The people who grow the flowers overlooking the freeway in Carlsbad did something last spring that diverged from San Diego floricultural tradition: they encouraged the public to come onto the growing grounds. An estimated 125,000 people responded between March and early May of 1994, and upon many of them the ranunculus flowers cast an eerie spell. According to one of the women who sold bouquets there, a steady stream of mentally disturbed individuals were drawn to the site. “They would just sit and look and when they left, they seemed a lot calmer.”

(CONTINUED ON PAGE 30)
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MORE GREAT DEALS ON PAGE 7
LETTERS

We welcome letters pertaining to the contents of the Reader. You may phone them in by calling 235-3000, ext. 460; address them to Letters to the Editor, Box 85803, San Diego, CA 92186-5803; fax them to 231-0485; or e-mail them to sdr@readers.com via the Internet. Please include your name, address, and telephone number. Letters may be edited for length and clarity.

I Was Thrilled
I have really enjoyed “University Avenue” (February 23). It brings back many memories. I lived along different areas of University Avenue from the 40s to the 60s. It has changed in many ways, yet stays the same. I was thrilled to learn that Ronny and Donny are still around; I grew up with them. They are two days older than I am, and their father was a single parent who had lots of help from the community to raise them. University Avenue is like that; family to everyone. Thank you for another look at my life.

Jan Tully
San Carlos

Hellooo!
Thanks for Thomas K. Arnold’s article about the port commissioner’s extravagant trips that most people will never be able to afford (“City Lights,” February 23). We are all paying for them anyway.

We have a port commission that collects rents and fees from properties on port lands, the money to be allocated to cities as needed. Those port districts help keep the tax burden less onerous.

Instead, as Arnold and Richard Rider pointed out, hundreds of thousands of this money are being spent on luxury trips abroad for the commissioners, with no benefit of less taxes.

Commissioners justify the egregious waste by saying revenues are down. One month-long jaunt by five of them to exotic locales will increase business (oh really!)

Commissioner McDonnell claimed he learned much about public relations on one far-flung trip. Hellooo! McDonnell, have you noticed communication has been simplified by the post office, phone, fax, and modems? Perhaps you could have learned from a book or paid your own way at one of our excellent local schools. What is PR anyway but ways to manipulate the public. Worthless plans sell themselves.

As for the long hours they work, of course, travel to vacation sports is time consuming, as are meals on expense accounts.

Finally, no member of the county’s commission on government efficiency and reorganization has any idea if those trips really are a com-

plite waste as far as increased business is concerned.

Are you better off because of the port’s vacation expenditures? Would you be worse off if all the properties were sold off to private business, yes, even on the airport? Those businesses would pay for their own trips, if any. You can bet the farm that they would know if they are profitable.

The overworked commissioners could go into private practice where their worth would be appreciated. Heck, while we’re at it, let’s dump the apathetic commission on government efficiency and reorganization.

Now that’s efficient.

Elizabeth Meyers
San Diego

I Thank Mr. Mitchell
I commend you on choosing to feature “Growing Up Negro in San Diego” by Hawkins Mitchell (February 16). Mr. Mitchell’s autobiographical essay, while clearly written from the perspective of a mature African-American man reflecting on the loss of his innocence in San Diego over three decades ago, is a beauti-
ful example of rich prose that reaches across time and racial lines to touch the hearts of all readers. Every paragraph is beautifully written and drew me into the spirited, sometimes funny, and poignant world of the young Hawkins Mitchell.

I, too, grew up in coastal California in the 50s as a lover of the written word. Reading Mr. Mitchell’s work reminds me of the sadness I feel for children who fill the hours of their childhoods with television and video games. The world of a child in the 50s was a world of vivid imagination. We ran and shouted and could be anything that we imagined ourselves to be. When we were quiet with our books, we stepped into the worlds of our favorite characters, not as passive observers, but as participants who breathed in the smells, sounds, and stories of the boys and girls who came to life from the pages we turned as fast as we could without missing a word. Reaching the end of an especially beloved book brought a wave of sadness as if a best friend had just moved out of town.

Those books that we loved as children taught us heart and compassion through allowing us the privilege of inhabiting the minds of children in other families and in other circumstances. We learned that listening is the key to understanding the truth of others. I thank Mr. Mitchell and the staff of the Reader for allowing me to listen to the story of the young Hawkins.

Jean Chaney
Vista
CITY LIGHTS

Gassy pork gets roasted. A controversial gas-cooled nuclear reactor sponsored by La Jolla's General Atomics has made a national hit list of wasteful federal projects. Put out by an unusual coalition of environmental and taxpayer groups, the list takes aim at $33 billion in federally subsidized projects allegedly packed with pork and environmentally risk. Ralph De Gennaro of Friends of the Earth, one of the organizations heading the coalition, says the GA reactor could ultimately cost taxpayers $2.6 billion. "The program has twice been rejected by the National Academy of Sciences, the president has said we should kill it, the Senate voted to kill it in 1993, and the project simply does not make sense," says De Gennaro, noting that General Atomics received $12 million in federal funding in 1994 alone. "It's a stupid way to dispose of plutonium or to generate electricity," he says. General Atomics vice chairman Linden Blue has defended the project by saying the total cost to the government would only be $500 million and the reactor would decrease dependence on foreign oil, but De Gennaro remains unswayed. "Wiser heads than mine have found it's not a good way," he says, "and I believe them."

Like lambs to slaughter. The long-awaited last Wednesday fell on six senior managers on the editorial side of the Union-Tribune. Rumors had been circulating for months that a block of mid-level management would be let go, but no one knew ahead of time who was on the list and when the layoffs would occur, sources say. Pamela Dugan, who lost her job as chief of the copy desk, says simply: "That's business these days and newspapers are business, so we're not immune." Craig Rose, president of the Newspaper Guild, says others who lost their jobs include the assistant managing editor of features, the assistant managing editor of graphics, and the editor of the "Night & Day" entertainment supplement. "There is much distress over the layoffs and the manner in which they took place," Rose says. "People are very upset, and some question the necessity of layoffs when attrition is already reducing the size of the newsroom."

America's unbalanced city. San Diego's continuing budget woes have provoked caustic comments from Financial Week magazine, which last year and again this year ranked the city's fiscal management 19th among the nation's 30 largest cities. This year, San Diego moved up four notches to number 15, but that's still five spots below where it placed in 1991. Overall, authors — Katherine Barrett and Richard Greene — gave San Diego a "B-minus," but they note some severe problems, particularly in the way the city manages its money: "For the past several years, San Diego's revenues and expenditures have been out of balance," they write in the magazine's March 14 "State of the Cities" cover story. "In fiscal 1994, nonrecurring resources made up 4 percent of general fund revenues. That's down to 2.6 percent in the current year, but in fiscal 1995, the city also has to deal with revenues that are coming in 3 percent below estimates. Revenue and expenditure estimates project budget gaps of $39 million, $51 million, and $65 million in the next three years. Current budget balancing moves depend on hastily selling off more than $8 million worth of city-owned "pueblo" land, a move that has been hit by critics, including ex-councilwoman Abe Wolshehimer.

Council up a tree. The city council has more on its hands than simple budget woes. Take, for example, changing the names of several of its key committees. After lengthy debate, the council voted to change the name of the Public Safety and Services committee to the Committee on Public Safety and Neighborhood Services. The old Transportation and Land Use committee became the Committee on Land Use and Housing. And the Public Facilities and Recreation committee was renamed the Committee on Natural Resources, Culture and the Arts. Councilwoman Judy McCarthy submitted a bill to change her council signature motion — seconded by councilwoman Barbara Warden — to change the name of the Tree Advisory Board to the Tree Advisory Committee.

Contributor: Thomas K. Arnold

The Reader offers $25 for news tips published in this column. Call our voice mail at 234-3000, ext. 440. Or fax your tip to 231-0489.

Mayoral Fellow No More

By Thomas K. Arnold

A

rthur S. Ecker can't understand why Susan Golding won't return his phone calls. After all, he's hardly a stranger to the mayor. The pipe-smoking, 67-year-old former family law judge and assistant U.S. attorney in New York was a trusted campaign aide in Golding's 1992 run for city hall. After Golding's election, Ecker served as special counsel to the mayor. He also established a nonprofit foundation that provided Golding with student interns who wanted to learn more about government. Ecker paid their salaries out of his own pocket.

But last summer, Ecker says, he lost his desk space in the mayor's office and was told by one of her aides to "lay low." Since then, he says, he's become persona non grata. His phone calls don't get returned, and his letters — there have been several — remain unanswered. "If they don't want to talk to me, I guess they don't want to talk to me," Ecker shrugs. "I understand that several people have called down there and asked for me, and the person who answers the phone says she's never even heard of me. So I guess I'm more than out of sight, I'm completely out of mind. It's a little embarrassing; I don't want any medals for the work I did, but I'm a little unhappy with the way things turned out. Now I'm forgotten."

Ecker is the latest casualty in an administration that has claimed more than a dozen staffers since Golding took office two years ago. Most of the departees cited long hours and the mayor's demanding personality as the reasons they bailed out. Ecker does not. He's still there, he says, if he hadn't been so persistent in his efforts to get Golding to deliver the fundraising and other support she promised for the Mayoral Fellows Foundation of San Diego, which he says was his pet project. These days, he says, it appears Golding wants no part of him.

So now, Ecker is officially dissolving the foundation and taking his largess elsewhere. He plans on taking his idea, and his money, to the University of Redlands, his daughter's alma mater. If the program is accepted, Ecker says, the program will subsidize one summer internship each year for a student who wants to work in some aspect of local or state government.

Ecker is a native New Yorker who graduated from Harvard Law School in 1949. He later worked as an assistant U.S. attorney in the civil division in the Southern District of New York. In the middle 1950s he moved to Los Angeles, where he spent two years on the legal staff of the William Morris Agency before going into private practice in 1960. Ecker had also been active in politics. He chaired the Greater New York speakers bureau for the Eisenhower-Nixon ticket in 1952 and later worked on Nixon's 1960 presidential campaign.

When Ecker moved to Del Mar four years ago, ostensibly to retire, he was itching to get back into politics, he says. Before long, he had hooked up with the Golding campaign. "When I got here, the mayor's race was coming up in about a year, and I made some inquiries about Susan Golding." Ecker recalls. "I talked to someone who had worked for her when she was supervisor, and he said she was very able but very demanding. The demanding part didn't bother me, the able part interested me, and I secured an introduction through Dan McAllister, who at that time was running her campaign."

Ecker was promptly tapped as the Golding campaign's education campaign manager, to try to get students interested in the Golding campaign. "I presented the campaign several ideas I had about getting young people on the level of high school seniors and college students involved both in the campaign and with a view to their subsequently entering government on a higher scale," he says. "I also submitted several memos to her [Golding] on strategy. Personally felt that the campaign needed to take a direction somewhat different from where it was going."

Ecker says he first presented Golding with his idea for the Mayoral Fellows Foundation during the campaign. "I crafted some literature and I presented the idea to Susan that if she got elected mayor she would allow me to set up a foundation with trustees from the community to give grants to students to work in her office as interns during the summer," he says. "I have believed, ever since I was a young assistant U.S. attorney in New York, that the highest calling for anyone is to do public service. And the way to get good people into government is to start to get them young."

Once Golding took office, Ecker says, she made good on her promise, and he drew up incorporation papers and established the foundation as a nonprofit organization. "We, the foundation, were responsible for raising money," he says. "I sort of thought that between the mayor's office and myself, we could come up with money."

The foundation held an essay contest and invited students from six local colleges, including San Diego State University and the University of California at San Diego, to participate. Two interns were ultimately selected, and they began their six-week stay at city hall on June 14, 1993. Both students were subsequently asked to critique their term in the mayor's office — and for the most part, they had kind words to say about the foundation and...
Shootout at the Sheriff's Money Corral

By Thomas K. Arnold

Two months after Bill Kolender's victory in the June primary over incumbent Sheriff Jim Roache, about 250 of his supporters threw him a gala Western-themed "Victory BBQ" at the Pillsbury Land & Livestock ranch, zoo ambassador Joan Embrey's spread in rural Lakeside.

Contributors were invited to "kick up your heels to help retire Bill's campaign debt," according to the invitation to the August 19 event, which also featured a country-western band, an assortment of zoo animals, and "barn prizes." Kolender had spent $272,937 to defeat Roache and one other opponent, and after the election his campaign was about $16,500 in debt. According to the invitation, checks — $125 per person, $200 per couple — were to be made out to the Bill Kolender for Sheriff committee, which had gotten the former San Diego police chief elected to the county's top law enforcement post.

But campaign disclosure statements show that of the more than $16,000 collected in the week preceding the fundraiser, nearly $2500 was never applied to the debt. Rather, it was turned over to a second campaign committee, Friends of Bill Kolender, which had established a few weeks before to finance Kolender's re-election drive.

Critics say that what the Kolender camp has done is, at best, deceptive, and possibly in violation of county campaign laws. The invitation to the Pillsbury ranch fundraiser clearly stated that donations would go to pay off the old campaign debt. And anyone attending the barbecue who had already exceeded the legal limit should have gotten his or her money back.

Larry Scott, Kolender's campaign treasurer, says there's a good reason that the $2500 wasn't used to retire the debt and instead was banked...
Ecker
continued from page 6
the program in general.
Intern Rick Ausby wrote that he particularly enjoyed "at-
tering a meeting between Mayor Golding and Mayor Os-
una of Tijuana" and spending a day with the mayor's police
bodyguard, Detective Ray Wat-
on. "The knowledge I gained about city government will
benefit me throughout my life-
time and will also help me to
be a more effective teacher," he
wrote. "I can start my senior
year with a booster shot of
pride and purpose."
Jane Rice, deputy director
of the San Diego Museum of
Art, and one of the foundation
board members, says the in-
ternship program was very suc-
cessful. "City hall seemed very
supportive," she said. "Mayor
Golding's chief of staff, Richard
Ledford, got very involved. He
came to a couple of board
meetings, and it seems the in-
terns did very interesting work."
Still, working with Golding
was not easy, particularly for a
student. His first day at city hall,
Ausby wrote, "I sat at my desk,
talking with [a co-worker] for
the first three hours, not know-
ing what else to do. Someone
eventually came in and told us
if we wanted work, we had to
find it. Ultimately, Ausby
wrote, he was asked to respond
to a letter from an elderly cou-
ple visiting San Diego for the
first time. Six revisions later,
Ausby's response finally got
the signature. "I made many
simple grammatical er-
ers and said things that 'the
continued on page 9
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1994 Toyota Paseo: Atlas grey with air conditioning; this Paseo has only 2000 miles! Vin#18947

CITY LIGHTS

Continued from page 6

mayor wouldn't say," he wrote. "I later learned the mayor was a proofreader at one time and allows only excellently written letters to get out in her name. Several of the mayor's staff told me later that the mayor also often returned their letters with corrections and comments, "so don't feel bad," they told me." When the inaugural internship program ended in August 1995, Ecker says, he was eager to begin planning an encore. "Everyone thought it was very successful," he says. The only problem was that 80 percent of the money used to keep the foundation operating included the $1200 stipend for each student intern - came directly from Ecker. Originally, he says, the mayor's office had promised to assist the foundation in its fund-raising efforts by drumming up publicity and sending out press releases. But nothing ever materialized, Ecker says. "They said they were going to help us with parties and things, but it never really got worked out," he says. "We expected the mayor's office to publicize the foundation, because it was, after all, for the mayor's benefit, but nothing ever happened. Not only did they not publicize it themselves, they would not work with a public relations person we hired ourselves. He presented himself and his presented ideas, but they never wanted to bother with him. If there had been articles and features in the local media, I could have used them to raise money. But you can't go to a person and ask for money for an organization they never heard of, and not show them clippings or something."

In the meantime, Ecker says, he had been asked by chief of staff Richard Ledford to become Golding's special counsel - without pay. "Mostly, I reviewed ordinances; I was primarily responsible for the ordinance that went into effect shortly before Thanksgiving [1993] that outlawed aggressive panhandling," Ecker says. "Very often the city attorney would say something couldn't be done, and it would be given to me to find a way of legally getting it done. And usually I was able to do that." Ecker says he was given his own desk at the mayor's office and worked there at least two days a week. "I worked at home a lot too, he says." All summer of 1994 drew closer, Ecker says, he became increasingly agitated that the internship program was not receiving the attention from the mayor that he felt it deserved. He decided to put the program on hold. Not long thereafter, Ecker says, Ledford informed him that his services as special counsel were no longer needed. "According to Mr. Ledford, the city attorney did not like my presence there," Ecker says. "He felt that I was encroaching on

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continues on page 10

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CITY LIGHTS
continued from page 8
his turf, and Mr. Ledford said to me, 'There's too much heat, why don't you lay low and disappear for awhile. We need space in the office, anyway.'

Since then, Ecker says, he's phoned and written to Gording on several occasions, but he's never gotten any kind of response. He had hoped to talk to her about somehow reviving the internship program, "but it doesn't appear to me that she's interested," he says. Gording did not return phone calls seeking comment for this story.

So now Ecker has officially disbanded the Mayoral Fellows Foundation of San Diego, informing the directors in a letter, "After much soul searching and consultation with members of our executive committee, I have come to the painful conclusion that our program is not destined to continue." The chief reason, Ecker wrote, was "the failure of the mayor's office to offer the promised support."

Rice, on one, is said to see the foundation go. "In this country, we sometimes don't get the best going into government," she says, "traditionally in France and in England, you get the brightest and most able kids competing to go into public service. I saw this foundation as a way of interesting undergraduates in public service, which is very important to our nation."

Ecker's last contact with the mayor's office came last week, with an invitation to tonight's Gording fundraiser at the E Street Alley in the Gaslamp Quarter. Will he come up with the $150 price of admission? "No," he says stoutly. "At the moment, I'm done giving."

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Fundraiser

Roache, the former state senator who ran in 1994 on a "victory BBQ" platform, is planning a second fundraiser, this time to raise money for a "serious" campaign, she says, in an attempt to beat the 52-48% split between the two candidates. Roache says the fundraiser is being organized by a group of "serious" contributors who want to see the race decided by the voters, not by the courts.

Roache says the fundraiser will be held at the Town & Country Hotel in Mission Valley, and will feature "serious" contributions from those who want to see the race decided by the voters, not by the courts.

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Her Legal Plan Is from Poverty
By Bill Manson

Here's the problem: If certain Republicans have their way, Congress will cut off all federal funding for legal aid to the poor by 1996.

Here's the solution: If La Jolla lawyer Catherine Macpherson gets her way, a new, over-the-phone legal aid business will help replace the lost financing — at least in California — to keep justice within reach of the poorest of the poor.

"I say, modestly, this is revolutionary," says Macpherson. "I'm creating a win-win solution."

Last month she incorporated her brainchild, the not-for-profit Legal Access Foundation.

The idea depends on selling legal plans, mainly to middle-income individuals and small businesses, markets not served by the big legal insurance firms. The plan holders would pay a regular "membership fee" for the right to consult — mostly by phone — with Foundation lawyers at rates far cheaper than regular attorneys would charge. Profits would go to financing legal aid for San Diego's indigent population.

But how real is the need? Macpherson is convinced the winds blowing through Congress spell disaster. "No one involved with Legal Services is optimistic about federal funding for the indigent beyond 1995," she says.

If a group of House Republicans succeeds in passing H.R. 759, the crash could be heard as early as next year.

The federal entity under threat from the Republicans is the Legal Services Corporation, started by President Nixon in 1974 to keep the government's "War On Poverty" indigent legal services independent from the daily whims of Congress. It currently funds 325 legal services for the poor nationwide with a budget of $415 million — "the cost of one left wing of a B-52 bomber," according to Californians for Legal Aid.

So last month Macpherson made a big decision: She abandoned her ten-year-old legal consulting business and launched the Legal Access Foundation. "In essence the company is about funding indigent legal programs from business created by providing cheaper access to justice for middle- and lower-income people," she says.

Macpherson says she isn't worried about finding customers. "The age of legal plans has arrived," she says. "Legal plan coverage has grown from one million individuals covered in 1976 to 85 million in 1994."

Not everyone agrees. "The legal plan idea has been tried before, and frankly it hasn't met with great success," says Larry Burns, a deputy U.S. attorney in San Diego who's known as one of the city's sharpest trial lawyers. "It was the rage about 10 years ago. It's mimicking these health plans. But my understanding is it pretty much fell flat. The need for legal services is not as great as for medical services. A person's going to visit the doctor routinely four or five times a year, even a healthy person. But most people don't need a lawyer four or five times a year."

Burns says he has a better
car she is sitting in, smiling. She is wearing a black jacket and black pants. Her hair is long and dark. She is sitting in a chair in the middle of the room. The room has a large window with a view of the ocean. The room is decorated with several pieces of art on the wall. The room is well-lit with natural light coming in from the window. The room is also well-decorated with several pieces of furniture, including a couch, a chair, and a desk. The room is also well-decorated with several pieces of art on the wall. The room is well-lit with natural light coming in from the window.

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† Service activation not required to receive $50 MCI long distance rebate. Customer will receive MCI calling card with $50 in free long distance usage for all domestic and international calls. Customer will be billed cellular traffic if calling card is used from cellular phone. This arrangement is solely between MCI and TSA Cellular. TSA Cellular is acting as an independent business in this arrangement. Offer expires March 31, 1995.

Sales prices available while supplies last. Not all phones available at all locations. Service activation not required. 3 week test time on special units.
Indigents
continued from page 12

idea to help the poor get access to the law. "The state bar
should say to every attorney, 'As a condition of maintain ing
your license year to year, you must give 10 or 12 hours pro
bono work a year.' Everybody could live with that. I could go
do it on a Saturday as a condi tion of retaining my license." 

"It's not practical to ask at
torneys to give 12 hours of their time," counters Macpherson. "And it sounds to me like [Burns] is just not up to date
on what's been happening in the employee legal plan.
I've been doing this since 1978. I've been marketing for the last
ten years, and I've seen an in
credible increase in the last five.
In that period, Att got it, Mi cro soft got it, Best Western got
it, California State Employees
got it, American Express, Kraft
Foods..."

So how come she's quitting
the day job at such a lucrative
time to take on a nonprofit
time for the poor? "I'm tired of making
money for corporations. I'm 42. For ten years I have been
looking for something I could
get my teeth into. Then three
months ago I became involved
with San Diego's Legal Aid So-
ciety. I looked around and I
started really trying to think of
what it would be like if we
didn't provide legal services for
indigents. I can't imagine peo-
ples in this state or in this coun-
try not having access to basic
legal services. Plus, I was born
in South Africa. I'm truly
grateful for the freedom here.
Plain and simple: I want to give
something back.

Macpherson intends to aim
for small businesses, not big
ones. "There will be three dif
erent panels of attorneys: at
torneys sitting on the counsel-
ning phones; referral attorneys
for covered services [like di-
vores] and referral attorneys
for non-covered services [like
personal injury, wrongful
death]. Those attorneys are the
ones that are going to pay the
forwarding fees of somewhere
between 4 and 35 percent. God
only knows how much we'll
collect from forwarding fees in big
dollar personal-injury cases."

Overworked legal aid soci-
eties could certainly do with
the cash, even before the Re-
publicans' guillotine drops.
Nationally, legal aid helps 1.5
million poor people a year on
legal matters affecting children,
the elderly, the homeless, bat-
tered women, family and hous-
ing matters."

"Here in San Diego," says
Greg Knoll, executive director
of San Diego Legal Aid, "our
minimum staffing level was set
at two lawyers per 10,000 [in-
digent or poor] in the city.
Now, there are 300,000 poor
here, which should translate
into 60 lawyers plus paralegals
and staff. We have 16 lawyers,
and 60, and I take lots of
Maulses. We get 400 calls from
new people every day. The
most appointments I can set
is 65. So that's 335 we turn away
each day."

"Bad economic times are
when we're needed most. Poor
people who feel they never get
a slice of the pie at least have
an advocate through us, feel
a part of society. Battered
women, homeless, abused chil-
dren. We're talking basics —
food, shelter, clothing, all in
the context of the law. And the
Constitution says we all
should have equal access to the
law, rich or poor..."

"That," says conservative
assemblyman Howard Kalog
ian from North County, "is like
saying everybody has equal
access to the freeways, there-
fore the government should
provide them the car. As I read
the U.S. Constitution I don't
see any place where it says to
provide for legal services to the
indigent except in criminal
accusation."

"We have to go buy your
own car...and some people can
afford a Mercedes Benz —
otherwise you get O.J. Simpson
hiring the Dream Team — and
some people can afford the
used Volkswagen Bug, and
hence you have people on in-
digent legal services for crim-
inal prosecution," says Kalog
ian. "But I don't think there's
any reason to take from the
taxpayers in order to pro-
vide somebody else with the
service of writing a will, for in-
stance. Heck! Most people can't
afford attorneys with the fees
that are charged today."

Which is precisely Mac-
pherson's point. "Many who
have dealt with the legal sys-
tem in California believe it
only benefits attorneys," she
says.

Perhaps ironically, assem-
bleyman Kalogian thinks
Macpherson's way is the way to
go.

"Catherine Macpherson
proves that the government is
not the only source of help.
The government fills the vac-
umum, unfortunately...but if it
would withdraw, then those
thousand and one points of light
that we heard about from so many
other people would shine
brighter, and private enterprise
and individual charity will
come forward in order to fill
that need. I think hers is a
smart idea."

Meantime, Macpherson is
on the hunt for start-up
money — $40,000 to finance a
detailed business plan and,
"oh, about $2 million" to get
the operation rolling."
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MUSH ON YOU HUSKIES!

By Patrick Daugherty

One of life's annual pleasures arrives every March. The event is the Iditarod dog sled race, which began last Saturday and will run 10 to 14 days, depending on the weather. The race starts in Anchorage and ends 1173 miles later in Nome. The quickest musher wins $50,000, the following 19 finishers split $300,000.

The Iditarod begins simply enough. Fifty-eight mushers, each with a sled and 16 dogs, show up on the corner of 4th and D Avenues in downtown Anchorage. The noise is terrific, as 928 dogs bark and yelp, crazy with excitement. City center is blocked off; civilians line 4th Avenue. Locals pour out from the Montana Bar, the Quikie Club, Captain Cook's to drink beer and watch as dog teams go off the mark in 30-second intervals.

The Iditarod has its share of puff. For instance, the city of Anchorage usually has to truck snow into downtown for the start. After the mushers are off, many animals are so unfamiliar with real dogs constantly run into parking meters and lamp posts, frequently have a hideous time getting out of the city. The mushers race their teams a few miles alongside a freeway, stop, and load dogs and gear onto trucks, then drive 63 miles to Knik, where the highway ends and the wilderness begins.

But finally, after Knik, for the next 1065 miles the Iditarod is the last great race left in North America. Mushers race in the bush, in winter, blazing along at 8 mph, not a road to cross until Safety, the next to last checkpoint, 22 miles out from Nome.

Orderly humans will never see forests or mountains or rivers like the ones found along the thousand miles of Alaska used for the race course. This is country the way it was when cave painting was high art.

If you have a lot of time on your hands, more money than you know what to do with, the place to be is Nome. If you leave today, you'll be there in time to see the winner sled down Main Street. Simply take a flight up to Anchorage, then hop on an Alaska Airlines commuter to the Bering Strait. Don't forget a sleeping bag the hotels will be filled. Likely, you'll be staying in the high school gym or the fire department's shop floor or, if you've got an ounce of charm, on a brand-new friend's living room couch.

If you've ever wondered what life was like a hundred years ago, Nome during Iditarod week is about as close to the real deal as you'll find within American jurisdiction. Every March the entire Norton Sound empties and moves to Nome. Natives arrive from St. Lawrence and Nunivak Islands, St. Michael, Alakanuk, Kotzebue, from all over Alaska's western coast.

Nome is bawdy, it is rowdy, it is noisy. The town of 2500 doubles for two weeks. The city is suddenly awash with men and women who are hell-bent for a party, who hunt and fish and mine for a living, who have spent their lives in impossible-to-get-to places where there are few rules and no regulations. Spend a week with people who live with that much freedom, who take it for granted, who view unlimited personal freedom as the way things normally are, and it's like getting a direct feed of pure oxygen pumped into your veins. Your eyes will pop, your heart will beat faster, your senses will come alive.

The Sporting Box solicits your comments via CompuServe 74641,2700; or the Internet: sportbox@ix.netcom.com; or fax to the Reader: 231-0489

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"Boy, everything looked so different in the early morning, when there's still dew on the ground. Where the sweetest violets were and where the wild onion grew and the chocolate lilies.

GOD’S DIRT

(continued from page 1)

Of the visitors shed inhibitions. The bouquet-seller, for instance, recalls a teenager who somehow sneakled in when the fields were supposed to be closed. He disregarded the plastic tape set up to protect the rows of plants. "And you could see this head bobbing up and down. He was literally having a field day, running through the blooms... When people get to the top of the hillsides, they just go crazy. They see the view and they think, 'I have these flowers, they're all around me, and nobody will tell me I can't do this.'"

I was among the ranunculus visitors last spring, and although I stayed on the path and observed all the rules, I could see how the flowers might induce an altered state. There's something surrealistic about the scale and the stark geometry of the plantings. The scene forces a constant shifting of focus. You look at the bulb-shaped ranunculus close to you, tight masses of ruffled petals borne two feet above the ground on slender stalks and saturated with a color so pure, so absolute, that it shocks your eyes. But your gaze is also drawn outward, across the acres, to where the blooms fuse into something a bit more muted but grander. Walking amidst those glowing colors feels cinematic, Oz-like. But no cartoonish Munchkins intrude. The sea breeze and the warm sun and the smell of the earth reign here.

The ranunculus growers noted the public's enthusiastic response last year — more than 30,000 bouquets were sold, and more packages of ranunculus bulbs were purchased than at any other single location in the country. This year the growers are expanding the welcome — setting up two flower stalls instead of one, offering tours. Ranunculus T-shirts will be hawked, along with children's gardening kits. Agri-tourism appears to be on the brink of rescuing a more than 60-year-old San Diego County institution.

Also crucial to the rescue has been a 77-year-old Rancho Santa Fe resident named Edwin Frazier. It's quite possible that Frazier knows more about farming ranunculus than anyone else on the planet. Over the years he's visited those who have grown the flower overseas — in Australia, in South Africa, in Israel. But for many years he was the only commercial ranunculus bulb grower in North America. Had the crop vanished from San Diego County — as it seemed destined to do two years ago — it would have survived within his heart and his profusion of memories.

He can remember when he first saw ranunculus planted — probably the first ever to grow in San Diego County. The year was 1922. Edwin had been born the second child and first son of a farmer named Frank ("He grows lima beans." Edwin's birth certificate declared of the father). By the time Edwin was five, Frank Frazier was sharingcrop English pea for a horticulturist named Luther Gage, who'd moved down from Montebello to a ten-acre site between Tamarack and Chiquipuq avenues (just west of where the I-5 freeway runs today). Besides the peas Frank tended, Gage also planted several varieties of flowers. "They had some little beds of ranunculus, about three by ten feet long," Edwin Frazier recalls. "Had 'em covered, and you had to go water them by hand. When Luther Gage was gone, my dad went over there each day or twice a day and watered the seed with the little sprinkling cans."

Edwin's family lived on a section of the old Agua Hedionda Ranch in what is now eastern Carlsbad, in a house owned by a distant relative. "I can remember going out to get the cows in the morning to bring them in to milk. I was six years old." Edwin conjures up those days. "I'd get up just at daylight. Boy, everything looked so different in the early morning, when there's still dew on the ground. You could see where all the quail laid their eggs and see the little quail flocks and where all the rabbits were and where the roadrunners had put their feet up in the cactus. I knew where every flower was on that ranch out there. Where the sweetest violets were and where the wild onion grew and the were picking cucumbers that day. "We got there in the afternoon, and we hid in the back of the old Model T Ford. The folks come in about dark, they asked us what we were doing. By the time the family got back, they discovered that the fire had caught all the items the children had wrestled outside. "Only thing we had left was the clothes on our backs. Nothing to eat," Edwin recalls.

"When the asparagus ranch was sold in 1928, Frank moved his family back to south Oceanside. "We had to have something to do," says Edwin. He says his uncle talked his father into trying to grow freezias.

Freedia bulbs were then very much in demand, according to Edwin. This was back "when there was only a certain time that every flower bloomed," he explains; year-round carnations and chrysanthemums and roses hadn't yet been developed. But the freedia bulbs could be shipped back east to greenhouse growers, who planted them the following fall and forced some of the first flowers of the year on the East Coast. Edwin's father did well enough at freedia growing, and by 1931 he moved to an extraordinary piece of property near the railroad track in south Oceanside. In the late 1920s, a developer had come into the area and had created hundreds of 60-by-100-foot lots. He'd laid out streets and installed sidewalks, piped in water, even erected some street signs — only to go bankrupt in the Great Crash of 1929. Since few people could afford to pay the taxes on the lots they'd purchased, most of the land fell into the city's ownership. The city in turn leased out some of it,
By 1933, when Edwin was 16 years old, his father decided to add ranunculus to his output. "He brought a little bag of seed down, and we went along the gutter where the water washed sand that was pretty pure." Father and son mixed the sand and seed together, then "My dad made the rows, and I sowed the seed, and we covered it with a mulch and manure. That's how I got my start," Edwin says.

One of the biggest problems bedeviling the would-be ranunculus farmer had by then been solved, according to Edwin. The so-called ranunculus bulbs (they're actually tubers) are tough, resilient things that resemble tiny bunches of bananas that have dried up till they're brown and stiff. Even an inept gardener can plunk them in the ground and be clipping flowers from them in about three months.

That's why the vast majority of home gardeners clamor for bulbs rather than seeds. The seeds not only take far longer to yield blossoms (four to six months) but they also rank among the world's most fragile. They look a bit like miniature flakes of oatmeal, so thin that they're almost transparent. In the early 1920s, there seemed no way to plant them in an open field. "How do you irrigate something like that?" asks Edwin. A water droplet of any size "washes the sand over them and cuts them," he adds. But eventually a California grower named Skinner devised an irrigation system that produced a spray diffuse enough to moisten the seed without harming it.

