REVISITED

In which the former mayor and Richard Meltzer continue their exhaustive inquiries into ROCK & ROLL, POLITICS & MORE.

BY RICHARD MELTZER

When we left off last time, we were up at Roger's place. I was at Roger's place, the tape was rolling, and the two of us were just settling in to many hours of discourse, the first smidgen of which was in the process of triggering another um, coincidence on my part.
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MARCH 21, 1988
Impressed, Confused
Richard Meltzer's rantings on his meeting/interview with Roger Hodgstrom ("The Unbelievable Rights of Being Roger Hodgstrom," March 24) were far better than the main event. The interview flailed. And regardless of his considerable hip and music, Meltzer came away impressed and confused, just like the rest of us, just like Roger himself.
Stephen H. Silverman
San Diego

The Therapy Trip
Regarding "A Telephone Session with the Traveling Therapist: The Pull Treatment" (March 24), let's hope the public does not get the impression Debbie Thompson represents a good therapist/counselor. This particular traveling therapist is an embarrassment to the MCFCC profession, and the state licensing board should investigate to see whether she is qualified to practice.
In the article, she states, "I plan for it to be a multimillion business," in reference to her practice; and then she states, "I'm not interested in making that much money off of it." Isn't that a bit contradictory? Does what she means by her last statement - "Children, before they've been conceived, sense disharmony and tension?" Does this mean a traveling therapist for stress, sperm and ovaries? She stated she only sees clients if they are "very, very, unique and interesting." May I ask, what is the criteria worthy of this traveling therapist's services? The only redeeming value the article had was the reporter's useful skills in having to journey with the "traveling therapist." Dick Michaels
San Diego

The Sound Of One Hand Clapping
Wouldn't it be wrong with sexually oriented films? I found the concept of "Casting Couch" to be funny, fresh, and erotic ("Casting Couch," March 24). The situations were clearly explained to the models, they were paid, and no one got hurt. Granted, it seems more fair that the people who ended up in the film should have received additional compensation.
The main problem I have with all adult-oriented films is that they're dull, repetitious, and lack any real appeal to women. Creativity should be applied in every field. As an adult, I can choose my own interests, thank you.
Elke De Vries
San Diego

Animal Emotions & A High Horse
I'll like to begin my letter to the editor by strongly suggesting that the Reader hire a music critic who writes about rock and has his own column. Lamenting rock with the rest of the music scene has recently subjected rock fans to me like "none in the air" attitude that your critic's always seemed to possess. This is true not only for your music critics, but that's another column.
Rock and roll has always been about emotion and gut feelings that people who are not true fans are sadly lacking. By letting someone say jazz band like Zeal D'Agostino write about rock, we continue to see reviews like the Sting write-up of March 17. John's obtuseness is written all over this ludicrous article. I can only envision how salivating over the chance to not only see a picture, but to take a cheap shot at us "grunting cow dwellers." He wastes no time in doing so by calling Sting "one of rock's all-time worst on page 31.

Hedgecock Revisited In painstaking search of the stuff and substance of all life, rock and roll, and our ex-mayor, by Richard Meltzer

Letters
City Lights Concerned citizens, news from Tijuana, the abandoned ones, and Baja by boat and bike...
Straight from the Hip Matthew Alice peers into bras, rings a mysterious bell, and adds a cherriy supplement...
Inside Story Where are white, minden supporters in Jesse Jackson's local camp, and what's the real reason Pete Chacon is endorsing the preacher candidate? By Paul Kruger...
Runnville Times Tales of Pont Loma's Portuguese fishing dynasties. By Sue Garson...
Theater U-Zulu at UCSD. By Jonathan Sawille...
Music John D'Agostino reviews last week's Sting concert...
Movies Duncan Shephard takes a harder look at Masquerade...
Restaurants Eleanor Widner sizes up McCormick and Schmick's in P.B. and recognizes a new regime at Three Bangers...
Quarter Notes The La Jolla Civic University Symphony in concert. By Jonathan Sawille...

Highlights of Upcoming Events Faculty art at UCSD's Mandellie Gallery, San Diego women at the Museum of San Diego History, and Poets and the Pentagon on KPBS-TV.

Events Listings Outdoors, dance, film, music, lectures, in person, concerts, sports, special, for kids, museums, galleries.

Guide to the Theater...

Music Scene David Sylvian and company at UCSD. and INXS at the Sports Arena. By John D'Agostino and Steve Esmondia...

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Ernie Pock's Comicalition Marey's love. By Lynda J. Barry...

Life in Hell The frog. By Matt Groming...

Reader Puzzle Odd couples. By Don Rubenstein...

Off the Cuff What makes spring swing? By Lin Lukay...

More Features...

Restaurant Guide Recommendations for dining out in San Diego and Tijuana. By Eleanor Widner...

LETTERS
The Reader welcomes letters for publication. Address them to Letters to the Editor, Box 809031, San Diego, 92131. Please include your name, address, and telephone number. Letters may be edited for length and clarity.

I'm a fan of The Reader, but where were your editors on this one? They are known for calling "inquiry into everything" about Roger Hedgestrom is not the Reader's last and only effort. Those of us who peruse your publication weekly and the San Diego community deserves mine.
Larry D. Ewing
San Diego

Spice From The Gutter
I've enjoyed reading the Reader since it began in 1972. Are you so short of copy that you have to print an article called "Unbelievable Right of Being Roger Hedgestrom" (March 24) of which is so-called "inquiry into everything" about Roger Hedgestrom is not the Reader's last and only effort. Those of us who peruse your publication weekly and the San Diego community deserves mine.

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MARCH 31, 1988 3
It gets darker suddenly. A mammoth mass of thick, following, black clouds rushes over the moon. Rain hammerers at us. The waves get higher. I'm wed by their rippling, dark strength. We go through sail drills some more. Tightening, taking down. Changing lines. We're mooring at seven and one-half knots, and much of it seems to be side to side. The course is impossible to hold. We're off automatic pilot to work with the water and wind to stay out of trouble. After a two-hour battle, it clears a little.

We think, "There, she threw her best at us and we survived." Seas are still high, and we're rolling, but a general feeling of relief prevails. I go below for rest. So does Ken. He hits a bunk head first and doesn't move. I lie in mine and contemplate the situation I've gotten myself into. Suddenly, I don't like my buddy Ken anymore. I think of a dozen reasons not to like him. I could have come up with more, but my senses fade.

My body doesn't. It's fighting the sea. I'm getting sick.

Everything inside me is choo-chooing up to my throat. My legs fight to get me up. They can't. Nausea swamps my eyes and throat, and I think I'm going to barf all over the cabin. Slamming off the bunk as fast as I can, I crawl to the ladder and struggle up.

At the top rung, the cold air hits my face and I'm instantly relieved. I cheerfully review the crew on watch. "Hi, how's "it going?" I'm a poxy, but they're no better. "Oh, just fine," they choruse, hanging on for dear life....

Trying desperately to redeposit myself into the heaving bunk, I brace objects around it to give the space some definition and stop my sudden passage to the floor -- or ceiling. I get into a position that is not comfortable, but it's relatively secure, and it allows me the luxury of some concern about my situation. I concentrate on the sea's movement. Gradually, when we go up, my senses rise with the surge. Quickly my body gets the picture. When the boat precipitously slides down a swell, my body no longer tries to suspend itself in air waiting for the boat to come back up but, rather, gladly goes down too.

And after a dozen or so of these cycles, my body enjoys going with the wild and powerful movements. It finds a bailing out.

O N THE ROAD

BY JOE SWEEDLEY

Day 4, Tuesday, December 22.

El Rosario to Santa Ines. 75 miles.

"Today's a bitch," Bob had warned us. Lots of roller-coaster hills, for forty miles! But the day was filled with some great scenery, also. Varieties of cactus, some rising forty feet tall, were abundant on either side of the road. Jennifer is sick; Gary, too. John has a bad knee.

Day 5, Monday, December 23.

Vicarino Junction to Santa Rosalia. 90 miles.

Up at 5:45 p.m. It rained during the night; this morning is cold but clear. Before getting on the bike, I ate harvons con chorizo, but only because it is uncertain what prime food might be available. George and Clarence are sick; Jim and Kathy are hung over. Jim treats his hangover by having a breakfast of two Coca-Colas.

The town of San Ignacio contrasts greatly with the desert of Baja. I thought that I had taken a wrong turn and ended up in Florida as I cycled along the road lined with palm trees. Although we are blessed with more tailwinds today, I am having a tough time. Fatigue, hunger, and cold. There is even snow on a distant volcano for the first time in eight years. I'm carrying candy cakes from San Diego to give to the kids for Christmas. I am so low on food that I eat a donut myself.

Day 5, Tuesday, December 29.

Levent to Ciudad Constitucional. 90 miles.

5:55 p.m. start with Ben. We're the first on the road. Cloudy, pockets of cold air in the valley. Sleepy, jangled peaks in the distance. Feel "funny" this morning, as if I were about to be sick. A motorist complained to us about some cyclists in our group who are hogging the road. I agree with him. Tim's clothes fell off his bike: a Camaro picked them up and returned the clothes to (continued on page 30)

EDITOR'S NOTE:
The editor of the two articles below chose different means to reach the southern tip of Baja California.

Jack Ellinanger, who had no experience sailing, left San Diego in a thirty-eight-foot sailboat with a crew of five. Joe Sweeney joined a group of fifty cyclists on a nineteen-day, 1200-mile tour. Forty of them reached their destination. The excerpts from the travel notes that follow reveal Baja in a way visitors rarely experience.

news division, and the local newscasts consisted mainly of an anchorwoman reading teletext reports from local newspapers. But Gausch, who has worked twenty-one years for Televisa, hit town with major plans. He brought with him as news director a seasoned journalist named Gregorio Meraz, and he also brought in the money from Televisa to invest in the equipment needed to create a modern newscast. Gausch says he's spent $350,000 on new Super VHS video cameras, character generators and paint boards for special effects, and various monitors, control boards, and even a new $250-foot-high transmission tower. Starting tomorrow, viewers from Rosarito Beach to Oceanside will be able to tune in to Televisa's local news at 7:00 a.m., 5:30 and 9:30 p.m., and midnight.

"One of the most important functions of media in Tijuana is to promote the national identity of Mexico," Meraz declared as his staff scurried to ready the evening newscast last Friday. "We are so close to the U.S. that sometimes our news cutbacks can be lost or forgotten." Meraz, who covered the fall of the Shah of Iran, the Iran-Iraq war, the corona war in Nicaragua, and many other international events as a foreign correspondent for Televisa's national news program Twenty-Four Hours, still functions as the northern border correspondent for the network. And in his first assignment as a local news director, he says much of his work will continue to be focused on foreign soil: the United States. He intends to cover immigration to the U.S. and continuing story, and he's already begun taquing interviews with influential San Diegans such as (continued on page 32)
Smudhills have been getting lots of media attention lately. News stories of faulty plumbing, broken heaters, and leaky roofs, and there's always a photo of a tenant standing long-faced amid the squall. But what about abandoned buildings that are so decrepit that a family wouldn't think of living in them? Police say these places are fire traps, health hazards, coconuts of drug dealing. The owners often live in other cities or have died and left their sufferers to fight over the property.

It can take city prosecutors years of legal work just to get a court order allowing them to board up the building's windows and doors. Then vagrants and druggies pry off the plywood and move in. Winning court approval to demolish the building can take years more. Next month, three new city ordinances take effect that will allow city crews to board up or, if necessary, raze these structures within sixty days of city inspectors deciding the property is a hazard. When city prosecutors persuaded the city council earlier this month to enact these new ordinances, they talked in general about the difficulty of cleaning up these dilapidated buildings. Here are several examples:

- 303-303 J Street. A chain-link fence now surrounds these houses, and neighbors say the drug addicts are staying away. But they've been in and out of the buildings for at least three years following the death of the property owner and a subsequent fireover who should inherit the property.

- 3057 J Street. The house next door could be featured in Sunset magazine, but this abandoned home looks like the set for Nightmare on Elm Street. Vines with trunks as thick as trees have broken through the porch and cover the eaves. One window is open; an empty mattress and an empty milk carton lie beside the house. "There was an old man who lived there [before the house fell into disrepair], but some people robbed him and chased him out," says neighbor Maria San Filippo. "About a year and a half ago, they were trafficking illegal aliens out of there. Now somebody else is living there, I guess street people. The owner lives in San Francisco, and everybody here—the neighbors, the city—has tried to get him to tear it down, but he won't do it. So the city just past those boards up, and then people tear them down."

- 419-427 Forty-sixth Street, East San Diego. Unlike the other properties on the city attorney's list, people pay rent to live in these six ramshackle apartments. A rusty gas range and an abandoned shopping cart litter the unkempt front lawn, and one tenant says the roof of his small apartment leaks and his toilet doesn't work. "There was a drug dealer living there," says the tenant, pointing to the unit across the walkway. "But he's gone now. The landlords would allow city crews to 'evacuate' tenants from such buildings quickly, make needed repairs, and bill the property owner.

- 5 1/2 Hensley Street. Logan Heights, this house is currently empty, says the

(continued on page 10)

When the judge arrived and was informed of Kenny's impudence, he began a lecture. As Kenny tried to interrupt with an explanation, he said, "I don't care!" So Kenny said, "Okay. How much? How much do you want?" When he was found in contempt, he was fined an extra $210 for being a smartass.

Joyce had several ideas for me. She wants me to write about a restaurant somewhere on University that's "even though it has a lot of young boys and is half-and-half gay," is still a good place to eat. She was more concerned, however, about prompting some interesting conversation in the way in which an insurance adjuster has been treating her over the phone. Joyce's 1969 VW convertible was the victim of a multicar collision caused by a Pacific Bell truck back in December. The insurance company says her car is "just a pile of junk" and has offered her $100 and—get they car. Joyce says the car is worth far more and, besides, she wants to keep it. She thinks the insurance company should pay the full cost of repairs—something around $2500. And she can't hire a lawyer because the amount in contention is so small that no attorney will take her case. What is she supposed to do? Somebody ought to write about it. Nancy's concerns were less personal, more cosmic. She wants me to write about anything that could help get Joe Montana to leave San Francisco and come to San Diego now that Dan Fouts is calling it quits.

She wants me to write about a

(continued on page 10)

MARCH 29, 1980 8
STRAIGHT FROM THE HIP

By Matthew Alice

Dear Matthew Alice:

I recently saw a bra commercial on TV with a live model. I had read this was new for American TV. My friend says she’s seen women wearing them sans blouses for years on TV. Did I read wrong?

