If anyone ever writes a Guidebook to Supernatural San Diego, one chapter will have to be set on the bluff in Encinitas where the coastline takes a bend eastward. The Self-Realization Fellowship owns about 1.3 acres there, property which overlooks a breathtaking expanse of the ocean and stretches, on its eastern perimeter, for a full city block along Highway 101. Three gigantic lotus towers painted gold and protected with a shiny coat of epoxy demand the attention of passing motorists. It is near the northernmost structure that one eerie episode occurred. (continued on page 18)
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**MORE GRAND OPENING DEALS ON PAGES 6 & 7**

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Letters

We welcome letters pertaining to the contents of the Reader. You may phone them in by calling 255-3000 ext. 460; address them to Letters to the Editor, Box 85808, San Diego, CA 92186-8580; fax them to 231-0489; or e-mail them to s.d.reader@worldcom.com via the Internet. Please include your name, address, and telephone number. Letters may be edited for length and clarity.

Elisa Fulks Is
The Dancer’s Name

I was enjoying your article on flamenco dancers until I came across a picture of my daugh-
ter-in-law on page 20 and 24 (“White Boys and Gypsy Souls,” October 13). You don’t have her name there. Her name is Elisa Fulks, and you have Angelita something, which is the lady in the back-
ground. My daughter has been a ballet dancer and flamenco dancer for many years, and I truly believe she is the best in the city. So I’d like to have her get some credit; maybe you could put it in your next issue. I’d appreciate it.

Shirley Lindemann
National City

TV Prejudice

Abi Opincar’s article in the October 13 Reader (“As Seen on TV”) was disturbing to me, both because you are undoubtedly correct in your assessment of mainstream America and its television-watching habits and also because I have made a conscious effort with my own son to immediately address any prejudicial remarks we hear on television or that he himself makes in error.

As members of the Bahá’í Faith, we feel that it is our responsibility to raise the next generation prejudice-free in all aspects of life including race, religion, gender, and creed. I am teaching my son to see all people as individuals, with individual strengths and weak-
nesses. As we are taught, we should not be blind to the weaknesses but concentrate on the strengths and help that person to become the best he or she can be.

I hope that as the Bahá’í Faith spreads, the comments which are currently heard and accepted on television will cease, that they will no longer be acceptable to a prejudice-
free generation of people, and we can go on to accomplish the unity this planet needs.

Angélique Hutcherson
San Diego

What Is Your Goal?

I see that the Reader is soliciting stories from anti-Semites and victims of anti-Semitism.

Since we Jews are less than 2 percent of the population, we will surely be outnumbered by the Jew-hater stories. Of course, the stories don’t have to be true. Every week the Reader runs at least one anti-
Semitic letter to the editor. The same people who hate blacks for being on welfare hate Jews for being successful. The Reader seems very
dedicated to spread this religious hatred: first a cover story on Arab, then letters to the editor, and now you solicit stories from anti-Semites.

Christians have persecuted Jews for centuries, and you are perpetuating this sick prac-
tice. What is your goal, an American Holocaust?

Name withheld

More On Mathis

I would like to commend the Reader on reporting what I hope is an ongoing investigation into the “Trouble with Harry” (Mathis, in which his intervention into the statewide seismic code was discussed “City Lights,” October 6). I, too, have considered that he has little regard for the effects of his actions have on his con-
stituents. His lack of regard for ethical political practice, as described in the article, con-

I would like to add other parts of Mathis’s political his-
tory to the story.

In 1989, his last-minute entry into the 1st District pri-
mary race made him both the “Rosie Ruiz” and the “Ross Perot” of this contest. His campaign, which was limited to anti-Wolfshiemer positions,
did nothing for the cause he claimed to support and de-
layed the removal of Wolfshiemer by four years. By pulling barely 1 percent of the vote, he put both Wolfshiemer and Bob Trettin under 50 per-
cent and forced a runoff. Wolfshiemer, who had been overconfident in this race and was behind Trettin in the pri-
mary, was grateful for the opportunity to rally and go to

After that, Mathis identi-
fied a personal cause, which was the construction of the Regents Road bridge across Rose Canyon. He found that this would provide access to a shopping center on one side of the canyon, which would benefit greatly by this connection to more of University City. While he was president of the University City Planning Group (UCPG), Mathis com-
municated with the owner of this shopping center and championed the bridge. Un-
der his guidance, the UCPG voted in favor of a historic meeting. Ironically, Mathis
now sits on the city council, where he is in a position to promote this project further.

During this time, I also sat on the Facilities and Architec-
ture Committee of the EDC, which Mathis attended erratic-
ally. On one occasion Mathis
presented the watered-down version of the proposed Unre-
inforced Masonry Ordinance to this group, with his inter-
pretation of the effects of this


continued on page 68
County Campaign Cash Found in Trash

By Melinda Powelson

One very powerful but little-recognized force in San Diego politics is the local trash lobby. During the past decade, a group of trash haulers and their public relations firms have donated thousands of dollars to political campaigns, especially during the election years when sensitive trash-related issues were at stake.

This year, campaign-disclosure records show that the trash lobby is on the move again. It has invested thousands of dollars in two county supervisorial races. Both Democratic candidate Peter Navarro, who is running for a seat in the 4th District, and Lee Thibadeau, a candidate for the 5th District, have received over $3000 from employees of San Diego trash companies. In the '92 campaign, the haulers, their spouses, and PR firms donated $1750 to San Diego councilwoman Judy McCarry; $2000 to Supervisor Pam Slater; and $2500 to Supervisor Diane Jacob.

The biggest trash issue on the November ballot is the Gregory Canyon Initiative, a ballot measure to locate a private landfill in North County. A campaign committee made up of a group of out-of-town investors, including a Beverly Hills diamond dealer, a Massachusetts-based bio-energy executive, and a San Francisco investor, has raised nearly $300,000 to push the proposal.

This year, elections come at a time when the county's solid-waste division, which is responsible for trash disposal throughout San Diego, is being whittled down. The division's budget has been slashed by 20 million, two departmental leaders have been placed on administrative leave, and the landfill system may not be able to generate enough revenue to support the $140 million recycling plant installed last year in San Marcos.

Some critics want to see the County Board of Supervisors turn the system over to private industry to save taxpayers money. But others claim that the trash industry is using its campaign money to engineer a costly private monopoly.

"Donating to political campaigns is one of the most effective tactics private trash haulers have at gaining influence in government-run systems," says a research analyst with the environmental activist group Greenpeace. Greenpeace conducted a year-long study in 1992 on the private trash industry and its influence on local government.

"Our research showed that whenever there was a trash issue on the agenda — whether it be the siting of a landfill or the award of a waste-hauling contract — elected officials were flooded with contributions," says the Greenpeace analyst. "Most often, these contributions have an influence."

"I think that the trash haulers are trying to exploit a very bad situation," says one county insider, who recognizes the problems in the department. "The public perception is that the county is not doing a very good job, and [the public] is eager for a change," the county insider continues. "What they don't realize is that turning the system over to a private industry isn't going to help. Private industry is in the trash business for profit — they are not out to save ratepayers money."

Of all the candidates running for office, Navarro has received the most money from the private trash haulers, with over $3500 in contributions. Critics charge that those donations stem from an April 1994 position paper, in which Navarro outlined ten reasons why the county should abandon the "trash bureaucracy" and award solid-waste contracts to private industry.

The money came from employees and their spouses of the three biggest trash haulers in the county — Coast Waste Management ($750), EDCO ($350), and Mabburn Waste & Recycling ($100). He also received a $250 donation from Victoria Tohbian, owner of Ranora Disposal, and Martha Gibbons, a vice president ofmaids, the third largest trash hauler in the country.

"I tell you exactly what the trash haulers donated to my campaign," says Navarro. "It is because of the 'trash tax' proposed by my opponent, Ron Roberts, at the Miramar landfill."

Last year, as a way to balance the budget, Roberts proposed a $10-a-ton tax on commercial businesses that bring their trash to the city landfill. The proposal drew severe criticism from the trash industry, which claimed that the tax was unfair to small businesses and elderly continued on page 8
Bazaar del Político: Rich Golding Chums Paint City Hall Green

By Thomas K. Arnold

The pastel pinks, greens, grays, and rose tones in which then-mayor Maureen O’Connor redecorated her office in 1990 simply won't do for her successor, Susan Golding.

So on the eve of the second anniversary of her election, Golding is planning an elaborate makeover of the mayor's 11th floor city hall suite. The task has been relegated to a "redecorating committee," chaired by Kay Porter and including as members Deborah Szekely and Diane Powers, both old friends of the mayor.

Szekely and Powers's involvement raises some potentially serious ethical questions, critics say — particularly if their relationship with Golding isn't fully, and promptly, disclosed. Szekely owns the Golden Door fat farm in North County; last year, she and Powers received a pair of $1000 discounts to both the Golden Door and the Rancho La Puerta spa in Tecate, Mexico, which is owned by Szekely's son, Alex. Powers, an interior decorator, runs the Bazaar del Mundo specialty shop mall in Old Town, a complex she built in the early 1970s in partnership with Golding's ex-husband, convicted money launderer Richard Silberman.

"Issues like this, in which people are willing to give money or time to make an elected official's life easier, are complicated," says Lisa Foster, a former member of the city of San Diego's now-defunct ethics commission and, before that, executive director of Common Cause, the political watchdog group. "On the one hand, there is nothing illegal about it. But on the other, there needs to be full disclosure about who's giving the money — and that includes in-kind contributions — so people know who's helping the mayor or not. Obviously, the implication is the mayor is going to look more kindly on those people, and that's always a cause for concern."

The redecorating committee is still in the "preliminary stages," Powers says. Its goal is to engineer a comprehensive redo of Golding's city hall digs "to have the office reflect San Diego more than it does currently," Powers says. "Now, it does not reflect the professionalism of the office or of San Diego," she says. "So much activity takes place in there, and so many people from all over the world come into that office. This office might be the first place some of these very important VIPs come in when they visit San Diego, and it's important for the office to reflect what happens in there and in our city. It needs to be a very positive image."

Nothing's been set in concrete, but Powers says that aside from changing the color scheme — to what, she won't say — "what we are hoping to do is draw some items from some of the museum collections and have them on display there. I feel, as well, that if we pull some items from the San Diego Historical Society, some photos of San Diego and how it has evolved from early on to its present day, that would be really interesting for people when they are waiting in the reception room, and really tell a story of San Diego and have it look like the image that people have of San Diego."

One former city councilman who asked that his name not be used says he fully understands why Golding is so bent on redecorating her office. "You should have been up there and seen it," he says of what O'Connor did to it in 1990. "Maureen went to great lengths to redecorate things, but the result was awful, sort of this pastel bland."

He says if the house Golding once shared with Silberman is any indication, the mayor's office will be a lot more colorful. "What Susan likes is bright and bolder colors," he says. "The house was painted inside and out with Mexican and Guatemalan folk-art colors and motifs, even the door."

O'Connor's 1990 remodel was financed by a $70,000 gift to the city from the tax-exempt R.P. Foundation set up by her wealthy husband, the late hamburger magnate Robert O. Peterson. Those improvements included a gourmet kitchen and costly designer furniture.

Powers says Golding's redecorating committee has not yet established a budget. She says the redecorating will focus on Golding's personal office, the lobby entryway, the reception area, and the conference room, "because there are an awful lot of meetings there."

Who's going to pay for all that? Maryanne Pintar, Golding's press secretary, did not return repeated phone calls. But Powers says no public money will be used on the project. It will be funded, instead, by private donations collected under the auspices of Ann Beard, a former social director of the University Club, which, until its demise a few years ago, was a popular haunt of San Diego's old-school establishment.

How much are they hoping to collect, and from whom? "We have not gotten that far yet," Powers says. "When it first started out, they [Golding staffers] were just talking about recouperating, but as different individuals from the outside got involved in it, they felt it really warranted a more thorough look to make it more attractive." So now, Powers adds, "We're going to wait and see how much we can raise, and after that we will work on..."
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tion that the county is currently taking to allocate the responsibilities to the cities. That's where the responsibility belongs."

Thibadeau received $750 total from EDCO principals. He also received $1,000 from principals of Mission Waste & Recycling, and $1,000 from the principals of Coast Waste Management.

Thibadeau's opponent, Bill Horn, hasn't received any contributions from local trash haulers. Horn's spokesperson says he intentionally did not seek money from them because of the volatile nature of trash discussions. Horn has said he opposes a new landfill in North County.

Proposition C, the initiative to site a private landfill at Gregory Canyon near I-15 in Palos Verdes as well as councilwoman Judy McCoy. "Proposition C is designed to break the political logjam that has prevented the county from opening a new North County dump for nearly a decade," says Sidney Notkin, a proponent of the initiative.

Crisis of Proposition C wonder, if the initiative is really about helping the county site a landfill, why is Gregory Canyon the only proposed location on the ballot? "The county has narrowed its search to two possible locations. It seems suspicious that voters only get the chance to approve one," the county insider explains.

Citizens for Environmental Solutions, a San Marcos-based campaign committee, has raised nearly $200,000 in its efforts to get San Diego voters to approve the Gregory Canyon initiative. Most of the money comes from wealthy investment groups.

Disclosure records show that more than $2.7 million has been collected by Gregory supporters comes from Servcon San Marcos, a company based in San Francisco. Jerry Riessen, an entrepreneur who is also president of OSI Energy, a company that develops power plants in California, is president of Servcon. Riessen has an option to purchase the Gregory Canyon site for $22.5 million from Waste Management Inc.

Records also show that the initiative is backed by Capital For Profit L.P., an investor group that operates out of Austin, Texas; Las Vegas, Nevada; and Beverly Hills, California. Capital For Profit's president, Naty Saidoff, has worked as a diamond dealer and real estate broker. Saidoff did not return calls seeking comment.

Another company, California Landfill Development Inc., contributed $28,000 to the Gregory initiative. The company, based in Haverhill, Massachusetts, is run by James Ricci. He also is president of Twin Rivers Technologies, a company that is devising ways to create fuel from soy products.

Opponents of the Gregory initiative say they don't have enough money to fight such a well-financed campaign. "How do you compete with an organization like that?" asks Virginia Bouman, an activist for the North County Coalition, a group of 400 citizens against the Gregory Canyon Initiative. "When San Diegoans cast their votes for Proposition C next month, they are voting for special-interest politics at its worst. Residents in South and East County are not aware of all of the problems with the Gregory Canyon site. It is an environmental and political disaster."

Bouman believes that Gregory Canyon has too many hurdles to overcome. The canyon sits at the edge of the San Luis Rey River. Approximately 50 percent of all the county's drinking water passes through the area. Gregory Canyon is also full of boulders and rock, and there is little to no landfill cover to properly operate a dump.

Bouman is convinced that Servcon is going to sell the landfill to Waste Management Inc. after it gets the dump through the permit process. Proponents of Proposition C argue that Bouman and other critics are just local activists who are of the NIMBY (Not In My Back Yard) mentality. Unless voters approve the Gregory Canyon site, Servcon warns, San Diego County will be facing a trash crisis of "monumental proportions." Furthermore, they say, the landfill site will be reviewed by 11 governmental agencies who will determine whether the site is viable from an environmental perspective.

"The county has tried to site a landfill in North County for 12 years that I am aware of, and failed miserably," Notkin concludes. "It's time that the public made the decision for them."

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a limited budget and stretch dollars as much as we can," Foster says that in the interest of ethics, Golding should card participate in charity auctions and fully disclose what. "Especially in a city like San Diego, where there is such a low limit for political contributions, situations such as this raise a lot of questions," she says. "In my opinion, most politicians are better off not doing these things. If it's so important that the mayor's office gets reominated, then the city should pay to have the mayor's office redecorated. Obviously, in times of a tight budget, it would not be a good thing to have the city pay for it. But in a situation like this, at the very least, I would encourage the mayor to provide a complete list of donors and file it with the city clerk, so the public knows certain people are helping the mayor." Foster also deems it essential that Golding disclose the full extent of her relationship with Szekely and Powers. Already Szekely's largess has gotten Golding into trouble. In 1993, the San Diego Union-Tribune reported that the most lucrative gifts given to any elected city official were the $1,000 discounts to the Golden Door and Rancho La Puerta. Golding received from the Szekelys. Under California law, it is illegal for a local official to accept gifts totaling more than $100 from any one source in a calendar year. Golding got around that law, according to the U-T, "because the Golden Door is owned by Deborah Szekely, while Rancho La Puerta is a separate corporate entity owned by her son, Alex." Golding told the U-T that what she was invited to be their guest at the spas — the going rate for a week at the Golden Door is $4,500 — but didn't want to risk running afoul of the state Fair Political Practices Commission (FPPC). "Instead, she allowed each spa to cover the maximum allowable $1,000 discount and paid the rest with her own money," the U-T reported, quoting Golding as saying she had known the Szekelys for 20 years. Two years earlier, Golding, then a county supervisor, questioned the logistics of a proposal to build a water and sewer system straddling the international border near Tecate, Mexico. The measure, discussed by the board of supervisors in September 1992, was opposed by Rancho La Puerta, whose lobbyist, attorney Michael McDade, also happened to be one of Golding's three key strategists in her successful run for mayor.

Powers and Golding — or, rather, Golding's ex-husband, Richard Silberman — also go way back. In 1971, Silberman cut a deal with the state to renovate a dilapidated old motel in Old Town State Park. He and Powers, an interior decorator by trade, were the only bidders for concession rights. Silberman provided the money and the decor, knowing how to turn the motel into Bazaar del Mundo. The colorful mini-mall soon became such a popular tourist attraction that by 1979, Silberman and Powers were grossing $10 million a year, according to an April 1989 story in the Los Angeles Times. Even so, the lease remained tiny, at just $3600 a month.

In the meantime, Silberman had sold his interest in the complex to Powers to join Governor Jerry Brown's cabinet. Powers, however, retained Silberman as a consultant and continued to make installment payments to him for his share in the business, even though as state business and transportation secretary he had authority over the establishment's four liquor licenses. In 1981, Silberman failed to disclose his financial ties to Powers while lobbying state legislators on her behalf, after he left office. A few months later, mounting public criticism led the state to renegotiate the lease agreement for 4.5 percent of Bazaar del Mundo's gross, resulting in more reasonable monthly payments of about $40,000. "At the very minimum, Mayor Golding should disclose the fact that they [Szekely and Powers] helped her," Foster says, "if for nothing more than the appearance of propriety."
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Heard the One About the Bird-Loving Lawyer?

By Bill Manson

With his talent he could be representing O.J. Simpson. Instead he’s gone court on behalf of the marbled murelet, a tiny bird.

“I’m a Greeny with short hair,” says San Diego lawyer Steve Crandall. “And my first love is suing corporate America — on behalf of the environment.”

But hold it: This is no dreamy-eyed, tree-hugging country boy. Crandall is a hard-nosed, self-confessed down-and-dirty trial lawyer from New Jersey (where there is no nature to preserve) who has spent most of his professional life prosecuting hardened criminals for the government.

So what’s a tangle-jaw prosecutor doing volunteering to help near-bankrupt environmental groups defend some obscure birds up in Northern California?

Turns out Crandall mixed with the biggest on environmental questions. He was on the trial team that won $5 billion in punitive damages from Exxon this year for fishermen, the Inuit, and Alaskan settlers affected by the infamous 1989 oil spill.

Crandall says the Exxon Valdez, the spotted owl, and marbled murelet are of equal importance to him. “I’ve been angry about environmental destruction ever since my father started getting mad — and that was when I was a kid.”

As he sat talking in the morning sipping coffee at an outside café recently, blue-eyed Crandall, 42, dressed like an ad for Gap in khakis and blue golfing shirt, still didn’t know if he had saved the marbled murelet and the giant redwood trees it depends on.

The fight, though, was typical of the environmental battles he loves to take on.

It was when he met fellow lawyer Mark Harris earlier this year that Crandall got involved in the crusade for the little 237 acres of old-growth forest the Houston-based company owns. EPIC claims the Owl Creek grove of ancient redwoods is needed by the endangered marbled murelet for nesting. Owl Creek is part of six remaining areas where the bird is known to make its home.

The murelet is a robin-sized seabird that roosts in off the Northern California coast at up to 60 mph and nests high in the last stands (96 percent have already been logged) of redwood forest in Humboldt County. Like the trees, the marbled-foot height of the nesting site allows the short-winged diving bird room to drop perhaps 30 feet before it can start gaining height when leaving the nesting limb.

The battle to save the trees wasn’t puffy. “We called Scotia [Pacific Lumber’s Northern California town] the Kingdom of Scotia,” says Crandall. “It’s a company town. Everything is owned by Pacific Lumber Company. They make the rules, they break the rules, they do business the way they feel like doing business. If nothing else this trial was a comeuppance for them in the sense of exposing what they’re all about.”

Indeed, says Crandall, before the trial was over the lumber giant had been forced to produce internal memos showing that their own survey indicated that the Owl Creek Forest was very suitable murelet habitat, despite their claiming the opposite; and Pacific Lumber had faced accusations of scientific skulduggery, in “losing” documents showing the bird had been observed in the nesting area.

“A lot of environmental lawyers are fairly gentle,” says Crandall. “What we do—prosecutors do differently is we street-fight. We are always expecting that people are going to lie. With Pacific Lumber we said, ‘Let’s dig in.’ By compelling discovery we got to internal memos, and then we started to see their true colors. Slowly but surely we dragged documents out of them. They weren’t used to this.”

Frank Bacik, one of the Pacific Lumber attorneys opposing Crandall and EPIC says it was unusual to be facing “out-of-town lawyers” on a case like this. “These guys were brought in from far-flung regions . . . EPIC called in a different team,” says Bacik. “And I think this is because...they were arguing a novel position for an expansion of the Endangered Species Act, one that, if it works, could effectively prohibit a lot of development on private property...and provide a lot of attorneys’ fees for counsels such as these that took this case on a contingency basis.”

Crandall doesn’t apologize for his aggressive attitude towards Pacific Lumber. “You just have to look at the other side...The EPIC people are...beautiful. There was no money, but they did have volunteer paralegals working 24 hours a day for us. I have become a carrot-juice addict. But mostly, they believe: they find something in the redwoods almost like a religion. And it is an emotional thing to see these 800-year-old trees standing tall. These people dedicate their lives to protecting these trees, continued on page 14
Who Masterminded The WaterGage Break-In?  
$25,000 CASH REWARD

Fluid Data Systems Of San Diego Will Pay A $25,000 Cash Reward To The First Party To Supply Information Leading To The Arrest and Conviction Of Person(s) Who Sabotaged Barrett Reservoir WaterGage*

By Gene Glassey, President/Chief Engineer
Fluid Data Systems

San Diego had a “WaterGage Break-In” that is likely more significant than the Watergate Break-In of the Nixon era. The truth is being held in appalling secrecy by San Diego City Government and the San Diego Union-Tribune.

My letters to President Clinton, however, drew only replies from the fools who ate the chickens. He, lieber, never heard of the “WaterGage Break-In,” A criminal WaterGage Break-In did occur, however. That nut did not come loose by itself, were the words of a member of Congresswoman Schenk’s staff—before he was ordered to clam-up like his boss.

To accept the GS statement at face value— that the Clinton team is firmly

FBI Fuzz Fizzled

— As a Result of Being Lied To By San Diego City Government — both duped by the GS Mess

To the people of San Diego: This is genuine, based upon my rock-solid forty year personal experience and massive documentation. President Clinton and Congress were deceived by Congresswoman Miller. A recent letter from the new GS Chief Hydrologist supplemented me upon my many contributions to hydrologic instrumentation, then went on to let me know he regretted I disagreed with GS policy, but that the Clinton Administration was united in its stand. I had written several letters to President Clinton, Secretary of the Interior Babbit and Congresswoman Miller on these subjects over an extended period of time.

My letters to President Clinton, however, drew only replies from the fools who ate the chickens. He, lieber, never heard of the “WaterGage Break-In.” A criminal WaterGage Break-In did occur, however. That nut did not come loose by itself, were the words of a member of Congresswoman Schenk’s staff— before he was ordered to clam-up like his boss.

If we accept the GS statement at face value— that the Clinton team is firmly

Tribune — that my allegations had been “reviewed and found to be without

substance.” (Which statement, of itself, is grossly fraudulent since FDS has never been notified of any such hearing — let alone given opportunity to present the abundant evidence we have.) The people of San Diego will be able to judge, for themselves, whether this message “has substance.”

City officials and the Union-Tribune were coerced not to communicate with Fluid Data Systems in any way — just clam-up and heed GS words. The offenders advised the City to keep a large procurement of water-stage monitors, for all its own reserves, secret from FDS — a violation of procurement regulations. (FDS is in truth, by rights of patent, the only qualified manufacturer — an extensively proved at all reserves of the California Water System and hundreds of other reservours in the United States and Canada.)

The specification employed by the AERAT is a highly respected hydrologic society’s name, warranting claiming the specification to be an AERAT specification. The WaterGage Break-In, someone criminally sabotaged the federal government owned Barrett’s Reserve WaterGage by losing the end of a tube fitting, creating a leak to detract from its performance a relatively short time before the procurement.

A responsible San Diego Water Utility engineer told me his agency specified our WaterGages on the requisition, but the paper work was changed “down town.” Another conscientious Utility executive suggested I write to Mayor Goldberg, that she ought to be a champion of local business. (Hey and all about that?) It seems Goldberg, Schenk, Witt and the Union-Tribune recognized their blunder rather promptly, as a result of letters I wrote, but chose to keep the whole scheme secret. It is, now, well evidenced that Goldberg, Schenk, Witt and the Union-Tribune would have simply stood by and watched Fluid Data Systems being destroyed by crime and fraud in government rather than admit their duplicity. They lied to and deceived the U.S. Attorney and FBI. It is just a procurement dispute, were the San Diego Union-Tribune professed words of journalism.

Again, there has never been denial of any of these repeated allegations — just clam-up and cover-up. Similar deception succeeded in near Coachella Valley Water District and in Secretary of the Interior Bruce Babbit’s home town of Phoenix and — it now seems, at hundreds of other local government entities throughout our United States — all lied to and deceived — corrupted by Miller and GS.

Now, it is time for truth — and for justice. It is time for primary offenders to go to prison for what we say, in truth, crime and fraud against our natural resources and the people. Fluid Data Systems has the evidence to put them there. It took forty years of intense effort for me to understand what I now call The GS Mess — which was, itself, continuously evolving — secrecy — with cult-methodologies.

The Autumn, 1994 issue of our 25 page, FLUID (DATA) is the sixth issue to The GS Mess published since 1988. This is first issue offered for sale — nonprofit — to combat crime in government.

It is time for Miller’s, Goldberg’s, Schenk’s, Witt’s and the Union-Tribune’s dark secret to be told — to reopen the door for science, rather than politics, in the technology for conservation and thoughtful use of our water resources. Finding “Who Masterminded the WaterGage Break-In” will be frost on the cake!

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When he graduated from Princeton, Crandall joined the U.S. Attorney's office in New Jersey. "I was hired to do civil law and environmental law," he says, "except with my very first case, I realized I was on the wrong side." Crandall had gone to law school before serving in the Humane Society for trying to stop a deer hunt in a government forest. "It was a hit of a shocker. That was the beginning of my metamorphosis, when I started to think, 'Do I really want to be doing this kind of environmental law?" 'It's not what I came to do. So I pushed to start prosecuting environmental crimes -- and bang! That's where I found what I love.

His first such case was prosecuting importers of endangered black cayman crocodile skins, bringing 25-foot hides along from Colombia via Hong Kong. "I brought the curator of the Bronx Zoo in. He saw the hides and started crying. I got a conviction, but they only got six months to a year. The law still didn't take environmental crimes seriously."

Still a federal prosecutor, he decided to come west, to San Diego, where his sister had settled as a doctor.

"San Diego, in 1983, was pre-historic in its awareness of environmental crimes," he says, "I said I wanted to concentrate in that area. They said, 'Prove yourself.' So I started with parrots being smuggled in from Mexico.

He was able to put the word out among local FBI agents that he was looking for environmental cases. He established a small network of agents, which finally coalesced into the Hazardous Waste Task Force.

"I've taken the 'hippie' thing from colleagues all day long. The刺 they're partly right. I got the snide comment the parrot smuggling in Mexico. Five years in jail. With customs we got convictions for illegal shipping of hazardous waste to Mexico. I started to get kudos. I was awarded the Justice Department's Director's Award for Superior Performance. People started realizing that I wasn't a fly-by-night idealist.

Still, Crandall found something frustrating about prosecuting. "It's not prospective," he says. "You're always closing the barn door after the horse has bolted." By 1989, he'd had enough.

He left the government and joined Milberg, Weiss, Bershad, Spectre, and Leach, a firm he liked because "they sue corporations for things like fraud. They're a pain in the butt to corporate America." His first case was his first five years with Milberg, Weiss were spent commuting to Alaska, fighting Exxon and justling with 38 other law firms. It was only after two years since he was able to look for more local environmental issues. There followed three major successes. He stopped the County of San Diego from putting a highway through Mission Trails Regional Park in 1991; won $15 million in settlement from Southern California Edison to clean up the San Dieguito Estuary; and stopped the subdivision of areas within the Cleveland National Forest in 1993.

The problem was, these cases weren't proving cost-effective for Milberg, Weiss. "The honchos there said, 'This is too risky.' I said I wanted to continue doing this -- and we split amicably." So suddenly, from being part of a huge law firm with offices in New York and San Diego, Crandall was out on his own, finding himself in a world dominated by non-profits and pro-bono law firms.

But Crandall's not short of work. While waiting for a result in the marbled murrelet case, he's already got his teeth into the next project dear to his heart: fighting the Baldwin Company over development of the Oat Ranch lands.

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Stray From the Hip

By Matthew Alice

Dear Matthew Alice:
Where did the expression "mad as a hatter" come from? What's a hatter, and why is a hatter so pissed off?
— Don't Get It, San Diego

You sure don't. Don't. The hatter isn't steamed, he's nuts. Loopy. Dotty. Dotty. Crazed. Bughouse. A.K.A. "mad," as in madhouse, madman, mad dog, mad (ding) crowd. And a hatter is a guy who makes hats. (Duh.) That doesn't sound like much of a high risk profession, but back in the Victorian era, hat makers used pure mercury to put a glossy finish on top hats. Hatters went bonkers from huffing toxic mercury fumes and absorbing it through their skin every day.

Dear Matt:
My friend and I were having a discussion about life in general, and we decided that we need to know why there is any stuff in the universe. Why is there anything instead of nothing? If there used to be nothing, it makes more sense that there would still be nothing. Can you help?
— Rick and Rita, Clairemont

If you're not already beyond help, you will be by the time I'm through with you. You're going to be really sorry you asked. Anyway, we'll take a crack at it (skirting the religious implications) with a little help from some consulting philosophers. According to all the big thinkers, "nothing" can't exist, even though you seem to think "nothing" is more logical than "something" — rubber cigars, chew mein, nuclear waste, and all the other "stuff" of the universe.

The brainiacs challenge you to imagine "nothing." Go ahead. Give it a shot. The holes in Swiss cheese? An empty bank account? A dark, spooky void stretching to nowhere? Ixixy, they say. Even the void has dimension in time and space; it can be imagined and described, therefore it can't be "nothing." Real "nothing" has no characteristics and so it can't exist. The savants conclude that a world full of rubber cigars and chew mein is much more logical; "nothing" has never existed, and the universe is infinitely old before "something" could have arisen from "nothing." They have reduced it all to a mathematical formula, in case you're still not convinced. But you're asking for even more trouble if you insist on seeing the proof.

Dear Matthew:
On vacation recently, I saw a machine that for 50 cents squashed a penny into a thin copper disk with a picture of the Golden Gate Bridge on it. I remember my dad telling me when I was a kid that it was illegal to deface money. How can this machine be legal?
— Bob G., San Diego

Golly, don't tell me Pops actually told little Bobby something that wasn't true! Why, this must be the only time ever, ever that a dad has filled his kid's bean with wrong-headed nonsense! And wrong-headed it is. Unless your intent is to counterfeit, you can mash, bend, staple, cut, fold, file, paint, melt, puncture, etc, or otherwise deface a coin, and you won't show up one day on America's Most Wanted. In fact, if you can get a lot of bozo tourists to pay you 50 or 100 times the penny's face value once it's smashed and embossed, why, go get 'em, Bob.

Dear Matthew Alice:
My in-laws recently came to visit from Ireland. When my mum made the remark, "That's a Yankee for you!" I said something derogatory regarding Micks. Where did we assume the name Yankee or Yank? How does one adopt a name like "Yank" or "Limey" or "Mick"?
— Kelly, Mission Valley

Some fun at your house, Kelly. Do all your discussions end in insults and food fights? Well, you can bet name-calling is a sport older than recorded time. Calling the guy in the cave across town a pinhead probably predates fire.

"Yankee" seems to have been applied to several different nationalities, though I'll warn you, this is another word that has a hazy parentage. I'll go with the most commonly accepted story. The word originally may have been "John Kee," Dutch for "John Cheese," the personification of a dirt-ordinary doil. It was applied in the 1600s to Netherlanders by Brits and the Flemish. The resulting song, "Yankee Doodle," with slightly different words from the one we sing, was sung in England as a put-down of Oliver Cromwell and the Puritans. ("Doodle" was a common Britishism for "simpleton.") When British troops came to North America, they sang "Yankee Doodle" to taunt the colonists, most particularly New Englanders, and called them Yankees. During the American Revolution, New Englanders changed the song's words to the lyrics we know today and sang it right back at the British, adopting proudly the name "Yankee" as a sort of self-defense. Since the label, good or bad, was most associated with New Englanders, it became a handy put-down for Rebels to use during the Civil War. World War I made the term universally known, sometimes a compliment, sometimes an insult, depending on who was saying it.

Yankee Doodle Update: In the earlier 1990s, the U.S. was plagued by a Bulgarian computer virus that brought your system to a sudden halt, then beeped out the tune to Yankee Doodle while it ate your data. Hey, Europe, back off!

Got a question you need answered? Get it straight from the hip. Write to Matthew Alice, c/o the Reader, P.O. Box 85863, San Diego, CA 92186-5863, or fax your questions to 231-0489.
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San Diego Reader, October 20, 1994, 17
Enigma in a Turban

(continued from page 1)

To learn more about it, I was told by a local religious scholar that I should talk to an Encinitas businesswoman whom I'll call To'chula. Over the phone, she sounded cautious. The incident in question had been quite personal, and she disliked the thought of public attention. With the promise of anonymity, however, she described what had happened.

Now 47, To'chula is a Native American who has immersed herself in religious and philosophical study since she was in her late 20s. But she says she knew nothing about Paramahansa Yogananda a dozen or so years ago, when she and a friend went to lunch one day at the old Shepherd restaurant, a vegetarian cafe fronting the highway just a few doors north of the Fellowship property. To'chula states, "I never had seen Yogananda's likeness in any way, and I never had studied the teachings of the Fellowship" (which Yogananda founded in 1920). Nevertheless, as she ate her lunch that day, she began to sense the presence of someone standing in back of her. She thought at first that a waiter was hovering near the door that led into the restaurant kitchen. "But it persisted for 30 to 45 seconds," To'chula recalls. At last she turned around to look. She saw something floating in the air that she describes as looking like a bull's eye. "It was all the colors of the rainbow, and it was pulsating. And in the middle of it was a man."

To'chula says the apparition was dressed in robes. His skin was dark; his hair long and soothed by a loose natural wave. The image seemed holographic, she elaborates, "like the Haunted Mansion in Disneyland where they have the people dancing." At the sight, she drew in her breath in a gasp so loud that it was almost a scream. The other restaurant patrons turned to stare at her. And the man, she says, vanished. "Then I experienced the most extraordinary series of physical reactions. First I started laughing hysterically. Then I cried. Then I started shaking, all within a two-minute period." To'chula's friend pointed out a painting of Yogananda on the wall of the restaurant that To'chula had not noticed before. It was the very image of the being who had materialized before the distraught woman.

And why not? Anyone who has read the life story of this Indian mystic might ask why he hasn't put in more appearances at the Encinitas site that meant so much to him. It was on these grounds, in rooms preserved today just as he left them, that Yogananda dictated his Autobiography of a Yogi, the spiritual chronicle studded with miraculous occurrences (most of them in India), which has since been translated into 18 languages.

Yogananda didn't die in Encinitas, but at the Biltmore Hotel in Los Angeles in 1935, at the age of 59. "Some of his disciples made fools of themselves. They said he was not dead, but just in samadhi (a higher state of consciousness in which the person more or less withdraws from the senses). He was dead," snaps Omar Garrison, a British-educated journalist who met Yogananda around 1937 and became a close friend, though not a formal disciple, of the guru. Garrison now lives in retirement in Utah, but at the time of Yogananda's death he was writing for the Los Angeles Mirror. He reacted like a journalist when he learned from one of the employees at Forest Lawn Cemetery that Yogananda's body seemed to be resisting the normal postmortem deterioration. Garrison broke the story, which he says was viewed as "somewhat of a scandal." (He says the cemetery workers weren't supposed to be gossiping about their deceased clientele.) The episode still lives on in an appendix to Yogananda's Autobiography in which extracts from a notarized letter are printed. Written by one Harry T. Rowe, Forest Lawn's mortuary director in 1952, the letter states that "At the time of receiving Yogananda's body, the mortuary personnel expected to observe, through the glass lid of the casket, the usual progressive signs of bodily decay."

According to the Autobiography, "enigmatic glimpses of three buildings" had come since early youth to Mukunda Lal Ghosh, the second son and fourth child of a prosperous middle-class family who lived near the Himalayan Mountains in northeastern India. One of those buildings was "a sylvan retreat on a plain." Another sat on a hilltop, while the third overlooked the sea. None figured in the life of young Mukunda, whose father was an executive of the Bengal-Nagpur Railway and whose mother bore eight children. But vividly otherworldly images were a fixture of the boy's earliest existence. "Clear recollections came to me of a distant life in which I had been a yogi amid the Himalayan snows," he would later write. By the age of eight, he had already experienced a miraculous healing. "While at our family estate in Ichapur, Bengal, I was stricken with Asiatic cholera," the Autobiography recounts. "My life was despaired of; the doctors could do nothing." At his bedside, Mukunda's frantic mother ordered him to "bow mentally" to a photograph of her guru, a man named Lahiri Mahasaya. "I gazed at his photograph and saw there a blinding light, enveloping my body and the entire room. My nausea and other uncontrollable symptoms disappeared," Yogananda wrote. "I had instantly recovered from a usually fatal disease." He had many other religious experiences as a child, and the boy resolved to devote all his attention to God. That goal clashed with his father's educational plans for him, and there followed many years during which Mukunda flirted, again and again with a catastrophic, as he directed his attention and energy to spiritual rather than intellectual inquiries. It was soon after his near-miraculous graduation from high school that he started a spiritual movement in the form of the Ananda movement, known as Sri Yukteswar. Much to Mukunda's dismay, this guru also urged the youth to go on to college. ("Some day you will go to the West," he was said to have told Yogananda, adding, "If people will be more receptive to India's ancient wisdom if the strange Hindu teacher has a university degree.")

Mukunda received an A.B. degree from Calcutta University in 1915, and a few weeks later, Sri Yukteswar initiated him into the Swami Order, an ancient form of Indian monkhood, which, among other things, requires the selection of a new name. (Yogananda's choice means bliss [ananda] through divine union [yoga]).: "The ideal of selfless service to all mankind and of renunciation of personal ties and ambitions leads most swamis to engage actively in humanitarian and educational work," explains the Autobiography. It didn't take the new monk long to find such a project. Yogananda started schools, beginning with a small one in the Bengal countryside but soon winning the patronage of a local maharaja. With the rich man's aid, Yogananda was able to move to a palace set on a 25-acre estate in the town of Ranchi, about 200 miles from Calcutta. In this, the "building on a sylvan plain," he could accommodate 100 youthful boarders, but at the end of his first year, "applications for admission had reached 2000."

Yogananda records that this success was interrupted one day while he was meditating behind some dusty boxes in the storeroom of the Ranchi school. ("A private spot was difficult to find during those busy years with the youngsters!") At once his "inward view" was filled with "a panorama of Western faces," which caused him to exclaim, "Surely these people are Americans!" The vision continued, Yogananda writes. "A vast

Photographs by Robert Burroughs

Paramahansa Yogananda an hour before his death, March 7, 1935

Yogananda told the child that the Lord was calling him to America. On March 27th, just before the bronze cover of the casket was put into position, was the same as it had been on March 7th."

Concluded the mortician, "The case of Paramahansa Yogananda is unique in our experience."

Many aspects of Yogananda's life were unique, including the saga of how he came to take up residence on the Encinitas bluff. That story too has a supernatural element; it began with a transcontinental vision.
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multitude, gazing at me intently, swept actorlike across the stage of consciousness." Seconds later, when one of the schoolboys discovered his hiding place, Yogananda told the child that the Lord was calling him to America. Within hours, according to the Autobiography, he was on a train bound for Calcutta, where he says the next day he got an invitation to serve as India's delegate to the International Congress of Religious Liberals about to be held in Boston.

Yogananda's benefactor interceded with a check, and the young swami scrambled to get a passport. In August 1920, he pulled away from the shore of India aboard The City of Sparta, the first passenger ship bound for America after World War I. Two months later, he disembarked at Boston Harbor and on October 6 gave his speech to the assembly of religious leaders.

In many ways, Yogananda's audience was well-primed to hear his message. The Vedat and Upnishads had been translated into English by the beginning of the 1800s, and those sacred Hindu scriptures had influenced many American religious leaders (including Ralph Waldo Emerson) long before any Hindu arrived in the New World with an eye to starting some formal organization here. Yogananda wasn't the first such East Indian to do that. He was preceded by a charismatic young swami named Vivekenanda, who attended the 1893 Parliament of Religions in Chicago. Vivekenanda later drew crowds on a lecture tour that took him throughout the country, and within a year or so the Vedanta Society sprang into existence and grew quickly. According to J. Gordon Melton's Encyclopedia of American Religions, others also helped popularize Hinduism in the first years of this century, including an American named Peter Coon, who became well-known as "Oom the Omnipotent." (By 1910, Coon opened a New York Sanskrit College, where he combined the teaching of yoga, Hindu philosophy, and the giving of advice on sex to a following that included some wealthy socialites.)

As strange as the turban-beckoned Yogananda must have looked in Boston in 1920, his ideas thus weren't altogether alien. Moreover, his particular message — that both Eastern and Western teachings contain the same essential truth — went over just fine with the Unitarians who had sponsored the Boston conclave. Yogananda also soon discovered that ordinary New Englanders were interested in his thoughts. "Because of Father's generous check, I was able to remain in America after the congress was over," he later recorded in the Autobiography. "Three happy years were spent in humble circumstances in Boston. I gave public lectures, taught classes, and wrote a book of poems." The president of the College of the City of New York contributed the foreword for the latter.

It's curious that out of the almost 600 pages that constitute Yogananda's autobiography (published in 1946), the swami devotes only about eight pages to the 15 years that followed his arrival in America. Those are the years in which he stepped into the limelight and founded his own religion, years in which he acquired a number of rich and powerful patrons and thousands of ordinary followers, many of whom regarded him as almost a living god. Yogananda paid a visit to the White House (in 1927), yet he foreswore recording any of his impressions of Coolidge. (He instead devotes five of the eight pages covering 1920-1935 to discussing his great admirer, the plant breeder Luther Burbank, whom Yogananda regarded in turn as a "saint.")

Whatever the reason underlying his reticence, Yogananda seems to have communicated it to his followers, who today number in the hundreds of thousands worldwide (according to a spokesman at the Fellowship headquarters in Los Angeles). No book has ever
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been written about Yogananda other than his own account, and
despite the fact that he lived in Encinitas for at least ten years, Fellowship
leaders there say they have no documents recording his years on
the premises. When I asked for access to any records in Los Angeles,
officials turned me down, polite but immutable. I was shown a
30-minute version of a two-hour video about Yogananda produced
by the Fellowship. Yet once again, facts about the religious leader's
life in America were scarce. The
production instead focuses on
Yogananda's disciples—everyone
from Fellowship monks and nuns
to the actor Dennis Weaver—all describing their emotional
reactions to the leader.

Many mention his striking physical appearance, in particular
his eyes. Large, dark, and heavy-lidded, they look (in photos)
filled with a languid bliss. Yet in a face that remained smooth and
glowing well into the swami's later years, it's hard to imagine
being pinned by them in a stare that was sharp or searching.

Instead his gaze is misty, humorous, benevolent. Striking too is
the cataract of blue-black hair that flowed down to his
shoulder blades. Although Yogananda sometimes donned a
business suit, he more often wore orange silk robes, which concealed
a figure that was always chunky, at the least. He loved to eat,
according to people who knew him, and later pictures reveal a wide
girth and a double chin.

Yet he had a physical strength that could be astonishing,
according to Brother Mitrananda, a Fellowship monk for 25 years
and one of the leaders of the Encinitas ashram. Mitrananda never
knew Yogananda in person, but he says he's heard stories about
Yogananda's lecture tours. The swami would often line up a group
of men on stage, then urge them to try to push him over. "And
they couldn't," says Mitrananda. However, "with his stomach
he would just knock them all back. He did this kind of thing in the
beginning, but then he saw that it was really sensationalistic...just
a P.T. Barnum kind of thing. And so he stopped it."

Mitrananda says other factors helped insulate Yogananda's
success when he left Boston in 1924 and set off across the nation.
He always advertised in local newspapers, and Mitrananda
says Yogananda also had gained entry into a network of influential
New Yorkers. He somehow met John Barron, the founder of the
Wall Street Journal. Amelia Galli-Curci, the most famous opera
singer of the day, was enthralled by him and introduced the swami
to other glittering cultural and political figures. "He met Woodrow
Wilson's daughter," says Mitrananda. "He met the daughter of
Leo Tolstoy. There were lots of people who knew lots of people,
so when he traveled, he would be introduced to the mayor. We
see pictures of him with car dealers who'd give him a car for the

Yogananda gave eight "soul-stirring free lectures" on the subject of
"eternal youth" in April of 1932 in the ballroom of the Hotel San Diego.

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week. Everybody wanted on this bandwagon because he was so personable."

By the end of 1924 he'd reached California, where he visited Luther Burbank at Burbank's home in Santa Rosa. In January of 1925, Yogananda sailed onto the pages of the Los Angeles Daily Times in a story announcing that he'd been the guest of honor at a private banquet held at the Biltmore. The story also informed readers that Yogananda was about to give a series of talks dealing with "such subjects as mastering the subconscious by the superconscious, scientific spiritual healing, highest technique of concentration, and other talks of like character."

On the day before Yogananda's first lecture, a prominent section of the paper's "Theaters, Amusements, and Entertainments" section stated that "MILLIONS HAVE MARVELLED AT THE WONDER MESSAGE of this saint of the Far East sent by a reigning prince of India the Maharajah of Kasimbazar — SWAMI YOGANANDA — Admission Free. "Come Early! Thousands turned away," the next day's ad warned. When the newspaper dispatched a reporter to the proceedings, she reported that Yogananda "drew an immense crowd" to the Music-Arts Hall. "Sponsored as he is by so many local lights, including Capt. and Mrs. Richmond Pearson Hobson, Mrs. Rufus von KleinSmid, Mrs. Isadore Dockweiler, Mrs. Willoughby Rodman, Harry Haldeman and others too numerous to list, my own curiosity was duly whetted with the rest," the reporter gushed.

What they got was the swami, "clad in a peach-colored silk robe, wearing his black curly hair long and hanging about his shoulders, and a wristwatch upon his left hand. Swami Yogananda is not tall, neither is he thin and emaciated as some Indian teachers who have visited us have been. On the contrary, an air of prosperous well-being pervades him." Beside a lengthy discussion of Yogananda's thoughts on "Raja Yoga" (as the writer misheard it), she also noted some clues to the speaker's apparent affluence. Although admission was free, a "freewill offering" was solicited and audience members were urged to buy the speaker's portrait for $2 apiece (the equivalent of about $16 today) along with
told the police chief “that if he found his wife at the lecture he would kill Yogananda. He said he had asked his wife not to attend...but she had said she would do so if the Swami appeared,” the article stated. “The son of another woman reported that he had found his mother trying to walk on the Miami River because “Yogananda told her she could do it.” Despite testimony from a former California congressman that Yogananda was “one of the most godly men he ever knew,” along with other legal efforts, Yogananda finally left Miami, in compliance with police orders.

