

Next Issue January 9, 1992

**READER**  
VOLUME 20, NO. 50, DECEMBER 19, 1991 **SAN DIEGO'S WEEKLY**

**TALES**

*of*

**LOSS**

**AND**

**desolation**

*[Merry Christmas!]*

story  
begins  
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# YEAR-END INVENTORY LIQUIDATION

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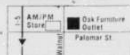


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### Keep An Open Heart To Satan's Victims

I found myself in a very sorry state of mind after finishing my all-day project of reading Mary Lang's article "Satan's Chosen" (December 5). This was obviously the result of much hard work and deep research on Mary's part. Something I'm sure she's glad to see in black and white. All the facts and allegations were there along with the testimonies and the real-life drama that our journalist brings across with such clear imagery. I don't think a detail of her entire expedition missed the ribbon on her typewriter. What bothered me was Mary's obvious unbelief glowing throughout the article. Like the repeated "I know you are but what am I?" found in childhood conversation, Mary managed to throw in an irrational rationalization or even a blatant falsification, like the phantom-wailing victim on the *Larry King Live* program, behind every supporting note. "We claim of the

### LETTERS

The Reader welcomes letters for publication. You may phone them in by calling 525-5082 or fax them to 525-5082 or fax them to 525-0489. Please include your name, address, and telephone number. Letters may be edited for length and clarity.

opposed stand as substantial evidence. Victims of these sick crimes were light-heartedly trampled under Mr. Lang's feet. The victims are real, and serious organized satanism is alive and well. Friends of mine who answer phones for Youth Development International's 1-800-HIT-HOME Youth Crisis Hotline have cited numerous calls of desperation from victims of this form of ritual abuse. Police hospitals, and many other credible agencies will support the claims and very real evidence of this activity, and many of the same will deny them. Either a great number of loony tunes are out there living in a fantasy world and running around after satanism who aren't there and giving of their time and energy in great doses to help victims who are not real, or a great number of people are in denial of, or willingly covering up a monstrous organization. Mary's mind is made up, rather her heart is made up, but for those who don't know yet what to believe, keep your heart and your mind open to all the possibilities, and get all the facts. Don't slam the door of your heart in the faces of the victims of these crimes.

Kevin Johnson  
San Diego

### Love Is The Law, Law Under Will

As a member of the Order of Thelma, I was naturally quite shocked to see its name included in Mary Lang's article "Satan's Chosen" as an "organized" satanic group. The Order of Thelma is an established spiritual school. It is not a "splitter group" of the OTO as Mary Lang claims. The Order of Thelma does not even believe in the existence of Satanism, much less worship or chase him/her/it. Obviously, the damage which has been caused by Mr. Lang's irresponsible reporting cannot be rectified at this point. However, if only one person made this letter, perhaps a little bit of ignorance will have been diminished. In the future, I think that you should require reliable sources for your author's claims. Otherwise, you may find yourself on the receiving end of a lawsuit. A member of the Order of Thelma  
San Diego

### Jello Mold

Spreading Thanksgiving in my former home town, San Diego, was not unlike other visits where I instinctively grab the Reader. So often I have found the contents both helpful (entertainment listings, etc.) as well as provocative. I have often been inclined to write but simply decided not to worry about it. Today I write. The issues are essentially the same that have always provoked me to consider. First, in response to Adam Parfrey. Having been a resident in both LA and San Diego, I have learned a few things that I wish to share. Most importantly is the act of generalizing. Too easily Adam's article and stance only support generalizations which intelligent humans know are not wise. Take for example a generalization which could occur of San Diego such as "Oh, it's a Navy town." Now, upon hanging out in Hillcrest or Encinitas, San Diego sure doesn't read "Navy town." Those are just certain parts of San Diego. Just as liking Albert Einstein to Jerry Garcia because of their copious hair. (Long hair, Adam? Ever try it?) I have often seen traffic situations in San Diego which reminded me of LA's Blue hell, trust me, I'm not hung up on LA either. I'll simply conclude that though there are differences between the two, there are pretty solid reasons as to why some people live "there" and why some live "here," and I know many from San Diego in LA. Adam, as far as journalism goes, never mind. I'll just say "OK." "Look, once a week, write about one tidbit of LA culture." Too often I see a superiority complex in San Diego over LA (in the Reader as well as in Adam's column). This leads to...

In the "Letters" section of the November 27 issue was a letter from a San Diego musician which let her, M. K. B., vent some of her frustration with the Reader's support for local groups and the writer's sense of being as vulnerable to Reader coverage. This entertained me in a way because I myself left San Diego for the snap-covered pastures of LA's music scene. The scary thing is that though I wish I could still surf black's that's a beach in San Diego for all who might not know, I'm feeling better about my music and life in LA where, despite the nature of its music scene, one at least can get perspective. Smaller cities than San Diego are acclaimed across the nation for driving scenes (the Seattle issue), and I agree with Mr. Breen that it is not just a question of it there is a scene but does anyone even know about it or give a hoot? I get sad when I think of San Diego artists and bands that are really great and just up and because everyone is too busy. San Diego clubs which support only Top 40 or older. This is where people such as the Reader in addition to local radio could really do more and help, make it real! You don't have to just write me articles (incredibly). Stephen. Sometimes. Next time my hand comes through some. I'll buy you some brand new guitar picks, for it really looked bad watching you chase them around the parking lot as I threw the used ones into the air. Maybe we could get a good review. Ha ha, how about a local compilation (remember KGB Homegrown?), a music fest or a series of them sponsored by the Reader? Do you advertise local advertising rates for bands? Yes, it is realistic and lots of work, but that's definitely part of art and the Reader should be there too. I could go on forever but will save us both the wind. San Diego is not fortunate to be relatively clean, not too crowded yet, and such a healthy place (you know what I mean). Forget about LA, me with it, San Diego! In the meantime, especially when it comes to local music, the world laughs at you. And lastly, to the musicians, at San Diego, Jello (Blaaa) asked why San Diegoans put up with this shit and don't get out "too" fast and create our own monsters. You live in San Diego, deal with it! "B" — Heil A.

### Tales of Loss and Desolation (Merry Christmas!)

Mary Lang, Linton Robinson, Abe Opiet, Adam Parfrey, Richard Meltzer, and Margot Sheehan trim the tree — with a chainsaw

Story design by Mary Lou Morral

### Letters

City Lights: Wadie Deddeh peddles his influence: a deputy police chief's rooming houses. Nathaniel West crashes in Imperial Valley. Elizabeth goes home, and City Lights Shows

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# CITY LIGHTS

## SHORTS

**FALSE POSITIVE?** Uncommon court martial proceedings are slated for January 28 against Navy Lt. Thomas Bell, who faces losing his career because of a positive cocaine test. Navy analysts testing rarely yield positive cocaine readings for anyone, especially officers. Government statistics show that less than one percent of all Navy personnel tested positive for drugs so far this year. Plus, most senior enlisted sailors and almost all officers who test positive are automatically mustered out of the service on a first offense. But Bell, who is attached to the Fleet Combat Systems Training Unit at the 32nd Street Naval Station, is challenging the urinalysis results in court. "Some commands always send their people to court rather than administratively separate them from the Navy because the commanders don't trust the urinalysis program," explains a Navy lawyer. "A court martial gives their people the best chance of a fair hearing. Conviction rates based strictly on urinalysis are very low." —M.M.

**FRUIT FOR WALTER.** City auditor Ed Ryan is warning the mayor and city council to watch their personal expense accounts. Ryan's stern message accompanied his quarterly report of the council's spending for business lunches, promotions, and meetings. Mayor O'Connor dropped \$258,000 hosting the U.S. Conference of Mayors in June. Councilman Ron Roberts treated 29 folks to a \$687 lunch at the Westgate to discuss his binational airport proposal. Planning commissioners and staff ate 12 lunches at some of the finest restaurants in San Diego including De'non's, Piro's, Pagliacci's, and Rainwater's. The tab \$1247, top included. Civil Service Commissioner Al Best was a distant second for free lunches with five at Dobson's. The mayor gave Walter Cronkite a fruit basket worth \$50, while Steve Wiedman had to settle for a key to the city, priced at \$32.80. —C.F.

**COUPONS AND MISDEMEANORS.** North County newspaper racks are emptier than usual, but po... aren't pleased. Thieves are going from rack to rack, grabbing as many as 15 papers at a time. They cut out supermarket double coupons and redeem them for discounted groceries to be resold on the black market for a tidy gain. Occasional Bide-Ginco publisher Tom Minetti was so concerned by the trend that he hired a private eye this November, who managed to track down a woman selling the coupon goods at a local swap meet. Current law regards the stealing of newspapers as petty theft. —M.M.

**KISS AND VOTE.** Less than a week after joining the city council, Valerie Stallings confronted the same problem her predecessor Bruce Henderson faced for years: Should she disqualify herself from a vote involving — even if remotely — a former love interest? A constituent argued that Stallings shouldn't be allowed to vote on a La Jolla housing project because she used to date a friend of one of the project's well-known opponents, Dr. Renato Dulbecco, head of the Salk Institute. Stallings also worked at Salk for 20 years and was a "frequent guest" at Dulbecco's house. The city attorney said there was no conflict of interest so she should go ahead and vote. She did, against Dulbecco, in favor of the project. —C.F.

**TOPLESS WELFARE MOM.** Stroth's "Swedish Bikini Team" commercials made national headlines when five female employees sued the brewer for sexual harassment; the suit was inspired by the use of the bikini models who decorate the beer spots. Less widely known is the fact that bikini team captain Avalon Anders — who appears twice with other members of the squad in January's Playboy — used to be a San Diego welfare mother. Talent agent Lou Ringe of Agency 2 here says she spotted Anders, 29, strolling around Grantcenter Center and suggested she should be in show business. "This is a real rags-to-riches kind of thing," says Ringe. "She made up her mind that she was going to amount to something." —M.P.

**SAY A LITTLE PRAYER FOR YOU.** The city may have to yank the cross from Mount Sordani, but in Southeast San Diego, city officials are still big believers in that old-time religion. The Southeast Economic Development Corporation recently co-sponsored a business loan exposition with Bayview Baptist Church. The agency also breaks loans between banks and ministers for church expansion. "Ministers are an important part of our community," said a spokesman. "They're in here all the time." —C.F.

**SIMON LEGREE, TAKE NOTE.** The state of California recently tried to close two apartment buildings in Golden Hill and North Park that were rented primarily to AIDS patients. Health authorities claimed the units were actually hospitals and needed prohibitively expensive equipment to get a license. At a December hearing, building manager George Hawkins denied that his 14-unit Golden Hill apartment was a medical facility; he said he simply chose to rent to people with AIDS. The state, he insisted, couldn't do a thing about it because that would break anti-discrimination laws. Then he turned out to be wrong, but not before giving each member of the panel a memorable fable: "Fuck you," Despie Hawkins' epitaph, the committee voted he could stay open. A more reserved Ray Beirde, who operates a similar center in North Park, was told to get a license or shut down. —C.F.

**LIFERS.** If you're a dischargee and you get fired a day before becoming fully vested in the city's lucrative retirement plan, you don't get a pension. If you're a city councilmember turned out of office five days before the pension deadline, it's another story. The city attorney says that former councilman Bruce Henderson and Wes Pratt are entitled to full benefits, although technically, a perk in the calendar left them five days short of completing their full four-year terms. The ruling means that Henderson and Pratt will be eligible for a \$550-a-month benefit for life when they turn 60. Also, the extra couple of days mean the city will have to contribute an additional \$1000 to \$2000 to the councilmembers' voluntary retirement plan. —C.F.

Contributors: Neal Matthews, Colin Fuberty, Bob McPhail, Matt Potter.

The Reader now offers \$25 for news tips published in this column. Call our voice mail at 255-3000, ext. 440. Or fax your tip to 283-2951.

San Diego Reader December 19, 1991



"Rock calls you." THE DEDDECK DROWN IT OUT

BY JEANNETTE DE WYSE

[Editor's Note: 38-year-old "Elizabeth," a crack addict, learned in October that she had accidentally gotten pregnant. She has agreed to a series of paid interviews. This is the first in that series.]

Held in L.A., the funeral for Elizabeth's brother drew more mourners than Elizabeth expected. "Lot of old friends from San Diego," my brother was well liked," she told me the day after the funeral. Maybe 50 people attended, by Elizabeth's estimate, and she claims that at the burial site

two of her brother's homosexual friends got into a shouting match, which resulted in one falling into the open grave. "It was horrible at the time, but boy, did we laugh that night!"

Elizabeth says whenever she mentioned AIDS (the cause of her brother's death), some of the funeral-goers would recall, knowing that she uses drugs and works as a prostitute. "Like I'm next. Or I have it." "Climic checks this far have shown her to be free of the disease, she says. "I'm surprised she went at all, since over the weeks she's mentioned being estranged from almost everyone in her family. At things turned out, she didn't ride up on the bus with her mother, as she had said she would. Instead she stayed in San Diego through Thanksgiving and "ate like a pig" (continued on page 6)

## DEDDER WAH DIDDY

BY COLIN FUBERTY

State Senator Waddie Dedeck tells voters the story of how he came to America from Iraq 30 years ago, penniless and unable to speak the language. How he parlayed a modest salary as a teacher and office holder into a real estate portfolio that made him one of the wealthiest politicians in San Diego. But this year, the Senator from Chula Vista has lost almost \$1 million from business deals gone bad, court records show. Since

"The price paid for the Dedeck land was approximately twice the fair market value."

November, county documents also reveal Dedeck has borrowed \$450,000 against the equity in his Bostea home and a commercial property in Imperial Beach. Dedeck's financial difficulties have been exacerbated by former business partners, who tell a different story. They claim he is an influence peddler, a charge the Senator denies.

The controversy stems from a 1986 transaction in which Dedeck and three members of his family sold ten acres of land in Santee to Steven Peasley and Anna Hassell. Dedeck financed the purchase by

(continued on page 6)

Dealing with Dedeck



—FORDNAP

# CITY LIGHTS



14th and C: who's really behind all that paper?

## DEPUTY SLUMMOR?

BY NEAL MATTHEWS

The construction of the San Diego Police Department headquarters at 14th and Broadway in 1985 was supposed to boost property values and stimulate development in downtown's frayed eastern fringe. Ken Fortier sparked a minor controversy when he purchased two rooming houses a block away, at 14th and C Street, while the police station was under construction. As a police commander, Fortier's job included lobbying for the site and arranging

financing. Six years later, the area around the police station is still blighted. It has become the center of one of downtown's highest crime zones. And now Deputy Police Chief Fortier is selling off his rooming houses — more or less. Residents of the buildings say that dealing and new tenants' suspicious behavior escalated last summer, when Fortier brought in a new manager named Gary Gysel. In letters to Gysel and Fortier, the residents have described gang wars among tenants and visitors, open drug dealing by a couple of tenants, unauthorized visitors and guests in the rooms, food thefts from the community kitchens, dangerous new tenants, sanitation problems in the community bathrooms, and other maintenance breakdowns.

"The tenant in room 22 has continuously left the rear security door ajar to facilitate entry to the building by his criminal friends," reads a letter from Mac Little, one of the tenants who complained to Fortier, city councilman Ron

**A few minutes later Fortier called back and said, "Coincidentally, I talked to the new owner of the properties himself just now."**

Roberts, and city building inspectors. Another tenant, Darryl Nichols, is withholding his rent in protest of

## FORCE OF IMPACT ON THE LOST GENERATION

BY DAVID ZELINSKI

The date was December 22, 1940. Miss Lonelyhearts and The Day of the Locust's author, Nathaniel West, spent the morning in Calexico hunting ducks with his wife. They by good their limit around the flat fields and irrigation canals of the southern Imperial Valley, not far from the Mexican border. Flush with game, the Wests cut short their trip and headed home to Los Angeles.

Hours earlier, the Wests had learned of the death of their friend F. Scott Fitzgerald. They were in a hurry to return in time for the funeral back East. At two that afternoon, at the intersection of old Highway 80 and the northbound Central Valley Highway, West ran the stop sign. A migrant farmworker, driving a 1937 Pontiac westbound from Yuma, hit the Wests' station wagon. On impact West's body was thrown from his vehicle into a ditch. An hour later, in the old Imperial County Hospital, West died from a skull fracture. He was 37 years old.

The crash site near El Centro was in 1940 a barren boulevard stop. Not far away stood a small monument surrounded by power poles, affluents fields, and canals. Today, there is no monument, no plaque, no small roadside cross. Where Nathaniel West's life ended there now

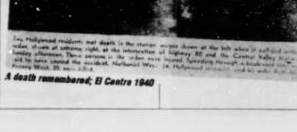
stands — on four flat corners in the middle of an Imperial County nowhere — a winding yard, a used semi dealership, a row of huge steel powerline towers, and a half dozen open-sided hay bale storage barns. There are traffic lights here still. But this stretch of road can now seem as forlorn as it might have 50 years ago.

The front page of the Imperial Valley Press on December 23, the day after West died, contains a photo of the inert "game-loaded" station wagon. It looks like a bear-up hearse, down wreathed open, running halfway off the roadway perpendicular to traffic. A headline reads: "Hollywood Notables Die in Valley Auto Accident." The photo

caption describes West as a 36-year-old "Hollywood scenarist"; the news story itself says he was 40. Those ages are both incorrect. The story continues: "Force of the impact caused the two cars to swing like a whip cracker and smash together. Mr. and Mrs. West were issued from the station wagon and crushed between the colliding machines."

The newspaper story of West's death is framed by other stories of tragedy, comprising a surreal collection of unrelated descriptions, accounts, announcements, and headlines, as melancholy and morbid as any West novel: Winston Churchill demands ouster of Il Duce; the FBI investigates Communist infiltration of California welfare system; train derail, maiming 11; "Draft Card Tags Chicken Thief"; 24½ pounds of flour for 85 cents at the Grandview Market; an elderly woman wanders into the Arizona desert and dies; German bombs

**Where Two Died, Three Men Injuries Sunday**



A dead rumberman; El Centro 1940

these problems and in opposition to a recent rental increase of \$25 a month. (The rooms rent from \$185 to \$300 a month.) "The building deficiencies were always there," remarks Little, "but we hadn't pressed them until the criminality and drug dealing became rampant." Last September 9, Little hand-delivered a letter to Fortier at the nearby police station describing the criminal activity. On September 11, Fortier responded with a letter to Little stating that Fortier was no longer the owner of the properties. Records on file at the San Diego County recorder's office say otherwise. A partnership named P&F Properties is listed as the owner of the rooming houses. A partnership agreement filed on September 10 — the day after Fortier told Little he was no longer the owner — states that the partners in P&F are Ken Fortier and his wife Charlotte and Richard D. Prokop and his wife Carolyn. Prokop is an FBI agent.

A few minutes later Fortier called back and said, "Coincidentally, I talked to the new owner of the properties himself just now." Fortier punched the new owner onto the line. It was Gary Gysel, who had been managing the buildings since June. Gysel said he was in the process of evicting tenants who were obvious drug dealers and was trying to solve the other problems. "What happened was, the place was a little family, and they didn't like as outsiders coming in," he explained. He also agreed to produce documents proving he had purchased the buildings. Gysel sat at a small desk in his manager's office on 14th Street and refused to give details about how the transaction was structured. He placed a scented document on the desk, entitled Assignment of Beneficial Interest in Partnership. It stated that on September 5, Fortier and his wife signed over their interest in P&F Properties to Gysel's wife Louise. Gysel said



Designs get you down? Call a cop.

