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READER

VOLUME 14, NO. 28 JULY 18, 1985 SAN DIEGO'S WEEKLY

Around the Town in Seven Years



I was dragging my feet one day, walking in kind of a westerly direction toward the poorer part of town, where I felt more comfortable. I needed a new start, I needed a new beginning. I needed something to regain my self-respect. I needed an experience.

As I turned the corner, made a sharp right, I saw all these funny-looking cars, painted orange and black, orange and black. I thought to myself, "Wow. I can do that job. I'm the best damn driver you ever saw." So I walked into this dimly painted building, half old, half new — an old house that had been converted into an office.

Inside I asked if they were hiring, which was a stupid question seeing that there were at least twenty cabs sitting in the back lot, quite visible to my eyes. The dispatcher said to wait one minute and take a seat, so I did. That gave me a minute to check things out and fill out the application he handed me. I had rather negative feelings about my chances of landing any job in the first place, due to my atrocious driving record. But I knew I

It's eleven o'clock on a Friday night. If you're a veteran San Diego cabbie, which of the following might occupy your time:

- ☐ Tucking in a sweet old lady for the night
- ☐ The switchblade at your throat
- ☐ A drunken brawl in the back seat
- ☐ Running Mexican illegals
- ☐ All of the above

By Paul Warden

(continued on page 10) Illustration by Stephen Vance



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The Risk Factors

Stephanie Murphy's fantastic article ("The Baby Came Early," July 1) about the premature birth of her son unfortunately closed on a rather pessimistic note. She seemed to be saying that both mothers of premature babies and the neonatal specialists who treat them are trapped by a technology they can no longer control.

I agree that to continue to push forward the threshold at which premature infants can be kept alive will cause intolerable mental anguish for parents and intolerable economic costs to society. But there is another way — prevention.

By learning how to diagnose and prevent premature births, doctors could avoid repeating the awful experience of Stephanie and her family and save millions of dollars in health care costs. And there is evidence that in the case of premature deliveries, an ounce of prevention is worth many tons of cure.

Writing in *The Premature Baby Book*, Helen Harrison describes research by Dr. Robert Creasy of the University of California Medical School in San Francisco. Creasy has identified a number of risk factors which indicate whether

LETTERS

The Reader welcomes letters for publication. Address them to *Letters to the Editor*, Box 60803, San Diego, 92118. Please include your name, address, and telephone number. Letters may be edited for length and clarity.

or not a woman has a thirty percent or better chance of premature delivery. By giving special prenatal care to women in the high-risk group, Creasy has cut the incidence of preterm delivery by more than seventy-five percent in that group!

Clearly more research into this subject is needed, and some of that research is being done in San Diego right now. *Special Care* magazine reports that the March of Dimes is paying for a study at UCSD Medical Center (and at other medical centers in the country) to corroborate and clarify Dr. Creasy's findings.

It's important for all expectant mothers to ask their doctors about the risk factors that cause premature deliveries. (A chart of these factors can be found in Harrison's book.) It's important that obstetricians keep abreast of the current research so that they can help their patients who are at risk take preventive action. Only when all doctors and mothers understand that premature deliveries can be avoided will the technology unleashed in the neonatal care units again come under our control.

James Colligan
Pacific Beach

Got No Pay

Mrs. Theresa Du was completely wrong when she said that, in the past, some Vietnamese leaders, after getting funding for projects to help refugees, ended up hiring their friends and relatives ("City Lights," July 1). In truth, direct funding with control of the hiring process has never been given to any refugee association in San Diego until a few weeks ago.

Of the two projects funded this month, one went to the Indochinese Mutual Assistance Association (IMAA) and the other went to a joint venture between the Occupational Training Services (OTS, which is not a refugee association) and the Vietnamese Alliance Association (VAA). The complex program at the IMAA is now headed by a Cambodian refugee from Santa Ana (but with a Ph.D. from the University of Georgia) and a Caucasian lady. Both of them were complete

strangers to the members of the board of directors of the IMAA before the hiring. These two people, in turn, hired the remaining staff.

As for the joint venture between the OTS and the VAA, all the Indochinese working on this project are volunteers with the understanding that they will get a bonus if the project has some money left over. The only exception is myself, and although I work very hard for this project, I will not get paid at all, no matter what happens. What, then, is the basis for Mrs. Du's accusation? It is regrettable that, because of personal grudges, Mrs. Du made wild accusations that could harm the whole community.

Mrs. Du has the right not to associate with the Vietnamese Federation, but she has no right to accuse its leaders of something they have not done. In view of the viciousness of her attack, I wonder about her ulterior motives and ambitions. Anyhow, she clearly does not understand the strict control exercised by government agencies with regard to the hiring process of their contractors.

During the last six years, I have worked closely (and always without pay) with the Indochinese associations, and I am proud of the things that we have accomplished. For example, together with the IMAA, the Vietnamese Alliance Association has offered free classes in electronics assembly to refugees in order to make them financially independent. We have trained more than one hundred people during the last two years, without funding from the government. We are able to do so because many useful people donated their time and because of donations from many Vietnamese associations. I think Mrs. Du owes these people and the Vietnamese community an apology.

Nguyen-huu Xuong, president
Vietnamese Alliance Association
San Diego

Sometimes A Semiabstract Notion

Yes, we are impressed with the "world-wide" nature of Ellsworth Kelly ("City Lights," July 3).

Yes, we would be delighted to have one of the several fine sculptures we represent — who not only are capable, but in fact have executed numerous monumental sculptures — gain a commission for sculpture in our city.

However, the real issue at this time is choice. We feel there is nothing at all wrong with having artwork for the enjoyment of the people, not just something to argue about.

We have noticed over the years that the press — including art critics, of course — much prefers to cover the controversial. Does that make the controversial better than the already accepted?

Sometimes an abstract concept is appropriate and sometimes semiabstract or realism is appropriate. Perhaps we can have some of both. We know, with \$450,000 to spend, it is possible.

Annette and Doug Jones
The Jones Gallery
La Jolla

Aside From The Highly Skewed

The article, "Somebody Take the Minutes" ("City Lights," June 27) written by Al Spivack, possesses some of the shoddiest reporting I've ever seen and seems to typify the Reader's approach to news coverage. The item, at first reading, appears to be an account of leftist disruption at a recent public meeting of COPE.

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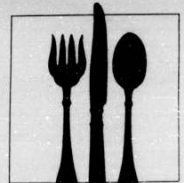
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City Lights

One Plaza Plus Tax

Shopping center magnate Ernest Hahn stands to make a profit on his new Horton Plaza shopping center. But it was millions of dollars in taxpayer subsidies that helped Hahn to assemble the land on which the Horton Plaza center is built, to pave and brick the streets that surround it, and to clean up unattractive neighboring buildings. Those taxpayer dollars are also helping to promote Horton Plaza's August 9 grand opening and assure that crowds of shoppers find their way to the \$140 million complex of department stores, boutiques, and restaurants. More than 200,000 city water bills mailed to San Diego residents in July and August

will be accompanied by brightly designed Horton Plaza promotion letters. Despite the inclusion of the messages promoting a private profit-making business, postage for the water bills is paid by the city treasury — the first time city envelopes have been used in such a promotion. The Horton Plaza letters, which trumpet the retail center as "a shopper's delight" and "a sensation to fine diners," cost \$5388 to produce. That bill was paid by the Centre City Development Corporation (CCDC), a taxpayer-funded agency that is supervising downtown's rejuvenation. CCDC will also buy and distribute 25,000 copies of a special Horton Plaza advertising supplement running in the August issue of

(continued on page 29)



Photograph by David Corry



Mission Boulevard, Saturday, July 13, 1:00 p.m.

Will Shuttle Jam Jell?

"If at first you don't succeed, try, try again" is a saying as old as Methuselah — and one that's apparently been taken to heart by the San Diego Transit Corporation. Two years ago, the bus company began running summer shuttle buses along the main arteries of Mission Beach and Pacific Beach in the hopes of alleviating the extreme traffic congestion that's plagued the area for years; and each summer, the shuttle has been marked by low ridership. Now, San Diego Transit is hoping that the third time will be the charm. In mid-May, the bus company purchased three red-and-white shuttle buses, designed to look like trolleys, for \$113,000, and on June 13 the new "Sun Runner" buses hit the road to start yet a third summer shuttle season, transporting riders from Mission Bay High School at the east end of Grand Avenue to

the Belmont Park roller coaster at the corner of Mission Boulevard and Ventura Place and back. The buses run Wednesdays through Sundays between 10:00 a.m. and 6:00 p.m. at twenty-minute intervals; the one-way fare is twenty-five cents. But despite SDTC general manager Roger Snoble's assertion that the buses, especially on weekends, carry "standing loads only," actual observations of the buses reveal that this year's twelve-week run has gotten off to no better start than the two previous attempts. Just after noon on a recent Saturday, for example, three shuttles drove south along Mission Boulevard. The first carried four passengers, the second two, and the third only one. Nor is that unusual, according to Fred Hill, whose Isthmus Court home faces Mission Boulevard. "I see the things go by my house dozens of times during the day," he says, "and there's almost never anybody on them." And a bus driver, whose empty bus had just made its last stop on Grand Avenue, shrugged when asked how business had been in recent weeks. "Well, as you can see," he said, "they're not rushing to come aboard."

Mission Beach community leaders and businessmen say the problem is that although buses are supposed to alleviate congestion, no one's riding them because congestion is

Wait And See At Windansea

Jerry Brucker has lived on Neptune Place in La Jolla — right across the street from Windansea Beach — for the last thirty-five years, and in that time, he says, he has watched the physical condition of his surroundings deteriorate with little or no intervention from the city. The concrete streets around his neighborhood, Brucker says, are cracked to the point "where I wonder how all the bicyclists who ride by here every day don't have serious accidents." The beachfront sidewalks are in a similar state of disrepair, he says, and the tiny Windansea parking lot is streaked with potholes "more severe than anywhere else around La Jolla or, for that matter, all of San Diego." Despite regular complaints from area residents, Brucker says, the city's general services and parks and recreation departments have yet to remedy the situation, and he surmises the reason is a longstanding vendetta resulting from residents' past attempts to curtail development.

Back in the Fifties, Brucker says, the city's efforts to remove Monterey cypresses already so bad that the buses are often slowed to a crawl. "All that thing does is take up more space along Mission Boulevard," says Fred Hill, who is treasurer of the Mission Beach Town Council. "If it's supposed to serve residents, it's not doing so; people from Mission Beach or Pacific Beach would much rather walk or bike to the beach because it's quicker. Besides, if the streets are so congested that cars can't even get to the beach, how is a much bigger bus going to make it through? And if it's supposed to serve other people, it's not doing so, either, because there's no place to park at the terminal [at Mission Bay High School]."

Still, Snoble vows the experiment will succeed, and counts as his chief ally City Councilman Mike Gotch, a prime force in getting the city to agree to try the Sun Runner service one more time. Gotch says that the main problem facing the Sun Runner is "the fact that no one really knows about it," and as a result he has pushed for a major promotional campaign that began two weeks ago with banners towed by airplanes flying over the beach, urging sunbathers to "avoid the parking hassle" and ride the Sun Runner.

Photograph by Robert Burroughs



Jerry Brucker (left) at Windansea Beach

Photograph by Robert Burroughs

from the Nautilus Street sidewalk between La Jolla Boulevard and the oceanfront Neptune Place met with such vigorous neighborhood opposition that the project was scrapped. Several years later, in the early Sixties, a pro-suit by the city's parks and recreation department to build restrooms and a lifeguard tower on the beach met with similar neighborhood opposition and was also shelved, as was a second such attempt six years ago. In the ensuing years, Brucker alleges, city officials have consistently treated the area with what he calls "benign neglect."

Nonsense, says Harry Patterson, general supervisor with the street maintenance division of the city's general services department. "The way we deal with problems in the street is to wait for people to call us and complain, and then we take care of whatever problems they have," Patterson says. "We certainly don't hold a grudge; it's just that for years we've been told to keep the Monterey cypresses intact... because if we root prune them, they'll die. And as for the streets, we plan on going in there at the end of summer, when the traffic isn't so heavy, and fixing them up with

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You Hold The Mayo, We'll Hold The Check

Gary Hart's abortive campaign last year for the Democratic presidential nomination may still be haunted by a \$3.6 million debt, but that doesn't plague Paul Mischel in the least. A year ago last month — just a few days before the June 5 California primary — Mischel, who owns the downtown Sandwich Club, was contacted by local Hart backers to provide box lunches for several hundred volunteers who were organizing a massive rally the Saturday before the primary. Originally the order was for 500 lunches consisting of turkey and Swiss cheese sandwiches and apples, with payment promised in advance. The day before the June 2 rally, however, the order was cut in half, and Mischel was told that the agreed-upon payment of \$700 had been held up in Washington and he could not collect until the following Friday, three days after the primary. "We had previously handled similar large orders for Pete Wilson and Jerry Brown under the same terms," Mischel says, "so I thought nothing of their request and went ahead with assembling the lunches." The next day, several Hart volunteers picked up the order a few hours before the scheduled start of the rally

Paul Mischel

and, after giving him a deposit of \$200, Mischel says, again assured him that he could expect the full balance by the following Friday. So much for promises. Friday came and went without the expected \$500 payment, so on the following Monday Mischel called the local Hart campaign office and found that the telephone had been disconnected a few days after the primary. For the next few weeks, Mischel says, he tried "almost daily" to find

someone connected with the Hart campaign, and toward the end of June he was put in touch with Susan Weiss at Hart's Washington, D.C. office, who sympathetically explained the campaign "sort of collapsed" after the California primary and was severely short of funds. But Weiss assured him that he could expect payment "within several days," Mischel says. By mid-July, Mischel had still not received his money, and after about a dozen more phone

calls to Weiss — with the same response each time — he finally threatened to publicize his problem through the local media. That "got her flustered," Mischel says, and within several days he received a check for one hundred dollars from the national Hart campaign, with the promise that the \$400 balance would follow shortly. He waited a month, with no further word from Weiss, and then called her back in mid-August, only to find the telephone number had

once again been disconnected. More phone calls to Democratic officials followed, and finally he was told to direct all inquiries to Scott Van Hove at Hart's Colorado senatorial office. Van Hove asked for a copy of the bill, Mischel says, and he duly complied. Once again, there was no reply, and Mischel became so involved with day-to-day operations of his shop that he "all but forgot" about the debt. Last February Mischel decided to make "one last ditch effort" to collect the amount owed his company, and called Van Hove, who had since relocated to Washington. Van Hove promised he would look into the matter, Mischel says, and another lengthy period of silence followed. Several weeks ago Mischel finally received a rather sternly worded letter from Van Hove, which stated that since the national Hart campaign "had never officially authorized" the sandwich order, it "does not bear any responsibility for their payment." Mischel says that prior to the receipt of this letter, he had once again decided to drop his collection efforts, but the letter informed him to the contrary, where, he's now breaking his vow of silence to the media. He's also talking with several of us, at times who regularly dine at his shop about filing suit to collect the disputed \$400 payment.

— T.K.A.

Spiritual Cleanser Doesn't Rub Off

While many nervously eye the throngs of street people milling about downtown San Diego and wonder if the area's new shopping center will manage to attract a like number of spendthrift shoppers, others are wondering if the Gaslamp Quarter's sole self-proclaimed artists' colony, Greenwich Village West, is going to survive or if it will go the way of dirigibles, the Shakers, the great auk, and other nice ideas. Of the eighteen-month-old colony's tenants, some draw, some paint, some play guitar, but others — many of them — have "yet to find their medium"; are "artists with their lives," as one of the residents explains. The group members inhabit a building on Fifth Avenue one block south of Market Street, and they are so angry with their living conditions that they have taken their displeasure to the streets. Two weeks ago on Sunday evening, roughly thirty Greenwich Village West (GVW) residents and assorted revelers from the rescue mission across the street marched to Broadway, and back with a gaily colored cross and a replica of that favorite

seventeenth-century instrument of punishment, wooden stocks. According to a flyer announcing the event, it was to be a "spiritual cleansing of the environment through banishment by movement as one holistic FORCE starting in our cubes and flowing into the Gaslamp." As John Guinn, one of the demonstration's organizers, explains it, "The cross and stocks represented the oppressive conditions that the minds of GVW artists are subjected to."

A cursory tour of the building last week with Guinn and a few other residents began in the basement where, until recently, they claim, two inches of water stood stagnating. "There are two showers in this place for forty-five residents," Guinn says, "and both of these showers leak water. It runs through the walls and some of it ends up here." The kitchen proceeds to be a similar source of displeasure. Roaches, full-grown and otherwise, scurry busily in the kitchen sink, scarcely bothering to hide from the group of human intruders. "This is supposed to be a communal-living environment, a place for artists to grow, but no one takes care of anything. There needs to be more management," Guinn says as the group heads upstairs to visit one of the artists' cubes. The cubes are actually small rooms, roughly ten by eight feet. Robbie, Guinn, and Scott Mazzara, a guitarist who no longer owns a guitar, together



Shower room at Greenwich Village West

with a handful of other tenants, make up the ad hoc committee they have dubbed the "Vocal Voice," a group they hope will encourage the building's manager, Ken Drayton, to upgrade GVW's living conditions. Drayton also lives in the building, and he runs a martial arts studio right next door at the Gaslamp Dope, where he is a master and teacher of the Japanese martial art jiu-jitsu. According to Guinn,

many GVW residents have a great deal of respect for Drayton, who purchased the idea of an artists' colony in the Gaslamp Quarter in 1983 when he was chairman for the area's arts committee. These residents, according to Guinn, refer to Drayton as "Knowledge," and even Guinn's contingent refers to the man as "Father."

"But," Guinn says, "we are stepchildren and we are treated like stepchildren." The stepchildren have taken their complaints to the management firm in Mission Valley that represents the building's Hong Kong-based owners, and are seeking changes in the way the property is run. Drayton says that he is well aware of the building's problems and says that the Voice's complaints are not new. "This is the first month that the building has broken even financially since it opened in November of 1983," Drayton says. "Naturally, it's going to take time for these things to come together. The showers have been an issue for a long time, but one of them is almost ninety percent completed. And as for the rest of the problems people should step back and stop complaining, and help out. Anyway, most of the folks here are very beautiful people."

— A.C.

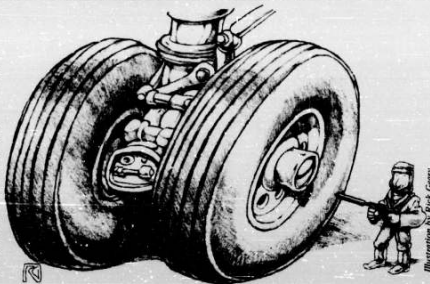
STRAIGHT FROM THE HIP By Matthew Alice

Dear Matthew Alice:
I'm intrigued by the use of the word *hi-jack*, especially now since it's back in everyone's minds. How did the word become associated with the deed?
Jack King
Oceanside

I'm not one especially susceptible to nostalgia, but I guess the Roaring Twenties had a few advantages over our Exploding Eighties. For one thing, a hijacking back then, when the word was invented, meant nothing more than the theft of merchandise, usually illicit whiskey, from a vehicle. The worst that usually resulted was that John Q. had to wait a bit for his hooch, perhaps having to obtain it from a different source. But times are far more complicated now. Hijackings these days involve at least dozens of people, and often entire nations, and are rarely motivated by a desire to redistribute a few bottles of liquor.

The conventional explanation for the origin of the term is that it derived from "Hi, Jack!" Those are the words supposedly uttered by the clever thieves, who would pretend that their car was broken down by the side of the road, and would call out that famous line to any unsuspecting trucker who happened to stop by to aid them. Who would think such friendly folk could be so nasty as to steal your cargo of valuable booze?

But convention can be wrong. I believe in a different account, which holds that "hijack" is not so friendly a greeting after all. This theory says that the term derived from "High, Jack," a command voiced by a miscreant to their victim. The somewhat elliptical message was probably reinforced by the visual aid of a gun pointing heavenward — in other words, "Hold your hands high while we make off with the loot!"



Dear Matthew Alice:
Just what is a "sigalert," anyway? I keep hearing about these sigalerts on the radio, but they never explain what the things are — just that "The California Highway Patrol has issued a sigalert for blah blah blah..." What am I supposed to do when I hear of one? Crouch beneath my desk with my head between my knees? I'm not from San Diego, by the way. Back in my hometown, Chicago, we didn't have such things. Where did you Californians come up with them?

Tess Wolfe
Pacific Beach
I'll admit, Tess, Chicago is a more colorful town than San Diego in many ways. I suppose one becomes colorful if one has to spend much of the year battling snow or wind, and when one's baseball team loses so consistently. That kind of life develops character, too. The Chicago equivalent of a sigalert is more colorful, without a doubt. Radio stations there issue a

"gapers' block" when an accident has caused traffic to snarl, usually because drivers have slowed while passing the scene, gaping at the destruction. Not that the same thing doesn't happen out here in California. B.A. in our part of the world these traffic tangles result in the more mundane, unimaginative — and not very descriptive — "sigalert." The official explanation is that a sigalert denotes a traffic condition expected to result in lengthy delays for motorists passing through the area, and warning that drivers should try to avoid the congestion.

There's a story behind the colorless term, however, that may stifle your Chicago-bred yawns. According to Steve Springer of Airwatch Communications, whose voice is heard on several local radio stations advising us of these traffic alerts, the word sigalert originated — where else? — in Los Angeles. This was years ago, back when a fellow whose name was Sigmund was announcing the traffic re-

ports on the air (it was so long ago that it's been forgotten whether Sigmund was his first name or his last name). Anyway, it seems that Sigg's reports were so popular that his station would announce to its listeners an upcoming traffic report — a "sig-alert." And now he's immortalized throughout much of California, where most radio stations (and law enforcement agencies) refer to traffic advisories as sigalerts. Unfortunately for old Sigg, the term doesn't seem to be universal. But at least he achieved fame where it counts, in California.

A sigalert is called when a law enforcement officer on the scene of the hazardous situation judges that traffic may soon get rather sticky — if it isn't already. (The cause of the trouble is usually an accident, but can be fire, flood, fog, nails in the roadway, et cetera.) The officer radios back to his station, where a supervisor decides if the situation is serious. If so, he or she issues a sigalert. The method of disseminating such an alert varies according to the agency involved. The San Diego Police Department puts out the warning on its radio bands, where it is usually picked up by radio or TV stations monitoring the police scanner. In cases where there is enough advance warning of delays, such as a sold-out Padres game, the department issues the alert directly to the stations. The California Highway Patrol issues sigalerts through the county's Office of Disaster Preparedness. That agency has a radio system (called LIFE) that ties in the city, the county, most radio and TV stations, and the traffic reporting services.

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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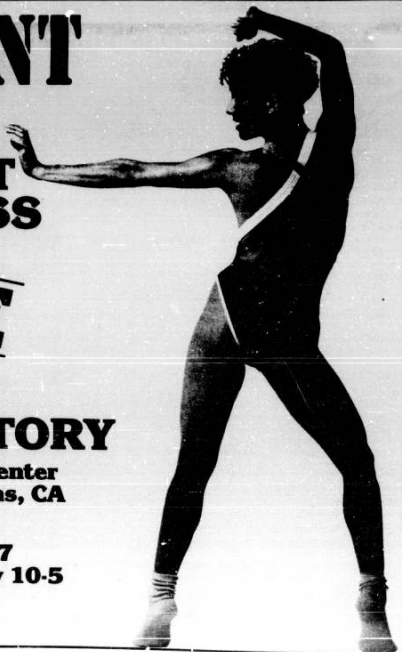
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STRAIGHT FROM THE HIP By Matthew Alice

Dear Matthew Alice:

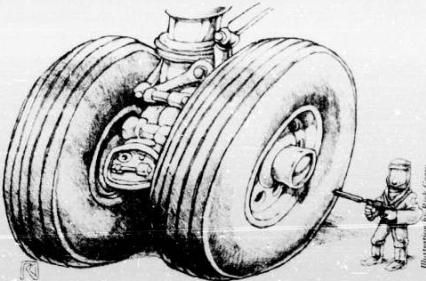
I'm intrigued by the use of the word *hip*, especially now since it's back in everyone's minds. How did the word become associated with the deed?

Jack King
Oceanside

I'm not one especially susceptible to nostalgia, but I guess the Roaring Twenties had a few advantages over our Exploding Eighties. For one thing, a hijacking back then, when the word was invented, meant nothing more than the theft of merchandise, usually illicit whiskey, from a vehicle. The worst that usually resulted was that John Q. had to wait a bit for his booze, perhaps having to obtain it from a different source. But times are far more complicated now. Hijackings these days involve at least dozens of people, and often entire nations, and are rarely motivated by a desire to redistribute a few bottles of liquor.

The conventional explanation for the origin of the term is that it derived from "Hi, Jack!" Those are the words supposedly uttered by the clever thieves, who would pretend that their car was broken down by the side of the road, and would call out that famous line to any unsuspecting trucker who happened to stop by to aid them. Who would think such friendly folk could be so nasty as to steal your cargo of valuable booze?

But convention can be wrong. I believe in a different account, which holds that "hijack" is not so friendly a greeting after all. This theory says that the term derived from "High, Jack," a command voiced by the miscreants to their victim. The somewhat elliptical message was probably reinforced by the visual aid of a gun pointing heavenward — in other words, "Hold your hands high while we make off with the loot!"



Dear Matthew Alice:

Just what is a "sigalert," anyway? I keep hearing about these sigalerts on the radio, but they never explain what the things are — just that "The California Highway Patrol has issued a sigalert for blah blah blah..." What am I supposed to do when I hear of one? Crouch beneath my desk with my head between my knees? I'm not from San Diego, by the way. Back in my hometown, Chicago, we didn't have such things. Where did you Californians come up with them?

Tess Wolfe
Pacific Beach

I'll admit, Tess, Chicago is a more colorful town than San Diego in many ways. I suppose one becomes colorful if one has to spend much of the year battling snow on wind, and when one's baseball team loses so consistently. That kind of life develops character, too. The Chicago equivalent of a sigalert is more colorful, without a doubt. Radio stations there issue a

"gapers' block" when an accident has caused traffic to snarl, usually because drivers have slowed while passing the scene, gaping at the destruction. Not that the same thing doesn't happen out here in California. But in our part of the world these traffic tangles result in the more mundane, unimaginative — and not very descriptive — "sigalert." The official explanation is that a sigalert denotes a traffic condition expected to result in lengthy delays for motorists passing through the area, and warning that drivers should try to avoid the congestion.

There's a story behind the colorless term, however, that may stifle your Chicago-bred yawns. According to Steve Springer of Airwatch Communications, whose voice is heard on several local radio stations advising us of these traffic alerts, the word sigalert originated — where else? — in Los Angeles. This was years ago, back when a fellow whose name was Sigmund was announcing the traffic re-

ports on the air (it was so long ago that it's been forgotten whether Sigmund was his first name or his last name). Anyway, it seems that Sigg's reports were so popular that his station would announce to its listeners an upcoming traffic report — a "sig-alert." And now he's immortalized throughout much of California, where most radio stations (and law enforcement agencies) refer to traffic advisories as sig-alerts. Unfortunately for old Sigg, the term doesn't seem to be universal. But at least he achieved fame where it counts, in California.

A sigalert is called when a law enforcement officer on the scene of a hazardous situation judges that traffic may soon get rather sticky — if it isn't already. (The cause of the trouble is usually an accident, but can be fire, flood, fog, nails in the roadway, et cetera.) The officer radios back to his station, where a supervisor decides if the situation is serious. If so, he or she issues a sigalert. The method of disseminating such an alert varies according to the agency involved. The San Diego Police Department puts out the warning on its radio bands, where it is usually picked up by radio or TV stations monitoring the police scanner. In cases where there is enough advance warning of delays, such as a sold-out Padres game, the department issues the alert directly to the stations. The California Highway Patrol issues sigalerts through the county's Office of Disaster Preparedness. That agency has a radio system (called LIFE) that ties in the city, the county, most radio and TV stations, and the traffic reporting services.

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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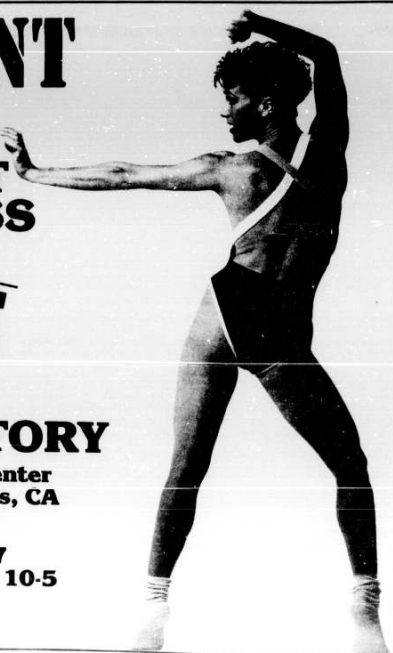
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THE INSIDE STORY

BY PAUL KRUEGER

COUNTY SUPERVISOR PAUL ECKERT LOVES TO play the political Big Daddy—gruff and belligerent, unfazed by his opponents' condemnations, smugly confident of a third term on the five-member board that oversees 11,000 employees and distributes nearly one billion dollars per year in taxpayer revenue. But Eckert knows he must do more than strike an intimidating political pose to assure his re-election next year.

Within his Encinitas/Oceanside/San Marcos district, Eckert has angered liberals and environmentalists with his insistence that the Encinitas general plan be amended to allow high-density commercial development on ninety-three acres of Encinitas Boulevard east of I-5, and the construction of 124 residential units on nine acres near D Street. And other constituents in his district dislike his ham-fisted personality and blame him for helping transform North County's pristine acreage into a cookie-cutter assemblage of shopping centers, condos, fast-food stores, and new-car lots. But Eckert faces an equally strong challenge to his re-election from voters who live and work outside his sprawling North County district.

Eckert's opponents can expect help from San Diego Chamber of Commerce executive Lee Grissom, who last year persuaded voters to approve a ballot measure that will—over Eckert's strong objections—limit the supervisors' power. Grissom can translate his personal dislike for Eckert into political advice and financial contributions for Eckert's challengers.

The incumbent supervisor has also upset Solana Beach

residents who live outside his district lines by voting to approve construction in Holmwood Canyon and then taking credit for keeping the canyon as open space by later arranging for its purchase by a state lands trust. "His intentions were not necessarily honorable ones," says Solana Beach resident Gail Paparian, who believes Eckert's "certain sensitivity" to her neighborhood, which is represented by Supervisor Susan Golding. Paparian, past president of the Solana Beach Town Council, also remembers how Eckert in 1980 crossed district lines to promise help in rebuilding beach area slopes battered by winter storms.

"The damage still isn't repaired," grumbles Paparian. "I don't know what [Eckert] did other than stand on the beach in front of the TV camera wearing his Chargers T-shirt."

Eckert's pro-development views have triggered resentment from organized groups such as Community, a North County association whose members include some four town councils and fifteen homeowner associations, twenty-five percent of which are located outside Eckert's district. "The majority of our members are quite dissatisfied with Eckert," says Community spokesman Gerald Steel. "His vote on Holmwood [Canyon] is typical."

Paparian believes Eckert is trying to "clen up his act" and pacify his out-of-district critics by "soft-pedaling" his pro-development sentiments. But other critics such as Cardiff resident Bob Bonde, who also lives south of Eckert's district and who helped defeat the bullet train, say Eckert remains an unrepentant enemy of environmentalists, a position they hope will undermine his re-election. Bonde says Eckert



Paul Eckert

won't stand against any construction project, including a dozen three-story beach-front duplex that has riled homeowners in the Glen Park area of southern Cardiff. And Bonde says Cardiff residents are still fuming over Eckert's recent statement that it might be feasible to divide that community in half, giving the northern portion to Encinitas, and the southern area to Solana Beach. Indeed, Bonde says Eckert has topped a vein of hostility by not supporting efforts of four North County communities to form a new city of San Diego. Bonde says much of the support for incorporation is "a reaction to Paul Eckert and county land-use policies" that have spurred residential development. And Bonde claims support for incorporation and against Eckert runs from a minimum of sixty-six percent to a high of ninety-nine percent in the seventy North County precincts recently polled by

cityhood supporters. Should Eckert actively oppose incorporation of the four communities (Leucadia, Encinitas, Cardiff, and Olivenhain) and instead endorse cityhood for Encinitas only, Bonde says those who support the San Diego plan will be enthusiastic foot soldiers in the campaign to unseat Eckert next June. (The timing couldn't be better, since the cityhood vote is June 6, the same day as the supervisorial primary.)

