

CITY LIGHTS:
Steve Peace, Lucy Killea, Carol Bentley, David Malcolm - feeding at the public trough.
Was the air show's mystery man telling the truth?

READER

VOLUME 19, NO. 17 MAY 3, 1990 SAN DIEGO'S WEEKLY



Bum, Bumming, Bummer



Story by Patrick Daugherty

Photographs by Paul Stachelek



"Spare change. Spare change," says the beaten voice of a white, 40-ish bum.

(continued on page 16)

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Crackerbox Morons Living In Slop?

So there are NIMBYS in Scripps Ranch? ("City Lights," April 19). The residents of Scripps Ranch have managed to NIMBY for themselves a sterile, dull, ecologically disastrous community. Let the morons who would pay \$400,000 for a jerry-built 2,500-square-foot crackerbox live in their own slop. Let the elitist hypocrites who lead the Save Miramar Lake Community actually go down to the lakeshore and see how their monstrosities have already ruined the lake's "viewshed." Let me live in a neighborhood like North Park where real people live.
Gordon Howard
North Park

Amped Out

An incident described in Mike Kenally's review of They Might Be Giants' concert at Mandelbrot Auditorium ("They Were," April 12) demands clarification. He refers to an exuberant fan as a "loony" for allegedly kicking a security guard during a fracas at the end of the show. I was in the second row, 15-20 feet from the victim, and would like to describe what I saw. An overly excited small-framed teenager had climbed onstage in a moment of passion and wound up behind the band members near some amps and/or monitors. Fearful security guards, who up until then had had nothing to do (due to

LETTERS

The Reader welcomes letters for publication. Address them to Letters to the Editor, Box 80803, San Diego, 92188. Please include your name, address, and telephone number. Letters may be edited for length and clarity.

an extremely well-behaved crowd), instantly converged on the lone dancer. As the fourth security man arrived on the scene (in a less than graceful aerial swan dive), the first three had already knocked the hapless fan down and began to carry him offstage (one supporting the upper portion of the body in a headlock, a less than ideal means of transportation employed by someone who is ostensibly there to, among other things, prevent injuries). This was prior to anyone realizing that an injury had in fact occurred. At no time did the kid exhibit any signs of a struggle, other than perhaps a struggle to breathe.

Much to the chagrin of the late arrival on the scene, his buddies had neglected to remove the amps, which, judging from the writhing convulsions of the man, must have been quite solid. Ironically, of course, But no more so than the fact that a reporter, obviously distracted for a few moments, chose to fill in the gaps based on his obvious bias in favor of the security figures.

Although most security guards are disciplined professionals, it remains that many think of themselves as paid bullies, and the fact that some of them truly are so further contributes to not going to change when the media invents justification for future abuse. I have been to hundreds of concerts, and this is the first time I have ever witnessed security on the receiving side of an injury. No, to mention that some poor soul may as yet still be unaware that thousands have seen him described in print as "one major asshole."

I also disagreed with Kenally regarding the onstage artistic merit of a band which obviously is much more suited to studio endeavors, but that, unlike the rest of this letter, is just my opinion.
Keith Mautner
La Jolla

A Commendation

The April 5th article "Flew Drugs for Uncle Sam" was excellent, and I commend you for having what it takes to print such an article. Perhaps San Diego has a real newspaper at last. This

information has been around for some time from various sources, yet no other media source in San Diego would mention it. Congratulations to you!
George W. Ashby
La Jolla

Brush Up On Third World

Yes, the truth is painful. Judging from some of the responses to Neal Mathews's April 5 piece, "I Ran Drugs for Uncle Sam," it appears people find it difficult to believe their government may be involved in bringing drugs into the country. Since World War II, most citizens continue to believe we live in the same democracy as did our ancestors — but in fact the United States has become one of the biggest imperialistic systems of the world. By our actions or passive acquiescence, we contribute to the misery and oppression of many people of the globe.

You don't have to be from any political camp to learn the truth. Nor do you need to be emotional — read the history — look at the facts. It would take an entire page to document U.S. intervention into Central America, let alone parts of Asia and Africa. We can be specific in mentioning Iran. In 1979, Mohammed Mossadegh, elected in 1951, who sought to nationalize his country's oil fields and was overthrown by the CIA in 1953; the Arbenz presidency in Guatemala, ousted by a CIA coup in 1954 when he tried to take the U.S. corporation United Fruit Company; the 1961 Cuban invasion by Cuban exiles trained, financed, and controlled by the CIA; the 1963 invasion by 23,000 U.S. troops sent by President Johnson into the Dominican Republic to oust President Bosch. Tens of millions of CIA dollars were spent in Chile to destabilize, overthrow, and assassinate President Allende in 1973.

When has our government been less than honest with its citizenry? When President Johnson fabricated a report to Congress that North Vietnamese warships had attacked a U.S. vessel in the Gulf of Tonkin? When Nixon secretly bombed Cambodia? When the Pentagon Papers were released exposing institutionalized lying? When President Nixon disclosed knowledge or involvement in the Watergate "incident"? When President Reagan secretly had the CIA bomb Nicaraguan harbors and cities? When President Reagan imposed media restrictions of the invasion of Grenada? When Seymour Hersh, a Pulitzer Prize-winning reporter, presented evidence after the fact that Reagan's real purpose for attacking Libya was to assassinate Muammar Khadaffi? When President Bush and the U.S. media tell us only 350 Panamanians were killed in the invasion of Panama, when in fact, there is evidence that thousands were killed by Stealth bombings. Do we as citizens know that over \$25 million dollars from the U.S. National Endowment for Democracy was given to the UNO campaign of Violeta Chomorro of Nicaragua? Why, then, should the story of drug running be so unbelievable today?

The process of becoming an educated citizen is painful. We learn slowly — it has taken hundreds of years for us to acknowledge that American Indians, women, blacks, and homeless were denied the VOTE in this country. Just as placed items in the concentration camps for "security reasons."

One reader asked, "Where do we go from here?" What do we do next? My suggestion would be: read, investigate, question the mainstream media — subscribe to and read progressive newspapers and magazines; refuse to publish the truth — listen to progressive radio stations such as KPFF-FM 90.7 in Los Angeles; go to Groundwork Books at the UCSD campus; join organizations working on behalf of Third World people, and if possible, travel to Third World countries — learn for yourself!

Carol Smith
Encinitas

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CITY LIGHTS

OUT TO THE BALLGAME

(continued from page 4)
calicut A Shot of Class. Then, assemblywoman Lucy Killia required \$41.18 from SDG&E to eat lunch at the Firehouse, and a legislative employee was put down for \$8.67 at Club Pleasant, and the Sacramento eatery.

Other listed eateries include Joe's Italian Restaurant (Escalante), Dim's by the Sea (Carlsbad), the Chardhouse (downtown San Diego), Ponderosa, Fox & Goose, David's Brasserie, Brannan's, Frank Pao's, Posey's Cottage, Petrusini's, Peppermill, Emma's Taco House (all Sacramento), Hayes Street Grill (San Francisco), and La Fonda de Las Recuerdos Bahia de Las Palmas No. 39 (Mexico City). Perhaps the classiest free lunch was claimed by Chula Vista City Councilman and state coastal

commissioner David Malcolm, who was treated to a meal worth \$24.25 at Rainwater in downtown San Diego. Least appealing was food worth \$27.08 purchased at Vons in El Centro for three staff members of the state energy commission.

Last year's grand total for all this dining and dining (officially known as "activity expense") by both utilities was about \$34,000, not counting campaign contributions made by the two companies. So who can blame Edison for hosting a legislative bad apple or two in the process of handing out such largesse? Last August, while federal prosecutors worked to put him behind bars for soliciting bribes, then-State Senator Joseph Montoya of Los Angeles and his wife enjoyed \$300 worth of Edison's hospitality at the La Cuisine Restaurant in Tulsa, Oklahoma. Montoya was subsequently convicted of the charges (which did not involve Edison or SDG&E), gave up his seat, and has been enjoying \$300 worth of Edison's hospitality at the La Cuisine Restaurant in Tulsa, Oklahoma. Montoya was subsequently convicted of the charges (which did not involve Edison or SDG&E), gave up his seat, and has been enjoying \$300 worth of Edison's hospitality at the La Cuisine Restaurant in Tulsa, Oklahoma.

GAY COPS

(continued from page 4)

neighborhood in San Diego. (Don't assume it's Hillcrest, School warns.) But at the same time, School says, "There are [SDPD] supervisors who are quite openly homophobic, and these are the ones who determine your career."

Scott Fulkeron, another volunteer gay instructor at the police academy, is acquainted with seven gay officers. All but one work for the SDPD. (Several officers were asked, through intermediaries, for an anonymous telephone interview in connection

to this story. None responded.) Fulkeron says his acquaintances have a difficult time on duty and in their off hours. Appearing in his psychological screening appointment with the sheriff's department. He already knew about the Minnesota Multiphasic Personality Index, a standard test that includes a question about homosexual practices. Dick Norton, the representative from the Golden State Police Officer's Association, gave out the following advice: "Tell the truth with a small 't.' Never lie about your past, he said, but don't bare your soul either. 'It is not a good idea to be out and open, let alone flaming,' he added."

Norton hopes to start a local chapter of the Golden State Police Officers Association. The organization already has "a few" members down here, he said. (Norton could not give the exact number because the group's bylaws forbid such disclosures.) While he was in San Diego, Norton met with representatives of the California Highway Patrol and the SDPD. He asked both agencies about their policy on hiring people who carry HIV antibodies. (While neither agency tests applicants for this precursor to AIDS, its presence can be revealed in a person's medical history.) "The answer I got was no answer," reports Norton. The CHP and the police department told Norton they haven't yet faced the situation. While they couldn't predict what their reaction would be, both agencies anticipated objections from their insurance companies. ■

Gay law-enforcement applicants are not so convinced. Those who attended the April 25 seminar asked various questions about the polygraph tests and background

investigations conducted on new recruits. One young man, fresh from taking the SDPD written exam, was not looking forward to his psychological screening appointment with the sheriff's department. He already knew about the Minnesota Multiphasic Personality Index, a standard test that includes a question about homosexual practices. Dick Norton, the representative from the Golden State Police Officer's Association, gave out the following advice: "Tell the truth with a small 't.' Never lie about your past, he said, but don't bare your soul either. 'It is not a good idea to be out and open, let alone flaming,' he added."

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AKA KEN ERHARDT?

(continued from page 3)

Daniel Sheehan for violations of the Neutrality Act," McGraw chuckles. Sheehan, who heads up the Christie Institute, which has attempted to sue government officials for their actions in Central America, including alleged violations of the Neutrality Act, has never been arrested for such a thing. McGraw and Jacobson believe Erhardt made the call.

In an interview last Thursday, which Erhardt surreptitiously taped using a small recorder hidden in his shirt pocket, Erhardt insisted that he personally knows Bianca Ramirez, Rosa Velez, et al., and that allegations that they're creations of his are "bizarre, Twilight Zone stuff." He produced receipts showing that their names were on the same post office box he holds. He said he "wasn't at liberty to disclose" Ramirez's phone number and that Velez was uncommunicative because she journeyed to Nicaragua for Violeta Barrios de Chamorro's presidential inauguration. But he promised to have one of the dozen or so people suspected of being his intimates. The Reader: None of the letter writers had come forward as of press time Tuesday.

As for the similarity of all the letters, Erhardt remarked on a recent missive from Bianca Ramirez that was published in the Reader: "She may have lifted entire phrases or two or three whole sentences from two or three pieces of mine that appeared in the San Diego Union in December 1987 and February 1988. But I don't see how that connects me." ■



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STEELE BODIES

STRAIGHT FROM THE HIP

By Matthew Alice

Dear Matthew Alice:

On a recent Sunday evening, at least eight local FM stations were broadcasting the same program simultaneously. It consisted of Mexican songs interspersed with announcements in Spanish. The sound quality was amazingly bad. Apparently San Diego-area radio stations with transmitters in Mexico are required to broadcast this stuff at certain times. What's the point?

Bob Weaver

Kenington

La Hora Nacional (the National Hour) is called by the Mexican government. *La Hora de Silencio* is its more popular name among Mexicans — *silencio* because nobody listens to it. All radio stations (not just so-called American stations) with transmitters in Mexico are required by the government to broadcast *La Hora* each Sunday evening. It's a prerecorded show consisting of traditional Mexican music, performances by the national symphony, and announcements by the government telling everyone what a good job the feds are doing. *La Hora* has its origins back in the days when American broadcasters began monopolizing stations along the Mexican side of the border to avoid FCC restrictions. From the '30s to the '50s, if you lived in America and wanted to use the radio to sell snake oil or low potions or plastic-laminated, wallet-size pieces of the original tablecloth from the Last Supper, Mexico was the place to go. (Wolfman Jack is perhaps the most famous alumnus of the wide-open "border radio" heyday.) International agreements have now closed those loopholes, but the National Hour lives on.

Dear Matthew Alice:

Two quick ques. *ions*. What is behind the circular stone/black wall just north of Cocklebury Road on the west side of I-5 at Camp Pendleton? It's guarded by a lone sentry in a wooden hut.

And there's *Cherry Chase* (actor), *Cherry Chase Boulevard* (in Glendale), *Cherry Chase* (Maryland). Where does the name *Cherry Chase* come from? I mean, okay, names like *Cedar Hills*, *Key West* are self-explanatory.

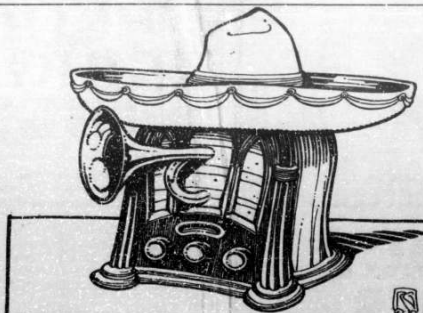


Illustration by Rick O'Leary

But *Cherry Chase*?

Joe Siniawski

P.B.

Attention, shoppers. It's an A-mart idea: light special. Two-for-one for the next five minutes. Here are your no-frills answers — cheap but reliable. Behind wall number one, the Navy has studied ACUS, air-conditioned, amphibious assault landing craft used in training exercises. And like about half the place names in the Northeast, *Cherry Chase*, Maryland, is British in origin. The original land-grant estate was named *Cherry Chase* (spelling was hardly a science in the mid-1700s) after the ballad "Cherry Chase," popular in England and Scotland for centuries. It described a battle fought over hunting rights in the Cheviot Hills, which form the border between the two countries. "*Cherry*" is most likely short for "Cherion," and a chase is a hunting preserve. And *Cherry Chase* (the actor) is really Cornelius Crane Chase. A thoughtful grandma supplied the nickname *Cherry*.

Dear Matthew Alice:

At the start of all 20th Century Fox movies, there's their symbol with searchlights. But sometimes there's no music, sometimes a drum fanfare, and rarely that is followed by a string fanfare. Is there something (e.g., budget) that determines what hoopla introduces a movie?

Don Kautner

San Diego

Any on-screen hoopla is choreographed, ultimately, by the film's director, from the instant the light hits the screen to the final blackout following the miles of crawling credits. Fox offers four options (one has searchlights, drum, and trumpets, without the orchestral fanfare). The choice is left to the director to start his or her film in the proper mood — soundless and Woody Allenish or blaringly attention-grabbing. There's a slight difference in the length of each opening billboard, which also might figure into the decision, but usually it's more a question of mood-setting.

Dear Matthew Alice:

After 20 years of wondering, I finally have to ask. When Aretha Franklin sings, "R-E-S-P-E-C-T, find out what it means to me. R-E-S-P-E-C-T..." what the heck is the next line?

Wes

North Park

A question asked by some of the best minds of our time. And a subject fraught with rumor, half-truth, and vile deception. It is even possible to find "Respect" sheet music with the wrong words. Most of the problem stems from the fact that Otis Redding, composer/lyricist of "Respect," didn't write the lines in question for the original song. They were embellishments added for Redd's 'rangement. Her sister Carolyn came up with the famous refrain.

I hope you're ready with a new puzzler to fill up the brain space formerly occupied by this one. 'Cause here's your answer: "R-E-S-P-E-C-T, take care of T.C.B." (take care of takin' care of business, if you need the translation). One other part of Aretha's version that was not written by Redding is the sax bridge. This was lifted wholesale from Sam and Dave's "When Something Is Wrong With My Baby" (at the recommendation of one of M.A.'s petriol faves, King Curtis). (Curtis was the sax man on the Sam and Dave song.) The story goes that "Respect" came about when Al Jackson, drummer for Booker T. and the MG's, listened for a while to Redding growling about life's difficulties and cut him short with "What are you griping about? You're on the road all the time. All you can look for is a little respect when you get home."

You didn't ask about any of that, but once turned loose on a question, it's hard to restrain the crack pop-musician's branch of this vast infoglossome called "Straight from the Hip."

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

THREATENING & ANNOYING TELEPHONE CALLS

Tool: Telephone

Location: Horton Avenue, San Diego

Date: 03/11/90

Time: 1900-1930

Victim Statement: The victim, Deborah P., told me that on 03/11/90 at approximately 1900 hours, a man telephoned her and identified himself as Detective Thomas H., #2786. The telephone conversation consisted closely to the below statements:

Suspect: "Hello, this is Detective Thomas H. #2786 of the San Diego Police Department. I am conducting an investigation of Hernandez (P. couldn't remember the first name). Do you know her?"

Deborah P.: "No I don't."

Suspect: "Well, this investigation is actually involving a Tom K. McMan, what exactly is your name?"

Deborah P.: "Deborah P."

Suspect: "That is exactly the name he gave me. That's why I am talking to you. Are you sure that you don't know him?"

Deborah P.: "Yeah, positive. By the way, why are you doing this over the phone. I don't think you are who you say you are."

Suspect: "Look Ms. P, I am who I say I am! I recommend that you cooperate with me completely, or I'll send a squad car down to your residence and have you picked up for withholding information! Understand?"

Deborah P.: "Yes."