"All it is is just a pipe with very fine holes drilled in it," Edwin says. Out of the holes shot a fine straight spray. "But you had to keep moving that pipe to keep the water from puddling."

By 16, Edwin had quit high school to devote all his time to his father's flower-growing enterprise. He was the only child in his family to drop out of school. (His brother
Robert wound up going into politics and served as a state assemblyman for 18 years, while his other brothers eventually joined him in the flower business.) Edwin doesn’t seem to regret the premature end to his formal education. He’s a robust elder, a man with shrewd intelligent eyes, slicked-back white hair, and a nose so thin and delicate that it looks incongruously feminine. He and Mabel, his wife of 54 years, live in a sprawling, comfortable house set on a lush and spacious piece of property just a few blocks from some of the most ostentatious mansions in San Diego County. Their evident prosperity made me wonder aloud if they had ever experienced any disasters in their years of flower farming. At the question, Edwin and Mabel both burst out laughing.

“Disasters!” Edwin gasped between guffaws. “We had disasters to where we didn’t know where the next meal was coming from!”

“Funny how we ever survived,” Mabel marveled. “That’s the mystery.”

They reeled off horror stories. There was 1938, for instance, the year Edwin moved the family’s farming operations up to leased land on Rancho Santa Margarita (later Camp Pendleton). Soon after the first ranunculus sprouts appeared, a savage east wind blew for two days, and the sand cut most of the tiny plants level with the ground. “A few flowers survived, but the rains washed gullies six feet deep through the middle of the field,” Edwin said. Then in March we had another wind from another direction. From the whole crop that year, we didn’t get enough to pay just the laborers. Not to mention all our other expenses.”

“We had to wait until all the disasters were paid for before we could get married,” Mabel said. By the time they did have the wedding, in 1940, Mabel must have been prepared for the life upon which she was embarking. “My wife was with me out in the field from day one,” Edwin commented on another occasion. “We got married on a Sunday. Monday I had to plant the rest of the ranunculus, so she came out there and helped me plant it.”

Despite the daily mountain of chores, despite the calamities, Edwin also glimpsed something else as he settled into the flower-growing routine. He says, while still in school, he had decided that if he was going to farm, “I wanted to get into something where I could be number-one. You get into raising corn or something like that, and you’re just another corn grower. Instead you have to find some place where you’re gonna fit and you can reach the top,” he resolved. And in the North County coastal fields, Edwin concluded, the ranunculus grower commanded powerful advantages.

“Ranunculus need a mild winter climate,” he explains. “And they need sandy soil to grow in, that’s well-drained. They’ll grow in a heavier soil, but the problem with that is digging.” The commercial ranunculus grower has to dig all the bulbs out, “and the digging can be so costly that it will take all the profit out of it,” Edwin says. Also essential to harvesting the bulbs is a dry summer. “If you get rain, it’ll rot the bulbs. There’s a lot of areas in this world, like New Zealand, that are similar to here. But they have summertime rains. Florida has summertime rains.” Edwin concludes, “I’ve looked the world over, all up the coast here and back east, and nothing will compare with this area right here for ranunculus growing.”

He nonplussed wasn’t satisfied with enjoying the climatic superiority. Even as a teenager, he turned his attention to trying to develop a strain of ranunculus that surpassed what nature alone had produced. What Edwin started with was the member of the buttercup family known as the Persian buttercup, or Ranunculus asiaticus. (The word ranunculus comes from the Latin rana for “little frog,” an allusion to the wet places favored by buttercups.)

Back in the 1920s, the Persian buttercup’s buds typically opened to reveal five wedge-shaped petals around the central stamens and pistils. This is what gardeners today refer to as a “single”—pretty, perhaps, but unspectacular.

Moreover, when Luther Gage first planted it, the Persian buttercup was “dirty colored,” Edwin says. “There were no pure whites. There weren’t any clear yellows. Everything was mixed.” All the early ranunculus also had black pollen, which washed down onto the petals, further streaking and muddying the color. But a few mutants among the gold flowers had green stamens and yellow pollen, and Edwin says Gage and his uncle started trying to select out each bloom and get a greater percentage of the variant. Eventually they were able consistently to grow a pure-gold flower with a light-colored center. Edwin says they also separated out a pure white. “Then over the years, I started selecting other colors,” he continues. “I got the yellow, the red, the pinks, the sunset, all the other ones separated out.”

He also aggressively scouted for something else: flowers that happened to have more than the average number of petals. Although at least half of those early ranunculus were singles, some were “semi-doubles,” boasting six to ten petals. “Very seldom, you’d get one with a dozen petals on it,” Edwin recalls. Over time,
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developed from these more and more offsprings that were "doubles"—so crammed with petals that their central reproductive parts are cloistered. Fully double ranunculuses look almost globular; they are to singles what a woman in a floor-length honeymoon gown is to one wearing a simple sheath. By the early 1960s, "We had some real good quality," he says. "You could recognize our flowers any time, any place."

All his efforts paid off in more than just aesthetic satisfaction. As nurseries and gardeners all over the country slowly became aware of the superior ranunculus bulbs, Edwin's competition dwindled. Whereas at least a half-dozen other California farmers were raising ranunculus in the early 1930s, Edwin eventually became the only commercial grower in the United States. He also had by then become a major gladiolus producer; he and his father had started with the distinctive ruffled spears back in 1929, and Edwin also plunged into selecting and eventually hybridizing them. (Today it's hard to find a gladiolus catalog that doesn't contain varieties developed by him.) Although ranunculus and gladiolus were his biggest crops, he also grew dozens of other types of flowers throughout the years: amenones, freesias, tritoniads, delphinium, oxalis, stock, even carnations. By the end of the 1960s, he was growing flowers on more than 1000 acres of land leased through northern San Diego and southern Riverside counties.

On three separate occasions, National Geographic magazine sent photographers to document the splendor wrought by Edwin on this Southern California acreage. Edwin says he appreciated one aspect of such publicity. "We said, 'If people didn't enjoy those flowers in the first place we wouldn't be in business at all.' On the other hand, any publicity tended to exacerbate what Edwin saw as a colossal nuisance. "If I had ever seen pictures of a flower that's been taken in those fields, I'd be a rich man," he says. "People just stoned in like cows after fresh corn. And they didn't just take pictures; they also helped themselves to the blooms. Edwin still grins when he tells how television announcer Harold Greene once announced over the air that the flowers were free for the taking. That wasn't true; although the Frazee saw the ranunculuses as being primarily a bulb crop, they also always cut and sold some of the flowers, shipping them up for sale on the wholesale market in Los Angeles. They were a valuable commodity, not a free good, but people just seemed to ignore that. "You'd try to run somebody off in one spot, and over there were 40 other people cutting," Edwin says. "The police couldn't do anything about it because it was open... We lost so much it was unbelievable. It's been that way for years and years. Twenty, 30 years ago, we used to sit out in the field every Saturday and Sunday to keep people from pulling stuff."

"If I had one penny for every picture that's been taken in those fields, I'd be a rich man," Frazee says. "People just stoned in like cows after fresh corn."

I asked why he didn't fence the fields, and Edwin replied, "There wasn't enough money into it to fence it. Only thing you could do was to raise a few extra acres to take care of those [people] that pulled it."

By about 1975, Edwin had had enough of this and other headaches, and he retired, leaving the flower-growing in the hands of his two sons, John and Jim. It wasn't long after that the Frazee sons moved the ranunculus crop from near Ponto Drive in Carlsbad, where Edwin had been growing the flowers since 1958, to the current location on the Carlsbad Ranch. Located just off Palomar Airport Road and up the hill from where Fox Soup Anderson's brandishes its phony windmill at Interstate 5, this huge piece of

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property had been acquired back around 1951 by Paul Ecke, Sr., the pioneering poinsettia grower. His son, Paul, Jr., says there was no water on the ranch, so local growers had been producing mostly dry lima beans and cantaloupe. But Ecke and his father had a well drilled east of the Rancho Carlsbad trailer park and piped the water to Carlsbad Ranch. They grew poinsettias out in the open there until 1965 (when all the poinsettia production moved into greenhouses in Encinitas, their current home). Although the Carlsbad hillside proved a perfect location for the ranunculus, other elements in the complex chemistry didn’t work as well after Ecke’s retirement. After some years, the sons divided up the company. Ecke says he came out of retirement six or seven years ago to assist Jim with the running. But by 1993, Jim Frazee had decided that it wasn’t economical for him to grow the flowers. He told Paul Ecke, Jr., to want to terminate the lease.

"We were saddened to hear that he was planning to discontinue the operation," Ecke says today. "We’re basically farmers, and it was a wonderful crop that we enjoyed." Besides its beauty, the crop also represented a pool of knowledge, Ecke says. "I thought it would be sad to lose all the things that Ed Frazee had learned over all those years. That art would have been lost." And yet another powerful consideration must have figured in Ecke’s response. Along with Carlsbad officials, Ecke’s Caritas land development company was then courting Lego decision-makers, who had announced an interest in building a $100 million amusement park on the Carlsbad Ranch. According to the Caritas plans, the ranunculus fields were to be the dramatic and colorful gateway into a complex that would include a 700-room luxury hotel, a winery, biotech research facilities, a golf course, the headquarters for the Gamologen Institute of America, and, with any luck, Legoland.

So Ecke took a gambit of sorts. He had Caritas apply for a $420,000 loan from the Carlsbad Agricultural Improvement Fund. This fund, administered by the state Coastal Conservancy, was created with fees collected from developers of agricultural property in Carlsbad between 1981 and 1984. The loan was granted in August of 1993, by which point Ecke had also lined up a couple of other key players in a venture to keep the ranunculus fields blooming. He’d gone to Edwin Frazee and had won Edwin’s pledge to donate his advice about the growing of the crop. "Paul Jr. was the only one that could have gotten to me," comments Edwin, who worshipped the late Paul Ecke, Sr. and credits him with rescuing the Frazees from the brink of disaster more than once. So Edwin agreed, with one caveat. "One thing it told PE2 [his nickname for the Ecke clan] was that if it wasn’t a profitable crop, I didn’t want to get into it. If it was just for show business, it would be no challenge to me. "Cause you could just put any junk out there and have it look pretty. It had to make money."

By August of 1993, PE2 had also had found a grower who saw a profit potential in the ranunculus. Mike Mellano wasn’t Ecke’s first choice to manage the ranunculus production. Ecke says instead he first called a number of bulb growers whom he knew, all around the United States, asking each of them to farm the property. "It’s not a very big fraternity of people who are good at doing that kind of work," he says. But all the bulb growers turned him down, and Ecke finally turned to Mike Mellano, a San Luis Rey grower who thought there might be new ways to exploit the venerable old crop.

"Two hundred and fifty thousand cars drive in front of that field every day," Mellano points out. "I do agree with Mr. Frazee that you can’t grow just the bulbs and make money." But Mellano says he and Ecke sat down and looked at the numbers, they figured that if they could capture an average of just ten cents per car in tunnel revenues over the course of the flower growing season, that would add $25,000 to the bottom line. "If we could get a dollar per car, that’s $250,000!"

Despite the sound of those words, Mellano doesn’t come across as some slick marketer. At 56 he’s a short, unassuming-looking man with a head of dark, unruly hair. His father, Giovanni, came from Northern Italy to America in 1921, intent upon working with a brother-in-law in the flower business in Northern California, then returning to his homeland to buy a farm and raise a family. But when Giovanni arrived at Santa Cruz, he soon learned that the "flower business" consisted of scouring the local forests daily in search of wild ferns, according to Prof. P. S. Maier, a history of San Diego floriculture published by the Ecke family in 1989. If Giovanni was disappointed, he persevered, and by the late 1930s he had moved to Los Angeles and acquired a share of the Los Angeles wholesale flower market, Giovanni did return to Italy in 1932, and he did find a wife there, but he decided to bring her back to L.A. There they reacquired a share in the wholesale outlet, and they also bought a farm in Artesia, where they began growing field flowers. Although Mike Mellano grew up on that farm, it wasn’t
always clear that he would be a farmer. In fact, he got a Ph.D. in plant pathology from UC Riverside and planned to become a university professor. Then Giovanni had a stroke and the Mellano family faced a critical juncture: "Either get bigger or convert the assets to something else," Mike says. He says he talked it over with his wife and decided to turn his back on academia instead to grow things. He says today he has no regrets. "I liked the university," he says with a shrug. "But I also like the flower business." The latter tends to be an extremely thrilling sector of agriculture. "It's not for the faint-hearted," Mellano says. "It's pretty high-risk because they're very, very, very, very perishable. When the flowers are bloomed, you have to pick 'em. And you have to sell 'em. Otherwise you throw them away. It's very intense. Let's say you're sitting there with $15,000 or $20,000 in the field, and it rains. And you can't pick. You throw that money away. If it's hot, it burns 'em. If it's cold, it freezes 'em. Some years you make a killing and some years you don't. It's always been like that. But I've been in this business my whole life, so to me I'm kind of used to it."

Today the Mellano family owns about 220 acres in the San Luis Rey valley (they phased out their Artesia operations in the 1970s). In addition to their own acreage, they lease another 450 to 500 acres in San Luis Rey, most of which they rent to a number of small fruit and vegetable growers. But on about 225 acres, the Mellanos continue to grow and ship flowers ranging from agapanthus to kanzanazakas to waxflowers. They grow some things, irises and lilies, for example, from bulbs, but the Mellanos buy those bulbs from a broker. Despite his lack of experience in bulb-growing, Mellano says he felt reassured by the offer of Edwin Frazier's expertise. And he also found John Stickle to shoulder the daily burden of growing the new crop.

Stickle, who's now 40 years old, was born and raised in Oceanside. He's done two main things since graduating from Oceanside High School: work as a carpenter and grow fruits and vegetables. He says his stint in construction was a reaction to growing up on a farm. "My father and grandfather are farmers, and I watched them. They worked seven days a week. When we took

Big bulbs have always commanded more money than small ones. This makes no sense, according to Edwin, who says they're both as likely to produce flowers, with the big bulb more apt to generate less-desirable singles.

family vacations, a lot of times my dad didn't go because he had to stay on the farm. As a teenager, I thought, 'No way! I'm not going to do that.' That's why I pounded nails and did things like that for a while."

Then when he was 22, Stickle had the opportunity to get back on the farm for a little while. To his amazement, he loved the work. "I said, 'This is what I want to do.' I just changed my mind completely." Challenges in which he'd had no interest now struck him as fascinating. "I said, 'I don't mind working six and seven days a week. I don't mind working 12 hours a day. Because I enjoy it."

Stickle became partners with his brother Don, and together they leased land from the Mellano family. At various times, they grew a wide variety of vegetables—tomatoes, squash, "everything under the sun," John says. "Strawberries and raspberries are my fruits." In 1988, they won a contract with Driscoll, the world's largest marketing agent for strawberries and raspberries, to begin growing a unique raspberry variety. Whereas all other raspberries bear fruit in the summer, this one is an "everbear," says Stickle. "We start picking in November, and we'll go to the end of May. A flat of raspberries today is about $30," he told me one morning toward the end of January. "Normally in the summer it would be $8. Basically, we're the only people on the continent of North America that are producing raspberries in the winter. In fact, there are 30 days when it's pretty tough to find a raspberry in the world, unless you're buying ours." He laughed; the sound was joyful.

Stickle says one lure for him to work as the ranunculus ranch supervisor was that the Eckler/Mellano partnership offered him 20 acres there on which the winter raspberries could be grown. That was attractive; the ranch happens to be "ideal" for the fruit, he says. But Stickle also had long harbored the thought "that it would be very enjoyable" to grow ranunculus. "My grandfather and father had farmed next door to the Frazers on Camp Pendleton. Actually, the Frazers' family helped my family — my father and grandfather — get into business. Although John had never cultivated the flowers himself, he felt as if he had grown up with them. "Nothing that [the Frazers] were doing was unfamiliar to me."

So he took the job in Carlsbad and his brother continues to farm another 20 acres of raspberries in San Luis Rey.

On the day I talked with Stickle, the ground was still soft from the series of storms that had just passed through. But the sun was shining, filtered by some heavy clouds. Stickle's office is in a well-worn trailer set midway between the raspberry stakes and the flower fields. Off one end of the trailer stand two identical totem poles, about four feet high. Only one close could I see that
they were made of Legos. Stickleback explained that one had been at a YMCA park in San Diego for a year, during which its colors had faded. So Lego representatives had built the twin and sprayed it with an ultraviolet inhibitor. "If they build the park, they're worried about the Southern California sun fading the plants," he said.

In Spanish, he issued some rapid instructions to one of his field hands, then he ushered me into the trailer where two large aerial photos of last year's ranunculus crop adorned the walls. Stickleback could look upon these pictures much as other men glance at their children's framed faces. He supervised every aspect of the crop's production, a cycle that consumes the full calendar year.

He started working with the ranunculus in the summer of 1995, helping Jim Frazee to harvest his last crop of bulbs. Stickleback got to observe how the ground must be soaked, so that the bulbs come up strong and pliable. Then they must be dried, and there's a trick to this that Edwin Frazee learned from Luther Gage 70 years ago. "If you dry 'em out in the sun, the bulbs just shrink up too small," Edwin says. Big bulbs have always commanded more money than small ones (about 22 cents each at wholesale versus perhaps 6 cents for the most compact ones). This makes no sense, according to Edwin, who says they're both as likely to produce flowers, with the big bulb more apt to generate less-desirable singles. But "It's a fickle public," Edwin declares. "How come people want a big apple instead of a little apple? They taste the same. But no, they pay more for the bigger one."

Another trick that Edwin learned as a boy was to roll the bulbs as they dry. This forces the fingers to curl inward and makes it less likely that they'll break off during handling. "The food is stored in the fingers," Edwin explains. "The little fuzzy crown in the center is where the plant comes out of."

After Jim Frazee's last crop was excavated, Stickleback oversaw the "fairly extensive" soil preparation. He says a "deep rip" followed by disking down to a nice loose texture allows water to be able to penetrate the shallow-growing plants. "This is God's dirt out here," he commented about the ground under his boots. It looks unremarkable, a light brown that from a distance resembles sun
tanned flesh. Soil conservation practices at the ranch over the years hadn't been great, according to Stickleback. Much of the best soil from the top of the hill has tended to leach down to the bottom. Toward the top of the hill, "We're now down to more of a subsoil," he says. "Harvesting the bulbs the last two years we found that our digging time was a lot longer up top because we're in a little heavier texture soil. Then we get halfway down the field and the bulbs just come up." But overall it's still a remarkable piece of earth, he declares. "If you asked me to find some tomato ground or some raspberry ground, I could find that just like this." He snaps his fingers. "But if someone said, 'Well, go out and find some more ranunculus land,' I'd know where I'd tell you to go. Although the ranunculus will grow in heavy soil, "We grow to harvest the bulbs, and if you grow them in heavy ground, they come out with dirt clods which we're not set up to get off. In sandy soil, you harvest them and the dirt just falls off them."

Stickleback says that after preparing the soil, he started planting his first ranunculus seeds in October of 1993. "The rule of thumb is you want to finish before Thanksgiving," According to Edwin Frazee, the seed takes a certain number of degree-hours of cold to germinate. Stickleback says that last year the weather was perfect. "We had just the right amount of rainfall." By the first of March 1994, the first dots of vivid color were appearing.

At that point, Stickleback and his crew couldn't put their feet up, lean back, and enjoy the splendor. He says about a month after the first color burst forth, he and Edwin Frazee began overseeing a huge project designed to counteract what had happened to the ranunculus since Edwin retired. "You see, when the Frazee sons took the operation over, they stopped parent selection," Stickleback says. "It's an expensive process. You don't see any gains from it other than holding your quality. And everyone has to look for ways to pinch pennies nowadays," he adds sympathetically. All farming costs have skyrocketed: water, energy, fertilizer, pesticides, labor. "You can pinch pennies so much that it comes back to haunt you. And [Edwin's sons] probably pinched pennies in the wrong area," judges Stickleback. "They were given something that was already up there at the top. But by not selecting every year they were unaware that every year [the local ranunculus] took a step down the ladder in quality."

Today Edwin Frazee declares bluntly that Franklin ranunculus strains are better than the Frazee's Tecolote variety. Over the years in which no selecting was done, the Carlsbad field began to yield a higher and higher percentage of single ranunculus. Stickleback says certain viruses have also invaded some of the plants, and these, again, only can be culled through painstaking selection. Even the leaves of the local flowers betray their degraded state. "If you look at the French plants, every leaf looks the same," Stickleback points out. The Tecolote, in contrast, have developed three different leaf types.
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Fifteen years ago, San Diego flower growers were sounding a dreary dirge. Imports of carnations were beginning to flood into the country, and the local growers were finding themselves unable to beat the low-priced foreigners' prices. Cheap foreign chrysanthemums and roses were soon to follow.

Although the local flower-growing industry had experienced dramatic growth between 1960 and 1980, it seemed about to wither and fall apart like a weekend cut-up.

Today a visit to the San Diego wholesale flower market makes the pessimism seem like a bad dream. Hundreds of varieties of flowers pass through the market routinely. And some do spring from foreign soil: carnations grown in Colombia, Ecuadorian roses, anthuriums flown in from Hawaii, and more. But at least as many San Diego County growers are producing flowers today as the 300 who worked here in 1980. "There may be even more," says the flower growers association president Eric Larson.

Larson says what has happened is that the local growers have rechanneled their efforts into producing an astonishing variety of products. Within strolling distance of his office in the large complex, Larson passes such newcomers as aromatic waxflowers, unearthly proteas, flowering branches, even healthier, grown in the back country. "We didn't see lattis around here several years ago. Gerbera daisies have also really come in. There's more of them, and I think there could probably be room for more still. Snapdragons are another item. Also sunflowers. There are a lot of tulips now. In San Diego County, whereas there didn't seem to be any. They cool the tulips in a refrigerator. It creates the winter. Then you pull them out, stick them in the ground, and boom! They pop up real quick in a greenhouse."

Along with the diversification, Larson says that several large flower growers have been replaced with "lots of smaller growers," including many Hispanic newcomers. "They're just family-operated. They've got smaller payrolls because they're just paying themselves." But the overall role of the ornamental-plant industry in San Diego's economy is anything but small time. According to the 1993 annual crop report, "nursery products and flower crops" now far surpass all other agricultural products in value — 55 percent of the total dollars earned, compared to the 23 percent contributed by the runner-up, fruit and nut crops. Vegetables, at 11 percent, are a distant third.

The total value of those nursery products and flower crops amounted to more than half a billion dollars, compared to about $103 million in 1983. Agricultural exploded from $282 to $782 acres during that same ten-year period. According to farm advisor Karen Robb, San Diego now ranks as the number one ornamental-plant-producing county in the United States. Leadership it has held for more than six years. a
I personally feel that that's going to be one of the easiest things to achieve — the shortness. I think that in our selections this year, we've picked some winners, and next year when we plant the seeds off those plants, we'll find that we've hit some from which all the children are little gals.

If the plant selection process offers little in the way of instant gratification, at least the number of bulbs that came out of the ground last year in Carlsbad pleased everyone. Out of the 51 acres devoted to the flower last year, workers extracted roughly 10 million of the spidery tubers — about 200,000 an acre.

There was nothing wrong with the bulb crop," says Mike Mellano, who had more than one reason to feel gratified by that news. Although the Frazees had always harvested a small percentage of the flowers, Mellano says the conventional wisdom was that cutting too many of the flowers would have some negative impact on the bulbs. "That didn't sound logical to me," he says. "And when I started to ask why, I didn't get a real good answer." So he trained a crew of 25 to 30 workers to harvest and grade the flowers. In January of 1994, "We started to tell all of our customers nationwide that we were going to have ranunculus to sell. We even sent one shipment to Holland — just to see how it would work.

In the months that followed. "There were very few weeks when we couldn't have sold more [ranunculus]," Mellano says. "But one of the things you've got to be careful of when you're in the fresh flower business is that things can get out of hand, management-wise. To maintain his quality control, he chose not to try to satisfy the extra demand. But for this year, he was planning to train a crew of 50 people. "We're setting up to double the sales," he declares.

Mellano figures that even if he achieves that, he'll still be removing less than 25 percent of the color from the bulbs. "First of all, you can only pick off of a plant a little bit, and then the flowers start to deteriorate. Secondly, the hillside explodes with a staggering quantity of blooms — somewhere between 50 million and 150 million every year.

"Even if they do a slab-dunk job of marketing the cut flowers, you'll never notice any of them missing from the field," predicted Eric Larson. "They could go out and just cut and cut and cut day and night, and the fields would still look exactly like they do every year — because there's just so many of them out there.

An Encinitas native, Larson is the president of the San Diego Flower Grower Association, and he also runs San Diego County's wholesale flower market, located not far from the ranunculus fields. Over the past ten years, he's witnessed the amazing transformation that has occurred in the local flower industry (see sidebar page 30).

And he agrees that ranunculus hold great potential as a cut flower. "The crop's always been here, but the cut flower has been something of a byproduct," says Larson. "Now Mike Mellano is saying, 'We're close to the markets. We know the supermarkets can move huge amounts.' Mike's smart to try and develop that.

Ranunculus do have one big drawback as a cut flower, according to Larson. "They tend not to work well in arrangements," he says. "He's not making an aesthetic judgment. 'They would look great,' Larson continues. 'But in an arrangement, you have to put flowers into floral foam, and they tend to last a long time. Although the ranunculus stems look thin and wiry, they're fairly soft, Larson points out. 'So for a florist to take it and cut it and stick it in the foam — it just doesn't work as well as a rose, which has a really stiff stem. Or a carnation, or a chrysanthemum.'

Instead ranunculus tend to work best just as a bunch of them in a vase by themselves," Larson says. "That's the style of flower consumption in most parts of the world except the United States. We tend to buy flower arrangements. We give them as gifts. But if you travel to Paris or London or Amsterdam or Berlin, you'd see huge amounts of flowers being consumed, more flowers than here. And what people are buying are bunches, just like they came from the growers. They're taking them home and plumping them into a vase.'

Larson says the entry of flowers into supermarkets has helped to educate Americans to the alternate style, and he thinks if Mellano can get the ranunculus into those mass channels, "Everyone will be real happy. You can't argue with the greatness of the colors. The crowds that streamed into the flower fields last spring seemed eager enough to snatch up bunches destined for vase-plunking. To avoid the nightmares that Edwin Frazier experienced, Mellano put up a fence, with only one opening through which all the visitor traffic was fumigated. "It was only a few thousand dollars," he says with a shrug. "We made a lot more money off the tourists than we thought we would." (Despite that success, Mellano says he and the Eccles haven't yet recovered their start-up and first-year growing costs, but they always figured that would take two years because bulb sales follow a two-year cycle.)

Besides fending the property, Mellano says, "The other thing we did was we taped the field and put up signs asking people not to go into the fields. And we put someone out there patrolling. Now when we first started, some of the people that had been coming to weren't used to that. And I would say that 99 percent of the people cooperated." The remaining 1 percent did do some damage, John Stickles acknowledges. He says he didn't put up tape along a few of the field edges ("to save some pennies") and "in two days, I had a bed completely trampled because people were laying down on their backs, having someone take a picture of them laying in the flowers. Or, we had people last year, trying to sit on the ends of the sprinkler rows. You know, to get their picture taken down low with the color at head level. A couple of those people leaned hard enough that they cracked the last plastic nipples. So when I turned the water on, all of a sudden you got — whooop!!"

"Hey, anything that anybody wanted to do, I could relate to last year," Stickles says he sympathizes with the people who wrote comments in the visitor's notebook complaining about all the fences and tape and regulations. "But I also saw why you had to have the rules. I came out one day with my family after three years ago, when the Frazees were here, and the place was just out of control. I couldn't believe that you would open up your door and have all these oddballs coming in and doing whatever they wanted. Some pretty kooky stuff was going on out there. You're surprised!"

In deference to the public craving for closer contact with the flowers, the ranunculus growers this year have created some access into the midst of the flowers, so that people will be able to take pictures without harming the plants. A four-acre picnic area has been created nearby, and at a spring celebration planned for Saturday, March 18, tethered hot air balloon rides (costing $5) will even enable people to take aerial shots. I asked Stickles what he thought of the novel combination of farming with tourism, a first for the county, by his assessment.

"I think that he's been successful, that he's been able to do," he replies. "And I think the market is there... but I don't think it's there's enough to be able to pull people back in and let them see what's involved."

Edwin Frazier's assessment comes from a different perspective, although the final judgment is similar. "Any business has to grow to exist," he asserts. "The whole community, all the world, has to grow. Every day the sun comes up and it's a new world. Just like the people fighting Lego over here. They don't want to live anymore. But to me, the whole world has to change every day, 'cause we get new people coming on. That's what life is all about, is change."


VISIONS FROM THE CHAIR

Disability and Transcendence

by MARK STEPHEN CLIFTON

photographs by SANDY HUFFAKER, JR.

He was alone in his Garden, miles from this planet, and he possessed the only ticket. This was well and good, for Ken made sense of it all in this place.

Sunday, 4:30 p.m. "Hello! Anyone home?" came the unwelcomed inquiry from the open door of the apartment. Ken, returning to earth, responded from the couch: "What can I do for you?"

"I'm selling candy to support the neighborhood youth." It was a kid who didn't know standing on his wheelchair ramp at the front door.

"I'd love to help you, but I'm broke!" Ken said. The kid peeped in for a glance. He saw an empty wheelchair next to a couch inhabited by a thin, bespectacled man in his 20s, his brown hair unkempt. Ken raised his semi-functioning left arm to wave at the kid. His large tattoo with all the writing stood out.

"It's cool," the kid said as he went next door to find someone else to buy his overpriced candy bars.

Ken looked around the room—off-white walls dotted with pictures of a dog and a Harley-Davidson. Morning's dew had long evaporated, replaced by the heat of a blistering summer day in San Carlos. Cars sped noisily down Lake Murray Boulevard and Navajo Road. The scent of jasmine and gardenia was gone, and Ken needed to get to the bedpan in the bathroom, pronto. He was no longer in the Garden.

Ken rolled off the couch like a man thieves had gagged with duct tape. His hands grasped the wheelchair and pulled his stiff body to a sitting position. He made his way to the restroom to perform a function most people take for granted but which Ken took years to master. Sometimes using the bathroom takes hours.

Ken Matchett was born in the mining community of Iron Mountain, Michigan, on June 1, 1968. His mother, Jo Lee Dobson, was the fifth of seven children. Her father worked hard, and her mother kept a house of nine together.

When Jo Lee was in her early teens, the family moved from southern Michigan to the upper peninsula. She was the prettiest and smartest girl in a small class of 33 at North Dickinson County High School. Her flowing red hair, green eyes, and pretty face helped Jo Lee make friends easily. The one person both teachers and parents wished she hadn't attracted was a troublemaker named James Stephen Matchett.

Mothers restricted their children from playing with James. Then in his senior year, school took a back seat for him; he was a rebel without a job. But Jo Lee softened his heart.

James and Jo Lee would meet in secret. As their love for each other grew, so did the town gossip, but it didn't deter them.

It was 1968. The war in Vietnam was raging. Jo Lee graduated from high school. James joined the Marines. By this time, Jo Lee was pregnant. Jo Lee and James got married before he went to 'Nam.

It was a sunny spring afternoon when Jo Lee strolled to her favorite fishing hole, pole in one hand, Folgers can full of worms in the other. As she sat down on the shore hoping for a good catch, she broke out in a cold sweat. The fish were off the hook today. Instead, Jo Lee landed a baby boy.

The doctor at Dickinson Memorial Hospital told Jo Lee there were complications. He explained that her son had cerebral palsy, a brain disorder that would affect the right side of his body. Time would tell the extent of the damage. Jo Lee longed for the comfort of her husband. They were both just 19 years old.

In January of 1969, James Matchett was killed in Vietnam. Jo Lee continued to fight for her son's well-being. Questions about his abilities were always on her mind. By 1971 it was clear that Ken would not be able to walk. He was talking, though. Constantly.

Ken was the first known handicapped person in Iron Mountain. There were no wheelchair access ramps at that time, nor any other accommodations for handicapped people.

The young widow enjoyed her son and let him hang out with his friends when they came over. She knew that normal kid's play was not available to Ken, so she made sure he was not excluded from her life.

Ken would pull up his chair and watch wrestling on TV, eat pizza, and laugh with the adults. Ken's mother was his best friend.

One day an ex-boyfriend of Jo Lee's visited her at the power company where she worked. He was upset that she'd broken up with him. He lured her out to his car, took out his gun, and pulled the trigger, then drove back home and killed himself.

He lured her out to his car, took out his gun, and pulled the trigger, then drove back home and killed himself.

"I killed myself. Ken was 7 years old; his mother was 25. I wept for two solid weeks," Ken explains. "I felt totally forsaken even though I knew this was going to happen. I had been forewarned. There was this voice—not audible, but clear as a bell—that had prepared me. It comforted me even before this happened. But even when you knew someone you love is going to die, nothing can remove the heartache."

After his mother's death, Ken went to live with his aunt and uncle. The only time he ever saw his uncle show any emotion was the day his sister was killed.

"He wept in my lap for hours. It was a sight to see: this cold, bald, middle-aged man draped over my chair. This was the last time he ever cried or showed any concern for me.

"My aunt and uncle were set with their family; they already had one daughter. I did not become an addition to the family but an intruder. My physical needs were taken care of, but my emotional needs were sorely neglected."

There was an annual event that Ken dreaded: the summer camp for handicapped kids in Big Bay, Michigan. He'd been sent there since he was three years old.

"It was like military school. The staff was a bunch of college kids who treated us poorly and pretty much just smoked pot and drank. Every year for 14 years the first thing they had us do was watch The Sound of Music. I hate it to this day. The songs are so stupid. Camp was a hellhole."

The odors of urine, feces, and other bodily fluids were routinely ignored. Camp workers avoided dealing with these fuming reminders of their campers' limitations. "Hygiene was not high on their care-giving list," Ken recalls.

