redding's musical frustration had become such that he formed his own band, Pat Mattress, a rather banal outfit that actually opened for several Hendrix shows. That

same year, black consciousness in America had come to bear on the careers of many well-known blacks, and Hendrix's fame and success as one-third of a biracial band made him an obvious target for black power groups that actively discouraged black participation in "white" endeavors. Pressure from such separatists to perform with other black musicians, and Redding's concurrent dissatisfaction with being little more than Hendrix's sideman, rent the Experience in 1969. Although Mitchell would return a year later to replace Miles for the recording of the wonderful *Cry of Love*, the thrill, as they say, had gone.
As for Hansen, he has been touring with his Hendrix

impersonation hit for a long time now. I have to admit that I've never taken in one of Hansen's shows, primarily because I feel a mile squamish about these sorts of "tribute" gigs and especially about the motivations of their perpetrators. But that's a prejudice that perhaps isn't fair. From what I've heard, Hansen is a decent guitarist who develops a loving knowledge of the Hendrix style. I would think he'd have to in order to enlist such legitimate accomplices as Mitchell and Redding. Hendrix fans and the just plain curious might want to check out the Band of Gypsies (you detail freaks undoubtedly know that the original spelling was "Gypsies") when they play at the

Belly-Up Tavern tonight. Thursday. [Editor's note: At press time we learned that Noel Redding has been mysteriously incapacitated and is temporarily being replaced by Tony Saunders.]
In other concerts this week, the Lettermen will do shows on Friday, Saturday, and Sunday nights at the San Diego Wild Animal Park's Mahala Amphitheater; popular if unhip jazzist Dan Siegel will perform twice on Saturday night at Humphreys; and Tim Maze will bring Specimen, Red Wedding, Eleven Sons, and Faces of Drama to the Spirit on Saturday night. Sunday's heavy-metal entry has Queensrÿche and Keel at the California Theater.



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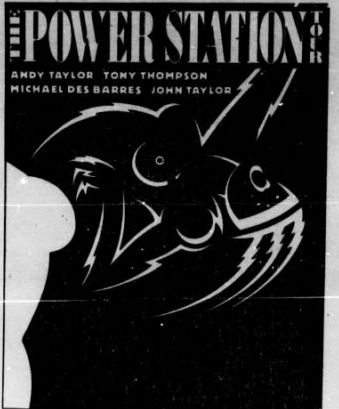
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CALIFORNIA THEATRE
ALL TICKETS — \$12.75. AVAILABLE AT ALL TELESEAT OUTLETS. INFO: 483-6339

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ANDY TAYLOR TONY THOMPSON
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SAN DIEGO SPORTS ARENA
TICKETS: \$14.50 & \$13.50

BOX OFFICE OPENS AT 9AM. TICKETS AVAILABLE AT: PLAZA MUSIC SHOPPE, AZTEC BOX OFFICE, SPECIAL SERVICES, SELECT FIRST WORLD TRAVEL CENTERS, ALL ARENA TICKET OUTLETS AND THE SPORTS ARENA TICKET OFFICE. TO CHARGE BY PHONE CALL (619) 538-0800.


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TO BE FILMED FOR AN UPCOMING
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AUGUST 6 - 8 P.M.

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FOR PUBLIC SALE. FOR MORE INFO: 483-6339.
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Fahn & Silva presents

CONCERTS

The Band of Gypsies featuring Randy Hansen, Mitch Mitchell, and Tony Saunders: Belly Up, 143 South Cedros Avenue, Solana Beach. 481-9022.

Edel III: La Maison Caliente, 5 Friday, July 12, 7:30 and 9:30 p.m., 3081 Fifth Avenue, Hillcrest. 298-0119.

The Lettermen: San Diego Wild Animal Park, Mahala Amphitheater, Friday, July 12, through Sunday, July 14, 7:30 p.m., 15000 San Pasqual Valley Road, Escondido. 747-8072.

Don Siegel: Humphreys, Saturday, July 13, 7 and 9 p.m., 2303 Shelter Island Drive. 977-0800.

Specimen, Red Wedding, Eleven Sons, and Faces of Drama: Spirit, Saturday, July 13, 9 p.m., 1130 Buena Vista. 276-3901.

Edel III: La Maison Caliente, 5

Sunday, July 14, 7:30 p.m., 3081 Fifth Avenue, Hillcrest. 298-0119.

Queensrÿche and Keel: California Theatre, Sunday, July 14, 8 p.m., 1122 Fourth Avenue, downtown. 283-SEAT.

Robin Henke's Blues 90 Phase One with Fran Lozada, Scott Van Ravensberg, and Mark Lesman: Bodies, Monday, July 15, 9 p.m., 6149 University Avenue. 383-5700.

Aswad, Idren, and Little Women: Bodies, Tuesday, July 16, 8 p.m., 2838 University Avenue, North Park. 266-1885.

Jesse Colin Young: La Paloma Theatre, Thursday, July 18, 8 p.m., First and D streets, Encinitas. 436-7788.

Tower of Power: Belly Up Tavern, Thursday, July 18, 9 p.m., 1130 Buena Vista, Solana Beach. 481-9022.

The Bus Boys: The Distillers, Thursday, July 18, call for time, 140 South Cedros Avenue, Solana Beach. 735-6733.

John Denver and Band: SDSU's Open Air Theatre, Friday, July 18, 8 p.m., San Diego State University campus. 232-0800 or 265-6947.

A.D. and Phil Keaggy: Golden Hall, Friday, July 19, 8 p.m., Community Center, downtown. 565-7278.

"Weird Al" Yankovic: Humphreys, Friday, July 19, 7 and 9 p.m., 2303 Shelter Island Drive. 232-0800.

The Marshall Tucker Band: San Diego Wild Animal Park, Mahala Amphitheater, Friday, July 19, through Sunday, July 21, 7:30 p.m., 15000 San Pasqual Valley Road, Escondido. 747-8072.

Fear, Gang Green, Adrenalin O.D., and Bodies in Panic: Palisade Gardens Skating Rink, Saturday, July 20, 8 p.m., 2838 University Avenue. 383-5947.

Larry Carlton: Humphreys, Saturday, July 20, 7 and 9 p.m., 2303 Shelter Island Drive. 232-0800.

Babylo Warriors: Spirit, Saturday, July 20, 9 p.m., 1130 Buena Vista, Solana Beach. 481-9022.

Robert Fack: Kona Kai Club, Sunday, July 21, 8:30 p.m., 1551 Shelter Island Drive. 283-SEAT.

Edel III: La Maison Caliente, 5 Sunday, July 21, call for time, 3081 Fifth Avenue, Hillcrest. 298-0119.

Grover Washington, Jr. and Pieces of a Dream: SDSU's Open Air Theatre, Tuesday, July 23, 8 p.m., San Diego State University campus. 232-0800 or 265-6947.

Power Station and Spandau Ballet: Sports Arena, Wednesday, July 24, 8 p.m., 224-1170.

Adam Ant: SDSU's Open Air Theatre, Wednesday, July 24, 8 p.m., San Diego State University campus. 265-6947 or 232-0800.

Shadowfax: Humphreys, Wednesday, July 24, 7 and 9 p.m., 2303 Shelter Island Drive. 232-0800.

Richard Thompson: Old Time Café, Wednesday and Thursday, July 24 and 25, 7 and 9 p.m., 1404

North Highway 101, Encinitas. 436-7788.

Jan and Dean: San Diego Wild Animal Park, Mahala Amphitheater, Friday, July 26, through Sunday, July 28, 7:30 p.m., 15000 San Pasqual Valley Road, Escondido. 747-8072.

Exciter and Exodus: Palisade Gardens, Saturday, July 27, 8 p.m., 2838 University Avenue. 383-5947.

Suzanne Vega: Spirit, Saturday, July 27, 9 p.m., 1130 Buena Vista. 276-3901.

Santana: SDSU's Open Air Theatre, Sunday, July 28, 8 p.m., San Diego State University campus. 232-0800 or 265-6947.

The Pat Metheny Group: Kona Kai Club, Sunday and Monday, July 28 and 29, 8:30 p.m., 1551 Shelter Island Drive. 283-SEAT.

"Jazz Live" featuring the Michael

LIVE ENTERTAINMENT FOR JULY AT

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"A NIGHT TO REMEMBER" with

MAR DELS

TUESDAY, JULY 16, 9:00 PM
THE BACCHANAL

8022 Clairemont Mesa Blvd.
Tickets at all **ALTA** outlets including Bill Gamble's & Licorice Pizzas.
Ticket information: 560-8022 or 283-SEAT.

THREE DOG NIGHT postponed until October.
Refunds available at point of purchase.