Last week in an interview Fortier declared, "I do not own those properties, and no partnership I'm associated with owns those properties." When asked how he explains the county property records, which indicate he is part of a partnership that owns the properties, Fortier replied curtly, "I don't have to explain anything to you, young man. I am telling you categorically, and honestly, I do not own those properties." Fortier declined to say whom he sold them to.

another identical document was signed by the Prokops, who assigned their interest to him. "I bought the partnership," he explained. He would not divulge the financial terms, nor would he discuss why he had not recorded the documents with the county. He also couldn't explain why the Fortiers and the Prokops would list their properties on September 5, then file a statement of partnership listing themselves as the owners on September 8. ■

rain on Manchester. "Naz Princess Leaves Germany," the local post office struggles to handle a record load of Christmas letters and parcels; relief could misery quickly with a tonic called "roo". A patchwork of desperate events fill out the remainder of the eight-page Imperial Valley paper — a local suicide, assorted regional houses, stark photos of European war destruction, a state-wide search for alleged killer Dwight (Dodo) Romero. In the midst of these notices is a small obituary: "Scott Fitzgerald, Author, Dies." West's

friend and contemporary was described as the "sad young men" of the World War generation; a more nameless and relative was Francis Scott Key. Today, the winter wind still swirls down old Highway 80. Tangible strands of Christmas lights coil around a few haggard roadside houses. And down through the passages of time, a siren sounds. ■

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# CITY LIGHTS

## DRUGS DROWN IT OUT

(continued from page 4)  
They had free food everywhere. They served dinners at about five different places, and I think I ate at all five. I didn't leave town till late. I was the last one to get up there. The funeral was Friday [November

29] at 1:00 o'clock. And you know what? I went in jeans and a black T-shirt and black sweatshirt. I didn't have any black dresses, but... anyway, that's not traditional anymore, is it?  
Her reunion with her mother "was kind of awkward at first," she reported. "But you know how it is

with you, mom... She really helped me through this." Elizabeth also seemed up spending some time with her own 18-year-old daughter, whom she has seen only rarely over the past five years. "I didn't think she'd be comfortable about" funerals," Elizabeth says. "But she loved my brother very, very much."

Her daughter commented, "Mama, last time I saw you, you must have weighed 200 pounds. Look at you!" These days, even pregnant, "Elizabeth has been so healthy and spunky the past five years. 'I didn't think she'd be comfortable about' funerals," Elizabeth says. "But she loved my brother very, very much."

Elizabeth is different, she acknowledges. "I started out as a heroin addict." That was my drug of choice." And sometimes she still combines heroin and crack, though she says she hasn't been able to afford much heroin recently. Also, "Rock and heroin fight against each other. One's an upper and one's a downer. When you do heroin and powder coke together, it's a mellow-kind of combination, but rock [in

contrast] sets heroin out of the body real fast."  
Elizabeth says she's also been on methadone, in the early 1980s. "I had a basically 'normal' life. I had a job. I had a house. Took care of my family and lived like a normal person. I was responsible and productive," yet she also was high every day — as she wanted to be. "I don't want to talk. I enjoy it." Even today, "I could get on methadone maintenance and get the same dosage every day and lead a basically normal life for \$90 a month. Whereas I could spend \$90 a day on heroin, and I could spend \$900 on rock. The rock is cheaper, but it makes you spend more. You can do more. You can smoke a lot of rock. I couldn't shoot \$200 of heroin. I'd kill myself. But I could easily smoke \$200 worth of rock, with no problem. The more you do, the more you want."

Then why doesn't she go back to using methadone exclusively? "I don't have the \$25 to get the morning to get on it," she said with a shrug. "It's \$25 to get it to start the detox. It's a lousy thing too... I don't know. If I don't have the money right at seven o'clock, I spend it."

**"The rock is cheaper, but it makes you spend more."**

Elizabeth claims she managed to avoid drugs completely during her visit to L.A. "The whole time! I even snuck out to buy some and wound up not doing it. It would have been kind of like blasphemy," that's how I felt," Elizabeth says her mother also asked her if she could "leave that stuff alone, just for a little while." So she abstained. "And then I tried to O.D. when I

with you, mom... She really helped me through this." Elizabeth also seemed up spending some time with her own 18-year-old daughter, whom she has seen only rarely over the past five years. "I didn't think she'd be comfortable about" funerals," Elizabeth says. "But she loved my brother very, very much."

Her daughter commented, "Mama, last time I saw you, you must have weighed 200 pounds. Look at you!" These days, even pregnant, "Elizabeth has been so healthy and spunky the past five years. 'I didn't think she'd be comfortable about' funerals," Elizabeth says. "But she loved my brother very, very much."

Elizabeth is different, she acknowledges. "I started out as a heroin addict." That was my drug of choice." And sometimes she still combines heroin and crack, though she says she hasn't been able to afford much heroin recently. Also, "Rock and heroin fight against each other. One's an upper and one's a downer. When you do heroin and powder coke together, it's a mellow-kind of combination, but rock [in

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**DEDDER WAH DIDDY**

(continued from page 4)  
lending them \$500,000. Later, he exchanged the loan for part ownership in the development of the Magnolia Village shopping center at the site. Earlier this year, (continued on page 5)

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# CITY LIGHTS

Continued from page 61  
the empty mall was unable to make the mortgage, and the bank foreclosed on the \$4.64 million loan. Deddeh claims he was merely a lender on the project and that Peasley and Hassell still owe him \$657,000. He has taken them to court to seize their personal property and force repayment. Peasley and Hassell say Deddeh is not entitled to get his money back, as an owner, he took a risk and lost, just as they did. They claim he was an active member of the company, Magnolia Commercial Investors (MCI), and helped get approvals for the shopping center and a nearby housing development. "MCI agreed to buy some property from Wladie Deddeh in

exchange for a favor," said Hassell in a deposition this month. "Mr. Deddeh agreed... to arrange for MCI's Bella Vista residential housing project to be approved by the City of San Diego for development if MCI would buy Deddeh's commercial land adjacent to Bella Vista for \$1,000,000. Part of the deal was for Deddeh... to arrange for city development approval for the 46 homes on the... Bella Vista project. In addition... Senator Deddeh was to change the general plan to allow commercial zoning on the land purchased from him and help obtain approval to build a shopping center on the property." Deddeh and his family bought the land in 1978 for \$100,000. They sold it to Peasley and Hassell in March 1986 for \$968,000, county records show. "The price paid for the

Deddeh land was approximately twice the fair market value," Hassell said. "I understood the additional monies were paid in order to obtain Deddeh's assistance in securing the necessary approval."

**Soon after their relationship with Deddeh began, the City of San Diego approved their condominium project.**

on the developments." The land for the shopping center was originally zoned for medium-density housing. In 1985, the San Diego planning commission denied Deddeh's request to rezone the

property because members felt the area was more suitable for residential development. But in November of that year, the San Diego City Council reversed the planning commission and rezoned the property to commercial, a more lucrative designation. Peasley and Hassell claim Deddeh's contact with San Diego City Councilman Jim Bartell, also top aide to San Diego City Councilman John Hartley, Bartell was chief of staff to ex-congressman Jim Bates when Bates and Deddeh had offices in the same building. Deddeh's attorney represented the partnership before the council and Bartell made the motion to approve the rezoning. City records also show that Deddeh and his family contributed \$500 to Bartell's re-election campaign three

months later. Hassell contributed \$75 to Bartell's campaign as well. City records confirm Hassell and Peasley's claim that soon after their relationship with Deddeh began, the City of San Diego approved their condominium project. But Deddeh and Bartell both deny interceding with city staff on behalf of the condo or the shopping center. Earlier this year, however, Deddeh inquired about the project on official stationery, and he called Bartell to ask if the City of San Diego would rent space in the mall. Bartell referred the request to the city manager, who is still considering it. Deddeh is also the subject of a lawsuit brought by Valle de Oro Bank. Valle de Oro claims the senator has defaulted on a \$351,000 loan that he had guaranteed but now refuses to pay. ■

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## STRAIGHT FROM THE HIP By Matthew Alice

Dear Matthew Alice:  
Since Christmas is in winter for us in North America, we always think of white Christmases, Christmas cards with snowflakes and winter scenes. But what about Christmas in Australia? Since it's summer for them, do their Christmas cards have summer scenes on them?

D.W.  
San Diego  
Christmas Down Under isn't much more schizophrenic than Christmas in San Diego, actually. It's likely to be 80 or 90 degrees in Australia, so you'll find most people at the beach. But many other aspects of the holiday are the same as ours, since we both get our notion of a traditional Christmas from our English roots. But as older, more British-bound generations of Aussies fade away, Christmas is taking on more of a South Seas theme. Of course, since Australia is on the other side of the globe, everything they do is upside down, when they put the shrimp on that holiday barbie, they have to tie them to the grill so they won't fall off.

Oh Reverend Mr. Alice:  
Straight to the point... where did the phrase "cup of joe" (in reference to coffee) come from?

A Non-Java Drinker  
Mission Hills  
Best guess: It's of World War II origin. From the Navy, since nothing gets done that branch of the service without coffee. The brew's been called java or mocha since the mid-1800s. World War I slang combined them into "jamoke." And jamoke and java were often shortened to "J," as in, "Gimme a cuppa J." Not hard to imagine GIs expanding that into "Gimme a cuppa joe," since Joe was a popular catchall word of the day. Both words were enriched American slang considerably with native-born words and borrowed foreign phrases. "Joe" for coffee is another linguistic war baby, apparently.

Hullo,  
Does Dr. Pepper really have prune juice in it?



Illustration by Rick Conroy

Always Wondering About Something

San Diego

Doesn't now and never has, as far as anyone knows. Unless the newly unleashed KGB files contain a list of the Pepper's 23 flavorings, we'll probably never know for sure. No national secret is guarded more closely than the ingredients in soft drinks. Like most other sodas, Dr. Pepper was originally touted as a medicine. Early advertising hyped it as "juice on the bridge, defending your children against an army of caffeine-doped beverages." So there's another thing that isn't in it. And the company claims it also has no cherry flavoring and no pepper, contrary to popular opinion. One final thing that Dr. Pepper doesn't have in it is a period after the r in Dr. The company's advertising agency deleted it in the 1960s, since they thought it cluttered up the logo. Considering what isn't in it, maybe the stuff does exist at all.

Matthew Alice:

All the old folks I talk to on the O.B. pier are full of knowledge, among other things. The hot topic nowadays is: Will New Year's

Eve 1999 usher in the 21st Century?

Mike Glesert

Ocean Beach  
If it does, the ushers will have showed up a year early. Think about it for a minute. According to the calendar we use now, what was the first year of the first century? The year 1, right? The last year of that decade was the year 10. The last year of that century was 100. You probably won't even need to count on your fingers and toes to see, then, that the last year of the 20th Century will be the year 2000. But the truth of the matter probably won't stop us from welcoming in Century 21 with particularly outrageous parties on New Year's Eve 1999. Of course, if we have a really good time, we can do it all again a year later.

Dear Matthew Alice:

Please tell me where the term "Dutch treat" came from. An ancient courtship ritual practiced in Holland, perhaps?

Dani Barrios

Spring Valley

Dear Matthew Alice:  
This might be a bit of a weird question, but would you please explain the derivation and application of the term "sheepish grin"?

Martin R. Tashman

San Diego

The Dutch certainly didn't come up with the idea of the Dutch treat, since it was originally an insult. It meant cheap and stingy and was an invention of the British when England and Holland were not on friendly terms. At the time, anything bad was labeled "Dutch." ("In Dutch," a busybody "Dutch uncle," to name only two of many). Sheep haven't fared very well in the old-expression department either. But it's probably their own fault... not an original thought in their heads, trotting along behind whichever sheep happens to be at the front of the herd. Most "sheep" expressions, then, mean timid or meek, and also embarrassed or ashamed — and a sheepish grin is the kind of expression a person should have on his face when he makes a baa-a-a pun. Martin.

Dear Matt and Alice:  
How much wood would a woodchuck chuck if a woodchuck could chuck wood?

How much wood would a woodchuck chuck if a woodchuck could chuck wood? (Before you answer, remember the groundhog and the woodchuck are the same animal.) And how much sap would a sapsucker suck if a sapsucker could suck sap? (Well, wait a minute. A sapsucker can suck sap — on a good day, maybe two or three oaks.) And how many nuts would a nutcracker crack if a...  
[The rest of the text is cut off]

Got a question you need answered? Get it straight from the hip. Write to Matthew Alice, P.O. Box 8583, San Diego, CA 92186-5803, or fax your questions to 321-6489.

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## by bob owens

PHOTOGRAPHS BY ROBERT BURROUGHS

**E**ric Flourie has a dream, one he's nurtured for more than 30 years. It's centered in the Coronado Islands, *Islas Las Coronados*, the four small islands 7 miles offshore from Rosarito and about 15 miles from the tip of Point Loma. On a clear day the islands can be seen easily from the mainland. And contrary

Flourie, "to build a hotel, 1200 rooms, some stores around it, a marina, and a nature walk. This would be something very special for visitors to this area. If only one percent of those who visit San Diego take the excursion to the island, that's over 1300 daily visitors."

The main problem, he says, would be trash, sewage, and the lack of fresh water. "But we'd bring out the trash, treat the sewage, and desalinate the water. The important thing is that it's done right, that it's done cleanly, because no one will come if it's not clean. If I get the permit to go ahead, I'd want to make sure that no one says, 'Hey, it's Mexican; they won't do it right.' I'll make sure they'll laugh and say, 'Hey, this is nice, not screwed up at all. They did it right.'"

Flourie and his partner in the project applied to the Mexican government for the permits five years ago. They have all the necessary signatures from Mexico City except that of the Gobernación, the agency that regulates tourism and entertainment in the country. Should he obtain this permission, Flourie will have to do some environmental impact studies before proceeding, but according to a Mexican-based spokesman for SEDUE, the Mexican environmental agency, the ecological impact will not likely be a problem. "Studies would be required," said an official of that agency, "and ecological considerations would have to be taken into account, but there will probably be tourism out there" someday. He mentioned that another group from Mexico City, was also interested in developing the Coronados.

**A**s we approach in the fishing vessel Sweet Machine from San Diego, the Coronado Islands emerge gradually from the mist, gray, silent, and solid. First to appear is North Island, the second largest of the group, half a mile long. From a distance, its profile resembles a saragatunga (and at one time it was called Corpus Christi); up close it seems to rise vertically

from the sea. A few seals try to climb into the gray rocks near the water, and birds, especially gulls and cormorants, are everywhere. North Island was once the favored nesting area for the brown pelicans, but about five years ago most of the colony moved to the less accessible Middle Island. According to Bill Everett, ornithologist with the San Diego Natural History Museum, who has been studying the birds of the Coronados for years, "People were coming over from the mainland to hunt for their eggs, which are sold in the restaurants and bakeries of Baja. So the pelicans just picked up and left."

Twenty or 30 years ago, the pelicans were also vanishing because of DDT contamination. When the pesticide was banned in the U.S., the sooty-billed birds began to make a strong comeback. According to Everett, there are now between 200 and 1000 nesting pairs each year on the islands. Altogether, some 175 species of birds have been seen on the Coronados, and about 30 of these breed there.

Several years ago, according to Everett, someone left hours cats on North Island, and they survive still, feeding on the sea birds. The only other intruders on the North Coronado Island are fishermen seeking lobster and abalone for Baja restaurants. They will often stay overnight in a small high known as Lobster Cove. As the Sweet Machine passes the island, we see a plastic tarp flapping in the breeze on a ledge—shelter for some lobstermen.

A few miles to the southeast, we pass Middle Island and Middle Rock (sometimes called Little Middle). A half-mile east of Middle Island is the rugged profile of South Island. There it, says Everett, an interesting contrast between North and South Islands. "They're virtually the same, but North is still mostly as it was before humans came, while South, with the introduction of donkeys, cats, goats, rabbits, and the like, is an ecological disaster."

The western side of South Island is elephant seal territory. Dozens of them, as well as harbor seals and California sea lions, sport on flat rocks in several coves. All have made a comeback since their near-decimation by hunters over a century ago, but the sea otters and

for seals have yet to return. A game-wild outcropping that fishermen call Bird Rock sprouts from the northern tip of the island. It appears to be a separate formation, but it is connected to South Island by a land bridge just under the surface of the sea. According to Gary Sweetwood, a cave under Bird Rock is one of the most interesting of those off the Baja and California coasts.

The lobster crews in recent years found the waters of the Coronados less lucrative a hunting ground than it was a decade and more past. And while the area is still a favorite spot for American sportfishers and divers, the waters no longer seem to hold the great abundance of sea bass, yellowtail, ling cod, sheepshead, and other species that once made the Coronados famous among anglers. Sweetwood, captain of the Sweet

**"It's not dangerous out there. We've had our own architects and engineers there, and it's safe."**

Machine, who has fished and dived in these waters for 20 years, says that many formerly good fishing areas off Southern California are not as bountiful as before. "Maybe it goes in cycles," he says. "During the last El Niño, you just had to drop your line into the water to make a strike. Or maybe it's the gill netting. I don't know."

**E**ric Flourie's ambitious plans to develop South Island elicit a long and bitter laugh from ornithologist Everett, who is also an ecologist and one of the few Americans who has a permanent pass from the Mexican government to visit the islands. "It's absolutely ridiculous," says Everett. "It rings of bonzo logic. I can't imagine that any hotel owner would want to have guests in such a perilous place."

Everett points out that the islands are "geologically unstable," that South Island wouldn't be of much interest anyway for Americans, since "there's nothing really to see from the island itself," and that it's also "very

dangerous place. The first thing the soldiers who guard the island tell you when you land is to watch out on the ridges and watch out for the rattlesnakes!" Everett says that a scientist who recently accompanied him to South Island was almost killed when the ledge he was standing on gave way under him.

Flourie insists that his plans would protect the ecology and natural beauty of the island. "I won't build in the cove; that's too pretty to mess up. We'd be about in the middle of the island, on the eastern side, not far from the seal cove on the western. There'd be elevators to take visitors from the marina to the hotel and the nature walk, and electric cars for those who would prefer to drive around the prescribed area."

Flourie is greatly annoyed by those who would criticize his

concocting parties once visited regularly from the Mexico/California mainland, but the first European to see the islands was Juan Cabrillo, in 1542. He dubbed them *Las Islas Desiertas*, the Deserted Islands. Spanish explorer Sebastián Vizcaino sailed by in 1602 and gave the island group the name of San Martín, but a friar on his ship referred to them in his diary as *Las Cuatro Coronados*, in honor of four Christian brothers martyred in Imperial Rome.

Outsiders began visiting the Coronados in earnest in the 1860s, when Chinese mariners discovered the area's rich abalone beds and proceeded to decimate the mollusks, which they covered mainly for their shells. During that same era, American and Russian hunters took but a few years to wipe out the islands' populations

of sea otters and fur and elephant seals. In the 1870s, steamboats took San Diego fishing parties, picnickers, and collectors of birds' eggs to South Island for overnight or weekend visits. And according to popular legend, later-day buccanniers during this decade used the Coronados as a site from which to prey on merchant ships bringing cargo to a growing California. In one widely believed story, an English cabin boy from a pillaged vessel joined a pirate band and enriched himself by giving them accurate sailing schedules. When the pirates turned on the greedy boy, he fled to San Diego, alerted some of the city burghers, who armed themselves, sailed to the Coronados, and drove off the pirates. This story, like other tales of buried pirate treasure on the islands, is exciting but untrue.

In this same decade, people circulated rumors about rich copper veins on the islands. Though no mines were ever dug, several companies, both Mexican and American, sought permission to mine the high-quality brownstone for use in construction.

At least one company was granted a concession for this purpose, but they seem never to have done anything with it. After the turn of the century, a Texan announced that he had struck gold near the middle of South Island and had a concession from the Mexican government to extract it. This gold mine proved as chimerical as the copper mines and the pirate treasure.

There is some evidence that South Island was used as a way station for smuggling Chinese laborers into California. In 1872 a group was found abandoned on the island. All these incursions into her territory implied Mexico to send a battleship for a time.