As a way to make light of their challenges—and release some hormonal madness Ken and his buddies at camp started what they called the International Perverts Club. "I never worried about being robbed of anything sexually," Ken says. When asked to describe this private club, Ken just grins.

Death was never very far from Ken. "When I was 13, a friend died of pneumonia while at camp. His name was Francis. I took it hard. Every time I got a cough, I thought that I would die. The following year I broke my leg in therapy—they..."
bent it too far. I spent the summer after my senior year in traction and missed my grandfather’s funeral. I never got to say goodbye.”

Once he recovered, Ken returned to school for his senior year. “I enjoyed my friends, my girlfriends — who, incidentally, did not have any disabilities — and my routine. Graduation from high school was bittersweet, but like all other high school seniors, the world awaited me. I knew my destiny would not, could not unfold in Iron Mountain.”

Two weeks after Ken graduated from high school, he and one of his younger uncles flew to San Diego. “I didn’t care if I died when I got here, I just wanted to go. I’d worry about the details later. I felt like I didn’t have a choice.”

Ken had never flown before, never gone to the bathroom by himself, never been alone. His uncle, who wasn’t much older than Ken, offered company, but not the kind Ken needed. He did provide some powerful Turkish hashish, which they smoked in the airport bathrooms along the trip.

Ken’s uncle went back to Michigan two days after they reached San Diego. Ken ended up in El Cajon, surviving on some of his grandfather’s inheritance.

“I lived in an apartment on Renette. I just wanted to make friends.... Crystal was big, so I did it. I had trouble snorting the stuff, so I just rubbed it in my gums. It made me crazy, though. I’d smoke pot, so I had that down to a science. I drank Jack Daniel’s all the time. This caused a lot of problems with my day-to-day functions; I always had to go to the bathroom.

“During that time I first tried to use a bedpan, I was a mess. The whole year I was on Renette, I never took a bath. I ate chili dogs and TV dinners from 7-Eleven. I got so desperate that I prayed to the devil, ‘If you help me, I’ll serve you.’ I didn’t have a job.”

“I got burned by ‘friends.’ I let a guy named Noland stay at my place. I would get rolls of quarters for us to play poker. I would give him a roll and he would still cheat at cards and end up with my roll as well.

“I finally gave up and went back to Michigan. I felt like a failure. I met a cousin of mine at a party, and we became fast friends. We did drugs and drank together all the time. I still didn’t feel complete. Once we were at a party, and I didn’t go back to my aunt and uncle’s house until two nights later. I came in around midnight and my aunt was extremely upset with me. We got into a big fight and she retreated to her bedroom. I managed to move to a favorite recliner against her bedroom door to block it so she couldn’t get out. I then proceeded to flip through the channels in search of a dirty movie on cable. I was disappointed to find none but managed to get some TV evangelist. It seemed like he was speaking just to me."

That mysterious voice — the one that first spoke to Ken when his mother died — spoke again when he was watching this evangelist. Memories of crying at his mother’s funeral came to mind. He recognized that he was not just crying for her; he was crying because he realized how alone he was. When he saw this preacher, he knew he never wanted to be alone again, and since that night he hasn’t been.

“I felt like God was directing me back to San Diego. When I did get back here, I didn’t know what church to go to. I loved the Catholic Church, especially when I repeated after the priest the ‘and with you’ part. I would speak in tongues to God there. But I felt that He wanted me somewhere else.”

One of Ken’s aunts mailed him a list of San Diego churches. He called a few, and one morning a towering man in his late 20s stood at Ken’s front door and introduced himself as Tim Jellett. He took Ken to the church he attended, which met at Clairemont High School. Ken’s wheelchair didn’t fit in Tim’s car, so he strapped Ken into the front seat. Later he called Ken into the auditorium, gently placing him in the front row. That day in January of 1987, Ken found a church home and a dear friend.

Sunday, 9:00 p.m.
Ken knows he needs to get some sleep. He moves his wheelchair next to his bed and pulls himself on top of the mattress with his left arm. He’s already removed the sheets. He prays and eventually floats off to the Garden. For a couple of hours, everything is peaceful.

Monday morning, 6:30 a.m.
Ken has been awaiting dawn’s arrival for hours. Sleep can be elusive, so he’s made night’s solitude a friend. Getting out of bed can sometimes take 20 minutes, sometimes hours. A worker assists Ken with this task every morning except Wednesdays and Saturdays. When Ken gets out of bed on his own, he uses an E-Z Reach (an extended grabber that custodians use to pick up trash) to pull off the sheets and blankets. Then he moves his legs off the side of the bed and pulls his wheelchair over, lifting and lowering himself into the chair. This is the optimum outcome, but it doesn’t always work. Falling is often a possibility, and it’s happened many times before. Sometimes Ken lies on the floor for hours. This morning the caretaker, a student at Grossmont College, arrives on time. He helps Ken get dressed, a process that takes an hour. Bathing is rare; Ken needs help getting into the tub. It’s even more complicated if he has diarrhea and can’t make it to the bathroom.

Getting to the toilet used to be a one-and-a-half-hour project, by laying his body across his wheelchair and the bathtub. He could relieve himself into a trash can placed between them.Only in the last few months has Ken taught himself to use the toilet — a huge milestone.

The worker leaves and Ken gets himself to the bus stop with time to spare. It is now 7:00 a.m. The bus driver recognizes Ken and pulls over. The wheelchair ramp comes down, and Ken gets on. It wasn’t always this smooth. When Ken didn’t have the routine down and the bus drivers didn’t know him, they would pull over just long enough to tell him the ramp was broken, that he’d have to wait for another bus.

Familiar faces take their ‘designated seats’ on the bus. Ken pulls his wheelchair alongside two old ladies who always talk sports. He gets an update on what the Padres, Chargers, Aztecs, or Spurs are doing. Ken has only been to two professional sports games in his life; one was back east, the other was a Charger game his buddy Tim took him to. As the buses drove along, Ken watches children walking to school and he recalls Iron Mountain.

It was in kindergarten that Ken first acknowledged he was different. “It was then I saw myself around other children and I couldn’t share their fun. I wanted to get out of my chair and climb the jungle gym, pumpkin the noodle-knocker pole, or lay down on the rug in front of the teacher to listen to a story, but I couldn’t.”

“After my mom died, my aunt wouldn’t let me have an electric wheelchair until I was in sixth grade. This really restricted me. Once in a while my friends would help me get outside in my chair for recess. But often I would just sit in class by myself. That’s where I refined the art of doodling. This was my recess, my fun. Some people have my artwork hanging on their walls today. I consider myself a practicing artist.”

On the bus, Ken does more listening than talking. He’s so entertained he nearly misses his stop. But the driver knows where to let him off, so he pulls over and releases the ramp. Ken knows he’ll see the ladies and the other Route 115 regulars on the way home.

Ken gets to the front doors of the U.S. Attorney’s Office by 8:00 a.m. He gets to his workday and greets his friends. His job consists of filing documents, making calls for the attorneys, and wearing different hats in the support services division.

Like any other workplace, there are those who want to get along and those who couldn’t care less. Some office staff patronize Ken, perhaps rejoicing that they’re not in his shoes. One hire-
Ken operates his keyboard at work with great care. The cerebral palsy limits his dexterity, though he can reach most of the cabinets for filing. By the end of the day, all the phone messages sitting on his desk have been answered. Everything in his "in" box is now in his "out" box. The day has gone without incident. Life is good.

At 4:30 p.m., Ken says goodbye to his associates and walks past them as they get into their cars in the parking lot. He travels one mile from work to his bus stop. Timing is critical; one minute late can mean waiting another hour for the next bus (and maybe the handicapped ramp would be "broken").

On the way to the bus stop Ken tolerates the usual gawks. A middle-aged man attempts to avoid eye contact but steals a glimpse with a quick roll of his eyes. A friendly young mother pushing her infant in a stroller speaks to Ken as she would a child: "Well, helloo there?" Ken smiles and says hello, understanding he might talk in baby talk too if he spent all day with little people.

A small crowd has gathered at the bus stop. Ken recognizes the regulars — the same two old ladies from this morning's ride sit near the back and wave hello to Ken as he's loaded onboard. A young couple doesn't know speak to Ken as if he were retarded and deaf, almost spelling out their words while shouting "H-O-W - A-R-E Y-O-U T-O-D-A-Y?!" Ken wants to answer, "Intelligent with great ears," but instead he exchanges friendly chitchat. Soon the couple starts talking normally.

Today, Ken's wheelchair is in great working order. The battery is strong enough to get him from the bus stop up the steep grade to his apartment complex. Speed bumps are a drag, though. Hitting them too quickly can eject a wheelchair passenger — at the very least, you "get air."

One day when Ken was coming home from work, his battery died. He was stuck in the doorway of his apartment at 5:00 p.m. One of his neighbors walked by and Ken asked for help. The neighbor kept walking. Ken didn't let anger overtake him. "It was a great opportunity to pray," he said. From 5:00 p.m. to 8:30 p.m. Ken enjoyed the delights of his Garden. Finally someone helped him get into his apartment.

When Ken's wheelchair breaks down, it's as if one of his vital organs is malfunctioning. His wheelchair is a part of him; loaners just don't cut it.

I've learned that the best way to get my wheelchair fixed is to make friends with the guy at the medical supply repair place," Ken says. "I wrote his boss a letter saying what a great guy his employee was. Now my wheelchair gets fixed for free sometimes."

When he can't get a deal, it can cost as much as $1000 to fix his chair — money that Ken doesn't have. Ken's income is not great. He to the whims of other people," says Ken's church friend Tim. "For a person who is highly intelligent but restricted by his body, it is a constant challenge. The ability to come and go as you like, to get out of bed when you desire, to explore and to fall in love — all are restricted to some degree, but not impossible if the desire is there. Ken has the desire to live life to its fullest. His sense of humor has been a great help in coping with the day-to-day dilemmas that confront him."
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Ken’s chair broke down the week his high school friend, Daron, was to fly in from Michigan. Daron and Ken met as freshmen at North Dickinson County High, the same school Ken’s parents went to. As teenagers, Ken and Daron played computer games together, went to fast-food joints and movies. During his visit here, Daron recalled high school with Ken.

“Ken practically taught us our computer class. We had a new teacher who didn’t know what he was doing. Ken could relate the information to the students in practical ways. He learned it all on his own. I respected him for that. When people got to know Ken, they would drop the stereotypes of handicapped people. They would find out what an intellect he had. Ken even wrote the senior play — it was fantastic.”

During a visit to the San Diego Zoo, Daron reflected on Ken’s condition. “I forgot how much he could do. I thought he was at school. I tried to look at some of the exhibits. Forget it if you’re in a wheelchair, people just squeeze you out. It was all right, though. Ken and I just chatted a bit about the activity we did while in school, observing the human race and all its idiosyncrasies.”

Ken views people a little differently now than when he was in high school. “Some people are physically handicapped, others are emotionally, physically, or mentally handicapped,” he explains. “Some can change, some can’t.”

A young couple has never been seen before speaking to Ken as if they were handicapped and deaf, explaining and practically speaking clearly while nearly shouting.


“I am amazed at the insight Ken has been made aware to,” says his friend Tim. “He has taught me and challenged me. Some of these visions are simple, some are complicated. One will always stay with me: Ken saw the Lord in a field carrying a basket and picking up willing people like flowers and putting them gently in the basket. Some of the people would not allow Him to pick them up. He just let them go and gracefully moved to others who were willing.”

“Ken does not want to be liked to Joni Erickson Tada, the young lady who became a quadriplegic in a diving accident,” Tim explains. “She’s a successful singer, author, and artist who paints with a brush held in her teeth. Ken feels that his calling is different than hers, though he’s not exactly sure what it is yet. But it’s beginning to unfold.”

“God continues to share intimate things with Ken. His excursions into the garden are not flights from reality but rather steps into a realm that allows him a better perspective on life. He acknowledges that it is a supernatural experience guided not by some occult spirit but by the Holy Spirit.”

“Not all of the revelations from God are rose-colored,” says Tim. “Ken once told me about a vision he had regarding another friend. Ken said, ‘You are a man in chains.’ Another time he was in downtown San Diego and he saw a man’s head transform into a snake. Ken interpreted this as an explanation of the man’s spiritual condition, the snake symbolizing the devil.”

Mealtimes: 8:00 p.m.
Spaghetti and meatballs. Ken pulls the frozen dinner out of the freezer and pops it in the
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It took him four hours to navigate his body 15 feet and pull the phone down from an end table.

Bathroom time, 9:00 p.m.

Doors are removed for easy entry. Ken used to place a trash can between the bathtub and the toilet. He'd pull himself out of his chair after undoing his pants, then sprawl across the trash can, lined with a trash bag. He'd hold himself up, wedged between the toilet and the tub, and relieve himself into the can.

Tonight things are better. He's been using the toilet for two months, and he's cut his time in half. When he used the trash bag, he'd have to put himself back into his chair, tie up the trash bag, and make the trek to the dumpster down the hall, always hoping, because of the odor, that no one would stop to talk. Sure enough, as he wheels down the hallway tonight, the woman in Unit 37 sees Ken and asks if she can throw his trash out. "No," Ken says politely, without explaining.

Another time after Ken deposited his bag in the dumpster, he came home late at night and saw the bag hanging from a tree. "Some can-hunter got more than he bargained for," Ken says, laughing.

Not long ago Tim was visiting Ken and left at 10:30 p.m. Later, Ken called Tim to say he'd fallen between the toilet and the tub. He had to use the toilet brush to move the wheelchair away from the door so he could crawl to the phone. It took him four hours to navigate his body 15 feet and pull the phone down from an end table. Tim finally rescued him at 3:00 a.m.

Bedtime, 10:00 p.m.

Getting into bed takes an hour. This night, Ken sleeps with his clothes on because his helper won't be in tomorrow (he's called in sick) and putting shoes on can take half an hour. As Ken crawls into bed — without falling — he thanks Jesus for a good day. As he prays, Ken floats toward his place of peace where there are no worries, just the embrace of a living God who knew what He was doing when he created Ken. He smells a sweet aroma and returns to the Garden.

Ken has suffered a few setbacks recently. He had a number of seizures in the last few months; his body shakes uncontrollably and he has to be taken to the hospital. Also, his current medication makes him sleepy, so it's harder to get up by himself — a hazard compounded by the fact that he lives alone.

Ken has two hopes. He would like to wake up one day and be like you and me. This he knows will probably not happen. There is another hope: to inhabit a body that will not be a burden but a vehicle of freedom — not just freedom in the physical sense, but freedom from fettering desires.

"There are many people with the use of all their limbs who are more imprisoned than I am," Ken explains. "This scripture has been an inspiration: 'And if your hand causes you to stumble, cut it off; it is better for you to enter life crippled than having your two hands, go into hell, into the unquenchable fire, where the worm does not die, and the fire is not quenched. And if your foot causes you to stumble, cut it off; it is better for you to enter life lame, than having your two feet, to be cast into hell.'" (John 9:43-45)

In the physical sense, Ken Matchett is limited by his disability. But as Tim Jollett points out, God's imprint is emblazoned on Ken's spirit. Ken's left forearm also bears an imprint: a tattoo that reads, "If a man were to live 1000 years and not have anything to do outside himself, he would have enough to do within his own heart."
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This is a story about rhubarb, not rhubarb as "quarrel, fight, or heated discussion," but rhubarb the ruby-red stalks that make good pie. It takes a while, though, to get to the rhubarb part.

The children's father was in his last year of graduate school. We were dirt poor. Some mornings I was so depressed I could barely turn on the f珊瑚 under the coffeepot. No matter how hard I scrubbed, the stove stayed dirty. The linoleum stayed dirty. Hems undid themselves on the girls' dresses. They scribbled in their Little Golden Books. Sarah, one morning, hit Rebecca in the eye with a hammer. "I want her to watch me and not Captain Kangaroo" is why she said she did it.

I married too young. I was still wild. How would I tame myself? He couldn't. Meals cooked, pots scrubbed, floors swept, husband's huge shirts ironed with no creases on the difficult placemats, vegetable gardens, canning, pickling, preserving, sewing the girls' dresses, scrub, scrub, scrub: I made myself do it. I made myself figure how I'd stretch a puny on-sale chicken to three suppers plus soup from the bones and rags of skin. I wanted to scream. I wanted to fling. I wanted to take ballet lessons. I made myself keep my mouth shut. I scribbled bad poems about an old boyfriend: the poems ended, "If only" and "Where, where are you now?"

Weekdays, my husband came home late in the afternoon. He got the television going and stomped down in his easy chair. The chair's former owner greased his hair; he'd left a head-size black stain on the upholstery. My husband watched the tail end of American Bandstand, then local news, and then Huntley-Brinkley. He did not smile, he did not frown. He only got up to adjust the rabbit ears and vertical hold. He said, "Can't you shut those kids up?" and sighed, "When's dinner?" I'd try to guess why, on his knees, the old-fashioned way, he ever said, "Marry me," why I said, "Yes." I couldn't. I wasn't even 21; already I was an old woman. I stooped and cowered. Out in my garden, the Country Gentleman corn stunted in July. I believed that when my husband looked at me, he thought, "One more mouth to feed."

We had lived in a series of two-bedroom rent houses. All three were the final home of elderly widows. Two died in the houses and one fell on the back porch steps, hit her head on concrete. An ambulance took her to the hospital, where she died without ever coming to. "Just think," her next-door neighbor, Mrs. Gib (for "Gibson") Forrest, said, "Netta must have lay there curled up with rain coming down on her for an hour before I looked out my curtain."

The houses we rented stood in neighborhoods established during the 1920s, before the Great Depression hit. They'd been built for working-class folks who had jobs in planing mills, for small-business owners and traveling salesmen, for Union Pacific men who got lifetime railroad passes and fat pensions. Women stayed home in these houses. You could feel their traces.

We rented these houses soon after their owners died. The widows' children cleaned the houses hastily. When you opened the refrigerator, you smelled sourd milk; you touched knobs on kitchen cupboards, a last meal's grease came off on your hand. The widows' children left behind dented kettles, pink scuffs worn down at the heels, a tattered nightgown, dust balls shining with the widows' white hairs. Dark back bedrooms, kitchens, cramped bathrooms with footed tubs ringed with shed skin and soup fats, had never quite let the widows go. These women seemed still to circle the rooms, as in late fall, waps seethe in circles around light bulbs.

Shrubs around the houses were 40 years old; nobody had pruned them for years. When it rained and wind blew, and it always rained, because this was the Pacific Northwest, the shrubs' skinny branches scraped our window screens. At the farthest edges of back yards.
decades earlier, men had heeded in asparagus
crowns and rhubarb. Blackberries and
huckleberries they planted took hold and
spread and grabbed on to plum and pear trees
and rail fence. So did the arbor vitae and the
small evergreen salal, that in fall put out
purple-black berries. "Blackberry," Mrs.
Forrest told me, "it's as much weed as fruit."

Pacific Northwest coastal rains don't so
much pour as weep. The skies stay gray. The
clouds hang low. Had Southern California's
transient sun lit those three years, I'd not
have been happier. Glare off outgoing tide, off
parking lot asphalt, off oncoming traffic
would have hurt my eyes. It's never weather's
fault. I would have told you, "Light causes
sadness." I would have told you anything if
you'd promised you'd take me away.

Don't get me wrong. This wasn't that
hard poverty you knew would never end. This
was exile, and temporary. On a calendar the
milkmans left I was marking off days until
graduation.

Where money was concerned, I was
spoiled. I got mad when the twenties my
father folded into my birthday card went to
pay an overdue light bill. I wanted to buy Pete
Seeger and Oscar Brown, Jr., and Odets LP's.
I wanted to buy up whole flocks of chickens and
tell Rebecca, "You can eat every drumstick," because that was the piece she liked, none
other. I wanted to waste soap flakes and leave
on lights in every room and throw away
washcloths when the Terry thinned in the
center.

We rented this last house from Netta's
son. The other houses, too, we rented from
their former owners' children. Rent was cheap.
Nobody papered over the stained
wallpaper and rectangles on walls where

In Shakespeare's day, "rhubarb"
was the word actors used in crowd
scenes when crowd metamorphosed to
bloodthirsty mob.

mirrors and paintings had hung, nobody fixed
the warped windowsills or windows sealed
shut with paint. I never asked them to; repairs
could raise the rent.

Each time, after we lived in the house a
year, the widows' children sold the houses. I'd
search classifieds, call landlords, and late
afternoon leave the girls with their father,
starting at Fabian or Freddie Cannon or the
Shirelles in fuzzy black-and-white on

American Bandstand. I'd go look at houses.
A son or daughter came to the door.

"I grew up here," they always said. I followed
behind, through bedrooms, bath, kitchen,
front room. The rooms smelled damp. The
son or daughter began sentences, "I remember
the time, right here in this house." As they
talked, they twisted faucets off and on, flushed
the toilet, raised and shut windows. They
turned and showed me faces broken by smiles
and bad teeth and eyes widened behind
bi-focals. They said their mother had been a
saint, that they worshiped the ground their
father walked on. They said, "They made a
good life here, Mom and Pop." They pointed
finger out the back door and said, "See, there's
the plum trees or the Seckel pear or the three
Macintosh apple] my dad planted when he
came back from the war in '45 [or before the
Crash, in '29]." I half listened; I was
interested, then, in the future, not the past.

I tried to foresee our lives in these
rooms, where paint had blistered and peeled
and broken and mildew had turned blue an
old pair of shoes at the back of a closet. What
it would be like to get up in the morning here
and go to bed at night. I thought, "Sarah's
goldfish will swim in this corner, Rebecca's red
rockers can go there. I'll put the couch against
that wall." I thought, I'll love him again in this

house, he'll love me.

We'd strike a deal. I handed over
crumpled bills, usually $40 worth. The most
we ever paid was $50. They never asked me to
sign anything.

I could pack us up in a day. We moved
on Saturdays, when guys from school had
time. They made a party of it. Somebody had a
joint, and the men bunched over and passed
it. The green odor hung on their jeans and
jeans jackets all day. They lifted the big couch
and grunted while they hauled it onto a
pickup bed. Then they took a breath and
handed around a quart of Oly. I heard the beer
go down their throats. Moving days, with his
buddies, my husband was talkative. He seemed
young again and muscular. He laughed so
hard he choked. "Want to make us some
sandwiches?" he called to me from the living
room. I spread Miracle Whip and French's
yellow mustard across Wonder Bread and I
slapped on bologna and American cheese. I
tore open the potato chip bag.

From the kitchen where I stood,
Rebecca and Sarah tugging my skirt, I looked
at my husband. We gave each other little
comfort. I was too afraid of getting pregnant
again to enjoy lovemaking.

With each move, I made new
resolutions: Be more cheerful, get dust from

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under beds, give Big Dog a weekly flea bath. I liked fresh starts.

We got settled in Netta’s house by mid-January. I had the concrete-block-and-board bookshelves restacked, dishes set in shelves, the pink Maytag chugging out its daily loads. I found new walks to take, pushing Sarah and Rebecca in their stroller. I met Mrs. Forrest, the 84-year-old widow who told me how Netta slipped and fell. Mrs. Forrest was immensely fat and propelled herself forward with help from two thick rubber-footed canes. Rebecca got sick a lot. I set up nights and watched her sleep. I’d open the spiral notebook where I scratched “If only” and “Where are you now?” I multiplied 3 x 365 x 50 to figure out how many times during her married life Netta filled the dishpan. I closed my eyes and guessed where the bed had been when Netta’s Union Pacific husband, shy and rawboned and full of love, scraped the day’s beard against her breasts. Netta lived on alone 12 years after he died. She tossed birdseed out the breakfast nook window, I knew that because, when we moved in, her birds were waiting for us.

This last year my husband was in graduate school we were down to no money. A friend of my husband’s, an older fellow named Orville who was getting his Ph.D. in philosophy, said he got government farm surplus food—"commodities," he called them—for his family. Orville’s wife, I can’t remember her name, put a match to an oven that leaked gas. It blew up on her and set fire to the house. Her beautiful blue eyes stared out from bumpy scar tissue and shiny skin graft patches. For fingers she had stubs that ended at the knuckles. She wore her wedding ring on her left thumb. I felt sorry for her, not so much because she’d been scared and chewed aspirin, three at a time, for pain, but because Orville was such a jerk. He was always telling younger guys like my husband how to manage a wife so as not to be pussy-whipped. He criticized my coffee as too weak, said I should take in typing, and, more than once, when drunk on tequila with the worm in it that he bought in Mexico, suggested he could give me a tapping I’d never forget. I thought I knew what tapping meant, but I looked it up anyway.

When you look rhubarb up in the dictionary, you find that the word also means “A quarrel, fight, or heated discussion.” Lexicographers don’t know why the pretty red-stemmed plant ever came to mean quarrel or squabble. Lexicographers do know that back in Shakespeare’s day, “rhubarb” was the word actors used in crowd scenes when a crowd metamorphosed into bloodthirsty mob. Bit players muttered over and over again in the background, “Rhubarb, rhubarb, rhubarb.” I have thought that if rhubarb had any family, it would have been cousin to celery; rhubarb blades look like celery dyed red. But rhubarb is a member of the buckwheat family (buckwheat itself is best when added, as flour, to pancake batter). Rhubarb, like buckwheat, is native to northern Asia and China. Waverley Root notes that it was mentioned in the Pen-king Herbal, believed to date from 2700 BC. The Pen-king’s author described the rhubarb root as a purgative. By the early Christian era, rhubarb had reached the Western world. Its Western name, from the Latin rhubarbarum, describes the route the plant took on its way to the Romans. Rhubarbarum roughly translates as “the vegetable of the barbarians, or foreigners, beyond the Rhine.” The Rhine is the Russian river now known as the Volga, along whose banks, by the early Christian era, rhubarb apparently was growing.

Through the Dark Ages, monastery gardens cultivated rhubarb in their medicinal gardens. The plant’s beauty also made it sufficiently attractive as an ornamental that it occasionally was taken indoors and grown in conservatories. Monastery gardeners also used the huge leaves to cover baskets. In the 14th Century, when bubonic plague began to spread across Europe and Asia, ground rhubarb root increasingly became in demand as medicine.

Until the 1500s rhubarb was grown solely as a medicinal and ornamental. Food historians suggest that rhubarb took so long to enter the culinary domain because Europeans initially tried to eat the leaves. Loaded with oxalic acid, the leaves, at very least, will bring on violent stomachaches; at worst, they can kill. But, given evidence in cookbooks, by the mid-1500s Western Europeans were eating the rhubarb stalk and making rhubarb wine. The Italians took rhubarb winemaking one step further and made a liqueur called Rhubarbaro.
Even after the 1500s, when rhubarb stalks began to be eaten, rhubarb continued to gain popularity as a purgative. Cervantes mentions "Don Quixote," a little rhubarb will purge their excess of bile," Macbeth asks, "What rhubarb, cyme, or what purgative drug / Would scour these English hence! In London, March 2, 1784, Samuel Johnson, troubled by stomachache, was thanking a friend for his promise of rhubarb. Dickson's 1830 novel, The Personal History of David Copperfield, suggests for illness "a little mixture of cardamoms mixed with rhubarb, and flavored with seven drops of the essence of cloves."

Russia sold rhubarb root to Western Europeans, as did the Chinese; rhubarb, together with Chinese porcelain, pepper, silks, and tea, was standard cargo in the China trade. In England alone, by the end of the 19th century, more than 50,000 tons of dried rhubarb root were imported annually.

Colonists brought rhubarb roots to America. Thomas Jefferson planted rhubarb in his Monticello garden, but one wonders if he did any more than admire its beauty and resilience, because in his Garden Book he describes the leaves as "excellent as spinaches," which of course they're not. The 1838 American Frugal Housewife lists recipes for rhubarb, also calling it "pie plant" and "Persian apple."

Rhubarb root's use as medicament continued in the new colonies. In Moby Dick Melville writes that "spermaceti, used as an ointment, was only to be had from the druggists as you nowadays buy an ounce of rhubarb." Mark Twain mentions that because he was the family pet, he was fed cool liver oil to keep him regular, while the rest of the family had to get along with rhubarb. Not until the early 20th century, when new chemical laxatives came onto the market, was trade in rhubarb root diets Jim. Lydia Pinkham recommended spearmint leaves steeped in water with sugar, rhubarb, and baking soda for gas and belching.

Rhubarb root's purgative quality carried over in early American housewives' minds to rhubarb stalks as food. Rhubarb was one of the first perennial plants to produce in springtime and, after long cold winters, often the first fresh food brought to table. A bowl of stewed rhubarb or a thimbleful of rhubarb wine therefore was considered to have a general "spring tonic," blood-cleansing effect.

As to Orville, I was happy to hear, years later, that once their two boys graduated from college, Orville's wife left him. The way I heard it, a story one morning Orville went off to teach, and that afternoon when he came home, his wife was gone. Plus, she stripped their bank account, took savings and checking, stocks and bonds. The person who told me the story said Orville, that very afternoon, had a heart attack. I'm sorry about the heart attack, but I wish I knew where Orville's now-ex-wife is so I could congratulate her.

Orville sent his wife over to take me down to the county courthouse to apply for commodities. I can't remember what I had to say or do, I only remember I was so embarrassed I broke out in a sweat on a day that was cold enough I was wearing one of my old cashmere sweaters as underwear and that the lady at the desk said sure, we were below the poverty line. Once a month Orville's wife and I picked up cardboard boxes packed with brown sacks filled with cornmeal and flour and bulgar wheat, kidney beans and dried milk, pound blocks of butter and lard and cheddar cheese, cans of dried eggs, and two-pound tin cans of beefed in gravy. The cheese was good, the butter a luxury, the beef stringy and greasy. I mixed it with catup and vinegar to make sloppy joes. The girls liked sloppy joes.

Every house we lived in, I dug a garden. At the first two, the elderly ladies hadn't gardened for years. Nettie had, right up to the day she cracked open her head. So I didn't have to dig out patches of turf and stack them to clear ground for a garden plot.

More than ever that last winter and spring, we needed a garden. The commodities held out for the first two weeks of the month and silver smelt were selling five pounds for a dollar and fat hamburger three pounds for a dollar. If the girls and I got to the store early in the morning, the butcher had dog bones he'd give me free. Red flesh still clung to the bones, and sawdust from the floor where the butcher had tossed them. I washed off the sawdust and made broth for beef-vegetable soup. After I boiled the bones clean, I hurned them out in the back yard to Big Dog. So everybody got something. We had peaches and purple plums and peeled apples I put up the year before. But the last two weeks, every month, we ran short on money for milk and fresh vegetables and fruit. Nights I lay awake, figuring how I could mix dried milk into the girls' oatmeal to get more calcium and vitamin D in them or what I could do to make them eat cabbage.

You must wait until soil dries before you plant a garden. Plus, cold dirt, you end up with hard clumps. I was at wasting.

My garden was pitiful. All my faults were washed into those plots dug out of back yards. I planted too soon, February I put in Bermuda onion sets and peas and beets. March I knelt by furrows edged in with my hoe. I drained a garden and carrot seeds into chilly soil. If seeds germinated and produced leaves, the plants dwindled. They needed warmer soil, sunshine, frost-free nights. They needed somebody with better sense to plant them.

Old yards surprise you. Dafoodils and purple roses buried decades earlier came up out of dirty snow. A forsythia bush that looks dead puts out yellow flowers. Dafoodils, the crocus, and forsythia do what they are intended to do. You don't have to do anything right.

Mrs. Forrest liked to lean on her canes at the garden's edge and talk. She showed me where, along the edge of Nettie's garden plot, two rhubarb plants for 20 years had been growing up in early spring and in midsummer dying down. She laughed, said, "You can't kill rhubarb." Nettie's husband planted the rhubarb, Mrs. Forrest said, adding, "Lord, that man liked his mess of stewed rhubarb, and that man liked a slice of rhubarb and strawberry pie."

Every day I went out under gray skies to Nettie's garden patch and sat on my heels and looked down at the rhubarb. "This is my life," I thought. "I'm hunkered here in it." I wished I could plant and grow myself into someone exotic and brave.

From the rhubarb plant's fat-size heart, red-veined green leaves unfurled out of membranous sheaths. The sheaths that covered the leaves looked almost like skin that covered some internal human organ, I expected to see thumping, hear a slow steady heartbeat. The leaves split the membrane, and then, every day, the leaves lengthened. Red veins ran through the leaves and soon turned blood red, then burgundy. By the end of March, when my radish leaves yellowed and the radish root did not swell at all, when red radish leaves had grown bigger than two big hands. The stalk lengthened and reddened.

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City
Please Wake Up!
I am new to the area having just moved from Los Angeles, where I was born some 40 years ago. I have been looking for the local version of some fine free tabloids that are available in Los Angeles and have found yours to be a "mostly" excellent replacement for what was available in Los Angeles.
I have only two points of criticism at this time.

1. Hell. I seem to detect the same kind of backslashing that New York City gets in this...
Patricia: This was my third Phones Matches™ ad. The previous ones were more about what I like to do. But this one, I wrote from the heart.

John: I was attracted to the ads that seemed serious about finding someone. Between work and the kids, I didn’t have much time to meet women, unless it was in the grocery store.

Patricia: Our first meeting was supposed to be at Tio Leo’s. I waited and waited, but he never showed up. Later that night, I realized that I mixed him up with another Phone Matches™ date. I had to call both guys and tell them what happened.

John: The next time, we switched to El Torito’s. As soon as I saw her, I thought, “Hmmm, this could be.” After that, we spent a lot of time on the phone. We talked every night for two or three hours.

Patricia: He told me he loved me on the second date. It was pretty scary. I’m thinking, “This is too good to be true. There must be something wrong with this guy.”

John: Not!

Patricia: John took me into a jewelry store to look at rings. The salesman asked, “When’s the big day?” I said, “I don’t know. He hasn’t asked me yet.”

John: I took her outside and proposed. It happened between the May Company and Saks.

Patricia: We were on the grass, though. Next to a tree.

John: One of my prime considerations was my kids. But Patricia put me at ease with that.