KJFM 98

AN EVENING WITH JESSE COLIN YOUNG

WITH SPECIAL GUEST JOEL EDELSTEIN

THURSDAY, JULY 18, 8:00 PM
LA PALOMA THEATRE
471 1st Street, Encinitas

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featuring everyone's favorite actor,
LEE VING with SPECIAL GUESTS

From Canada From Boston From New York
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SUMMER METAL BLOWOUT

EXCITER

with
MEGADETH • HIRAX

SATURDAY • JULY 27 • 8 PM
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ON SALE FRIDAY

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Open Air Theatre
SAN DIEGO STATE UNIVERSITY

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SUNDAY	ORANGE CRUSHES 75¢
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MOST VALUABLE PLAYERS

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Tempura • Tatami Rooms

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JOE AZARELLO QUARTET
with LORI BELL
Friday & Saturday, July 12 & 13, 9 pm-1 am

JAIME VALLE
with NOVA
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2424 Fifth Ave. • Hillcrest (south of Laurel)
Dinner 235-6144 • Music 232-1773
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The Fabulous Spud Brothers

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Hit songs of the '50s-'70s arranged for the '80s

Coming for three weeks

THE MARK MEADOWS BAND
Tuesdays-Saturdays

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Sunday & Monday 8 pm-12 am
Dynamic guitar & vocal music
Great music & fun!

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Budweiser

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JOHN DENVER AND HIS BAND
FRIDAY - JULY 19 - 8PM

GROVER WASHINGTON JR. PIECES OF A DREAM
TUESDAY - JULY 23 - 8PM

R.E.M.
FRIDAY - JULY 26 - 8PM

JIMMY BUFFETT
WEDNESDAY - JULY 31 - 8PM

ASHFORD & SIMPSON
FRIDAY - AUGUST 2 - 8PM

UB40
THURSDAY - AUGUST 8 - 8PM

AL JARREAU
SUNDAY - AUGUST 11 - 8PM

STING
TUESDAY - AUGUST 13 - 8PM

CULTURE CLUB
FRIDAY - AUGUST 18 - 8PM

JULY 11, 1995 21

Crazy Barrio, 6960 El Camino Real, Escondido 92026, 735-1373. Dues: \$100. Country, 12:30-6:30, Sunday.

Distillery Nightclub, 140 South Sierra Boulevard, Solana Beach, 755-6711. Automaton, rock, Thursday through Saturday, live rock, Sunday and Tuesday, call club for information.

El Comal, 12845 Poway Road, Poway, 386-1010. Ambition, contemporary, Wednesday through Saturday.

Firehouse Lounge, 439 West Washington, Escondido 92026, 745-1901. Robby, funk, rock, Thursday through Saturday, the Reflectors.

rock, Wednesday.

The Flying Bridge, 1103 North Hill Street, Escondido 92026, 722-1800. Don Brown, country and contemporary, Monday through Saturday.

Gilbey's Cocktail Lounge, 945 West Valley Parkway, Escondido 92026, 480-0420. Friendship, contemporary, Tuesday through Saturday. Gil Palacios and Linda Parra, contemporary, Friday through Monday.

Henry's, 761 Elm Street, Carlsbad 92008, 725-1221. Tim, Steve and Co. with Judy Ames, contemporary, Tuesday through Saturday, live music.

Sunday and Monday, call club for information.

Hotel Escondido, 2500 South Escondido Boulevard, Escondido 92026, 747-5000. The Sounds of Magic, contemporary, Tuesday through Saturday, live, live, contemporary, Sunday and Monday, Pamo Bar, Kevin Green, Monday through Friday.

Hungry Hunter/Escondido, 1221 Vista Way, Escondido 92026, 433-2633. Sonny Daniels, contemporary, Wednesday through Sunday.

Hungry Hunter/Rancho Bernardo, 1940 Bernardo Plaza Drive, Rancho Bernardo 92026, 566-2400.

Three Smith, contemporary, Wednesday and Thursday, Take Two, contemporary, Friday and Saturday.

Ireland's Own, 606 First Street, Escondido 944-0233. Sean McVicker, Irish and contemporary, Thursday through Sunday, with Paul Dunn, Friday and Saturday, and Barbara McCarty and Patrick Petrie, Sunday, the Paradise Street Band, Irish music, Wednesday.

Jolly Roger/Escondido, 1900 North Harbor Drive, Escondido 92026, 722-1831. Nicki Prentice, contemporary, Wednesday through Sunday, Ted Winchester, contemporary, Sunday.

Julie Roger/Solana Beach, 937 Lomas Santa Fe Drive, Solana Beach 92083, 755-0117. Barker and Oni, music and comedy, Wednesday through Saturday.

La Costa Hotel and Spa, Costa del Mar Road, Carlsbad 92008, 438-9111. Darcy Daniels and Nitefire, contemporary, and Gina & Joline, contemporary, Tuesday through Sunday, alternating nightly between the lounge and dining room.

La Tapeta, 340 West Grand, Escondido 92026, 747-8282. Latin Soul, Top 40 dance and Latin music, Friday and Saturday, live music, Sunday, call club for information.

Newly remodeled historical Hotel San Diego 339 West Broadway Street proudly presents

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Singles & couples
"If you like to dance, don't miss Tea Dance #5, trust me!"

Continental Ballroom
Sunday, July 21, 1985 from 4:30 pm until 7:00 pm
Dance to '30s & '40s Swing, '50s Rock & Country Swing

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Daily 10 pm-2 am

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TONIGHT, THURS. JULY 11
SPAGHETTI FEAST 5-8 PM, \$2.50
Includes huge plates of spaghetti with meatballs, garlic bread and salad, plus a complimentary draft beer.

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Happy Hour: 3-7 pm weekdays; entertainment nightly in Crystal Room Lounge

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NEW DANCE MUSIC
CITIZEN KANE, DJ
\$3.00 Admission

WEDNESDAY HIPHOP Theme NIGHT
Dress To The Theme • Call For Clues
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New Dance Music • Pop • Soul DJ C.O.D.

FRIDAY and SUNDAY FRESH SOUL JAMS
Lip-Sync, Hot Looks, Celebrity Lookalike Contests
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\$1.00 OFF with this ad. One per person. Expires 7/18/85.

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TONIGHT, Thursday, July 11 9 pm
Tickets available at Belly Up & Ticketmaster
The Jini Hendrix Experience

BAND OF GYPSIES
featuring Randy Hansen and the members of the original Jini Hendrix Experience

Friday, July 12 9 pm
Ska, Rock, REG, PG Everything
PRESTON SMITH & THE CROCODILES

Saturday, July 13 9:30 pm
Caribbean Rock & Roll
REBEL ROCKERS

Sunday, July 14 9 pm
Mixed Comedy & Song
BIRD & McDONALD

Monday, July 15 9 pm
Nostalgic Rock & Roll
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Tuesday, July 16
A&M Records • Ska • Caribbean Rock & Roll
TALK BACK

Wednesday, July 17 9 pm
The Perry Mason of Rock & Roll, defender of justice and the American way of life...
DIRK DEBONAIRE

Coming: Thursday, July 18 9 pm
Tickets available at Belly Up and Ticketmaster
"What is Hip?"
TOWER OF POWER

Coming:
Friday, July 19 9 pm - **PRIVATE DOMAIN**
Saturday, July 20 9 pm - **JAMES EARL RAY BAND**
Sunday, July 21 2 pm - **Deland Jazz Festival**
9 pm - **BEAT FABRICATION**
Wednesday, July 24 9 pm - **PETER SPRAGUE'S ELECTRIC BAND**
Thursday, July 25 9 pm - **JIMMY CRIBB (TALL COTTON) BAND** farewell party

FREE AFTERNOON CONCERTS
Monday, 6:00 pm-8:00 pm - **Private Jazz & Swing**
Tuesday, 6:00 pm-8:00 pm - **Rocky Stone & Friends**
Wednesday, 6:00 pm-8:30 pm - **Nostalgic Rock/Swing** **STONE'S THROW**
Friday, 5:30 pm-8:00 pm - **Deland Jazz** **CHICAGO SIX**

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1-43 SOUTH CEDROS AVE. SOLANA BEACH, CA 92075

Lee's Little Bit of Country, 680 West San Marcos, San Marcos 92078, 744-4120. The Jesse Daniels Band, country, Wednesday through Sunday, Crook, country, Monday and Tuesday, live, lessons, Monday, and country dance lessons Tuesday through Thursday.

La's, 1963 East Valley Parkway, Escondido 92026, 746-7038. Ron Bell, country, Monday through Saturday.

McCabe's, 1145 South Tremont, Escondido 92026, 439-6646. Live music, Wednesday through Saturday, call club for information.

Miller Plaza, 6009 Paseo Delicias, Rancho Santa Fe 92083, Joel Nash, piano show tunes, Wednesday through Saturday.

Monterey Bay Cannery, 1325 Harbor Drive, Escondido 922-1171. Fantasm, contemporary, Wednesday through Saturday, Sam Farsons, contemporary, Sunday.

Mulvaney's, 340 East Grand Avenue, Escondido 92026, 741-9355. The Beat Club, rock, Thursday through Saturday, audition right, Wednesday.

Normandy Cocktail Lounge, 215 North Hill Street, Escondido 922-4721. Delta Control, rock, Thursday through Saturday, live rock, Sunday and Monday, call club for information.