Suspect: "What is your address? I need it for the report and to submit it into the computer."

Deborah P.: "Horton Avenue" What exactly do you do?"

Suspect: "I am a psychological detective. Most of my questions will be personal ones because I need to obtain and determine a psychological profile on you. What is your social security number?"

Deborah P.: "Listen, I don't think that you need to know that information."

Suspect: "Listen here, do you want me to pick you up for personal questioning? If that's the case, I'll be right down. Just let me inform you that you will be taken down to Mexico for questioning! I don't think that you'll like that at all!"

Deborah P.: "Okay, what else do you need to know?" (She gave him her SSN.)

Suspect: "How tall are you? How much do you weigh? What color is your hair and eyes? What are your measurements? What are you wearing? What underwear are you wearing?"

Deborah P.: "I don't remember."

Suspect: "Take off your pants and tell me!"

Deborah P.: "No!"

Suspect: "Fine!" "Do you have any boyfriends?"

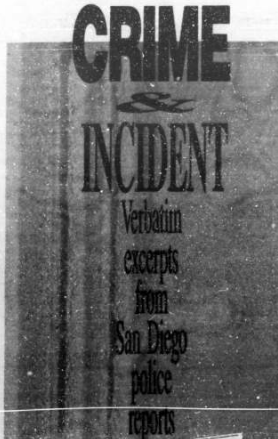
Deborah P.: "Not at this time."

Suspect: "When was the last time you had one?"

Deborah P.: "About a year ago for a few months."

Suspect: "Did you have sex with him?"

Deborah P.: "No."



Suspect: "Do you know their name?"

Deborah P.: "Yes."

Suspect: "Did you ever have oral sex with them?"

Deborah P.: "Yes."

Suspect: "With whom did you have oral sex?"

Deborah P.: "A boyfriend named Dave."

Suspect: "How long ago?"

Deborah P.: "A year ago."

Suspect: "Did you have anal entry with him or vaginal?"

Deborah P.: "Vaginal. This, I know, is not proper questioning procedure!"

Suspect: "Oh, you know this for a fact?"

Deborah P.: "Yes, I know that this is in no way proper questioning procedure, and I won't answer any more personal questions."

Suspect: "What part of the house are you in at this moment?"

Deborah P.: "The kitchen."

Suspect: "Does your kitchen have curtains or blinds in the windows?" (Blinds)

Suspect: "Who is your doctor?"

Deborah P.: "I'm not going to tell you, I have many. I'll tell you that I am a member of Sharp Reese Stealy."

Suspect: "I'll have to contact them for your medical info."

"Lastly, I'm going to forewarn you that I am the only detective on this case. If you call the San Diego Police Department, they won't know me because what I do is highly privileged information. Also, if you contact the police department for any questions about me, then this conversation will be void and I'll have to personally come over to your house for an interview, or have you brought in for questioning. Also if you have any questions, you can contact Sgt. McKay at the department. Last thing that I will be over to your house sometime in the last week to have you sign this report. You'll be hearing from me."

SPOUSAL BATTERY

Weapon: Chair, broom, cord

Tool: Jump rope

Location: Encinitas, S.D.

Date: 03/17/90

Time: 1500

Victim Statement: Marian G. told me essentially the following. "I was in my apartment. My boyfriend, John, was talking to me. I wouldn't talk to him, so he got mad. He started beating me. He punched me with his fist in my stomach. He thought I had sex with his friends. He started hitting me, then he choked me with his hands. I couldn't breathe. He let me go, then he grabbed me again. He had me across his back with his arms around my neck and legs. He wanted me to tell him that I had sex with his friends. He was strangling me. He threw me on the floor. This happened in the bedroom and livingroom. He then got the drawer. He hit me on the back and head with the drawer."

"He kept saying he was waiting for me to tell him, so I did. It was a lie. He just got more angry. He hit me with the board

(continued on page 10)

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(Continued from page 9)

(driver) on my rear end. He told me to go into the living room. He said he was going to kill me, but he loved me. He said he did it because I hurt him."

"I asked him if I could go to the bathroom. He said no, that I was on his time. He picked me up and threw me down. The wooden stool that didn't have a pillow on it, (wicker couch) He hit me on the head and up behind my back. He was going to knee in front of him. Things were turning dark. He was choking me. I kicked the floor and walls. He said he was going to kill me or that he would hurt my kids."

"He picked me up in the bedroom. He dropped me on the floor. I spit up some blood. He put on his tennis shoes and started kicking me. He kicked me on my back, chest, stomach and vaginal area. My hands were still tied behind my back."

"Someone came to the door, after they left, he kept telling me to tell him. He kept the extension cord to the clock. He whipped me on my back with it. He choked me again. I kept trying to get away. Every time I fell to the floor, he kicked me. He said he would hurt my mother or family. I'm afraid of him."

"He went and got some water and drank some of it. I asked him if I could have some. He said I could only gargle, and when I couldn't, he threw it in my face. He kept saying he was waiting for me to call him. He choked me, got the stool again and hit me on the head and back again."

"He got a broom. He hit and poked me in the back. He poked me in the stomach. Someone came to the door. It was the security guard. He yelled at him. When the guard left, he punched me. He hit me with his knee on my back. He lifted me onto his shoulder and dropped me. He hit me on the back, with the green wire. He went into the kids' room and looked out the window. I asked him if I could lay down. He said no, that I could sit down. He went out of the bedroom and never came back. We have been going out for about a year."

INDECENT EXPOSURE

Location: 33rd St. S.D.

Date: 03/09/90

Time: 1030

Victim Statement: Arturo A. told me: "I was dropping a toy off for my grandson when Mark started yelling things at me. He was standing on his porch with his girlfriend, Nancy."

Mark called me a "fucking asshole," so I asked him what his problem was. My grandson and my daughter were out from white this was going on. My wife had gone into the house, but she came back out and said we should ignore him and come inside. That's when Mark calls my wife a "whore."

My wife tells us to come inside again, but my grandson didn't want to. All of a sudden, Mark comes down his porch steps and out on his front lawn. He turns around, drops his pants exposing his rear. Then he spreads his cheeks. My daughter and grandson started crying. Mark pulls up his pants, walked to his truck and left driving north on 33rd St.

BATTERY

Weapon: Hands

Location: Mission, S. Diego

Date: 03/07/90

Time: 0100

Victim Statement: W. and F. were customers at McCormick and Schmidt's. The suspect approached W. and began groping his groin area. W. thought at first she was just joking around. The suspect continued. The victim asked her what she was doing. She told him she was friends with the management and she could do this to anyone she please, and tonight she picked him. W.'s girlfriend saw what was happening, and sat herself on W.'s lap. The suspect reached between the two of them and began fondling again. F. told her to stop it. The suspect grabbed F. by the neck and ripped off her necklace. F. said that at first that the suspect threw it onto the floor. She said she looked for it but couldn't find it. Much later in the day, she decided to prosecute her. F.'s boyfriend W. said he did not want to prosecute the suspect for grabbing his crotch.

SUICIDE

Location: Sahlinar Place

Date: 3-18-90

Time: 2155

Narrative: B. was unemployed & behind on his car payment. According to neighbors, B. left no note/letter. He was found by a roommate of two weeks. She (W.) came home, found the lights off and the stereo on higher than normal. She started looking through the house & found B. hanging by the neck in the garage.

BATTERY

Weapon: Plastic Duck

Location: Jamacha Rd San Diego

Date: 03/01/90

Time: 1640

Victim Statement: Louris G. related the following statement: My ex-husband Joseph P. brought our boys home from his visitation. We got into an argument because the boys told Joseph that I was going to change the boys last name. Joseph hit me on top of the head with a toy duck. I got mad and slapped him back. Joseph then slapped me real hard on my right ear and head. Evidence: None. The toy duck was made out of plastic and was approximately 3" long by 2" wide.

KIDNAPPING

Location: Dairymarkt Road San Diego

Date: 03/12/90

Time: 2230

Origin/Probable Cause: I knocked on the door to apartment #6 (W. San Ysidro Blvd.) An Hispanic male who fit the description of the suspect, answered the door. He was wearing only tan pants. I could see a white or tan cowboy hat and a tan jacket lying on the arm rest of the sofa about 5 feet from the door. The suspect, later identified as Manuel T., took a step outside of the doorway when I pointed toward the street and asked him if he owned the Ford truck. He then started stepping back inside his apartment. I grabbed his left arm in an attempt to detain him. T. continued walking backward inside the living room and I was pulled inside. Officers D. Bonat and Loughrey stepped inside to assist me. T. showed me toward the kitchen while I was attempting to restrain him. I grabbed his left arm a second time and T. pushed me up against the counter. A struggle then ensued as Officers Bonat, Loughrey and I attempted to restrain T. T. pushed me out of the sofa, I punched T. in the stomach in an attempt to subdue him and he raised his hand (clenched in a fist). Officer Loughrey grabbed his arm and T. fell on top of me. I was unable to push T. off me (even with Officers Bonat and Loughrey assistance) T. weighs 220 pounds and I was having difficulty breathing. Officer Bonat punched him 3 times on his right side and Officer Loughrey struck him on his left side with his O.P.N., in an attempt to subdue T. Officers Bonat and Loughrey were finally able to handcuff T. with Officer K. Kremer's assistance (who had just arrived to assist).

BATTERY

Weapon: Spirit Bottle

Location: W. Broadway St. S.D. CA 92101

Date: 03/18/90

Time: 1845

Crime Description: S., who is a substitute driver for Greyhound, was leaving the lot at 1845 driving a bus on a run. As he pulled out of the lot, he stopped at the sidewalk prior to making a left turn onto 1st Ave. He stopped not only to check for oncoming traffic, but also because several striking bus drivers (pickets) were blocking his exit. He said that when he stopped, one of the pickets hit the door release button at the outside front of the bus, while two other pickets pried open the door. He said that one of the pickets who pried open the door, whom he recognized as M., then stuck his hand inside the bus holding a plastic spray bottle of the type that would normally hold window spray. M. then squirted the spray at S., which came out as a mist. The liquid hitting S. on his right arm and lower right rear neck. He stated M. was trying to turn the nozzle from "spray" to "stream" when S. accelerated onto 1st Ave, leaving M. behind. S. stated the liquid was extremely pungent, and in fact referred to it as "skunk juice."

BATTERY

Force: Hands

Location: Montego Pl. San Diego 92124

Date: 03/31/90

Time: 1700

Victim Statement: Rhonda S. told me, "I was talking to my ex-husband regarding the situation of not receiving child support for the last 10 months. He wouldn't talk to me anymore about it and began walking towards his front door. I told him I had one more thing to say to him, but he shut the door behind him. I started through the screen door, 'I'm going to see your fucking ass in jail!' At that point Teresa J. came to the door and said, 'Don't use that language around my house.' Then she began pulling my hair, hitting me, and scratching my arms. She then said, 'I'm going to break your fucking nose!' Mark S. grabbed her, but she kept getting loose. Mark S. finally restrained her. I picked up my purse and walked away with my children. The neighbor (Jan S.) was with my children while the incident occurred. As we walked to my car, Mark S. said, 'You're lucky I held her or she would have had you in the hospital.'"

ASSAULT WITH A DEADLY WEAPON

Weapon: Baseball Bat

Location: Highland Ave. San Diego

Date: 3/31/90

Time: 1740

Victim's Statement: P. told me that he and his mother had recently kicked O. (his sister) and M. out of the house. O. and M. took all of their property with them.

On 3:30-40 at approximately 1720 hrs. O. and M. arrived in the pickup truck and parked in the driveway at Highland Ave.

M. and P. verbally fought, while P. told both M. and O. to leave his yard. O. was driving the truck, and started to back out of the driveway. M. got out of the truck and went onto the front porch at Highland and started to fist fight with P. O. pulled the truck back into the driveway and took a baseball bat out of the back of the truck. O. brought the bat to the porch and hit P. one time on his left arm. O. handed the bat to M. M. took the bat and hit P. approximately 10 times on various parts of his body.

P. said O. told M. to "kill the son of a bitch" (referring to P.) Before they left, M. told P., "If you get up (off the porch) I'll kill you."

ASSAULT WITH A DEADLY WEAPON

Weapon: Hand & Feet, Knife

Location: Imperial Ave. S.D.

Date: 04/01/90

Time: 0130

Victim's Statement: I spoke with Charles L. and he told me essentially that he and S. had drove to Oceanview to buy some drugs. While parked in the parking lot of Oceanview, five males approached the car. One male, muscular build, wearing a black jacket, black and white shirt and jeans stuck his head inside of this opened window and asked if they wanted some dope. L., being afraid, said "No." The male then dropped a rock inside of the car. He told L. & S. to give him back the drugs. L. then started arguing with the male, that he didn't have his drugs. The male then reached all the way inside of the car and picked up the rock that he had dropped on the floor board of the car. The male half-way inside of the car told L. that he was not leaving and produced a 10" knife. L. grabbed the hand with the knife and told S. to go. S. started driving away when the male pulled himself all of the way inside of the car. L. struggled with the male with the knife in the backseat of the car. The male kicked out the windows to the car doors. L. said the car stalled in front of a cemetery on Imperial Ave. L. saw a silver or blue 1987 Hyundai, following them, carrying the males that they had left at Oceanview. The males pulled him out of the car. L. remembers someone hitting him hard on the head. L. doesn't remember anything after the blow.

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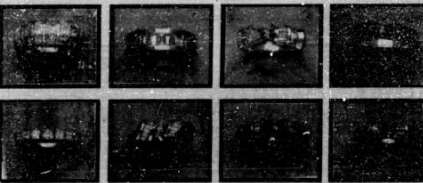
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From day one, as best as I remember it, I was led to believe I should despise cats. Both my father and grandfather had been bird hunters in Nebraska before emigrating to the coast, and like a lot of men, they shared the opinion that the only worthwhile pets were dogs because you could train them on the basis of their fundamental disposition to please, a virtue utterly lacking in the psychological makeup of cats. There was also a profound sentiment questioning the feline capacity to reason. Cats, don't you know, were said to be stupid. It never got so bad that I entertained any notions of flushing cats down toilets, giving them a spin in the clothes dryer, or setting off fireworks under their lean, furry haunches — rumon I had heard all my life, which certainly held their fascination for a normal, bloodthirsty child. Yet it seemed clear enough that cats were somehow inferior, and for a long while I participated in that prejudice, dreading cats throughout the better portion of my tender, misdirected youth.

Then somehow my mother persuaded the powers that be that she should have a cat. In many respects, I view this as a landmark in the family history, the very beginnings of my mother's personal brand of female liberation that, to date, has yet to reveal its ultimate conclusion. The house became the domain of a long sleek Siamese male named Jettin, after the integral Shemp, who accompanied Edna May on her landmark's pioneer conquest of the

summit of Mount Everest. He was a climber, ready to a fault, mercurially independent, the typical feline that does exactly as it pleases, perhaps more so than the occasional Siamese inherent in the Siamese breed. Nevertheless, I noted reasons, even at that young age, to contest the prevailing debate for cats shared by the menfolk in my family. I began to think in terms of making a deal. Allow me to very bluntly state: I was living alone in La Jolla, ostensibly a student funding his UC education by means of a caretaker job for one of the last great estates along the country coast (although on closer inspection, I might well have been deemed a surly bum, professional housekeeper, or frankly, a portly). Anyway, there was a cat feline. I don't recall being told its name, and I can't say we ever shared even an iota of intimacy. He was a big, black tom, utterly unapproachable, and about all I ever did for him was set out an occasional bowl of dry food, which was usually consumed upon the nocturnal visitations of skunks, possums, coyotes, or foxes. This was La Jolla as few of us can remember it. Yet I do recall how on certain mornings before going to check the surf, I would be fascinated by the clean, naked entails of some roving on the patio.

And I remember too, although my mind wasn't always clear then, how I understood that this was a good pet, because it could survive. Here I had seen other neighborhood cats quickly disappear, because he didn't need me any more than I needed him, and because, blatted to the max or not, I had it to watch — albeit from afar — in the grey, dim light of a summer coastal eve, that spurious moment when solitude can seem as much a curse as a blessing.

The deal was almost complete. Five years later I was again living in La Jolla — in a tiny studio apartment built into the eaves of a backyard garage — for the express purpose of furthering my arcane careers as a surfer, fisherman, and writer. I met a girl, and we fell in love, and some months after the move in with me, she brought home a little black-and-white stray, found in the scrubby growth alongside the parking lot of the industrial complex where she worked. I didn't balk. He was a feisty fellow, full of spunk despite his undernourished state, and it wasn't long before he was fished out and earning his keep, making a dent in the pervasive though rarely publicized La Jolla rat population.

We called him Spider. He was a difficult memory to make out, despite his undernourished state, and well-kept neighborhood toms, our landlord's blubbery white lab named, appropriately, Car, and the famous seaside traffic along La Jolla Shores Drive. And I can't say Spider ever really carved out his own private niche in the world. More than once we had to carry him off to the vet to have him patched up after a long night of fighting, which apparently he had gotten by far the worst of. But by now I had come to see that the

deal with cats implied an explicit trade-off — some things given for some things received. And though I never liked paying out, say, an entire day's wages for a hell-bent cat's deep wounds worth of sutures, I could always laugh when that same hand-dug-up scrapper came out mornings swatting at my loved one's feet, bare claws naking pale white flesh beneath her red nuptial bathrobe.

Spider was killed soon after we moved, as husband and wife, to a dreamy little place up on Fire Mountain in Oceanside. By then we had a second cat, a gray-and-white female tabby named Phoebe, after the bard, that was everything Spider wasn't. We also had a child coming in hell enough to make any young couple grieve nervously into the future; the sudden loss of one of our growing brood made the prospect of parenthood all the more terrifying. I remember carrying Spider's body home in a cardboard box, which a neighbor had placed him in after finding him dead on the street. And I remember thinking like an idiot going to get any easier, as I buried the remains out past the apricot tree at the far corner of the garden, shoveling dirt into the hole with abrupt, angry strokes.