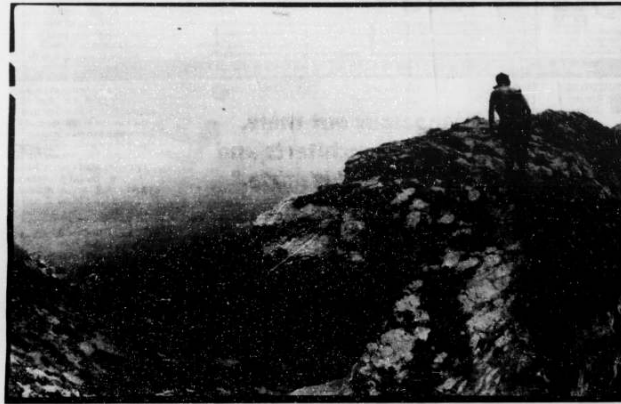
Newspaper accounts from the turn of the century indicate that the Coronados were still a popular destination for tourists and locals, especially guests at the Hotel del Coronado. So popular were these day trips that in 1901, the hotel—apparently with some influence south of the border—was given the right to have its guests fish for trout in the island's waters. Mexico also granted the Del permission to build a small hotel and restaurant on South Island (rooms 50 cents a night, meals the same, according to the advance publicity). However, neither the hotel nor the restaurant was ever built.

During Prohibition, ships loaded with cases of liquor anchored off the Coronados and dispatched speedboats to San Diego to deliver their cargo to thirsty Americans. There is no record of any of these boats having been caught by the authorities.

**T**he most ambitious project to come to the Coronados was a hotel and gambling hall built on the rocky breakwater in South Island's Puerto Cueva (called by Americans, variously, Pirate's, Smuggler's, or Casino Cove). The main player in this venture was Tijuana businessman Mariano Escobedo, who later would build and operate the jet star frontiers in downtown Tijuana (currently run by Escobedo's sons).

The senior Escobedo was involved in various businesses on both sides of the borders in the 1920s and '30s, including joint ventures with American friends in Texas oil wells. He also owned the

(continued on page 14)



to the assumptions of many locals and tourists, the islands are in Mexican territorial waters, not American.

Flourie, a Mexican national who owns a travel agency in Esquimalt and is part owner of the Hotel Misión San Isidro in Rosarito, has been sport diving in the waters near the Coronados since 1958. His hope is to develop for tourism the largest of the Coronados, South Island, which is about two miles long and a half-mile wide. "I have this dream," says

# coronado islands boulders, ruins, and a developer's dream





## TALES

# a criticism implied in every gift

(Mary Lang)

I don't remember Christmas. None in particular. There's this Christmas thread, an irregular stream of pictures (orange snowing duck - delight linked by an underlying Christmas smell: new plastic, pine trees, chocolate) and an overwhelming feeling of desolation and anxiety. Oh, and that dreadful music. You can't patronize a public building this month without listening to unload an U2.

Let me admit right now I don't like Christmas. Perhaps most people don't remember and don't like Christmas. They just bother for the children's sake.

I talked to my mother about this. She was lying on the couch digesting Thanksgiving dinner, one arm flung over her eyes. This is what she said: "So much anxiety... so many painful memories." We had the radio on, and some plaintive tune by Erik Satie began when she made her statement. The first Gammapic in a row, uncertain from scruffy films, depictions of conversations just like this, delicate appeals for donations to mental health foundations. My sister beamed on the living room carpet, began whispering.

Some holiday's postcard from my brain. A plump-legged doll in pink tights, perching when pressed on the top of her head. Julie Bartholomew across the street got one too. We held a competition on the sidewalks in front of her house not allowed to bring new toys into friends' houses, they might get hurt. Her batteries ran out first.

The glorious spill from a quilted red plastic shopping, spread on the floor between my sister's bed and mine. Too early in the morning to be so jump-started with fear the adults will wake up and send me back to bed. A typical haul: walnuts and almonds in their shells, rolls of Lifesaver candy, a plastic squirt gun, jacks, a red ball.

A large, mysterious box decorated with Kennedy-for-President bumper stickers. It lay propped against the wall behind one year's store-bought tree. It turned out to be a set of tie chains.

There is a photograph somewhere, taken on a Christmas Eve. I'm sitting crouched in my mother's arms. I am wearing a green sweater, my feet are bare. My best friend Jamie kneels next to us, holding a candy cane, grinning. I am bitter about an interrupted nap and have been forced to join in a gathering, in someone's family, some neighbor. My mother is wearing her check against my hair, wearing an exaggerated, beaming smile.

Our three sets of pupils are red from the flash. Christmas Eve morning begins with the phone ringing. My father's mother coughing. Christmas Eve gift: before we can get the words out of our own mouths. Dismissed, we stride the blackened

rooms of our parents to claim our own early treats. The giddiness of unremembered greed, permitted this one day of the year, tempered with the fear that someone will realize we have been given too many presents, too much candy.

Christmas Eve was family presents, irresistible under shiny wrappings and bows. I favored the preserve-the-paper-for reuse method of gift opening but tended to tear it accidentally. Christmas morning was Santa's presents, for my sister and me, unopened and set up like a store display in the living room. One year all our dolls are dressed in new clothes, sitting atop a Schwinn bicycle and a painted metal doll house, each with an arm raised to salute us as we shuffled into the

**My father unwraps my mother's gift to him: it's an alarm clock. My mother unwraps his gift to her. It's an alarm clock too.**

living room in matching fuzzy slippers (Love From Grandma, opened the night before).

It's a cold, foggy Christmas morning. My sister and I wear purple velvet jumpuits, mom-senior, with big pasties printed on the ankles. We are riding out of town in the back seat of the sedan, Dad driving. Outside you can't see the sidewalk, the water tower, the traffic signals. To Grandma's House we go, sickle-felling from toothpaste on an unbreakable stand, stale cigarette smell in car upholstery. The travel feeling that means Christmas.

Mom is not in the car. She stands scowling in the kitchen that morning as we head out the door. Dad says he'll take us for pancakes before we get on the freeway. Halfway across town one of us thinks to ask Mom.

"She's not coming. Your mother's feeling kind of sick."

There is a picture in my head too of the two of them sitting Indian-style amidst crumpled wrapping paper and ribbons on the living room floor.

My father unwraps my mother's gift to him: it's an alarm clock. My mother unwraps his gift to her. It's an alarm clock too. She sniffs at him with her mouth. She later puts the clock he gave her on the bedside. He puts his away somewhere. It reappears later that year on his own rented bedside table in his own rented apartment.

Christmas divided into all the permutations of family entailed by divorce. We must have Christmas with Mom, with her mother and her husband, son, and daughter, then with Mom's father and his wife. Then with our father, his new wife and children who have also had Christmas with their father, then with our father's parents (with him, our stepmother and stepfather). We must decide where to have our stockings and whether to bother with a tree at home, when there are trees at Dad's and three grandparents' houses waiting. My sister and I debate where to exchange our gifts to each other - in our mother's presence or our father's. Christmas is a long series of logistical problems, weighed by the possibility of hurt feelings.

A lot of driving is done. Games and toys with small parts are left inside their plastic wrapping, unplugged, or lost in the cracks of car seats. Most of the action takes place in the parking lots of roadside restaurants. We are sitting again in the back seat of Dad's Chevrolet sedan, giggling

with our two stepmothers, snapping bubble gum. The trunk is open behind us. Dad and Grandma pack the presents from the trunk of another car into it. Dad traces, "Don't peek, now. The delicious crackling noise of bow and paper being crushed under ever more boxes containing new toys, new sweaters, new bowties, new hair ribbons, new crayons and felt-tipped pen sets.

The presents become the medium by which our dad, his wife, his parents ensure we have "the necessities." Our first brasiers are given us as stocking-stuffers. Brasiers and combs. Socks. We play, like all divorced children, on their perception of our deprivation. A color television set is given us one year, new sheets and blankets another.

There is food, of course, at all our appointed stops. Massive formal meals of turkey and dressing, ham - the same meal as Thanksgiving, only the paper turkey centerpiece has been replaced with a poinsettia plant. There is eggnog. There is a relentless flow of between-meal snacks: fudge, fudge with nuts, fruitcake, salted nuts, pecan pie, pumpkin pie, apple pie, frosted cookies in the shapes of bells, stars, trees, camels. Santa heads. Always portraits are wrapped up to be home home at the end of the visit. A full-wrapped paper plate of cookies from the paternal grandmother (carefully wedged between suitcase and box of gifts) to father's house, to maternal grandmother's house, to maternal grandfather's house, home to Mom.

And there is boredom. Endless waiting on either side of meals, of gift-opening, of mounting suitcase-packings. None of us seem to know what to do with each other. There was a year when we went caroling, resentful, tight-throated. There was a year we drove into the mountains to toboggan in the snow. Later years at our father's house we take long, chilly walks, smugly done in the deserted school yard in new Christmas sweaters.

We listen to new Christmas LPs on our stepmother's phonograph with the bedroom door shut, make endless entries in our diaries, apply new Christmas eye shadows and colored mascara and flavored lip gloss in front of the bathroom mirror. Money-saving gift ideas, concocted by Mom, Sis, and me. Endless baskets of bread and cookies, thousands of photographs taken and mounted in frames, sketches done in pencil, hand-drawn "certificates" for backcrubs, candy bars - to be redeemed later in the year. Despite the noble image homemade gifts have been given, they are really no more heartfelt, no more filled with the genuine spirit of Christmas than any other gifts.

Autism grows in teenage years. We become more selective about whom to spend our holidays with. A marriage breaks up. A grandfather dies.

old age impedes another's enthusiasm. My grandfather, sitting ankle-deep in a borrowed, reindeer-printed Christmas, pads down her white-carpeted hallway. "Since I wasn't sure if it was going to see you this year, I just wrote you a check. That way you can get exactly what you want."

A first Christmas morning without a parent. I'm 18, sharing a moldy basement apartment with a girlfriend. During the night the cat has knocked ornaments off the tree. Pieces of colored broken glass make negotiating a path to the bathroom dangerous and painful. We each filled a check for the other: the cheap and ironically intended a window fringe, a child's policeman play set from the supermarket mood with beribboned bundles of incense, a dangling pair of earrings from the Third World.

The yearly volume of Christmas Gifts Received steadily declines in favor of Christmas Gifts Given. I lived with a man once. We had our intimate Christmas morning a day, cozy under a tree with

our cat and the decorated boxes and wrappings left by his son, who had since been dispatched to his mother's for his second and third maternal grandfather Christmas. My mother dropped by, we exchanged gifts. She took my picture under the tree. I am wearing a neck brace and my boyfriend's silk dressing gown. I'm conscious that there is some sort of pretense at work.

I think I went for a drive that year. I just sort of ended up with the family cardboard box Christmas decorations, the strings of lights and broken glass ornaments my mother sent, and I put up every year when we lived together. There are old greeting cards in the box, sent 20 years ago by never-met cousins, dead great aunts. There is a cylindrical container of hand-cut balsam wood snowflakes. My quilted red plastic stocking is in the box, with my name written crookedly on its white top edge, just hidden by a tiny, crumpling pine cone and faded velvetreen bow I wrote it in ink pen when I was very young.

twas the night before christmas, and all through the tank

(Linton Robinson)

I REST YOU MERRY. I was hoping somebody would make trouble. I'd worked on Thanksgiving. I was going to have to work New Year's. And then I was on Christmas Eve, walking around a warehouse full of strangers instead of being with my family and friends. Dad guards don't get normal holidays and spend a third of their life behind bars for money, not for anything they've done. It would have been worse for anyone to have asked for special favors. I wasn't even getting overtime.

My security inspections were pretty curious - I didn't feel any warmer towards the county than towards my prize collection of holidays. As far as I was concerned, they were two jaws of a conspiracy against my enjoying the holidays.

Instead of my usual silent glide in hopes of catching somebody up to something, I was tapping out a message of fib-humor through the echoing steel and concrete tunnels. Some inmates had me from a corner cell. "Hey! Officer Roberson. Come over here!" You bet I will, turkeys. I was hot to refuse a few requests, even though that particular cell was a soft spot. There were three men in a four-bed cell (this was before we started crowding up to seven men into the same cells) in special confinement isolated from the general population. Two were in being threatened by other inmates for debts or antiching. The third was an unpopular anti-war protester - almost a political prisoner, really. I was popular with them and most of the white inmates because of the

six weeks I'd sat in the control booth with a broken arm, and I'd always turned the radio to a pop station instead of the screaming-neon and station that the lieutenant had decreed would be played all the time. No small thing when you can't turn down the radio a trustee once told me I was hot to refuse a few requests, even though that particular cell was a soft spot. There were three men in a four-bed cell (this was before we started crowding up to seven men into the same cells) in special confinement isolated from the general population. Two were in being threatened by other inmates for debts or antiching. The third was an unpopular anti-war protester - almost a political prisoner, really. I was popular with them and most of the white inmates because of the

I stashed up to the cell bars and was dumbfounded by the transformation they had made in their steel-plate cell. The walls were covered with seasonal art from magazines and stuck up with toilet paper. Chains of colored paper loops festooned the banks and bars. A two-foot cone

of green paper, also made from magazines and toilet paper, dominated one bed - a Christmas tree decorated with ornaments fashioned from the metallic paper out of cigarette and candy wrappers. Under the tree were several packages in colorful wrappings. One man smiled as he obediently selected one, then handed it to me through the bars. "Your Christmas present."

I stared that present down a long time before I opened it, while they savored our relative positions. It was wrapped in red paper from a newspaper ad, tied with a ribbon from God knows where. I unstepped it, not meeting eyes. It was a small, cherry-flavored cigar from the weekly commissary. The cost less than a dime, the taste too terrible to mention, a meaning I couldn't

begin to fathom. I recall remembering that all rules prohibit giving gifts to inmates. I also remember realizing that these gifts were totally broke, had bought these presents with money they needed for shampoo and smokes. I said, "Thank you, gentlemen. Merry Christmas to you all," turned on my heel and left the cell block. I'd never given a Christmas greeting to an inmate before. It had seemed in bad taste.

Back out on the deck, I sat staring at that crumpled cigar. Sorry, I can't report my feelings of spirit and cheer I felt shabby. I didn't like people joking around with the "have" and "have not" aspects of my world, with the house advantage, or with the relative blessedness of status and owners. I was not, at 25, comfortable with the idea that decency, headlamps, and humor seek their own level and crop up where most needed. The inmates and the glue were making me sicker than the cherry amuse from that damn cigar would have. I went back to the "Christmas cell" with the cigar and its stand plastic mouthpiece in my pocket. I asked those grinning longhair monkeys if they had just bought a present for me because of the radio. No, one for each of the guards on all three shifts. So what could I do? I smoked the damn thing.

II. DECK THE HALLS

I was the only one who really knew who it got to him so hard. He'd told me the story once, a few months before. It was just one more anecdote, something to explain his feelings about his parents splitting up or his attitude about foster homes. I remembered the story had couldn't really grasp what it was all about from Matt's point of view. Matt was a hard guy to figure, a lot of spin on him, but maybe I should have seen it coming. His mother had gone all out for the Big Family Christmas one year. They'd just moved into a new house, and she'd done it up deluxe with white carpet in the living room and all. There'd been some tough times, but the old man was sober and working, the family was together, and she was determined to make everything nice and right.

(continued on page 18)



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## TALES

(continued from page 17)

She bought a white tree and trimmed it in silver. I guess everything was flicked and frosted and draped in silver and white, even the packages under the tree were all wrapped in white. Re-wrapped if necessary. Like a magazine picture: civilized home for sophisticated modern woman. But unfortunately his unsophisticated, unscrivined old man got drunk with some of his hogging buddies Christmas Eve, and they must have started taking shot because four chairmen got going on that White Christmas set, and in rolling flat the tree was hacked to pieces, the decorations were trampled to alcoholic oblivion, and everything was covered with oil and smoke. Revenge of the Christmas Grinch. I guess that was about the end of the line for the family scenario, and when his Mom started blackout drinking too, Matt and the other kids ended up placed by the state.

I didn't remember that story when Matt first brought that scraggly live up to that ruffian apartment we shared with a few other hippie construction bums. We gave him a lot of gas about it. He wrapped it all off, just kept making paper decorations for it and coming in with little baubles he'd scrounged up to hang on it. He actually paid for a string of lights. We'd turn it on at night and sit in the dark, smoking pot and coke, watching the lights blink. We actually liked the tree, whatever crop we gave Matt about it. With the lights on and tree lit, things were sort of homey. Like sitting around a fire. We had more like friends or neighbors, not just hipped-out druggies holding together for survival. In the morning, with the lights on, I saw a shabby bush with a packet collection hanging on it sitting in the middle of a typical post-catastrophic night. We cleaned the place up for Christmas Eve, got into the spirit of the party Matt had pumped up. All our pals were coming over to celebrate in our own kitchen. Matt scrubbed and swept and got everything as right as he could in that slum. With the lights down, the fire, and the candles burning on every flat surface in the place, it looked pretty cozy by the time the party was in swing. Full swing pretty much meaning everyone was stoned; half laid back listening to Pink Floyd on the third shop stereo and half shuffling around

Those guys weren't Christians either. In fact, they were killers, thieves, junkie drug-pushers, rapists.

talking trash. Phil showed up late and made an obnoxious entrance, grabbing joints and drinks from people, bragging and one-upping everybody. Freshie! Phil, life of the party. I remember he'd borrowed a truck from some fool and was going to make a fortune cutting firewood. Right. Matt went out to make a beer run, probably because he doesn't like Phil much and didn't want his party spirit brought down. Then Kevin came in with a canister of butane like you fill lighters with and some plastic novelty glow that you could blow up into balloons. He blew up some butane balloons and started tossing them around. Jeff

and Alice were sitting and smooching in front of a table set full of candles it looked like a small forest fire. Probably wishing they had some Christmas to roast. I lobbed a balloon over their heads and it caught fire just above the candles. There was a complex fizzle for a second, floating free in the air leaving a definite afterimage. The lovebirds cooed and abuzzed then went back to making out. Phil started making five balloons and hanging them on the tree. They looked like colored ornaments, very trippy with the lights twinkling through them.

Phil got distracted when Mike brought in the champagne he was going to loan him for his wood-cutter flaccid. Phil was checking it out and putting it down, as usual. When Matt walked in with a quart of beer in each hand, he took one look at the tree and froze, then gave a wild glance at the tree. It was standing there looking better than before, and he relaxed, smiling at the balloons that his buddies had hung on his tree. Then Kevin held a lighter under the bottom balloon, said "Flame on, Santa," and flicked his Bic. The entire tree turned into a fireball, a blue-and-yellow burning bush. The first flash of flame took out the paper ornaments, then the fire needles caught and burned up the lights. It was really beautiful for a like, a second with the lights sparkling in the flames, then it got all smoky and smelly and black.

Everyone was clapping and laughing, but Matt just stood there staring at it, pale and belchily, heeding the quarts of fluid in his hands. Then Phil yelled, "I'll show you how Phil Burton opens a beer!" He yanked the rope, straining the chains and swung it up to one of the bottles of Bud. The chain rattled up the slick neck until it hit the cap, which it grabbed and spun. The cap flew off like a Frisbee, hitting the ceiling over in the corner. Everybody howled over that. I thought it was the only cool thing Phil had ever pulled off. Matt stood there holding the bottle, with a little trail of white foam running down the neck like some rabid ejaculation. Phil stuck a glass out at him and said, "What're you waiting for, brother? Christmas?"

A lot of people make it sound worse than it was. Actually, all he did was kick the champagne. If it hadn't been running it wouldn't have torn up Phil's shoulder like it did. And smashing a bottle in somebody's face is a pretty everyday thing around this neighborhood. Usually either I, I admit. In fact Phil was out of the hospital a lot sooner than Matt was. I'd even say Phil had it coming, in some weird way I never see the guy anymore. I see Matt when I can, but he doesn't seem to care much for company. He works sweeping floors at the Bon Marche, goes home to a residence hotel, and goes to sleep. What I do is send him Christmas cards. He likes them, covers the walls in his room with them. They cheer him

up, bring him into focus a little. I wish I could get him Christmas stuff all year round.

### III. WHAT GIFTS HAVE I?

On my 40th birthday I was back in jail in a very different capacity, facing holidays in a tank of 30 other inmates also charged with violent crimes. As Christmas approached, the mood in the tank got both sultry and manic, some men alternating brooding and laughing uproariously until an hour. Men with families spent a lot of time on the phone, while loners like me "domated" our phone time to them. Tempers were short, small kindnesses increased. I tried to lighten things up with jokes and complicated running gags, like starting a rumor that there would be a *Freddie Krueger's Christmas Special* on TV. On a more practical level, there were preparations for a party.