Oakvale Lodge, 10900 Oakvale Road, Escondido 92026, 746-1000. Texas, country, Friday through Sunday.

Old Del Mar Cafe, 2730 Via de la Valle, Del Mar 92028, 755-6614. The Rick Wells Band, vintage rock, Thursday and Friday, Notice to Appear, rock, Saturday and Wednesday, the Five Careless Lovers, blues and rhythm and blues, Sunday, Hollis Gentry and Pathfinder, jazz, Monday and Tuesday.

Old Time Cafe, 1464 North Highway 101, Escondido 92026, 436-4030. Cathy Carls, singer-songwriter, 7:30 p.m., Thursday, the Good Ol' Persons, bluegrass, swing, and western music, 7 and 9 p.m., Friday, Steve Giffels, contemporary folk singer and songwriter, 7 and 9 p.m., Saturday, Johnnie Walker, English folk singer, 7:30 p.m., Sunday, Old Time Host Night, Tuesday, John McArthur, Appalachian folk music, 7 and 9 p.m., Wednesday, Sunday brunch concert, Catherine Espinoza, Irish harp.

Pea Soup Anderson's, 890 Palomar Airport Road, Carlsbad 92008, Doc James, Mr. C and Company, contemporary and jazz, Friday through Sunday.

Pomero Club, 12237 Pomero Road, Poway 948-1135. The Savory Brothers, country, Wednesday through Saturday.

Quimby's, La Fiechta at La Granada, Rancho Santa Fe 756-2855. The Bob Campbell Trio with Marley Dax and Don Tatala, jazz, Thursday through Saturday.

Ralph and Eddie's, 390 Grand Avenue, Carlsbad 729-2989. The Road Runners, vintage rock, Friday through Sunday.

Rancho Bernardo Inn, 17550 Bernardo Oaks Drive, Rancho Bernardo 92026, 727-2146. Karen Cavanaugh and One Plus One, contemporary, Tuesday through Saturday, David Watson and the Gathering, contemporary, Sunday and Monday.

Rancho Vera Cruz, 1020 West San Marcos Boulevard, San Marcos 92078, 744-8910. Bob Sasse, country and folk, Friday through Sunday.

The Red Coach Inn, 135 North Pine, Escondido 92026, 743-9796. The Agents, rock, Tuesday through Saturday, Justin Kace, rock, Sunday and Monday.

Rogue Stills, 9850 Carmel Mt. Road, Los Peñasquitos 92048, Shades of Jade, Top 40 dance music, Tuesday through Saturday.

Rudi's Hidden Acres, 3700 Carmel Valley Road, Del Mar 92036.

LEHR'S GREENHOUSE

TONIGHT
Thursday, July 11
ipso facto
\$1.25 margaritas • \$1.01 nachos

Lehr's Greenhouse welcomes the **THURSDAY NIGHT CLUB**
5:30-9:30 cocktails • Hors d'oeuvres • Dancing

ROCKIN' WEEKEND
Friday & Saturday, July 12 & 13
ipso facto
plus **THE REFLECTORS**

Two bands
Two dance floors
Three bars
Three video big screens
with music videos mixed by Lehr's VJs
\$3

SUNDAY
Sunday, July 14
KGB-FM 101
presents **RockWave '85**
for MDA
brought to you this week by
Oude Times Limousine Service...
Congrats to Ipso Facto, winner of preliminary #1.

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TUESDAY & WEDNESDAY
Tuesday & Wednesday, July 16 & 17
MID-WEEK MEXICAN MADNESS
\$1.25 margaritas and tequila drinks
\$5.00 taco bar
ipso facto
11:00 Wednesday
\$1.00 beer time

Dress code & picture I.D. strictly enforced
CABARET DRINK SPECIALS
Thursdays - Margaritas \$1.25
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2828 Camino del Rio South, Mission Valley, 92108

Live music, Friday and Saturday
club for information.

San Luis Rey Downs Golf Course
Country Club, 11475 Golf Club
Drive, Bonita, 758-7762. The
Crescendos, hot band dance music,
8:42 p.m. Friday and Saturday, and
6:30 p.m. Sunday. Fish-lug, jazz
piano, 7:31, Wednesday and
Saturday.

Stage Coach Inn, 1865 Vista Way,
Vista, 724-0900. Uptown Pickin',
country, Wednesday through
Saturday.

Sylla, West of 15 on Via de la Valle,
Del Mar 755-7955. J.J. Frank The
Coalition Orchestra, jazz and Pop

40 variety, Thursday through
Saturday and 3-7 p.m. Sunday.

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

1044 Fine Foods, 1044 First
Street, Encinitas, 942-1249. Indian
live country, pop and originals,
6:00 p.m. Friday, and 6:30 p.m.
Tuesday; various musicians perform
on other nights, club for
information.

Tequila Plaza, 3296 Mission
Avenue, Oceanside, 757-7757.
Messenger rock, Thursday through
Saturday.

Saturday, the Key, rock, Sunday
through Tuesday, the Models, rock,
Wednesday.

Thot Pizza Place, 2602 El Camino
Real, Carlsbad, 434-3171. Bluesgrass
Ft. new and traditional bluesgrass,
Saturday.

Them Bones, 221 East Grand
Escondido, 741-9448. Dakota
country rock, Wednesday through
Saturday.

Upstart Crow and Company, 979
Loma Santa Fe Drive, Solana
Beach, 481-0727. Fred Benckett,
classical guitar, Sunday brunch.

Valley Center Inn Saloon, 27555
Valley Center Road, Valley Center,
749-1466. Steppin' Out, country,
Friday and Saturday.

Whiskey Creek, 14240 Pines
Road, Poway, 748-7531. Stamped
country, Wednesday through
Sunday; Tony Duckman and Red
Eye, country, Monday and Tuesday.

Whiskey Flats, 1260 West Valley
Parkway, Escondido, 745-8640. The
Hornes, rock, Thursday through
Saturday; live rock, Sunday and
Monday; club for information,
Circles, rock, Tuesday and
Wednesday.

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

Beaches

Atlantic, 2595 Ingraham Street,
Mission Bay, 226-3888. Gloria
Michaels and Spring Fever
contemporary, Tuesday through
Saturday; Morra, jazz, Sunday and
Monday.

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

Bahia Hotel, 998 West Mission Bay
Drive, Mission Bay, 488-0551.
Deborah Hope and Aric,
contemporary music for dancing,
Saturday; Cheatham's Jazz Quartet,
jazz, Sunday; Piano bar, Buddy
Buck, Tuesday through Saturday;
Bob MacLeod, Sunday and
Monday.

Beach Club, 1921 Bacon Street,
Oceanside, 752-8822. The
Brooks Bruce Band, blues and
rhythm and blues, Thursday;
Lowland, rock, Friday and
Saturday; Joseph Hemond,
hypnotist, Wednesday.

Carlos Murphy's, 4303 La Jolla
Village Drive, La Jolla, 457-4170.
Two Tones, rock, Wednesday
through Saturday; The Starmakers,
recorded music and video audio
participation presentation, Sunday
through Tuesday.

Catman Hotel, 3999 Mission
Boulevard, Mission Beach, 488-
1081. Live jazz, Wednesday and
Thursday; for information: the
Jazz, vintage rock, Friday through
Tuesday.

Chuck's Steak House, 1250
Prospect Street, La Jolla, 454-
5325. Stone's Thru, vintage jazz,
swing, and rock, Wednesday
through Saturday.

Elario's, 7955 La Jolla Shores
Drive, La Jolla, 454-0541. Papa
John Creach, electric violin jazz,
Thursday through Saturday; Ron
Satterfield, jazz, Monday and
Tuesday.

Hilton Hotel, Carpo Bar, 1775
East Mission Bay Drive, Mission
Bay, 276-4010. The People Movers,
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.

Hotel La Jolla, 7766 Fay Avenue,
La Jolla, 435-3901. Joey Chese

piano variety, Tuesday through
Saturday.

Islandia Hotel, Supper
Club Lounge, 1441 Governors Road,
Mission Bay, 224-5341. Bagat,
contemporary, Wednesday through
Saturday; Stu Shuman, jazz piano,
Tuesday and Wednesday; A live
outdoor concert is featured every
Saturday from 4-7 p.m.; club for
information.

Joe Murphy's, 4302 Mission
Boulevard, Pacific Beach, 276-
3220. Live music nightly, club for
information.

La Jolla Brouler, 1298 Prospect
Street, Coast Walk, La Jolla, 456-
0707. Morra, jazz, Friday and
Saturday.

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

La Chader, 5046 Newport Avenue,
Oceanside, 752-5306. The
Source, rock, Thursday through
Saturday; The Serious Gaze, rock,
Sunday through Tuesday;
Messenger, rock, Wednesday.

La Sainte Maxine, 1230 Prospect
Street, La Jolla, 454-2434. Pepper
and Salt, Latin, salsa, Top 40, big
band, swing, French, Italian, and
Greek music, Tuesday through
Sunday.

Loma Portal (formerly Redway

Inn), 2001 Nimble Boulevard, Loma
Portal, 224-3855. The Hills
Brothers, jazz, Thursday through
Saturday.