L.J.R.

San Diego

Matthew Alice is only too happy to look intoadies'undergarments for you both. As for the origin of the bra, two people claimed the title of inventor. Consider this quote from the biography of French designer Paul Poiret: "In the name of Liberty, I proclaimed the fall of the corset and the adoption of the brassiere. Yes, I freed the breast. It is unthinkable for the breasts to be squeezed in solitary confinement in a castle-like fortress like the corset, as if to punish them." Poiret’s emancipation proclamation dates from the first decade of the 1900s. The second claimant was New York socialite Mary Phelps Jacob (later known among the F. Scott Fitzgerald crowd as Carmen Crissy, wife of writer publisher Harry Crosby). She was granted the first U.S. patent for a brassiere in 1915. The story goes that she decided one evening she was sick of wearing corsets and devised a bra out of handkerchiefs and ribbons.

Although they may have popularized the bra, neither one actually invented it. The garment evolved out of something called a bust bodice that had been worn with the traditional waist-cinching corsets into the early 1900s. In 1915 the trend towards less restrictive clothing to an unconfining piece of clothing. As changing fashions dictated, bras became more and more rigid and structured until they reached their peak, shall we say, when the Frederick's of Hollywood look was all the rage in the 1950s.

But now that we've made them, we have to sell them, and here we run into America's perpetual Puritanism and some odd double standards. Assuming your friend can't pick up European channels on her TV, L.J.R., it's not likely she's ever seen live models in a lingerie commercial. Some cable channels have been willing to show such ads, but since the networks weren't, manufacturers produced only a few of them for American television.

Until April of 1987, the American broadcast networks' standards and practices (read "censorship") codes did not permit any live bodies in underwear ads. It's hard to believe, when you consider what they permit in their regular programming. In 1948 the Players company approached ABC with a request to air live lingerie wearers. It makes sense that the maker of the famous "Living Bra" might be the first to want to show it on a living person. ABC accepted the proposal, providing the network could preview the commercials to make sure they were "restrained" and "offensive." (Would that they used the same standards for most of their programming.) NBC and CBS followed suit, the former agreeing to air the ads only during daytime programming. Since the relaxed standards apply to all types of underwear, not just bras, eventually we may see live models in Jockey shorts ads. But advertisers feel that day is a long way off. They're desensitizing us from the top down, as it were.

Dear Matthew Alice,

On Mission Gorge Road, between Zion and Princess Views, is a radar-like dish and some paved strips. Can you tell me what all this means? Is it the alien landing strip that Shirley Maclaine has been talking about?

Paul Goodman

New York

There's a good deal more at 7050 Mission Gorge Road than dishes and apsali. It surely is a serious looking installation — straight out of some espionage film. The site has many unmarked trailers and buildings, wind gauges, antennas, and odd posts and towers all over the property — not to mention the unmarked, barred-wire-and-chain-link fence covered with "No Trespassing" signs. Trusting that no one could possibly mistake Matthew Alice for a KGB operative, I ventured out to the site and rang the bell. After a considerable wait, I was greeted reluctantly by a police, white-haired gentleman and an armed Pinkerton guard. The guard kept her distance, watching me for fur- tive movements, I guess, while the police gentleman explained only that the site is a microwave communications test site, one of several found in San Diego County. The location is leased by a private company that works on government contracts, some of them from the defense department. The large dish visible from Mission Gorge Road is a microwave transmitter. The police, white-haired gentleman made it clear he was not thrilled that Matthew Alice was there. The Pinkerton guard was slightly amused but also was not thrilled. Matthew Alice departed.

* * *

I have another bad-news-food bulletin to report. The very day I submitted my recent cheese tristate to The Reader's grammar Nazis, I discovered a new dairy-product enigma — another variation on the pasteurized-process-cheese theme. This time it's pasteurized-process cheese food sabotage! There it was, a jaded, nibbly-looking paste wrapped in cellophane, right next to a fat baby Gouda that was actually packing its little knapsack to move to a more upscale part of the dairy case. I wanted no time in finding out what the heck this was all about.

Unlike pasteurized process cheese food (by law fifty-one percent cheese), the product is mostly water, whey, oils, and emulsifiers, with some cheese content. It doesn't meet the FDA standards for a cheese food, but in order to use the words "cheese food" in the product name, the manufacturer has to add the word "substitute." Otherwise, the FDA would require that it be given some name descriptive of the ingredients, like "water-and-whey, cheese-flavored substance." Nutritionally, it's roughly the same as a cheese food (otherwise it would have to be labeled "imitation cheese food"). The nutritional equivalence can be achieved through whatever combination of ingredients the manufacturer can devise. So cheese food substitute has only a noding acquaintance with actual cheese, as you might have suspected.

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

* * *

In today's world of mass produced stereo commodities, Klipsch speakers are a rarity. You too, all Klipsch speakers are built to order. Breier Sound Center stocks the most popular Klipsch models and more. Breier has just received several popular finishes. However, because Klipsch offers such a wide variety of cabinet finishes, many times it is necessary to call the factory in Hope, Arkansas and place the order for the model and finish of your choice. In fact, your order for the model is placed, skilled craftsmen hand build the cabinets from the finest quality marine plyhardwoods. The hardwood veneers of each speaker are carefully matched and then oiled or lacquered. Breier's technicians are also assembled and individually computer tested by Klipsch. Finally, the components are installed in the cabinets. final tests are done on the completed system, and the speakers are boxed and shipped to Breier Sound Center. We receive them approximately four weeks later, exactly the same way you would have ordered them.

Of course, none of this would be important if Klipsch didn't build one of the most allarounded speakers on the market. Take for example the newest and most popular Klipsch speaker, the Forte. Julian Hirsch in Stereo Review magazine reported: "its distortion and sensitivity measurements are outstanding that comparison with most speakers is impossible. In addition, these speakers just plain sound so good that we will hate to pack them up and send them back to Klipsch. Auuuhaaah in absolute terms, and especially at its price, the Forte would be hard to match, let alone surpass." The Forte sells for $5,600.00 each in olive oak or walnut.

Breier Sound Center also displays the famous Klipschorn. No other speaker that we know of can match their ability to recreate the dynamic performance of the live performance. Klipschorns are $1,600.00 each in oak or walnut. You can also audition: the KG 2, a 2-way bookshelf speaker starting at $195.00 each, the KG 4, a floor standing 2-way speaker with speakon box at $299.00 each; the Heresy, the smallest 3-way Klipsch speaker sells for $425.00 each; and the brand new Cherns, 3-way system with a 15" woofer priced at $745.00 each. Hear these excellent speakers at Breier Sound Center. If you decide to take a pair home, you may have to be patient—but we assure you it will be worth the wait.

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MONIED WHITE LIBRARIES FROM MICHIGAN to Hollywood have helped push the Jackson presidential campaign to an unexpectedly strong showing in the Democratic primaries. But when the Jackson express chugs into San Diego April 9, it may well find a lack of support from big-name white liberals. And while his local campaign has made great strides in organizing black churchgoers and registering thousands of black voters here, one Jackson foe—himself a black liberal—doubts those efforts will yield substantial votes in California's June 7 primary.

Jackson's San Diego backers have signed up dozens of liberal union activists, peace activists, and other social liberals, but they apparently haven't yet courted many of San Diego's white liberal establishment. "I just don't sense that they're reaching out beyond the activist black and the very left of-center whites, and that will be to the detriment of the Jackson campaign," says Nick Johnson, a long-time local political consultant now working on Democratic Leo McCarthy's U.S. Senate campaign. "You have the black liberals, the Jewish liberals, the Asian allies and the Evzone Schulzes," asks Johnson, referring to two of the major Democratic activist groups.

Jackson organizer DeDe DeClerck dismisses Johnson's critique. McClure says, "For any real blacks attending a Jackson campaign meeting here last December, and who would be your typical white liberal, including mayoral candidate Floyd Morrow, have taken leadership roles in the Jackson campaign. It's just not the white liberals who are reaching out to blacks and whites." McClure says. But Nikki Symington, a well-

If they wanted to embarrass their rivals, why didn't they produce the body when the disciples were preaching the Resurrection in Jerusalem?

"Well maybe Christ's followers didn't preach His Resurrection until many years after the crucifixion. Maybe it was made up, a legend?"

"That's already been thought of and discarded because psychology has proven that it takes at least three generations for a legend to develop. The fact that the grave of Christ an Easter day was empty is devastating logic."

"Yes, if you put together all the apparent signs, the mystical signs, the menstrual signs for women to guard the body from being stolen. If the Resurrection claim was based on eyewitness testimony, the Jewish authorities, with the help of the Romans, would have destroyed the body and squashed the rumor." But then, how about the body being stolen, isn't that the most probable explanation?"

"Well, no! We see, we stop to look at the moles, nobody had anything to do with it."

"Well, I'm not sure. His followers did!"

"Oh did they? Would you have stolen that woman's body and then buried it, an 18th-century tomb, and finally been managed for you what you know that no one would have witnessed. And why an increase in social status for the disciples to participate in such a fiasco? For fear of the Roman authorities moving Christ's body; why would they want to promote a rival group?"

If the Romans wanted to bring the disciples to judgment, they would have burned the body in the streets, wouldn't they?"

"Hmmm, if Jesus did break all natural laws and rise from the dead like He said He would, then what does it really mean to me?"

"Very simply, my friend, it means everything else He said was true. He was sent from God to die for our sins and by repentance and belief in Him we can have eternal life."

Concerned Christians of P. Loma

THE INSIDE STORY
BY PAUL KRUGER

Jackson and Dekius could galvanize otherwise complacent voters. And Congressman Bates, who hasn't endorsed Jackson, acknowledges that the preacher's very charismatic with young black voters."

NOT ALL OF SAN DIEGO'S BLACK preachers are supporting Jackson this year. Reverend Robert Ard, a black minister who abandoned his Republican party roots in 1984 to campaign vigorously for Jackson, has completely abandoned the Jackson campaign this time around. "I won't knowingly vote for a person who lacks integrity," said last week. And Jackson's change of heart came after Jackson made a special trip to San Diego in 1986 to endorse incumbent Democrat State Assemblyman Pete

Chacon's re-election campaign. And was the Republican party candidate against Chacon in that election, and he had urged Jackson to stay out of the race. But in a deal arranged by Democrat Assembly Speaker Willie Brown, Jackson ignored Ard's plea and threw his support to Chacon, who was re-elected.

Chacon repaid the favor two weeks ago at the Democratic State Convention in Palm Springs, where Chacon announced his support for Jackson's presidential campaign. That endorsement was Jackson's first by a local office holder; beating out San Diego's four black elected officials: county Supervisor Leon Williams, city Councilmen Wes Pratt, city school board president Dorothy Smith, and community college board president Charles Reid.

resurrection

"The Resurrection," said my friend. "Come on! Nobody with half a logical mind really believes that today, especially with what science has discovered!"

"All right, well, that's just what makes it so significant; because it is so contrary to natural laws, it is almost easier to prove it was a fraud than to prove the Resurrection didn't happen. In fact, scientific logic helps to substantiate the Resurrection."

"What do you mean?"

"Well, the Resurrection is an event that has been described by over 1200 eyewitnesses throughout the centuries, and there's no reason to doubt the reality of the Resurrection."

"But you see, in the first place, they all seem to have been Jewish people, and second, they all seemed to be witnesses, not skeptics."

"What is the most probable explanation of the Resurrection?"

"Because there were one time hundreds of people have advanced to explain away the Resurrection, and each of them is logically refutable. For example, the wrong tomb theory offered by the evil King Philip Lake claims that the wrong tomb was selected, the body missed, the body of the Roman soldiers guarding the tomb were stolen. If the Resurrection claim was based on eyewitness testimony, the Jewish authorities, with the help of the Romans, would have destroyed the body and squashed the rumor."
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pelling enough that I never wanted to be poor. And, uh, and I worked hard for that money on the paper route, that's damn hard work for a kid.

Q: Which paper?
A: It was the Onion. It was the only paper in town. And I got my real early in the morning and I worked damn hard before school and I don't mind being proud of that. I never brag about it, but it's not a thing that's tried out every time I talk to my sons, you know the old thing about. "If only you'd worked as hard as I did," ha, I'll never do that. But the thing is I worked very hard and I accumulated all of $2500, and it took me about four years to do it.

Q: And that's all it cost to rent that house?
A: In those days, in San Diego, that was a ten-percent down payment plus escrow fees for a house in Ocean Beach. And when I sold that house, actually years later, I had enough money to buy this house, which I thought I was paying a fortune — $72,000.

Q: Do you think of yourself as being a very hard worker?
A: Bicycle. And I had to go through the training for a job, so I got paid a buck an hour. So, to make a long story short, my wife and I over the years since then have restored this house and renewed it to the point where it's pretty impressive now. But it's only because we've done it ourselves. But, yeah, I don't know, "level-headed." I mean it was, I was a very serious kid in a way. I was a bit of a biker, I know. If I have any secrets at all, if it means anything to be smart, I'm gonna listen to my dad, and I'm gonna learn the things he kind of missed a little bit, I'm gonna improve on "them." — ha, I'm not sure I answered the question — that's why I made the move. I didn't wanna, you know, mess out on the real estate boom that was obviously coming to San Diego as it had to L.A. As it turns out, I missed out on almost all of it because all I ever did was buy two little pieces of property, ha ha.

But had I done that, had I followed that route, and I know many people in San Diego today who live extremely comfortable lives who have no particular merit in life except that they vigorously pursued this notion, that buy ten percent down, hold two years and sell, uh, that they could make a ton of money. And a number of millionaires today got there with that theory.

RUMINATIN' RHYTHM — So I'm thinking, well, there are three basic flavors of privileged whiteboy growing up in the current U.S.A.: hipster, square, and, of course, yuppie. Roger — nach (and no mean feat) — is ALL THREE. Sheer, pit (not a pit) put in the sense that Samuel Beckett, "Barraising" THE RULING ICONOCLAST — So it keeps going, don't mind my epigraph, I'm just trying to tintinge dye itsm color things. You notice, by the way, that I haven't once referred to Roger's dwelling as "The House That Nancy Hoover Built." (I hope you've noticed.) Anyway: not a millionaire, nor a millionaire Republican, Rog says the word and I crouch on it. Q: See, I've always thought, uh, for a long time I didn't exactly know what I wanted to think Republicans were, uh, vis-à-vis Democrats, you know, whatever they were, and it's only in the last few years that it's seemed to me Republicans tend to have more affection for the so-called ruling class as such than Democrats, whatever a ruling class can be, uh, they're more "aristocratic," not.