Phoebe took it just as hard. For close to a year now she had been something of a little sister to Spider, always subsequently playful while at the same time manipulative as a tease — although I should add she did almost have her head torn off during our initial attempts to introduce

her as a kitten to our beloved, lightning bolt. Of course, they eventually sorted things out. Yet come the very day of Spider's death, Phoebe seemed bedeviled by some tragic loss of faith, changing almost immediately from a cuddly kitten dependent on the warmth and sustenance of the household to a cool, independent, and maturely cat, rejecting both attention and consideration for the sake of freedom to wander in the darkness of her lonely Fire Mountain nights.

Phoebe hunted that spring as if she were a one-cat army bent on purging the neighborhood of anything less noble than dogs, humankind, or eagles. In the wake of Spider, the far corner of the garden became the final resting spot for everything from birds, squirrels, rabbits, and voles to mice, gophers, rats, and lizards, all in various states of disembowelment, beheadings, and/or decapitation. The lizards seemed particularly vulnerable. Though nobody's notion of restorative nature, there are still parts of Oceanside crawling with native reptilian wildlife. Some days I would find a half dozen scaly tails scattered about the throw rug in the living room, often encountering Phoebe herself asleep in a patch of sunlight, one paw draped casually over the motionless yet not quite deceased body of a hapless, tail-less blueberry. One particular evening, after coming into the bedroom to change out of my gardening togs, I pulled on a long-sleeved flannel shirt that had been lying on the floor exactly where I'd tossed it the previous and similarly cool, grey, coastal springtime eve. My wife was stretched out napping on the bed in all her pregnant glory — and suddenly her eyes grew big and she let out a scream, gesturing frantically in the direction of my back. I danced a little jig, throwing hands and arms over my shoulders, shooting back at my wife to get off her tail and do something, anything. Finally, I yanked off the shirt, there draped to it was a foot-long alligator lizard, thick as a garden hose, begging for blood with sharp, audible contractions of its jaws. I called the monster, at arm's length, out to the garden. Bringing it into the cluttered hedge with disgust because of the embarrassing and unnecessary light it had caused me: Back in the bedroom, I found Phoebe lying across the covers from my wife, now laughing at me the way I would when their men prove to be something less than southeasterly. I gave them both my best stink eye. Then I pulled on my slippers, one after the other, only to meet the resistance of some strange, wiggly contraption. Again, it was a lizard, this one packed away in my wife's underwear. I was a little bit creeped out by the whole thing. Phoebe, it seemed, was just

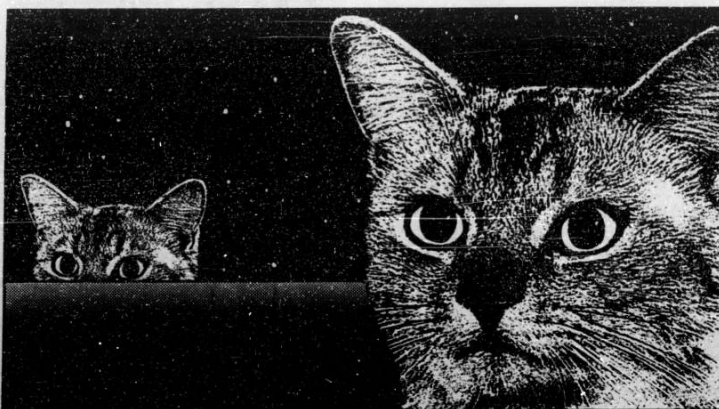
never going to be the same without a playmate, and both my wife and I shared a notion that there might be an added richness to the coming family life were there a kitten to grow up in the shadow of our amovment and hopefully bouncing infant.

Within days, my wife brought home a scruffy little grey female, procured for next to nothing from the feed store where we normally purchased supplies for our small flock of chickens. I wasn't overly

into the domain of a tough little tom, quite willing to be a full-fledged business with some tiny ball of fur squawking around corners where disembowled tails have lain. Then my wife had Riley. He was a pale, blue-eyed, full-bodied neofund, with lady temperament to match. It wasn't long before Phoebe chose to take up sides with the kitten, as if in self-defense against this screaming, two-legged bundle of love who was our son.

More than once we had to pull Dainty Bess out of Riley's crib, where she threatened to suffocate him in her liking for the warmth and cuddly atmosphere of his blankets and newborn dreams. It wasn't long before she was allowing Riley's attempts to pick her up, the sort of silent marshaling generally associated with stuffed animals, beach balls, or anything less mobile than a piano.

It got so Riley would eventually



There clinging to the shirt was a foot-long alligator lizard, thick as a garden hose, begging for blood with sharp, audible contractions of its jaws.

The kitten seemed suddenly imperial, upon approach, scurrying the length of the house and baring itself in the carpet in a corner of the master closet. Nor was Phoebe immediately infatuated. It is one thing to be a young female kitten coming

approach Dainty Bess with the half-hearted disdain of a loger coming upon a bag pipe. Sometimes he would walk right up to her, and as she rolled over on her back, paws outstretched for play, he would meet her invitations with a swift, reckless kick to the ribs. She took it all in stride. Dainty Bess seemed possessed by some inordinate fear of rejection, and any attention at all, even a sharp kick to the chops, was at least better than the prospect of her older Phoebe's lust for solitary mayhem performed on the local wildlife populace.

Then one day Dainty Bess failed to return home after dark. We had gotten used to such behavior by Phoebe, nocturnal hunter that she was, but we could hardly imagine Riley's compliant friend traipsing off.

(continued on page 14)

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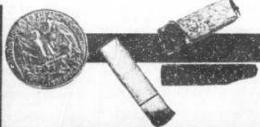
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San Diego Reader May 1, 1990 11



Midwest. Jim's partially hung over, but there's intelligence behind his shallow, yellow eyes. Says he was a contractor in San Diego 18, 20 years ago. He moved on, wound up in downstate Illinois, ran away from his wife 18 months ago. Jim instructs me on blood sales. Twelve bucks first visit, then 10, then 12, and so on, until after 10 completed appointments, one receives a 30-buck bonus. Jim has the feeding schedule at a nearby mission. They start feeding, he says, at 11. They give you a little mandatory prayer, but the service isn't bad, doesn't run too long. He asks what I'm doing. I reply, "Writing a story."

"What kind of a story?"

"On panhandling. A day spare changing."

Jim goes, "Uh-huh." Here's one more bullshit story, one of a hundred, a thousand. Bullshit is the eternal, unchanging part of his life.

We chat for a few minutes. I thank Jim for the professional overview, turn toward traffic, begin my working day.

Bum

(continued from page 1)

The man's oval face has the shaky, unfocused quality of a 1950s porno film. The last distinct lines left on an otherwise bleary countenance are a red alcoholic nose and the gray stubble of a two-week beard. The man's shopping cart is a garbage eruption — plastic bags, shoes, blankets. A torn besell droops over his cart heap, drags the sidewalk.

I glance over, mumble, "No thanks," keep on walking.

It's another day. That means when I leave my apartment I'll be hit on for spare change. Usually three or four solicitations per domestic mound trip, 365 days a year. Leaving home is running a gauntlet of crushing need.

There have been years when I've had surplus money. Indeed, I've had years when my monthly income was more than even my large appetites could swallow. In those days, I would load up \$5 or \$10 every Monday morning. Later, when a voice asked for spare change, I'd hand a bill over. When those funds were gone, that was it — no more vending until next week. I viewed those expenditures as another urban toll to pay, the parking meters, high rents, cable TV.

I've also had years when I was flat-ass broke and walked past the homeless with my eyes bolted to the ground, afraid I was too close to the pit.

Good days, days when I felt happy. I'd hear the voice, "Spare some change?" and I'd turn, look directly into guano eyes and say, "No. I'm just a month away from joining you."



zombies suddenly released from the village graveyard. They stagger up to civilians, hands outstretched, moaning, "Spare change. Spare change." Homelessness is a low-budget horror film played live. 24 hours a day.

Current guesses count one-quarter to 3 million of our fellow citizens living on streets.

carts, those of us left on the playing field take a deep breath, tighten the circle.

But that's talk, talk, talk. The immediate point is I just don't want to look at the rummy, begging bastards, and when I must I avert my eyes quickly and hope they don't touch me, or drool over me, slobber their vile green and yellow spit over my clean white sleeve. That's the point.

Then again, as we've all heard, things happen.

8:01. Hit on for two smokes by residents, added to mumbo-jumbo coffee. I have already sustained a net loss for the day.

8:08. Begging shift starts to form. Clumps of people move out from Horton Plaza to curbside staging areas. The fashion is baseball hats, torn black jackets, tennies, and '60s long hair. Over by the fountain, a gray-haired man is doing morning maintenance. Today is laundry day. The man sits, puts two black nylon socks on his hands. In his possession are two crumpled, soggy coffee cups. He fills each with water from the fountain, breaks out a tiny bar of soap, washes his socks in one cup, rinses them in the other.

Patrolling the park's perimeter is an older Mexican guy, Sr. Giants hat, inevitable plastic bag, selling cigarettes. Mexican cops cost 50 cents. U.S. smokes (Winston, Hardem) a buck. It appears downtown homeless are such an established industry that they support their own vendors, their own service economy.

8:12. "Spare some change?" I turn to locate the voice behind the question and catch a blur out the corner of my eye. It's a woman, maybe late 20s, face ravaged, filthy blond short hair. Her trembling voice asks, "Are you panhandling?"

"Trying to get up a bottle?" She holds out an open palm, offers its contents, maybe 35 cents: most of it in pennies.

I stare down at her dirty, small hand. "Yeah, I'm panhandling too. Why don't you keep what you got?"

"I'm only deflated, even in this gesture, she says, 'O.K. Well, I'm trying to get up a bottle to keep me from getting sick when I do.'"

All humankind avoids me. I don't exist. Not a single civilian has looked at me.



Save me a place by the home, please. I would laugh and say, "Yeah," and I would wonder, because I was a month away from the home.

Spare changing has become the American growth industry. Recently, I've been on a direct approach to begging. There's a small market on the corner of my block. I buy sundries — toilet paper, cigarettes, canned food. Last week, positioned equidistant between doorway and cash register housed a bona fide poor person. I placed my goods on the checkout counter, the poor person pointed to one item and inquired, "Can I have that?"

Walking downtown San Diego, downtown anywhere, one is set upon by panhandlers lurking about urban parks like midlight

It didn't take long for me to learn the world attitude about seeing street people as everyday backdrop. They're part of my daily life, like taco bell, coffee-to-go, cluster theaters, rush-hour traffic.

I think most people realize the boat won't hold as many rats as it used to. In fact, living standards are declining. Fever of us can buy houses, women working no longer carries much political baggage. It's become an economic necessity. Here's an interesting stat. Between 1973 and 1986, families just starting out, those where head of household is 20 to 24 years old, lost 27 percent of their gross income (wage declines, inflation), about the same drop that was experienced during the Great Depression. And as we see an ever-growing line of people move into shopping

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8:35. Drift over to Broadway and Fifth in search of adequate crowd. I begin spare changing but already beaten by 30-year-old male with exceptional costume appropriateness set off by leather bedroom slippers, pink sock on one foot, blue sock on the other. Over his collapsed shoulder hangs a plastic airline bag and two standard-issue Hefly Trash Bags. What I admire most, though, is his hair. It's long, filthy brown, exploding out of his head, eyes, nose, mouth. It's a mess. He's impossible to see his face. The man takes individual approach, goes up to each bystander, gets his face in their faces, asks for specific amount. "Can I have a quarter? Can you spare 30 cents?"

Appealing technique, good sales approach. Don't ask for more than one decision, make it easy.

—James, it is ugly standing out here asking people for money. It took all of ten minutes before I became worthless bum. All —unmanned avoids me. Simply put, I don't exist. Not a single civilian has looked at me. Each personhood has locked his eyes downward and scurried on. It is an extraordinarily creepy feeling, like being invisible, like living in another dimension. I want to grab one of these little shoppers by the throat and scream "I'm alive, you see a bitch."

Oh God, here comes this fucked-up guy again. He's about 50 years old, 105 pounds, has something seriously wrong with his eyes. They bulge out insanely from their sockets, permanently locked in one direction — upward. He's not blind, navigates well enough, but he scratches his back, his huge, egg-yolk orbs peer over his right shoulder, his squarish voice chants, "Hi, ya, hi, ya, hi, ya."



The geeks has already made five or six circuits this morning. I realize I'm avoiding him the way civilians avoid me. I stop, listen to myself. What is my soft, sweet voice saying?

"Don't look at it, maybe it will go away. Christ, creep, don't stare to me. Don't spit all your pain over me. Don't spit all that craziness over me. Don't doot on my clean sleeve."

I am also sick — nose runny from flu, head pounding from last night's booze, legs wobbling, stomach nauseous, which puts me right on the normal health curve of my co-dependents.

I walk on, hard to find a corner free of burns. Fifth and C is taken, couple bums have set up shop. Sixth and C, two cops at coffee in Arby's. I spare-change a teenage girl in sweatpants. Her unlined face darkens — contempt, fear. She manages a vigorous head shake, closes her eyes, tightest chin.

8:52. Frank's drunk. He's got his plastic

bag, blue sweater, red, engorged face: a traditional alkic bum. Frank's worked San Diego three years. His best day, known as Jackpot Day, was the day he made \$67. Frank was the only bum around when the cruise ship docked. Holiday passers-gers made their way to shore, many drunk, many generous. Frank still smiles when thinking of it.

"Normally," he says, "I make 20, 30 bucks a shift, but that don't go nowhere by the time you get something to eat, a few drinks..."

Am very impressed at 20 bucks a day, but Frank is living the part, completely there. 8 a.m. drunk, red eyes, missing front tooth. No question, an authentic bum. No question when you give Frank money, you give money to a man who won't double-cross you, won't sneak down the street and get a job. The time is long gone when Frank could hold a job. I say, "Good luck."

He replies, "Good luck to you too!" I shudder.

Back at gourmet coffee for another cup of Kona and an egg roll — \$1.31. When this adventure started, back an hour ago, I was shy about soliciting women, wishing to spare them assault by another sullen, bearded male stranger. Those niceties quickly evaporated. Now I beg from women, children, anything near the mammal family, who works what turf.

Ask a business guy in blue suit for 50 cents. He ignores me, reaches down and clutches his right pocket. Yup, still there. I spare-change a city bus driver at a stop light. He looks out the window, deadpans, "You've got to be kidding."

Fifth and C, waiting for San Diego Trolley. When a trolley stops, people mill about, getting off and on. The drama produces a nice wave action of foot traffic. I stand in the crowd's center, turning slowly in a semi-pirotic, ask for money as I go. Nada.

There is a thing about how your senses sharpen, your street senses, I'm beginning to notice people — people making regular foot tours of downtown, people setting up begging booths. I notice who's a tourist, who's got money, who's romantic, who works what turf.

At Sixth and B, Christ, here comes Jim the bum, my buddy from Horton Plaza. Make that my long-lost buddy from two hours ago. "Hi, Jim."

He greets me with warmth. I'm very pleased to see my partner. We exchange "How's it going?" as if months have passed since our last encounter.

I inquire about his most recent activities. Jim's had a productive morning, signing up for general relief, causing a riot skelter.

"Whatcha doing now?"

"Going up to give blood. Pay is ten bucks. Come on along, I'll show you where it is."

We stroll 8 Street. Jim the bum shows me a side alley where he slept last night, which was okay except for incessant drug-dealing. We say hello to a group of bums promenade back from the blood bank.

Jim and I arrive at the Alpha Therapeutic Corporation, 12th and Broadway. Hours: Monday through Friday 6 a.m. to 1, Saturdays 6 a.m. to 12:30. The place has a feel of a state unemployment office, a job in wait or downtown Oakland, better yet, Philadelphia where management provides armed guards, bullet-proof glass, employees who hate their jobs, hate the people they have to service. Eating, one wades through cigarette smoke. A full house of bums wait in molded chairs. There's a bureaucratic counter: over it is an official notice, "If you leave your section area you may lose your turn." Behind the counter in a back room, actually a large warehouse area, are perhaps 30 large Haugahde couches, occupied by bums giving blood.

Jim the bum and I walk through the reception area into a room, designated for smokers. About eight of us hunker down and light up. I sit on a plastic garbage can. Jim squats against the wall, ask how long it takes to give blood. I'm told it takes about two hours, which no longer seems to be any kind of a deal.

Across the room a young black male and his girlfriend rattle papers. Something about the pair is out of place. They look healthy. They don't appear hung over or stoned. Alarmingly, they're also approaching donors with a smile, acting friendly. Instant nose

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Bum

(continued from page 17)

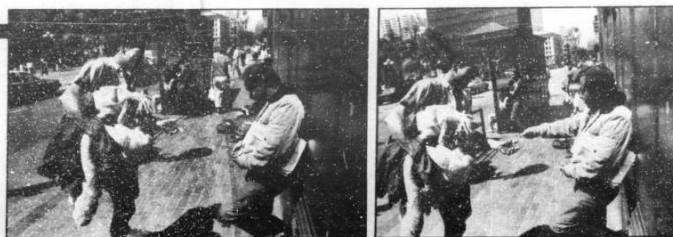
sign illuminates my mind. "This is a hustle." No one talks friendly to us. It's already "us." The slender black male walks towards my rebuttal. "Hi, how are you?" It's a question so utterly out of context, so devoid of even the slenderest thread of authenticity that Jim the bum and I stare.

My man continues. "Listen, we got some petitions here. I need you to sign one of these petitions for the State of California." I stare at his petitions. They're real. In at least triplicate. I glance at the man and say, "I'm not registered to vote in California."

The salesman doesn't miss a beat. "They let you get six years off jail. I'm a convicted felon, can't vote or buy weapons. So what?" I look at the petition again. Blah, blah, blah. \$1.8 billion over 8 years. Drug enforcement, expands penalties for first-degree murder, increases penalties for minors, tightens laws on drugs.

"My guess is at least 80 percent of my companions use drugs at any opportunity, and a significant percentage have done time. I ask my friendly vendor, 'Do you know this petition increases money for cops, increases time for drug offenses?'"