Mary's by the Pier, 710 Garnet
Avenue, Pacific Beach, 483-7844.
The Road Runners, vintage rock,
Thursday through Saturday;
The Ducktail Revue, vintage rock,
Sunday and Monday.

McP's, 1107 Orange Avenue,
Coronado, 435-5280. Solos,
contemporary, Friday and Saturday;
contemporary, Friday and Saturday;
The Rogers, contemporary, Monday;
Joey Harris, rock, Tuesday; The Pop
Boss, contemporary, Wednesday.

Mexican Village, 120 Orange
Avenue, Coronado, 435-1822. Live
music, Friday and Saturday; club
for information. Piano bar,
Kevin Melton, Sunday through
Thursday.

Mission Beach Club, 3748 Mission
Boulevard, Mission Beach, 272-
8676. Live music, Wednesday
through Saturday; club for
information.

Money Money, 3595 Sports Arena
Boulevard, Loma Portal, 223-5596.
Postal, rock, Tuesday and
Wednesday; Miss D'Monior, rock,
Sunday and Monday.

Mulhoney's, 1031 Orange Avenue,
Coronado, 435-4660. Brian
Soderstrom, contemporary, Friday
and Saturday; talent night with Kitty
Rieffer, Sunday.

Mulhoney's, 1230 Mission
Boulevard, Pacific Beach, 483-
7666. Robert Wetzel, classical
guitar, Wednesday through
Saturday.

**Tablas Flamenco Nightclub and
Restaurant**, 1567 Del Rey Street,
Pacific Beach, 483-2703. Live
flamenco music and dancing, 7:30
and 9:30 p.m., Wednesday and
Thursday; and Sunday, 7:30, 9:30,
and 11:30 p.m., Friday and
Saturday.

Texas Teahouse, 4970 Voltaire
Street, Ocean Beach, 222-6895.
Tim "Cat" Courtney, blues,
Thursday.

Top of the Cove, 1216 Prospect
Street, La Jolla, 454-7778. Luba
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, Jay
Lounge, Vacation Isle, Mission Bay,
274-4630. Four's Company,
contemporary, Tuesday through
Saturday.

Victor's, 1403 Rosecrans Street,
Point Loma, 226-1871. Uptown,
Paul Eastland, Top 40 variety,
Friday and Saturday; Downstairs:
Norman Clifford and Frankie
Perlin, contemporary, Wednesday
through Saturday; live music,
Sunday; club for information.

Wendy's, 4475 Mission Beach
Boulevard, Pacific Beach, 272-
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Mulhoney's, 1230 Mission
Boulevard, Pacific Beach, 483-
7880. Caffrey Curtis variety,
Thursday through Saturday; talent
night with Rick Cows, Monday.

Old Pacific Beach Cafe, 1287
Mission Boulevard, Pacific Beach,
270-7422. Ella Roth, Pagan, jazz
and blues, Thursday through
Saturday; Helen Centre and
Fathmberg, jazz, Sunday; Nofix to
African rock, Monday and Tuesday;
The Fire, Gordon Love, blues and
rhythm and blues, Wednesday.

Paradise Bay (formerly the
Windrose), 1635 Jovena Road,
Marina Village, Mission Bay Park,
224-2335. Dirk DeBontone, rock,
Thursday through Saturday; In
Color, rock, Wednesday.

Pax Bar and Grill, 1025 Prospect
Street, La Jolla, 454-9711. Mel
Good, jazz piano, Tuesday through
Saturday.

Rusty Pelican, 4340 La Jolla
Village Drive, La Jolla, 587-1886.
Friday and Wednesday: Mike
Zoumaras, classical guitar, Friday
lunch; Nick Augustin, jazz guitar,
6-11 p.m., Tuesday and Saturday;
club for information.

The Salmon House, 1970 Guvera
Road, Marina Village, 223-2234.
Melissa McCracken, contemporary,
with Larry Evans on piano,
Thursday through Saturday.

Sandtrap Lounge, 2702 North
Street, La Jolla, 454-7778. Luba
Papova, classical, easy listening,
and variety piano, Wednesday
through Saturday, and Sunday
brunch.

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

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light classical music, Sunday
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Blarney Stone Pub, 5017 Balboa
Avenue, Clatskanie, 279-2624.
Brian Connolly, Irish music,
Wednesday through Saturday;
The Jackers, Irish music, Sunday.

The Blue House Lounge, 2507
Clatskanie, Clatskanie, 279-2624.
Host of Friends, Top 40
variety, Thursday through Saturday.

Bojey's, 5343 Mission Center
Road, Mission Valley, 277-9271.
Ella Roth Pagan and Talk of the
Town, jazz and blues, Sunday.

Bonbury's, 9906 Mira Mesa
Boulevard, Mira Mesa, 578-8666.
California Arm Drive, vintage rock,
Thursday through Saturday.

Cafe in the Valley Restaurant, 911
Camino del Rio South, Mission
Valley, 296-6329. Zappa, 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
Zoumaras, classical guitar, Friday
lunch; Nick Augustin, jazz guitar,
6-11 p.m., Tuesday and Saturday;
club for information.

Carriage House, 7945 Balboa
Avenue, Claremont, 278-2597.
Ashley Blake, contemporary,
Tuesday through Saturday.

Haji Baba, 104 Mission Valley
Center West, Mission Valley, 298-
2010. Live Arabic music and
entertainment, Wednesday through
Saturday.

Islands Lounge, Hanauli Hotel,
2270 Hotel Circle North, Mission
Valley, 297-1001. Feelin',
contemporary, Thursday through
Saturday; Bobby O'Day,
contemporary, Sunday and Monday;
the Spud Brothers, rock and
comedy, Tuesday and Wednesday.

La Hacienda Cantina, Mission
Valley Inn, 878 Hotel Circle South,
Mission Valley, 298-4281. Jesse
Davis, contemporary, Tuesday
through Saturday; the Truth, rock,
Friday, Saturday and Sunday.

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through Saturday; the Truth, rock,
Friday, Saturday and Sunday.

Feelin', contemporary, Tuesday and
Wednesday.

Monte Carlo Whaling Company, 857
Camino del Rio South, Mission
Valley, 297-1001. Steve Hutton,
contemporary and blues, Wednesday
through Saturday; Sally Saxon,
contemporary, Sunday and Monday;
the Jacks, contemporary, Sunday.

The Moonlight, 9906 Mira Mesa
Boulevard, Mira Mesa, 578-8666.
California Arm Drive, vintage rock,
Thursday through Saturday.

Narajo Inn, 5515 Narajo Road, San
Carlos, 465-1730. Quest, rock,
Tuesday through Saturday; Ricks,
rock, Sunday and Monday.

Pal Joey's, 5147 Waring Road,
Alhambra, 296-7873. Pro
Brightons, contemporary, Tuesday
through Saturday; Daring Broom,
contemporary, Sunday and Monday.

Pavilion Lounge, Town and
Country Hotel, 500 Hotel Circle
North, 298-7131. Sound
Investment, contemporary, Tuesday
through Saturday; Daring Broom,
contemporary, Sunday and Monday;
Kathy Lloyd, contemporary, Friday
and Saturday.

Peter D's, 5149 Claremont Mesa
Boulevard, 273-5217. The Rosie
Trio, Top 40 dance music, Tuesday
through Saturday.

Smuggler's Inn, 402 Fashion
Valley, Fashion Valley East, 298-
7170. Jim Moore, contemporary,
Friday and Saturday.

The Speakeasy, 9379 Mira Mesa
Boulevard, Mira Mesa, 569-0970.
Hearse, contemporary and Top 40
dance music, Thursday through
Saturday.

Spirit, 1130 Buena Vista Avenue,
Bay Park, 276-9379. Cowjazz, country
swing, the Pumps, rock, and
Subject to Change, rock, Thursday;
Thee (Dane Conner), rock, Limbo
Slam, rock, the Joyce Rooks band,
rock, and Youth in Time, rock,
Friday; Specimen, rock, Red
Wedding, rock, Eleven Sons, rock,
and Faces of Drama, rock,
Saturday; Several Fish, rock, the
Kyle Martin Orchestra, jazz-blues
fusion, and Soldiers of Fortune,
rock, Tuesday; the Truth, rock,
Three Simple Words, rock, and
Mama Scan, rock, Wednesday,
Sunday.

Springfield Wagon Works, 5555
Kearney Villa Road, Kearney Mesa,
565-2272. Jo Teatoni, piano bar,
Thursday through Saturday.

Stardust Hotel, 950 Hotel Circle
North, Mission Valley, 298-4511.
Coral Room: The Four of Us, swing
and group vocals, Tuesday through
Saturday; the Dick Lopez Trio,
swing, contemporary and vocals,
Sunday and Monday; Crane Room:

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JULY 11, 1985 2

From 295-3111. Two Paces, Sixties and Seventies hits. Friday, 10 p.m. A three-piece platinum on Saturday.

Reuben F. Lee's 890 Harbor Island Drive, Harbor Island, 291-1570. Fortune, pop 40 dance music. Thursday through Saturday.