At Well, maybe, I mean you can certainly look at Bush and Duspo and those people as being quintessentially Republican in that case. I think I started out being more a Barry Goldwater type, iconoclastic. I walked preciptics for Goldwater when I was 18 years old as a uh, anti-establishment deal. And Barry Goldwater, if you know him at all, is a very anti-establishment guy. Very iconoclastic, very individualistic. And that has been papered over with the right-wing image, but in truth the guy is a, in a sense, a throwback to a very individualistic age. But also in the sense of something we need more of, which is to challenge authority. I think it was the first guy I know of whose campaign was to kick out the whole Eastern establishment and, uh, and start over, in terms of politics. He didn't buy any of these guys and never did.

Q: Easter! I'm Eastern. A: Rockefeller.
Q: Oh, that, Eastern Republican. A: Rockefeller, Scriver, Henry Cabot Lodge, etc., etc., etc.
Q: Mayflower descendants. A: Yeah, if you're talking about ruling class. Goldwater was essentially anti-ruling class.

Q: He was a former Jew! A: He was an outcast. His grandfather started... Q: Reagan, on the other hand, is a former Irish Catholic, he was an O'Regan.

His father or grandfather or somebody decided to pass for British by dropping the O and adding an n.

A: I don't know, I don't know his family roots. Reagan is not an authentic Goldwater was an authentic. Unfortunately Goldwater was unable to be as Goldwater.

Q: I can't remember his name, but the manager of Country Joe and the Fish, he had worked for Goldwater, too.

A: Oh, I know him, oh! And we talked about that, he said, "Yeah." Oh boy, oh boy, how many years have gone by! But a lot of people worked for Goldwater, and a lot of people who found themselves in basic rebellion in the '60s, uh, not everybody was from the left. There was a rightwing rebellion too.

Q: Well, I'm told you had your moments of leftist acquiesces, uh, that you were perceived as, if not "liberal," at least a flexible, politically tolerant non-party sort of guy.

A: Oh, yeah, I've always been non-party. I mean parties ceased having a defined philosophical relevance probably 75 years ago.

Q: But wasn't the fact that you found Republican support for some of the things you wanted to do in these parts close to a miracle?

A: Oh, that's all hogwash. The leaders of the Republican Party always viewed me as they viewed Goldwater on the national scene. I was far too independent, far too iconoclastic for them to handle gracefully. But the rank and file Republicans. I never won an election where I didn't, and I won all my elections and I won 'em with a substantial, solid base of rank-and-file Republicans. That's where I did my best, in Republican communities and precincts. And I always did pretty well in the Democratic areas too, not as well, but a good majority.

Q: But I mean you were once perceived as being somewhat non-rightwing, if not quite left.

A: As Couple things contributed to that. Number One, I had a personal tolerance for everybody. I was the first person that could really talk to gays. I didn't have any prob-

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At: Well, that's not true down here. There are five bathrooms where guys are talking about, openly talking about having free sex; they don't give a shit.
Q: You don't think they use rubber?
A: That's what they say they should. They don't know, this is what I'm trying to deal with.
Q: Do a show from a bathhouse.
A: Understand, go down and camp in front of one of the interview people that come out and go... ha!
Q: Yeah.
A: Anyhow, I have not changed my views but I have changed, uh, and I guess I'm kind of reeling in this new freedom, to be able to talk about issues that come up without having a little bit of a sugar coating politicians inevitably put on things because they don't wanna offend people and they don't wanna lose votes. I don't give a shit about losing votes anymore, so I'm gonna talk pretty real-time to people. Particularly those I care about or have some concern about.
Q: If not votes, ratings?
A: They matter, sure.
Q: Aren't you ever a little more forcibly articulate about some of this stuff than, uh, to maintain a bit show?
A: No, I don't think it, so I mean I don't see it the way others could. The way I see it, it's a little free to be more real with people than I have been in the past for reasons of wanting to be polite, or "political" if you will. And I am concerned about the people I like the most, I mean environmentalists for instance. I was just ripping the local environmental community because they're supporting a so-called growth, inner-growth ordinance, which purports to put a lid on building permits in order to slow down growth but in effect, after you read all the exceptions, has a higher building permit level for this coming year than were issued all of last year. So it's not even a limit, and they're being sold this bill of goods. So I've been tough, but I don't think I've changed my position. I've been tough, but things have changed. I mean, AIDS has changed the position within the gay community, well, it's just a matter of necessity. The growth thing is changing all the time. Is the answer to growth more taxes to build more roads so we don't have traffic jams and they allow another million people to live here? That's the current plan. It's a disaster. Anyway, I don't think I've changed. Others can say that and I have to accept the logic, because you don't know yourself as well as maybe somebody who's been watching you for a while. But I don't think I'm more conservative or more liberal that I ever was, because I don't respond well to those labels. I'm perhaps, in the newfound freedom, and maybe it's part of the success of the show, I have a back doorway, uh, expressing more bluntly what I feel, invoking a lot more backlash, certainly, than sugar-coating the message, and maybe that's good for the ratings and it's good for the show. Something's good for the show because a lot of people are listening.

I don't think Roger's especially "evil".
Not in the sense that Oliver North is evil (or Bob Hope or Bing Crosby).

THE PHYLLIS DILLER CONNECION — Okay, some comic relief. But not as comic as could've been. You know those transcendentally over-the-edge, over-the-top, over-the-top-of-the-universe type ads on certain later John Coltrane albums where after going far fucking out on all those incredible limits at the edge of the friggin' Void he suddenly at the end of a passage will throw in these contextualy connective noises as if to announce that we're still — ta ta! — in the safe, sane land of the Harmonica! Well watch, here, the way Roy does get the off-postural trane on a famous lame culture-neck only to let go (Oh! We're ALL in showin on this silly bus, I reckon...)

At: Ha ha. I did it a different way with Phyllis Diller. I had Phyllis Diller on. I had a lot of people on. Phyllis Diller was fun because we talked about reconstructive surgery, we got into, you know, all the times she's changed her nose, and then beyond that I said, "Look, you've built a public persona that's a real fake. It has nothing to do with Phyllis Diller the real person." She says, "Right!" — there was no Fang, there was no... we went through the whole thing. So we get down to, and I say, "What do you do to relax? How do you get the stress of doing what you do and being who you are out of your system?" "Well," she says, "I have a secret that men usually don't know about. A lot of women I find do this, I soak, I don't bathe, I soak in a bathtub a minimum of 30 to 40 minutes a day." And I said, "Really? That's not so special, I mean a lot of people take baths," and she says, "Nuh no, I soak and I have no artificial light on." "What kind of light do you have?" She says, "Well, I have a candle." "That's fine, and what else do you do?" "Well," she says, "I pray. I have this particular prayer that I say every day." So I say, "Well, if you don't mind, would you like to recite this prayer?" She says, "I don't mind at all." And it's a really nice Universalist kind of I'm hoping for peace...
before. Because I've always been the guy in the arena getting analysed, getting questioned, getting second-guessed, getting whatever. Whether you're a comedian on stage or a politician running for office, you're the person in the arena. Now I'm not the person in the arena anymore, and I'm having an interesting time commentating, exploring, questioning, second-guessing — a very interesting time.

Q: Has your persona as a commentator evolved?

A: I think so. Because at the beginning, what, almost two years now, I was still in the role of, it was the only role I ever knew in life — the participant, the direct warrior, the actor, the contact, you know life as a physical contact sport. I was, that was all the roles I had. I was a trial lawyer, I was a rock-and-roll promoter before that. I was an elected official, I was on the point. Now, uh, I've gotten out of that, but I haven't lost an appreciation for that means. I have not only a real sympathy — "sympathy" is not a great word — I have an empathy for what it means to be in the kind of, in direct contact. Because nobody realises that when you're out there, psychologically, as that kind of person, you're working without a net at all times. So when Phyllis Diller walks out on stage, she's working without a net. When I go out and make a speech, running for office.

Q: But she's working without a net in a very predictable avoidance-of-falling way. Not necessarily, generally, but her Phyllis Diller.

A: Ha ha.

Q: She's not the risk taker you are.

A: Oh, sure she is. You know what her real story is? She's a sexy person at an Oakland radio station in 1966, and they want somebody to write funny lines for the new guys cause the ratings are for shit.

And she starts writing these lines and she realises she's pretty fucking funny. And so pretty soon they get her to do little bits and they stick the bits into the news things that they're doing. Pretty soon, somebody over in San Francisco picks up these bits and says, "Come over to the hungry i." or — whatever the hell it was, it's some club in San Francisco — "and start the show one night and say some of your funny bits." And that's how it started, she had four kids at home and a second husband who she soon junked, you know, and she had to or three since then. I mean this is coming from...

Q: So wait, you're saying that having encountered her, in spite of having deconstructed her, you respect her, you respect her, you respect her, you respect her?

A: Oh, of course. Absolutely. I think I got her to reveal, because I know — not because I knew the facts but I knew the psychology — where she had been psychologically in terms of the risks she took. I mean, shit, that's a world war, to go through that and gain your self-defined success. And I've done that — ha, on a smaller scale — and I appreciate that.

So unlike another commentator who's always been a commentator — I mean if you've always been Sam Donaldson, you've never been the president, ha ha. I mean you can always be an asshole and be Sam Donaldson, but you could never get the president, if you haven't been president, to come out...

Q: But for Christ sake, you're realer than Sam Donaldson.

A: Oh yeah. I am. I've interviewed Sam Donaldson and I know that to be a fact! Sam Donaldson is a small-town high school smart aleck, and he's never gotten over it. And he's just smart enough, and smart alecky enough, to have caught a lot of attention by asking these obvious questions. But they're not very in-depth, they don't draw out any real knowledge. They serve mainly to try to embarrass or pickle the object of his questioning. I don't think it gets anybody anywhere.

** ** ** **

THE TEETH OF GOD — A thousand pages ago I was wondering aloud like a dumb neophyte "who Roger is," as if it mattered more than what he said. Now here we both are, he's saying and I'm saying and, who and I (who I could easily be wondering), who in heck is the "T" that's saying my stuff? Obviously I'm charading as this, that, other's — like watch me, for the next few minutes, play the stooge and tickle the guy's self-image in search of danno...

Q: You like power, right? Ha! Ha!

Q: Of course!

Q: You don't like power for power sake.

Q: But you've... A: Yeah, I enjoy using power to effect, uh, as we all do. You brush your teeth, it's a use of power. Uh, I enjoy using power for the kinds of things I wanna see get done. Hell, who doesn't?

Q: But there must be moments when you enjoy the angle of alteration in somebody's spiritual columns, or their mindsets, based on something you've done or said.

A: Ha ha ha ha.

Q: Aw, come on, you're too modest.

A: What's funny about that is people have a tendency to think that I was just built on this notion of ego-gratifying power exercises, but I honestly...

Q: You don't mean so much ego gratification as you the artist, you know, just on a camera-angle level seeing the result of, uh, the vectors of your counsel.

A: Well, there's a satisfaction, but I think I've successfully smeared clear of the sickness that arises from too much ego satisfaction. But certainly, there's obviously a satisfaction. If I can get, now here a practical deal here, okay, if I can get the people of the city to realize that they don't have to expand and should not expand — knock knock knock — as the new mayor is proposing a billion and a half dollars to increase the capacity of our sewer system to clean up the water before we throw it away in the ocean. I will have accomplished, ha, using power!

Q: What are the options to deal with seawater? I don't know them.

A: Well, one of 'em is you recycle the water you've already brought from 400 miles away and stolen from somebody off the Colorado River, and you use it over again instead of cleaning it up and throwing it away in the ocean — that's at least one. The other one is you don't use much water to start with that's pumping up the — I mean we use water as if there's so much — and you don't, and maybe this is the final irony of the thing, have a stated political rhetoric of growth management and growth control in the name of environmental sanity and protection and then turn around and tick everybody a billion and a half dollars to build a sewer treatment system whose capacity can only be justified by more growth.

Q: See, I'm assuming from things I hear here and there that your mayor might be a great...

A: Ha ha!

Q: ... but I don't know anything she's done. I just hear these things. I also hear that from just the set-up they've power-to-do so as many mayor's in other cities.

A: Right.

Q: So is it possible that just in terms of the physics of the situation I think that you're as powerful from where you currently are as a mayor could be anybody?

A: Oh, people have said that.

Q: So that must feel okay.

A: Well, not only do I not consider the circumstances, it's like a bolt out the sky. I learned it happened when the station calls me the week before I'm finally free of and resigns and says, "Look, if the worst happens, I want you to think about a radio talk show." I said, "A what?" I mean it was like being deus ex machina, you know, something just came out of the sky and just I needed to do something else while I was falling off the cliff! In other words, what I'm saying is I haven't gone through anything that is any kind of own fine talent, ha ha ha! I've gotten there because somebody gave me a break that came out of the sky, uh, you know, thank God, I've done something...

Q: It's nice when it happens.

A: Exactly! I sure as hell couldn't count on it, nor could I, you know, so I have a fine appreciation for the funny aspect of this whole thing. I'm doing this radio show because it was dropped on me, ha, like there was a seagull, you know, or something, and it's funny, the political thing happened the same way. I just decided one day, I was kind of, I mean I was practicing law and I was just representing a lot of citizen groups, kind of dabbling in community politics, and then everybody was down on this incumbent supervisor but none of the politicians could name the people who would be the logical people to challenge him, were willing to do it, and I just got kind of pissed off and I thought, well, this guy Condie's gotta go and nobody else has any guts to do it, so you know I'm gonna do it. It was kind of one of those thing! And then all of a sudden, you know, it worked — and I don't know at the beginning that I meant it to work.

Q: But do you also, do you also, there is a sense that in order to be "who you are today" — karma and such shit — you had to lose your majority in order to actualize what you've become?

A: Well, with the necessary precondition that it was certainly not a desired one or preplanned, ha, I mean it's obvious that it was a necessary precondition I would not be who I am today that had not happened, but I certainly didn't plan it that way. In fact, I guess I can say throughout my life I haven't planned any of this stuff, I mean life has been like, ah, troughs and the whole game is like one of those, you know I'm on the other end of the gallery here at the county fair and the BiB's keep coming at me, ha, and there's a question whether I can turn this into anything good or not — for or creative or interesting.

Q: But is it any of your current take on things, uh, is there any, you know, "When the going gets rough, the rough gets..." like a counterpart?