Yogananda’s Los Angeles organization nonetheless continued to grow, as did interest in India among Southland residents. By the end of 1932, the religion editor of the Los Angeles Times was declaring, “Today there are more swamis to the square mile in Southern California than in any other section of the country.” Of them, “the most spectacular” was Yogananda, the editor wrote.

Yogananda made many trips down to San Diego County during this period. For example, he gave eight “soul-stirring free lectures” on the subject “everlasting youth” in April of 1932 in the ballroom of the Hotel San Diego. And it must have been around then that he discovered the undeveloped Encinitas acreage, which he proclaimed to be the ocean-view setting from his childhood vision. “He thought it was an enchanted spot,” says Omar Garrison, Yogananda’s journalist friend, who recalls that the guru had a mobile home custom-built for him by the Pullman Company, which would park up on top of the cliffs. “He meditated there,” says Garrison. But although the property was for sale, Yogananda didn’t have enough money to buy it, say Fellowship spokespersons today. He did have a rich disciple named James J. Lynn, an oil and insurance executive who paid for the swami to make a 16-month return visit to India, which began in June of 1935. During Yogananda’s absence, Lynn also secretly purchased the land in Encinitas, then oversaw the construction of a luxurious retreat there.

Lynn managed to astound the guru with his homecoming gift, despite Yogananda’s claims of being able to see into the deepest corners of his disciple’s souls. The monks and nuns who live on the property today tell the story of how Lynn drove the religious leader down to Encinitas; of how distressed Yogananda was to note the disappearance of the “For Sale” sign, how indignant he felt to see that someone had built there; how speechless when he...

But Los Angeles wasn’t the only place where racy rumors swirled around the guru. At the very same time that the L.A. district attorney’s minions were poking their noses into the classrooms at Mt. Washington, Yogananda was in Miami — caught up in a scandal whose repercussions reached as far as the New York Times.

One of its front-page stories on January 4, 1928, told how Miami officials and police were ordering Yogananda not to speak publicly in the Florida city because they thought his philosophy violated local moral codes.

If the D.A. ever discovered any wrongdoing, no record of it survives in the indices to the old Times articles. And it seems unlikely that any loose behavior was occurring: Yogananda’s writings suggest he himself was a lifelong celibate, whose practices toward sex fell somewhere between mild disinterest and repulsion.

Darrough found the bluff collapsed and the temple clinging to the edge of it, canted at a 45-degree angle toward the sea, and inching downward.
realized that the building was his. Today, this Hermitage, as it is called, lies at the end of the long driveway that enters the grounds from S Street; most of the time, a sign announces it is off-limits to visitors (unlike the magnificent Meditation Gardens, open daily). But from 2:00 to 5:00 p.m. most Sundays, the forbidding sign is removed and the Hermitage doors open.

From the outside, the building where Yogananda lived and worked seems a simple, very Southern Californian construction: two stories frosted with white stucco and topped with red clay roof tiles; encircled by a thick border of pink and white begonias, mature palms, and towering yuccas. But just inside the double-doored front entrance, visitors face a carpeted stairway so wide that it feels ceremonial. Only at the top of the 14 steps does the logic of the building become apparent: the upper rooms command the clifftop, letting in commodities of sea and sky through tall, wood-framed windows. There’s a huge, formal dining room and an even larger salon. A short corridor leads to Yogananda’s study and bedroom. Braced silken ropes guard the doorways and lie over most of the furniture.

Closer inspection brings into focus sumptuous details: teakwood tables and ebony chairs carved with fantastic Oriental friezes; a gorgeous brass filigree floor lamp; a Tibetan brazier made of brass, silver, and gold. The artworks, the touches of exoticism — rare seashells, for example, arranged on a bearskin rug in the study — all seem the trappings of some wealthy, well-traveled collector. (Most were gifts, Yogananda’s followers say.) Against such splendor, the few personal items like the polished brown leather bedroom slippers tucked next to Yogananda’s bed somehow look staged.

Yet Yogananda’s followers say Lynn conceived of the Hermitage as a very personal refuge indeed, a place where Yogananda could escape in solitude. They say Yogananda did in fact spend a few weeks alone here after Lynn unveiled his surprise but that the swami soon wanted to share the delights of the place with friends and disciples. And so the Golden World Colony, as it became known, developed into the central base for Yogananda’s activities. Plans were announced for retreat facilities that would be open to all the Fellowship’s members (then estimated at 50,000), and throughout 1937 the swami directed the construction of a temple adjoining the gardens being planted just north of the colony’s living quarters. This temple was to sit on the highest knoll on the estate, right out on the cliff edge. By October of 1937, it was complete enough for the San Diego Union to judge it “one of the most unusual and beautiful temples in the world.”

Christened the Golden Lotus Temple of All Religions, the building was massive. Huge lotus buds encrusted with gold leaf spouted from a roof that was open to meditating devotees. A four-story glass tower also rose like a lighthouse next to the central structure, inside which “hundreds” could “enjoy the ocean view thru the panoramic windows,” so declares a flyer written not long after the dedication. The flyer adds that a “blue tile altar” beneath one of the windows supported the statues of Christ, Krishna, St. Francis, Buddha, Zoroaster, Mohomed, Rama, and several other Indian religious figures. A large pool situated on the site of the temple mirrored the whole complex “like a lovely dream.”

Looking back, I have to wonder how Yogananda, with his vaunted psychic powers, failed to recognize just how short a time the dream was to last. Almost at once, auguries appeared that were visible to Clarence Darrough. Darrough, now 81, lives near the top of Mt. Palomar, but back in 1938, his home was Encinitas, just a mile and a half away from the new place of worship. A construction supervisor, he had watched first the Hermitage and then the temple take shape. He’d even donated a number of Torrey pines to be planted on the grounds. But he noted with concern that “a regular lake” would appear on the property after every heavy rain. Darrough says the county had built K Street in such a way that rainwater could not drain it but seeped into the ground and flowed west toward the cliffs on whose edge Yogananda’s temple perched.

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**Opera singer Amelita Galli-Curci moved to San Diego to be closer to her guru/idol.**

Los Angeles. Opera singer Amelita Galli-Curci moved to San Diego to be closer to her guru K. Swamiji. So much for the “City of Angels.”

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Darrough says he'd met Yogananda a number of times at the truck stop across Highway 101 from the Fellowship property. "He used to go over and visit with the people in the restaurant. Oh, he was very personable," recalls the retired construction supervisor. But Darrough says what really brought him and Yogananda together were the swami's mounting concerns during the winter of 1941-42. Storms that season were fierce.

"It rained for seven days and nights at one point," the old man recalls. Around 10:30 on the night of July 21, 1942, Darrough got a call from someone at the Hermitage expressing concern about the temple's prospects for survival. Darrough says when he dressed and hastened to the property, he found the bluff collapsed and the temple clanging to the edge of it, canted at a 45-degree angle toward the sea, and inching downward. When the war had broken out the previous December, naval authorities had forced the Fellowship members to cover the golden domes with white cloth, to foil any Japanese bombers looking for a landmark. Now Darrough and a small band of other rescue workers worked through the night to remove these great sheathed balusters, along with the stained glass windows, oak pews, Oriental rugs, and other valuable interior furnishings.

The building itself couldn't be saved, crashing within hours down the cliff. After the disaster, Darrough says he urged Yogananda to sue the county. The swami did so, asking $50,000 for damages, but the complaint was dismissed by both the local and appellate courts.

Darrough today believes Yogananda lost due to prejudice. He says he saw the same attitudes among some of his neighbors in Encinitas. "In a small town, someone will criticize the sun coming up. In this case, they didn't want yogis coming in. And oh! The insulting remarks that were made!" Such remarks continued right up to when Darrough was serving on the San Diego High School board and took it upon himself to invite the swami to give the invocation and benediction at the school's graduation ceremonies. "The community had not yet fully accepted the Self-Realization group, and it certainly wasn't because the members weren't doing their part," Darrough asserts. But Yogananda wound up delivering "just the most beautiful invocation that I think anybody ever heard. I would say that the next day the sun came up on a whole new community, to the point where you didn't hear the slurs anymore. It was a turning point."

And countering the loss of the temple were other triumphs. In September of 1943, Yogananda opened a new house of prayer in a graceful building just north of downtown San Diego, and for the rest of the decade, he conducted services there on alternate Sundays. (He also presided over a Hollywood temple that had opened in 1942. Journalist Omar Garrison says the swami made the four- to five-hour commute in one of a number of the Fellowship's cars, driven by a Mexican chauffeur.) Occasional lecture tours continued to take him farther afield, but famous admirers also made their way to the succulent Indian banquets served in the Hermitage dining room. Among them, says Brother Mitrananda, were movie stars Greta Garbo and Ramon Navarro, conductor Leopold Stokowski, dancer Ruth St. Denis, religious scholar Walter Evans-Wentz, and opera singer Amelia Galli-Curci, who moved to San Diego County to be closer to her guru/idol.

By the middle of the 1940s, Yogananda was also immersed in the creation of his epic autobiography. "He would dictate this thing for hours on end," sometimes straight throughout the night, recalls Garrison. "It was a continuous operation. The man had incredible stamina. He wore out secretaries.

Garrison says he discovered that one of those amanuenses, one Miss L.V. Pratt (later known as Tara Mata), was editing the guru's discourses with a rather heavy hand. Garrison says he exploded, "Don't let her change anything! She thinks she knows more than you. And she doesn't!" He says Yogananda came to agree with him, and Garrison offers the opinion, "It's the sincerity of the book that makes it."
The autobiography does resound with simple declarations that convey an artless sense of innocence. The tone contributes to carrying the reader through Yogananda’s recollections of one supernatural feat after another, performed by such characters as the Perfume Saint (who made scents appear and extracted objects out of thin air), the Tiger Swami (who fought the big cats with his bare hands), and the Levitating Saint (who not only defied gravity but also once performed a series of breathing exercises in front of Yogananda “with such amazing force that it seemed that a real storm had arisen in the room”). Upon the book’s 1946 publication, both Time and Newsweek took notice, though Time’s review (“Here Comes the Yogiman”) couldn’t quite keep the smirk off of its tone. (While acknowledging that the dearth of swami autobiographies made Yogananda’s contribution “something of a document,” it “is not likely to give the uninitiated much insight into India’s ancient teachings.” Time sniffed, as India’s ancient literary followers of Indian philosophy as Aldous Huxley, Christopher Isherwood, and Gerald Heard viewed Yogananda with contempt.)

Public demand for the book far exceeded the snickers; a Los Angeles spokesperson for the Fellowship(5,8),(994,993), which publishes the Autobiography, says “countless millions of copies” of it have been sold worldwide. As the ‘40s drew to a close, Yogananda’s life grew more and more centered, of a bearded man of industry, according to profiles that appeared around that time. He was overseeing 82 centers and churches stretching all the way to the Gold Coast of Africa, San Diego Magazine reported in 1951. “He directs such diverse activities as a goat farm in Arizona, a desert retreat for monks and nuns of the Order overlooking Palm Springs, papaya groves and a restaurant in Encinitas...” (This ‘cleanseitarian’ eating place was located out on Highway 101, next to the central lotus tower. Raw vegetable juices and "mushroomburgers" were the specialties.)

Continued the San Diego Magazine writer, “On Yogananda’s busy days he puts in 16 to 18 hours at his desk, takes a three- or four-hour rest and comes back for more. An avalanche of mail greets The Master every morning. These consist mostly of requests for his photos (now available in three poses—long-time favorite seated with folded hands, and his latest photograph, seated). Others want ‘The Voice’ singing his Hindu Chant on a non-breakable, unscratchable record. Still others write him for his correspondence course and writings.” Besides having produced the Autobiography, Yogananda also composed poetry, songs, and chants. “Weekly, he turns radio writer and produces the scripts for The Voice of Self-Realization. And each morning between 7:00 and 11:00 a.m. as he claims to be a human sending station, he emits, to the students and those seeking help, his personal healing vibrations.”

In the midst of this frenzied schedule, Yogananda had a revelation that his life was drawing to a close, says Mitrananda, and after the 1948 religious leader began spending more and more time in the Mojave Desert, writing. One of the most detailed accounts of his final days appeared in Time magazine, a few months after his death. “For the last two years the guru suffered from a ‘metaphysically induced illness,’ as his disciples put it—the result of ‘working out’ on his own body some of the physical and spiritual burdens of his friends.” Time continued that as 1952 had arrived, the swami had grown silent. “He finished dictating his spiritual books. His last ‘little desire’ was fulfilled, he said, when a disciple from Florida sent him some green coconut juice in March.”

Omar Garrison says Yogananda called him one day at the beginning of March 1952, to disclose that the ambassador of India was coming for a luncheon. "I said, 'Well, Paramahansaji, I have an assignment. I can't come at that time.' He said, 'Cancel it. Do anything, but you must come.' And there was nothing about the way he said it; I immediately caught it in his voice.... So I went. And the moment I saw him, he told me, 'I want you to say good-bye to you. I was confused; was he returning to India? I didn't realize what he meant until a few days later [March 7]—the night of the banquet for the ambassador at the Biltmore Hotel.”

According to Time, Yogananda ate vegetables and strawberry parfait at the banquet, then rose to make a speech about “spiritual India,” ending the presentation by quoting from one of his own poems. “As he finished, Paramahansa [sic] lifted his eyes, turned slightly to the right, and slid to the floor, dead.” The subsequent medical verdict blamed a heart attack.

He was 59—young for a profession in which (by Yogananda’s own account) some yogis manage to avoid death for centuries. “He finished his mission,” declared Brother Mitrananda when I questioned Yogananda’s demise. “He did what he was supposed to do.”

When I had asked to talk to someone about the current residents of the Encinitas ashram, I was referred to Mitrananda. Although he was only a few years old at the time of Yogananda’s death, and although he probably wasn’t many miles away, he started out in a very different world from that of the Indian mystic. “I was born in Gainesville but raised in La Crescenta. I have really great folks; came from Kentucky. They were childhood sweethearts,” said the monk, who resembles the actor John Malkovich. The family was Methodist. “I was into church,” says Mitrananda. “I stood in tabernacle on the lawn at Christmas, and I sang in the choir and all that.”

One element in his life did distinguish him from the typical suburban schoolboy. Around the age of 12, he got a professional
act pie, and he says throughout his term he worked in "hundreds of movies and television programs and commercials." He adds, "Working in the film studios was kind of a revelation. I was never starstruck. In fact, I saw how secretive, how insecure, most of the artists and actors were." After high school, he nonetheless enrolled in the movies in Southern California to learn acting and film production. As he neared graduation, he was sort of aimless," he recalls. "I'd been through a lot of confusion and didn't really know what I wanted. I was at times in my life the trip to the park, and then feeling I was going to be a film student."

Retreats — most, though not all of whom are fellowship and film members — stay for anywhere from 1 to 14 days. "To do certain physical exercises twice a day, to control the energy," says Mirananda. "We teach them techniques of concentration and meditation." They attend some lectures, and they also are asked to keep silence, an experience that itself is "a tremendous education to the monk averts. "Many people have never spoken for two days. But a lot of things come to you from just doing something, meditation. That's what we believe — the definition of self-realization is that we already have the knowledge. It's inside. But we can't access it...because of our restlessness and because of all the energy that's going out. Every night when we sleep, the life force withdraws, but it's not conscious. Whereas meditation is really a sort of a conscious sleep. You get a chance to shut things down, the heartbeat slows down, the breath slows, slows down, and then up underneath that comes this first manifestation of God — peace. The Bible says, 'Be still and know that I am God,' Well, that's stillness in science...and so to be able to create it consciously, it's for, we're told," he says.

"Yogananda was not here to teach Hinduism as such," Mirananda told me on another occasion. "I mean, he wasn't preaching incense and sitting cross-legged and that." Indeed, the theme of religious universality pervades the Fellowship. At temple services, for instance, worshipers pray to Jesus, Krishna, various Indian yogis, and "saints and sages of all religions," and they make their requests in space, Anglicized buildings in which the walls are white, the pews simple and wooden. These churches bear about as much resemblance to the perfumed and glittering and oh-so-Indian Hare Krishna temples as the average fundamentalist chapel bears to St. Peter's in Rome. The notions at the heart of Yogananda's teachings are Hindu ones: Godhead within, yoga practice as a means of getting in touch with it throughout innumerable reincarnations. But even here the Fellowship members can advance to something that, though it supposedly wasn't invented in the West, seems as if it should have been. Once initiated into the practice of "Kriya yoga," Yogananda taught that Fellowship members can dramatically compress the spiritual evolutionary process; "One half-minute...of Kriya equals one year of natural spiritual unfolding," he explained in the Autobiography. According to this peculiar equation, the Kriya-practicing yogi in just one day could dispense with the "equivalent of one thousand years of natural evolution....In three years, a Kriya Yogi can thus accomplish by intelligent self-effort the same result that Nature brings to pass in a million years."

I asked Mirananda if the complex Kriya calculus made sense to him the first time he heard the Autobiography. "I didn't have a clue," he replied. "How could you know? What could you have read that would have given you a perspective on something like that? No, it's totally fresh. And I didn't know what to make of the miracles in the Autobiography. I was very skeptical. And yet there was something...I thought, 'This man's not lying. It's not a fantasy. There's some truth here.'"

The monk says since then he's given a lot of thought to the panoply of marvels presented by Yogananda in his bestseller and...
he's come up with this explanation. "It says on the title page of the Autobiography, 'Except ye see signs and wonders, ye will not believe. — John 4:48.' And in our lessons we learn that Jesus said that with dry humor. Which means to me: 'I don't like to have you tell me all these miracles. Because it's not the key point. But I have to tell you them to get you excited, to motivate you initially. You won't believe otherwise.' But as you get into this science and test it for yourself, you will at last believe the ultimate so-called miracle — that you are God. That's self-realization. God-realization.

This is the goal.

Mitrani says he's now certain that all the astounding events did occur as Yogandanada, pacing back and forth in his chambers on the bluff, described them. But Mitrani echoes the words of the guru himself in declaring that such events aren't really "supernatural." They're natural things that you or I could do if we had the same control of our minds. And slowly, as we evolve, science will come to comprehend these laws and the miracles will get crossed off the list, and we'll all realize this incredible, even infinite, power of the mind of man.

What about within the ashram — where some of the monastics have been practicing Yogandanada's potent "science" for decades. Do the veteran monks and nuns experience things that the rest of us would call miraculous?

"I couldn't generalize," the monk replied, after a long pause. "I couldn't talk about other people, but I would say that these kind of so-called miracles — or let's call them phenomenal experiences — are not a part of our daily experience."

So maybe the Encinitas compound doesn't merit a whole chapter in that supernatural guidebook after all. Maybe To'chulu'a's strange lunchtime vision only deserves a footnote. Then again, the Encinitas property does encompass the Meditation Garden, where it's very difficult to catch glimpses of something transcendent and where ghosts of the miraculous still linger.

You enter the garden not far from the street. A stone stairway leads upward off the central driveway, and within steps you're in a balsky wonderland. Many of the trees here were planted 50 years ago, and all their hidden layers give them the thickness and dignity and character of elders, brought together in some multinational convocation. Hollywood junipers lean over the stone pathways like dark giants, their many arms frozen into dozens of gestures as they gossip with magnolias, sago palms, rubber trees, Aleppo pines. At their feet rise ferns from Australia and Hawaii that have grown to the height of men. The walkways lead to ponds where papyrus knives up through crystalline water and where gaudy Japanese carp glide beneath lilies such as those Monet painted. Despite the profusion of the plant life, there's an underlying order discernible; this is no vegetative riot, but a creation wrought with patience and discipline and discrimination. The droplets of glowing sunlight that penetrate the foliage may splatter at random, but they shower flowers positioned with simplicity and restraint. Hot red kalanchoe grows next to a tender green groundcover; the spiky alien blooms of pink bromeliads just up near the normality of philodendrons. Coleus has been hung in planters suspended at eye level, the better to show off the astounding leafy palette: white and fuchsia and orange and dried blood, all bordered with the most delicate lime green.

Throughout the garden wafts the smell of the sea, but only glimpses of it are visible until you emerge into an area paved with irregular flesh-colored slabs. This space feels like a plaza with one side open to the oceanic infinity. Three low gray steps rise to the cliff edge and then break off in a jagged edge that runs into a bed of blooming red and gold lantana. Once, however, Yogandanada's temple floated just beyond the stairs. For those who entered it and climbed to the roof, it must have seemed as if the dreary, rugged forces of gravity had ceased to exist.
I'm sitting in the press box at Jack Murphy Stadium for the first time as a member of the “working press,” watching the Padres getting whacked by the Expos. It's 1982. The Padres stink. Dick Williams is their manager.

I'm there with a flimsy tape recorder to get quotes from ballplayers for the UCSD campus radio station that no one listens to. Sportswriters are all around me, middle-aged white men in ties and nice sweaters. Everyone's talking and laughing and scribbling in spiral notebooks and wolfing free popcorn and drinking free beer. Except me. I'm just some punk college kid frozen in his seat, nervous as hell.

The game ends on a strikeout, and the writers scramble from their seats and blow down the hall, around the corner to the elevator. I catch up just in time to squeeze in, and down we go. Everyone gets quiet.

The doors slide open and I'm the first one out. It's a dark corridor. Where the hell are we? I step to the side, faking that I have to check my tape recorder, to let the sportswriters slip by. They move down the corridor in a pack, and I join them from behind. We turn right, then left, and arrive at a closed blue door above which it says “Padres Baseball Club.” After a minute the door opens and we step inside.

It's a big, brightly lit room. The air is hot and soggy. Guys are sitting around half naked. A few sportswriters fan out to the players, but about ten of them go through a doorway to the right, I follow. It's a small room lined with chairs and a long couch. The manager's office.

The writers quickly take seats until there's nothing left but a small space at the end of the couch. I make my way over and sit down. In front of me is a large desk and chair. It must be the manager's, which is perfect for me since I need to get quotes with my tape recorder. I notice I'm the only one in the room with a microphone. Everyone else is sitting with a pen and notepad. Where are all the radio station reporters, I wonder?

In a side doorway a figure appears. He is wearing long underwear. He walks in holding a can of Schlitz beer. He has gray hair and deep lines in his face. It's Dick Williams.

I knew nothing about Dick Williams to this point except that he managed the Oakland A's to a couple of World Series titles in the early '70s and he was among my heroes.

Williams grunts a little as he slowly sits down in his chair. He takes a big gulp of beer and then belches. No one says a word. Williams stares at his desk. Without looking up he takes another swig of beer. I can't figure it out. Why isn't anyone saying anything? Williams burps again. He's two feet away from me. I'm so nervous I could puke.

"Uh, Dick," someone finally mutters.

"Uh, Dick," I get my tape recorder ready.

"Uh, Dick, did Ruppert miss a sign off first base in the fifth?" I click on my recorder as Williams clears his throat, and I push the mike up near his mouth.

"What the fuck?" he says, starting at the microphone.

"What the fuck is this?" he says even louder. Then he snaps his head around and glares at me.

"Who the fuck are you?" he yells. "Who the fuck are you?"

My whole body freezes. I try to answer. "I'm—I'm—I-Jeff Saa—"

"Who the fuck are you?" he yells again. Then he just explodes.

"Get the fuck outta here! Get the fuck outta this office!"

I lift myself from the couch as Williams springs from his chair. The other reporters are dead-still. "Goddammit!" he screams as he points at the door. "Get the fuck outta here!"

I crash over ankles and feet as I bolt from the office, out the locker room, and up the corridor to the elevator.

Press box?" the elevator operator asks as I step in. "No," I say with my heart pounding. "First level."
I fere from the stadium to my car without looking back.

I never should have gone back to the Murph. Ever. Instead, it became a big part of my life. I was thrilled with sports and athletes, so I got a job as a sportswriter at the San Diego Tribune. I lasted eight years in the business. I finally walked up and quit in 1992.

Guys think sports writing is a cool job. Free games. Free food. Conversations with athletes. What could be better? Trust me, the job stinks. The hours tear you down and the deadline pressure beats in your head. Editors can make the job especially miserable. Above all, most athletes are insufferable assholes.

When Mike Hirshey, a sportswriter for the New York Daily News in the ’70s, learned that Reggie Jackson of the Yankees was singing for a reality show, he decided to write a story about it. “I walked up to him at his locker,” Hirshey said, “and asked, ‘Reggie, I know you can carry a team. Can you carry a tune?’ Jackson turned around, lifted a leg, farted, and said, ‘How’s this tune?’ Shortly thereafter, Hirshey left sportswriting.

An athlete never fared on me. I was lucky. To get locker room quotes on game day, you have to be very careful where you position yourself. It’s especially tough after a Raiders or Rams game in L.A., with the media crawling in. A player sits naked on a stool in front of his cubicle, toweling off from a shower, and you’re squeezed in with 20 other fools straining to hear him mutter, “We never shoulda lost” or “The replay blew it.” Your face is buried in another reporter’s gray hair, the guys pressing you from the sides have B.O., and you’re getting bashed from behind by a television camera. Worse when you’re in the front of this scrum and there’s a push from behind and it takes all the leg-strength you’ve got to maintain your stance. I’ve seen guys fall onto players. I’ve seen players get pissed.

I got yelled at plenty while learning the business, working for the UCSD campus newspaper and radio station. I didn’t know the locker room rules, like sticking a microphone in the face of a sonofabitch manager whose team just lost. I also asked a lot of stupid questions.

One time, when the San Francisco Giants were in town, I approached slugger Jack Clark (another of my Bay Area heroes) in the locker room before the game.

“So, Jack,” I said without introducing myself, “what’s it like to carry the Giants?”

“Hey, man, I don’t want to talk,” he said as he yanked his shirt over his head.

God, I thought to myself. What a dumb question. I’d better try another one a little more tame.

“So, Jack, how do you think the team’s young pitching staff will hold up this season?” Clark wheeled on me. “Hey, muthafucka!” he yelled. “I said I didn’t want to talk! Clear the fuck out!”

I didn’t try a third question. Another time the Phillies were in town, and I just had to talk to Pete Rose. He was standing in the locker room with some shady-looking characters long after the game had ended.

“Hi, Pete. I’m Jeff Savage from the UCSD Guardian.”

“Soh?”

“Do you think I could talk to you for just a moment.”

“What about,” he snapped.

“Well, I was wondering if you might be thinking about switching to the American League to be a designated hitter.”

Dumb. Dumb. Dumb. The man is one of the greatest hitters ever, and I’m suggesting to him that he’s too slow and old to play first base (which, of course, he was by then).

“Listen,” Rose said, “if I decide to be a designated hitter, you’ll be the first guy I let know. What’s your phone number? I’ll call you the moment I decide.”

His buddies were laughing now.

“Tell ya what,” Rose went on. “Let me give you my card. It’s got my home phone number on the back. Call me as soon as I get back to Philly. I’ll decide on the plane.”

Embarrassing myself was no fun, but I didn’t care much. I was hanging with the athletes, talking with the pros. How many guys got to do that? I wanted to do it for a living.

New colleague Nick Canepa told me my first week of work at the Tribune in 1984 that being a sportswriter would be great for the bar scene. “Women love it,” he said. “They’ll all be over you.” If you’ve seen Mike, you know he didn’t need to be a sportswriter to attract women. Me, I needed the help.

Kirk Kenney was hired shortly after me, and we’d go bar-hopping together. We’d get involved in some lame conversation with women, and eventually one of them would ask, “So, what do you guys do?” Kirk was classic.

“Write,” he’d say cool cut the side of his mouth.

“Really?” they’d say. “That’s great. What do you write?”

“Sports.”

“Really? You’re a sportswriter? For what newspaper?”

“Trib.”

McMahon tilted his head back, covered one nostril with his finger, and rifled a wad of snot through the other, directly into T.J.’s ear.

Jim McMahon

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At first, being a sportswriter was great fun. I sat in the dugout with the Giants for two innings as they were clinching the NL West in '87. I rode around in a golf cart with Eric..." Petricca gave his ticket to USD basketball coach Hank Egan. When Hank arrived at the stadium, he had no place to sit down. Petricca’s seat had been ripped out.

Dickerson, had lunch with Nolan Ryan, dinner with Dominique Wilkins, had long conversations with John Elway, Warren Moon, Evander Holyfield, Jerry Tarkanian, David Robinson, Will Clark...

I was caught up in greatness by association. In one two-month period, I was quoted in USA Today as an authority (which I wasn’t) on some sports subject, seen by all my friends in a front-page Union photo standing on the sideline as the Chargers were making a game-saving tackle, and shown on ESPN holding Dan Fouts’ baby while Dan was tapping in to win the tournament at Torrey Pines. I was the coolest guy I knew.

Somehow you lose perspective. When I covered a Raiders exhibition game in Oakland in 1989, I got a press pass for my childhood pal Gerry Bottero, because we grew up rooting for the Raiders and I knew he’d enjoy the experience. On our way down to the locker room after the game, I handed him a pen and notebook and told him to fake like he was taking notes so it looked like he belonged. As I moved from player to player gathering quotes for my story, I noticed Gerry across the room, high-stepping through heaps of wet towels and mounds of white tape, doing his best to dodge players and reporters.

"Pretty neat, eh, Gerry?" I said as we left the locker room.

"Neat," he replied. "Just a bunch of hairy butts in my face. What’s so neat about that?"

He had a point. Still, I was having too much fun hobnobbing. And not just with sports stars. My ultimate elbow-rubbing came every January when I spent a week on the phone getting Super Bowl predictions from celebrities. I talked to Jimmy Stewart, Janet Leigh, Sidney Poitier, and a bunch more. I talked with Bob Hope every year, and one time we swapped jokes for 15 minutes.

It wasn’t talking with big wigs that thrilled me, but seeing the reaction of my friends. Then I’d play it down like it was nothing. "Just part of the job," I’d say.

I got so carried away that I called the Kremlin to get Mikhail Gorbachev’s prediction. After 20 minutes of being transferred from one department to another, I figured I’d burned up enough of Helen Copley’s money and hung up.

Another time I tried to talk with Cary Grant.

"Hello, Cary home, please."

"Who is this?" a woman says.

"This is Jeff Savage from the San Diego Tribune. I’m calling to get Cary’s Super Bowl prediction for the game, if he’s got a minute."

"You’re kidding."

"No, really, we like to get predictions. People love reading about that sort of stuff."

"Are you serious?" she says.

"Yeah, sure. Why not? Is he busy or something?"

Long pause.

"Hello?" I say. "Are you still there?"

"Cary’s been dead," she whispers, "for over a year."

Slowly something began to change. The thrill of interviewing athletes subsided. They had to say was predictable and boring. And sometimes they refused to talk at all. But no matter how dull the players were, I needed quotes for my story.

I asked Eric Davis in the Reds’ locker room one day about his home run prowess. Eric is a slight man who generates tremendous bat speed to hit with power, unlike bigger men like Frank Thomas, who use their size. I explained to Eric that I was writing a story on the subject.

"Nah, man, I ain’t got nuthin to say," Eric replied.

"Nothing to say? About his own magnificent skills? Was Eric one of those rare athletes who don’t like talking about themselves, preferring instead to discuss the exploits of others?"

"What about your teammate Kal Daniels? Are you impressed by his home run power?"

"Nah, man, ain’t no thing."

"What about Darryl Strawberry? Kevin Mitchell? Do they impress you?"

"Nah."

"Do any players impress you?"

"Nah."

"Do you have any thoughts at all on the subject?"

"Nuthin."

Eric Davis wasn’t rude. He was lifeless. I had to ask him one more question.

"What about playing baseball in general? Are you happy to be playing?"

"Ain’t no thing.

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San Diego Reader, October 20, 1994, p. 35
It is common courtesy after an interview to thank an athlete for his time. It was hard to thank Eric.

I approached first baseman Wally Joyner in the Angels' locker room at training camp one day to ask him about the upcoming season. Wally was lacing his shoes when I introduced myself. I asked him for a minute of his time.

"No," he said.

I told him I'd just driven up from San Diego and that all I needed was a forecast. No deep thinking required. Just a prediction for the papers.

"No time to talk," he said.

I stood there a moment, wondering how a person could be so cold. I asked him to reconsider. Just a quick assessment of the team. A comment. Anything.

"Game time," he mumbled.

This was three hours before a spring training game.

"Oh, game time," I said. "Then I'd better get to the press box in a hurry."

"Asshole," he said.

When U-T sports columnist Nick Canepa goes into a baseball locker room, he says he often gets the feeling that 25 guys don't want him in there. Nick doesn't unfairly jab local athletes. In fact, sometimes he can be too nice. He gets the chill for one reason alone — because he is a sportswriter.

Athletes don't need sportswriters anymore. Back when salaries were fathomable, athletes appreciated any exposure they could get. Players and reporters may not have been fast friends, but their relationship was harmonious because each had something to gain. Now, money is out of sight and TV is the road to fame. It's safer for athletes to make a few harmless comments in a quick post-game TV interview than reveal their thoughts to sportswriters and worry about what will be printed. Writers are now a nuisance.

In his heat writer Barry Bloom criticized the Padres in a column for their childish behavior in a beanbrawl in Atlanta in 1984. When the players read the story, they voted 24-1 to ban Bloom from the clubhouse (Steve Garvey cast the dissenting vote). Major league baseball rules prohibit such an act, so Bloom was allowed to remain. But some players made it miserable for him.

When Bloom wrote that some unnamed Padres (Gary Templeton and Alan Wiggins) were concerned about teammates belonging to the John Birch Society, catcher Terry Kennedy (a Birch member) approached Bloom and punched him in the shoulder. Bloom got in Kennedy's face and yelled, "Don't you ever touch me again.'" The locker room fell silent. Bloom reiterated, "Terry, don't you ever, ever lay your hand on me again. Understand me?" Kennedy turned away.

Pitcher Eric Show asked Bloom later what he would have done had Kennedy not backed down. "What could I do?" Bloom said. "I would've had to fight him."

"He would've kicked the shit out of you," Show said. "You showed a lot of guts."

When Rick "Goose" Gossage blew a lead in a game in 1986, manager Steve Boros took the blame by saying he should not have used the relief pitcher two nights in a row. "He was probably tired," Boros told reporters. "I should've rested him. It was my fault."

Gossage was sitting at a table when Bloom approached him.

"Fuck you, Barry. Get away from me," Gossage said. "I'm not talking to you."

Bloom stepped to the side as Daily Californian reporter Dennis Wayne came over and said to Gossage, "Steve said you were tired."

"Steve what?" Gossage responded.

"You know, Steve your manager."

"Steve my manager said that?" Gossage replied. "Well, we'll see exactly what he said. Come with me. You too. Barry. You can come too."

Gossage pounded on the manager's door and yelled for him. Then he went inside. Bloom and Wayne followed. Boros was shaving.

"Did you say I was tired?" Gossage asked his manager.

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**Have you experienced anti-Semitism in San Diego?**

The Reader is interested in first-person accounts of anti-Semitic actions in San Diego.

Please send typed, double-spaced submissions by November 1 to Anti-Semitism, c/o Barry O'Dowd, San Diego Reader, P.O. Box 85933, San Diego, CA 92138-9903, or fax to 231-0489 or e-mail to s.d.reader@sworld.com via the Internet.

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**Are you anti-Semitic?**

Give an instance from your life experience that has made you anti-Semitic.

Please send typed, double-spaced submissions by November 1 to Anti-Semitism, c/o Barry O'Dowd, San Diego Reader, P.O. Box 85933, San Diego, CA 92138-9903, or fax to 231-0489 or e-mail to s.d.reader@sworld.com via the Internet.

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**APPAREL**

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escorted to the stadium newsroom by a Chargers PR staffer, who then left. We were sitting at a large table, and McMahon took a seat across from us. He was wearing dark sunglasses and a tank top.

Chris and I introduced ourselves. McMahon said nothing. He stared down at the table. The interview went something like this:

"Jim, are you learning the new system pretty easily?" Chris asked. McMahon didn’t look up.

"Yep," he said.

"Are you having any difficulty with it in any way?" I asked.

"Nope."

"Do you like the passing system?"

"Yep."

"What do you like about it?"

"I don’t know."

On the table was a stack of statistics sheets. McMahon pulled the stack toward him and began leafing through the pages. He wasn’t reading, just leafing.

"Are you getting situated here in San Diego?"

Chris asked.

"Yep."

"Do you like it here?"

"Yep."

"Have you bought a house yet?"

"Nope."

McMahon still didn’t look up. He kept turning the pages of statistics.

"Are you happy with the Chargers receiving corps?"

"Uh-huh."

"What do you think of Anthony Miller?"

"Good."

"How so?"

"Don’t know."

"Are you looking forward to the season?"

"Yep."

"How good do you think this team can be?"

"Don’t know."

"How’s your shoulder?"

"Fine."

Chris and I looked at each other.

"Well," Chris said. "I guess that’s all I need."

"Me too," I said.

"Cool," McMahon muttered, and in the next moment he was out of his chair and gone.

McMahon hated sportswriters. (You can see why, considering those terrifying questions)

"I ain’t gonna talk about nothin’," Fernandez said.

"Get outta my face."

we bombardeed him with,) So why did McMahon agree to be interviewed in the first place? He didn’t. NFL players are obligated by the terms of their contracts to "foster good public relations for the league." In other words, they must meet with the press, at least occasionally.

I suppose we should have expected such behavior from the quarterback. The Today Show made arrangements the day McMahon was traded from the Bears to San Diego to interview him at the stadium the following morning. The set was prepared at 2:30 a.m., and host Bryant Gumbel was ready at 5:30 a.m. McMahon was due in an hour later. He didn’t show. The program began at 6:30 a.m., with Gumbel announcing that the quarterback would be arriving soon.

A Chargers PR staff member went to McMahon’s training camp room at UCSD to get him. McMahon wasn’t in bed. The staffer
wove up quarterback Mark Vlastic, McMahon's roommate. Vlastic said he hadn't seen McMahon all night. Meantime, Gunbel was making periodic references to McMahon's imminent arrival. It was rather embarrassing for NBC. Eventually, the show came to a close with Gunbel saying, "We apologize, but it seems as though something has happened to Jim McMahon."

When McMahon arrived at camp later that day, his excuse was that he overslept. And that's what the PR department had to tell NBC. The truth is, at a Mission Valley nightclub early that morning McMahon got into a scuffle in which he choked a transvestite. The police and the Chargers kept it a secret.

Following a loss to Seattle in October, McMahon was surrounded at his locker by reporters. Among the group was T.J. Simers, the Chargers beat writer for the Union. T.J. was a tough-minded journalist who wrote the truth. The Chargers were a bad team at the time. Not many players liked T.J.

Suddenly, without provocation, McMahon tilted his head back, covered one nostril with his finger, and ruffled a wad of napkin through the other, directly into T.J.'s ear. It was disgusting and humiliating.

An offensive lineman revealed to me later that almost every player on the team approved of McMahon's wretched act. "Why?" I asked. "Because we don't like Simers," he said. "Why not?" I asked. "Because he's, uh... because he's a jerk," the lineman said. I wondered if the words "sportswriter" could be substituted for "jerk." I didn't ask.

Another time, cornerbka Elvis Patterson sneaked up on T.J. from behind, threw a garbage bag over his head, and tried to toss him in the shower. Several players in the room laughed. It was like watching the fourth-grade bully picking on a weaker classmate. Today, T.J. Simers covers the Rams for the Los Angeles Times. Patterson is out of football.

Not all the Chargers were cold-hearted. Kellen Winslow was kind. So were Gill Byrd and Martin Bayless. Everyone knows about Rolf Benirschke. And Junior Seau remains gracious. But most of the players were infantile gaitors. Professional athletes are stars in high school, so they're condeemed early on. They're lured to a college where they're coddled by administrators and given a free ride and passive coursework (a popular major is criminal justice, maybe so the athlete can figure a way to stay out of jail). Finally they're drafted by the pros, showered with money, and idolized. Hard to maintain a perspective on all that.

Rick Smith, the Chargers PR director for many years, was caught in the middle of this acrimonious relationship between reporters and players. Rick works today in the same capacity for the Rams. Rick says, "The press gains on you to make players available, and the players bitch to you about the reporters. You tend to get buffeted. Everybody in the NFL has an ego. Players may not feel comfortable talking to the media, or a coach might be on them, or a girlfriend might be on them, or they're just not very pleasant to begin with. Whatever it is, their first inclination is to strong-arm the reporter or blow him off."

I was on the field for the last five minutes as the Chargers were beating the Dolphins in December 1991. The Dolphins were reeling when Dan Marino was penalized for intentional grounding. As gifted as he is, Marino is a consummate crybaby. He argued the call, then on the next play threw an interception to Chargers safety Stanley Richard to ensure the loss. At the final gun, Marino tore off the field and up the tunnel. I followed him.

"Where are the fuckin' officials?" he screamed.

I want the officials!"

He ran down the hallway, knocked teammate Jim Jensen into the wall, and kept on going. "Where's the goddam officials' locker room?" he demanded.

A security guard escorted him to continue down the hall. A few steps later, Marino arrived at a door. It was his own visitors' locker room.

"Goddammit," he yelled. "Where's the fuckin' officials?"

He stormed farther down the hall until he reached a red door — to the San Diego State locker room.

"Aw, fuck it!" he said before turning around and stomping back to his own locker room.

After showering, Marino arrived at his cubicle, where a dozen reporters were waiting for him. He called the referee a "fucker" and answered a number of questions about the game. Then I asked him about his post-game tirade.

"Why were you trying to find the officials after the game?" I asked.

"What are you talking about?" he said.

"When the game ended, you ran up the tunnel screaming for the officials' locker room," I said.

The other reporters were silent, wondering what I was talking about.

"No, I didn't," he said, glaring at me.

"I followed you," I said. "You ran down the hall and wound up at the San Diego State locker room."

"Never happened," he said.

"How can you say that? I asked. "I was behind you the whole way."

"Look, man, it never happened. Next question."

The interview ended soon after, and I walked away in utter disbelief. I talked to a few more players for my story and was leaving the locker room when I felt a hand on my shoulder. I turned around. It was Marino.

"Hey, man," he said as he leaned into me, "if you print that, I'm gonna kick your ass!"

"Print what?" I said.

"You know," he said. "If you write that shit, I'm coming after you. It pointed a finger at me and said, "Remember that. I wrote it the next day, I didn't mention the threat. I'm still waiting for him to come by. More than anything else from my job, I was sobered to learn that athletes were immature and irresponsible. To me, growing up, athletes were something to admire, to marvel at.

Talking twice with ultra-hero Joe Montana and learning what he is doing, seeing Dave Stewart and James Worth and Courtney Hall, athletes with whom I shared a pleasant conversation, go out and get busted with hookers; hearing athletes privately criticize the stupidity of fans and then sign autographs — all of it helped me see that professional athletes are just guys who play a game. Certainly nothing to idolize.

José Canseco stood outside the A's dugout several hours before a game in Oakland one afternoon where a lone boy at the railing could see him. The boy was no older than ten, and he had a speech impediment.

"Can-tha-ko," the boy called out. "Ho-they Can-tha-ko."

Canseco didn't turn around. He stared out to the field, but he sneaked a peek in the boy's direction. The boy was holding up a baseball and a pen.


Canseco kept his head steady toward the field. Then he turned around and came in the dugout. The boy stopped calling for him. "What a fuckin' idiot," Canseco said with a laugh. "The kid can't even talk."

Novelist Kurt Vonnegut was hired early in his writing career by Sports Illustrated to write an article about a racehorse that took a circuitous route across the infiel and over a fence to finish first in a race. Vonnegut sat at his typewriter for a while, then got up, walked out of the room, and never came back. On his typewriter was a single sentence — "The horse jumped over the fucking fence." If you don't believe sports is meaningful, you cannot be a good sportswriter.

When I realized the insignificance of sports, I was done for. It was just a matter of time. I was surrounded by people who believed what they were doing was the most important thing
on the planet. From where they stood, the real world was invisible. I had to buy into it or lose my mind.

In 1980 I went to Oakland with Pete Esocuge, an anatomical functionalist (physical therapist) from Del Mar who works with athletes and who was checking on the Golden State Warriors basketball team.

Warriors coach Don Nelson greeted Esocuge on the floor of the Coliseum Arena. "Who's he?" Nelson said pointing at me.

"He's with me," Esocuge said. "He's doing a story about me for a San Diego paper."

"Oh," Nelson said.

I introduced myself.

"Listen," the coach said. "You can't write about anything you see here today.

"But that's why I'm here," I said. "That's why I came."

Nelson didn't argue. We walked together to the training room, where he stopped me at the door. "Wait here," he said. Nelson went in with Esocuge, and in a moment the PR director came out.

"Since you're with Pete," the PR guy said in a hushed voice, "you can come inside. But you can't write about anything you see. This is highly secret stuff. Top secret."

We went inside. Some players were lifting weights, and others were on the floor in stretching positions prescribed by Esocuge. It was all familiar to me. I'd been to Esocuge's clinic and seen the routine.

No reporter's ever been in here," the PR guy said with a straight face. "This is top-secret stuff. You're getting a very special treat to see this.

It looked like the Miramar Family Fitness Center. What was the big deal?

"Remember," coach Nelson said to me before we left, "not a word. Okay?"

"Sure," I said. There was nothing to write about anyway.

Not having something to write about — that predicament arose with regularity when writing about the Chargers. How many middle-of-the-week stories can you do about a team that goes 6-10 every year? But that's what the paper wanted.

The players used to hang out at Petricca's restaurant on Morena Boulevard. Tony Petricca represented the model die-hard fan who suffered through the Dan Henning era. Tony was especially frustrated during the middle of another lousy season when I wrote a story about him. Tony had season tickets for many years but said he was so upset he couldn't bear to see another Chargers game as long as Henning was coach.

The story appeared in the paper the next day, and the Chargers front-office people were pissed. They wanted to know why I didn't write a second story about a happy Chargers fan. I told them it would be difficult to find one.

They said, "We'll get Petricca for this. "For what?" I asked. "For criticizing our team," they said. "He just voiced an opinion shared by many," I said. They didn't listen.

The next Sunday the Chargers played at home against Tampa Bay. Petricca gave his ticket to USD basketball coach Hank Egan. When Hank arrived at the stadium, he had no place to sit down. Petricca's seat had been ripped out. Hank went home.

The Chargers organization is different today. Winning or losing, it's a better working environment. Easygoing general manager Bobby Beathard has weeded out most of the pompous personnel.

Beathard himself replaced perhaps the most overbearing snob of all, Steve Ortmyr. Ortmyr was just a crummy coach with a lot of Irish pug in him, but Ortmyr was a scoundrel. One former employee says Ortmyr suffered from "a bunker mentality." The sad part of it is, Ort's haughty personality filtered through the organization.

The Dawg Pound is a renowned end zone section at Cleveland Municipal Stadium where Browns fans go crazy. When I arrived at the stadium for a Browns-Chargers game on a cold December day in 1986, I went down on the field to see these crazies. The section was packed more than an hour before kickoff. Some fans were wearing ugly dog masks (though they were hard to distinguish from the rest), and snowballs were flying everywhere. Men were drinking and yelling and barking and hurling dog biscuits and batteries at people on the field. I walked over to a game official who was standing at the ten-yard line, and we both looked up at the stands. "God, I hate this place," he said. "I never feel safe here."

When I returned to the press box, a member of the
Chargers organization approached me.

"Jeff, you shouldn't be down on the field," he said.

"Why not?" I asked.

"Because sportswriters are supposed to be in the press box.

"But the game's an hour off," I said.

"You're representing the San Diego Chargers today," he told me. "We're a first-class operation. You're with the big-time now. We keep our sportswriters in the press box."

"I represent the San Diego Tribune, not the Chargers," I said.

"And the media is allowed on the field before the game."

"Not in my book," he said. "Don't you understand? We're first-class, not coach. Our sportswriters are supposed to be in the press box."

"Whatever," I said.

A Cleveland reporter overheard the exchange. "What's the big deal?" he said. "I go on the field all the time. We all do."

The "first-class operation" Chargers lost the game 47-17 to end another losing season.

Chargers linebacker Gary Plummer and I grew up in the same hometown. We shared common interests and talked a lot. When I told him one day that I was considering leaving the business, he said it was the best thing I could do. "I'm glad to hear it," he said. "I would never be a sportswriter no matter how much they paid me."

"Why not?" I asked.

"I like sports too much to ruin it," he said.