Rossie O'Grady's, 1402 Adams Avenue, Normal Heights, 284-7666. Eamon Carroll, Irish music. Thursday, Kity Reddie, contemporary music. Friday and Saturday, Kohn Herick, blues and jazz guitar. 2-6 p.m. Sunday, the Pop Tones, jazz Wednesday.

Sheraton Harbor Island, Reflections, 1280 Harbor Island Drive, Harbor Island, 291-2000. Devocant, Top 40 dance music. Tuesday through Saturday, the Jct, vintage rock. Friday, happy hour. Shepherd's Restaurant, Viki McMaster, standards and pop from the Thirties to the Eighties on the harp. Wednesday through Sunday, Carl Dietrichs, classical harp. Tuesday.

Sheraton Harbor Island West, 1590 Harbor Island Drive, Harbor Island, 291-4100. Michael Pitlhand, classical piano. Sunday through Wednesday.



ALLI, Sunday, California Theater

Sacramento live contemporary. Tuesday through Saturday.

Tom Ham's Lighthouse, 2150 Harbor Island Drive, Harbor Island, 291-0110. Dots and Melosa, contemporary. Wednesday through Sunday, Donna Cole, contemporary. Monday and Tuesday.

Trojan Horse, 6129 University Avenue, East San Diego, 582-1070. The Us Band, rock. Thursday through Sunday. Amogance, rock. Wednesday.

Tuba Man's, 2551 University Avenue, North Park, 295-9426. Live music. Friday through Sunday. Call club for information.

Tuba Man's No. 2, 7119 El Cajon Boulevard, 608-6042. Live music. Saturday, call club for information.

Upstart Crew and Company, 835 West Harbor Drive, Seaport Village, 232-4855. Rick Saxton, folk and rock. Saturday evening and Sunday afternoon.

Vicent Hotel, The Ritz, 1960 Harbor Island Drive, Harbor Island, 291-4100. Michael Pitlhand, classical piano. Sunday through Wednesday.

291-6700. The Bar, piano bar entertainment. Tuesday through Saturday. Elin Gell, Kathy Lloyd, contemporary harp. 11-2 p.m., Sunday.

Yukon, 4278 University Avenue, East San Diego, 284-9110. Live music. Thursday through Saturday. Call club for information.

East County

Antonio's Hacienda, 700 North Johnson, El Cajon, 442-9827. Dusty and Gary, contemporary. Friday and Saturday.

Baxter's, 1025 Fletcher Parkway, El Cajon, 442-9271. Rick, rock. Thursday through Saturday. Dots and Gary, contemporary. Tuesday and Wednesday.

Harney Stone Too, 7059 El Cajon Boulevard, Colgate area, 463-2263. Ben and Theresa Hinton, Irish music. Thursday and Sunday; the Jackfords, Irish music. Wednesday, Friday and Saturday.

The Woodcock Restaurant, 8320 Parkway Drive, La Mesa, 465-3660.

Randy Beecher, contemporary. Thursday through Saturday. Bruce Roberts, contemporary. Sunday through Saturday. Carol Crawford, contemporary. Tuesday and Wednesday.

Ball and Bear, 690 North Second Street, El Cajon, 440-5757. Chai Reactions, contemporary. Wednesday through Saturday.

Calyse Lounge, 975 Greenfield Avenue, El Cajon, 440-9526. The Forbidden Pigs, American roots rock. Friday and Saturday.

Carlton Oaks Country Club, 9290 Inwood Drive, SanDiego, 448-4242. Colin and Karen, contemporary. Friday and Saturday.

Circle D Corral, 1013 Broadway, El Cajon, 444-7443. Country. Tuesday through Saturday. Jerry Base and a Touch of Country, country. Sunday, clogging lessons. Monday and Tuesday.

Con-Cos's Nest, 12247 Woodside Avenue, Lakeside, 443-2300. Wayne Steele, piano variety. Thursday through Saturday.

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

Don's East, 13321 Business Highway, 1247 at Los Cielos, El Cajon, 443-2444. Big Sky, country. Friday and Saturday.

Don's West, 5286 Baltimore Drive, La Mesa, 462-0533. The Belairs, Pikes and Stiles rock. Wednesday through Saturday.

Flan Springs Inn, 15505 Highway 80, El Cajon, 443-9568. Deana and Chaeer, country. Wednesday through Sunday.

Hanley's, 8852 Magnolia Avenue, SanDiego, 448-6487. Tommy Ray, country, light rock, and easy listening. Wednesday through Saturday.

Happy Days Car Hop, 9664 Campo Road, Spring Valley, 463-4757. The Ducktail, vintage rock. Friday.



SPE CIME, Saturday, April

Horseshoe Tavern, 7664 Broadview, 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, SanDiego, 448-3402. Martin Eddy and Country Breeze, country. Thursday through Sunday.

Lakeside Hotel, 9649 River Street, Lakeside, 443-6590. Linda Rae and the Gravel Canyon Band, country. Friday and Saturday.

La Posada del Sol, 8238 Parkway Drive, La Mesa, 462-2640. Conde, country. Wednesday through Saturday.

Legends, 2754 Alpine Boulevard, Alpine, 445-5545. Emerson Pincen, piano bar. Tuesday through Saturday.

Linda's D'Angelis Restaurant, 1977 East Main Street, El Cajon, 447-0842. Ben Muen, contemporary. Sunday and Tuesday.

Live Oak Springs, 164 Highway 90, Boulevard, Lucuma, 766-4289. Live country music. Saturday, call club for information.

Lorenson's, 596 Broadway, El Cajon, 442-9086. Pich N' Woo with Corrie Woss, contemporary. Tuesday through Saturday. Fro Brigham's Prescription Band, Discoland jazz.

WEST-COAST TICKETS

POWER STATION

July 24
STING CULTURE CLUB
August 12

ALL PADRES GAMES

Greater Washington
Santana & Simpson August 2
US40 August 8
Al Jarreau August 11
Culture Club (L.A.) August 20, 21
Cher's Wildflowers August 21
Dire Straits September 7

Now accepting deposits for: Bruce Springsteen • U2
Sting • Neil Diamond • Rolling Stones

Starline Hotel, Suite 4-1, Hotel Circle 692-4133
Mon.-Sat. 9:30 am-6:00 pm • Sun. 10:00 am-2:00 pm

Floyd A. Smith & Assoc. presents Sunday
JAZZ IN THE VALLEY
July 14, 21 and 28

ELLA RUTH PIGGEE

Voted Jazz Entertainer of the Year

Featuring from 92.5 FM Daytime Show
Live jazz 8 pm-12 midnight. Dancing 12 midnight-1:30 am.

Wednesday
LADIES' NIGHT
Ladies free before 10 pm
Mixed drink specials all night long • Free pizza

Thursday 92.5 presents
2 FOR 1 NIGHT
Admission, beer & wine
Also free pizza

BOGEY'S

Bar • Soul • Trade
11111 Mission Center Road • 297-8361

Murray's TICKETS

POWER STATION

July 24
STING CULTURE CLUB
August 12

RANDY NEWMAN 7/13
REMUELO 7/17
JOHN DENVER 7/19
GROVER WASHINGTON 7/23
R.E.M. 7/29

SANTANA 7/28
ASHFORD & SIMPSON 8/2
US40 8/8
AL JARREAU 8/11
STING 8/13
CULTURE CLUB 8/19

PADRES

Food, pizza & huge
LAJOLLA ARTS FESTIVAL
Support now
FRANKE & WYNN
NEIL DIAMOND • ROLLING STONES • ZZ TOP

PACIFIC BEACH 463-0000
SANTANA 461-0522
SAN DIEGO
Lama St. Shopping Co. 233-5555
Restaurants & Winery 234-0747

BEACH CLUB

Beach, Beach, California

Thursday, July 11
BLOND BRUCE BAND
Friday & Saturday, July 12 & 13
Outstanding
dancing
music

Wednesday, July 17, 9:30 to 11:30
JOSEPH HEMOND—HYPNOTIST
1921 Bacon Street (Newport & Bacon)
Ocean Beach • 222-8822

LIVE ENTERTAINMENT FOR JULY AT TIO LEO'S

IN MIRA MESA
FINE MEXICAN FOOD & DRINKS

SUNDAY & MONDAY
JEFF WILLIAMS
CONTEMPORARY GUITAR & VOCALS

10787 CAMINO RUIZ, MIRA MESA
695-1461

PRIORITY TICKETS

ALL PADRES GAMES

Power Station w/ Spandau Ballet July 24
Santana July 28
Jimmy Buffet July 31
Al Jarreau August 11
Sting August 13
CULTURE CLUB—S.D. August 19
Culture Club—L.A. August 20 & 21

Buy • Sell • Trade
Call 10 AM-9 PM • We deliver
226-6003 • Leave message

BODIES

6149 UNIVERSITY AVENUE • 583-5700
"WHERE SAN DIEGO MUSIC THRIVES"

Notice: The band calendar was destroyed in the Normal Heights fire. If your band was scheduled, please contact the club as soon as possible and let us know. We will be forced to reschedule any empty nights. Also, contact the club with your band's phone number.