"So what? You don't get to believe anything, just sign it." I ask Jim the bum what the deal is. "They get seven bucks for every completed page. He's always got four or five different petitions. They work this spot every day. 9:30 a.m. I wish Jim a happy labor-saving, walk out into sunshine. A half-block away, three assume prisoner hunter position against side wall of Hong Kong Night Club. STOP THE PRESS! BIG SCORE! Find 20 cents in change tray of phone booth. Can now report hard-money profits.



breakfast, go for the Almost Eggs Benedict. Front page story in L.A. Times on begging says — It's a problem, bill: \$6.65, plus a dollar up.

Chills, just a terrific gale wind outside, really cold. Arctic wind attacks the nape of my neck, my wrists, ankles. Feel like I've always been cold, will always be cold. Impressed by cold. Recall most hideous cold experience. Feel worse.

Have decided to try Frank's legendary jackpot spot. Am now at work in festive waterfront location across from Holiday Inn. ALERT! Buggy at 4 o'clock. It's a herd of APC's name tags. Forty elderly tourists disembark from tour bus, everyone sporting name tag featuring the logo "APC." Fit on each visitor. Uncomprehendingly depressed by endless barrage of ill-feeling as multitude marches past. Not a dime.

Begging is boring. Begging is humiliating. Begging is demeaning. No wonder beggars

11:30 a.m. Hauling down the flag; this ain't making it. Wander to Holiday Inn for a phone. Pay phones tied up by covey of blue suits and red ties. Wait them out. Call Yellow Cab. Ten minutes later cable appears. "Where to?"

"La Jolla." "I've been waiting for you all day." Twenty-four bucks, with tips. Dismount at Prospect and Girard. This has to be better begging turn. Provisionally there isn't another bum in sight. First contact, first La Jolla artifact is new Jaguar with vanity plates. "OUR JAG."

Here we are walking Prospect Street in exclusive, trendy La Jolla. On our immediate right is tasteful Grubb & Ellis Real Estate window. Today's Grubb offerings: "Beautiful new townhouse. Three bedrooms, 2.5 baths \$350,000. Two-bedroom, two-bath traditional American home, \$1,600,000. La Jolla Shores. Contemporary Mediterranean masterpiece."

"I've finally made it to La Jolla, finally clawed my way into enough money to belong here, and this lice-ridden creature is clouding my shopping experience."



get tucked up when they do. The idea of a misbehaving bum begins to tug at my pleasure center. Oooh, here comes Sundance Stage Lines with a full load of carefree, happy vacationers. Stand by coach door, eager to welcome all to San Diego. Beg each passenger as they exit. Receive extreme gestures of discontent.

Sitting in gale-force winds, on cement park bench, flexing my teeth. What is it that makes people walk around in public with signs on their chests? What is it that puts the randomness in circles? Where do babies come from?

overlooking the Pacific. Four bedroom, four and a half baths. \$2,595,000." Okay, La Jolla base camp erected across from La Valencia Hotel, the Red Lobster, and Aloha Lounge. A strong triple threat. Triple threat dissolves within minutes. Am shooed away by hotel employee.

1:00 p.m. Stake out at Charles, Ltd. Jewellers and Gifts. Am well placed on cement planter. Shoppers, 90 percent women, patrol area streets and stores. "Spare change. Thirty cents for the poor." Am met with universal splintering-tightening disgust. It's pure nonverbal communication. Direct telegram

from their message center to mine. "Christ, I've finally made it to La Jolla, finally clawed my way into enough money to belong here, and this lice-ridden creature is clouding my shopping experience."

1:15. Big moment. Scored a quarter. Can I get a witness? White young guy, maybe 20 years old, with big frosty shades exiting his BMW. "Spare a quarter?" He hesitates. I pounce. "Just a quarter. It helps America's economy. Keeps the wheels turning. Giving is low overhead and fun too." Wretched yuppie swine produces a smelly and then, by God, reaches into his right pocket, withdraws a quarter, flips it toward me. Bings! First blood.

Moving to Silverado and Girard. There's a rack of newspapers: L.A. Times, San Diego Tribune, Wall Street Journal, real estate rags, The Learning Alliance, and The Sun, with its screaming headline, "Very Attractive White Girl — Married — Does You in Front of Her Husband." I pick up a copy.

Set up my kiosk stand in front of the Banana Republic. Amazing. I already miss my bum downtown. I miss protective cover, miss soul mates to play with. I'm just standing around, all alone, nobody to talk to, lonely little outcast, long for my comrades. Long for some, any, human contact.

When panhandling, you play faces, screen obvious jerks, play the most likely beneficiaries. So of course, the nicest people get hit on most. The faintest sliver of openness, kindness, serenity is unmistakable invitation to come dance with me.

1:30 p.m. Driven off the streets by profound depression into hard rock Cafe. La Jolla. Legend on window, also behind bar, "Save the Planet." Two beers, \$4.50.

Outside, a crew takes fashion photos. Old guy on a step ladder working huge camera. Two male models, standard mannequin-issue, one black, one white, shocked to see Sears catalogue faces in real life. Mannequin A has blue shirt, slacks. Mannequin B has white, striped shirt, blue slacks. Both wearing kimonos. The world is tennis shoes. Three or four female assistants scurry back and forth brushing makeup, straightening shirts. Photographer's constant rap. "That's good, that's good, keep it moving, keep it moving, keep it flowing." Two models bubble mindless verbiage to keep their mouths in motion for boss man. I spare-change crew, clutching my



"Attractive White Girl Does You in Front of Her Husband." No luck.

2:17 p.m. Major, major score. Huge success. Unbelievable payday. Am at my matra. "Spare change. Spare change." A middle-aged man wearing a seedy brown suit pauses, turns full circle, comes back, gives me \$ 5, 6, 7, 8, 9, 10, 11, 12 cents, says, "Are you that bad off?"

"Just one step away." Which I now know, in the darkest back alley of my soul, is precisely the way it is. I now know with the clarity of a nightmare that I hang by the smallest thread, one bad break from the street.

He gets to his back pocket, pulls out a dollar bill, hands it over. I'm overwhelmed. Thrilled. I ask his name. He says Judd. He shakes hands. Buddies for life. I actually hop

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"Somehow ComputerEdge Makes the Whole Computer Process Less Intimidating."

San Diego Attorney David Foley first picked up *ComputerEdge* three years ago, in a deli where he liked to have lunch. He found himself picking up the magazine regularly, even though he didn't have a computer at the time. "I was just fascinated by the magazine, and enjoyed reading it—even things I didn't understand."

Not long after that, David took the plunge and actually bought a computer. And he started getting even more out of reading *ComputerEdge*. "When I first bought a computer two years ago for word processing, just knowing the support was there was important."

ComputerEdge has a sense of humor; it makes fun of us and of itself, but in a very personable way. It's not silliness. I know a lot of serious information is being discussed and given to the readers. Sometimes I wish I understood it more, but I read even the articles I don't understand completely, and I always get something out of it."

David finds using a computer has allowed him to be a "do it yourself,"

and this has enhanced both his efficiency and his self-sufficiency. "Even though I have a secretary, I think attorneys will find they can do things just as quickly themselves—without asking somebody to do something for them and then having to check their work. I write many pleadings, form documents, probate matters, and even client letters myself."

It may end up being a secretary-less society one of these days, and I want to be prepared."

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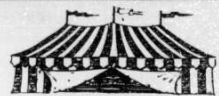
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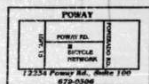
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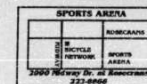


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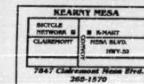
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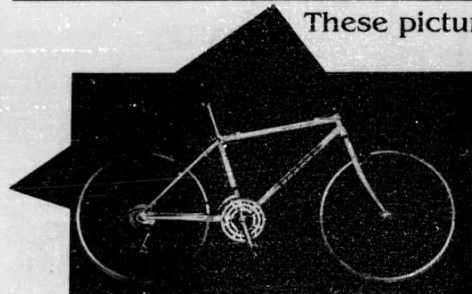
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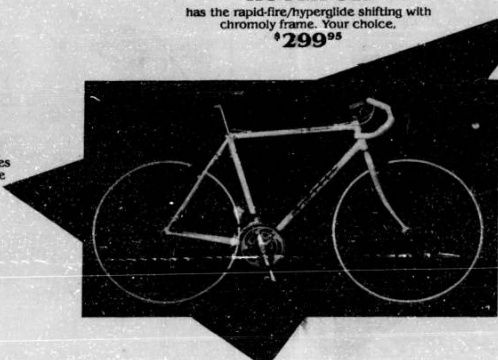
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over the same material again, but now with Modjeska beginning to waver. The following scene consists of a prolonged conversation between Modjeska and her wise, kind old husband, who persuades her to go back on the stage, but not as a vaudeville entertainer. A final scene, back at the ranch, wraps things up, as Modjeska prepares to go on tour with her own theatrical company: she is back on the boards, but her integrity is intact.

Perhaps it was the Slavic name that made me think — in contrast — of Minc. Ramevskaya in Chekhov's *The Cherry Orchard*.

That's it, if it isn't much. There is virtually no action, merely a series of prolonged conversations, always with the same structure: Modjeska takes one side, another character takes the opposite side, and one of them wins. The content of these debates is simple, but mind-bogglingly complex. The first is a discussion of the nature of the universe, with the assumption that his audience has an absolute minimum of intellectual capacity — the playwright feels he must constantly demonstrate with the heaviest emphasis just what the discussion is about. Then, repeatedly, the two characters discuss the same thing in the same way, with many turns, and in the case of the vaudeville agent exaggerating the character's crassness, ignorance, and venality so that even an audience member who happened to be fully asleep could not miss the point.

Ranevskaya appears on stage in that play for a considerably shorter time than Modjeska does in *Once in Arden*, but Chekhov's feeling for the character is no less intense. The young technical master make us deeply interested in numerous aspects of her life and her destiny. We are concerned with far more than her love affair with the young man, or will she consent to chop down the beautiful cherry trees and build profit-making summer cottages? Will she return to the selfish man who has seduced her? Will she marry him, or when this highly emotional woman continues to love? Will she ever reconcile herself to the death of her little boy? Will she manage to escape the influence of the old man who is a radically changing social environment?

That's really quite a lot to be concerned about in a play that is only a page and a half long. But Chekhov takes just two hours to perform, and that also includes several well-developed subplots, a large number of equally well-developed characters, and a very good deal of articulate philosophizing on

This is not the only person who has been brought on stage merely to illustrate a theme. Virtually all the characters are simplified and illustrative, rational dramatizations of ideas rather than living human beings with their muddled passions, multiple attachments, com-

I don't mean to reproach Richard Hellesen with a real lack of imagination. He and Chekhov and other eminent practitioners of realistic theater have invented and exemplified dramatic techniques that any playwright in the same mode ought to know how to use. One can't demand genius, but one can demand technical competence, appreciably greater than that of a poet. Hellesen's serene handling of plot, action, characterization, and the dramatization of theme.

He does manage to observe the basic conventions of dramatic structure: character-objectives (Mrs. Modjeska needs to be fulfilled as an artist), the threshold (the various points of no return), the development of a relationship between two principal characters (Modjeska and the vaudeville agent), the establishment of a dramatic question (will she go into vaudeville?), conflict leading to a rising action that culminates in a crisis (will she go into vaudeville?—wise advice from Modjeska's husband), and a final resolution of the question (she will not go into vaudeville). It is all dutifully and conscientiously done. But if the theater is to be a living art rather than the routine application of formulae, it must be able to deal with characters with something of the intricacy and mysteriousness of real people. We need dramatic questions that really count. We need resolutions that recognize the ambivalence of human impulses and the moral shades of gray that surround the most decisive options. Above all, we need life.

Life is precisely what *Once in Arden* lacks. As though aware of this, everyone associated with the SCR production seems to work doubly hard to make up for the deficiencies in the script. There are charming sets by Deborah Raymond and Dorian Vernacchio (ranging from a meticulously realistic reproduction of the interior of the Modjeska home to an exquisite minimalist evocation of New York harbor); Dwight Richard Oles has outdone himself in the elaborate and stylish costumes (especially Modjeska's); and Benson's direction, with its firmness, honesty, and unobtrusive skill, seems to be based — unwaveringly and with sincere conviction — on the saving illusion that the script is a work

ty to one. In its best acting, it displays South Coast Rep's finest. As Modjeska, the ever reliable Nan Martin combats the strait-jackets of this extremely limited character with a radiant vitality and a combination of warmth and nobility that make for a true *grande dame* of the theater, which Modjeska most definitely was. Ron Boussem, his famous versatility tested to it to utmost, plays the representative of money-grubbing philistine management with powerful presence and detailed realism of intention and gesture, although of coarse and crude. Boussem's B-movie B-movie stereotype any depth or subtlety.

Perhaps most impressive of all is Kay E. Kuter as Modjeska's devoted husband. Aside from the wonderful truth, liveliness, and

warmth this venerable actor brings to all his roles (he has been engaging and lovable even in science-fiction movies with Klingon-bumps on his head), Kuter has the advantage here of being assigned to play the only character in *Once in Arden* who has more than one arrow in his motivational quiver. Modjeska's husband follows his wife and she has dedicated himself to her career, but he also loves planting life trees and raising corn on his California ranch — and the inner conflict between these two objectives gives Kuter the opportunity for some remarkably delicate and eloquent acting, including the authentically touching moment when "Charley" explains why he is willing to give up his beloved Arden.

Even this lovely bit of psychological realism (lovely in both the acting and the writing) is inevitably *small* in its scope and its effect, however, because the play itself (along with its view of reality) is such a small thing. The smallness is underlined by the dialogue between Macbeth and Lady Macbeth that opens the second act. There, all at once, is something big, immensely big — and it is acted in a big

way, since Nan Martin and Charles Hailsham are appropriately showing Mr. Moede and Mr. Lammie O'Neill the old-fashioned rhetorical school, actors who run the risk of exaggeration and grandiosity, but who at least know that there are such things as great leaping words and dramatic declamation in the context to human actions. It is quite astonishing how well this scene comes off, and how pale to the point of invisibility it makes the rest of the scene in *Aspen* seem in comparison. The two actors are clearly aware of the intentionally antiquated stylistic devices (and the pseudo-Polish accent to boot), is terrific — and about a million times more so than the faintly to Shakespearean than the performance by that pathetically unheroic young lady who played the role in the La Jolla Playhouse's *Macbeth* last

Since I have been engaging in invidious comparisons of this sort (although Hellesen is himself responsible for the embarrassing juxtaposition with Shakespeare), I may as well add one more. There is a 1987 Danish movie

named *Babette's Feast*, directed by Gabriel Axel from a story by Isak Dinesen, that deals with precisely the same themes as *Once in a Lifetime* — the identity and artistic integrity of the artist. The artist in the film is a master chef (rather than a famous actress), her retirement from her profession is forced by political events in her country (rather than being due to choice), and her final aspiration is why she really is — a chef — driven to display her talent, creating magnificent evening meals. The chef, who can scarcely appreciate her artistry — is the preparation of a fabulous, multi-course French meal for a group of ascetic religious fanatics on a remote Danish island (rather than performances as Lady Macbeth or Mary Stuart before a cowed Cincinnati). The point, however, is the same.

The difference — and it is enormous — is in the art by which these statements about the artistic life are made. *Babette's Feast* is so subtle and indirect in its embodiment of the theme (which is fully revealed only in the last minute of the film), its structure is so suavely and ingeniously handled, its depiction of it

characters and of their social ambience is so rich, so concrete, so poetic, so beautiful, and so true to reality, and its every moment (even that bare island, in that undecorated house with those uncomplicated relationships and that utter plainness of everyday existence) is so filled with the irreplaceable substance of life, that the memory of this film can nourish the soul as bountifully as Babette's feast nourished her guests — a far cry from the almost infantile crudeness of what is currently being served on South Coast Rep's main stage.

The question raised by this production is what aesthetic or social need such a play can possibly fulfill — and for whom, since it implies an audience at the lowest conceivable level of theatrical sophistication. Why should anyone who for a few dollars can rent *Babette's Feast* on videotape pay several times as much to see *Once in Arden*? Is the presence of live actors worth the renunciation of one's intelligence? I have been wondering for quite a while whether theater is going to survive as a significant art; but now I am beginning to wonder whether it *deserves* to survive.

South Coast Rep in Costa Mesa is presenting the world premiere of *Once in Arden* by Richard Hellesen. The play is a piece of inoffensive old-fashioned sentimental historical realism, nicely staged by Martin Benson with an excellent cast. If you like weak tea with lots of sugar, you will enjoy *Once in Arden*. If you think theater ought to justify its existence by offering something more challenging, more moving, more imaginative, more perceptive, more technically accomplished, more theatrical, and more understanding of the complexity of human existence, you will have to look elsewhere.

Helena Modjeska was a 19th-century Polish actress who emigrated to America and established a distinguished career here in classical roles. When fairly advanced in years, she retired from the theater; from then on, she and her husband spent much of their time at their ranch in Santa Ana, California (the "Arlene" of the title). Hellesen's play is concerned with Modjeska's decision to return to the stage: should she, or shouldn't she, and if so, how?