I knew what he meant, but he explained it anyway.

"Players don't like sportswriters," he said. "Why would anyone want to always be talking with guys who didn't like them?"

I had to agree.

Then the merger hit, the newsroom wall fell, and the U and the T became the U-T. My boss, Tribune sportswriter Bill Pinella, was put in charge of the afternoon edition — in other words, heheneed. Union sportswriter Bob Wright was put in charge of the new staff. Morale among the writers and copy editors was in the gutter.

I spent much of the first two months after the merger investigating the sorry state of world pro wrestling. Not my favorite topic, but a story that needed to be written. I had been working 12-hour days for about two months.

Bob Wright got involved in the project exactly once, when I met with a group of editors to discuss the story. They were concerned about a lawsuit because I was making some serious allegations against the World Wrestling Federation involving drugs, rape, and other sexual offenses. After seeing the boldness of the three-part series, the editors wanted to cancel it. I had good sources and knew the allegations to be true, and I spent an hour trying to talk them into running the stories. Wright did not support me — that I expected him to.

"How can you be sure the WWF won't sue the paper?" one editor asked.

"If the WWF has never filed a lawsuit in its history," I said. "It doesn't want a prosecution of witnesses taking the stand exposing its dirty affairs."

We were having an educated conversation when Bob spoke up. "But you just said the WWF was involved in a lawsuit with a wrestler," he said.

"Yes, Bob, they were," I said. "But they settled out of court, just as they always do." 

"So they sued someone then," he said.

"No, they were sued by the wrestler. They filed a countersuit, which is standard practice when a company is sued. But they did not file the lawsuit. They did not initiate the litigation. They countersued."

"Well, same thing," he said.

The editors were silent.

The stories eventually ran (though they were greatly toned down), and the national media swept in. I was on radio talk shows in New York, Los Angeles, Minneapolis, and Dallas within a week and helped produce "Entertainment Tonight, Donahue," and "Larry King Live" with producers on the subject. I received a memo after the first story ran from U-T editor Karin Wininer, which read, 'Jeff: Excellent work on the WWF. It reads very well, is full of good documentation and thorough research. You left the L.A. Times' piece this morning in the dust. Looking forward to your next installment. Nice going, Karin.' Another of the stories won the San Diego Press Club 1992 sportswriting story of the year.

Bob Wright never said a word to me.

I visited the Murph for the last time as a sportswriter on April 11, 1992. The Padres improved the stadium (if you can change the players, might as well change the grass), and I went out to do a ho-hum story on the upgrades. A new type of infield grass was planted, mostly because shortstop Tony Fernandez complained so much about it the previous year. I approached Tony on the field before the game. He was standing alone, doing nothing.

"Tony, can I talk to you for a minute," I said.

"Nah, man, I don't got nothing to talk about," he said.

"It's a story for the Union-Tribune about the new infield," I said. "I just want your opinion of it."

"Nah, I don't know nothing about it," he said.

"You played on it last night," I persisted. "Do you like it better than last year's grass?"

"I ain't gonna talk about nothin'," he said. "Get outta my face."

The grass changed. The players hadn't.

A while later I stood behind the batting cage next to manager Greg Riddoch. I told him I was seriously considering leaving the sportswriting business.

"Don't blame me," Riddoch said. "Who would want to work with these idiot players?"

I told him about Tony Fernandez's unwillingness to talk about a benign story like the new grass.

"Tony Fernandez is a jerk," Riddoch said. "He makes a million dollars a year and he's an unhappy person. Go figure that out."

I suggested that Tony's attitude is not unusual among athletes.

"A lot of players are jerks," Riddoch said. "It didn't used to be that way. Money changed them. There's exceptions like Tony Gwynn. But a lot of them are spoiled brats. Do you know that I have to babysit Benito Santiago every damn day? He's a baby. Any little thing not exactly to his liking and he whines and whines. A lot of these guys are that way. It's the money. And the ego."

I wrote a story in mid-April about a man with no legs and one arm who overcame years of drunken despair by learning to swim. He became so fast in the water that he qualified for the 1992 Paralympics in Barcelona, only he didn't have the funds to go. I talked with him twice by telephone and then went on a Saturday to see him swim in a local meet. I wrote the story the next day, and it appeared in Monday's paper. The office was flooded with calls from caring people who had read the story. In three days we received letters and donations from 57 people totaling more than $3,000 — enough for the swimmer to go to Spain. The story was a success, and I felt good about it. On Thursday, Bob Wright stopped by my desk.

"Did you get the results of that meet you went to on Saturday?"

"Nope." he asked.

"Results?" I said. "No, Bob, I was out there to do a feature on the swimmer."

"Well, next time get the results," he said with disdain. Then he walked away.

At that moment I decided to quit. I could have sought a transfer to another department, maybe writing breezy stories for "Currents" or copy editing, but the incident left such a sour
taste that I had to leave the building.
And it wasn’t just me. Since the merger on February 2, 1992, 11 people have left the U-T sports department. One distraught sportswriter says he spends the first hour every morning chanting to himself, “Don’t quit today. Don’t quit today. Don’t quit today.”

Wright’s glass-enclosed office is dubbed the “Shark Tank.” One of his routines is to step from his tank and announce an employee’s name followed by, “Got a minute?” Heads sag at the sound of this.

Ed Graney’s name was called one day. Wright spent the next few minutes yelling at the sportswriters for supposedly missing some key elements of a story. Finally Graney interrupted his boss. “Uh, Bob,” he said, “could you take a look at the byline.” Another reporter had written the story. Graney was released from the tank.

Then, a few days later, in Graney’s notebook. The next thing he didn’t write, marked up by Wright in red pen.

In January 1993, columnist Nick Canepa was not included on the schedule to cover the Super Bowl in Los Angeles. Nick is the most entertaining writer on the staff and knows football as well as anyone. He asked Wright why he wasn’t going.

“Because we only got passes for three guys,” Wright said.

“Really?” Nick said. “Only three? Well, I think I can get a fourth.”

“You can?” Wright said. “Okay. See what you can do.”

Nick pushed some NFL buttons and secured a fourth press pass. He informed Wright.

“Hey, that’s great,” Wright said.

“So, when do you want me to go up?” Nick asked.

“Oh, I’m not giving you up,” Wright said.

What can be done? Probably not much. A change should come from the top. Tom Cushman is a nice guy and a master craftsman, but he’s not a hands-on department head. He spends more time finding new and ingenious ways to describe Don King’s hair than he does fixing staff problems. And that’s as it should be. Cushman should be left to write.

A new sports editor would be in position to make some overdue changes:

Nick Canepa’s “See Me” column is the best thing in the paper. He should write it more than once a week. The section needs more columnists. Mark Ziegler is sharp and insightful. Make him one.

Expand pro football coverage during the season. Tom Krasovic is the best beat writer on the staff; he should cover the Chargers. Jerry Magee should write more about football and less about anything else. And so should Jim Trotter.

Less coverage of non-Olympic-year events. The USOC? Who cares? Less auto racing coverage. More local golf. And how about a men’s local softball story once in a while? Bill Center is the most versatile writer on the staff, but really, how many people read about yachting and Thunderboats? Fewer stories about salary caps and arbitration, more about people.

Chris Jenkins should write more. Talent goes to waste. And Ed Graney is clever and writes with feeling. Get him off the preps and into the pros. Ed Zieriahi’s scenic outdoor stories should be on the front page with color art. Don Norcross works harder on a story than anyone. He should do features. Fritz Quindt should write anything he wants.

Keep Buster Olney on the Padres and give him the national baseball column as well. Give Phil Collier a golden parachute. Wayne Lockwood should step it up or step out. He’s known among staffers as “Cliff Claiborn,” the postman on Cheers, because he “just mails it in.”

Finally, have staff meetings with open, honest discussions. Hire a writing coach. Communicate. Fix things. Just leave me out of it.

You may not agree with any of this. You may be a sports fan, reveling in the Chargers’ fast start, blubbering over the baseball strike, chirping like a cricket about the fastest track times or latest PGA Tour winner. Me, I’ve seen the inards of this beast, seen it all.

Above all, in my new career as a children’s book author, I have seen that the professional athlete is much like a child. And like a child, he believes he is the center around which the world revolves. Unlike the child, he ought to know better. I was there when Jose Canseco laughed at the boy with the lisp. I’ve seen enough. ●
WE NEVER PUSH OURSELVES ON ANYONE

Unlike, say, rock-and-roll bands, classical musicians in a quartet are not required to exhibit personalities as they perform. A tuxedoed homogeneity and a serious sameness of expression will do nicely, thank you. If the performers feel passionately or not about the music, have aches and pangs of a physical or existential nature, harbor resentments toward each other, or guesstimate tax returns while sleepwalking through the Beethoven Concerto No. 525 or "Memories" from Cats — we couldn't care less. As we dress in a North County bistro or fork a wedding cake onto our plates at the reception, the music might be wallpaper, the musicians, forgettable. If it's a rock group, we think we want a little flamboyance and character with our 4/4 time, but aren't Keith Richards, Ron Wood, and Charlie Watts really the same person when you get right down to it?

Well up the winding reaches of Soledad Mountain Road, four very different people have come together on a sultry August night to share wine, laughter, the sunset, and their skills as musicians. Forty-one-year-old Ken Jeriahian plays first violin; 42-year-old Sarah Agler provides vocals and second violin; Gordon Grubbs, 35, contributes cello; while Karen Childress-Evans, 45, provides viola and musical direction for Pacifica Strings, one of San Diego's few long-lived string quartets.

Grubbs, a lean, bespectacled black man, wears shorts, a dark polo shirt, socks, and dress shoes. He seems to be the comedian of the group, yet the most elusive and private. As the musicians tune (that four-note sawing and occasional skirling associated with clearing one's throat and fancying oneself with the program before the house lights dim), Grubbs, originally from Wichita, Kansas, is rattling off personal and musical jokes in a shorthand recognizable only to his fellow quartet members. Jeriahian is the quickest to laugh, while Agler chuckles silently and Jeriahian beams with pleasure. Grubbs is speaking so quickly, those outside the musical circle are at a loss as to what's so funny.

Grubbs teaches music for a living and performs professionally whenever possible, often without the other quartet members and frequently in Mexico — La Paz, Mazatlán, and Ensenada, for example.

Jeriahian is dressed in a white, button-down collared shirt, Levi's, and sneakers. His two leg braces (a legacy from childhood polio) rest against a wall near his chair. The first violinist, with his thick, black hair streaked with traces of gray, deep-set, smiling dark eyes, and shoe-brush Armenian mustache has the appearance of a benevolent Uncle Joe Stalin. An electronics technician during the day, repairing such devices as TVs, stereos, VCRs, and video game players, Jeriahian has been playing violin since he was seven years old. He holds a B.A. in music from University of San Diego.

Jeriahian has played in most of the local orchestras — uh, Jolla Civic, USD orchestra. From the age of 13 to 25, I played with the San Diego Youth Symphony.

Grubbs and Childress-Evans are searching for misplaced sheet music to a Bach piece they'll perform at an upcoming wedding. The violist is a petite, attractive blonde wearing a red blouse, a gray-and-red checked skirt, and red shoes. She finds the piece and sets it on her stand: "Air" by J.S. Bach. Childress-Evans plays a few tentative notes. She is accompanied immediately by four-year-old Sean Agler, who contributes a wheezing musical non sequitur on his child-size starter violin. His brother, two-year-old Nicky Agler, is offstage (that is, in his bedroom, not in the living room where the action is), crying operatically. Evidently, he has inherited his mother's lung capacity, diaphragm control, and tonal dexterity.

Discussion of which Mozart pieces to perform ("Eine Kleine Nachtmusik"), whether or not to include the Pachelbel Canon ("yeah, we have to"), Handel's "Water Music," the "Quartet versions of 2, 3 and 6," "Hawaiian Wedding Song," "Wind Beneath My Wings," "The Vivaldi" (Four Seasons), "Trumpet Voluntary" (the Clarke), and/or "that wedding song by the guy from Peter, Paul and Mary" ("There Is Love") resolves with a tentative list and the decision to run through Bach's "Air."

The piece is processional. The words "stately" or "courteous" are hard to avoid. Grubbs's cello marks time with a descending scale of slow octaves beginning in the key of C. Jeriahian and Agler sustain a middle C in unison and then part ways in a harmonic pavane away from the tonic note that grows increasingly complex and flows into A major and then D major scales — a pattern thoroughly familiar to audiences of a thousand popular love songs. Pacifica Strings render the piece with a grace and soulfulness I
and Ken brought Gordon into it. As Sarah says, this is our best group. Do we like each other? I like each other, chuckling at her grammatical negligence. "Gordon is kind of a pain in the butt, you know, but..." She trails off, joined by four-way laughter.

The rehearsal resumes.

"You’re gonna do the four," Childress-Evens says to Jerahian about the "Ave Maria."

"Actually, they should both do it," says Grubbs. "You should both play in D."

The violin and viola carve a five-note figure, which climbs half a step in every time the phrase is completed. Beneath them, the cello sustains single-root notes anchoring the violin’s counterpoint to Grubbs’s slow, true soprano. "Ave Maris-stellaanahh."

"The five-note figure falters as Childress and Jerahian stumble the third time onto each other in slightly separate tempos. The effect is supposed to be a flowing one but instead is that of a lurching vehicle with mismatched tires.

"It sounds as if this is a difficult piece to pull off," I suggest.

"It is, but we have the skills," laughs Childress-Evens. "Believe it or not."

"We may have left them someplace," says Grubbs, "but we have the skills."

"Isn’t there something like three or four verses to this thing?"

"Yeah, but we’re not gonna do ‘em," announces the violin, and the others laugh with relief.

"Yeah, let’s not," says Agler.

"I went to a wedding," Jerahian recalls, "and a band was singing this, and in the second verse the guy’s voice broke, started cracking. I felt terrible for the guy."

He looks through his sheet music.

"This says, ‘From Walter Scott’s ‘Lady in the Lake. ‘ ‘Which one is this?’ asks Childress-Evens.

"This is the Schubert," Agler explains. "I sang them both for her. (Their employer for the upcoming wedding), and she liked this one better. And this is easier for us to play."

"Should we do this smoother? More legato?" asks Grubbs. "Or maybe even, well, some kind of a brushstroke, Somewhere in between? As long as we stay together..."

"Let’s just do it smooth," Childress-Evens suggests, and that seems to be the final word on the matter.

Another run-through and someone is striking sharp notes, though it is not apparent, at least to me, who it is.

"Sorry," says the squinting viola, "I can’t read this."

"Her sheet music is a Xerox copy, the musical text has shrunk and blurred."

Later, one member of the quartet will express dissatisfaction with Childress-Evens’s organization and handling of the sheet music.

"In terms of what music means to me in my life, that has changed over the years," says Jerahian, the first violinist and former technician with Maxwell Laboratories. "When you do things for a living, sometimes it gets to be a grind, and you don’t enjoy it. Music now for me is just relaxation and enjoyment, I don’t have to make a full-time living."

"I don’t know if anybody’s flat-out put it in an article, but the arts are a. in North San Diego," Jerahian says. "The plays, the Old Globe, are too expensive, and there’s a lack of support for the San Diego Symphony. It’s not a poor town either, but it’s the only way to get into other areas. We (the quartet) all have other jobs and don’t have time to get together as often as we’d like."

When asked, Jerahian says his mother most influenced the violinist’s nascent career.

"I used to play the piano, nothing amazing, but she had an incredible love of music, especially the violin. I had three sisters who were all trained on the piano, so I was the one who got the violin. To be honest with you, I don’t really think I had a desire at first to play the violin. I was inspired by my mother."

At one point it was a tension between electrical engineering and music, and I just happened to go into music, not only because of my love of music, but I also received a music scholarship to the University of San Diego. And I went to school there. It was a good opportunity to get an education and 99 percent of it was paid for, so I went that route. USD isn’t a top notch school for majoring in music; it’s good for minoring in music; it’s good for teachers, and throughout it’s a very good education, but nothing like a music conservatory."

Was childhood polio a factor in learning the violin, the hours of being forced to be sedentary?

"I was in second grade," Jerahian remembers. "It was just before..."
my first music lesson. I was one of those rare cases that contracted it from the vaccine. So, yeah, music was a good thing for me to pursue full-time because you’re sitting and all that, but believe me or not, I actually feel better mobile — sitting is what really kills me. People see me on crutches and right away they say, "Hey, do you want a chair?" while my back is screaming, "No!"

"Actually, string players develop all these ailments, so even if you’re okay when you start out..." Jerahian laughs. "They develop all kinds of problems with their shoulders. It’s very taxing on your body. Especially violin or viola because of the awkward position you hold your instrument. I don’t think cellists are as affected.

One woman I know of in the San Diego Symphony had to give up playing after years because of all kinds of major problems. It affected her arms especially.

Has Pacifica Strings ever toured?

"No. We really haven’t outside of San Diego. What’s popular right now is your coffee shops. That seems to be the big thing, where a lot of San Diego’s music is happening. I’m trying to break into those coffee shops — Jerahian laughs, realizing that what he said sounds illegal. " — with classical music, I mean, which doesn’t seem to be that prevalent in these coffee shops.”

Jerahian and Grubbs will perform as a duet at A Better World this fall, and he hopes to appear there eventually with the entire quartet. "I don’t think there’s that much money in it, but it’s good for the publicity end of it — to play and advertise what you do, get the word out."

Does Jerahian remember the first piece of music he heard as a kid that turned him on and set him on his course?

"Yeah, probably a lot of people’s favorite and that’s the Mendelssohn Violin Concerto in D or D minor, I forget which."

What kind of music does Pacifica Strings perform best?

"In my opinion the [wedding] pieces are the most rotten stuff. That doesn’t comprise any of what we really do except maybe during the ceremony. Those are little pieces that are stuck in for a candle-lighting or we’ll do the Pachelbel Canon during a processional and maybe we’ll do some upbeat light classical for the recessional. A lot of people want the traditional, so we let them have it. I would say our best stuff is light classical in the vein of "Eine Kleine Nachtmusik" or Haydn. When you get into some of your Beethoven or Brahms, that’s a little bit of a hit and listen — it’s real deep. That’s not the kind of thing we usually play at a wedding reception. School music kind of is on the lighter side, and Schumann. We don’t do a lot of baroque-type stuff. As you heard, we occasionally do Bach, we’ll do the Brandenburg No. 3. We also do things like Scott Joplin rags."

Also in the Pacifica Strings repertoire are such unlikely numbers as "Unchained Melody" by the Righteous Brothers, "Wind Beneath My Wings" (if you insist), and the Andrews Sisters' "Boogie Woogie Bugle Boy."

"We do those things very well," Jerahian says. "We’ll maybe do some of them at A Better World. But I’m not really superfond of contemporary music — that’s just always the way I’ve been."

"Most of the people we play for are sipping on champagne, getting ready for dinner after the wedding, so the light classical is fine. It’s usually pretty understandable to people. The heaviest we’ll get is Beethoven, and we tend not to do too much Beethoven."

Does Jerahian find that the audience as a rule will ignore the

we’ve been stuck in a corner and nobody even said a word to us. We were there for the scenery; it was the elite thing to do. That was fine, we got paid very well. At one job, even though there was a large buffet and lots of food, we were not invited to eat. I’ve learned to make sure you get something to eat during the breaks." Jerahian laughs again, but at himself, not his thoughtless employers. "A job is a job, and I don’t stipulate in the contract that we have to be fed, but sometimes we have a three- and a-half- or four-hour job and we don’t get a chance to duck out and get something to eat. About 80 percent of the time we are invited to eat. We never push ourselves on anyone, though."

How affordable is the quartet?

"For a basic wedding we charge $300, and that involves music while people are arriving, say 15, 20 minutes. We play the whole ceremony, which is about 20 minutes to a half-hour. We’ll play as people are walking out of the church. Then we’ll play as they head for the champagne and hors d’oeuvres, which is another 15 minutes. So they get roughly an hour or hour and a half minutes’ worth of music for $300. We add on for every additional hour, so it comes out to between $300 and $500. For a full, blow-out wedding where we play a three-hour reception, it’s $500."

How is Jerahian’s relationship with the other musicians? His response is primarily about Gordon Grubbs. "He also plays harp, you know! He went to a music conservatory and he’s a very... Jerahian pauses... "talented cellist. It’s kind of a bummer he doesn’t have a driver’s license, so somebody has to pick him up, and that kind of makes it hard. His cello playing makes up for the inconvenience, and he’s a good friend, a good guy."

"We had another cellist, but you’ve got to really want to do it. You’ve got to have four people that really want to play who don’t bitch and complain. Whiners, you know? People to whom you have to say, ‘I’ll pay you extra if you play 15 minutes more,’ and they say, ‘No, I’ve got to leave.’ It’s not like they’re really committed to it. It’s like, ‘bom, and they’re out of there — give me the money-and-run kind of thing. Everybody wants to be paid and everything, but at the same time, we’ve got to be diplomatic about it."

The sun is setting out to sea through a shredded marine layer and shadows spread through the Agler’s wooded back yard. Lights are turned on in the living room as the members of the quartet take their seats. The smell of lasagne and tobacco (from Agler’s husband’s pipe) fills the house, along with the famous 18 opening notes of Mozart’s “A Little Night Music.” Pacifica Strings begins the piece spontaneously; smiling and nodding at each other with satisfaction and amusement that the same selection was on everyone’s mind as darkness fell.

The centuries are erased and Mozart’s music feels as relevant as it was 200 years ago, as relevant as the moment, the summer night.
By Luis Urrea

San Diego writer Dalton Lee innocently has done a small favor for some mysterious Colombians — Elvis, La Mula, and El Gigante. As a gesture of appreciation, Elvis later delivered to the amiable Dalton and his wife Nicolina a box containing $5,000. Though the Lees don’t know it, the men are drug smugglers. Soon, the thugs dispatch a La Jolla man and his bodyguard and take over his Mercedes and his Mt. Soledad home, then kill a Tijuana customs officer and steal an address book from his desk.

Tonight, a group of men sit around a table in a building on the San Diego waterfront looking at slides of the recent activities of Dalton, Nicolina, and the Colombians. The men speculate on the connection between the Lees and the smugglers and set out to track them down. Meanwhile, Dalton and Nicolina have taken Wanda, owner of Bitches Brew feminist bookstore on Adams Avenue, to the Corvette Diner for a friendly meal. There they encounter Dalton’s biker friend Bear, much to Nicolina’s dismay.

Chapter Fourteen: Things Fall Apart

Okay, Dalton could conceivably that there had been more pleasant lunches. Not that Wanda minded the biker’s joining them. She seemed entranced by his tattooed forearms, exclaiming at the various demonic scribbles and innocently asking, “And what does this one mean?”

It was Nicolina who refused to look at anyone at the table. Dalton reached out and touched her hand, but she pulled it away. Wanda was asking Bear about motorcycle engines and said, “Having a spot, children?” Nicolina looked at the decorations of the Corvette Diner. The longer she stalked, the madder it made Dalton. She’d always introduced him of having perfectly mood swings. He thought. Nico, Nico, Nico — Little Miss Moody. This morning he swore she was the perfect mate; now he wanted to throttle her.

While the happy family picked through their food, La Mula was delivering Elvis’s Benz to Allain Gillot’s garage just off India Street. Elvis wanted some fine-tuning done to the engine. Big deal, Mula thought. What a waste of money. Up at the house on Mt. Soledad, he’d had to carefully clean all traces of old blood out of the trunk, even though he’d insisted to El Gigante that there was no observable blood anywhere on the car. “It’d be dry by now,” he reasoned.

“Rakes, Dust!”

“It’s not important that you can’t see it,” El Gigante said.

“But if I can’t see it, nobody will see it.”

“Clean it.”

“No, it’s not.”

“It is to.”

“Clean it again,” El Gigante ordered.

Mula shook his head and wandered outside. He had an hour to kill in this ridiculous gringo town. Venues comienzas, he thought. If he were back home, he’d be down in the main plaza, eating a shaved fruit ice and watching the pretty girls sashaying home from the secretarial college. He could afford a cockfight or see the masked wrestlers at the Coliseo. But San Diego — what was there to do?

He stepped out through the gate and walked up to India. A plane went over to the north, his left. He shrugged and walked in that direction. He sniffed the tasty air across the street from some Italian restaurant. He didn’t notice the tan Dodge sliding behind him, two blond heads showing through the windshield.

Dalton thought the maddier she gets, the older she looks. He found himself thinking her outrage made her look like a bird.

Bear studied his nails.

“Isn’t love great,” he said.

“You said it, brother,” said Wanda. “Cut it out, you guys,” Dalton said.

“Well,” said Bear. “I got to go.”

He reached into his pocket.

“I’ll get it,” said Dalton.

Bear rose, said, “Later,” and hurried from the table.

“Poor old Bear!” Wanda whispered.

“He’s a Nazi,” Nicolina said. “I think thinks we enjoy killers eating lunch with us.”

“Seemed nice enough,” Wanda said. “Come on, girl — you’re not usually like this.”

“Stop it,” Nicolina said.

“Bear,” said Dalton, “is trying to turn over a new leaf, that’s all.” He sighed. “How mad are you, Nardons?”

Wanda slapped the table.

“I believe it’s time for the gentle squabble hour.” She smiled at them. “I think I’ll go observe the barbarian mount his steed.” She kissed Nicolina on the cheek.

“Bitch,” she said.

“No,” said Dalton. “It’s my fault.”

“Asshole,” Wanda replied.

You’re being too careful,” La Mula said.

“Impossible.”

“It’s possible to be too careful. You are proof.”

“I’m saving your life, you fool. You just don’t know it.”

“It’s tempting fate. It brings bad luck,” La Mula groused. “Besides, I can get along perfectly well without you.”

He was still passed off when he pulled into the Gillot lot. They treated him like some menial, some slave. All the dirt went to Mula, and none of the glory. “Falta de respeto,” he muttered as he signed the papers at the counter.

“Excuse me?” the young man said.


Nicolina felt the edges of the box tearing. Her life was being invaded by alarming strangeness. Eying Bear’s Iron Cross, she said, “Isn’t that a Nazi medal? Wanda’s Jewish.” She smiled with false warmth.

“Do the Avenging Angels have Jewish members?”

“Jesus, honey,” Dalton muttered.

“I’m not like that no more,” said Bear.

“I’m a lesbian, too!” Wanda said.

“Really?” said Bear. They grinned at each other, but they didn’t know why.

Wanda said, “Nicolina is angry with us. She’s making a scene.”

Nicolina fumed.

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San Diego Reader, October 20, 1996
the bottom of the hill and lost itself among underpassers and an empty-looking factory of some sort. He was wheezing.

The car sped by him and stopped. A smiling gringo stood up and adjusted his tie. Mula took his measurements automatically: six feet two inches, 185 pounds, blond hair, broad shoulders. The gringo came across the street and stood, hands on hips. It was the man from the screening room who had been studying Mula's picture. His assistant got out of the car, jogged over, and stood half in the street, half on the sidewalk. Mula slowed. The driver opened his jacket and showed Mula the butt of a military-issue .45 sticking out of his belt.

"Coño," Mula said, stopping, hanging his head to catch his breath. He bent forward from the waist and rested his hands on his knees. He couldn't believe how hard his heart was pounding. If they waited just a few moments, he might be able to collect himself enough to fight them.

The first one walked up to him and said, "I'm Mr. Williams." Then he hit Mula across the back of the neck.

Chapter Fifteen: Wanda Rides a Motorcycle, and Confessions Begin

Whenever Nicolina was mad at him, Dalton felt the world deflate around him. Part of him couldn't believe it was possible. The other part of him wanted to go into battle.

Nicolina felt betrayed. Betrayed in some inexplicable way, as if Dalton had lied to her, presented a false face behind which lurked an imagined monster. Of course, the more she expected to find some hideous true Dalton lurking within, the more she found evidence that such a creature existed. And the more Dalton suspected Nicolina, for all her glory, of harboring some deep and hidden anger at him, the more he saw her moods as assaults. They had hypnotized each other, in love and in dread. Her frowns said more than they needed to say; her moods seemed to signal catastrophe. The sad fact was, each of them wished they were making love, all the confusions around them erased. The troubling ghost of the $15,000 hovered over them — everything fell beneath its shadow.

They sat in the Corvette Diner, carefully not looking at each other.

Opting to escape the cloud of marital ill will, Wanda hurried after Big Bear, hoping to catch a glimpse of his motorcycle. This whole man-being-thing really intrigued her. It was much more interesting than the little spot-brewing away in the restaurant.

Of course, in case the Bear said some stupid sexist thing, she had half a pack of bologna in her shoulder bag. She wasn't afraid to tell a biker, as she wasn't afraid to inform workmen, that women were not meat. She'd fling bologna all over his bike if he partied out of it.

The Bear was stomping down the street, shoulders hunched and head hanging. "Yoo-hoo!" Wanda called. He kept on walking.

Wanda tried again. "Calling all barbarians!" she hollered.

He glanced off to the side but didn't turn back.

"Damn it," she muttered. She stuck one finger in her mouth and whistled as loud as she could. It blasted forth powerfully.

He spun around, startled.

"Oh," he said.

"I was just wondering," Wanda said, "if I could see your bike. It sounds silly, but I've never even looked at one up close.

Big Bear eyed her.

"Okay," he said.

They walked along, hands in pockets. The Bear caught a reflection of them in a bank window. He grinned and pointed. "Don't we beat all," he said.

Wanda enjoyed what she saw. "Don't we though," she said.

El Gigante was struggling. He bent down close and stared, mouthing out loud. Tjuana Copelanded him, even if this new English was so absurd as to be undecipherable.

He worked at a page for five, ten minutes. He turned back to Dalton's photograph. It seemed Dalton could write pretty well. At least there were a lot of gunfighters...

"Do you like it?" Elvis asked.


Elvis was sketching Nicolina from his photographs; she drew in her hair in black ink and her face in blue. Bic pens. He couldn't figure out what to do with his red pen. Maybe a flower in her hair?

El Gigante said, "English."

"It's insane," Elvis agreed.


But the same letters make the word through. Then, the same letters make the word tough.

"What about thought."

"But that rhymes with caught, which is different letters."

Elvis said, "There is a word, bough.

"Que la chingada," El Gigante reasoned.

"Hey!" Elvis enthused. "What about throughout?"

He was busy writing it out for El Gigante to ponder when the phone rang. Elvis snatched it. "Hello, baby," he said.

The voice on the other end said, "Elvis. Poma. I have one of your boys here." Elvis started snapping his fingers wildly, gesturing for El Gigante to get on the extension. "He sings like a bird, if you ask him nice enough."

"Who is this?" Elvis asked.

"Mr. Williams," the voice said, "your new buddy."

Elvis covered the mouthpiece and whispered, "¿Qué es 'buddy'?"
El Gigante thumbed through his Spanish/English dictionary while Elvis listened, his eyes staring straight ahead, not blinking once.

Big Bear Honeywell parked the bike in front of Bitches Brew. Wanda let go of his gut and pried off the helmet. "Whoa!" she cried, which was the least witty thing she'd said in a year. "Yeah!" She got off the bike and punched him on the shoulder. "What a gas," she said.

"The Bear smiled."

"In the wind," he said.

She went to the door.

"Come in, Bear," she said. "Have some tea."

"Tea?" he said. "Uh."

He looked at the signs, the posters in the window. A new notice was pasted to the glass: FEMALE SPOKEN HERE.

"Oh, come on," she said. "It won't hurt you."

"Look," he said. "I'm not sure you want me around. I'm not exactly your kind of person."

"Don't be silly," she said. His face was cloudy. He stared at his big hands resting on the gas tank. "I'm a good liberal," she joked, "an equal-opportunity humanist."

Bear sighed.

He slowly got off his bike as she unlocked the door. The tinkle of the bell above her head seemed intimidating. He looked either way, hoping nobody on a scooter could see him entering the feminine store, then stepped in, wrinkled his nose: patchouli oil, incense. There was a poster of a naked woman with a mastectomy scar raising her arms to the sky. He looked at his feet. "Chamomile?" she asked, as she rattled around behind the coffee machine.

"What," he said. "I'm...uh...done things."

She looked at him over the counter.

"Bad things. I don't think you want me in here."

"So it's true what they say about bikers," she finally said.

He blew air through his nose.

"Biker?" she said. "Are you crying?"

"I just want to serve the Lord," he mumbled. "Don't know how. Don't know..."

The Lord, she thought. Hoo-boy. "I'm not too good with this Christian stuff," she admitted. "What's the problem. Aren't you supposed to be forgiven?"

"I done some real bad things."

She sat beside him.

"Can't you go to confession or something?"

"I ain't Catholic."

"I bet it'd help."

"I don't know nobody I could confess to. I don't know nobody who could listen to what I got to say, Wanda."

Wanda looked at the spines of books: Adrienne Rich, Judy Grahn, Shari Oski. Beside her, the Bear shuddered, drew a hitching breath. My God, she thought. Late afternoon light barely made it into the store. The cool gloom spread, the scent of the pages coming into her nose. She watched her hand float across to the Bear's and take it. He jumped. She knew he was startled. She smiled slightly, thinking, Dyke 'n' bike!

"Tell me," said Wanda.

"I looked at her."

"It's okay, Bear. You'd be amazed at the things I've heard. I can take it."

Cars passed out on Adams Avenue. She squeezed his big oil-stained paw.

"I will hear your confession."

Part eight of Dalton's Luck will appear in next week's issue. Part one was in the issue of September 8.
hope we somehow avoid the earthquake that proves it. But in the meantime, Harry Mathis runs his politics as he would from the bridge of his submarine; he has his orders, his mission, and his torpedoes.

Paul Benton
Architect and
Professional Engineer
University City

Computer Errors
We feel obliged to point out that your October 6 article about the annual meeting of Computer Professionals for Social Responsibility (CPSR), held at UCSD on October 8 and 9, contained a number of inaccuracies ("Highlights"). From the article, written by Eleanor Widmer, readers might infer that the Global Schoolhouse Project and the San Diego Computer Society's work with the San Diego Police Department are activities of CPSR's San Diego chapter. This is not true. The Global Schoolhouse Project and the San Diego Computer Society's bulletin board are two of the many innovative community networking projects under way in San Diego, and we would encourage everyone to learn more about them, but they have no affiliation with CPSR.

Widmer's article may also have left readers confused about Christine Harbs's correct affiliation. She is an attorney with the Privacy Rights Clearinghouse at the University of San Diego. Moreover, the quotations attributed to Harbs bear only a tangential relation to anything she ever said. In particular, she made no reference to a "gay Internet." These errors notwithstanding, your interest and attention to the CPSR conference and community networking projects in San Diego are very much appreciated.

Thank you very much.

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Ditch Black Crowe Humor
I am writing this in response to the enclosed column (J.D. Crowe, September 29). It takes a while for families and friends to get over the suicide of someone who jumped off a bridge, and I know your cartoons have a lot of humor, sarcasm, blank humor, etc., but it would be nice if someone occasionally thought about the pain caused by some of them. I am in that situation, as are others who knew someone or saw a body as it landed, or after it landed. Also, the power of suggestion when someone is considering suicide or the method: I wish messy methods were not publicized like you did. A friend of mine committed suicide with sleeping pills, and that has been less difficult to deal with.

Thank you for any consideration.

Bill Yohe
North Park

Another Trolleygate
Over 200 letters were received by the Army Corps of Engineers during the recent public comment period for the West Mission Valley transit project. These comments are being evaluated and will be considered in the final decision. I encourage all concerned to continue to voice their opinions and concerns to the appropriate authorities.
project is still supported by city councilmembers Juan Vargas, Judy McCarthy, Valerie Stalling, and Ron Roberts, though they have been informed of the aforementioned problems.

Randy Berkman
San Diego

Loves Exposure
I must tell you what a guilty pleasure it is to read your articles about the scandal and lawsuit involving Planners Independent Management, Inc. ("Fugitive in a U-Haul," "City Lights," September 29). I only wish such articles would appear on the front business pages of the Wall Street Journal or the San Diego Union-Tribune.
More power to you and your paper's reporting. I live for the day I read that company has gone out of business. Name withheld

Suggests Trip To Bookstore
It is clear from his letter ("Decency Beacon," September 29) that Jeff Harris is anti-Semitic and ill-informed about how Christian Europe generally treated the Jews. As far as Jews were concerned, Christianity was seldom a beacon of decency.
I suggest that he read two books written by Catholic scholars on the subject, The Anguish of the Jews by Edward Flannery and History of the Jews by Frederick Schweitzer. Both books are available in the SDSU, USD, and UCSD libraries.

Abe Alpert Talmadge

Clueless Duncan
Please get a movie reviewer who has a clue! I now decide which movies to see by selecting those which your reviewer, Duncan Shepherd, says aren't worth seeing. Conversely, those which he likes are consistently duds. What Mr. Shepherd is doing reviewing movies for a fine magazine such as the Reader is beyond me.

Joe Calavita
University City

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Ann: My girlfriend and I were talking over the phone one night and she said, "Ann, we got to meet us some nice Christian men." So she started looking through the Reader Phone Matches™ ads. I said, "Ruby, find me a white Christian man." She said, "Here's one!" and she read off John's ad.  

John: I tried the Reader classifieds years ago, back when you had to rent a post office box and send letters. I like Phone Matches™ better. I think you can tell how honest a person is from their voice.  

Ann: John and I talked for hours on the phone before we ever met. On our first date, I invited him to my church. There's no way I could have missed him. Everybody else there was black.  

John: That didn't bother me. At the time I was going to Bayview Baptist in Southeast San Diego. I was the only white man in the congregation.  

Ann: I've always looked at people as people, without their skin color. That's the way my mom brought me up. So this racial thing never got in the way. Right off the bat, I knew John was the one. We just connected.  

John: After our first date, we started visiting different churches together. We also went out to dinner and to the movies.  

Ann: John always acted like such a gentleman. He would open doors for me, help me down off the curb. And when we said good night, he would just kiss my hand.  

John: Neither of us believe in sex before marriage. When I married Ann, I was a 48-year-old virgin. An endangered species! I proposed on a beautiful day in Seaport Village. I don't remember if I got down on my knee or not.  

Ann: You did.  

John: I was expecting her to turn me down. I didn't have much to offer — no fancy car, no big income. But she looked at me with this big smile and said, "Yes."  

Ann: I have seven children, all grown, and 14 grandchildren. He said, "I'm willing to accept them all as a package deal. I love you that much."  

John: I've thought about a church wedding all my life. We got married at Greater Galilee Baptist, where the pastor is a friend of mine.  

Ann: It was on May 31, 1992. My friend Ruby played the organ.  

John: When Ann walked down the aisle, she was the most beautiful woman I've ever seen.  

Ann: We do everything together now — attend church, pray, movies, Disneyland, long walks, reading the Bible.  

John: We don't fight, but sometimes we fuss.  

Ann: What he calls a "fuss," I call "expressing yourself."  

John: Ann brought out a lot of things that were hidden in me. When you have someone who accepts who you are, you feel more at ease, more comfortable with yourself.  

Ann: He writes me poems and leaves them all over the house. I find them on the coffee table, in front of the microwave.  

John: When I met Ann, the whole world opened up.  

John and Ann: The Lord has truly blessed us, and our marriage.

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Grace Harmelink Knows Just How Holly Treppa Feels

Loma Portal School Celebrates Its 80th Birthday

Loma Portal opened its doors in 1914," reports Grace Harmelink, a two-room school, where my oldest brother William Justice was one of the first few students," Mrs. Harmelink goes on to tell me about her siblings (Roy, Robert, and Margaret), recites dates they attended the grammar school (1916, 1919, 1922), who was teaching (Mrs. Gallaway), and who was principal (Mrs. McKin). Grace first attended Loma Portal Elementary School in 1921. When I ask her if she's the oldest student in the area, she says Jack Lane of Rancho Bernardo is older: "He's 83, I think — and he's still handsome."

Both Mrs. Harmelink and Loma Portal Elementary School celebrate their 80th birthdays this year. In preparation for the celebration, Loma Portal principal Jill Brogan’s office is overrun with memorabilia: PTA scrapbooks, yellowed clippings, photos mounted on faded construction paper, stacks of postcards and hand-written letters from past students. An entire accordion file filled with information gathered 30 years ago, for the 50th anniversary, squats on a small round table in Brogan’s office.

At this year’s celebration, a chorus of 60 fourth-, fifth-, and sixth-graders will sing the school’s alma mater, and a group of student delegates will manage tours of the grounds. The Navy band will perform, and a time capsule will be buried.

“We’re getting 50 phone calls a day now," says Brogan, who remains cheerful amidst these piles of nostalgia. "We have people coming from as far away as the Netherlands! Louise Dyer, who worked on the 50th birthday party, has a son who will be flying in from London. A friend of Grace Harmelink’s will be here from Sacramento. I got a call the other day from a woman who was indignant because her sister had received an invitation and she hadn’t. ‘Everybody knew me!’ she declared. ‘It was my twin!’ I think the twins — we were history!’ So, the twins will be here, too."

Other alumni expected are Florence Chadwick (who swam the English Channel), artist Stephen Coe (Reynolds’s Olympic gold medalist in sailing), several judges, authors, and actors. State and local officials are scheduled to present proclamations (it is, after all, an election year). "I’m prepared for a crowd of 200," Brogan says.

Not even high school reunions bring so many back home. So, how does a grammar school keep alumni coming back?

"It’s really like a family," says Charlene Bradshaw, a former PTA president, whose 11 children (now ages 9 to 27) all attended Loma Portal. "Every school program involves the community, and the parents are very supportive of the staff and teachers. Everyone works together."

Loma Portal’s second-grade teacher Carolyn Hayes, who grew up in a military family that moved from base to base, attended sixth grade at Loma Portal in 1961. "I loved going home for lunch with friends who lived across the street. I’d never experienced that before." In her last year at Point Loma High School, Hayes began student teaching at Loma Portal. After graduating from high school, she left the area for 12 years. For her teaching credential and master’s degree. In the late ’80s, she returned to San Diego,
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Can San Diego ZPG Be Reborn?

Zero Population Growth Reports on Cairo

Mexican-American writer Richard Rodriguez, in an editor's note about the U.N. International Conference on Population and Development, wondered why white folks, when worrying about overpopulation, are wont to illustrate their concern with images of brown-skinned people streaming across the border, rather than with footage of pale Norwegians packed into a crowded restaurant. His curiosity was legitimate. Whenever and wherever the question of population control has reared its head, the twin issues of xenophobia and racism have trotted up and waved their grimy paws in the air and begged for equal attention.

Overpopulation, as a public policy matter, necessarily implies a population controller and a population controlled. And the question of just who will be that cast in these two roles is problematic. Nonetheless, it is a question that Laurie Shook, chairperson for the San Diego chapter of Zero Population Growth, feels can be addressed with fairness and wisdom.

Several years ago, Shook revived San Diego's ZPG chapter, which had disbanded in the early 1970s. "Birth rates were low at that time and everyone thought, 'Great, the problem's solved.' " Shook came to overpopulation by way of environmentalism. She had been active in organizations like the Sierra Club, which put her on ZPG's mailing list.

"I started reading the material ZPG sent out," she says, "and I gradually realized that overpopulation was the issue at the core of these environmental problems I was concerned with. It made sense to me."

Shook set about reorganizing the 1100 local ZPG members. The idea was to provide a forum in which people could learn about overpopulation. ZPG was given a publicity boost by the recent United Nations International Conference on Population and Development, held in Cairo.

Shook went to Cairo armed with worries and opinions which 170 San Diegans had expressed at a ZPG-sponsored meeting last March. These worries and opinions, voiced mostly by members of 30 local organizations — such as the League of Women Voters, WomanCare, and the Sierra Club — were compiled by Shook into four-page reports, which were forwarded to the U.S. State Department and incorporated into positions the U.S. would take on issues raised in Cairo.

Shook says that race-hate mongers, the kind you expect to be riled up by population control, were a no-show at the March ZPG meeting. "There was a similar meeting in L.A.," Shook says, "and from what I gathered there was quite a bit of that, you know, that kind of thing."

It's a curious and difficult path Shook has opted to tread. She's aware that garden-variety liberal Democrats, the kind concerned with the environment and overpopulation, are shocked to discover they have allies on the extreme, white-supremacist right.

"We have to be careful," she says, "to emphasize, especially in San Diego, that our problem at the border is a symptom of overpopulation and not a cause. People are driven from their homes because of unemployment, which is in turn caused by environmental degradation, which is caused by overpopulation. We believe in a sane border policy that takes these factors into consideration. We believe that overpopulation is best addressed through education, particularly the education of women, women's rights, and governmental policies that support these things."

San Diego's chapter of ZPG is once again holding a public meeting on the Cairo conference. This time, Shook and others will explain clauses of the non-binding resolution which the conference produced. Workshops held during this three-hour meeting will address zero-population growth, lobbying on the local level, media advocacy of the ZPG agenda, border-area social services, women's and youths' issues, and sustainable development.

— Abe Ospina

Public meeting on population issues. Presented by Zero Population Growth Saturday, October 22, 1:30 p.m. Social hall, First United Methodist Church, 2111 Camino del Rio South, Mission Valley 697-3728

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Exquisite Cadaver
The Last Word in Surrealism

My children had no television when they were growing up. On rainy days, or when they were ill, I kept them busy with word games. Each of us would write two sentences on a sheet of writing paper, fold the paper over to cover the sentences, and pass it on to the next person. We continued the process until we had finished a full page. No subject was taboo (my sons were fond of bathroom humor), nor did we worry about grammar or spelling. When the story, with its disjointed subject matter and lack of transitions, was read aloud, my children fell into uncontrolled laughter. So did my advanced-writing students at the university. When they were uptight and anxious, I would ask them each to write a paragraph anonymously. Then I would shuffle the sheets for greater randomness and read the results. It was a perfect exercise to help my students relax.

The technique was not developed by me but by the surrealist of the 1920s; each would write down a word or two that the fellow couldn’t see, then pass along the page. Perhaps the most well-known result of these exercises was the sentence, “Theexquisite corpse will drink the bubbly wine.”

The surrealist’s aim was to “‘gasp- ter le bourgeois,” that is, to attack the middle-class by breaking down academic traditions in the arts. The father of surrealism, French writer André Breton, issued the first “Manifesto on Surrealism” in 1924. In the following years, René Magritte looked into the mirror and saw only the faceless back of his head; and Giorgio de Chirico projected perfect columns in a landscape, suggesting entrapment or death. In literature, the movement spawned renewed interest in stream-of-consciousness writing.

When Cory Meacham, a San Diego writer, took a course in surrealism, he was especially impressed with the word games played by Breton and his followers. His admiration led him to imitation. Meacham solicited San Diego writers to collaborate on a surrealistic novel. Contributors’ names would be kept secret. Each person would contribute one page. They would, however, be given the advantage of seeing the two preceding pages. Meacham wrote the first two pages and faxed them to the next writer. Each writer had 24 hours to complete the task; only one person failed to meet the deadline. The process began on January 15 this year, and finished on May 21. Meacham had the last word, by writing the ending. Making its debut at a private ceremony tomorrow is the result: a novel, The Exquisite Cadaver.

The timing couldn’t be better. Of the 160 participating writers, at least 30 were affiliated with San Diego Writer’s Monthly, a local literary magazine that has just ceased publication. Publisher editor Michael MacCarthy began the journal in February 1991, funding it with his thriving construction business. MacCarthy gathered around him such local writers as Charles Elster (of There Is No Zoo in Zoology fame), Kenneth Merrill, and Cory Meacham, but any San Diego writer who wanted could send in articles, fiction, poetry, or interviews. Top price for a story was $35. At the height of its success, San Diego Writer’s Monthly had a circulation of 4000. But after collecting money from sales, the magazine was still costing McCarthy $2500 to $3000 a month to produce. Although the local writers’ community loved it, the money ran out. San Diego Writer’s Monthly’s last issue appeared this month.

The money generated by The Exquisite Cadaver, however, won’t be going toward any attempt at resurrection of the journal, but to the Friends of the San Diego Public Library. “We wrote the novel for the love and the fun of it,” says Cory Meacham, “and wanted the libraries to benefit.”

The question remains, is it a good book?
—Eleanor Widmer

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When Eyes Hear a Horse Chew a Hat

Italian Straw Hat Signed

I hadn't seen the National Theater of the Deaf's Italian Straw Hat, as you will be able to do this weekend. But I have seen the National Theater of the Deaf, and I have seen The Italian Straw Hat. So, a bit of imagination, and we can figure out what you are in store for.