In the Del Mar Heights community south of Eckert's district, Lynn Benn pledges to use her connections as land-use chair of the Sierra Club to help dump Eckert. Benn criticizes Eckert for supporting Rancho Santa Fe resident Gene Klein in Klein's dispute with the China vegetable farm over rights to a water well. And Benn, who says Eckert is "totally insensitive to planning issues," joins the supervisor's other critics in blasting his

appointment of developers' ally Betty Schreiber to the county planning commission.

Eckert sounds genuinely unconcerned about the challenge, saying his opponents "spend too much time in a political echo chamber listening to no one but themselves." He claims Bonde's real motive for organizing the anti-Eckert forces is to "carve out a political niche for himself."

The supervisor argues that had he not led his colleagues in approving development of Holmwood Canyon, the state wouldn't have judged the canyon to be endangered and then put up money for the purchase and preservation of the parcel. Eckert also argues that he doesn't always support developers, and says he's "done a lot to benefit Solana Beach," including his vote against an apartment complex on Via de la Valle.

While his preference for an incorporation plan that gives cityhood to Encinitas and allows that new municipality to annex surrounding areas may not be popular with his opponents, Eckert has no plans to abandon it. He says the four-community incorporation proposed by Bonde is unworkable; that community politicians could never cooperate and create a cohesive government. "I want a ringside seat to that one, no matter how much it costs," says Eckert. "They'll just tear each other up."

More importantly, Eckert says while Bonde and his allies represent a vocal constituency, they're a small and skewed cross section of North County voters. "There's several words out there," he says confidently. "Not everybody's retired or has guaranteed income. Some of them have to work for a living, and growth means jobs for them." Eckert also notes that the political sentiments and energies of his opponents were attached to Democrat Lynn Schenk in last year's supervisorial election. And Schenk, as Eckert likes to point out, was soundly defeated by Susan Golding.

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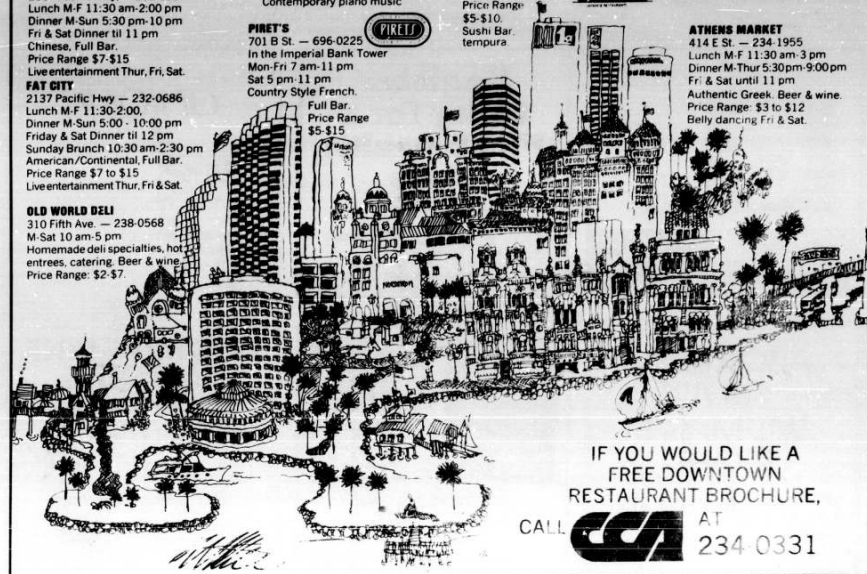
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Cabbie

(continued from page 1)

could explain that all off — all those tickets were on motorcycles. I don't drive cars that way.

After filling out the form, I talked to a heavyset man with a reassuring smile on his face. He looked as though he had been sitting in that chair forever. He looked as though he really didn't have a lot to do. But somebody had to be the boss, I guess. We talked and he asked me why I wanted to become a cab driver, anyway? Why did I want to drive for this company, anyway? He asked was I aware of the danger? "This city loses more cab drivers in a year than the police lose cops. We offer long hours and, sometimes, low pay."

I told him I was aware of all that. I sat there, expecting a lot of questions about my driving record. Where I was from and how much trouble I'd been into with the law. To my surprise, the man had only one question: "Will you ever steal from me?" I looked the man dead in the eyes and said, "I'll never steal from you." I may be a lot of things, but a thief I'm not.

Then he asked, "Do you know what high flagging is?" I said, "I've heard of it, and I've seen cab drivers do it. But I don't intend to do it. The dollar amount wouldn't be worth the loss of my job."

The man said, "Well, I'm going to take a chance on you, young man. But first you've got to get your hair cut — not a lot, just a little. We don't want to freak out the entire community. Ha ha. We don't want them to think that we gave this wild-eyed crazy person a license to speed and make illegal U-turns, to stop and park wherever he likes."

I guess everybody has heard the term "piece of cake." I thought on my first day it was going to be like that. Hell, I've been in this town for thirty years. I thought there wasn't anything about San Diego that I didn't know.

I pulled up on the cab stand at Eighth and National, called Little Times Square. It's a square block of nothing but bars, liquor stores, and restaurants. It looked like a good place to start. It took me about fifteen minutes before I found out there was more to this job than just taking people from one place to another. The first thing I learned was that it's easy to go where you are used to going — your favorite bar, your friend's house, your usual shop or store.

But it's a different story when you all of a sudden have to go where other people shop or eat or do their drinking. Most of them are shocked if you don't know where the Cargo Bar is. Some of them are insulted and make comments like, "Where do you live, in a cave?" But mostly things worked out for the best. I found that most people like to give directions, like go straight or forward, turn right or left, or pointing at a street that you're approaching. Sometimes they'll yell, "Turn here!" After all, they have a boss yelling at them to do this and that. For only a few dollars they get to be the boss, and they feel good about themselves again. I've had people tell me, "Well, just go straight ahead and I'll tell you where to turn." Then all of a sudden they start yelling at you for missing the turnoff, forgetting to tell you where it was they wanted you to turn. My answer to that from Day One was, listen lady, if I could read minds I wouldn't have to drive a cab for a living. Usually they laugh and say they're sorry. I really didn't mind that so much. Hell, I didn't mind where the heck I was going anyway and it made them feel good.

Then you get the professional businessman, maybe from the airport or from one of the hotels. You load up his luggage. He doesn't even attempt to help. He climbs into the back seat, dusting it off before he sits down. Then he looks at you very professionally, very sure of himself, and says, "Take me to 2615-1/2 Via Alcamite, La Jolla." You try to write down the numbers as he speaks because you'll never remember them if you don't. You miss them anyway, you ask.

"Would you repeat that, please?"

Not that it makes a lot of difference. You're already lost. You know it's in the soap book, the Thomas Brothers bible. Now all you have to do is find it. All of a sudden you realize — there must be forty pages of Via this and Via that. Hell, we're so close to Mexico that half the street names are Spanish. The rest are named for trees and presidents. I sure don't want to lose the twenty-dollar fare to some other cab in line behind me. I'm no dummy. I know where La Jolla is, so I head that way. This man has his shit together, or so it seems, and you sure don't want him to know that you don't have yours together. It seems to me that nobody is really happy with their lifestyle. They always secretly want to be something or someone else.

Well-dressed men and well-to-do women especially like to talk dirty and tell dirty stories while they're in a taxi. While listening to this guy's story, the next mistake I make is to miss the off ramp to La Jolla. But on your first day, there's always one thing to fall back on. "I'm sorry but today's my first day and I've got a lot to learn. But my mistake won't cost you anything. I'll just take a couple dollars off the meter. Don't worry about it." I'll be making mistakes all day today, but I'm not going to run anybody around — intentionally missing exits to jack up the fare.

Remember, it's easy when you want to go to a friend's house. Hell, I just hop on the freeway, take the same old off ramp, and shit, I'm right there, that easy. When I go to my neighborhood bar, I know where that's at. It's a different story when you have to go where other people want to go, the way they want to go. Not too fast, not too slow. You know where your house is, for sure. But where's his house? Where's her house? That's a different story.

You know, there are parts of this town I've never been in. Logan Heights, yeah, I know where that's at. But I've never been there — not after dark, anyway. Downtown San Diego, sure, anybody can find that. But the streets are really weird. I think there

are only two or three streets in the whole downtown area that are two-way. One goes one way, one goes the other. Even-numbered streets go south, odd streets go north, that's the way I remember it. It's hard to find your way around when you don't know where you're going.

Yeah, the first day I thought I would never make it through, but somehow I did. I sure knocked a lot of dollars off the meter for a lot of people. It was during the World Series and I was taking a fare to the airport for the first time.

The count was two balls and two strikes. I think it was on Steve Garvey. I was approaching the airport exit doing at least sixty-five miles per hour. The man was sure in a hurry. He was sure worried about missing that plane. Then all of a sudden, Steve hit one. The announcer said, "It's going, it's going, it's gone!" At that moment I yelled, "All right! It's gone!" and the man said, very calmly, "Yes, and so is my exit. You just passed it by."

I said, "I'm sorry, mister. I'll take a couple of dollars off the meter and take the next exit." He said, "Do you know that you just cost me \$5000 because I missed my flight?" I said, "Okay, then I'll take four dollars off the meter if that will help."

Some people treat you like dirt and other people treat you like you're the most important thing in their life. During that time from point A to point B, some people think that just because they've hired the taxi they also own the driver, body and soul.

You take a lot of shit from people in the beginning. But most people are really nice. They like to talk. You learn something about them and you tell them something about yourself. Especially tourists. They're really nice. People on vacation usually are. Then I've had people tell me to "Shut up, boy, I don't like gabby cab drivers." I appreciate honesty. I'd say, "Okay, I'm just trying to be friendly." Then I'd keep quiet till the end of the trip.

Boy, was I tired. Three hundred miles and thirty or forty different stories about thirty or forty different

(continued on page 12)

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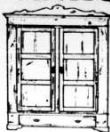


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Cabbie

(continued from page 10)

lives. I had one man who said, "I'm a multimillionaire. My company's manufactured every bumper jack for every car. Detroit has put out since the Twenties."

"I'm impressed," I told him. He added that he also had his own jet. He told me he had condos all over the country, and a collection of classic cars. He said he also had investments in gold and diamonds. I just said, "Well, I'm impressed."

After that I had a guy who was counting his nickels and dimes to see if he had enough to make it home. He was too drunk to walk. You meet all kinds. I learned the first day, though, right off the bat, that people are all the same. The man with millions, I treated him the same as I treated the man that was counting his change. That's how people are, they're all the same.

I learned a lot about people that first week. How to deal with people. How to talk to people one-on-one. And how to separate the bullshit from the truth.

I found myself feeling and caring about people's troubles and woes. Every now and then someone would ask my advice about something or another and I'd give it. Sometimes I'd give it voluntarily, just trying to help them through the daily chore of just living.

You sure can learn a lot driving a cab in San Diego. I sure did appreciate those tips that first week. Hell, you only got paid every two weeks, and the first week's pay was held back in case you wrecked the cab. If you did, you could kiss good-bye your first week's pay and probably your job. That sure kept my mind on driving. It sure kept me from clowning around, that's for sure.

It was great come payday — \$265, I think it was. I sure felt good about it.

When I was working there'd always be a real smart ass or two. There's always one guy that will ask, "Are you a cab?" Not thinking, I'd answer, "Yeah, I'm a cab." He would reply, "Hi, Cab, I'm George." Not my favorite jokes, I assure you.

too. It wasn't a lot, but it sure beat walking west toward the poorer part of town looking for a job.

After a while, I got pretty good, or so I thought. I was making more than some of the guys that had been working there for years. I guess I was just hungrier. I had that lean and hungry look, you might say. I learned all the short cuts, back streets, and side roads. I could cut across town in half the time. And like now, back then, time was money.

I learned how to get on the good stands, and what stands were good. I learned what areas of town moved, and at what time they moved. I learned what times the planes came in, what bars had business and when. I learned what areas of town the other taxis didn't work and why. I learned to stay out of the darker side of town, especially after dark. You can get killed or robbed out there. It's too bad it has to be that way, there's a lot of business in that area. I learned the tricks of the trade real fast that made me one of the best. Or at least I thought I was. You have to hustle to get ahead.

There is a bright side to every job; with this one it was all the young ladies. I used to pick up a lot of ladies

— waitresses, go-go girls, and even some ladies of the night. I enjoyed their business so I'd give them a cut-rate. I'd take them home — sometimes they'd invite me in, sometimes they wouldn't. Myself, I just enjoyed talking with them and listening to some of their crazy stories.

It sure is hard to concentrate, though, when you're going sixty-five miles per hour down the freeway, taking a well-built topless dancer to work. Especially when she asks my opinion about a new outfit she has just bought. She flips open the robe she's wearing and underneath isn't much. The next thing I'd know, I'd be weaving from lane to lane. I'd say, "Hey, girl. Cut me some slack, will you. I'm having enough trouble keeping my mind on the road."

Yeah, it sure is hard to concentrate at sixty-five miles per hour, or thirty-five, for that matter. I became quite well known in National City as a man that really knew how to hustle.

The company was well aware of this fact also.

When it came time to look for a man to fill a position as detail driver in the small town of Imperial Beach, my name came up. They needed

somebody that could really run bells — find addresses real quick without burning up a lot of gas and miles. A detail driver is a driver who is assigned to a specific area. If I take a person to the bus station or the airport, I would have to go back to the assigned area. Usually there were one or two phone calls, or bells, waiting for you when you're back in the area. It's not good business to keep people waiting too long.

So they assigned me to this town of 23,000 people. All those people sure kept this taxi busy. Imperial Beach is just six miles north of the Mexican border. It wasn't just busy, it was crazy. I sure had to fly. The dispatcher was on my back constantly. "Are you back in town yet, Unit Number 54?" There were soon jokes like "Car 54, where are you?" The dispatcher would say, "I've got several calls waiting, the oldest is fifteen minutes." I'd reply, "Car 54 park in the beach." He'd say, "Okay, pick up 1459 Elder Avenue and let me know where you're going." That let me know there were still some calls waiting.

Some days it went like that for twelve hours. Some days you'd sit for an hour, then all of a sudden four bells would come all at the same time. If I got too far behind, they'd ask if you needed any help. Of course you'd say no, you didn't want another cab working your town.

The money was really good here, and the best thing about it was that you got to know the people of the town real well. Everyone knew you by your first name, or at least knew you were the town driver. I couldn't go into a bar without someone saying, "Hi, Paul, what're you doing? Got your cab outside?" There would always be somebody that would say, "I didn't call no cab. Must be somebody else. I'm not drunk enough yet." It's a little rough when everybody in town knows your business, but when people are your business, I guess that's to be expected.

When I was working there'd always be a real smart ass or two. There's al-

(continued on page 14)

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FAMILY FITNESS CENTERS

Cabbie

(continued from page 13)

ways one guy that will ask, "Are you a cab?" Not thinking, I'd answer, "Yeah, I'm a cab." He would reply, "Hi, Cab, I'm George." Or he'd say, "How would you like a pizza and a six pack of beer? Barffiff," then give out a roar of laughter. Not my favorite jokes, I assure you.

You know, bartenders think they've got it rough, and they do. But what do they do when they can't handle a customer anymore? They call a cab for him or her. Cab drivers see more assholes than doctors.

It got to the point that if someone couldn't walk, or at least get into my cab under their own power, I wouldn't let them in. One time I got a call to one of the local bars, Roy's Office.

The bartender directed me to a corner table where a rather rotund woman sat. He grabbed a couple of guys from the bar and asked if they'd give us a hand getting this lady into the cab. This lady must have weighed at least 300 pounds, and she was plastered. It took me ten minutes just to get an address out of her. So we got to her house and I walked to the front door to see if anybody was home and could help me get her out of the cab and into the house. But luck being what it was, there was nobody around. After about a twenty-minute struggle, I finally got her onto the front lawn, where she lay belly up. Of course I couldn't just leave her there, although getting raped was the least of her worries. I needed some help, that's all there was to it.

I finally decided to call the police department and ask for their help in getting her into the house. By the time the officer arrived the booze had taken its toll. She'd gotten sick all over herself. Brr, what a mess. I could hear my dispatcher in the background yelling into his microphone, "Car 54, you through with that trip yet? What's taking you so long? Car 54, where are you?"

The officer walked up, shaking his head, saying, "She sure is a big one. What a mess." I turned to the cop and said, "Sorry to bother you, officer, but I didn't know what else to do. I couldn't leave her here and I couldn't move her."

The officer walked up, shaking his head, saying, "She sure is a big one. What a mess." I turned to the cop and said, "Sorry to bother you, officer, but I didn't know what else to do. I couldn't leave her here and I couldn't move her."

I called my dispatcher on the radio to let him know my side of the story before he heard hers. I told my story, ending with "then she got real mad, hit me in the mouth, and knocked me on my ass." Alls you could hear in the background was a whole lot of laughter.

He asked, "Does she owe you any money?" Of course she did but I wasn't about to let him know, so I said, "Not a cent. Well, officer, I'll be on my way. I've got other calls to take care of."

The cop said, "Thanks, cabbie, you're too kind," as I threw him a smile and left. Unit 54, clear.

After I finished up the other calls I had waiting, I stopped and did some thinking. There must be a way to keep from getting myself into that situation, or one like it, again. I knew that I was the best damned cab driver in this area, and that I provided the best service to the bars as well as the residents. Time had come for me to take charge of the situation, time had come for me to train this town so I could serve them better.

So I went back to Roy's Office. I walked into the bar — it was filled with smiling faces, all of them smiling at me. I walked right up to the bartender and said pointblank, "There's going to be some changes around here if you want me to continue to service this bar. If you get someone too drunk, they're not going to get into my taxi. If someone calls for a cab or has you call for a cab for them, I want you to ask for a dollar service charge for the cab driver, just in case they walk out of the bar before I get here. I will hold you responsible or you will lose service to this bar for the night." The bartender just stood there for a few seconds, shocked by my arrogance, the smile came from his face.

"Okay, okay," he said as I turned my back and headed for the door. I never had any of that kind of trouble there again.

One night I pulled up in front of this house in I.B. There was a heavy-set woman, staring at me through the screen door. She held up one finger to say just a minute, and pointed to her luggage on the porch. I pushed the button under the dash and popped the trunk open. I got the trunk all loaded up and left the lid open just in case she had something else to put in there. I was standing on the front porch just waiting because I could see that she was on the telephone talking to someone and having a hard time.

I guess she could see that I was getting kind of restless waiting there, so she waved to me to come in. I walked into the living room. I could see that she was still on the phone in the kitchen. She motioned to me to indicate that she'd be just a minute.

She got off the phone, walked up to me and said, with a really bad hairlip, "Ha ya do in?" I said, "Pardon me, ma'am?" She repeated, "Ha ya do in?" I said, "I'm sorry, ma'am. I can't understand what you are saying." Not wanting to offend her, I added that my hearing wasn't very good. I could see she was getting quite upset with me, so I thought I'd be the one to break the ice. I asked her, "How are you doing today, ma'am? Fine, I hope." "He she his news," she said.

I said, "Pardon me, ma'am. I didn't

catch that," trying to be as polite as I can. It's plain this woman has a real problem, or else I'm on *Candid Camera*.

So I asked her where she wanted to go, and once again I couldn't understand what she was saying. The frustration finally got to her and she began to write it down on a piece of paper. I looked over her shoulder to see what she was writing down, and I guess she thought I might have been looking down her bra or something. Boy, the next second this right cross came from nowhere and hit me right square on the jaw.

The next thing I knew I was lying on her living room floor, shaking my head. Blood was running from the corner of my mouth, but most of all my pride was hurt.

I started to fire at her with every four-letter word I knew, then caught myself. I can't be blowing it like this. She's going to be calling up my dispatcher, maybe even the sheriff, saying I assaulted her or something. So I figured I'd be cool, just take my licking and head back to my cab. By the time I got back to the cab, I was mad as hell.

I had tried my damndest to find out what was going on and where she wanted to go. It ain't my fault. So I went to the trunk of the cab, grabbed the suitcases. It must have been a good twenty or thirty feet to her front porch. I didn't bother walking them over there, I mean I just air-mailed them. "Boom, boom, boom," one at a time they slammed into the front door. I stepped over the luggage, walked through the door and told her not to bother ever calling another cab in this town, ever, because, "Lady, you'll never get one, not at this address anyway."

I called my dispatcher on the radio to let him know my side of the story before he heard hers. That is if he could understand what the hell she was saying anyway. I told him, "I ran into a little problem over here at the beach." I told my story, ending with "then she got real mad, hit me in the mouth, and knocked me on my ass." Alls you could hear in the background was a whole lot of laughter. The whole damned office was in stitches. After a long period of laughter the dispatcher regained his composure. Then he told all the drivers over the

(continued on page 16)

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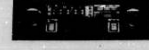
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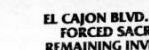
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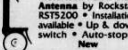
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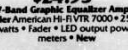
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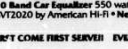
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Cabbie

(continued from page 14)

radio, all eighty of them. "Hey guys, check this out. You know old Car 54 out in the beach, well, he just had some harelip broad knock him on his ass. What do ya think of that?" The laughter continued. It sure took me a long time to live that one down.

Yeah, it's really a small world out there sometimes. You have to be real careful what you say and who you say it to. Like to tell stories, and most people like to hear them.

Come to find out, this guy wasn't just a listener to one of my stories, he was the story — or at least he filled in a lot of the parts I hadn't known then. Yeah, sometimes you've got to watch what you say. I was talking to this guy one day, a cab driver who worked for a different company. Somehow the conversation got around to motorcycles, and then we got around to talking about motorcycle wrecks. I guess that's part of talking motorcycles.

I told him that I got drunk one night at a bar on National Avenue. I was flying down Eighth and National about eighty-five miles per hour, the National City P.D. hot on my tail. I turned to see where the cops were at, and they were doing their job — they were still on my tail, red lights flashing. When I turned my head back, all I could see was the trunk of a '66 Oldsmobile staring right at me. Hell, I didn't even have time to think, let alone swerve. There was nothing to do but say, "Oh shit!" I hit that car dead on. I hit it so hard that the motorcycle stuck in the trunk like it was

shot from a bow. My bike stopped there but I sure didn't. I flew down the street 125 feet and landed like I was diving into a pool of water. The police told me later that I got up and ran halfway back, yelling, "My bike! My bike!" and then I passed out. Then they threw me into the meat wagon.

I was telling this story to this guy and he was looking like he really had something to add. . . and boy did he. He laughed and said, "You sucker." I asked him why he was calling me a sucker. He laughed again, and then said, "It was my Olds you ran into!" Then he said, "I thought that guy died or something." When he had pulled over to the side of the road, my motorcycle went right with him, lodged in his trunk.

We both had a good laugh and then he told me he made out like a raped ape on that deal — my insurance company paid him \$600 for the damage to his car. "Hell," he said, "the whole damned car wasn't worth \$200." I told him that I hadn't made out so well on the deal. I broke both wrists.

You have to be real careful when you talk about the ladies, especially when you're talking to a man. You may be talking about his wife, a good way to get yourself into lots of trouble. A good cab driver tries not to get involved with personal problems between two people of the opposite sex. It's a no-win situation, unless you know in advance who's going to pay for the cab ride.

I got a call to a local bar. As I pulled into the parking lot, out came this couple, the man on foot, the woman dragged by her long blond hair. The man yelled, "Get in the cab, you bitch, you whore." She climbed in, or was thrown in, I'm not really

sure. I just knew one thing — I didn't like the way this guy was treating this good-looking lady. I told this guy so, too. He promised that there'd be no trouble in the cab, and added that it was none of my business anyway, that she was his wife.

He gave an address on Ninth Street. It was a short trip so I thought I'd do it to be rid of them. About halfway there, I could hear fist meeting face in the back seat. Pretty soon some blood splattered on the windshield.

I yelled at him to knock it off, that he was killing her. He said, "I caught her in back of the bar with a couple guys in a camper." I said, "936 Ninth. We're here now — get out." He threw ten bucks on the front seat and dragged her screaming into the house.

Somehow I knew I hadn't seen the last of those two. I was right. About fifteen minutes later, I got a call from the dispatcher, saying that the Imperial Beach police wanted to talk with me at 936 Ninth. He had dragged her into the house all right, and then she stabbed him with a kitchen knife. She said it was in self-defense and the police wanted to know what I had seen.

I told them what I knew and what I had heard. Three hours and I don't know how many dollars not made later, I was back on the road again. I sure don't pay to get involved in anything that ain't none of your business. After a while I didn't take any shit from anybody, I didn't care who they were.

I picked up a gentleman who wanted to go to the airport, and on the way he started to tell me about his son. He said, "I've got a boy about your age. He's a doctor in the Denver area, does real good too."

I replied, "That's great. I'm sure

you're very proud of him."

He added, "Yes. And I've got another boy, maybe four years younger than you. I'll tell you one thing, though, he won't have to be a cab driver. He's going to UCLA Medical School right now. He's going to make something out of himself." He went on, "I mean to say he won't be pushing a hack. He's going to be somebody. Not like you."

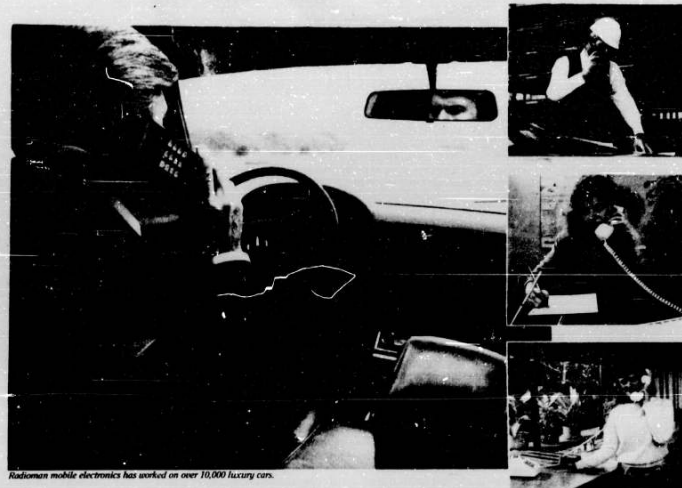
Well, I put up with this bullshit for about ten minutes longer, until I got halfway between two off ramps, where there wasn't a telephone for two or three miles in either direction. Then I whipped over to the side of the road. To his surprise I popped the trunk open and began to unload his suitcases alongside the highway. I opened the back door and he stared at me in amazement, wondering what was going on.

I grabbed him by his padded shoulders and told him politely to get the fuck out of my cab. He looked at his luggage, then he looked down the road in both directions — he knew he was in deep shit. He just sat there for a few seconds and then I repeated myself, "Get the fuck out of my cab." He said, "I really didn't want to get out right here." I said, "Then mister, don't be cutting down my profession. I'm not cutting you down because you're not a doctor or a lawyer, don't be cutting me down because I'm not." He thought for a minute and then said, "You're right. I'm sorry and I apologize."

Being still pissed off, I said, "Fine. Just keep your mouth shut and you'll get to where you want to go." So I loaded back up his luggage and took him to the airport. When we got there he paid his fare and gave me a ten-

(continued on page 18)

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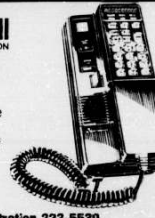
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Cabbie

(continued from page 18)

even if I do give them all my money. I had all kinds of flashes going through my head. I really didn't know what to do and I didn't have a lot of time to think about it. I reached for the inside door latch, and in one quick motion jumped out of my cab.

I took off down the street at a gallop heading for the lights of a gas station where I thought I'd be safe. At that point I didn't worry about the cab one bit, or the thirty dollars in my pocket either. I was running for my life.

The only problem is, hell, I'm over thirty years old, I'm not as fast as I used to be. Sitting in a cab all day makes a man get out of shape real quick. You may see a cab driver sitting in his cab on a cab stand somewhere — he may look like he's fifty but he's probably only thirty-five. Cab driving does that to a man.

Anyway, I got about halfway to that gas station with its lights and safety, not even looking back to see if they had followed. All of a sudden I was dragged down from behind. All I could see was blacktop rushing up to meet me. My jacket got all tangled over my face. I couldn't even see what was going on, couldn't even swing to fight back.

One held a knife to my throat and said, "Give us all your money. And I mean all of it." I just reached into my back pocket and pulled my wallet out. I didn't even bother taking the money out. I couldn't see anyway. I got lucky, I guess. I still had my life. They didn't stick or stab me. Thank God they

didn't kill me, that would have really pissed me off.

I lay there in the middle of the street, all road-rashed and skinned up, out of breath, and quite confused. The street was dark and nobody was around. There were a few people looking out of their safe, warm living-room windows, but when I looked at them, they just shut the curtains. I guess they wanted no part of this action.

The two young blacks ran back to the cab, hopped in, and headed down the road. I thought at that time, I don't care about the cab one bit, but I did remember that I had fifty dollars stashed in the trunk. Somehow that didn't matter either. It was great to be alive.

So I walked down to the gas station, too tired to run and too beat to try. The first thing I did was call the San Diego P.D. and tell them my location and what had happened. Next I called the dispatcher and told him. He put the word out to 600 cabs via the radio. They wouldn't get too far.

Six minutes passed before the police showed up. I tried to keep the facts clear in my head. I knew there would be a lot of questions. I told the officer what had happened and the name and number of my cab. He told me, "Climb on in, let's go look for the cab. They don't usually take them too far from the scene. They're too identifiable."

We were cruising the neighborhood for about fifteen minutes when word came over the police radio that the cab had been spotted less than a mile away. By the time we got to the house where the cab was parked, there was already a police unit there.

The taxi was parked on the right side of the street, front end pointing

down a steep incline, bumper resting on the car in front of it. I stayed in the police car while the two officers checked out the cab, keys still in it. It looked as though I had parked it there myself. My license and maps were still in place, right where I left them on the dash.

The cops walked up to the residence the cab was parked in front of, and knocked on the door. After the second knock an older black woman came to the door. I couldn't hear what was being said, but the officers kept pointing to the cab and asking questions. The woman called to someone in the house, as if to ask if they knew anything about the cab being there. As the young man, about twenty, talked to the police, I recognized him as one of the men that had robbed and assaulted me. I yelled to the officers, "That's him! That's one of the guys. For sure that's him!"

The young black yelled back, "You're crazy, man. I don't know nothing about no cab." The cop yelled to me, "You sure?" I yelled back, "You better believe I am! He's the one, all right!" They searched the house and found the other black in the bathroom combing his hair.

There was no sign of my wallet or the papers in it. I thought to myself, boy, that's really dumb to leave a cab parked right in front of your house. After a few words with the suspects, I guess giving them their rights, the officers loaded them into the back of a squad car. One of the officers walked over to the car I was sitting in and asked me to go downtown with him, to the Market Street station to finish up the paperwork.

On the way the cop asked me again if I was certain they were the same two that had robbed me. I said I was

positive. "The reason I asked is," the officer explained, "the clothes they are wearing don't match the description you gave us in the beginning."

"Well, I know that," I said, "they changed clothes."

"Well," he replied, "they said they were going to a party just down the street."

I said, "I guess so. You can have a pretty good time on thirty dollars." I knew I could.

At the station we found out why the cab was left in front of the house. The rear end had been messed up and the reverse didn't work. They may have tried to move it, but the damn thing just wouldn't move. That explained why it was parked like it was. They weren't dumb, they were just unlucky.

I must have sat down at the police station for three hours being asked all kinds of questions, and filling out form after form. Hell, you would think I was the suspect instead of the victim. When I finally got through talking with a whole slew of investigators and they were through talking with me, I told them I had fifty dollars tucked away in the trunk of the cab and would it be all right to get it out, if it was still there. They said, "Yes, but let us do it. We don't want you to disturb any fingerprints that might be on the trunk." For a change, something went right and the fifty was still there. I was sure glad to see that. It was all the money I had.

I didn't ever learn whether they found any fingerprints or not. But I knew one thing was sure, that night's work was a total loss. The company was out money, too — they had to fix the transmission and that ran to \$250. A bad night for all, but I guess it could have been worse. I could have

(continued on page 22)

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Cabbie

(continued from page 20)
paid the ultimate price.

After that it seemed like every time I turned around I had to go back to the police station for one thing or another. To fill out some more forms, to look at some more pictures. They even tried to trick me once — they stopped me on the street in my cab and asked me if I could pick the two young blacks out of the ten pictures they handed me. The men in the pictures sure looked a lot like the men that had robbed me, but out of ten pictures, their pictures weren't there. The officer said, "You're right, just making sure. We don't want any foul-ups in the case. Thank you for your time."

Being the only witness in the case, I became quite nervous working the downtown area. It's easy to set up a cab driver. I quit picking up blacks altogether. I sure hurt my business, but I was set on covering my ass. About three weeks later we started into the court phase of this situation. That wasn't any fun either.