Patricia: We’ve been married for two months and he’s still bringing me flowers. Our kids – there are six of them living with us – get along well. Our two daughters are really close.

John: In the lunchroom at work, they hum the Brady Bunch theme when I come in.
Hi, Sailor!
America’s Cup ’95 Open House

The boat Bedouins are back, their white tents pitched on the sand-filled flats of Mission Bay or wedged into Shelter Island's crowded harbor front. Naked masts rise above the ten syndicate headquarters like television antennas on steroids. Security gates, cyclone fences, and container-shaped temporary offices lend the scene a construction-office ambiance.

Most noticeable, though, are the cranes. You can’t race in the America’s Cup without renting a giant crane to hoist your dainty monohull free of the water each night. Who knows what insidious slowing slime might accumulate in a microthin layer between now and the next race? You don’t have any chances on stray barnacle larvae when you have a computer running all night to determine things like how to get water molecules to jostle their way past your keel efficiently.

Big budgets. Big budgets. Either way, everyone seems to work day and night. Down at the Spanish compound, there’s a guy up in a boatswain’s chair about 50 feet above the deck. He riggs a line to both ends of a spreader, then tows his end down to a teammate who carries the rope over the fence and out to the street, there to huk it to an old Volvo’s bumper. What the hell? You ask yourself. The Volvo inches forward, pulling the line taut. The spreader, like an unusual stringed instrument’s fret, bends slightly in the direction of the pull. Someday there may be a tool to do the pulling. For now, the car works fine. So this is what they mean about “tuning” the boat. Everyone hopes the guy in the Volvo doesn’t overdo it and pull the mast down.

Captains and strategists study videos of the last day’s race. Their faces are the color of saddle leather, except for the white bands off the corner of each eye—the place where sunglasses press temples.

Team Spain makes adjustments on boat tower.

One of the men, Pedros Campos, of Denaiño España, sits in his office and tries to think what his team will do the day of the upcoming America’s Cup open house, when the public can tour his compound.

He is puzzled. The day of open house is a race day, if he recalls correctly. Ahh, well. People can come anyway! We won’t be here. But come! Like most world champion sailors, he is a man with presence, helmanship, control of a situation. No surprises. Take ice needles in a gale off the French coast, fling them at his face, and he will laugh. Laugh!

Time off! Maybe three days in three months. Some crew members have less. As Campos talks, one of the men comes from behind the keel’s “skirt,” which hides it from design thieves, and says he did go to—how you say?—Orcas? Oh, at Sea World. Very nice. And Café Sevilla on Fourth Street. Also, “the plaa-tee-noon.”

What! Flamenco at Sevilla?
Dancing?
Oh. That kind of dancing.
Campos remembers the races of ’92. More time then. Better parties then.

“In ’92 we lived in a very big, big house in Coronado. Very old. Twenty-five or more people living there. We had all our meals in the house with a Spanish cook, and we organized wonderful parties. The most popular parties of all the teams were the Spanish parties! Absolutely! We invited...
even the police of Coronado. They came a little bit late in '92, because we were so noisy, so next time we decided to invite them officially. They came in, how you say? Serial? Civilian clothes?"

Over on Shelter Island, we learn that at the last open house about 1,200 people went through the Team New Zealand compound alone. Kiwis, like Spaniards, are among the friendliest and toughest sailors in the world. Here, they have a 4000-square-foot spinnaker signed by 360,000 New Zealanders. During the upcoming open house, they'll be conducting hourly tours.

During open house at one Australia, representatives from Australian Tourism will hand out travel brochures. At Nippon, however, crew members are promised: a bowman and a pirate, answering questions. Nippon will be serving Pocari Sweat, which is, a press release tells us, the Gatorade of Japan.

-Peter Jensen

America's Cup '95 syndicates open house Sunday, March 31, 9:00 a.m. to 5:00 p.m. Sites at Quivira Basin and on Harbor Drive
Map to all sites at America's Cup Information Center, 2731 Shelter Island Drive Free 224-1112

READER PHONE MATCHES
ADs OF THE Week

[Women Seeking Men]

COMPASSIONATE QUEEN, tired of playing with sirens and mates, ready for her good king. She is a divorced black Leo, leggy and curvaceous. He is Aries or Capricorn, 35-41, 5'10"-6'7", 190-290 lbs. with dark hair, light eyes. Let's rule together. (3/15) T 63168

[Men Seeking Women]

SIGN OF DESPERATION. I've spent the grocery money advertising myself. Youthful, well-mannered, attractive, witty, creative, Italian professional, 43, 5'6", seeks petite, friendly lady, 28-40. Tennis, skiing, pasta, chocolate, NBC Thursday, world travel. Also, really enjoy doing housework. (3/22) T 73202

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Nice Girls and Warfare

Women and the War Years, A Panel Discussion

Because Betty Morris served in the Women's Army Corps during World War II, she has been invited to participate in a panel discussion on "Women and the War Years," which takes place this Saturday at Cabrillo National Monument. (Other panelists worked in defense plants or experienced the war from "the home front.") Betty's legal name is Florence Costello Morris, but from the hour she was born, her teenaged mother called her "Betty."

"I was one of the first members of the Women's Army Corps," she explains over the phone. "To join, you had to be at least 21 years old by June 4, 1942. That day was my 21st birthday. So I went in there. I was discharged February 19, 1946."

"So I saw the war from beginning to end. I got married here in San Diego in February 1943. I grew up in Morris, Illinois. My husband's name is Morris, and I have to admit that there was a slight amount of attraction there because of that coincidence."

"My husband was in the submarine service. He was very handsome. Black hair. Blue eyes. Better looking than Frank Sinatra, I'll tell you right now. He was 26, from Virginia. I went out to Virginia to work as a live-in nursemaid. He went into the Navy, and I went into the Army. Then I was able to get myself assigned to California duty. It took a little wrangling, but I asked them if I could please come to San Diego.

"I weighed about 107, 110 pounds. I was about five feet, four-and-a-half inches tall. In other words, I was underweight, actually, when I was in the service. I had light brown hair, gray eyes — actually, they were probably hazel. And I looked very good in the Colonel Hobby hat. That's the hat with the brim. That was one of the reasons they sent me on recruiting duty. Because I looked real good in that hat."

"When I came to San Diego, two of us came down from Los Angeles. Two WAC officers. You have to remember that San Diego was a very, very Navy town. There were no Army facilities here. There were Army people guarding the aircraft industry. The Consolidated Vultee plant. They were on top with anti-aircraft guns. There was Camp Callan up the way towards where Torrey Pines Golf Course is now. That was a staging area for troops going overseas. But there weren't WACs. We were the first ones down here, in January 1943. We opened a recruiting office. The other WAC officer was in command. She was a grade ahead of me. She was a first lieutenant. But she got ill and got herself transferred back to Los Angeles. I had only two enlisted WACs with me.

"My husband was an enlisted man — torpedo man on a submarine. When we got married, I was a second lieutenant. And he was a second lieutenant. He got discharged as a petty officer, first class. I was a captain when I was discharged. But we never had any problem with my outranking him."

"The WACs were organized to replace men for combat duty. So WACs did all kinds of behind-the-lines duty. They worked in offices. They were telephone operators; it was agreed that women were better telephone operators than men. Some of the women became mechanics. They were cooks, bakers, hospital orderlies, medical technicians, drivers."

As a recruiter, Betty was the one who found these women. "They had to have good character. We made a police check on everybody. We did not take..."
them with a police record — so much for people who said that all WACs were prostitutes."

"Who said that?"

"Oh, that used to be one of the rumors that went around."

"Really?"

"Oh, you bet. Once in a while I would encounter some man who would say that, and I would ask him how he knew that. Of course, he never had any evidence. It’s just that people were objecting to women being in the service. That’s one of the biggest things we had to overcome on recruiting duty. One of the reasons we did a lot of public speaking was to tell people that their daughters and secretaries and neighbors could be nice girls and go into the service.

The longest time my husband and I were separated began the day after V-J Day. He was over in the Hawaiian Islands, and they sent him from there over to Japan. We were away from each other for over a year. There were 52 submarines lost during World War II. On many of them, everybody went. I mean, it’s not like having your husband go in and get shot in ground combat. When a submarine went down, generally speaking, all the crew went.

"But I have to say that by being in the service, by being around other people who were in the service, I probably was so busy that it kept my mind going. And I wrote him a letter every day he was gone. Sometimes two a day. I used to walk around with a little pad of paper, I would hear jokes and write him all that.

"There was this business of ‘We’re at war, and this is our responsibility.’ I am not given to sitting around crying over things. I wasn’t that way as a child. I wasn’t that way growing up. I faced it each day. Betty’s husband survived. She lost a brother, a Marine Raider, to Japanese machine-gun fire on Vangauru Island.

"Lots of times, when I was here in San Diego, there were no quarters for me. When there were, I lived alone. I had a room. One, I ate all my meals out. But that wasn’t too bad, because in San Diego, if you went into a restaurant, they always said to you: ‘Will you share your table?’ So you either sat down with somebody, or if you had a table, somebody came and sat with you.” — Peter Griffin

Women and the War Years, a panel discussion

Saturday, March 11, 1:00 to 3:00 p.m.

Auditorium, Cabrillo National Monument, Point Loma

Free (park entrance fee is $4 per vehicle) - reservations limited to 150 people

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EVENTS LISTINGS

HOW TO SEND US YOUR EVENTS LISTING: Please send them in a Reader's Guide to Events must be received at least 5 days before the Friday preceding the Friday issue in order to be considered for publication. Events listed run from Thursday at 8 p.m. to the following Thursday at 7:30 p.m. Do not phone. The Events Editor reserves the right to edit all material. Send complete information, including a description of the event, date and time it is to be held, cost, the precise address where it is to be held (including neighborhood), a contact phone number, and a phone number for public information to READER EVENTS EDITOR, P.O. Box 85805, San Diego, CA 92186.

BAJA
The Centro Cultural de la Raza’s Second Annual Cine Estudiantil, showcasing Chicano, Latino, and native American work by students from across the United States, Mexico, and Latin America, continues today, Thursday, March 9, in the Sala de Video at the Tijuana Cultural Center, with Norma Iglesias and David Maciel speaking on “Border Film and Video: Look for Varios Fronterizos/Border Swings; No hay vuelta atrás; The Art of Resistance; Tijuana, Una leyenda negra, Una ciudad de paz, Mi Pobla; and Capetear; In Tribute to the Past. The events begin at 7 p.m.; admission is free.

The Little Theater at SDSU hosts the screenings Friday, March 10, with speakers Nancy de Los Santos, Norma Iglesias, and Sergio de la Mora discussing “Gender and Sexuality in Chicano/Latino Cinema.” The films include: Louie Guss: Shopping; More than a Paycheck: No pago salario; and El diablo de la Cruz; (in Spanish) The event begins at 7 p.m.; admission is free, with a suggested donation of $1.50.

"El Decente y la Inocente," a comedy written by Rafael “El Caballo” Rosas, Gina Romand, and others, can be enjoyed at the Tijuana Cultural Center tonight, Thursday, March 9, at 7 and 9:30 p.m. Admission is $15 U.S. Find the event at Paseo de los Héroes and Mina Street in the Zona Rio, in Tijuana. For more information, call 011-52-66-64-20-01.

A 250-Mile Off-road Race for motorcycles is planned at the Score San Felipe 250, taking place on Saturday and Sunday, March 11 and 12. For registration and more information, call 011-52-66-64-20-01.

The Mexicali 200 takes place in Mexicali for all manner of vehicles (including motorcycles) on Saturday and Sunday, March 11 and 12. For additional details, call 011-52-66-54-52-35.

"El Campesino" (The Farmhand) is a tragicomic monologue to be performed by actor, writer, and director Abraham Flores at the Casa de la Cultura on Monday, March 13, at 8 p.m. Admission is $2 U.S. The Casa is found at Avenida París #5, in Colonia Altamirano. For additional details (in Spanish), dial 011-52-66-87-26-04.

Jazz will be performed by the Jazz Taras Band on Wednesday, March 15, at 7 p.m., at the Casa de la Cultura. Admission is $2 U.S. The Casa is located at Avenida París #5, in Colonia Altamirano. For additional details (in Spanish), dial 011-52-66-87-26-04.

The California Gray Whales are arriving in San Diego’s Lagoon, their calving and mating grounds on Baja’s central Pacific coast. Mexican government-licensed whale-watching excursions are available through the end of March through Malarrimo Eco-Tours. The 4.5-hour excursions cost $35 per person and include ground transportation from Guerrero Negro to the lagoon, the “paseo” boat with guide, and box lunch. For reservations and additional information, call 011-52-61-37-26-05.

Omnimex Films, Africa the Serengeti screens in the dome theater at the Tijuana Cultural Center (in Spanish) weekdays at 4, 6, and 8 p.m. daily, with an additional showing at noon on Saturday and Sunday. Tintinco shows daily at 3, 5, 7, and 9 p.m., with additional showings at 11 a.m. and 1 p.m. on Saturday and Sunday (all in Spanish). People of the Sun continues to be shown in English on Friday, Saturday, and Sunday, at 2 p.m.

The center is located at Paseo de los Héroes and Mina Street in the Zona Rio. For more information and ticket prices, call 011-52-66-64-20-01.

OUTDOORS
Mexican Corals or “naked corals,” Erythrina coralliphila, are showing their stuff this season by bearing scarlet, flame-like flowers on the tips of their twisting, leafless branches. Commonly planted as a park, and freeway landscaping, this and other species of coral are blooming along Highway 94, Interstate 5 through Oceanside, outside the airport and along Harbor Drive opposite the airport, at the San Diego Zoo, on the lawn in front of San Diego City College downtown, and on the San Diego State University campus. The bloom may continue into late spring, when the coral naked will cover themselves with eight-inch-long leaves, just in time to provide shade for the warm months.

The Pleasantly Penetent Odor of sage fills the early springtime air wherever native vegetation grows on...
the country's coastal and lower-foothill slopes. Most common are the black sage, already in full bloom (look for tight clusters of small, white flowers); the grayish-leaved white sage; and the California sagebrush, characterized by soft, needlelike leaves.

The Ana-Borrego Desert best month this month, with peak blooms expected in warmer areas like Borrego Valley, the Borrego Badlands, Coyote Canyon, and along Highway S-2 in the south end of the park. Among the many annually appearing wildflowers you'll find in the low-lying areas are desert sunflower, dune primrose, lupine, desert chickory, sand verbena, and desert lily. On slightly higher ground and up along the hillsides, you'll spot blooming brittlebush, chuparrosa, ocotillo, apricot mallow, and more. Starting in mid-month, several varieties of cactus should explode into bloom. For the latest update on this season's possible super-bloom, call Ana-Borrego Desert State Park's special hotline, 767-4844; for a recorded message.

Head to the Desert for the Ana-Borrego Foundation Week, with a variety of activities sponsored by the foundation and led by experienced naturalists. On Sunday, March 11, there's a walk through Tamarisk Grove and Yaqui Well to identify wildflowers and birds; a Hellhole Canyon nature walk; a hike through Piton Wash to Harper Flats; as well as a challenging 13-mile mountain bike ride down Grapevine Canyon.

On Sunday, March 12, events include a four- to five-mile hike in the Borrego Badlands exploring geologic and paleontologic history; a Culp Valley bird walk; and a nature walk through Borrego Valley.

Activities continue on Saturday, March 18. For additional information and reservations, call 767-7739.

Wildlife and Plant Walks take place every weekend at the Blue Sky Ecological Preserve, at 7 a.m. and again at 4 p.m. on Saturdays, and at 9 a.m. on Sundays. Join a naturalist for a 1.5-hour walk to explore the oak-lined, stream-filled canyon in search of animals and fall plants. Wear comfortable walking shoes and carry water. For further information, call 486-7238. Walks are free. Find the reserve on Esplora Road, one-half mile north of Lake Poway Road, in Poway.

Stroll on the South Shore of Lake Hodges, through Bernardo Bay, with Linda Shipman from the San Diego River Park group on Saturday, March 11, from 9 to 11 a.m. It's an easy two-hour walk. Spaces are limited; call 235-5440 x 5 for information, reservations, and directions to the trailhead.

The Friends of Famous Slough need volunteers to help clean up around Famous Slough and Famous Channel on Saturday, March 11, from 9 a.m. to noon. Meet at the intersection of Famous Boulevard and West Point Loma Boulevard in the Loma Portal/Ocean Beach area. Rain cancels. Call 224-4591 for more information. Free.

A Nature Walk hosted by the San Elijo Lagoon Conservancy, led by Barbara Moore, is slated for Saturday, March 11, beginning at 9 a.m. The walk will feature migratory waterbirds and native plants; for more information and directions, call 436-3944. Free.

Native Plants are the subject of a walk through the Tijuana River National Estuarine Reserve, the 2500-acre wetland immediately north of the international border; on Saturday, March 11, from 9 a.m. until noon. The walk will be led by a naturalist from the California Native Plant Society. Meet at the corner of Fifth Street and Iris Avenue in Imperial Beach. Free. 575-3613. No reservations required.

Hike to the Summit of Volcan Peak—an area of the Volcan Mountain Preserve not open to the general public — with docents on Saturday, March 11, from 9:30 a.m. to 2 p.m. They will discuss the significance of the mountain's oak trees. Bring lunch and lots of water.

To reach the spot, drive to Julian, and then take Farmer Road 2.2 miles; turn right on Wynola Road and drive 100 yards. Turn right onto the continuation of Farmer Road; proceed 100 yards and park on the shoulder of the paved road by the preserve sign on the right. For additional information on this free hike, call 765-2111. There are no restrooms; wear sturdy shoes.

Busy Naturalist Barbara Moore (author and director of the Chula Vista Nature Center) will lead a nature walk at Wilderness Gardens Preserve on Saturday, March 11, from 9:30 to 11:30 a.m. The walk will focus on native plants, wildflowers, and birds. Bring binoculars, field guides, and water. Find the gardens ten miles east of I-15 on Highway 76; meet the group at the bridge. The walk is free, but there is a $6 parking fee. For more information, call 742-1633 or 726-0056.

Palm Walk: Offshoot Tours offers its monthly-hour-long guided stroll past many of Balboa Park's palm trees on Sunday, March 11, at 10 a.m., starting from the park's Botanical Building. Free. Call 235-1144 for more information.

Heel and Toe It through the historical Gaslamp Quarter, taking in the haunts of the women of the Stranglers and Wynt Earp, in tours sponsored by the Gaslamp Quarter Foundation. Guided tours leave from 410 Island Avenue every Saturday at 11 a.m.; self-guided audio tours are available Monday through Friday, from 10 a.m. to 3 p.m., and 11 a.m. to 3 p.m. on Saturdays. All tours are $5 general, $3 students and seniors. Call 233-4692 for more information and to arrange group tours.

Trace the Ridges of Cuyamaca Rancho State Park, with an expert guide, at 10 a.m. and 1 p.m. on Saturday, March 11. Call 765-3300 for information and reservations. $5 general, $3 students and seniors.

Explore the Wonders of Solana Beach County Park, including a walk to the mouth of the San Dieguito Lagoon (where the Del Mar Man was discovered in the early 1900's), in a ramble hosted by the Birch Aquarium Museum at USD's Scripps Institute of Oceanography on Sunday, March 12, from 1 to 3 p.m. A naturalist from the museum leads the expedition; along the way, participants will see the last remaining sand dunes in the county. For the event is $9 per adult, $7 for children aged 7 to 13. Advance registration is required; to register or ask other questions, call 534-7523.

"In the Footsteps of Some San Diego Women: Balboa Park" is the theme for a Walkabout just planned on Sunday, March 12, at 1:30 p.m. Participants will take a look at some women who contributed to Balboa Park. There will be a moderate pace over mixed terrain (including one hill and some steep sections). Join the group at the northeast corner of Sixth Avenue and Laurel Street. The walk is free; call 231-7463 for more details.

DANCE

Live from Happy Hill, Louisiana, the Jojo Reed Band will play red-hot rydéo music at the Cajunrydo family dance planned for Friday, March 10, sponsored by the Bon Temps Social Club. Do your dancing at the VASA HALL, 3096 El Cajon Boulevard (at Illinois), in North Park. Organized dance instruction takes place from 7:15 to 8 p.m., with the band making music from 8 p.m. to midnight. Admission is $10 spicy Cajun food will be available for purchase. Questions? Call 496-6655 for answers.

The Dancing Diamonds Square Dance Club is offering open enrollment for all ages on Friday, March 10, from 7:30 to 9:30 p.m. at the Bostonia Recreation Center (at 1049 Bostonia Street, in El Cajon). The fee is $2.50 general, $1.50 for those 9 to 16 with a parent. For more information, call 274-1337. Open enrollment continues through March 23.

The Renowned Contemporary Dance Company Lar Lubovitch Dance Company performs at the Spreckels Theatre as part of the UCSD dance series on Friday and Saturday, March 10 and 11, at 8 p.m. each night. The program for both performances includes Marimba; Music for Mallet Instruments, Voices, and Organs; Fandango (danced to Ravol's Boiler), Beau Danube, and So in Love.

The theater is located at 121 Broadway, downtown. Tickets are $20, $30, and $50, with a $10 discount for students. Call 534-4559 for information and advance tickets; tickets are also available through Ticketmaster (1-205-TICK). A Surreal Exploration of the life and vision of English poet and artist William Blake is offered when Tandy Beal and Company present Outside Blake's Window at the California Center for the Arts, Escondido on Friday, March 10, at 8 p.m. Tickets range from $10 to $32; call 738-4100 for information and advance tickets. Find the theater at 340 North Escondido Boulevard (at Valley Parkway), in Escondido.

Your nearaway getaway for this Spring & Easter vacation.

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ROSARITO TOURISM TRUST.
**FILM**

"Glares: The Screening Series" concludes tonight, Thursday, March 10, in the Performance Space at the new Visual Arts Building, on Russell Lane, on the UCSD campus. This week's film, "Gilaemon," is a 1964 Japanese science fiction film about a giant insect. The film will be shown in the Performance Space at 8 p.m. Admission is free.

The Little Theater at SDSU hosts the screening of "Women of War," on Friday, March 11, at 8 p.m. Admission is free.

The San Diego Film Festival presents "The Great Wave," on Saturday, March 12, at the Museum of Contemporary Art. Admission is $5, and the film will be presented in the Museum's amphitheater at 8 p.m.

The San Diego Film Festival also presents "The Wave," on Sunday, March 13, at the Museum of Contemporary Art. Admission is $5, and the film will be presented in the Museum's amphitheater at 8 p.m.

**TRADITIONAL DANCES FROM ORIOLOTA, ITALY**

This year's Italian Cultural Center has invited the Multicultural Arts Festival to host dances from Italy, including traditional Italian dances from the town of Orio, near Genoa. The dances will be performed by the Italian Cultural Center on Saturday, March 12, at 8 p.m. at the Center. Admission is $5, and the dance will feature traditional Italian music and costumes.

**LENNON**

The Lennon Museum, located at 1217 4th Ave, will be open on Saturday, March 12, from 10 a.m. to 5 p.m. Admission is free.

**SPECIAL WEEKEND EVENTS**

**Southwestern Indian Den**

Meet Father & Daughter painting teacher Bill and Traci Rabbit. 10 to 6 Sat 11 to 3 Sun 435-3561

**Puddypkins, California**

Appearances by pen & ink cat artist, Patrick Murphy 12-3, collage artist, Carol Fleming 11-1 Sat 10-6, Tim Day, wood cat sculptor 12-3 435-2311

**Kaffein's Espresso Bar by the Bay**

Trombonist, George Robert. Sundays, 3 to 5

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**ART FOR WILDLIFE GALLERIES**

"Women of Culture"
Special appearance & painting demonstrations by California watercolor artist, Arlette Heise. 11 to 4 435-6474

"Art for Wildlife Galleries"
"A Wildlife Weekend"!
Special appearance & painting demonstrations by wildlife/environments: Jason Darien and Scott Thom. 11 to 3 435-4342

**FREEDOM WALK**

The San Diego Freedom Walk is a walk to raise awareness about the plight of the world's refugees. The walk will start at 1 p.m. at the University of San Diego and will end at the San Diego Civic Center. Admission is free.

**LECTURES**

The UCSD Department of Ethnic Studies is hosting a talk today, Thursday, March 11, entitled "Negro Language and Culture in the Mexican Community" by Olga Vasquez, assistant professor in the UCSD department of communication.

Next Thursday, March 16, Alida Hartmans, a member of the psychol...
**In Person**

**Slagers from the East**

The San Diego Opera's presentation of *Porgy and Bess* will feature "On the Concourse" on the San Diego Community Center (1025 C Street, downtown) today, Thursday, March 9, at noon. The performance will begin at 1:30 PM and end at 4 PM. For more information, call 415-971-6000.

**Sandholm Symposium**

A symposium on the topic of "Environmental and Economic: How Does One Affect the Other?" will be held at 4 PM today, Thursday, March 9, at the San Diego Museum of Man. The symposium is free and open to the public. For more information, call 619-234-8500.

**Mythical Music and Poetry**

This event will be held at 7 PM today, Thursday, March 9, at the San Diego Natural History Museum. The program will include readings from the works of mythology and poetry, as well as musical performances by local musicians. For more information, call 619-234-8500.
The San Diego Gulls have a game against Phoenix on Thursday, March 14, at 7 p.m. at the San Diego Sports Park (9500 Corporate Drive, Chula Vista). Tickets range from $8 to $12. Call 232-7853 for more information.

**SPECIAL**

The Legendary Spanish Galleon Nuestra Señora de las Mercedes, which was lost in a hurricane off the Florida keys in 1622, has been found and yielded up over $400,000 in silver in recent years. The "Treasurers of Atascadero," an exhibit and sale of recovered treasure from the shipwreck, is open through Monday, March 12, at Ben Bridge Jewelers in University Town Center.

**Viewing hours:** Monday to Thursday: 10 a.m. to 7 p.m; Friday: 10 a.m. to 7 p.m; Saturday: 11 a.m. to 6 p.m. Sunday. Weekday admission is free; newcomers are free for more information, call 545-9395.

**Hot Rocks, the San Diego Gem Fair** is running March 10-12 at the San Diego County Fairgrounds, 1365 Pacific Hwy., Vista. Hours are from 7 p.m. to 7 p.m. Friday; 10 a.m. to 7 p.m. Saturday; and 10 a.m. to 5 p.m. Sunday. Weekend admission is $6; for more information, call 951-1410.

**Honor the Annual Migration of the California gray whales during the Oceanography Research Center's Arts and Crafts Show at Harbor Beach in Oceanside, from 9 a.m. to 5 p.m. on both Saturday and Sunday.** Art and crafts and live music are featured. The Athensium is located at 1008 Wall Street, in La Jolla, 454-5874.

**Celebrating 37th Birthday with the 19th annual St. Patrick's Day Parade,** scheduled for Saturday, March 11, beginning at 11 a.m. "Unity with Firefighters," $4.50 for adults, $1.50 for children and seniors. Call 616-6073.

**At the Center CALIFORNIA CENTER FOR THE ARTS, ESCONDIDO**

**Tandy Beal & Co.**

Post-performance discount tickets available for artists included.

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Post-performance discount tickets available for artists included.
**Calendar**

**LOCAL EVENTS**

- *Oceanus*: Find the museum at 300 West Island Avenue, downtown. 235-8792.
- *Seals, Sea Lions, and Walruses*: The show begins at 10:30 AM on Sunday, March 14. Tuxedo the Clown appears at 10:00 AM, with the show beginning at 10:30 AM. Find the shopping center at 2325 El Camino Real, in Carlsbad; call 729-7912 for more information. Free.

- *Eat a Tale*: The story time for youngsters aged three to five years, held at the La Jolla Branch Library on Tuesday at 10:30 AM. The series is free, and registration is not required. The library is located at 7555 Draper Avenue. Call 552-6167 for further information.

- *It's Not Easy Being Green*: The theme for the story time and craft time at Barnes and Noble Bookstore on Wednesday, March 15, at 10 AM. Listen up for stories about leprechauns and other green things. Find the store at 1184 Carmel Mountain Road, in the Carmel Mountain area; call 674-1055 for information and registration for this free event. The program will be repeated on March 18.

**MUSEUMS**

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

- *Antique Gas and Steam Engine Museum*: The museum’s activities include locating, collecting, documenting, restoring, 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 covered kitchen and parlor, a steam-operated saw mill, and a 1/3-scale train. The museum is open daily from 10 AM to 5 PM at 2040 North Santa Fe Avenue, Vista. Admission is free; donations are accepted. For further details, call 723-3900.

- *Bonita Historical Museum*: The museum features many historical photographs, artifacts, tools, and farming implements in the historic district's 1930s fire engine and bound copies back to the 1930s of the Chula Vista Star News. Find the museum at 4095 Bonita Road, in Bonita. Hours are 10 AM to 3 PM on Tuesday and Saturday, and by appointment. Dine 267-5141 or 479-0678 for further details. Admission is free.

- *Chalcedon Children’s Museum*: The museum is designed as an educational environment for children through art, science, and social activities, targeted for children 2 through 12. Look for a medieval castle, magic mirror, mini-city, and children's marketplace; a Carlsbad Police Department patrol car will be installed soon. Hours are noon to 5 PM, Tuesday through Saturday and 1:00 to 5 PM Saturday and 1:00 to 5 PM Sunday. Find the museum at the Carlsbad Village Drive, suite 103, in Carlsbad. Admission is $3.50, 720-0737.

- *Children’s Museum of San Diego*: The museum hosts a rain-wind-instruction by Chris Barden entitled "A Tale of Two Cities" in conjunction with "CAT," an exhibition and festival of installations and site-specific art. The piece is said to provoke thought about conflict and its implications through the placement of 5000 war toys in a landscape. The tableau depicts two city-states at war with each other. Enjoy this piece through March. Museum hours are 10 AM to 4:30 PM. Sunday through Saturday noon to 4:30 PM, Sunday. Regular admission is $4 for adults and children two and older, $2 for seniors. Find the museum at the 200 West Island Avenue, downtown. 233-8792.

- *Chula Vista Heritage Museum*: Features a glimpse of Chula Vista's past, the opening exhibits include lemon packing crate labels, photographs of downtown Chula Vista, doors and adobe blocks from the original Star newspaper building, relics from the Otay Watch Company. Regular museum hours are 1 to 4 PM. on Tuesday, Wednesday, Thursday, and Saturday. Find the museum at 536 Third Avenue, Chula Vista. For additional information, call 420-6910.

- *Command Museum of MCM*: Artifacts from the beginning of the Marine Corps to the present are displayed. Some special exhibits are dedicated to the history of the Corps' involvement in the Vietnam War. The museum is open Tuesday through Friday from 10 AM to 1 PM and weekends from 10 AM to 5 PM. Free. The museum is located in Building 26, just inside Gate 4, off Pacific Highway. 524-6038.

- *Creation Museum*: A museum contrasting the evolution and creation worldview is found at 30946 Woods Lane North, in Santa Ynez. Hours are 9 AM to 4 PM, Monday through Saturday, and 1 PM to 4 PM on Sunday. For more information, call 686-0031. Admission is by donation.

- *George Wright and Anna Gunn Marriott House*: The house is a 1798 vacation home located on the Pacific Ocean. The house is open for tours on Saturday and Sunday. Admission is $5 for adults, $3 for children. The house is located at 1025 St. Andrew's Drive, in Carlsbad. Hours are 10 AM to 4 PM. The house is open to the public on Saturday and Sunday.

- *House of California*: The house is open to the public on Saturday and Sunday. Admission is $5 for adults, $3 for children. The house is located at 1025 St. Andrew's Drive, in Carlsbad. Hours are 10 AM to 4 PM. The house is open to the public on Saturday and Sunday.

- *House of Pacific Relations*: The International Cottage in Balboa Park is open every Sunday from 12:30 PM to 4:30 PM, presenting the history and traditions of 38 ethnic groups. The cottage is located at the corner of 38th and Ohio Street. The house is open to the public on Saturday and Sunday. Admission is $5 for adults, $3 for children. The house is located at 1025 St. Andrew's Drive, in Carlsbad. Hours are 10 AM to 4 PM. The house is open to the public on Saturday and Sunday.


- *San Diego City Hall*: The building is open to the public on Saturday and Sunday. Admission is $5 for adults, $3 for children. The building is located at 525 Third Avenue, in San Diego. Hours are 10 AM to 4 PM. The building is open to the public on Saturday and Sunday.

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Within me aged like wine.

Conservative Republicans often accuse America's educated middle class of being "anti-fam-

ily," and they have a point. But by way of rebuttal, I would offer that while the "ideal family" set before much of the American middle class was portrayed in so hideously unrealistic a fashion.

If conservative Republicans had watched _The Brady Bunch_, they would get down on their hands and knees every morning and pray that America's children would be raised by single lesbian welfare moms with sperm donated exclusively by Ted Kennedy. If conservative Republicans had watched _The Brady Bunch_, they would understand what it was like to be a public, and not commercial, television, that provided Americans with programming that even approached being decent and sane.

The Brady Bunch
H E L L A.

Places of Magic and Wonder in Smogland / By Adam Parfrey

The Feb. 20 issue of New York magazine crowded about the migration of celebrities from Los Angeles to the Big Apple. Just think: Stevie Spielbergb and wife, Julia Roberts, Chrisises Phillips, Chevvy Chase, Peter Guber, Ethan Hawke, Jeff Goldblum, Meg Ryan, Bette Midler, and Jerry Seinfeld — newly resettled in the city. Goodbye and good riddance. May a construction crane fall on their swollen heads.

It's a sad disingenuous sentiment. Don't you think? — for the likes of Spielberg and Guber to bemoan the "vast emptiness" of the city responsible for their success and for which they've had no small part creating. It's unlikely that such peddlers of middletown schlock could have scrambled up those selfsame rungs so quickly and so lustfully back east. But now those illusory dissidents can't help themselves. If it's the Big One they're worried about, they should go down with the ship they helped build. Instead of setting off to the East Coast like a passel of Norwegian rats.