What is theatrical production like when all the actors are deaf? Not "hearing impaired," which implies a disability, but just plain deaf — and not disabled at all. First of all, this is theater like any other theater: the actors act, the director directs, the set and costume designers design sets and costumes, and the play is a play like any other, with script, plot, characters, action, and dialogue. The only significant difference from the theater you are used to is that the dialogue is carried on in ASL, but not in English. In American Sign Language.

American Sign Language, by the way, is just that — a language. It is not a deaf form of English, or in any way a dependent or defective mode of communication. It may occasionally use bits and pieces of English — translated into hand signals — as a supplement to its own vocabulary. But essentially it is an autonomous language, with its own words, its own grammar, its own sound (except that this is a sound perceived by the eyes). In fact, I believe it or not — it is the fourth most common language in the United States. And no one who speaks this language experiences it as limited or limiting. On the contrary, ASL is capable of expressing anything any other language can express, with all the subtlety and nuances of meaning you will find in well-spoken English, French, or Japanese.

In one sense, therefore, seeing a play in ASL is like seeing a play in a foreign language. If you don't know ASL, the actual words and sentences will be unintelligible to you. But unlike English, French, or Japanese, sign language has a communicative power inherent in the act of signing itself, and speakers of ASL — whether on the stage or in ordinary life — make the most use of that visual expressiveness.

You may have seen a stage play or a television program offering a simultaneous ASL translation for the deaf. If you have paid attention to the translators, you will have noticed that, in addition to all those rapid hand gestures, they are making faces to underline the meanings and feelings of what they are saying. They look like rather extravagantly emotional people in animated conversation — like Neapolitans, for example. But animated gestures and facial expressions are also part of the normal equipment of actors, as you may see by muting the sound of a TV drama and watching all the ways in which actors express themselves visually. In the ordinary theater, the spoken words and the physical gestures and expressions are two quite different means of expression that supplement each other. But when the actors of the National Theater of the Deaf sign their sentences and add their expressive gestures and looks, the two means of expression are both visual, the elements of acting growing out of the signing, expanding it, exaggerating it, transforming it from a simple means of communication into a complex expressive art.

(And in a few of the actors in each production speak aloud the dialogue of all the roles.) Because of the physicality of the sign language, magnified by the physicality of the acting, this is big, lively, intense, virtually operatic theater, whatever its subject.

No play could suit this style better than The Italian Straw Hat. A masterpiece of theatrical farce by the 19th-century French playwright Eugène Labiche, the play exhibits all the physical humor, fast pacing, slapstick, absurdly complicated plot devices, and exaggerated characters common to its genre. The story itself could not be sillier, or more delightful in its silliness. When a young man is driving through the streets of Visacon, near Paris, his horse (this is 1851) accidentally chews up an Italian straw hat it happens to come upon. He turns out to be the hat's owner, a respectable married lady who is engaged in some unrequited activities with a bus driver and has an army officer.

The lady cannot return to her husband without the hat, for what plausible explanation could she give for how she had lost it? (Don't raise any objections — this is farce!) The army officer gallantly protects the lady's honor by demanding, with threats of violence and destruction, that the young man

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Who knows? You could be in Bali for spring break. Life could be a lot worse.

So close the books, grab some friends, bring your ID and make tracks to Del Mar for Beer, Bets and Ball, Saturday, October 22. Doors open at 11 a.m. and the party starts at 11:30. Be there!
find an identical hat to take the place of the horse's forehead. This must be done, of course, post haste. There is a problem, however. I forgot to mention that the young man is going to be married today, so that he has a million more important things to do than look for Italian straw hats. How can he manage to fit all these diverse tasks into the few hours remaining before the wedding, or before the army officer rips him to shreds? And this marriage is of vital importance to the young man — not so much for love, but because the girl's father is rich, and because money and respectability are luxury, the two things the young man wants most. Don't raise any objections, please — this is French!

So the wedding procession is combined with the young man's desperate attempts to find the hat, which of course gets him into hot water with his prospective bride and his prospective father-in-law, while the army officer goes on making threats, and the pace gets faster, and the incidents get crazier, and the confusions and coincidences get thicker, and all the characters are running around in a frenzy shouting at the top of their lungs.

Now, imagine this done in American Sign Language — John Peter Applebrick

B A J A

"Pete's and the Miracle" is a photography exhibit by Nicolas Treado on view at Galeria de la Ciudad beginning Thursday, October 20, at 8 p.m. See the show through Sunday, November 29, at Second Street and Avenue Constitucion in downtown Tijuana. For more information (in Spanish), call 01-55-62-87-16-70.

Latin American Music will be played by the El Son de Acic band tonight. Thursday, October 20, at 9 p.m., El Lugar del Juglar, in Pueblo Agosto Shopping Center (two minutes away from the border). Admission is $3.50. U.S. For additional information, call 01-55-62-88-22-33.

Expect Classical Ballet and Music when the Kiev Opera Stars perform El Quijote at the Tijuana Cultural Center on Friday, October 21, at 8:30 p.m. The ensemble will present Cinderella on Saturday, October 22, at 8:30 p.m. Find the center at Paseo de los Héroes y Mina Street in the Zona Río, in Tijuana. Admission for either show is $40 U.S. For more information, call 01-55-66-64-31-12 or 01-55-66-64-31-02.

D Persistent Mars Tunes is a new exhibition of paintings at Ajijic's Tijuana sites are planned every Saturday and Sunday in October, continuing on Saturday, October 21 and 22. The tours start at 9:45 a.m. in front of the Museum of Contemporary Art, Downtown, at 101 Kettner Street, and finish at 4 p.m. The fee is $28 per person; box lunches are available for an additional $10. Call 054-7166 for information and the required reservations for the tour; dial 054-344-1852 to reserve a lunch.

An Off-Road Deauville with a five-mile run, ten-mile bike ride, and another five-mile run is planned on Sunday, October 22, at noon, in Rosarito. Call 01-55-62-66-32-23 for locations and additional information.

The Chapultepec Lions Club presents its 12th annual demolition derby for charity on Sunday, October 16, at 1:30 p.m. in the Colonia Esperanza, in Tijuana. Admission is $3.50 U.S. For more information, call 01-55-66-64-31-12.

Common Humanity and diversity is celebrated in the "Human Condition: La Condicion Humana," the exhibit of 40 contributions by Joyce Cutcher-Lawler, at the Hospital General de Tijuana, found at 01801 Avenida Centenario, in the Zona Río area of Tijuana. The exhibition features large cut-out newborn figures taken from Cutcher-Lawler's drawings, mounted on the exterior face of the hospital and cascading down to a cut-out of a woman, an elderly woman. Inside the waiting room, the cut-outs combine with wall text fragments of interviews with local residents.

In a related exhibit by Cutcher-Lawler, the glass entry/atrium of the Department of Veterans Affairs Medical Center (on the UCSD campus) at 3350 La Jolla Village Drive, in La Jolla, will contain life-sized cut-out figures of eight women, and men who served in the US military; fragments of their stories are imprinted on transparent yellow and blue glass. For more information on either exhibit, call 077-2321 or 534-1394.

The Casa de la Cultura is taking part in International Playwrights' Week, an international exhibition and festival of installation and site-specific art, with pieces by Abraham Cruzvillegas, Mark Alice Durant, José Miguel Gonzalez Casanova, Diego Gutiérrez Coppe, Rolof Jullian, Jean Lawer, Ernesto Silva, and Sofía Taboada. Find the casa at Avenida París #5, in the Colonia Alvarado area of Tijuana. For additional details, dial 01-55-66-67-31-22. See the show through Sunday, October 30.

Walking Distance in the Night, the Ti- juan Cultural Center hosts many instal- lations in conjunction with site49, including art by Álvaro Blancarte, Felipe Eshleman, Gabriela López Portillo, Luis Mornet, John Outterbridge, Marta Pala, Marcos Ramirez "Errn" and Eloy Tarchis. These works are on display through Sunday, October 30. The center is located at Paseo de los Héroes y Mina Street in the Zona Río, in Tijuana. For more information, call 01-55-66-64-31-12.

A Circular Accumulation is said to comment metaphorically on the duality of the nature of existence and the relationships of cause of people and castings is the work of Albert Chong's "Yin/Yang, U/Them," on view at La Torre de la Joven. The installation will be reconstructed of apples and oranges at its core, with coconut shell vessels and feathers.

Jim Skalman's piece is an attempt to alter the identity and function of pre-existing architectural space. The Torre was originally an air-conditioned tower at the entrance of the defunct Agua Catalana restaurant. Skalman intends to transform the interior to a space for water tasting/commemoration of an individual and industrial nature.

Both Skalman and Chong's In- Site 49 installations can be seen through Sunday, October 30, at La Torre de Tijuana, on Boulevard Agua Catalana (at Boulevard de los Fundadores), in the Zona Centro of Ti- juana. Viewing hours are Tuesday through Sunday, 11 a.m. to 5 p.m. Free.

A Residential Neighborhood in Tijuana located just south of the U.S./Mexico border and east of the San Ysidro border crossing is the setting for Silva Gruner's "Middle of the Road" installation offering. The cy- cles of life are themes explored by Gruner in this work; find the installation at Calle Cuarta and Scarpio Rentino, in the Colonia Libertad area of Tijuana. For more information, call 054-1482. The installation will be viewed in person through Sunday, October 30.

The Stairway of Antiquities is a complex stairway, probably constructed in the 1920s, leading up to the Casa de la Cultura. It's in disre- pair, with broken and eroded sections. Artist Ryan MacFarland has placed figurines purchased from street vendors along the stairs for his contribution to site49; see the "piece" through Sunday, October 30. The Casa de la Cultura is found at Avenida París #5, in the Colonia Altamira area of Tijuana. For additional details, call 054-1482. These pieces are located outdoors at a site accessible 24 hours each day.

Plaza de Tijuana hosts installations by Helen Sandoval, Oscar Ortega, Uli Rieloff and Michael Schirmer, and Eloy Tarchis in coordination with site49, through Sunday, October 30. These pieces are located outdoors at a site accessible 24 hours a day. Call 544-1482 for more information.

OmniFix Films. Africa the Serengeti screens in the dome theater at the Tijuana Cultural Center (in Spanish) weekdays at 4:30 and 8 p.m., with an additional showing at noon on Saturday and Sunday. The Discov- ers (Los Descubridores) shows in Spanish daily at 3, 5, and 7 p.m., with additional showings at 11 a.m. and 1 p.m. on Saturday and Sunday.

People of the Sun continues to be shown in English on Friday, Saturday, Sunday, and Monday, at 2 p.m.

The center is located at Paseo de los Héroes and Mina Street in the Zona Río. For more information and ticket prices, call 01-55-66-64-11-11 x302.

O U T D O O R S

The Oriolind Meteor Shower, one of the year's five best annual showers, remains active between tonight, Thursday, October 20, and Wednesday, October 26. During the shower's peak near Sunday, October 23, ideal times for this shower are about 30 meters per hour near dawn. This year, a waxing gibbous moon in the sky spoils the show somewhat with stray light. The Oriolinds "radiate" from the constellation of Orion, and many leave long-lasting, glowing trails. Comet Halley is believed responsible for this shower. Every year at this time, Earth plows through a
stream of icy particles presumably shed by that comet in the past.

San Diego County's Countryside is now padded by what is likely the deepest and widest accumulations of sand we'll see this year. Many stretches of the coastline are valuable to powerful waves associated with winter storms. This wave action pulls sand off the beaches, deposits it offshore, and (especially in parts of North County) may leave nothing but cobble beds. During the spring and summer gentle wave action usually returns a lot of this sand, generally in time for the arrival of the summer tourists.

Saturn glimmers with a warm, steady light in the southeastern sky at dusk; on these late October evenings. A small telescope pointed at this spot of light in the sky reveals a small, slightly flattened disk and highly elongated rings.

Historical Heritage and stories of La Jolla's famous landmarks and p"eople are focused on during the La Jolla Walking Tours, departing from Colonial Inn at 10 a.m. on Thurs- days. For reservations, call 455-8219 for information and the required reservations.

Wintertime Dells, Turks, White Pelicans, shorebirds, and other waterfowl (possible gnatcatchers) are expected sightings during the Audubon Society outing slated for Saturday, October 22, from 8 a.m. to noon, at San Elise Joaquin. To reach the trail, take 1-5 to La Jolla, then drive on La Jolla Shores Drive in Solana Beach; go west less than one mile to Rios Avenue. Turn right (north) and go to the end of Rios Park and meet at the end of the street near the barricade.

Bring water, binoculars, and a field guide; no water or restroom available. Easy hiking. Call 289-7710 for more information on this free event.

Walk on the Wild Side with the Chula Vista Nature Center, on Saturday, October 22, at 2 p.m., with center program director Barbara Moore, at Botanica Long Canyon. Reservations are required for this free walk; make them and get directions by calling 422-2481.

Explore the Rural Countryside in Fallbrook with Walkabout explorers on Saturday, October 22, beginning at 8:45 a.m. in the parking lot at the Fallbrook Golf Club, at 2375 Gind Road, in Fallbrook. The nine-mile walk on paved country roads is expected to be hilly, but participants will be re"warded with views worth the effort and puffing for; the pace is moderate to slow. The walk fee is $5; call 231-7463 for more information.

Experience Bike Leader Jim Weinell will lead a moderate six-mile hike on the San Pasqual hiking trail south to view point, on Saturday, October 22, from 9 a.m. to 2 p.m. The hike is free; call 359-5802 for information, directions, and the required reservations.

Cactus Walk, Walkabout tours its monthly hour-long guided stroll to the desert garden in Balboa Park, examining how plants from Africa and the Bas desert have adapted to local conditions. Enjoy the tour on Saturday, October 22, at 2 p.m., starting from the park's Botanical Building. Fee, Call 235-1114 for more information.

One of California's Last Remaining Salt Marshes is found at the Ti"juana Estuary explore the unique vegetation and bird life that exist in the estuary with the Cuyam Olympics on Saturday, October 22, from 1 to 2 p.m. Endangered species such as the clapper rail, Belding's savannah sparrow, and California least tern may be seen.

The Cuyam Olympics are San Diego Natural History Museum O"unteers with special training to help the pub"lic develop appreciation of the native plants and animals. Join us with the group at the Tijuana Estuary Interpretive Center, at 301 Caspian Way, in Imperial Beach. Fee. For more information, call 232-2821.

Dowdy Woodpeckers, Yellow-Rumped Warblers, and golden-crowned and white-crowned sparrows are all expected to be sighted during the Audubon Society outing to Old Mission Dam set for Wednesday, October 26, from 8 a.m. to noon.

Take Mission Gorge Road north to the east entrance of Father Junipero Serra Trail in Santee; take Junipero Serra about one mile and watch for the Mission Dam sign and parking lot on the right. A drinking fountain and portable restroom are available. There will be considerable hiking of a moderately strenuous nature. Call 280-7710 for further information on this free outing. Bring drinking water, a field guide, and binoculars.

DANCE

Celebrate Diwali 2051, the Hindu New Year Festival of Lights, at the California Center for the Arts, Escondido on Friday, October 21, at 6:30 p.m., during the Festival of India Dance Competition. Look for folk dances such as Ranga Garba and Bhangra, as well as the classical dances Bharat Natyam and Kathak. Tickets are $10 and $15. See the center at 340 North Escondido Boulevard (at Valley Parkway), in Escondido. For information and advance tickets, call 356-9899; tickets are also available at the center box office, 798-4100.

The Calico Twisters have beginning square dance classes taking place on Friday, October 21, from 6:30 to 8 p.m. (and on the first through fourth Friday of each month), at the multipurpose room of Greg Rogers School, 510 East Naples, in Chula Vista. The caller/instructor is Steve Moore; regular club square dancing will follow the lessons, from 8 to 10 p.m. For more information, call 424-9730 or 424-3273. The fee is $3 per person.

Flies in the Ointment string band provides music and Martha Wild will be the caller at the next New England-st"yle square dance at the San Diego Public Library on Friday, October 21, at 8 p.m. Newcomers are welcome; the introduction series begins at 7:45 p.m. and all dances throughout the evening will be taught. The dance will be held at the Triton Presbyterian Church, 3030 Thorn Street, North Park. Admission is $5; for additional information call 236-5800 for additional details.

It's not lonely at the top, it's just quiet. Since 1959, SKY SAILING has been a leader in the sport of soaring. Take a sailplane ride for two or with an FAA-certified commercial pilot. Learn to fly. Gift certificates for the person who has everything the adventurous, a client or perhaps a romantic ride for two for newsworthy.

> A Ride for one start at $49
> A Ride for two start at $39 per person
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A South American Princess is the set"ting for The Kiss of the Spider Woman, which stars Real Jolla, William Hurt, and Sonia Braga and was directed by Hector Babenco in 1985. Catch Kiss during a political film series, sponsored by the Committee for World Democracy, at UCSD, on Friday, Oc"tober 21.

The screening is free and takes place at 7 p.m., in room 101 on Solis Lecture Hall. To reach the hall, park in the top parking lot off Muir Col"lege Drive, and get on the main walkway. Go left, walking past the River College dean's office. Solis is on the right (for more detailed directions, call 534-3862). For further information on the film series, call 534-4873.

Parking permits are required on the UCSD campus. Call 534-4873 for information for those attending the screenings. The screening will be at the Gilman Drive and Northview Drive information pavilions at the north and south entrances to the campus.

The End of Summer Surf Series '94 is set for Friday, October 21, at 7:30 p.m., at the Horizon Christian Fellowship. The event promises a surf movie from the archives of surf and ski filmmaker Bruce Brown, which includes Christian testimonies by pro surfers Byron Cage, Sean Mattson, Mary Macdonald, and Etan Gordon, and the Surfaris (creators of the 1963 song "Wipeout"). Follow"ing the screening, expect Ed Wright (founder of Sunset Surfboards) to deliver a gospel message, and dessert and refreshments. Find the fellowship at 6355 El Apojo Road, in Fair"banks Ranch; call 536-3599 for more information. Free.

Abstract Expressionist Painter William Gambini is honored when two 30-minute films, will be shown — Gambini, Portrait of a Painter and Intervals with Time and Space — during the Sunday Matinee Series at the San Diego Public Library on October 23 at 2 p.m. Gambini will be present at the screening to discuss the films and his work. Take in the program in the third floor audito"rum of the Library, at 2350 5th Street; downtown. Call 236-5800 for additional details. Free.

“Atlantic City” is a character study of a city in transition directed by Louis Malle in 1980, starring Burt Lancaster and Susan Sarandon. En"joy the film during the Film Forum of the San Diego Public Library on Monday, October 24, at 7 p.m., in the third floor auditorium of the li"brary, at 2350 5th Street; downtown. Call 236-5800 for additional details. Free.

The Ventana Latin Film series at SDSU continues on Tuesday, Oc"tober 25 at 7:30 p.m.; doors open at 7:30 p.m.; in Hepner Hall 130. This week, view Seve: A Story of a Kidnapping, narrating the story of Sylvia Motta, a Colombian schoolgirl who was kidnapped and held for ransom for three months in 1985. It’s in black and white, in Spanish with English subtitles, and was directed by Camila Motta in 1993. Admission is free and the public is welcome; call 594-1108 for more information. Free.

Reuben H. Hleet Space Theater, ever wondered how a computer chip is created or what a microprocessor does? The new film that the San Diego Public Library, The Journey Inside A Learning Adventure in High Technology, takes viewers on a realistic fantasy journey through a computer chip factory, in"side a computer itself, and into a microp"rocessor. It’s an exciting, family-oriented, 12-year-old hero on an adventure. The film was cre"ated by the Untied Corporation to provide technolog"al literacy as it relates to computers.

The trail 500- to 800-mile mig"ration of the wildebeest is high"lighted in Africa: The Serengeti, the

It’s not lonely at the top, it’s just quiet.
Lectures

San Diego County Park Rangers are presenting information on San Diego County Parks, campgrounds, preserves, and historic sites along with tips on sharing nature with children and outdoor safety tips at county parks throughout this month.

The remaining workshops are planned for today, Thursday, October 29, at Guajome Park (3000 Guajome Lakes Road, Oceanview), at 4 p.m.; and at Linde Lake (1984 Vine Street, Lakeside), at 7 p.m. The final presentation is planned at Felicita Park (742 Clarence Lane, Encinitas) on Sunday, October 22, at 11 a.m.

The workshops are free, although there is a $1 parking fee at many of the parks. For information and the requested reservations, call 949-3049.

"Baja and Beyond" is the theme of the event for Joe Cummings, author of the Baja Handbook, speaks at the Discover Baja Club on Thursday, October 20, from 7 to 9 p.m. Cummings will show slides from his Baja journeys and answer questions about Mexico travel, his favorite destinations, and the tribulations of travel writing. Tickets are $5 for members, $7.50 for non-members. Find the clubhouse at 3061 Clairemont Drive, in Clairemont. Call 273-4225 for reservations.

"Comets in Collision," detailing the comet collision that occurred on Jupiter in July, is the theme for the planetarium shows at the Palomar College on Friday, October 21. Weather permitting, viewing through telescopes in the college's observatory domes will follow the performance. The program will be repeated at 7:30 p.m.

Admission is $2 for adults, $1 for children under 12, and $1 for students with Palomar College identification cards. The show begins at 7:30 p.m.; seating begins at 6:30 p.m. for those with reservations, or 6:50 p.m. for those without. Call 744-1150 or 727-7529 for $2512 or $2516 for reservations and more information. The campus is located at 1140 West Mission Road in San Marcos; the planetarium is located on the west side of the science quad on the campus.

"Social Activism Is Humanistic," asserts Dorothy Fishbein, the speaker for Friday, October 21 meeting of the Society for Humanistic Judaism, beginning at 7 p.m. Fishbein is interested in the health-care issue and will explore the meaning on this fall's ballot. Hear the talk in suite C-100 at 3944 Murphy Canyon Road, in Escondido. For information, call 576-9118 or 436-5555. Admission is $3 for non-members.

"The Rise and Collapse of Early Roman Cities in Southeastern Anatolia" will be discussed by Guillermo Algran, the president of the Archaeological Institute of America on Friday, October 21. Coffee is served at 7 p.m., and the program begins at

7:30 p.m., at the La Jolla United Methodist Church, 6653 La Jolla Boulevard, just north of Bird Rock. Call 383-9001 to obtain additional information about the event. Admission is free and open to the public.

Research Physicist and environmental scientist Bill Avrin will present a lecture entitled "Global Climate Change: How to Run a Planet the Way We Ran the Space Shuttle." The lecture is at 6:30 p.m., Friday, October 21, at 7:30 p.m. Avrin will consider four basic questions from a non-scientific point of view, all connected to climate change. There is a new trend in the forum, shall we try to get the group in the auditorium at the Dartmouth Administrative Center, at the corner of Chula Vista and Navarrette Avenue, in Point Loma. Call 299-1744, 2100, 224-6337, or 299-1743 for more information. The talk is free and open to the public.

Traditional and Contemporary Aspects of Dia de los Muertos (Day of the Dead) for Children will be discussed by Mary Lou Valencia at the Chula Vista Boys and Girls Club, 461 1st Street, in Chula Vista, on Saturday, October 22, from 9 to 11 a.m. Valencia will repeat the program at the Center for Humanities and the Chula Vista Park, North side of Presidents Way for further information, call 236-6176. Admission is to either talk is free.

Gardening Classes are being conducted at the Little Creek Acres sus- tained production farm by John E. Roberts on Saturday, October 22, "Transplanting" is the theme. Learn about choosing and using transplants from 2 to 3:30 p.m., gain hands-on skills. Cost is $5 per class, or $7 for two classes taken on the same day. Call 749-9314 for information and reservations (availability limited). Find the farm at 1880 Little Creek Lane, Valley Center.

Blue Ribbon Ranch, Bob Rittenhouse, the five-time president of the Photographic Camera Club of San Diego, is presenting a free program to the Photographic Camera Club on Saturday, October 22, at 10 a.m., in the Photo Arts Building (at 7333 North Jackson Way and Village Place), in Barona. Refreshments will be served at the free meeting. Dial 462-2746 for more details.

"New from Home What I Learned in the California Gold Rush" is the theme for a program to be presented by British Genealogical Research Association, at the Sycuan Casino on Saturday, October 22, from 10 a.m. to 2 p.m. Bring a lunch or plan to buy one at a nearby restaurant. Find the group in the Joey Bees Community Center, 1230 Cleveland Avenue, in Barona. Note: this is an informal, self-directed development. Admission is free. Call 644-8120 for more information.

The Conference in Cairo has left the front pages of the newspapers since the United Nations International Conference on Population and Development ended in mid-September. Take in "A Town Meeting of Population Issues" on Saturday, October 22, at 1:30 p.m., presented by San Diego Coalition for Cairo '94, when attendees will get a firsthand look at the conference accomplishments and achievements of the conference. The meeting will be held at the First United Methodist Church, 5105 Old Co Road, near Camino del Rio South, Mission Valley. For more information, call 277-1413 or 667-1957.

"The MCA Installation and Early Works" will be discussed by Californi

artista Nancy Rubins on Saturday, October 22, at 3 p.m., on the second floor of America Plaza, at the Museum of Contemporary Art, Downtown. Rubins, known for her monumental sculptures, will survey the development of her work.

Find the museum at 101 Kettner Boulevard, directly across from the Santa Fe Railroad Depot (at Broadway Street), adjacent to the America Plaza trolley transfer station. Admission is $3 for adults, $1 seniors and students, children under 13 free. 236-1001.

Does the U.S. Welfare System help the poor or keep them poor? Get Don Schacht's point of view on the question during the Freethought Forum held by the Humanist Fellowship of San Diego on Sunday, October 23, at 10:30 a.m. Schacht is the administrator for the U.S. Mission, a non-profit organization assisting the homeless by bringing clothes or items to donate. Find the program at A Better World, 4015 Goldfinch Street, in Mission Hills. Call 256-0984 for more information. Admission is $5 for adults or children. For more information, call 571-6137.

Specimen Care, Filtration Systems, feeding methods, behavior, and natural history are among the many topics to be discussed during a two-session class at Birch Aquarium at the Scripps Institution of Oceanography. Techniques to be given are Tuesdays, October 25 and November 1, from 6 to 8 p.m. each time. The class is designed for experienced aquarists and will be taught by Bob Bremer, the head aquarist at the museum. The fee for the class is $30 per person; advance registration is required. For details and reservations, call 534-7523.

The United States-Mexico Border's History and the history of the individuals who have been affected by it in person will be discussed by local author Victor Villasenor on Tuesday, October 25, at 7 p.m., as part of the city's commemoration of National Tourism and Humanities Month. Villasenor was born in the Tijuana, Mexico, and was raised on a ranch north of Nacodocize, where he resides today. The program can be heard on the Pan Pacific Hotel at Emerald Shapery, 400 West Broadway, downtown. For information, call 533-3050.

Keep Up on Current Affairs, the Coastal North County chapter of the World Affairs Council of San Diego is planning a meeting on Tuesday, October 25, at 7 p.m., in the room 206-6 at Del Mar High School, 2519 Village Park Way, in Encinitas. York University professor A.J. Jordan will present "Observations About Russia." Admission is free for members, guests, and first-time attendees. Call 487-4103 for additional information.

You Say You Want a Revolution, take in a seminar on Wendy Ludwig's revolutionary technique for reading and retaining information" called Quantum Reading at Barnes and Noble Bookstore on Tuesday, October 25, from 7 to 9 p.m. The book store is located in the Del Mar Hills Town Center, 12835 El Camino Real, in Del Mar; 481-4508. Free.

A Baja Slide Show is planned by au- thor Joe Cummings at Word Jour- neys, a Traveler's Store on Tuesday, October 25, at 7 p.m. Find the bookstore in the Del Mar Hills Town Center, 12835 El Camino Real, in Del Mar; 481-4508. Free.

Music Educator Eric Bromberger is leading a lecture series at the Athenaeum Music and Arts Library; it is a survey of masterworks of classical music, each week the speaker performs in San Diego during the up- coming concert season. Bromberger scrutinizes the historical background of each piece and its composer, analyzes the music, and compares different recordings from different eras.

The series concludes on Sunday, October 27, with an examination of Aaron Copland's Appalachian Spring, which will be performed by the La Jolla Symphony in November.

The Athenaeum is located at 1008 Wall Street, in La Jolla. The cost is $10 for members, $12 for non-members. To obtain additional information and make reservations, call 454-5872.

Autumn Arrangements will be demonstrated by Akiko Boursland of 日 for participants of all skill lev- els. The session from 1 to 3 p.m. will be primarily for intermediate to ad- vanced students and teachers, al- though all are welcome.

The fee for the morning class is $15; the cost for the afternoon course is $25, which includes all flower ma- terials. Participants must provide their own containers (vases), scissors, and other tools. For additional information, fee, and reservations, call 571-6137.
How Will the Two Largest World Economies resolve their bilateral tensions? Professor Peter Gavrechek has just returned from Japan, where he was researching the political and economic situations. He will present his findings on Thursday, October 27, at noon, he will deliver a lecture entitled “Political Turmoil in Japan: Can the U.S.-Japan Relationship Survive?” The program will be presented by the Hudson and the Madison Valley Center, Camino Del Rio South, the cost for the program and Luncheon is $20, 00 for members. For information and reservations. The Taphouse Lecture on Human Values takes place on Tuesday, October 17, at 8 p.m. in the thumbnails. Dr. Anthony Appiah, professor of Afro-American Studies at Harvard University, discusses “Race, Culture, and Identity: Understandings and Misunderstandings” in a Mandeville Auditorium, on the UCSD campus. Admission is free. Call 534-8230 for more information. Parking permits are required on the UCSD campus, cost $3 for 4 p.m. and may be purchased at the Gates Valley, 208 E. Drive information pavilions at the north and south entrances to the campus.

Physicians and Authors Dr. Leonard Shlain will present a lecture entitled “Cadmus and Dionysius: The Unholy Alliance between the Alphabet and Sexuality” at the San Diego Museum of Art in Balboa Park on Thursday, October 27, at 7 p.m. Doors open at 6:30 p.m. for members, $5.5 for members. For reservations and information, call 232-7931 or 417.

IN PERSON

The Alleged Benefits of Going Vegetarian are addressed in David A. Gibb’s new book, Why Do Vegetarians Eat Like That? Gibb will be in town to discuss his new book at a variety of locations, beginning on Friday, October 21, at 2 p.m. at the Barns and Noble store in Hazzard Center (7610 Hazard Center Drive, La Jolla, CA 92037). On Saturday, his day begins at 2 p.m. at the Barns and Noble Bookstore (1508 E. West Parkway, Escondido; 760-7169); continues at 4 p.m. at the Barns and Noble Bookstore (11074 Pioche Road, Rancho Bernardo); and concludes at 7 p.m. at the Barns and Noble Bookstore in the Del Mar Highlands Town Center (at 12825 El Camino Real, Del Mar, CA 92010). Admission is free. For more information, call 858-694-0992.

Epilogue and Thriller writer Adam Hall makes an appearance at Mystery Galaxy Books to discuss and sign his book, Cold Ser- cander, on Friday, October 21, from 6:00 to 8 p.m. Find the store at 6079 Clairemont Mesa Blvd. Call 274-8408. The event is free. It’s Poetry Night at Barns and Noble Bookstore on Friday, October 21, from 7 to 9 p.m. Free. You can read a favorite piece by an old master, or an original piece by a new poet such as you, as long as there is a presentation time limit. The bookstore is founded in the Del Mar Highlands Town Center, at 12825 El Camino Real, Del Mar, CA 92010. Admission is free.

Racially Troubled Los Angeles is the setting for the new book by Bebe Moore Campbell, entitled Brothers and Sisters. Campbell will read from her work at Esmaralda Books and Coffee on Friday, October 21, at 7 p.m. The store is located at 1555 Camino Del Mar, suite 307, in Del Mar, 750-2707. Admission is free. A Litesteen Look at modern, every- day lesbian fiction is found in Allison Bechdel’s comic, a strip on the title spreads to Watch Out For. Bechdel will present a slide presenta- tion of her cartoons at the comics and gay men’s Community Center on Friday, October 21, at 7:30 p.m. Find the center at 3916 National Ave., San Diego. Admission is $5; call 297-4171 for more information.

Spend Friday Night, October 21, at the Writers’ Lounge, where Susan Rittenbache gives a reading. Find the center at 416 Third Avenue (between Island and C Street) in Balboa Quarters. Call 230-6070 for information. Admission is free, and everything gets underway at 7 p.m.

Best Those Nasty Villains and Cheer the Heroes when the annual July “ideol-o-melodrama” is performed at 7, 9, and 11 p.m. at the Julian Town Hall. This year, enjoy The Burning Question and Dracula’s Dilemma. Showtimes are 7:30 p.m. on Friday; 1:30 and 7:30 p.m. on Saturday; and 1:30 and 7:30 p.m. on Sunday. The community joins in singing beginning 15 minutes before each curtain. Admission is $3 for adults, $2 for children and under. Call 765-1875 or 765-0761 for more information. The program will be repeated on weekends through October.

Improvized Comedy in a Competitive Format highlights the Gorilla Theater performances at San Diego Theatreparks, playing on Fridays at 9 p.m. in Twiggs Green Screen, Studio and residencies are created on the spot as each player competes to di- rect the best scene; directors of bad scenes are “punished.” Find out how at Twiggs, 4909 Park Boulevard, in North Park; call 665-SHOW for in- formation. (Come early to grab a seat.) This includes coffee and desserts from the adjacent coffeehouse.) Under 21 welcome.

The Friday Night Funnies can be enjoyed at Inner-Circle, 829 Turquoise Street, in Pacific Beach, every Friday. The event is hosted by Scott Bowman, there are open-mike possibilities, and Sharon Carter, Zoomer, Phil Robinson, and Allen Scott will perform. All ages are welcome, and admission is free. 488-0944.

Investment Banker and Sleuth (or Thorne stars in the new book by mystery writer Dianne G. Pugh, Slow Squash. Pugh will appear at Myste- rious Galaxy Books on Saturday, October 22, from 2 to 4 p.m. The store is at 12825 El Camino Real, in Clairemont, 724-8408. The event is free. The French Frenchresh Italian A Steak House at 1221 23rd St., in the heart of the city, is a magnificent place to dine. The menu is varied, the service is good, and the atmosphere is good. Call 212-TOSS for information and advance tickets, which may also be obtained at Ticketmaster outlets.

The UCSD Department of Literature is hosting an ongoing poetry series in the CR-Clas Ss Chart, building 408, in the University Center on the UCSD campus, continuing on Wednesday evenings, from 4:30 to 6:30 p.m. This week, listen for work by language-centered performance poet Cristi Thompson and poet/critic Stephanie Hef. The series continues through November 16. For more information, call 534-4838. Admission is free. Parking permits are required on the UCSD campus, cost $4 during the day, and may be purchased at the Gilman Drive and Northview Drive information pavilions at the north and south entrances to the campus.

Wednesday Night Live at the UCSD Bookstore continues on Oc-
ber 26, when Keith Haray discusses and signs his recent book, "Do You Think You Are? The Berkeley Personality Profile from 6 to 7 p.m. The book introduces a system of analyzing personalities. Find the bookstore on the UCSB campus, at 9300 Gillman Drive, in La Jolla; call 354-8400 for more information on this free event.

Parking permits are required on the UCSB campus, cost $3 after 4:30 p.m., and may be purchased at the Gillman Drive and Northview Drive information pavilions at the north and south entrances to the campus.

Russian-born Mentalist "The Incredibles" gives his book "The World of Hypnosis" at the Baha’i House of Worship, 1920 Broadway, on Thursday, December 26, from 7 to 8 p.m. For more information, call 452-4517.

In His New Book, The B-Squared Chronicles or, How Not to Blow It, Robert Townsend teaches how to impart skills and inspire values that the so-called Generation X will need to "survive and prosper in the coming century." Townsend will discuss his book at Room 300 on Thursday, December 26, from 7 to 8 p.m. Find the bookstore in the Costa Verde Center, in suite 320 at 6450 Genesee Avenue, La Jolla. For more information, call 457-5761.

Physician and "wellness advocate" Dr. Edward Taub has written The Wellness Rx, a seven-step program of self-treatment leading to physical and mental health combining modern medicine and the mind-body connection. Taub will speak at Barnes and Noble Bookstore on Thursday, December 26, from 7 to 8 p.m. The bookstore is located at 12116 Library Ave., Huntington Beach, CA 92649. For more information, call 858-268-1700.

Adventures of Super Tomato, you’ll probably hear rumors about the startlingly futuristic, genetically altered tomato that some fear will be the ruin of us all. Learn more about this frightening new salad fixing in this episode of Next Stop, Airs Thursday, December 26, 7-8 p.m. on NBC. Find the bookstore in the Costa Verde Center, in suite 320 at 6450 Genesee Avenue, La Jolla. For more information, call 457-5761.

TV
Beautiful Simone Signoret wants to Kill Her Husband in "Chablis," the very snazzy 1954 French thriller about a wife and mistress who turn on a truthful husband. Airs Thursday, October 20, 7 p.m. Bravo, Cox channel 42. Sunday evenings, same time.

The Adventures of Super Tomato, you’re probably heard rumors about the startlingly futuristic, genetically altered tomato that some fear will be the ruin of us all. Learn more about this frightening new salad fixing in this episode of Next Stop, Airs Thursday, December 26, 7-8 p.m. on NBC. Find the bookstore in the Costa Verde Center, in suite 320 at 6450 Genesee Avenue, La Jolla. For more information, call 457-5761.

Some thrilling matches of tennis this weekend, as the San Diego Open begins today at 1:30 p.m. For more information, call 619-296-8060.

The place to be this week is the San Diego Tennis Center, which is hosting the San Diego Open, which begins today at 1:30 p.m. For more information, call 619-296-8060.
October 22 and 23, from 10 a.m. to 5 p.m. both days. Each day, participants will welcome students from nine studios to visit, and there will be different studios open each day. On Saturday and Sunday, operating their studios include Ken and Stephanie Goodman, Dina and Erik Greenberg, Cindy Breytenbach, and Richard Diau on Sunday, look for Annette Paquet, Sally Lly, and Theda Speed Matchton, among many others.

The $13 ticket (half-price for those 12 and under) entities participate to take the self-guided tour of both days and may be purchased by calling 753-8468 or visiting the guild’s Offtrak Gallery, 510 North Highway 101, in Encinitas. There are other ticket outlet locations; call the gallery for a complete list.

Quail Sale, the annual plant sale at Quail Botanical Gardens is set for Saturday and Sunday, October 22 and 23, from 10 a.m. to 3 p.m. both days. Organizers promise drought tolerant plants, dried plant material, succulent wreaths, botanical and horticultural books, gourmet foods, lectures and demonstrations, and books. Admission to the sale is free; find the gardens at 230 Quail Garden Drive, Encinitas. For more information, call 753-6500.

All Masoner of New Computer Products will be offered at the MarketPro Computer Products Show and Sale, scheduled for October 22 and 23, Saturday and Sunday, from 10 a.m. to 5 p.m. both days. The show will be held at the Del Mar Fairgrounds, 2260 Jimmy Durante Boulevard, in Del Mar. General admission is $5; with a $1 discount for students with I.D., free for children. Call 685-8020 for additional details.

Happy Hindu New Year, celebrate Parade with a ceremony on Mission Plaza during a Festival of Lights set for Saturday, October 22, from 10 a.m. to 10 p.m. at Black Mountain Plaza. Rangolis are colorful, decorative designs painted on the floors of homes, and a tarot card competition is slated to run from noon to 7 p.m. A children’s art competition runs 2 to 5 p.m. A puja or prayer ceremony is slated for 3 p.m.; a cultural program stars at 3:30 p.m.; the children’s costume contest starts at 4 p.m.; and a fashion show commences at 7:30 p.m. In the Rasa Garba and Bhangra dance party starting at 8 p.m. Traditional Indian foods will be available for sale.

Admission is $3 per day; free for those under six. To obtain more information, call 336-9989. Find the whole shebang at 94th Ave Black Mountain Road, in the "Little India" section of Mission Beach.

Set out for a Scavenger Hunt sponsored by Walkabout on Saturday, October 22, at 11 a.m. The top three finishers will win a total of $127 worth of merchandise. Participants will be given a clue sheet with 25 hints of places and things to locate in the Gaslamp Quarter; the route is about 3.5 miles long. Meet at the Atrose Bookstore, at 413 Market Street, between Fourth and Fifth avenues. For more information, call 231-7602.

Mulliro’s Comedy The Museum is the topic at the Great Books Read- ing and Discussion Group on Saturday, October 22, from 2 to 4 p.m. Find the group in the second floor meeting room at the San Diego Pub- lic Library on 5th Street downtown. Call 755-4970 or 440-5625 for additional details. The meeting is free; newcomers are welcome.

Non-Teamster Chinese, learn to prepare a quick and easy Chinese dinner of crispy salad with puffed rice sticks, stuffed shrimp with cashews, and butterfly cookies, when Lily Loh teaches at a class at the Et Cetera Shop in La Mesa on Saturday, October 22, from 2 to 4 p.m. Loh is the author of Lily Loh’s Chinese Seafood and Vegetables cookbook, the cost for the class is $25. Call 669-7011 for information and reservations.

"The Worst Party of the Year" is presented to benefit Nursing Home and First Night’s free New Year’s Eve celebration. Tickets are $60 per capita, $65 per couple, $75 for four, $100 for a family of six. Call 432-4967 for more information.

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Animals Nobody Loves such as skorpions, cockroaches, tarantulas, millipedes, and a rat will be brought by science educator Maureen Lewis to the San Diego Natural History Museum (in Balboa Park) on Sun.
day, October 23, from 1 to 3 p.m. The program is open to all ages and is included in museum admission. For more information, call 232-3821 x393 for additional information.

Ghosts and Goblins ages six and under are invited to the Munity Valley YMCA's annual Gymnastics Halloween Carnival slated for Sunday, October 23, from 11 a.m. to 2 p.m. Some of the carnival promises games, prizes, a costume parade, and food. Unlimited stamp participation is $6 for those aged 2 to 6, and $2 for those 12 to 23 months; infants 11 months and under free. The cost for parents is $1, or wear a costume and get in free. Call 238-3576 for more details.

Bring Your Banner to Barnes and Noble Bookstore on Monday, between 7 and 8 p.m., for the ongoing pajama story time. Participants are asked to be dressed in a costume or old and new kid's stories. Find the shop in the Del Mar Highlands Town Center, 12853 El Camino Real, in Del Mar 481-4038. Free.

Story Time at the Athenaeum happens every Wednesday morning from 10 to 11 a.m., for kids aged five through eight. The program uses readings from children's classics. The sessions are free and open to the public, but advance registration is suggested. The Athenaeum Music and Arts Library is located at 1098 Wall Street, La Jolla. For reservations and further information, call 454-5671.

MUSEUMS
(Art museums are listed in the Reader's Guide to Art.)

Antique Gas and Steam Engine Museum, the museum's activities include collecting, documenting, and preserving historical gas, steam-, and horse-powered equipment related not only to agriculture, but to the general development of America. The collection is made up of equipment used in lumbering, mining, oil drilling, and construction industries. In addition, the museum has a blacksmith and wheelwright shop, a country kitchen and parlor, a steam-operated saw mill, and 1/2-scale train. The mu-

Bancroft Ranch House Museum houses period furniture and memorabilia of early settlers in the area and is run by the Spring Valley Historical Society. The home,
which leads me, naturally, to The Nanny, a series that you may or may not feel has something in common with Disney's Aunt Jemima Pancake House. The Nanny stars stars Drescher, a kind of full-tilt, bagel-noshin', smart-shoppin', lox-lovin', wassail-drinkin' Jew, who caters in Queens's English (the New York borough, not the monarch) with industrial-strength haskality. She's also built like a house, Drescher is, in other words, quite a

But another way, Drescher is not the kind of Jew you're apt to see on Meet the Press or Washington Week in Review. Drescher's tones are not measured; Drescher is not subtle. Drescher is the kind of Jew, I've deduced from reading some of the reader's letters to the editor—likely to drive certain Gentiles right out of their minds.

The Nanny's plot is innocent enough. Drescher plays an ex-salesgirl who ends up as nanny to the three children of a rich and handsome Broadway producer. It's not the show's plot that disturbs people. If you haven't seen it already, you'll see, Drescher herself. Or what Drescher represents.

In the interest of full disclosure, I am the kind of Jew who spends his summers in Tel Aviv and Jerusalem, so what I've heard people say about the Nanny is likely colored by the fact that I don't vacation in say, Florida or California. What I've heard people say, in personal conversations, on computer bulletin boards, is that Drescher is a threat. While some Jews think she's a real hoot, many others worry that she gives Gentiles a bad notion of what Jews are all about.

Drescher is, according to Judith Peiss in Los Angeles Times, May 2, 1994, editorial, "whining, demanding, loud, obnoxious, and never as sexy as Gentile women." Moreover, wrote Peiss, "she covers her furniture with plastic slipcovers." Even more, wrote Peiss, "I fully expect that Fran will start wearing plastic pants in public." I find it difficult to believe that America's Jewish women will anytime soon begin wearing plastic pants. I am not myself religious, so I'm somewhat confused by Peiss's plastic- cover obsession. But I think understand her point. Peiss is very afraid that Drescher will lead children to think that some Jews cover their furni

cure with plastic slipcovers. And, frankly, I think this is a good thing. If the worst thing Gentiles can think of to say about Jews is that we cover our furniture with plastic slipcovers, then I don't think we have anything to worry about.

But I digress. What I'm trying to say, what I've tried to show, in this week's and last week's column, is that the most important aspect of television is what goes on outside television. Television is not a two-way street. You cannot expect too much from television. In order to talk back to television, you have to have a little effort, you have to, for example, write an editorial and submit it to your local newspaper. Television isn't going to give you an oppor

tunity to criticize television. You can't just sit in front of your television and scream at the screen. If you want to discover television's impact, or how certain of its ideas play or do not play in the big world, you're going to have to put your ideas in a forum where other folks can see and respond to them. Otherwise, it's just lovely and you're TV.
Roam-O-Rama
A Guide to Unexpected San Diego • By Jerry Schad

On two recent occasions, this fall, I beheld a vision: a circular arch of white light — the face of a perfect halo embedded in cool mist. These visions occurred during two separate occasions: first, at dawn on Coronado; then, on a misty morning in the hills above Balboa Park.

I first saw the vision on a misty morning in the hills above Balboa Park. It was the most beautiful sight I have ever seen. The mist was so thick that it obscured everything in its path. However, the vision was clear and it was a perfect circle, white and glowing, as if it were made of light itself.

The second time I saw this vision was on a misty morning in the hills above Balboa Park. The mist was thicker than the first time, but the vision was still there, glowing brightly in the mist. It was even more beautiful than before, as if it was trying to convey a message to me.

These visions were both beautiful and mysterious. I don't know what they mean, but they were definitely not of this world. I can only hope to see them again, as they were truly amazing.
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Places of Magic in Wonderland

By Adam Parfrey

There's nothing that makes my skin crawl more than a mass-transit punt predicting the average speed of post-millennial Los Angeles. It's always something like this:

If Los Angelenos were really stuck at 7 mph pace, radar detectors, so dearly bought at the Sharpie image, would go back into the closet, dusted for that very year trip to Vegas. Bureaucrats would be forced to invent ways to replace the speeding ticket revenue shortfall. With no speeders to shake a finger at, the Highway Patrol will become overstuffed.

But that's all in the next millennium. For a few sweet years, motorists will continue to play cat and mouse games with citation pushers in order to score that fast diminishing adrenaline rush.

So where do the cops hang out? You're guaranteed to be written up by a peppy motorcycle highway patrolman should you decide to employ Kanan Road as your escape hatch from Agoura to the beach. That flat stretch of Glenoaks, north of Glendora, is also a risky zone, as you're apt to drift up to freeway speeds in your unconscious desire to escape nowhereville.