Three or four court appearances, and what seemed like a thousand questions — everything from my eyesight to my integrity was in question. I didn't show up the day they were sentenced. I didn't have to be there, so I didn't go. This whole experience was costing me an arm and a leg — a forty-mile trip back and forth to town, the gas it took, plus parking, and the hours I was missing from work. That made the thirty dollars I originally lost seem like chump change. Also, I was as nervous as a long-tail cat in a room full of rocking chairs. The D.A.

did call me, though, to let me know what had happened at the sentencing. He said, "We got them. But the court went easy, they were fined twenty dollars apiece and put on one year's probation." They also had to make restitution to me and the cab company.

I said, "What? Big deal? After all the hell you people put me through in the name of justice? Well, I'll tell you what, Mister District Attorney, I'm sorry I ever reported it. It won't ever happen again, that I'll guarantee you!" I did receive twenty dollars in witness fees and twenty dollars in restitution, but somehow it sure wasn't worth my time and trouble. "I'll just start packing my '357, I'll show you the real meaning of 'to protect and serve.' Take light of that and good-bye."

You don't have to have a lot of guts to drive a cab. What you do have to have is sawdust for brains. I've done some really stupid things myself. I've actually gotten myself hurt because I didn't stop long enough to think about the situation before jumping into it with both feet.

I mean, I've had my share of trouble with white people, too. I picked up five sailors one time, down at the Mexican border. They wanted to go to the Naval Training Center in Point Loma. A good trip — it's about twenty-three dollars. Usually the Navy's good for it, they don't jump fare on you too often.

Jumping fare on a cab driver, man, that's low . . . that ain't cool at all. That's even against the law. For some reason it falls under the defrauding-the-innkeeper clause. That falls into my line of thinking. I've always felt that if you could afford to drink, you could afford to pay for your cab.

Anyway, I took these young strag-

Navy boys back to the Naval Station. After payday they sometimes get a little short of money, like any good sailor, so I asked them if they had enough money left to pay for the cab, or did they give it all to some seniorita in T.I.? They just laughed and said, "Yeah, we've got enough left to pay for the cab," and for me not to worry.

Well, after we got there, they had me stop between two barracks and all five climbed out. They started going through their pockets like they were looking for some money. All of a sudden all five of them took off like they were on fire, running down the alley between the barracks. Well, being real smart and pretty brave besides, I went running after them, yelling, "Come back here, you punks!"

My mistake was in catching up to them. Real smart, huh? They beat the hell out of me. Five-to-one, smart move, Paul. What's your next trick? I thought for a second or two, and I remembered part of the conversation in the back seat. One guy said he was in Building 51, and the rest said, "That's strange, so are we."

Small world. So I dragged myself back to the cab and shot on over to Building 51. I walked inside and talked to the Master at Arms who was on duty. After about five minutes, lo and behold, in came the five guys that jumped fare on me. As they walked into the barracks the Master at Arms grabbed them one at a time. I tried to let them off the hook, all I wanted was for them to pay me the twenty-three dollars they owed me. To my surprise they even denied being in a cab or being off base. The Master at Arms had grabbed them because they were half-drunk. I've noticed in the past, it doesn't matter if you're right or wrong, if you're drunk or you've even

been drinking, you're screwed. So he put them on report and said there would be a captain's mast in a couple of weeks, at that time I could tell my story. He asked me if I was okay, he thought I looked a little weathered. I said, "I'll be all right, I've been stomped before." He added, "You go chasing five guys down an alley and you're going to be stomped again." I said, "I know what you mean. It won't happen again."

Military justice is quite a bit swifter than civilian rule. They don't mess around. Two weeks later I went to the captain's mast — I got my twenty-three dollars, plus they all got fined and restricted to base. That time anyway, I sure didn't pay to run out on a cab driver. I really didn't want to cause anybody any trouble, but you can't let people get away with running out on you. If you let just one guy get away with it, he starts bragging to all his buddies about how he did. The next time he or his buddies need a taxi and they don't have any money, they'll try it. If it ain't me, it will be somebody else.

Some days are heydays and, yeah, some days are dog days. Not too many people believe this story, but I swear it's true.

One afternoon I got a call to a house in Imperial Beach. I pulled up in front and this German shepherd jumped a three-foot chain-link fence that surrounded the house. He came running up to the passenger side window, stuck his head in, and scared the hell out of me! He had an envelope in his mouth — I reached over real slowly and took the envelope from his mouth. On it was the words, "Take this dog to 9009 Jefferson Avenue, Chula Vista." I looked toward the front door

of the house and saw a man disappear inside. Well, I figured the dog must be pretty friendly, and he even smelled better than some of my customers.

I reached over and opened the door and the dog hopped right in. I threw the meter and off he went. He didn't say much the whole trip, but he was a damned good listener. I didn't think too much about the cab fare, I just figured that I'd get paid by the people at the other end.

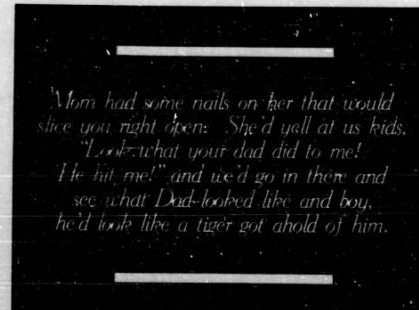
We pulled up in front of this house on Jefferson, me and the dog. He looked as though he enjoyed the trip, he got to stick his head out the window and he got to slobber all over my front seat.

I reached over and turned the meter to nine o'clock, where I could read it. It said six dollars.

I sat there for a few minutes. Even honked my horn a couple of times. Pretty soon I started to realize there wasn't anybody home. The dog looked at me as if to say, "What's the matter with you?" Then, with that big mouth full of teeth and his slobbery muzzle, he nudged the envelope. I got the message. I picked up the envelope, tore it open, and found a ten-dollar bill inside. So I reached over the dog and opened the passenger side door. "There you go boy, don't take any wooden fire hydrants."

I couldn't figure it out, the dog wouldn't get out of the cab. He just sat there.

The more I tried to get him out of the cab, the more upset he got. Then he began to growl. He was getting madder by the minute. Then it hit me — I still owed him four dollars. I pulled my wallet out of my back pocket, took four dollars out, and stuck it in the envelope. Before I could even reach over and hand it to



him he grabbed the envelope out of my hand. He had this sort of content look on his face as he jumped out of the cab. He ambled over to the chain-link fence that surrounded this yard, leaped over it and went straight to the dog house over in the corner. He disappeared inside for a second, then turned around and came back out and lay down on the lawn. I guess he put the money in his sock. Until this day I still don't know, and don't want to know.

But I know one thing. I know one of the coolest dudes to ever walk the face of this earth. The dude was so heavy he made Winston Churchill look like a lightweight. This man was my father. He taught me so many things. He taught me love. And he taught me honor. He worshipped my mother. He worked as hard as he could to bring

take care of yourselves. I've got problems and I'll catch you later on down the line. I'll send you a few dollars every now and then to help you out." But he didn't. He let her go her way and seek what he was looking for; and he took on the awesome responsibility of raising four children, working and caring for a family that wasn't really a family anymore. If ever a man lived and died at the same time of a broken heart, it was him.

He never lost his sense of humor, though. His zeal, his zest for life, his youth, his lust for good times and laughter and recognition for those who were young and healthy and vibrant. He wore the craziest clothes! He'd wear red pants and green shirts. Every St. Patrick's Day he'd dye his hair the brightest green, drink green beer, and dance with anybody that'd dance with him.

When it came to other women, he enjoyed the chase more than the kill. He died slowly of a broken heart. That's probably the worst way to go. Especially if you drag it out for ten or fifteen years.

His deep sorrow and hurt and loneliness finally got so demanding that he turned to drink. The Great American pastime. But after a while, drowning out his sorrows became not just a solution but his vocation. He was so full of love and wanted to be a part of everyone.

Pretty soon he became so obnoxious nobody could stand to be around him, especially those that loved him. It's real hard to sit back and see somebody of greatness reduce themselves to that level.

I'd sit and think — boy, I should go over and see Dad. I love him so much and I know he's so lonely and just a

(continued on page 24)

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Cabbie

(continued from page 22)
few minutes of my time with him would make him feel more like life was worth living. So I'd go on over there, drink a few beers or maybe have a shot or two. Listen to some good country music, or maybe even some rock 'n' roll. But two-thirds of the time I'd go over there, he'd be so soused he wouldn't even know who I was. I'd see him like that, and no matter how good it made him feel, it tore me apart. To watch somebody you love kill themselves, ever so slowly.

The man only lived three blocks away. I got to the point where three or four weeks would go by and I wouldn't even go see him. Or he'd come by and I'd have to ask him to leave.

Even today I think back and it's hard to believe he's gone. He was the most unforgettable character I've ever met. Yeah, after twenty years in the Navy he had the touch of a sailor. And the language of one. Bring on the dancing girls. Any port in a storm. He used to wake us kids up in the morning. He'd come into me and my brother's room, bursting through the door like a cop with a warrant. He'd never come off with, "Well shiver me timbers," or "Okay ye landlubbers." One simple phrase he had in the morning to get us up, very down to earth. A little distasteful in some circles, but it sure got us up. He'd burst through that door and say, "Okay guys, get your hands off your cocks and grab your socks. Let's move it." He woke us up that way for years.

He'd be asking me all the time,

"Well, Paul, when you going to fix me up with some of these young girls you're always running around with?" I'd say, "Anytime you want, Dad. Anytime you want. You just let me know." He'd say, "How about tomorrow?"

I would have something all lined up for him. He didn't want any part of it. He was still in love. Still in love with my mother. Fifteen years later he was still in love with my mother. He taught me the meaning of love.

My mother was an Englishwoman, born and raised. He was an American sailor on tour during the war. While sipping some ale in an English pub, singing songs, his glass raised, he saw this dark-haired, green-eyed, very sensuous young woman dancing. Dancing on the bar. Knocking over people's drinks. And he fell in love.

She was quite a lady, full of fire, full of piss and vinegar. Very beautiful, very strict. She was always so proud of us kids. We were so special to her. She expected so much of us, and she demanded respect. We didn't talk to her the way kids talk to their mothers today. If you did, you picked yourself up off the floor. To cuss was to blow bubbles — he'd wash our mouths out with soap. It was, "Yes, ma'am. No, ma'am." It was always "ma'am." To just say yes or no would be disrespectful, and you might get a shoe across the mouth.

But she wasn't cruel, she wasn't mean. She just had standards. Somewhere along the line, the kids got older, my father's trips to the western Pacific, to Europe, and the military lifestyle — a twenty-year Navy career — seemed to wear her standards down. Her zest for life, her feelings of entrapment, and her need for twenty-four-hour-a-day love collided with her

staunch standards. It was twelve or thirteen years before she went out on my father for the first time.

I vaguely remember. She started running around with some friends, a crowd of women who had been hanging out together for a long time. What they call West-Pac widows. When the cat's away, the mice will play. People just get lonely. I remember the guys coming by, slipping me five bucks to go to the movies. I told them it would cost them ten. But it wasn't a bribe, I was just trying to get all I could. I turned right around to my dad and let him know what was happening.

He had been gone on a nine-month tour of duty. When he got home with some friends of mine, and she would go down to one of her girlfriend's houses and they'd go bar hopping.

The first couple of times Dad just kind of shined it on. He figured she needed to get out, to get away from the frustrations of raising a family and a man who wasn't there half the time.

I remember one time I guess it just got to the point where he couldn't handle her going out anymore. It was about six in the evening and she'd just showered and had her hair all done at the beauty parlor and got on her favorite white dress and her jewelry and makeup. She looked like a million dollars. He asked her, "Well, where are you off to?" She said, "I'm going out for a while." And he says, "I don't want you to go out, honey." She says, "I don't give a damn what you want, I'm going out and have a good time and dance and have some fun." They argued and the kids got upset and Dad got upset and Mom got mad in her

kind of arrogant way of saying, "I'll do as I damn well please." Daddy walked into the living room where he kept his beer tapper and about a two-and-a-half-quart pitcher and filled it to the brim. Mom was sitting there in a chair all dressed up and looking like she got her way. Dad walked over to her chair, very calmly, and poured two and a half quarts of beer right over her head. All over her makeup and her new hairdo and all over her favorite dress. It was too much for her to handle, she couldn't do much at that point but cry. She got up and ran to the bedroom and cried and cried. Things got progressively worse after that. They had some real knock-down drag-out fights. I think Mom won most of the time. She had some nails on her that would slice you right open. She'd yell at us kids, "Look what your dad did to me! He hit me!" and we'd go in there and see what Dad looked like and boy, he'd look like a tiger got ahold of him. His face would be all scratched up, his arms would be all scratched up. It was kind of hard to tell who won. Us kids sure didn't.

After a while, Mom found a man she was happy with and she left. Dad just kind of gave up. He didn't seem to care anymore about getting ahead in life and having things. Two years after that he had lost everything he worked his whole life for. He didn't really lose it, he kind of gave it away. I guess he wanted to start all over again. So me and my dad and my brother and sisters hopped in the old '56 Mercury, loaded up the trunk with things we really wanted, and headed for Missouri.

We headed for Dora, the small town in the Ozarks where my dad was raised. I guess it was the idea of another place and another time when things were better for him. A place

where there were fond memories and I guess most of all peace. Me, I loved the idea myself. Hunting was my favorite pastime, and there in the heart of the Ozarks sounded really great to me. I had never even been out of California. Just the adventure of the trip sounded exciting to me. My two sisters, they weren't too happy about leaving. They had to leave all their friends and boyfriends and the Friday night dances at the gymnasium and the nightly trips to A&W root beer and go back to a small town, population twenty-two. The more they thought about it the more they said, "Boring, boring. What's there to do there?" Dad would say, "Hey, don't worry about it. You'll love it. It's beautiful there." So we headed on.

It was spring and a beautiful time to cross these United States. The deserts were just starting to warm up, the mountains were still cool and frosty. We tried to save as much money as we could. We didn't have a lot. Instead of staying in motels along the way, we'd pull out the sleeping bags and build a campfire in the fire rings along the highway and road stops, and sleep there.

When we got to Missouri we spent the first two weeks going around visiting everybody. Shit, I think we were related to half the damn county. Of course all these relatives hadn't seen Dad in twenty years. Me and my brother Mike would sit around and play guitar and entertain all the relatives. Cousins, we had more cousins than you could shake a stick at. And uncles and aunts, seemed we couldn't go anywhere without running into somebody related to us. Sure is a friendly part of the country back there, though. It was so very seldom that a car would come down the old

I told her, "Nurse, I think you gave me the wrong room number. That's not my mother. My mother's thirty-eight years old and quite good looking." The nurse looked at me with a tear in her eye and said, "Mr. Warden, I'm truly sorry. That is your mother."

Route 2 highway. You could wave at each other as they go by and say hey, hello. They didn't do that in California. Sure hate to have to hitchhike on that highway, you'd be there all day.

We finally settled into a little white house sitting on an acre of land. The house sat off a dirt road that sat off the blacktop highway Route 2. It was about three miles out of town, if you want to call it a town. I've had apartments as big as the town. It consisted of a little general store, with a post office the size of a broom closet. There were a couple of gas pumps out front of the store, and two signs. One said, "Enter Dora, Missouri" and the other said, "Leaving Dora, Missouri, Population 22." I've had people ask me, "Dora, where's that at?" I'd say, "Well, that's just south of Punkin Center and east of Gentryville."

They'd look at me real funny and ask,

"Where's that?" I'd add, "About 150 miles south of Springfield, Missouri." They'd say, "I know where Springfield's at." Getting close now.

Yeah, Dora, Missouri was all Dad said it was. Woodlands from two rivers on both sides, the North Fork and the O'biyan. Sweetwater rivers for sure — you could look into thirty feet of water and see the bottom. In the summertime the weather was hot and the water was warm. We would climb into an inner tube and ride the rapids. I loved it. There wasn't much work around, but I found time to do a little when I wasn't going to school.

Milking cows and pitching hay, fixing fences and chasing down strays was just about all there was to do. In the afternoon you could find me with my old squirrel gun in hand, looking for meat for the dinner table. I'd usually come home with something — a

squirrel, rabbit, or maybe even some quail. I did that every day, we had to eat and the woods were full of food. Nothing was killed for fun. I guess that was the Indian in me; got from my father's side of the land. We really did live off the land. We had a garden out back and grew all our own vegetables.

We didn't have to do without. As I remember, the rent back there was real outrageous. We had a two-bedroom house that had electricity, but it didn't have running water. We had to go out back about twenty feet where there was a clear-water well with the best-tasting water that I've ever tasted. Alls you had to do was drop the rope down about forty feet and pull it back up — it came out of the ground ice cold. There was an old pot-bellied stove sitting smack dab in the middle of the living room. With all these comforts we had to pay fifteen dollars a month. Back in California fifteen dollars wouldn't even pay your water bill.

I was doing real good in school back there. It was my senior year. I had been just a so-so student in California, I guess because of all the distractions. Back there, there weren't any. Nobody ditched school, everybody looked forward to going — that was the only time we got to see anybody. Dad knew I was doing a lot better in Dora.

I never got into any trouble there, and my grade average went from a C- to a B+ and he was quite pleased. After a while I learned my way around a farm and my uncle Clyde Grisham offered me a job working on his dairy farm. He had thirty-six head of cattle to be milked, twice a day, plus pigs and a couple of horses to be tended to.

(continued on page 26)

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Cabbie

(continued from page 25)

He was getting up in age and couldn't get around too well anymore. Both of his sons had taken off for college the year before, and he needed the help.

Uncle Clyde asked me if I would like to come and live with him and his wife Reta, and help run the farm. Still today, I don't know if he and my dad planned it all out or not, but after a week or so I started missing my dad and my brother and sisters.

One morning after the work was done, I hopped on the old John Deere tractor and took a trip over to see them. I pulled up in front of the old white house. I knew right away that something was wrong. The Merc wasn't in the driveway and the curtains were off the windows. I walked into the house and all the furniture was gone. There were no pictures on the walls, and no sign of life. Nothing but the potbellied stove, standing all alone.

There was a note pinned on the wall with my name on it. It read, "Paul, we love you more than anything, but the girls are very unhappy here and so am I. Coming back to the place where I was raised and grew into manhood has always been a dream of mine. But the town is not the same as it was thirty years ago. The people are different, all my old friends have died or moved away. I know that running away from my shortcomings and my failures was not the answer. The trip back here has done nothing but shatter my childhood memories. Your brother,

your sisters and I have decided to return to California where we belong. I'm sorry about leaving you here and taking off without telling you, but I wish it was for your own good. My wish is to have you finish out your high school year and graduate. After you do, and I know you will, please rejoin us in California. Please still love and remember me, but most of all please forgive me. Your Father, Paul."

At first I was really hurt to think that they'd leave me like that, without even a good-bye. But if I knew they were leaving, I'd want to go along. Dad knew that, that's why he did what he did. I hopped back on that old John Deere and headed down the road toward the farm and my new home.

As soon as I walked in the door I ran into Clyde and told him what I found at the house, and showed him the letter. I told him that Dad and the kids and everything was gone.

He just looked at me with half a smile and said, "Well, I guess I've got another son." He added, "I'm sure your dad meant well. I'm sure he did it because he loved you, and who's to say if he's right or wrong. Let time be the judge." I gave Clyde a big hug and told him, "Well, I guess I got me a new family."

There was only three months of school left so I worked on the farm until graduation. Clyde had a pretty good idea that I wouldn't be around much longer, and he was right. He tried his best to keep me on the farm, but his boys were due home from college soon and he didn't really need me anymore. Two weeks after graduation I hit the road. All my friends had moved away. They went out into the

world to make a life for themselves, and my time had also come. I sat around the farm for a couple of days just trying to get up enough nerve to tell Clyde that I was leaving.

I left one Sunday afternoon, on an overcast day, with fifteen dollars in my pocket and the will to survive. I had to go out into the world and find out what it was all about. I started walking, down the old highway, heading west, my thumb out and thinking of California. I caught a ride and in about two hours I found myself in Springfield.

I took five dollars of the fifteen I had and got a room at the Y. Across the street was a little cafe, so I went inside to get something to eat. After my breakfast of ham and eggs I sat and thought about what I wanted to do with my life.

At that moment a sign across the street caught my attention — "Join the Navy and See the World." That sure would make Dad proud of me, for his son to follow in his footsteps. I had a lot of growing up to do, and California sure was a long ways away, especially on the seven dollars I had left.

I walked across the street and talked to the recruiter. The next thing I knew I was taking an entrance exam.

The next day I was on a Greyhound bus heading for St. Louis and the Group W bench. When we got there they really treated us like kings. They put us up in the Mark Twain Hotel, and the twenty-second floor, bought us dinner and gave us some cash to go out on the town with. I thought to myself, man, this is really great. I love this already.

The next day we all went through

the education center, took our physicals and signed all the necessary papers to become a real sailor. No Group W benches, but they sure checked us out. The following day we were given airline tickets to boot were getting tickets to Great Lakes, Illinois. I thought to myself, it's sure going to get cold there next month. As the chief looked down at my papers, he said, "Springfield. Nice little town, Springfield." I said, "I'm not really from Springfield. I was just passing through. San Diego's really my home." He stopped for a second and looked at me, "San Diego? Would you like to go there for your basic training instead of Great Lakes?"

I couldn't believe my ears. I yelled, "You're kidding? Of course I would!" He said, "You're in luck, young man. I just happen to have one ticket left for San Diego. If you want it, it's yours." I said, "I'll take it!" That afternoon I was heading back home, to my friends, my family, my loved ones. I thought a lot about the mother I hadn't seen in over a year. I also wanted to let my father know that he had done the right thing, and that I understood the reason he had left me behind in Missouri.

We were flown out in an American Airlines Astrojet, first class. That's what the Navy was to me — that first class. I told all the guys on the plane how great San Diego was and how they were going to love it there. I was so excited.

When we got off the plane in San Diego the shit hit the fan. The first-class treatment was over — the Navy had a gun-metal-gray cattle car wait-

ing for us. This burly chief in brown khakis yelled, "Okay you pukes, into the bus. You're the property of the United States Navy now. Start looking like it!"

We all hopped onto the bus and headed for the Naval Training Center. One of the first things I did was to cut off almost all of my hair. I just about died the first time I looked in the mirror.

Then followed what seemed to be an endless line of shots and TB tests. I'll never forget that day. Boot camp was rough, we even had a few guys cut their own wrists. It was the Navy's way of weeding out the ones that could hack it from the ones that couldn't. We went through constant inspections, schooling, and physical conditioning. After three weeks and five days of this, my company commander approached me with a note from base command.

I was to go to the commander's office and talk to them about something personal. I thought I was in some kind of trouble, but I knew I hadn't done anything wrong. At the base commander's office I was met by a Navy chaplain who introduced me to a man from the American Red Cross. He handed me a chit and said, "I'm sorry to tell you this, but your mother's sick in the hospital. You are being given time off to go and see her."

I thought to myself, she must be pretty bad off for the Navy to grant liberty during boot camp. I asked, "What's the matter with her, do you know?" The chaplain said, "No, we don't. Word just came from Balboa Hospital to get you down there, at your mother's request. When would you like to go, right now?"

"Yes, sir."

They gave me bus fare and told me how to get out there. I ran back to the barracks and dug out my dress blues that I'd never worn before. Some of the guys in the company had never even seen them before. I was the only guy in the company that even knew how to tie the neckerchief.

Recruits didn't walk on base — they ran, what the Navy calls double time. So I double-timed it to the main gate, chit in hand. When I got off the bus at Balboa I was directed to Building 36, to the nurses' station. There was a nurse there, an older woman, and she acted like she knew I was coming.

I walked up to her and said, "Ma'am, can you help me? I'm looking for Joan Warden."

She said, "Joan Warden, she's in room five, third door on your right." I thanked her and walked down to the room. Inside was this woman, she looked like she weighed about eighty pounds, she was all skin and bones, her hair a bleached-out gray, half dead. She lay there asleep, she looked like a woman of sixty-five.

I walked back down to the nurses' station. The nurse I had spoken to was just standing there, watching me. I told her, "Nurse, I think you gave me the wrong room number. That's not my mother. My mother's thirty-eight years old, black curly hair, about 113 pounds, and quite good looking." The nurse looked at me with a tear in her eye and said, "Mr. Warden, I'm truly sorry. That is your mother, she has cancer." I said, "Oh God, no." I walked back down the hall and into the room, tears in my eyes, trying to hold them back the best I could. I walked up to her bed, weeping, and the sound of my crying woke her. She looked at me, her eyes full of tears,

and said, "Son, it's okay, it's okay."

We talked and I told her about Missouri, and about the new life I was starting for myself in the Navy. She said that I looked just like her father when they first got married.

I asked her how she was doing and what the doctors had to say about her condition. She said, "Son, I'm dying of cancer. I wanted to see you. I don't have long to live and I wanted to tell you how very sorry I am for leaving you." We talked for about forty-five minutes, until visiting hours were over and a nurse came in and told me that it was time to go.

I gave my mother a big hug, and told her that I'd try to see her tomorrow if the Navy would let me off. She said, "Don't worry, son. It will be all right. Things always work out for the best, that's God's way."

I went back to the Naval Station, back to the company, in shock. The company commander met me at the door and said he wanted to talk with me for a few minutes. He wanted to talk kind of father to son. I guess he had to deal with this sort of thing before. He sat me down and told me, "There's nothing you can do to help your mother but pray; but there's a lot you can do to hurt yourself. Get hold of the situation, keep yourself busy, and try not to think of how much you hurt right now. To your mother, death would be a blessing. She has seen her son, now she can leave us in peace. Be strong for the living, and the people that love you. Honor her by being the man that she wanted you to be."

The next day I got called to the base commander's office again. I thought it was time for me to go to see my mother again. When I got to the office, the chaplain was there. He held

out his hand as if to shake mine. I held out my hand and he grabbed it with both of his. He looked me in the eye and said, "I'm very sorry, Recruit Warden. Your mother passed away early this morning. If there's anything that we can do for you, please let us know." I said, "Thank you, but I don't think so. If you would, please say a prayer for her."

San Diego being just north of the Mexican border gives the town a heavy Mexican influence. A lot of the streets have Spanish names. San Diego is itself a Spanish name. I've heard it said that by the year 1990, fifty-five percent of the people in California will have a Spanish surname. I mean, even today you can go to Santa Ana, up around the Los Angeles area, and see used-car lots that have signs out front — "We speak English."

I never thought about it too much, but I guess it's so. Some people say that they're just reclaiming what was once theirs. We took it from them by force, and now they're taking it back. I don't see what the big deal's about anyway, the whole damn state's going to fall into the Pacific in thirty or forty years anyway. Plan for the future, buy beachfront property in Arizona. Now's the time to buy. I used to go down to Mexico every now and then, just to have a few drinks and watch the girls dance, and maybe dance myself.

Once in a while I'd go down to the shops and buy leather or a guitar. I saw all the poverty down there, and I began to understand why the people are leaving that country, by the thousands every night. I understood why they would take the chances that they do to get to El Norte, the north.

(continued on page 28)

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Cabbie

(continued from page 27)

The migration is mostly economic, but some is political. There are only two classes in Mexico: the very rich and the very poor. Because of the poverty there, the rich have cheap labor and they get fatter, while the poorer people have to compete with the other poor for the few jobs and pesos available. Driving a cab in Imperial Beach, only six miles north of the border, you can see them every night walking up the beach. You see men and women and children of all ages. Sometimes they're pretty muddy from their trip across the sloughs. A person can get pretty dirty when you have to crawl through sagebrush and bushes.

I've heard stories of Mexicans robbing fellow Mexicans trying to get to the promised land. Sometimes they lose more than their money, sometimes they lose their lives. Mexican-Americans who are born in this country have the freedom to come and go as they please. They can go into Mexico and have a good time, or visit relatives whenever they wish. When it's time to come back home, on the U.S. side of the border they simply show their California driver's license or whatever form of I.D. they may have. I always thought that Mexican people really stick together and wondered why white folk couldn't.

We always seem to be on a dog-eat-dog level. Sure we give at the office, we have our charities, but we don't let people in that we don't know. When's the last time you saw a man or woman with their car busted down on the freeway, and you stopped to help?

Mexicans stop to help their own. I've even had them stop to help me. When I first heard of the Mexicans' plight and the Mexican-Americans' part in helping, I was proud of their stick-togetherness. Brother helping brother. Viva La Raza, the way of the red. You wouldn't believe some of the hardships these people face trying to get into the United States, where they can make an honest dollar four to six months out of the year. Then they turn around and go back down south, back into Mexico, and use this money they have earned to support their families and relatives.

It is the only chance these people have to upgrade their standards, to make something out of their lives. I

*The coast was clear.
The kid grabbed my hand from the wheel
and gave it a good shake. "Gracias, amigo.
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the money there when we arrived,
that would be thanks enough for me.*

often thought, why do these people risk their lives every year to re-enter this country for a below-minimum-wage job?

There is a lot of work for these people in north San Diego County, picking tomatoes and avocados and working the ranches. It's work very few of us will ever do. There have been times in my life when I've been pretty broke, but nothing like that.

There are people down in Mexico, they call them *polleros*, who recruit those that wish to come north. These *polleros* promise them safe passage from Mexico to San Diego, or L.A., or to anywhere else in the country for that matter, for a price.

The *polleros* have a network of people that supply transportation — cars, buses, even airplane tickets. These people have halfway houses where a man or woman can take a shower, get a change of clothes, and look like any other Mexican-American on the streets.

There is only one motivating force behind this network of people, the almighty dollar. Each stage of the trip costs X amount of dollars.

Pollero means chicken dealer or breeder, and *pollo*, the chicken. Or in this case, the Mexican headed north. The first step for the *pollero* is to find a good coyote. The coyote is the man that runs the *polleros* across the four- to six-mile stretch of no-man's land that lies between the Mexican border and the first halfway house.

He is usually young, of Mexican citizenship, and fast on his feet. He

knows every inch of the flatlands as well as the canyons to the east. He has to know the routine of the border patrol, and how they operate. He has to know how to guide his *polleros* past the bandits and others who would take his people from him. When a coyote is caught by the border patrol, he is simply taken back into Mexico right along with the people he was bringing across. When night falls, they will all try it again, and again, until they make it.

Some coyotes that have been doing it for a number of years and are too well known by the border patrol will at times leave their people to fend for themselves in the dark valleys and canyons of South Bay. If caught too many times, the border patrol and Mexico will put the coyote on a plane for central Mexico, far away from the border area. Sometimes it takes them months to work their way back to the line. Sometimes they never come back.

An average price to one person, for the coyote to bring them across the border safely, is fifty dollars. In groups of five to twenty-five, this can be a good night's work, even by our standards.

I have had coyotes tell me that their greatest fear is of the Mexican police. They are the ones that rob and kill the *polleros* as well as the coyotes.

The name *pollo*, chicken, is not meant to say they are scared, although most of them are scared to death. The word describes the way they walk — crouched down, knees bent, head low

on the shoulders as though they were being shot at.

At dusk you can see the *polleros* and their coyotes start to stage, get in their groups. As soon as it gets dark, this piece of flatland becomes a battle zone. Hundreds of people a night make their way north across the sloughs, which are designated a bird sanctuary. At night you can see and hear the border patrol hand at work trying to stem the flow of illegal aliens into this country. With hundreds of men, jeeps, helicopters, and men on horseback, and with full cooperation from the local police department, they only catch an estimated ten percent of the *polleros* heading north in that first six miles. No one really knows how many sneak through under the cover of darkness, but the numbers must be staggering.

The border patrol says that they can do a better job if only they had more money, more manpower, more equipment. This sounds like a normal statement from a federal bureaucracy — more and more and more. The truth of the matter is, if they want to get through they'll get through, and more will just delay the trip north for a few days until they try it again and make it. It's not like those Mexicans are hurting anybody. They're sure not taking any job, or yours either, unless you pick tomatoes for a living. Then you might be threatened. The truth is, they save us all money at the supermarket. Because of the low cost of labor, our produce prices are cheaper.

Some even pay taxes but never get benefits like unemployment or welfare, or any money back from the feds.

Sometimes the *polleros* find themselves abandoned by their coyote. This network of well-planned steps was no more than empty promises. Alone in a strange and foreign land with no money and no friends. Lost, not knowing anybody, and trusting no one, they follow the ocean or the highways north. All they know is that they have friends in Los Angeles. A name and address written on a scrap of paper, if lucky, maybe a phone number. It is a bleak time for these people. They don't know what lies ahead, but they do know what waits for them in Mexico, so they keep walking. Once the *polleros*' resources are all gone, and the *polleros* have taken their money, they get pretty desperate.