A humdrum ordered by the court to spend time in their below-code tenements, erstwhile Hollywoodians will be forced to live the Los Angeles experience they've forced the rest of us. Spielberg should be forced at gunpoint to take the Universal Studio tour daily, required to eat submarine sand which is_from the canned soundtrack at his Drive restaurant, and compelled to live in the kind of suburban tract house he professes to know and love so well. Peter Guber, a movie and recording industry mogul, should be ordered by art to cool his heels in endless studios to repeatedly experience the vaunted "success" he so wishes to escape.

It's funny to compare someone like avant-garde director Peter Sellars, who consistently praises Los Angeles for its Third World feel, to Kate Capshaw and Steven Spielberg's bizarre complaint that L.A. lacks "multiculturalism." I suppose it's difficult to find "diversity" in Bel Air, but it's not multiculturalism aplenty in every hill of Silverlake and Echo Park, if that's your preference. I have my doubts that lower-middle-class blongs will congregate in Spielberg and Capshaw's apartment building in New York, much less visit the taken African American child that these two cultural硬盘s so have so enthusiastically adopted.

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Not an Ordinary Conductor at All

“This is ridiculous and awful,” I thought.

The Royal Philharmonic Orchestra under the direction of Yuri Temirkanov appeared at the Civic Theatre, as part of the La Jolla Chamber Music Society’s Celebrity Series. For his program, the Russian conductor chose two familiar Russian works: Rimsky-Korsakov’s Scheherazade and Shostakovich’s Fifth Symphony. I confess that I went to this concert without much enthusiasm.

The attraction was the orchestra, one of the best in the world, but the program struck me as banal in the extreme. Did I really want to hear another Scheherazade—a colorful, shallow piece of music that thrilled me at the age of ten but that long ago turned into background music from the radio, to accompany more absorbing activities? Shostakovich is a composer I am deeply attached to, but among the symphonies the Fifth—which I had generally thought of as a rather vulgar compendium of Shostakovich’s most obvious devices—was far from being my favorite.

As for Temirkanov, I had no distinct idea of his musical personality, although he has had a long career and has conducted all the great orchestras. I associated him with a long line of “ordinary” Soviet conductors (Simonov, Svetlanov, Kondrashin, Rodzhestvensky, Ermolenko, Staseyev, Fedoseyev, Mansurov, Melik-Pashayev, and the like)—fine musicians, wonderfully trained, always dependable, but narrow in repertoire and more or less indistinguishable from each other.

After only a few minutes of his Scheherazade, I could no longer think of Temirkanov as one Russian conductor among many. His way with the music was like no one else’s: there was an unmistakable Temirkanov signature in every bar—a signature that could only be described as bizarre. The phrasing was abnormal, the rhythm was erratic, the treatment of details was idiosyncratic, and—weirdest of all—every little solo by a woodwind player (not to mention the solo violin) was turned into a rhapsodic, free-form cadenza in which the conductor seemed to have abandoned all control to the whims of the individual instrumentalists. “This is ridiculous and awful,” I thought—and I kept on thinking it until, about halfway through the Sinbad movement, I suddenly became conscious that I was listening to Scheherazade with the same fascination as when the work had first burst upon me, years ago.

The reversal of my attitude was instantaneous, total, and overwhelming. All the idiosyncratic traits of the conducting, I realized, were in the service of Temirkanov’s conscious intention to recapture the essential fairy-tale magic of Rimsky’s score. The idiosyncrasies belonged to the teller of the tales, as she exerted all her poetic imagination and narrative skill to beguile the violent, tyrannical sultan with her stories. Night after night, in order to save her own life. The sense of uninhibited improvisation in the way Temirkanov and his players treated the musical themes was a revelation of the music’s dramatic meaning: the quickness of rhythm and phrasing was a technique for giving the tales and their characters the breath of life, in the context of strange oriental wonders.

It was an altogether astounding experience. Instead of being apologetic about the naive, storytelling aspects of Scheherazade, as many modern commentators are, Temirkanov was boldly proclaiming the legitimacy of program music—the enrichment of meaning when musical form is intertwined with an implied narrative from a different mode of discourse. Even more amazingly, he then went on to do the same thing for the Shostakovich symphony. This was not an arbitrary imposition. The key to Shostakovich’s most important works—the symphonies and the string quartets—is the intimate autobiographical narrative hidden within the musical ideas. It is Shostakovich’s inheritance from Mahler (along with many other Mahlerian traits, such as grotesque parody). The brilliance of Temirkanov’s reading was that it forced the listener to hear the music as a personal drama—not a retelling of an old tale in a new medium, but an expression, torn from the depths of his soul, of the composer’s life. Temirkanov made me understand—through my feelings and senses—that this symphony is about a profoundly private man, wracked throughout his life by brooding meditations on suffering and death, yet forced to enter the public arena of Soviet musical politics, where his creative imagination was subject to the coarse criticisms of communist party hacks. The music constantly shifts from slow, anguished inwardness to sour, satirical deformation and loud, relentless brutality.

The meaning of this dialogue between sensitive creative artist and ideological battering-ram becomes poignantly and devastatingly clear in the shocking contrast between the end of the large, one of Shostakovich’s most emotionally searing (and most Mahlerian) slow movements, and the coda, violent opening of the final movement.

The suggestions of glorious military triumph in this slashing-and-burns movement—powerfully brought out at the Civic Theatre by Temirkanov’s pounding drive and the Royal Philharmonic’s stupendous sonorities—are bitingly sarcastic, although some listeners (including myself, before this performance) have heard them as expressions of the composer’s own occasional vulgarity and chauvinism. Inflated and coarsened by Temirkanov’s interpretation, the triumph was unmistakably exposed for what it was. Shostakovich does not celebrate it; he hates it—and the music, performed by a conductor and an orchestra of this stature, lets us know how much he hates it, and how the only possible instrument of his hatred is his music.

By the end of the concert, I recognized that, like everything this conductor seems to do, Temirkanov’s juxtaposition of Scheherazade and the Shostakovich Fifth was not arbitrary or routine. Their musical styles are even apart. But if you listen through to their stories, what you hear is very much the same. In both works, the maker of art—the storytelling wife or the beleaguered Soviet composer—struggles against the crushing power of a tyrant. There are even similarities between the Sultan’s motto that opens Scheherazade and the blasting brass theme of Shostakovich’s finale. The difference is that, in Rimsky, the artist ultimately prevails, while in the Shostakovich the storm-troopers have the final say. But not really the final say. The Soviet State is dead and buried. Shostakovich’s Fifth Sym-
phony, as this revelatory performance demonstrated, remains as vitally alive as the human truth it embodies.

CLASSICAL LISTINGS

Contributions to the Reader's Guide to Classical Music must be received by the 15th of the preceding month. Call 323-763-4550 for more information. Admission is free.

Celebrating the 200th Anniversary of the death of Henry Purcell during every event of the year. There’s a Purcell Mini-Fest Symposium starting at 5 p.m. on Thursday, March 13, and at 3 p.m. on Sunday, March 12, in Erickson Hall at USC’s Mandeville Center. The concerts feature Carol Plantamura, Philip Landon, Virginia Sublet, and USC student singers. Admission to the recitals is $5 general, $3 for students.

A Varied Repertoire will be offered during the performances by the music students of USC’s graduate music department in recital on Monday, March 14, at 11 a.m. in the Music Building. Admission is free.

Viola Player Karen Elaine presents a faculty recital on Wednesday, March 15, at noon, in USD’s Smith Recital Hall. Call 354-6031 for more information.

Dinner music will be presented every Thursday at 5:30 p.m. in the Park at the Pacific Ocean, South San Francisco, CA 94080. Call 361-7117 for more information.

Project Everyman’s second concert of the year will be presented at 8 p.m. on Saturday, March 15, in the Recital Hall at the University of Southern California’s Mann Hall. The concert will feature works by J.S. Bach, Mozart, Beethoven, Schubert, and his music students from the USC School of Music and Dance. Admission is $5 general, $3 for students.

Phantom of the Opera will be presented in concert at 8 p.m. on Friday, March 17, in the National Opera House in San Francisco. Curtain call at 8 p.m. Admission is $10 general, $7 for students.

A New York City concert of music for the voice and piano will be presented on Saturday, March 18, at 8 p.m. in the Recital Hall at UCSD’s Mandeville Center. The concert will feature works by J.S. Bach, Mozart, Beethoven, Schubert, and his music students from the USC School of Music and Dance. Admission is $5 general, $3 for students.

THE CRITICS

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The Handbell Ensemble Sonos, directed by Janet Elliott, will perform a concert of handbell music "From Bach to Berlin." The recital will be held at 8 p.m. on Friday, March 17, in the Recital Hall at the University of California, San Diego. The concert will feature works by J.S. Bach, Mozart, Beethoven, Schubert, and his music students from the USC School of Music and Dance. Admission is $5 general, $3 for students.

A Multicultural Concert is planned by the Grossmont Symphony Orchestra on Sunday, March 13, beginning at 7:30 p.m. in the Theatre East. The concert includes works of modern composers from Mexico, Brazil, and the United States. The concert will be held at the University of California, San Diego. Admission is $15 general, $10 for students.

Kiss And Tell!


Leaning to the Promenade will be a variety of concerts, including works by J.S. Bach, Mozart, Beethoven, and his music students from the USC School of Music and Dance. Admission is $5 general, $3 for students.

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International Traveler’s Clinic

The World, the Flesh, and the Photographer

There are no kangaroos.

For the next several months you can see an exhibit of Australian photography at the San Diego Museum of Art. The show is variable in quality, but it has some high points. Titled "On the Edge: Australian Photographers of the Seventies" and organized by Gail Newton of the National Gallery of Australia (who also contributed an informative essay to the comprehensive catalogue), the collection includes some 70 photos by 35 photographers, with a notable (although not exclusive) emphasis on the various countercultures that manifested themselves in Australia in the '70s, just as they did — starting a bit earlier — in the United States.

In fact, you would be hard put to identify anything specifically Australian in the great majority of these pictures. Much of what we see looks American, and even Californian. Beaches and swimming, accounting for a considerable number of the images, have the aura of Southern California; the countercultural people could just as well have been located in the Haight; the townscapes remind one of bleak urban conglomerations in the San Joaquin Valley. It is only occasionally that you are made aware of the foreignness of the subjects, as in Max Dupain’s straightforwardly realistic documentation of women waiting on line in a butcher shop (where the clothing — especially the broad-brimmed black hats — was thoroughly un-Californian even in 1946, when the photograph was taken), and in the several pictures of aborigines in the Australian outback. There are no kangaroos.

Otherwise, this does not seem a particularly good way to get to know Australia and Australian life — except for the perhaps not so surprising revelation that Australia and California have a lot in common, and that Australian photographers in the 1970s (and at any other time) were using their cameras very much the way American photographers were using theirs.

The necessity that they were doing traditional social documentation and nature photography, making political statements, discerning abstract forms in visual reality, probing human nature, inventing other art forms, experimenting with narrative sequences, manipulating techniques (such as focus, perspective, and composition) so as to enhance meanings and aesthetic effects — in short, they were modern photographers. Because of this variety of approaches, the show has a miscellaneous character that diminishes its overall impact. It should also be said that only a very few of the photographers establish a powerful imaginative presence, and that there really are not very many individual pictures that are gripping or memorable as works of art. Such pictures are not completely absent, but in order to pick them out you must be careful not to let your senses be dulled by the general mediocrity.

I want to look at a few of the strongest pictures (at least, those that spoke strongly to me), both for the sake of their individual power and because they happen to illustrate a number of different options in photography’s interpretation of the world. These pictures fall into two groups, concerned respectively with the human body and with the physical environment civilization creates for itself. The inevitable place to begin is with the widely reproduced picture that adorns the catalogue cover and is considered the "key image" of the exhibition: Dupain’s Sunbaker, which shows the head and shoulders of a sun-tanned young man lying prone on a flat expanse of sand.

Like the other Dupain photograph I mentioned before, this one falls way outside the parameters of the ‘70s: The Mast Quaker was taken in 1946, and Sunbaker dates from an even earlier year (1937). It embodies traditional aesthetic values in its celebration of the handsome, robust, youthful human body, and in its emphasis on simple, symmetrical shapes. What is striking about it is its conscious, the unusual angle, which not only reduces the subject to a dark mound (or merely its outline) isolated against a field of white, but also forces us to see the human body in an unexpectedly fresh way. The point of view gives a new expressive quality to the hill-like shoulder blades, the foreshortened forehead and nose, the sideways-turned oval head lying on the forearm and hand, and the hand itself (the part of the body closest to us), reposing compactly on the earth’s surface. Mantegna did something similar in his famous painting of the dead Christ, where we see the recumbent body from the feet rather than from the head.

The formal restraint brought about by the point of view is accompanied with a pretentiously clear and highly sensual treatment of the body’s surfaces: the gleaming beads of water or sweat on the shoulders and arms, the highlighted spiral of the dark hair at the crown of the head, the hair of the forearms, the precise delineation of knuckles and fingernails, the tiny clusters of sand on the fingers. We are invited to sense the material, organic reality of the figure even as we see it curiously abstracted as a giant hummock or mountain.

These are all matters of external contemplation, viewing the figure as something apart from us. Whenever we see human beings in pictures, however, we also tend to identify with their state of mind: we empathically feel their bodies from inside. Empathy of this sort is quite pronounced in Sunbaker, where what one experiences is a feeling of total relaxation, a voluptuous, passive immersion in the almost painfully sensual pleasures of sunlight roasting the back and of hard warm sand pressing upward against the torso. The absence of anything else in the picture — no

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other persons, no objects, no specificities of place, nothing but blankness bisected by the blurred line of the extreme near horizon — reproduces in visual terms the sensations of withdrawal from the world as the coddled consciousness drifts lazily into sleep.

It would be hard to imagine a picture with less political content than this one. Its meaning is universal and accessible to everyone, rooted as it is in the body we all live within, the earth that supports us, the energies of the cosmos that pour down upon us and sustain our lives. This does not stop Gael Newton from asserting that Sunbaker is (among other things) a "nationalistic image, made on the eve of the 1938 celebrations of Australia's Sesquicentenary as a European nation... Dupain's Sunbaker suggests a profound appropriation of the land. This white man lies with his back exposed, fearing no enemies and tanned nearly dark in skin as the original Aboriginal inhabitants of the continent."

We live in a dreadful age for art criticism, where the fashionable impulse to view all art as fundamentally political can distort the most elementary perceptions. Leave aside the issue of whether anyone but an obsessed critic, looking at this dazzlingly immediate and corporeal image, would find himself ruminating on the impact of colonialism and racism on Australian history. The real question is how anyone could possibly see the young man's posture as a "profound appropriation of the land." The spiritual core of Sunbaker, reflected in every one of its visual details, is precisely the opposite: an utter abandonment of the will to the beneficent powers of nature. It is the land that appropriates the man, making him an element of its own topography.

Indeed, many people who go into criticism these days seem to do so because of a need to overcome a defective aesthetic sensibility. They try to use the pseudo-authority of intellectual systems or political ideologies as a substitute. Incapable of seeing, they go on talking. Example: the things that have been said about Carol Jerem's hypnotic portrait of Australian teenagers in 1975, Vale Street, which has apparently been published so many times that — according to various critics — it has become an icon of the period. What is in this icon? Two shadowy, shirtless boys luck slightly behind and to either side of a bare-breasted girl standing in full light. One of the boys, every rib showing, hand on hip, looks out at us boldly from beneath furrowed brows. The other, heavily tattooed, indicates with his folded arms a similar attitude of skepticism or challenge. The girl, her necklace's ankhsign (in the place of a crucifix) esoterically declaring her worship of life, has a face so perfect, so symmetrical, so devoid of personality or emotion, that she might be an icon on her own. Having glanced at this picture, do you find the following comments on Jerem's (by Ian North) apt? "When her subjects do not overtly project their personality they are rendered in a manner suggesting gentle compassion and intimacy. Jerem's best compositions have a casual perfection: Vale Street has justifiably become an icon of 1970s Australian photography, yet seems free of forced formalism and mere chance." Is that what you see in those blank or sullen faces — gentle compassion and intimacy? Would you — along with other critics mentioned in Newton's catalogue essay — accept as a communicable meaning a connection of Vale Street with Helen Reddy's "I am woman, hear me roar" or with the Mediterranean mother goddess "reigning over her male companions?"

What I see is a Caravaggio: the creamy flesh of the girl (Caravaggio gives such flesh to his boys), the ambiguous expressions, the air of sensual decadence, the formal composition, even the dark background and the luxuriant vegetation that fills the upper-left corner like a curtain drawn back to reveal the actors. Far from compassion or intimacy, we are confronted with aloof self-sufficiency; the figures present themselves to us in their semi-nudity, but they refuse all contact. We are the others, the Enemy, sharing the planet with them but held at an infinite distance by their self-avowed separateness, their rejection of our values. The tattoos, the bare breasts (proclaiming rebellion in their unashamed beauty), the Egyptian hieroglyph in the middle of Melbourne, the specific physiognomies of the models Jerem has chosen (for this is a carefully staged photograph) — all contribute to this consummately artful image of adolescence in an age of social anomie. If the Sunbaker corner...
has allowed himself to be absorbed into the nourishing radiance of nature, becoming one with earth and sky, the teenagers of Vale Street have created their own encapsulated reality, to protect themselves from being absorbed by the society that has alienated them.

What did Carol Jerremes’ interest in this compelling image? Her statement about the purpose of her art are remarkably self-confident; "For me photography has always been a pure art form... I am an artist whose tools are expression is the camera. My main interest in photographic art, as in living, is giving (learning and sharing). This society is sick and I must help to change it." Photography as pure art (which means form), photography as expression, photograph as communication, photograph as an instrument of social change: Jerremes does not seem to have realized that these aims — particularly the first and last — are logically incompatible, and she is not around to clarify her ideas, for this potentially great photographer died at the age of 31 of a rare liver disease.

Nevertheless, the illogical of artists is often the truth of art — and Vale Street will respond generously if you question it from each of these varied points of view. In particular, the three youngest artists (it does not matter whether they are Australian or not) have been transformed into elements in a work of extraordinary art. But, whether they know it or not, their souls are crying out for someone really capable of "gentle compassion and intimacy," someone who can help them achieve their identities, someone who can give them the courage to get dressed and leave Vale Street for a wider world of possibilities. "I must help to change it" is a thought this profound picture must inevitably call up in every adult contemplating it.

Since the theme of this discussion has been the flesh, I include two other Australian treatments of the subject with our usual leaving interpretation — if any is needed — up to you. In a subsequent article, I want to look at some of the townsines called "On the Edge," which have other things to tell us about photography, the modern world, human nature, and (maybe) Australia.

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**ART LISTINGS**

Contributions to the Reader’s Guide to Art must be received by mail no later than the Friday preceding the Thursday issue for publication. Do not phone. Send complete information to Reader Art, P.O. Box 85005, San Diego CA 92186-3803.

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**GALLERY**

"The Seven Wonders of the Ancient World" is an installation consisting of seven referential "sites" connected by pathways, creating a symbolic journey through time and space by seven San Diego-area artists; the show at the University Art Gallery opens with a reception on Friday, March 10, from 6 to 8 p.m., and continues through Tuesday, April 4. Explore the statue of Zeus at Olympia, the Colossus of Rhodes, the Parthenon at Athens, the pyramids at Giza, and the hanging gardens of Babylon, among others.

The University Art Gallery is located on the campus of San Diego State University, on the fourth floor of the Art Department building. Gallery hours are Monday, Thursday, and Saturday, noon to 4 p.m.; Tuesday and Wednesday, 10 a.m. to 4 p.m. Dial 294-8941 or 294-5717 for additional details.

Explore the Human Figure to determine its place in the surroundings and the universe in "Recent Paintings, Monotypes, and Works on Paper" by Katrine Levin-Lau at the Soma Gallery starting with a reception for the artist on Friday, March 10, from 6 to 9 p.m. The paintings are said to be an intimate portrait of Katrine Levin-Lau; the reception will be held from noon to 4 p.m. Saturday and Sunday, and on Monday through Wednesday, 11 a.m. to 6 p.m., in the atrium.

The Soma Gallery is located at 324 Fourth Avenue, downtown San Diego, 232-3955.

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3 p.m. The gallery is located in Jackson Square, 119 North Main Street, Fall River. Biking is recommended on Monday through Saturday, 10 a.m. to 5 p.m.; on Sunday, 10 a.m. to 3 p.m. For more information, call 508-673-9085.

The 45th Annual Membership Show featured by the Carlsbad Obscure Art League begins with a reception on Sunday, March 12, from 2 p.m. to 5 p.m., and continues through Sunday, April 2, 2000. The gallery hours are 10 a.m. to 5 p.m., Tuesday through Saturday, 11 a.m. to 5 p.m. For more information, call 506-803-5060.

The Carlsbad Village Art gallery is located at 300 Carlsbad Village Drive. For more information, call 434-8497.

The 32nd Annual Religious Art Festival begins with an artists' reception on Friday, March 12, at 5:30 p.m., in the sanctuary of St. Mark's United Methodist Church (3502 Clairmont Drive, Clairmont). Viewing hours are from 1 to 4 p.m. on Sundays through April 23, 27-1400.

Senior Art Exhibitions continue at the Kellogg Art Gallery through March. "Visual Impact" by Lisa Beaman and "Penny." by Elizabeth French run from Friday, March 10 through Tuesday, March 14. There's a reception for the artists on Sunday, March 12, from 4 to 7 p.m.

Regular gallery hours are Monday through Friday, 8 a.m. to 4 p.m. Find the Kellogg Art Gallery on the campus of Point Loma Nazarene College, 3900 Lomaland Drive, Point Loma. The gallery is located on the second floor, west of the Science Building. The gallery is open weekdays and holidays.

A Multimedia Juried membership show runs at the Works of Art gallery through Monday, March 13. The juror is Jack Jordan.

"Into the Wind," an exhibit featuring a sculpture of a windmill created by sculptor, computer-manipulated images, and original watercolor by a local artist, can be viewed at the airport on Sunday, March 12, from 2 to 5 p.m. The gallery is located at 7807 Jamacha Road, El Cajon, 92019-4877. Hours are Tuesday through Saturday 10 a.m. to 5 p.m. and by appointment.

"Drawing in Space" is an exhibition of sculptures, photographs, paintings, and collages created by artists in residence at the La Jolla Historical Society. The gallery is located at 7807 Girard Avenue, La Jolla, 92037. Hours are Tuesday through Saturday 10 a.m. to 5 p.m. and by appointment.

A Local Group of Award-Winning Artists known as Art 12 present their first exhibition through Tuesday, March 14, at Studio 21 in Balboa Park."3 p.m. View the show from 11 a.m. to 4 p.m. Daily for more information. Call 619-239-7856.

Landscapes, Colorists, and Impressionist Painters Charles Walter Seton (1858-1911) has paintings on display at the Aldrich Gallery through Wednesday, March 15. The gallery is located at 19800 South Street, in La Jolla. Hours are noon to 4 p.m. Sunday and Monday, 11 a.m. to 5 p.m. Tuesday through Thursday.

The Southwestern Artists' Association features Jolene Ross, known for her still life paintings of trees, flowers, and vegetables. The gallery is located at 2950 Girard Avenue, 92010-2950. Hours are from 11 a.m. to 4 p.m. Tuesday through Friday, and by appointment.

New Paintings by Nancy Farber are on view at the Quaint Gallery through Friday, March 17. Find the gallery at 747 Girard Avenue, 92037. Hours are from 11 a.m. to 5 p.m. Monday through Saturday, and by appointment. Call 619-239-4099 for further information.

The "Winter Wonderland Invitational" at Galeria Dos Damas continues through Friday, March 17, with works by galleries from San Diego and Mexico. Find the gallery at 415 Market Street, in the Gaslamp Quarter. Regular hours are Wednesday and Thursday, 11:30 a.m. to 5:30 p.m. Friday and Saturday, noon to 5 p.m.; and by appointment. Call 216-3097.

"Upstarts: Sensa Artistique" in the Hyde Gallery on the Grossmont College campus includes selections from the personal portfolios of 24 artists. Grossmont College is located at 8800 Grossmont College Drive, El Cajon. Gallery hours are 10 a.m. to 8 p.m. Monday and Wednesday; 10 a.m. to 2 p.m. Tuesday, Thursday, and Friday. For more information, call 619-467-1700 x2899. The show continues through Friday, March 17.

Illustrations by Larry Ashton (one of our personal favorites) are on display at Gallery 3770 through Saturday, March 18. Gallery hours are Thursday through Saturday 1 to 5 p.m. The gallery is located at 3770 Park Boulevard in Hillcrest, by calling 296-2708.

Northern California Lyrical Abstractionist Judith Fosseban exhibits new paintings and drawings in a show at the R.B. Stevenson Gallery through Saturday, March 18. Find the gallery at 7427 Girard Avenue, La Jolla, with hours from 9:30 a.m. to 5 p.m. Monday through Saturday, 9:30 a.m. to 3:30 p.m., 5:00-3932.

Prominent and Emerging female artists have work on display in a multimedia show entitled "In Her Image: Women Artists," continuing through Friday, March 24, at the Signature Gallery. Find the gallery at 3639 Fifth Avenue, Hillcrest, and 1100 Camino Del Mar, Del Mar. All galleries are open 11 a.m. to 6 p.m. Tuesday through Sunday. For additional information, call 295-0409 or 792-1503.

The Nature Cycles: TreesWork is an exhibition of large-scale oil paintings of trees by Cecilia Stanford, on display at the San Diego Art Institute through Sunday, March 26, through the institute's annual mid-winter awards show (juried by Robert Hirsch). The gallery is located two doors west of Fifth Avenue Avenue, 1150 at Mission Valley. Hours are from 11 a.m. to 4 p.m. Tuesday through Thursday, 12:30 to 5 p.m. Tuesday through Sunday. 220-4800.

"Life" Magazine Photographer Carl Mydans, who has witnessed and recorded events leading up to the end of World War II, has "Visions of Life" on display at the Circle Gallery through March. Sunday, 26 Gallery hours are Sunday to Wednesday, 10 a.m. to 6 p.m.; Thursday through Saturday, 10 a.m. to 8 p.m. The Circle Gallery is located at 22812 S. Cedros Avenue, Old Town, 296-2396.

"New Drawings and Perspectives" by Robert Freeman are on exhibit at the Old Town Museum through March 23. The gallery is located at 4247 Park Boulevard (at El Cajon Boulevard and Washington Avenue). Regular gallery hours are 11 a.m. to 7 p.m. Monday through Thursday. Call 274-6454 for more information.

A Group Show of Small Works, with none of the pieces priced over $100, continues at the Old Town Museum through March 24. The gallery is located at 457 Main Street, Ramona. Regular gallery hours are from Tuesday through Saturday 10 a.m. until 4 p.m. 789-3662.

Representative traveling exhibition "Michael Porreta: A Retrospective" at the Kruglak Gallery, Porreta, who died at age 43 in 1994, was a Miriam Costa art instructor and curator. The exhibit is said to reveal Porreta's work that progressed and includes paintings, charcoal on paper, wooden assemblages, and acrylic pieces. See the show through Thursday, March 30.

Find the Kruglak Gallery in the student center at Miriam Costa College, One Barnard Drive, Oceanside. Regular gallery hours are Monday through Thursday, 10 a.m. to 1 p.m., with additional viewing from 6:30 to 7:30 p.m. on Tuesday and Wednesday. For further details, dial 757-3121 x549.

Chairs, Tables, and Sculptural Accesories by glass designer joey irving are on display at the Trio Gallery through Thursday, March 31. Gallery hours are 11 a.m. to 6 p.m. Monday through Saturday; 11 a.m. to 5 p.m. Sunday. Find the gallery at 130 South Cedros Avenue, in Solana Beach; 793-2973.

Hands and Their Gestures interior Margaret Leaflin, who has paintings on display along with paintings by Jim Carter (whose focus is on "Ex- Pressive Expressions," an exhibit at the Susan Street Fine Art gallery through Friday, March 31. Find the gallery at 444 South Cedros Avenue, Studio 100 (between Via de la Loma and Lomas Santa Fe), Solana Beach; 793-4442. Regular gallery hours are Monday through Friday, 9:30 a.m. to 5 p.m., Saturday noon to 4 p.m., and by appointment. Porter Randall is located at 35th Avenue, La Jolla. Bird Rock, 551-8484. Enjoy Casey's show through Friday, March 31.

"Harry L. Hoffman (1871-1964): An Exhibition Part II" is opening at the N. Nathan Gallery through Friday, March 31. The show includes 20 Hoffman works that have not been in view for more than 50 years. Find the gallery at 7723 Fay Avenue, in La Jolla.
**Paintings from the Past,** including works by Antoine Blanchard, Francois Girod, Emil Kosa, and Milford Zornes, among many others, is on view at the Jones Gallery through March. The gallery is open from 10 a.m. to 5 p.m. Monday through Saturday; find the exhibit at 7643 Girard Avenue, La Jolla, 499-1770.

**Grossmont College Art Teacher** and artist Yumi Climenho exhibits her oil paintings in a show entitled "Color and Light by Yumi" during March at the Clairemont Art Guild's Art Scene Gallery. The gallery is open Monday through Saturday, 11 a.m. to 5 p.m. 2526 Santee Avenue, La Jolla, 458-2693.

**Southern California** features a show of black and white photos by видиль wild artist Anna Chetton, on display at Lita Fried Manor, 400 Prospect Street, La Jolla, 456-1074. Hours are 10 a.m. to 4 p.m. Tuesday through Saturday, 11 a.m. to 5 p.m. Sunday.

**Rabbits** is on view at the Santa Fe Fine Art Gallery, 1 S. Sierra Ave., La Jolla, 458-1050. Hours are 10 a.m. to 6 p.m. Tuesday through Saturday, 11 a.m. to 5 p.m. Sunday.

**Southwestern Indian Den** and the** Elephants** in limited edition prints by видиль wild artist Thomas Meneghini are on view at the View of the Nature of Artists (7916 Girard Avenue, La Jolla; 551-0553) through March. Gallery hours are 10 a.m. to 10 p.m. Sunday through Thursday; 10 a.m. to 10 p.m. Friday and Saturday.

**San Diego Museum of Art** features "The Art of the Coffee Cup," an exhibition of coffee cups and coffee-related objects, through March. The gallery is open Monday through Saturday, 10 a.m. to 5 p.m. 1480 K Street, La Jolla, 458-0303.

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Calendar

ART

The show continues through Friday, April 7. Hours are Tuesday through Thursday 11 a.m. to 6 p.m., Friday and Saturday noon to 9 p.m. Find the studio at 542 Fifth Avenue, downtown, 693-6055.

Spanish Artist Teodoro Nieto Aroz has an exhibit entitled "La Magia del Color" on display at the Walter Library at United States International University through Friday, April 7. Regular gallery hours are Monday through Thursday 10 a.m. to 10 p.m., Friday 10 a.m. to 5 p.m., Saturday 10 a.m. to 5 p.m., Sunday noon to 5 p.m. The library is located at 5031 Aliso Drive, Scripps Ranch. Call 693-4351 for more details.

A Group Show by gallery artists in a variety of media and "The Art of Hysteria" can be viewed at the G Street Galleries through Saturday, April 8. Find the gallery at 828 A G Street, downtown. Hours are 10 a.m. to 5 p.m. daily. Call 231-0035 for additional information.

Horizons Real and Imaginary" including works by April Cornell and Sylvia Fine. The show is exhibited at Hartman and Company Fine Art Publishers, Ltd. through Saturday, April 8. The gallery is located at 7963 Girard Avenue, Suite 201, La Jolla (669-6808). Gallery hours are Tuesday through Saturday, 10 a.m. to 5 p.m. What Is Kate? Find out in an exhibition exploring the "mysterious of creation inspired by a modern female" at the Drawing Room Downtown Galleries. The show, work on canvas, glass, stone, and photographs, continues through Saturday, April 8. Find the gallery at 828 A G Street, downtown. Hours are 11 a.m. to 5 p.m. daily. Call 792-5572 for more information.

"Birthing the Crane: Menopause and Aging through an Artist's Eye" is a series of self-portraits exploring the process of aging in a set and youth-oriented culture by artist, feminist, teacher, and activist Helen Redman in the CSU, San Marcos library. The show continues through Friday, April 14.

Library hours are Monday through Thursday, 8 a.m. to 9 p.m.; Friday 8 a.m. to 4:30 p.m. and Saturday 10 a.m. to 4 p.m. The CSU, San Marcos campus is found on Twin Oaks Valley Road, in San Marcos. Dial 725-4366 for more details.

"Tension in Motion" is a collection of abstract works by six artists on view from Friday, April 14, at the Nobel Gallery. Find the gallery at 1621 West Louis Street, in Mission Hills; 397-9914. Hours are 10 a.m. to 5 p.m. Monday through Saturday, and 1 to 6 p.m. Sunday.

Production Drawings of Andrew Lloyd Webber shows are on view in the Southwestern College Art Gallery from Wednesday, March 15, through Friday, April 21. Look for works by Maria Bjornson, John Napier, and Antonio Caro for the design, and production of Phantom of the Opera, Cats, Starlight Express, and Sunset Boulevard. Around 90 drawings of costumes and material samples were used for productions of the shows, as well as costumes worn by Glenn Close during Sunset Boulevard performances. Find Southwestern College at 900 Oracle Lakes Road, Chula Vista. Gallery hours are Tuesday and Thursday, 11 a.m. to 2 p.m.; Wednesday and Friday 10 a.m. to 2 p.m.; and Tuesday and Thursday evenings from 6 to 9 p.m. 629-5732.

"The Ceremonial Medium" is an alternative exhibit that has evolved from an exhibition, "The Ceremonial Medium" and "Ceramic Ceremonial Medium," was shown in the 1980s. The exhibition, "The Ceremonial Medium," was dedicated to the study of the ceremonial and spiritual aspect of life. The exhibition was held in San Francisco, and included works by Robert Berman, Joanne Hawkes, and Jeff Twinn. The show continues through Friday, April 28. Find the gallery at 850 C Street, downtown, 544-6444. Gallery hours are 11 a.m. to 5 p.m. Tuesday through Thursday.