A: I don't know that I'd put it in that way, because it has a lot of images of some macho, ha, deal. I mean I don't look at it that way. I look at it as just Pete Alyward, this lawyer friend of mine, once put it, you know, you've seen anybody who looked forward so eagerly to taking advantage and making it his friend — and it's not anybody who opposed in the campaign, I would take the charges and just turn 'em around, I'd be able to — to, you say counterpart, you know just counterpart, because too many of the people I saw just thought, they sort of feel like they're reeds on the breeze and that, uh, they have to accept whatever happens to them but most of the things are gonna be bad. And I don't think, anything bad happens to you, I think just...
things happen. I saw a bumper sticker the other day, it said, "Shit happens," ha ha! And I just think that’s, that’s life, it does, you know, things happen to you. And the whole fun of it is, um, what happens to you after things happen to you — I mean whudda you do?

* * *

RUMINATION 2001: Scandal-ridden ex-mayors who not only do not skip town, who in fact have no intention of ever skipping, who keep a maximum local profile and even continue to task about their fringy bag’s sewer system are, are... are certainly a TRIP, doncha think?

The universe is a void in which there is a dreamhole. The dream disappears. The hole closes.

Allen Ginsberg, "Laughing Gas" A FATE WORSE THAN GARY — So it’s, getting late, Jim, and we’re still at it, talking ‘bout, of all things, that coroned justice Marcy, every day and his likeliest post-Padre Fandango. I think," gibes Roger, "he was born for a political career, but I don’t think he has any idea what that means." I second the mockout, and pursue with him the remnants of his own dwindling petty-whatsits...

Q: But, um, your political career is not over.
A: Well, I think it’s over.
Q: You actually do?
A: I don’t, uh, maybe a combination of things tells me that. One is, I mean all the circumstances, whatever comes out of this appeal or what have you. I mean guys that have been convicted of doing something nasty about their campaign contributions are not likely to get elected again. And two, if you can be as powerful doing something that makes twice or three times or five times as much money, why go back to the first thing?
Q: It does?
A: Yeah.
Q: Five times as much?
A: No.
Q: Four?
A: No, ha, but more than twice.
Q: Okay! Well, anyway, uh, some peo-

ple I’ve spoken to seem to like classical, y’know, "tragic" elements in their political downfall. You look at it at all that way?
A: Well, the only tragedy is for democracy. No, it was pretty straightforward. I think it was pretty obvious what happened, and the tragedy is for democracy. I mean, people, the returns of San Diego, no longer have the democratic right to select their mayor.
Q: "Looking around the voids... playing an appropriate accompaniment, finding none — it must be the hour." But do you feel it’s to any extreme personally tragic insofar as it occurred early, relatively early, in your political life?
A: No, I don’t think, uh, that argues for sequential, a ladder, uh, philosophy of life that I don’t think will exist outside some mythical corporate pyramid and, uh, y’know maybe it’s, the way I view it in terms of the philosophy of it is in doesn’t matter when it happened. It’s totally irrele-

vant when it happened. I mean, Ray Kroc didn’t make his first million dollars ’til he was 56. He sold blending machines, made pennies, the most he ever made was about $35,000 a year, and he sold blending machines into his late 40s — on the road.
Q: Well, forget about when, isn’t there something almost date-coded about, uh, isn’t anyone who’s a politician perhaps maybe “asking for trouble”? Isn’t there something like walking in quicksand about the experience?
A: Oh, I took it more fortidrighly than

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Feeling tired (fatigue) is one of the most common symptoms of stress in your body. Disease (dis ease) is the end result of your body's stress. Prevention of disease can only be accomplished by early detection and correction of biomechanical and metabolic cellular dysfunction. Disease can only be cured by eliminating the cause!

To help you understand how your body functions physically, we can compare it to a sophisticated high-performance gas turbine engine. In order for the engine to perform at maximum efficiency, the fuel must be of the highest octane, the proper amount of air is necessary, the carburetor must be in proper adjustment, the electrical system must be free of interference, and there must be no obstruction in the exhaust system.

Likewise, your body, in order to function at its maximum ability, must have the best food possible (food, water, vitamins, minerals). Maximum air consumption is required (oxygenation of tissue cells) and the electrical controls (nervous system) must be in proper adjustment and free of neurological interference. Also, the exhaust system of your body (bowels, kidneys, lungs, skin) must be free of obstruction.

Simply stating the food that you eat, the water you drink, the air you breathe make up your intake of fuel. The life force that travels over the billions of nerve circuits in your body is the controlling electrical system. The waste products of metabolism (combustion) are eliminated largely through the lungs, kidneys, bowels and skin.

Not all engines require the same fuel mixture because they have different requirements; likewise, the perfect fuel formula for your fuel mixture is different than for other people, because the demands you place on your body through your daily activities are not the same as others. The basic fuel formulas for all people is similar; but the special additives and restrictions used in each individual case make the difference between poor health, mediocre performance or maximum health efficiency. No two people in the world are alike, and no two fuel formulas are the same.

In order to determine the perfect fuel mixture (food, water, vitamins, minerals) and oxygenation (exercise) for you, it is necessary to evaluate your specific situation. In my clinic, the latest in diagnostic equipment is used to determine the underlying "cause" of your symptoms and your health problem. Likewise, a precise evaluation of your spine is vital in order to reveal any nerve conduction problem which might be interfering with the "electrical control system." Your nervous system controls all of the other systems in your body.

Because I believe that every person deserves the very best health care that science can provide, I recommend to people who are serious about their health a complete "Ecological Orthomolecular Holistic Health Care Examination." If you have any questions, I would be happy to talk to you about this "total approach to health." In the interest of your health I hope you will avail yourself of this opportunity.

McKillop Chiropractic Center
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MARCH 31, 1980
I think most people do. Most people take it to be, uh, careful. Being careful is the watchword — go along to get along. Those words might as well be inscribed on the, over the entrance to the House of Representatives and every other elected, y'know, democratic body in this country: "Be careful and you'll be okay." Life's too short for me, I don't care to be careful. I care more about being right and doing something meaningful rather than just putting in my time. And consequently it's extremely threatening, particularly in the decaying phase of American democracy, a particularly threatening attitude for an

gonna think of this appeal. It's entirely in the hands of my lawyer and the way he's putting it together, and I've had some input into that, but no, I don't think about it, but it's certainly, if asked the question, y'know "Are you afraid of going to...?" — well, certainly.

Q: You could do your show from there.
A: Well, that's what I've already told the sheriff, I've said, 'That could bring a lot of good PR to you' and he says, 'It's the last thing in the world I want is a radio show from that place.'

but I certainly intend, and the station I think might back me up, to certainly appeal to the court if

whether or not I went into the army, ba ha.

I went down to the draft, y'know the induction center, the processing center, in Oakland three times 'cause my student deferment got lifted after college, in 68, and I was marching over to Oakland out of law school there, in San Francisco, I went over three times, y'knew bent over, do the whole bit. And all three times they threw me out of there because my skin condition on my back was so bad that, uh, y'know they just couldn't take me.

Q: At what age did it break out?
A: Oh, I had this subcutaneous cyst syndrome, which is a rash of small cysts that covered the upper third of my back and my face and neck, and the upper part of my arms. And I was under medication for the thing about five years, and during that time — it's pretty well cleared up now and has been for some years, but it's obviously left scars... 

Q: How "defiant" has it made you about
A: Y'know I'm gonna leave the psychoanalysis, uh, what the psychic, the psychological impact it's had, I have no idea. I mean, I don't think it's had any effect, but it might have, I don't know.

Q: Do you feel any lingering self-consciousness about it?
A: No, because it has, um, I mean the usual thing it does, you get pimples when you're a teenager and it causes you anxiety with, uh, with takin' out girls, and I sup-

(continued on page 36)

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pose that happened in high school, but at time went on I never had a problem, heh heh heh, with girls being attracted to me, at least not in sufficient numbers that I ever felt deprived, and it's never been a, y know, it's never come up in that context or any other that I've seen it as a handicap — maybe that's the best way to put it. I sure didn't like it, as anyone else did when they were in their teen years — what an embar- rassing, humiliating thing to go through — but, hell, it saved me going to Vietnam, I can't be too down on it.

Q: Didn't you do that commercial for some skin, uh?
A: Yeah, I used to do it for a doctor in Tijuana that does these chemical face abra- sions, and uh, but I wouldn't even have that done, I mean I basically did the ads for the, y know the typical, your woman who wanted to peel away some of the wrinkles, discolorations out of her face, for cosmetic reasons — but I don't care.

Q: Well, good!

A: Yeah, I mean it doesn't make any dif- ference to me, I look like how I look.

Q: Are there days when you develop a pimple ...
A: Sure, yesterday.

Q: ... and you see it in the mirror and think here comes trouble again?
A: As I get 'em fairly frequently, just little, uh, blackheads and whiteheads and so forth, and they come out occasionally and they go away. Once again, it's sort of just part of the equipment I have, ha, and I'm fairly comfortable with it. I mean people can take it or leave it.

Q: Good.

...  

JUST 2 GUYS FINISHING OFF AN EVENING TALKING SOME MORE ABOUT AIDS — The tequila done, so are we. We make plans, or plan to make plans, for evening next, or the evening after that.

How about Tijuana? — just a suggestion.
Ain't been there since 69, so I figure, shoot, Metaphile Roger could show me a sampling of T-J to-day ...
Q: You could show me something vulgar.
A: God, there's not much left, y know when I was a kid we used to go down to Tijuana and, uh, when I was 14-15 years old there was still the old World War II, uh, real, incredible dives, y know the legendary donkey shows, and Juicy Lucy and her 15 imitators who would come out until two in the morning and pick up a quarter off the bar with their private parts.
Q: That's gone?
A: That's gone.

Chicago Club used to have the world's longest runway where the girls would lead the sailors around by their dicks and try and measure them and stuff. I mean all that crazy era of Tijuana is pretty much gone. I had a business meeting down there about six months ago and we all decided to go to dinner, and I was sort of reminiscing about some of these old things, which was kind of embarrassing to the Mexicans, who've been trying to not just be a place where the Marines go to get laid, y know that type of legend or reputation, but build a real modern city, and they're too many respects succeeding. So, but after- wards we're talking, I say, "What kind of clubs you guys go to?" "Well ..." Finally we went to a couple bars and had some drinks, nothing much, but then we finally went to uh, a shorehouse. Which was all Mexican. And it was a bar, you walked in and it was a bar and a seating area, seating around the bar, and then you walked up a couple of steps back into an area where there were little cubicles. And it just scared the hell out of me, talk about a difference in, transition in generations, it scared the hell out of me to even think about touching one of those girls! It used to be adven- turesome, "Ooo, I don't wanna get the clap," or you wonder whatever, now it's "Christ, they must have AIDS" — I mean they can't possibly get by without having any AIDS. Because these girls were going,
y’snow, 20-30 years a night. And my God,
I had this awful feeling, if I had any sexual
desire ... Shit, if the paper there’s this
story about some gal was picked up in
Fresno for prostitution, they find out she
has AIDS, she says, “Yeah, I know I have
AIDS.” “Why haven’t you stopped?” “I’ve
gotta make a living too.” And when I hear
this, I go shooooo— almost enough to drive
you to chastity. Yeah.

Q: Well, it’s in the Catholic tradition.
A: Yeah, it’s a tradition I’m coming to
lose in life — but better late than never! Ha
ha ha ha ha ha ha...

Conclusions to this point: none.
Actually, one. Don’t think he’s especially
“evil.” Not in the sense that Oliver North
is evil (or Bob Hope or Bing Crosby). Or
Tom Landry or Peter Leatherby. (Or Mark
Harmon for Coors.) Or the Dennis Hopper
character in Blue Velvet. Or Nancy
Reagan or Steve Garvey or Jerry Lewis.
May not know who (what) he is — but I
don’t know who (what) he ain’t. I
even, huh, (in a sense) “like” the guy.
He’s the first interviewee I’ve encountered
who’s misunderstood phrases like “bad
homemakers” and “a priest,” and I can’t
imagine him sending someone to break my
thumbs after he’s read the piece (which,
consciousness aside, I’m sure he’d read
thoroughly, though in two weeks he’ll
probably recall me as “Metzger”). He just
hasn’t specifically charmed me.

* * *

Nothing ever was.
Nothing is a house never bought.
Nothing sits on nothing in nothing of
many nothing-ings — a nothing king
— Gregory Corso, “Notes After
Blacking Out”

THE BLINDLING WONDER OF BEING —
so I’m downtown buying
beers, lots of beer, more than 30 different
brands of imported. In the liquor store lot,
these two cops ask. “Where’s the party?”
“At Roger Hedgecock’s,” I answer — a
nice line to actually use in Context. Rub
elbows w/ the famed and/or rich and/or
powered — and a payoff.

“What, law, we’ll be over later — what
a life. Some minutes later at Chez Hedge,
however, Mrs. Hedge is somewhat non-
plussed to hear it. About cops expecting
parties (and concievably knowing their
coordinates).

“I don’t think they really believed me,”
I assure her.

“I hope not.” She does not seem easily
assured.

Tijuana’s fallen through, but Life goes on.
A round-the-finish of “AM/FM —
30 Years of Rock ’n Roll Trivia” — a
board game — is our substitute, i.e., 2nd-
choice, life Option. Arnold’s idea — blame
him. Well, I don’t gotta blame him, I end
up winning. But Roger, heh, Roger doesn’t
do so good.

Before we play, though, as this is perhaps
the last I’ll be seeing of dear Rog, I pre-
sent him with a bk... a good bk... a fresh
storebought copy of a damn good bk... —
Charles Bukowski’s Women. Barfly is about
to be released so it’s, y’know, tepid.
Before departing for her own life option(s)
up the stairs — this time, we’re in the heav-
ily wooded dining rm. — Mrs. Rog’, no
rock triviaist she, at least not an invited
one, spots the thing and queries, “What’s this?”

“You tell her,” mangles Rog’. So I do; all
the usual overblown great-American-
unsung this/that/these. She examines it —
cover painting of a “floppy” — flips pages,
goes google-eyed at what knows which
passage, declares, “I’ll have to read it too.”

I hope she does.