Several of the mood-moderated inmates were saving up their "moola" and a few of the tank wheeler-dealers were calling in favors from trustees and pals in other tanks to steal the cash of gifts. I remember a trustee sweeping the call-walk and brushing a taped packet into a cell where it was snatched up and stowed away. Later I watched four men pour the contents of one of the white spanulans over tobacco, light it, and smoke it. They all got goofy and comatose, so whatever it was, it was right. All but that one capsule went into the party stash in the shower room. One of my cellmates was not in on a violent rap but with us because he was older and lame, therefore safer in the calmer atmosphere of the "siller tank." Not having a violence "jacket," he was allowed out to attend AA meetings in the jail chapel. On his third try he connected with a bakery trustee and brought in some packets of yeast. On his first two tries the yeast was found in the routine strip-search and he was punished, sent with loss of phone privileges, then with loss of "good time" — two more weeks he would have

in some). He turned the yeast over to the old-timers with prison experience, who already had a collection of oranges, grapes, and apple juice saved up from canteen — and the know-how for making "prunes," the con slang for home brew. The big plastic garden hose was connected and understood, thought he was getting some sort of hating he had to stand up to in order not to make his time in the tank miserable. I saw what he was doing and took a step over to explain, but Morrison had already pulled the new guy to the floor and told him he'd better learn where he was and get with it or he'd hurt.

The kid was quick, back on his feet and facing Morrison instantly, but more could see that he had no chance against the larger stranger Morrison, who was built like a defensive tackle and highly respected as a fist-fighter. He was giving away four inches of reach and 50 pounds of very solid muscle. But he stood his ground and refused to knuckle under. Morrison, having pushed him, could have let the whole thing slide, but he pressed in, demanding surrender. I steps try once, and I spoke loudly to both of them, telling them to cool it, that the cops were on their way in. They both ignored me, and there was nothing else to say. The kid offered no fight but politely refused to back down, slowly shaking his head, rolling his eyes around the circle of men, and speaking very softly with a hint of Caribbean lilt. Enraged, Morrison breathed up and reached for the puny brown crew. Morrison was a stocky, muscular Polynesian whose slanted eyes and long, black, braided ponytail gave him the look of a Malay knight. He had no chance at all of beating his murder rap and was obviously the kind of guy who would never talk a parole board into letting him out after only 27 years. He had been studying psychology tests, and when he found out I had a background, he took to hanging around my cell and quizzing me, letting me gloss his reading into a comprehensive overview of abnormal and forensic psych. His goal was to fake craziness well enough to end up in some kind of mental facility, where escape might be easier than from Polson or wherever he'd otherwise be spending his life sentence.

After dinner on Christmas Eve, the block was quiet, waiting for the party to start. A few guys started making paper party hats, which other guys thought was so stupid that they started making them too. The mood was light and warm, with much musing and joking. One guy told a natty Mexican inmate it was the custom to drive names out of a hat and exchange blowjobs. The trick was to shock to react until one of his comrades couldn't hide a grin and we all cracked up. Everyone was partying, but I would have to wait for transfers, then roll call, then a last walk to the guards.

Nobody had thought much about the transfers, though we had two empty beds and obviously would receive two new transients right after dinner. We got a very short, dark Mexican and a tall, gangly black with a long, lean, African-looking face. The Mexican, an illiterate Oaxaqueño awaiting trial for killing the owners of a "mom and pop" liquor store during a drunken up-robe, immediately fell in with two guys who own and disposition — the two post-stroke Oaxaca killers we already had. The young black guy didn't speak to anyone, just looked around him, sizing things up.

Five minutes before roll call, everybody drifted into the dayroom and started assuming approximately alphabetical positions, which would allow everyone to quickly file by the guard and get everything over quickly. Morrison, the assistant tank captain, looked everything over, got the clipboard where he kept the books of inmate counts, and

walked over to the spot on the bench where he sat to coordinate the roll call with the guard. He had been in a cocky, brash mood on Christmas and his final sentencing approached, and when he found the skinny black newcomer in his seat, he brusquely gestured him to get up. The new guy didn't understand, thought he was getting some sort of hating he had to stand up to in order not to make his time in the tank miserable. I saw what he was doing and took a step over to explain, but Morrison had already pulled the new guy to the floor and told him he'd better learn where he was and get with it or he'd hurt.

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coming without alarm. Morrison stuck out his hand and said, "You really know how to get down to business then, Homes." The kid demurely mentioned that he was the baby of a big family and had needed to learn early how to take care of himself. Morrison sat down facing him and said, "Thanks, I needed that." The kid was the

only English-speaking person in the room not amused by that statement. "I mean it," Morrison continued his uncharacteristic apology. "I've been getting really cocky and obnoxious around here. I'm going to the joint pretty soon and don't need an attitude when I get there. I needed getting taken down a peg, and I guess you were the guy to do it for me." You're not really supposed to talk like that in the slam, unless you're tough enough to back it up. The kid looked at him, nodded, and smiled. "I don't want to make any trouble for anybody, you know? Just tell me what's the system." Morrison smiled back at him. There had been some question as whether or not to include the new transfer in the party refreshments. They had not contributed and could always be tricked, like the guy in October who ratted us off for pills and cost us two weeks of TV. Morrison made that decision on the spot. He said, "You get high? The kid looked around and said, "Sometimes I party. On holidays, you know?" Morrison pulled out a sack full of pills and said, "Welcome to Club Meds, homeboys. Somebody get a drink."

I went back and sat on my bunk awhile, then

pulled out a legal tablet and quickly dashed off a two-page comic parody poem. I can only remember the first two lines now. "Was the night before Christmas and all through the land! Everybody and his buddy was ranking his crank..." I walked out into the dayroom, pushed through the grinning, glass-eyed culprits, and posted it on the bulletin board. It was read aloud amid whooping and hila. Even a few Mexicans who couldn't understand it yelped out along

"Okay, homeboy. Sorry I picked on you. Let's chill out until the cops are gone."

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Hogans at a girl's over the din. One of the Mexicans stepped a kidded newspaper bat on my head, sideways like Napoleon. He had written "Me Lala Madre" on it. It means Mother to me, Mexican slang for "I don't give a shit." A guard stepped into the cabal to check out the commotion, and everyone cheered and waved their hats at him. He smiled and said, "Merry Christmas, asshole," and everyone laughed. Morrison wore up to me and handed me a plastic cup of the kiddapoo juice. The smell made me a little queasy. He said, "Merry Christmas, brother," and raised his cup. I tapped my cup against his, said, "God save us, every one," and drank. It was the naughtiest shit I've ever tasted.

for a few mouthfuls of booze [Abe Opincar]

There was always something not quite right with it, wasn't there? The contemporary American celebration of Christmas. In a country so reflexively sensitive to President administrations of threat, of essentially moral sobriety, the annual coercive campaign of spending, lending, lured intimacy, seemed exactly that — forced. In a country so demanding that

the public persona express absolutely the interests and desires of the private, it is amazing that the compelled generosity of Christmas ever became confused with true generosity at all. None to the point, and let's be honest, the celebration of Christmas in Southern California was always a fairly ominous affair. It was those

(continued on page 20)

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## TALES

(continues from page 12)

### Chapter I

In Which Old Marlow Encounters a Salesman About a Train, and Begins to Digress into the Story of His Life.

AS A GENERAL RULE, OLD MARLOW liked to take two facing seats when he rode the 11:02 from Old Greenwich to Grand Central Terminal. He could sit in one seat and prop his feet upon the other (after first covering it with his stinking Aquascutum raincoat — \$25 at a Junior League rummage sale in Hobe Sound, Florida). Thus ensconced, he could mosey away or read the New York Times or fiddle with paperwork from his three-day-a-week scribe at the Snodgrass Foundation for the Fellowship of Man. (What did the foundation do? "Heads me," said Marlow when asked. "And I've been director for 15 years.") He thought that anyone willing to sit across from him would resist the temptation after a moment's hesitation, for Marlow appeared to be such a civility old gentleman.

But today Marlow's luck failed him. At Cox Cob a fellow boarded the coach and sat down beside the raincoat. Marlow averted from pretended slumber and eyed the criminal: a chubby, red-faced fellow of about five-and-fifty who wore a green Glen-plaid suit and carried a scarlet black bag that appeared to be a sales case. The fat man smiled and nodded at Marlow as though greeting the parson; then he produced a paperback book from his suitcase pocket and began to read. It was *Tale Carnegie's How to Win Friends and Influence People*. Through slatted eyes Marlow watched the salesman breathe his brow and said his tongue to the corner of his firm, wide mouth. The salesman nodded again, then again, and finally smiled, opened mouth and eyes wide and exclaimed, "Oh, that's rich! That's the stuff!" Bouncing up and down in his seat, he waved the book at Marlow (who evidently had failed his second attempt to feign sleep) and said, "You ever read this, old feller?"

Marlow cleared his throat and then stifled in a loose, coarse-sounding rumble, "I believe my niece read that book," he replied. "It completely destroyed her sanity."

"How? How did that happen?"

"Her name was Margot. In fact it's still, so she was a quiet, bookish girl when young, so quiet that parents feared for her future. At every occasion she would be dragged out to sing and to dance for friends and relatives. She balked and cried, but her parents argued her that she would never amount to anything if she didn't learn to be entertaining and gregarious."

"While she was yet a tiny tot, she was forced to learn to work for Mother, alongside her elder sister on a Sunday afternoon television program entitled *The Home of Handful Children's Hour*. Three weeks running she did this, and after each performance her sister and father mocked her and beat her and crowned her with diadems for not singing up to par."

"And her mother?" asked Marlow's newfound traveling companion.

"I believe she beat her too, but much of the

door-to-door book-dogging, she must now proceed to fall at everything else. Within a few months her distress was so great she withdrew from college. She spent most of the next three years in a deep depression."

### Chapter II

Marlow Continues the Story, in Which Margot Leaves Some Portraits of Adult Life and Samples an Extended Vacation in San Diego, California

Seeing that his fellow-traveler was ragged with attention, Marlow continued the tale. "Margot eventually graduated from college. Then she spent the

old hicks in Nashville had been right all along: she lacked the essential temper to get on in the world; she would fall at everything she did."

"That turn in fortune seemed to arrive in the spring of 1960. Margot ran into a long-lost friend whom she'd had a secret crush on in college. The

old friend — we shall call her Terri — resembled Margot in shape and personality, but her career had been diametrically opposite. Whereas Margot had spent the past decade making herself more mainstream, the old friend had followed her own lights and worked out a successful career as a freelance video producer and screenwriter.

to acquaintance in Terri's circle. Most of Margot's old friends had expired — save for a contraband or two — and she was ready to give up to any new crowd that came her way."

"We all need friends," said the salesman.

"Yes, Well, I'm afraid our Margot must have seemed a rather odd bird to the nose-ringed photographer and his harem of artists with whom she also consorted. Her gleam of smile was pure MIA-yuppie; her sphere of reference was *Affluence and Flashes*. And she was literally astounded to find that her new SoHo pals had never heard of George Will or Rembrandt."

"But all this is prologue. At the end of October 1960, Margot attended Terri's going-away party

"What went wrong with my life?" she'd ask herself in her depressive moments. "I've been cheerful and alert, a good partner. People seem to like me. I'm brighter and more attractive than most people. But I'm alone and lonely. She took solitary meals by herself in restaurants, pretending to be deeply absorbed in writing in her journal so no one could look at her and see how pitiable she was. Christmas was near so her

nonstop set of old country hits.

"Margot was singing along with Hank Williams when a new person arrived, a twentyish girl in black leather jacket, nose ring, and red-red lipstick. This girl Jill imitated Margot out to a Western bar nearby. They ended up two-stepping with drunken cowboys. Watch 'n' shoulders. Watch 'n' eyes! Margot's cowboys repeated. Margot was drunk and kept collapsing in laughter."

"Jill said she'd call Margot the next day, but she didn't, so Margot left for Santa Fe. Three days later she was back in dark, cold, blustery New York. There were ten days left to the year and Margot had a fat agenda for each of them. She had to pack up her belongings, call a mover, and make final arrangements for busy Jupiter's subplot."

"Just before Christmas, Sway backed out of the subplot. This was a disappointment, but not nearly as much of an annoyance as some other information. Sway dropped in passing."

"Oh, and I was so surprised to find out that Mona McNutt photographed you 25 years ago. I had no idea you were that old," said Sway.

"And Margot said, 'What?'"

"In a breezy, bedazzled fashion, Sway explained

don't know you."

"Right," said Margot. "You don't know me. So why are you spreading these ridiculous, filthy stories about me?"

"Margot spent the next few days calling up acquaintances and asking if they'd heard the stories that Mona McNutt woman was trying to spread. Friends weren't sympathetic. Oh, cool your jets, Margot, they'd say. I don't care one way or the other about your past."

"When she couldn't get anyone else on the phone, Margot turned to phone harassment of the McNutt woman, who, drunk or sober refused to apologize. Sway, Jupiter finally phoned Margot to ask her to lay off. She also told Margot, 'At this point, I wish I had never met you.'"

"Christmas to New Year was a bitter time for Margot. Fantasies of revenge clouded her mind. She would print up thousands of little stickers and plaster them around New York. For a good time, call Mona. She would subscribe to all the good magazines under McNutt's name. Record and

"When she got back to San Diego she'd finally resign herself to being a hermit."

that Mona McNutt had told anyone who would listen that Margot had once been a prostitute and photographer's model who had posed for Mona sometime between 1965 and 1967. Mona had suggested, furthermore, that Margot and she had been on-and-off lovers for six months."

"And Margot asked, 'How old I was I supposed to be in 1965?'"

"Then? Oh, I don't know. Maybe 20, 25? That would make me 50 now. Surely I don't look 50."

"Oh yeah?" said Sway. "Well, what do you know? I don't go around with a calculator all the time."

"And I never laid eyes on Mona McNutt before or after Terri's party, when did Mona McNutt tell you all that?"

"Oh, it was like the day after the party. She called me on the telephone."

"You mean to tell me that all the times you've seen me since then, here and San Diego, you've believed that crap and never bothered to tell me about it?"

"Don't make a mountain out of a molehill, Margot. In high school I got called a slut!"

"As you might imagine, Margot blew a gasket. She continued to hiss for three days. She dialed up Mona McNutt and asked her why she had been spreading that story. Mona was in the middle of hosting a Christmas party at her Bleeker Street loft — "Oh, look, Taylor Mead just came in, Hi, Taylor!" — and she was in no condition to carry on a rational conversation."

"Hold on," said the salesman. "Who is Taylor Mead?"

"A Lower East Side lebanon who appeared in some dirty movies 20 years ago. Anyway, this drunken McNutt woman finally caught on to what Margot was calling about. She turned hostile and defensive. Oh, what the fuck do YOU want? I

mind inevitably went back to other sad Christmases, such as the one in 1975 when she feasted alone on a bad meat beef sandwich at a Holiday Inn in New Haven."

Chapter III

In Which Marlow Relates How His Niece Avoided a Juicy Christmas and Reconciled Herself to Failure

"I have already told you that Margot's apartment was bare, and she needed to return to New York to pack her things. First she needed to get to the airport."

"In San Diego," prompted the salesman.

"Not in San Diego," Marlow exclaimed. "She had rented a car in Santa Fe, and the rental company told her they'd charge her an extra \$500 if she didn't drive the car back."

"Do you know how long it takes one person to drive from San Diego to Santa Fe? Margot had done before, and she knew two days. So it was that she stepped one freezing December night in a crumbling inn in Flagstaff, Arizona. All seemed deserted. An old dust-covered hawk at the front desk gave her a key to something called the Walter Brennan Room on the fourth floor. The Walter Brennan Room was not used, Margot collapsed upon the unmade bed and cried. Perhaps for the price I'm paying I don't rate a tony room with clean sheets."

"I been in hotels like that?" said Marlow's companion.

"But up?" said Marlow. "Margot finally composed herself and called the front desk. The old woman downstairs talked and reassigned Margot to the Gary Cooper Suite."

"And what a suite was the Gary Cooper? Three times the size of Margot's room, with an enormous, plush bed, acres of chiffoniers, and a seven-foot chandelier on a brass stand in the corner! Margot perked up. She washed, put on new makeup, and went back downstairs."

"Any place around here where I can get a drink?" she asked. It was nearly ten at night, and the entire town seemed closed down.

"Well, there's the cocktail lounge right there," said the old crook.

"Sounds good to me," said Margot, and it was. The hotel's cocktail lounge proved to be a tiny tavern whose entrance was gaily decorated with a dusty plastic red-and-green garlands. Inside, a young bartender named Joe was holding court with his drunken contemporaries, bohemian young men of the sort Margot understood: they had migrated to Flagstaff for some reason and then found it was a dead end."

"After a bit Jack Danvers, next, Margot was her old contraband a close buddy to the other good-for-nothings in the bar. She chatted for a while, then went to the jukebox and started up a

lose  
win friends,  
people,  
influence  
yourself

[Margot Sheehan]

best part of a decade again trying to normalize herself into a popular, sociable young woman. She took her cues from her peers in Big Business — she labored first for Touche Rose & Co. and then American Express. With every passing year she tried to incorporate a new layer of conventionality into herself. She didn't like heels, but three-inch heels were the norm for businesswomen, so she wore them, along with \$150 Hermès scarves and tailored suits from Paul Stuart. She spent many an evening playing squash, running in corporate foot races in Central Park, and volunteering to teach crippled children to read."

"But my g! It gets more pathetic than that. These efforts to remake herself kept her pacified for a while, but inevitably she basked, ending up an unhappy hermit who dwelt in lonely cold-water flats in Hoboken and Manhattan. The only companions she had apart from coworkers were other lost souls like herself, generally unemployed young men who devoted their time to hatching or exposing one conspiracy or another."

"For a while she was proud of this hitchhiking adventure; it seemed to redeem her from the shame of having jumped ship in Chippewa Falls. However, when she started her sophomore year in the fall, the words of the con men in Tennessee came back to haunt her: having washed out of

"Elated as she was at finding the old friend, Margot was also bitter. She sensed that Terri had taken the right path, and she had taken the wrong one. Worse, Margot felt that the old friend had stolen her life."

"My g! It gets more pathetic than that. These efforts to remake herself kept her pacified for a while, but inevitably she basked, ending up an unhappy hermit who dwelt in lonely cold-water flats in Hoboken and Manhattan. The only companions she had apart from coworkers were other lost souls like herself, generally unemployed young men who devoted their time to hatching or exposing one conspiracy or another."

"For a while she was proud of this hitchhiking adventure; it seemed to redeem her from the shame of having jumped ship in Chippewa Falls. However, when she started her sophomore year in the fall, the words of the con men in Tennessee came back to haunt her: having washed out of

"Margot survived psychologically by telling herself that somehow, someday, a drastic change in fortune would turn her life around. But in the dark night of her soul, she suspected that the

"Now, during this period — several weeks between Thanksgiving and Christmas — Margot was staying in a La Jolla motel, her new apartment was still bare and unfurnished. Margot's schedule was equally bare. She started each day intending to explore the farthest rick and cranny of San Diego County but usually wound up sacked out on her motel bed, watching TV and fitfully trying to read. Deep melancholy would set in around 5 p.m. as she watched fresh-faced newscasters grin and try to pass off fine-line local rubbish as hard news. For the next two hours she'd drink beer, then go for a swim in the hot door pool. A 40-minute swim — the highest point of the whole day.

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# THE GRAY PARISIAN'S PHTHALO BLUE SO CAL SKY

BY ABE OPINCAR

The particular station along life's way where Parisian artist Olivier Legrand now finds himself, sits in a most literal fashion 50 or so yards from his atelier. It is the train station of Saint Denis — a remote suburb of Paris, ten minutes and six francs north of the Gare du Nord. A dim, kind, pedestrian tunnel runs beneath the railway that bisects the town whose own overall bleakness makes useless any attempt to define either of its halves as the "wrong side of the tracks." But given the proximity of Legrand's studio to a factory that smokes very much like a rendering plant, one could say that he, seven days a week, works on the "more wrong" side of the tracks.