In itself this does not seem like a sufficiently dramatic problem to engage an audience's attention very deeply. Hellsten has attempted to energize the issue by creating more or less artificial conflicts related to it, stretching the truth and even inventing a few details, thus giving them in a predictable fashion. In the first scene, Modjeska is reluctant to appear on stage again, but after a prolonged discussion her friend Padewski (the pianist) persuades her to undertake a benefit performance in the Metropolitan Opera House. The scene is followed by rehearsals for the benefit (which in fact took place on May 2, 1905 in the Metropolitan Opera House). Modjeska has a prolonged argument with a vulgar theatrical agent; he wants her to appear in vaudeville, while she defends her artistic integrity. So much for the

In act two, after a brief excerpt from the benefit performance (a scene from *Macbeth*, with actor James O'Neill as Modjeska's partner in crime), the actress and the vaudeville agent have another prolonged argument, going

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Ballad of Belle and Jesse

BY JEFF SMITH

The "real" Jesse James was calling himself Thomas Howard when he was shot from behind and killed in 1882. He was adjusting a picture on the wall of his home in St. Joseph, Missouri. Young Bobby Ford claimed the \$50,000 reward. The "real" Belle Starr (née Myra Maybelle Shirley) was also assassinated from behind by a shotgun in 1889, and though her murderer remains a mystery, one of the suspects was her son Ed. In David Freeman's *Jesse and the Bandit Queen*, currently at the Bowers Theatre's Kingston Playhouse, we first see Jesse and Belle at the moment of their respective deaths. In that split second — with a device reminiscent of *The Os-Bow Incident* — then, lives flash before their eyes, but with confusion, because their lives were not entirely their own. Both have become fictional characters in the *Police Gazette* and other dime-novel myth-mongers. Thus part of their flashing back involves sorting out facts from fictions, revisionism from the real. That they do it together adds yet another ruse to this multifaceted (though ultimately muddled) play. Although both were born in Missouri in the late 1840s, it is unlikely Belle Starr and Jesse James ever met in "real" life.

Freeman calls *Jesse and the Bandit Queen* a "Western fantasy." At no point does the play aim for historical accuracy (Belle is stabbed, not shot, for example). Instead it takes place in the imaginations of Starr and James. As they travel back through their lives, both legendary and real, the play explores the nature and consequences of myth-making. Regardless of whether or not they knew each other, in print Jesse and Belle have become entwined. Her fictional exploits rival his so much that late in her "real" life, Starr toured in a Wild West show playing James (the play also suggests that the real Belle might actually have been in love not with James but with his reputation). What gives *Jesse and the Bandit Queen* a Pirandellian twist is that Jesse James rescues the play he has been written about, especially by Richard Fox, whose floral prose purports the *Police Gazette*. Jesse is an outlaw, not a symbol. And even if it means writing a book about himself, replace with more violent shades of purple and his own brand of myth-making, he'll do it.

Toward the end of the Bowers Theatre's set



Patrick Egan, Mickey Mullany

for its production of *Jesse*, an empty picture frame is asked. So, ultimately, is the play. The various ways it frames its subject are interesting, but it, too, is empty in the center. Symbolically (and the script is a symbolist stunner) *Jesse* will struggle out the picture before he's shot. In this regard, though, the play turns out to be yet another debunking of

its very good indeed — it can't overcome a basic flaw at the core of the play: it is next to impossible to care two seconds for either Jesse or Belle.

They elicit curiosity, not concern, even though they are played admirably at the Bowers by newcomer Patrick Egan and San Diego veteran Mickey Mullany. Talent

Regardless of whether or not they knew each other, in print Jesse and Belle have become entwined.

the Old Wild West. To keep audience attention spans alert, Freeman gives us a survey of Wild West sexuality, everything from Western drag in cowboy boots to incest. And if Jesse and Belle can serve as models for their time, Wild West sexuality was nasty, brutal, and short. Freeman also wants to say heady things about these: "This country's fear is not for its heroes but of them," he has Belle say. But this is where the play breaks down. Was Jesse James ever your hero? He was a sadistic thug. Was Belle Starr ever your heroine? She was a survivor, at best, at worst a horse thief and possibly a murderer. As good as the Bowers production is — and many

abounds in the Bowers production — in fact, so much so that one wishes it were applied to better material. The set — wood planks, rough-hewn furniture, and sagebrush designed by John Blunt and Bowers artistic director Ralph Elias — captures an Old West, prairie feel with simple means (it also reveals the Kingston stage to be much deeper than it has seemed in the past). Dione Lebar's nicely detailed costumes also evoke the period well. Lawrence Czoka's sound design weaves the western hymn "Bright Morning Star" eloquently through the evening. And Kris Sabel, another newcomer, has done as good a lighting job as the Bowers Theatre, either at the old

New Palace Hotel or at the Kingston Playhouse, has ever seen. Be it murky shadows, bold orange sunsets, blood-red expressionistic effects, or all the less showy but essential nuances in between, the lighting design is absolutely first-rate.

With a sharp ear for rhythms and an impish eye for the lovely, Otis Nash has directed *Jesse and the Bandit Queen* as if it were written much better than it is. Under Nash's guidance, the production blends raw humor with twists of passion. It moves cinematically, and Nash has given his actors just the right amounts of business and license to make the scenes as visually memorable as the scenes are verbally forgettable. At one point, for example, Mickey Mullany plays Belle Starr playing Jesse in the Wild West show. Patrick Egan plays a fellow actor. Her Jesse's supposed to talk tough — the way he's been talking all evening long — but Belle's obviously new to the stage and keeps "going up." Forgetting her lines at key points in the scene, Egan's actor, who is supposed to play the victim, ends up feeding Belle her macho lines, but too loudly. The result is a hilarious spoof of all that Jesse (and the playwright) take seriously: in effect, a built-in debunking of Freeman's debunking.

Shifting from open vulnerability to cruelty, from fact to fiction in a jiff, Egan does Mullany also perform as if the play were better than it is. Egan's older, slower Jesse is stronger than his younger version (and he twirls a pistol in his finger like a rank amateur), but he shows an impressive range as an actor. His quirky Richard Fox, author of the James legend (who says, "It doesn't matter what you do, only what I say you do"), is one of the show's highlights. Mullany also plays a common motivational root. "Our race has lost its savage consciousness," he said in a recent interview in his agent's *La Jolla* townhouse. "With this artificial consciousness we call rationality, we don't experience that deeper, darker mystery of our primitive existence. We've gotten away from us, what we are. So, I think we need a cultural, artistic fabric in which to evoke that savage consciousness in a positive, healthy way." From his vantage point, Shane sees a general cultural malaise reflected in the attitudes of today's students.

"If the '60s were notable for any one thing, it was the compulsion of that decade's younger generation to

ITEMS

BY JOHN D'AGOSTINO & KEVIN BRASS

RIMBAUD III

Depending on whom you talk to, Ron Shane is either the second coming of the late rock avtar Jim Morrison, a well-meaning but deluded and untalented conceptualist, or a self-absorbed publicity seeker. That there is at least a triad of opinions is appropriate, because consciously

"I'm trying to activate the primordial splendor of the euphoric imagination."

or not, Shane tends to do things in threes.

Currently, he is involved in three creative endeavors: an experimental rock band called Savage Fire; a more mainstream hard-rock outfit called Mental Anarchy; and a proposed film project in which he would make a three-cornered hat as writer, director, and star. The film project, which is a trilogy, with the sequential titles *Victim*, *Rapture*, *Apocalyptic Seduction*, and *Icey* (sic) *Inferno*. And it would produce three spin-off record albums by

Mental Anarchy. But with the recent beginning of spring semester at San Diego State University, Shane reversed to his official calling as an instructor in the school's English department. This will be his third year.

To say that the body-sculpted, Thor-coiffed, snakeskin-attired Shane doesn't fit the stereotype of the college prof is both to underestimate the obvious and to play to his grandiose sense of self. Here is a man who relishes his diametric opposition to stud academia, who in fact envies himself as the savior in a peaceful but spiritually cataclysmic rescue of artistic expression and civilization from the dungeon of intellectualism. He would forge a new aesthetic by fusing the fevered poetics of the British Romantics and French Symbolists and Surrealists to hard rock, with visuals that borrow from the heavy-metal/fantasy genre. And in so doing, he would assume the mantle of cultural shamanism left behind by Morrison, vocalized/poetized by the '60s band The Doors.

The 32-year-old Shane's multifarious efforts and ambitions share a common motivational root. "Our race has lost its savage consciousness," he said in a recent interview in his agent's *La Jolla* townhouse. "With this artificial consciousness we call rationality, we don't experience that deeper, darker mystery of our primitive existence. We've gotten away from us, what we are. So, I think we need a cultural, artistic fabric in which to evoke that savage consciousness in a positive, healthy way." From his vantage point, Shane sees a general cultural malaise reflected in the attitudes of today's students.

"If the '60s were notable for any one thing, it was the compulsion of that decade's younger generation to



Ron Shane and friends

explore the interior imagination. They took psychotropic drugs in an attempt to break the veil of illusion. But now, people just want to get their B.A. and go on to a career," he said disdainfully. "We used to be able to count on art as a spiritual turn-on, but today's art, theater, music, film is boring, dead. And the way that the great poetry of the past is being over-intellectualized by most college professors, it might as well be dead too. What I'm trying to do is combine the mysticism of the high-level academic experience with the passionate power of rock, to activate the primordial splendor of the euphoric imagination."

To believe some of Shane's fellow educators, however, the heavy-metal mentor wouldn't know a high-level academic experience from a high



Ron Shane and friends

Teaching-assistant work at Northridge and Santa Barbara led to a teaching position at UCSB in 1986, followed by similar employment at USU, Mesa College, Grossmont College, and eventually SDSU. Shane filled the holes in his professional pursuits with non-academic stunts: directing ballet (he's a classically trained dancer), theater, documentary films, commercials, and videos. While living in L.A., he also performed in an underground "trash-punk band" called Night Fire. By the time he reached San Diego, his various interests were beginning to coalesce. In 1988, Shane began "studying [Jim] Morrison" and concluded that he and the Doors vocalist drew inspiration from the same literary sources. That realization and Shane's perception of rock as the

(continued on page 24)

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(continued from page 23)

last location of uncorrupted expression led to the conceptualizations of Savage Fire and Mental Anarchy. But his choice of musical medium for his message leaves him vulnerable to second-guessing. If he were performing a more lyrical brand of music for poetry-student types predisposed to such a thing, he could be accused of "preaching to the choir." But heavy-metal fans are among the least likely converts to literature and "high art." So by concentrating on metal-ish hard rock, isn't he in a sense preaching to the choir?

"All my concepts are based on 'taking passion to an almost frenzied state, and softer music wouldn't do that,'" he said, gracefully jettisoning the question. "To me, the only other acceptable alternative would be to get primitives who understand what it is to feel the frenzy, who would just beat their drums in that excited way."

Perhaps the formation of Savage Fire was an acknowledgment that the process of artistic reawakening would be a gradual one. The band plays familiar rock songs ("Born to Be Wild," "You Really Got Me") to which Shane supplies new lyrics — actually, images from romantic poetry that Shane distills to what he calls "baser images that might serve as steps to the higher forms of poetic experience." On March 30, Savage Fire performed a daytime concert at SDSU's Monks' Den. While the band played such songs as the Guess Who's "American Woman" and Jimi Hendrix's "Fire," Shane spoke/shouted his selected imagery and exhorted the gathering — and his own trio of dancing girls — to various expressions of primitivism

and exhibitionism.

Judging from Shane's own videotape of that performance, audience response progressed from enthusiasm to bemusement to tolerance to apathy. But a review of the gig in the school newspaper maintained a narrower range. Writing in *San Diego*, the weekly arts and entertainment section of the *Daily Aztec*, David R. Stampone described Shane's show as "the kind of awful that rapidly passed from amusingly bad to annoyingly wretched, even disturbing." To Stampone, Shane's lyrics are "distinctly naive... pseudo-poetic blather... the worst kind of trite, hard-rock lyrical imagery... hackneyed sword-and-sorcery bullshit."

"That was a totally unfair review," said Shane when asked for his reaction. "It's obvious that this guy didn't have as much as a third-grade level of education. Those [lyrical] images were apparently far beyond his grasp." But even Shane admits to having reservations about Savage Fire's effectiveness as a tutorial. "I don't know if [Savage Fire] is more effective than the classroom," he allowed, "but I'll tell you one thing — it's a lot more fun."

Shane has higher hopes for the film trilogy, which is bound in three separate inch-thick manuscripts bearing the project's umbrella title, *Mental Anarchy*. "I feel that with this trilogy, I'm returning to my real strengths: acting and directing," he said. "I've been acting since I was 12."

Shane's affable agent, Bob Camacho, agrees. Camacho (whose second-cousin is super-lightweight boxing champion Hector "Macho" Camacho) has been "shopping" Shane's efforts to Hollywood

power elite, and he's encouraged by the response. "A guy at the William Morris agency read Ron's screenplay and called them 'brilliant,'" he enthused. "I've placed his scripts and demos with the Geffen company too. I'm getting a lot of positive feedback from some very influential people in the industry." So what will happen if and when Shane's trilogy hits the screen?

"I think he can do what Jim Morrison did, only better," said a straight-faced Camacho. "Morrison was an out-of-control hedonist. Ron is pushing beyond the drug-oriented-idol stuff to a higher intellectual aesthetic. I'm billing Ron as 'the most intelligent man in rock and roll,'" he grinned. "But we feel we can break him as a literary artist." He glanced at the still-playing Savage Fire video. "The rock thing still needs some work."

— John D'Agostino

CHERCHEZ LAMBADA

Tiki masks, gauzy bamboo, and an imitation thatched roof greet those in search of the Forbidden Dance at the Hanaele Hotel, a Mission Valley monument to Polynesian ocean-resorts everywhere. The drinks in the hotel's Islands Lounge aren't served in coconut cups, but the Scorpion — a \$7.95 concoction served in a giant clam shell — and waitresses in flowered dresses who welcome customers with "Aloha" more than make up for the disappointment. But the quest is not for snazzy nightclubs. It seeks hip-

grinding lambada lovers, San Diegans living the dancing dream that is the lambada.

They are noticeably absent this night, despite the marquee along Interstate 8 enticing commuters. A dozen middle-aged and elderly tourists, mostly single men and couples, sit sipping drinks, apparently oblivious to the hottest fad

In the hands of Middle Americans, the Forbidden Dance looks more like the Virginia Reel.

since the Hula Hoop. The members of the band, playing boogie whitebread versions of the latest R&B hits, attempt to get the scattering of customers to get hot and sweaty, to grind hips. They pass. Apparently they missed the San Diego Union feature in February, which proclaimed that the lambada is "capturing San Diego's imagination," under the headline "Lambada beats San Diego."

The lambada may be hot. It may be sexy. It may be the closest thing to sex on the dance floor. Slinky clubs in France and England may be flooded with the sweet of entranced lambada lovers. But most San Diego clubs are notably lambada-less, despite countless newspaper and magazine articles, *P.M.* Magazine-style television features, and two little-seen movies trumpeting the lambada as the greatest dance craze since John Travolta sent men scurrying to buy ugly white three-piece ice-cream-man suits. It's not like San Diego to miss a



Lambada

trend. Somewhere fad-mongering San Diegans must be dancing, knees between each other's legs, looking as Brazilian as possible. That place, the search discovers, is Mission Valley. Several clubs in the area advertise themselves as lambada central. It's Land of Lambada.

An expedition on a recent Wednesday evening reveals 30 Caucasians of all ages and shapes gathered at the Stardust Country Club's 950 Club, the disco by the driving range. The offer of free lessons is in its third week, and this is reportedly a fairly typical crowd. Other than an express lack of interest in the two movies released to capitalize on the as-of-yet unbacked greatest dance craze since "dirty

dancing," the group seems to share little more than a general lack of rhythm. They are clearly enjoying themselves, though, as they attempt to emulate the slick instructors. They pair up, but there are extra men.

In union they slowly move through the eight basic steps, whispering the count to themselves. Hips are discreetly apart. In the hands of these fine, upstanding middle Americans, the Forbidden Dance looks more like the Virginia Reel. The intricacies of the dance are clearly far too complicated for anyone but a trained dance professional, but it appears to have a lot

to do with keeping one hand high in the air while both partners shake their hips and act like rejects from a Harry Belafonte movie.

Most of these lambada-ing San Diegans are between 30 and 60 years old. There are a few suspects in the crowd, and a few too many gold chains, but, mercifully, no leisure suits. Some people are clearly proficient at a variety of dances, suddenly bursting into a swing step or swirl with a vaguely "dirty dancing" look. Six members of the Athletic Singles Association have forsaken volleyball night, one of the group's most popular weekly activities, to attend the session. There

are several older couples, while others, like salesman Robert Pomeroy, appear to have come alone.

"I think it's a great dance, but it's not as wild or as provocative as I thought," says the genial Pomeroy. In his late 30s to early 40s, slightly balding, and with a few spare pounds, he started taking lessons in swing and other dances a few weeks ago. "It's a good way to get to know someone. When you dance close, it tends to open up communication."

Note of the new lambada converts are evident in Land of Lambada the following Tuesday night, when the expedition sets out again. Max's, which is advertising a lam-

bada "dance party and live show" at 8 p.m., is almost deserted at 8:45 p.m. Only a handful of people has taken the darkened disco's advice to "dress to impress," and they seem more intent on staring out the windows than grinding hips.

The scene is no more scintillating at the Hanaele, even though the 18 sign says it's a lambada night. Of the three couples slow dancing to Frankie Barretto's toe-tapping version of "Tequila," only one elderly pair seems to be doing anything resembling the lambada, and they don't appear to be anywhere near a sexual frenzy.

"I doubt [the lambada] is going to

last that long," admits Hanaele food and beverage manager Humberto Talamantes. He says the lessons draw well, but the club is dropping Tuesday lambada nights. "It's the same interest we had with country music. It goes and comes back."

Land of Lambada is quiet on this Tuesday night, although the lights are still on at the Holiday Inn. The clubs may be trying to market the Forbidden Dance, but few of San Diego's swinging elite, the trendy fashion followers anxious to be hip and happening, seem to be interested tonight. Maybe they're at the Padres' game.

— Kevin Brass

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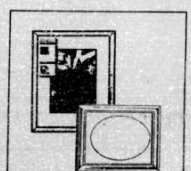
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How Bad Can It Get?