Some ride the freights that leave around eleven every night. Some try to find work locally until they can get

enough money together to arrange transportation north. One of the ways to get to where they are going with no money is to call, or flag down, a taxi.

Most of the drivers in the San Diego area will take any *pollo* on credit, as long as he or she isn't going north of the checkpoint at San Clemente, where the immigration officials wait. They call up cabs just like anyone else would. They call from the corner phone, from bars, hotels and motels. I've even had them call out of nice places like the Hungry Hunter.

This causes a legal problem for the cab drivers, in a sense. Legally we can't pick them up because it is considered transporting illegal aliens. And legally we can't turn anybody down or refuse them service because of race, creed, or color. This puts the cab driver between a rock and a hard place. I've never heard of any cab driver getting busted for refusing service to anyone, or even getting harassed or detained. But I sure have heard a lot of stories about cab drivers getting arrested for transporting illegal aliens. There is a little discretion involved — if stopped by the border patrol, it helps to have the *polleros* sitting in the back seat.

It doesn't help if they're sitting on the floors. It does help if they're clean, with no mud on their clothes and no weeds in their hair. If it isn't obvious that you have picked up illegal aliens, a lot of the time the border patrol will ask you, "Where did you get them, and where are they going?" Sometimes they will ask, "Do they owe you any money?" But most of the time, their attitude on the fare is, "We're not a collection agency. I guess you're just out of luck."

After a while you learn to spot the difference between illegal and legal car across the street. I think it's their attitude, how they feel about themselves. Actuals, the facts are we don't really give a damn. A fare's a fare. Most cab drivers prefer to haul the *polleros* around — they just flat pay better.

They are really happy to get to where they are going. Because of the special services you have to provide, such as staying clear of the border patrol and police, and even knowing where the ranches are located in North County and how to get there, it is well worth the asking price. Most of the time you are gambling that you'll make it to the house or ranch. If you don't make it, chances are you won't get any money at all. It's like

shooting craps double or nothing. "Go for it" was always my favorite saying, and I did.

I've heard lots of stories and read in the newspapers about violent crimes, thefts, and even crimes of sex by aliens. But in my seven years of cab driving, I never had any problem with the Mexican people.

What I have seen is a peace-loving people, very passive, very oppressed, and very scared. The only problem I've ever had was collecting the cab fare at the end of the trip. When going on credit there is usually a friend or relative at the destination who will pay the fare. But the border patrol has a bad habit of raiding the ranches in this area and sometimes that friend or relative has been picked up and deported. In that case you're out of luck unless you can find someone like the ranch foreman to pay for his ride.

One time I picked up a young Mexican boy, probably in his teens, very dirty and very hungry. He wanted to go to Rancho La Costa, and we're not talking about the resort, either. This place is a real working ranch.

He had come up from the interior of Mexico, from around Mexico City. It had taken him two months to get to this point, and he was exhausted. The Mexican police and the border bandits had taken all his money, but he had a brother at La Costa who had been working there for some time and he would pay me \$150 if I could get him to the ranch. I felt sorry for the young man, and the price was right, for a forty-dollar cab fare.

It was about eight o'clock at night, the moon was just a milky patch behind the cloud cover. He jumped into the front seat of the cab and off we went. After working on the Mexican border for a while, one tends to pick up the language. It was easy for me, the bottom line was economics. If you couldn't speak the language, you didn't get the fare, and if you didn't know where they were going, you were out of luck anyway.

Feeling lucky and knowing that I could get the job done, me and the young Mexican boy headed north. The kid looked as if he hadn't eaten in a couple of days. I asked him if he was hungry, he said yes he was, so after getting clear of the South Bay area and feeling safe, we stopped.

I pulled up at a small Mexican grocery store around Fortieth and University. I knew it would be cool for the

(continued on page 30)

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Cabbie

(continued from page 29)

kid to go inside and get what he wanted to eat.

After about five minutes he came back out with a bag full of stuff. In the grocery sack was about five pounds of bologna, two loaves of bread, a jar of mustard and a six-pack of beer. He smiled as he handed me back pocket change from my ten-dollar bill. I just smiled back and said I guessed he was hungry. About halfway between Clairemont and Del Mar, the beer, bologna, and the two loaves of bread were weighing heavy on our stomachs. Feeling quite relaxed, and by this time even having fun, it was time for some music. Mexican, of course. We were right in the middle of "I Love El Rancho Grande," the song blaring out of both sides of the cab, when up ahead on the right side of the freeway was the border patrol, with a car full of Mexicans pulled over.

Before I could even think to turn the music down, or at least look cool, we went flying by. As we passed, he did give me a real hard look. I could see in the rearview mirror that he was heading for the radio to call ahead to one of his partners. Well, at this point I was already out ten dollars for the beer and bologna, and I wasn't about to lose the goose that lays the golden eggs.

After getting out of sight of the border patrol unit, I decided to get off at the next off ramp and take Pacific Coast Highway. I had been unloaded before in Del Mar. They took five guys out of my cab who were on their way to Encinitas.

I had heard rumors among the other drivers that if you had any Mexican in your cab of questionable citizenship, it would be wise to stay clear of Del Mar Heights Road and I-5. Rumor had it that the border patrol was sitting on the off ramp there, watching cars go by. A taxi is a poor bet for sure, but a cab from the border area that far north is a dead bust.

With the color returning to this young Mexican's face, and a lump in my throat, we turned right onto Pacific Highway. I had crossed the lines of discretion. I was now breaking the law. Evasion is one of the charges that the border patrol can prosecute a cab



driver on, and I knew it. It wasn't like it was the first time, but I was still real nervous. After all, by now I had damned near forty dollars on the meter alone. I told the kid they were going to have to call out the National Guard to stop us now. And at the speed we were traveling they didn't have time. That the call ahead went to the border patrol stationed at Del Mar Heights Road, I knew that when they finally figured out that the cab wasn't coming by, they'd realize that I had gotten off and taken the Coast Highway. After passing Del Mar I decided to get back on the freeway and run like hell.

The coast was clear. The kid grabbed my hand from the wheel and gave it a good shake. "Gracias, amigo. Gracias." He knew what I had done for him, but I had also done it for me. I ain't no saint. Just to have the money there when we arrived, that would be thanks enough for me.

We got off of I-5 and took Highway 76 east to Vista. For the second time this trip I started to relax. We took the country roads through Vista, with its trees full of avocados and the foothills silhouetted against the dark-blue sky. The kid then directed me to turn down a dirt road that we had just passed and I knew that one of this nightmare trip was soon to come to an end. Or so I thought.

We stopped at a rundown ranch house where a bunch of *alambreros*, migrant farm workers, maybe twenty of them, were spread out on the floor. I stuck to the kid like we were Siamese twins. If I lost him in the dark, it would all have been for nothing. But the kid didn't seem like he was trying to get away. In fact, he told his friends how I had helped him, and the next thing I knew, they were asking for my

cab number in case they ever got into a bind and needed some help.

After a lot of hugging and hand shaking, the young Mexican asked if they had seen his brother, José. The foreman said, "Yes, he is fine. The border patrol has been raiding the ranch a couple of times a week, looking for *pollitos*. All of the workers without papers have moved to the hills to keep from being sent back to Mexico. Your brother is just east of the big canyon, under a large manzanita bush. He lives there with Juan. They should be there now, sleeping."

I was sure glad to hear that his brother was still in camp and that the border patrol had missed him.

We walked back to the cab and I asked him which direction his brother was in. He smiled at me with a sense of humor that bordered on injustice, spun around and pointed to this mountain that he called a hill. It looked like Everest to me. Forty-five degrees straight up, and about three miles to its summit. "That's where he hides. Follow me, I know the way. Come on, hurry, I'll pay you there."

After climbing through brush, manzanita, and cactus for half an hour, I began to run out of breath. The two packs of cigarettes a day had finally caught up with me. I thought I would die.

I think most men would have given up at that point, but the kid kept cheering me on. "Up there, I'll pay you up there." That was enough to bring about a second wind. The things that some people will do for money, and who am I to talk. After arriving at the top, he wasn't even out of breath. I was exhausted, I felt like I had just run the Boston Marathon uphill.

I was panting so hard, and trying to get my breath, that I didn't feel the money hit my hand. And I didn't even

bother to count it. The kid shook my hand one more time and thanked me. He added, he told me, an extra twenty-five dollars for the climb.

He disappeared into a huge manzanita bush and I turned to get my directions. I suddenly realized that I was lost.

It was so dark out there, I could barely see my hand in front of my face. Surrounded by canyons, the only light I could see was the starry Vista sky. I couldn't even remember which way I came up, and the chance of being stuck up there all night didn't appeal to me very much.

There was only one thing left for me to do — go back to the manzanita and try to flush the kid out and get directions, or at least pointed back toward my cab. I walked into the bush and felt my way around. The next thing I knew I had come out the other side, and no kid. I walked back into the bush. I knew they had to be in there somewhere.

About a minute had gone by when I heard a sound that scared the hell out of me. The sound of a rusty gate creaking open and a beam of light cut through the darkness. It was a trap door — I was almost stepping on it and didn't even know it was there. I peered inside. There was a room the size of a small bedroom, all lit up by candlelight. A couple of chairs made out of wood, and a bed or two made out of what looked like cardboard.

I told the three Mexicans not to worry, that their secret was safe with me. "The only reason I bothered you again is, how can I find my way back to my cab? I'm lost."

The kid climbed out and said, "I'll show you where your taxi is. When you get over that ridge, you will see the lights of the ranch, follow those lights, you'll be okay. Good luck, amigo."

"Good-bye, my friend. See you next year maybe."

After falling downhill and over bushes, I finally came upon my taxi. It was beautiful, the most beautiful thing on four wheels I had ever seen! I climbed inside and kissed the wheel and thought how I earned every dime and every dollar I had made that night, and I headed south.

Passing Del Mar Heights Road on the way back is always the best part of the trip — pocket full of money, smile on your face. You just wave and say, "Good night, guys. Maybe tomorrow will be your day." Honk honk. ☐



Lloyd Cohen, William Chapman, Pat White, Jay Dryan

JONATHAN SAVILLE

A shocking tragedy, indeed. After the 194th plane had flown over the opening night of *The King and I* in the Starlight Bowl, the entire cast, inspired by the Oriental atmosphere, committed suicide en masse. Who could blame them? To any actor who cares for his art and his profession — a category that includes all the dedicated performers at Starlight — death must be preferable to the prospect of having half one's musical phrases and half one's emotional declamations split in two by PSA and the freeze-dry process. Regretless in pace.

So much for gallows humor.

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widow who comes to Siam in the 1860s to tutor the monarch's sixty-seven children. None of the principals sang more than adequately; no one made an indelible impression through presence and personality; the acting was never less than serviceable, though never more. No matter. *The King and I* remains so strong in itself that a conscientious production by talented professionals will always be sufficient to reveal its virtues. Starlight is not Broadway. But the current production provides solid pleasure from first to last.

There are certainly elements in this musical that seem less acceptable today than they used to. The story, with its true historical roots, embodies the values of moderately enlightened nineteenth-century British imperialism, according to which the noble savages of the nonwhite continents could come into their full humanity only under the tutelage of advanced British civilization, with its claims of manners, its respect for individual rights, and its notions of democratically limited monarchy. This attitude is not treated ironically; the King and his folk are portrayed as children, to be educated, uplifted, and (when their childish dignity is wounded) affectionately indulged. Anna functions very much as a kind of surrogate mother to the King, and his romantic attachment to her has something of the charming absurdity of a ten-year-old falling in love with a full-grown lady. The Englishwoman's civilized, maternal, schoolmarmish disapproval of the King's threatened vengeance on one of his concubines who has tried to elope with a young man has the effect of breaking the infantilized ruler's heart; and after showing a suitable repentance for his persistent childish willfulness, he dies. Still, Siam will now be a better place, for the King's young heir (who is *really* a child), under the beneficent influence of the egalitarian English schoolteacher, abolishes courtly groveling and replaces it with the Platonically perfect form of reverence to a monarch, the modest bows and curtsies that loyal Eng-

lish subjects accord Queen Victoria.

If looked at closely and critically in this way, *The King and I* turns out to be dismayingly ethnocentric, racist, and condescending. But of course it was never meant to be taken that seriously; the racism and the condescension are not advanced for their own sake, but rather as convenient pegs on which to hang humor, pathos, a delightful musical score, and some wonderfully memorable stage spectacles. Among the last, two stand out, and the Starlight production does them sufficient justice to make the audience recognize their unique quality, even if their full theatrical effect would have to be reserved for a higher-budget production, with more polished performers, and in an indoor theater free of heavenly traffic. The entrance of the King's numerous children is a marvelous scene, so one of Rodgers' happiest musical creations, and the children at Starlight, under Allan Hunt's capable and unobtrusive direction, are thoroughly delectable. The most brilliant invention in the show is the Siamese theatrical recreation of *Uncle Tom's Cabin*, called (in the quaint lingo of the childlike but gifted natives) *The Little House of Uncle Thomas*. This is a ballet with narrative (here meticulously recreated by choreographer Julie McLeod), combining beauty and naiveté, pseudo-Siamese dance movements and the style of musical-comedy production numbers, a type of Christianized Buddhism and an allegory of the show's plot (the wicked King pursuing the fleeing slave). In the best productions it is something sensational; and in the Starlight production, with stylish dancing and Juli Bohn's exquisite costumes, it is quite good enough to make itself unforgettable.

I'll tell you the truth. The number of planes was less than forty, and there were no suicides, either on stage or in the audience. If you can suspend your consciousness for thirty seconds every five minutes or so, and if you are not yourself of Thai extraction, this is a show to lighten the heart. ☐

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Todd Rundgren, 1977 Willie Wilcox, Todd Rundgren, Roger Powell, Kasim Sulton/Utopia

JOHN D'AGOSTINO

I felt embarrassed by San Diego last Wednesday night, or more specifically for the rock fans and pop cognoscenti who stayed away in droves from the concert that featured the Tubes and Utopia at SDSU's Open-Air Theater. I'll admit that neither group is exactly racking up an impressive string of commercial hits these days (not that they ever did), and that both bands are dead in terms of seniority can be considered reflex from the Seventies. But it seems strange that this double bill couldn't have mustered enough of the bands' older fans to put a dent in a 4,000-seat venue. Fewer than 1,500 people bothered to show up on a balmy, shirt-sleeve evening, and they barely managed to fill the lower section of seats at the outdoor facility. Nice going, San Diego.

My first inkling that something was terribly wrong came when I pulled into the school's parking lot and found spaces un-

characteristically plentiful. Still, the sight of a near-empty amphitheater only moments before showtime came as a shock. One would have thought that the gig had been advertised as a Terry Cole-Whittaker lecture (excuse me — *sermon*) on fiscal responsibility. There were no ushers in sight, the bouncers in front of the stage looked more bored than usual, and the sound technicians fiddled distractedly with various sound consoles and patch bays. If there was any charge in the air it had to have been residue from the previous night's electrical storm. Had I not been so eager to hear Utopia, I would have wished that this thing had been canceled to spare everyone concerned the humiliation of a box-office bomb. But after the concert I was glad it hadn't been scrapped, and I felt sorry that so many had seen fit to entertain themselves elsewhere. For reasons that are both subjective and practical, I'm going to restrict the following commentary to

Utopia's portion of the show, admittedly an unusual move considering that the Tubes were the headline act. It's quite possible that Utopia's gradual slide into virtual obscurity was foreseeable. Ever since its inception as a seven-piece electric orchestra in 1974 (the current quartet took shape in 1976), Utopia has known the advantages and disadvantages of being a satellite band. As one wing of founder Todd Rundgren's musical triptych (the other two being a solo recording career and keeps the cash flow constant by producing records for other artists), Utopia has orbited the periphery of the music biz for eleven years. Never having been card-carrying members of rock's mainstream, the band's creative nodus operandi has been to pick up the signals of imminent trends, scramble them, and beam them back to a faithful if cultish following bearing the unmistakable Utopia imprimatur. Everything from electric fusion to blotted Manowar to sci-fi rock to neo-Merseybeat has passed through Uto-

pia's decoder and emerged redefined as Utopian pop-rock. There's been one of the more bracing sounds in rock — Rundgren's thick, vinelike guitar parts entwined around and through synthesist Roger Powell's electronic trilleries, supported by bassist Kasim Sulton's and drummer John "Willie" Wilcox's earthy thumping, and topped with an efflorescence of four-part harmonies.

Beginning with the release in 1974 of Todd Rundgren's *Utopia* and possibly ending with their latest effort, *P.O.V.* (there are rumors that the band will break up after their current tour), Utopia's recorded output can be considered a ten-volume rebuttal of the long-accepted industry contention that pop-rock must remain simple-minded and unadorned by experimental or even innovative musical ideas if it is to have immediate appeal.

Utopia is one of those all-too-rare bands that can be appreciated on several levels. The majority of their songs have the earmarks of infectious pop — catchy hooks and melodies, tight verse-chorus-verse structures, and straightforward time signatures. But the group has also been a bellwether in incorporating technological advancements into rock and roll. On its records and in its infrequent concerts, Utopia has for a decade been a test lab for the latest in state-of-the-art sound design, and if there were a Grammy Award given for technical achievement by a rock group, Utopia would have a cabinet full of the little monoliths for their pioneering musical application of computer, synthesizer, and video technology.

Perhaps it is the band's steadfast refusal to view rock as a creative treadmill (as tended for the downtrodden that has fostered Utopia's forward-thinking conceptualizations. Each phase of the group's existence has been marked by a different visualization, or "theme." They've been space explorers, misplaced ancient Egyptians, Beatles clones, futuristic punks, and, in their *P.O.V.* incarnation, cosmic, black-smoked cartographers. It's the freedom of being a satellite band, of remaining far enough from the industry's gravitational pull so that the dictates of the marketplace

sound as faint as mom's call to dinner, that has enabled Utopia to play with concepts and to produce an idiosyncratic and compelling oeuvre. But that freedom has cost them dearly.

Utopia's first seven albums were released on the Bearsville label, a subsidiary of the mammoth Warner Brothers conglomerate but a company of smallish means not known for its promotional muscle. Thanks in part to Rundgren's own popularity, Utopia's Seventies albums sold fairly well, and the band's concerts were always well attended. But the group never made the commercial breakthrough that would have familiarized them to the masses. After the 1982 album, *Swing to the Right*, Rundgren negotiated a release from the Bearsville contract and Utopia issued a two-record opus on the equally small Network label. Since then the band has put out two albums on Presport Records: 1983's *Oblivion* (a title perhaps too painfully apt) and this year's *P.O.V.* None of the last few albums has sold in vast quantities, and Utopia's inability both to maintain a link with its older fans and to establish a new one with young listeners has made the band a cipher as far as record merchandisers and radio programmers are concerned.

P.O.V. admittedly was an attempt to remedy that situation. The band didn't so much alter its trademark avant-pop-rock sound as tune it to sync with the music of the Eighties (this required only fine tuning — Utopia's been playing Eighties rock since the middle of the last decade). The result is an album that carries the weight of vintage Utopia yet radiates the cool glow of contemporary techno-pop. Artistically, *P.O.V.* is an unqualified success, but as a last-ditch effort to attract new fans the album would have to be labeled a major disappointment. Reportedly, sales have come at a snail's pace, and that's a terminal prognosis for a band on tour.

When Rundgren and his chums surveyed the sparse turnout at San Diego State Wednesday night, the look of soured resignation on their faces told the entire story of their recent difficulties. This scene certainly was a far cry from Utopia's last appearance here in the late Seventies. For that concert, which sold out the Civic Theatre, Utopia performed under a huge pyramid (which graces the cover of the band's 1977 album, *Opius/ Wrong Planet*), and in front of a very large, fierce-looking, smoke-belching, incense-fright mask (which can be seen in the background on the cover of their new album). Utopia was in its Egyptian phase at the time, and Rundgren played a metal guitar shaped like an anastase cross, or Egyptian *ankh*. Although somewhat incongruous, drummer Wilcox's setup for that show — a bizarre tangle of articulated metal tubing and percussion equipment that looked like a drum set as designed by Harley-Davidson — added to the sense of chronological and cultural juxtaposition. Last week the only remnants of that wild, triumphant concert were Rundgren's guitar and Wilcox's weird drum platform.

Otherwise, the stage was as uncluttered as the two-thirds of the amphitheater. Yet despite the depressing circumstances, the band played as if to an overflow crowd in a massive arena. Rundgren, especially, made the most of the situation, dashing from one side of the stage to the other with the exuberant spontaneity of a teenager (he turned thirty-seven two weeks ago). But while the ushers famous Rundgren commanded most of the audience's attention, Utopia is a democracy in which all members contribute equally, and in concert even the song list was arranged so that the Utopians could take turns singing lead (each musician wore a head-mounted microphone). After Rundgren led off with "Play This Game" from *P.O.V.*, Sulton was featured on "Style" from the same album, a song that in performance ended in a bit of tongue-in-cheek choreography that proved that Utopia hasn't completely lost its sense of humor. Perhaps to compensate for its lack of heft, the tiny audience was very demonstrative in its appreciation of the band, many fans standing to applaud and cheer after each tune. After Wilcox sang "Princess of the Universe," it was Rundgren's turn again, and his rambunctious, stage-prowling rendition of "Hammer in

My Heart" was performed as if concentrated energy alone might exorcise the demons of inequity that continue to dog the band. At least temporarily, Rundgren's fervor — most notably during a searing guitar solo — seemed to clear the heavens from the air.

"How y'doin'?" Rundgren asked the audience after the last notes of "Hammer in My Heart" had faded away. "I think the last time we were in San Diego was about five or six years ago. That was right around the time that northern Californian cowpoke moved into that big ranch house in Washington, D.C. — and hasn't it been *Death Valley Days* ever since?"

Before the crowd's laughter and applause could completely recede, someone shouted, "Todd for President!"

"No way, dude," replied Rundgren. "I'm not that crazy." The reference to President Reagan served as a logical segue into "Swing to the Right" from the album of the same name, but more than that Rundgren's interjection seemed to prime him for a more caustic spurt at the song's conclusion. "You know, we've put out an album even more recently than five years ago," he offered. "Of course, you wouldn't know it by listening to the radio station that has that big banner up there." Rundgren gestured toward the area near the top of the amphitheater where a large banner bearing the logo of the concert's co-sponsor, 9IX, had been hung. Suddenly all the frustrations of the last several years spilled out in a vitriolic torrent. "You won't hear our records on that station. They don't mind basking in our reflected glory tonight while we're here, but they won't play our albums — meanwhile, the station manager is taking cash under the table to play Lionel Richie records. . . . Realizing that he might have gone too far in this little miniature, Rundgren grinned and added, "No sour grapes here." Ironically, the very next song Utopia played was "Zen Machine," a great tune from *P.O.V.* that actually had been played many times on 9IX when the album was first released many weeks earlier.

The day after the show, I asked 9IX's program director, Mad Max, about the incident. "Yes, I heard about Rundgren's remarks," said Max. "And I'll admit that I'm a little outraged. I'm planning to send letters of complaint to his management and record company. 9IX played two songs from the new Utopia album when it first came out, but they both disappeared long before he came to town. If his concert had been timed to coincide with the release of the album, [attendance at the concert] might have been a different story. And you know we've never played any Lionel Richie on 9IX. But the biggest irony is that there was a time when we wouldn't have considered playing Rundgren on our station. Then we heard *P.O.V.*, with its more up-to-date sound, and thought a couple of the songs would fit pretty well into our format. I really don't think it's fair that we should be the target of his criticism."

A long, pallid drum solo by Wilcox served as a break between the two halves of Utopia's performance. Closing with "The Road to Utopia," "Caravan" (both from *Adventures in Utopia*), "Mated," and the intoxicating "More Light" (both from the new album), Utopia finished their abbreviated set (the band omitted two tunes that it had been performing elsewhere on the tour) and strode offstage to a roar that sounded too loud to have come from such a meager assemblage. Although visibly dispirited, Utopia gamely performed an encore at the crowd's behest. "Love Is the Answer," a relatively subdued song from *Opius/ Wrong Planet* that was covered several years ago by England Dan and John Ford Coley, sounded a bit anticlimactic after the exciting music that had preceded it. But one welcomed almost any tune that would keep Utopia on stage for what apparently was its final gig in this town. As they slouched off for the last time, I surrendered to that familiar disgust I feel whenever talent and imagination go unwelcomed. And I felt even more embarrassed that an apathetic San Diego had greeted its own personalized nail into the ground by its coffin.



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The Coward Touch



Noel Coward, Mickey Mullaney

JEFF SMITH

Before any of the actors appear on stage for the Gaslamp Quarter Theatre's fine production of Noel Coward's *Present Laughter*, Robert Earl's elegant set tells us a great deal about the comedy's protagonist, Garry Essendine. He obviously lives quite well and has refined tastes. His living room, watched over by a crystal chandelier, is done in autumnal gold and soft blue tones. Furnished sparsely but expensively, the room bespeaks success. As does the man's portrait, which hangs on the wall behind the audience. He is, at worst, in his mid-thirties. Dashing and assured, the man is clearly a captain of his chosen industry. About the only objects that seem a bit much in the room are two circular mirrors. These stand like sentinels, on each side of the stairway, thus enabling the man to be no more than about three steps from a quick spot check of his appearance. Along with the portrait, the mirrors suggest that the man's industry might be, in fact, his own image.

When actor Navarre Perry first appears as satirical idol Garry Essendine, the romantic lead in many a star-struck heart,

it's clear that the image will require an increasing number of air-brushings as time goes on. In contrast to his heroic portrait, Perry's character has added a few stray pounds, his once coal-black hair has been infiltrated by strands of telltale gray, and he has reached that age where the necessity of a hairpiece becomes a moral issue. Perry's entrance is hilarious. Without having to say a word, his less than august presence throws our expectations all out of whack. Essendine stands between what was, is, and shall — unfortunately — be. He is, his secretary says, "an eminent man advancing with every sign of reluctance into middle age." And much of the play's humor, its present laughter, comes from the clash between his past, hanging on the wall, and his future, which glares back at him from those bloody mirrors.

First produced in 1942, Coward's comedy touches lightly upon what has become a fashionable theme in our time — the dreaded middle crisis. In eleven days, Essendine ages three years, from forty to forty-two (actually he only ages eleven days, but in that period he comes to accept his real age). But unlike current treatments of the phenomenon, frantic enjambments, angst and narcissism, *Present Laughter* pokes wise, sophisti-

cated fun at those efforts to resist growing both older and up. In the end, Essendine suggests that he will abandon both his residence and the holding pattern he has been flying over the Big Four-oh.

Coward wrote the comedy not as an exploration of a theme but as a vehicle for himself. He has made Essendine, whom he played in the original production, to resemble the sun in a slightly warped solar system. Around him swirl planets, odd rooms, and stray meteors — from spiritualist maids to ex-wives to adoring boys swooning and sultry. The play takes place off-stage, in Essendine's home, and yet its scenes behind the scenes the actor plays when working soon become a French farce of comic mayhem. Everyone wants something from (and occasionally for) the famous actor. In the privacy of his home they drop all social guises and openly parade their wants. But Essendine — at once a pampered brat and a likable guy — has become too accustomed to the spotlight. To free himself from the traps laid all around him, Essendine adopts his stage roles, and the line between the person and the actor, whose life has become an "eternal performance," becomes less and less clear.

Among other things, *Present Laughter* is about acting. And Navarre Perry's performance as Essendine, an amalgam of roles within roles, is a gem. Perry lacks Coward's long-stemmed stage presence, the look and flavor of a dry martini, but his multidimensional efforts make us forget the prototype in no time. His Essendine, whose pencil-thin mustache recalls Ronald Coleman, is a natural charmer and a hellion. He can be suave, scared, loutish, tender, and brittle, all at the drop of a cue line. Two of Perry's funniest moments — not counting his uproarious scenes with Pam Moore (as a captured fan) and later with Mark Robertson — occur when someone presumes two of Essendine's most sensitive buttons: business or his penchant for overacting. On these wonderful occasions, Perry slams down his character's masks and strikes some of the production's funniest chords, in Essendine's real voice. Or is it? Perry's admirable range fills the part with broad strokes, and outside touches. What is most admirable is that, while we know Essendine is acting up a storm, as we follow him through his paces — all done in the theatrical style of the Forties, by the way — we soon forget that Perry, too, is acting.

The play may be a star's vehicle, but it is also peopled with a number of deftly drawn satellite roles, each making important contributions to the comedy. For these supporting parts, director Will Simpson has assembled one of the strongest casts seen at the Gaslamp in some time. The ensemble work is so good, in fact, that two weak performances — by

Chris Redo and especially by Gerry Krenke (who seemed almost new to the role on opening night) — appear all the more so. Overall, however, Simpson has given his cast the Coward touch. Joseph Dana has dressed them stylishly, and they sport on stage with such apparent ease that the comedy's three acts fly too quickly by.

The play's characters fall into two groupings: those who bask in Essendine's light and those who wish they could. Heading the former group is Monica, the actor's personal secretary for seventeen years. This droll, protective woman, played with understated acidity by Coralie Schatz, has become adept at concealing her boss's escapades from the public eye and at revealing his shortcomings in private with dry, unflinching honesty. As Fred and Miss Erikson, Essendine's butler and maid, Robert Harland and Susan Herder are equally strong. Harland's Fred behaves like a younger Essendine, a mega-profligate, at times to the dismay of his boss. And Herder's character is something else again. Miss Erikson seems doubtful enough, if a bit slow to answer the doorbell. But when she speaks — about the time she heard a dog bark at a séance, for example — things get bizarre. Herder recites her lines in a Scandinavian accent so thick that each word goes on a glossolalan odyssey before it reaches our ears. The gist may be lost in the translation, but the result is always hilarious.

The second grouping, the lost latch-key crowd, is drawn to Essendine by motives as various as puppy love, understanding, curiosity, and primal lust. Like the portrait and the mirrors, Pam Moore and Rebecca Nachison show us the actor's past and future. Moore's Daphne, a smitten debutante, is captivated by Essendine's stage identities. Nachison's patient but icy-eyed Liz, the actor's ex-wife, is drawn to the person behind them. Both actresses do creditable work at bookending the man's imagined and real attractiveness. Two other performances merit special mention. Actor Mark Robertson looks like a young F. Scott Fitzgerald before the great novelist swallowed that ocean of gin. As Roland, a budding Chekhovian playwright obsessed by Essendine's failings, the bright-eyed Robertson is a nifty war of fidgety quirks and psychological slippings. He is also terrific. As is Mickey Mullaney, a gifted actress whose San Diego stage appearances have been far too few. She plays Joanna, a supremely sensual woman whose current obsession resides just below Essendine's equator. Both crass and classy, Mullaney is first-rate. And so is this show. A Noel Coward comedy at the Gaslamp Quarter Theatre has become a summer tradition. This production of *Present Laughter*, which I already want to see again, will keep the tradition going in high style. □

City Lights

Plaza

(continued from page 4)

San Diego Home/Garden magazine. In return for CCDC's pledge to purchase the supplement — and the Hahn company's promise to buy 75,000 additional copies — Home/Garden publisher Lawrence Bame agreed to allow the CCDC staff to review and edit the forty-page advertising/editorial guide. (Hahn officials also sent shipping center tenants a letter endorsing the Home/Garden insert as a good advertising vehicle for their shops.)

Editors at the Daily Transcript business newspaper were upset to learn about CCDC's underwriting of the Home/Garden supplement, since they are producing a special eighty-page downtown guide that gives major attention to Horton Plaza. "I think [CCDC] ought to be spending that \$6000 on us," says Transcript managing editor Gary Shaw, who complained to CCDC directors Peter Davis and Jan Anton when he learned of the agency's decision to underwrite the Home/Garden supplement. Shaw's protest worked, as CCDC has since decided to pay \$1000 for 2000 copies of the Transcript's downtown guide.

— P.K.

Wait And Sea

(continued from page 4)

asphalt." The parks and recreation department's Jack Krasovich voices similar sentiments in regard to the parking lot. "We have to prioritize requests, and that parking lot hasn't been heavily used over the years," he says. "So I would think it doesn't have a high priority. We only have a limited amount of finances available, and I'm sure the people of La Jolla would much rather have us fix big potholes on La Jolla Boulevard than those in a little used parking lot."

Brucker, however, is not satisfied with that response. The Windanses parking lot, he says, "is filled up daily," and the promise of street repairs is similarly empty "because when they do come around, every three or four years, all they do is patch up a few potholes with asphalt that gets washed away with the first rains of the season." And as for the cracked sidewalks, Brucker adds, the city's using the asphalt as an excuse isn't valid. "Because the trees are only along a short stretch of one street, and we're talking about all the sidewalks in the area, especially those fronting the beach . . . There are no trees anywhere along Neptune, so why should the cement slabs slope sharply up and down with six to eight inches between them?"