That Saint Denis has more heartwarming shades of asphalt gray than Ireland is said to have shades of luxurious green is but a small measure of the town's true oppressiveness. It helps, in this regard to know that the French press has for many years referred to Saint Denis as "the Communist fortress of Saint Denis," that it is a town whose nearby canal winds its way south to the Parisian metro station called "Stalingrad," that the French Communist Party newspaper, *L'Humanité*, is printed and has its editorial offices here; that it is a town where you can still buy a stout, four-door, Soviet-made Lada and Albania's fruit

liquors. Also, it helps to know that Saint Denis's conservative, largely African and Arab immigrant population lives here not despite the town's overt politicization, but because its very totalitarian aesthetic has kept local rents very, very low. (The immigrant youth spend their days p-e-r-r-ing through shop windows at "American" blue jeans and overpriced Reebok high-tops.) Like the immigrants, Olivier Legrand has found his way to Saint Denis because rents there are low. Communist Party members have given him a room in a building near the train station where *L'Humanité* is printed and boxed or bundled and then

**"Whatever Americans in Southern California might lack in culture, they make up for with their curiosity and their honesty."**

distributed throughout France and abroad. The recent attempted patch in the USSR has kept the presses running with manic frequency. (There has been, of course, some back-tracking, some repositioning of Party opinion, along with the expected

SoCal Europe



Olivier Legrand

desertions and their fierce *pro forma* denunciations.) But Legrand, his head encased in comfy stereo headphones, listening, often, to the Steve Miller Band, does not mind the noise. Nor does he seem to mind the infrequent visits of the city and sweet daughters of Party members who work in the print shop, who are sent, in fact, by their foreman to see him. (That is, after all, the explicit reason why Legrand was given the room in the first place — "to offer the workers an exposure to art.") Legrand is busy remembering and painting Southern California — Laguna Beach where, he says, he spent the happiest three years of his life. Legrand's studio faces north, overlooking rotting railway cars and rusting track littered with pumpkins and posters all bearing the signature red hammer and sickle. The cold wind, smelling of burning gristle and hair, throb against the windows. Around Legrand lie scattered brushes and tubes of oil paint, many containing the brilliant phthalo blue that he uses to render the Southern California sky. Most of the tubs are stacked against the walls have as

their subject Legrand's most perfect symbol of Southern California, his former girlfriend, a certain nutritionist/aerobics instructor named Lori. A strapping lass with teased blonde hair, Lori was herself an immigrant of sorts, a refugee from Minneapolis. Legrand has an entire photo album that catalogs their time together and even a Xeroxed portrait of her breasts — apparently rather firm for their size — taped against one wall.

"I met her one month after I moved to Laguna Beach, at the gym," explains Legrand, pensively exhaling cigarette smoke from his nose. He points to a framed photograph of Lori that sits beside his easel. Note, once again, the straddles a chair in side view, breasts high, back arched, chin down in an attitude that might suggest contemplation.

In keeping with the American tradition, Legrand came to California after the dissolution of his marriage. His paintings had always sold well in the States, particularly at a gallery in Laguna Beach. Despairing and in need of emotional

(Continued on page 28)

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## SoCal Europe

(continued from page 26)

professional restoration. Legrand packed his trunks with clothes and art supplies and headed to California in 1987.

"When I arrived I was a typical Parisian — skinny, neurotic, I worked like a madman. My agent in Laguna Beach told me that I had to get some exercise, that I had to start working out. So I went to the gym with him, and that's where I met Lori. She was a manager at the Laguna Canyon Athletic Club. She was gorgeous."

With campy Nikee slacks, Lori soon moved in with Legrand, into his rented bungalow, simple blue and white house graced with a sun deck that overlooked the Pacific. His photo album elucidates this transition from the pale, skinny Legrand who gazes longingly at Lori while they sunbathe on the beach to the sunnier, thick-chested Legrand who dances, laments and natters around the living room. "It was," he remembers, "a different world."

Legrand comes, he admits, from a successful, cultured milieu. His older brother, composer-conductor Michel Legrand, winner of three Academy awards, made a mint with "The Windmills of Your Mind," the Summer of '42 theme, and the score for Barbra Streisand's *Brave*. His other brother is a novelist and screenwriter.

Legrand's mother was herself a painter. "My background was Stravinsky, Rembrandt, European history. Lori's boyfriend before me — I met him — had been a *Playboy* Man of the Year."

Nonetheless, Legrand says he loved Lori, and he loved Southern California.

"At the first gallery opening I went to in

Laguna Beach, they were playing rock music. People were laughing, dancing, having a good time. It was so much more relaxed than it is in Paris. The French think that they invented everything, that they've seen everything. But whatever Americans in

**They were prosperous years, if one doesn't take into account his first exhibition in San Diego in Horton Plaza.**

Southern California might lack in culture, they make up for with their curiosity and their honesty. They will say immediately whether or not they like a painting."

In this atmosphere, Legrand says his work flourished. He completed dozens of portraits, many of which were portraits of Lori.

"American women are very different, very proud. They're not as afraid of men as French women are. Lori was so comfortable with her body, she was so strong. I tried to capture much of that in my paintings — her confidence, the natural and frank way she had of looking at you."

And Americans who saw his work were similarly pleased by Lori's frank before me — I met him — had been a *Playboy* Man of the Year."

Nonetheless, Legrand says he loved Lori, and he loved Southern California.

"At the first gallery opening I went to in

Horton Plaza — "Not enough publicity. No publicity. I didn't sell a thing. But, my God, they had my stuff hanging among all those awful things he first."

There is a photo of him returning from the exhibition in the back of a studio. He is drunk, goofy, smiling, a little agog in the midst of minor American excess. He has the photo thumbtacked to the studio's front door — "to remind me of what I was like. So I won't drink so much. I never want to be that way again."

They were three years that, in the end, slowly dwindled, came to a finish in that unceremonious, casual-to-the-point-of-passivity way that California dreams often do. There were the confused dealings with the art dealer and the contracts that went sour. The subsequent financial difficulties. All, mind you, taking place amid the greenery, the bright, flat California sun. Lori became blurred too. "She started to drift away, flirt with other men."

Legrand kissed her good-bye, packed his trunk, and returned to Paris in 1990. He still writes to Lori, and she has visited him twice ("Paris is so beautiful, but it's so gray," she said), although she has a new boyfriend. And Legrand continues to paint pictures of her. He has recently completed a stretch of her using an imaginary Californian boardwalk with her friend Gina. The sky behind them, over the Pacific, is done in phthalide blue. They stare blankly at the viewer. Gina whispers a secret to Lori. They laugh and the wind blows their hair.

Legrand leaves the studio in his black leather jacket. The scrappy, elderly

Communist ladies down-stair beam at him, are almost coquettish when they say, "Bonjour." He walks past the train station, through Saint-Denis' downtown, through the pink stucco shopping arcade where a clematis offers *Boys, What How? A Rape in Harlem*, and *Homicide*. African youths wearing Raiders jackets, Reeboks, and jogging pants wait to buy tickets, looking for all intents and purposes, exactly like their American counterparts in West Los Angeles or the Bronx.

Legrand heads towards the 150-year-old basilica that stands doated in soot. He stops to admire the ancient handwork sculpted in the stone around the church's entrance: Scenes of everyday life in the Middle Ages — a woman kneads bread, a man tends his flock, another disembowels a pig.

Legrand goes inside, crosses himself reflexively, then walks past a plaque stating that Joan of Arc once visited the basilica after being wounded by the English. Deep in the interior, in the burgundy light filtered through extravagant stained glass, Legrand finds the tomb of Anne of Brittany. She, in marble effigy, rests atop the crypt. Her stone face is shrunken with age, her mouth is slightly open. Legrand caresses her arm.

He wants to do a series of portraits, he says, of the aging Communists of Saint Denis. In his paintings he will place the Party members in the basilica, posed near the tombs of long-dead French royalty. When the series is done, when he has saved enough money from selling his other paintings, he plans to leave again. "I can't stand France any longer. I want to go back to California."

Legrand leaves the studio in his black leather jacket. The scrappy, elderly

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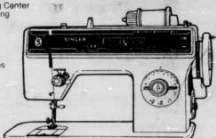
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## Until Next Year



Hook

BY DUNCAN SHEPHERD

Steven Spielberg's *Hook* may not be the year's worst movie, and then again it may. Most certainly, it is the year's worst idea for a movie. Just suppose, it says to us, that Peter Pan grew up. Yes, well, we might instantly want to say back to it, and suppose that Prince Charming began messing around with the cook's daughter and that Prince Charming (note Snow White), on the record, struck up a lesbian relationship with her handmaiden. Or suppose that Dumbo in late adolescence put on so many pounds as to become a cartoon.

The merchandiser, the materialist, the conspicuous consumer in him predominates.

sally unfil, and got demoted to juggling beach balls and helping lady acrobats in pink rights. Suppose, in other words, that Peter Pan no longer was Peter Pan, no longer had any of the characteristics that defined Peter Pan — and please hold all questions of why you would want, much less who gave you the authority, to do that.

It gets worse. Immediate disapproval soon gets overtaken by impatience. Not only is Peter Pan no longer The Boy Who Wouldn't Grow Up, he has no memory of ever having been that boy. He knows he was adopted from an orphanage in his early teens, but a convenient amnesia blocks out how he ever arrived there. And what memories he retains of

parentalness have not impelled him to make time for his own two children in his busy schedule as a mercenary and acrobatic man. Or as Wendy puts it — the original Wendy, the Wendy who fed true stories to her London neighbor, J.M. Barrie (further disoriented for the source material), and who's now a crockbaked nonpareil — "Oh, Peter, you've become a nutcase."

Clearly enough, Peter must have waited some long time before beginning the plunge into adulthood (shouldn't Wendy feel a little piqued?), but the premise otherwise is quite inescapable except in the sense and to the degree that Spielberg confuses himself with his hero: the eternal child smothered in the responsibilities and burdens, not to mention the steel-rimmed Yuppie eyewear, of the corporate wheeler-dealer. And "nutcase" is very much the word for it. Even at the lumbering pace of this particular hero's journey — it's half an hour before Captain Hook sports away Peter's two children to Neverland, and a full hour later we're still waiting for Peter to come up with the "happy thought" that will remind him how to fly — Spielberg fails to keep in step with him.

It's as if the director were groping in a fog to recapture his earlier sense of wonder (or at any rate to recapture the size of audience he captured earlier with *E.T.*), but the merchandiser, the materialist, the conspicuous consumer in him predominates. Sometimes it would appear that he may have had a fire lit under him by Terry Gilliam — not the fire of imagination, but the fire of money-to-burn — and that he has risen to challenge of mounting production even bigger, messier, uglier, and phanter than the ones mounted by the maker of *The Adventures of Baron Munchausen*. Whimsy is imposed by the truckload.

an action-painting food fight in the colors of Play-Doh or of cupcake frosting, a weapons arsenal which includes a two-cylinder Gatling gun that shoots gunballs and produces pratfalls, and an "egg" gun with a live chicken-in-a-basket to squirt out fresh ammunition. And nothing is a bigger disappointment from the one-time director of *Jaws* than the last-minute, perfunctory, and purely symbolic appearance of a — not the, just a — crocodile.

Perhaps the most damning thought that comes to mind in all this is that Hook resembles nothing so much as the sort of project — the *Young Sherlock Holmes* or *Goosebumps* sort of project — that Big Wheel Spielberg once had the self-protective sense to hand over to another director while he himself stayed safely out of harm's way as executive producer.

Robin Williams, who has troubles enough being believable without explicitly asking, urging, begging us to believe in him, is at least not here a sore thumb: plenty of other thumbs have gotten in the way of the carpenter's hammer. Julia Roberts' Tinkerbell, even so, looks like she would make a better Peter Pan than Williams makes, not to mention a better Peter Pan than a Tinkerbell, though she sounds like she'd really rather be doing *Caron McCullers*. And Dustin Hoffman's Gilbert and Sullivan buccannery, nearly as gaudy as a "treach" for this actor as his gangland in *Billy Bathgate*, brings a kind of "prestige" to the movie that it has no need of or use for. Bob Hoskins, who (similar to Roberts above) might have made a better Hook, makes a good Snee.

The news of the termination of the Wednesday film series at the San Diego (or La Jolla,

according to most) Museum of Contemporary Art, together with the termination of Greg Kohn's employment as film curator, is more than sad: it's grim. (The suggestion that the film series will resume in some form in mid-1994, following completion of the already off-schedule renovation of the facility, should be taken with as many grains of salt as any declaration of intent two and a half years down the road.) The series first sprouted out of the San Diego International Film Festival (1978-81) and '83) fourteen years ago, a period that looks now to have been a kind of Golden Age on the local film scene. Interest seemed up. The Lincoln Cinema — remember? — was still in operation. The Landmark chain had not yet got so tight a stranglehold on the foreign-film concession. The video boom hadn't quite taken off (or video boom hadn't quite dropped). The doors appeared to be wider open.

In recent years, as the Landmark's Ken Cinema got less interested in repertory (or more interested in a smaller repertory), the museum series, with its predilection toward directors' retrospectives, came to be less of a supplement and more of a mainstay. Its closing program from January 8 through March 25, composed of Kohn's "personal favorites" from past programs, gives some idea of the breadth of scope: Jacques Tourneur's *Curse of the Damned*, Marcel Carné's *Children of Paradise*, Nicolas Roeg's *Mullambust*, François Truffaut's *The 400 Blows*, Sergei Paradjanov's *The Color of Pomegranates*, Ernst Lubitsch's *Double in Paradise*, Victor Erice's *Spirit of the Beehive*, Akira Kurosawa's *Dersu Uza*, Jean-Pierre Melville's *Le Samourai*, Walter Hill's *The Driver*, Chris Marker's *Sans Soleil*, and, lastly, astonishingly, Ingmar Bergman's *Wild Strawberries*. A further, broader idea could be given were it to draw up my own very different list — and of course the experiment could be repeated, and the idea broadened, with any other regular or sometime patron — of personal favorites from the series. Or, for that matter, list of personal nonfavorites which I was happy to have had the opportunity to see anyway. Or list of personal unattendances which I was nonetheless confounded somehow simply to know were available to be seen in my town. One of the doors just got shoved a little more shut.

How the Mighty Have Fallen Department: Ken Russell's *Where* is a predictably terrible film, blaring, abrasive, abusive, clichéd and chatty, and a staggering betrayal of a shoot-the-works performance by Theresa (no relation) Russell. But I hadn't realized his stock had dropped so low that a film of his would open in an "exclusive engagement" at a theater of the sort that used to be known as a grindhouse, the downtown Bijou, on a double bill with something called *Body Chemistry II* (Where was Landmark when this one went up for bids?) To add insult to insult, the *San Diego Union* listed it in its *Daily Movie Guide* as *Horror*. If only Ken Russell could know!

You will have to weather the year-end deluge, *JFK*, *The Prince of Tides*, *Bugsy*, and the rest, with no input from me until we reemerge in January. By which time I hope, though I wouldn't go so far as to formulate it into a New Year's Resolution, to begin to be able to use the expression "the Nineties" with neither self-consciousness nor sarcasm.

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# THE PRINTS AND THE POPPER

BY JONATHAN SAVILLE

There is still time to see the San Diego Museum of Art's *Art of the Print*, on view through January 5. The museum's curator of prints, the able Malcolm Warner, has chosen a large selection from SOMA's own holdings in this area and has supplemented it with suitable loans from private collectors. It is a major exhibit, of great interest and value.

The problem of organizing such a show, both as curator and as viewer, is to discern some guiding threads, rather than contenting oneself with a random agglomeration of what

**The etching is so strong that it makes you temporarily forget that the real world has color in it.**



"The Return of the Prodigal Son," Rembrandt

happens to be available. The difficulty (or — seen another way — the glory) of the collection is that it constitutes a full museum in itself, ranging from the Renaissance to the present day. Everything is there. Well, not quite everything, but there are no prints from the Italian Renaissance, and some other periods and cultures, rich in examples of this artistic medium, are represented only slightly. But, even with such gaps, what we see is a more or less complete historical survey of works of art in the print medium, covering five

hundred years. *The Art of the Print*, in short, is the equivalent of virtually the entire San Diego Museum of Art, and what sort of guiding threads can one find in something as large and wide-ranging as that?

Malcolm Warner's selection (in a sense, it was the only possible one) has been to focus attention on the medium itself. His illuminating commentaries on each picture, while giving due weight to other matters of concern (subject, artist, era, explicit compositional or expressive features), regularly remind

us of the kind of print we are seeing, and give us useful information about how such a print is made and how the picture before us reflects that technique. A supplemental glossary — compiled (that is, written) by Warner and published in a small, charmingly designed pamphlet — reinforces the lessons that can be learned by a careful contemplation of the prints under Warner's guidance.

Such an approach is especially valuable because it indicates how many of the salient features in a print (and, by implication, in any

work of art) are profoundly conditioned by the physical materials and instruments through which the picture comes into being. Knowing this, we can perceive what is most interesting of all: how the artist, with his purely artistic intentions of rendering a subject, communicating an idea, arousing an emotion, and exploring such abstract elements as line, character, texture, and composition, makes creative use of what the specific medium enables or compels him to do.

Thus, right at the very beginning, Warner demonstrates indelibly the fundamental differences between woodcut and engraving, by juxtaposing some famous woodcuts of Albrecht Dürer (*The Agony in the Garden* and *The Opening of the Fifth and Sixth Seals*) with some of Dürer's engravings (*Saint Anthony Preaching*, *Saint Simon*, *The Prodigal Son*). Here we see the same German Renaissance artist, with the same sensibility and the same religious world view, and even in the same period of his career (the woodcuts and *The Prodigal Son* date from the late 1490s), creating radically diverse works of art because of the technical possibilities offered by the two media.

The aesthetic experiences of these two kinds of Dürer print are so extraordinarily different: the woodcuts visually aggressive, violent, angular, with all space filled, and an obsessive emphasis on line; the engravings (notably *The Prodigal Son*, a breathtaking masterpiece) suave, delicate, finely detailed in velvety shades of gray, and rendering the relatively realistic world of the subject in modeled spatial forms. The contrast, of course, does not say everything there is to say about woodcuts and engravings — far from it. But two basic visual languages of printmaking have been introduced off the bat, and the attentive viewer will not forget them as he or she proceeds through other examples of these and related techniques.