OK. The players: Roger, me, KSIO
talkboy (and former rock djs) Stacy
Taylor, rock photog (and Arnold-
Hedgecrook Experience roadie) Bob White,
T.K. Arndt. T.K., who I’ve decided is
Roger’s “youth guru,” his cultruearte
steady lest he, Roger, lose his youth (the
old boy seems fairly secure, for the time be-
ing, in his ongoing possession of that) but

(continued on page 38)
ROGER
(continued from page 12)
his angle on youth as a concrete whatsis out in the world, an aspect of world prod-
uct just beyond his current range of Major Concern, has brought umpteen packaged
dips to go with my beers & Roger's chips.
The game. No reason to blow-by-blow the
cheesy game. Every other question, it
seems, involves the Moody Blues or Eric
carmen. And every question, every ques-
tion Roger gets — even Which group sang
'Jumpin' Jack Flash'? — he gets wrong.
"Christ," he mutters, "I'm outclassed all
around." But no, there's plenty of stuff
none of us know, for inst whatever band did
"Sweet Thang" (Rufus!/ Aerosmith/ Alabamal) or the year "Spiders and
Snakes" was a #1 hit for Jim Stafford ("817"
"760!"") — although yes, the former rock
promoter does miss some especially easies,
total throwaway gimmies like "Secret Agent
Man" (finger of that have us feeling sorry
for him — no other way to put it.
So we fend him clues, cues, we give him
extra time — what're acquaintances for? —
and finally he gets one. "What ex-member
of the Stone Poneys recorded the album
'Mad Love'?" "Stone Poneys?... I don't
know... oh, oh... Linda Ronstadt?
'Six cheers! four cheers! — but his
streak ends abruptly at one. The game goes
on (and on) yet he never really does get in
it. At one point he halfheartedly jests:
"Hey, I was doing important things while
these records were out." We courteously
halflaugh, and he soon grows eerily silent,
his face almost waxen in the high-watt
overhead light...
Once, in the 7th or 8th grade, my mother
sent me to school in spite of a nasty cold,
which was usually not her habit, and for
some reason I forgot to bring a handker-
chief. I was able to hold in it for a period
or so — all the nasal stuff — but then in
social studies I just suddenly had to BLOW
MY NOSE, and what was I to blow it in?
I blew it in stuff, lined notebook paper,
and what I couldn't catch with notebook (in-
cluding dripping blue notebook lines) I
wiped on my sleeve. And because I was
making all this noise — blowers would ordi-
narily get to do it at home. — I felt like
the whole room was watching me, whether
they actually were or not: blow and
wipe... pause... blow and wipe.
There've been moments so far with
Roger. I'm thinking, where I've felt every
bit as uncomfortable, as conspicuous, as
conspicuously uncomfortable. There may
well have been moments where he's felt the
same with me, but if so he's never once let
on. He's appeared more at ease than I
could EVER be. As "at-ease guy." But not
now. This stupid game has got him nearly
wincing.
He sips at a beer and says little. When
he speaks, it's without bombast, oompah,
of either import or transmission. Spotting dip on Arnold's collar, he tells him, "Wipe off your shirt!" The remark, in context, takes on a sad yet odd mock-reproachful avuncularity which its recipient parries with: "Come on, over and wipe it with your tongue." There is no return-of-life, gesturally or verbally, nor removal of dip. For a brief moment, elongated peckmarks I have previously noted stand sharply, starkly parallel at earlobe right of the famous Hairpin's epidermal avuncularity. Sad - to my eyes Roger seems sad. And I don't mean unhappy. (And not merely 'cause he is "loving." I mean sad not in-command-of-a-dead-on-situation in your own goddamned, sadly shorn of a locally much-sought Partytime Co. of all vestiges (in fact) of Manifest Preeminence. Since this is hardly for any, and since my "story" can certainly endure its discom- position, why can't he just tell us all to SCREAM? (Does he imagine, perchance, I haven't already "seen through" EVERYTHING?) It's like dinner-theatre of one of those what's cruel? paid? Pain- ful to watch, painful to see - but also educational.

Yup, for as hurtin' as such lessons well may be, amid us sits proof-in-flesh that everything is reducible to nothing, or to not much, to a real not much beyond any silly topical loss-of-preferred-status not- much. And this, by cracky, this Roger-as-improved-lesson-plan, THIS is a Roger I not only "dig" but "respect" - uncon- ditionally! - because he has gotten around (in now few short days) to revealing, without premedication, how WITHOUT INSULATION he in fact is. If you beat him he'll melt, if you chill him he'll freeze - how many supernovae nowadays c'do that number?

Few, I'm guessing, could do so it matter-of-factly. You never saw John Wayne, for inst., freeze or melt 'till he showed up at an Oscar broadcast after leaving his guts in a C-ward trash compactor. Nixon - right? - you wouldn't see melt if he took a shit in hell. And what the hell would he melt to?

In his ongoing distress, the subject of this piece appears less a deconstructed Oxymorons, or even a defrocked rock pro- motor, than, (ultimately) just a-blap trap in the big head of a humblingly small-g garim - we've all been there, and now, for at least the first time in his life, Roger Hedgescock (takied) has been there too. Little Louis's new clothes? Naw: a mag'ar join in pale blue button-down ...

Two hours later it's over. Or two and a half. By correctly answering my 15th or 16th Eric Carmen question I, uh, win. Roger comes in fifth out of five. What's left of the beer is split up, and I get to take some obscure brands home. Chip stains (but not dip stains) dot the cover of the household's only Bukowski. I can't help feeling I have been to this party (qua party) many times before.
OK, party's over! As is this piece.
TUNAVILLE TIMES

and the Portuguese fishing families of Point Loma

BY SUE GARSON

Thousands of dollars' worth of floral arrangements filled the sanctuary of St. Agnes Church in Point Loma. Below the statue of Our Lady of Fatima were anchors and nautical wheels made of blue and white carnations. Floral replicas of tuna vessels were laid beneath Our Lady of Good Voyages, whose plaster arms held the infant Jesus and a tuna clipper. A blanket of white orchids covered the casket containing the remains of a ninety-three-year-old fisherman, and when members of the Brotherhood of the Holy Spirit filed past the cherrywood cofin, each placed a single red rose on top.

After hymns were sung in English, a Portuguese choir sang songs of the sea. The president of the American Tunaboat Association extolled the deceased as a pioneer in San Diego's tuna industry. Manuel Oliver Medina was responsible for starting the high-seas tuna fleet in the United States, and he was first to build and skipper ocean-ranging tuna clippers, the speaker noted. "M.O. was first to use radar and first to install refrigerated holds and radio," he added in tribute. On this March Wednesday in 1986, Medina's body made its final voyage to Holy Cross Cemetery, where it received the last blessing. Afterwards, hundreds of mourners paid their respects at Medina Castle, the hilltop mansion on Point Loma's San Elijo Street, where they had often sought the pastor's counsel.

Two years earlier, in July of 1984, Van Camp, the world's largest and most modern tuna canery, closed in Harbor Drive plant. With it went millions of dollars from San Diego's economy and an estimated 12,000 jobs. Both the demise of San Diego's last canery and the death of M.O. Medina symbolized the end of the 109-year-long Portuguese colonization of Point Loma.

In The Portuguese-Americans, published in 1976, author Leo Pap cites Point Loma's Portuguese enclave as the wealthiest (per capita) in the nation. During the boom when the book was written, fishing was lucrative beyond all expectation. Fishermen provided expensive family and vacation homes, sleek new automobiles, precious gems, lavish furs, and top-quality imported leather goods. It was not unusual then to celebrate a Portuguese wedding at the Hotel del Coronado with a thousand dinner guests. While male relatives fished off the coasts of Mexico and South America for two or three months at a time, women raised their children on the same Point Loma streets on which their parents and grandparents lived. When the providers returned from the sea, enormous celebrations were held. Extravagantly decorated Portuguese fishing boats fit the embarcaderos at Christmas.

San Diego's tuna fleet then numbered about 200 and accounted for eighty percent of the world's catch. Nearly half the vessels were owned by Portuguese dynasties that had been living in Point Loma for several generations. Crew members, nearly three-quarters of whom were Portuguese, addressed each other in the idiom of their native villages while they laid the huge black purse seine nets on the docks. Nautical designers and employees in ship-building trades and in marine supplies and repairs also had Portuguese surnames, although some had converted Oliveros to Oliver, Rodriguez to Rogers, and Machado to Marshall; for instance, to avoid being confused with Hispanics. During the boom, there were two weekly Portuguese-language radio broadcasts from San Diego-based stations.

In 1876, when the earliest Portuguese immigrants arrived on whaling ships from the Azores, they settled in the area on Point Loma now known as La Playa, from Talbot Street to the southernmost end of Rosecrans. The men caught barnacuda and yellowtail, which the women salted on drying racks to keep fresh until it reached the market. As the fish dried, the women chased away the marauding seagulls who were hoping for an easy lunch. Perhaps it was because their economic life was so connected to that particular area that the immigrants considered themselves residents of the peninsula, rather than San Diego. There were a dozen or so to Portuguese families in La Playa when Manuel Oliver Medina first arrived in 1912. According to legend, he came with only the kegpack on his back and the address of João Monize, who ran a fish market near the bay. While he boarded with the Monize family, Medina fished for mackerel from February through May. By the end of that fourth season, he had supplemented his savings with enough borrowed cash to buy an eight-horsepower gas engine with a fourteen-foot capacity. (His fishing jigs were made in Portugal from whale bones.) What he caught in Baja, Medina supplied to the local fish markets that lined Broadway from the railroad station to the bay. By then, the Pacific Tuna Canning Company had opened next to the Unions Company at the foot of F Street, and ten vessels were homeported in San Diego.

Within two years, Medina owned and operated a fifty-one-foot vessel with a thirty-five-horsepower engine; the holds were often full of lobsters that he carried from Ensenada to San Diego. Five years later, there were ten fish canneries in San Diego. By the time the rest of the Medina family emigrated from the Azores in 1925, Medina's reputation as an entrepreneur was solid; that August, the diminutive fisherman was skipper of a sixty-foot vessel that he brought back to San Diego with a phenomenal thirty-two tons of tuna.

Three years earlier, word had reached a small, primitive village on the Portuguese island of Madeira (360 miles from the African coast) that San Diego was the lower capital of the Pacific Coast. Paul do Mar villagers also knew there was a Portuguese settlement on the southwest peninsula. A few fishermen came. After they established themselves, they sent for their families, pooling their resources, and bought shares in boats. By making their own wine, by growing their own fruit and vegetables, and by depending on the sea for protein, they were able quickly to pay off the trust deeds on their new homes. Ninety percent of the early immigrants
from the Portuguese islands were earning a living from the tuna industry. Because they clustered in the south end of Port Loma, in what is now called Laimano, Roselle, and Fleetridge, the whale community became known as Tunavilese. Herbs, lemons, loquats, tangerines, guava, and cherimoyia flourished in Tunavile's gardens. Distinguished by both live and plaster parrots in cages and by statues of the Virgin Mother, their open greenhouses nurtured tropical flowers. Inside their homes, native flags and handmade musical instruments were a source of pride. Enormous efforts were made to re-create pockets of old-country living on the remote island; there was very little desire to assimilate.

Although its natural life consumed most of his time and passion, M.O. Medina had a vision of a united community with no economic disparity — a society that had brought the nurse-born and foreign-born, islanders and transplanted laborers and entrepreneurs, without resentment or rivalry. Between fishing trips, he raised funds, chose a site across from what is now Shelter Island, and was responsible for the construction of the San Diego Hall on Upham Street. When the wooden building was completed in 1922, it was dedicated to the Holy Spirit, and for half a century, Medina was his president. His drive — and the community's cash — built St. Agnes Roman Catholic Church in 1933, on Evergreen Street, three blocks from the hall. St. Agneas housed from every tot of fish caught by a Portuguese boat, and forty cents went to the hall. By 1935, the pride of Tunavile was the world's largest tuna clipper, the 135-foot Cabrillo, which had a capacity for holding 350 tons of tuna. During World War II, the U.S. government requisitioned forty-nine tuna clipper cabins to supply carriers and troops. Crewed by Portuguese fishermen from Tunavile, the boats were sent to the western Pacific, where fifteen were lost.

The Fifteenth brought big changes to the tuna industry, as the competition forced prices down, and in order to sell cheaper, crews had to catch more fish. By the end of 1938, it no longer took three men with three poles to catch a hundred-pound tuna. Huge nets hauled by small steamers were used to scoop up many tons at a time. Helicopters spotted large schools of fish and guided the ships to them. These were golden days for the industry. Key men — skippers, navigators, and engineers — were getting a percentage of the tonnage. Those in the top-producing firms were earning $200,000 per year. If the men owned all or even part of the vessel, like the seven Medina brothers, who skippered their own vessels, the profits were much greater. Although financial success could have provided mobility, a fierce attachment to their roots kept the fishermen in Tunavile. The steady influx of relatives coming from Madeira and the Azores preserved Tunavilese language and mores and accounted for most of Tunavile's population; only a small percentage came from the Portuguese mainland, which Tunavilese people still call "the continent."

The last wave of Portuguese immigration in 1974 brought political refugees from Angola after the African colony was granted independence from Portugal. That same year, the turning point in Portuguese tuna from a military coup, the subsequent nationalization of banks and insurance companies, and a sudden counter-coup brought more immigrants to Tunavile. They quickly blended into a well-established economy and a vast network of nepotism among an estimated 5000 fishermen and a few large families, some of which had become 300 and 400 millionaires.

The early Seventies brought a boat-building boom to San Diego. But builders did not anticipate rising fuel prices, soaring insurance rates, and price cuts — tuna that had brought $100 per ton soon were bringing only $700 or $800 per ton. As tuna fishing became less profitable, the fleet size dwindled. When the warm El Niño currents sent the tuna toward the western Pacific, the canneries also migrated. First Bumble Bee left in 1982, then Cola Plant. Fleet owners expanded their operations to Puerto Rico, American Samoa, the Philippines, Taiwan, and Thailand, where profits were greater and canneries workers were paid less than U.S. workers. Here at home, shipyards cut back on the work force, fuel docks closed, and legally mortgaged $52 million tuna clipper sold for a fraction of their worth.

"When we first came over in 1920, we rented a three-bedroom house in La Playa for twenty dollars a month from the Zolotzy family," recalls Frank Medina, one of M.O. Medina's younger brothers. "There were lots of Portuguese families in the neighborhood, but only four families had cars then. We walked everywhere, just like we did in the Azores. People gathered at our house. They played Portuguese instruments. We also had mandolins, twelve-string guitars, and violins. And we danced the chaumari.

I was ten years old when we came, and I enrolled in Cabrillo Elementary School. I was in my first graduating class. Before Shelter Island was filled in, my brothers and I dug for clams in the shallows after school. When I was thirteen, I did some serious fishing. In the summer catching abalone on the San Joaquin, which my father and M.O. owned. The boat was eighty-five feet long. I made $500 that summer. That was a lot of money in 1932. In the fall we went to Point Loma High, when it was brand new. I got pretty good grades in print shop. Know how? Because I traded fishing stories with the print shop teacher."