Highbred between Wilshire and Melrose is a danger- ous place to speed home during weekday rush hours; up toward the Hollywood Bowl, Highland is shock-block with surveillance cameras mounted atop three extremely tall light poles. These cameras are guided by remote control to scan and zoom in on license plates in order to ID suspicious vehicles. Parked motorists, like Indiana lawyer and militia leader Linda Thompson, advocate shooting out the cameras as a pro-active strike against the New World Order. After you've dusted off your .22 long rifle, make sure to avoid speeding to Highland by way of Vermont, where they're serious about those 25 mph limited zones. Rose Avenue between Lincoln and Wail- grove in Venice, and Abbott Kinney Boulevard between Venice and Washington, regularly feature patrolling aiming radar guns at otherwise law-breaking folk. With nothing but their heat in mind, we must remind these technical officers that leery radar guns often yield questionable testicles.

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Love, Jealousy, Ashes, Fire, Pain, Sin

The passion for fado is not confined to people of Portuguese origin.

Amor ciúme cinzas e lume dor e pecado tudo em exílio tudo em triste tudo em azul tudo em fado That pretty much says everything about the Portuguese folk-popular art music known as fado. All the persistent themes of fado's cry from the heart are there: love, jealousy, ashes, fire, pain, sin. "All this exists/ all this is sad/ all this is fado."

It is not exactly what one might have expected from the Portuguese, whose national character otherwise appears formal, restrained, unemphatic, ironic. But under the urbane surface there are volcanoes — and it is fado that provides the molten lava with an outlet. Ordinarily accompanied only by guitar, and sung in a style combining passionate personal expression with elaborate refinements of phrasing and embellishment, these solo songs create a musical-poetic world of their own, occasionally exuberant, but more often filled with saudade, the special Portuguese melancholy longing that fado was born to express. Even the language, with its harshing, veering mellifluousness and its obsessive sound repetitions, somehow seems the natural vehicle for fado. Don't read that last line of lyrics as though it were Spanish; it's pronounced "tudo em triste tudo em azul tudo em fado." which makes a big musical difference.

You may hear fado in night spots devoted to this art in Lisbon and Coimbra, seats of the two schools of fado music. There, professional fado singers perform, but amateurs as well will rise from their chairs to sing of romance thwarted, betrayed, shattered, or remembered with nostalgia and grief. San Diego, obviously, does not offer such opportunities. But, in connection with the exhibition of Portuguese baroque art that occupied its galleries this past summer, the San Diego Museum of Art arranged for an authentic fado concert in its auditorium. Naturally, this drew the city's considerable Portuguese (or Portuguese-descended) population out in force, delighted at the contact with their inherited culture. But the passion for fado is not confined to people of Portuguese origin. For anybody who had visited Portugal, or who had listened to fado on recordings, or who simply was fond of vocal music of deep feeling, poetic texts, and poignant melodies, this was a concert not to be missed.

Expectations were not disappointed. The per-
formers — singers Aurelio de Oliveira and Zélia Freitas, and guitarists Aniceto Bastida and Jorge Rocha — are professional Portuguese fado musicians living in California but continuing to practice the art of their homeland, and they proved to be as good as anyone you might hear in Portugal itself. The guitarists — Rocha accompanying on the classic guitar, and Bastida engaging in the glissando, sinuous, naively expressive, voice-like style of the Portuguese guitar (a significantly different member of the guitar family) — not only supplied supportive background to the singers, but also performed guitarrares on their own, to admirable effect.

The singers represented two extremes of fado singing, each attractive in its own way. Oliveira, a man of distinguished, gentlemanly appearance, emphasized musical values, which he brought out with great subtext. He showed himself as well capable of exciting dramatic climaxes, delivered in a ringing, well-focused voice; but much of the time he preferred to suggest the passionate emotions of text and music by delicate nuances of rhythm, dynamics, articulation, and phrasing. For listeners unfamiliar with fado, it may have taken a little time to appreciate the way Oliveira made a simple, exquisitely calculated vocal device deliver the emotional goods.

Freitas, in contrast, made an immediate and irresistible appeal to virtually all members of the audience, whether they were acquainted with fado or not, whether or not they could understand the words. A slim, beautiful young woman, dressed in traditional fado fashion, all in black, she delivered these songs with such a strong and explosive, lamenting, throbbing passion that their meanings could be felt, if not understood, by non-speakers of Portuguese.

She, too, was by no means lacking in subtext, her fluttering, twisting, spilling, spinning vocal melos (essential to the fado sound) adding complex gradations and reinforcement to the large-scale emotions; and her voice, an operatic instrument of great smoothness, richness, clarity, and range, was deployed through a large range of expressive timbres, to give dramatic presence to the persons and situations evoked by each song.

In addition, she — like Oliveira — made discrete but extraordinarily effective use of hand gestures as adjuncts to the music and the text. Executed with such grace and skill, these gestures are not superfluous decorations but essential elements of fado singing, where the central fact to communi-
cate is the absolute sincerity of the singer’s emotions. The sense of pathos of her big, sweeping outpourings of heartbreaking sadness is ul-
timately what makes them so compelling.

The word fado in Por-
tuguese, aside from designating this uniquely flavorful musical style, means “late,” “destiny,” “fatality.” The word itself is anglicized, and the anguish the songs express are felt as an inevitable component of our human existence. By our nature, we are fate to love and to suffer. As no member of the deeply gratified SMAA audience could have denied at the end of this touching and moving concert, all this exists, all this is sad, tudo é fado.

CLASSICAL LISTINGS

Contributions to the Reader’s Guide to Classical Music which must not be later than the Friday preceding the Thursday issue for publication. Events, lectures, and so forth must be announced at least 4 p.m. on the day following the Thursday at 7:30 a.m. Do not phone. The advisor reserves the right to reject any material, and no responsibility is assumed for any information or address where it is to be held (including neighborhood), a contact phone number, and a phone number for public information to Reader Classical Music, P.O. Box 58030, San Diego, CA 92113-5803.

Works by Villa-Lobos, Ponce, I., and others will be performed by classical guitarist Mike Silmen on noon to 113 in the music building at SDSU for his junior recital, Sunday, October 21, at noon. Call 594-6031 for more information.

A Solace for Music Lovers honoring pi-
etes Howard Weitz and John H. L. Norton, will be performed on Saturday, October 21, at 8 p.m. by the University Chamber Orchestra. The program promises compositions by Brahms, Haydn, Schubert, and others; ticket prices are $7 general, $5 for students and seniors, available at the door. For more information, call 534-5404.

Concert goers are invited to attend dinner at Cindy Black’s restaurant after the concert; some of the performers will be the dieting; the art of the concert is $35 (tax and gratuities not included).

Parking permits are required on the USC campus and may be purchased at the Gilman Drive and Northrop Gym information pavilions at the north and south entrances to the campus.

The Encore Series of the San Diego Symphony Orchestra continues with concerts at 8 p.m. on Friday and Saturday, October 21 and 22, when the San Diego Master Chorale joins the symphony in a performance of Haydn’s work “The Creation.” This concert will be repeated on Sunday, October 23, at 2 p.m.

Enjoy the programs in Copley Symphony Hall, 1145 Seventh Avenue, downtown. Tickets range from $15 to $49.12. The box office is open Monday through Friday, 10 a.m. to 6 p.m. For more information, call 499-4205. Tickets may also be purchased by calling 278-TIXS.

The Pipe Organ at Paradise Valley Seventh-day Adventist Church will host Robert Virenland on Saturday, October 22, at 4 p.m. The program includes compositions by Dubois, Lefebvre, Wely, Jongen, I.S., Bach, Tansman, £ladi, Vierne, and Anton Rubinstein. Find the church at 2001 East Eighth Street, in National City; 475-0505. Admission is free, but a free offering will be received.

The “Discovery” Series sponsored by the La Jolla Chamber Music Society begins the season with a performance by pianist Terence Wilson, a 19-year-old freshman at Juilliard, on Sunday, October 23, at 3 p.m. Wilson’s program includes Prokofiev’s Ten Pieces from Romeo and Juliet; Stravinsky’s Three Scenes for Piano; and Rachmaninoff’s Sonata No. 2 in Flat Min-Minor. A concert in the Parker Community Auditorium, at La Jolla High School, 700 Nautilus Street (at Ay Avenue), in La Jolla. Admission is free for students and older, or $15 for adults, and can be had by calling the society at 439-3728.

The 35th-Anniversary Pipe Organ will be the beneficiary of a fund being established at the San Diego Unit ed Methodist Church; Sunday, October 23, at 6:30 p.m., organist Janice Stew-

art will play the Fantasia for Organ by Shores, Noue, and others. The concert will be open to the public and free.

How’s From Leben, Gedge, and others on Sunday, October 23, at 7 p.m., organist Ernst-Erich Stendler will perform the music of Bach, Rameau, Liszt, and Mussorgsky in the sanctuary at the First United Methodist Church of San Diego. The church is at 2210 Caminito del Rio South, in Mission Valley. Children are available by reservation; an offering will be received. Need more information? Call 297-4366. This concert is being co-hosted by the American Guild of Organists.

Musical Parodies and a “longer in-

clock” glimpse into the opera world is promised when the Discount Comic Opera performs Sunday, October 23, at 7:40 p.m., at the Footlights United Methodist Church. Find the church at 4001 Avenida Boulevard, in La Mesa. Call 673-4009 for more information on this event. Admission is suggested $7 donation.

Bending for Multicultural Effect, an unusual work entitled Konai Baru by Baltimore composer Robert Macht will be performed by the San Diego State University Symphony Orchestra on Sunday, October 23, at 7:40 p.m. The program features two different Japanese-flavored concerts, a Ja-
vanesan gamelan orchestra of the western symphony orchestra, and includes a variety of percussion effects, seeking to blend the styles of two divergent cul-
tures. The program also includes Stravinsky’s Pulcinella and Milhaud’s Suite Provençale.

Admission is $8 general, $5 seniors, faculty, and students. For tickets and additional information, call 594-6082. Enjoy the mixed offering in SDSU’s Smith Recital Hall.

Vocalist Kitty Pappas and pianist Scott Vlahon play a program of American music to be performed on Sunday, October 23, at 7:40 p.m., in a recital including the Sonata in A by Marios Clemencovitch; Chopin’s Sonata No. 3 in B Minor; and the Twelve Preludes of Debussy.

The series includes six concerts; tickets for the series are $66 for members, or $86 for non-members. For individual tickets, the cost is $13 for members, or $15 for non-members. Find the information and make the ticket purchase online at 594-5897.

A Program for Cello and Piano is on tap when Reneta Brat (cello) and Sen-
tos Costa (piano) perform the Die Slowik Mini-Concert on Monday, October 24, beginning at noon, in the Lyceum Theatre at Horton Plaza. Ex-
pertly to hear Sonatas in G Minor by Haydn; Eless; No. 2 in G Minor by Beethoven; and Sonata in E Minor, which are all by Schumann, the stage will also be performed. The concert will last approximately 50 minutes, and a small reception will be held at the end to enjoy the encore. Admission is free, but donations are gladly accepted. Call 499-4232 for more information. These mini-concerts are presented on alternate Mondays through May.

Emperor Maximilian I founded the Vienna Choir Boys in 1948; the current crop of singing boys will perform in the Lower Church of the Chapel of Our Lady, Menorah College on Monday, October 24, at 8 p.m. The evening’s repertoire includes The Calypso Goose, a one-act opera, with Tomas Luis de Victoria’s Una Hora for four pieces from A Cerimony of Carols by Benjamin Britten; Schubert, by Schubert, and international folk songs, will also be performed. The concert will last approximately 50 minutes, and a small reception will be held at the end to enjoy the encore. Admission is free, but donations are gladly accepted. Call 499-4232 for more information. These mini-concerts are presented on alternate Mondays through May.

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San Diego Reader October 20, 1994
The Naked Truth

Her face expresses cold indifference while she more or less routinely displays her genitals.

Any of the most striking paintings and drawings in the Egon Schiele exhibit at the San Diego Museum of Art (and its accompanying catalogue) are of nude, male and female. The male nudes are generally self-portraits, while the pictures of females depict the models Schiele hired, and occasionally his wife. Since Schiele never aims at objective realism, always drenching his subjects in his personal feelings about them, these nude pictures are intimately revealing of his attitudes toward himself and toward women. Their contrast with the traditional treatment of nudes—"in Greek and Roman art, and then again in painting from the Renaissance onward"—also opens a window on the new understanding of the self and the world that was coming to dominate Western culture in Schiele's time, and that today, in an extreme form, has taken over almost entirely.

The nude as a subject for art has always been intensely revealing, and not only in the literal sense. Paintings and sculptures of nudes tell us about one of our most fundamental experiences, the experience of the body. The presence of bodies, our own and those of others, exerts a profound and continual influence on our consciousness. Many of our most acute sensations come through our flesh. Our sense of personal identity is closely bound up with our perceptions of our body, both as we see it and as we feel it from within. The overwhelming preoccupation on which we spend so much energy, sex, centers on the body, and particularly on the traits that indicate that most basic aspect of our lives, the difference between men and women.

There is a further kind of revelation in representations of the human body. Since the vast majority of artists have been men, their pictures of female bodies are inevitably connected in one way or the other, with their own erotic desires; and their pictures of male nudes embody (literally and figuratively) their feelings about themselves as sexual beings and as personalities—what they think they are, or what they regret that they are not, or what they aspire to be.

But artists are not concerned only with their own feelings, although these necessarily color their view of the world. They are also, whether they intend it or not, spokesmen for the values of their age; and the human body has always been a focal point of such values. The way a culture treats—and portrays—the body is an indispensable key to the whole complex of experiences, beliefs, self-definitions, and views of reality characteristic of the people and their time.

To put Schiele's attitude toward the body in perspective, and to clarify the enormous change that had come over human consciousness by the end of the 19th Century and the beginning of the 20th, we might take a prosaic look at a characteristic pair of nudes dating from exactly three centuries before the culmination of Schiele's career. The detail (it is from a larger painting by another artist) shows us a naked man and woman painted by Peter Paul Rubens about 1615. Rubens clearly has observed nude models and knows the human anatomy in all its actuality. The flesh, skin, and muscles here have substantial bulk, weight, and texture, and individual contours, folds, and protuberances are shown in detailed truth to the nature of human bodies, and perhaps to specific models.

The rendering thus reveals a consciousness to which physical nature—space, light, solidity, musculature, feet, hands, buttocks, breasts, and belly buttons—is accepted as a rich source of beauty and value. But at the same time, these figures are idealized. They are perfect specimens of their species and gender, conforming to their period's ideals of robust, well-proportioned, beautiful human figures. The plumpness of certain parts of the woman's body, which makes it unlikely that she could win a bathing-suit contest today, is part of the idealization: this is a body ripe for child-bearing, a fruitful body whose reproductive potential is an element of her glory.

Ignoring modern changes in taste, this woman is a paragon of feminine loveliness. We delight to look at her, and men viewing the figure will doubtless feel a certain mild stirring as their own biological impulses respond to the woman's attractions. Yet at the same time there is a curiously unerotic quality in that full, rich, lascivious figure. She displays herself with perfect frankness, but seemingly without consciousness of any sexual suggestiveness in her naked body and its pose. Seeing her, a man might sense nature (or the God of nature) for having produced such beauty, but heated erotic excitement would be an unusual reaction. The idealized naturalism of the portrait precludes any suggestion of the pornographic. Nor does Rubens hint at any impropriety or shame or guilt in her nakedness or the man's, even though that is the forbidden fruit she is plucking and handing to her mate (for her, of course). Are Adam and Eve in the Garden of Eden?

Turn now to a typical Schiele drawing of a nude woman (charcoal on paper, 1918). This is woman not as a virtual goddess of fertility (for among the ancestors of Rubens' Eve is the Venus of the ancients, and of Giotto and Titian), but as a source of gross sexual pleasure. The lovely harmonies of the female body, as presented with such grace in Rubens' Eve, are absent, or concealed by the rumpled garments this purveyor of sex has pulled up over her belly and by the twisted, awkward, purely utilitarian pose of wanton invitation. Her face expresses cold indifference while she more or less routinely displays her genitals, as presumably all that the male viewer is interested in. The erotic—indeed, pornographic—quality of the drawing is emphasized by the long dark stockings and high-heeled shoes that frame the naked thighs and groin.

The bold naturalism of this drawing makes us more aware of the way Rubens has idealized the female figure. The most prominent element in the Schiele nude is the coarse, black, wiry hair marking her genital area, and in other drawings and paintings the artist regularly shows similar clusters of hair in the women's armpits. Rubens'
Eve, in contrast, has no body hair; in fact, in the idealizing, classicizing, Renaissance and Baroque tradition to which Rubens belongs, both male and female nudes are regularly shown without pubic or axillary hair. Those secondary sexual characteristics are felt to be too erotically charged, too animal-like; Rubens rejoices in the human body, but it is the human body aesthetically purified, an object of admiration but not of lust. He does enjoy hair, but it is the civilized hair that is visible even when the body is clothed. Hence the ruddy masculine beard of Adam, and the gorgeous cascade of titian hair (the color takes its name from the artist who often favored it) streaming so lushly and lyrically down Eve’s naked back.

For Schiele, however, his model’s hair is simply another opportunity to indicate his attitude toward her moral nature: it has the rough, rumpled look of her bunched-up garments, not graceful, lyrical flow but jagged, chaotic disorder. And just as Rubens is speaking not only about Eve or a particular model, but about woman in general, so Schiele’s drawing represents the later artist’s vision of what a woman essentially is. The contrast is the age-old one between the goddess and the whore, those two antagonistic extremes of the way woman is represented in the male imagination.

Unlike the usual virgin godesses, about whom to think lustfully would be a desecration, Rubens’ Venus-Eve constitutes a confident proclamation of woman’s generative sexuality, without making that the obsessive center of things. But Schiele’s “whore” is an expression of his anxiety-ridden ambivalence toward women. He finds them at once desirable and repulsive. He wants their bodies, yet feels disgust when they offer themselves. He feels compelled to demean them, desperately averting that women’s power over men, which makes them dangerous and frightening, resides not in their fertility, but in their ability to contaminate the human race, not in their affectionate nurturing, and certainly not in their personal character, but exclusively in their genitalia.

The patently neurotic quality of this representation, which surrounds most of Schiele’s female nudes like a poisoned atmosphere, reminds us that he lived in Freud’s Vienna, where psychoanalysis was uncovering the complex unconscious longings and desires that shape attitudes toward sexuality. If a drawing such as this one springs from Schiele’s own unconscious, expressed through the tremendous vigor and precision of his art, its relevance is not confined to the autobiography of a particular sexually troubled young man in Vienna in 1918. Schiele’s courage in baring his neurotic feelings about women itself an act of emotional disrobing, at the same time brings into the open a more or less universal conflict in the male unconscious. It shows, with relentless honesty, an emotion that is no more true than that associated with Rubens’ optimistic idealization of the female body — but also no less true, and (setting as it may be — indeed, ought to be) no less worthy of depiction by an art that seeks to tell the whole truth about human nature.

The same relentless truth-telling appears in Schiele’s picture of his own nude body, perhaps most trenchantly in his Nude Self-Portrait, Squatting (watercolor and pencil on paper, 1916). This image of man is as distant from Rubens’ Adam as Schiele’s women are from the Flemish painter’s Eve. Compare the handsome, powerful, heavily muscled, ruddy-fleshed Adam, radiant with health and strength, and the sinewy, knobby, pasty-colored, emaciated body of the Schiele self-portrait, with its air of sickeness and starvation. Even the poses reflect different conceptions of masculine identity. Adam sits solidly on a leaf-strewn mound, poised and balanced, his upper torso, head, and arms engaged with integrated naturalness in the action of accepting the fruit from Eve’s hand. Schiele squats lankly and grotesquely, like a chimpanzee, his limbs sticking out in every direction as though getting in each other’s way, his torso bent to the left so as to unbalance the whole figure, which instead of being supported from below hangs tensely suspended in a blank space from which all other aspects of nature are excluded.

Here, too, hair is significantly expressive. The public hair, the axillary hair, the irregular tufts and patches of hair on his figure’s chest and scattered along his legs and forearms — how pointedly all this undermines the notion of human beings as grand, noble creatures, nature’s supreme creation, justifiably masters of the world. Instead, what we see is the poor, bare, forlorn animal King Lear speaks of with amazement and horror: “Is man no more than this?” And Schiele knows the pathos of his status: brilliant, sensitive, a super-artist, yet indissolubly bound (like all human beings) to a bundle of bones, hair follicles, and imperious genitals, subject to all the ills that flesh is heir to. It is this wryly-edged edge that is in his eyes as, his head bent painfully to the side, he looks up at us with a challenging stare that says, “This is all I am — and this is all you are too.”

The face in this stark, compelling picture is not so different from the woman’s face in the 1918 drawing: it has the same gauntness, the same satanic expression, the same large eyes drilling into the surrounding world, the same small, narrow mouth and nose of a spikier male equivalent to the woman’s mop of hair. Similarly, although the genitals are different, their centrality in the subject’s bodily (and hence emotional) identity is the same. Neurosis may color this man’s view of women, and of himself; but his anguished vision of the human condition embraces both genders in its denunciation of all self-enraveling self-deceptions.

Schiele’s most touching painting, a highly original masterpiece, brings his images of the male and female bodies together in a group portrait of the generic or archetypal family (oil on canvas, 1918). There they squat (no nobility), naked (no concealment), connected together as forms in the composition but each emotionally isolated, and both of them infinitely sad. Schiele’s view of woman is softened here; she is no longer a threat, slyly manipulating her sexuality, but a victim herself, her head, shoulders, and breasts humbly rounded, her whole figure forming a compact oval mound that seems to grow out of the earth.

The man — once again a self-portrait — makes two extraordinarily expressive gestures. His right hand reaches upward across his chest, as though assertively grasping at himself, his life, his family responsibilities, his existential meaning. In contrast, the left hand dangles listlessly from the arm draped over his knee, exerting no will, passively accepting the force of gravity. He looks out at us quizzically, as though asking, “Which of these two attitudes is appropriate to the human condition?”

It is a question he cannot answer. But he needs to answer it, for he is no longer alone. He has established bonds with the woman huddled between his legs. And the interaction of their sexual organs, which are so prominent in Schiele’s nudes, has resulted — by the organic process for which the sexual organs came into being — in a child, self-protectively holding himself as she lies at his mother’s
feet, and gazing with simple in- nocence (but already sadly) towards the new year. The deeper question posed by this picture is, "Is the hu- man race worth perpetuating?" Schiele, who was only 31 when he died— al- abdy — that same year, was given no further chance to search for an answer. But even if he had survived to a half a century old age, he might never have found it, for he was living as (are we) in a culture that can- not be expected to provide a meaningful or significant continuation of human existence, including the value and purpose of the family.

Bringing us back to an earlier family, Rubens’s Adam and Eve. The joyful affirmation of the human race’s first parents we see in the Rubbing picture — an affirmation of their human and natural perfection, their bodies, their maleness and fe- maleness, their newness, and the story the artist is telling is, he is showing us humanity be- fore (actually, an instant before) the fall that would lead him, from Eden and thrust us into a world of imperfection, guilt, suffering, and death.

We look back to befal the first man and woman, and all their progeny. But you would not know it from the way Rubens portrays them, so ide- ally strong and beautiful. You would not know it from Rubens’s other paintings either. All his art is a passion to great creating nature, to the guiltless enjoyment of sensuality, to the natural (and hence ideal) grandeur of the human race. Rubens may have been a Chris- tian, but he did not believe in the fall of man.

Egon Schiele was no Chris- tian; religion seems to have nothing to do with him. He lived in an era when, for the first time in human history, the religious understanding of human existence has decisively given way to new theological theories to matter and energy, to imper- sonal laws of organic social and evolutionary to the rule of the uncon- templative, to the impenetrable solitude of human beings in an indifferent universe.

But Schiele believed in the fall. He believed in it with a cer- tainty that went far beyond theory; far beyond any verbal articulation. That is what his art is about, what compre- hensive power and poignancy the man, and in the early 20th-century society. The Family (Squatting Couple) could just as truly be called Adam and Eve after the expulsion from God’s Garden of Eden.

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in the hands-on exhibit at the Sonic Arts Gallery through Friday, October 27. Find the gallery at 2961 Birch Street (at 30th), in Golden Hill, 233-3673. Hours are 1 to 6 p.m. Monday and Friday.

"Celebrating Sterberg" is an exhibit of prints made during the 12-year collaboration of Harry Sterberg and Brighton Press (coinciding with the current show of Sterberg's work at the San Diego Museum of Art in Balboa Park). On display is a comprehensive selection of over 65 original prints that Sterberg created at Brighton Press, along with a sampling of prints and drawings from his New York years. This show continues through Saturday, October 22.

Gallery hours are Thursday and Friday 11 a.m. to 5 p.m., and Saturday by appointment. Brighton Press is located at 320 G Street, downtown; 234-1179.

Customers Reading Passages from Books by the engravers at DG Wills Bookstore are being broadcast from the shop to the Quiet Gallery in an installation by Berlin artist Oliver Westphalen. The gallery, painted institutional gray, contains a lectern, monitor, and loudspeakers to convey the feeling of a classroom or lecture hall. The exhibit includes sculpture and drawings by Westphalen. Find the gallery at 7474 Girard Avenue, in La Jolla. Regular hours are 11 a.m. to 5:30 p.m. Tuesday through Saturday. Call 454-3409 for further information. "Public Reading and Gift Shop" continues through Saturday, October 22.

Northern Californian Realist Kim Edward Black displays his "Interpretations of Sea" at the Stevenson Gallery through Sunday, October 22. Find the gallery at 7472 Girard Avenue, in La Jolla. Regular hours are 10 a.m. to 5:30 p.m., Monday through Saturday, 456-6392.

"Last" is the fourth annual exotic exhibit at the Rite Dire Gallery. This year's juror is photographer Charles Gatwood. The gallery is located at 5498 La Jolla Village Drive, downtown. Viewing hours are noon to 8 p.m., Tuesday through Thursday; Friday and Saturday, noon to midnight; 338-8153. See the show through Saturday, October 22. Admission to the exhibit is $1.

Native American Artist Robert Freeman has worked in oil, acrylic, watercolor, etching, and sculpture on view at the W.Pool Yabell Gallery. Freeman was born and reared on the Rincon Reservation in Pauma Valley and maintains his studio in the building he was born in. Gallery hours are 10 a.m. to 5 p.m., Wednesday through Sunday. Find the gallery at 30352 Highway 78, Santa Ysabel, 765-1676. The show continues through Saturday, October 22.

"Selections from the Permanent Collection: Thirty Years of Acquisition and Exhibition" is on display in the main gallery on the Grossmont College campus through Monday, October 24. Grossmont College is located at 8800 Grand Avenue, El Cajon. Gallery hours are 10 a.m. to 2 p.m. Monday through Friday. For more information, call 465-1700, x229.

Work About This Mobile Society, vehicles, and "everything the vehicle represents" by Robert Freeman is on display in the Krugall Gallery as part of its'91, in a show entitled "Los Vendedoros de Tijuana." A reflective of the Tijuana border scene with its cars, curios, and crowds. Enjoy this vehicle show through Thursday, October 22.

Find the gallery in the student center at Miramar College, One Barnard Drive, Oceanview. Regular gallery hours are Monday through Thursday, 10 a.m. to 1 p.m., with additional viewing from 6:30 to 8 p.m.

on Tuesday and Wednesday. For further details, dial 757-2139.

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Elevens of San Diego's Contemporary Art comes together to form the San Diego Art Dealers Association (SADADA), the Costume Exhibition at the Pan Pacific Hotel at the Emerald-Shaposhnik Center, 400 West Broadway in Downtown San Diego, featuring paintings, drawings, prints, photographs, and sculpture from members of the art community through Tuesday, June 28, 7 a.m. to 8 p.m. on weekdays and 9 a.m. to 6 p.m. on weekends. The exhibition continues through Wednesday.

Paintings by Alper Telci are on display at the La Jolla Museum of Contemporary Art, South Coast Plaza, La Jolla. The show is open to the public from noon to 5 p.m. on weekdays and from 10 a.m. to 5 p.m. on Saturdays.

A Redemptorist Neighborhood in Tijuana is on display at the Museum of Modern Art, 10158 Avenida Magdalena, Tijuana. The exhibit is open to the public from noon to 5 p.m. on weekdays and from 10 a.m. to 5 p.m. on Saturdays.

"Californias in a New Light: Watercolors and Mixed-Media Works" by Bro Hof of Art at the Simpler Gift Shop is on display at the La Jolla Museum of Contemporary Art, 1015 Avenida Magdalena, Tijuana. The show is open to the public from noon to 5 p.m. on weekdays and from 10 a.m. to 5 p.m. on Saturdays.

"Common Threads" is a show at the La Jolla Museum of Contemporary Art, 1015 Avenida Magdalena, Tijuana. The exhibit is open to the public from noon to 5 p.m. on weekdays and from 10 a.m. to 5 p.m. on Saturdays.

"The Art of the Chair" is on display at the San Diego Museum of Art, 1015 Avenida Magdalena, Tijuana. The exhibit is open to the public from noon to 5 p.m. on weekdays and from 10 a.m. to 5 p.m. on Saturdays.

"Five Installations" are on display at the Centro Cultural de la Raza in Balboa Park. The exhibits are open to the public from noon to 5 p.m. on weekdays and from 10 a.m. to 5 p.m. on Saturdays.

The Origins of the Early San Diego Chinese are traced in an exhibit on view in the library at the University of San Diego, 291-7722.

For more information, call 239-2000 or 239-5004 or 239-3035 for answers.

Senses of Reality" are being presented in the SDCAL Art Center. Paintings, sculpture, and drawings will provide a show by John Frame, Steve Galloway, David Marlow, Tom Driscoll, and Stephen DeKirk. The show will be open through Friday, July 1, 10 a.m. to 6 p.m. on weekdays and 11 a.m. to 5 p.m. on Saturdays.

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Lamb's on a Roll
After the '60s gonzo questing for illusory absolutes, where does one go now?

Bob Fosse must have taken on Pippin as a dare. Stephen Schwartz’s lightweight music and Roger O. Hirson's bland libretto resemble a meal prepared for a quesy stomach — "heart smart," with nothing spicy, please. Enter Fosse. He took his staging and choreography from the piquant end of the spice rack and whipped up a concoction so bug-eyed and vein-bulging that the show almost burns with significant perceptions. I said almost.

Pippin is based loosely on the life of Pepin, eldest son and heir to the throne of Charlemagne. The play is set in the Eighth Century, but as Otto Guenzel, Jr., has pointed out, "History is not to be studied here." Pepin, about whom the little that is known is unremarkable, becomes a quester for complete fulfillment in life. He seeks it in War, in the Flesh, and in Revolution, only to find each "empty and vacant." In the end, like Voltaire's Candide, he opts for aspirational downsizing and the modest cultivation of a limited domain. The insights in Pippin are few, though the question "What comes after?" lingers on: the legendary Charlemagne, ruler of the Holy Roman Empire, was a tough act to follow. Though Schwartz and Hirson initially sketched out the show earlier, Pippin was produced in 1972, and it looks back on the previous decade, asking, After the '60s gonzo questing for illusory absolutes, where does one go now? And today, with Generation X re-mined daily that aspiration is a crook, how does one follow the unabashedly selfish Reaganomic orgy of the '80s?

Maybe there's more to Pippin than meets the eye. Director Robert Smyth treats it that way with a free-form production brimming with invertebrate theatricality. The Lamb's Players Theatre was on a roll this summer with three shows enjoying extended runs (Godspell, Pump Boys and Dinette, and Beau Jest), and with the latter re-opening at the Hahn on November 4th, Pippin continues that roll. The book calls for a Leading Player to be a good and evil angel in Pippin's ear. Ben Vereen played him on Broadway. To great effect, Smyth has expanded the part into three Leading Players: Deborah Gilmore Smyth, Chrsisy Vogele, and David Kamatoy. Dressed (by Margaret Neuhoff-Vida) as if they were a colormenia dell'arte troupe moonlighting on the Dark Side of the Force, the trio is a show unto itself. They sing beautifully, and Kamatoy juggles dexterously, as they wryly (and humorously) ca-jole Pippin down a stained-glass path toward Faustian unfulfillment.

The program claims that Rick Meads was a last-minute replacement as Pippin. Though it has a nice metaphorical twang — Meads being new to the part and Pippin being new to the world — you'd never know it from Meads's assured, thoroughly polished performance. Vanda Egginton carries on the show-stopping tradition when her Berthe sings "No Time at All!" (Irene Ryan began the tradition on Broadway, and my niece, Annie B., continued it swimmingly in a production at Los Gatos High). When Emily Marie Levin's Catherine finally gets a chance to sing, her classically trained voice makes it well worth the wait. Fernando Vega (yet another strong voice for the show), David Cochran Heath, the always-imaginative Kathi Gibbs, and young Hilary Clarke are useful in supporting roles.

Pippin may be the last — if not the, then at least one of the — official productions in the Lamb's National City theater space. Come December, the company moves to Coronado. Thus, this show is one of San Diego's final chances to see how Lamb's has mastered its intimate arena stage (the evidence is clear as soon as one sees Jane La Motte's scenic design; with complementary lighting by Nathan Reiser, it's a zodiac of squares, symbolic of Pippin's journey). The musical is on the slight side, but the staging is all, and it's near impossible to discern any cracks in the fusions among Robert Smyth's direction, Pamela Turner's choreography, the design work, and the fluid performances. Like Pippin, Lamb's is heading in new directions. But as I watched the show, I became a bit pre-nostalgic for the kinds of thescatorial wonders the company has done in this seemingly prohibitive space.

* * *

Escondio's new $74.4 million California Center for the Arts is a huge facility brimming with potential uses. Located on 12 acres, the center has a gigantic 1524-seat concert hall (with no seat more than 100 feet from the stage), a 408-seat theater, a museum, 9000 square feet of exhibition space, plus meeting rooms and educational programs for children and adults. The Center, which opened recently, anticipates 250,000 visitors annually.

It wants a significant portion of that estimate to be theatergoers, the center had better shore itself up on two fronts: A) Learn the quirks of the concert hall's acoustics, and B) Bring in much stronger productions. The first theatrical venture in the new space, a touring version of Guys and Dolls, pointed out both shortcomings glaringly.

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San Diego Reader October 28, 1988
The show was an auditory mishmash. Although no one in the audience is more than 100 feet from the stage, the show sounded miles away, as if the entire company were performing inside the metallic labyrinth of the Save-A-Soul Mission's tuba. With five levels of seats, and boxes on the sides, the concert hall resembles the great opera houses of Europe. The sound system, however, was amateur all the way.

The non-equity show was produced by Big League Productions, a flashy marquee moniker at desperate odds with its minor-league product. Guys and Dolls is as surefire as a musical can get. And yet this speedy, nuance-free production, directed by Victoria Busser as if her horse were smeling the barn, almost rendered Frank Loesser's songs and Abe Burrows' book dull. Hey, if Miss Adelaide (a spunky Shelly Clarke) could steal the whole evening, there was something rotten in Escudido. Ross Neill was badly miscast and insipid as Sky Masterson, but at least he could sing, unlike Jen Little's Sarah Brown, who couldn't. If you don't count the cheap trick of turning up the house lights at the end of a song — as an unmusical Applause Sign — the only bright spots were Clarke's Adelaide, Tim Salamandy's Nicely-Nicely, and having Dick Tracy colors on the late-'40s Broadway Bloodhound costumes. Otherwise, any of our local colleges could have done this show a ton better, without half trying and for one-third the ticket price.

THEATER LISTINGS

Theater listings and commentary are by Jeff Smith. Information is accurate according to material given. But it is always wise to phone the theater for any last-minute changes and to inquire about ticket availability. Many theaters offer discounts to students, senior citizens, and the military. Ask at the box office.

Aunt Dan and Lemon

I'm still not a fan of Wallace Shawn's controversial drama about how fascism seeps into unsuspecting minds. In interviews Shawn insisted he's not the devil's party, but in the yellow Lemon's pseudo-agumentative defense of Nazism, I'd swear Shawn's wearing a party armband, throwing confetti, and puffing into a kazoo. For those interested in the subject, see Bertram von Good's Friendly Fascism: The New Face of Power in America. For those interested in seeing firsthand what the shouting's been about — i.e., the local premiere of a play first produced nine years ago — the North Coast Repertory Theatre is offering a production with more strengths than weaknesses, though some choices detract and shouldn't. As the American exultante with warped ideological views, Rhona Gold's Aunt Dan does some impressive work; her timing, deliveries, and level of focused intensity are among her best ever. But she plays Aunt Dan, possibly as directed by Olfie Blaske.

Neighborhood Broadway

Worth a try.

North Coast Repertory Theatre, through November 15. Thursday through Saturday at 8:00 p.m. Sunday at 7:00 p.m. Matinee Sunday at 2:00 p.m.

Big River

The Pine Hill Lodge & Dinner Theatre is offering Roger Miller's award-winning musical based on Mark Twain's Adventures of Huck Finney. Scott Kiewit has directed. Pine Hill Lodge & Dinner Theatre, through December 17. Friday and Saturday, dinner at 7:00 p.m., curtain at 8:00 p.m.

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Dracula
The Santer Community Theatre presents John Maddras’s adaptation of the Bram Stoker thriller. Gary Byrd has directed.
Santer Community Theatre, through October 23; Friday and Saturday at 8:00 p.m. Matinee Sunday at 2:00 p.m.

Evita
Andrew Lloyd Webber and Tim Rice’s 1978 musical is such an oddity as a musical hit that it’s hard to imagine seeing a production of it. It’s been a hit on Broadway and in regional theaters, but it’s always been a bit of a cult favorite. The story is based on the life of Argentine Evita Peron, who rose from poverty to become one of the most powerful women in 1930s Argentina. She was a controversial figure, and her legacy is still debated today. The musical is a mix of music, dance, and drama, and it’s a great way to learn about this complex woman’s life.

Ernesto
Ernesto, a new musical by Mark Kostro and Michael Kostro, is a story about a young man who is struggling to make ends meet in a small town in Argentina. He’s a talented musician, but he can’t seem to find a way to make a living. His life changes when he meets a wealthy businesswoman who offers to help him. But when Ernesto falls in love with her, he’s faced with a difficult decision. The musical is a heartwarming story of love and determination, and it’s a great way to learn about the rich culture of Argentina.

Forbidden Broadway
If Gerard Alessandri’s parody of Broadway musicals becomes the hit it looked to be on opening night, the Theatre in Old Town had better win-book future shows. Forbidden Broadway is a well-reviewed hit, and the performers are top-notch. The show features a variety of parodies of popular musicals, from the classics to the contemporary. The performers are all talented and have a great sense of humor. The show is definitely worth seeing if you’re a fan of musicals.
Calendar Theater

Love Letters
It's hard to "review" the Sweetooth Comedy Theater's current production, because the cast will change every week. Sweetooth is staging A.B. Carney's immensely popular two-character play about love, with one-third of the proceeds for each evening going to charities chosen by the participants. So how can a show change performances every week? By design. Carney wrote Love Letters to be read, not acted. It is a "sort of a play," he said, "which needs no theater, no lengthy re-hearsals...no memorization of lines, and no commitment from its two actors beyond the night of performance." In effect, the approximately 90-minute piece is simply a reading of letters between Andrews, Margette, Ladd III and his childhood friend, Melissa Gardner. And the actors are to keep the show from becoming too polished, to preserve the rough-hewn look of a staged reading, and to sustain the spontaneous feel of letter-writing itself — 50 years of letters, everything from the Annual Christmas Letter to queries about one's whereabouts and health (i.e., you are still in detail!). Though they are rarely together (their lives are a series of near-misses), and though they are opposites teapot-sanity, something links the "stalwart," the "upright" — okay, "snailly" — Andrew with the "lascivious," the "cynical," self-destructive" Melissa. One is leftrawn dominant, the other right. As he sits over her in the Eastern Wasp Establishment, trailing clouds of self-denial in his path, the artist Melissa senses every impulse in a life that is forever vowing to restart anew. All of these makes the play's title appear a misnomer. The letters aren't about love, small i, but instead trace the growth, change, and evolution — the whole cycle of love's many ways. Love Letters is a deceptively simple, ultimately moving show. And with a new cast each week at Sweetooth, composed of theater artists and local celebrities, the piece has a persistent way of coxing unheeded, genuine feeling from its participants. Thus far this production has raised over $10,000 for more than 20 local charities and organizations. This week's performers: Cassandra Lind and Bruce Bekkar.

Worth a try.
Sweetooth Comedy Theater, opened run. Friday and Saturday at 8:00 p.m. Call the theater at 544-3097 for a list of the participants.

Monster Murders
Shooting Productions presents an interactive theater production between the audience and vampires, werewolves, and Frankenstein's monsters.
Fader Trail Inn, 4200 Taylor Street, Old Town, through October 29. Wednesday, Thursday, and Sunday at 3:30 p.m. Friday and Saturday at 11:00 p.m. For information call 277-4800.

Muskeza
In John Guare's 1987 one-act, Jack argues (in "argue" an anagram for "Guare") he goes on an anti-quest. He begins with a vision: he'll get a job at a Muscle-producing company and then pipe in wild, ancient Flavian sounds ("Not rock and roll, Jack. More than that."), running Americans into Dionysian manias. "Everyone will feel sexy all the time, and nobody will mind what anybody does to anyone else." Amid this mid-'80s euphoria, Guare injects a lethal dose of late-'80s disillusionment, and after Jack's de-enlightenment, the numbness is all. Like David Mamet's Edmond, Muskeza looks linear but is actually a downwind spiral that should move like a dive from a tall building. Persistent technical troubles at the Frite Theater's opening night performance, however, made halting what should have been hasty. The play is built on blackouts and brief scènettes. Too often the lighting and music cues were late, the transitions too tardy. For reasons that don't make sense, director Duane Daniels has eliminated Guare's Brechtian ban- ners, which precede each episode ("IN WHICH ARGUE HAS A VISION" IN WHICH ARGUE IS AT A LOSS"). The result is lengthier transitions (because the audience has less to do) and less Guarian co-herence. Daniel Morrisey's earth- toned set — with naked, larger-than-life Etruscans frolicking on the rear wall — is one of the Fritz's best. But the technical work needs to be 100 percent sharper to make Jack's fall as vividly as the script demands and as David Korn- bluth delivers. As written, Jack Ar- gue is deliberately more parts than a whole. He doesn't know his real age and shifts opinions readily. What's so frustrating about the Fritz's technical fiddles is that Ken- reuth is quite strong as Jack, tracing the character's arc from having the answers to forgetting the questions, with admirable skill. Deborah Ayers and Abigail Jordan do acceptable work, at best, in multiple roles.
Frite Theater, through October 29; Thursday through Saturday at 8:00 p.m. Sunday at 7:00 p.m.

The Normal Heart
As a piece of writing, Larry Kramer's tragic tale about the first five years of the AIDS crisis isn't very good. Too often it substitutes diatribe for drama, and Kramer's personas, Ned Weeks, come off as the only person in the world who fought the powers-that-be in the early days. As a piece of history, and as a moral broadside, however, The Normal Heart is an extremely important piece of criticism. It names names and newspapers (the New York Times, in particular, gets a much-merited going over). It puts human faces on the escalating numbers of the dying, and Kramer's vehemenhence, which punches through every scene, is deeply moving, even when the writing itself feels strained and self- serving. San Diego State Univer- sity's drama department has staged a competently done Normal Heart. Having equity actor Barry Mann play Ned Weeks is inspired. Mann takes the role by the throat — without once trying to show there's a sympathetic actor inside of it — and just flies away as the complex figure, who, the Baltimore Sun wrote, "more than came out of the closet" (with his insistence on sex- ual abstinence among gays), "he's housecleaned the whole neighborhood." Michael Pugh O'Connor and Ann Stocking, playing Ned's brother Ben and Dr. Emma Brookner, also do promising work as Kramer's antiheroical bookends, the one an outcast, the other a cheerleader. The rest of the cast, though admirably directed by Rick Sias, performs unevenly, at best, but the leads keep the play's engine revving. Tal Chorwak's minimalist set (with stagehands dressed by Christina Fair in black, with black surgical masks, like a death squad of orderlies) includes a Vietnam Memorial-like projection of names on the rear wall of those who have died from AIDS-related causes. Also of note is a very apt, albeit un- credited, selection of music from the period. The production has some flaws, and the play has quite a few. But Barry Mann's perform- ance, Simon's staging, and most of all Kramer's message make the SDSU production definitely...
Worth a try.
Experimental Theatre, San Diego State University, through October 22; Thursday through Saturday at 8:00 p.m.

Pippin
Reviewed this issue.
Lamb's Players Theatre, through November 20. Wednesday, Thursday, and Sunday at 7:30 p.m. Friday and Saturday at 8:00 p.m. Matinee Saturday at 2:00 p.m.

Porcelain
In Clay's You's award-winning drama (1993 London Fringe Award), about a murder in a London "bow," the script's five actors never look at each other. They perform straight ahead, gaining their lines at the audience in a chamber- nelling of viewpoints. In the center is John, the gay Asian 15-year-old who fired six bullets into William Hope, his Caucasian "toilet sex" lover. The question, which becomes questions, is why? The play provokes benthos sensationalistic headlines for motives. Though You's insights are few (his conclusions, in fact, are obvious), the way he orchestrates the conflicting per- spectives — racism, homophobia, an exam by a corrupt psychologist — make for some vivid drama in the 90-minute, interminlessionless piece. Peter James Smith plays John with an ingrained sense of superiority and a riveting understatement. As he slowly shapes origami cranes from colored paper, Smith unravels his character in multiple directions, and hate and love do a symbiotic arabesque across John's psyche. Directed with a feel for the play's reader's theater demands by Robert Joseph, the other cast members are reasonably secure in their parts, though more nuanced deliveries would add some needed variety to a consistently overstated, banner headline style of presentation. Michael Myers' William grows into an eerie per- trait of a man with as many internal- conlicts as the play's themes. Roman Jireh and Allan Boren- stein are usually effective as several disembodied voices, though Martin Namoo's psychologist, Dr. Jeff Worthy, pushes harder on the evi-
Normal Heights, on 30th Street near Adams Avenue. Four days later in San Francisco, the suspect, Christopher Cruise, accordion player for the Irish folk band the Downs Family, was found dead of an apparent suicide by drug overdose.

Cruise had left several notes for friends and instructions to the medical examiner regarding the disposition of his body.

San Diego Police said Cruise, 34, shot Marchino four times following a brief verbal exchange. Cruise left for San Francisco after the shooting. According to police, Marchino had been stalking Cruise’s girlfriend for almost four years, from the time she ended a former relationship with Marchino.

There had been previous alterations between Cruise and Marchino before the murder, including a stabbing of Cruise by Marchino a year ago. At press time, the Downs Family planned a wake for Cruise along with a live performance at Granny’s Paradise Lounge in North Park on October 18.

Former Fishwife Spurns Headhunter

It seemed such a natural transition. Fishwife released two albums on Headhunter, so it looked like Tanner, which consists of the members of Fishwife minus vocalist Ryan Foxe, would do the same.

Tanner was a signature away from a one-record deal with Headhunter when, according to vocalist-guitarist Gar Wood, the band decided, for better or worse, to try something different. “When Tanner started, we decided to keep things fresh, since we had been together for a long time already [as Fishwife],” Wood said. “We were going to do things differently just within ourselves, to keep things interesting. I’m singing, which is something new. Matt [Ohlin, bassist] never sang at all and now he sings a little. Chris [Prescott, drummer] sings. We also decided to do a record on a different label. It would be different.”

“[Headhunter] offered us a one-record deal, pretty much the basic deal, and we were anxious to put a record out. We were like, ’Well, fuck, whip out one of those contracts and let us check it out.’ We started checking it out; it was fine, and it was a good deal, but we decided not to do it because we wanted to go through different channels, meet different people. It wasn’t like all of a sudden we saw the Dark Side.”

Wood said Tanner plans to record a full-length record later this month and hopes to have it released sometime next spring.
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UPSTAIRS FROM ROSS NEXT TO GOOD GUYS

San Diego Reader, October 20, 1994 82
Ethis Merman
Turned Around

He can deliver music from Armenia, Japan,
Cuba, the Philippines, Greece, Israel, Jamaica,
Iran, Italy, Germany . . .