A third language — and, as the evidence of the show will persuade you, a powerfully expressive one — is the etching, first represented here by several works of Rembrandt. Probably the most striking of these — and particularly interesting to compare with the Dürer version of the same subject — is Rembrandt's *The Return of the Prodigal Son* (1636). Small and unassuming in the walls of this or any other gallery, it grips one's eyes and one's heart with its dramatic composition, its sketched, spontaneous quality, its sense of movement and

(continued on page 36)

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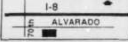
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# ART

(continued from page 34)  
taneous, "rough" quality (facilitated by the etching medium), to some of vital, passionate, lived life, in a closely observed world where the cracks and shadows and folds and wrinkles of reality surround the intense human moment.  
You may trace the history of this immensely responsive medium through some of the exhibit's most impressive offerings. There is one of Piranesi's *Carceri*, the vast, nightmarish prison scene rendered in a dramatic composition of black and white contrasts, and imbued with compelling (and almost intimidating) energy by the dense crosshatching that solidifies the massive shadowed architecture and instruments of torture. From the same period (mid-18th Century), there is Bernardo Bellotto's *View of Dresden*, a large cityscape given mass, space, and atmosphere through subtle shades of gray, an encompassing, absorbing world of architecture, river, people, cloudy sky, foliage, earth, reflections in water, and the indefinable sense of presence, of being there. This presence is so palpable that it is surprising to remind oneself of how abstracted from reality a monochrome etching must



"Black Lion Wharf," Whistler

necessarily be: the work of art is so strong that it makes you temporarily forget that the real world has color in it, and that it is not actually made up of a profusion of vigorous, headlike lines.  
A century later, the same technique is being employed with supreme skill (and an equally potent feeling for place) by Whistler. His wonderful *Black Lion Wharf* (1859) and *Rotherhithe* (1860) are riverside Thames scenes, in which the artist uses his strong darks and lights to convey the vivid reality of these buildings, ships, boats, and human figures, yet at the same time does not hide his great pleasure in the fascinating formal patterns (linear and chromatic) he creates thereby. There is an even more nuanced and suggestive manner in the later *The Rainy Day* (etching and drypoint, 1875-80), a sketchy, impressionistic evocation of a Venetian palace and gondola, atmospheric for the shimmering effect Whistler achieves, as of light playing over surfaces of old stone and water.  
The spirit and technique of Piranesi (as Warner points out) extend well into the 20th Century, with Frank Brangwyn's big, dark,

glorious, oppressive, magnificently brooding etching of *Gannon Street Station* (1911) and its heavy, shabby, Dickensian, human entanglement. Another (and similar) masterpiece — a lithograph, but one deeply influenced by this tradition of etching — is George Bellows's stunning *A Day at Sharkey's* (1917). Similar to (but not identical with) the great work of the same name in the Cleveland Museum of Art, the stark self-limitation of the monochrome print seems even more effective than the oil painting in embodying the intense, confined, violent experience of this scene of boxes, caricatured onlookers, enclosed ring, and surrounding darkness.  
Appropriately dominated by the Bellows piece (which is truly grand), the pre-contemporary American section of the SDMA exhibit is exceptionally impressive in its own right. Aside from characteristic rural, small-town, or maritime works by Thomas Hart Benton, Grant Wood, and Rockwell Kent, there are some gripping scenes of dark, shadowy, urban streets (Armin Landeck, *Shadowed Street*, drypoint and engraving, 1947; Martin Lewis, *Nights in New York*, etching, 1926), and of

dynamic activity in the modern city (Louis Loewick, *Harbor Square*, lithograph, 1929, and *Contrastion: Excavation*, lithograph, 1930; Mark Freeman, *Markham Contraption*, lithograph, 1936; Arnold Ronnebeck, *Brooklyn Bridge*, lithograph, 1923). The way the curator has grouped these together underlines the remarkable suitability of the print medium for depicting the modern America of steel and concrete in which most of us live.  
A brief survey (or a single visit) cannot do justice to the variety of the SDMA exhibit, whose point of view continually changes from room to room in regard to what art is about, and how prints should be made. One room contains an array of color prints (mainly lithographs) from around the turn of the century. Gauguin (actually a woodcut), Toulouse-Lautrec (including his well-known 1893 poster, *Divan Japonais*), Vuillard, Bonnard, and Munch (*The Sea*, from 1902: female nude, long brown hair, uncanny green eyes, pulsating atmosphere of tension and nervous), and elsewhere there are color prints by Léger and Rouault. In other sections, numerous great

artists are represented, as they would be in a comprehensive museum of European art: Blake, Goya, Manet, Dürer, Léonard, along with a number of German Expressionists, some of whom (Georg Grosz and Käthe Kollwitz) did much of their most significant work in the print medium.  
The notion of a large chronological survey covering centuries of art is a basic, organizing principle in the entire show — is repeated in condensed form in the mini-survey of Picasso, which embraces several diverse moments in this artist's own stylistic odyssey: the famous *The Peasants* (etching and drypoint, 1904), from Picasso's blue period, remains fascinating and moving for its expressively distorted figures — thin, attenuated, gaunt, with spiderlike fingers, and hands at once elegant and grotesque in their mannered gesture — as well as for the Cézannian still life before them on the table. Prints from Picasso's later neoclassical style show the same mastery of drawing and print-making, given over to different themes and different stylistic explorations. Made in 1933, *Les Femmes d'Alger* (O. J. R. 1933) is all light, fine, flowing, curvilinear, in its witty reworking of the artist's preoccupation with the nature of the artist's activity, the relationship among artist, model, and work of art, the interplay of the real and the fictive.  
From the same year, *Minotaur carrying a woman* (drypoint) is at once neoclassical and Goyaesque, a disturbing sexual fantasy of profound personal meaning to Picasso (however impersonal and mythical its subject may appear to be): the minotaur, powerfully muscled, bear-headed monster — with his explosive mass of dense, dark shading — crouching over the sleeping, linear-faced, severely idealized female. Finally, in this survey within a survey, there is the color linocut of *Still-life with cherries and watermelon* (1962), a very late reassertion of the artist's synthetic cubism of half a century before, yet still unexpectedly, inventively, and absolutely right in its colors and proportions, with the unmistakable and unflinching Picasso rightness.

After following the entire exhibit's varied passage through artistic greatness — a (continued on page 36)

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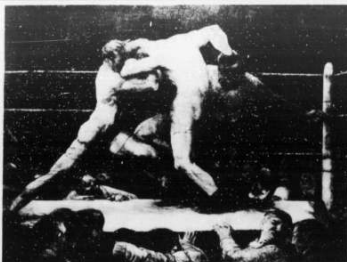
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# ART



"A Stag at Sharkey's," Bellows

(continued from page 37)  
series of prints in a multiplicity of styles and techniques, yet all taking art seriously as a meaningful interpretation of a meaningful reality — it is something of a shock to come to the final gallery, which is devoted to prints (most of them very large and in color) of our own era. But since *The Art of the Print* has been paralleling the course of art in general, there should actually be no surprise that most of these prints since 1960 are as intentionally shallow and as spiritually barren as the rest of art during these horrible decades.

Technically slick, with the impersonal technological expertise so characteristic of modern culture, concerned only with the process of art and not with great creative nature, these should actually be no surprise that most of these prints since 1960 are as intentionally shallow and as spiritually barren as the rest of art during these horrible decades.

titles: *Five Paintbrushes* (Jim Dine), *Floating Three-Way Plug* (Claes Oldenburg), *Marilyn and Mao Tse Tung* (Andy Warhol), *Sky Garden* (Robert Rauschenberg — basically a diagram of a rocket), *Hourglass* (Edward Ruscha), *Alcibiades* (Jasper Johns — Ballantine, in case you've forgotten), *Peace Through Chemistry* (Roy Lichtenstein, in his usual comic-book style), *Autograph of Mimi Made of Thick and Thin Lines*, a *Green Wash*, a *Light Blue Wash*, and a *Dark Blue Wash* (David Hockney — a swimming pool); and — with even less in them, if that is possible — *Elleg Black Black* (Robert Motherwell), and *Green* (Richard Diebenkorn). We have come a long way in the history of art and culture from *The Return of the Prodigal Son*, a personage who these days would not think of returning at all, and who would not know where to return to anyway. This is not quite true, however; all may not



"Minotaur caressing a sleeping woman," Picasso

be lost. In fact, the current exhibit's focus on Pop Art may give a skewed picture of what has been happening in art for the last several decades. The Warhols and the Lichtensteins are not everybody; along with the proliferation of junk bonds, there are a few solid securities here and there, safe as houses and rooted in the old earth. They appear briefly but sensationally in this final, depressing gallery of the otherwise splendid *Art of the Print*: the fabulous, fantastic, finely detailed, technically superb, stylistically 18th-century, surrealist, Biblical, black-and-white engravings by Polish-born Krzysztof Skoczowski (*Tower of Babel*, *Art*, and *Deluge* — all from the 1980s, and notice the titles!), and the recent etching by the Russian Alexander Brod-

sky and Ilya Utkin, *Stageless Theater*, which also reaches back into the 18th Century to make its comments on the life of art and the art of life (I reviewed a number of this pair's brilliant print series several years ago, when they were exhibited at San Diego State). Curious, isn't it, that everything living and valuable in this final room comes ultimately from Eastern Europe, while everything vicious, dead, and worthless comes from the U.S. of A? After the SOMA exhibit has taken us through the whole history of art since the Renaissance and has wound up with ale cans, paintbrushes, three-way plugs, a light blue wash, and a dark blue wash, it is salutary to be reminded that "there is a world elsewhere."

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## QUARTER NOTES

BY JONATHAN SAVILLE

### ANNE BYLSMA

I looked forward to the recital by cellist Anne Bylsma, sponsored by the San Diego Early Music Society. After several years as principal cellist for the Amsterdam Concertgebouw Orchestra, a position that in itself would indicate his outstanding musicianship and technical excellence, Bylsma established a career as a performer of Baroque music on the Baroque cello. Not having heard him play before, but with enthusiastic recommendations from some knowledgeable music lovers rising in my ears, what I expected was an integrating freshness that would show a new light on the chief works Bylsma had programmed: two of the unaccompanied Cello Suites of Bach. I thought the sound of the Baroque cello played in Baroque style would be clean, poised, and colorful, with brisk articulation (like that of a Baroque organ) and vivid clarity. I thought the tempo would be rather fast, offering opportunities for brilliant technical display. I thought the dance rhythms that underlie the



Anne Bylsma

movements of the Bach Suites would be emphasized, with drive, grace, and resilience. I thought

the slow movements, which many modern cellists perform in an excessively Romantic and

luxurious way (mistaking heart-on-sleeve self-expression for musical profundity), would be sharply, architecturally, and impersonally left.

Every one of these expectations was disappointed in Bylsma's concert at St. James-by-the-Sea. To be frank about it, I heard absolutely nothing of musical

mode of articulation combined to make fast passage work virtually unrecognizable, an undifferentiated scratchy buzzing in which one could not make out the individual notes or perceive the melodic shape of the phrases, usually until the very end, when a final note would emerge from the blurred mumble like the yelp a dog

Listening to this playing was like finding oneself in a bell jar from which all the air is relentlessly being exhausted.

value in this playing.

The sound of the instrument, as treated by Bylsma, was utterly drab, feeble, covered, unresonant, colorless, and monotonous. It had a sensual attractiveness comparable to the distant hum of a clothes dryer. The tones were not articulated with a distinct chuff, but were cooed into, so that their intonation was regularly a weak blur. The timbre and the

users at the end of a satisfactory hour of ear-scratching. Another characteristic of Bylsma's tone was his arbitrary use of vibrato. A modern cellist uses vibrato almost all the time, varying in speed and width according to the formal shape and expressive meaning of the music, and on an occasional note coming it altogether in order to

(continued on page 42)

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(continued from page 43)

course no principle requiring that all tones be colored in the same way, whatever style of playing is being applied. But it is surely a basic principle that the distribution of differently colored tones must make sense in terms of musical lines and musical phrases. Listening with the most acute attention, I could not perceive any logic in Byloma's choice of which notes to play one way or the other. White notes or tones with vibrato were intermixed scattered within a phrase, destroying its integrity, and its intelligible shape.

Such a styleless in-and-out coloration made it impossible to sustain any melodic lines, which were thereby chopped up into fragments, and with the fragmentation exacerbated by equally arbitrary breaks in the bowing, it was frequently impossible to follow the line at all. Instead of the pervasive

Baroque urge to make melody instruments imitate the singing style of the human voice, what we heard was something more like Anton von Webern's *Klangfarbenmelodie*, with successive notes of a line actually played by different instruments, resulting in a pointillist hash that may provide jaded modern sensibilities with a needed stimulus but that has nothing to do with the spirit of Johann Sebastian Bach (listen to Webern's horrible orchestral transcription of the *Ricercar* from Bach's *Musical Offering* for an example of this manner).

Some "Baroque cellists" who sound like Webern! And when it comes to interpretation, Byloma often resembled the most exaggerated of Romantic, unhistorical performers of the Bach Cello Suites, although without the emotion that can sometimes make that way of

playing so compelling. His slow Preludes, Allemandes, and Sarabandes were so slow, so fragmented, so static, that they seemed to have no movement in them at all, but in that static, there was nothing of the profound meditative quality and spiritual awareness that modern cellists often seek to uncover in this music. Listening to this playing was like finding oneself in a bell jar from which all the air is suddenly being exhausted.

One thing one may say about Byloma's playing is that it was consistent. It did not vary from movement to movement, nor did it differentiate between the great Cello Suites of Bach and the unimpressive *Ricercar* by Domenico Gabrielli, a 17th-century composer who was the first to write works for solo cello. To make Bach sound exactly like Domenico Gabrielli is something of an accomplishment, although

whether it is an admirable accomplishment is another question. I would not want to suggest that Anner Byloma, a Professor at Harvard, is fit for seasons, stragglers, and spoils — but the rest of the quotation certainly applies.

In every disagreeable experience there is some positive element. The positive element in Anner Byloma's concert, for me, was the conviction I came away with that I had reached a watershed: never in my lifetime would I hear a Bach Cello Suite played worse. With that sour consolation in mind, and in a desperate effort to wash that Byloma right out of my head, I rushed back home to listen to Yo-Yo Ma, James Stark, Pierre Fournier, and (with renewed appreciation for a cellist I had never much liked) Pablo Casals. God be praised! — Bach remains unimpaired.

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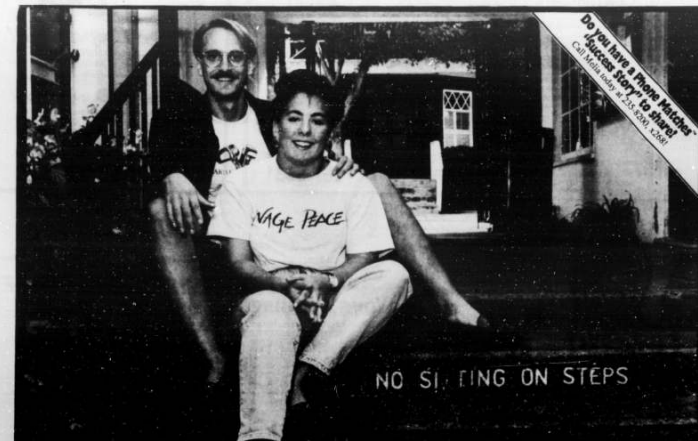
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**Stacy:** I happened to pick up the Reader to look for a job. I wasn't actively looking for a boyfriend.

**Randall:** She was passively looking.

**Stacy:** I read Randall's ad and laughed out loud. While I'm certainly engaging, articulate, attractive, politically aware...

**Randall:** Uh oh, I think we got her started on this again.

**Stacy:** A week went by and I kept thinking about his ad. Finally I left a message on his voice mail.

**Randall:** We set a date to meet at the Pannikin in Del Mar. I was very nervous.

**Stacy:** I wanted it to be an open, public place. He might have been this strange person... which he actually was, now that I think about it.

**Randall:** We ended up having a three-hour dinner at El Forno. Stacy came back to my house and we talked until 3:00 a.m. We hiked in the Cuyamaca the next day, and saw a movie that evening.

**Stacy:** Funny thing is, we didn't get sick of each other. I felt very comfortable with him, as if we were already good friends. Randall and I are very...

**Randall:** Brain damaged.

**Stacy:** Besides that. We're kindred spirits.

**Randall:** We spent the holidays together. She met my family.

**Stacy:** By that time I knew I wanted to marry Randall. But he felt we should wait a year.

**Randall:** Then one day I said to myself, "No matter how long you search, you'll never find someone like Stacy. What are you waiting for?"

**Stacy:** We had a beautiful wedding at my mother's beach house.

**Randall:** The sun was shining; it was a gorgeous day. I'll always remember it.

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# A Year to Remember: Bob Mitchum, La Valencia and the Struggle for Gastronomic Survival



BY ELEANOR WIDMER

Let's begin with my PERSONAL BEST for 1991.

The day before Thanksgiving, I went directly from the airport in Santa Barbara to my granddaughter's school, where Grandparents' Day was in progress. By the time I arrived, the auditorium where each class was to perform was filled to capacity. Scrambling around for a single seat, I took the first one available. Then suddenly I recognized the man beside me. I said to one of my long-time screen heroes, "Mr. Mitchum, I can't tell you how thrilled I am to be sitting next to you." And Robert Mitchum, the perfect gentleman and gentleman, replied just as he does in the movies, "Well, thank YOU."

bedrooms, a miniature living room, a bathroom with a claw-legged tub, and a makeshift kitchenette that had once been a porch. The cottage itself was modest and dark, but directly across the street was Cow Park and the pounding sea.

My husband and I had just finished graduate school, our hospital and doctor bills for our new son had not been paid. We would agonize over every purchase, among them whether or not to buy a sand bucket and shovel for the baby. (We didn't.) Still, we experienced enormous happiness at the After-Thought. At night we could hear the laughter emanating from the La Valencia Hotel, and when we stepped outside for a minute in the evening, the hotel loomed above us like a brightly lit birthday cake. I remember gazing up and wondering what it would be like to be part of that world.

So finally in 1991, at my son's urging, I found out. Since he had been crowded, I thought that on such short notice I would have to settle for a room at pool level. Instead, a vacancy was available on the ninth floor. Ahead of me lay the cove and the sweep of the ocean, and when I craned my neck, there was the After-Thought cottage, still intact.

My room came complete with a basket of fruit. I hung out the window, eating fresh strawberries and apricots, watching the night sky, grateful that I lived to see my sons grow to manhood, that I was in good health, and that at last I could afford to stay at the birthplace hotel, if only for 24 hours. Then I read until dawn, took a dip in the pool before anyone was up, and enjoyed my epiphany.

In one of my rare excursions for lunch, I had a fabulous Chamukkah meal in the college area at D.Z. Akims, which consisted of outrageous *lutefisk* and apple sauce, chopped liver, and a corned beef sandwich. It was heavenly!

THE GREATEST DISAPPOINTMENTS OF THE YEAR: The Padres' Club for lunch at the Doubletree Inn, where I had the worst meal of the year; the lack of character and the limited menu of Café Lulu downtown; and Johnny M's, which never fulfilled its promise to deliver appetizing Maryland-style crab dishes.

I'm sad that some areas of the city have become off-limits for me and any restaurants they may offer. Because I was raised in a cruel and violent city, I always felt very safe anywhere in San Diego and explored ethnic restaurants no matter where they were located. Now I have to ask myself whether it's worth my risk or yours to enter high-crime areas at night. That's not the way San Diego ought to be, but certain pockets of the city may now be too hazardous for many of us. Unless the underprivileged are helped to achieve a more equitable existence, this polarization will continue into the future.

Nevertheless, a great many places and people have provided joy in 1991. I adore the \$8.95 fresh Maine lobsters at Golden Bear Restaurant in Hillcrest. Japanese food at Nobu in Solana Beach and Sushi Ona in Pacific Beach, the German Festival at The Bungalow, and

Belgian dishes at the Belgian Lion at any time I love to eat pizza at the Grill on the Park, Israeli *shawarma* and *chicken pita* at Abner's, *manicotti* and *condotti* at Pagnucci. There's a spot in Horton Plaza next to the movie complex that sells genuine egg creams. The drink - seltzer, milk, chocolate syrup, whipped until frothy - cost a dime in my childhood; now it's \$2.50 a glass. But it's worth it. So are the made-to-order ice cream cakes at Ben and Jerry's.

I've never quite unraveled what happened to Pacifica Grill, which seemed in the process of belonging to Neil Stewart and his partner Don and then, after several months, reentered back to its original owners. And we still waiting to hear where and when Nicolosi's Italian Family Restaurant will open at its new site.

Our Italian renaissance continues with La Strada and Stuzzi's. The thriving atmosphere on lower Fourth and Fifth Avenue on weekends remains an urban miracle. If you've missed Café Bravo at 995 Fourth, don't wait too long before trying the excellent Portuguese specialties.

Interest in Afghan cuisine seems to be on the wane, which is a pity. Khyber Pass Inn on Midway is closing. Pasha's is valiantly struggling to exist. At the same time, hardly a week goes by when I'm not asked to recommend a first-rate German restaurant or one serving Indonesian delicacies. Are there any prospective restaurants willing to give these cuisines a try?

The Russian Food Festival at Maltre D' Restaurant was more successful this year than ever, thanks to its \$14.95 complete dinner. The management didn't make money at that price, but it created a great deal of good will. Some nights it was impossible to get a reservation, which proves that if you offer first-rate value, people are still willing to leave their homes.