— T.K.A.

Paul Krueger,
Thomas K. Arnold,
and Abe Orinad

LETTERS

(continued from page 3)

(Committee on Police Excellence) and how it may have influenced Councilman William Jones's charge that "outside agitators" were the reason nothing was accomplished at the meeting. However, after close scrutiny, the piece actually distorts the whole story with a cockiness and pseudo-factuality that needs challenging.

The real issue — the disruption in contrast and in context with the issues discussed at the meeting — is obscured by the reporter's oblique hyping of the event's disturbances as childish and silly. The portrayal of the leftists as hecklers and robotized Leninists or Maoists (whose differences are made to appear petty and unbridgeable and therefore "proof" of instability) results in a misrepresentation of the whole story, which should be clearly presented and unjudged. How you report seems more important than what. Case in point: when you refer to Mrs. George Parn in the lobby as "virtually ignored by the press," why didn't the writer jump in and fill this gap? Your article seems to center on what the other papers "missed" in the lobby. Okay, but give it a reality. Don't raise a disturbance in a level which misrepresents reality.

My problem here — aside from the highly skewed reportage which is indicative of a mentality in mainstream media that adores headline drama because these figures keep TV sets on and sell hamburgers while the days of terror tick on — is with the implicit content of your newspaper as anyone, especially the world against real dissent and critical thinking in this community, regardless of the issue. For many, the dissent and protest is a way of life because these things exercise the critical tools with which societies evolve and change. Your style of reporting protest distances us from our natural urges to question, to organize, to speak out, and to change things. (You seem to have unwittingly sided with the knee-jerk, conservative movement in this country at present of which alternatives to Reaganism are increasingly suspect as traitorous.) You make any large political decision seem heinous, wrong-headed, or even terrorist, and any psychological or tactical differences among radicals appear crackpot. Worse, you depict causes for issues as to be so dependent upon personality as to make the issues themselves seem fatuous

since you portray those involved as fatuous. Your chutzpah belies any responsibility about a community issue like police behavior in the black community and raises questions about your ability to do so.

The Reader's method of reportage should be re-evaluated by its writers and the public. The paper's style seems to serve only a "commodity-conceived" audience — a semi-affluent, arty, politically vague young San Diego whose money (read "culture," in the Reader's opinion) your paper deliberately shapes into a commodity. (Commodifying audiences for magazines is commonly done; thus, some entertaining ads, art previews or reviews, and occasional feature stories tend, more and more, to have such a personality bias or highlighted unusualness that they begin to resemble each other.) As a result, this audience's right to know is constrained by the paper in its monetary zeal with the new American fetishism — the right to be entertained. More disturbing is the readership's inability to discern differences anyone in political issues given the character of dissent you seem to parade before this manufactured public. The Reader's style and authority is reminiscent of what many are calling the new news — news which, in essence, is rigorously depoliticized, in short, *Entertainment Tonight*.

But, no problem. *ET* has rights too, like your "story" in the lobby. You have decreed "leftist disruption" is news, and how can your commodified public argue with you? They shake their heads and say: those protesters are worse than ever; but they're still thrillingly bad. Media perversion of reality, of issues, of community concerns, is as much the "outside agitator" as anyone, especially when its social integrity unravels down to that *Entertainment*. Thomas Larson
La Jolla

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No Reasonable Offer Refused

Sale ends Wednesday, July 24—Everything must go!

Sansui

CS-910

20 preamps in 1 FM & 1 AM • Manual tuning • Automatic seek—searching and station up and down the tuning band • Preset buttons—push to find and hold your favorite stations on display • 12 preset buttons—6 for AM and 6 for FM • 100% power output • 100% distortion and super clear FM reception • AMP is completely shielded from interference • Low noise tape playback thanks to Dolby B and C • 1/2 inch tape for metal tape • Preset buttons for metal tape • Preset buttons for metal tape

\$349.95

CS-900

20 preamps in 1 FM & 1 AM • Manual tuning • Automatic seek—searching and station up and down the tuning band • Preset buttons—push to find and hold your favorite stations on display • 12 preset buttons—6 for AM and 6 for FM • 100% power output • 100% distortion and super clear FM reception • AMP is completely shielded from interference • Low noise tape playback thanks to Dolby B and C • 1/2 inch tape for metal tape • Preset buttons for metal tape • Preset buttons for metal tape

\$349.95

CS-700

20 preamps in 1 FM & 1 AM • Manual tuning • Automatic seek—searching and station up and down the tuning band • Preset buttons—push to find and hold your favorite stations on display • 12 preset buttons—6 for AM and 6 for FM • 100% power output • 100% distortion and super clear FM reception • AMP is completely shielded from interference • Low noise tape playback thanks to Dolby B and C • 1/2 inch tape for metal tape • Preset buttons for metal tape • Preset buttons for metal tape

\$269.95

CS-500

20 preamps in 1 FM & 1 AM • Manual tuning • Automatic seek—searching and station up and down the tuning band • Preset buttons—push to find and hold your favorite stations on display • 12 preset buttons—6 for AM and 6 for FM • 100% power output • 100% distortion and super clear FM reception • AMP is completely shielded from interference • Low noise tape playback thanks to Dolby B and C • 1/2 inch tape for metal tape • Preset buttons for metal tape • Preset buttons for metal tape

\$229.95

SH-907

20 preamps in 1 FM & 1 AM • Manual tuning • Automatic seek—searching and station up and down the tuning band • Preset buttons—push to find and hold your favorite stations on display • 12 preset buttons—6 for AM and 6 for FM • 100% power output • 100% distortion and super clear FM reception • AMP is completely shielded from interference • Low noise tape playback thanks to Dolby B and C • 1/2 inch tape for metal tape • Preset buttons for metal tape • Preset buttons for metal tape

\$249.95

SH-400

20 preamps in 1 FM & 1 AM • Manual tuning • Automatic seek—searching and station up and down the tuning band • Preset buttons—push to find and hold your favorite stations on display • 12 preset buttons—6 for AM and 6 for FM • 100% power output • 100% distortion and super clear FM reception • AMP is completely shielded from interference • Low noise tape playback thanks to Dolby B and C • 1/2 inch tape for metal tape • Preset buttons for metal tape • Preset buttons for metal tape

\$149.95

SH-50

20 preamps in 1 FM & 1 AM • Manual tuning • Automatic seek—searching and station up and down the tuning band • Preset buttons—push to find and hold your favorite stations on display • 12 preset buttons—6 for AM and 6 for FM • 100% power output • 100% distortion and super clear FM reception • AMP is completely shielded from interference • Low noise tape playback thanks to Dolby B and C • 1/2 inch tape for metal tape • Preset buttons for metal tape • Preset buttons for metal tape

\$69.95

SH-510

20 preamps in 1 FM & 1 AM • Manual tuning • Automatic seek—searching and station up and down the tuning band • Preset buttons—push to find and hold your favorite stations on display • 12 preset buttons—6 for AM and 6 for FM • 100% power output • 100% distortion and super clear FM reception • AMP is completely shielded from interference • Low noise tape playback thanks to Dolby B and C • 1/2 inch tape for metal tape • Preset buttons for metal tape • Preset buttons for metal tape

\$229.95

SH-150

20 preamps in 1 FM & 1 AM • Manual tuning • Automatic seek—searching and station up and down the tuning band • Preset buttons—push to find and hold your favorite stations on display • 12 preset buttons—6 for AM and 6 for FM • 100% power output • 100% distortion and super clear FM reception • AMP is completely shielded from interference • Low noise tape playback thanks to Dolby B and C • 1/2 inch tape for metal tape • Preset buttons for metal tape • Preset buttons for metal tape

\$199.95

Sherwood

CRD-300 Stereo Receiver

20 preamps in 1 FM & 1 AM • Manual tuning • Automatic seek—searching and station up and down the tuning band • Preset buttons—push to find and hold your favorite stations on display • 12 preset buttons—6 for AM and 6 for FM • 100% power output • 100% distortion and super clear FM reception • AMP is completely shielded from interference • Low noise tape playback thanks to Dolby B and C • 1/2 inch tape for metal tape • Preset buttons for metal tape • Preset buttons for metal tape

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CRD-150 Electronically Tuned AM Stereo FM Stereo Cassette Receiver

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CQ-8818

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CQ-8834

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MGT

W-3000N

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W-4017N

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W-4000N

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W-3246

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W-4010N

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W-4040

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\$97.95

#1020

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Section 2 Events, Theater, Music, Film



To Join The Circus

When I was growing up in Brooklyn and our family of four was crammed into a one-bedroom apartment, I had two recurring evening fantasies, both of which were seasonal. During snowstorms I dreamed of living in sprawling, balmy Southern California, and on muggy summer evenings when I

camped out on our third-floor fire escape, I juggled oranges in the air while tightropes and trapezes danced in my head. Effortlessly, I glided through the neighborhood performing dazzling acrobatics on aerial wires; I always emerged atop the human pyramid without missing a beat. Ah, kids' dreams.

Although it took a few decades, I did escape to Southern California. And on Sunday at 5:00 p.m. when trumpets and drums herald the arrival of the traveling Make-A-Circus troupe (California's first participatory circus) at North Park's Recreation Center (Idaho and University avenues), the second of my exotic childhood fantasies will finally see fruition.

In an intimate one-ring setting, this troupe of twenty seasoned circus performers from France, Denmark, Canada, and Great Britain happily combines two traditions — vaudeville and European-style circus. Classic circus acts are performed in a contemporary context with mimes, clowns, dancers, and even a four-piece jazz band. The coupling of original scripts and musical scores and by the participation of children from the audience.

Here's how it works. "Circus Comes to Town" is the main show. The phantasmagorical circus pageant revolves around a young girl who awakens from a dream to find herself slightly east of the Nation of Imagination. There she is surrounded by her

Of Mice & Rats

It was 1927, and sound in motion pictures was a disturbing rumor to a twenty-six-year-old cartoonist working in a cramped studio in Burbank, California. He was 1927, and sound in motion pictures was a disturbing rumor to a twenty-six-year-old cartoonist working in a cramped studio in Burbank, California. He was 1927, and sound in motion pictures was a disturbing rumor to a twenty-six-year-old cartoonist working in a cramped studio in Burbank, California.

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Bogart Films

In 1936, when Humphrey Bogart made his first big impression on filmgoers as the desperate gangster Duke Mantee in *Pendel Forest*, he was the farthest thing from anybody's idea of a movie star. Let alone a mythic figure whose craggy face would become a permanent icon of American culture. Audiences of the Thirties preferred his co-star, the dreamy, effeminate Leslie Howard, or else the linky but tough gun Clark Gable. So for the remainder of the decade, Bogart was relegated by his

studio, Warner Brothers, to a string of stock villain roles. It was not until 1941, with the one-two punch of *High Sierra* and *The Maltese Falcon* (both written and directed by John Huston, with whom Bogart would make six films) that the actor was taken seriously as star material, and over the next five years, in a relatively small number of movies, he developed what was then, think of it as Bogart image.

He was the perfect then for the uncertain wartime and postwar years the cynical, self-dramatizing loner who has taken the worst the world can dish out yet still retains his personal code as well as a certain hard-bitten

Theater Of Commitment

In 1947 activism, which had been chic the generation before, was no longer a safe intellectual pastime. The House Committee on Un-American Activities had collected more than one million names of "suspected" Communists, fleeing travelers, dopes, and bleeding hearts. America had just emerged victorious from a popular war. But it was also in 1947 that Julian Beck and Judith Malina — pacifists, leftist radicals — founded the Living Theatre in New York. Within a decade, the name of their company became synonymous with the quirky, loud-mouthed genre of performance that would incite its audience to riot and set the Establishment's teeth on edge.

Both Beck and Malina were passionately nonconformist and the methods they used to promote their utopianism

message came straight from Antoinette Arnauld's Theater of Cruelty. And today, in a time when off-Broadway productions are so politically tame, it is almost difficult to believe that there was an era in New York when shrieking and frenzied preaching on stage, matching the audience to the lobby, having the actors take off their clothes, meant something. Today, such theatrical conventions would be seen as quaint. A performance of that sort would seem as mannered as a Revue, a razzle-dazzle, or a down-home American. It was a brand of a certain school of thought that holds if you holler at someone long enough, loud enough, get your audience worked up, you can ultimately convert them, win their souls.

As such, it is not surprising that Beck and Malina eventually left the stage and returned to the



READER'S GUIDE

Contributions to READER EVENTS must be received by mail no later than the Friday preceding the Thursday issue in order to be considered for publication. Please do not phone. The Events Editor reserves the right to edit all 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 80903, San Diego, CA 92138.

Dance

International Folk Dancing is held today, Thursday, July 18, 7:30 p.m., Balboa Park Club, Balboa Park. For details phone 449-4631 during business hours.

New England Country Dancing to live music will be held today, Thursday, July 18, 8 p.m., United Commercial Travelers Hall, 4569 Thierth Street, North Park. 481-1974.

Polka Dance, the public is invited to join this opening celebration to kick off the Polka and Western Dance Festival coming in a few weeks. Friday, July 19, 7:30 p.m., Bawarian Inn, 1402 Broadway, Chula Vista. For ticket information phone 425-4000.

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

"Dance Jam," create your own dance style in an evening of freestyle, recreational dancing every Friday night, 9 p.m., 3255 Fifth Avenue, Hillcrest. 239-1713.

"Summer Lo-Tech Series." Thine's Company and Dance presents a program of modern dance works by Jean Isaacs and Nancy McCaleb, featured will be a new duet, *Survivor Garden*, *One Hot Green*, *Satan Asap*, *Time Open Route*, a "Tennist" solo, entitled *Godmother Meets Wandering*, and *Blumina*. The performance will take place on two nights, Saturday, July 20 and Sunday, July 21, 8:30 p.m., at the Thine's Company studio, 3255 Fifth Avenue, Hillcrest. 236-9523.

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

Ballroom Dance, swing, waltz, and cha-cha numbers from the Forties, Fifties, and Sixties provide the backdrop for this dance. Saturday, July 20, 8 p.m., sponsored by Dancemasters, 9184 Grinnery Drive, Mission Valley. 565-2127.

More Scottish Dancing offered by the San Diego branch of the Royal Country Dance Society, 7 p.m., room 202, Casa Del Prado, Balboa Park. 276-7064 or 488-2617.

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

Israeli Dancing is conducted every Monday evening, 8 p.m., Lawrence Branch Jewish Community Center, 4126 Encinitas Drive, La Jolla. 457-3030.

Music

Harp, Oboe, and Voice Recital, harpist Joy Husak, oboist Earl Schuster, and soprano Beverly Osborn will perform Debussy's *The Reverie* and an Alaskan Indian legend entitled *Anena II: The Origin of the Winds*. Friday, July 19, 7:30 p.m., The Book Works, 1521 East Valley Parkway, Escondido. 741-9079.

Original Christian Lyrics will be sung by folk musicians and singer: Jeff and Gail Bones, Friday, July 19, 7:30 p.m., The Goodbook Shoppe, 3763 Avenida Boulevard, La Mesa. Free. 461-3048.

"Martha," the Pacific Chamber Opera, with vocalists Christine Lindsay, Joe Carson, and William Nolan, performs Puccini's opera, *Madama Butterfly*, Saturday, July 19, 8 p.m., and Sunday, July 20, 2:30 p.m., Sherwood Auditorium, La Jolla Museum of Contemporary Art, 780 Prospect Street, La Jolla. For reservations phone 281-SEAT or D.G. Wills Books, at 456-1830.

Jazz, the ubiquitous Peter Sprague Trio, with Peter Sprague, guitar, Bob Magnusson, bass, and Tripp Sprague, drums and sax, will entertain Friday, July 19, 8 p.m., The Book Works, 1521 East Valley Parkway, Escondido. 741-9079.

Traditional Brazilian Samba and other Latin musical numbers will be performed by the musical trio, *El Epitafio*, with John Sebastian Winston, Renata Bratt, and Donna Marie Campos, Sunday, July 21, 7:30 p.m., Gallery 5, La Maison, 3681 Fifth Avenue, Hillcrest. 298-0109.

More Jazz, the Karl Carfield jazz flute ensemble entertains in the next "Music at Night" concert, sponsored by Westminster Presbyterian Church, Monday, July 22, at 7:30 p.m. Bring a picnic to this outdoor program, held in the church amphitheater in Westminster Park, 3595 Talbot Street, Point Loma. Free. 440-7079.

Still More Jazz, the jazz quartet Jazzambas, featuring guitarist Ron Sherrod and flutist Harvey Tellinghausen, performs Tuesday, July 23, 6:30 p.m., at Rio Seco Elementary School, 9545 Caymanca Drive, Santee. Free. The concert is sponsored by the Santee Department of Parks and Recreation. For information phone 465-1700.

Trion by Schubert, Dwyak, and others will be performed by the Cennaro Trio, with Iliana Myssior, piano; Mary Lindblom, cello; and Ron Goldman, violin, Saturday, July 20, 8 p.m., Words and Music, 3806 Fourth Avenue, Hillcrest. 238-4011.

Contemporary, Folk, and Classical Works will be on the program when Angelique, a trio of women performers, entertains Sunday, July 21, 1 to 4 p.m., in the gazebo area of Seaport Village, downtown. Free. 235-6569.

Quartet Recital, the Classical Arts String Quartet, featuring violins Paul Schmidt and Shirley Weaver, violin Henry Johnson, and cellist William Nathan, performs works by Beethoven, Haydn, Mozart, Tchaikovsky, Joplin, and others, Sunday, July 21, from 1 to 3 p.m., La Jolla Village Square (near the May Company), La Jolla. Free. 583-6439 or 582-4982.

Xylophonist Tansu Saaki and violinist Vesna Groupman appear in a recital, Sunday, July 21, 2 p.m., College Area Branch Jewish Community Center, 4079 Fairway, East San Diego. 583-1300 or 431.

WORDS & MUSIC

The Cennaro Trio
ILIANA MYSSIOR
piano
MARY LINDBLOM
cello
RON GOLDMAN
violin
plays Schubert, Dwyak, et al
Sat., July 20, 8 p.m.
Hillcrest - 3806 Fourth Ave.
238-4011

TO LOCAL EVENTS

Organ Concert, civic organist Robert Plimpton will play compositions by Buschulte, Knechtel, Joplin, and Walton, and will accompany *error Dan Decker* in popular favorites, Sunday, July 21, 2 p.m., Speeches and Organ Pavilion, Balboa Park. Free.

Disco Jazz, the Disco Jazz Society of San Diego presents this four-hour afternoon concert, featuring the Desert City Six Jazz Band from Phoenix, the Chicago Six (from Del Mar), and a six-member jazz ensemble headed by Dick Knutson. The concert begins Sunday, July 21, 2 p.m., at the Belly Up Tavern, 141 South Cedros, Sclana Beach. Tickets will be on sale at the door. For information phone 453-1590.

New Arrangements of Works by Vivaldi, Mozart, and Handel will be performed by the musical trio, *El Epitafio*, with John Sebastian Winston, Renata Bratt, and Donna Marie Campos, Sunday, July 21, 7:30 p.m., Gallery 5, La Maison, 3681 Fifth Avenue, Hillcrest. 298-0109.

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"Twilight in the Park" the summer outdoor concert series continues with the Calvary Baptist Young Adult Choir performing a gospel program. Tuesday, July 23, a rhythm and blues concert by the Sidewinders, Wednesday, July 24, and the San Diego Country Symphony Orchestra, next Thursday, July 25. All hour-long concerts begin at 6:30 p.m., Speeches and Organ Pavilion, Balboa Park. This is another good event around which to plan a picnic. Free. 236-5471.

Summer Symphony, the MiraCosta College San Diego Symphony performs 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 Series center, at Ninth Street and Stratford Court in Del Mar. 755-1486.

Classical Guitarist Steven Elster presents a program of Renaissance, Classical, Baroque, and Spanish works, Wednesday, July 24, 2 p.m., Carlsbad City Library, 1250 Elm Avenue, Carlsbad. Free. 438-5614.

Disco Jazz is performed every Wednesday from 6 to 8 p.m., in the gazebo area of Seaport Village, downtown. Free. 235-6569.

Summer Pope, the summer concerts by the San Diego Symphony continue with guest conductor and four-time Grammy Award winner Lalo Schifrin. He leads the orchestra in a

programmatic tribute to music of the Forties, featuring a David Rose medley, Glenn Miller works, Khachaturian's "Sabre Dance," Beethoven's "Moonlight," and the First Movement to Tchaikovsky's Piano Concerto No. 1. The concert will take place next Wednesday, July 24 through Saturday, July 27, beginning at 7:30 p.m., on Hospitality Point on Mission Bay. For ticket information phone 699-4200.

"Summer Silents" continues with

"Real to Real Film Series" the series continues with McCabe and Mrs. Miller, starring Warren Beatty and Julie Christie, followed by discussions of the values inherent in Western drama. Friday, July 19, 7 p.m., room G-112, San Diego Mesa College, 7250 Mesa College Drive, San Diego. For more information phone 562-1768. Free.

Monster Feature, this week, it's *Valley of the Dragons*, a full-length film about earthlings who are swept off into space on a comet. The film will screen Saturday, July 20 and Sunday, July 21, 10:30 a.m., and 12:30 and 2:30 p.m., Natural History Museum, Balboa Park. 232-3821.

"Hansel and Gretel" the family feature film program begins Monday, July 22, 4 p.m., National

City Public Library, 120 East Twelfth Street, National City. Free. 474-8211.

"Monday Night Film Series" the month-long series on cinema art continues with the 1975 film, *The Godfather Part II*, a documentary of the life and career of Charlie Chaplin. Movie clips, newsworthy footage, and home movies are featured. Monday, July 22, 7 p.m., third floor auditorium, San Diego Public Library, 820 E Street, downtown. Free. 236-5649.

"Snow White," the series of "Summer Silents" continues with

this vintage film, starring Marguerite Clark and Alan Hale, screening Tuesday, July 23, 8 p.m., Palomar College Theatre, 1140 West Mission Road, San Marcos. The film will be shown again next Thursday, July 25, also at 8 p.m., at MiraCosta College's Del Mar Series Center, at Ninth Street and Stratford Court, Del Mar. 942-1352.

Literary Films, two films, *Mesa Verde National Park* and *Mr. Rubenow*. Four Faces on a Mountain, will be shown Wednesday, July 24, 1 p.m.,

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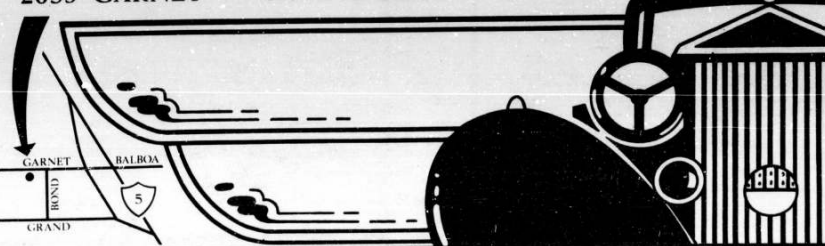
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READER'S GUIDE

National City Public Library, 200 East 44th Street, National City, Free. 424-8211.

"Spotted Children," the series of nine films by French director Bertrand Tavernier continues with this work about an acclaimed screenwriter who moves into a Paris apartment in order to submerge himself in his work; apparently, that's not all he sinks his teeth into. The film, starring Michael Piccoli, will be shown in French, with English subtitles. Wednesday, July 24, 7:30 p.m., Sherwood Auditorium, La Jolla Museum of Contemporary Art, 733 Prospect Street, La Jolla. 454-0267.

"Chronos," Ronald Fricke's new film, a "celebration of human intelligence" that takes us through many of the world's architectural and urban wonders, is shot completely in time-lapse sequence; the film continues daily on the CMTVMAX screen of the Reuben H. Fleet Space Theater and Science Center in Balboa Park throughout the summer. For show

times and further information, phone 238-1168.

"Discover San Diego," through September 10, the public may view this twenty-five-minute multimedia slide presentation through projection on an audio-visual system in the goodie store in San Diego. The show runs every half hour at Old Town Galleria, at Juan and Harvey streets, in Old Town. For show times and information, phone 238-2800.

Lectures

"Space: The Shape of Things to Come," this week marks the sixtieth anniversary of the Apollo moon walk, to celebrate, Reuben H. Fleet Space Theater and Science Center is sponsoring a weekend "space symposium," with the following lectures: on Friday, July 19, 7:30 p.m., U.S.S.D. physics

professor William Thompson will speak on "Space: The Shape of Things to Come," a discussion of futuristic technologies. On Saturday, July 20, noon, research physicist Asuka Mendo will speak on "The Nature of Comets." At 2:30 p.m., that day, aerospace consultant Joe Camill will explain "Terrestrial A Radical New Option in Space Transportation," at 4:30, also on Saturday, July 20, S.D.S.U. professor Andrew Young will address the subject of "Colors in the Solar System," and that evening at 7:30 p.m., Frank Chilton, chief scientist at IRT, will speak on technological choices in "Strategic Defense and Space Development." On Sunday, July 21, at noon, project engineer Dick Edwards will talk about "The Space Station: Beginning Permanent Human Habitation in Space," followed by a 2:30 p.m. talk by another project engineer, Anita Gale, on "The Space Shuttle, Future Spacecraft, and the Real Adventure in Space." The symposium culminates in a panel discussion, with representatives from Rockwell International, the religious community, the Union of Concerned Scientists, and Physicians for Social Responsibility. The topic for such a varied panel? "Strategic Defense Initiative: Political and Economic Issues," held at 4:30 p.m. All talks will be held in the Grayson Boehm Lecture Hall of the Space Center, Balboa Park. All are free. Seating is limited and on a first-come, first-served basis. 238-1233 x213.

Pan-Columbian Art and Culture will be examined in a slide-illustrated lecture by John Carroll Hooper, local artist and explorer. Sunday, July 20, noon, research physicist Asuka Mendo will speak on "The Nature of Comets." At 2:30 p.m., that day, aerospace consultant Joe Camill will explain "Terrestrial A Radical New Option in Space Transportation," at 4:30, also on Saturday, July 20, S.D.S.U. professor Andrew Young will address the subject of "Colors in the Solar System," and that evening at 7:30 p.m., Frank Chilton, chief scientist at IRT, will speak on technological choices in "Strategic Defense and Space Development." On Sunday, July 21, at noon, project engineer Dick Edwards will talk about "The Space Station: Beginning Permanent Human Habitation in Space," followed by a 2:30 p.m. talk by another project engineer, Anita Gale, on "The Space Shuttle, Future Spacecraft, and the Real Adventure in Space." The symposium culminates in a panel discussion, with representatives from Rockwell International, the religious community, the Union of Concerned Scientists, and Physicians for Social Responsibility. The topic for such a varied panel? "Strategic Defense Initiative: Political and Economic Issues," held at 4:30 p.m. All talks will be held in the Grayson Boehm Lecture Hall of the Space Center, Balboa Park. All are free. Seating is limited and on a first-come, first-served basis. 238-1233 x213.

"Climate in the Next Century: A Strong Warning or a New Ice Age?" Atmospheric sciences professor Hans Panofsky will discuss the issue with "human ecology" Irving Kaplan. Sunday, July 21, 7:30 p.m. A potluck dinner precedes the talk. At 6:15 p.m., Fine Unitarian Church, 4900 Fort Street, Hillcrest. Free. 279-7913.

"Aquaculture: Recycling San Diego Waste Water," Steve Pearson will speak in the next "Brown-Bag" series lecture. Monday, July 22, noon, San Diego Museum of Man, Balboa Park. Participants should bring their lunch. 239-1001.

"In Time of War" the fourth lecture in the "Island in the Twentieth Century" series by University of Dublin's Donal O'Sullivan will be held Tuesday, July 23, 7 p.m., in the Manchester Executive Conference Center, U.S.S.D. Single-lecture tickets are available by calling 260-4585.

"The Chinsatow Dig Promoting Community Heritage through Archaeology," the San Diego County Archaeological Society hosts this open meeting, with guest speakers Paul Chace and

Clark Brott, who will talk about their recently completed dig in Riverside and the many finds they unearthed of that community's Chinatown, which thrived from 1885 until the 1920s. The talk will be held Tuesday, July 23, 7:30 p.m., at the County Department of Planning building, north entrance, 5201 Ruffin Road, Clairemont Hills. 581-0500.

"How To Use the Small Claims Court," local attorney Stuart Schechter will speak Wednesday, July 24, 6:30 p.m., at the Pacific Beach Public Library, at the corner of Ingham and Felpar streets, Pacific Beach. Free. 279-7913.

Film Festival, Suzanne McCormick, director of FILMEX (Los Angeles Film Exposition), the largest film festival in the U.S., will speak on film festivals worldwide, next Wednesday, July 24, 7 p.m., in the Little Theatre, Herpet Hall, S.D.S.U. Free. 265-5152 or 265-6575.

Special

Circus, the Ringling Brothers and Barnum & Bailey Circus returns to town for the 11th edition of the Greatest Show on Earth. Show times are today, Thursday, July 18 and tomorrow, Friday, July 19, 1:30 and 7:30 p.m.; on Saturday, the big top comes alive at 11 a.m., 3:30

TO LOCAL EVENTS

and 6 p.m.; and on Sunday, July 21, doors open at 1:30 and 5:30 p.m., at the San Diego Sports Arena. For ticket information, phone 224-4771.

Creativity Games, adults will have the chance to exercise their humor and creativity in playful ways that Friday, 7:30 p.m., Radstone Studio, 1618 West Lewis Street, Mission Hills. 581-0500.

Park Volunteer Claude Edwards will lead bird walks through Cabrillo National Monument. Saturday, July 20, 9:30 a.m. and 1:30 p.m. For information and reservations, phone 293-5450.

Nature Walk, the San Diego County Parks and Recreation Department sponsors this hike. Saturday, July 22, beginning at 9:30 a.m., from Louis A. Stecher

County Park, 11470 Wildcat Canyon Road, Lakeside. For details, phone 561-0580.

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.

"Rats and Mice on Parade," well, it merely means that one man's pest is another man's prize. In this, the second annual fancy rat and mice show, there will be little critters from England and Ireland, there will be Siamese and Himalayan rats. Hair colors (all natural), mind read will range from pearl to amber to crimson to silver to black, to coffee to black, with more shades in between. You will see judging for temperament,

yes, there are mouse mice! There are harlequin mice, there are rats with curly whiskers, and you can see them at this show. Sunday, July 21, beginning at 9 a.m., at Glen Park, at the corner of San Elia Avenue and Orinda Drive in Cardiff-by-the-Sea. Free admission. 561-2578 or 579-9598.

Carnival, game booths, a dunking booth, a fishing hole, ring-tossing, milk bottle games, fossil booths, a theatrical presentation, and sports demonstrations highlight this daylong, old-fashioned carnival, held Sunday, July 21, from 11 a.m. to 4 p.m., Larry Lawrence Branch Jewish Community Center, 4126 Executive Drive, in the Golden Triangle area of La Jolla. For more information, phone 457-3161.

Charrada, a full Mexican indoor

including nine events will be held Sunday, July 21, 1 p.m., at the charreada ring located between the steel bridge and Jamul on Highway 94. Featured will be the "pas de death" in which riders must jump from one bareback, galloping horse to another. Music will be provided by El Trio Mariachi Cacamilla and Los Norteños de Valle. For more information, call Benny Acosta at 442-3529.

Nica, 50th Anniversary Celebration, the Friends of Nicaraguan Culture sponsor this event, which includes a poetry reading, ethnic foods, tropical music by the group La Napoléon (the group has toured Europe and Latin America and has recorded five albums), a "free speech area," where the public will get a chance

to talk about Nicaragua with San Diegoans who have traveled there, children's games, and an acrobatic, Sunday, July 21, from 1 to 3 p.m., First Unitarian Church, 4100 Front Street, Hillcrest. 459-4650.

Lawn Program, the House of Argentina will present a program that includes folkloric dances and piano works. Sunday, July 21, 2 p.m., in the cottage complex of the House of Pacific Relations, Balboa Park. Free. 453-1203.