I is 20 minutes into the interview before I fi-
ally get it.
While Tony Kol is stir-frying tomatoes and
peppers he has grown outside his Allied Gar-
dens apartment, he talks about his days behind
the drum kits, timpani, triangles, and
xylophones of Broadway — in New York City — more than 30
years ago. He mentions Barbra Streisand's boots and the day she
walked into the theater dressed like a biker babe.
As he talks I jot down notes like: a character out of
Broadway Danny Rose and looks like / looks like / looks like . . . looks
like . . . one out Frank Sinatra meets Red Buttons
as kol adds chopped turkey to hot oil and veg-
etables and speaks of his first day on the job behind
Ethis Merman in the Broadway show Gypsy. I
write Looks like a cross between Ben Gazzara and
Harvey Keitel and feel satisfied, more or less.
I bring this up to Kol and says, "Yeah, well, they're
New York types, like me." In the next two hours,
as he jumps from anecdote to anecdote with lit-
tle regard for seques, kol will look and act like a
dozen different people, all of them somehow
familiar.
"I was goin' to Juilliard — on scholarship. It
was, like, 'Sh or something, and I got a call from
the percussion player, Irwin Cooper, who was
doin' Gypsy." Sixty-year-old kol moves around
his kitchen with graceful economy. His accent
cavitates between New York Italian, Yiddish, and
Southern California lazy. "He said, 'You gotta go
in for me tonight. I can't make it.' I
said, 'Can't you get anybody else?' He says, 'No, you're my last
hope. You gotta do it for me; you gotta do it.' I said, 'Okay.'"
Kol spreads his arms, shrugs, digs his check
into his shoulder, and pouts/grimaces in a "Whad-
days gonna do?" mime. "So I went in there, and
I notice he didn't mark the book (of music). In
rehearsal, you're supposed to mark the book, cuts
and all the rest. So I went to the conductor. I
didn't wanna get blamed 'cause the book wasn't
marked. I said, "Whaddaya wanna hear? 'Cause
you're not gonna hear it all." Kol pronounces
the words conductah, mocked, heah. "He said, 'Do
the best you can.'
"So I went in there cold, with no rehearsal, not
even a good talk-over, and did the show. Jimmy
Crawford, the drummer — used to play with
Lunceford — was always hipping me to what
was happening in the arrangements. But this one tune,
the conductor came down with a strong down-
beat, and I hit that timpani with everything I got.
But it was omitted; that part was supposed to be
circled; I wasn't supposed to play it. Ethis Mer-
man turns around and looks at me — everybody
turns around and looks at me. That's when I hid
myself behind the timpani, took out a handker-
chief, put it on top of the timpani stick, and just
waved the top of the stick with the white hand-
kerchief back and forth. Well, the conductor and
some guys in the pit laughed at that. They did
ask me to come back and do the next show the
following evening."
Tony kol no longer allows gray hairs to show
through on his head or eyebrows. Instead he has
returned to the towheaded, carrot color of his
youth, because, he says, "otherwise they don't
think you can do the job." Ironmic, since kol is far
more animated than my 17-year-old son and his
video-glazed friends.
In his almost—50-year career, from the block
parties of Williamsburg, Brooklyn, in the post-
war years to San Diego's Festa Bella at the
Embarcadero in '93, kol has made some inter-
esting stops along the way. After graduating from
Juilliard, he took to Broadway for the relative sta-
bility of a steady paycheck. Funny Girl and Gypsy

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San Diego Reader October 20, 1994
were two of many whom Kol worked in the late '50s and early '60s. He made occasional jaunts to the Borscht Belt in the Catskill Mountains, or "Jewish Alps," in upstate New York. He had the odd gig at the Metropolitan Opera House or Radio City Music Hall. Kol eventually found himself working in television. As a staff musician for NBC, he performed for several years on the game show Concentration, as well as on The Tonight Show and other NBC programs.

Later, when he moved to Los Angeles, he did the percussion parts for the Valerie Harper series Rhoda. His L.A. tenure included work on the soundtracks to the remake of King Kong and All the President's Men and even a bit part as a drummer in the James Caan—Elliott Gould vehicle Harry and Walter Go to New York.

These days, Kol spends his time in his Allied Gardens apartment, which overlooks a good stretch of Mission Valley, or at his Los Angeles home, where he keeps most of his drums, bongos, congas, pandeirocos, timbales, and tam-tams. He also has a collection of authentic instruments to perform traditional music for a bar mitzvah, a Korean wedding, a country-western line dancing party, or a Cinco de Mayo bash. He can deliver music from Armenia, Japan, Cuba, the Philippines, Greece, Israel, Jamaica (reggae), Iran, Italy, Germany. Also swing, rock and roll, klezmer ("It's kind of Jewish Dixieland," he says), music from the Gay '90s to today's '90s. And this only touches Kol's arsenal of the world's music, his knowledge of which began with years of working weddings, parties, and parades in New York. The question arises: Yeah, but is he any good at all this? Forty minutes of fast-forwarding through Kol's cassettes and videos provides the answer: he is.

Kol, a man who understands and respects the contributions of both Gene Krupa and Charlie Watts, also teaches percussion. A potential Ginger Baker or Elvin Jones would be hard pressed to find a mentor with a more comprehensive outlook.

"I had this brilliant student," Theatrically, Kol pretends to tear his hair. "He was on the sauce and doing coke, I said, 'I don't know what you're doing,' man. But I know if you keep this shit up, you're not playing drums anymore. Look at your hands you can't even hold the fuckin' sticks without shaking.' I said, 'You're gonna be finished.' A year later, he quit the drinking and the drugs. Then, when he was smoking. I said, 'What? Now I gotta go out and get you a hotel, Jeff? But he's good, he's good.'

Kol allows, "I used to be crazy myself. I never did drugs, but I like a rum and coke. When I was young and I played up in the mountains — you know, upstate New York — we used to have to play for these Mafia guys after hours. I never worried about anything. The guys from the JDL [Jewish Defense League] were always around, and I'd wear my yarmulke, or kippah. But one night at this club in the Catskills — Joe Columbo, remember him? He was in the club with his people; they used to come in after one o'clock. And one son of a bitch, this Italian guy with the party, wants to play my drums. He was drunk. I nearly got in trouble because I was crazy. I went — Kol dumps pasta into boiling water and brushes his hands off. He talks to me with a menacing posture and a set to his mouth that suggests he'd do as soon rip my lips off as serve me the Chinese/Italian lunch he has been preparing with such care and panache. "I said, 'Get the drums!' He said he wanted to play, and I said, 'I don't give a fuck what you want to do. Get the drums!' He looked at me. This is a made guy, a guy who ... hey! Who knows? I was crazy. You probably understand what I mean."

Kol now produces vermicelli; he will use as a bed for his stir-fry dish. As if the pasta reminds him of trunculent Italians, he breaks two fistsful in half, drops them in boiling water, brushes off his hands, and changes the subject. "One time, I was playing a wedding for the Hasidim. It might have been a Purim for Rabbi Wohlgelernter in L.A. Jolla; I do a lot of work for him. A very interesting man, a young man. We were playing a circle dance, what they used to call a hora. It might have been the first dance, when they bring the bride and groom in. Anyway, what happens is these very orthodox guys get into an ecstasy. They are groovein', really groovein'. They could have been a little loaded, you know? And they were, like, the Watusi, with the ecstasy and the rhythm of the dance, the movement. They put their right arms on the right shoulder of the guy..."
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in front of them, and they step and they step and they step... step, step. That kind of thing, you know?

"What happens is, they really get into it and this poor bastard drops, and they just stepped over him until a couple of guys came over and pulled him out of the circle. That's when the caterer came by with the chicken. Somebody bumped the guy and the big plate of chicken fell onto the dance floor. These guys didn't stop, man. They just kept dancing, slithering around the chicken, groovin'. The caterer comes over to the bandstand and starts shouting at me, 'Stop the music, ya doity bastard!' Take it out! Enough already!' I told him, 'I'll stop the music, they're not gonna stop dancing anyway.' 'Take it out!' he says. 'I'll pull the plug! They gotta eat the chicken; it's gotta get all dry!' So I stopped playing and the bastards kept dancing. They never slowed. They started singing the tune. They kept going; they were in it!

Does Kol remember the tune? It was a Hasidic tune. It could have been a Lubavitch kind of song. It was one of their tunes for last sabbath. Their rabbi wrote this song during a kumis, when the rabbits get together and have a few drinks.

All of a sudden one of the guys gets a creative feeling and comes out with a new tune. The others pick up on it and they all sing it. They get somebody to write it down, and it becomes their tune. Every time we play for those guys, we've got to play that tune.

Any other good wedding stories? Funny I should ask. "This was an arranged marriage, like in the Fiddler on the Roof! This guy never saw his prospective bride and she never saw him. So what happens is they have a deal where the groom sits down with the rabbi and makes out the marriage contract, the ketubah. Now, in order to make sure he gets the bride he contracted for, they make the groom to the bride, and that is called the heldeken. So we dance him in. We're doin', like, bumpa-dumpa, simpap-dumpa nuzzel tova, whatever.

"The caterer starts shouting at me, 'Stop the music, ya doity bastard!'"

he gets up close and they take the veil off the bride. Of course, he's supposed to put it back on later. And she was ugly. Kol lowers his voice and pronounces the word with nine extra us: "I mean really ugly. "So they danced him out, which is part of the ceremony. After they danced him out, they couldn't find him anymore. When they found him, it was in Chicago two weeks later. But they had a party... just no wedding.

As we eat Kol's Chinese/Italian dish, for which he has no name, the conversation enters a full. The food is spicy and delicious. We wash it down with lemon seltzer. "I only cook for people I like," Kol says, and I nod appreciatively. I ask him what drummers he admires and he mentions Grady Tate. Big Sid Catlett, and a "new guy, Steve Gadd." Kol recommends these drummers to his San Diego pupils. He teaches students of all ages but prefers the younger ones. "They're not so stiff." After lunch Kol plays videos of Persian, Greek, Hebrew, German, and Italian weddings and parties where he has performed. In each, his band is dressed in appropriate ethnic costumes. During one klezmer session, Kol listens to an accordionist playing a half step behind Kol's xylophone solo, and he shakes his head. "The schmuck," Kol says. "He doesn't listen.

When asked how on earth he learned this vast repertoire of music from such a wide spectrum of cultures, Kol says, "Well, you gotta build a library and... " He spreads his arms again and shrugs, "listen."

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Calendar

South Cedros Avenue, Solana Beach.
481-8140 or 220-TIXS.

Jimmy Rogers and Malta Green Club 5th Avenue, Wednesday and Thursday, November 2 and 3, 9 p.m., 835 Pumps Avenue, downtown.
238-7191.

Ablin Lee and Nine Below Zero The Cafe, Thursday, November 3, 8 p.m., 10475 San Diego Mission Road, Mission Valley, 563-0024 or 220-TIXS.

L7, the Melvins, and Wool Soma Live, Thursday, November 3, 8 p.m., 5003 Market Street, Bay Park.
238-SOMA.

Freely Johnstone Backdoor, Thursday, November 3, 8 p.m., San Diego State University campus.
594-9697 or 220-TIXS.

The Figs, Small 23, Knappack, Kevin Salem Cashah, Thursday, November 3, 5 p.m., 5003 Market Street, Bay Park.
238-SOMA.

Tom Kubis’s 10-Piece Big Band Coach House, Thursday, November 3, 8 p.m., 3135 Camino Capistrano, San Juan Capistrano.
(714) 496-8930 or 220-TIXS.

Dog Star with Keenan Bower Belly Up Tavern, Thursday, November 3, 14 South Cedros Avenue, Solana Beach.
481-8140 or 220-TIXS.

The Rugburns UCSD Pub, Friday, November 4, 7:30 p.m., UCSD campus, 534-3362.

Chat Atkins California Center for the Arts, Escondido, Friday, November 4, 8 p.m., 830 N. Escondido Boulevard, Escondido.
438-1318.

Shankan’ Pickle, the Tantra Monsters, C Spot, Greensea, and G-Spot Soma Live, Friday, November 4, 8 p.m., 3135 Metri Street, Bea Park.
238-SOMA.

Inch, alminature, and Smiler Cashah, Friday, November 4, 9 p.m., 2017 Kettle House.
232-4335.

Craig Chaquico and Warren Hill The Cafe, Friday, November 4, 8 p.m., 10475 San Diego Mission Road, Mission Valley.
563-0024 or 220-TIXS.

Eddie Palmieri California Center for the Arts, Escondido, Saturday, November 5, 8 p.m., 430 N. Escondido Boulevard, Escondido.
738-4138.

Warren Hill with Craig Chaquico The Cafe, Saturday, November 5, 8 p.m., 10475 San Diego Mission Road, Mission Valley.
563-0024 or 220-TIXS.

The Fastbacks, Zampone, and the Makin Cashah, Saturday, November 5, 9 p.m., 2017 Kettle House.
232-4335.

Gilly Clarke and the Budhad Hears Belly Up Tavern, Saturday, November 5, 9-11:30 p.m., 14 South Cedros Avenue, Solana Beach.
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Tecumah Eagle Coach House, Saturday, November 5, 8 p.m., 3135 Camino Capistrano, San Juan Capistrano.
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Alvin Lee and Ten Years After and Nine Below Zero Coach House, Saturday, November 5, 8 p.m., 3135 Camino Capistrano, San Juan Capistrano.
(714) 496-8930 or 220-TIXS.

Hole with Veruca Salt Soma Live, Tuesday, November 8, 7 p.m., 3505 Metri Street, Bea Park.
238-SOMA or 220-TIXS.

Joe Ely Belly Up Tavern, Wednesday, November 9, 8 p.m., 143 South Cedros Avenue, Solana Beach.
481-8140 or 220-TIXS.

The Toasters, the Scroflaws, the Pietasters, and Mudshark Soma Live, Saturday, November 12, 8 p.m., 3135 Camino Capistrano, San Juan Capistrano.
(714) 496-8930 or 220-TIXS.

GWAR, the Dickies, and Screaming Mud George’s Worldbeat Center, Saturday, November 12, 7-9 p.m., 1425 South Coast Highway, Solana Beach.
481-8140 or 220-TIXS.

Susan Ashton, Christie Denise, Margaret Becker, and Out of the Grey Theatre East, Thursday, November 10, 7-9 p.m., 210 East Main Street, Fallbrook.
488-0570.

Watt Coach House, Thursday, November 10, 8 p.m., 3135 Camino Capistrano, San Juan Capistrano.
(714) 496-8930 or 220-TIXS.

War The Cafe, Friday, November 11, 8 p.m., 10475 San Diego Mission Road, Mission Valley.
563-0024 or 220-TIXS.

Motorhead, DLR, and the Process Soma Live, Friday, November 11, 8 p.m., 3135 Camino Capistrano, San Juan Capistrano.
(714) 496-8930 or 220-TIXS.

Corrosion of Conformity and Yellowdog Soma Live, Friday, November 11, 8 p.m., 3135 Camino Capistrano, San Juan Capistrano.
(714) 496-8930 or 220-TIXS.

Thinking Fellers Union Local 282, Trunance Water, and Heavy Vegetable Cashah, Friday, November 11, 9 p.m., 2017 Kettle House.
232-4335.

Joe Ely Coach House, Friday, November 11, 8 p.m., 3135 Camino Capistrano, San Juan Capistrano.
(714) 496-8930 or 220-TIXS.

Hootie and the Blowfish Belly Up Tavern, Friday, November 11, 9-11 p.m., 143 South Cedros Avenue, Solana Beach.
481-8140.

George Howard: The Cafe Saturday, November 12, 8 p.m., 10475 San Diego Mission Road, Mission Valley.
563-0024 or 220-TIXS.

Hootie and the Blowfish Coach House, Saturday, November 12, 8 p.m., 3135 Camino Capistrano, San Juan Capistrano.
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The Toasters, the Scroflaws, the Pietasters, and Mudshark Soma Live, Saturday, November 12, 8 p.m., 3135 Camino Capistrano, San Juan Capistrano.
(714) 496-8930 or 220-TIXS.

Vista Adobe, Sunday, November 13, 2 p.m., 4440 Alca Vista Drive, Vista.
724-5065 or 220-TIXS.

Rebel McCartney: San Diego Sports Arena, Wednesday, November 15, 8 p.m., 210 East Main Street, Fallbrook.
488-0570.

Vince Neil: Coach House, Thursday, November 17, 8 p.m., 3135 Camino Capistrano, San Juan Capistrano.
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San Diego Reader, October 20, 1994
CONJUNTO CÉSPEDES

By David Stampone

You needn’t be an expert on Caribbean music to understand why the generic label salsa irks various musicians when it’s affixed to their particular form. Leading artists of today, the Dominican Republic’s poppy merengue or Puerto Rico’s soulful, distinct piersa and bomba forms have gromed as their music gets lumped together under the same heading, and not just by culturally ignorant Anglo recording industry and media folks either. Perhaps nobody gets more bent out of shape about the S-word than Cuban musicians, who saw the first use of the term in the wake of the Cuban Revolution, when de-emphasizing their Cuban-ness became a state-side marketing stratagem. Thus, Cuba’s proud son — the durable Afro-Cuban supremo that has cross-fertilized with so other Latin music around the world, not to mention its journey back across the Atlantic to serve as the catalyst for modern African pop’s emergence — was soon given another, less specific identity, with accompanying music that, depending on your perspective and aesthetic orientation, reflected either a dilution of the source or a drift into urbanized pan-Latinism.

The Bay Area-based Conjunto Céspedes (up to a dozen members now, after starting in 1981 as a trio) is committed to celebrating the son with original compositions and standards by masters like Miguel Matamoros. Cuban-born director Guillermo Céspedes and captaining vocalist Gladys "Bohí" Céspedes (his aunt) will lead the ensemble (tres guitar, piano, violin, horns, etc., and samba percussion, including the essential clave) in concert tomorrow night, Friday, out at UCSC's Price Center Ballroom. CONJUNTO CÉSPEDES, Price Center Ballroom, UCSC campus, Friday, October 21, 8 p.m., $34 (general public), $12 (UCSC faculty and staff, $10). students.)

The Altehassa, 2633 South Highway 100, Carlsbad, 436-7274. Friday and Saturday, 9 p.m.镐洛, acoustic. Row 9, 8 p.m. Lizan, acrylic. Saturday, 9 p.m., various. Smokey Joe's, 1204 South Ocean Drive, 920-5466. Friday, 10 p.m. open-mic.

Boocher Beaver, 330-B East Valley Parkway (in Trolley Square), Escondido, 748-7408. Wednesday and
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Calendar
MUSIC SCENE

Thursday, 8:30 pm, Friday and Saturday, 9 pm, Sunday 9 pm, Wichita, county. Sunday, 5 pm, Jimmy Underwood and Mike Lightning, country. Monday, 8:30 pm, Saul Salomon and Rough Cut, country. Tuesday, 8:30 pm, on the Chase, country.

Bobby Up Tavern, 145 South Cedros Avenue, Solana Beach, 481-1022. Thursday, 8 pm, Dred Zeppelin, reggae, and the Psychedelic Turtles, rock and roll. Friday, 9:30 pm to 8 pm, Ruby and the Red Hot Blues, blues, and 9:15 pm, Hepzibah and Spencer the Gardener, rock. Saturday, 9 pm to 9 pm, the Chicago Six, swing dance music, and 9:15 pm, Dave Edmunds and the Band, rock and roll. Sunday, Blues Party, 5:30 pm, the Swingin’ Kings, and 9 pm, Johnny Dyer. Monday, 8 pm, 20th Anniversary Party hosted by Private Domain, rock and roll. Tuesday, 8 pm, Common Sense on Blue, reggae, Wednesday, 8 pm, the Bughorns and guests, rock.

The Big Stone Lodge, 12237 Old Poinsettia Road, Poway, 748-1138. Thursday, Chuy’s, country. Friday and Saturday, Saul Salomon and Rough Cut, country. Dance music Tuesday and Wednesday.

BookWorks/Pannikin Book Store Cafe, 3102 Via de la Val, on the Flower Hill Mall, Del Mar, 755-5735. Friday, 8 pm, Primavera, Eastern European music.

Cafe Artista Bistro, 427 North Escondido Boulevard, Escondido, 745-5461. All performances are 9 pm to 9 pm. Friday, Keith Robinson, classical. Saturday, Carlos Robinson, easy listening/pop rock.

Cafe di Maria, 2961 State Street, Carlsbad. 434-6299. All performances begin at 7 pm. Thursday, the Cafe Society Trio, jazz. Friday, Monday, the Carrie Landis/Lloyd Trio, jazz.

Tuesday, Lupe and Friends, opera, Wednesday, Thursday, Friday and Saturday, All That Jazz, jazz.

The Camelot Inn, 887 San Marcos Boulevard, San Marcos, 744-1332. All performances are 8:30 pm to 12:30 am, Thursday, Tom Togian, folk music and ballads. Friday, the String Woods, original Celtic folk music. Saturday, Prestine and Kodex, rock and roll.

Cansbury Books and Coffeehouse, 182 South Rancho Santa Fe Road, Encinitas, 643-2995. Saturday, 8 pm to 10 pm, Cedar and Freeport, classical.

Carlos Murphy’s, 260 East Via Rancho Parkway, Suite A-1, in the North County Fair Shopping Mall, Escondido, 489-8882. Thursday, Petrushkowsa, Eastern European music. Friday and Saturday, Steve and the First Class, rock and roll. Saturday, Timeless Noise, rock and roll.

Ciao Luna, 87 Encinitas Boulevard, Encinitas, 494-1338. Friday and Saturday, 7 pm to 11 pm, Sam Bernanke, classical. Thursday, 6:30 pm to 10:30 pm, Richard Martinez, classical. Thursday, 6:30 pm to 10:30 pm, Sam Bernanke, classical.

The Coach House, 31517 Camino Capistrano, San Juan Capistrano, (714) 496-3830. Unless noted, all performances begin at 8 pm. Thursday, Swing Out Sinner, rock. Friday, Wild Child, a tribute to the Doors, Saturday, Storyville, the Chir, the Purple Group, and the Four Kings, rock. Sunday, Absolute, a tribute to the Motels and Gloria Hayes, rock.

The Coffee Basket, 2661 Vista Way, Suite 3, Ocean Beach, 721-4994. Friday, 7:30 pm to 10:30 pm, Steve White, original American music. Saturday, 7:30 pm to 10:30 pm, Mike Elsen, rhythm and blues.

The Coffee Garden, 1330 East Valley Parkway, Escondido, 741-9010. Saturday, the Mudflaps, jazz, folk, and gospel.

Coyote Bar and Grill, 300 Carlsbad Village Drive, Carlsbad, 728-4099. Unless noted, all performances are from 8 pm to 10 pm. Thursday, the Line Dance Band, blues, Friday, the Fantazios, rock and roll. Saturday, Dennis Underwood, class soul. Sunday, the Jake Stompers, rock and roll. Thursday, karaoke entertainment, Wednesday, Silhouette, rock and roll.

Crazy Bureus La Costa, 6996 El Camino Real, Carlsbad, 438-3333. Wednesday and Friday, 8 pm, karaoke entertainment with John Lewis.

Corridos Cafe, 307 East Vista Way, Vista, 530-2747. Saturday, 9 pm to noon, King Rodriquez, classical guitar. Saturday, 6 pm to 9 pm, Howard Duncan, country and Western. 7 pm to 9 pm, Howard Duncan, classical guitar.

The Del Dios Country Store, 20154 Lake Drive, Escondido, 743-2373. Thursday, 8 pm to 11 pm, Friday and Saturday, 8 pm to midnight, Sunday, 6 pm to 9 pm, Rick Theodori, country.

El Corral, 12845 Proway Road, Poway, 486-1080. Friday, Greg Hartline, country, contemporary, oldies, and doo-wop variety music.

El Establo Restaurant/Cantina, 5580 South Mission Road, Bonita, 738-0830. Thursday, 7 pm to 11 pm, Leon Chang, blues. Tuesday, 7 pm to 11 pm, and Saturday, 8 pm to 11 pm, Night Train, blues.

Elephant Bar, 17051 West Bernardo Drive, Rancho Bernardo, 642-7181. Thursday, 6:30 pm to 10:30 pm, Gary Sciol and the Buffalo Club, contemporary and the music of Jimmy Buffet. Thursday, 6 pm to 10 pm, Laguna Light, contemporary.

Epitaph, 1555 Camino Del Mar (in the Del Mar Plaza), Del Mar, 259-9996. Wednesday, 6:30 pm to 9:30 pm, John Bowman and His Pickup Truck, jazz.

Fat Cat’s, 1270 Main Street, Ramona, 789-3756. Friday and Saturday, 9 pm to 1:30 am, the Thrill Busters, rock and roll.

Firehouse Lounge, 439 West Washington Avenue, Encinitas, 743-1933. Wednesday and Thursday, 8 pm to 10 pm, the Flying Bridge, Sunday, 9 pm to 10 pm, karaoke.

Fugerty’s Pub, 245 West El Norte Parkway, Escondido, 743-9141. Thursday through Saturday, 9 pm, Sherry Hart, rock and roll. Sunday, 6 pm, karaoke entertainment.

Motorcycle, 622 Main Street, Ramona, 789-3590. Thursday, 7 pm, karaoke.

The Flying Bridge, 1103 North Hill Street, Oceanside, 722-9104. All performances are 9 pm to 10 pm on Thursday through Saturday, Don Telesco and Susan Kelly, contemporary, Sunday and Monday, Don Telesco, contemporary and country, Tuesday and Wednesday, karaoke.

The Native American Music & Dance Festival from Plains to Pueblos
November 3
Thursday & 8 pm
LUCID’S MANDEVILLE AUDITORIUM
G.A. $16 & ST. $12
SR. CIT. $14

By Gina Arnold

Just the name Dave Edmunds makes me happy, conjuring up as it does such wacky memories. In the late '70s, Edmunds and cohorts Nick Lowe and Elvis Costello (once staff artists at Staff Records) provided an oasis of emotion in the desert of angry punk.

English-tempoed rockabilly-cum-garage rock, Eddie Cochran meets Wreckless Eric with a dash of the Bonzo Dog Band — the Dave Edmunds mystique may be hard to define, but it sure is fun to hear. Though currently better known as a producer (Flamin’ Groovies, Del Shannon, Stray Cats), Edmunds has put out neat little records with his own group Rockpile that have dotted the charts over the years. The records rely mostly on covers ("I Heard You Knockin’," "Crawling through the Weeds," "Little Sister," etc.) but nonetheless add some inimitable lightweight British charm to them. Both Bruce Springsteen and ELO’s Jeff Lynne have written songs for Edmunds, which gives a good idea of his reputation among musicians. The man has a new album out, but even if he didn’t, he’d be well worth seeing live.

Pete Drogo opens.

DAVE EDMUNDS, Bobby Up Tavern, Saturday, October 22, 9:30 pm, 220-TIXS, $16.

The Flying Bridge, 1103 North Hill Street, Oceanside, 722-9104. All performances are 9 pm to 10 pm on Thursday through Saturday, Don Telesco and Susan Kelly, contemporary, Sunday and Monday, Don Telesco, contemporary and country, Tuesday and Wednesday, karaoke.

Fugerty’s Pub, 245 West El Norte Parkway, Escondido, 743-9141. Thursday through Saturday, 9 pm, Sherry Hart, rock and roll. Sunday, 6 pm, karaoke entertainment.

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Gentlemen’s Choice, 1020 San Marcos Boulevard, San Marcos.

OFF THE RECORD
See them LIVE at The Casbah on October 23!

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3849 Fifth Ave.
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MUSIC SCENE

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JESUS

San Diego Reader, October 20, 1984

NATIVE AMERICAN MUSIC & DANCE
FROM PLAINS TO PUEBLOS

NOVEMBER 3
THURSDAY & 8PM
LUCID'S MANDEVILLE AUDITORIUM
G.A. $16 & ST. $12
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Presented by LUCID University Events Office
LUCID Box Office 534-6467

San Diego Reader, October 20, 1984

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THIS SATURDAY - OCTOBER 22 - 9PM
ZOO COUNTRY - 1340 BROADWAY AVE. - EL CAJON

TOM McGRAW
& LITTLE TEXAS

"Indian Outlaw" & "Don't Take the Girl"
with special guest BLACKHAWK

FRIDAY OCTOBER 28 - 7:30pm
SAN DIEGO SPORTS ARENA
LINE DANCE FLOOR OR RESERVED SEATING
Tickets available at the Sports Arena Box Office and all Music Trader locations. Produced by Bill Silva Presents.

An Evening With
Lyle Lovett
and his Large Band

October 31st - 8pm
Copley Symphony Hall

Tickets available at all Music Trader locations and the Copley Symphony Hall Box Office

HALLOW GREEN DAY

with THE PANSY DIVISION

OCTOBER 31st
SAN DIEGO SPORTS ARENA - 7:30 PM
TICKETS JUST $11.99 (plus any ticketmaster service charges)
GENERAL ADMISSION & RESERVED SEATING
Tickets available at all Music Trader locations and the Sports Arena Box Office

Produced by Bill Silva Presents.

San Diego Reader October 20, 1994
WE'VE ONLY JUST BEGUN TO...

GO BAREFOOTIN'

SATURDAYS
Oct. 22 & 29
BANANA
REPUBLICANS
8-8 PM

FRI.,
Oct. 31
SWEETHEARTS
Unplugged
6-7 PM
SIRENS
8 PM-10:30 PM

MUSICAL NIGHTS
MONDAY
NIGHT FOOTBALL
wide screens
111 Bros.
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SPECIAL ENGAGEMENT!
FRIDAY
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PULP FICTION

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11.99 CD
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The movie will blow your mind, but the music will blow your ears! From '50s surf classics to '70s funk,
Pulp Fiction includes music by:
U2 • The Edge • The Eagles • The Eagles
Kool & The Gang • Maria McKee
Hit The Wherehouse for the baddest soundtrack around.

APPEARING AT
BLIND MELONS
FRIDAY, OCTOBER 21
COACH HOUSE
(SAN JUAN CAPISTRANO)
SATURDAY, OCTOBER 22

TOWER RECORDS & VIDEO

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Monday Night Football At Anthony's La Jolla.

Every Monday night, catch all the grid-iron action on our wide-screen TV. Beginning at 6 p.m., we'll have specials on drinks and our delicious appetizers. Plus, you can enter to win tickets to the next Charger home game. Cruise on by this Monday. It's just what you've been fishing for.

ENTER DRAWING TO WIN TICKETS TO THE NEXT CHARGER HOME GAME.*

*Must be present to win. No purchase required. Must be at least 21 years of age to enter. Limit one entry per person. Winners selected at random. Sweepstakes only at Anthony's La Jolla.
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• Chicken Wings • Strips & Chips • Quesadillas • and much, much more!!

Happy Hour 4 till 8 daily 50% off Apps & Drinks
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BACK BY POPULAR DEMAND

San Diego

Albie's Beef Inn, 1201 Hotel Circle South, Mission Valley, 291-1183. Tuesday through Saturday, 4:30 pm to 12:30 am; Gary Narramore, piano variety.

Antec Bowl, Turquoise Room, 4356 30th Street, North Park, 283-3135. Friday and Saturday, 9 pm to 1:30 am; karaoke entertainment hosted by Jay Merc.

Antec Cafe, 4557-59 B Canyon Boulevard, College Area, 582-2722. Friday and Saturday, 9 pm to 11 pm; call for information and reservations.

The Bacchanal, 8022 Clairemont Mesa Boulevard, Clairemont, 272-7341. Tuesday through Sunday, live band and jazz bands on weekends. Wednesday and Saturday, live music; Rock and Roll Band on Sunday.

Bass Restaurant and Nightclub, 2628 Camino Del Rio South, Mission Valley, 299-8309. Unless noted, all shows are 9 pm to 2 am. Thursday and Friday, Rock and Roll; Saturday, Live Band and Jazz Band.

Bear's Coffeehouse, 8935 Towne Centre Drive, University City. 453-9233. Friday and Saturday, 9 pm; call for live band and jazz.
All beer brewed on site and served fresh from the display brewery with up to seven styles to select from daily.

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455 La Jolla Village Drive
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Special Drink Prices
4 ‘til 6 & 10 ‘til Close Daily

All Menu Items under $10.00
American Bistro Cuisine with pasta, fresh fish, grilled steaks, creative salads, wonderful sandwiches, and pizza cooked in a wood fired oven.

Calendar
MUSIC SCENE

■ Hurst’s Old Car Show & Shine
■ The Eyeballs
■ The Polyphonic Spree
■ The Submarines
■ Steve Rothery
■ Yuksek

All ages welcome at
THE SOUL KITCHEN
188 E. Main St., El Cajon
info. Line 579-3627
LUCI & THE BLUE DOGS
Friday, October 18th 7:30 PM
PEAT MOSS NAKED JUMPIES
THE KONO CLASS
Saturday, October 19th 9:00 PM
JULIA & LUMBER I WITH
I WISH (Formerly Salon 5)
Friday, October 18th 7:00 PM
FLOUNDER
Friday November 1st 9:00 PM
DEADBOLT
Saturday, November 2nd 9:00 PM
RHYTHM COLLISION

Dream Girls
4805 Convoy Street Kearny Mesa 279-2497
Open: Mon.-Fri. 11 am-2 am • Sat. 4 pm-2 am
Dream Girls promotes responsible drinking.

LADIES!! LADIES!!
Special Roman Romance Night
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Wear your favorite toga and join in at Dream Girls (Formerly Samba Vida)
featuring Romana Sambuca drink specials all night
Doors open 6:00 pm • Dinner and cocktails served from 6:00 pm to 9:00 pm

Dream Girls
A Gentlemen’s Club

GENTLEMEN!! GENTLEMEN!!
Monday Night Football
Free Hot Dogs, 83 Coronas and Gatorade

Dream Girls
College Area
6136 El Cajon Blvd.
582-6100
next door to OFF THE RECORD
Thursday, 5 p.m to 8 p.m., Laguna Light, rock and roll, Top 40.
O'Connell's Pub and Nightclub, 1101 Moreno Boulevard, Rey Park, 276-5677; Friday, The King Blues, Saturday, Voodoo, rock and roll.
Thursday and Sunday, karaoke entertainment.

O'Thunney's, 2527 San Diego Avenue, Old Town, 278-5853, Wednesday, 7 p.m to 10 p.m, Thursday, 8:30 p.m to 10:30 p.m, and Saturday, 7 p.m to 10 p.m.
Monday, 7 p.m to 8:30 p.m, Steve Langdon, country, Top 40, and rock and roll.

The Odd Odd, 3735 Adams Avenue, Normal Heights, 284-0094, Friday, 9 p.m to 1 a.m, The O'Brien Brothers, Irish folk music, Saturday, 8 p.m to 2 a.m, karaoke entertainment.
Monday, 7 p.m to 11 p.m, The Coronet Brothers, traditional Irish music, Tuesday, 9 p.m to 11 p.m, Tony Cappello, Irish folk music.
Parkside Pub, 9228 Broadway, Lemon Grove, 464-9284. Unless noted, all performances begin at 8 p.m.
Thursday, call club for information. Friday, Out of the Basement, blues.
Saturday, the Rockin' Blueshounds, blues. Sundays, the Tommy Patterson Blues Band, blues, Monday, the Fabulous Fizz Brothers, blues.
Tuesday, open-mike, Wednesday, the Sugar Daddy Blues, blues.
The Point Club, 3000 Imperial Avenue, Logan Heights, 496-7907, Saturday, call club for information.

Poppy's Sports Bar and Grill, 7926 Avenida Corona, San Diego, 571-0796, Friday, the Reflections, rock and roll.

Preco Restaurant, 1370 Franz Road, Mission Valley, 246-1616, This performance begins at 8 p.m.
Wednesday, 6 p.m to 10 p.m, Jaime Valdes and Spanish, Latin jazz.

Redfin Hotel, 1435 Camino del Rio South, Mission Valley, 260-0111, in the Intermezzo Lounge, Friday and Saturday, 8 p.m to midnight, Michael Gane, contemporary, blues, country, and older music for dancing.
Rainbow Bar, 6286 University Avenue, East San Diego, 384-3356, Friday and Saturday, 8 p.m to midnight, and Sunday, 2 p.m, Dinny Lopez, rock and roll (oldies and jazz).

Rancho El Nopal, 4046 Wallace Street, Old Town (in the Bazaar del Mundo), 295-0594, Friday and Saturday, 8 p.m to 11 p.m, Charlie Morey, variety folk pop music.
Rebecca's, 8032 Juniper Street, Golden Hill, 244-3668, Club for information.

Rockers Caribbean Night Club, 1845 1/2 Hancock Street, Old Town, 294-9600, Live entertainment, call club for information.

Romeo's Gaudalupana, 4105 Taylor Street, Old Town, 295-5111, Friday and Saturday, 9:30 p.m, Pachacuti and Angeles Espanol, salsa and merengue.

Rosie O'Grady's, 3802 Adams Avenue, Normal Heights, 284-7666, All performances begin at 9 p.m.
Thursday, Friday, Saturday, By All Means, rock and roll, Wednesday, karaoke hosted by Garrie.

Rose Marquis Theatre, 3717 India Street, Mission Hills, 295-3054, Sunday, the Doones, rock, and Thai Way Out, improvisational music.

SOMA Live, 5305 Metro Street, Bay Park, 239-7662. All bands play alternative; all shows start at 6 p.m.
Friday, 7 Seconds, Fac, Chronic Groove, and EventRave, Thursday, the Specials, Buck-O-Nine and Let's Go, brief.

Sax Nightclub, 8233 Imperial Avenue, Encanto, 283-1993, Saturday, 6 p.m to 9 p.m, Funky and the Bluesmen, Masa.

Seven Seas (Best Western Hotel), 411 Hotel Circle South, Mission Valley, 291-1300, Tuesday through Friday, Tuesday, Bayley Taylor, contemporary and variety.

Streetcar, 8090 University Center Lane (in the Hyatt complex), La Jolla, 622-4750, Thursday, 6:30 p.m to 9:30 p.m, Mark Shapiro Trio and featuring Mark Shapiro of Fairweather, Fri.

Shoreline Harbor Island, 1180 Harbor Island Drive, Harbor Island, 291-0950, in Waterfront (pavilion), Saturday, 1:30 p.m to 6:30 p.m, Franaya, Calypso, Caribbean, and island music. In Harbor's 15th Annual Restaurant, Sunday, 11 a.m to 1 p.m. Live jazz music. In Quimby's Live entertainment, please call club for information.

Sonic Arts Gallery, 2981 Beech Street, San Diego, 233-5673, Friday, 5 p.m, This Way Out, acoustic.

Wednesday, Moral Issue, Arnie, Teenie Rare, and Enyatu.

Sports Cafe, 2651 Clairemont Mesa Boulevard, Clairemont, 369-8867.
Friday, 8 p.m to 1:30 a.m, Brian Whelchel, rock and roll.

Starbucks, 6410 El Cajon Boulevard (at College) and in the Campus Plaza Shopping Center, 286-5651. Call club for information.

Stefano's Restaurant, 8671 Avenida, Hillcrest, 296-0677.
Thursday, 5 p.m to 8:30 p.m, Morning Star, 196-0677.
Wednesday, 5 p.m to 8:30 p.m, King Biscuit, blues.
Saturday, the Loggers, rock and roll.

The Logo's, 5302 Napa Street (at Moreno Boulevard), Bay Park, 642-4462, All performances begin at 8 p.m.
Thursday, Tres Moore and the Dandies Cat, reggae, Friday, Rocksteady blues, and 9 p.m, Mississippi Mud Shack, blues.
Saturday, the Juke Stompers, rock and roll.
Wednesday, Wolf Tom's, Rock and roll.

The Logo's, 6155 Mission Gorge Road, Mission Valley, 280-9960, Friday, 8 p.m to 11 p.m, reopening.

Tin La's, 1087 Camino Ruiz, Mira Mesa, 485-1484, Thursday, karaoke entertainment, Friday and Saturday, Budweiser, rock and roll.

Tin La's, 3552 Napa Street (at Moreno Boulevard), Bay Park, 642-4462, All performances begin at 8 p.m.
Thursday, Tres Moore and the Dandies Cat, reggae, Friday, Rocksteady blues, and 9 p.m, Mississippi Mud Shack, blues.
Saturday, the Juke Stompers, rock and roll.
Wednesday, Wolf Tom's, Rock and roll.

Tin La's, 6155 Mission Gorge Road, Mission Valley, 280-9960, Friday, 8 p.m to 11 p.m, reopening.

Tom Hunt's Lighthouse, 3750 Harbor Island Drive, Harbor Island, 291-3110, Wednesday, Thursday, and Friday, 5 p.m to 9 p.m, Dave Cosio, pianist, cabaret blues, and jazz.
Thursday through Saturday, 9 p.m to closing.

Tuna Mama, 2031 University Avenue, North Park, 395-9426, Friday, 5:30 p.m, the High Society Jazz Band.
Monday, 6 p.m to 9 p.m, King Biscuit, blues, Sunday, Slight Return, rock and roll.
Wednesday, the Rockin' Blueshounds, rock and roll.

Tutti Frutti, 4365 Executive Drive, La Jolla (Golden Triangle area), 597-1188, Tuesday, 8 p.m to 9 p.m, and Friday, 9:30 p.m to 12:30 a.m, Jaime Valdés and Ensemble, Latin jazz.
Monday, 6:30 p.m to 9:30 p.m, Rebecca Cosio, classical string quartet.

Village Hillcrest, 6065 Fifth Avenue (at Webster Street), Hillcrest, 684-8846, Friday, 7 p.m to 9 p.m, Paul Perry and Friends, chamber music.
Saturday, 8 p.m to 11 p.m, Chris Conover with Paul Sundahl, jazz.

Villain's Restaurant, 1515 Hotel Circle South, Mission Valley, 295-0550, Friday and Saturday, Passion, contemporary Top 40.
Thursday and Tuesday, 5:30 p.m to 8:30 p.m, John Sedlau, piano.

The Waterfront Cafe and Cabo, 1900 Harbor Island Drive, San Diego, 291-7580, Thursday, 5 p.m to 8 p.m, and Saturday, 5 p.m to 8 p.m, Steve Langdon, rock and roll, acoustic, and Top 40.

The Wellhouse, 17091 Tierrasanta Boulevard, Tierrasanta, 560-6677. All performances begin at 8 p.m.
Thursday, Ray Correa, acoustic, Friday and Saturday, Ray and Linnie Correa, variety, Sunday and Monday, 7 p.m, To Tension, swing, piano.

Spanish Restaurante, 20950 Santa Fe Street, La Jolla, 560-6677. All performances begin at 8 p.m.
Thursday, Ray Correa, acoustic, Friday and Saturday, Ray and Linnie Correa, variety, Sunday and Monday, 7 p.m, To Tension, swing, piano.

San Diego Diego County / Whiwharehouse locations

ENTERTAINMENT ON MISSION BAY

ON THE CARGO BAR

Thursday, October 14 - LADIES' NIGHT DANCE TO THE MUSIC OF MAKAI S1 Champagne No Cover Charge
Friday, October 21 - 5:30 p.m. Jazz Happy Hour PATRICK YANDALL & “MATRIX” playing songs from their new CD “That Feels Nice” featured on KFIM 98.1 1/2-Off Appetizers Menu

• Friday & Saturday, October 21 & 22 - 9:00 p.m. DANCE TO THE MUSIC OF MAKAI

Halloween Costume Contest

OCTOBER 29 • 10:30 PM

• MONDAY NIGHT FOOTBALL Watch it on our big screen TV! Specials throughout the game!
• Tuesday & Wednesday, October 25 & 26 - 7 p.m. Back by popular demand! Enjoy the music of RAY CORREA

San Diego Beach & Tennis Resort

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Country Cruisin' on The Bay

LINDA RAE & Break Heart Pass
Friday, Oct. 21

Line Dancin’ & Two-Steppin’ Under the Stars

FREE LINE DANCE LESSONS
DEPARTURE PROMPTLY AT 10:00 PM
RETURNS 1 AM

Line Dancing is Limited • Reserve Early
For Ticket Information Call 234-4111
Presented by KSON • 97.3 FM • 1240 AM
In conjunction with Midnight Cowboy Productions

San Diego HARBOR EXCURSION
$12.00/PERSON
Military Discount with ID
Buffet Available on Board

SHIP BOATS AT
BROADWAY PIER
9:30 PM

BOARDING IS LIMITED • RESERVE EARLY

CANNIBAL BAR
Dance to house, hip-hop, disco and live acid jazz.
$1 DRINK SPECIALS ALL NIGHT LONG
21 & OVER • AE/MC/VISA/CASH

Friday, October 21

THE FABULOUS MAR DELS
Saturday, October 22

THE HEROES
Wednesday, October 26

RUBY & THE RED HOTS
Free Swing Dance Lesson 9-9 pm

Saturday, October 29

HALLOWEEN EXTRAVAGANZA
with ROKCLLA & DR. FEELGOOD
Costume Contest with $150 cash for Best Costume
plus $500 worth of prizes for other winners.

CATAMARAN RESORT HOTEL
$999 Mission Boulevard • 488-1081
VALIDATED PARKING

Club 50th Avenue, 835 Fifth Avenue, Gaslamp Quarter, downtown.
213-7191. All performances are $9 pm.
Thursday, October 30, Jester James and The Rhythm Masters, soul and rhythm and blues. Friday and Saturday, dance music. Sunday, take dance music.
Wednesday, Lafayette and the KoKe Blues Band.

Club St. Chuck’s: (behind Madeira restaurant), 802 Sixth Avenue, downtown. 234-4550. All performances are 8:30 pm to 12:30 am.
Thursday, the Travellers, jazz. Friday, Ferro, jazz. Saturday, Afo Rambo, jazz, Sunday, the Joe Mollera Queen, jazz. Monday, the Glen Fisher Quarterly. Tuesday, the Holly Goody Quarterly, jazz. Wednesday, Bluegrass, jazz.

Club Top Hat Bar and Grille: 802 Fifth Avenue, downtown. 234-4550. Thursday, 9:30 pm to 1:30 am, the Jake Stumpers, rock and roll. Saturday, 9:30 pm to 1:30 am, Janoneft Blues, blues. Sunday, 9 am to 1 pm, the Fountain, rock and roll. Sunday, KJFM Jazz Night, 5 pm to 7 pm, Steve Kiefer’s Mangos Reality, 9 pm to 1 am, the Mississippi Mud Shack, blues. Wednesday, Hot Monkey Blues.

Dw’s Pub: San Diego Marriott Hotel and Marina, 333 West Harbor Drive, downtown. 234-6780. Thursday, 7 pm to 11 pm, and Friday, 8 pm to midnight, John Simonds, piano.

Dakota Grill and Spirits: 801 Fifth Avenue, downtown. 234-3636. Friday and Saturday, 6:30 pm to 9:30 pm, Alfonso McCray, variety, and folk.

Fatsy’s: 801 Fifth Avenue, downtown. 234-3636. 9:30 am to 1 pm, the Stars Brothers, rock and roll. Sunday, By the Bay Preservation Band, New Orleans style jazz. Monday and Tuesday, the Soul Pumas, rock and roll.

Fat City/Chinadome: 2137 Pacific Highway, downtown. 234-6606. Monday, 5 pm to 9 pm, Afro-Cuban, and folk.

Galata Caffe: 3753 India Street, Mission Hills, 295-9269. Thursday, 9 pm to 11 pm, Janorte Services, acoustic. Saturday, 10 pm to midnight, LOAM, acoustic.

The Great Grill: U.S. Grant Hotel, 738 Broadway, downtown. 232-3121. In the Lounge. Unless noted, all performances are 9 pm to 1 am.

Horton Grand Hotel: 311 Island Avenue, downtown. 544-8886. Unless noted, all jazz performances are 8:30 pm and 10:15 pm. Thursday, the Evergreen Jazz, Friday and Saturday, the Roger Kellogg L’Etoile Trio, Sunday, the Leonard Pariss Ensemble.

JF’s Bistro: 455 Harbor Lane, Seaport Village II. Unless noted, all shows are 6 pm to 8 pm.

King’s Mule: 815 India Street, downtown. 234-1131. Unless noted, all performances begin at 8 pm. Friday, 7:30-9 pm, Aimer, Sunday, The Jazz Pig, jazz. Sunday, 7 pm to 9 pm, the Stone Canyon Angles, acoustic.

Johnny’s: 801 Fourth Avenue, downtown. 233-9112. Unless noted, all shows begin at 9 pm. Friday, 9:00 ERHIC from 8 pm to 9 pm, Aimer, the First Choice, rock and roll, and 9 pm, Willie Jaye Band, blues. Saturday, Lafayette and the KoKe Blues Band, blues. Tuesday, the Starting Line and the First Choice, rock and roll. Wednesday, Willie Jaye and the Blues Busters.