The most amusing comment in 1991 came from the owner of Delicias in Rancho Santa Fe, who boasted that he would throw me out today if I ever showed up at his restaurant again. What a heartbreak it is for me to have to stay away! Or shall I risk it and put the owner to the test?

Greetings at the end of the year to Angela Hake of La Bon Vivant in La Costa for triumphing over personal loss and to Magdalena (Marge) of Al Rawsha restaurant, who is all-glass. We wish her a speedy recovery and hope to see her at her restaurant soon.

Though it's been a tough year in the restaurant business, most have survived, just to hang in there is an achievement. Recently when I asked the owner of one of our pricier restaurants whether he was considering dropping his prices he replied, "That would be suicide for us." For most restaurants, lowering costs has meant their salvation. I predict a major upswing by April. I hope also to be speaking to you soon via our 901 number for restaurants.

I'd like to thank all of you who have sent me good wishes for my health through the years. In September 1991, I passed my five-year cancer test, a major milestone. On that note of cheer my family joins me in sending you best wishes for a healthy and prosperous 1992.

**CHRISTMAS AT YOUR PLACE OR OURS**

**TURKEYS TO GO**  
\$7.50 per person  
• Fresh Garden Salad • Mashed Potatoes • Yams  
• Green Beans • Giblet Gravy • Dressing  
• Cranberry Sauce • Pumpkin Pie  
11-12 lb. (serves 8) for \$59.95  
22-24 lb. (serves 16) for \$110.00  
Call 692-2777  
and have your credit card number ready.  
(Based on a minimum of 6)

**CHAMPAGNE BUFFET**  
Served 11 a.m. - 4 p.m. \$18.95  
Children under 12: \$10.95  
• Free-Flowing Champagne • Peel and Eat Shrimp  
• Roast Turkey • Glazed Ham  
• Roast Beef • Delectable Desserts  
And Much More!  
COMPLIMENTARY SELF PARKING • PLANO ENTERTAINMENT  
Reservations recommended  
Call 692-2777

**SPENCER'S STEAK & SEAFOOD**  
SHERATON GRAND HARBOR ISLAND  
1360 HARBOR ISLAND DRIVE • SAN DIEGO CA 92161

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# Restaurant Guide

**Shuck's STEAK & House**

**\$10 DINNER SPECIALS**

Pasta Prima vera  
Fish & Chips  
Prime Rib  
Pork Chops

*Cannot be used with other discounts*

1250 Prospect St.  
454-5325

**NEW YEAR'S EVE '91**

**REIDY & NEIL'S**

AMERICAN GRILL

Serving selected items from a festive "Festive Night Menu," (\$30) as well as our complete menu.

Music • Dancing • Merriment

939 FORTH AVENUE • 231-8800  
ACROSS FROM HORTON PLAZA, IN THE GASLAMP QUARTER  
Valet parking available after 5 pm

**OUR FAMOUS TERIYAKI SHRIMP COMBOS 2 for \$10.95!**

Enjoy your favorite Teriyaki Shrimp Combo at a special price!

**All Teriyaki Shrimp Dinner • Teriyaki Shrimp & Teriyaki Steak Combo**

**Teriyaki Shrimp & Teriyaki Chicken Combo**

Each dinner is served with Soup or Salad, Fresh Vegetable, Baked Potato or Rice Pilaf, plus Warm Sourdough Bread.

The special offer valid only on Teriyaki Shrimp & Teriyaki Steak Combo. Not valid on Teriyaki Shrimp & Teriyaki Chicken Combo. Not valid on Teriyaki Shrimp & Teriyaki Steak Combo. Not valid on Teriyaki Shrimp & Teriyaki Chicken Combo.

**Jolly Roger**

BRING THE KIDS! ANY ONE MENU DINNER \$7.95

FREE DRINKING WATER

SAN DIEGO  
1100 W. VALLEY BLVD.  
11/23/90

OCEANSIDE  
1100 W. VALLEY BLVD.  
11/23/90

SOLANA BEACH  
1100 W. VALLEY BLVD.  
11/23/90

KEARNY MESA  
1100 W. VALLEY BLVD.  
11/23/90

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**KHATON PERSIAN CUISINE** 679 Pacific Street, 454-4516. This Persian is a very healthy, non-fat or low fat, and the menu consists mostly of meat, fish, and vegetables. Chicken kababs served with basmati rice and tomato sauce. Lamb chops are delicious. Sautéed eggplant, butternut squash, and green beans are the chicken kababs or the ground beef. Large portions are available for lunch and dinner. Families with children frequent this home-style restaurant. Good healthy fresh food, but not too exotic. Open daily. Low to moderate.

**MILADIAN'S** 1706 La Jolla Village Drive, 459-7711. 1200 La Jolla Village Drive. This Persian is a very healthy, non-fat or low fat, and the menu consists mostly of meat, fish, and vegetables. Chicken kababs served with basmati rice and tomato sauce. Lamb chops are delicious. Sautéed eggplant, butternut squash, and green beans are the chicken kababs or the ground beef. Large portions are available for lunch and dinner. Families with children frequent this home-style restaurant. Good healthy fresh food, but not too exotic. Open daily. Low to moderate.

**OCEAN KITCHEN** 5225 La Jolla Village Drive, 459-3893. If you loved and missed Sun's Kitchen, the former staff has reopened on its original site. The food is better than ever and continues to offer 450 or so varieties of the menu. Be sure to try the shrimp toast for appetizer and the chop string served with other specialties are now on the menu. Shaw San Tung, a vegetable dish with black mushrooms, outstanding as the shrimp in black bean sauce and the chicken dinner. The menu is a good variety of food for the family. Open daily. Low to moderate.

**2 for 1 ENTREE**

**BRUNCH LUNCH**

**6 & 7 OF BRASSerie DINNERS**

Buy any BRUNCH, LUNCH or DINNER and get another entree of equal or lesser value FREE!

Free parking valid through 12:31 PM. Tax and gratuity not included. Present this coupon in driver's seat for offer.

**RAMADA HOTEL**  
3400 W. La Jolla Village Drive  
600 K Street • San Diego, CA 92101  
619/596-0235

**Christmas Day Champagne Buffet**

Celebrate the season. Barnet's Christmas Day Champagne Buffet includes carved roast beef, turkey & ham as well as all the fixings, salads galore, holiday pies & desserts. Reservations are suggested.

Serving noon-8:30 pm

Adults \$14.95 • Seniors \$9.95  
Children 11 & under \$7.95

**BARNET'S**  
601 Pacific Highway at Harbor Dr.  
Validated parking in hotel • 544-1122

**Ashoka CUISINE OF INDIA**

presents a

**NEW YEAR'S EVE CHEF'S SPECIAL**

12-Course Buffet Dinner  
All You Can Eat

\$19.95 per person  
Call for reservations  
454-6263  
8008 Girard Avenue  
La Jolla

Dinner for 2 \$10.99\* plus tax  
your choice of pizza or calzone & 1 large specialty salad  
Over 25 varieties of pizza  
Over 7 types of salads

\*With this ad • Exp. 12/29/91

INTRODUCING  
THE GASLAMP QUARTER'S  
ITALIAN BISTRO

The S is SILENT  
The Food SUPERB  
The setting SENSATIONAL

**\$FUZZY**  
An Italian Bistro

A Moderately Priced Italian Restaurant serving  
• LUNCH • DINNER • SUNDAY BRUNCH •  
VENI VIDI VICI TUESDAY NIGHTS  
featuring a complimentary antipasti bar

Don't Miss Our  
NEW YEAR'S EVE  
CELEBRATION  
(Make Your Reservations Now)

THE GASLAMP QUARTER • 340 FIFTH AVENUE • 231-2323

**Ronzo's**  
Hots Food Cool Jazz

**NOW OPEN!**

CALIFORNIA GRILL MENU IN AN INTIMATE ROOM WITH A COZY BAR.

Dining for the San Diego Lifestyle

**NEW YEAR'S EVE**  
FOUR COURSE DINNER  
for \$19.92  
Reservations required  
9 p.m. SEATING

**DANCING AND ENTERTAINMENT**

8980 UNIVERSITY CENTER LANE  
1-5 AT LA JOLLA VILLAGE DRIVE AT THE AVENUE  
619-457-9200

**TD Hays RESTAURANT**

**Ocean View Dining**

**NEW YEAR'S EVE COUPLES SPECIAL**

Steak & Lobster \$49.95  
Prime Rib & Lobster  
Chicken Breast & Lobster  
Includes bottle of TOTT'S CHAMPAGNE, OR SPARKLING COGNAC

Steak & Shrimp \$39.95  
Prime Rib & Shrimp  
Chicken Breast & Shrimp  
Includes bottle of TOTT'S CHAMPAGNE, OR SPARKLING COGNAC

4315 OCEAN BLVD. • PACIFIC BEACH  
Reservations: 270-6850 • FREE VALET PARKING

**Saskia's**  
STEAK & SEAFOOD

Here's a sample of our sumptuous entrees at moderate prices:

- TERIYAKI STEAK \$12.50  
Marinated in soy and ginger sauce, served with fresh pineapple
- SEAFOOD SALAD \$10.95  
Bay shrimp, crabmeat, scallops, whitefish, cheeses and eggs
- LE COQ AU VIN \$11.50  
Boneless chicken breasts, baked in red wine, smothered in bordelaise sauce and mushrooms
- LOCAL SHARK \$11.95  
Firm texture, lean, meaty flavor.

LATE NIGHT DINING! Sun.-Thurs. till 2:00 am, Fri.-Sat. till 3:00 am

**2 FOR 1**

Up to \$17.00 value  
Buy any dinner, lunch or brunch entree and get another entree of equal or lesser value free.  
Valid through 1-11-92 with coupon.  
Not valid with any other offer - 15% gratuity will be added to the total before discount.

**Saskia's** 3768 Mission Blvd., Mission Beach  
Reservations accepted 488-7311

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## Restaurant Guide

phone and service that may be hectic. Open daily, Sunday through Thursday, 11:30 a.m. to 11:00 p.m. Friday and Saturday, 11:30 a.m. to 11:00 p.m. Low to low-moderate.

**SANTE RESTAURANTE** 7311 Reservoir Ave., San Jose 95120. Through this northern Italian restaurant is prime, the room is tasteful and quiet and the pasta dishes outstanding. Try the ravioli, you'll prefer, but don't count on it. The ravioli are made with ricotta cheese, and the pasta is served with a light cream sauce. The ravioli are made with ricotta cheese, and the pasta is served with a light cream sauce.

**SOUP EXCHANGE** 777 E. Avenue, #212-12, Davis, La Jolla offer burgers? It does indeed in the Soup Exchange, an eat-and-sit-out place. The menu is simple, but the food is good. The menu is simple, but the food is good. The menu is simple, but the food is good.

**THAI RESTAURANTS** 3602 La Jolla Village Drive, San Diego 92037. Located on the corner of La Jolla Village Drive, this Thai restaurant is a great place to eat. The menu is simple, but the food is good. The menu is simple, but the food is good.

Humanitarian food of great simplicity, charm, freshness and taste. Bread, and incredible breadsticks are baked on the premises. Every item is cooked from scratch and our preparation will come from the ingredients used in our menu. The menu is simple, but the food is good. The menu is simple, but the food is good.

**ZOZZI'S ROTISSERIE CHICKEN** 1320 Healdsburg Blvd., San Jose 95128. Whether you eat in (on paper plates and plastic containers) or take out, this is one of the best places to eat chicken in the city. The menu is simple, but the food is good. The menu is simple, but the food is good.

**THE GOOD EGG** 7541 San Antonio Ave., San Jose 95128. The menu is simple, but the food is good. The menu is simple, but the food is good. The menu is simple, but the food is good.

## CLAIREMONT & KEARNY MESA

**BAGS** 1955 Main Street, San Jose 95126. The menu is simple, but the food is good. The menu is simple, but the food is good. The menu is simple, but the food is good.

**THE GOOD EGG** 7541 San Antonio Ave., San Jose 95128. The menu is simple, but the food is good. The menu is simple, but the food is good. The menu is simple, but the food is good.

**THE BEACHES** 1955 Main Street, San Jose 95126. The menu is simple, but the food is good. The menu is simple, but the food is good. The menu is simple, but the food is good.

## THE BEACHES

**ISLANDIA BAR AND GRILL** 1955 Main Street, San Jose 95126. The menu is simple, but the food is good. The menu is simple, but the food is good. The menu is simple, but the food is good.

**LAUREL STREET GRILL** 4441 Laurel Street, San Jose 95128. The menu is simple, but the food is good. The menu is simple, but the food is good. The menu is simple, but the food is good.

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**PB SUSHI CLUB**  
Happy Sushi Hour  
5-8 pm  
(Sake & California Roll)  
**50% off**  
Open Every Day 5 pm to Midnight  
1154 Garnet Ave. • 272-2487

**NEW YEAR'S EVE COMPLETE 5-COURSE DINNER - \$25**  
(Choice of appetizer, soup, salad, entrée & dessert. All available as a la carte.)  
Regular menu \$11.95  
Reservations required  
Lunch, daily chef special. Full service catering, group rates. Open Christmas Eve & New Year's Eve.  
**CHEZ BEAT & ROLF**  
1763 Garnet Ave. • 483-2810

**NEW YEAR'S EVE CELEBRATION**  
Includes one drink of the following:  
• Buckwheat Fried Noodles - topped in a hot sauce with a brandy brandy poppers, sauce  
• Chicken Quinoa - topped in a hot sauce with a brandy brandy poppers, sauce  
• King Salmon - topped in a hot sauce with a brandy brandy poppers, sauce  
• Beef Tenderloin - topped in a hot sauce with a brandy brandy poppers, sauce  
• Pork Tenderloin - topped in a hot sauce with a brandy brandy poppers, sauce  
• Chicken Quinoa - topped in a hot sauce with a brandy brandy poppers, sauce  
• King Salmon - topped in a hot sauce with a brandy brandy poppers, sauce  
• Beef Tenderloin - topped in a hot sauce with a brandy brandy poppers, sauce  
• Pork Tenderloin - topped in a hot sauce with a brandy brandy poppers, sauce  
**CHATEAU OCEAN**  
825 La Jolla Village Drive, Pacific Beach • Reservations 485-6744

**LAUREL STREET GRILL**  
4441 Laurel Street, San Jose 95128. The menu is simple, but the food is good. The menu is simple, but the food is good. The menu is simple, but the food is good.

**PASTA SPECIALS**  
Tuesday Wednesday Thursday  
Lasagna Baked Rigatoni Spaghetti  
w/Meatballs  
Includes Salad, Bread & Butter  
Fresh pasta made on the premises  
**di ROMA**  
Taste • Quality • Service  
1845 Quivira Way • Marina Village • Mission Bay • 222-1189  
5 pm-9 pm Sun., Tues., Wed. & Thurs. (Closed Mon.) 5 pm-10 pm Fri. & Sat.  
Reservations invited • No good with any other offer • No carry out • Exp. 12/26/91

**DiMille's Dinner Dollars**  
"Putting money back into the economy"  
Take \$5 off any purchase of \$20 or more from anything on our menu.  
One coupon per table. One offer per coupon. Not valid with any other offer. Use or pick up only.  
Since 1978  
**DiMille's**  
Italian Restaurant  
Handy owned and operated • Open 7 days a week  
3492 Adams at 35th • Normal Heights • 283-3153 Expires 1/9/92

**CELEBRATE NEW YEAR'S BY THE BAY!**  
Choose from our regular menu at our regular menu prices featuring 10-12 fresh catches broiled over an open alderwood pit plus a selection of gourmet entrees, prime rib and chicken.  
Live entertainment  
**FISH & THE SEAWEEDS**  
Plus second guest bottle  
Free hats, noisemakers  
Complimentary champagne at midnight  
**RESERVE NOW!**  
223-2334  
**Salmon House**  
Beautiful Bay View  
1970 Quivira Rd.  
Marina Village by Mission Bay

**Happy Holidays**  
from **CHU DYNASTY**  
FAMOUS MANDARIN & SZECHUAN CUISINE  
We will be open Christmas Eve, Christmas Day, New Year's Eve & New Year's Day  
Now accepting reservations for **HOLIDAY PARTIES**  
both small & large coordinated especially for you by our professional party planners with your choice of a special menu or buffet.  
All you can eat buffet  
Lunch \$4.95  
11:30 am-2:30 pm  
(no limit to # of people)  
Dinner \$8.95  
(Coronado location only - 15 people or more)  
Reservations required  
Coronado  
1033 B Avenue  
435-5300  
Open 7 days  
Lunch, Mon.-Sat.,  
Dinner, Mon.-Sun.  
Mission Valley  
1400 Camino de la Reina  
298-4680

**CELEBRATE THE HOLIDAYS WITH A PRINCESS!**  
Join us for a delicious meal with a spectacular view of Mission Bay.  
**Christmas Day Buffet**  
Omelette Made To Order  
Sliced Fresh Fruit  
Vegetable & Dip Display  
Christmas Pasta Salad  
Assorted Holiday Muffins  
Roast Turkey with Apple Walnut Stuffing  
Honey Baked Ham  
Roast Beef Au Jus  
Fresh Vegetables  
Dessert Included  
Complimentary Champagne  
& Cabernet Sauvignon Wine  
11:00 a.m. - 8 p.m.  
\$9.95 for children under ten years  
\$22.95 for adults  
**New Year's Champagne Brunch \$19.95**  
All about our complete New Year's Eve Packages  
• Deluxe Guest Room •  
• Madras Buffet •  
• Champagne •  
• New Year's Eve •  
• Day Brunch •  
• Free Parking •  
For reservations, call 274-4630  
**SAN DIEGO PRINCESS**  
A Princess Cruises Resort  
1404 W. Vacation Rd., San Diego 92109 • (619) 274-4630

**CELEBRATE 1991 IN STYLE**  
**AVANTI**  
**NEW YEARS EVE GALA**  
DINING  
FIRST SEATING 5:30 TO 7:30  
FEATURING OUR REGULAR MENU, DANCE AND ACCESS TO AVANTI CLUB FOR DANCING AND COCKTAILS ALL EVENING.  
SECOND SEATING 9:00 TO 11:00  
SPECIAL PRE-SET MENU INCLUDES CHAMPAGNE, PARTY FAVORS, SPECIAL CLUB WITH LIVE ENTERTAINMENT, DANCING AND BEST OF ALL YOU CAN KEEP YOUR TABLE ALL EVENING WHILE YOU DINE, DANCE AND RING IN THE NEW YEAR \$95.00 PER PERSON  
DANCING  
DANCE THE NIGHT AWAY!  
RING IN THE NEW YEAR!  
BRAZILIAN, EUROPEAN MUSIC!  
AVANTI CLUB ADMISSION: \$25 PER PERSON  
(INCLUDED 1 GLASS OF CHAMPAGNE)

**BE A PARTY ANIMAL**  
**ON NEW YEAR'S EVE**  
**CELEBRATION PACKAGE \$40** per person  
• Sumptuous hors d'oeuvres buffet 7-9 pm  
• 1 bottle of champagne per couple (or split w/single)  
• Party favors • Doors open at 7 pm  
**PARTY PACKAGE \$25** per person  
• General admission after 9 pm  
• Party favors • Champagne toast at midnight  
Call about our Gratz New Year's Eve dinner package  
Spend the night ... special New Year's Eve rates available  
**Kicks**  
at the Marriott Mission Valley  
corner of Stadium Way &  
Rio San Diego Drive  
**HOTLINE NUMBER**  
291-1879

**NEW YEAR'S EVE**  
**PAGLIACCI**  
Trattoria Romana  
Top of Horton Plaza  
This New Year's Eve maybe you would just like to enjoy a terrific dinner at a reasonable price, take in the breathtaking view of San Diego Harbor and downtown, go to a movie in Horton Plaza and say "WHOOPEE" at midnight.  
PAGLIACCI is just what you want. Call for reservations. Our regular "recession beater" menu at moderate prices is in effect.  
3 hours' validated free parking.  
**595-5500**  
Top of Horton Plaza  
**Papavazzi**  
Trattoria Romana  
In La Jolla  
Opposite the Hyatt Regency  
**LET'S PARTY!**  
Early Birds dine from our regular menu choices up to 9:00 pm  
9:00 pm-1:00 am  
A Very Special Menu!  
Appetizer choice of three entrees -  
Filet Mignon, Single Veal Chop  
Marinated Maine Lobster (steamed or)  
Filet Mignon, Linguine, Fruits &  
More (cooked), Boneless Breast of  
Chicken/Champagne, salad,  
Dessert, one bottle of champagne per couple, coffee or tea.  
**DANCING**  
on the patio to our LIVE band  
A wonderful evening for only \$55.00 per person.  
Tax and tip not included.  
**554-1403**  
1-5 at La Jolla Village Dr.  
Opposite the Hyatt Regency

## Restaurant Guide

stuffed breadstuffs or congealed, as in the hot chocolate chocolate dough cake. Be sure to try the chocolate cake.