"The following summer, when I was fourteen, I went to sea again, and I never returned. I wasn't interested in school. The notion of going to school was a foolish waste of time when an industry was developing in the ocean. At fifteen, I was earning a full share, the same as a householder. I remember fishing before refrigeration, even before ice. I caught tuna with pole and line and I was the first one to have ice. In 1972, my 130-foot purse seiner caught fire at Campbell Shipyard. That's when I retired. Tuna fishing is a young man's game. I was sixty-two years old then. But it's hard to stay out of fishing. For five years after retirement, I continued to dance in the American TunaBloat Association. I think every Portuguese family tells stories — about the storms, the rescues, the shipwrecks. I still get goose pimples thinking about it."

"Although the men were gone most of the time, there was plenty of activity in Tunavile in the Twenties, when it was growing up. Everyone was poor then. We didn't have toys, but we stuck together and made rafts that we floated in the pond," remembers Helen Labruzzi. "On Christmas Eve, there was an American greaser on Roscarrowho gave us credit when we had no cash. We kids tramped crayfish and put them in every vegetable can and sold them to the fishermen for bait. We used the money to help pay off the grocery credit. After the Depression, things got better, but the boys who quit high school to go fishing were pulling up in front in brand-new Buicks and Cadillacs. All paid for. "Português was the only language we spoke at home. At school we spoke it among ourselves. Every September, we stopped what we were doing and got involved in making wine. My grandfather was the king of winemaking. I'd come home from school, and there he was in his backyard, where the San Harbor Hotel is now, with black rubber rain boots. There were five of us kids. We all crushed grapes with our feet, but he didn't let us go barefoot. We crushed Concord reds from a vineyard in Pinato. That was legit, in the competition — who had the best grapes, who made the best wine. Everyone tasted everyone else's wine. After the war, people either had their own wine presses or they borrowed them from neighbors. The vats were mostly in yards and garages, and Tunavile and Roscardo houses had wine cellars. "Most of the kids quit high school and went to work, and the kids that made it became macherel and sardines. I worked at the High Seas Cannery, where the Rondelle aunts and cousins worked. I assisted a Portuguese Hall. In 1938 I was earning $200 a month from that cannery. I was a m彻kerel. Later, the cannery were paying on the piecework system. That was a challenge."

"Most of us stayed in the canneries because it was better than anything else. That's what I did. Arranged marriages were common. Sometimes cousins married cousins. "We lived to climb, and we always felt a sense of pride in the mainland. I went to a movie once. It was about forty years ago. I took my grandmother to see Song of Bernadette. I never go (continued on page 21)
**Fishing families**

*continued from page 23*

**downtown. What for? Everything I need is here in Tunaville.**

"My mother and I came in 1940 to join my father," muses Frank Fernandes. "He'd been fishing on the peninsula for two years. I was eleven when I left. My schoolmates in Portugal knew about Point Loma. They thought it was a dreamland. Maybe they were jealous. When we first came, we lived with my aunt on Canon Street, but when we found our own place on Dickson Street, we still visited our aunts and uncles every day. All the Portuguese boys played soccer at Cabrillo playground, and about 400 people came to watch us. We played baseball, too. The Tunaville Wildcats were the older kids, the Tunaville Snuggers were younger. During the summer, we'd sail downtown in a small boat. We landed at the foot of Grape Street. Before the land was filled.

in, we'd row from one area of Point Loma to another.

"During the war, the Tunaville kids felt patriotic about our new country. Everybody was involved in civil defense. We collected grease, metal scraps, and newspapers, and we turned them in at Cabrillo Elementary School on wooden wagons we made ourselves. "Tunaville celebrations centered around St. Agnes Church. Live animals were brought in as contributions — goats, calves, chickens, rabbits. In Portugal, only the old women and little kids went to church. In Tunaville, everyone went. After Mass, we'd begin at the house next to the church — singing, eating, dancing, and drinking homemade wine. We'd stop at each house, and by the time we got to the end of the block, we were pretty happy. No one in Tunaville locked any doors. Every door was open. Everyone fed us."

"When I was sixteen, I left Point Loma High. Most of my friends did. The war had just ended and I wanted to get a car, so I went fishing. When I was seventeen, I got shipwrecked off the Mexican coast. We lost everything. My cousin and I were walking through the streets of Puerto Vallarta in our underwear. When I was twenty-two, I was part owner of the Sun Glow. Two years later, I was skipper of the Golden Glow. I used to get homestyle for Portugal. On my first trip back there, I met a Portuguese girl and we got married. I've been retired for nearly ten years. But I miss the old days when everyone was fishing. I spent thirty-four years at sea. Sometimes I go out to the rocks and I catch a few fish."

"My brother and I used to walk to school with Frank Fernandes," says Phyllis (Feliz) Rose, who is a lifelong Tunaville resident. "Feetpaths in Tunaville died hard. Relatives kept coming over from these primitive villages, and they made sure the double standard was kept alive. Boys could do whatever they wanted, but we weren't even allowed to ride bicycles. Even roller skates were frowned upon. We girls stayed home learning domestic skills under the watchful eyes of aunts, grandmothers, and other female relatives. We all attended the monthly gatherings of the Portuguese-American Society and Portuguese civic clubs with our families. We put on parades and fireworks. There were dances at the Portuguese Hall. Portuguese bands played Sousa marches — he was Portuguese, you know.

"Even in the Fifties, chaperones were still around. We weren't allowed to date in high school. Wearing make-up was absolutely forbidden. The American girls did. Our parents called them locas vermelhas. The literal translation is 'red mouth.' That meant lipstick. After a while, locas vermelhas came to mean anyone who wasn't Portuguese."

"I married a Tunaville fisherman. When he was at sea, I'd socialize with the other women. They were all married to fishermen. We had sewing groups in each other's houses. Sometimes we played cards. We had no outside friends, no outside interests. We never thought of going to a movie. Today my children and my grandchildren all live nearby. My daughter works on Harbor Island. My son is chief engineer on the captain Frank Medina. He's fourth generation, and he speaks fluent Portuguese."

I was born on Fenelon Street on the same block as three great-aunts, three great-uncles, and a bunch of cousins. When I was growing up in the Fifties, I thought the whole world was Portuguese," explains Mike Mascharenas, whose late father, Captain Tony Mascharenas, was responsible for creating the Tuna Hall of Progress, a center that documented San Diego's tuna industry. "Wine making was a big tradition on Fenelon Street. It was big in our family. During Prohibition, my grandfather went overboard one year and made 400 gallons. When he was questioned by the police, he explained that it was all for personal use, which it was. Even as kids, we drank wine with our meals, diluted with water. One of my fondest childhood memories was the smell of papers on Fenelon Street. After the neighbors were finished making wine, they rinsed out the equipment and you could actually see the wine flowing through the street.

"Two years of fishing and some time in Vietnam took me away from Tunaville to twenty-seven states and six countries. When I was in the service, I realized that not everyone grew up like I did. These guys I was with — they didn't have any community hall. I couldn't figure out where they got together. By the time I got back, Point Loma land values had skyrocketed. I was married instantly, and I couldn't afford to live in Tunaville. I was banished to Imperial Beach until the property I owned there matured in value. It took me eleven years to get back home."

This is the only place I want to be. My real-estate management company is five minutes from home. I'll no sooner leave Tunaville than go to the moon."

"When I left Tunaville nineteen years ago to live in Pacific Beach with my wife, my mother's heart was broken," explains John Reis, who was born in Tunaville forty years ago to a maritime family from Maderia. "I haven't really left. I go there at least once a week, sometimes more. I just don't sleep there anymore. I don't remember speaking English until I was seven years old. I remember the widows dressed in black sitting on their front porches waving to all of us. They're still there — and they're still waving. They'll always be there."

"When I was twenty-one, I skipped off my father's boat. Fishermen are very superstitious. No trip ever begins on a Friday, because it's bad luck. When we weren't catching enough fish, the men concocted a brew of burning herbs and weeds and carried it around the boat to get rid of the evil spirits that were keeping the tuna away. Even today, my mother uses folk remedies. She rubs a clove of garlic on a bruise. It works."

Reis' wife, Denise says, "In our marriage, and in every other marriage where one spouse is Portuguese and the other isn't, the Portuguese culture is dominant. When John was at sea, a car pulled up to my house and four or five 'black widows' came unannounced, carrying candles and statues of the blessed virgin. They hung a broom upside down on the front door so no witch could enter. Despite the witchcraft and the terrible gossip, there's a lot of comfort in being part of this tradition. When there's a crisis, we drop whatever we're doing and make food. Then we go to the scene of the crisis and we stay until it's over. When my father-in-law was dying of cancer, forty of us moved into the house for six weeks. Even sadness is made bearable because no one is ever alone."

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JONATHAN SWALLE

The performers of the dance-theater piece (neo-Letka: "the People"), a company of ex-paratroopers, performed a unique spectacle in South Africa. Their costumes were symbolic of the struggle against apartheid. The set represented Ngunibj, a colorful cityscape of a city skyline with a minimalist design office building or apartment block standing to the side — it was wondrously theatrical, and executed with perfect skill. Those who accompanied the dancers on drums were at times exceptional. But their talent and strength were not really enough to create a viable theater. This company badly needs a writer, a director, and a choreographer.

First of all, the writing. In their collective construction of a plot to show the plight of their people, the U-Zulu Performers could have come up with nothing less archetypal (or corny) than the story of a country bumpkin who seeks a new life in the big city, becomes disillusioned. and returns home. Everything was on the simplest level. Characterization was absolutely minimal. The storytelling was in the right place — that is, the performers were proclaiming their solidarity with their fellow suffering under the Apartheid yoke in South Africa. Their costumes in the show — varying from traditional plumes and ankle-muffs to modern urban wear — were vivid, humorous, and at times beautiful. The set representing Johannesburg — a colorful cityscape of a city skyline with a minimalist design office building or apartment block standing to the side — was wondrously theatrical, and executed with perfect skill. Those who accompanied the dancers on drums were at times exceptional. But their talent and strength were not really enough to create a viable theater. This company badly needs a writer, a director, and a choreographer.

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Sting & Dance

...no startling revelations; instead, it was a classic example of a talented musician capitalizing on an adoring audience.

JOHN D'AGOSTINO

More familiar was the Sting whose concert face was a scowling study in self-absorbed concentration; he rarely allowed a real smile to introduce a levitating note into the business of showcasing "important" songs and he even danced with a determined, disciplined regularity of movement. That Sting depersonified himself as a furrowed-browed, cross-armed Thinker in his own film, Bring On the Night. The tour in progress -- "rockumentary" interspersed rehearsal footage (in which Sting's efforts to "get loose" with the black American jazzers in his then-new backup band seemed forced), with portentous, vaguely didactic interviews in which Sting's Aryan, spun-gold frames were framed by a velvety darkness worthy of a Dürer portrait.

No matter who should be faulted: cretinism in creating Sting's well-known, fuzzy- cetarian persona, it was at first a little disconcerting to see him frisking about the Arena stage like a towheaded schoolboy on the first day of summer vacation. It's not that his fun-guy stage manner was disingenuous, just that there seemed a purposeful craft in his frequent, solicitous struts from one side of the wide stage to the other and especially in his choreographed antics with other members of the band. Nor can it be coincidental that at every show on his current tour, including this one, Sting at some point removes his black coat to reveal his naked, lean torso, which calculatedly and inevitably elicits cheers and squawks from the audiences' female contingent. Shrewdly, Sting disarmed would-be critics of such blatant femme-baiting by sufficiently underplaying the provocateur element of this strip tease, while at the same time -- perhaps for the first time publicly acknowledging and exploiting the sexual component of his popularity.

Whatever his motivations, Sting's expressiveness and playfulness were an effective counterpoint to the show's relaxed pace, in which patches of frenetic grooving were interlaced with broad meadows of slow and mid-tempo music that would have weighed down a lesser concert. And to the extent that his friendly demeanor mitigated some of the heaviness of his sociopolitically inspired songs and generally encouraged the audience to let down their hair and have a good time, Sting's campaign to revive the personality aspect of his music succeeded.

But a less obvious impression, and therefore one that most critics will not banish in a hurry, was that increasingly Sting's music is being stretched to accommodate his playwright's strengths, rather than vice versa. During Sting's first solo tour, the roles of highly regarded jazz musicians Branford Marsalis (saxophone) and Kenny Kirkland (keyboard) were defined by that of the traditional backup player; each contributed a vocacious fluidity to the sound, but their musical personalities found their only true expression in portioned spot solos.

By contrast, the current lineup, which in addition to the above-mentioned includes percussionist Minnie Ciao, bassist Tracy Wrennworth, guitarist Jeff Campbell, keyboardist Deimar Brown, drummer Paul Caccarelli, and vocalist Dolette McDonald, appears to be encouraging (allowed?) to put its stamp on Sting's music in a much more comprehensive fashion. The arrangements of key songs -- key in the sense that they are models of Sting's lean, no-waste approach to structure -- have been elastically accommodated: such passing chords, deceptive cadence endings, and loose-joined, improvised fills. The most noteworthy example was a funky reading of "King of Pain" that retained the basic teneur of the tune from the Police's Synchronicity album but loosened up the song's comparatively stiff meter with unforgettably rhythmic jazz-harmony transition chords, and flexible note values. Elsewhere, songs the essence of whose original decisions was an economy of chromatic movement, had been reshaped by elongating simple A-B chord changes into chord sequences. Too Kirkland's and Marsalis's solos, while not noticeably more numerous than before, were longer and more discursive than they were in the Blue Tiger concerts. Generally, the relief with which the musicians tackled the revisions of Sting's more familiar work indicated that they were in on the remodeling and were not mere subcontractors.

Otherwise, this concert provided no startling revelations but instead was a classic example of a talented musician capitalizing on an adoring audience with a long playlist of new and old songs. In his last appearance here, Sting played electric guitar for most of the show, and his on-stage leadership shrank little from that exhibited during a Police tour. But with the flash-fingered Campbell feverish from his meetings with this time around, the vocalist was able to both concert on singing and, in time, to indulge in some tongue-in-check show biz shenanigans.