The Guardian

BY DUNCAN SHEPHERD

Bad, worse, and still worse, in no particular order —

The Guardian tells a horror story about the violation of Yuppies Paradise: a canyon home once featured in *Architectural Digest*, an advertising husband and a designing wife, and a little bundle of joy called Jake. The violator, making the nameless goodness in *Turn of the Screw* look like Mary Poppins, is an English nanny who has a habit of fondling month-old babies to a tree in the West Los Angeles hills, according to the ancient practices of the Druids (about whom we haven't heard much on screen outside of those boned-out occultists, the band members of Spinal Tap). A printed prologue, to clear the filmmakers of any charges of bigotry or libel, assures us that most Druids were decent people, but we do not hear any more about them in the dialogue proper, and it remains an open question how this Druidic disciple (to say nothing of this carapace plant) came to be operating in present-day So. Cal., in a deep dark woods illuminated by the intermittent strategic spotlight. We long for the plotline to take a sudden swerve into, say, the Anthropology Department at UCLA where someone like Peter Cushing held domain over Celtic lore. No such luck. So where else might the plot turn?

Since the carmarked baby must be kept in the pink until the first month's ripeness ("Soon, Jake, soon, it'll be time to go to the sacred forest"), some gory gratuities have to be dragged in from outside. The chief competitor for the nanny job can't just be eliminated by a woodoo-induced whooping cough; she's got to be bounced from her bicycle and impaled on a bed of cactus needles. A picnic on the grass, between just nanny and baby, gets interrupted by three leather-jacketed

sadists ("Cut the bitch") of the type who are apt to pop up in a second-rate Clint Eastwood movie, and who get what they deserve in this one at the hands (or rather, branches, roots, vines) of the bloodthirsty tree. And an unwashed and over-the-hill sadist who knows too much (he's seen the nanny's skin turn to bark) gets torn to pieces by Druidic coyotes. Otherwise, a proper mood is only erratically maintained: the parents have thoughtfully painted the walls of the nursery with a woodland scene, although this seems periodically to

it's not easy to conceive of someone giving us to fright over this. Paint bereft, vying with mild derision and slight disgust, should prevail.

Wild Orchid is a stone-cold erotic chestnut about the misadventure, wounded, possibly impotent man and the one and only woman who can "cure" him. (A Sex, Lies, and Videotape fix, if not a whole new decade, at least a whole different attitude: albeit one, if I can go by

Friedkin, shot by shot, is rarely anywhere on or around a discernible target.

evaporate, and the Britishy, James Bondish wily nanny reports one morning that the baby "slept like a log."

Tenaciously advertised as coming to you "from the director of *The Exorcist*" — and never mind what William Friedkin has directed in the meantime — this movie certainly equals that one, if it doesn't surpass it, in pointlessness and in mindlessness. And Friedkin, shot by shot, is rarely anywhere on or around a discernible target: the fish-eye lens looking straight up from the baby's crib, for example, might better make sense had the baby been *Rosemary's*. The notion of a tree which bleeds when cut is perhaps an attractive one (to hear about it but not actually to see: a splinter trickle might have been nice; what we get instead is more like wine-cask-punctured-by-bazooka), but it's difficult to understand how a single chain saw can be so effective when we have already seen what can happen when it's three-against-one. The ideal viewer for *The Guardian* — and it would have to be an imaginary one — would doubtless be the treacherous heroine of *Sweetie*. But besides her,

my group, with again an inordinately high percentage of women in it. Scenolagies, like it from there.) The man in the equation, who's supposed to be dark and distant and complicated, is instead just Mickey Rourke, with a face like a smoked ham and a low-volume voice with all the seductive power of a motel-room air conditioner. The woman, fresh and pure as if only a few weeks off the android assembly line, though ostensibly sprung from the Kansas wheatfields, is screen newcomer Carrie Otis, an uninteresting mannequin with a pair of novelty-store oversized plastic lips (but nonetheless with a definite future in American films as long as Valerie Kaprisky retains a French accent).

A master of a half-dozen languages and, you must take her word for it, a specialist in Intentional Law ("I've always been fascinated by other cultures, their customs, their rituals"), this prototypical *Cosmo* girl knows she's a long ways from Kansas when she wanders through a ruined hotel on a beach in Rio and comes upon two dark-skinned natives — bodies like racehorses — making love standing up under

a handy indoor water spout. She has been brought to this place, and perchance to the aid of her dark knight, her wounded warrior, her romance-novel Amfortas, her tinpot Tristan, on the pretext of some inconceivable real-life deal, but more truthfully, in expectation of catching some sort of tropical sex fever. And sure enough. After all, it's *carneval*. The director, Zalman King, who previously did *Two Moon Junction*, will never become the cinematic D.H. Lawrence or cinematic Lawrence Durrell or cinematic whomever he aspires to be, until he overcomes, among other things, the notions of glamour, good looks, sensuality — not to mention plot complexity — gleaned from TV commercials. Specifically ones for sunglasses, blue jeans, shampoo, perfume. Until such time, we're never going to miss those few seconds, those few frames, that make such a highly publicized difference between an "X" and an "R."

Jacqueline Bisset, meanwhile, displaying that trouperish professionalism glimpsed also in *Scenes from the Class Struggle in Beverly Hills*, carries on in the role of the real-estate matriarch as though this were a perfectly normal movie. But it is not a normal movie. It's a movie that sets off Jacqueline Bisset as a performer of uncommon animation, of fervescence, gracefulness, warmth, and humor. Now that's some peculiar movie.

Sons of the Desert, which translates roughly as *Holy Heifer!*, is the latest labor of lunacy from the maker of *El Topo* (translation: *The Person Who Describes or Maps the Topography of a Place or Region*). His temperamental would appear to have not come down even in the past two decades. There's a dwarf, a knife-thrower, a tattooed lady, a white-faced deaf-mute, an elephant with a nosebleed (soon followed by an elephant funeral with a coffin the size of a Wagoner), an outlaw religious cult formed around a dismembered rape victim (the leader of which gets similarly, and of course "poetically," dismembered herself), etc., etc. There are, in come at it another way, traces of Fellini (but especially, Buland, Herzog, Rocha, Tod Browning (most notably *The Unborn*), the circus film about the sideshow freak, Lon Chaney, who deliberately has his arm pulled from their sockets by horses in order to make himself more appealing to the molestation victim, Jean Crawford, who can't bear to be touched). Exclusively, that is, Outer Edge types of filmmakers, solitary explorers in *serm incognita*.

Only a man of Jodorowsky's vision, a man of his boldness, his passion, his folly, his insanity, could imagine that those bits of Outer Edge could be combined into one continuous *Great Wall of Outerness*, and still hold together and hold interest. Yet for all its freedom and outrageousness, for all its air of anything Can Happen, it's a strangely stagnant phantasmagoria: the mad curbing of a visionary without a visual sense. Noching, indeed, which happens in the movie is stranger than that strange stagnancy with which everything in it happens. One of the *Anythings*, for instance, which can and does happen in it is that a sidewalk Lofthorn slowly peels off his right ear and attempts optimistically to force-feed it to a barfaced wiff; what happens shortly thereafter is that I make my way to the exit. Leaving so early is of course one rough measure of how bad the movie is, but it kept me from knowing exactly how bad.

QUARTER NOTES

BY JONATHAN SAVILLE

TOKYO STRING QUARTET

The La Jolla Chamber Music Society continued its rich contribution to San Diego musical life with a concert by the Tokyo String Quartet with flautist Eugenia Zukerman. Originally, James Galway had been scheduled to appear with the quartet, but he had to withdraw because of illness. Fortunately Zukerman, a distinguished musician, was available to take his place. There were a few changes in the program consequent on this substitution: different Mozart flute quartets, the elimination of a quintet by Anton Reicha, and the addition of the Ravel String Quartet. While everyone values the peerless sweetness and vitality of Galway's flute playing, and some people might have welcomed the chance to hear a work by Reicha in concert, most of the audience no doubt felt (and correctly) that things had turned out pretty well.

Before getting to the music, I have to mention Zukerman's costume: long red cape, white pants, yellow blouse — a bit like Superman on a ski vacation. One could certainly have depended on James Galway not to dress like that. Zukerman, who is well known for his regular appearances on *CBS Sunday Morning*, evidently likes to show off his taste for flamboyant clothes, and a respectful reviewer cannot help but acknowledge that he made her point.

When it came to playing Mozart, however, Zukerman ceased to be a television personality and reverted to her earlier identity as a solid, sensitive, graceful, and deft musician. With three members of the Tokyo Quartet, she performed Mozart's K.285 (in D) and K.298 (in A), and it would have been hard to imagine performances more sprightly or "stylish." The Tokyo players, with their wonderful delicacy and perfect sense of proportion, are ideal for these unimpassioned but flawless works, in which the exact rightness of the writing must be



Tokyo String Quartet

matched by a comparable rightness in the playing — and their rapport with Zukerman (a musician of a similar sort) seemed complete. Mozart's notorious dislike of the flute is one of the inexplicable quirks of music history, since the compositions he wrote for the instrument — including these quartets (the K.285 is especially fine) and the Concerto for Flute and Harp — are so delectable. It is worth pointing out that composer's great fairy tale opera is not called *The Magic Flute*. For the rest of the program, the Tokyo Quartet players were on their own, offering performances of the Ravel Quartet and Beethoven's Third "Razumovsky" (Opus 59, No. 3). Since their formation two decades ago, the Tokyo Quartet has been one of the world's great chamber ensembles, and although only two of the

original members remain (both violins have been replaced, and since 1981 the first violinist has not even been Japanese), the particular sound and approach

Bartók (of which they have made a famous recording), they sound nothing like — for example — the Juilliard Quartet. The Tokyo musicians somehow surround

The sound of their instruments seemed to come from a distance through lofty mountain air.

that characterized the group from its beginning remain as striking as ever. This is playing at a peak of refinement — not in any way lacking in vigor or emotional depth, but with never a touch of roughness, excess, or uncontained energy to mar the impeccable smoothness of surface, justness of balance, transparency of texture, or unanimity of ensemble. Even when playing tense and violent music, such as the quartets of

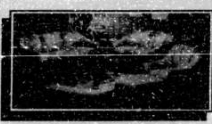
their playing with silence; their world of musical discourse seems profoundly elsewhere, rapt in some higher realm, the sound of their instruments has a special hushed quality, warm, clear, intense but unsentimental, slightly asexual, as though coming from a distance through lofty mountain air. The Ravel Quartet, which in its inmost soul shares all these qualities, could have been written

precisely for these musicians. Not a nuance of color passed them by, and not a single possibility for the most subtly expressive phrasing. The effect throughout was magical and thrilling. It must be said, however, that this kind of playing is not really suitable to a house as large as the Civic Theater. It was not merely a matter of the intimacy and spirituality of the Tokyo's Ravel performance being diluted and undermined by the vast space of the hall; one often actually had to strain to hear those perfect, delicate, hushed sounds. The straining was, of course, worth the effort, but it created a somewhat tense attitude (and physiological state) in the listener not at all conducive to experiencing the exquisite calligraphy of this music.

The Beethoven performance, dealing in general with a more robust and forthright score, fared somewhat better, but here too the overlarge ambience tended to combat the unique expressive qualities the Tokyo playing brought to the music. There are many legitimate ways of playing the Third "Razumovsky," and certainly the Tokyo way — emphasizing the formal idiosyncrasies and emotional stringency of the music — is of immense value in bringing out its unique flavor of this work. The groping, floating, directionless opening of the first movement, the keening, almost oriental lament that makes the slow movement unlike anything any classical composer had written before; the frantic, scurrying, yet tightly controlled energies of the *perpetuum mobile* finale — all these were realized so meticulously and so fully that the work's underlying uncertainty (not to be found in any of Beethoven's other quartets) could never be in doubt. But in a more appropriate hall (Sherwood Auditorium, for example) the experience of this marvelous, idiomatic, yet extraordinarily original playing would have been even more gripping, and — under the instruction of the superb Tokyo players — we would have come to know the Beethoven score even better.

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Reader's Guide to Restaurants

The Reader's Guide to Restaurants is compiled by Eleanor Widmer and represents a selective listing of recommended San Diego County and Tijuana dining establishments. Individual restaurants will appear once or twice a month. Price estimates are based on the latest information available for a complete meal per person, exclusive of drinks and tax. Lower below \$5, moderate \$5 to \$15, expensive more than \$15. Please call restaurants in advance for operating hours, reservations, and other specific information.

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Restaurant Guide

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Restaurant Guide

ISCARODT 5652 La Jolla Boulevard, 459-6265. The presence of chef owner Pierre Lussat adds the stability and expertise of his long-standing French restaurant. As the name indicates, at least a dozen different preparations of steaks are available nightly. Diners include both soup or salad. The outstanding steaks on the menu are fat - salmon, sea bream, or trout (steak) - as well as swordfish, sea bream, and chicken. Fresh Maine lobster and fresh lobster preparation dates is also available. Open daily. Diners only. Moderate to expensive. **HATFIELD 5123** La Jolla Boulevard, La Jolla, 454-2171. Two separate dining rooms (one for non-smokers), an elegant ambience, and the presence of the owner (former partner with the

Place Hotel in New York) contribute to a fine dining experience with attentive service. The lobster tail appetizer is a must for all diners, and the rack of lamb or trout are always outstanding. \$3.00 must be added to the bill for tax and tip. Open daily. Diners only. Moderate to expensive. **THE PINEAPPLE CAFE 7487** Grand Avenue, 454-5453. The outdoor seating area is almost always crowded with live and coffee drinkers and the menu includes both soup or salad. The outstanding steaks on the menu are fat - salmon, sea bream, or trout (steak) - as well as swordfish, sea bream, and chicken. Fresh Maine lobster and fresh lobster preparation dates is also available. Open daily. Diners only. Moderate to expensive. **HATFIELD 5123** La Jolla Boulevard, La Jolla, 454-2171. Two separate dining rooms (one for non-smokers), an elegant ambience, and the presence of the owner (former partner with the

RUSTY PELICAN 4349 La Jolla Village Drive, 557-1554. Restaurant used for its physical environment. In landscaping, wildlife, walkways, and the view of the ocean, it is one of the best. The menu is always outstanding. \$3.00 must be added to the bill for tax and tip. Open daily. Diners only. Moderate to expensive. **LORENS ITALIAN TRATTORIA 3940** Oceanview Avenue, 453-0861. Although the small restaurant is located in a shopping center, it serves excellent, gourmet food at very reasonable costs. The cuisine is outstanding and the service is excellent. Open daily. Diners only. Moderate to expensive. **ST. JAMES BAR 3710** La Jolla Village Drive, 453-0861. Owned and operated by Paul Dorian, this is an excellent restaurant. The menu is always outstanding. \$3.00 must be added to the bill for tax and tip. Open daily. Diners only. Moderate to expensive. **KEY HOTEL LA VALENCIA HOTEL 1032** Prospect Street, 454-0771, ext. 792. This is a fine restaurant with a spectacular view of the ocean. The food is excellent. Open daily. Diners only. Moderate to expensive.

price menu (\$13.00 for lunch and \$28.00 for dinner) consist of a superb delectable buffet at lunch and dinner. The menu is always outstanding. \$3.00 must be added to the bill for tax and tip. Open daily. Diners only. Moderate to expensive. **LORENS ITALIAN TRATTORIA 3940** Oceanview Avenue, 453-0861. Although the small restaurant is located in a shopping center, it serves excellent, gourmet food at very reasonable costs. The cuisine is outstanding and the service is excellent. Open daily. Diners only. Moderate to expensive. **ST. JAMES BAR 3710** La Jolla Village Drive, 453-0861. Owned and operated by Paul Dorian, this is an excellent restaurant. The menu is always outstanding. \$3.00 must be added to the bill for tax and tip. Open daily. Diners only. Moderate to expensive. **KEY HOTEL LA VALENCIA HOTEL 1032** Prospect Street, 454-0771, ext. 792. This is a fine restaurant with a spectacular view of the ocean. The food is excellent. Open daily. Diners only. Moderate to expensive.

with party-goer, social, and vegetable dishes. Very few items, chicken, rice. Excellent vegetable. In landscaping, wildlife, walkways, and the view of the ocean, it is one of the best. The menu is always outstanding. \$3.00 must be added to the bill for tax and tip. Open daily. Diners only. Moderate to expensive. **LORENS ITALIAN TRATTORIA 3940** Oceanview Avenue, 453-0861. Although the small restaurant is located in a shopping center, it serves excellent, gourmet food at very reasonable costs. The cuisine is outstanding and the service is excellent. Open daily. Diners only. Moderate to expensive. **ST. JAMES BAR 3710** La Jolla Village Drive, 453-0861. Owned and operated by Paul Dorian, this is an excellent restaurant. The menu is always outstanding. \$3.00 must be added to the bill for tax and tip. Open daily. Diners only. Moderate to expensive. **KEY HOTEL LA VALENCIA HOTEL 1032** Prospect Street, 454-0771, ext. 792. This is a fine restaurant with a spectacular view of the ocean. The food is excellent. Open daily. Diners only. Moderate to expensive.

BUILD YOUR OWN TACOS

Charbroiled Steak, Chicken & Fish Platter for Two!

PLUS 2 Chicken Tostadas, 2 Beef Enchiladas, 2 Chile Rellenos and Two plates of Rice, Beans & Tortillas.

ONLY \$12.95!

Valid May 4 - May 31

SUNDOWN PLAYERS SPECIAL 3PM-4PM
Only \$10.95. **ITEMS OF THE DAY:** HANGARITAS, TEQUILA SUNNIES - \$5.

HAT FIELD 5123
All menu items prepared with Canada Oil.

SAN DIEGO RED OYSTERS
3125 Ocean Front Walk, Belmont Park • (619) 495-2400

Clip Coupon & Present to Server

FREE Large Cheese Pizza

Buy 1 large cheese pizza & get another large pizza FREE. Value \$9.95. \$1* extra on each pizza for each topping. Pick-up only.

Free Delivery
to Birdrock, Pacific Beach, Mission Bay

TWO BROTHERS PIZZA AND ITALIAN FOOD

4614 Mission Blvd., Pacific Beach
(2 blocks north of Gurney) 581-6655

Mention coupon when ordering • Good thru 5-17-90

El Tecolote Mexican Restaurant

Since 1982

NO Cheddar Cheese, Black Olives, Fajitas, Taco Salads, Nachos, Taco Fillings or stuff...