**LITTLE ITALY** 424 Italian. Corner San Diego and Broadway. Open daily. 11:30 a.m. to 11:00 p.m. The menu includes pizza, calzones, and pasta. The Italian food is excellent. The prices are reasonable. The service is good. The atmosphere is casual. The location is convenient. The parking is free. The phone number is 231-7770.

**MELANCO** 1800 Broadway. Open daily. 11:30 a.m. to 11:00 p.m. The menu includes pizza, calzones, and pasta. The Italian food is excellent. The prices are reasonable. The service is good. The atmosphere is casual. The location is convenient. The parking is free. The phone number is 231-7770.

**Midway Old Town & Mission Valley** 1800 Broadway. Open daily. 11:30 a.m. to 11:00 p.m. The menu includes pizza, calzones, and pasta. The Italian food is excellent. The prices are reasonable. The service is good. The atmosphere is casual. The location is convenient. The parking is free. The phone number is 231-7770.

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**THREE BUNGALOW** 489. Open daily. 11:30 a.m. to 11:00 p.m. The menu includes pizza, calzones, and pasta. The Italian food is excellent. The prices are reasonable. The service is good. The atmosphere is casual. The location is convenient. The parking is free. The phone number is 231-7770.

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**Greek Cuisine**  
Come enjoy delicious Greek Cuisine and authentic Mediterranean dishes in an authentic atmosphere complete with Greek music.

**BELLY DANCING EVERY SATURDAY NIGHT**  
7 pm & 9 pm - With reservations or available seats

- Great wines • European beers
- Outdoor terrace • patio dining
- Free parking • Catering available

2440 San Diego Avenue • 231-7770

**Enjoy one complimentary dinner entrée**  
when a second dinner entrée of equal or greater value is purchased. Up to \$9 value.

**Select Mexican dishes prepared daily from the freshest ingredients.**

Established 1960  
8199 Claremont Mesa Blvd.  
560-4336

Valid after 4 pm only  
with ad through 12/92  
Not valid at Ocean Beach location

**Enjoy A Relaxing Country-Style Dinner in the Mountains**

**PHILL'S GRILL**  
Breakfast, Burgers & BBQ  
\$1.00 Off Each Meal With This Ad \*

Hours: Daily 7-3  
Evenings  
Fri. & Sat. 5:30-8:30  
Closed Tuesdays

Professional catering for your special needs  
478-3662  
 Hwy. 94 • Paterson

**"ROLLING BACK PRICES TO 10 YEARS AGO"**  
Save up to 30%  
Same great menu - new low prices

**FREE LUNCH**  
with the purchase of another  
at \$4.95

Good 7 days a week, 11:30 am-4:30 pm

**SUCASA**  
RESTAURANT & BAR  
6738 La Jolla Village Drive • 454-8365  
1000 La Jolla Village Drive • 454-8365  
No good with any other coupon only 10 take out.

**Let's have Your Place or Ours!**  
Full Gourmet Vegetarian Catering  
For All Occasions

**\$1.00 OFF ON ALL YOU CAN EAT VEGETARIAN BUFFET WITH THIS AD**  
One low price for the finest in natural foods dining! \$5.75\* lunch and \$6.95\* dinner includes soup, salad bar, hot international entrees, fresh bread and dessert. Simply the best buffet in town!

Browse at our all new ethnic boutique, with Indian spices, Balinese Art and more.  
\$4.95 and all meals are \$5.00

**Govinda's**  
NATURAL FOOD RESTAURANT AND BUFFET  
1000 La Jolla Village Drive • Phone 454-8365  
2 blocks west of 805  
Open 11:30 am-9:30 pm Monday-Saturday

**Early Bird Dinner Specials from \$6.00**  
All items prepared fresh and from scratch by our chefs. Low prices on all items. \$4.95-\$5.95. Open from 11:00 am-8:00 pm for lunch and dinner.

**Century Schools for Culinary Arts**  
2603 San Antonio  
(located in the Century Building on the corner of San & N. 2nd St. 2 blocks north of Laurel in Hillcrest)  
Reserv. facilities available.

**CELEBRATE THE BRIGHTEST OF HOLIDAY SEASONS.**

**New Year's on Broadway.**  
A festive eve begins with Mummy's champagne and includes much delectable fare as Phoson Bread with Red Wine Fig, and Citrus Pecan Strudel with Fresh Ginger. Renowned pianist Barry Lewis and his ensemble help ring in the new year in our spectacular Atrium Lounge. Early dining is 5 to 7:30 pm. A special 9:30 pm seating for late-night revelers includes New Year's party favors and a midnight countdown with champagne toast. Dec. 31, 1991: \$58.00 per person; reservations highly recommended.

**THE QUIL**  
at The Pan Pacific Hotel  
400 W. Broadway  
San Diego, CA 92101  
239-4500

**ALL-YOU-CAN-EAT BUFFET**

**LUNCH \$4.25 • DINNER \$5.95**  
Featuring our newly expanded salad bar!

Over 30 items! No MSG. Includes seafood, beef, chicken, pork, fried fish, BBQ ribs, BBQ chicken, vegetables, chow mein noodles, appetizers, rice, soup, fresh fruit & salad bar, etc.

**11 am-9 pm**  
Regular menu available.

**MANDARIN SZECHUAN**  
Chinese Restaurant  
Authentic Mandarin, Szechuan & Cantonese Cuisine  
Food to go • Open 7 days • MasterCard/Visa/Am. Ex.  
3373 Rosecrans St. (Loma Square Shopping Ctr.)  
**224-3838**

**EUROPEAN GOURMET** 4126 La Mesa. Open daily. 11:30 a.m. to 11:00 p.m. The menu includes pizza, calzones, and pasta. The Italian food is excellent. The prices are reasonable. The service is good. The atmosphere is casual. The location is convenient. The parking is free. The phone number is 231-7770.

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**KHYBER PASS**  
Authentic Afghan Restaurant

**\$10 OFF DINNER ONLY**  
Buy one and get the second at \$10.00. Valid 11:30-10:00 pm. Not valid on holidays.

Call For Our Christmas and New Year's Eve Specials!

3555 Rosecrans  
At Midway & Rosecrans  
224-8700

4647 Conway  
Kerry Mesa  
571-3749

**Celebrate a New Orleans New Year's Eve**

*Laissez Les Bon Temps Roulez.*

Begin the festivities with dinner at the Bayou, followed by dessert, champagne, music & second line fun at Crawdaddy's. Reservations required.

Open Christmas Eve

**BAYOU BAR & GRILL**  
329 Market • 696-8747

**Crawdaddy's**  
CAJUN CAFE & GROCERY  
315 Market • 231-5963

*Flavors of New Orleans-In the Gaslamp Quarter*

**L'Auberge de La Jolla**  
NEW YEAR'S EVE MENU

**SALA DE L'AUBERGE**  
Smoked salmon, fresh pumpkin shrimp and periwinkle on a baby mussel green lettuce served with a vinaigrette of chives.

**BISQUE DE HOMARD**  
Homemade lobster bisque

**NEW BEAUJOLAIS SHERBERT**  
MEDAILLON DE CERF GRAND VENEUR  
Sautéed medallion of red deer served with a cream black pepper sauce.

**FILET DE BOEUF FORESTIER**  
Sautéed filet mignon served with wild mushrooms

**BALLOTINE DE SAUMON AU CAVIAR**  
Homemade smoked salmon wrapped with fresh file of salmon from Norway served with cream of horseradish sauce.

**GATEAU DE L'AN NEUF**  
New Year's Eve cake and a glass of Piper Heidsieck champagne

**\$50.00 PER PERSON**  
(tax & gratuity not included)  
Call for reservations at 524-2524  
Two seatings 6 to 6:30 or 9 to 9:30

1237 Prospect Street, La Jolla • 524-2524

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**20% OFF LUNCH SPECIALS**  
MONDAY-THURSDAY  
\$4.95

**ENTIRE LUNCH MENU INCLUDING SUSHI**

MONDAY: CHICKEN TERIYAKI GYOZA  
TUESDAY: HAWAIIAN & RED BOWL  
WEDNESDAY: TONKOTSU CHIRASHI & FISH CAKE  
THURSDAY: BEST TERIYAKI GYOZA  
FRIED TERIYAKI CHICKEN  
FISH CAKE TERIYAKI

All entrees include soup, salad and rice. No cash necessary.

**Sushi Bar Kazumi**  
Costa Verde Center (across from UTC in the Golden Triangle) 455-2000

**NEW YEAR'S PACKAGE**  
\$29.95 per person  
Perfect evening to enjoy an East Shrimp Cocktail, Caviar Salad, Prime Rib of Beef Au Jus or Tenderloin, Stuffed Potato, Roasted Potatoes, Hollandaise, Coffee, Tea, Dessert, Champagne.

**\$49.95 per person**  
Join us for an elegant and delicious dinner which includes East Shrimp Cocktail, Caviar Salad, Prime Rib of Beef Au Jus or Tenderloin, Stuffed Potato, Roasted Potatoes, Hollandaise, Coffee, Tea, Dessert, Champagne.

**\$84.95 per person**  
Dinner: Cooked to order 10:00 am-10:00 pm. Dinner: East Shrimp Cocktail, Caviar Salad, Prime Rib of Beef Au Jus or Tenderloin, Stuffed Potato, Roasted Potatoes, Hollandaise, Coffee, Tea, Dessert, Champagne.

**RAMADA HOTEL OLD TOWN**  
400 Broadway • San Diego, CA 92101  
RESERVATIONS CALL 455-5555 EXT. 105

**NEW YEAR'S EVE! ROCK LOBSTER**

Party favors Party people

Get this...  
All-you-can-eat lobster & free flowing champagne only \$29.95 (reservations accepted).

Why ring in the New Year anywhere else?

6690 Mission Gorge Road (at Friars Road)  
Dial LOB-STER (562-7837)



# Restaurant Guide

only. But you'll find the best steaks outside of Mexico prepared here (steak day, but as well as the five chicken dishes and a variety of seafood). A red-eye menu (three small) is available daily for breakfast, lunch and dinner. In the morning, a buffet breakfast is available. In the evening, a buffet dinner is available. In the morning, a buffet breakfast is available. In the evening, a buffet dinner is available.

**PIZZA 'N' PASTA** 915 Broadway (at Multnomah) • (503) 226-4242. The pizza and pasta restaurant, which includes a full bar, is open daily. The pizza is made fresh and the pasta is made in-house. The restaurant is open daily. The pizza is made fresh and the pasta is made in-house. The restaurant is open daily.

**SALA THAI** 1611 El Cajon Boulevard • (619) 444-8888. This Thai restaurant is open daily. The restaurant is open daily. The restaurant is open daily. The restaurant is open daily. The restaurant is open daily.

**WICKETS** 6315 University Avenue • (619) 444-8888. This restaurant is open daily. The restaurant is open daily. The restaurant is open daily. The restaurant is open daily. The restaurant is open daily.

**ALBAHARRA** 4202 El Cajon Boulevard • (619) 444-8888. This restaurant is open daily. The restaurant is open daily. The restaurant is open daily. The restaurant is open daily. The restaurant is open daily.

**JOTI** 1818A 3251 Adams Avenue • (619) 444-8888. This restaurant is open daily. The restaurant is open daily. The restaurant is open daily. The restaurant is open daily. The restaurant is open daily.

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AWARD-WINNING PACIFIC RIM CUISINE & SUSHI BAR



AT AVENTINE  
(619) 450-3355

**the ITALIAN connection**  
gourmet

The Management & Staff with everyone a happy & safe holiday season!

We will be open at 4:00 pm on Christmas Eve, Christmas Day, New Year's Eve, New Year's Day. Reservations suggested.

Now open Mon.-Fri. 11 am-4 pm for lunch. We are open Fri. & Sat. 4-11 pm. Sun. 4-9 pm • Mon. thru Thurs. 4-10 pm  
530 UNIVERSITY AVE. 291-8919

**Monday Night Football Dinner Special**  
Monday Night from 5-9 pm

**All-You-Can-Eat Spaghetti Dinner \$2.75**  
Includes garlic bread & salad

"A traditional beach bar now even better"

**JOHN'S SURF CLUB**  
778 Veterans • Mission Beach • 488-3449  
Across from the roller coaster. Must be 21 years old.

**DINNER SPECIALS**  
Complete Dinner including Soup or Salad, Dinner Roll, and Dessert for \$5.95

only \$5.95

- Turkey, Chicken, or Pork Chops
- Prime Rib, Pork Tenderloin, or Pork Chops
- Prime Rib, Pork Tenderloin, or Pork Chops

**THE DRAKE HOUSE**  
1630 Scripps Blvd. #100 • 457-1715

**Torrey Pines Inn**  
CHRISTMAS BUFFET  
9:00 am until 8:00 pm

A Traditional Turkey Feast With All the Trimmings

Also featuring:  
Virginia Baked Ham • Carved Beef • Mahi Mahi • Pasta Station • Cheesecake and Warmies Made On Order • Our Beautiful Salad Bar • Assorted Pies and Seasonal Pies

\$14.95 Adult  
\$11.95 Senior & Children  
Children 5 and Under Free

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

**ALL YOU CAN EAT SPAGHETTI**  
Every Sunday Night 4-8 pm

All the spaghetti you can eat with marinara or meat sauce.

**Angelos**  
4690 Conway St., Ste. 111  
San Diego • 268-CAFE (2233)

"San Diego's Best Breakfast & Lunch"

**FREE BREAKFAST OR LUNCH (Up To \$5 Value)**

Buy one at the regular price, get the second of equal or lower value FREE (up to \$5 value). Valid Monday-Friday, dine-in only. No separate checks. Limited to 2 coupons per party or table. Not valid with any other offer. With this ad, expires 1/29/92.

**THE GOOD EGG**  
Breakfast & lunch  
Open daily 6:30 am to 2:00 pm  
7947 Balboa Avenue  
(between I-15 & Camino) San Diego • 565-4244

**D'AMATO'S**  
Pizza & Italian Restaurant

2 Dinners for \$9.95  
Choose from: eggplant Parmesan with spaghetti or lasagna with meat sauce.

Party Time  
1/2 pan of lasagna or eggplant up to 10.  
\$25 cash or check  
3322 El Cajon Blvd. (near Texas St.) 291-5679  
Open six days a week. Closed Tuesday. Expires 1/19/92 • No checks

**Torrey Pines Inn**  
CHRISTMAS BUFFET  
9:00 am until 8:00 pm

A Traditional Turkey Feast With All the Trimmings

Also featuring:  
Virginia Baked Ham • Carved Beef • Mahi Mahi • Pasta Station • Cheesecake and Warmies Made On Order • Our Beautiful Salad Bar • Assorted Pies and Seasonal Pies

\$14.95 Adult  
\$11.95 Senior & Children  
Children 5 and Under Free

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

**ALL-YOU-CAN-EAT SUSHI PLATE**  
\$12.95 per person

**COMBINATION DINNER SPECIAL**  
Includes WINE, soup, salad, appetizer, rice, deep-fried SHRIMP, CRAB, SCALLOP & your choice of any 1 item below:

- CHICKEN TERIYAKI
- PINEAPPLE BELL
- SWEET & SOUR PORK
- DEEP FRIED CHICKEN
- PORK BANGKOK
- SHRIMP PAD CHICKEN
- BEAN CHOP BEEF
- CASHU CHICKEN
- BEAN W/ BROCCOLI
- SITEN FRIED VEGETABLE

**California Club Sushi Bar**  
5522 El Cajon Blvd., San Diego • 287-1953  
Expires 1-4-92 with coupon (no take-out)

**BURGER, FRIES & SODA or DRAFT BEER \$3.00!!**

**BENDER'S**  
Serving 7 days a week

**FEAST ITALIAN-STYLE \$10.95 FOR 2**

Choice of: Lasagna, spaghetti, chicken parmigiana, tortellini, marinara, cannellini or eggplant parmesan. Offer includes: Garlic bread and salad. \$12.00 for 1/2 liter of wine with special Dining room only.

**BUY 1 PIZZA & GET 2nd at 1/2 PRICE**  
Dine-in • Take-out • Delivery  
Must be 21 years old

**Vesuvio**  
ITALIAN RESTAURANT  
North Park 291-1230  
Expires 1/19/92

**Christmas Gourmet Dinner**  
Wednesday, December 25  
11:30 am - 10:00 pm

Enjoy this beautiful holiday with our special fix-a-price, three course gourmet menus, selections starting from \$14.95.

Choose from traditional turkey dinner to honey baked ham and other exquisite chef specials of the day.

Plus live classical guitarist Michael Campos.

Cafe San Diego  
OMNI SAN DIEGO HOTEL  
910 Broadway • 534-3200 ext. 7115

# Restaurant Guide

**ON THE PATIO AT PAPAIAZZI**  
TRATTORIA ROMANA

**Live Jazz**

Thurs., Dec. 9 • 6-10 pm  
Flautist **LORI BELL**  
QUARTET

Sat., Dec. 21 • 8 pm-midnight  
Bobby Gordon  
QUARTET  
with vocalist Peggy Claire

Fri., Dec. 20 • 8 pm-midnight  
Trumpeter **MITCH MANKER** & Saxophonist **JOHN REKEVICS**  
Join the **BILL HUNTER TRIO**

Sunday Champagne Brunch • Dec. 22 • 10:30 am-2:30 pm  
**BOBBY GORDON QUARTET**

Late night dining on the patio 4:30 pm-midnight  
554-1403  
14 at La Jolla Village Drive • In the Atrium, across from the Hyatt Regency

**MANPURI** 4433 El Cajon Boulevard • (619) 444-8888. This Indian restaurant is open daily. The restaurant is open daily. The restaurant is open daily. The restaurant is open daily. The restaurant is open daily.

Award-winning  
**Royal Thai Cuisine**  
celebrates  
Our 2nd year in La Jolla  
**FREE APPETIZER**  
with dinner, chef's choice through Dec. 31.  
Not valid with any other offer.

**LUNCH SPECIALS \$4.95**

**JOIN US FOR NEW YEAR'S EVE**

737 Pearl St. • La Jolla  
456-2063

**Torrey Pines Inn**  
CHRISTMAS BUFFET  
9:00 am until 8:00 pm

A Traditional Turkey Feast With All the Trimmings

Also featuring:  
Virginia Baked Ham • Carved Beef • Mahi Mahi • Pasta Station • Cheesecake and Warmies Made On Order • Our Beautiful Salad Bar • Assorted Pies and Seasonal Pies

\$14.95 Adult  
\$11.95 Senior & Children  
Children 5 and Under Free

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

**CITY DELICATESSEN** 330 University Avenue • (619) 444-8888. This restaurant is open daily. The restaurant is open daily. The restaurant is open daily. The restaurant is open daily. The restaurant is open daily.

**The Best Prime Rib Buffet in Town!**

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- Kit includes Maxxum SPxi SLR, AF Power Zoom 35-80mm lens, 2000 AF Flash, Maxxum Wide Camera Strap, and Lithium battery
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- Compact 35mm
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