Nature Tours through the San Diego Wildlife Sanctuary are offered by the San Diego Audubon Society every Sunday; the sanctuary is open to the public from 9 a.m. to 4 p.m., and is located five and a half miles east of Lakeside on Wildlife Canyon

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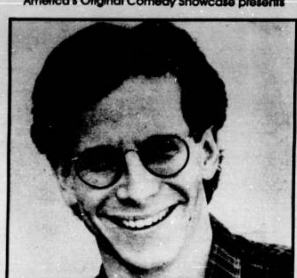
IMPROV COMEDY CALENDAR

July & August

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26th	27th
2nd	3rd
9th	10th

6:00 pm show \$3.50
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Jimmy Aleck
July 18-21

Also appearing
David Wood • Fred Wolf

Appearing July 23-28
Kevin Nealon • Joanne Deering

Audition night every Monday.
Doors open at 9:00 am for breakfast, lunch, happy hour & dinner. Call for reservations and information.

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Harvey & the 52nd Street Jive
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Boyfriend
July 26, 7:30 pm, Casa del Prado Balboa Park

Evening with the Stars
featuring Charo
July 27, 8:30 pm, Civic Theatre

Hansel and Gretel
July 29 & 30, 2:00 pm, Casa del Prado Balboa Park

George Winston
August 3, 8:00 pm, Civic Theatre

Tom Petty & the Heartbreakers
August 6, 8:00 pm, Civic Theatre

The Bus Boys
July 18, doors open at 8 pm, Distillery

Jesse Colin Young
July 18, 8 pm, La Paloma

A.D., Phil Keaggy Band
July 19, 7 pm, Golden Hall

Pacific Chamber presents Martha
July 19, 8 pm; July 21, 2:30 pm Sherwood Aud.

Fear
July 20, 8 pm, Palisade Gardens Roller Rink

Roberta Flack
July 21, 8:30 pm, Kona Kai Club
Dinner show available

Elvin Bishop
July 21, 7:30 & 10:30 pm, Bacchanal

Exciter/Megadeth/Hirax
July 27, 8 pm, Palisade Gardens Roller Rink

Pat Metheny
July 28 & 29, 8:30 pm, Kona Kai Club
Dinner show available

Pops Concert to Benefit
Childrens Hospital
July 28, 7:00 pm, Fairbanks Ranch

Hellion/Assassin
July 28, 7:00 pm, Bacchanal

San Diego Pops
"Letter and Loose Shovelin" 7-10:13
"Disney Goes to the Pope" 7-17:30
"Fabled 'Woe'" 7-24:27
7:30 pm, Hospitality Point

283-SEAT

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READER'S GUIDE TO LOCAL EVENTS

Read for details on information on group tours call 443-2988

Sports

Baseball. The Padres are back in town for a four game series against Pittsburgh, beginning today. Thursday, July 18, 7:25 p.m. Tomorrow, the game starts at 7:05 p.m. on Sunday, July 22 and Sunday, July 21, the first pitch is tossed at 1:35 p.m. Beginning on Monday, July 22 and continuing through next Wednesday, July 24, Chicago comes to town seeking vengeance. Game times are at 7:25 p.m. each night. San Diego. So turn for ticket information phone 281-SEAT or 281-4494.

Golf. All golfers are invited to participate in the third annual VIP Club Classic, a benefit for the San Diego chapter of the United

Calvin Club Association. A shotgun start, even the rounds at 12:30 p.m. Friday, July 19, and six holes conclude with an awards dinner. All take place at the prestigious Hills Country Club, 4307, 15th St., San Diego. For information phone 571-1465.

Tennis. The North Park Tennis club celebrates its first anniversary as a nonprofit organization. Friday, July 19, 7 p.m., and Saturday, July 20 and Sunday, July 21, 8 a.m. to 6 p.m., 4544 Idaho Street, North Park. 298-0813.

Over-the-Line Championships. The thirty-second annual OTL softball games take place this weekend, with the field now well from the more than 800 teams that competed in preliminary rounds last weekend. Finals are held Saturday, July 20 and Sunday, July 21, starting at 7 a.m., and lasting until dusk. Fortia Island, Mission Bay. 297-8482.

"Swim Run Swim." Sixty-six triathletes are awarded in more than

twenty categories at the end of the eleven annual triathlon, which includes a half mile tough water swim, and beach run, and a final water competition. It all runs Saturday, July 20, 8:30 a.m., and is sponsored by the triathlon. 4076 Mission Road and Pacific Beach. For entry information phone 483-7428.

Three-Wheel Bikes. It's the third annual AIC rounder, sponsored by the Jamul Kiwanis Club. Saturday, July 20 and Sunday, July 21. Sign-ups begin on Saturday at 10 a.m., with events scheduled at 11:30 p.m., Saturday, and 9 a.m., Sunday, at the racetrack, Highway 94 at Jefferson Jamul, opposite the general store. 163-0890.

Races. continue at the El Cason Speedway. Saturday, July 20, at 5:30 p.m. and a "pounder" race, 7:30 p.m. Take the Bradley on ramp at College Airport in El Cason. 448-8820.

Frisbee. the International Frisbee Association hosts freestyle

workshops 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 end of a Morley Field, near Fishing Cove and Redwood Street, Bolinas Park. Free. 298-0922.

"A Dialogue with Julian Beck and Judith Malina," the co-founders of New York's Living Theatre will speak on their flamboyant, controversial careers. Saturday, July 20, 2 p.m., Sherwood Auditorium, La Jolla Museum of Contemporary Art, 200 Prospect Street, La Jolla. As a part of the program, the film *Signal through the Flames*, a ninety-minute documentary of Living Theatre, will be shown. For reservations phone 454-1541.

(continued on page 8)

In Person

Tell Tales and Folk Tales will be shared by storytellers of San Diego tonight, Thursday, July 18, 8 p.m., Powers Maguire Cafe, 4389 University Avenue, North Park. 298-8384.

Comics. Steve Mittleman, Cathy Ladman, Angel Salazar, and Rex Meredith headline at The Comedy Store tonight, Thursday, July 18 through Sunday, July 21. Show times are 9 p.m., week nights and 8

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Matthew Garbutt, Conducting
July 17, 18, 19, 20

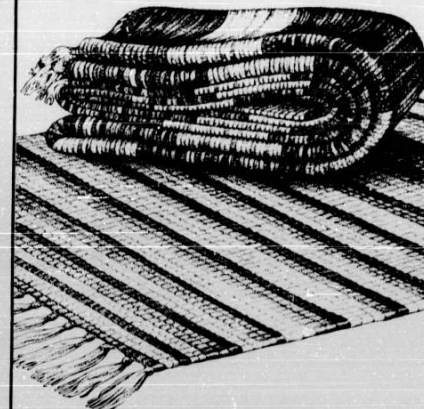
FABULOUS 40's
Lalo Schiffrin, Conducting
July 24, 25, 26, 27



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- Sit-down dinner with entrees of London broil and boneless breast of chicken
- All your drinks included
- 22JAZZ July 23rd
- FATTBURGER July 25th
- All other nights, top 40s and oldies but goodies with the B STREET BAND



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Rex Meredith
Steve Mittleman
Cathy Ladman

appearing July 17-21

Wed, Thurs, Sun.
9:00 PM
Fri & Sat.
8:00 PM & 10:30 PM

Admission every Tuesday
(Amateur night, sign up 7:00 PM. No cover)

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READER'S GUIDE

TO LOCAL EVENTS



THE MARSHALL TUCKER BAND

July 19-21
Fri., Sat. & Sun., 7:30 p.m.
Free With Admission

Join and Down
The Spacemen Brothers
Rick Nelson
Ray Stevens
The San Diego WILD ANIMAL PARK



Thursday	18	SUNSHINE COUNTRY JAZZ COWJAZZ	7:30
Friday	19	GERRY O'BRIEN W.B. REID	7:00 & 9:00
Saturday	20	OLD TIME STING BAND MOTHER LOGO	7:00 & 9:00
Sunday	21	LOUISIANA CALJUN TRIO	7:00
Monday	22	OLD TIME HOTT MEAT	7:30
Tuesday	23	HOLDS FOLK ROCK GUITARIST RICHARD THOMPSON	7:00 & 9:00
Wednesday	24	MUSIC OF THE ANDES SUKAY	7:00 & 9:00



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Dancing, comedy skits, contests, prizes & more!
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Watch Beach Party weeknights at 5:00 pm on TV-69
COX CABLE 36 • SOUTHWEST 3

(continued from page 6)
"Summer Sushi A Performance Series," featuring Tanihiro, an illustrative narrative using television clips and slides to illuminate her sexual experiences as a real woman. The performance will take place Saturday, July 20, 8 p.m., Del Mar Communications Center, 240 Tenth Street, Del Mar. No reservations are accepted; tickets will be sold at the door only. 235-8466.

Amateur Comedians are invited on stage every Monday night, 8 p.m., The Comedy Store, 916 Pearl Street, La Jolla. For information on what it takes, phone 454-9776.

Radio/TV

"The Goodbye Girl," Richard Dreyfuss won an Oscar for his portrayal of a young actor who is teamed with Marsha Mason in this Neil Simon comedy that was nominated for Best Picture of the Year. It's telecast tonight, Thursday, July 18, 8 p.m., over KCTV, Channel 12.

"A Day and a Time," five nurses who served in military and civilian hospitals in Vietnam speak about their impressions of the war, tonight, Thursday, July 18, 10 p.m., the program repeats Sunday, July 21, 2 p.m., KPBS-TV, Channel 15.

Former U.S. Ambassador to Chile, Norland Davis, will talk about his recent book, *The Last Two Years of Salvador Allende*, in the next call-in segment, Friday, July 19, 11 a.m., KPBS (FM 89.3).

"Coma," Michael Douglas and Genevieve Bujold star in this futuristic fantasy, Friday, July 19, 9 p.m., XETV, Channel 6.

"Car Wash," Richard Pryor and George Carlin star in this 1976 comedy, Saturday, July 20, 8 p.m., KCTV, Channel 12.

"A Night at the Opera," the 1936 Marx Brothers film that's starring Karyn Carrillo will air Sunday, July 20, 1 a.m., over KUST, Channel 39.

"The Concorde: Airport '79," Robert Wagner and Susan Blakely star in the impromptu update of the original airport disaster film, Sunday, July 21, 8 p.m., KCTV, Channel 12.

Bogart Week, for Humphrey Bogart fans, is the return of the annual run of his top films on Sunday, July 21, 8 p.m., The

African Queen will be shown Monday's feature, at 9 p.m., on Kustelco, on Tuesday, also at 9 p.m., The Big Sleep is featured. On Wednesday, July 24, at 9 p.m., Bogart's *The Treasure of the Sierra Madre* will air, next Thursday, July 25, 9 p.m., it's *Key Largo*. The series concludes with *E. H. Hare and Have Not*, shown also at 9 p.m., over KPBS-TV, Channel 15.

What Do Children Think of When They Think of the Bomb? interviews, theatrical sketches, songs, and animation are used to explore young people's awareness of nuclear war, Wednesday, July 24, 11 a.m., KPBS-TV, Channel 15.

"Good Guys, Bad Guys," children will learn from Ken Kendall just who's who in the world of bugs, Saturday, July 20, 9:30 and 11 a.m., The Children's Museum of San Diego, 3635 Via La Jolla Drive, La Jolla. For registration information phone 450-0767.

Aquarium Workshop young people age ten and up may participate in this two-hour workshop, learning tips and techniques for the home aquarium, Saturday, July 20, 10 a.m., Scripps Aquarium, 1500 Camino del Mar, San Diego. For registration information phone 452-4578.

"Kazoo's Kids," a mime, puppets, songs, and special guests entertain every Sunday, 1 p.m., at the Tale Shop in Scripps Village, downtown, Free, 235-6569.

"Ocean Olympians," youngsters in the fourth through sixth grades will explore the world of the marine beneath the waves. The week-long class starts Monday, July 22, 8:30 a.m., with each of the sessions lasting for two and a half hours, Sunday, July 22, 10 a.m., and Saturday, July 20, 10 a.m., and Sunday, July 21, 11 a.m., and 1 and 2:30 p.m., Puppet Theater, Presidents Way, Balboa Park, 466-7128.

"Bubbles Galore," children in grades one and two will learn how to make giant bubbles in this two-hour class, Monday, July 22, 10 a.m., and Saturday, July 20, 10 a.m., Scripps Aquarium, 1500 Camino del Mar, San Diego. For registration information phone 452-4578.

"New Forms," Peter Shure of the Memphis group, Carl Franklin Smith, Candy Daniel, Heather Ramsey, Beverly Resner, and Nancy Alvarez are among the featured artists whose works, including neon-and-mirror designs, wearable art, small tables, and other pieces,

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class, one for children in the third and fourth grades, the other for those in the fifth and sixth grades. Students will play with straws, balloons, colored lights, and shadow art images. Session one for the younger crowd meets Wednesday, July 24, 10 a.m., and session two meets that same day at 1 p.m., Discovery Center, Reuben H. Fleet Space Theater and Science Center, Balboa Park. For registration information phone 238-1233 x213.

Puppet Tales for Children, the Teddy Bear and Penguin Insipid presents a series of "tales" for kids, Wednesday, July 24, 2 p.m., University Community Theater, 4155 Governors Drive, Claremont, Free, 453-7722.

"Showcase of the Arts," the Felicitas Foundation for the Arts presents this annual all-media festival show, featuring works of local artists. The exhibit continues through July 26 at the Mathes Cultural Center, 241 South Kalama Street, Escondido, 747-5227.

Paintings, Prints, and Drawings by Chino artist Robert Sanchez remain on exhibit through July 27 in the new gallery of the Centro Cultural de la Raza, located in Balboa Park's Pepper Grove, 235-6115.

Works by Four Artists, including Karen Carson, Janet Cording, Amanda Farber, and Gillian Theobald, remain on view through July 27, Patti Andie Gallery, 660 North Avenue, downtown.

"Separate Visions," photographs by Dennis Jones and Dennis Allen Jones are on view Friday, July 19, with an opening reception that begins at 7 p.m. The exhibit runs through September 12, Photographic Arts, 1449 Twentieth Street, Golden Hill, 232-2787.

"The Hair Piece," an installation of hair locks and earrings made from hair by San Francisco artist Virginia Bullock, who collected the pieces from numerous individuals through July 27, South Gallery, 852 Eighth Avenue, downtown, 235-8466.

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"Synthetic Vision of David Allan Siqueiros," the National Institute of the Fine Arts of Mexico presents this exhibition of forty-seven paintings, drawings, and lithographs by the renowned Mexican artist, until July 28, Tinsana Cultural Center, Dos de los Heros, in the river view.

"Escape to India and Beyond," multimedia show by artist Gail Grant continues on view the south, through July 21, International Gallery, 6414 G Street, downtown, 235-8255.

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"Black and White: Photographs of selected San Diego symphony members, taken by Joe Bate, are on view through August 4, Photo Arts Building, Balboa Park.

"Between Breakdowns," oil paintings, watercolors, and collages by the late Mary Jane Quinlan, 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 Fumacal Road, San Diego, 693-4319.

"Spectrum Invites," Spectrum Gallery presents this show, for which its forty-five member artists invited other artists to participate. The exhibition runs through August 10, and the gallery is located at 736 Seventh Avenue, downtown, 232-9743.

"Fortissimo! Thirty Years from the Richard Brown 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, 232-7991.

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READER'S GUIDE TO LOCAL EVENTS

(continued from page 9)

workshop at 5:00 p.m. on Tuesday, July 23 at Southcrest Park at Fortieth Street and Boston Avenue in Southcrest San Diego. Sponsored by Target Stores, the Parker Foundation, and the California Arts Council. Make-A-Circus is free to the public. For more information, call 236-4747 or 264-6138.

— Sue Garson

& Rats

(continued from page 1)

"Well," Schmegma was getting peeved.

"A rat, Queen!" said Harry meekly.
"Yeah, a rat!" answered Schmegma. "But not an ordinary rat. Ricky is a b n v i v a n t, a real cut-up. He's a bat-for rat with loads of dames chasing him, a fancy convertible, and a rep as a guy who can handle himself when he has to. People'll love him!" The three continued to stare at the drawing. "What the hell's wrong with a rat?" the impatient Schmegma half-yelled.

"Well, for one thing," offered Schmegma's brother, Morty, "rats aren't very clean. They hang around in sewers and stuff."

"Yeah," added Dean, the youngest of the cartoonists,

"you've heard the expression, 'he's a dirty rat.'"
"When you squeal on 'em," said Harry.
"If the cops fish a stiff outta the drink, they say he looks like a drowned rat," Morty chimed in.

"When people get suspicious, they say, 'I smell a rat,'" said Dean.

"Besides," said Harry, "I hear this Disney guy's already working on a mouse character."

"Listen, nobody's gonna pay to see a mouse," growled Schmegma, angry and hurt at the cool reception given Ricky.

"How 'bout, 'quiet as a mouse'?" Or "are you a man or a mouse?"

Mice aren't exactly winning any popularity polls, either. Anyhow, this is my company and I've already made up my mind."

Schmegma slammed the onion-skin down over his precious drawing. "When we get here tomorrow morning, I want you guys thinking of ideas for Ricky's first feature. And when this guy's the biggest hit since the automobile, you guys are gonna feel real stupid."

Of course, Walt Disney blew away the competition when he introduced Mickey Mouse to the world in the 1928 animated classic, Steamboat Willie, a feat which legitimized animation as an art form, catapulted Disney himself to worldwide fame and success, and saved us all the embarrassment of taking the kids to Schmegma-land every summer.

But even Mickey's ascendancy has not ameliorated the image of rats and mice. We still crummy rats when we think of crummy slams and dirty, abandoned warehouses. "Rat-infested" is one of the few descriptions that can get an entire building condemned. Munkies and rats were featured in the film, *Wild*, and were the protagonists' undoing in George Orwell's 1984. Mice, although generally considered much cuter than rats, are still "pests" that we gladly pay to have eradicated from our homes. And we don't feel the least bit guilty when we subject rats and mice to cruel lab experiments in the name of science.

But according to the American Fancy Rat and Mouse Association, these little critters are merely the victims of bad press. The AFRA even goes so far as to suggest that as the living-space crunch caused by urban sprawl and overcrowding increasingly limits our ability to keep dogs and cats, people will turn to domesticated rats and mice as a logical, practical alternative. This weekend, the AFRA will hold a show at least partly intended to educate the public to the pleasures of rat and mouse-osity. The extensive display will include both the standard (short, smooth, glossy hair) and rex (curly hair and whiskers) varieties of rats, as well as representatives of the seven varieties of fancy mice. Colors will range from the pure white albino through pearl, cream, beige, fawn, amber, gold, cinnamon, orange, silver, lilac,

chocolate, coffee, and jet black. There will be shimmering "satins," artistically haired "tizzies," and even hairless mice, in addition to spotted and hooded mice. Shamese and Himalayan mice imported from England will round out the unique presentation.

"Rats and Mice on Parade" will be presented this Sunday at Glen Park in Cardiff-by-the-Sea, at the corner of San Elijo Avenue and Orinda Drive. The show begins at 9:00 a.m., and admission is free to the public. For more information, call 561-2578.

— John D'Agostino

Commitment

(continued from page 1)

streets as curbside revolutionary evangelists. And it is even less surprising that eventually they took their theater on the road. They became leftist missionaries and went to Brazil and lived with the poor in the slums in the hills surrounding Rio de Janeiro.

This Saturday at 2:00 p.m., the La Jolla Museum of Contemporary Art will present a documentary on Beck, Malina, and the Living Theatre entitled *Sparks through the Flames*. The title itself is from a quote that encapsulates Artau's performance philosophy: "I call," he said, "for a theater in which the actors are like victims burning at the stake, signaling through the flames" Beck and Malina took his words to heart and were jailed both in New York and Brazil for their art.

Even if one is not in agreement with their politics, even if one finds their work tiresome, one has to respect them for their seemingly inexhaustible devotion to their cause and to their brand of theater. After the movie, Beck and Malina will both be on hand and will talk about contemporary theater. It is not that their influence on the American theater has been so great. Rather, they are archetypes of a form of American tenacity, and that, for no other reason, is sufficient cause to go and see them.

For more information, call 298-9796.

— Abe Opincar

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READER'S GUIDE TO THE THEATER

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

ANNIE
The Lawrence Welk Village Theatre presents the popular musical. Lyrics by Martin Charnin, and music by Charles Strouse. Based on a cartoon character created by Harold Gray in 1924. Annie, a hard-headed, know-it-all orphanage girl, goes searching for her real parents. She is aided by Daddy Warbucks (and J. Edgar Hoover). Gary Davis directs the production. Principal cast members are Laura Heister as Annie, Jack Kincaid as Warbucks, Charles Strouse as Mr. Warbucks, and Bob Barber as Roxanne (Sm).

BEYOND THERAPY
Christopher Durang's farce is crude and funny. The Marquis Public Theatre's production, with its wit, clever direction by Minerva Marquis, and its broadly comic acting style, treats the script as it deserves—as a vehicle for laughs, without any pretensions to psychological insight or serious social commentary. Bruce and Prudence have met through a personal ad in a newspaper. Bruce, who is bisexual, wants to marry her, but she has a lower named Bob. Bob of this updated version of conventional comic material. Durang has made an amusing farce, genial in its satire of psychotherapy, and

particularly good in its reproduction of a special late twentieth-century American language: the bubbling gong of psychopomp clichés, the acting and staging at the Marquis are both excellent, filled with detailed comic realism. Well worth seeing. (Sa.)

THE DAYS OF OUR LIVES — AN EVENING OF IMPROV
The Showcase San Diego Players are performing, on Friday and Saturday nights, an evening of comedy, improvisation, music, and "remix" (rehearsed improvisation). Members of the group are Willis Lawell, Taylor Howard, Ross Lloyd, Nan Wood, Lee Conway, and Jerry Harper. (Sm.) Shows are San Diego, 2244 Fourth Avenue, San Diego, through July 27, Friday and Saturday at 8:00 p.m. For information call 421-1000.

THE EGOMANIACS
Comedienne Margaret Gillette and Shorty Brown, former members of the improvisational group Hot Tinkles, return to the Gasconade Cultural Center where they premiered their comedy as first nighters. Accompanied musically by Lawrence Mass, the group will perform scenes in recent San Diego plays, monologues, and musical numbers. (Sm.) Shows are San Diego, 2244 Fourth Avenue, San Diego, through July 27, Friday and Saturday at 8:00 p.m., and 10:00 p.m. For information call 236-9287.

FALLER ANGELS
Paul Coward's frothy comedy, which you may see in a delightful production at the Old Globe, shows once again its author's deft manner of touching upon serious human issues so lightly and casually that audiences come away convinced that he has been merely entertained, while in fact they have been given a tasteful look at a poignant reality. Before their marriages, Julie and Jane had had

affairs with a suave Frenchman. Now, for some half a decade, they have been happily married to wind proper decent, old-fashioned Englishmen. Fission has gone out of their marriages, husband and wife love each other, but they are no longer in love with each other. The old flame reappears, and after the briefest of reacquaintances Julie and Jane confess that they are desperately looking for passion, as they hang on the phone waiting for the Frenchman's call. But while Julie and Jane are close friends, they are also two women in love with for imagining themselves in love with the same man. In the grand crescendo of drunkenness that makes up the second act of *Faller Angels*, where the two women drink themselves silly while waiting for their one true partner to show up, the reality gradually reveals itself, leading to a frenzied and hilarious quarrel, staged at the Old Globe with great comic inventiveness by director John La Menda. (Sa.) Shows are San Diego, 11, Wednesday through August 11, Wednesday through Saturday, through at 8:15 p.m., Sunday, through at 8:15 p.m., curtain at 7:15 p.m. Matinee-Sunday buffet luncheon at noon, curtain at 1:15 p.m. For information call 464-1196.

FIDDLER ON THE ROOF
The Celebrity Dinner Theatre (formerly the Lyric Dinner Theatre) opens its doors with the popular musical — music by Jerry Block, lyrics by Sheldon Harnick, book by Joseph Stein. Based on the stories of Sholom Aleichem. Jack Tipton directs the production, which features such songs as "Tradition," "I Want a Bow-Tie Man," and "Sunrise, Sunset." Peter Gaudin plays Tevye, and Penny Dean is the musical director. (Sm.) Shows are San Diego, 11, Wednesday through August 11, Wednesday through Saturday, through at 8:15 p.m., Sunday, through at 8:15 p.m., curtain at 7:15 p.m. Matinee-Sunday buffet luncheon at noon, curtain at 1:15 p.m. For information call 464-1196.

AMERICAN MAN
by Bertolt Brecht
Directed by Robert Woodruff
Sets by Georg Stein
Costumes by Susan Lennett
Lighting by Richard Riddell
Music by Doug Wiseman
Sound by Victor Zupanc

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SATURDAY-8 PM
CLOUD



By Caryl Churchill
Recommended for adult audiences
CALL 235-8025
1/2-price HOT TIX available 4:30-6:30 pm
san diego repertory theatre
1620 Sixth Avenue

Theater Directory

ADAMS AVENUE THEATRE 3325 Adams Avenue, Normal Heights 661-1111	LAWRENCE WELK VILLAGE THEATRE 8801 Lawrence Welk Drive, Escondido 743-1418	SAN DIEGO MESA COLLEGE 1250 Mesa College Drive, San Diego 278-2300 x136
ALPHA OMEGA PLAYERS 1531 Sycamore Avenue, San Diego 466-1710	LEMON GROVE PLAYERS Lemon Grove Junior High School 3146 School Lane, Lemon Grove 466-9579, 466-1445	SAN DIEGO REPERTORY THEATRE 1620 Sixth Avenue, downtown 235-8025
THE BOWERY THEATRE 4801 Elm Street, San Diego 232-4088	LYRIC DINNERS AT THE 2511 E. Canyon Boulevard, La Mesa 464-1156	SAN DIEGO STATE UNIVERSITY Main Stage and Experimental Theatre 265-6884 Open Amphitheatre 265-6947
CIVIC THEATRE 202 C Street, downtown 236-4510	MARQUIS PUBLIC THEATRE 3717 India Street, San Diego 755-3528	SAN DIEGO LITTLE THEATRE 1011 E. Longways, Del Mar 755-3528
CORONADO PLAYHOUSE 1750 Strand Way, Coronado 435-4856	MIRACOSTA COLLEGE One Barnard Drive, Oceanside 757-2121 x236	SANTEE COMMUNITY THEATRE 10025 San Santee Road, Lakeside 448-5673
EAST COUNTY PERFORMING ARTS CENTER 210 E. Main Street, El Cajon 440-2277	NORTH COAST REPERTORY THEATRE Lomas Santa Fe Plaza Lomas Santa Fe Road, Solana Beach 481-1059	SCRIPPS RANCH COMMUNITY THEATRE Wingspread Junior High School Auditorium 9280 Gable Court Drive, Mira Mesa 566-7300 x116
FIESTA DINNER THEATRE 9665 Campus Road, Spring Valley 897-8977	NORTH COUNTY COMMUNITY THEATRE 1350 East Vista Way, Vista 234-3421	SHOWCASE SAN DIEGO 2244 Fourth Avenue, San Diego 421-1002
FOX THEATRE 720 B Street, downtown 233-6331	OLD GLOBE THEATRE Old Globe Theatre Casita Center Stage Festival Stage, Balboa Park 239-2253	SOUTH COAST REPERTORY THEATRE 695 Tower Center Drive, Costa Mesa 714-957-4033
GARLAND QUARTER THEATRE 547 Fourth Avenue, downtown 234-9983	PALOMAR COLLEGE Palomar College Theatre, San Marcos 744-8860	SOUTHWESTERN COLLEGE Arts Theatre, Main Hall 900 Day Lakes Road, Chula Vista 421-1180
GROSSMONT COMMUNITY COLLEGE Stagehouse Theatre 8800 Government College Drive, El Cajon 465-1700 x410	PATIO PLAYHOUSE Vineyard Shopping Center 1751 E. Valley Parkway, Escondido 746-6669	STARLIGHT Starlight Bowl, Balboa Park 232-5040 or 234-5146
IMPERIAL BEACH PLAYERS Merrill Villa Center Fajohn Street and Imperial Beach Boardwalk Imperial Beach 424-9641	PINE HILLS LODGE 2960 La Presa Drive, Julian 765-1103	THE SUSHI GALLERY 1212 Eighth Avenue, downtown 235-8466
JEWISH COMMUNITY CENTER Forest and Center Theaters 8077B South Street, San Diego 583-3300 x36	POINT LOMA COLLEGE Salmon Theatre 3000 Lomaland Drive, Point Loma 222-6474 x248	THE THEATRE IN OLD TOWN 6180 Teeny Street, Del Mar 298-0282
LA JOLLA PLAYHOUSE Marshall Weiss Center, UCSD 452-3960	SAN DIEGO ACTORS THEATRE 111 Eighth Avenue, downtown 268-4994	UNITED STATES INTERNATIONAL UNIVERSITY Zoltie Theatre 10455 Pomerado Road, Scripps Ranch 271-4303
LA JOLLA STAGE COMPANY Parker Auditorium, La Jolla High School 750 Naurus Street, La Jolla 459-7773	SAN DIEGO CITY THEATRE Theatre and C. Center, downtown 239-7854	UNIVERSITY OF CALIFORNIA SAN DIEGO UCSD Theatre, John Muir Theatre Theatre and C. Center, downtown 452-4574
LAMB'S PLAYERS THEATRE 500 E. Plaza Boulevard, National City 474-4242	SAN DIEGO JUNIOR THEATRE Casa del Prado Theatre, Balboa Park 239-3155	UNIVERSITY OF SAN DIEGO Camino Theatre, Alcala Park Linda Vista Road, San Diego 239-6480
LAMPLIGHTERS COMMUNITY THEATRE San Diego Fine Arts Center 807 S. University Avenue, La Mesa 964-2108		

READER'S GUIDE TO THE THEATER

GIRL CRAZY
 Sebastian's Most Dinner Playhouse is staging the musical — music by George Gershwin, lyrics by Ira Gershwin, book by Gay Rubin and John McCowan — about Darryl Churchill, a wealthy New York playboy, whose wife has sent him west to get away from bootleggers and gold diggers. Darryl finds true love in Molly Gray, and ends up getting a huge ranch in Catalina. Arizona. The 1930 musical, helmed by Elmer Bernstein's debut on Broadway, includes such songs as "Bidi My Time," "Embraceable You," "I Got Rhythm," and "But Not for Me." James Marley directs the production. (Sm.)
 Sebastian's Most Dinner Playhouse, 140 Avenida Pico, San Clemente, through July 21. Thursday through Saturday, dinner at 6:30 p.m., curtain at 8:00 p.m.; Sunday, dinner at 5:30 p.m., curtain at 7:00 p.m. Matinee Sunday, brunch at 11:30 a.m., curtain at 1:00 p.m. For information call 492-9950.

GOOD NEWS
 Project Vanguard Productions presents a musical based on the Gospel of John that recounts the events of Holy Week through the resurrection experience. Bob Fugard directs the production. Members of the cast include John Landis, Tula Anderson, Neville Corfield, and Michael Taser. Karl Canfield is the choreographer, and Barney Kline is the lighting designer. (Sm.)
 Westminster Arena Theatre, 3598 Tabot Street, Point Loma, through July 27. Thursday through Saturday at 8:30 p.m. For information call 724-2962.

HELLO AND GOODBYE
 Athol Fugard's uneven drama has

GREATER TUNA
 Basically a series of satirical television skits, such as you might see on Saturday Night Live, Greater Tuna is worth going to for the virtuoso performances of Larry Drake and Philip Brown, who turn mere plays and dialogues, thus denuding our assumptions of their value. The play begins at a point where few ever go. Its two characters have both been blind of love. Heater Smith has returned home searching for something more, or at least other, than what she has. She leaves, in the end, bleached of that final illusion but with impetus enough to move on. Her brother Johnnie, who has cared for her handicapped father for the last fifteen years, remains behind. During the course of the play, Heater and Johnnie plunge quickly into a psychological region, foreign to most of us, where survival itself is the only issue. The play has many strengths, but concision is not one of them. Fugard seems obsessed with the idea that he must not leave anything unsaid, and he also has an unrelenting eye for the symbolic. The Bowers Theatre's production of the play has overcome many, but not all, of Fugard's excesses. Directed by Ollie Nash, the show is an intense (at times too intense) blending of mystery and mania that on occasion burns through the play's lyrical exuberance and reaches the play's vanishing point. The technical features of the Bowers are up to its usually high standards. Fugard's sound design and Sean La Motte's shadow lighting are among the best work each has ever done. And while Richard Gilman is to be applauded for attempting such a complex role, he beams in and out

several moments of genuine power. First produced in 1965, the play aims not at affirmation, in the traditional sense, but rather for motives just to continue living. Fugard takes the things we take for granted or have seen, and reduces them into mere masks and illusions, thus denuding our assumptions of their value. The play begins at a point where few ever go. Its two characters have both been blind of love. Heater Smith has returned home searching for something more, or at least other, than what she has. She leaves, in the end, bleached of that final illusion but with impetus enough to move on. Her brother Johnnie, who has cared for her handicapped father for the last fifteen years, remains behind. During the course of the play, Heater and Johnnie plunge quickly into a psychological region, foreign to most of us, where survival itself is the only issue. The play has many strengths, but concision is not one of them. Fugard seems obsessed with the idea that he must not leave anything unsaid, and he also has an unrelenting eye for the symbolic. The Bowers Theatre's production of the play has overcome many, but not all, of Fugard's excesses. Directed by Ollie Nash, the show is an intense (at times too intense) blending of mystery and mania that on occasion burns through the play's lyrical exuberance and reaches the play's vanishing point. The technical features of the Bowers are up to its usually high standards. Fugard's sound design and Sean La Motte's shadow lighting are among the best work each has ever done. And while Richard Gilman is to be applauded for attempting such a complex role, he beams in and out

THE KING AND I
 Reviewed this issue.
 Starlight Bowl, through July 21.
 Thursday through Sunday at 8:30 p.m.