Only True Traditional Food from Mexico

6110 Friars Rd. One mile west of Fashion Valley Shopping Center. 295-2087

Now in Point Loma!

2 for 1

Buy first entrée at regular price and receive a second complimentary entrée!

Lunch Special \$4.95

KAYAKERS
San Diego's Original Authentic Mexican Restaurant

3555 Rosecrans, 224-5200 (Midway & Rosecrans)
4647 Conway Street, 571-3749 (Good thru 5-17-90 with this ad)

Join Us For Our...

"New Orleans Seafood Night"

with a one-pound live lobster per person

ALL-YOU-CAN-EAT BUFFET

FRIDAY NIGHTS 5-10 PM

Only \$14* per person

The celebration includes:
Louisiana bayou oyster
All-you-can-eat pool & cat shrimp
Our famous garden salad
Fresh steamed vegetable
Cajun-fried popcorn shrimp
Seafood creole
Cormack breaded fried catfish, fillets
New Orleans seafood rice
Swordfish with a jalapeno butter sauce
plus... our chef's special creation of the week

Torrey Pines Inn

11480 North Torrey Pines Road • La Jolla • 453-4420
Reservations suggested

Celebrate MOTHER'S DAY

In Mission Valley

The Crystal Room
11 a.m. - 5 p.m.
Treat Mom to our Lavish Champagne Buffet
Traditional Carved Meats
Mahi-Mahi • Fresh Vegetables • Rice Pilaf • Salads
Scalloped Potatoes
Luscious Desserts

Flowers for Mom and a harpist make the day even more special.

Adults \$14.95
Seniors \$13.95
Children (5-12) \$7.95
Under 4 FREE

Ironwoods
Noon - 7 p.m.
A delectable selection of entrees available.
Roast Turkey
Prime Rib • Hickory Smoked Ham • Golden Baked Chicken
Halibut • Gals of Accompaniments
Elegant Desserts

Fresh flowers presented to Mom with our comments.

From \$10.95
Children's Menu \$6.95
Seniors \$10.95

Reservations Recommended
298-0511 HANDLERY HOTEL
(Formerly Stardust Hotel) • 950 Hotel Circle North

COUNTRY CLUB

GRUBB'S 809 Thomas Avenue, Pacific Beach, 453-7268. Located in the past dining room, the outstanding view is beautiful, with ocean, palm trees, and a view of the ocean. The menu is always outstanding. \$3.00 must be added to the bill for tax and tip. Open daily. Diners only. Moderate to expensive. **LORENS ITALIAN TRATTORIA 3940** Oceanview Avenue, 453-0861. Although the small restaurant is located in a shopping center, it serves excellent, gourmet food at very reasonable costs. The cuisine is outstanding and the service is excellent. Open daily. Diners only. Moderate to expensive. **ST. JAMES BAR 3710** La Jolla Village Drive, 453-0861. Owned and operated by Paul Dorian, this is an excellent restaurant. The menu is always outstanding. \$3.00 must be added to the bill for tax and tip. Open daily. Diners only. Moderate to expensive. **KEY HOTEL LA VALENCIA HOTEL 1032** Prospect Street, 454-0771, ext. 792. This is a fine restaurant with a spectacular view of the ocean. The food is excellent. Open daily. Diners only. Moderate to expensive.

of steaks to the dining room, with an elevator to wheelchair access. Lunch, Monday through Friday, 11:30 a.m. to 2:30 p.m. Dinner, Monday through Friday, 5:30 p.m. to 10:30 p.m. **SABERS 3028** Mission Boulevard, Mission Beach, 459-7911. There is no doubt about it - Sabers is the perfect spot for a night out. The menu is always outstanding. \$3.00 must be added to the bill for tax and tip. Open daily. Diners only. Moderate to expensive. **LORENS ITALIAN TRATTORIA 3940** Oceanview Avenue, 453-0861. Although the small restaurant is located in a shopping center, it serves excellent, gourmet food at very reasonable costs. The cuisine is outstanding and the service is excellent. Open daily. Diners only. Moderate to expensive. **ST. JAMES BAR 3710** La Jolla Village Drive, 453-0861. Owned and operated by Paul Dorian, this is an excellent restaurant. The menu is always outstanding. \$3.00 must be added to the bill for tax and tip. Open daily. Diners only. Moderate to expensive. **KEY HOTEL LA VALENCIA HOTEL 1032** Prospect Street, 454-0771, ext. 792. This is a fine restaurant with a spectacular view of the ocean. The food is excellent. Open daily. Diners only. Moderate to expensive.

THE VETERIAN 3663 Veterans Street, La Jolla, 233-8187. For bargain hunters who like marmoset portions and home-style Italian cooking, try the VETERIAN. The pizza is marvelous. For an evening of dining, try the VETERIAN. The menu is always outstanding. \$3.00 must be added to the bill for tax and tip. Open daily. Diners only. Moderate to expensive. **LORENS ITALIAN TRATTORIA 3940** Oceanview Avenue, 453-0861. Although the small restaurant is located in a shopping center, it serves excellent, gourmet food at very reasonable costs. The cuisine is outstanding and the service is excellent. Open daily. Diners only. Moderate to expensive. **ST. JAMES BAR 3710** La Jolla Village Drive, 453-0861. Owned and operated by Paul Dorian, this is an excellent restaurant. The menu is always outstanding. \$3.00 must be added to the bill for tax and tip. Open daily. Diners only. Moderate to expensive. **KEY HOTEL LA VALENCIA HOTEL 1032** Prospect Street, 454-0771, ext. 792. This is a fine restaurant with a spectacular view of the ocean. The food is excellent. Open daily. Diners only. Moderate to expensive.

MIDWAY OLD TOWN & MISSION VALLEY
SUPPER'S BALLROOM ROOM
Fashion Valley Center Mission Valley 291-6860. For an evening of dining, try the SUPPER'S BALLROOM ROOM. The menu is always outstanding. \$3.00 must be added to the bill for tax and tip. Open daily. Diners only. Moderate to expensive. **LORENS ITALIAN TRATTORIA 3940** Oceanview Avenue, 453-0861. Although the small restaurant is located in a shopping center, it serves excellent, gourmet food at very reasonable costs. The cuisine is outstanding and the service is excellent. Open daily. Diners only. Moderate to expensive. **ST. JAMES BAR 3710** La Jolla Village Drive, 453-0861. Owned and operated by Paul Dorian, this is an excellent restaurant. The menu is always outstanding. \$3.00 must be added to the bill for tax and tip. Open daily. Diners only. Moderate to expensive. **KEY HOTEL LA VALENCIA HOTEL 1032** Prospect Street, 454-0771, ext. 792. This is a fine restaurant with a spectacular view of the ocean. The food is excellent. Open daily. Diners only. Moderate to expensive.

FREE CONES

for all Mothers on MOTHER'S DAY! MAY 13, 1990

Acceptable Proof of Motherhood:

1. Your own kid(s)
2. Photo of your own kid(s)
3. Birth Certificate
4. Grey Hair
5. Visibly expectant mothers get two!

4150 Regents Park Row, La Jolla • 587-3689
1254 University Ave., San Diego • 294-4312
720 Ouy Lakes Rd., Chula Vista • 482-9690
16761 Bernardo Center Dr., R.B. • 673-1318

\$2.00 OFF!
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Birthdays • Graduations • Showers • Anytime
Kase give us 15 hours notice on cake orders.

THE BEST DEAL IN THE COUNTY

2 FOR \$9.95

(good for everyone in the party)
Choice of any two of the following entrees:

- Cashew chicken
- Chicken chow mein
- Curry chicken
- King pao chicken
- Orange chicken
- Lemon chicken
- Mung bean chicken
- Sweet 'n' sour shrimp
- General T's chicken
- Chicken chow mein
- Seachuan chicken
- Crispy shrimp
- Mandarin chicken
- Korean duck
- Roast duck
- Hot spicy chicken
- Shrimp Fajitas
- Beef broccoli
- Beef chow mein
- Orange beef
- Shrimp egg foo young
- Mandarin kung pao
- Seachuan eggplant
- Seachuan fish
- Mixed vegetable
- Hot spicy chicken
- Moo shi chicken
- Sweet 'n' sour pork
- Chow mein
- BBQ pork & snow peas
- Seam sauce squid
- Seachuan chicken

DINNERS INCLUDES: Eggroll, Fried shrimp, fried wonton, egg drop or hot & sour soup, fried or steamed rice.
NO MSG • OPEN 7 DAYS

MANDARIN PLAZA RESTAURANT
3760 Sports Arena Blvd.
Sports Arena Village
Shopping Center • 224-4221

CHINESE GARDEN RESTAURANT
3057 Clairemont Dr.
Clairemont Village
Shopping Center • 278-2888

ALL-YOU-CAN-EAT LUNCHEON BUFFET \$3.50
Best selection of over 25 items featuring all your favorite dishes including seafood, fruit & salad daily

FROGG LANE

TACO TUESDAY

TACOS 25¢ EA.
★ \$1.50 MEXICAN HOCH 5 PM CLOSE

WINGS 'N WEDNESDAY

WINGS - 10 FOR \$1.00
20 FOR \$2.00
30 FOR \$3.00

234-1006
★ AT THE TOP OF THE PLAZA

FRESH DISCOUNT FOR 2 ENTRES, GET

Tasty Toad Treat

Appetizer - on us!

NOT VALID IN CONJUNCTION WITH ANOTHER OFFER.
OFFER EXPIRES 5/27/90
FROGG LANE BAR & GRILL • NORTHEN PLAZA, SAN DIEGO

Three Great Ways To Treat Mom.

Champagne Brunch
with breathtaking bay-side views in the Dockside Broiler.
Features Cajun Style Snapper, Teriyaki Chicken, Pesto Cheese Tortellini, Sliced Pork Loin, Eggs Benedict, Belgian Waffles, Cold Poached Salmon, Shrimp, Oysters on the half shell, rich mouth-watering desserts, and more.
Serving 10 am - 3 pm. \$17.95 Adults, \$8.95 Children

Tropical Island Buffet
with bay-side dining in the Pacific Princess Restaurant
Our sumptuous South Seas specialties include Swordfish Steaks, Honey Rum BBQ Pork Ribs, Seafood Paella, Lemon Chicken from the Yolk, Island Scrambled Eggs, Shrimp, Oyster on the half shell, plus an extravagant array of tropical salads and desserts. Serving 9:30 am - 2:30 pm.
\$14.95 Adults, \$7.95 Children

Hearty Breakfast Buffet
at the Village Cafe Restaurant
Treat your mother to the finest breakfast cuisine including Eggs Benedict, luscious fruit trays, fluffy stuffed pancakes, country-style bacon and sausage, breakfast potatoes, and more. Serving 8 am - 2 pm.
\$9.95 Adults, \$5.25 Children

Call now for Mother's Day Reservations:
SAN DIEGO PRINCESS
A Princess Cruises Resort
1404 W. Vacation Rd., San Diego 92109
(619) 274-4630

green pepper sauce and well as pasta sauce are especially tempting. Worthwhile sit-down Sunday brunch. Closed Monday thru Sunday. Open daily. Sunday brunch. Dinner. Tuesday through Sunday. Moderate to expensive.

RESTAURANT TO EXPLORE

VERMILION (La Jolla) 1000 Camino del Mar, San Diego, 92037. The family dining room is a pleasant surprise. The food is good. The service is excellent. The atmosphere is warm and inviting. The food is good. The service is excellent. The atmosphere is warm and inviting.

the same league as some of our best restaurants. Fresh fish, rack of lamb, and Chateaubriand are served here. The food is prepared to order only. All items à la carte. Credit cards accepted. Open nights. Reservations only. Expensive.

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"Every dish was absolutely delightful ... I can hardly wait to return."

— Eleanor Widmer, The Reader

Owner & chef Andy Kam invites you to try any of our famous Mandarin cuisine dinners & discover the best Chinese food in San Diego!

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12 pm-10:30 pm, 7 days

Dine in or take out
Banquet rooms available



"Chosen most romantic restaurant in San Diego"

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Early Bird Dinner Special \$8.95

Monday through Friday 4:30-6:30 pm

• Fresh fish of the day • Canneloni • chicken or seafood
• Stuffed Shells • Chicken Coronado • Beef • Meat Parmigiana
Includes soup or salad, fresh vegetable, homemade rolls or garlic bread.

Lunch from \$4.95 • Dinners from \$8.95

• Open Monday-Saturday 11:30 am-9:30 pm • Piano Bar
• Fine wines & beer • Chef/owners Ray Alto & Al Russo
• Reservations requested • Catering available

Dante's Formerly of Cicciobello

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1/2 mile west of I-15 in Oak Tree Plaza

Corner of Black Mt. Rd.

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King Szechuan

FREE DINNER
Buy one "house specialty dinner" and get second dinner of equal or lesser value, free.

GOURMET DINNER FOR TWO \$7 OFF

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1st Anniversary Special

CHINESE DINNER FOR 2 \$10.95

Your choice of any 2 dinners listed. All dinners include: egg roll, fried shrimp, fried wonton, special soup, rice, tea, fortune cookies. No limit on # of people. Offer valid with this ad. Expires May 17, 1990.

CASHEN CHICKEN	CURRY CHICKEN*
CHICKEN BROCCOLI*	BEF BROCCOLI*
CHICKEN EGG POO YOUNG	KUNG PAO CHICKEN*
SWEET & SOUR CHICKEN	SWEET & SOUR CHICKEN
CHICKEN ORANGE PEELS*	CHICKEN CHANDRIN
CHICKEN CHOW MEIN	MOO GOO CHICKEN
LEMON CHICKEN	
	CURRY CHICKEN*
	BEF BROCCOLI*
	KUNG PAO CHICKEN*
	SWEET & SOUR CHICKEN
	CHICKEN CHANDRIN
	MOO GOO CHICKEN

ALL-YOU-CAN-EAT LUNCHEON BUFFET \$3.75

Includes shrimp, beef, chicken, pork, vegetables, appetizers, rice, soup, fresh fruit & salad bar, etc.

MANDARIN SZECHUAN

Chinese Restaurant

Authentic Mandarin, Szechuan & Cantonese Cuisine

Food to go • Open 7 days

3373 Rosecrans St. (Loma Square Shopping Ctr.)
224-3838

HAPPY HOUR 4-8 pm

FREE APPETIZERS

Kamikazes \$1.00 • Tequila Shooters \$1.00
Margaritas \$1.50 • Coronas \$1.50

Dancing & live music performed by Candela Latin & American music Fri., Sat., & Sun.

Also a Satellite TV covering major sports events

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1396 Third Ave. (at Quintard)
Big Bear Shopping Center
Chula Vista • 422-3040
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Dine Over Seas.

The Islandia Bar & Grill was founded on the idea that dining should appeal to all of your senses, not just your palate. Here, you can watch the boats on Mission Bay. Enjoy lunch or dinner in a warm, comfortable atmosphere. Choose from a variety of delicious desserts. Or complement your meal with a favorite cocktail.

Better yet, our reasonable prices won't offend your sense of value. Visit The Islandia Bar & Grill. It may be your most memorable trip in a long time.

For reservations, call (619) 221-4810.

The Islandia Bar & Grill

1441 Quivira Road, at the Hyatt Islandia On San Diego's Mission Bay

CHATEAU Orleans

1/2-Price Dinner

Make your outdoor picnic a day of elegant fun at 1/2 price!

THIS WEEK ENJOY CHICKEN SAUCE PLOUHAU for only \$9.95

Wait Monday through Saturday with this ad.

226 Tuxedo Street, Pacific Beach • Reservations 408-6744

Bekker's Bar-B-Que

All you can eat **CARNITAS** \$4.99

Sonora style barbequed pork, beef, beans, salsa, cilantro, onions, tomatoes, avocado. Que Pasa!

Served daily after 4 pm. Must present coupon. Expires 7/1/90

7455 Mission Gorge Rd.
at Princes View, 3 miles East of Stadium
287-9024 • Closed Monday

Sophistication with a Southwestern Flair

Kiva

Champagne Sunday Brunch Buffet

Adults - \$9.95 • Kids - \$4.95

Make Your Reservations Now!!

75 and La Jolla Village Drive • (619) 558-8600
Across from the Hyatt Regency



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FOR A LIMITED TIME ONLY!
Jack's has taken some of the most popular car stereo systems and marked them down!

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**NO PAYMENTS FOR
90 DAYS** OAC

TARGA SYSTEM

Targa comes through with this complete system including AM/FM cassette deck and a pair of full range Targa speakers. **\$99** INSTALLED*

AUDIOVOX SYSTEM

This package includes a digital AM/FM stereo cassette deck with a built-in graphic EQ and clock plus a pair of 5" full range speakers. **\$144** INSTALLED*

SANSUI DIGITAL STEREO WITH SPEAKERS

This Sansui AM/FM cassette deck has presets for 12 of your favorite stations plus a clock and fader. Complete with speakers. **\$169** INSTALLED*

JVC SYSTEM

A complete JVC system including a digital, auto-reverse deck with 20-station presets and clock paired with JVC speakers. **\$199** INSTALLED*

SANSUI PULLOUT STEREO WITH SPEAKERS

Sansui's 50-watt pullout stereo features digital tuning with 12-station presets, clock, separate bass & treble matched with Audiovox 5" speakers. **\$219** INSTALLED*

CONCORD SYSTEM

Concord supplies the equipment in this system which includes a high power, digital auto-reverse deck matched with a pair of Concord 2-way speakers. **\$279** INSTALLED*

BLAUPUNKT SYSTEM

This pullout Blaupunkt features 15 station presets with preset scan, auto-reverse and separate bass & treble plus a pair of 6" 2-way Blaupunkt speakers. **\$349** INSTALLED*

ALPINE SYSTEM

Take your car stereo with you with this Alpine pullout featuring auto-reverse and 18 AM/FM station presets. Comes complete with 6" 2-way Blaupunkt speakers. **\$399** INSTALLED*

JVC CD SYSTEM

This pullout AM/FM CD player has a built-in 44-watt amp and 4x oversampling filter and dual D/A converters. Complete with JVC 2-way speakers. **\$499** INSTALLED*

Jackford Fosgate SYSTEM SPECIALS!