Flowers and Trees are the subjects for photographers Arno Kesler and Pitt Warner, respectively, whose works are on display at the Red Venus Gallery through Saturday, April 29. Find the gallery at 2465 Kettner Boulevard, downtown; gallery hours are noon to 5 p.m. on Saturday, and by appointment.

"The Angle of Repose" project, an art and urban community design exhibit, runs through Saturday, April 29, in the lobby at the Greater Golden Hill Community Development Corporation building, 2469 Broadway, in Golden Hill. Viewing hours are 11 a.m. to 4 p.m. Monday through Friday. 696-9992.

Traditional and Non-traditional Views of Contemporary American artists are on display in "Vase and Beyond." Find Gallery Eight from Saturday, March 11, through Saturday, May 6. Gallery hours are Monday through Thursday, 11 a.m. to 2 p.m. and 6 to 9 p.m.; Friday and Saturday 10 a.m. to 2 p.m. and 6 to 9 p.m.; and Sunday 11 a.m. to 5 p.m. daily.

Maritime Work by artists native to each coast is featured in "American Vessel," a show at the American Vessel from March 5 to May 30. The exhibit is sponsored by the American Vessel Foundation, 100 Scott Street, in Point Loma; regular gallery hours are 10 a.m. to 5 p.m. daily except for Sunday and Wednesday (by appointment). 225-2222.

ART MUSEUMS

California Center for the Arts Museum offers an exhibition entitled "Revisiting the Eighties," a group show that offers a comprehensive look at the "scope and direction of the art of the eighties." The exhibition, "Revisiting the Eighties," is on view at the Center for Contemporary Art, 505 Paseo de la Plaza, in Balboa Park. The show is open from 10 a.m. to 5 p.m. Tuesday through Sunday. 225-2222.

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You Are the Fruit of His Looms

China knows “pain is in the fine print” of love’s contract.

“In 1932, the U.S. Public Health Service began the Tuskegee Study of Untreated Syphilis in the Negro Male” in Alabama. At first the study would last six months, then a year. But eventually, in order to continue funding from the government, the study went to “end point”: until the men died and had autopsies. From 1932 to 1972, 399 African American males were denied treatment for the disease. Health officials told them they had “bad blood” and gave them spinal taps and blood tests but nothing resulting in a cure. Once a year the men got a white tablet for pain. After the first 14 years, they received a certificate of commendation from the government.

Dr. David Feldshuh’s Miss Evers’ Boys tells the tale of the Tuskegee study. Nurse Eunice Evers, who stayed with the men for 40 years, testifies before a Senate hearing in 1972. As she does, the play goes back to pre-Civil Rights era, where people are just trying to stay alive.

Four young soldiers worth of syphilis, watch their aspirations fade. Feldshuh keeps the blame in the background.”

“…This play is not a vendetta,” he said in an interview, “I have for the most part a great deal of respect for the motives of many of the people initially involved. Rather, it is an attempt to understand how well-meaning people fail to see the moral implications of their actions.”

The San Diego Black Ensemble Theatre’s opening-night performance of Miss Evers’ Boys was a technical fiasco. Director Damon Bryant announced beforehand that the company had two days to rehearse in the Wiskup Cafe/Intersection Gallery’s space. The walls of a cramped schoolhouse-set wobbled. Late lighting cues shrouded the cast in shadows, and often the music and sounds of crickets, in particular — competed with the actors.

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Calendar
THEATER

heartbreaking show, Eunice Evans (based on Eunice Rivers, the actual nurse, and played by Carolyn Matthews) battles with moral questions but remains faithful to her calling. When penicillin is discovered, Stephen, Usintho's Caleb must face the question: How can you break away from bonds of apparent trust? And Rhys Green's Willis Johnson, who dances the gilele and the jack-spring — and then no longer can — raises the play's biggest question: "How could a friend do what you did?"

THEATER LISTINGS

Theater listings and commentary by
Jeff Smith. Information accurate at press time, but 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.

Alibi
Vantage Theatre presents Agatha Christie's famous whodunit to get us to work on African missions and to inquire about ticket availability. Many theaters offer discounts to students, senior citizens, and the military. Ask at the box office.

All About the New Stage presents the musical "All About the New Stage," directed by Octavio Solis.

Music by Michael "Hawkseye" Hawkins
February 24 - March 25

For Mature Audiences.

North Coast Repertory Theatre is offering Neil Coward's popular comedy about the author of Captain's Goodbye. Rosalind Reynolds has directed.

North Coast Repertory Theatre, Saturday, March 12, through Sunday, March 20, at 8:00 p.m. Mondays at 2:00 p.m.

Don't Dress for Dinner
The San Diego Playhouse Dinner Theatre is staging Marc Camoletti's British farce. Bernard plans a weekend tryst, but his wife has postponed her departure. Scott Kinney has directed. Pine Hills Dinner Theatre, through March 11, Friday and Saturday, barbecued dinner at 7:00 p.m., curtain at 8:00 p.m.

Deep Death
In France, a young man dies of a mysterious illness. The cause of death is never discovered. People die, then more people arrive, and they die too. But there are places, especially in the desert, where the producer can seize the ring running up the center of the house. Eunice Evans (based on Eunice Rivers, the actual nurse, and played by Carolyn Matthews) battles with moral questions but remains faithful to her calling. When penicillin is discovered, Stephen, Usintho's Caleb must face the question: How can you break away from bonds of apparent trust? And Rhys Green's Willis Johnson, who dances the gilele and the jack-spring — and then no longer can — raises the play's biggest question: "How could a friend do what you did?"

No Minimum
The Theatrical Romance is the story of a young woman in love with an older man who is also married. The couple decides to run away together, but are soon caught by the authorities. The young woman is eventually forced to marry the older man, and the couple is eventually separated. The play ends with the young woman still in love with the older man.

Nunsense
The Nunsense is a musical comedy about nuns who put on a show to raise funds. C. Taylor has directed. Patio Playhouse, through March 12, Friday and Saturday at 8:00 p.m. San Diego, San Diego Playhouse, through March 14, Thursday and Saturday at 8:00 p.m.

Outlook Onstage: The Crucible
The Actors Alliance of San Diego presents a rehearsed reading of Arthur Miller's drama about the Puritan purge of...
Circle South, San Diego, through September 26, Friday and Saturday at 8:00 p.m.; for information call 277-4800.

Psycho Beach Party
The Underground at the Lyceum is offering Charles Band's spoof of early 1960's adolescent surf and sex movies. Chicklet, who suffers from multiple personality disorder, wants to become a surfer. Lyceum Underground Stage, 79 Horton Plaza, downtown, through March 19, Friday and Saturday at 10:30 p.m. For information call 235-8025.

Puddin' n Pete
The Old Globe Theatre is staging Cheryl L. West's "Fable of a Marriage," Gilbert McCuller, who directed the world premiere of Puddin' n Pete at the Goodman Theatre, has directed the Caution Center Stage Center, Simon Edison Centre for the Performing Arts, Saturday, March 13, through April 25, Tuesday through Saturday at 8:00 p.m. Sunday at 7:00 p.m. Matinee Saturday and Sunday at 2:00 p.m.

Rehearsal for Murder
The Lamplighters Community Theatre presents the thriller "Rehearsal for Murder" by Richard Levinson and William Link, adapted for the stage by David Brodie. Mary Qualls has directed the Lamplighters Community Theatre, through March 12, Friday and Saturday at 8:00 p.m. Matinee Sunday at 2:00 p.m.

Sex, Drugs, Rock and Roll
The Fritz Theatre presents a late-night offering. Eric Bogosian's "Blatant Look at America's Social Strata," performed by Louis-Setchich and directed by William Fleisher, through March 25, Saturday at 10:00 p.m.

She Loves Me
Most Broadway musicals want you convinced that you're at the most important place on earth watching the most important people you'll ever know. "She Loves Me" is about Jerry Bock, Sheldon Harnick, and Joe Masteroff's She Loves Me is that it's set at Match, Inc., one of the most famous shops in 1930s Budapest (there's another right across the street). It's a new, promising locale to watch people work; yet another Broadway knock-off? We watch Georg and Amalia, who can't stand each other, fall in love from afar. The melodically rich score never grubs you by the throat; stylish and dignified, it's more a music box than a rafer shaker. But the songs do all they're supposed to — develop character, move the story, charm — and have a cumulative effect. At the Lamb's Players Theatre, director Robert Smyth sees up a fitting opener for the company's 18th season. One could wish some of the singers were more adept at the score's Eastern European chromatics and that — unlike Amalia, who puts "Little Faces in Her Eyes" when she writes letters to an unseen "Dear Friend" — the production refrained from buffing an already apple-cheeked piece. Its strengths impress, though. First, its ethnicity. When the Lawrence Welk Theatre staged She Loves Me recently, it'd be inBUDDEN, Balcor's, by contrast, has an, an accordion, the suggestion of accents, visual details, and Jeanne Reit's excellent costumes, all of which pin the show specifically to Budapest of 1934. As Amalia and Georg, Deborah Gilmore Smith and Paul Eingorn are a capable pair, but the show, in the Lamb's tradition (and the musical's as well), is ensemble all the way. Six months in seven lives, with the untangling of events bringing some late sunshine to dark, December days.

Vorh'stry
Lamb's Players Theatre, through April 9, Wednesday, Thursday, and Saturday at 8:00 p.m. Matinee Saturday and Sunday at 2:00 p.m.

Six Degrees of Separation
Palomar College presents John Guare's drama about a double-dealing opportunist who drops an assessment of worthy New Yorkers — but gives more than he takes. Pat Larmer has directed the Howard Brubeck Theatre, Palomar College, Friday, March 10, through March 19, Thursday through Saturday at 8:00 p.m. Sunday at 7:00 p.m. Matinee Sunday at 2:00 p.m.

Skin
The UCSD department of theatre presents a "collaborative play development process," led by director Robert Woodruff and incorporating parts of works by Naomi Iizuka, Randi Moore, and Kecia Weis, UCSD, Wednesday, March 15, through March 19, Wednesday through Saturday at 8:00 p.m. Sunday at 8:00 p.m. Matinee Saturday and Sunday at 7:00 p.m. Matinee Sunday at 2:00 p.m.

Spoon River Anthology
Grossmont College presents Edgar Lee Masters' portrait of 19th-century American life: the inhabitants of an imaginary town, Spoon River, tell their stories. Clark Mires has directed. Grossmont College, through March 11, Friday and Saturday at 8:00 p.m. Matinee Friday, March 11, at 3:00 p.m.

Stead Away
The Community Actor's Theatre is offering Ramona King's folk tale about an approaching church ladies who have a new fundraising solution: rob a bank. Karen Young has directed Community Actor's Theatre, through March 19, Friday and Saturday at 8:00 p.m., Sunday at 2:00 p.m.
Taking Steps

Alm Aykroyd's never content to write a straightforward play. His always does something. With Talking Steps (1979) — a play, says, "you can visit on many levels at once" — we visit the Pines, the three-story rented home of Roland and Elizabeth. He's thinking of buying the mobstere name. She's thinking of leaving him. He's brother's thinking of marrying Kitty. Kitty's having second thoughts. Leslie, the landlord, wants to sell. And Thornton, a solicitor who can't finish a sentence, negotiates the deal. Amid complications, Aykroyd adds a scenic cue: out for good measure: the three floors of the house are on the same floor. Thus, when an apartment deletes, sufferers change bedrooms in the night, they occupy different spaces in the same theatrical space. And much of the humor comes from these juxtapositions.

Octad-One's production, directed by Beatty Mameh, the company has another handson set (designed by Martin C. Geritol); constructed by Bill Farnum, Ted Kaplan, and Donal Pugh), sturdy enough to take the pounding inherent in an Aykroyd face. The living room is downstage, the master bedroom upstage right, the aisle, left. But where the script asks that the stairs between levels be only implied, the set has mini-stairs, leading up and down. These create more spatial separation than the play requires. Comedy gets lost, and the divisions also restrict movement. These problems, along with some uneven pacing, make the show play 15 minutes longer than it should. The acting is generally acceptable; if not inspired, but Jeffrey Jones's portrayal of Tristram is worthy of note. The play's theme concerns freeing oneself from the expectations and dominance of others. Jones embodies the theme in a precisely hilarious, nervous performance. And when he falls in love with young Kitty (Aviva Cerr), in what Michael Bacon called "non-communication at first sight," the production hits one of its few high notes.

Octad-One Productions, through March 12; Friday and Saturday at 8:00 p.m. at Moline Sunday at 2:00 p.m.

Unquestioned Interest

The Galapogn Quartett Company presents Marie Ham's drama based on a musical with music and book by Donny and Phil Foster, and lyrics by Don Money. The show, called "A Song for the Sea," is performed in a concert setting. The cast includes: Richard Kuten, Mary Lou Metzger, and Jim Foster. The production is directed by Don Foster.

There are no performances scheduled.

Where There's a Will, There's a Wake

Here is the Closet Shoe, which used to be Eddie "Longlegs" Shodron's speak-easy — if you, fruit juice bar (it being 1925 and all) — there'll be a memorial service, a reading of Edie's will, and a wake for the "ghost of the shoe industry" who once proclaimed, "When your shows are loose, your tongue falls, and everyone knows you're a heel." But was his death, as alleged, an accident? Or was it the result of some nefarious interest? A mill of the mourners, and those who only appear to grive, is also a list of suspects: the exceptionally stylish Franklin and Johnny (O'Malley and Putanasca), the brain-dead Buddy Shodron, "We'll drink to anything" (the sexual innuendo, Carrie Nation crusading "tavern chopper" for Prohibition), and even Mama Shodron. Don't forget Lotta "Boo-Moom" Kekkin, the blonde bombshell, who has the occasional vision (which the pronounces "zee-reen"), and Sister/Sister Shodron, the woman who may have left the Order. They're all viable candidates in one of the Myster's Cafe's better interactive dinner theatre evenings. Authors Will Roberson and James Pascarella have followed their very popular I Do or Die, which ran for over a year at the Cafe, with a show that should run as long. Roberson has also directed, with a good feel for movement, suspense, and comedy, and essaying Pascarella — the dead of interactive performers in San Diego — play multiple roles guarantees that the evening stays consistently funny, especially when he must ad lib his way back to the next piece of business. Patricia Harris-Short (Lotta) and Stephanie Britton (Sister/Sister Shodron) are also essay performers of this brand of over-the-top participation comedy, and both are ex-camp actors. There are no slackers in the cast of... (Seth Nesdall, Sandra Dubow, and Douglas Lay), the food is acceptable, the show is always fun, and whoever figured out that you could say "Amazing Grace" to the theme song from Gilligan's Island merits a loloey in the pedestal in the Pantheon of Fame. Worth a try.

Imperial House Restaurant, 505 Kalina Street, San Diego, open-ended run, Friday at 8:00 p.m. Saturday at 5:00 p.m. and 8:30 p.m. For information call 544-1000.
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Four Seasons
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ORPHEUS


SUBWAY
Goodtimes
These Chi-Town Crooners Are Gliding Seamlessly With "This Is Game We Play."

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Various Artists
Punk's Second Coming With Rainier, Bad Religion, Offspring and more.

GEORGE DUCAS


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What is the sound of six people clapping?
The National Association of Recording Merchandisers (NARM) convention brought to San Diego (for the first time) a trade show, panels, music, and video presentations. The four-day event, held two weeks ago, was closed to the general public. Attendees appeared to be music industry high-ups who spend a lot of time coaxing units sold and devising marketing schemes rather than listening to and releasing good music.

The convention’s raison d’être was to showcase bands that the industry hopes to profit from this year. Besides the Michael Jackson sightings we’ve all heard so much about, other NARM celebs included David Hasselhoff (“he has a huge singing career in Europe”), Traci Lords (posing — what else? — for pictures to promote an upcoming album), Garth Brooks, Tom Jones, and Rudy Ray Moore (a.k.a. Dolomite).

While Jackson was scrounging through Wahlenbrock’s bookshelves, other NARMites descended on downtown music retailers, who received gentle suggestions on promoting whatever acts/labels the visitors represented. One record store covered over its bootleg video section to avoid industry wrath; a store owner made it a point to hassle anyone who even looked NARMish.

“Imagine watching anyone who’s wearing one of those Tommy Boy bags they were giving away,” the owner said on NARM Saturday.

“One woman was saying, ‘Oh, I have this and this and this,’” so I told her. “Then why don’t you just get out of my store?” — L.H.

The other stand-out performance of NARM week also involved a non-local act with a San Diego connection. Which means, of course, that it wasn’t young S.D. pianist A.J. Croce’s reportedly well-received NARM Friday gig at the “Tower Store Managers Bash” in La Jolla (the chain’s new outlet). And no, it wasn’t anything on that same night’s star-laden CEMA Distribution harbor boat cruise (which included Garth Brooks, Paula Abdul, and Tanya Tucker, an invite-only participating bands included two Bay-Area acts (the Fox and 2 Lane Black Top) signed to Linda Perry’s Redding Rocketstar Records.

Perry’s locally based brother, in fact, co-produced the showcase, but singer/guitarist Perry long ago left her native San Diego for S.F., eventually to vault to stardom as frontwoman for 4 Non Blondes before going solo. She’s currently working on a follow-up album for Interscope.) Down at the club, without any of the hats or dreadlocks she sported in 4NB (admit it: either you recall their “What’s Up” video or are suppressing memory of the oft-played clip), she did have her trademark gogglers pushed up onto shorter black hair (bunched into three pigtailis) and her face free of any of her usual grumpy expression, even when responding testily to innocuous questions.

“We live all over town, all over...and whaddaya mean which high school in San Diego did I go to? You should ask which one didn’t I go to — I got kicked out of Mission Bay, then went to La Jolla, where I lasted about one whole year...”

LINDA PERRY the last one I went to.”

Stone Fox’s feisty-yet-.personalized frontwoman, talented bassist-vocalist for the almost all-female quintet (drummer Brent Hoover refers to himself as “originally impaired”) and also a touring veteran of ex-Replacement

Jimmy Stinson’s group Bash & Pop, spoke well of the ex-San Diegan’s commitment to her adopted hometown’s artists. “Linda got sick of dragging label people along or telling them they should see us, so she said, ‘Fuck it, I’m gonna sign you guys.”

“Stone Fox is short black shorts and a Scout shirt unbuttoned halfway down the front, Tanaka (who is said to shine on-screen, opposite Seven Year Bitch’s Selene Vigil, in the new struggling band indie pic The Year of My Japanese Cousin) graciously accepted compliments. When asked about the Fox’s recent month-long tour opening for Joan Jett, Tanaka elaborated, “Her fans come to have a good time and they come early. And Joan is really supportive, right there watching when you go out...” She nodded enthusiastically to the suggestion her band might work well in a return engagement on a bill with the Dragons, the local boy band that does Jett’s “Bad Reputation” and pulled off a Runaways cover set in full drag not too long ago.

Jett and her fabled Runaways were apparently more of an overt musical influence on Stone Fox’s early era, a period recalled in an album review (for their longplayer Burnt) from the glossy lesbian mag Genene: “A bunch of dylkes decide they want to be in a band, so they rehearse a lot, then break up, then get back together, then decide to get serious and make it happen.” Nowadays, the group slams through everything from edge garage-pysche and glam trash to Shangri-Las harmonies to folky acoustic sets, all with winning verve, and with the alluring Tanaka and animated lead singer Forrejoh hot (who hangs a silver fox pelt from her mike stand) commanding center stage.

“No no, it’s not that this or any band ‘deserves to be on a label,’” said the contrary Linda Perry later, between attempts to rally her entourage to leave. “It should be enough to walk off with that satisfied feeling after you’ve just played, where you just go, ‘Fuck!’ You know?” She shifted her attention elsewhere. “Hey, c’mom, you guys, now, or we’re not gonna make the Flame before they close, and after all I’ve told you about it...” — D.S.

The captivating Des’ree’s performance was even shorter than the typically brief NARM sets, consisting entirely of a great, hand-flourish.

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enhanced take on her current top-20 hit "You Gotta Be," whereas Harvey's show was unusually long by convention standards. Perhaps it helped that the British singer and (new, expanded) band was the last of three acts in a nightclub setting — the "PGD [Polygram Distribution] Zone" contract in the bowels of the downtown Marriott Hotel. Yet Matthew Sweet, "headlining" back at the adjacent Convention Center in BMG's "Greatest Musical Show on Earth" earlier that evening, was allowed only a few tunes. An even bigger shame was how few people were still there in the dual stage concert hall to see Sweet and band (featuring ace Television guitarist Richard Lloyd), whose fiery alt-country-pop offered some of the convention's best musical moments.

In addition, the Radiohead opening gig the night before in the Ballroom. The three-man Jersey crew dutifully worked the tiny crowd remaining in the Ballroom; they also dispensed some helpful urban advice. "If you're not from the ghetto, and you ain't never been to the ghetto, then you can't understand the ghetto,"

...and tour the U.S. in May. and, well, she may already feel some ties to S.D. Or did you forget that if I recorded a cover of her second single "Sheila-Na-Gig"? Or that Chichilla have been known to round out their live shows with her "Easy"? And that Harvey's current look of blood-red lips/nails/silky gowns and long-black-mane — not to mention her ongoing tortured Humanism inspiration — recalls no one so much as homiegirl Diamanda Galas.

— D.S.

It's All About Moonlight.

Sony Music Distribution called their super-slick three-hour presentation (on NARM Thursday) "It's All About Music," but as you might expect, the emphasis was on promotion and subsequent sales. Instead of raving about the skills of R&B vocal trio Brownstone and singer DeDee, both of whom performed, the label guy at the podium lauded his company's ability to make their records go gold. "Now that's commitment!" Yeah, woooooo.

One aging Sony Classical exec actually pronounced the imminent video feature on Mario's label (dazzlingly state-of-the-art, like the company profile vids, booming out at top volume, and running on four huge screens around the Convention Center's massive Upper Level Ballroom) "a snapshot of a label in motion." Rock on, dude. To the fashion was gently led out to accept his Harry Chapin Memorial Humanitarian Award like he was some frail, freakish, superstar relic... Okay, so the shoe fits — how 'bout giving us just a quick moonwalk in, then? With as much plainclothes security circulating as you might expect at a presidential or papal gig. "The Gloved [Spotted!]" One earned standing ovations for the few minutes of his presentation and some brief, halting words. You could tell it was heading that way earlier, during the Sammy Davis/vocal performance for MJ's new History — Book One, which was greeted with mindless gasps of enthusiasm (one conventioneer sitting against a wall kept repeating, "He...is...amazing!).

Meanwhile, English siren PJ Harvey's NARM performance absolutely kicked the shit out of every other artistic performance during the confab's run. The words of praise heard muttered after Polly Jean Harvey left the stage were, in contrast to those for Jackson, well-earned, coming after a searing display of avant-torch-pop-blues-grunge-cabaret. Harvey used a live rather than prerecorded medium to present material from her new LP To Bring You My Love, before closing with a climactic reading of "Legs," the only older song of the set.

— D.S.

"It is the law. You have to have the permits for everything," said Rick DeVoe, head of Big Dummy promotions. One of his shows was forced to change venue after someone, intent on catching the concert, informed police that the scheduled location lacked a general assembly permit. Performances by Ten Foot Pole, Tilt, and Guttermouth, originally scheduled for the new YMCA skate park in Claremont, were moved to the last minute to the Worldbeat Center. "The day before the show, we got a call from the police department, saying, 'We were tipped off that the building you want to do the event in is lacking a permit to have a general assembly.' We never pull permits for any of our buildings, with the exception of the Starlight Bowl, because most of the venues we do our stuff in all have those general assembly permits with the city," DeVoe said. "After I got a call saying they were tipped off, I called up the building, and sure enough, they dug around and could not find anywhere that they had the permit they needed. They didn't..."
understand that, because they've done shows there. They've done the Rolling Stones there, Sonny and Cher, they've had a bunch of dance and parties there. They had pretty much assumed that they had [the permit], and we assumed so, too. It wasn't anyone's fault. But someone tipped them off. Someone definitely went out of their way to find out this information, and that's what the officer told me right off the bat. Who did it, I have no idea."

DeVoe said he tried to get the necessary permit the same day he was contacted by police, but the police department requires 72 hours' advance of an event to issue one. DeVoe said he believes that whoever informed the police purposely waited until the last minute so there wouldn't be time to get the permit.

"Whoever tipped them was familiar with the system, because they tipped them off when it was too late to pull the permit. I don't know who did it. It's just lame that someone would do this," he said. "It was a hit at the bands, it was a hit at me, and it was hit at the YMCA teen skate program."

If someone was trying to close the skate park for concerts, they would have only been successful once. DeVoe has already booked another show for the park and will, he said, continue to use the all-ages location in the future.

— L.H.

They're doing it for the kids. Last year, Warp magazine, a national board sport (as in surf-, skate-, snow-) lifestyle publication based in Oceanside, along with LIFEbeat, an entertainment industry-based AIDS organization, established Board AID to raise money for AIDS prevention outreach programs and health care for young adults.

The premiere event last year included performances by Lucy's Fur Coat and Guf.

At the Hollywood Palladium this Sunday, Anthrax, the Mighty Mighty Bosstones, Helmet, and Wax perform. Wednesday, at Snow Summit, will see a skateboard half-pipe, education booths, product giveaways, a snowboarding trail, and a stage with Porno for Pyros, Nels' Atomic Dustbin, Biohazard, Face to Face, and the Goats.

— L.H.

Killing two birds with one stone — to generate revenue and to avoid the crowd-split that traditionally occurs between all-ages shows and the beer-serving club scene — SDSU's KCR radio is booking bands to play Wednesday nights at the campus' Monty's Den, which sells beer. Only one or two bands play, and they stop early in deference to good study habits. The station has kept the door price low (it's usually around $3). Proceeds are split between the bands and the radio station.

Contributors: David Stampone, Larry Harmon, Marie O'Connor, and the author.

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Stoked to Play

Days, English classes fed me Thoreau... Nights, bands like the Dead Kennedys... proclaimed society was still a joint-stock conspiracy.

Punk has revived; the success of Green Day and Offspring makes it official. Those of us old enough to remember the first days of San Diego punk can't help but wonder, can this town support another scene as raw and glorious as what existed a decade and a half ago?

In 1980 and 1981, the North Park Lions Club, on Utah Street, hosted the Dead Kennedys, Black Flag, T.S.O.L., the Cramps, Misfits, Middle Class, Adolescents, Social Distortion, Fear, Agent Orange, 45 Grave, and China White. Fairmount Hall featured Canada's D.O.A., England's Anti-Pasti, Bad Religion, Christian Death, the Vandals, Red Cross, and San Diego's Battalion of Saints. At the Roxy, on Cass Street in P.B., I caught the Undertones, X, and the Circle Jerks.

Most of these shows happened while I was a 15-year-old freshman at Mission Bay High School. Days, English classes fed me Thoreau, Emerson, and Thomas Painé. Nights, bands like the Dead Kennedys and Stiff Little Fingers proclaimed society was still a joint-stock conspiracy. The literature and the music confirmed my adoration for punk sounds.

My interest in punk had started when I was at Pacific Beach Junior High. Regular trips to skate parks and a steady diet of skateboard magazines led me to it. Between half-pipe sessions at the Skate Oasis skate park, located where Baxt nightclub now stands under the I-8 and 405 interchange, my friends and I poured over the latest issue of Skateboarder. Skate gods like Duane Peters and Tony Alva were beginning to sport fish-hook earrings and spiked hair and talking about bands like Los Angeles's Germs and England's Sex Pistols.

Pro skaters were our heroes; new-wave San Diego bands like the penetrators would sometimes play at Skate Oasis. We gravitated to punk.

Punk was immediate, vital, real. The scene created itself as it went along. Some of my Mission Bay classmates — Greg Farrar, Tom Rulon, and James Cooper — made up a band called, appropriately, No Age Limit. At lunch and after school we would skateboard to James's house, which was in the Navy housing development off Grand Avenue. Rehearsing in the garage, James played bass. Greg handled the drums, and Tom took care of vocals. I was honorary groupie.

Greg eventually bailed, and the band went through a number of guitarists, but before that happened, No Age Limit created music that was intimate and uncut, with no thought of fame. "We were just stoked to play," says Greg today. "As fast and hard as we wanted." Because the band played along the vacant lines of groups like the Damned and Fear, they got gigs. Circumnavigating a world of managers and record companies we hardly knew existed, the band simply called up promoters like Marc Rude and voila, they were opening for Social Distortion at the Lions Club.

In the Sports Arena in 1978 we had peeked through binoculars at Cheap Trick muddling through their pop hit "Surrender." Two years later, we were diving into a slam-dance free-for-all while the Dead Kennedys unleashed a brain-rattling "Holiday in Cambodia" from a platform three feet away. At the North Park Lions Club, the boundary between musicians and audience disappeared.

Many of these shows were brought to San Diego by Dead or Alive productions — Tim Maze, Peter English, and Marc Rude. They charged $3 to $5 for shows featuring three or four bands,
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Today, Marc Rude works in a Hollywood tattoo shop. The pony-tailed, cigarette-smoking artist remembers DOA's work as a labor of love. "I personally never made any money, but they weren't in the scheme of things," he says. "I did it because there was a lack of anything going on. No clubs were promoting punk at the time. And since I was older than most of the kids into the music and had a good job, it allowed me to put on shows - it was pretty much like throwing your own party.

Rude also recalls that San Diego's new-music world was authentic. Today, Rude says, anybody can pay for an identity overhaul and end up with a punk image. "You can walk into a store and walk out the back door with earrings and tattoo and be 'alternative.' But back then, kids were just figuring out how to make their hair spiked. The San Diego scene was small, comparatively speaking. We created it; we lived it."

Pacific Beach's Roxy Theater was wrecking-ball for a post office. Along with the short-lived Skeleton and Zebra Clubs downtown, the Spirit in Bay Park sometimes featured punk bands, but all three were off limits to those under 21 - a good chunk of San Diego's punk community.

Greg Farrar remembers when No Age Limit was to open for a Mission Beach band called the Unknowns. The show was scheduled for the Zebra Club, which was located at Fifth and Market. "The place was a dump. We pulled up and began unloading our equipment into this narrow, dark hallway - kind of like a long, gloomy bowling alley. Nobody was in the place - just two old black guys who didn't give a damn about our music. After we set up, the club manager came back and started hassling us because of James, our bass player. We were 15 or 16, but James was this little shit with glasses and looked about 11. The manager said we could stay except James, because he didn't look 21. We packed up, and walked out the door, then took a cab to the show.

"We were just stoked to play," says Greg today. "As fast and hard as we wanted."

Thursday, September 11

ZEBRA CLUB

BLACK FLAG

Hippies smoked pot, so the stimulants of choice for many Mission Bay High punk aficionados were beer, speed, ecstasy, amyl nitrate, and an occasional hit of acid or toot of the burger-dripper's cocaine - crystal meth. It was easy to score: let the word out before first period, and by last bell you were grinning. Heroin reduced at least two of my Mission Bay pals to tattooed whiskers. The other day, I read of a punk from the era, Chris Farhead, gunned down on Adams Avenue in a drug hassle. And the Battalion of Saints lost their guitar player in a heroin-related incident in the mid-'80s. George Anthony, a black vocalist and one of the few bands that at the Gathering, says, "Back then, there was no MTV. Radio wouldn't promote different sounds. Our music was so similar, it was like Led Zeppelin - it wasn't so fat and horrible."

In spite of its reputation, San Diego's punk scene was conservative, showing no tolerance for unfamiliar faces, sounds, or dress. With its costumes and clubbing style, the San Diego punk community was Mecca for kids in search of an identity. Marc Rude admits that violent, attention-seeking members offended his decision to stop promoting here. "I got tired of the same assholes who were always screwing things up. I got tired of paying for all the sinks torn out of walls."

Similarly, shows existed on the brink. Always threatened by police shut-down or band no-show, you didn't go to the Lions Club or Fairmont Hall expecting tight choreography and seamless sets. Uncertainty was half the fun.

The night after the X 193 debate at the Roxy, De-Detroit got the set at the Lions Club. The morning of the show, the Mentors' bass player called Marc Rude to extort an extra $50. Rude told Mr. Mentor to piss off; the band never showed. The Forms arrived, but their guitarist had just died, so they renamed themselves Toxic Shock and played as a droning, unhappy trio.

Following Toxic Shock, four of San Diego's hardcore punks clumped onto the tiny Lions Club stage and grabbed instruments. To this day, I doubt they knew how to play. Led by a shorn-skulled character called Testicle Head, the band didn't have a name until a drunk yelled, "Whataya called?" Testes barked, "We're the Fucked," and they fit into their instruments. The group played through the same mass of sound three times. Under a thickening shower of spit and beer, the crowd came to a cowering, feedback stop; a minute after it began, the outfit's career was over.

A lengthy, confused interval, on came the Nutrons, an early version of the Mission Beach Saints. Then, De-Detroit got the set, and curfew ended the show. Ear ringing, bodies satiated with smoke, sweat, and beer, the crowd cleared out. Police were waiting out door. Utah Street swelled with the buzz of another night.

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Punishments

Inundating myself with ethnicity taught me a truism multiculturalists try to avoid.

February has always been a time for me to immerse in penitent activities. The month's latter two weeks provided an array of music-associated events, the bulk of which seemed designed to accommodate self-mortification and lend credence to Gil Scott-Heron's quip that "something is definitely f*cked up about our second month." During February I advanc-

ded another year closer to extinction, two fossilized presidents have to share a Monday off work, and it is "Black History Month" — all of which inspired me to play the objective critic. Aside from a couple of brazen hard rock shows and a quietly resplendent set by the Jack Terrason Trio, the opportunity to get a jump start on Lent, salute my fellow black countrymen, and show solidarity with Latino brothers and sisters took precedence over all else. I wanted to inquire about notable Filipino concerts, but evi-
dently the entire community is on suicide alert.

As it turned out, inundating myself with eth-
nicity taught me a truism multiculturalists try to avoid. Defiantly lame performers remain so for one inarguable reason: inferior people remain employed because no one has made them cognizant of their ineptitude.