LONDON ASSURANCE
 The Old Globe Theatre presents a production of a play by Caryl Churchill, a nineteen-century young comedy of manners about a young man who falls in love with his father's youthful fiancée. Craig Noel directs the production. Principal members of the cast include David Ogden Stiers, Katherine McGrath, Jeffrey Combs, George Deloy, and Jody Gels. Richard Seger is the scenic designer, Deborah N. Dryden the costume designer, and Fend Doney the lighting designer. Conrad Buss, the original music for this production, (Sm.)

LOWELL DAVIES FESTIVAL THEATRE
 Sunday, July 21. Tuesday through September 22. Thursday through Sunday at 8:30 p.m. (through July 28).

A MAN'S MAN
 The La Jolla Playhouse is staging Benoit's comedy about a man who goes out to buy fish and becomes transformed into a British soldier and leads the army against a group of Indian rebels. Robert Woodruff directs the production.

of Johnson's character. But Bonnie Dillingham's work as the spiritual, contented mother makes the play's otherwise incoherent production worth a visit. (Sm.)
 Bowers Theatre, through August 4.
 Thursday through Saturday at 8:00 p.m.; Sunday at 7:00 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 comic and the serious elements of the play. Audiences expecting a Whitman's Sampler of the play's deeper localities, its reading of the spirit world, in particular, comes closer to that than most. (Sm.)

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READER'S GUIDE TO THE THEATER

drama, the performance of Stiers, McGrath, and Combs add a rare grandeur to the production. For most of the evening, because of the jittery, unpredictable nature of their characters — a delicate, white, and selfish aims that threaten the very fabric of nature — the three actors leave the play a harmonious conclusion in doubt. In this striking interpretation, all three become forces capable of both mending and breaking part of the multiple meanings of this production, for the me came from the joy of seeing the new Lowell Davies outdoor stage, from recalling the abrupt shock that prompted its construction, and from realizing that we were a stage to turn down the hundred years ago. Puck would have been blind. For sheer fun and levity, the production also offers a racy comic performance by Katherine McGrath, as a giddy Hermia, and uniformly terrific work by Tom Lacy, as Bottom the Weaver, and the actors playing the "mechanicals."

THE PRODUCTION
 The production was directed by Duke Theaters and Hippolyta, but the majority of the evening is simply too well done to miss. Robert Morgan's set and O'Brien's direction make full use of the new stage and its outdoor setting. The line between art and nature blurs in this production. And the spirit, fauna, and flora that the production stage appear to have come not from a dressing room but rather from the nearby trees. The canyons of the park itself. (Sm.)

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A MIDSUMMER NIGHT'S DREAM
 For its fifth annual summer show, Ollie Nash Productions presents Shakespeare's story of six lovers whose courting and wedding plans go awry after the introduction of a fairy. (Sm.)

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The Supporting Cast

Wilson and Franklin Lacey. The Summer Workshop is a private corporation set up by local teachers and parents to provide their experience for children. The production — which features such popular songs as "Trouble," "There Was a Time," and "Seven-Seven Trombones" — is directed by Barry Borenstein and Robert Jordan. Joni Baker Duah is the choreographer, and Ida Huff is the accompanist. (Sm.)

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The Supporting Cast

a successful artist who goes home to paint a portrait of her eccentric parents — the Churches. Among many other things, the play raises two questions: how do you paint your parents and get them right, and do they ever get right? Robert Borenstein directs the production. Cast members are Margaret Gibson, G. Wood, and Juliana McCarthy. Alvin H. Okawa is the scenic designer, Sally Cleveland the costume designer, John B. Forbes the lighting designer, and Michael Winston the sound designer. (Sm.)

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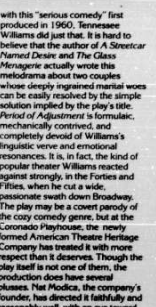
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The Supporting Cast

with this "serious comedy" first produced in 1960. Tennessee Williams did just that. It is a hand to believe that the author of *A Streetcar Named Desire* and *The Glass Menagerie* actually wrote the melodrama about two couples whose deeply ingrained mental 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' magnetic nerve 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 covert parody of the copy comedy genre, but at the Coronado 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 moments of wit and charm. The company's founder, has directed it faithfully and reasonably well, with an eye toward recreating the active style of the original production. This move does play into Williams' excesses — still scenes and past answers — but Modica has been able, where possible, to come some tender moments out of his leads: Mark Anthony, Kirk Bollinger, and especially Phyllis Harfield. Modica has also designed a handsome set, and the production in general is a pleasant surprise for detail. In the program notes, the new company has announced the question: "producing American plays of the 1930s to the 1960s, plays 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's needed now is a script, from our heritage, more worthy of the company's vision. (Sm.)

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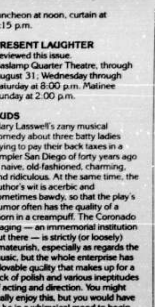
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The Supporting Cast

lunchroom at noon, curtain at 1:15 p.m.

PRESENT LAUGHTER
 Reviewed this issue.
 August 31. Wednesday through Saturday at 8:00 p.m. Matinee Sunday at 2:00 p.m.

SUMMER SUSHI
 The Del Mar Theatre is staging a production of a play by...

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Hammond Studio of Dance

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 July 8-August 15

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 Guest teachers:
 Jean Isaacs, Kit Miller

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The story of a pampered, popular matinee idol and his colorful collection of friends, fans and lovers.

"... a delicious addition to the summer menu, a fast, very funny comedy done up delightfully by the Gaslamp Quarter Theatre."

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Center for Theatre Science and Research
 in association with Performance Parameters
 La Jolla Museum of Contemporary Art
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JULIAN BECK & JUDITH MALINA

SATURDAY,
 JULY 20, 2:00 PM
 Sherwood Auditorium
 700 Prospect Street
 La Jolla Museum of Contemporary Art

The film:
 Signals Through The Flames,
 the story of the Living Theatre. Following the film,
 Julian Beck and Judith Malina
 (founders of the Living Theatre) will speak on contemporary theatre

\$7.00 general admission
 \$5.00 LMOCA members, students and seniors
 Tickets available at the Sherwood Hall box office starting noon,
 Saturday, July 20. For information call 298-9796.

Center for Theatre Science and Research
 Luke Theodore Morrison, Artistic Director
 3574 Fourth Avenue, San Diego, California 92103

THE BOWERY THEATRE

Presents

Hello and Goodbye

by Athol Fugard
 directed by Ollie Nash

In Cool 65° Air Conditioned Comfort

"An intense blending of mystery and mania."
 —Jeff Smith, Reader

"A show filled with fierce beauty."
 —Chris Schneider, La Jolla Light

"A first class production that crackles with electricity!"
 —Bill Hager, Tribune

Thurs.-Sat. 8 p.m. - Sun. 7 p.m. - \$6 & \$10
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 480 Elm Street (at Fifth Avenue)
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 The luxurious package includes tickets, main floor seating, champagne and roses, professional chauffeur and much, much more!

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 Includes choice food or pizza seats, Champagne to and from game, Arrive in style — a super stretch limo!

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Del Mar Races
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PAUL THE GREEK'S LIMO

In the lobby of
 Rodman Hotel
 Mission Valley
 287-6888

5232 Jackson Dr. Suite 104
 La Mesa, California 92041
 (Next to Mad Jack's)
589-2299

READER'S GUIDE TO THE MUSIC SCENE

Music commentary by John D'Agostino. Please send concert information and photographs to Reader Music Scene, P.O. Box 80802, San Diego 92128.

While the term "Christian rock" may not qualify as an oxymoron like "defense budget" or "Chargers' pass rush," the music to which it refers may never shake its inherent and problematical contradictions. That's not to imply that rock and roll cannot be true rock and roll if it promotes a Christian ethic — a great number of rock songs have over the years carried messages whose basic theses were Christian in origin. Nor would it make much sense to say that a message cannot be truly Christian if it is borne on the bony back of a hard-rock tune, unless someone can come forward with a newly discovered third stone tablet that clearly instructs, "Thou shalt not Playeth Power Chords." No, the inescapable ironies to which I refer have more to do with the motives of those who perform. Ch. "san rock and the realities that come to bear on their efforts."

Let's look for a moment at this subgenre that has been threatening to become a phenomenon. In recent weeks we've had several Christian rock artists pass through San Diego, among them the heavy-metal band Strayer, the rockabilly-ish Lifes Out, pop-gospel singer Amy Grant, rhythm and blues vocalist Philip Bailey, and this week, a group of former arena-



L.D.

rockers calling itself A.D. to which we'll return in a minute. Each time such artists show up we are reminded of the magazine and newspaper articles and television special reports that have tried their damndest (I'm watching my language for this piece) to convince us that these Christian rockers represent some kind of trend. Considering all the attention these people are getting from the media, you'd think they were the vanguard of a movement that had the record executives shuffling frantically to ready the record presses for the "Christian Invasion" what *People* magazine undoubtedly would dub "The New Crusades." But when the headlines have faded and the TV reporters have moved on to the next phenomenon of the

week, we are left with the fact that even Amy Grant — Christian music's newest superstar and the recipient lately of an incredible amount of media hype — still sells most of her records within the insular and very specialized "Christian music" market, one consisting mostly of independent labels and artists of whom most people have never heard. Many of these artists do very well by independent-label standards, but don't expect them to start infiltrating the pop charts any too soon (even if Grant's recently released, pop-oriented album does well).

When asked (and even when not asked), the artists listed above make their aims clear. They want to rock and at the same time bring the word of Christ to the masses. There's

nothing wrong with that, but I see a problem: the people who buy their albums and attend their concerts are by and large already "believers." There's a coal-to-Newcastle element to the Christian-rock thing that will prevent it from ever becoming more than it already is — a self-generated and self-maintained industry-within-an-industry that serves an esoteric purpose. If anyone outside of the Christian community takes an interest in Christian rock bands, it will likely be because of the music and not because of the message. And most of the music is rather bland, so even that remains a remote possibility.

Understandably, these Christian rockers have based their endeavors on the presumption that rock as a medium is a great conduit for ideas, a "universal language" that will reach into people's hearts and minds. Rock's professional defenders and apologists have for years spoken of the music's "power to transform," citing rock's undeniable role in untangling people around specific issues, especially during the Sixties. But rock as an instrument of social or spiritual change is highly overrated. The generation that rallied against the war in Vietnam, against the draft, against racism, against authoritarian, middle-class government, was already bonded by a common set of ideals fostered by interaction

and reaction to the events of the day. Rock merely became a convenient and highly accessible catalyst and means of expressing and promulgating those beliefs. Unless there are hundreds of thousands of teenagers and young adults who are already considering "giving their lives to Christ," then the odds against Christian rock's gathering up a flock of converts would seem great indeed. The message in Christian rock will not turn masses of young hearts and minds to Christ any more than listening to Madonna will turn a generation of young girls into vamping nymphomaniacs. Let in an interesting recent development, the tubed ranks of Christian rockdom have been joined by a couple of groups whose members are refugees from the popular side of the fence. These artists have seen and experienced enough in the "real" rock and roll world to know the score, and if they have any shortcomings, naïveté cannot be presumed to be among them. Of these artists, the most appealing and perhaps the strongest candidate to construct a bridge between the Christian and secular music worlds is A.D., a band formed by former members of the progressive-rock group, Kansas. A.D.'s leader and principal songwriter is Kerry Livgren, the same bloke who wrote such Kansas hits as "Carry On Wayward Son," "Dust in the Wind," and "People of the

(continued on page 16)

MBC PRESENTS HOT SUMMER SOUNDS Outdoor Concert Series At the End of Shelter Island KONA KAI CLUB

THIS SUNDAY



ROBERTA FLACK
One show only! 8:30 pm
Sunday, July 21

Just added:
The
Commodores
Sunday,
August 4,
8:00 pm
On sale
tomorrow



PAT METHENY GROUP
One show nightly! 8:30 pm
Sunday, July 28 & Monday, July 29

Call 283-SEAT to charge tickets. Tickets on sale at Bill Gamble's, Aztec Box Office, San Diego Stadium, Licorice Pizza and all TELESEAT outlets. All La Jolla Village Inn reserved seat tickets will be honored at the Kona Kai Club.

MALIBU CONCERT SERIES HUMPHREY'S CONCERTS by the bay

Chrysler Dodge

Early Show Discounts
Two Shows Nightly 7 and 9 p.m.

Dinner Show Package Available
ALL RESERVED SEATS

HAVE A "WEIRD" & JAZZY WEEKEND



"Eat It" ... "Like a Surgeon"
"WEIRD AL" YANKOVIC
& His Stupid Band
July 19



The Guitar behind Steely Dan and The Crusaders
LARRY CARLTON
July 20

COMING SOON!



An Evening with Windham Hill
SHADOWFAX
Wednesday, July 24

Randy Newman's
July 13 SDSU Show
has been moved to
Humphrey's for 2
shows August 2 (7 & 9 pm)
Tickets may be exchanged
at point of purchase for
the show of your choice
by July 26, please!



The Incomparable
RANDY NEWMAN
Friday, August 2

JUST ADDED



La Jolla Native Comes Home
MICHAEL FRANKS
Friday, August 16



Windham Hill Night #3
MICHAEL HEDGES
with Special Guest PIERRE BENSUSAN
Thursday, August 29



Piano Virtuoso
RODNEY FRANKLIN GROUP
Friday, August 30

COMING SOON

GRP JAZZ '85
DAVE GRUSIN
LEE RITENOUR
DAVE VALENTIN
DIANE SCHURR
IVAN LINS
August 8 & 9

MAHAVISHNU
ORCHESTRA
JOHN McLAUGHLIN
MITCHEL FORMAN
BILL EVANS
JONAS HELLBOG
DANNY GOTTLIEB
August 10

CHUCK MANGIONE
August 21 - 22
RAY CHARLES
August 31
August 27 tickets will be honored
STANLEY JORDAN
September 6

STANLEY CLARKE
September 12
CRUSADERS
September 21 - 22
JUST ADDED
KENNY G.
Wednesday, July 31

TICKETMASTER
AT MAY COMPANY, 910 J.C. S. PLACE
MUSIC SHOPPING AND TRIP TECHNIQUE

TICKETMASTER CHARGE (619) 232-0800

SOUTHLAND CONCERTS

Humphrey's
Shelter Island Drive
"by the bay"

(continued from page 16)
and *Sing for Jell*. Young's breezy mix of folk, jazz, and country stylings, introspective long songs, and careening vocal manner found a fairly large audience in the mid-Seventies, but Young joined the death march with the other solo artists when disco and punk blew subtly out of the water later in that decade.

Now many of the singer-songwriters who were defied ten years ago are having trouble landing even modest record deals. The last I heard, Mason was negotiating with an independent label based in

Texas. Morrison was dropped from the Warner Brothers artists roster due to lack of sales (only to be signed and re-released recently by PolyGram), and Young was still marketing his own albums at reunion gigs by the Youngbloods. When I saw that hand at the Rodan some months ago, Young seemed very bitter about his treatment at the hands of Elektra Records, his last major company, and was paying a lively lasso to sell his most recent album in the club's lobby. I would hope that Young's current string of performances can be taken as an indication that he's making progress in his efforts to get back into the

mainstream, if you'll pardon the expression, because he's a genuinely gifted songwriter and an artist worthy of more respect than he's gotten from the fickle record biz. Young will perform tonight, Thursday, at La Paloma Theater in Encinitas. Also on the bill is early-Dylan folk stylist **Joel Edlin**. In other concerts this week, **Lower of Power** will be at the Belly Up Tavern tonight, Thursday, while **neophytes** **Bus Boys** and **Dirk Debonaire** are going to be sharing the stage at the Distillery. A pretty eclectic Friday brings **John Denver** and his band to SDSU's Open-Air Theater. **"Weird Al" Yankovic**


singer **Roberta Flack** at the Kona Kai Club on Shelter Island; and guitarist **Elvin Bishop** at the Bacchanal in Clairemont Mesa. Tuesday's only show is a doubleheader that showcases saxophonist **Grover Washington, Jr.** and **Pieces of a Dream** at SDSU's Open-Air Theater. But things heat up again on Wednesday when the **Power Station** hits SDSU's Open-Air Theater; **Shadowfax** plays Humphrey's in two shows; **Mutabaruka** and the **High Times Players** take over Wabash Hall; and **Richard Thompson** opens a two-night stand at the Old Time Café in Leucadia.

DISTILLERY

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THE BUS BOYS
plus **Dirk Debonaire**
Tickets at **music** and **Distillery**

For entertainment booking information
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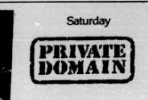
Friday

DIRK DEBONAIRE




Saturday

PRIVATE DOMAIN




Every Tuesday

MILLENNIUM



1.50 Iced Teas all night

Every Wednesday Night!!!
Felix is back
Studio 90 Dance Party presenting
THE MS. SUMMERTIME COVER GIRL MODEL SEARCH



10 weekly preliminaries. Winner of...
Week #1: Christy Walsh, Dallas, Texas
Week #2: Cheryl Lynn Wells, San Diego, CA
Week #3: See next week's Reader
Week #4: Your name here???

Coming Thursday, July 25
DISTILLERY SUMMER BIKINI CONTEST
\$100 1ST PRIZE
Contestants must enter by 10:45

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HEATERS Thurs.-Fri.-Sat.
Rock and Roll • Dance • Dining 'til 3 a.m. Fri. & Sat.

5 CARELESS LOVERS
Rock and Roll • Dance • Rock and Roll 9-11 p.m.

Fattburger Mon.-Tues.
Jazz • Jazz-Tues. — Complete prime rib dinner \$5.99, 8-11

RICK WELLS Wed.
Restaurant Employees Night • 51 well drinks • Rock and Roll

ELLA RUTH PIGGEE Thurs.-Fri.-Sat.
San Diego's Finest Jazz • Dining 'til 3 a.m. Fri. & Sat.

Fattburger Sunday
Jazz • Jazz • Jazz • Jazz • Jazz • Jazz • Jazz • Jazz

HEATERS Mon.-Tues.
Mon. — KGB FM Night • Tues. — Restaurant Employee Night

5 CARELESS LOVERS Wednesday
Mexican Lobster Night \$7.99 • Margaritas \$1.00

the OLD pacific beach CAFE

4287 Mission Boulevard
Pacific Beach
270-7522

BELLY UP

Tavern

TOWER OF POWER
Friday, July 19 9 p.m.



Industrial strength rock & roll

PRIVATE DOMAIN
Saturday, July 20 9:30 p.m.



Rock Rhythm & Blues

THE JAMES HARMAN BAND
with guests
THE SOUTH BAY LEGENDS

Sunday, July 21
2-6 p.m.—San Diego Oldtime Jazz Society presents
THE CHICAGO SIX and THE DESERT CITY SIX

9 p.m.—Rhino Records
THE BEAT FARMERS

Monday, July 22 9:15 p.m.



Nostalgic Rock & Roll

THE MAR DELS

Tuesday, July 23 9:30 p.m.
Ragtime/Ska

FO-MO
Wednesday, July 24 9 p.m.

PETER SPRAGUE'S ELECTRIC BAND

Coming Thursday, July 25 9 p.m.
KCQB and The Belly Up with a fond farewell to a North County tradition



THE JIMMY CRIBB BAND
They're movin' to Texas

Coming:
Friday, July 26 — **BEAT DELS**
Saturday, July 27 — **REBEL ROCKERS**
Sunday, July 28 — **BANCHO BARNARD**
Thursday, August 1 — **THE BYRDS**
Friday & Saturday, August 2 & 3 — **RON THOMPSON**
Sunday, August 4 — **BLUES BROTHERS**
Sunday, August 11 — **LODGE ROCK**
Thursday, August 15 — **JACK RACE & THE HEART ATTACK**
Sunday, August 18 — **BAN & DAVE**

FREE AFTERNOON CONCERTS
Monday, 6:30 pm-8:30 pm—Vintage Jazz & Swing—
MOLLY STONE & FRIENDS
Wednesday, 6:00 pm-8:30 pm—Nostalgic Rock/Swing—**STONE'S THROW**
Friday, 5:30 pm-8:00 pm—Oldtime Jazz—**CHICAGO SIX**

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Open 7 days to midnight
MONDAY NIGHTS 6-8 PM • SPAGHETTI DINNER \$1.99
includes salad & garlic bread
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includes salad and rice

FOR INFORMATION CALL 481-9022
143 SOUTH CEDROS AVE • SOLANA BEACH, CA 92075

CONCERTS

Jesse Colin Young and Joel Edlin: La Paloma Theater, tonight, Thursday, 8 p.m., First and D streets, Encinitas, 436-7786.

Tower of Power: Belly Up Tavern, tonight, Thursday, 9 p.m., 143 South Cedros Avenue, Solana Beach, 481-9022.

The Bus Boys: The Distillery, tonight, Thursday, call for time, 140 South Sierra Avenue, Solana Beach, 755-6733.

John Denver and Band: SDSU's Open-Air Theater, Friday, July 19, 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., Continuum, Concord, downtown, 565-7278.

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

New Marines, Tami and the Monthlies, Eleventh Hour, and Captured Hearts: Spirit, Friday, July 19, 9 p.m., 1130 Blacow, 276-3993.

The Marshall Tucker Band: San Diego Wild Animal Park's Mahala Amphitheater, Friday, July 19, through Sunday, July 21, 7:30 p.m., 15500 San Pasqual Valley Road, Escondido, 747-8702.

Fear, Gang Green, Adrenalin O.D., and S.N.E.U.: Palisade Gardens Skating Rink, Saturday, July 20, 8 p.m., 2838 University Avenue, 565-9947.

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

Babylon Warriors, Playground Slap, and Stormy Summer: Spirit, Saturday, July 20, 9 p.m., 1130 Blacow, 276-3993.

Roberta Flack: Kona Kai Club, Sunday, July 21, 8:30 p.m., 1851 Shelter Island Drive, 283-SEAT.

Elvin Bishop: Bacchanal, Sunday, July 21, 7:30 and 10:30 p.m., 8022 Clairemont Mesa Boulevard, 560-8022.

L'Esprit: La Maison/Galerie 5, Sunday, July 21, 7:30 p.m., 3681 Fifth Avenue, Hillcrest, 298-0119.

Harvey and the 52nd Street Jive: Hotel San Diego, Sunday, July 21, 4:30-7 p.m., 339 West Broadway Street, downtown, 283-7328.

Grover Washington, Jr. and Pieces of a Dream: SDSU's Open-Air Theater, 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., 224-4176.

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

Mutabaruka and the High Times Players: Wabash Hall, Wednesday, July 24, call for time, 3855 Wabash Avenue, 481-8650.

Richard Thompson: Old Time Café, Wednesday and Thursday, July 24 and 25, 7 and 9 p.m., 1464 North Highway 101, Leucadia, 436-4030.

R.E.M.: SDSU's Open-Air Theater, Friday, July 26, 8 p.m., San Diego State University campus, 232-0800 or 265-6947.

Jan and Dean: San Diego Wild Animal Park's Mahala Amphitheater, Friday, July 26, through Sunday, July 28, 7:30 p.m., 15500 San Pasqual Valley Road, Escondido, 747-8702.


Exciter, Megadeth, and Hixx: Palisade Gardens Roller Rink, Saturday, July 27, 8 p.m., 2838 University Avenue, 565-9947.

LEHR'S GREENHOUSE

TONIGHT

Thursday, July 18

ipso facto




\$1.25 margaritas • \$1.01 nachos

ROCKIN' WEEKEND

Friday & Saturday, July 19 & 20

ipso facto



Notice to Appear

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

\$3

SUNDAY

Sunday, July 21

KGB-FM101

presents

RockWax '85

for WDA

Preliminary #3

brought to you this week by Muzik Muzik

Congrats to **The Londons**,
winner of preliminary #2

Notice to Appear **FRANCE**

HEATERS


TUESDAY & WEDNESDAY

Tuesday & Wednesday, July 23 & 24

MID-WEEK MEXICAN MADNESS

Tuesday Wild Wednesday
\$1.25 Tequila drinks \$1.95 Iced teas
\$5.00 Margarita liters \$5.00 Margarita liters
50¢ Taco bar 50¢ Taco bar

THE HEROES



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CARABAT DRINK SPECIALS
Thursdays—Margaritas \$1.25
Tuesdays—Tequila drinks \$1.25
Wednesdays—Iced Teas \$1.05

2828 Camino del Rio South, Mission Valley 709-2828

Suzanne Vega: Spirit, Saturday, July 27, 9 p.m., 1130 Buena Vista, 276-3993.

Santana: SDSU's Open-Air Theater, Sunday, July 28, 8 p.m., San Diego State University campus, 232-0800 or 265-0947.

Tae Pat Metheny Group: Kona Kai Club, Sunday and Monday, July 28 and 29, 8:30 p.m., 1531 Shelter Island Drive, 283-SEAT.

"Jazz Live" featuring the Michael Avel Rios Project: San Diego City College Theater, Tuesday, July 30, 8 p.m., Fourteenth and J streets, downtown, 230-2481.

The Vanguards: Mandolin Wind, Wednesday, July 31, call for ticket, 308 University Avenue, Hillcrest, 297-3017.

Jimmy Buffet and the Coral Reefer Band: SDSU's Open-Air Theater, Wednesday, July 31, 8 p.m., San Diego State University campus, 232-0800 or 265-0947.

Randy Newman: Humphrey's, Friday, August 2, 7 and 9 p.m., 2303 Shelter Island Drive, 272-0800.

George Winston: Civic Theatre, Saturday, August 3, 8 p.m., 202 C Street, downtown, 436-4024.

CLUBS

Club listings are compiled by Ron Jennings. If you wish to be included, please call 265-9192. Thursday afternoon or Friday before 5:00 p.m. The listings are free.

North County

Barr-X Ranch House, 119 East Broadway, Vista, 724-0510: Bobby Allen and the Boy with Hammers, country, Friday and Saturday.

Belly Up Tavern, 143 South Cedros Avenue, Solana Beach, 481-

9022: Tower of Power, rock, funk and rhythm and blues, Thursday; Private Domain, rock, Friday; the James Harmon Band, rock and rhythm and blues, and the South Bay Legends, rock and rhythm and blues, Saturday; the Heat Farmers, rock, rockabilly and country rock, Sunday; the Mar Dels, vintage rock, Monday; Fu Mo, reggae and ska, Tuesday; Peter Spangola's Electric Band, jazz fusion, Wednesday.

Afternoon Concerts: The Desert City Six, traditional jazz, and the Chicago Six, Dixieland jazz, 2-6 p.m., Friday; Moly Stone and Friends, blues and boogie woogie, Monday; Stone's Throw, vintage jazz, swing and rock, Wednesday.

Betty's Burger Garden, 2747 Carlsbad Boulevard, Carlsbad, 434-4361: Ivo James, Mr. C and Company, jazz and contemporary, 1 p.m., Saturday.

Bookworks/Pannikin Coffeehouse, Flower Hill Center, 3670 Via de la Valle, Del Mar, 755-3735: The Peter Spangola Trio, jazz, 8 p.m., Friday.

Borrelli's Back Room, 2677 Vista Way, Oceanside, 721-5400: Midnight Delight, contemporary, Tuesday through Saturday; Moment's Notice with Judy Ames, Top 40 dance music, Sunday and Monday.

Casey's Lounge, 125 West Grand Avenue, Escondido, 747-3163: Danceable jazz from the swing era with Jimmy Corsans, piano, 7:30 p.m., Tuesday; Andrews, vocals, and Andy Riley, guitar, Tuesday through Saturday.

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

Crazy Berro, 6996 El Camino Real, La Costa, 438-3373: Dan Connor, variety, 3:30-6:30, Sunday.

Distillery Nightclub, 140 South Sierra Boulevard, Solana Beach,

755-6733: The Bus Boys, rock, and Dirk Debonaire, rock, Thursday; Dirk Debonaire, rock, Friday; Private Domain, rock, Saturday; Milner, 2m, rock, Tuesday.

El Comal, 12845 Poway Road, Poway, 486-1010: Ambition, contemporary, Wednesday through Saturday.

Fireside Lounge, 439 West Washington, Escondido, 745-1931: The Reflectors, rock, Thursday through Saturday; Four Eyes, rock, Wednesday.

The Flying Bridge, 1003 North Hill Street, Oceanside, 722-1804: Don Tension, country and

contemporary, Monday through Saturday.

Henry's, 264 Elm Street, Carlsbad, 729-9244: Tony Soraci 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, 747-5000: The Sounds of Magic, contemporary, Tuesday through Saturday; Double Trouble, contemporary, Sunday and Monday; Piano Bar, Kevin Green, Monday through Friday.

Hungry Hunter/Oceanside, 1221 Vista Way, Oceanside, 433-2633:

Sonny Daniels, contemporary, Wednesday through Saturday.

Hungry Hunter/Rancho Bernardo, 11940 Bernardo Plaza Drive, Rancho Bernardo, 366-2400: Dave Smith, contemporary, Wednesday and Thursday; Take Two, contemporary, Friday and Saturday.

Ireland's Own, 656 First Street, Encinitas, 944-0213: Sean McKivier, Irish and contemporary, Thursday through Saturday; Paul Dunn, Friday and Saturday; and Barbara McCarty and Patrick Pettie, Sunday; the Paradise Street Band, Irish music, Wednesday.


Jolly Roger/Oceanside, 1900

North Harbor Drive, Oceanside, 722-1831: Sneak Preview, contemporary, Wednesday through Saturday; Ted Winchester, contemporary, Sunday.

Jolly Roger/Solana Beach, 937 Lomas Santa Fe Drive, Solana Beach, 755-6117: Barker and Orr, music and comedy, Wednesday through Saturday.

La Costa Hotel and Spa, Costa del Mar Road, Carlsbad, 438-9111: Darcy Daniels and Nidine, contemporary and Gita Eckstone and Jinx, contemporary, Tuesday through Sunday, alternating nightly between the lounge and dining room.


Dance to
DEBRA RAYE & ARIA
Mercedes Lounge
Tuesday-Saturday
9:00 pm-1:30 am



Cheatham's Jazz Quartet every Sunday 6:00-10:30 pm
Happy House Monday-Saturday, 4:00-8:00 pm
Sunday 4:00-6:00 pm, hot & cold hors d'oeuvres
Sunday Buffet Brunch 10:00 am-2:00 pm
All you can eat \$9.95
Bahia Belle Moonlight Cruise Tuesday-Saturday from 7:30 pm

Bahia
Resort Hotel
998 West Mission Bay Drive, 488-0551


Tuesday-Saturday
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BARKER & ORR

The all new redecorated
Anthony's Harborside
Larger dance floor • Wide screen TV
More room to dance & party • Check it out! 232-6358

Newly remodeled historical Hotel San Diego
339 West Broadway Street
proudly presents
Harvey & 52nd Street Jive's





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

General admission \$7.50 per person
For more information call Telesat 283-7328

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SEATING 283-SEAT
24 HOURS A DAY M/C AND VISA

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Featuring Kerry Livgren & Dave Hope of
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Plus very special guest
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"Experience the Experience"
Friday, July 19—8:00 pm at Golden Hall

Advance \$11.50 floor \$10.50 balcony
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All Telesat Locations & Golden Hall Box Office
For general information call 568-7278
A Lighthouse Productions presentation in conjunction with Harbort Concerts

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ARE YOU READY FOR...
A NORTH AMERICAN
SUMMER BLOWUP WITH
FEAR



Special guests from Canada
S.N.F.U.

From Boston
GANG GREEN
From New York
ADRENALIN O.D.

SATURDAY • JULY 20 • 8 PM
PALISADE GARDENS ROLLER RINK
2838 University Ave.