La Gran Tape: 611 B Street (at Sixth Avenue), downtown. 234-8077. Thursday, 8 pm to 11 pm, Carlos Delgado Latin and Spanish and flamenco guitar music.

La Tavola Restaurant: 355 Fifth Avenue, downtown. 234-6555. Saturday, 9 pm to 11 pm, Jesus Serano and Carlos Delgado, Latin and flamenco guitar music.
THURSDAYS
LIVE ROLL & ROLL
$5 SO LONG ISLAND TEAS ALL NIGHT!
VIVA SANTANA
“A Tribute to the Master”
FRIDAYS
CLUB BANX
$5 SO DOMESTIC DRAFTS ALL NIGHT!
DI MR. T. & DI RAGE
$2 OFF COVER WITH STUDENT I.D.
SATURDAY
SATURDAY NIGHT LIVE
MERCY HOUSE
Otis Elevator Live
Color Circle and Guest
Alternative Music
SUNDAY • DOORS OPEN AT 4 PM
50 DRAFTS • 50 PITCHERS ALL NIGHT LONG • DI G SPOT UPTASTERS
MONDAY NIGHT FOOTBALL
S1 DRAFTS • S1 PITCHERS • 9 BALL POOL LEAGUE • DI G SPOT UPTASTERS 9 PM CLOSE
FULL CIRCLE
FATE OF BIRTH
MR. RED SHOES
L.A. GUNS
THE ORIGINAL GROUP
Upcoming Shows
Information Society, Nov. 5
Jue Other Colt, Nov. 12
M & M, Nov. 26
All concerts produced in association with Swann Productions.
MON–FRI... SAN DIEGO’S BEST FREE HAPPY HOUR BUFFET
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Tues 11 to the Texas Street Side • Go East on Camino Del Rio South
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THE NIGHTCLUB • BILLIARDS • RESTAURANT
LEGENDS
428 Sixth Avenue, downtown. 232-1629. Call for information.
MODERN 402 Sixth Avenue, downtown. 234-8944. Sunday, 8 pm to 11 pm, traditional Brazilian and Portuguese music.
MELISSA JAZZ 412 K Street (at Fourth Avenue), downtown. 234-8843. Thursday, Kimi Brief, jazz guitar, Sunday, Elizabeth, acoustic. Wednesday, open-mike.
MIKE’S RESTAURANT 255 Fifth Avenue, downtown. 234-1377. Wednesday and Thursday, 7 pm for midnight, and Friday and Saturday, 8 pm to 1 am. Larry Moore, light jazz, contemporary and Latin music.
OLD VIENNA CAFE 627 Fourth Avenue, downtown. 233-8717. Saturday, 11 pm to 2 am, live blues entertainment. Sunday, Antonia, ambience music, Tuesday, 9:30 pm, live entertainment; call for information. Wednesday, Snowflakes, dance music.
OLD MADRID 551 Fifth Avenue, downtown. 235-0140. Thursday, Chocolate Party; acid jazz, Friday, Mental Madrid, acid jazz, Saturday, One Hundred Percent Old; jazz, Sunday, Bluebeats, acid jazz, Tuesday, Extra Soul Perception, acid jazz.
THE PALATIN 777 Front Street, downtown. 232-1627. Thursday, 12 pm to 4 pm, Ron Freshman, piano, and 5 pm to 8 pm, call for information. Friday, 12 pm to 4 pm, Peter Ruberholce, standards to Ellington John and original compositions, and 5 pm to 8 pm, Joe Marcella Group, jazz, Saturday, noon to 4 pm, Arturo Ragalo, piano, Sunday, noon to 4 pm, T lucrative, blues, piano, Monday, noon to 4 pm, William Curny, piano. Tuesday, noon to 4 pm, live entertainment; call for information. Wednesday, noon to 4 pm, Jim Banchi, piano.
PACIFIC HOTEL 400 West Broadway, downtown. 239-4500. In the Ambric, Thursday and Friday, 6 pm, Stella Harris, contemporary and standard tunes, Tuesday and Wednesday, for Tartavolos, jazz, standards, and contemporary music performed on piano.
PATRICK’S III 428 Front Street, downtown. 233-3077. Unless noted, all shows begin at 8 pm. Wednesday and Thursday, Free Benjamin’s Preservation Band, New Orleans-style jazz, Friday and Saturday, Baby and the Red Head, blues, Sunday, the San Ysidro Blues All-Stars, Monday, the Hot Heads, classic rock, Tuesday, Billy Thompson, blues.
PRINCES OF WALE 1665 India Street, downtown. 238-1286. Wednesday, 9 pm, True Brit, jazz and blues. Saturday, 8 pm, True Brit, contemporary/Top 40.
REGGAE ON THE BEACH CRUISE Broadway and Harbor Drive, downtown. 296-9334. Next cruise October 28th.
SALTY’S Market Place, downtown (adjacent to the Hyatt Regency). 224-3924. All performances are 9 pm to 7 pm. Saturday, the basement, Tin Pan, Sunday, Senator Edwards and Ken Arlo, jazz.
SUNDA 340 Fifth Avenue, downtown. 231-2323. Wednesday, 7 pm to 10 pm, the Mark Shapley Duo, featuring Mark Shapley of Fatburger, jazz.
SOLID ROCK MINISTRY (Home Quest Coffee House) 1020 Eighth Avenue, downtown. 624-1381 or 322-3221. Friday, the Companero Praise Singers, contemporary Christian.
KARL STRUM’S OLD COLUMBIA BREWERY 1157 Columbia Street, downtown. 234-BREW. All German band showcase for Oktoberfest. Sunday, 6 pm to 9 pm, Joe Mankuso and the Melody Makers.
THE WATERFRONT 2044 Kettner Boulevard, downtown. 232-9006. All performances begin at 9 pm. Thursday, karaoke entertainment. Friday, Crazy Eddy and the Rockaballads, rock and roll. Saturday, the Fat Daddies, rock and roll. Sunday, jam session with Gitter, rock and roll.
THE WILLOUGHBY HOTEL 1035 Second Avenue, downtown. 238-1818. In the Plaza Bar, Tuesday through Thursday, 8:30 pm, Kenny Googin, piano and vocals. In the Le Fontainebleau Room, Friday and Saturday, noon to 10 pm, the Gary Scott Quartet, jazz.
WORLDBEAT CENTER 185 Hancock Street, downtown. 296-9354. Call for information.
THE WORTHINGTON LOUNGE 1 Market Plaza, downtown (formerly the Hyatt Regency). 232-1354. All performances begin at 9 pm. Friday, call for information. Saturday, the Pelicans, Top 40, classic rock and roll.
SOUTH BAY / CORONADO
BELMONDO’S SPORTS BAR & GRILL 310 Third Avenue, Chula Vista. 425-9296. Thursday, Sufka and Saturday, variety. Friday and Monday, karaoke entertainment. Saturday, Louis and the Laser Charge, classic rock and roll.
Cafe 134, 1343 Orange Avenue, Carlsbad. 437-1134. All performances begin at 8 pm. Friday, Ron and Paul of Hard Times, acoustic. Saturday, call for information.
CAFE LA MAMA 141 Highland Avenue, National City. 474-3222. Wednesday, Thursday, and Friday, Jacinto Karlepas, contemporary Sunday, A Karaoke Affair, karaoke entertainment.
CENTER CUT STEAKHOUSE, 534 Broadway, Chula Vista. 476-1144. Tuesday through Saturday, 9 pm, live American Latin music. Thursday through Saturday, 7:30 pm, 8:30 pm, Diane Barone, karaoke singing.
THE CRUISER 1213 Third Street, Chula Vista. 426-2977. Thursday, 8 pm to midnight, Kountry karaoke hosted by Gary Davis Fridays, Saturday, and Sunday, 8 pm to 2 am, Rusty 64, country music. Wednesday, 8 pm to midnight, live entertainment.
DIAMOND JIM’S NIGHTCLUB, 773 Third Avenue, Chula Vista. 393-2323. Unless noted, all performances are 9 pm to 2 am. Thursday through Saturday, Perfect Balance, rock and roll. Sunday and Tuesday, 8 pm to 10 pm, SilverWest Entertainment, acoustic. Wednesday, Baby Lane, rock and roll.
DICK’S COCKTAILS, 317 Third Avenue, Chula Vista. 422-1566. All performances are 9 pm to 1:30 am. Friday and Saturday, Karaoke Mania with Ken and Vicky, Sunday, Judy Ann and Karaoke Mania, karaoke entertainment.
FUMES E MUSICA 646 Broadway, Chula Vista. 422-1524. Friday and Saturday, 9 pm, dance music, Sunday through Tuesday, Ron and Friends, karaoke entertainment.
HOTEL DEL CORONADO, 1505 Orange Avenue, Coronado. 435-6611. Outdoor Terrace Lounge, Tuesday through Thursday, 8:30 pm to 1 am, Friday and Saturday, 8 pm to 1:30 am, The Elements, Top 40 dance music, Friday, 5 pm to 9 pm, karaoke entertainment. Monday, 8:30 pm to 12:30 am, Barbara Jamerson and Two Deep Jazz, Sunday, 8 pm to 12:30 am, Barbara Jamerson and Two Deep Jazz.
PALM COURT, Friday and Saturday, 9 pm to midnight, and Sunday, 5 pm to 11 pm, Kent Gears, pianist, Saturday, 7 pm to 4 pm, James Parrish, pianist, Thursday through Saturday, 8 pm to 10 pm, Jerry Mobick, pianist, Sunday, 9 pm to 12:30 am, The Variations, ballroom dancing.
WALSH’S WHALE WATCH 2241 Shelter Island Drive 224-3577
 enjoy free football with any meal
21+ only • TABLES & PATIO SEATING
360° views of the bay
$12.00 Barrel Adams (16-oz. draft) • $4.00 Bud Light (16-oz. draft)
$5.00 focaccia bread pizza
Fire popcorn Specials available throughout the game.
JAZZ BY THE BAY
Humphrey’s presents best late-night jazz as San Diego’s hottest local bands perform on Humphrey’s indoor stage. Monday and Tuesday, Humphrey’s presents the hottest local bands perform on Humphrey’s patio bar while you partake from a menu that changes every evening. Smooth-sounding originals and popular tunes Tuesday, Friday, 5:30 pm, brass band
Saturday, 6:30 pm, D.J. music
MICHAIL RORAH
The menu changes every evening.
Prime Time Menu 3:00–5:30 pm
Monday: Carved Roast Beef Sandwich
Tuesday–Thursday: The Peel-your own shrimp and oysters
Friday: Bleu–15g Seafood Bar
Thursday: Nacho Bar with all the fixin’s
Friday–Saturday: Frisky Chicken Wings
Saturdays (3:00–5:00 pm)
Grill Special (50% off)
Garnet Margarita
(16 oz.) with Gold Shooter $2.00
Fruit Margarita
(16 oz.) with Gold Shooter $2.50
Mavericks, 4777 Woodside Avenue, San Mateo 838-8778, Friday and Saturday, 8 pm to 1 am, the Beehive, country.
Mr. D’s Classic Rock Lounge, 596 Broadway, El Cajon 444-2544, Monday, 7:30 to 11 pm, karaoke, entertainment. Monday and Saturday, 7 pm to 10 pm, the Bar, classic rock.
Old El Paso Cookery, 10419 Old Highway 94, Jamul 669-0199, Tuesday, 3 pm to 8 pm, Two of Hearts, country.

The Shepherds with Fish & The Seaweeds
Fridays 10/21
5-9 pm Michael Lafferty 930 pm close
FISH & THE SEaweeds with PLUMP
SATURDAY 10/22
5-9 pm ESSEY 930 pm close
FISH & THE SEaweeds
WEDNESDAY 10/26
930 pm close Ted & Bryan present
Otis Elevator
Call 450-6208 for info on local bands
NEW POOL TABLES
NEW DRINK SPECIALS
NEW CD JUKEBOX
7890 OQUVIRA RD. • MARINA VILLAGE • 223-2234
ENTERTAINMENT HOTLINE 450-6208

Salmon House
2 ROOMS OF LIVE ENTERTAINMENT! The Salmon House is now proudly pouring fine microbrews on draft!

ON COVER!
THURSDAY 10/20
5-9 pm PAUL HAYWARD 930 pm close
THE SHEPHERDS with FISH & THE SEaweeds
FRIDAY 10/21
5-9 pm MICHAEL Lafferty 930 pm close
FISH & THE SEaweeds with PLUMP
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DOWNTOWN’S FINEST FUN SPOT! ASK ANYONE!!
FRO BRIGHTHAM’S PRESERVATION BAND
“Jazz Alive – New Orleans Style”
Live Music, Dancing, Boozé & Barlurrey
Every Wednesday-Thursday
1984 San Diego Music Awards Winners
1944 5th Ave. (433-0242)

This Friday & Saturday
10/21-22
RUBY & THE RED HOTS
“Sassy Rhythm & Blues”
This Sunday • 10/23
JOHNNY VIAU & THE BLUES ALLSTARS
“Sex Maniac”

Monday • 10/24
HOT HEADS
“Rock n’ 60’s Light Show”
Tuesday • 10/25
BILLY THOMPSON
“Of The Mighty Penguins”

If you wish to submit a listing, call 648-8056 Monday through Thursday, 10 am to 2 am, Friday and Sunday, 8 pm to 2 am, karaoke entertainment.

All performances begin at 8:30 pm unless otherwise noted. Saturday, 7 pm to 10 pm, Sutter Club, downtown.

Mariners, 4777 Woodside Avenue, San Mateo 838-8778, Friday and Saturday, 8 pm to 1 am, the Beehive, country.
Mr. D’s Classic Rock Lounge, 596 Broadway, El Cajon 444-2544, Monday, 7:30 to 11 pm, karaoke, entertainment. Monday and Saturday, 7 pm to 10 pm, the Bar, classic rock.
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CASH FOR CDs
FREE IMS '94 CD
(with any CD purchase over $7.99 — while supplies last)
If you missed your chance to get your “IMS '94” CD this year, don’t despair. They’re at both Off The Record locations, and they’re really cool. There’s tons of unreleased material and it includes bands like Drip Tank, Tamerlan, Ruff Contra Guerra, Creedie, and Sugarwin Reverb and too many more to mention.

GET THEM FREE WHILE YOU CAN.
YOU WON’T HAVE ANOTHER CHANCE!!

SDSU
6130 El Cajon Blvd.
265-0507

WE ALSO BUY CASSETTES & RECORDS
HILLCREST
3840 Fifth Ave.
298-4755

Come join us & celebrate our
4th ANNIVERSARY!

Sat., Oct. 22 & Sun., Oct. 23
$1 BEERS

FREE MUNCHIES • $1 CHILI CHEESE DOGS
ALL DAY LONG 'TIL CLOSE, BOTH DAYS!

Monday Night Football: $1 Beers
All-You-Can-Eat Spaghetti: $4.95
Wednesday 8:30 pm-close: $1 Beers
Happy Hour Mon.-Fri., 3-6 pm
$1 Pilsners

Come tour our Brewery and sample our handcrafted beers
7536 Fay Ave. • La Jolla • 456-BREW

Happy Hour!
Try Showtime!

• San Diego’s Best Live Entertainment Tuesday through Friday, 5:30 to 8:30 pm — One of the Only Happy Hour Shows in the Valley
• Feast on This! Half-priced Appetizers — Generous and Delicious.
• And Be Merry! $1.50 Beer and Wine, $1.75 Well Drinks
• Absolutely the Best View in Mission Valley.
• Every Monday through Friday, 4:00 to 7:00 pm.

Restaurant & Lounge
1515 Hotel Circle South • Regency Plaza Hotel
291-8790
Jo Martino and the Melody Makers: Kard Strassen Brewery
George Maverick: The Coffee Garden
Melissa McCracken: Fat City/China Camp
The Pablo Menderz Violin Trio: Le Meridien San Diego at Coronado
Pablo Menderz and Aguay Ecuana: Romano's Guadalupe
Ed Millerz: Choices Restaurant
Mike Mosley: Marker's Coffeehouse
The O'Brien Brothers: The Old Soda
The Old Blind Dog: A Better World
Prestone and Knyard: The Camelot Inn
Primal Pock: Work/Play/Pamkin Book Store/Cafe, Parthenia Cafe
Joel Rafael: A Better World
Joe Rothbaur: A Better World
Hector Riveria y La Conciencia: Cafe Sevilla
Samuelo: W.D. Pabst, Cafe Sevilla
Jonas dan Santos: Cafe Bravo
Mediterranean Bistro
Dean Schaeffer: The International Coffee Shoppe
Bill Sherman: Village Emporium
The Stone: Coffeehouse
The Strange Woods: The Camelot Inn
Joe's Irish Pub and Grill
Towel Cafe: Tarry
Lisa and Sonja Taylor: A Better World
Tom Toreobao: The Camelot Inn
Steve White: The Coffee Basket, Miracles Cafe
The Young Brothers: Just Java

Party animal?
Can you go to ten parties, clubs or concerts every week and write a great sentence about each one? The Reader has a job waiting for an observant party animal.

Mail your sample (with your phone number) to: Party Animal, San Diego Reader, P.O. Box 85803, San Diego, CA 92138-5803, fax it to 231-0489, or e-mail it to s.d.reader@ewor.com via the Internet.

(Rejected entries won't be acknowledged without SAS.)

CROCE'S
CROCE'S Top Hat

Thurs: The Juke Stompers
Fri: Fuzzy and the Bluesmen
Sat: Janiva Magness
Sun: The Fontaines
KFiM: Steve Kocherian's Mango Reality
Mondays: S'Margaritas & Salsa
Tues: Mississippi Mudsharks
Wed: Hot Monkey Love

CROCE'S Jazz Bar

Thurs: The Travelers
Fri: Yaviz
Sat: Marilla
Sun: Joe Marillo Quartet
Mon: Glenn Fisher Quartet
Tues: Hollis Gentry Quartet
Wed: Blueprint

Corner of Fifth & F
Valet Parking: 619-233-4155

MC 900 Ft Jesus, Sunday, October 23, 2016

Joe Martino and the Melody Makers: Kard Strassen Brewery
George Maverick: The Coffee Garden
Melissa McCracken: Fat City/China Camp
The Pablo Menderz Violin Trio: Le Meridien San Diego at Coronado
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Corner of Fifth & F
Valet Parking: 619-233-4155
Rice Puffs

No one twisted her arm for a quotable quote. No one bought her off.

How odd that the first two Anne Rice novels to have been made into movies are the only two of hers, out of many, many, under different monikers, that I have attempted to read. Attempted and failed. If I remember right, I may have gotten a little further with Exit to Eden than with Interview with the Vampire, it only because of skipping and skimming more pages in search of the hot parts, before tossing the book across the room. Having now seen the movie of it — a sort of Saturday Night Live parody, complete with Dan Aykroyd and Rosie O’Donnell, but a parody of a hypothetical nonexistent movie, as if a straight treatment had already been produced — I can well understand why the original author was not moved to dip into her own bank account to take out a newspaper ad in support of it, as she did on behalf of the soon-to-be-unveiled Vampire movie in the L.A. Times Sunday Calendar of October 2, reprinted from the Daily Variety of September 23.

This is a remarkable document. So let me waste no time in commencing to remark on it. On the one hand, it provides plenty of evidence for those of us who suspect that she is a atrocious writer but who temperamentally lack the linguistic cowcatcher necessary to plow through an entire one of her books. On the other hand, it provides the would-be-blurb culler with an embarrassment of riches. Or embarrassment of something. Decisions, decisions:

(a) “An event of indescribable excitement.”
(b) “I loved the film. I simply loved it. I loved it from start to finish.”
(c) “I found myself deeply impressed with every aspect of its making.”
(d) “Heartfelt and often daring performances by all the actors and actresses.”
(e) “Exquisite set design and cinematography.”
(f) “Mastery of direction.”
(g) “I was honored and stunned to discover how faithful this film was to the spirit, the content, and the ambience of the novel... and of the script for which I wrote.”
(h) “I was shocked to discover that Neil Jordan had given this work a new and distinctive incarnation in film without destroying the aspects of it which I hold so dear. I never dreamed it would turn out this way.”
(i) “Never during 17 years of development of this book to emerge with so much of the heart and soul intact.”
(j) “This film surpassed all my highest expectations.”
(k) “The charm, the humor, and inoffensive innocence which I cherish in my beloved hero Lestat are all alive in Tom Cruise’s courageous performance.”
(l) “The guilt and suffering of Louis are poignantly portrayed by Brad Pitt.”
(m) “The enigma of Armand is embodied in Antonio Banderas.”
(n) “The role of the Interviewer is handled perfectly by Christian Slater.”
(o) “Stephen Rea is delightfully sinister as Santiago.”
(p) “Kirsten Dunst’s mesmerizing performance as my tragic Claudia broke my heart.”
(q) “The cinema mania in me loved the pace of this movie, its tension, its suspense, its deep and spectacular sensuality.”
(r) “I loved its comic moments.”
(s) “I loved its stamina.”
(t) “I loved its relentless intensity.”
(u) “Pure entertainment.”
(v) “I could not have hoped for anything better. To repeat, I never dared to hope for so much.”
(w) “A unique work.”
(x) “When you see this film, I think you will marvel, along with me, as to how something that developed with so many difficulties and so much controversy turned out to give so many people what they want.”
(y) “I think you will embrace this...”

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**COLUMBIA PICTURES**

**INVITES YOU AND A GUEST TO ATTEND A SPECIAL ADVANCE SCREENING OF**

**THE ROAD TO WELLVILLE**

**WEDNESDAY, OCTOBER 26, 7:30 PM**

**UNITED ARTISTS GLASSHOUSE**

**3156 SPORTS ARENA**

**COMPLIMENTARY PASSES**

to the first 50 people who send a self-addressed stamped envelope to:

P.O. Box 85803
San Diego, CA 92186

One entry per person. No purchase necessary.

Winners are selected at random. Remaining S.A.S.E. will not be returned.

**WELLVILLE**

**OPENS FRIDAY, OCTOBER 28**
"A GREAT, FUNNY FILM! IT'S A KILLER!
What a cast. 'Radioland Murders' is funny stuff!"

- Bob Healy, SATELLITE NEWS NETWORK

MARY STUART MASTERTON • BRIAN BENBEN

At station WBN, the hits just keep on coming.

RADIODLAND MURDERS


film as I do.

(a) "Spellbinding."

(b) "A rich and sincere and unusual offering."

(c) "If one part fails you, another will compensate for that disappointment; if one twist puts you off, another scene will engulf you; if one incident doesn't please, another will save you away."

(d) "I think this film is great."

(e) "I am proud to have my name connected with the screenplay and the film of Interview with the Vampire."

(f) "SEE THIS FILM, GUYS. SEE IT!"

Peter Travers and Jeffrey Lyons, step aside.

I had, however, to write before-hand that I would be blurb caller, because there is a catch: an all-caps codicil that stipulates (minus the capitals save one), "Permission is granted to anyone to reprint this statement as long as — and long is very much the word — "it is reprinted in its entirety" (italics, as they say, mine). This artist apparently is all or nothing. No one in the promotions department twisted her arm for a quotable quote. No one bought her off. No one kneed down on the floor and begged. These could be blurs apparently are the way she truthfully prefers to express herself when she does not have to run something past an editor, and even when she is not angling to see her name in print in movie ads alongside eminences such as Peter Travers and Jeffrey Lyons. (Is this perhaps the same holds true — the truthfully preferred form of self-expression — for the likes of Peter Travers and Jeffrey Lyons as well?)

She begins her soi-disant "Personal Statement in a more repotitical vein.

Date, names, simple sentences, short paragraphs:

"On September 16, 1944, I saw a videotape of the up coming film, [sic: upcoming film, surely] Interview with the Vampire."

"This film is directed by Neil Jordan, and stars Tom Cruise, Brad Pitt, Kirsten Dunst, Antonio Banderas, Stephen Rea and Christian Slater. It was produced by Stephen Woolley and David Geffen. It will be released this fall."

"Unable to attend a recent sneak preview at the invitation of the producers, I was trusted with this tape by David Geffen so that I could have an early look at the film [comment: but can she be trusted to distrust videotape?] because it is based on my first novel, which was published in 1976 — the first of the Vampire Chronicles."

The foregoing gambit carries on a time-honored tradition, especially among editors in the fantasy genres, of starting off a tale, in either the third or the first person, with a bit of solid circumstantialation in order to establish that the author (or narrator) is a down-to-earth sort; is firmly rooted in the world as we know it; is not unconversant with matters of fact and figures, is, in a word, sane.

She soon thereafter shifts into a more autobiographical gear, tripping nimbly from present to past and back to present again: "Living in a dramatic clutter of laserdiscs, and videotapes, I am nourished daily by movies, loving them as much as books. All my life I have looked to films for inspiration, consolation, amusement and enlightenment; and here at last was a tape of the film based on my own book."

"This intimate, even confessional, mode of address establishes that, beyond the sable, the author is briskly honest and candid, someone to be trusted more than just to the extent of a loaned videotape, and not one to sweep under a rug the public fact that erupted when Tom Cruise was cast in the lead role. One, on the contrary, to leave the clumps of dislodged flesh about in open view: "Many scripts for Interview with the Vampire have crossed my desk over the years. In Hollywood restaurants, on Hollywood patios, at lunch tables at Le Dome and dinner tables at Morton's [comment: it would appear, if we take her literally, that she brings her desk along with her whenever she goes out to Hollywood restaurants, Hollywood patios, etc.]. I have talked and dreamt aloud about this film so many times I have forgotten to mention it all. And I have shed more tears over the process than I care to admit."

Another clump: "The recent development of this film has been an exquisitely painful process for me. Perhaps that's as it should be, given the nature of the book. But undoubtedly the process was painful or uncomfortable for others as well. I wish all of this could have been avoided. I wish that no one had been hurt, or insulted, or slighted or confused. But I do like [in cantan, communicative or not], and art can be vapid; it can take all the tears and blood you wish to give."

Oh, to paraphrase by way of a comparably germane metaphor: if you can't stand the heat, stay out of hell.

The intimacy, spots, in still further: "I'm making this personal statement now for my readers, and for myself, and the autobiographical tension tightens to the increment in the man who toxin traverses the line of type ("if you have no interest in this, don't read it. It's not a news story, I paid for the space, I don't want to be confused.

The man who toxin cut to pieces, so I bought the page, and please feel free to turn it whenever you wish."

That would seem pointedly to invite me out of the conversation. That, along with this:

"And I thank you, my readers — who wrote letters to me, the press, the studio, and the producers, who called to express your opinions, who came in droves to my book signings to speak your hearts about this film, and about its casting, and casting, and casting."

"More, you put me in my place."

"I wish every author could know the happiness you gave me. I love you for it. And I hope and pray that I never let you down."

"Plainly I'm just not one of the guys.

"I guess that would make something of an eyesore. And I hope (and pray) that that exudes from the rules of etiquette and sportsmanship as thoroughly as it exudes from me in the conversation. Or gauk talk. I have so far proceeded under the assumption — when at this particular time to pester Alan Dershowitz or F. Lee Bailey with legal inquiries — that I am exempted as a critic from the stipulation in the all-caps, codicil, much as a book reviewer would be sanctioned to reprint revelatory excerpts without having to fill in the three hundred pages of context."

"But just to be on the safe side, if not to be fully worthy of all the love (among other things) the author is spreading around, I want to double back and pick up any remnants left out of the passages quoted above. In the interests of completeness, then, albeit not of proper continuity."

"This was for me. What I have to say this . . . and including its . . . and its . . . and its . . . But most personally . . . Interview with the Vampire ... But . . . Fearlessly it presented the love shared by the fictitious characters, Lestat, Louis, Claudia and Armand; fearlessly it told the story of the making of the child Vampire Claudia; fearlessly it allowed my tormented vampire outsiders to transcend gender, and to speak from their souls about matters of life and death, love, loneliness, guilt and pain ... and . . . In addition, it carried its success as . . . I thank everyone connected with this film — regardless of their motives or feelings — for attending and accomplishing ... I think you will find it ... as I did. I think you will find it such ... That ... I'm wrong, if you don't like the picture — let me know."

"I'm sorry in my way."

"Call me. Come to the bookstore when I'm there and scream. I can take it. I've never been a cautious person. I have to stick my neck out now and say ... I can't wait for Siskel and Ebert; I have to go on record immediately in my excessive and unemediated love for the film. [comment: other adjectives swim to mind] ... All my love to you, Anne Rice. P.S. Be prepared to give thestudio, the producers, the stars and everybody else my complete and unequivocal approval and help with the sequel [no comment] as you did with this first film! By the time, perhaps they will be used to it."

There.

MOVIE LISTINGS

All reviews are by Duncan Shepherd. Priority is indicated in order of hierarchy. Star ratings for five stars and anticipation for the black spot. Unseen movies are for new unreviews.

The Adventures of Priscilla, Queen of the Desert — Priscilla's just a bus. Minis. For the audience of. Minis and the misc. Two female impersonators and a transsexual (the guest Huey Lewis, the music: B.B. King, the Grande Dame Tammy Stacy), who runs a cabaret act out of the cosmopolitan secedes of Sydney and into the backward Outback. There's a lot of drag and a lot of sex, (Front Loops for breakfast, a request at a video store for "The Texas Chainsaw Massacre", and the mid-song changes of costume in the climactic stage show, and yet there's the occasional, threat-clearing interjection of Hard Realities ("AIDS Fuckers Go Home") gruffified on the bus during a stopover in a seaport town). The taste in music is educationally arcane: for instance, was the last time you heard "I've Never Been To Me?" Written and directed by Stephen El- liott. 1994.

[BLACKLIST CINEMAS]

Angels in the Outfield — And on the pitcher's mound, and in the batter's box, and on the base paths, adding the California Angels on their drive to the pennant. The lower-case angels, excluding the manically mangling Christopher Lloyd, are impressive — glowing, shimmering, streaking things in the sky. But only the very young and indiscernitious see not themselves above the low comedy (squirted mustard, spilled soda) and the lower sentimentality. Written by Joseph Gordon-Levitt, Danny Glover, Brenda Fricker; directed by William Dear. 1994.

[STUDIO 3 CINEMAS, VEINRED THIN]

Atlantic City — Out of this elegiac comedy, on Old Age and has got terrific. But Lancaster's fans ought to get the same sort of sentimental tingles that John Wayne's got from True Grit. His role here is as a small-time numbers runner (and part-time police officer) who disbands the workaday world of his own choosing — and who comes off as something of an Old World gentleman in comparison with the squimmy young drug dealers he unwittingly falls in with. This adequate performance affords him the first opportunity of his long career to notch up a gangland killing, and his attacks on little menace in the aftermath is really something to see. The sentimentality of John Quay's script is alleviated through occasional touches of absurdism, which occasionally become touches of just plain silliness, but by the old, faded-fashioned craftsmanship by French filmmaker Louis Malle brings an al-
For glamorous, old-fashioned romance, this is the movie for you! Annette Bening is a dream new York Observer

Clear as the most gripping and moving movie of the year, you'll fall in love with "Love Affair." Annette Bening is astonishing. Sam Rubin, New York Daily News

"Love Affair" is an old-fashioned love story with a new, wonderful twist. Pure movie romance. Annette Bening and Annette Bening light up the screen with a sweet affection that's all their own.

David Salle, Cinemex

WONDERFULLY ROMANTIC!

Warren Beatty and Annette Bening are a dating couple.

"I like to Like That" — another slice of the ethnic pickle, this time the Brons Puerto Rican section: a nuclear family of four, whose Poppy has just gone to jail for last- ing during a blackout, and whose Mommie brokes her own job in the Latino music business. Newsweek. Lauren Vitolo, their heartbreak by temperament, could give Rosie Perez a run for her money, and all the char- acter tend to yank at one another at the same time. It's not a movie to go to if you have anything of a headache. In fact it's not a movie to go to if you have anything of a headache. In fact it's not a movie to go to if you have anything of a headache. In fact it's not a movie to go to if you have anything of a headache. In fact it's not a movie to go to if you have anything of a headache. In fact it's not a movie to go to if you have anything of a headache. In fact it's not a movie to go to if you have anything of a headache.
AMERICA LOVES ‘FICTION’

\textbf{TREMENDOUS FUN! EXCITING!}
A work of blazing originality! Bravo!

\textbf{EASTACTICALLY ENTERTAINING!}
One of the great wild rides of recent cinema

\textbf{ROLLING STONE, Peter Travers}

\textbf{INDISPUTABLY GREAT! FEROCIOUS FUN!}
Sizzling sexy! The acting is dynamic!

\textbf{PULP FICTION}
A Quentin Tarantino film produced by Lawrence Bender

Harvey Keitel / Tim Roth / Amanda Plummer

John Travolta / Samuel L. Jackson / Uma Thurman

\textbf{Otay Laid Up}

Carter and Malcolm McDowell, directed by Richard Benjamin.

\textbf{Natural Born Killers}
Oliver Stone's ballad of the affilietive Mickey and Mal-

The film, you will remember, was a 1991 film by Charles Bronson (as Frank Caruso), and it was directed by Robert Downey Jr., who plays

\textbf{North}

Two friends, a university professor and a
drugs lover, are set up as victims of a drug

\textbf{Only You}

Cindy, his. girlfriend, is a film student who

\textbf{Pulp Fiction}

A title as self-consciously

\textbf{straddles}

\textbf{Otay Laid Up}

Carter and Malcolm McDowell, directed by Richard Benjamin.

\textbf{Otay Laid Up}

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\textbf{Otay Laid Up}

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Carter and Malcolm McDowell, directed by Richard Benjamin.

\textbf{Otay Laid Up}

Carter and Malcolm McDowell, directed by Richard Benjamin.
Sleep with Me — Love triangle in the form of an hour-and-a-half bed ad: attractive young Angelenos being cool and casual and dashing and oh so delightfully unsCapsulated. Occasionally title-worthy (e.g., “Nothing happened for a few weeks”) pontificates the会在。With Eric Stoltz, Meg Tilly, Craig Ferguson, directed and co-written (with five others, each working separately according to plan) by Roy Kelly. 1994.

The Specialist — Lazy daytime for, or for a subscriber to Soldier of Fortune magazine and other extreme mercenaries (personal code: no innocent bystanders hurt) hired by a fateless young woman to save the world. Brief interruption by, or for a reader of Playboy: a literally steamy wrestling match in a hotel shower, a pair of overcompensating weight-room mighty mighties, Sylvester Stallone and Sharon Stone. Red Steiger provides campy relief as a bald-pated Cabin Boy. The film is “few go out for that the elephants perform.” — With James Woods, Eric Roberts; directed by Luis Llosa. 1994.

The Specialist [remake] — CARLTON MOUNTAIN; CARDILOM 16; DEL MAR HIGHLANDS; FASHION VALLEY; GROSSMONT TROLLEY; JOLLIE 16, HAZARD CENTER; MIRA MESA 7; NICOLE 16; NICOLE 18; OCEANSIDE 10; PUYEAR DRIVE IN; SANTA FE 15; SANTA FE DRIVE IN; SOUTH BAY DRIVE IN, FROM 10/21; SPORTS ARENA 16; VALLEY DRIVE IN; NIDAVIAN PLAZA.


The Specialist [remake] — CARLTON MOUNTAIN; CARDILOM 16; DEL MAR HIGHLANDS; FASHION VALLEY; GROSSMONT TROLLEY; JOLLIE 16, HAZARD CENTER; MIRA MESA 7; NICOLE 16; NICOLE 18; OCEANSIDE 10; PUYEAR DRIVE IN; SANTA FE 15; SANTA FE DRIVE IN; SOUTH BAY DRIVE IN, FROM 10/21; SPORTS ARENA 16; VALLEY DRIVE IN; NIDAVIAN PLAZA.

Timecop — Time-travel convolutions, tangled and complex storytelling. Of course, more marital-arts fans (Jean-Claude Van Damme Chapter) won’t be bothered by those or a string of dangerous hallucinations. With Ron Silver and Mia Sara; directed and (photographed) by Peter Hyams. 1994.

Timecop: The Big Change — GROVE 9; NICOLE 10; OCEANSIDE 10; PUYEAR DRIVE IN, FROM 10/21; SOUTH BAY DRIVE IN, FROM 10/21; SPORTS ARENA 16; VALLEY DRIVE IN.

Timecop — Time-travel convolutions, tangled and complex storytelling. Of course, more marital-arts fans (Jean-Claude Van Damme Chapter) won’t be bothered by those or a string of dangerous hallucinations. With Ron Silver and Mia Sara; directed and (photographed) by Peter Hyams. 1994.

TREASURE ISLAND — It is fitting that James Cameron would get around (sooner than later) to doing a James Bond spoof, and that now has a life of its own, “I thought we stopped doing color horror movies,” observes Heather Lang-Gill (as Maddy Carstairs); at least now, a mom, has serious qualms about the genre. The movie gives you more to chew on than another of Freddy adventures combined. There is a creepy spatial illusion at the bottom of an open grave ("only a" dream) and a hair-raising scene of an eight-year-old boy crossing a busy freeway with his mother in hot pursuit. The finale, though, is unsatisfying, overblown, tedious, and ugly-as-sin. With Robert England, John Saxon. 1994.

AERIAL DRIVE IN; CARLTON MOUNTAIN; CARDILOM 16; DEL MAR HIGHLANDS; FASHION VALLEY 16, HAZARD CENTER 16, MIRA MESA 7; NICOLE 16; OCEANSIDE 10; PUYEAR DRIVE IN; SOUTH BAY DRIVE IN, VALUSHA GLASSHOUSE 16; USA HORTON PLAZA 7; VALLEY DRIVE IN; NIDAVIAN PLAZA; "When a Man Loves a Woman" — The American way, the Hollywood way, the TV-movie of the-week way, to do a Problem Picture; if we are going to take on alcoholism we are going to get to the exposure of all the excess. It has got to be front and center and solo. The chief difference between the big-screen version and a small-screen way is that the first way will include a number of pop-song montages, and the second way will include commercial, co-written and co-executive-produced by comedian Al Franken, the movie is the flip side the sincere side, that would be — of his persona as the self-esteeem guru, Stuart Smalley, on Saturday Night Live. Like Smalley, Franken has total faith in the efficacy of talking a problem out. And talking and talking and talking and taking and taking a thalactic hydroalcoholic anode connected to the Everest sized pile of them: the middle-of-the-night trip to the curbside garbage can to dispose of the incinerating bottle, the last fortifying swing from it, and the locked floor on the return trip to bed. Elsewhere, however, the vignette of the wise-sad-adorable little girl clutching her doll and watching Moonstruck in the cupped-up shirt of the upturned bottle is dramatized on the level of a thirty-second TV spot (dial 1-800-GETHELP). More often, the scenes unfold like re-enactments from TV commercials for examples from a self-help better: Woman Who Drinks Too Much, maybe, Meg Ryan, Andy Garcia’s Mother, and even Ellen Barstyn, directed by Louis Mandoki. 1994.

A PALOMA, FROM 10/21.
Italian Only in Theory

The tomato sauce was more like soup than the thick sauce we know and love.

My sister, who lives in Canada, visited me last week. Later one night, she had the dizzy idea that we should rush to Tijuana for dancing. It was one of those crazy moments that we all experience. But before we bounded out of the house, my brother-in-law reminded us that they were leaving for Vancouver early in the morning. So my sister and I executed a less-than-smooth tango in my living room, then went to bed.

The next day, however, after my relatives left, a friend and I set out for the Zona Río in Tijuana, which is bursting with new eateries and dancing palaces. In order to critique the discos, I would have to stay in Tijuana for several nights. As a compromise, at about 5:00 p.m. we stopped by No Que No!, a venue that combines dancing with dining. (The name is the colloquial equivalent of the American “No!”)

The decor and food at No Que No! are a poorer version of San Diego’s Guadalajara Grill. We entered No Que No! through an interior courtyard, where George Segal-like soft sculptures perch on a ledge. Once inside, we saw an ample dance floor surrounded by tables. Technicians were tinkering with speakers and picking up the music stands that lay scattered across the floor.

Though a large staff was in attendance, the place appeared disorganized. It may have been the hour: too late for lunch, too soon for dinner. The waiter served us a complimentary appetizer on a plate with cracked and broken edges: suddenly, I regretted being there. The food served us next — potato soup overpowered by hot peppers, and a dish that combined chicken, shrimp, and beef — was not as good as its typical San Diego counterpart. These two items cost $17.00. If you go to No Que No! for dancing, be aware that food prices are those of a nightclub.

We swung back from Avenida Sanchez Taboada to Paseo de los Héroes to have dinner at a dining room called La Spezia Ristorante (Italian for "the spicy"). La Spezia, one of Tijuana’s few Italian restaurants, serves food Italian in the theory, but not in literal achievement. What La Spezia does offer is stunning ambiance — it’s one of the prettiest rooms in Tijuana.

You walk up carpeted steps and enter a room that boasts against its far wall a floor-to-ceiling brick fireplace. You will see, painted on another wall, Botticelli’s own Venus: she rises from her shell, light hair streaming around her voluptuous body. An adjacent, well-stocked bar is enclosed at both ends by panels of etched glass.

The chef uses quality ingredients. The menus is happily printed in Italian, Spanish, and English; its offerings resemble those of our better Italian establishments with an acceptable run of appetizers, soups, pastas, and entrées. Prices are reasonable — fresh grilled salmon with vegetables is about $11.50.

The sauces are a problem. A good bechamel sauce, prepared from milk, butter, and a bit of flour, is not available here. Nor does the tomato sauce compare favorably with the typical marinara sauce at a U.S. restaurant. Both of the entrees we sampled, grilled salmon and chicken Florentine (chicken breast on a bed of fresh spinach),

The Restaurants: La Spezia
The Location: Paseo de los Héroes #50, Zona Río, Tijuana (34-29-41)
The Type of Food: Italian, Mexican-style
Price Range: entrees approximately $8.00 to $16.00 U.S.
Hours: Open daily, same menu, continuous service, noon to 2:00 a.m.; food to 1:00 a.m.
The Restaurant/Discos: No Que No!
The Location: Avenida Sanchez Taboada at Avenida Antonio Caso, Zona Río, Tijuana (84-27-91)
The Type of Food: Mexican, but mostly for dancing
Price Range: entrees approximately $7.00 to $14.00
Hours: Noon to 2:00 a.m.

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Build your own Bloody Mary at our Champagne Brunch featuring Gordon’s Vodka $3.25.
were covered with white sauce that was thick with flour. Once we pushed aside the sauce, we found the chicken flavorful and tender, and the salmon meaty and grilled to perfection. Lemon and drawn butter for the fish (or lemon alone), and for the chicken, a light gravy with only enough flour to hold it together, would have done the trick.

The fishacine la Spezia was prepared with good spinach pasta and plum shrimp, but the tomato sauce was more like soup than the thick soup we knew and love. With an experienced saucier, however, la Spezia could be one of Tijuana’s top restaurants. Even at present, if you order grilled fish or seafood and beg, “no sauce,” you’ll enjoy your meal. Our dinner, one pasta dish, two entrees, mineral water, and one dessert (morning with fillet cooked dry with dry sauce) came to $35.00.

The restaurant is easy to find, just off a busy street (one inch from the border). It offers free valet parking. After dinner, if you’re still want to dance, OH! Laser Disco is directly next door.

One of the first Mexican restaurants I reviewed - 20 years ago now - was the Market Café, on Valley Street in Solana Beach. It was a source of great pleasure to me, to my family, and to friends. Clyde Hadley was recently closed to do his Market Café. We wish Clyde the best.

RESTAURANT LISTINGS

The Reader’s Guide to Restaurants is compiled by Eleanor Widmer and represents a selective listing of recommended restaurants. Individual restaurants will appear once or twice a month. Price estimates are based on the latest information available for a mid-range entrée. Low: below $10; moderate: $10 to $15; expensive: more than $15. Please call restaurants in advance for operating hours, reservations, and other specific information.

NORTH COASTAL

CHEF HENRI 1559 Camino Del Mar, Del Mar Plaza, Market Level, Del Mar, 793-0067. This traditional French restaurant is invariably good for good reasons. You’ll find excellent salads and French onion soup, along with a whole fish baked in salt, filet mignon with or without game liver, and various chicken preparations. Specials are highly recommended. Tuesday, cas- sousele (white braised stew with duck, lamb, and sausage); Thursday, boulill- abaisse fish stew with lots of clams and mussels. Both cost $20.50 for two. Or, try the four-course fixed-price meal, Sunday through Wednesday. $16.50. Open daily, lunch Monday through Saturday, dinner Tuesday through Sunday. Moderate to expensive.

CIAO LUNA 87 Encinitas Boulevard, Radiant Hotel, Encinitas, 494-1338. The top price at this Italian-American restaurant is $39.95. Entrees include rack of lamb, salmon, top sirloin, sea bass, plus potato and vegetables. Or try the pasta, same menu lunch and dinner. At lunch, salad included; salad a la carte for dinner. Dinner room 1997, but view and good service. Open daily. Lunch Monday through Friday, dinner nightly. DEL MAR PIZZA 211 15th Street, Del Mar, 481-8888. If you’ve heard about, dreamed about, or were merely curious about New York pizza, the best practitioners are now in Del Mar complete with New York manners. The hot sand- witches are good, but the pizza is in a league by itself. The secret lies in the crust.拉萨哥 and stuffed eggplant also available as well as calamari for desert. Open daily, weekdays to 9 p.m., Fri- day and Saturday to approximately 10:00 p.m. Low to moderate.

EPAZOTO’S SOUTHWEST RESTAURANT 1553 Camino Del Mar, Del Mar Plaza, Del Mar, 259-9966. Epazote’s is the sister restaurant of Cajun’s, so if you’ve enjoyed the latter, you’ll know what to expect here: high intensity, a young professional crowd in a restaurant with a view. You can make a meal from the southwestern appetizers, most of them $6.00 or under. Or try spic- ed roasted items. Sunday brunch is a la carte. Open daily, lunch and dinner. Low to moderate.

FREDERICK’S BISTRO RESTAURANT 128 South Ascan, Solana Beach, 755-2432. Frederick’s is open for dinner Tuesday through Sunday and offers California-style cuisine and fixed-price meals that cost $16.00 to $27.00. Menu change weekly. The restaurant is housed in an old cottage and has an outstanding wine list. Huge portions. Dinner only, Tuesday through Sunday. Upper moderate to expensive.

JAVA DEPOT 243 North Highway 101, Solana Beach, 259-0308. A variety of non-alcoholic drinks is served here and the sandwiches and salads are fine. The takeout could use improvement. Pleasant outdoor seating area as well as large in- terior rooms. Open daily, early morning until late at night (Call for hours.) Food served 9:00 a.m. low.

KIM’S RESTAURANT 745 First Street, La Jolla Shopping Center, Encin- tas, 492-4816. For low cost and high quality, Kim’s is the best Vietnamese restaurant in North County. From the overwhelming, extensive menu, try coconut soup, crispy beef rolls, stuffed crispy, whole roasted Cornish hen, spring greens chicken, steamed fish. The food is fresh, beautifully prepared, and highly satisfying. Open daily, lunch and dinner. Continuous service. Low to low- moderate.

LE BAMBOU 2634 Del Mar Heights Road, Del Mar, 259-8138. Nouvelle Vietnamese cuisine is prepared here that’s fresh, light, delicate. But the por- tions are small and two people should order three entrees for a satisfactory meal. Soups are outstanding and the im- pressive, lemon grass chicken, char- broiled pork do well here. The menu has been expanded and the wine list in- cludes 40 items. Service and aesth- eticsurroundings fine. The management tends to be somewhat aloof. Closed Monday. Lunch Tuesday to Friday din- ner Tuesday to Sunday. Moderate.

NEIMAN’S AT THE TWIN TUNNS 2973 Carlsbad Boulevard, Carlsbad, 729-4131. If you have a nostalgia for the chicken dinners that used to be served at the Twin Tulls, you may enjoy them every night as well as on Sunday after 2:00 p.m. when the buffet brunch is concluded. During the winter, the de- corous American cuisine is available for dinners only, nightly. The high priced room with its tulips does much to en- hance the proceedings. The Café in the bar, also offers a lunch and dinner menu. Moderate to expensive.

PACIFICA DEL MAR 1555 Pacific Coast Highway, Del Mar Plaza, Del Mar, 792-0457. Select the fresh fish prepared in the simplest manner and you’ll do fine here. The setting and view remain delightful and service is excel- lent. Sunset dinners during the week are an incentive to dine early. Open daily. Lunch daily & a la carte brunch Sunday; early bird dinners nightly. Moderate to expensive.