In chronological order, then, these were the punishments I inflicted upon myself for vainly at-
tempting to be fair.

... Tierra, Coach House, February 18. My interest in this show was partly raised by the ardent bio sheets Tierra's record company whipped up. I have no recollection of any trade magazines nam-
ing them "best R&B vocal group" in any year. I do not recall their having four simultaneous hits at any time. And even if they have been together more than 25 years, whatever influence they had on Los Lobos and Gloria Estefan is miti-
gated when you com-
pare the venues the lat-
ter two now perform in and a club such as the Coach House. A litany of exaggerations is to be expected from a press release, but their recent gig here did not conjure images of an ecstatic, capacity audience at Carnegie Hall. It was the same dull, lackadaisical Latin-
lover act I have seen them run through at a couple of lowrider car club shows. This one was nowhere near the rap-
turbo, unprecedented half-hour set they put on two years ago in the parking lot of Jack Murphy Stadium.

It is not unreasonable to expect that a band with such creative feats of show business magic behind them advance to a position that is semi-professional or at least fun. Too many car club appearances, quincentenaries, and weddings have kept them fixed in the rou-
tine of an average tardeada band. Somewhere between their medley of rarities like "What Does It Take?" "La La Means I Love You," "I'm Your Puppet," and the only hit of theirs I can recall, "To-
gether," I absently-mindedly put my hand in my pocket to see if I had any bills for the dollar dance. Although the joint was packed, it was difficult to determine what the crowd response was, as Chi-
canos are notorious for being too cool to exhibit any emotion at all at public gatherings. Not me.

I thought of the $19 ticket price, muddled an obscenity and a "Por que?!!" and thought of the
great line in their press wipes for the new album, "Street Corner Gold"... a tribute to the oldies when on a cold night you could hear men on a city street corner singing doo-wop and warning their
hands over an open fire." Tierra is from East L.A.

The only open fire would be the gun blasts from cops or rivals when first seeing a trash can being
touched. These guys are so lame their inflated success story is the only truly entertaining thing
about them. Pobrecitos.

Ice T and Queen Latifah Babble, Montezuma Hall, February 23

Digable Planets, Montezuma Hall, February 24

Tierra

Tierra, Coach House, February 18

Ice T and Queen Latifah Babble, Montezuma Hall, February 23

Digable Planets, Montezuma Hall, February 24

Tierra

Tierra

Tierra
grind; movie acting, hatred for cops, and the eternal battle between "the P and the F" — he has elaborated on elsewhere. But his style was so charged with acridity and a guiltless, nonjudgmental logic that it would be hard to refute his what-it-is philosophy. In ways she could never have envisioned for Howard Roark or John Galt, Ice T is a classic example of what Ayn Rand lauded in "The Virtues of Selfishness." Besides which, the motherfucker is funny. Latifah, however, tossed out flavorless homilies, fulfilling her supposed role model obligation even while suffering a toothache and/or PMS.

The questions lobbed were either pedestrian, incoherent, or ridiculous (one nervous jerk compared Ice T to Stepin Fetchit, probably a received reference). College students have not changed that much since I served my time: the urge to address oneself to a "celebrity" is strong enough to justify any makeshift query. If their yam-mering was indicative of what they might have done under normal, musical circumstances, Ice T delivered his usual frontal assault and Latifah drone on weakly about respect for women in the ghetto. The intent and consequence was not made clear, but it certainly sustains an hour's momentum. It was dope.

... Digable Planets, Montezuma Hall, February 24. The game of enhancing the validity of the jazz/hip hop nexus has raised what was a lively gimmick into a marginally entertaining subgenre. The subgenre's novelty and infectiveness are indisputable, providing that you do not question its purpose or ramifications. Locating solidarity in so vague a current is pointless; as with any fad, this one is contingent upon its ephemeral persuasiveness. Popular acts such as US3, Colour Field, Solosonic, and Digable Planets cannily collage, graft, and juxtapose syncopated, surreal patter with sampled beats and add filigree from jazz horn sections and soloists in a gamble that is openly commercial and coyly unconventional. As with other contrived fusion trends, ascertaining what this coupling portends aesthetically, or even determining if it has broad appeal, does not figure in the equation. It may all be irresistible to the young adults who thrive on funk's sensational groove, admire jazz's fluidity, and are tweaked by rap's renegade, onomatopoeic bravado. Soon this hybrid seems exactly what you'd expect: chic, but not sophisticated, naughty, but hardly intimidating. The '90s disco. Whatever the tag — house, techno, acid, or dress-code-enforced — this underground product is anatomically vigorous but intellectually attenuated. Groovy groovy fa-hinky fa-hinky it may be for a growing clique, but the pastiche formula is guilty of dehydrating great works by Sonny Rollins, Horace Silver, Herbie Hancock, Donald Byrd, and Cannonball Adderley. The originals are not exactly disgraced, but they are not in need of enhancement either. Some of the product cleverly integrates music with word confetti, but excepting Greg Osby's 3-D Lifestyle and a third of the selections from JazzSpeak, the stuff is mostly winsome, never captivating.

D guilty Planets are probably ideal representatives of hip hop at its most accessible yet shallow. Their Montezuma Hall gig had enough dash — from the trio of tight, simpatico vocalists trading off parabolic descriptions of their Brooklyn hoods: The two men (Butterfly and Doodlebug) and one woman (La ladybug) were frolicsome and in sync, but their impressionistic snapshot verses were so cool and abstract that they dissipated. Serving them well was a saxet and a female DJ, who wrecked records as joyously as anyone with that highly specialized skill. The persistent throb kept the set anchored, and the two horn players floated in and out of the cracks with grace, affecting the line form that players such as Freddie Hubbard and Grover Washington, Jr., perfected during their contract assignments for CTI. But for all the buoyancy, adrenalyzed black pride pronouncements, and communicable spirit, their performance only approximated spontaneity. It was deliberate, funk-informed and jazz-like, not jazz. Set pieces such as "Peace Like Dat" and "Borough Check" were effective, but no more so than when bouncing off the walls of any given clean-draw's please dance dump. It is not easy summoning excitement for a group who paraphrases and simulates. Digable Planets, despite moderate popularity and cheery spirits, are sanitized and second-hand. This is just high-quality novelty music. It leaves you with a sense of wonder, all right; you wonder why so many people are compelled to treat it as if it were really something new.

(Close, personal friend of St. Patrick)

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Flower Hill Mall, Del Mar: 755-3735
Friday, 8 pm, Kris Rodriguez, classical guitar.
Cafe Del Mari, 9961 State Street, Carlsbad: 434-6239. All performances begin at 7 pm. Wednesday through Saturday, Jazz Etc., Jazz.
The Carlsbad Inn, 387 San Marcos Boulevard, San Marcos: 744-1332. All performances begin at 8 pm to 12:30 am. Thursday, Tom Jones, folk. Friday, the Stringwoods, Celtic folk. Saturday, the Glenlows, folk.
Carlos Murphy’s, 202 East Via Rancho Pumphouse, Suite A-1 (on the North County Fair shopping mall), Escondido: 489-9935. Friday, Stronger, rock and roll. Saturday, Tim Notis, rock and roll.
Cousins, 9800 Carmel Mountain Road, Rancho Peñasquitos: 484-4215. All performances are 7 pm to 10 pm. Friday, Paul Kim, jazz. Saturday, Carl Robinson, variety, rock/rocker. Sunday, the Late Bloomers, rock. Monday, the Oldies Band.
The Coach House, 33157 Camino Capistrano, San Juan Capistrano: 480-9030. Unless noted, all performances begin at 8 pm. Thursday, spoken word and music with Lee Rembof of Sonic Youth. Friday, The Wiz, rock and roll. Saturday, the Blue Jeans, rock and roll. Sunday, the Angels, rock.
The Coffee Basket, 2641 Via Vista, Suite 3, Oceanside: 271-4904. Tuesday, 7 pm to 9 pm. Contemporary Christian music. Friday, 7-10 pm to 10:30 pm, Naths, contemporary.
The Coffee Garden, 1330 East Valley Parkway, Escondido: 741-9318. Saturday, the Seventh Day Adventist Praise Band, contemporary Christian.
Coyote Cafe and Grill, 307 Carlsbad Village Drive, Carlsbad: 725-4059. Unless noted, all performances are from 6 pm to 10 pm. Thursday, North Star, rock and roll. Friday, the Reflections, rock and roll. Saturday, the Gumbo YaYa, Cajun rock. Sunday, the Juke Stompers, rock and blues.
The King Oak, Carlsbad.
Crazy Alioto La Costa, 9996 El Camino Real, Carlsbad: 638-3732. Wednesday, 8 pm, karaoke entertainment with John Lewis, Thursday and Saturday, dance music.
Curbside Cafe, 307 East Vista Way, Vista: 630-2747. Saturday, 7 pm to 10 pm. Friday, 8 pm to midnight, and Sunday, 6 pm to 9 pm, the Cold Winter Band, country.
El Embudo Restaurant/Cantina, 5380 South Mission Road, Bonita: 758-0130. Saturday, 8 pm, Steve McArthur, acoustic, rhythm and blues.
Espanto, 1555 Camino Del Mar (in the Del Mar Plaza), Del Mar: 259-9966. Wednesday, Quiet Storm, party.
Ex Crab, 1270 Main Street, Ramona: 789-3755. All performances are from 9 pm to 1:30 am. Friday and Saturday, favorite live, rock and roll. Thursday, karaoke hosted by Brandon.
Florissant Lounge, 439 West Washington Avenue, Escondido: 745-1931. Thursday and Wednesday, 8:30 pm to closing, Friday and Saturday, 9 pm to closing, Pasions, contemporary, Top Ten. Sunday through Tuesday, 8:30 pm to midnight, karaoke entertainment.
Freeway Bar, 14901 San Diego Freeway, Carlsbad: 751-4880. All performances are from 7 pm to 1:30 am. Friday, the Reflections. Saturday,5 pm and 10 pm, the Fugby Bros, 7 pm and 10 pm.
Fugby’s Pub, 245 West El Norte Parkway, Escondido: 742-9141.
Thursday through Saturday, 9 pm; Sunday and Wednesday, 8 pm; karaoke entertainment.

Gentlemen's Choice, 1201 San Marcos Boulevard, San Marcos, 78154-5215. Wednesday, 7 pm; and Thursday, Friday, Saturday, 8:30 pm to 12:30 am; karaoke entertainment hosted by Bobby Miller.

The Groovy Goose, 29001 Us-131, Road, Valley Center, 794-9041. Friday, Big Trum, country; Saturday, jam session, call club for information.

Hennessy's Tavern, 2727 Roosevelt Street, Carthage, 727-4951. Friday, The Hawk and High Tide, funk and rock; Sunday, Charlie J., improvisational music and old country.

Henry's, 264 Carlsbad Village Drive, Carlsbad, 729-9244. Thursday through Saturday, 9 pm to 1:30 am; $3-

Natural, contemporary/Top 40; Sunday, Monday, and Thursday, 8:30 pm, karaoke entertainment with Kurt Gramann. Wednesday, call club for information.

The Hungry Hunter, 11940 Bestride Pls Drive, Rancho Bernardo. 485-2424 or 956-2400. Wednesday, and Thursday, Dar's DAT, contemporary, Top 40. Friday and Saturday, Laguna, rock and roll.

JD's Tavern, 13268 Poway Road, Poway, 886-1917. All performances are 9 pm to 1 am; Friday and Saturday, live rock and roll; call club for information.

Joes Centrale, 11738 Carmel Mountain Road; Carmel Mountain Ranch, 858-3400. All performances are 8:30 pm to 10:30 pm; Friday, Full Circle, pop-rock; Saturday, Abby Niswan, soft rock. Monday, 7 pm, poetry reading.

Jolly Roger Oceanside Harbor, 1900 Harbor Drive North, Oceanic. 722-1831. Thursday through Saturday, 8 pm, Chuckie, comedy and music.

K's Club, 1204 East Vista Way, Vista, 650-6980. All performances begin at 9 pm; Friday and Saturday, call club for information.

Kafana Coffee Shop, 3078 Carlsbad Boulevard, Carlsbad, 720-0074. Call club for information.

Kamikazi Park Sports Bar and Grill, 12735 Poway Road, Poway, 748-7296. Friday and Saturday, 8 pm to 1 am. Bottom Line, rock and roll.

Kleby's Cafe, 215 15th Street, Del Mar, 481-1001. All performances are 6:30 pm; Friday, Rick McGills, acoustic. Saturday, Chris and Allen, original acoustic, Sunday, live acoustic performances.

Kona Grill, 212 South Highway 101, Solana Beach, 481-1860. Friday, Swanhild, grunge rock; Saturday, The Gathering, rock.

La Casa del Zorro, 3845 Via Paseo Road, Borrego Springs, 767-5323. Thursday and Wednesday, 7 pm to 11 pm; Friday and Saturday, 9 pm to 1 am. The All New Classics, classic rock and roll.

La Costa Coffee Roasting Co., 6965 El Camino Real, Suite 208, La Costa, 438-8160. All performances are 8 pm to 11 pm. Friday, Lovey Jo Jazz, Saturday, Sutherland, country and rock.

La Costa Resort and Spa, Costa Del Mar Road, Carlsbad, 438-9111. Friday and Saturday, Cabo and the Red Hot, blues.

Leo's Little Bit of Country, 640 West San Marcos Boulevard, San Marcos, 744-4120. Wednesday through Saturday, Chuck Carroll and the Runaway Band, country, Sunday and Tuesday, Loggers, karaoke entertainment.

The Metaphor CellarBar, 238 East Second Avenue, Encinitas, 481-8800. All scheduled performances are 9 pm to 11 pm. Sunday, Monday, Wednesday, and Thursday, 7 pm to 10:30 pm; Friday, 7:30 pm to 11 pm. Poetry and poetry open mike. Friday, Lone Change, Christian rock.

Saturday, Kathryn Callis, alternative rock.

Mikey's Coffeehouse, 12222 Poway Road, Poway, 686-3560. All performances begin at 8 pm; Friday, Sutherland, blues, Saturday and Wednesday, Grus, original acoustic country and folk; Sunday, open mic. Monday, Jeff Lee, acoustic. Tuesday, John Kutcher, acoustic.

Milly Flowers, 4009 Piano Dance, Rancho Santa Fe, 756-3305. Thursday, 7 pm to 11 pm, and Friday and Saturday, 8 pm to midnight. Randy Beeher, piano variety.

Mirades Cafe, 1953 San Elijo Avenue, Cardiff, 934-9204. Unless noted, all performances are 7:30 pm to 10:30 pm. Friday, Jim Samson, jazz guitar. Saturday, Willie Dee, rhythm and blues. Sunday, 10 am to 1 pm, Bill Williams, classical guitar.

Mocha Marketplace, 1020 West San Marcos Boulevard, San Marcos. 744-7112. Friday, 7:30 pm to 10:30 pm, the Daisychainers, instrumental folk.

Mona Lisa Restaurant, 11665 Suite C, Encinitas, 481-3471. All performances begin at 8 pm. Friday, call club for information.

Neiman's Bar and Grille, 2978 Highway 101, Carlsbad, 729-4131. All performances are 7 pm to 11 pm. Friday, Return to Ota, jazz; Saturday, call club for information.

Our Coffee House, 625 East Main Road, Fallbrook, 725-5219. Friday, The Speed Idols, Undies, 70's music, and Fighting Caos, punk.

Page Rock Cafe, 1476 Main Street, Ramona, 788-9194. Friday, 7:30 pm to 10 pm, Dan Cooper, acoustic.

Saturday, Kathryn Callis, alternative rock.

Pewter's Rock Cafe, 1325 West Grand Avenue, Escondido. 739-1288. Unless noted, all performances are 9 pm. Thursday, Muddy Chuck and the Bluesman, blues. Friday, Tendina, Freddie, Jack, and Rolling, rock and roll. Saturday, 4:30 pm to 7:30 pm, Muddy Chuck and the Bluesman, blues. Monday, karaoke entertainment. Tuesday, Mono Cone, rock and roll. Wednesday, live rock, and roll, call club for information.

Paradise Club, 740 NBSD Road, San Marcos, 737-9403. Sunday, salsa dance music.

Pundier's, 125 West Grand Avenue, Escondido. 739-1288. Unless noted, all performances are 9 pm. Thursday, Muddy Chuck and the Bluesman, blues. Friday, Tendina, Freddie, Jack, and Rolling, rock and roll. Saturday, 4:30 pm to 7:30 pm, Muddy Chuck and the Bluesman, blues. Monday, karaoke entertainment. Tuesday, Mono Cone, rock and roll. Wednesday, live rock, and roll, call club for information.

Perky's, 1601 Main Street, Vista, 743-1852. Monday, weekly live rock and roll; Tuesday, weekly live country; Wednesday, free beer, wine, and liquor; Thursday, weekly live rock and roll; Friday, weekly live country; Saturday, weekly live country.

Power House, 2978 Highway 101, Carlsbad, 729-7641. All performances are 9 pm to 11 pm. Friday, Return to Ota, jazz; Saturday, call club for information.

Rainey's Bar and Grill, 10738 Highway 101, Carlsbad, 729-7641. All performances are 9 pm to 11 pm. Friday, Return to Ota, jazz; Saturday, call club for information.

Saturday, 10 am to 11 am, children's storytelling, and 6:30 pm to 9 pm, Steve White, American music.


Paradise Club, 740 NBSD Road, San Marcos, 737-9403. Sunday, salsa dance music.

Pundie's, 125 West Grand Avenue, Escondido. 739-1288. Unless noted, all performances are 9 pm. Thursday, Muddy Chuck and the Bluesman, blues. Friday, Tendina, Freddie, Jack, and Rolling, rock and roll. Saturday, 4:30 pm to 7:30 pm, Muddy Chuck and the Bluesman, blues. Monday, karaoke entertainment. Tuesday, Mono Cone, rock and roll. Wednesday, live rock, and roll, call club for information.

Ralph and Eddie's, 790 Grand Avenue, Carlsbad, 729-2891. Thursday and Saturday, Samba and Fuhdula, bula reggae rock. Friday, the Grower Cats, rock and roll. Sunday, Crusher, rock and roll.

Rancho Bernardo Inn, 17525 Bernardo Chula Drive, Rancho Bernardo. 222-2146, in the La Jolla Country Club. Wednesday through Sunday, James Malloy, piano; Wednesday and Thursday, Craig Magni, pianist. In La Jolla Lounge Tuesday through Saturday, 9 pm. Perfect Balance, contemporary/Top 40.

By Stephen Esmequina

My previous aversion to the Brazilian music best known to Americans has softened into benign tolerance. The harmonic idiosyncracies, the Zen-like songwriting, the affected wisp of its vocalists, and the self-conscious diffuseness of its rhythms coincidentally fascinates such notable jazz pianists as McCoy Tyner. Kenny Baron, Don Pullen, and now, Bill Cunliffe. His recent release, Bill in Brazil, is an impressive achievement; evidence that Cunliffe regarded this project as a challenge, not just a change of pace. As he displayed on a recording of Paul Simon songs, the Brazilian experiment shows off Cunliffe's talent as an improvisor with a luminous passion for melody and an ability to flex rhythms without losing control. The exotica is prominent but not overpowering; the appropriate moods are established, allowing Cunliffe and soloists (such as guitarist Ric Silveira and guest keyboardist Marcos Arne) to balance samba clichés with a straight-ahead jazz. The L.A. based Cunliffe performs Friday and Saturday night with his trio (bassist Dave Carpenter and drummer Joe LaBarbera) and guest soloist, the always redballable Holly Hoffman, who shows what jazz flute should, but rarely does, sound like. Cunliffe also appears tonight at the Athenaeum in La Jolla with Milka Wofford.

Bill CUNLIFFE, Athenaeum, tonight, Thursday, March 9, 7:30 pm, 454-5872, $10 members and $12 nonmembers, and Horton Grand Hotel, Friday and Saturday, March 10 and 11, 8:30 and 10:15 pm, 454-1885. $10 first set, $7 second set.
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San Diego Reader March 9, 1989 31
CARLOS MURPHY'S, 6330 La Jolla Village Drive (the University Town Center), La Jolla, 457-4176. Thursday, 8 pm. David Houser, acoustic classic rock. Friday, 8 pm, Stranger Blue, rock and roll.

Bar and Grill, 4200 La Jolla Village Drive (at La Jolla and La Jolla), La Jolla, 457-1414. Extension 221, Thursday, 9 pm to 9 pm, dance music.

The Coach House, 10452 San Diego Mission Road, Mission Valley, 563-0024. Friday, 8 pm, Chris LeDoux and Stephen Clark, country. Saturday, 8 pm, Tiffany, contemporary, with Native Tribe, jazz.

Cyndi’s Cocktail Lounge, 1958 54th Avenue, San Diego, 288-2591. Thursday, 7:30 pm, A Karaoke Affair with Michael Mankin. Saturday, 8 pm to 9 pm, Oldies with Twisted Midlands. Saturday, 9 pm to Dwight T. Johnson, 7:30 pm, A Karaoke Affair with Tommy Vasquez.

Danny’s, 9757 Mission Boulevard, Mira Mesa, 693-3325. Friday and Saturday, 7 pm, Robert San Jose, karaoke entertainment and piano playing featuring the music of Elvis Presley.

Davids’ Place, 3706 19th Avenue, Hillcrest, 294-8900. All performances are 8 pm to 11 pm. Thursday and Wednesday, Sherri Harper, blues. Friday and Tuesday, Rob McElroy, standards and show tunes. Saturday, Joe Bernal, originals. Sunday, Richard Phillips, original folk. Monday, call for club information.

Dunkin Restaurant, 4125 El Cajon Boulevard, San Diego, 283-4061. Wednesday, 8:30 pm to 11:30 pm, Paul Gregg, piano variety, accompanied with vocals.

Espresso Roma, 4131 College Avenue, College Area, 429-1239. Club for information.


The Gathering, 4015 Gold Finch Street, Mission Hills, 242-0000. Thursday and Friday, 7 pm, Cartis Clark, magic, comic. Saturday, 7 pm, Terry Lavender, magician; Tuesday and Wednesday, 6 pm, Richard Phillips, acoustic folk.

The Gourmet Lounge, at the Town and Country Hotel, 500 Hotel Circle North, Mission Valley, 291-7133. Friday and Saturday, 7:30 pm to 12:30 am, Kindred Spirit, listening and dance variety.

Grand’s Paradise Lounge, 2516 University Avenue, San Diego, 298-9099. Thursday, Skid Rigor Combo and the Shadowcutter, rock.

Friday, Fern Trix and Big Tenion. Saturday, call for information. Monday, Aerie Soul and Sportsman. Wednesday, Jacqui Starr.

The Houndquarters, 7080 Mission Road, San Diego, 644-8792. Friday, A Karaoke Affair with Michael Hunt.

Humphrey’s, Half Moon Inn, 2241 Shelter Island Drive, Shelter Island, 224-3377. Thursday and Friday, 5 pm to 8 pm, Archie Thompson, piano variety. Thursday through Saturday, 9 pm to close, Mike Ronk, variety. Monday through Wednesday, 5 pm to 8 pm, Archie Thompson, 9 pm to close, 4-Way Street, rock and roll.

Jazz by the Bay. All performances are 8 pm to midnight. Sunday, the Hank Easton Band, jazz and Monday and Tuesday, Archie Thompson and Team Mojo, jazz.

Imperial House, 505 Elsmere Street (at Sixth Avenue), Aspen, 234-3352. Wednesday and Thursday, 6 pm, and Friday and Saturday, 8 pm, John LeDoux, jazz music for dancing.


Java de Paradiso, 3343 Adams Avenue, Normal Heights, 282-8327. Thursday, 7 pm, Bible Jay and Company, blues. Saturday, 9 pm to 11 pm, Gary Bevando and Jess Jone, acoustic.

Javabur Gardens Cafe, 3562 Adams Avenue, Normal Heights, 281-4228. Thursday, 7 pm to 8 pm, open-mike with Luis and Virginal Curtins, folk. Sunday, 11:30 am to 1 pm, Kusuma, Latin American folklife.

Kelly’s Old Town Pub, 2223 San Diego Avenue, Old Town, 543-9717. Friday, 9 pm, Plain Jane, alternative rock. Saturday, 9 pm, karaoke entertainment. Sunday, 7 pm, Dog Beach Band, rock and roll.

Kelly’s Pub, 6346 El Cajon Boulevard, College Area, 286-6060. Tuesday, Brian Whisner, rock and roll. Saturday, Adrienne and the Southern reggae.

Kelly’s Restaurant and Irish Pub, 284 Hotel Circle North, Mission Valley, 296-2317. All performances are piano variety. Thursday and Wednesday, 5 pm to 7:30 pm, Paul Gregg and 7:30 pm to 1 am, Dale Pearson. Friday, 5 pm to 7 pm, Paul Gregg and 7 pm to 1 am, Dale Pearson. Saturday, 7 pm to midnight, Paul Gregg, Tuesday, 7 pm to 8 pm, Paul Gregg and 7:30 pm to 1 am, Dale Pearson.

The King Latiss Inn, 5123 Linda Vista Road, Morena, 291-4279. Friday, 9 pm to 12:30 am, Dr. J and the Patch, jazz and Saturday, 9 pm, the Ken Kiner Group with Chris Levy, variety.

La Cantina, at the Quality Resort, 475 Hotel Circle South, Mission Valley, 290-8381. Wednesday and Thursday, 7 pm to 11 pm, and Friday and Saturday, 9 pm to midnight. Mariachi, contemporary rock and roll.

Le Parvilion Lounge, at the Town and Country Hotel, 500 Hotel Circle North, Mission Valley, 291-7213. Friday and Saturday, 8:30 pm to 1 am, Show It On, Top 40, swing, oldies, and dancing.

The Living Room, 5900 El Cajon Boulevard, College Area, 284-8413. All performances are 9 pm to 11 pm. Saturday, the Mo Pit and the Piano.


MegaSpace, 3250 Montgomery Avenue, Kensington, 864-7000. Call for club information.

Menopause, 7894 Broadway, Lemon Grove, 643-0156. Call for club information.

Millennium Bookstore and Callahouse, 2906 University Avenue, North Park, 296-7827. All performances are 2 pm to 3 pm, club for information. Friday, Mary Dellan, acoustic country, Eddy Jay and Company, blues.

Mister O’s, 1290 Camino del Rio South, Mission Valley, 290-3544. Friday and Saturday, dance music.

Mooney’s Den (SSU Arts Center), 5300 Campanile Drive, San Diego, 583-6089. Friday, 1 pm to 5 pm, Diabe 6, rock.

The Musicmen Club, 7177 Morena Boulevard, Bay Park, 273-7283. Every first and third Sunday of the month, 2 pm to 5 pm, the Bay Boppers, 12-Piece Big Band featuring Marty Hicks, vocals, classics from the big band era for dancing.

The Navajo Inn, 8515 Navajo Road, San Carlos, 460-1758. All performances are 9 pm to 1:30 am. Thursday through Saturday, Raines’ Caah, rock and roll. Monday through Wednesday, Swingin’ Gate, swing, rock and roll.

New Dolphin Inn, 5863 Market Street, Encanto area, 265-9658. Friday, dance music; Saturday, LaEspecto and the Koko Blue Band, blues.

O’Connors Pub and Nightclub, 1310 Morena Boulevard, Bay Park, 255-7063. Every Friday, 6 to 10 pm, Friday, Fuzzy and the Bellowin, blues. Saturday, the Heatload, rock and roll.

O’Hargans, 2547 San Diego Avenue, Old Town, 208-0133. Wednesday, 7 pm to 10 pm, Thursday, 8:30 pm to 10 pm, Friday, 8 pm to 10:30 pm, and Saturday, 7 pm to 11 pm. The Lifelock, country, Top 40, and rock and roll.

The Odd Jew, 3373 Adams Avenue, Normal Heights, 284-6994. Thursday, 9 pm to 1 am, Tony Convento, Irish folk. Friday, 9 pm to 9 pm, Brian Rowes, Irish folk music. Saturday, 8 pm to 2 am, karaoke entertainment.

Pat Joes, 5147 Warner Road, Allied Gardens, 286-7875. Friday and Saturday, 9 pm, Pop Redemption Band, Dixieland jazz, swing, and oldies.

Politkan Pub, 7828 Broadway, Lemon Grove, 446-9242. All performances begin at 8:30 pm. Friday, Charley the Digger, M.L., and Secret (Grander). Saturday, Gloated Tom and Showcases, Sunday, T.V. Bahces. Tuesday, 2 Zig Live and No Reply. Wednesday, Seventy King’s Modern Rhythm.

Poppy’s Sport Bar and Grill, 7995 Ammirato Street, San Diego, 520-3717. Tuesday, 9 pm to 8 pm, Mr. Red Shoes, rock and roll.

Radjaslee, 1430 Camino del Rio South, Mission Valley, 269-6111. In the International Freight House. Friday 8 pm to midnight, Michael Gary, 7th to 10 p.m. pop, rock, and blues.

Rainbow Bar, 4284 University Avenue, East San Diego, 584-0693. Friday and Sunday, club for information. Saturday, Jennifer Karasovic, contemporary.

Ranchito Del Nopal, 4016 Wallace Street, Old Town (in the Barrio Del Mercado), 245-0389. Friday and Saturday, 8 pm, charlie mori, variety, folk pop, and music.

Rockers Caribbean Night Club, 1465 1/2 Hancock Street, Old Town.
Thursday, March 9
Boogie Night Productions brings the long-awaited disco funk band grooveline.

Friday, March 10
TAXXII presents club night: featuring dj scott martin & dj kelly lynch.

Saturday, March 11
the shepherds "a spectacular performance" can't be missed.

Sunday, March 12
"bastaad sons of Johnny cash" come swing & dance to the footstomping sounds of bastard sons.

Monday, March 13
oversoul help is on the way. grow th your monday "bluegrass".

Tuesday, March 14
the long-awaited return of greasy petes "sensational rhythm & blues".

Wednesday, March 15
two lane blacktop presented by linda perry of 4 non blondes and liquid groove "alternative rock".

Tuesday, Bella, acrd Jazz. Wednesday, Junior Sosa Foundation Benefit featuring Nettie's Ghost, the Mississippi Mudsharks, the Red Breakers, the Candy Lee Berryhill Ganje Orchestra, and Jackie Jacc, call 231-9277 for more information.

Fu City/Chicka Camp, 2143 Pacific Highway, downtown, 231-3121. In the lounge. Unless noted, all performances are at 7:30 pm.

Galatea Verno Caffe, 3753 India Street, Mission Hills. 295-2545. Call for information.

The Grant Grill, U.S. Grand Hotel, 305 Broadway, downtown. 231-8772. Thursday, 7 pm to 11 pm. Jesus Savador and Spanish Flamenco guitar music.

Moksha Jiva, 612 K Street (at Fourth Avenue), downtown, 231-8843. Friday, 7 pm, acoustic.

Mister’s Restaurant, 2550 Fifth Avenue, downtown, 231-3177. Wednesday and Thursday, 7 pm to midnight, and Friday and Saturday, 8 pm to 1 am. Larry Moore, light jazz, contemporary, and Latin music.

Old Market, 751 Fifth Avenue, downtown, 235-0186. Friday and Saturday, dance music. Sunday, live jazz. Tuesday, the B-Side Players, jazz.

The Persian, 777 Front Street, downtown, 232-1877. All performances are noon to 9 pm. Thursday, Tony Pizzicato, Friday, Peter Robben, to discuss John Coltrane's original compositions. Saturday, Arturo Bugado, piano.

Johnny M’s, 801 Fourth Avenue, downtown, 231-1131. Unless noted, all shows begin at 8 pm. Friday, 9 pm, L’Jared and the Nightwalkers, blues. Saturday, Bill Martin, blues. Wednesday, the Willie Jaze Bluegrass, blues.

Jolly Roger Restaurant, 807 West Harbor Drive, Seaport Village. 231-4300. Wednesday through Saturday, Old Time, Comedy, dance music.

Kirkland’s, 3231 Adams Avenue, Normal Heights. 281-0263. Call for information.

La Gran Tapa, 611 B Street (at Sixth Avenue), downtown, 231-8772. Thursday, 8 pm to 11 pm, Jesus Savador Spanish Flamenco guitar music.

Princess of Wales, 1660 India Street, downtown, 231-1466. Saturday, 8 pm to 11 pm, the Hot Heads, classic rock and roll.

Reggae on the Bay Boat Cruise, Broadway and Harbor Drive. 296-9354. Call for information.

We Feel Eric Has Been Plugged In Long Enough.

Eric Clapton Unplugged
Tonight, March 9 at 9:00PM KBS
The Yacht Club. San Diego Marriott Hotel, 333 West Harbor Drive, downtown, 234-5500. Thursday, Friday, Saturday, Sunday, Monday, Tuesday, Wednesday, Thursday, Friday, Saturday, Sunday, 9 p.m. to close, rock and roll, karaoke, country and western. 

South Bay / Coronado
Brindisi's Sports Bar and Grill, 310 Third Avenue, Chula Vista, 425-9236. Call for club information.

Bryan's Landing, 285 Palm Avenue, Imperial Beach, 436-5333. Thursday through Saturday, Kay's Place, rock and roll, Sunday, the King Bee, jazz and blues, Hobby: Karaoke, karaoke machines and Hinder. Monday, Tuesday, Wednesday, Thursday, Friday, Saturday, Sunday, 8:30 p.m. to 2 a.m. 

Cafe Le Mure, 1441 Highland Avenue, National City, 474-5222. Thursday through Sunday, 8:30 p.m. to 2 a.m. Monday, Tuesday, Wednesday, Thursday, Friday, Saturday, Sunday, 8:30 p.m. to 2 a.m. Karaoke, karaoke machines, music, acoustic, rock and roll. 

D'Amour's Nightclub, 773 Third Avenue, Chula Vista, 585-7333. Unless noted, all performances 9 p.m. to 1 a.m. Thursday, Friday, Saturday, Sunday, 9 p.m. to 1 a.m. Karaoke, karaoke machines, music, acoustic, rock and roll.
Don't miss our Himalayan buffet at $12.99 all day! Call 770-949-8000 for reservations.