COMPLETE FOSGATE SEPARATE SYSTEM

The perfect upgrade system to add power and bass to your current system. Includes a high power amplifier, 8" woofer, a pair of midrange speakers and two hard dome tweeters. **\$379**

WE INSTALL IT!
WE GUARANTEE IT!
WE DOUBLE THE MANUFACTURER'S WARRANTY on any car stereo, amplifier, EQ, and alarm purchased and installed by us.



plus we give you a LIFETIME WARRANTY ON INSTALLATION!



Jackford Fosgate POWER AMPLIFIERS STARTING AT **\$149**

All Power Series amplifiers up to **40% OFF**

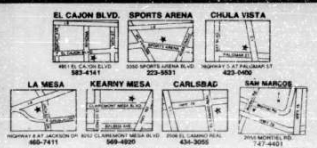
3-WAY FOR THE FREEWAY

Upgrade your speaker system with this great sounding 3-way system from Fosgate including a pair of 8" woofers, midranges and hard dome tweeters. **\$199**

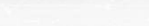
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Jackford Fosgate SUBWOOFERS

8" starting at \$45
10" starting at \$54
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ALL PRO SERIES WOOFERS 1 YR TO 5 YR LIFE



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10 am-9 pm
SAT. 9 am-7 pm
SUN. 10 am-6 pm



10 San Diego Reader May 3, 1990

DARLY WOODHOUSE

Leah Student

La Jolla

SINCE I've moved out west, I find the beauty in nature overwhelming — a sunset off of Windansea Beach, the Sierra Nevada Mountains, the Grand Canyon, the view from Mt. Soledad. I'm originally from the Washington D.C. area. D.C. is impressive when you see all the monuments on a sunny day. It's a whitewash of man-made beauty — the Washington Monument, Lincoln Memorial, the Capitol Building. For natural beauty I went to the Eastern shore — Ocean City. I drove out west, and every time I saw something of natural beauty along the way, I remember thinking, "I've never seen anything so beautiful in my entire life." But I wasn't even prepared for the natural beauty here — the hills and ocean. The mountains in Mammoth were incredible. I'm going camping to Big Sur this weekend. I'm really looking

TOM KOTT

Plumbing Contractor

Kensington

Anything that exalts the primary virtues of a person or thing, just by the mere fact that it exists — inner beauty, nature. It's hard living in society sometimes, running a business. I hate smog. I'm next into buildings and cement. I don't care what people look like, as long as they attempt to take care of themselves and their natural surroundings. It's what they're like that's important to me. I generally try to give people the benefit of the doubt. Maybe sometimes I'm too trusting. I still have a hard time figuring out how so many things in society got so far out of hand — traffic, smog, concrete, drugs, crime. The consequences of social complexity. My favorite naturally beautiful place is Lake Tahoe — the mountains, trees, and lake. I was out in the desert this weekend. My in-laws commented how I looked like I grew out from

and exercise every day. I walk to the beach or up to Mount Soledad. You're inspired to be outdoors here — inspired by the natural beauty.

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HILLCREST/DOWNTOWN. \$550: 1 bed apartment. Heart of San Diego. Walk to wood floors, walk-in closets, laundry & secure. 1922 3rd Avenue. 232-1035.

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
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1989 4x4, #105845. Sleepaway, #105845. With automatic, radio, grab, wheels and more. \$8998 plus tax, license, document fee. Kearny Mesa Volkswagen, 279-7100.




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1982, 5-speed, cassette, brush guard, bumper, 310V and wide wheels and tires. Only \$4995. Rose Toyota, 280-4100.



TOYOTA 4X4
1985, #064030. Extra cab pickup. This is the great 4x4 that's hard to find. Includes 100% drivetrain warranty. Kearny Mesa Toyota, 277-3266.




TOYOTA CAMRY
1986 station wagon, #147025. Fully loaded with lots of extra equipment. Includes 100% drivetrain warranty. Kearny Mesa Toyota, 277-3266.



TOYOTA CAMRY
1989 deluxe, #370274. Loaded with automatic, air conditioning, power windows, door locks, etc. \$11,277. 100% drivetrain warranty. Kearny Mesa Toyota, 277-3266.




TOYOTA CAMRY
1987 LE, #105845. Sleepaway, automatic, air, 310, cruise, power windows/door locks, cassette, alloy wheels, cassette. What! What! What! \$10,000. Rose Toyota, 280-4100.



TOYOTA CAMRY
1989, #2087843. Power everything. \$10,995. Frank Motors, 474-5502.



TOYOTA CARGO VAN
1986, #066227. Automatic, power steering, air conditioning and stereo. \$5977. Includes 100% drivetrain warranty. Kearny Mesa Toyota, 277-3266.




TOYOTA CELICA
1980, #000227. \$2795. View! Frank Motors, 474-5502.




TOYOTA COROLLA
1980, #500629. 2 door, automatic, transmission, power steering, air conditioning and much more. Includes 100% drivetrain warranty. Kearny Mesa Toyota, 277-3266.




TOYOTA COROLLA
1989, #105505. 4 door deluxe, great value at great price. \$8977. 100% drivetrain warranty. Kearny Mesa Toyota, 277-3266.



TOYOTA CRESSIDA
1989, #012121. Top-of-the-line luxury from Toyota. Come drive it home today! \$18,877. 100% drivetrain warranty. Kearny Mesa Toyota, 277-3266.



TOYOTA LE CAMRY
1984, #105652. Automatic, power steering, air conditioning, cassette, cruise control, low miles, and drive price of car. \$6595. Rose Toyota, 280-4100.



TOYOTA MR-2
1985, #014790. 5 speed, air conditioning, 161, cruise, power windows and stereo. Great, little sports car. \$5977. Includes 100% drivetrain warranty. Kearny Mesa Toyota, 277-3266.

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MOTORCYCLES

ACCESSORIES, Harman leather suit, neoprene, 1800 Harley vest, leather boots, red, \$50. Carbine back protector \$50. \$95-999.

ACCESSORIES, Used only once. Kryptonite cables, \$35. Escape Deluxe saddlebags, \$125. Escape Scooter tank bag, \$65. Outer bag GT-2, \$44. \$54. \$54.

B.S.A. ROCKET 3, Trump Hurricane X75 or Triumph Trident wanted. Pay cash. Other British considered. 222-1586.

BMW, 1981, R100RS, new battery, 30K miles, runs great. \$2700. Mark, 483-0593.

HARLEY DAVIDSON, 1983, Dragcycle special edition, excellent condition, 15K miles, original equipment, must see to appreciate. \$4950. Scott, leave message, 538-9514.

HARLEY DAVIDSON FXST-8, 1989, candy paint, low mileage, excellent condition, well maintained. \$11,000. 270-7066.

HARLEY DAVIDSON, 1975, custom sponsor, sport model, over new dust, red and chrome, garage kept. \$3800. Randy, 441-0311, 529-5220.

HELMET, Full face and shield. \$75. Half face and shield. \$35. For men or women. Both very good condition. 582-7912.

HELMETS, Shoe GUY, roadracer, never worn, \$140. Air Sport, \$150. \$151-1129.

HONDA 200X, 1984, ordered from the factory with 100% drivetrain warranty. New. Oil change, oil, \$850. \$98. \$850.

HONDA 250 with motorstock, engine apart but everything there. Best offer. David, 273-0558.

HONDA 450 NIGHTHAWK, 1985, 15K miles, has been in storage, good condition, must sell. \$1000. Tom, 268-9737.

HONDA 550-4, 1977, runs great, very rusty transportation. Must sell. \$425. \$425.

HONDA 550 NIGHTHAWK, 1987, luggage rack and backrest, 28K original miles, always garaged. Excellent condition. \$2100. Best. Al, work, 268-8580, or home, 268-1324.

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1983, low miles, custom wheels and tires, tool box, sliding rear window, Roger Hornum, or Lee Buckles, Cash Automotive Group, 486-2503.




TOYOTA PICKUP
1988 4x4, Low miles, Sony stereo cassette, sliding rear window, Call Roger Hornum, or Lee Buckles, Cash Automotive Group, 486-2503.




TOYOTA PICKUP
1985, #002969. Shaka bed, 5 speed transmission, power steering and stereo. Includes 100% drivetrain warranty. Kearny Mesa Toyota, 279-7100.



TOYOTA PICKUP
1986, #016527. 1 ton, auto, cassette, 2 month, 2000 mile warranty. Kearny Mesa Subaru/Toyota, 279-7100.




TOYOTA STARLET
1982, Good transportation. Must see and drive. City \$1000. Hill school teacher. On approved credit. La Mesa Auto Sales, 7301 University Avenue, 464-1010.



TOYOTA SUPRA
1987, #0313880. It's knock your socks off. \$12,995. Frank Motors, 474-5502.



TOYOTA TERCEL
1987, #007100. Automatic, power steering, auto cassette, 2 month, 2000 mile warranty. Kearny Mesa Subaru/Toyota, 279-7100.



TOYOTA TERCEL
1984 wagon 4x4, #038221. With air conditioning, cassette, alloy wheels and more. \$5568 + tax, license, document fee. Kearny Mesa Volkswagen, 279-7100.



TOYOTA VAN
1986, #016149. Automatic, low miles. \$7495. Frank Motors, 474-5502.



TOYOTA VAN
1984, #0261660. \$5490. Frank Motors, 474-5502.



TRIUMPH SPITFIRE
1976, white, 42000 miles, good condition, body great, top just OK, garaged, tons strong. \$2800 firm. Hurry, sunrise is coming. Leave message, 275-4275.



VOLKSWAGEN RABBIT
1984, 4 door, cruise automatic, air conditioning, new pull-out stereo, good condition. \$3000. Leave message, 268-8875.



VOLVO 240 DL
1987, #001261576. 4 door, automatic, power steering, air conditioning, cruise power drive locks, auto cassette. Kearny Mesa Subaru/Toyota, 279-7100.



VOLVO 2400
1986, #92361. Automatic, air conditioning, power steering and more. Westcott Mazda, 474-1597.



VOLVO DL WAGON
1985, #F052953. 4 cylinder, stock, norm and economy. \$8995. 3 month, 2000 mile warranty included. Kearny Mesa Subaru/Toyota, 279-7100.

HONDA 750, custom, 1982, 10K miles, new tire and battery, recent of charge and plugs, very good condition, \$900/best, 224-2327.

HONDA 750, 1976, runs great, fairing, good tires, \$750, 672-1029.

HONDA 750, Have to see to appreciate. Custom paint and chrome, garage kept, adult driven, 20K miles, \$675, Evening, 484-8181.

HONDA AERO 50 SCOOTER, 1986, slightly scratched, but runs like a champ, \$350. Leave message, 576-0940.

HONDA CB 750F, 1982 Super Sport track 4 into 1. Ferret, new battery, new tire and sprockets. Great looking, great price, \$900/best, 281-0323.

HONDA CB 500, 1975, Stowed for 3 years, doesn't run. New tire, battery \$150, 291-5316.

HONDA CB 750, custom, 1981, luggage rack and back rest, 28K original miles, garaged for years, excellent condition, \$1000/best, 267-1669.

HONDA CB 750 CUSTOM, 1981, luggage rack and backrest, 26,000 original miles, garaged for years, excellent condition, \$1,000/best, 267-1669.

HONDA CB 400F, 1980, runs well, \$575, Jeff, 299-4807.

HONDA CX 500, 1980, with fairing, new front and rear tires, tune up, clean, runs great, looks good too, \$4,000 miles, \$700, 265-5382.

HONDA DELUXE CX 500, water cooled, shaft drive, with complete tool kit and Owner's manual. It's right, runs fine, a registered. Only 25K miles, low \$600, 224-4028.

HONDA ELITE CH 80, 1987, low mileage, excellent condition, with service manual, helmet, \$900/best, 227-0023.

HONDA EXPRESS, Not a moped, 1981 with 1300 miles. Red, new condition, must see, \$350, 581-6666.

HONDA HURRICANE, CBR 1000, 1987, in excellent condition, red and black, alarm, pacer, soft luggage, cover, tools, helmet, low mileage, garaged, excellent, \$3995, Patrick, 488-5207.

HONDA HURRICANE 600, 1987, Only two thousand miles! Back and red. Newer crashed. Runs perfectly. Handles great. Won't carry my thing glider, \$3300, Howard, 724-3927.

HONDA NIGHTHAWK 450, 1985, Beautiful, must see, includes 3 helmets and tank bag, 17K miles, new tire, fairs, \$900, Home, 278-0703, or work, 583-3066.

HONDA SPIRIT SCOOTER, looks great, runs well, \$250/best, Call Steve, 442-8976.

HONDA SPIRIT SCOOTER, 1986, Only 350 miles, mint green and white. Must see! \$500/best, includes 1989 registration, Army, 687-2432.

HONDA VT 600 ALCANTARA, 1984, excellent condition, 5 new helmets, 1:050 km. Must see, 226-7639.

KAWASAKI KZ 650, 1978, runs but needs some work, \$200/best, 528-1495.

KAWASAKI KZ 650, 1982, very fast, clean. Must see, \$500/best, offer takes it! Byron, leave message, 585-1046, 528-9474.

KAWASAKI KZ 650, 1978, runs but needs some work, \$250/best, 528-1495.

KAWASAKI, 1985, 25000 Ninja, needs plastic, runs great, new tires. Moving, must see before June 15, \$1300/best, Mkt. Monday-Friday, 273-4343, or after 6pm, 270-6902.

KAWASAKI 1982 A550, very rare, better than 1979 or 1981, \$250/best, 563-8546.

KDX 400, 1982, runs well, \$200/best, 12 before 2pm or weekdays, 264-5481.

KTM 250, 1984, dirt bike, new back tire, excellent condition, fast, \$600, 1983, Honda, C750, clean, new fork seals, new piston, runs and looks great, new engine, seat cover and battery. Best offer, Michele, 239-8189.

KZ 650, 1981, runs well, \$800, Mark, 279-0480.

MOPED, Push Sport MX II, auto shift, metallic green, aluminum alloy rims, excellent condition, \$300, Gary, 222-9503.

MOPED, 2 tons, seldom used, 1:050 km. Must see, \$200/best, 528-1495.

MOTORCYCLE PARTS, 1982 Honda MB5 and 1977 and 1980 Honda Express parts, 268-8551.

SADDLEBAGS and tail trunk by Winom, with brackets for BMW, \$100 takes all, 453-8220.

SUZUKI GS 550A, 1982, black with Duckwater windmill and alloy bar, county light, only 10K miles, 1982, custom, garaged, helmet and tool, \$1200, 445-3027.

TRAILER, 3 rail manufactured by Arco with new tire and tools, custom attached ramp, low miles, \$600/best, Doug, 541-7007.

VEPSA PACE, 1983, new fork seals, new piston and looks great, new engine, seat cover and battery. Best offer, Michele, 239-8189.

VEPSA PACE, 1980, freeway legal, runs great, low miles, extra, clean engine, \$1000. All offers considered, Robert, 278-6409.

VEPSA PACE, 1983, Deltona carburetor, \$100, high, black, each see, \$40, Call Kyle, 254-7084.

VEPSA, 1983 50 Special, new seat, new rear tire, good condition, low miles, original owner, \$700, Leave message, 272-0508.

YAMAHA 250 ENDURO, stripped for dirt, rebuilt engine, but no spark, \$150, Push moped, \$125, 64100 Suzuki, no engine, offer, Honda XR 80, \$200, 488-2922.

YAMAHA 700 BECA, 1983, 24K miles, factory fairing, 4 into 1 exhaust, luggage mount, brand new tires, meticulously maintained, \$1375, Call Andy, 466-5422.

YAMAHA 750 BECA, 1983, under 2000 miles, high windshield, fairings, Tour pack, saddlebags, 2 shoe 17-BV helmets with intercom, Tourmaster gloves, cycle lock, manuals, \$2600, Tom, 453-6190.

YAMAHA 650 SPECIAL, 1980, new in 1981. Really clean, 9K miles. Garaged, maintained, cover, tank bag, rack, 2 helmets, \$1100. Must see, moving, 277-0764.

YAMAHA YZ 250, 1982, brand new top end and bottom, Yamaha LT 400 Enduro, 1970, only 3500 miles, \$400/best, 4 wagon wheel rims with tires, white, \$225, 944-3450.



VOLVO DL
1980, 4-speed, air, stereo, stereo cassette, strong engine and runs great, \$1980, 224-5113.



VW CABRIOLET
1985, #203018, with air conditioning, cassette, wheels and more, \$7988 + tax, license, documents, see, Kearny Mesa Volkswagen, 276-7100.



VW CONVERTIBLE
1978, #777842, A very rare find, \$3995, Frank Motors, 474-5502.



VW FOX
1988 GL, #2014457, With air conditioning, cassette and more, \$5988 + tax, license, documents, see, Kearny Mesa Volkswagen, 276-7100.



VW GOLF
1986, #1070448, 4 door, automatic, air conditioning, stereo, stereo cassette, white, \$1077, Express, 870-950, Courtney Chevrolet, 267-4321.



VW JETTA GL
1987, #11440215, 4 door, automatic, air conditioning, stereo, stereo cassette, sunroof, custom wheels, Kearny Mesa Suburban, 276-7100.



VW JETTA GL
1987, #1250355, Air conditioning, cassette, 5 speed, tank, one owner, car, looks and drives great, \$5550, BMW of San Diego, 560-6595.



VW JETTA
1986, #1090803, 4 door, 5 speed stick, air conditioning, stereo cassette, 1500 km, miles, Kearny Mesa Suburban, 276-7100.



VW RABBIT
1977, champagne color, burgundy interior, new paint, tires, new car. Really condition. Very well maintained, \$1900, 944-2023.

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