PETER CHANG’S 1441 Encinitas Boulevard, Encinitas, 492-5159. You have to look carefully to discover the location, but once you find it in the maze of restaurants, you’re in. The best value, and cooking (no MSG or starch in the sauces, upon request) is a cut above the rest. Try call-your-own lunch buff- et, Monday through Friday ($4.50), but be sure you arrive early. For dinner, se- lect steamed shrimp, string beans, chicken in plum sauce, or the combi- nation dinner for $14.99. Or ask Mr. Chang to cook for you. Open daily. Lunch buffet weekdays (regular menu on Saturday and Sunday), and dinner nightly. Low to moderate.

PIECEs DELICIOUS at the S.A.A. La Costa Spa, 2100 Costa Del Mar Road, Carlsbad, 438-9111. This large-est and still-erestaurant is located at the spa itself in a gorgeous room one flight down from the lobby. The menus include fresh Maine lobster, lobster thermidor, Maryland soft-shell crabs, abalone, and Dover sole. Please call for directions and remember that it is closed Sunday and Wednesday. Dine- ners only. Expensive.

SHIRAHAMA 1105 Camino del Mar, Del Mar, 793-2689. At the upstairs suzuki bar, you may obtain 30 different kinds of raw fish, including “special ed in secret sauce” and yosome (grated raw potatoes and raw tuna). But the cooked menu is equally fine. Closed Monday, Lunch, Tuesday through Fri- day; dinner, Tuesday through Sunday. Low to moderate.

NORTH INLAND

BRASSERIE AND WINESSELLAR 9505 Waples Street #115, 430-9576. This restaurant has been voted one of the 25 best in the United States. The chef, Dou- g Kogan, does a remarkable job in contemporary French cooking and the food is visually exciting and a delight to the palate. The chef’s signature dish is an especially good value at $17.95. Jazz Tuesday through Friday.

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Lunch, Saturday 11:30 a.m. to 2:00 p.m. by itself or in conjunction with the wine tasting held during the same hours. Dinner, Tuesday through Sunday. No smoking at any time. Lunch moderate, dinner expensive. Must call for instructions to get there.

CAFUN CONNECTION 740 Nondahl Road (off Highway 78), San Marcos, 741-6860. If you're planning a visit to the Wild Animal Park, try this unpretentious New Orleans-style restaurant. The menu is mostly traditional seafood, with a mediocre offer of fillets and shrimp. However, the lobster is quite good. The restaurant is open daily, with views of the wild animals from the outside patio. Closed Monday, Tuesday and Wednesday. Moderate.

CANYON GRILL 9423 Carroll Canyon Road, Scripps Ranch, 271-4982. You'll be pleasantly surprised by the attractive setting, which includes a glassed-in-patio that opens to the sky and a Southwestern interior. The food is delicious. Everyone seems to love the paus, fresh fish, and, of course, the wine. Great value. Dinner Monday through Saturday. Moderate.

FISH HOUSE VERA CRUZ Suite 124 Old California Row Shopping Center, 8020 West San Marcos Boulevard, San Marcos, 744-8000. Located in a shopping center that houses restaurants and food stores, this restaurant serves fresh fish and shrimp that changes daily. Simple but honest preparation, good value. Open daily. Lunch Monday through Saturday; dinner nightly. Moderate to expensive.

THE FORTUNE COOKIE 18425 Bernardo Center Drive, Rancho Bernardo, 451-9585. We are fortunate to have a Chinese restaurant of such quality in North County. The chef, Henry Yang, comes from a five-star restaurant and this cooking may be characterized as Chinese with a French influence. Open daily, lunch 11:00 a.m. to 2:00 p.m. and dinner 5:00 p.m. to 10:00 p.m. Friday 5:00 p.m. to 11:00 p.m. Moderate to expensive.

MILLE FLEURS 5609 Convoy Center, Rancho Santa Fe, 756-3085. There's no doubt that in Rancho Santa Fe this restaurant walks away with the prize. The à la carte menu, which changes daily, provides exquisite appetizers, soup, and entrées. When available, try the red snapper (fish), white bean soup, salmon and halibut in rice paper. The wine list is stunning, and the host-owners are Bertrand, who adds a special cachet to the proceedings. Count on $25.00 per person for dinner. Open daily, lunch, Monday through Friday; dinner nightly. Expensive.

MING COURT 12790 Carmel Country Road (County Plaza Shopping Center), North City West (adjacent to Del Mar), 451-2923. Elegance describes the interior of this restaurant and especially if you are seated at a table view, you'll love the setting. The cantonese/mandarin/szechuan cuisine offers some wonderful preparations, most especially chile filled chicken, pork, shrimp, two mushroom delight, and tonkinese beef. All the items on the Ming Court specialty list are noteworthy. Service is fine. Open daily, lunch, Monday through Saturday; dinner nightly. Moderate to expensive.

PANEVINO GASTRONOMICA 3050 Pico Pico Drive (off Carmel Village Drive), Carlsbad, 720-3377. A sister restaurant to the Fifth Avenue branch downtown, this one offers the same dining rooms, one of them a pizzeria downstairs. The Tuscan-style food remains as excellent as ever: especially the daily specials, the risotto, and the shrimp served with white beans and celery, which is not to be missed. This branch is more family oriented and informal, though you'll enjoy the marble tables, the murals, and the open kitchen. The hour between allow you to enjoy the spices, salad, and the copious champagne. Sunday, Monday through Thursday, dinner nightly, to 11:30 p.m. Friday, Saturday, dinner nightly, to 11:00 p.m. Moderate.

RUNABULL PUB & GRUB

Tuesdays all-you-can-eat Southern Fried Chicken & Trimmings

$7.50 All-You-Can-Eat Southern Fried Chicken & Trimmings

Dancing to D.J. Tuesday to Sunday 8:00 p.m. to 2:00 a.m. NO COVER, EVER!
SAKS
STEAK & SEAFOOD
Here's a sample of some sumptuous entrees at moderate prices:

- FILET MIGNON $12.95
  7-oz. tenderloin wrapped in bacon, served with mushrooms.
- TERIYAKI CHICKEN $11.50
  Boneless chicken breasts broiled and served with teriyaki sauce.
- SEAFOOD MARINARA $11.50
  Linguini topped with bay shrimp, scallops and green bell peppers in a marinara sauce.
- PASTA PRIMAVERA $8.95
  Spaghetti, your choice of vegetables, fettuccine and cream sauce.
- FRESH FISH SELECTIONS

LATE NIGHT DINING!
Sun.-Thurs. till 2:00 am,
Fri.-Sat. till 3:00 am
3768 Mission Blvd., Mission Beach
Reservations accepted 488-7311

2 FOR 1
DINNERS, LUNCH OR BRUNCH
Any any dinner entree ($10.00 maximum value) at lunch or brunch entree ($5.00 maximum value) and get another entree of equal or lesser value free. Valid through 11-3-94 with coupon. Valid with any other offer - 15% gratuity will be added to the total before discount. One coupon per couple. No exceptions.

SASKATCHEWAN
BUFFET SPECIAL
$9.95
A complete meal that includes soup or salad, a hearty 10 oz. cut of prime rib, baked potato, and choice of dessert. Saturday night only. No coupon. Not valid with any other offers. Good through 10-29-94.

$1.95 Dinners Just for Kids
Channel B Unknown Eater
Gives You His / Stamp Of Approval

BEAUTIFUL MOROCCAN COOKING
$10 OFF
Any two dinners
Maximum 3 coupons per party. Dine in only. Must present coupon at time of ordering. Expires 10-29-94.

CLAREMONT & KERRY MESA
ALADDIN 5240 Claremont Mesa Boulevard, 273-0000. Aladdin's is a coffeehouse with live acts as diverse as Turkish coffee, Italian sodas, and espresso. It offers a full line of bakery goods and a Middle Eastern gourmet market. It's also a restaurant with a menu that offers tapas, sushi, cheese, pita sandwiches, kabobs, rotisserie chicken. It's good spot for grabbing a snack. So watch what you order. If you get carried away, you may run up a big bill. Open daily. Same menu lunch and dinner, continuous service. Low to hot student.

FONG FONG CHINESE CAFE 3755 Murphy Canyon Road, Kearny Mesa, 451-0738. The best items at this San diego restaurant are served by a delightful family, are pecan chicken, chicken lettuce cups, and egg rolls. The first two must be ordered 24 hours in advance. From the menu, try the stinky pork sticker pudding served in garlic sauce, mixed veggies. Fixed-price dinners for two cost about $15 each. Baked fish is bandy and tasty. Hawaiian breakfast at Saturday and Sunday features lomocos, hamburger topped with rice and an egg or Chinese or Portuguese sausage with eggs. Lunch and dinner, breakfast Saturday and Sunday. Low to hot student.

IDEHOSHI JAPANESE RESTAURANT 1916 Hazard Village, 9340-B Claremont Mesa Boulevard, Kearny Mesa, 540-9595. A delightful restaurant tucked away at the far end of a small shopping center. The food is fresh,
Enjoy our patio dining
TRADITIONAL MEXICAN FOOD
345 FIRST ST. (HWY. 101)
MOONLIGHT PLAZA, LA JOAQUINA BOULEVARD
634-2793

Buy any entrée, get the second (of equal or lesser value) FREE

Half Price Large Soft Drink (not available with coupon)
Expires 11/3/94

THE BEACHES

CHATEAU ORLEANS 936 Turquoise Street, Pacific Beach, 485-6764. This La Jolla and New Orleans restaurant has a new owner and the interior has rarely looked better. It's a pleasure to eat in the renovated dining rooms. All dinners include house salad, Cajun-style pasta, and popovers. The menu offers blackened prime rib, crawfish entrees, and Cajun-style chicken, fish, and pasta. The food is very spicy, so if you would like it less hot, please be sure to say so when you order. Stuffed pork chops with a fruit glaze will set your mouth on fire. Very large portions, excellent service. Open daily. Dinner only. Low moderate expensive.

KONO'S 704 Garnet (end of street towards ocean), Pacific Beach, 485-1669. If you want an inexpensive but hearty breakfast, you can't beat it better than you'll find here. The "Big Breakfast" consists of eggs, pancakes, potatoes, bacon and English muffins for $3.75. It's served from 7:00 A.M. to 10:00 A.M. 4:00 P.M. Paper plates and plastic utensils are used. On weekends, arrive early to avoid a wait. A lunch menu (salads and sandwiches) is also available and hamburgers are cooked from noon to closing. Although the decor is minimal, the owners are charming. Open daily. Low.

OUR PASA ROCKIN' CANTINA 287 Miramar Boulevard, Pacific Beach, 273-5056. As its name implies, this Mexican restaurant in a new building is a "happening" place: loud music and a gathering spot for the youthful. The food can best be described as Californian-Mexican. Made-on-the-previories tortillas are served with honey butter as well as salsa — the tamarindo will send you to the fire extinguisher. Three types of burritos are available, all excellent (no lard is used), but the best are the pinchos. Many dishes are low in cost and the top price is $3.95. Good Chimichangas, soft-shell tacos, swordfish fajitas. Bagels and bagel special during happy hour. Breakfast, lunch, and dinner served weekends; Monday through Friday, dinner only. Late hours nightly. Low to moderate.

Juice Club is a convenient health food restaurant offering a wide variety of fresh blended-to-order smoothies, fresh squeezed juices, and healthy snacks. It's an idea whose time has come, and Juice Club has come to Hillcrest!

Opening in Hillcrest!

At Juice Club smoothies are our specialty. With every Juice Club smoothie you get a choice of two free Club Additions, such as whey or calcium, to customize your smoothie to your particular diet. Make the switch away from high-fat, empty-calorie fast foods to a refreshing and nutritious meal at Juice Club. We not only satisfy health-conscious individuals, but also provide delicious products for everyone to enjoy. Here's to your health!

Juice Club smoothies • fresh juices • healthy snacks
OPEN: Mon.-Fri. 7am - 7pm Sat.-Sun. 8am - 11pm
510 Robinson • Hillcrest • 863-9592 (Club)

Find a Dining Oasis and a Great Value!

It's Sunset Jazz at Victor's Restaurant. This little gem is tucked away right in the heart of the city at Mission Bay Golf Resort. Victor's patio is a casual and friendly place; outdoor dining in a cool oasis of dune pines and roses with soothing fountains and waterfalls. And live "Jazz on the Green" every Friday and Saturday night starting at 6:00 pm. Enjoy our barbecue featuring delicious grilled sirloin, halibut or chicken. Dinners start at a surprisingly low price of $7.95.

Enjoy Victor's anytime. Our dining room is open for breakfast, lunch and dinner. Reservations are recommended for Jazz on the Green.

It's the perfect place to get with friends and relax...it's a surprising find.

Call now: 490-3380
2707 N. Mission Bay Drive • De Anza Cove, Mission Bay
FRESH PASTA
LUNCH OR DINNER $3.75
Includes fresh pasta, fresh sauce, salad, garlic bread.
We make our own pasta and sauce from scratch every day.

SAUSAGES: (4 DAILY)
Marinara - Italian Sausage - Alfredo - White Clam
Pesto - Bolognese - Tacchino Rosso (ground turkey)

PASTAS
Red Bell Pepper Fettuccine - Angel Hair - Spinach Fettuccine
Whole Wheat Fettuccine - Whole wheat Pasta

A sure-fire combination for my stamp of approval. KFMB Unknown Eater

IN PACIFIC BEACH
4480 Haines at Garnet
272-9448
Limit 2 per ad. Expires 11/3/94

STEAK the Right Way
Every Wed. & Sat. 1-3 PM
Dinner for 2 $25.00
Steak, 2 sides, 2 rolls, 2 drinks
Our way or theirs
You decide

2 FOR $12
ENTRÉE LUNCH OR DINNER
Purchase one entree and receive the second of equal or lesser value for
15% gratitude will be added. One coupon per couple.
Not valid with any other offer.

Thursday Night
Our DJ Erik spins your favorite disco, hip hop and alternative.
Dress special nights.
FRIDAY NIGHT - SATURDAY
DJ "La Voz" Rick Chris 830-130
TUESDAY & WEDNESDAY
Salsa & Merengue Lessons with Valerie

PACHANGA BAR & GRILL
Mexican Cuisine
just across the street from Sandiego's finest patios
314 Fifth Avenue, Gaslamp Quarter 235-4545

BAR DINNER WITH A VIEW
$7.99 with any two toppings only
Includes drink & tax

MIDWAY
OLD TOWN & MISSION VALLEY
CAFÉ COYOTE Y CANTINA 2461 San Diego Avenue Old Town 291-4679, Cafe Coyote has moved downtown and is a great spot for a light Mexican meal with Southwest influences. Best bet is la carne is black bean chilli, grapes with mango relish, carne asada, cermitas, and Margarita chicken. Breakfast includes blue corn pancakes and chile rellenos. Young adults gather here. Open daily, breakfast, lunch, full dinner.
EL TECOLOTLE 8115 Friars Road (between I-15 and Sea World Drive) 295-2087, Popular for over a decade, this Mexican restaurant with three seating areas serves Mexican City-style food that's not too spicy and ages 100 percent vegetable. Among its specialties are chicken in mole sauce, two styles of carne asada, and a sensuous dish called paella! Alfonso prepared from layers of corn tortillas, chicken, chiles, and enfolding sauce. All vegetarian dishes filled with broccoli, mushrooms, and asparagus. Lunch, Monday through Saturday dinner nightly. Low to moderate.
TAJAUROS CAFE AND GALLERY 13811 Mission Valley Road, Mission Valley, 225-0006, A most lovely and family owned and operated restaurant for grape and wine. You'll find a view of San Diego and Chest Creek served in highly aesthetic, surroundings. The menu offers custom baked pastries, beef and pork burritos, and a wide selection of desserts. vaulted ceilings. Copies all you-can-eat buffet for family or dinner in addition to the regular menu. Given 24 hours, this cafe will prepare an astonishingly large and fresh seafood. Not to be missed. Open daily, lunch and dinner. Low to moderate.

Jack & Giudici's Spaghetti Western 2391 San Diego Avenue, Old Town, 294-2704. This is a very good spot for fish and seafood. The menu is the same as at La Jolla branch, but the food is better. Price is $9.95 to $9.95 (soup or salad, entrée, vegetable, dessert, tea or coffee) served Monday, Tuesday, Thursday, Friday, and Saturday. 400 years old and 6:00 p.m. Very fresh product. Open daily, lunch and dinner Thursday through Sunday. 10:00 a.m. to 2:30 p.m. and dinner 4:00 p.m. to 10:00 p.m. Moderate to low.

East County & State College
ALPINE INN 2225 Alpine Boulevard, Alpine 519-519-7254, Comfortable place for a quick bite to eat. Open on Sunday after 2:30 p.m. for the mountain cut of prime rib is available and available by the day for $10.50. For $10.50, you'll get huge amounts of good beef plus baked potato, but the Sunday Soup or sandwich is included, but neither is available. The food is fresh and the service is top notch. Food is excellent and service is good. Tasty and texan barbeque served on a Kaiser roll with spicy fries. Many arrive just for the Burgers. Stay with bowl here. Dark interior with large booths. Open daily. Very crowded for both lunch and dinner on Sunday. Lunch Monday through Thursday, dinner nightly. Brunch Saturday and Sunday. Early bird dinner Monday through Thursday, and Sunday. Located at 1105 La Mesa Blvd 91941. Call for hours. Low to moderate.

ABIGAIL'S 9960 Baltimore Drive, Suite 110, La Mesa, 469-3157. Here's a great bargain Japanese restaurant. Some dishes are a bargain. Among the lows are the best are the combination plates which contain chicken, salmon, tempura, and gyoza dumplings. The vegetable and shrimp tempura is outstanding. Almost all items are well-portioned. We need more of this kind of restaurant. Open Monday through Saturday. Lunch, Monday through Friday 11:30 a.m. to 3:00 p.m., Saturday, noon to 3:00 p.m. dinner, $5.00 to 9:00 p.m. Closed Sundays.

BESSIE'S GARE 945 Cardiff Street (south of Spring Valley Road) 463-5539. The best Southern food in San Diego is served here. The smoothest pork chops, the cornbread dressing and gravy are mouthwatering and so is the fried chicken. Must-try menu items for this establishment is the Chicken-Fried Steak with corn gravy. They serve 100% pure chicken. Women only. Call for hours. Low to moderate.

CAMELOT 8550 University Avenue, La Mesa, 162-9424. One of the two best Vietnamese restaurants in the county. Camelot serves Chinese and Vietnamese food. The menu offers 215 items which include 35 soups and an equal number of rice dishes. Best bets: spring rolls, grape leaves stuffed with beef, chicken, and vegetables, with red and lemon sauce, and the whole steamed fish with ginger. Excellent cooking and service includes both bowls and a change of plates for each course. Free-rate dining. Open Monday through Friday, Saturday, 11:30 a.m. to 3:00 p.m. 50% off dinner, 2:00 to 10:00 p.m. Closed Sundays. Low to moderate.

CLAIM JUMPER 5500 Gessner Center Drive (across from Montgomery Ward), La Mesa, 469-3927. The wait here ranges from up to 2 to 3 hours on weekends. The portions are so
Classifieds

Free Classifieds

Time to sell your surfboard, futo and electric guitar?
If you’re a private party or a nonprofit organization, you may qualify for a Free Classified. Free ads must be typed and mailed. See page 127 for details.

Classifieds

Antiques & Collectibles...166
Bicycles...149
Bicycles...148
Business Opportunities...127
Motorcycles...177
Music...174
Notices...174
Notices...173
Computers...136
Computers...136
Computers...135
Computers...134
Employment Opportunities...167
For Sale...164
Hairdressers...163
Help Wanted...126
Real Estate...163

Classifieds

RESIDENTIAL RENTALS...153
ROOMMATES...149
ROOMMATES...148
SERVICES...152
SERVICES...151
DISPLAY ADS...151
AUTOMOTIVE...164
AUTOMOTIVE...163
INSTRUCTION...130
INSTRUCTION...130
REAL ESTATE...162
REAL ESTATE...161
SPORTS & FITNESS...158
SPORTS & FITNESS...157

CONTENTS

Classifieds

Antiques & Collectibles...166
Bicycles...148
Business Opportunities...127
Motorcycles...177
Music...174
Notices...174
Notices...173
Computers...136
Computers...136
Computers...135
Computes...134
Employment Opportunities...167
For Sale...164
Hairdressers...163
Help Wanted...126
Real Estate...163

Classifieds

RESIDENTIAL RENTALS...153
ROOMMATES...149
ROOMMATES...148
SERVICES...152
SERVICES...151
DISPLAY ADS...151
AUTOMOTIVE...164
AUTOMOTIVE...163
INSTRUCTION...130
INSTRUCTION...130
REAL ESTATE...162
REAL ESTATE...161
SPORTS & FITNESS...158
SPORTS & FITNESS...157

Function

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HELP WANTED

Subway

NOW HIRING!

■ MANAGEMENT PERSONNEL
Detail-oriented. 5 years’ experience in the restaurant industry. Bilingual. English/Spanish a plus.

■ DAY COUNTER HELP
Enthusiastic. Must be detail-oriented. Must be a current day counter attendant. Must be available for 1 am shifts.

■ SANDWICH DELIVERY DRIVERS
Days. Evenings, Part-time. Full-time. Sunday. Own vehicle. Start $15.00 plus % per delivery and tips. Bring copy of motor vehicle record and proof of personal/professional driving record and/or health insurance.

Apply in person:

4097 Hiram Rd.

6750 Genesee Ave.

3089 Clairemont Dr.

Help Wanted

DANCE INSTRUCTOR

(apply immediately)

Part-time instructor to teach salsa dance class Friday evenings at Southwestern College Education Center-San Ysidro for Spring semester 1995. Submit letter of application and resume to:

Southwestern College

EDUCATION CENTER — SAN YSIDRO
450 W. SAN YSIDRO BLVD.
SAN YSIDRO, CA 92173

690-6083

May not be shared with non-participants.

TENNIS INSTRUCTOR

(apply immediately)

Full-time. Salary commensurate with qualifications.

Call 550-7070

DANCE INSTRUCTOR... Learn quickly proven method! Practice: play what you teach. Qualifications: previous teaching experience in a variety of roles in the community. Nationwide. Call 550-7070 for details.

DANCE INSTRUCTOR... principle in charge. Small school. No experience necessary. Must have strong fundamental knowledge of dance. Call 550-7070 for details.


Bowling Technologies

17517 in room 001. Must have creative, original ideas, and at least 2 years of previous experience in theater and/or music education. Must have ability to work with students of all ages and abilities. Call 550-7070 for details.

GUITAR LESSONS...


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GUITAR LESSONS... Lead 5-10 lessons. Must be a trained professional in music. Must be able to teach all ages and abilities. Call 550-7070 for details.

DANCE INSTRUCTOR... Learn quickly proven method! Practice: play what you teach. Qualifications: previous teaching experience in a variety of roles in the community. Nationwide. Call 550-7070 for details.

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DRUMMER WANTED. All styles for work- ing bands. Must have good attitude and a few tricks up your sleeve. (619) 409-3993.

DRUMMER WANTED. Tribal pounding on any style. Have a drum set, in great condition, dynamite clash track, practice studio if available. Send tape and recent photo. Respond, expect a return phone call. (619) 450-0652.

DRUMMER WANTED. Hey, anybody out there that rocks, funk, reggae, swing, and generally gets the beat out of your head? Call 221-1020 or stop by 220-1520. DRUMMER WANTED. Mike, 33, seeks mellolyte rock n' roll power punk band. Drumming influences - The Sex Pistols, Green Day, Pumps. (209) 236-7662.

DRUMMER WANTED. Alternative, origami, punk rock. Must be serious. Established trio, ready to play. Must have drum set, advertised. (209) 955-0535.

DRUMMER, professional, seeking high- quality rock project. Influences: Queen, Metallica, Pink Floyd, Zeppelin. Must have professional equipment and attitude. (619) 450-2820.

DRUMMERS, Djembes 2 and Djun-Djun, willing to share. Jamming at coffee houses open for bands; other non-commercial events. Contact 253-2263. Leave message, 253-2263. Contact: The Dragons. Looking for musicians in the scene with that jazz feel. Have keys & horns. Call, text or email. (619) 521-6411. Email: ron@berklee.edu.

DRUMS. Call Sound-Train for a place to jam, practice, or hang out. Rent and try up and ready to play. Must have drum set, advertised. (209) 955-0535.

DRUMS, 5 piece, good condition, great equipment. $300. with cymbals. (619) 565-5645.

DRUMS, Ludwig bass drum, 24" x 14", 16" floor tom, 12" 10" snare, 20" bass; full drum set with practice pad. (209) 701-5806.

DRUMS, Yamaha, Mapex, Rogers, and Pearl are available for rent. Contact the rental counter at New World Music & Sound Drum Shop, 569-1944.


DRUMS, Yamaha 6-piece black maple custom kit over-sized to 24" bass DW 5000 pedal. Excellent condition. Contact: the rental counter at New World Music & Sound Drum Shop, 569-1944.

DUFFY, Vann, 21" bass, 13" x 14" snare drums, pair. $200. (619) 858-0626.

DUFFY, Vann, 6-piece black maple custom kit over-sized to 24" bass DW 5000 pedal. Excellent condition. Contact: the rental counter at New World Music & Sound Drum Shop, 569-1944.

DUFFER, 191, 21" bass, 13" x 14" snare drums, pair. $200. (619) 858-0626.

DUFFER, licensing, design drafting services. Remodeling homes, custom residential and commercial. Contact, 1305 Center St., no phone. (619) 454-3826.

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DUFFY, Vann, 6-piece black maple custom kit over-sized to 24" bass DW 5000 pedal. Excellent condition. Contact: the rental counter at New World Music & Sound Drum Shop, 569-1944.

DUFFER, licensing, design drafting services. Remodeling homes, custom residential and commercial. Contact, 1305 Center St., no phone. (619) 454-3826.

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To purchase an optional headline, use the lines below, keeping in mind the following: 20 characters per line including spaces; the first initial of each word is capitalized; abbreviations and unusual punctuation will not be accepted; the cost of each line is $12. Continue on a separate sheet if necessary; no more than 10 lines. Please print clearly.

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(To be printed in your ad) and a 4-digit security code for exclusive access to your responses.

You may also place a late ad until 6 pm Tuesday by phone (235-8200), in our office (1703 India St. at Date St., downtown), or by fax (235-7907). The charge for these late ads is $20 for the first 25 words plus $1.20 per additional word. Ads placed by phone or by fax are with Visa, MasterCard or Discover only.

Questions? Call 235-8200, ext. 268.

Guidelines: All accepted ads run in the Reader for two consecutive weeks in the Supplement they run on a space-available basis. Ads may be edited for length, context and clarity. There is a limit of one Phone Matches ad per person per two-week period. The Reader suggests that your Phone Matches ad contain a description of yourself, your interests and the type of person you are seeking. Phone Matches ads are available for any single person who is seeking a serious relationship with a member of the opposite sex. Ads containing explicit or impolite sexual/romantic language will not be accepted. Ads offering anything of monetary value, including flowers, accommodations, gifts or trips, in exchange for companionship will not be accepted. Ads in the "Shared Interests" category must be for the primary interest as the first word; these ads will be sorted alphabetically. Either gender may be sought in "Shared Interests" ads however, physical descriptions are not allowed. The San Diego Reader has the legal right to reject any advertisement for any reason whatsoever. Phone Matches ads may only be submitted for publication by persons 18 years or older. No ads will be published seeking persons under the age of 18. No last names, addresses or personal phone numbers will be permitted. Phone Matches ads are for individuals only. No dating services, single clubs or commercial businesses may advertise in this section.

Disclaimers: The San Diego Reader does not assume any liability for the contents or reply to any Reader Phone Matches advertisement. The advertiser assumes complete liability for the content of, and all replies to, any advertisement or recorded message and for any claims made against the San Diego Reader in a result thereof. The advertiser agrees to indemnify and hold the San Diego Reader and its officers harmless from all costs, expenses (including attorney fees), liabilities and damages resulting from or caused by the publication or recording placed by the advertiser or any reply to any such advertisement. By using Reader Phone Matches, the advertiser agrees not to leave his/her telephone number, last name or address in his/her voice greeting message.
W'd sincerely like you to match the autographs at the right with the signatures below.

- Eric Arthur Blair
- Lewis Carroll
- Thomas L. Williams
- David Berkowitz
- Marian Evans
- Marguerite Genthe
- Lawrence of Arabia
- M. Black
- Edith Aranža do Nascimento
- V.I. Lenin
- William Sydney Porter

**RULES OF THE GAME**

1. The prize for solving the Reader Puzzle will be a Reader T-shirt.
2. All entries in the Reader Puzzle contest must be received by the Reader (addressed to Reader Puzzles, 666 Second St., San Diego, CA 92116-5803) by 9:00 a.m., Wednesday, six days following the issue date.
3. All entries must be accompanied by your name, address, and shirt size S, M, L, XL.
4. Employees of the Reader and their immediate families are not eligible.
5. In the event of disputes or ties, decisions of the judges will be final and arbitrary. We've only got five prizes each week to give away, so if there are more than five winners, we'll have a lottery.
6. No answers will be mailed to the space allowed on the puzzle page. And please, no phone calls or trips to our office.
7. One entry per person.

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Of the 83 entrants, 71 were correct.

The winners are:

1. Robert E. Cain, San Diego
2. Kathy Cunningham, San Diego
3. Ecoloca Cacanera, Escondido
4. Pam Saito, Escondido
5. Ms. Lil Wagner, San Diego

Answers to and winners of Reader Puzzle #839, First Class.

7) 89109 (Las Vegas)
5) 19106 (Philadelphia)
3) 38116 (Memphis)
9) 90203 (Hollywood)
8) 08401 (Atlantic City)
4) 41401 (Boston)
2) 20500 (Washington, DC)
3) 10661 (New York City)

ZIP code numbers are higher the further west one travels, which should have provided a few clues. The Memphis stamp featured anP. The stamp covered an engraving of a garden, along with a postage commemorative by Elvis (August 8, 1977). The perforations on the cancellation were the opening notes from "Love Me Tender." The DC stamp was sealed. The New York City stamps were gridlocked. The (1906-cent San Francisco stamp) was perforated along an earthquake fault line. The Philadelphia stamp showed Independence Hall with perforations like the crack in the Liberty Bell. The coil of Hollywood stamps featured framed images of film from Some Like It Hot. Howard Hughes and Donald Trump stepped into the Vegas and Atlantic City stamps respectively.

© 1994 United Feature Syndicate.
The 1935–1936 exhibition was admittedly an attempt to pull San Diego out of the Depression doldrums; organizers hoped to repeat the success of the 1915–1916 Panama-California Exposition at the same Balboa Park site. Over seven million expo visitors enjoyed its attractions that ranged from the mundane (logrolling and snake pits) to the more cultural (Spanish Village and a replica of the Old Globe Theatre). Alas, the logrollers have since departed.

(From the Tabor Collection)

The 1935–1936 exhibition was admittedly an attempt to pull San Diego out of the Depression doldrums; organizers hoped to repeat the success of the 1915–1916 Panama-California Exposition at the same Balboa Park site. Over seven million expo visitors enjoyed its attractions that ranged from the mundane (logrolling and snake pits) to the more cultural (Spanish Village and a replica of the Old Globe Theatre). Alas, the logrollers have since departed.

(From the Tabor Collection)
SUPER YASHICA Elektra 8 LD professional camera, 72 zoom, 5-60.8 f. , singles, 10, 20, 30, 40, 50, 60, 70, 80, 90, manual focus, manual aperture, £600.


GOLF CLUBS, Tour Tellest 9.5, set of 3 clubs, $115 each club. 225-7815.

GOLF CLUBS, women’s or youth full set with bag, barely used, metal shafts. $15 each club. 227-5348.

GOLF CLUBS, new or used, $475. 225-1534.

FREE LOSTERBI SCOUR NOW. Will post. 227-9694.

LIONEL Train show. Fri. evenings, 5-8 PM. 227-4692.

GOLF CLUBS, women’s or youth full set with bag, barely used, metal shafts. $15 each club. 227-5348.

GOLF CLUBS, Lady Tiger full set with bag, barely used, metal shafts. $15 each club. 227-5348.

GOLF CLUBS, King Cobra woods. 1.5, 3, 5, 7, 9, new. 3 wood $95, 5 wood $115. 227-6957.

GOLF CLUBS, men’s Golden Ram 3-pc. 1 wood, $95. Pw, SW. $85. Irons, used good cond. $75. 225-7378.

GOLF CLUBS, men’s or women’s full pro sets with bag, $150 each. Taylor F. 225-1580.

GOLF CLUBS, tattered, used with golf shafts (1-5, 3, 5, 7, 9). $25 each club. 225-7378.

GOLF CLUBS, new or used, $475. 225-1534.

HITCHING POSTS, women’s size 7.10, retail $125. Men’s size 8, retail $150. 227-4692.

COREBACK KNOCKERS, wood, brass, and chrome. 227-4692.


GOLF CLUBS, Tour Tellest 9.5, set of 3 clubs, $115 each club. 225-7815.

GOLF CLUBS, women’s or youth full set with bag, barely used, metal shafts. $15 each club. 227-5348.

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DOWNTOWN: Beautiful newly remodeled 1 bedroom, $525. Upstairs, with private bath, kitchen, closet, laundry, security building near Bikon Toy Store. Must see now! AWCN 234-2259.


DOWNTOWN: $378. 2 bedroom, 1 bath, respectful, quiet. AWCN 1056/8th Avenue. 234-0145.

DOWNTOWN: 1 bedroom apartment, $495. Upstairs, hardwood floors, new kitchen, cable included. Located in the heart of downtown. AWCN 234-0019.


DOWNTOWN: $379. Top floor. Large, sunny, 2 bedroom, 1 bath. AWCN 319-3436.

DOWNTOWN: $375. 2 bedroom, 1 bath. AWCN 319-3436.

DOWNTOWN: $374. 2 bedroom, 1 bath. AWCN 319-3436.

DOWNTOWN: 3 bedroom, 2 bath, 2 parking. All appliances. AWCN 319-3436.

DOWNTOWN: 3 bedroom, 2 bath. AWCN 319-3436.

DOWNTOWN: 4 bedroom, 3 bath, huge living room. $650. 319-3436.

DOWNTOWN: 1 bedroom, 1 bath, sev. quiet, high ceiling, 1 1/2 blocks from University. AWCN 234-0019.

DOWNTOWN: 1 bedroom, large, quiet, 1 1/2 blocks from University. AWCN 234-0019.
3rd ANNUAL FALL SUPERSALE LIQUIDATION! WE'LL BEAT ANY DEAL!

Get this: Just bring in any competitor's current ad, purchase anything in the store and receive a $15 Christmas gift certificate.

**BALANCE**

- **Balance**
  - **TT Pro**
  - **TT Pro 2.0**
  - **TT Pro 2.0 XTR**

**FULL-SUSPENSION ALUMINUM**

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- **TT 300**
- **TT 400**
- **TT 500**

**CHROMOLY**

- **TT 100**
- **TT 300**
- **TT 400**
- **TT 500**

**Titanium**

- **TT 100**
- **TT 300**
- **TT 400**
- **TT 500**

**ALUMINUM**

- **TT 100**
- **TT 300**
- **TT 400**
- **TT 500**

**MIKE KING Bike Rides, California**

- **1983 National NORBA Dual Slalom champion**
- **1984 National Dual Slalom champion**
- **Went 9 of 7 dual slalom races at the Balance AL 850**
- **Invites you to ride a champion's bike!**

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- **3-FOR-$1**
- **BUY 1 - GET 2 FREE**

**NO SALES TAX!** on anything in the store!
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Fuel injection service includes:


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*most cars

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Mother Courage

By Anne Alblight

Kid Stuff

Ethel doesn’t complain. It’s the hardest job in five years, and 18-year-old Ethel and I are sitting in the non-conditioned visitors’ room at Casa Maria, one of the Catholic Charities’ homes for single mothers. While I melt into one end of the couch, Ethel’s seven-month-old daughter Jesmina sits between us, repeated stuffing my car keys into her mouth and then dropping them onto the floor.

“I had a rough background,” Ethel tells me. “I left my mom when I was 15, because she abused me.” For the next two years Ethel was passed from one family member to another. When she turned 15, Ethel moved in with an aunt and became friends with the aunt’s 28-year-old boyfriend. Several years later, Ethel’s aunt talked Ethel into entering into a three-way sexual relationship with herself and the same boyfriend. What Ethel’s aunt apparently didn’t know was that Ethel was already secretly involved with the boyfriend.

“Now that I thought of it, the pregnancy must have happened,” she says. “She was pregnant when I went to be there for me. I didn’t just want this child. I didn’t even know she was pregnant.” She went to see a doctor, who put her in a foster home, but the baby was stillborn.

“Jesmina was born with Down’s syndrome,” Ethel says. “I couldn’t keep her. I couldn’t keep her. I couldn’t keep her. I couldn’t keep her.”

I grew. I felt so happy, and I said, “I want to raise Jesmina. I want to raise Jesmina. I want to raise Jesmina.” I made a promise to myself. To see this child grow. And I do it now. I do it now. I do it now.

By Ethel and Jesmina
Tint Devil
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“FREE WINDOW TINTING”
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includes free bottle tint cleaner with order.
Inside, dust-free facility.
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Air-conditioned comfort while you wait.
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Life Saved at Septic Tank

By Alfredo Cardenas

**SAN DIEGO TXAS**

- **Vanessa Perez** is a bright four-year-old who lives with her grandmother in a ranch between Realitos and Concepcion. Good thing for Grandmother—this bundle of energy saved her grandmother's life. It's hard to get help in this remote area of the county; the nearest emergency unit is in Benavides about half an hour away. Neighbors, mostly family, live beyond hollering distance. So when Maria Almaraz was working on her yard and fell into the home's septic tank, Vanessa was the only help available.

- The San Diego Vaqueros are in for a long season defending their district football championship after losing their district opener, 22-10, to Hebronville. The Longhorns ran over the Vaqueros before a hometown crowd.

- The San Diego City Council voted to issue $400,000 in Certificates of Obligation to develop a housing subdivision on the city's south side. The council has entered into a earnest-money contract with Irene and Evita Cadmus for the purchase of 16.9 acres of what is commonly known as the George Parr property.

- Four Duval County schools will receive cash awards from the Texas Education Agency under the Texas School Success Awards System (TSSAS) because of 1993-94 TAAS scores. Both elementary and junior high schools in Benavides and Feuer will receive the awards.

- The unemployment rate in Duval County fell by slightly over 1 percent in August, but still remains at a region high of 15.3 percent. This is also slightly lower than the unemployment rate of a year ago.

- Residents of San Diego and Duval County are now able to speak to a Texas Employee Credit Corporation (TEC) representative here in San Diego. TEC will be coming to San Diego on Saturdays, from 1:00 to 4:00 p.m., until further notice, said Norma Benavides from the Alice TEC office.

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- **NGB** 1985, restored nabrik, cracked block, 2 tops, mag wheels, spare parts, new parts, clean bumpers, ton end, etc. As is, 995. Weekdays, 264-7173.
- **MITSUBISHI MPAGE** 1991, 4x4, automatic, air conditioning, power steering, $6500. 264-6844.

**NEED WHEELS?** We have a big selection of recently used cars and trucks. Special financing for credit problems. Payway Ford. 496-1999.

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CHECK OUT OVER 400 NEW CARS IN STOCK

Used Cars, Trucks, Vans, 4x4s $99 Mo* Starting As Low As ...
Meat Straight from Jersey

The masked figure leans over me. "So you came."

I'm looking up through the harsh spotlight into Bea's eyes. My mouth is wide, bristling with metal-filling drills, rams, mirrors, water sprayers, cold-air nozzles, those mini-rolled towels stuffed like fenders around my teeth, bulging out my lips. . . .

"So you're going?"

"Gay."

"To Alex's Brown Bag? And you'll tell them I sent you?"

Bea looks at Dr. Diana the dentist. Diana moves in threateningly. Karen, her assistant, squats in more Friday.

"Was that a yes?"

"Gay."

Bea pulls back. "Okay. girls. Let him go. If he doesn't go to Alex's, we can always get him when he comes to replace his financing."

Bea has this thing. She and the whole dentist's office "do" Alex's religiously every Friday.

So here, Tuesday, for the future safety of what I laughingly call my teeth, I'm up here promised on 5th and 9th.

Alex's Brown Bag! You expect it to be woody, greasy — Angola, for God's sake. Instead it's red, white, and green canopies, white sidewalk tables, espresso coffee, and inside? Noise! Lots of noise.

"Napolitano Bella Napoli!" calls the chef. "Antonio, gimmie a philly to go, two lunch specials, one Californian. Mama — your large soup. Prego. Carlo: Claudio! Welcome! Mangia mangia mangia!"

La Famiglia! For a moment I feel I'm on the set of Moonstruck. La Famiglia! La Famiglia!

And that's what it really is: Young guy waiting to take my order is Benito. Benito Guadagni (pronounced Guw-dahn-ee). And that's Antonio, his brother, cutting a sandwich and Francea, his mother, at the soup tureen, and Benito Sr., his father, "Finger." This is the Home of the Original Philadelphia Cheese Steak Sandwich! shouts Benito Sr. from where he squeezes the meat.

"What would you like?" says Benito Jr. ("Junior") to his friends. Start perusing the signs that line the large grill area.

I don't have that much in the old cash pocket, so I go for the $2.95 Special of the Day, written on a piece of card. A grilled ham and cheese sandwich. I take a Peach Tea Snapple (94) out of the cooler. That's $4.22 including tax.

"Next time," says Benito Sr., "The Philly cheese steak sandwich, okay! Guaranteed original. I import it from Jersey. See?" He hands me a 10-pound box of Deluxe Beef from Quality Foods, Camden, New Jersey, with slice after slice of squared-off beef. "Nothing but the best. It's got to be aged six month. We use six-ounce slices of this meat, sauteed bell peppers, onions, mushrooms, and melting mozzarella cheese — all on a nine-inch roll. $4.25. You got to try it. No one here in San Diego comes close!"

Junior brings my ham and cheese special. I see it's bulging with lettuce and tomato and a pile of French fries on the side. "My prices haven't changed in five years," says Junior. He's only 21 but he's in charge of buying. "That's because I don't just go to one distributor. I shop around."

"We've been in this business 150 years, going on 200 years," says Benito Sr., taking a moment when the line has finally disappeared. For 150 years we

owned a restaurant, La Bella Trattoria, in Napoli. It's still going. Me, I wanted to see the New World. But we keep our same values here. My father — he crosses himself — may he rest in peace, always said: 'Three things,' he told me, if you run a restaurant: '1. Respect above all, respect the customer. Don't lie. 2. Quality. 3. Quantity — give them plenty. Don't be mean. Give these three things and you will have customers — and it happened!'


Benito Jr. nods in agreement, but he's still thinking values. "Now, I teach same things to my kids," says he. "We're from the old Italian school. Our customers — they love my kids. Because they have respect and kindness. And they don't take no drugs." His eyes suddenly become fierce.

"That day I find them with drugs..." He slices his throat, ear to ear. "I CUT their heads off!"

Then his expression suddenly changes again. Junior has brought him a framed picture. He looks at it lovingly. "This is my paisan," he says proudly. "Same as me, he's not afraid to show his heart!"

He points to the inscription, written in gold ink. "To Benito, with my very best wishes. God Bless. Frank Sinatra. 6-94."

Bee should be so lucky. As I leave, Papa throws a kiss. I'll pass it on next time I'm in dentist's chair.

The restaurant: Alex's Brown Bag
The location: 2405 Fifteenth Avenue
Type of food: Italian, East Coast American
Prices: Breakfast — egg, bacon/ham/sausage, home fries, toast: $1.94; lunch, pizza burger $2.75; Mama's specials (spaghetti/w/meatball or sausage) $3.95
Hours: 7 a.m. to 6 p.m. Monday to Friday; 7 a.m. to 2 p.m. Saturday
Bus routes: 1, 3, 3A, 25

Nearest bus stop: 5th and Kahina.

"If you eat at Alex's Brown Bag, the only souvenirs you'll take home are fit teeth and a good meal."

—Anonymous
I’m getting to like that little Sherman tank of a running back, Natrone Means. He ran for three TDs against the Saints; actually scored five TDs, but two were called back by penalties. Sunday’s 36-22 San Diego victory at the Superdome was another quality win for the Bolts, now 6-0.

Last summer the Chargers were forecasted to wind up last in the AFC West. Prognosticators noted that during the off-season the Chargers had dropped 10 starters, more ominously, 6 of the departed had high salaries. Cygnus suspected that general manager Bubba Beathard was pulling a Padres trick—strip the team of star players, put more money in the bank. That view was further enforced when four-time Pro Bowl wide receiver Anthony Miller was traded to division-rival Denver.

Instead, what Beathard didn’t announce was put together a balanced team. That is not to say a great team, but definitely a balanced team. The Chargers can run: regard 245-pound Natrone Means and Ronnie Harmon. They can pass; regard the AFC’s highest-rated quarterback Stan Humphries, and the Chargers can back up and block. They do it all. Everything.

The Chargers have the 10th-best rushing attack, the 11th-best passing attack, and the 12th-best defense in the NFL. Let’s compare that to other AFC West teams.

**Rushing**
- Kansas City: 19th
- Seattle: 8th
- L.A. Raiders: 23rd
- Denver: 14th

**Passing**
- Kansas City: 5th
- Seattle: 21st
- L.A. Raiders: 13th
- Denver: 26th

**Defense**
- Kansas City: 23rd
- Seattle: 13th
- L.A. Raiders: 19th
- Denver: 25th

The key here is balance. San Diego does everything equally well and above average, which is great, but still a long way from doing everything brilliantly, which is what it takes to win a Super Bowl.

Even this early on the Chargers have a chance on the playoffs this year. They enjoy an significant advantage by playing a fourth-place schedule, earned from last year’s dismal record of 8-8. Right now, the Bolts are 4-0 and in the AFC West, winning 3 of those games on the road. Even if the Chargers collapse, utterly and split the last 10 games — 5 and 5 — they would wind up at 11-5, in the playoffs as AFC-West champions.

The homeboys look smooth, smooth every week. All facets of the team are playing on the same level, an almost seamless performance by the offense, defense, and special teams, week in and week out. The Chargers are in top three of the class, which is a pleasure to watch and enjoy. The top third is still a way down the field from Dallas and San Francisco. Last year New Orleans started at 5-0 and ended 8-8. The Dolphins were 6-1 and failed to make the playoffs.

There are plenty of games leaving in the regular season; all things are possible. If San Diego continues to improve they could become a dangerous, frightening team. If they remain where they were they’ll be in the second round of the playoffs. This is a good season to be a Chargers fan.

And now for the good news! The Rolle Massimo hostage crisis is over! Basketball junkies will recall that Massimo was hired at UNLV’s head basketball coach two years ago, replacing Jerry Tarkanian. The task of a 19-year-old and a national championship, was finally nailed by the NCAA police. Massimo was brought in to make UNLV basketball academically spotless, get the NCAA out of town, and keep the Runnin’ Rebels in the top ten.

The problem was Rolle understood only part of the Vegas way. He knew the part about brokerage a secret, supplemental contract with former UNLV and current Long Beach State president, Robert Masson. The secret deal was to pay Massimo an additional $300,000 per year on top of his annual salary of $511,000. Rollie got that right. The part he missed was going 15-13 last season and failing to gain a berth in the NCAA tournament for two years running. "Throw the bums out, buy out his contract," was the universal cry from the board of regents, politicians, faculty, students, alumni, campus executives, basketball fans, and right-thinking Americans wherever they may live.

UNLV offered Massimo a million bucks if he would leave. But Rollie refused, and began wandering Thomas and Mack Center with a whistle in his mouth, all alone. The man was holding himself hostage inside the building of a 20,000-seat basketball arena. No one would come within 20 feet of him.

Last Friday the news poured in from news services around the world. Help was on the way. Rollie had agreed to accept a new five-year severance package totaling $1.9 million. Relieved that his ordeal was over, Massimo told reporters, "This university is a great institution. I love Las Vegas. Unfortunately, this didn’t work out." Next time Rollie.
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