SUMMER METAL BLOWOUT
EXCITER




with **MEGADETH** and **HIRAX**

SATURDAY • JULY 27 • 8 PM
PALISADE GARDENS ROLLER RINK
2838 University Ave.

COMING AUGUST 10, 1985
INTERNATIONAL SHOW WITH D.O.A. & YOUTH BRIGADE
ADVANCE TICKETS FOR FEAR & EXCITER AVAILABLE NOW
AT OFF THE RECORD, LOU'S, LICORICE PIZZAS, TICKETRON & TELESAT

The Poseidon presents
JOE CANNON




Friday, July 19: No cover charge tonight only!
July 24—September 2

Foot-stomping music spiced with thigh-slapping humor from Wayne Jennings to Elvis to Rod Stewart. The King of Sun Valley comes to Del Mar!

Show begins at 9:00 pm
\$5.00 cover, 2 drink minimum
Dinner served till 9:00 pm, appetizers till 1:00 am

The Poseidon Restaurant
1670 Coast Blvd., Del Mar
755-9345

KPMBS
AN EVENING WITH
JESSE COLIN YOUNG




TONIGHT!
A SOLO ACOUSTIC CONCERT

WITH SPECIAL GUEST
JOEL EDELSTEIN

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

Tickets at all Telesat outlets and the La Paloma Box Office.
Ticket information 283-SEAT or 436-7788.

ALCATRAZ



with special guest
ODIN

TUESDAY, JULY 30 • 9 PM
BACCHANAL
8022 Clairemont Mesa Blvd.
Tickets available at the Bacchanal and Telesat outlets.
Ticket information 283-SEAT or 560-9022
PRODUCED BY THE WARREN GROUP

Now appearing
THE MARK MEADOWS BAND



Introduce yourself to the hottest new sound in town!
Tuesday-Saturday
9 pm-1 am



COLIN & KAREN
Dancing & Romancing
Sunday & Monday
8 pm-12 midnight

Doc Masters
in the Shelter Island Marina Inn
273-2572

La Tapatia, 340 West Grand, Escondido, 747-8292. Latin Soul, Top 40 dance and Latin music, Friday and Saturday, live music, Sunday, call club for information.

Leo's Little Bit of Country, 680 West San Marcos Boulevard, San Marcos, 744-4120. The Jesse Daniels Band, country, Wednesday through Sunday, Corrie, country, Monday and Tuesday. Free draggins lessons, Monday and country dance lessons Tuesday through Thursday.

La's, 1963 East Valley Parkway, Escondido, 746-7038. Red Checkers, country, Tuesday through Saturday.

McCabe's, 1145 South Tiemont, Escondido, 439-6616. Live music, Wednesday through Saturday, call club for information.

Millie Fleurs, 6009 Duane Delicias, Rancho Santa Fe, 746-2886. Just Nash, piano show tunes.

Wednesday through Saturday

Monte Ray Bay Cannery, 1225 Harbor Drive, Oceanside, 722-3474. Fantasy, contemporary, Wednesday through Saturday, Sam Parsons, contemporary, Sunday.

Mulvaney's, 340 East Grand Avenue, Escondido, 741-0935. The Features, rock, Thursday through Saturday, audition night, Wednesday.

Norwamy Cocktail Lounge, 215 North Hill Street, Oceanside, 722-4721. Outta Control, rock, Tuesday through Saturday, live rock, Sunday and Monday, call club for information.

Oakvale Lodge, 14900 Oakvale Road, Escondido, 749-1190. Texas, country, Friday through Sunday.

Old Del Mar Cafe, 2730 Via de la Valle, San Marcos, 746-9634. The Heaters, rock, Thursday through

Saturday, the Five Careless Lovers, blues and rhythm and blues, Sunday, Helix Gentry and Fatburger, jazz, Monday and Tuesday; the Rick Wells Band, vintage rock, Wednesday.

Old Time Cafe, 1464 North Highway 101, Encinitas, 436-4030. Cowjazz, country swing, 7:30 p.m., Thursday, Gerry O'Hernie, folk guitar and W.B. Red, old time, country, country blues, Tim Pan Alley, and jug band music on the guitar, 7 and 9 p.m., Friday; Mother Logo, traditional, popular, country and mountain music, 7 and 9 p.m., Saturday; Louisiana Cajun Trio, traditional Cajun music, 7 p.m., Sunday; Old Time Host Night, Tuesday; Richard Thompson, English folk-rock, 7 and 9 p.m., Wednesday, Sunday brunch concert; Catherine Espinoza, Irish harp.

Pea Soup Anderson's, 890

Palomar Airport Road, Carlsbad, 438-0860. Joe James Mc C and Company, contemporary and jazz, Friday through Sunday.

Pomerado Club, 12237 Pomerado Road, Poway, 748-1135. The Savory Brothers, country, Wednesday through Saturday.

Ralph and Eddie's, 300 Grand Avenue, Carlsbad, 729-2889. Live music, Friday through Sunday, call club for information.

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

Stage Coach Inn, 1805 Vista Way, Vista, 724-0900. UpTown Pickin', country, Wednesday through Saturday.

Rancho Vera Cruz, 1020 West San Marcos Boulevard, San Marcos, 744-8102. Bob Sasse, country and

folk, Friday through Sunday.

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

Rogue Silla, 9850 Carmel Mt. Road, Los Felagatos, 578-2144. Shades of Jade, Top 40 dance music, Tuesday through Saturday.

San Luis Rey Downs Golf Course Country Club, 31474 Golf Club Drive, Bonita, 738-5702. The Crescendos, big band dance music, 8-12 p.m., Friday and Saturday, and 6-10 p.m., Sunday; Bob Low, jazz piano, 7-11, Wednesday and Thursday.

Stage Coach Inn, 1805 Vista Way, Vista, 724-0900. UpTown Pickin', country, Wednesday through Saturday.

Sylvia, West of I-5 on Via de la Valle,

Del Mar, 755-7955. J.J. Frank The Coalition Orchestra, jazz and Top 40 variety, Thursday through Saturday and 3-7 p.m., Sunday.

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

Tequila Flats, 3256 Mission Avenue, Oceanside, 757-7577. The Mo'els, rock, Thursday through Saturday; the U.S. Band, rock, Sunday through Wednesday.

That Pizza Place, 2022 El Camino Real, Carlsbad, 434-3171. Bluegrass Etc., new and traditional bluegrass, Saturday.

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

Upstart Crow and Company, 979 Lomas Santa Fe Drive, Solana Beach, 481-0727. Nancy Briggs and Holly Burke, original jazz, Thursday through Saturday; Fred Benedict, 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 Poway Road, Poway, 745-7531. Stampede, country, Wednesday through Sunday.

Whiskey Flats, 1260 West Valley Parkway, Escondido, 745-8640. Circles, rock, Thursday through Saturday; the Reflectors, rock, Sunday and Monday; Crystal, rock, Tuesday and Wednesday.

Wooden Nickel, 13303 Poway Road, Poway, 745-6364. Ron Morin, country, Wednesday and

Thursday, CW Express, country, Friday and Saturday.

Beaches

Atlantis, 2595 Ingraham Street, Mission Bay, 226-3888. Gloria Michaels and Spring Fever, contemporary, Tuesday through Thursday; Manna, jazz, Sunday and Monday.

Anaff of La Jolla, 875 Prospect Street, La Jolla, 454-4288. George Rene, piano bar, Wednesday through Saturday; Jerry Melnick, movie themes, originals, contemporary and jazz music on the piano, Sunday through Tuesday.

"Bahia Belle", at the dock, Bahia Hotel, 998 West Mission Bay Drive, Mission Bay, 488-6551. Main Street, contemporary music for dancing, Friday and Saturday.

Bahia Hotel, 998 West Mission Bay

Drive, Mission Bay, 488-6551.

Deborah Kaye and Aria, contemporary, Tuesday through Saturday; Chetnam's Jazz Quartet, jazz, Sunday; Piano bar Duddy, Tuesday through Saturday; Bob MacLeod, Sunday and Monday.

Beach Club, 1921 Bacon Street, Ocean Beach, 222-0822. The BB's Brothers, rock, Thursday through Saturday; the Honda Bruce Band, blues and rhythm and blues, Wednesday.

The Bookcase, 737 Pearl Street, La Jolla, 454-9832. The Manna (The Joe Marullo Quartet), jazz, 6-9 p.m., Thursday.

Carlos Murphy's, 4300 La Jolla Village Drive, La Jolla, 457-4170. Two Times, rock, Wednesday through Saturday; the Starmakers, recorded music and video audience participation presentation, Sunday

through Tuesday.

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

Che Cafe, Roselle campus, Gilman Drive and La Jolla Village Drive, La Jolla, 452-2311. Born Cross-eyed, music of the Grateful Dead, 9 p.m., Friday; beginning at 1 p.m., Saturday; Wild Desires, rock, the Neptunes, rock, Har Theater, rock, Unfold Fabes, rock, Thru the Looking Glass, rock, the Fountains, rock, the Tell Tale Hearts, rock, the Unlained, rock, and the Nashville Ramblers, rock.

Chuck's Steak House, 1250 Prospect Street, La Jolla, 454-5327. Steve's Three, vintage jazz, swing, and rock, Wednesday

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Muscular Dystrophy Association

Sunday, July 21
featuring
DEATERS FRANCE

Judges
Thomas K. Arnold - Billboard Magazine, Rock Critic - LA Times/San Diego Edition • John Barney - Producer/Director, KCST-TV 10 • Linda Brann - Associate Editor/Music Editor, The Citizen • Mike Ryan - Third Ear Recording Studio/Talent Buyer, Baby Lip Tavern • Ed Foster - Community Relations Director, Southern Corporation • Van Houten - Backstage Collaborator, North County Enterprise • Paul Russell - Sales Supervisor, San Diego Padres • George Varga - Freelance Music Critic, San Diego Union

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22 JULY 18, 1985

JULY 18, 1985 23

JULY 18, 1985 27

Monday, 7:30 p.m. Sunday

Lucky Lady Club, 455 Soledad Road, downtown, 232-5991. Salsa, Latin and Top 40. Thursday through Sunday. Los Riff, Latin and Top 40. Monday and Wednesday.

Mandolin Wind, 308 University Avenue, Hillcrest, 297-3017. King Fiscuit Blues, blues and rhythm and blues. Thursday through Saturday. Salsa, jazz, Latin. Tuesday. Inside Moves. Top 40 dance music. Wednesday.

Monte Lisa Restaurant and Cocktails, 2061 India Street, downtown, 234-4850. Country and dance music. Wednesday through Saturday.

O'Hungers, 2547 San Diego Avenue, Old Town, 268-0333. Rock, blues, contemporary and folk. 6:30 p.m. Friday and Saturday.

Our Place at Miksan's, 2424 Fifth Avenue, Hillcrest, 232-1773. The Riffs, Carter Trio, jazz. Friday and Saturday. Live jazz Sunday. Call club for information.

Patrick's II, 428 F Street, downtown, 233-3077. Pro-Binghamton Preservation Band. Wednesday through Sunday. Early evening. Thursday, P.M., contemporary. Friday and Saturday. The Aubrey Five Quintet, jazz, Tuesday and Wednesday.

Reel Gusto, 405 Taylor Street, Old Town, 265-5111. Two Pieces. Saxophone and New Orleans style. Friday. DJ Jim Anthony spins platens on Saturday.

Reuben E. Lee's, 880 Harbor Island Drive, Harbor Island, 291-1870. Fortuna. Top 40 dance music. Thursday through Saturday.

Rossie O'Grady's, 3402 Adams Avenue, Normal Heights, 284-7666. Emcee Carroll. Irish music. Thursday. Kitty Kieffer. Contemporary music. Friday and Saturday. Robin Henkel. Blues and jazz guitar. 2:45 p.m. Sunday. The Bop Tones. Jazz. Wednesday.

Sheraton Harbor Island, Reflections, 1380 Harbor Island Drive, Harbor Island, 291-2903. Downbeat. Top 40 dance music. Tuesday through Saturday. The Jets.

Sternwheeler Showboat, at the dock, 1060 North Harbor Drive, downtown, 298-8086. The Sacramento Trio, contemporary. Tuesday through Saturday.

T.J.'s Warehouse Restaurant, 222 Fifth Avenue, downtown, 234-2200. Countdown featuring Dan Pappia, Rick Hoffman, and Derrill Bodley. Jazz. Tuesday through Saturday.

Tom Ham's Lighthouse, 2150 Harbor Island Drive, Harbor Island, 291-9110. Dusty and Melissa. Contemporary. Wednesday through Sunday. Donna Cole. Contemporary. Monday and Tuesday.

Trojan Horse, 6179 University Avenue, East San Diego, 582-1070. Live rock. Wednesday through Sunday. Call club for information.

Tuba Man's No. 2, 7149 El Cajon Road, 462-6533. The Belans.

Upstart Crow and Company, 835 West Harbor Drive, Scott's Village, 232-4855. Mike Nelson, variety. 2:30 p.m., Saturday. Rick Saxon, folk and rock. Saturday evening and Sunday afternoon.

Viscount Hotel, The Bar, 1960 Harbor Island Drive, Harbor Island, 291-6780. The Bar piano bar entertainment. Tuesday through Saturday. Palm Grill. Kathy Lloyd. Contemporary jazz. 11:2 p.m., Sunday.

Wedge, 699-6042. Live music. Saturday. Call club for information.

Yacht Club, 440-5757. Chain Reaction. Contemporary. Wednesday through Saturday.

The Boonocks Restaurant, 8320 Parkway Drive, La Mesa, 465-9660. Dale Pearson. Contemporary music on the piano. Wednesday through Saturday. Bruce Robbins. Contemporary music on the piano. Sunday and Monday. Craig Jones. Piano, 5-8 p.m. Friday.

Carlton Oaks Country Club, 9200 Inwood Drive, Santee, 438-4242. Colin and Karen. Contemporary. Friday and Saturday.

Circle O Corral, 1013 Bradshaw, El Cajon, 444-7443. Country. Tuesday through Saturday. Jerry Ruse and a Touch of Country. Country. Sunday. Clogging lessons. Monday and Tuesday.

Blaney Stone Tea, 7059 El Cajon Boulevard, College area, 463-2263. Jim and Theresa Hinton. Irish music. Thursday and Sunday. The

Don's East, 13321 Business Highway Eight at Los Coches, El Cajon, 443-2444. Big Sky. Country. Friday and Saturday.

Don's West, 5286 Baltimore Drive, La Mesa, 462-6533. The Belans.

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Mike Miller: Jody's Inn
Moments' Notice with Judy Ames: Bonelli's Rock Room
Jim Moore: Smuggler's Inn
Nightshift: Monrovia
Gil Palacios and Linda Parra: Gilbey's Cocktail Lounge
People Movers: Hilton Hotel
The Pop Boys: N.Y.P.
Pitch N' Woo with Gerrie Woo: Leveaux's
P.M.s: Patrick's II
Deborah Ray and Aris: Bahia Hotel
Bruce Robbins: Bonedocks Restaurant, La Mesa
Juan Robles: China Five Restaurant
The Rogues: N.Y.P.
The Sacramento Trio: Sternsweeper Showboat
Sally Saxton: Monterey Whaling Company
Shades of Jade: Regus Stills

Dave Smith: Hungry
Snack Preview: Jody
Player's Avenue:
Tony Soraci and Company: Henry's
The Sounds of Magic: Hotel Escondido
Southwinds: Loma Portal
Spanko White Paces: Tio Leo's/Mina Mesa
Melinda Loma Portal:
Laura Springer: Vacation Village Hotel
Brian Stevens: Monterey/Commodore
Joe Stewart: Tio Leo's/Mission George
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Jazz
Joe Azarelio: Jose Murphy's
Mark Augustin: Cafe in the Valley

Restaurant
The Top Tones: Rosie O'Grady's
Briggs and Barker: Upstart Crew and Company/Solana Beach
Pro Brigham's Preservation Bands: Pter D's, Jody's, Lorenz's
Patrice II
Bruce Cameron Quartet: San Diego Harbor Excursion, Steamer's
The Bob Campbell Trio with Marley Davis: Jody's
Birdie Carter Trio: Our Place at Miksan's
Cheatham's Jazz Quartet: Bahia Hotel
The Chicago Six: Belly Up Tavern
Jimmy Corasno, Sharon Andrews, and Aris Riley: Casey's Lounge
Countdown (Dan Pappia, Kirk Hoffman, and Derrill Bodley): T.J.'s Warehouse Restaurant
Cowboys: Old Time Cafe
Papa John Creach: Elario's
Desert City Six: Belly Up Tavern
Ed Ellis and Tapestry: Sandtrap
Aubrey Fox Quintet: Patrick's II
J.J. Frank and the Coalition
Jefferson's Sully's
Harvey and the 52nd Street Jive: Pat City/China Camp, Hotel San Diego
Hollis Gentry and Fattburger: Old Del Mar Cafe, Old Pacific Beach Cafe
Mal Goetz: Rex Bar and Grill, Year Palace
The Hills Brothers: Loma Portal
Don James, Me C and Company:
Bob Long: San Luis Rey Downs Golf Course Country Club
Mark Meadows: Doc Masters
Maroon: Bookcase/La Jolla, Atlanta
Ellis Ruth Piggies: Old Pacific Beach Cafe, Jody's
Ron Satterfield: Elario's
Sta Shamus: Abbey Restaurant, Islandia Hotel
Peter Stryker's Electric Band: Belly Up Tavern
Peter Stryker's Trio: Bookcase/Panmuth
Coffeehouse
Laura Springer: Vacation Village Hotel
Molly Stone and Friends: Belly Up Tavern
Stone's Throw: Belly Up Tavern, Chuck's Steak House
Storm: Buchanal
Stoney Summer: Spirit
Sugar Jane: Mandolin Wind
Tobacco Road: Drowsy Maggie's
Zeals: Cafe in the Valley Restaurant

Blues/R&B/Reggae
Babylon Warriors: Spirit
Chris Bishop: Buchanal

The Blonde Bruce Band: Beach Club
Blues Dueters: Hodges
Tom "Cat" Courtney: Texas Rehearse
Ed Ellis and Tapestry: Sandtrap Lounge
The Five Carbons: Lorenz's
Pacific Beach Cafe, Old Del Mar Cafe, Tio Leo's/Mina Mesa
Jo-Mae: Belly Up Tavern
James Harmon Band: Belly Up Tavern, Buchanal
Robin Hensley: Rosie O'Grady's
Kasey: Spirit
Mojo Nixen: Spirit
Mojo Nixen and Shid Roper: Jody's
Ellis Ruth Piggies: Old Pacific Beach Cafe, Jody's
South Bay Legends: Belly Up Tavern
Tower of Power: Belly Up Tavern

Folk/Ethnic
Wongwan Ritz: That Place
Gerry O'Brien: Old Time Cafe
Ramona Carmichael: Rosie O'Grady's
Rebel Country: Harmony Stone Pub
Jim and Theresa Hinton: Harmony Stone Pub
Indian Joe: 1944 Fine Foods
The Jacksons: Harmony Stone Pub
Harmony Stone Pub
Roland Kline: Cafe Vienna
La Rapsodie: Zorini's
Latin Soul: La Tapaca
Los Ruffi: Lucky Lady Club
Los Lopes: Marisol
Leslie and Louise Chang: Jody's
Louiseanna Cajun Trio: Old Time Cafe
Sean McVicker: Ireland's Own
Monroe: Marisol
The Paradise Street Band: Ireland's Own
Bob Sasse: Rancho Vera Cruz
Rick Saxton: Upstart Crew and Company/Solana Beach
Signs: Lucky Lady Club
Richard Thompson: Old Time Cafe

Cowjazz: Old Time Cafe
Coyotes: Leo's Little Bit of Country, La Posada del Sol/La Mesa
Crescendo: Van Winkle's
Crown Oaks Bar
CW Express: Wooden Nickel
Delatos: Them Rivers
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Fred Benedetto: classical music, Caravaggio's, Upstart Crew and Company/Solana Beach
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The Crossroads: big band dance music, San Luis Rey Downs Golf Course Country Club
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Saloon: Antonio's Hacienda
Ed Ellis and Tapestry: jazz, nostalgia: blues, and contemporary
Catherine Expanses: Irish harp, Old Time Cafe
Eric Foster: classical guitar, Cafe in the Valley Restaurant
The Four of Us: swing and group vocals, Standard Hotel
Frank Granger: accordion music, Cafe Vienna
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Guy and Jackie: with Gil Warner: variety, pop to opera, Mona Lisa Restaurant
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Kathy Lloyd: contemporary harp, Pavilion Lounge, Vicarant Hotel, Abbey Restaurant
Bob MacLeod: piano and vocal variety, Bahia Hotel, La Valencia Hotel
Vicki McMaster: standards and pop from the Thirties to the Eighties on the harp
Jerry Melnick: music themes, originals, contemporary, and jazz music on the piano, Avant of La Jolla, Steamer's
Mike Miller: folk rock and variety, Jody's Inn
Mosses: Sals and Cumbia music, Marisol
Joel Nash: piano show tunes, Mille Flowers
Mike Nelson: variety, Upstart Crew and Company/Solana Beach
Maria Callender: La Mesa
Oh! Ridges: comedy and music, Jody's Inn
Luba Pagano: classical, easy listening, and variety piano, Top of the Cove
Dale Pearson: piano variety, Bonedocks Restaurant
Pepper and Sals: Latin, salsa, Top of the Cove, swing, French, Italian, and Greek music, Le Santa Maxine
Emerson Polares: piano variety, Legends
Raggle Taggle: variety—Romance to jazz, Drowsy Maggie's
W.B. Reid: old time, country, Tin Pan Alley, country blues, and jug band music, Old Time Cafe
Paul and Carla Roberts: music from around the world, San Diego World Animal Park
David and Francesca Savage: classical music on bassoon, viola, and flute, Upstart Crew and Co./Pacific Beach
Francesca Savage and Friends: classical music duets on viola, Cafe Amelique
Paco Sevilla and Rodrigo: concert flamenco guitar in solo and duets, Drowsy Maggie's
Jo Treason: piano bar, Springfield
Wagon Works
Dale Vernone: piano and guitar variety, Cafe del Rey Motel
Mike Zoumanas: classical guitar, Cafe in the Valley Restaurant

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CURRENT MOVIES

therapeutic end. Before then, the detailed sense of place, of weather, of time of day, maintains an acceptable level of reality. Directed by Alan Bridges. 1982. (Cove)

The Road Warrior — Self-consciousness must surely be the keynote of the MAD MAX sequel, which would appear to have been made in an informed response to the popular and critical approval heaped on the unassuming forerunner, and as a result, appears to be much

more scrutinizing of itself, much more full of itself. The high-frown tone of the opening narration plus montage room sets down to a tolerable level, and the movie (directed, as was its forerunner by George Miller) gets on with that vigorous, high-velocity style of violence that so distinguished the first Max adventure, and that makes us fear for the lives of the flesh-and-blood stunt men, never mind the pastebord characters. But the justification for all this violence is harder to put a finger on here, and really it's no use trotting out Carl Jung, universal myth, and the

collective unconscious (as the publicity notes do) in an attempt to add intellectual ballast to the movie's deliberate duplications of a couple of basic Western movie motifs: the besieged frontier fort (or, in this case, oil refinery) and the pursued stagecoach or wagon train (or here, petrol truck). With Mel Gibson. 1982. (Baboo, Frontier Drive In, Harbor Drive In)

Silverado — Western adventure with Kevin Kline, Scott Glenn, Danny Glover, and Rosanna Arquette.

directed by Lawrence Kasdan. (Carouse Cinema 6, Cinema 21, Flower Hill Cinemas, Grossmont Mall, New Valley Drive In, Oceanside 8, Plaza Bonita, Rancho Bernardo 6, Santee Drive In, Santee Village 8, University Towne Centre)

St. Elmo's Fire — Post-graduate soap opera, seven collegiate colleagues, i.e., their "freshman year of life." (Four months after graduation, on here, and really it's no use trotting out Carl Jung, universal myth, and the

hot party") It's nice that the movie takes so impartial a view of its characters, and nice that it offers no permanent solutions to their problems. But a messy, ensemble manner does not disguise a tidy, empty mind. The blizzard of fast talk and flashy action includes stuff like one character dunking another's head in the men's room toilet at their favorite tavern. Did the director, Joel Schumacher, ever think of putting himself in anyone else's shoes? On the one side in this particular instance there is the feasibility of so neatly wetting the hair without cracking open the skull, of the unsuspecting and uncooperating victim, and on the other side there is the dual question of personal dignity and hygiene. "Oh, well, the wet look is it anyway." Emilio Estevez, Rob Lowe, Andrew McCarthy, Demi Moore, Judd Nelson, Ally Sheedy, Marc Woottingham. 1985.

• (Carouse Cinema 6, Flower Hill Cinemas, Oceanside 8, Parkway, Plaza Bonita, University Towne Centre, Valley Circle)

The Sure Thing — Only a poster of THIS IS SPINAL TAP on the dormitory walls will remind anyone that this movie and that one were directed by the same man, Rob Reiner. That other

movie must indeed have been a very special match-up of people and idea. This, on the other hand, is nothing very special, there is no great writing and playing within the self-imposed limits, but those limits are hardly wider than the horizons of weekly television. The "good playing" by John Cusack as a conceited college freshman is admittedly derivative of Bill Murray. Dan Aykroyd, John Belushi, Quaid Hoffman, et al., but after all, a lot of college freshmen in real life must draw on the same sources. With Daphne Zuniga. 1985. (Strand, from 7:19)

Trading Places — THE PRINCE AND THE PAUPER set in modern-day Philadelphia and without the gimmick of the two social opposites being physically duplicated, the principle, in fact, to the contrary, is a WASP-familial waltz, and the pauperish one is a ghetto black, and they trade places through the process of their own, but through the invidious intervention of the Duke brothers, of Duke & Duke commodities brokerage, in order to settle a wager on the old Jewish-style, environment debate that one of them has been reading up on in Scientific American. The social consciousness of the premise gives the movie another leg to fall back on

whenever the comic leg comes up lame or more often than not, reaches short of the intended mark. Both legs, however, have gone lame by the time the revenge scheme is launched against the Dukes, and the movie must go the final third or fourth on its duff. Then again, the Dan Aykroyd character is always less plausible, less sympathetic, less well acted than the Eddie Murphy character, so that the movie is only half a movie even in its better two-thirds or three-fourths. With Ralph Bellamy, Don Ameche, and Jamie Lee Curtis, directed by John

Lands. 1983. (Ken, 7:20)

A View to a Kill — The unpleasure of so 007 adventure — but who's counting? Whoever it is, probably also know, among other trivia, whether or not the standard announcement in the closing credits that "James Bond Will Return" has ever before been made without an accompanying title. The title here, scripted up like those of OCTOPUSSY and FOR YOUR EYES ONLY from an Ian Fleming short story strikes perhaps the one blunder note in

a script that, even by the declining standards of this series, is about sketchy, and presumptuous — qualities bound to creep in as formula lightens its grip. The only notable changes (recently) from movie to movie would seem to be Roger Moore's age and the identity of the "guest villains," inasmuch as the latter here — two "sneaky kids" from the laboratory of a monied German scientist — are a couple of fashion magazine types, Christopher Walken and Grace Jones. The conflict appears to have evolved from East vs. West into

Youth vs. Age. Moore, at any rate, establishes himself here as the screen secret agent most reliant on his stand-in prince Dean Cain's Matt Helm. Tanya Roberts, directed by John Glen. 1985. (Claremont, College, Mira Mesa Cinemas, Parkway, from 7:19, Plaza Bonita, Village, from 7:19)

Where the Green Ants Dream — Culture clash between Australian Aborigines and uranium miners, directed by Werner Herzog. (Ken, 7:21 through 7:27)

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Cabbie

(continued from page 18)

even if I do give them all my money. I had all kinds of flashes going through my head. I really didn't know what to do and I didn't have a lot of time to think about it. I reached for the inside door latch, and in one quick motion jumped out of my cab.

I took off down the street at a gallop heading for the lights of a gas station where I thought I'd be safe. At that point I didn't worry about the cab one bit, or the thirty dollars in my pocket either. I was running for my life.

The only problem is, hell, I'm over thirty years old. I'm not as fast as I used to be. Sitting in a cab all day makes a man get out of shape real quick. You may see a cab driver sitting in his cab on a cab stand somewhere — he may look like he's fifty but he's probably only thirty-five. Cab driving does that to a man.

Anyway, I got about halfway to that gas station with its lights and safety, not even looking back to see if they had followed. All of a sudden I was dragged down from behind. All I could see was blacktop rushing up to meet me. My jacket got all tangled up over my face. I couldn't even see what was going on, couldn't even swing to fight back.

One held a knife to my throat and said, "Give us all your money. And I mean all of it." I just reached into my back pocket and pulled my wallet out. I didn't even bother taking the money out. I couldn't see anyway. I got lucky, I guess. I still had my life. They didn't stick or stab me. Thank God they

didn't kill me, that would have really pissed me off.

I lay there in the middle of the street, all road-rashed and skinned up, out of breath, and quite confused. The street was dark and nobody was around. There were a few people looking out of their safe, warm living-room windows, but when I looked at them, they just shut the curtains. I guess they wanted no part of this action.

The two young blacks ran back to the cab, hopped in, and headed down the road. I thought at that time, I don't care about the cab one bit, but I did remember that I had fifty dollars stashed in the trunk. Somehow that didn't matter either. It was great to be alive.

So I walked down to the gas station, too tired to run and too beat to try. The first thing I did was call the San Diego P.D. and tell them my location and what had happened. Next I called the dispatcher and told him. He put the word out to 600 cabs via the radio. They wouldn't get too far.

Six minutes passed before the police showed up. I tried to keep the facts clear in my head. I knew there would be a lot of questions. I told the officer what had happened and the name and number of my cab. He told me, "Climb on in, let's go look for the cab. They don't usually take them too far from the scene. They're too identifiable."

We were cruising the neighborhood for about fifteen minutes when word came over the police radio that the cab had been spotted less than a mile away. By the time we got to the house where the cab was parked, there was already a police unit there.

The taxi was parked on the right side of the street, front end pointing

down a steep incline, bumper resting on the car in front of it. I stayed in the police car while the two officers checked out the cab, keys still in it. It looked as though I had parked it there myself. My license and maps were still in place. Right where I left them on the dash.

The cops walked up to the residence the cab was parked in front of, and knocked on the door. After the second knock an older black woman came to the door. I couldn't hear what was being said, but the officers kept pointing to the cab and asking questions. The woman called to someone in the house, as if to ask if they knew anything about the cab being there. As the young man, about twenty, talked to the police, I recognized him as one of the men that had robbed and assaulted me. I yelled to the officers, "That's him! That's one of the guys. For sure that's him!"

The young black yelled back, "You're crazy, man. I don't know nothing about no cab." The cop yelled to me, "You sure?" I yelled back, "You better believe I am! He's the one, all right." They searched the house and found the other black in the bathroom combing his hair.

There was no sign of my wallet or the papers in it. I thought to myself, boy, that's really dumb to leave a cab parked right in front of your house. After a few words with the suspects, I guess giving them their rights, the officers loaded them into the back of a squad car. One of the officers walked over to the car I was sitting in and asked me to go downtown with him, to the Market Street station to finish up the paperwork.

On the way the cop asked me again if I was certain they were the same two that had robbed me. I said I was

positive. "The reason I asked is," the officer explained, "the clothes they are wearing don't match the description you gave us in the beginning."

"Well, I know that," I said, "they changed clothes."

"Well," he replied, "they said they were going to a party just down the street."

I said, "I guess so. You can have a pretty good time on thirty dollars." I know I could.

At the station we found out why the cab was left in front of the house. The rear end had been messed up and the reverse didn't work. They may have tried to move it, but the damn thing just wouldn't move. That explained why it was parked like it was. They weren't dumb, they were just unlucky. I must have sat down at the police station for three hours being asked all kinds of questions, and filling out form after form. Hell, you would think I was the suspect instead of the victim. When I finally got through talking with a whole slew of investigators and they were through talking with me, I told them I had fifty dollars tucked away in the trunk of the cab and would be all right to get it out, if it was still there. They said, "Yes, but let us do it. We don't want you to disturb any fingerprints that might be on the trunk." For a change, something went right and the fifty was still there. I was sure glad to see that. It was all the money I had.

I didn't ever learn whether they found any fingerprints or not. But I knew one thing was sure, that night's work was a total loss. The company was out money, too — they had to fix the transmission and that ran to \$250. A bad night for all, but I guess it could have been worse. I could have

(continued on page 22)



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5. Jeff Sheffield, *San Diego*