Thursday, July 11
We aren't sure who's scheduled for tonight. Come on down and be surprised with us. It will definitely be hot.

Friday, July 12
"Going Away Party"
PALADINS
Last show before they leave for Texas

Saturday, July 13
DETOUR plus
SVEN-ERIK & THE "E" TICKET ROLLERS

Sunday, July 14
"Special Dinner Performance"
THE ELECTRIC SONS at 5 pm, plus
SVEN-ERIK & THE "E" TICKET ROLLERS 9 pm

Monday, July 15
"Rick & Paul's Jam Night" with **ROBIN HENKEL & FRIENDS**
7:15 PM. Professional Musicians (both piano and guitar) are totally digested playing the material somewhere down along the highway, and then they split off to a Brazilian street club for an electric performance. **Alto's** (both piano and guitar) are totally digested playing the material somewhere down along the highway, and then they split off to a Brazilian street club for an electric performance. **Alto's** (both piano and guitar) are totally digested playing the material somewhere down along the highway, and then they split off to a Brazilian street club for an electric performance.

Tuesday, July 16
ANOTHER SURPRISE NIGHT
Come help us pay for our new calendar. It'll be a burning night.

Wednesday, July 17
ONE MORE FLAMING MYSTERY BAND
Come, help us pay for the dance floor.

EVERY WEDNESDAY this SUMMER

KIFM 98 105.9 JAZZ

with Art Grod
Wednesday, July 17
ELLA RUTH PIGGEE
Complimentary hors d'oeuvres 6:00-8:00 pm
Jazz begins at 8:00 pm • No cover—no minimum

EVERY THURSDAY this SUMMER

JAZZ DANCE NITE

with Mark Walton
Beginning Thursday, July 11
MOST VALUABLE PLAYERS
Complimentary hors d'oeuvres 6:00-8:00 pm
Dancing begins at 8:00 pm • No cover—no minimum

EVERY FRIDAY thru TUESDAY this SUMMER

Dance to live entertainment 9:00 pm-1:30 am
No cover—no minimum
Appearing thru August 20

The Jets
featuring Kenny Monill

EVERY SUNDAY this SUMMER

SUNDAY BRUNCH

On our patio, overlooking the bay
10:00 am-2:00 pm—all you can eat \$9.95

Catamaran

RESORT HOTEL
3999 Mission Blvd. 488-1081

Le Chalet

Entertainment by the Sea

DANCING • LIVE ENTERTAINMENT 7 NIGHTS A WEEK

HAPPY HOUR • MONDAY-SATURDAY 5-7 PM

Sports fans—watch major league sports on satellite • 3 T.V.s

Le Chalet welcomes back
THE SOURCE
Thursday, Friday & Saturday
July 11, 12 & 13
Rock 'n' Roll
No cover charge

SERIOUS GUISE
Sunday, Monday & Tuesday
July 14, 15 & 16
Key Party Sunday afternoon
July 14—25¢ drafts
Band starts at 4 pm • Be there
Rock & Roll • No cover charge

MESSANGER
Wednesday, July 17
Ladies' night
Frozen drink specials all night long
Dance to a wide range of rock 'n' roll hits
Outstanding vocals
No cover charge

For club booking information call Nelson Talent • 222-4320
5046 Newport Ave. • Ocean Beach • 222-5300

FUNDANGO'S

RESTAURANT & CANTINA
a subsidiary of THE MARDIAN ENTERPRISES, INC.

presents

* MEN'S NIGHT *

EVERY TUESDAY FROM 7PM

With **\$1.00 MARGARITAS** Regular Price Only

* LADIES' NIGHT *

EVERY THURSDAY FROM 7PM

FUNDANGO'S
737 Pearl St. #110
La Jolla
(619) 459-0100

Sunday and Monday

Magnolia Mulaney's, 8601 Magnolia Avenue, Santer 448-8551. Chicks rock. Thursday through Saturday.

Marie Callender's, 6950 Alvarado Road, La Mesa 465-1900. Acoustic music, popular and American folk music. Tuesday.

Mr. Bill's Backroom Saloon, 399 North Magnolia, El Cajon 447-4500. Dads and Gays, country and eddies. Wednesday and Thursday. Carol Crawford, variety and contemporary. Friday and Saturday.

Our Favorite Place, 8546 Mission Gorge Road, Santer 449-6200. Linda Sherwood and Suefine. Country. Friday and Saturday.

The Os Box Inn, 9816 Campo Road, Spring Valley 469-9606. Andy and Donna, contemporary. Tuesday through Thursday. Alton and the Os Box Country Lads. country. Friday and Saturday.

Park Place, 1280 Fletcher Parkway, El Cajon 448-4111. Scarlet, rock. Thursday through Saturday. live rock. Sunday and Monday. call club for information. the Londoners, rock. Tuesday and Wednesday. D. James Downs. hypnotist. Monday.

Pizza Plus, 764 Jamacha Road, El Cajon 444-3300. The Sweet Wing. Chicken. Thieves Band. bluesgrass. Friday. Three Special. vintage rock. Saturday.

Rodeo Room, 8300 Broadway, Lepton Grove 469-5137. Ron Morris. country. Friday and Saturday.

TNT Lounge, 6220 Imperial Avenue, Encanto 263-2903. The Finest City Band. Top 40 and rhythm and blues. Friday through Sunday.

Turquoise Lounge, 5975 Severin Drive, La Mesa 465-1325. Three-D.

rock. Tuesday through Saturday.

Van Winkle's, 10655 Mission Gorge Road, Santer 449-6001. Crossfire. contemporary and country rock. Friday and Saturday.

Win Cody's Saloon, 210 West Main Street, El Cajon 440-5247. Forged Form. Top 40 dance music. Friday and Saturday.

South Bay

Bull N' Stick, 608 Palm Avenue, Imperial Beach 429-5330. Live rock. Wednesday through Saturday. call club for information.

China Five Restaurant, 569 H

Street, Chula Vista 426-5951. Juan Robles. contemporary. Thursday through Saturday.

Country Bumpkin, 1862 Palm Avenue, Imperial Beach 429-1161. Gail Lee and Go for Broke. country. Wednesday through Saturday. Deana and Chaser. country. Sunday and Monday.

Dance Machine, 1862 Palm Avenue, Imperial Beach 429-1161. RFM. rock. Thursday through Saturday. In Colour. rock. Sunday and Monday. Automatics. rock. Tuesday and Wednesday.

Da Vincis, 626 E Street, Chula Vista 427-8880. Tip and

Acoustic. contemporary. Wednesday through Sunday.

Dave's Cocktails, 317 Third Avenue, Chula Vista 424-1544. Diana Culman. country, blues and variety plays. Wednesday through Saturday.

Hungry Hunter/Imperial Beach, 1114 Palm Avenue, Imperial Beach 429-0553. Ed Cunningham. contemporary. Thursday through Saturday.

Hutch's, 1463 Palm Avenue, Imperial Beach 429-3479. Grand Central Station. country. Friday and Saturday. free country dance lessons. 7 p.m., Saturday.

Joey's, 415 Broadway, Chula Vista 429-4828. Louie and Louie. Change. contemporary and eddies. Wednesday through Sunday. J.C. and Company. contemporary and eddies. Monday and Tuesday.

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

Landmark Cocktail Lounge, 2511 Sweetwater Road, National City 475-7313. Fred Star Country. country. Friday and Saturday.

The Lantern, 1322 Third Avenue, Chula Vista 429-4200. Live music.

Friday and Saturday. call club for information.

Little Las Vegas, 1770 Palm Avenue, Imperial Beach 424-3754. The Kings Men. ballroom dance music. Friday.

Married, 1680 Broadway (at Main Street), Chula Vista 429-8047. Colour. Latin. Thursday through Saturday. with Los Lopes. Mexican cumbia music (noche). Thursday. Musica. salsa and Cumbia music. Sunday. with Los Lopes. early evening Sunday.

Oasis Bar, 1121 Third Street, Chula Vista 426-2977. Cow. country. Friday and Saturday.

Old Bonita Store Restaurant, 1071 Bonita Road, Bonita 479-2377. L.A. rock. Thursday through Saturday.

Zurita's, 693 Palomar Street, Chula Vista 425-1626. La Rapallo. Latin music. Thursday. Saturday. and Sunday.

PERFORMERS

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

Rock & Roll

The Agents Red Couch
Imperial Beach
Anna and Leotis *Rocky's Backroom*
Arrogance *Brigitte Horne*
Automatics *Diana Sherwood*
Band of Gypsies *Buddy Hansen*
Stitch Mitchell and Noel
Redding's Kelly *Up Town*
The Beat Club *Magnolia Mulaney's*
The Belaire Jaws *West*
California Aero Drive *Humbury's*
Circles *Lehr's Greenhouse*
Whiskey Flats *Magnolia Mulaney's*

BACCHANAL

NIGHTCLUB MUSIC NOTES • 560-8022

PRIVATE DOMAIN

EVERY MONDAY & THURSDAY
LADIES' HAPPY HOUR

Monday from 6:12 midnight and
Thursday from 5-9 pm with the 11 greatest
"Mr. Good Bods" in Southern California!