The evening's first song, "The Laurieus Heart", was fueled by a stronger rhythmic propellant than the version on Sting's recent two-record opus, ... Nothing Like the Sun. In concert the song's African core pushed to the surface in spinning spokes of polyrhythms that made logical in eventual segue into "Too Much Information," from the Police's 1981 Ghost in the Machine. Sting then played acoustic guitar on a faithful rendition of the new album's dance track, "We'll Be Together." It was prior to the Caribbean-flavored "Englishman in New York" (which, in deference to the city's title, also features a straightforward jive bridge and a brief hip-hop break) that Sting first got fresh with the audience.

Sashaying between far corners of the stage like a high-fashion model on a runway, he turned in a display of intelligent response that might have embarrassed a more self-conscious performer. Once "Englishman" had given way to "The Englishman's song", a mall lightning bolt was dropped when Sting made a detour to the Police's angel over Kirkland during the latter's wonderful, modal improvisations. Sting and McDonald returned to the frutti lines for "Roch Steady," during which they joined at stage-left for a fiddler dance duel.

The pattern thus established, Sting took advantage to add to the mix, staking out for himself the multiple levels of the crowd stage, occasionally returning to center-stage in time to finish a tune or two on his Esinoor keyboard. He completed most of these "spontaneous" rivvings, came off Kirkland's solo in "One World (Not Three)." First Sting engaged Marsalis in a panned-out argument at stage-edge, singing a solo of his own before slipping back to the Cul de Ciao for a dance on the top tier. The unlikely dance team then moved downstairs, where McDonald, Campbell, and Wrennworth hooked on to complete a high-kicking finale. Their second venture was titled "One World" double-time. Sting and McDonald drew an ovation by doing the twist.

A lot of this frolicking was captured in first-run segments on a huge video screen suspended above the stage. The device's main function, of course, was to provide some hair-checks, but it also functioned as a device that could only to sit in another time zone. At first, one could not help but watch the succession of action stills, but after the initial novelty wore off, the screen became an annoying distraction for anyone not hanging from the back
There's gonna be a brief intermission after this next song. We'll go backstage and talk about Longfellow and Walt Whitman, then we'll come back out and play all night.

By normal standards, they very nearly did. A long second set opened with the poignant "They Dance Alone," a song inspired by a symbolic dance Chicanas women do when their politically insubordinate men are mysteriously vanished. Sting played some lovely nylon-string guitar on that tune and on the rainforest-old "Frags," both from the San album, and did some of his best singing of the evening on "Be Still My Beating Heart" and on Jim Hendrix's "Little Wing," which featured a long, whirling solo by guitarist Campbell.

The obligatory encore began with yet another attempt by Sting to define his own pomposity, as an abbreviated, Eagles-style reading of "Home on the Range." Comically, it was during this deliberately anemic bit of nonsense that a girl breached the security and made a dash for Sting, coming within a false fingernail of grabbing him before she herself was gathered in by stagehands. The show finished strong, with one of Sting's best songs, "Portraits of Your Heart," leading to the Kurt Weillian "The Secret Marriage" and to a modified version of the already modified "Don't Stand So Close to Me" that was re-recorded for the Police's Every Breath You Take: The Singles album. It had been a generous show in every respect, even if Sting wasn't entirely persuasive in his efforts to prove that he's "just one of the guys." Actually, he needed his hair so bad, when you're as gifted, intelligent, well-read, and intensely creative as Sting is, there's no reason to pretend you're anything less.
Second Glance

The final proof of True Love manages in effect to put a dollar value on the emotion.

DUNCAN SHEPHERD

Critical voices these days are so many and loud that nearly any halfway decent movie, and plenty of quasiraw and eightodent ones, will be guaranteed an adequate share of critical support. (A sufficient number of blurbs, that means, to fill up the newspaper ad at the start of the second week of its run.) So it is natural for a critic to suppose that when he sees what he believes to be a fully decent, or much more than decent, movie, he will get lots of supporting volume to help him carry the message. This can be the pitch in what is otherwise the preferable way to see a movie: before having already heard or read anything about it. It is, at any rate, my own poor but best excuse for having done so little a couple of weeks ago on behalf of Maquiserte. Now that I can see the need is greater. I feel I should try a little harder. And maybe — now that many potential viewers will either have already seen it or have made up their minds not to — I can do so with less caution about spelling some beans from the bag marked Top Secret, with which every critic of any murder thriller is estranged upon leaving.

Perhaps in hindsight I ought to have been better prepared for the pool-poking Maquiserte would come in for from people who should know better. As I remember long ago picking up from the eminent George Samsen, structure is the most specialized of aesthetic allures, much less immediately graspable than the grand overriding theme or the passing dazzle of language (or in the case of movies, of imagery as well). And today's movie critics are prone to flaws specialization; they are still in the grips of the Spielberg-Lucas-inspired trend toward proving themselves to be Regular Guys: ones who just so happen to see four, five, six movies a week, and receive wages to fudge-up something to say about them, and presumably even may have to do some thinking about them before saying it.

To describe the structure of Maquiserte in the simplest and straightforwardest way, and without any of the rumble and flash of speciality, I would say again, what I said the first time, that the entire plot spreads out as and tapers into a definition of romantic love — albeit a marginal and hypothetical and highly contestable definition, just to keep it interesting. (To "prove" one's love is a common enough, though usually not very stringent, requirement: an occasional backrub, a turn at the dirty dishes, an effort to be pleasant in the in-laws, will set the issue temporarily to rest.) This particular definition, I would go on to say, is put in the form, and in the terms, of a conventional murder thriller, which is one way of throwing doubts and obstacles in love's path. And it should be obvious at this point that if I am trying to draw attention to the beauties of construction, it's not because I find the subject matter to be indefensibly trivial. Love will outlast the Vietnam War, outlast Nazis, outlast apartheid, in human history.

The movie proceeds for its first half-hour or so as an innocent boy-meets-girl story, and with no off-ramps toward thrillingdom anywhere on the route. But there are already growing-strength stories about the very outset of the courtship: the boy has no money, the girl has tons of it. And the progression of the plot, after its turn-off from pure romance, piles up those grounds to the size of a small mountain. At least until the actual wedding. Then the hero can get to work with shovel and rake. It's a big job.

The complicated murder scheme, coming out by bit by bit, can thus be seen as a sort of crescendo, a series of tests conducted in the James M. Cain Laboratories, for True Love. Or, just as much to the point, for our ability to bear in it. It is entirely up to us as do the questioning. The total receptiveness and trustworthiness of the courted heroine must never be in doubt (must not even mildly the issue). Her fairy-tale aura — the wicked stepmother the assortment of monarchs from "milady" to "the princess" to "the Golden Egg," and her general damsel-in-distress predilection — ensures that what's under discussion is the trust and loveliest sort of True Love.

The actual doubts and obstacles I think I should continue to keep to myself, or rather seclude in the Top Secret bag, except to say that they make for an interesting and surprising and suspenseful thriller. Just as I should keep to myself the aridness of crudely planted and craftily harvested foreshadings: the communeness of prepared explosions at the marina, the photos and newspaper clippings on the wall, the compulsive punctuality of the heroine, etc. If, as I admitted, the meting-out of justice is a bit quicker and easier than it pleasedly ought to have been, it's partly because the main business of the evening — love, not murder — has been brought to a close, and the important thing is to get on to the cemetery (what more romantic a setting?) and the final proof of True Love: a from-beyond-the-grave, second-party declaration that manages in effect to put a dollar value on the emotion. An admirable attempt, this, to talk in terms Yuppies will understand, to gamble on those estimates you trust, is one hundred million or one hundred fifty million, either of which will surely qualify as a Great Love, if indeed we can believe in it. But can we?

The choice is not really as cut-and-dry as love or money, and the story is not really a fairy tale. Our hero had the option, on the one hand, of having one hundred million and no wife (and what's more, the wife's blood on his hands: there must be some monetary deduction for guilt, anxiety, risk, etc.), or, on the other hand, of having a wife he clearly feels something for, who would die for $250,000 ($250,000? what would it take to have bought him off?)) while also having all the benefits of the money to make up the difference. And then, too, the choice is not his alone to make, and the inhibiting doesn't stop short of threats and blackmail. As in all the most cinematic of movies, the hero is given a chance to declare himself through action, but it could be a choice without where that action would lead, mightn't he be stopped to reconsider? We can never know. The outcroppings on the grassside leaves ample room for ambiguity, as any rumination on human emotion must. I know that the first time around I didn't bother to mention by name the contributions of Joan Cutrall as the lovely wife of the hero's boss, with hoops of her own for him to jump through. Doug Fridh as the stone-cold murder cop and formerly the heroine's prepubescent boyfriend, John Glover as her deprest step- parent; and Diana Delany as the heroine's main source of consolation during his second moments of fear. They're the very good in their parts (even Glover, though I think it's probably for the best that his bellissimo nastiness is eliminated early.) They all, too, are very much integral to the thriller machinations. But more importantly, in the structural design I've been speaking of, they serve to illustrate some of the cheaper varieties of love, and in that sense, better words elsewhere in the dictionary.

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For program information, contact Dean Peter King at 643-7200.

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ELEANOR WIDMER

The Restaurant: McCormick and Schmick's
The Location: Promenade Shoppes Center, 4900 Mission Boulevard, Pacific Beach (619-398-4499)
Type of Food: Fish and seafood
Price Range: $4.25 to $27.50
Hours: Open daily. Lunch, Monday through Thursday: 11:30 a.m. to 10:30 p.m.; dinner, nightly, 5:00 p.m. to 10:00 p.m. and to 11:00 p.m. Friday and Saturday; Brunch Sunday: 10:00 a.m. to 2:30 p.m.

I had a better fish dinner at Three Bungalows, which is now under the management of Ed Moore, who used to own Café II. Three Bungalows has been a fixture on the site for more than thirty years and has been subjected to a series of transformations. In its current incarnation, it is a more casual, relaxed atmosphere. The food is beautifully presented, and the service is attentive. I would highly recommend Three Bungalows for any occasion where you want good food and a comfortable setting.

The menu offers twenty appetizers, fifteen "lite entrées," three soups, five salads, five Dungeon Desk specials, two types of chicken, lobster, fish, vegetables, and about twenty-four fish and seafood entrees. Prices range from $4.25 to $37.50 for a sautéed mushrooms appetizer to $47.50 for a whole, steamed, fresh Dungeon Desk (which I would have chosen if fifty-three wine, of which Dom Perignon Brut 1980 sells for ninety dollars, and a Pierpont Riesling 1985 costs $11.75.

The major wines are a wide-ranging variety of fish and seafood and a comprehensive wine list. The major draw, however, is the house-made soups, which are large, fresh, and very satisfying. One of my friends had the Alaska red king salmon ($36.95); I ordered the grilled white sturgeon ($41.95); and the third person in our party had the spinach ginger salad with primeur primes at $8.95. All the dishes we ordered arrived tepid; not a single item was hot.

In any restaurant, you have only one opportunity to make a first impression. If you make a bad first impression, you have to eat your way back into the good graces of your guests. Why? Because if you carry on too much, you draw attention to yourself and create hostility. We were halfway through our meals before we noticed that the waiter was hot our food was too cold for our taste. He didn't apologize, he just sat there and waited for us to notice it.

I liked the asparagus and potatoes, but I had a problem with my sturgeon. I've been eating sturgeon since my childhood, and I never neglected this elegant fish when I lived in New York. But the price at McCormick and Schmick's was inexcusable, a white, hard mass that was completely tasteless and texture-deficient anything. I ate it as fast as I could and took the rest home. I like to imagine that the same scientist who does a white coat in the lab, I will be able to figure out what went wrong with any dish once I get it in my kitchen. No such luck! The fish that was tough in the restaurant did not improve.

In former fish restaurateurs, the sturgeon had been iced until its chemical components had been broken down, and then they reconstituted it so that it would not taste like sturgeon. The one we got from the Northwest, and he said you cannot grill or braise sturgeon; it has to be poached or sautéed to maintain the texture and flavor. For whatever reason, our sturgeon didn't have that flavor. The same was true for the salmon. It wasn't flaky or tender, whether from being iced or being overcooked. The fish was fresh, but the texture was bad. We loved our dessert, a chocolate truffle cake ($3.25). The salad and the dessert were the highlights of our meal.

As we were leaving, I peeked into the im-
maculate kitchen, and one of the white-hatted chefs explained his discipline. He was obviously proud of the place, and when I gave him a mild run-down of our experience, he asked whether I would give them another chance. Here is my honest answer: I would love to try the crab cakes; the whole, steamed crab; and several other items. But I don't like crowded, noisy dining rooms where I can't get individual attention. If you don't mind the din and do want to experience the excitement of a new restaurant, then McCormick and Schmick's may be just what you're looking for.

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QUARTER NOTES

BY JONATHAN SAVILLE

A CIVIC SYMPHONY

A peculiar failure of memory repeatedly makes me forget how good the La Jolla Civic University Symphony is, and (like San Diego as a whole) I need to be reminded again and again what an important contribution this orchestra makes to our musical life. One simply doesn't expect playing of this quality from a community orchestra, so that hearing these musicians always comes as a pleasant surprise. Their most recent concert — as usual, under the direction of Thomas Neef — featured two works from the Twentieth Century and one from the late Nineteenth, all three played with remarkable skill. It was, all in all, a musical experience of high value.

The program began with a work by the contemporary Japanese composer Joji Yuasa, Scenes from Basho. Composed in 1980, this is a work for a large orchestra based on texts of the famous seventeenth-century Japanese poet Basho. Basho was a great master of haiku, that brief, disciplined poetic form that concentrates an experience in a single, utterly precise vision. The experiences are generally of nature in its various manifestations, the poetic language consists of vivid images of what is experienced through the senses, the manner is objective, yet these tiny poems are bursting with un named emotions, revealing in their sharply observed details of the external world a whole state of mind, of feeling, of being.

"A winter sun. / On my horse's back. A shadow sits freezing." This is the first of the three haiku chosen (and translated) by Yuasa for musical rendering, and it perfectly illustrates Basho's method: a few, discrete visual images, the indication of the temperature of the air and of the flesh's reaction to it, the perfect evocation of the cold winter day, the suggestion of emotional attitude merely in the descriptive details, the even deeper suggestion of a whole concept of nature and of man's destiny within it. Yuasa's three movements, for each of which one of the Basho haiku serves as epigraph, attempt the same kind of evocation, and on the same levels of meaning (sensory natural, emotional, cosmic), yet using the language of musical sounds.

These sounds rely for their expressive power chiefly on tone color and texture, though passing harmonies and an occasional quasi-melodic motif add to their part. In each of the movements — representing winter, a bright autumn day, or the sea on an autumn night — there is a sense of static suspension, of the natural and psychological states as fixed in time yet outside of time, of an eternity in the moment, and of an immense silence in all the variegated sounds. It is just the effect achieved so miraculously by Basho himself.