FRIDAY HAPPY HOUR
5-8 pm - No cover
LIVE JAZZ with STORM
Featuring pianists and chimes

8022 CLAIREMONT MESA (BETWEEN HWY 163 & 805)
Come experience Japan's #25 sushi chef featuring oyster shooters 50¢ a shot

WED., THURS.,
FRI. & SAT.
Wed. & Thurs. - No cover
after 9 pm
Primarily 18+ - just
released from rehab

SUNDAY, JULY 14
SKA REGGAE
STRANGER COLE
plus the Webster Sisters

TUESDAY, JULY 16
3 DOG NIGHT

UPCOMING
CONCERTS:
July 19 & 26 - BEAT FARMERS
July 21 - ELVIN BISHOP
July 23 - JAMES HARRIS

AD
Featuring Kerry Livgren & Dave Hope of

KANSAS

Plus very special guest
Phil Keaggy




"Experience the Experience"
Friday, July 19 - 8:00 pm at Golden Hall

Address	Door	All Telecast Locations
\$11.50 floor	\$13.00 floor	& Golden Hall
\$10.50 balcony	\$12.00 balcony	Box Office

For general information call 965-7278
A Lighthouse Productions presentation in conjunction with Heartbeat Concerts

AES

SPEAKER SYSTEMS!

Carvin-Vega V37B 18" 2-way	Reg \$775	AES! \$499
Toa SL12 12" 2-way	260	185
Peavey SP15 15" 2-way	370	295
Carvin-Vega V55B 18" 3-way	550	659
Toa SL15 15" 2-way	310	219
Peavey Project 5 3-way	599	399
Peavey 115HD low frequency	359	269
Carvin-Vega SM12 stage monitor	365	249
Toa RS20 2-way	259	159
Toa SM68 mic stand monitor	185	99
Carvin-Vega V30X 15" 2-way	550	385
Bose MS100A mic stand monitor	165	82
Carvin-Vega B119 18" low frequency	500	339
Carvin-Vega V50 system	1,500	1,018

SYNTHS/KEYBOARDS/MIDI PRODUCTS!

Roland JX8P velocity-sensitive synth with PC800 programmer	Reg \$1,990	AES! \$1,445
Korg RK100 MIDI remote shoulder keyboard	385	319
Roland AXUS MIDI velocity-sensitive remote shoulder keyboard	695	479
Korg DW8000 digital waveform synthesizer	IN STOCK!	

SIGNAL PROCESSING!

Peavey DEP1310 digital effects processor	Reg \$649	AES! \$324
Rocktron RX1 exciter/imagizer	375	275
New Korg SD2000 MIDI 64-memory sampling digital delay	NOW IN STOCK!	
Aria EQ522 10-band stereo graphic equalizer	199	159
Boss CE300 super chorus	389	199
New Peavey Deca 700 digital stereo power amplifier	NOW IN STOCK!	
Roland SD2500 MIDI programmable digital delay	795	555
Aria DEX500 digital delay	299	199
NEI 2711 1/3 octave graphic equalizer	549	379
Soundcraftsmen C2241C stereo graphic equalizer	329	259
DOJ RK25 compressor limiter	249	169
Rocktron compressor limiter "Hush II"	429	299
Digitech RDS1900 digital delay	299	219

578-6660

8470 Production Ave.
(Off Miramar Rd. between Commerce & Distribution)
Open Mon.-Fri. 10a. Sat. 10a.

LIVE ROCK
MUSIC VIDEO
SATELLITE SPORTS
2 12-FT. SCREENS

Thursday, Saturday
July 11-13

Tuesday & Wednesday
July 16 & 17

THE RICKY WELLS BAND

Rewards for best dressed—Twist-Rule hoop

Tonight & every
Thursday

Tuesday

Wednesday

Tues. & Thurs.

CALL HOTLINE 276-0301

3093 CLAIREMONT DRIVE • SAN DIEGO • 276-0301 • 276-2240 • 276-3437

La Jolla Broiler
Jazz and Cuisine a la Creole

Grand Opening

Friday, Saturday and Sunday
July 12, 13 and 14

Complimentary hors d'oeuvres
Creole cuisine by Eduardo

featuring
Jazz! Noon 'til 2:00 am
Joe Morillo
One of the greatest saxophone players, noon 'til 9:00 pm

Joe Morillo Quintet
Guest soloist Hal Crook with Ron Satterfield and Tony Morillo.
9:00 pm 'til 2:00 am.

La Jolla Broiler by the Cove, for fabulous romantic ocean view, entertainment, atmosphere, and cuisine.
Coast Walk and Prospect Place, La Jolla
458-4707

APPEARING NIGHTLY!
WEDNESDAY-SATURDAY

The Jolly Roger

RESTAURANTS

'Sneak Preview'
OCEANSIDE
1900 Harbor Drive North
(Oceanside Marina)
722-1831

HEY LOOK!
Oh! Ridge...
IS AT SEAPORT VILLAGE...

Don't miss 'em
SAN DIEGO
(Seaport Village)
233-4300

BARKER & ORR
"Music & Mirth"
SOLANA BEACH
937 Lomas Santa Fe Drive
(619) 755-0117

FINALS TONIGHT
\$500 CASH PRIZES



THE GREAT AMERICAN HIP-SYNC CONTEST

FINALS... FINALS... JULY 11
The winners of our 10-week competition will sing for \$500 cash on July 11. Don't miss this great show beginning at 11 pm.

294-9010
500 Hotel Circle N.,
Mission Valley

Crystal T's Emporium

Crystal: *Mony Mony's*
Destiny: *Buster's El Cajon*

Detour: *Redes*
Dirk Debonaires: *Belly Up Tavern*
Paradise Bay (formerly the
Windrose)

Ducktail Revue: *Happy Days Car*
Hop, Mary's by the Pier

Electric Sons: *Belly Up Tavern*
Redes

Faces of Drama: *Spirit*
The Forbidden Pigs: *Caligula*
Lounge

Joey Harris: *MP's*
The Heroes: *Whiskey Flats*
In Colour: *Dance Machine*
Paradise Bay (formerly the
Windrose)

Ippo Factor: *Lehr's Greenhouse*
The Jets: *Shenita Harbor Island*
Calamantan Hall

Justin Kase: *Red Coach*
IntEscandido

The Keep: *Tequila Flats*
Kicks: *Buster's El Cajon, Narvijo*
inn

L.A.: *Old Roma Store Restaurant*
Limbo Slam: *Spirit*
The Londoners: *Lehr's Greenhouse*
Park Place

Lookout: *Beach Club*
Manual team: *Spirit*
The Mar Delis: *Belly Up Tavern*
Calamantan Hall

Miss D'Meanor: *Mony Mony's*
The Models: *Tequila Flats*
Notice to Appear: *Old Del Mar*
Cafe, Old Pacific Beach Cafe

Outta Control: *Normandy*
cocktail lounge
The Paladins: *Redes*
Private Domain: *Bachanal*
Lehr's Mesa

The Procrustians: *To*
The Pump: *Spirit*
Quest: *Narvijo Inn*
The Rebel Rockers: *Belly Up*
Tavern

Red Wedding: *Spirit*
The Reflectors: *Lehr's Greenhouse*
Frisco Lounge
Robyn Bance: *Frisco Lounge*

RPM: *Dance Machine*
Scarlett: *Park Place*
Sergeant Slaughter: *Nite Owl East*
Serious Gators: *Le Chet*
Preston Smith and the

Crocodiles: *Belly Up Tavern*
Soldiers of Fortune: *Spirit*
The Source: *Le Chet*
The Spool Brothers: *Red Masters*
Islands Lounge

Subject to Change: *Spirit*
Sew-Erl and the E Ticket:
Rollers: *Redes*
Three-D: *Ilumposse Lounge, Park*
Place

Three Dog Night: *Bachanal*
Three Simple Words: *Spirit*
Three Speeds: *Pizza Plus/El Cajon*
Tony's Inn

The Truth: *Spirit*
Two Tones: *Carlos Murphy's*
The Us Three: *Trigun Haze*
The Rick Wells Band: *Old Del Mar*
Cafe

Youth in Time: *Spirit*

Ambition: *El Comal*
Jody Ames: *Henry's, Borrelli's Back*
Room

Andy and Donna: *On Bow Inn*
Baja Strings: *Nite Owl East*
Barber and Orr: *Jolly*
Roger/Solana Beach, Anthony's
Harborside

Randy Beecher: *Boondocks*
Restaurant
Best of Friends: *Blue, Japen*
Lounge

Bobby O'Day: *Islands Lounge*
Budgets Islands Hotel
Brown Sugar: *Munk's*
Jerry Barchard: *Dick's Landing*
Jose Carabaz: Hotel San Diego
Karen Cowan and One Plus
One: Rancho Bernardo Inn
Chain Reaction: Bull and Bear

Joey Chess: *Amey's*
Norman Clifford and Frankie
Ferlin: *Victor's*
Calle and Karen: *C. Arthur Oaks*
Country Club
Dan Connor: *Monterey Bay Camer*
Rich Faulkner: Jolly Roger/Scaport
Village
Rick Casey: *Mulvaney's/Pacific*
Beach
Costa V: *Ten Love/Mission Gorge*
Donna Cole: Don Ham's
Lighthouse
Carol Crawford: *Dick's Landing*
Mc Hill's Backroom Saloon
Ed Cunningham: *Hungry*
Hunter/Rancho Bernardo
Darel Daniels and Nollene: *La*
Costa Hotel and Spa
Sonny Daniels: *Hungry*
Hunter/K. Conside
Jose Davis: *La Hacienda Cantina*
Delores: Doe Masters
Devocian: *Sheraton Harbor Island*
Frank Dester: Ten Love/Mission
Gorge, Barnacle Bill's
Double Trouble: *Hotel Escondido*
Dusty and Melissa: Tom Ham's
Lighthouse
East Coast: *La Maze*
Paul Eastland: *Victor's*
Gina Eklund and Jins: La Costa

Hotel and Spa
The Elements: *Hotel del Coronado*
Ed Ellis and Tapestry: *Sundrapp*
Lounge
Encore: *Actel Boat*
Fantasym: *Monterey Bay Camer*
Rich Faulkner: Jolly Roger/Scaport
Village
Feller's Island Lounge: *Munk's*
The Finest City Band: *TNT*
Lounge
Forced Entry: *Win Cody's Saloon*
Fortunes: Ruben E. Lee's
Forward Motion: Anthony's

Harborside
Four's Company: *Vacation Village*
Hotel
Friendship: *Gilbey's Cocktail*
Lounge
Kevin Green: *Hotel Escondido*
Hearsey: The Speakeasy
Jimmy Hooper: *Rusty Pelican*
Inside Moves: Mandala Wind
The Invaders: *"The Invader"*
Doc James, Mr. C., and Company:
Betty's Burger Garden, Pea Soup
Anderson's
Jarrett: *Holiday Inn/Pinehaven*

J.C. and Company: *Jody's*
The Jade: Monterey Whaling
Company
Kitty Kieffer:
Mulvaney's/Comrades, Rosie
O'Leary's
Louis and Loose Change: *Jody's*
Main Street: "Thalia Belle"
Melissa McCracken and Larry
Eames: *Solomon House*
Gloria Michaels and Spring
Fewer: Atlantis
Midnight Delights: Borrelli's Back
Room

Moment's Notice with Judy Ames:
Borrelli's Back Room
Jim Moore: *Smuggler's Inn*
Musie Magie: *Blue Ragner Lounge*
Nightshade, Newburg
Gil Palacios and Linda Parra:
Gilbey's Cocktail Lounge
People Movers: *Hilton Hotel*
The Peg Boys: MP's
Pitch N' Woo with Gerrie Woo:
Lorenza's
PM: *MP's*
Deborah Ray and Aria: *Bahia*
Hotel

SOUND INVESTMENT



Le Pavillon Lounge presents the
finest in listening and dancing pleasure.

Tuesday through Saturday evenings
beginning at 8:30 p.m.

Our Champagne Happy Hour begins at 5:30 p.m.

FREE PARKING

Pavillon Lounge

Located atop the East Highrise at the Town & Country Hotel in Mission Valley. 291-7131

TIJUANA NIGHTLIFE

18 YEARS & OLDER (with I.D.)
I.D. REQUIRED AT ENTRANCE

NEVER A COVER CHARGE

REGGAE & LOSANOS
DISCOS

COSMOS

GRACE RENAI

Continued from page 10, page 10

Friday & Saturday 12 pm - 2 pm

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Contemporary/ Top 40

Ambition: *El Comal*
Jody Ames: *Henry's, Borrelli's Back*
Room

Andy and Donna: *On Bow Inn*
Baja Strings: *Nite Owl East*
Barber and Orr: *Jolly*
Roger/Solana Beach, Anthony's
Harborside

Randy Beecher: *Boondocks*
Restaurant
Best of Friends: *Blue, Japen*
Lounge

Bobby O'Day: *Islands Lounge*
Budgets Islands Hotel
Brown Sugar: *Munk's*
Jerry Barchard: *Dick's Landing*
Jose Carabaz: Hotel San Diego
Karen Cowan and One Plus
One: Rancho Bernardo Inn
Chain Reaction: Bull and Bear

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Life/Death *Life* offers an alliance of actors and writers from *Men of Letters* and *Deadwood* to tell the story of a young man's quest for meaning in a world of chaos. The film's director, John Dahl, is a former *Deadwood* producer. The film's story is a classic: a young man, played by Michael Pitt, is thrown into a world of chaos and must find his way out. The film is a masterpiece of storytelling, with a script by John Dahl and a direction by John Dahl. The film is a masterpiece of storytelling, with a script by John Dahl and a direction by John Dahl. The film is a masterpiece of storytelling, with a script by John Dahl and a direction by John Dahl.

saving London and (not far behind) all mankind. You don't want to go in there, the military man cautions him when he commandeers a car to enter the area of quarantine. "No," he answers slowly, and with more carefu-

Mick and Maude—Hey, why not make a comedy on bigotry? Well, why not make a plot mechanism less mechanical when you are at it? Why not make bigotry believable instead of just a given? Some of the verbal wit is actually quite ironic, which is to say, not very funny. And Blake Edwards often seems to strive more for a tone of sophistication (per 1957 Hollywood) than for outright laughs. But the physical comedy and bathroom

My New Partner — French cop comedy with Philippe Noiret and

The Man Who Fell to Earth — An interplanetary traveler with pale skin and orange hair touches down in spooky New Mexico. "The Land of Enchantment," and on the strength of several electronics patents, he skyrockets to the very heights of high

Pale Rider — Reviewed this issue
With Clint Eastwood, Michael Moriarty,
and Carrie Snodgrass, directed by
Eastwood.

* (Camin Cinema 4; Carousel Cinema 6; Casino; College; Fashion Valley; Frontier Drive In; Parkway; Rancho Bernardo 6; Sports Arena 6; UA Chula Vista 6; University Towne Centre; Wierand Plaza 6).

A Passage to India — A judicious pruning job on E.M. Forster's novel of colonial India, trimming and shaping his slow-turning pages into scenes that will "play." And besides scenes that play, there are also the players to play them: not so much Alec Guinness in brownface, but Victor Banerjee (with darkened skin himself), James Fox, Peggy Ashcroft, and Judy Davis — especially her. This David Lean movie would seem to have closer kinship with the last David Lean movie, **RYAN'S DAUGHTER** (1970), in its combination of epic scope and intimate

scale, than it has to those full (or overblown) epic. THE BRIDGE ON THE RIVER KWAI, LAWRENCE OF ARABIA and DR. ZHIVAGO. Here are the two epic craft, without the accompanying spectacle and sweep and so forth, means that there will be no need for the director to flaunt renowned novelistic virtues, the untruncated construction of the narrative, the tangential embellishment of it, the omniscient circulation among the characters, the omniscient omniscient perspectives on it. The individual point-of-view shots are perhaps the most inventive and enriching things in the entire movie: a glance out the boat window at the river, a close-up of a turn of the head at the scribble of leaves on the mossy courtyard, and the appearance of a ghostly floating figure on the far side of it. For the rest, it is just a movie, and it is a long time to go without making a movie, but there is no indication here of a fall-off in Lean's powers, such as they ever were. 1984.

Perfect — It took nerve to call a movie PERFECT, especially when perfection is the movie's subject matter (never mind its stylistic attainments any part of the time). The "perfect" part has to do with how a fictional Southern

[illegible]

Purple Rain — Even though this is only his first big rock-star show, Prince was prepared to play a show to support his new film, *Under the Purple Star Is Born*. He showed no fear of the camera, but rather supreme confidence that it loves him (him, there, is, and his Peque Le Pew-style, eyelash-batting sexuality). He is not even afraid to let one of the characters call him a "long-haired freak!" And he always muses well on stage, with his musings often pandering to a highlight of some sort. But the dramatic conflict often takes much of the latter off. The curtain closer, for example, must be awarded the dubious distinction of Best Vocal Performance by the Day After Christmas. *Prince Has Shot Himself in the Head (Especially When One Hears "I'd*

One *Hairs* had the Chance to Reverse. The movie is really little more than a series of music videos stitched together with dialogue that is mostly inaudible. The plot—a liberation from normal verbal plot exposition—might seem more interesting, might almost seem a reversion to the visual narrative technique of the silent cinema, if the individual images were not so numbingly clichéd: fog-shrouded stage numbers, candle-lit lovenaking in the back of a car, a motorcycle in the countryside (the boot on the kick starter, the sunlight streaming through trees), the autumn leaves whirled up on the pavement. The message—just dirty comes through all the time, to do with building a bridge across the generation gap—is surprisingly and

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