This, then, is "impressionistic" music, in the sense that it attempts to translate an experience of nature into another medium. It belongs to a new language, the blazing light translated into shimmering high string tones, the understated cosmic reality of nature continually reassessing itself, beneath all its intricately textured manifestations, as a deep, relentless pedal point (one of numerous curious — though possibly accidental — similarities being that Yuasa's Scenes from Basho and Mahler's equally nature-dominated Symphony No. 1, which concluded the La Jolla Civic program, is music of immense evocative power, and it was a thrilling experience to hear it in such a meticulous and committed performance.

The other twentieth-century work was Prokofiev's Violin Concerto No. 1 in D-Op. 19, with Frank Almond, Jr. as the soloist. The vigorous symphonic program has enabled us to hear both Prokofiev-violin concerto across this season, the G Minor Concerto (Op. 61) having been performed by Elmar Oliveira with the San Diego Symphony in January. Performed works composed almost two decades apart (1907 and 1935), these two concertos are remarkably similar, evidently representing Prokofiev's unchanging ideas about what a violin concerto should sound like. In the G Minor, some critics have detected self-imposed inhibitions of the composer's rhythmic, violent, "modernist" impulses, due to political pressures, but the D Major, which of course knows nothing of Stalinism, is equally free of the relentless agitation and dissidence found in the Scythian Slave and the Second Symphony. In both concertos, Prokofiev emphasized the lyrical qualities of the solo instrument, and it was these qualities that were so exquisitely realized in Almond's performance with the La Jolla Civic.

Almond's sweetness of tone, long-breathed singing lines, and tender nuanced expressiveness carried over even into the relatively more aggressive passages of the work, avoiding the inappropriate harsh and abrupt sounds some violinists feel compelled to produce at those points. The result was a wonderful unity of spirit in the entire performance; a reflective, touching, sensitive reading of the score, not lacking in vigor, but seemingly always keeping in mind the floating, trilling, otherworldly magic of the concerto's final pages. This was playing of overwhelming tenderness, beautifully supported by conductor Neef and his orchestra.

The underlying cosmic reality continually reassessed itself as a deep, relentless pedal point.
OFF THE COAST

(continued from page 6)

head bounce off the wheel. "Keep him awake," Bobbe tells me again while she continues to look out for ships, islands. She's watching hard, taking her job seriously. For the next hour, I follow her example, figuring it is serious. We're not playing out here. There's nothing else to do, anyway. Can't get back. I talk to Lou. Lou talks back, and still his head bounces on the wheel, and he snaps to, "Uh oh, did I do it again." I'm praying Ken will emerge soon.

Up in the sky come the watch changes. Notes are exchanged, one cruise slip and two freighters spotted, directions noted, course discussed, location defined, lightships or beacons sighted. Ken asks about the sails, the lines, the charts. Then Bobbe and Lou go below. The seas are rough, but generally things are not as bad as I imagined. Ken's in charge now, and I'm feeling a little more mixed about the adventure. I'm even beginning to like my friend Ken again.

Then, just like the flip of a coin, all hell breaks loose. The sails snap furiously. The boom hangs. Ken commands me in unforgiving tones to get that line tightened, then change the preventer line. I hardly even know what these things are. And the sound of the line tells me to do things in a way that allows for no arbitration. He's a Captain Bigh. I hate him, but I have to do what he says, and I'm wishing with all my might Tim will come topside to share in my dejection. I climb grip by grip back from the bow with the dim of one of Ken's orders hanging in my ears. As a wave swamps me head on and I grip the steel lines with a strength I didn't know I had, it hits me what's going on. The sea is higher, much higher now, the wind stronger, the rain harder, more latent. We're in a storm and I'm scared.

I get back to my position and wait for Captain Bigh's next order. I look all over. Waves hit us. All over us. I'm holding on with such force that all the rest of me hurts. Ken's holding on to the wheel so tight his pain shows through his eyes. We make small talk. We're wrapped in slickers and still wet to the bone. There's no relief in the sky's ahead.

At this time the night before, I was thinking how pleasant this sailing business is. And why did I put off getting acquainted with it for so long? As this very important, I think one has to be certifiably mad, a social misfit, to want anything to do with sailboats. It's suicidal. The last thing I'll see in life is one of these endlessly coming, big black waves. If they were fifteen feet before, they were now thirty. How did I get here?

ON THE ROAD

(continued from page 4)

me. However, his money had been removed from the wallet.

Day 12, Wednesday, December 30. Ciudad Constitution to La Paz. 134 miles. Up at 2:45 a.m. Because of the 130+ miles, riding in the dark is a certainty today. Better to do it early in the morning, when the cyclist is rested and traffic is light, than later on. When both cyclist and motorist would be tired. Herb got up and wanted to ride with me. I preferred that he wait till later to minimize his risk on the road without daylight, but hesisted. (Herb is nearly blind. JId not suspect that there was anything unique about him until the third day, when I noticed he was unable to find the restroom in a restaurant. He could read road signs only if the sun was shining on them. When you ride up alongside Herb, he asks, "Who's there?")

We left at 3:45 a.m., and for three hours, I had him through the darkness by flashing a light on the center line of the road. He couldn't see anything else but that white line. Twice he went off the road to the right when the headlights of an approaching vehicle completely blinded him. Herb wasn't hurt, but I decided it would be better for us to stop cycling when we were being approached by us from up ahead.

We stopped for coffee after thirty-five miles, saw a cove in the dark. It was beginning to get light. Some noise made me think of Mexican eagles on the road. The sun was up, so Herb went on ahead, and I followed and found a pace line of eight cyclists for five or six miles.

Reached El Cate at 10:00 a.m. The local kids enjoyed our visit. Dean gave one of the children a ride on his tandem. The boy was grinning from ear to ear.

I continued on and hit the 100-mile mark by 1:30 p.m. It warmed up today, and we encountered headwinds for the first time in a week. Some traffic in La Paz. Danny, a few hundred yards ahead of me, got forced off the shoulderless road twice within a couple of minutes. I arrived at the Hotel Los Arcon on the waterfront at 5:00 p.m. I was not as tired as I expected to be, this being the longest bike ride of my life.

Day 16, Sunday, January 3. Los Barretles to Cabo Santa Lus. 70 miles; 7:42 departure. Great tailwinds most of the day. It was been my experience, however, that the final miles of any long journey never come easy. This trip was no exception. The last ten miles were hilly, with a headwind and lots of traffic. There is much evidence of rapid development in the Cabo area. Cerritos, golf
NEWS AT 12 (continued from page 3) Chicoan activist Herma Baca. Moraz and his boss are airing Channel 12 northward in many ways. Guach wants to displace KEMES Channel 34 of Los Angeles as the only local Spanish-language station available on cable in San Diego. He proposes to do this with a combination of local news and two hours of American-made television programs each day, along with American movies (with Spanish subtitles) on Sundays. His new programming format offers many of the same Mexican programs as Channel 34 — soap operas, game shows, and sporting events — but he says the unique local Hispanic market has inevitably assimilated some American tastes in television. So he has purchased rights to Conan & Túcey, certain Walt Disney productions, and American cartoons such as Thundercats, Spiderman & Friends and Silver Hawks. Guach says that after arriving in Tijuana from his previous assignment as a station manager in Guadalajara, he studied the local market and ascertained that the area's Hispanics have cultural ties that are both Mexican and American. And he also ascertained that the local Hispanic television market, measured by number of households with television sets, is almost as large in San Diego (95,000) as it is in Tijuana (94,000).

So he's hired five advertising salesmen, whereas before he came there were none, to try to sell ads on both sides of the border. Car dealers, department stores, fast-food chains, he says they're all potential advertisers on his station. "Why not? Spanish-speaking people work hard, they have money, they shop in the same places as everyone else," he reasons. McDonald's has already signed up. After a tour of the station, in which Guach showed a visitor the new control rooms, the newly painted studio, and the bustling studios, he turned and said, "Now all we have to do is sell the advertising to pay for all this, otherwise — he sliced a finger across his neck — 'I'm dead.'"

PROPERTIES (continued from page 5)

No owner's daughter, but deputy prosecutor Schilling says vagrants have been in and out of the building. And police have asked the owner to keep it secured. "They last talked to my mom about four months ago," says Margaret Bennett, "and she boarded it up." But last week the front window was wide open, covered only by an old sheet.

Many of the houses and apartments on the city's abandoned-building list are located a half-mile east of Homey Street, between Market Street and Oceanview Boulevard. Police say drug dealers often take over the buildings as their own. "See those apartments over there?" says an officer pointing to three green stucco units on Thirty-second Street near J. "Let's just say we've made numerous narcotics busts there."

LETTERS (continued from page 3)

time greatest voices? Who's he kidding? This guy has trouble staying in key. He is one of the most boring, unredeeming, unfelt singers to come along since Pet Bevvee.

He goes on to say that Stig and his idol imitating hand avoids a safe route to recognition by not pandering "to base emotions and sensibilities with music cut from the same cloth as something that has already been marketed second." What a load of crap! With people like Paul McCartney, among others, emptying the virtue of reggae, the Police hopped on a speeding headway by coming out with a brand of post-punk, which hey reggae that was such a rip-off, it was embarrassing. At least, in spite of their lack of talent, the Police managed to make some fun music and stir a few emotions. Isn't that what it's all about?

D'Agostino would have us believe that, although Stig is now following the well-trodden path of scores of self-indulgent superstars who "ride out the tidal waves" caused by their "famelessly immensely popular" groups, he will not suffer the usual fate of those types because his music has "such high quality. That belief wouldn't have anything to do with John's obvious bias toward jazz, would it?"

The simple fact is now that Gordon (Stig) Sumner is financially independent, he is indulging his first love by playing the cold, emotionless music he's more suited to anyway. I don't mean to say that his lyrics are emotionless, but without an emotional music to go with them, it ain't rock and roll. It's jazz, and the attitude that always goes with jazz is one of "we're on a higher evolutionary plane because we approach music in an intellectual way." Yes, rock panders to base emotions, and what's wrong with that? In this sterilized, computerized, and desensitized society we live in, rock is a healthy and exciting release that the animal in all of us needs, and it keeps us young. So let those snobby oldies (in the head), condescending critics write about their conceptual music; we need a true rock fan to write about rock. San Diego, for those of you who don't seem to care, is just developing a long-awaited music scene, and it's high time the Reader helped it along. I sincerely hope that you will print this letter and any other true rock fans out there will also write and let you know that I am not alone in my feelings. ROCK AND ROLL, FOREVER! Gary Jennings San Diego
EVENTS THEATER
MUSIC & FILM

LOOK BACK AT WOMEN

The New American Museum is now showing "Women in the Art of Fashion," an exhibition which opened last weekend in its East 74th Street space. The show, which showcases the work of female artists from 1945 to the present, includes works by such well-known figures as Louise Nevelson, Georgia O'Keeffe, and Agnes Martin. The museum, located at 200 W. 69th St., is open daily from 10 a.m. to 6 p.m. Admission is free.

A QUADRENNIAL DISPLAY

Starting next Wednesday, April 16, the Museum of Modern Art in New York will be showing "Modern British Art," an exhibition of British art from 1900 to 1950. The show, which is the first of the museum's quadrennial displays, includes works by such famous artists as Paul Cézanne, Auguste Rodin, and Wassily Kandinsky. The exhibition runs through July 8. Tickets are $10 for adults, $8 for students and seniors, and free for children under 12.

TALKING TRASH

Residents of the city's South Bronx neighborhood have been fighting to rid their community of piles of garbage that have been accumulating for years. The trash has been a constant source of frustration for residents, who say it affects their health and quality of life. The city has promised to clean up the area, but some say it's taking too long.

The exhibit does not explore the current situation with the same thoroughness as a similar exhibition held in 1991 (New York Museum of Modern Art). However, it is a good place to start for those interested in the history of women in the art world.

The New American Museum is located at 200 W. 69th St. in New York City. The entrance is at the corner of W. 69th St. and Amsterdam Ave. Hours are from 10 a.m. to 6 p.m. daily. Admission is free.
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So call us to your Saturday morning ritual.

We'll have you coming back till the cows go home.

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Five reasons to make Rio Rita your favorite disco in Tijuana:

1. Always free admission (18 years-old and up)!
2. We stay open until 3 am on weekends!
3. The best Margaritas made with fresh lemon, Corona and the finest tequila!
4. Happy Hour all day - only 1.25 each
5. BEST BOTTLE $4.00 with $5 deposit

Before the music begins...

The San Diego Music Preview

Wednesday evening at 7 o'clock on 94.1 KFSD-FM

Sponsored by PaineWebber

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A FUNNY AND ABSOLUTELY DELIGHTFUL COMEDY.
"MILAGRO" is wonderful. Don't miss it!"
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"What an incredible cast, beautifully directed by Robert Redford. "MILAGRO" is wonderful. I loved this film!"
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For all women

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Special health care needs for women

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FREE VISION EXAM

FREE LOCAL CALLS

FREE SAME DAY DELIVERY

FREE SPINAL EXAMINATION & X-rays

Lose 6 Inches Guaranteed

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Problem: having pain

Solution: Bernesby Chiropractic Office

Specializing in:
- Auto accidents
- On-the-job injuries
- Headache
- Backache
- Slipped disc
- Arthritis


Bernesby Chiropractic Office

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Call 483-2400

AIDS TESTING

Free, confidential and quickly done. Nothing is necessary.

$47.00

American Life Support

2162 Caliguere Avenue • San Diego • (619) 293-0403

Services: (1) HIV infection
(2) Post-exposure prophylaxis
(3) AIDS testing
(4) Counseling


EVEN MORE THAN A SWAP MEET!

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Offering:
- A Variety of Fresh Meats + Gelato + Imported Fish
- Baked Goods (Daily) + Homemade Sauces
- Mile-High Sandwiches + Homemade Traditional Dishes
- Variety of Cakes and Tortes

- A full-service catering menu is also available
  - Open 7 days a week
  - Mon-Thurs.: 7 am-9 pm + Fri.: 7 am-10 pm
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4150 Mission Blvd. at the Promenade in Pacific Beach. Plenty of underground parking.

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Hunting for a special way to enjoy Easter?
SUNDAY BRUNCH BUFFET

at McCORMICK & SCHMICK'S

Seafood Restaurants

10:00 am-2:30 pm. $10.95 per person.
Reservations suggested 581-3588

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