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**Don't Miss These Events!**

- **The Greek Sombrero**, 12891 Highway 94, Jamul. 606-1929. Friday, 9 p.m. to 11 p.m., The Fat Daddy, rock and roll.
- **Joe N’ Andy’s Hide in the Wall**, 8346 La Mesa Boulevard, Jamul. 586-0846. Thursday, 7 p.m. to 11 p.m., Little Luis, Latin rock and roll.
- **The Rock and Roll Club**, 501 East Main Street, El Cajon. 442-7272. Monday, 8 p.m. to 11 p.m., The Beatles, rock and roll.
- **Viveños on Village West**, 247 Third Avenue, Chula Vista. 488-1847. Saturday, 8 p.m. to 11 p.m., Pulp Fiction, rock and roll.
- **The Silver Shamrock**, 1015 East Main Street, El Cajon. 442-7272. Thursday, 8 p.m. to 11 p.m., The Doors, rock and roll.
- **The Rock and Roll Club**, 501 East Main Street, El Cajon. 442-7272. Monday, 8 p.m. to 11 p.m., The Beatles, rock and roll.
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EXTENSION 4002

ALTERNATIVE ROCK

114...Apart Orange: Dream Street
119...Anti-Flag: The Soil Kitchen
120...Anything: SIMA Live
141...Apocalypse: The Soil Kitchen
189...Arcadia Small: Jimmy's
190...The Ballads: The Coach House (Jim Isom, Capitol)
202...Zak Bennett: Cola Country
207...Better Than Ezra: Dream Street
162...Bilbo: Joe K.'s Andy's in the Wall
183...Blacksmith Union: Dream Street
204...Bloodright: Til House
208...The Boxing Umbrella: The Coach House (Jim Isom, Capitol)
210...Chromatics: The Coach House (Jim Isom, Capitol)
111...Closet: The Soul Kitchen
190...The Dandy Warhols: The Coach House
146...Die Antwoord: The Coach House
131...Dosh: The Coach House (Jim Isom, Capitol)
54...Grandaddy: Dream Street
132...Grizzly Bear: Dream Street
147...Guy Harvey: Dream Street
159...Husker Du: Dream Street
165...Jellyfish: Dream Street
169...Joe Lynn Turner: Dream Street
140...Kiwi Bird: Dream Street
143...L.A. Guns: Dream Street
152...Lenny Kravitz: Dream Street
125...Lou Reed: Dream Street
188...Lucinda Williams: Dream Street
160...Mudhoney: Dream Street
178...My Bloody Valentine: Dream Street
184...Nightmares on Wax: Dream Street
168...Nirvana: Dream Street
181...Ozric Tentacles: Dream Street
191...Pavement: Dream Street
177...Prince: Dream Street
115...R.E.M.: Dream Street
158...Red Hot Chili Peppers: Dream Street
153...Red Hot Chili Peppers: Dream Street
150...Saliva: Dream Street
182...Santana: Dream Street
175...Silverchair: Dream Street
176...Smashing Pumpkins: Dream Street
179...Sonic Youth: Dream Street
187...The Breeders: Dream Street
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Ah, To Be Irish!

Come Celebrate St. Patrick's Day

Saturday, March 11

Join us after the traditional "Irish Faire" and join Mike Reidy for Irish Sing-Alongs and stick around for The Corner Boys at 9:00 pm

DON'T FORGET THE BIG DAY ITSELF

St. Patrick's Day, Friday, March 17

with live entertainment by Mike Reidy & The In Case Trio

An Fior Blas Ed O'Reilly

and direct from Dublin

"The O’Brien Bros."

Thursday, March 16, 8:00 pm - 2:00 am

Little Joe & La Famiglia

on his 1995 Reunion Tour with brothers Johnny & Rocky

plus Imagen Latina

Tickets $20 in advance

Info 429-1161 & 429-8045

Wednesday, March 29, 8:00 pm - 2:00 am

Oscar d’Leon & His Orchestra

"El Leon de la Salsa"

plus Orquesta La Nueva

Tickets $20 in advance

Info 429-1611 & 429-8045

- Tuesday: Showtime Tuesday - $1500 Grand Prize - Sing & Dance - Rap
- Wednesday: Old School Jam - Old School University - $100 Raffle Giveaway Five $100 Gift Tapes
- Saturdays: Pure Fun & Dance & A Chance to Win $100 with DJ Little Rich

Doors open 8:00 pm

MARISOL’S/JJ’S HOT-ROCK

1862 Palm Avenue • Imperial Beach (corner of Palm Ave. & Saturn Blvd.) 429-1161

CANNIBAL BAR

Thursday

AMEEN AND THE FIRST CHOICE
Friday

Simply the Best!

ROCKOLA
Saturday, March 11

WYREW BENEFIT FOR AMERICA!
Hosted by VICKI LAWRENCE with 8100’s Shawn and Donna

SILENT AUCTION

HORS D’OEUVRES

Dr. Feelgood
Sunday

VIVA SANTANA
Wednesday

RUBY & THE RED HOTS
Saturday, March 18

“EYE OF THE TIGER” SURVIVORS with ROCKOLA

Ticket available at Cannibal Bar and 327-1100

CATAMARAN HOTEL

3999 Mission Boulevard • 488-1081

March 18: Swam Productions

SILENT KISSING PULL CIRCLE MERCHANTS

REIDY NEIL’S
HIGH BAR & AMERICAN GRILL

at Kenny’s Steakhouse of New York

939 FOURTH AVENUE • 231-8500

ACROSS FROM HORTON PLAZA, IN THE GASTLAM QUARTER

A SECOND WIND: Apollon’s Cafe
Shine It On: Le Pavillon Lounge
Jesu Soriano: La Gansa Tapia
Special Session: Club W
Toki Singers: A Better World
Jim Steele: Mirrored Cafe
Tote Store: A Better World
Tom Thomas: 6th Paraders: Belly Up Town
Archie Thompson and Team: Magie Thompson’s The Travelers: Conie’s Restaurant and Jazz Bar
Toni Stein: Avanti Restaurant
True Brit: Princess of Wales
Joe Orleans: Missel’s Bar and Grill
Judy Stein: Compass Cafe
The Joining Valles Acoustic Trio: La Mandarina in San Diego at Coronado
Judy Stein: The Joining Valles Quartet: La Mandarina in San Diego at Coronado
Judy Stein: The Joining Valles and Equinox: Le Mandarina in San Diego at Coronado, The Great Golf (U.S. Open site)
Judy Stein: The Joining Valles and Bob Magnesson Duo: The Saloon House
The Variations: Hotel del Coronado
Warty Words: Reaping Plant Coffee Co.
Veritas: Cuca’s Restaurant and Jazz Bar
Zamril: A Better World
A Skip down the Lane

What is this thing I have about injuries to appendages?

Earliest moviegoing memory. I am in a car. In the back. In pajamas. The movie is High Noon. I would be three, nearing four.

I clip out newspaper advertisements of movies I want to see, and tack them to a bulletin board above my bed. For the “birthday movie” on my brother’s seventh (a nascent family tradition), I get to knock off my top choice, Shune. So seven days later I can use my own fifth as blackmail leverage to lobby for The Beast from 20,000 Fathoms. My mother is dead-set against it. My father, pretending to take me to an approved movie instead, delivers me to The Beast...as a surprise.

In retaliation for a flesh wound, the bad guy in The Man from Laramie orders his henchmen to hold James Stewart still, his hand out at his side. The bad guy puts a bullet through the hand point-blank. Tears come to Stewart’s eyes.

A child’s backside in plain view in a bathing scene in Battle Hymn. Can they show that? Double feature of The Unearthly and The Beginning of the End. The general consensus of the gang is “fakey.” (Toward the opposite end of the spectrum from “keen.”) I note that every time the giant grasshoppers put in an appearance — over the crest of a hill, at the window of a building, wherever — it’s the exact same shot.

Reels out of order at A Night to Remember. The water level inside the Titanic goes up, goes back down.

I refuse as usual to go away to summer camp with my brother and sister. Just my parents and I go to Verige. They fight on the way home, while I am wondering about the size of the coincidence of James Stewart running into and recognizing the bruette Kim Novak on the sidewalk in San Francisco, and the size of the irony of the blood Kim Novak falling off the bell tower for real. My father pulls the car over to the shoulder and gets out, threatening to walk the rest of the way home. I cry. He gets back in. I go back to wondering.

I am forbidden to see Suddenly Last Summer (Elizabeth Taylor in a low-cut swimsuit, leaning forward), for reasons not to be disclosed or discussed. What could be so terrible? I have a dream in which my mother takes me to see it after all, and somebody aboard a submarine sets fire to somebody else, and the flaring one is ejected through a torpedo tube to burn underwater. My mother turns to me and says, “Now isn’t that terrible?” “Yes,” I agree.

With short-lived enthusiasm, stoked in part by precocious agnosticism, I proclaim Inherit the Wind to be the best movie I have ever seen. My sister retorts that I haven’t even seen it yet. She means Gone with the Wind, just then due for reissue. When I catch that Wind, I think it’s over at the intermission, as Scarlett vows never again to be hungry.

Coming-attractions “prevue” for Butterfield 8 (Elizabeth Taylor in towel and slip). The Hopkins Theater is off.

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NO PAYNE, NO GAIN

YOU AND A GUEST ARE CORDIALLY INVITED TO A SPECIAL SCREENING OF MAJOR PAYNE

WEDNESDAY, MARCH 22, 7:30 PM
AMC LA JOLLA 12
8657 Villa La Jolla Dr.

COMPLIMENTARY PASSES

to the first 50 people who send a self-addressed stamped envelope to:

MAJOR PAYNE
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.

MAJOR PAYNE opens March 24.
limits for the next week.

First submitted foreign film: Satyajit Ray's The World of Apu. As distinct from dubbed ones such as Godzilla and Rodan. The hero, pressed into an arranged marriage with a total stranger when the intended groom turns up moonstruck, asks his new bride, "What is it I see in your eyes?" "Mascara," she says.

I was a long and hard campaign to get to go to One-Eyed Jacks. Gathering supportive reviews from magazines (McClain's weighs in heavily) and resentfully rehashing my recent failed campaign to get to see Sergeant Rutledge (about which I would find out when I was older, a black cavalryman wrongly accused of raping a white woman). My father volleyed back with a Saturday Evening Post cover story on Brando's alleged temperamentalism on the set of Mutiny on the Bounty, as well as with a propaganda pamphlet for problem teens entitled "It's Hip to Be Square." These produce the undesired effect on me. My father submits further that their success is just luck, instancing Martin Balsam as an actor of equal or superior talent. I get my way in the end: "You scum-sucking pig," "You goddam spig," "You tub of guts," etc. I am most impressed by the episode in which Brando grudgingly loses the function of his leg unit, only to be lashed from Karel Malden (character name: "Dad"), and then has his gun hand crushed beneath a neutron gun butt. My brother defers this to my knowledge that cowboys had no interest in sex.

Before seeing The Hunter, I have a dream of a fabulous new cinematic process whereby the movie is completely in black-and-white except for the tops of the pool tables, which are green. When actually seeing it, in black-and-white without exception, I am most impressed by the breaking of Paul Newman's hands in reprisal for a pool-hall hustle. What is this thing I have about injuries to appendages?

(Subscription television: Randolph Scott in Western Union unbuckles his burned hands to face his brother's gang in a final shootout. He dies with his fingers clutching uselessly at the barber-shop windowills.)

Andrew Wajda's Ashes and Diamonds at an out-of-the-way neighborhood theater I have never before been to. I discover Minneapolis has a Polish community.

Talking my mother into dropping me at, or accompanying me to, foreign films, is not too difficult, but is not without snags. At Vivaceans, the poster outside the Campus Theater quotes some critic to the effect that it makes La Dolce Vita look like a Quaker pic, or something. Before she can shape her sputters into coherent sentences, I purchase the tickets and lead the way inside. My mother, regaining the faculty of speech, says loud enough for everyone in the theater to hear: "I can never trust you again!" At Francisco, a Louis Malle film, instigated (for no reason, I argue persuasively, except its Frenchness) as the second feature at a nude house, we open the doors of the auditorium to the sight of men dressed up in devil costumes, complete with pitchforks, surging a pot full of undressed women. We wait for Malle in the lobby. At To Die in Madrid, my father, spelling my mother, comments as we exit that the man wiping tears from his eyes must have lost someone in the Spanish Civil War. I begin to read Miguel de Unamuno for pleasure, and respond to an appeal from Mary McCarthy (fruit of a subscription to The New Republic! The New York Review of Books!) with a meager contribution to fund for old Loyalists living in exile in France.

I become a regular on the folding chairs of the Art Wester Art Center series, with a 16mm projector in the middle of the room. East of Eden, my first exposure to James Dean. Damned, with Dick Powell and Ruby Keeler, dance numbers by Busby Berkeley. And "experimental" films such as 11 1/2 to 11 3/4 (a severed hand in the street, led by a brogue with a walking stick), Marcel Duchamp's Anemic Cinema, Man Ray's Enak Hakus. And in Mike Kuchar's The Bishops of the Fleshpots I get my first glimpse on screen of the part of the female anatomy that had caused the hard-boiled Horace McCoy to go into caps in Kiss Tomorrow Goodbye: "I tried not to look, but I did look and there it was, the Atlantis, the Route to Cythera, the Seven Cities of Cibola...."

William Castle comes to the State Theater to test-screen I Saw What You Did. He thinks my sister is cute.

First film on the wooden seats at the U. M. Film Society: La Grande Illusion. Then a double bill of Triumph of the Will and Chaplin's Shoulder Arms. Then The Big Sleep and Deuxal, the Finger Man. The day after JFK's assassination I telephone to find out if the showing of Antonioni's Il Grido has been cancelled. It hasn't. At The Blue Angel, a show of hands is requested of those who go to second, the next film to the St. Paul campus for Shanghai Gesture, with von Sternberg in person. I raise my hand and my mother's. My best friend Cyrus bogs off at the last minute from an evening of Eisenstein and Dovzhenko, declaring incompetence is not always in the mood for that sort of thing. I leave him behind. "Underground" right! I don't know at first what I'm looking at in Window Poster Baby Moving. When I realize I'm looking at Mrs. Stan Brakhage giving birth to the filmmaker's child, I pass out. I wake up in time for Sophie Rising. In the lobby, a wall-mounted blow-up of a recent Sight and Sound critics' poll lists Welles's Citizen Kane, which I've seen on television, as the all-time number one, Antonioni's L'Avventura number two.

Double feature at the Campus of L'Avventura and Brando's Mural. I am fascinated and a little alarmed to observe I am actually trembling from anticipation and excitement.

My father pulls a string or two to secure me a summer job, my first, as a bicycle delivery boy. (My father: "Doesn't it give you a good feeling to earn your own money?" Me: "No," I use my marmot as a bargaining chip to negotiate periodic pickups outside a third- or fourth-run movie house, paralleling my own. I take a second job as a waiter on Lake Street, to which I can easily bus from downtown after work, and which traffics in double features of surrealistic incompatibility. I see The Birds, tremendously shunned by me in first-run. I see Beach Blanket Bingo, forming an immediate crush on Linda Evans (move over, Yvette Mimieux). I see Vadim's Blood and Roses, Corman's Masque of the Red Death, Hawk's Man's Most Favorite Sport, Wilder's Kiss Me, Stupid...

I develop a routine of walking a mile after school to catch the Greystone downtown to frequent an odd little theater — was it the Astor? The Acorn? The Aphid? something like that — just down the block from the Cooper (only in Minneapolis did I find a theater with changing weekly and inclining to the "adult." I see Lolita, Peeping Tom, Cold Wind in August, Bergman's Momma, Vadim's Lissis, Dangerous, Russ Meyer's The Immoral Mr. Teas. The night before the big Advanced American History exam, with college credit on the line, I thumb my book to see Antonioni's La Notte, and Jeanne Moreau's nipple, for the second time in two days. On one night I test I receive one of the top two marks in class, confirming me in my bad habits.

My best friend Tom, recipient of the other top mark, and I skip the all-night chartered party for the 635 graduated seniors of Hopkins High to watch Brando get beat to a pulp in The Chase, me for the second time.

Having put off Driver's Ed, for post-graduate study, I utilize my first solo car privilege to transport myself (very badly) to the Campus for Agnes Varda's Le Bonheur, a tip-top tilt parade.

I go to New York, ostensibly for four years of higher education, but more frankly for the movies. In my last full year there, I see 370 of them, not counting the 54 repeat viewings or the 203 on TV.

Home for holidays. I am at the State for the first showing of El Dorado, also for the second and third engagements. (A ballad lodged near the spine incapacitates the nerves in John Wayne's gun hand.) My friend Tom, under no influence, has a front row seat for the Cooper Cinerama at 2001: A Space Odyssey, and we have to leave before HAL can go paranoid. While watching the first scene of 2001, I kick the watch on the moon. I trek to the U. for Satyajit Ray's first film in color, Kanchenjunga. My mother tapes it for the annual series of Golden Gate movie sponsors by Dayton's department store. Joan Crawford attends Dancing Lady, and I learn she travels with her twin toilet seat. Ruby Keeler comes for Gold Diggers of 1933, and I walk her daughter back to their hotel. I motor what seems like halfway to the following line to see The Horror Chamber of Dr. Faustus, sandwiched in the middle of a dusk-to-dawn horror quintuple feature at the Flying Cloud Drive-In. It rains steadily through the first two films, sets up right at the start of the Franju, resumes again as soon as the mad doctor's experimental dogs have chewed his face off. A miracle.

During graduation ceremonies at Columbia, and even though my mother happens to be in New York for a book convention, I can be found instead at Witchcraft through the Ages. I pick up my diploma afterwards at a folding table in the reception room.

My best friend Rick gets me a job at his father's trade paper, and I get a taste of movies for less, and for pay, and of Manhattan screening rooms. In the elevator after Jules Dassin's Promise at Dawn, John Simon says to no one in particular, "Only Roger Greenspun could like that one." Roger Greenspun comes out with a favorable notice in the Times.

Driving cross-country, I visit the identical twin of Minneapolis's Cooper Cinerama in Denver. The Hired Hand is playing. The bad guy sends Warren Oates' finger to Pete Fonda to show him means business.

First film in San Diego: A Gunfight. At the Clairemont. For forty-nine
MOIE LISTINGS

All reviews are by Dunnam Shepherd. Priorities are indicated by one to five stars and asterisks by the black spot. Unrated movies are not reviewed.

ANCHORESS - Christian versus "pagan" religions in 14th-century Britain, directed by Chris Newby.

(BILLY MADISON, 3/10)

Billy Madison - A showcase for the talent impaired Adam Sandler (co-written by him), in the impossible part of the idiom son of a hotel magnate, obligated to repeat grades one through twelve (two weeks apiece) if he hopes to inherit the family business. He - it - they - are lazy and unimaginative and proud of it. Chris Farley, one of Sandler's colleagues on Saturday Night Live, has a good minute or two as a volcanic bus driver. And Steve Buscemi makes an amusing cameo appearance as an incubating serial killer. With Bridgette Wilson, Darren McGavin, directed by James Davis. 1995.

(CARMEL MOUNTAIN, FASHION VALLEY, GROVE 3, LA COSTA 6, MIRA MESA 4, OCEAN SIDE 8, PLAZA BONITA, SPORTS ARENA 6, UA CHULA VISTA 6, FROM 3/10, UNIVERSITY TOWN CENTRE, VALLEY DRIVE IN, FROM 3/10)

The Brady Bunch Movie - Affectionate cheek-knock of the Seventies sitcom and perennial re-run. The premise is a little far afield - the conformist family of the TV show is now radically nonconformist: custodians of Seventies clothes, hairstyles, language, music, etc., in blissful defiance of their Nineties surroundings - but the artifice of the world enclosed on a studio backlot and inside a TV picture tube is knowingly and lovingly preserved. And the cast - Shelley Long as the peky mom, Gary Cole as the sentimentless dad ("People like to be corrected when they're doing something wrong. That's how we improve ourselves"): Christopher Daniel Barnes as the wise older brother (and would-be pop star, under the alias of Johnny Bravo); Christine Taylor, a ringer for the young Cybill Shepherd, as the pampered Golden Girl; and on down - put up an imperceptible front. They flirt no real laughs, but some pleasant smiles. Directed by Betty Thomas. 1995.

(CARMEL MOUNTAIN, DEL MAR HIGHLANDS, GROSSESTON TROLLEY, GROVE 9, HAZARD CENTRE 7, LA COSTA 6, MIRA MESA 4, NICKELODION 10, NICKELODION 12, POMONI 10, RANCHO BERNARDO 6, SAN MARCOS CINEMAS, SOUTH BAY DRIVE IN, SPORTS ARENA 6, SWIFTER WATER 6, TOWN AND COUNTRY, UA HORTON PLAZA, VALLEY DRIVE IN)

Bullets over Broadway - Woody Allen's continued exploration of his beloved New York: the mythical past of Roaring Twenties speakeasies, the Broadway of Ziegfeld and O'Neill, the chorus girls, the Last Generation cafe intellectuals, all that. New territory, for him. Once over, lightly. For all its frothiness, though, it nonetheless gravels on the Big Issue of human values measured against artistic values: the burning-house question of whether to save the children or the Rembrandts. This issue never weighs the comedy down, but nor does it make much nonsense. John Cusack, Diane West, Jennifer Tilly, Jim Broadbent, Chazz Palminteri. 1994.

(CARMEL MOUNTAIN, GROVE 9, HAZARD CENTRE 7, NICKELODION 10, FROM 3/10, SPORTS ARENA 6, UA ESCHERDON 6)

Clerks - Two of them, a conscientious convenience-store one and a good-off video-store one: best buddies, and close cousins of the populace of Slacker. Spanning one day in the lives, the micro-budgeted movie is, perhaps appropriately, scruffy in appearance (coarse-grained, high-contrast black-and-white) and scabrous in manner. Dribbles and droplets of humor slip through the obstacles. By Brian O'Byrne, Jeff Anderson, Marilyn Ghigliotti, written and directed by Kevin Smith. 1994.

(CARMEL MOUNTAIN, NICKELODION 10, GALAXY 6, FROM 3/10, OCEANSIDE 6, SPORTS ARENA 6, UA ESCHERDON 6, FROM 3/10, UNIVERSITY TOWN CENTRE, FROM 3/10, WEGAND PLAZA)

Colonel Chabert - The soundless opening shots - as an 1867 battlefield, piling them on carts, dumping them in mass graves - summon up a forcefully oppressive mood. And the introduction of the title character as an amputated ghost (the Beethoven piece on the soundtrack is the "Ghost" Piano Trio, wouldn't you know?), an unliking sleep-walker in a tattered coat and beard that, in evocative as. And his predica... - as a counted casualty of the Russian War who, ten years later, comes back to reclaim his fortune and his remarried wife - is immediately gripping. But then what? Flashbacks quickly remove any doubts in the viewer's mind about the outcome of the man's claim (as Martin Guerre, he), and the early grip soon relates under the soporific spell of a ton of verbiage which overstates the resources of even such graceful players as Gerard Depardieu, Fanny Ardant, Andre Dussolier, Claude Rich, Rigoletti, Rigoletti, Rigoletti. And all. Directed by Yves Angelo. 1994.

(AL PALOMA, FROM 3/10)

Disclosure - Sexual harassment in the workplace: of a man, by a woman. It eventually comes to light (a dim, glimmering light at most) that the perpetrator was motivated not by lust but by a calculated scheme to oust the victim. Which would seem to transform her into more a Mata Hari than a mere Chauvinist Sow, and seems sure to deflect the subject of sexual harassment. What's abundantly clear, regardless, is that the woman in the case is a bull-breaking bitch, and the man is a healthy-minded, hard-working guy who

ANCHORESS

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SAN DIEGO, MARCH 10, 1995 106
Little Women — Feministically enlightened treatment of the Louisa May Alcott chestnut — reason enough to remake it, though it’s still a little insipid and miser-nice. (Ultra-conservatives, however, can take away a rationale against charity for the poor you might catch something deadly at their door.) Trini Alvarado’s Meg and Kirsten Dunst’s Amy — before she relinquishes her role to Samantha Mathis after a four-year jump — seem to fit in most comfortably in the Victorian setting. With Winona Ryder, Claire Danes, Christian Bale, Gabriel Byrne, Susan Sarandon, directed by Gillian Armstrong. 1994. ** (CARMEL MOUNTAIN/ LA JOLLA 12)

The Madness of King George — Curiously disjointed and jumpy for something that originated as a theater piece (by Alan Bennett), with little in the way of sustained dialogues and developed scenes. George III of England, but no longer of the American Colonies, is given a distinctive way of talking: “Toe, toe! Toe! Toew! Toe!” The sudden disappearance of which is one of the prime symptoms of his illness due to dementia. The state of lunacy here missed for its easy entertainment value, always richer (or easier) when the resident is so distant from us in time and in social status. Tweaking the noses, pulling down the beards of the lofty and the obsolete. (“Goodness! A foot and a sticking point!”) is a popular enough pastime. Under the circumstances, it’s something of a swimming-against-the-tide triumph that Julian Jarrold, in his directorial debut, finds a way to keep the audience interested, even in the presence of a well-known actor (Richard Eyre), who, with a cast that includes John Lithgow and Jeremy Irons, is in the midst of the English public debate of the time. Directed by Julian Jarrold. 1994. ** (CARRIE LEVINSON/ CINERAMA 3/ BAYHILL/ FLONDA MOUNTAIN/ LA JOLLA 12)

Man of the House — A single mom’s son (Jonathan Taylor Thomas) stands in the way of romance; a comedy with Chevy Chase and Faye Dunaway, directed by John Cassavetes. (AERIAL 12; CARMEL MOUNTAIN/ CINERAMA 3/ BAYHILL/ FLONDA MOUNTAIN/ LA JOLLA 12)


Noah — A Wild Child tale, a coming of age story, about a young boy who is left alone in the woods and has to fend for himself. Written and directed by David Gordon Green. (AERIAL 12; CARMEL MOUNTAIN/ CINERAMA 3/ BAYHILL/ FLONDA MOUNTAIN/ LA JOLLA 12)

Nobody’s Fool — An exhibit of the vices of modernity. No melodramatic extremes; no emotional peaks or psychological valleys; no back-bending pressures; no ticking-down deadlines; no convoluted climaxes. If someone hits the lottery, it will be for a few thousand, not a few million. If someone dies, it will be no one pivotal. The payoff of this cautious middle course is a convincing sense of the life of a man in the small town of North Bath, N.Y. (“Home” — which is the Ultimate Escape theme park. Opening 1995!”) You get to know your way round the place, un-
Evolution at Indigo Grill

Whoever said that ice cream doesn’t go with barbecued potato chips?

Americans are eclectic when it comes to eating. Their restlessness, curiosity, and desire for whatever is new or different will allow them to try things up or dress them down. They will consume steak for breakfast and cold cereal for dinner, drink beer with tea sandwiches, have orange juice with stew, and put anything on a pizza, including cream cheese and lox. Tastes are so eclectic that in New York appropriate breakfasts range from Danish pastries to knishes; in San Francisco the first meal may be sushi and green tea. Whoever said that ice cream doesn’t go with barbecued potato chips?

The latestfad — perhaps to offset the prevalence of pasta — is searingly spicy Southwestern cooking wedded to whatever strikes the chef’s fancy. Having lived through Paul Prudhomme’s blackened entrées with their “nopaln” spices, I suppose I can sweat out, literally and figuratively, “New Western.” But the condiments are not intended for the faint of palate.

In New York, Bobby Flay opened a Southwestern eatery, Mesa Grill, that proved tremendously successful. However, he tempers his recipes with cream and butter. At the new Indigo Grill on India Street, unless you ask for fewer spices, many of the preparations seem to be prepared for those who relish chiles à la mode.

The chef, Deborah Scott, has attended two reputable cooking schools, cooked on both coasts, and admires the cuisine of native Americans and New Mexico. In chatting with Deborah, she told me that she intends to have new menus printed with chiles next to each item, ranging from one to three, with three the hottest.

I can say without fear of exaggeration that I was virtually immobilized by the poblano and serrano chiles in the poblano-and-patron corn cakes with avocado-serrano salsa ($5.25). After the first burning forkful, I could scarcely breathe (serrano is the real killer). Had the degree of spiciness been printed on the menu, I could have avoided the shock.

Some people long for “the hotter the better” and will therefore seek the most fiery dishes at Indigo Grill. I couldn’t eat the corn cakes, but I took them home for a friend who spent her youth in Mexico. She didn’t think the dish outrageously hot.

The winter butternut-squash soup with toasted-pumpkin-seed pesto ($3.95) proved thick and smoky. You’ll find it unusual, filling, and equally appropriate as a light meal or an opening course.

The best dish was the red snapper baked in parchment paper. I had asked our waiters to go easy on the spices; even so, the parchment paper, the rim of the plate, and even the lettuce were loaded with chili powder. Red potatoes and beets accompanying the snapper were highly seasoned with black pepper. No problem. I simply wiped everything with my napkin. Amy Vanderbilt would have been shocked by this tactic, but it got me through the meal.

My friend ordered the beet ravioli ($8.95). Neither of us was prepared for a large, reddish square of pasta (the color comes from beet juice) placed over layers of butternut squash, smoked chicken, spinach, and goat cheese. When we read the word ravioli, most of us think of small squares of pasta plump with some delectable filling. So you may be surprised to see a sheet of pasta draped like a small tent over the rest of the ingredients. This form of layered presentation has to be attributed to the aforementioned Bobby Flay, whose...
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Today at the Bakery & Cafe side of Karl Strauss' Old Columbia Brewery, Old World style breads and rolls are baked fresh daily on the premises using the original, handwritten Strauss family recipes, organic flours, all-natural ingredients and a recreation of the wood-fired Dutch oven which George Strauss built in 1891 with bricks from the Cerradillo Brickyard. These breads are the perfect complement to Karl Strauss' handcrafted beers and are the culmination of our family's century-old baking traditions. This new side of Karl Strauss' Old Columbia Brewery also has a split-level private banquet room ("The Pinot Room"), outdoor patio, a specialty coffee/express bar and a take-out counter.

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enriched and tacos are served not rolled or folded, but in layers. You'll find this concept also at SweetLips restaurant at the Aventine complex, where grilled tilapia layered with tortillas is called a sandwich.

Now here is the major difficulty with Indigo Grill's cuisine — there are no valleys and peaks. Soup is served with spice bread. The bread pudding, a dessert, has so much allspice it almost tastes like the spice bread. The liberal use of chiles, chilli powder, and cumin on virtually everything makes it difficult for the natural flavors of the rest of the ingredients to come through.

Word of mouth (pun intended) has made Indigo Grill quite popular, and the night we visited the dining room was full. Decor is aimed at being somewhat rustic. The floor is adobe-colored tile, and crates of white onions, squash, and potatoes line the base of the open kitchen. Utensils are wrapped in russet-colored napkins and tied with brown string, while the menus are presented in perforated tin holders. Most of the tables range along the windows facing the street. Especially at night, this stretch of India Street looks fetching — trees at the Italian cafe next door are festooned with small lights, and people sitting at sidewalk tables lend a cosmopolitan air.

Indigo Grill is still evolving. It serves breakfast daily (on Saturday and Sunday it's called brunch, but the same menu is offered). You can start the day with poached and wild-boar bacon waffles with Jack Daniel's syrup, or eggs with smoked bacon, new potatoes, black beans, and blackened tomatillo sauce. Now that's New Western!

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The Carrot Sticks Need Walking Sticks

I’m tucking into my Swiss steak and mashed potatoes and gravy and cooked-right-here corn bread.

It’s Ria.

Kid’s just had a massive breakup with her old man. Had to stop her sending hair remover disguised as shampoo to his new lady. Tried to persuade her to have the opportunity to go back to school. Take some of the subjects she took — the more interesting, more useless ones like French, anthropology, history of thought, comparative linguistics...

“Comparative linguistics?” She says it on purpose, of course. “Ed, we all know it. Your generation tuned out and learned a bunch of useless garbage! And look where you are now! No offense, I love you, but what did it do for you? Business administration and accounting. That’s it. My love life is over. See what it did for me to give everything! Now I won’t let it back. I want money. Independence. You should be encouraging me!”

This is getting frightening. She’s dumped me here at Ye Olde Cavernous Cafeteria at my old alma mater, City College, while she goes to see about late enrollment. Me, I’m feeling old myself. Watching college life file by just like it was when I was here, looking out over the same green swathe at the horned moon above Copley Towers. Kid’s right. What have I done with my life since I left these hallowed halls? Sigh.

Nose catches wafts of gravy, meat...

Two minutes later I’m tucking into my Swiss steak (it has a tomato and onion sauce on top) and mashed potatoes and gravy and a big golden waaf of cooked-right-here corn bread and butter (all for $3.25), and a Snapple old-fashioned tea ($1.25), served up by a cheerful lady named Gigi.

I look around and the faces — lots of interesting faces — are everywhere. You forget about this out there in “the World”: these faces are open. Worried, yes. In fact becoming less sure of themselves the more they learn. That’s what I like. Lord, spare me people who know it all. At least here they’re asking questions.

“Think of the U.S. as a small town,” this girl’s saying at the next table. “The question is, who’s running it? The local Ford dealer, the old families, or the people? That’s the question for the country who’s running it? The corporations, the media, the county? That’s Bill Clinton’s problem…”

I look around at clumps of people, heads down, slurring soup, reading dense-printed books. You know these are brains steering over the Lincoln-Douglas debates and the Kansas-Nebraska Act, the boiling point of mercury, does x = y = 8, where the lanthanum bone fits.

Uh, nearly all. A voice floats over from the table behind. “You got two choices,” this scholar’s saying. “Sugar in his tank or a spud up his exhaust pipe. Either way he’ll know you called.”

“Closed,” it’s Ria. Business administration and accounting will have to wait another day. “Go fill your tank,” I say, tossing her a $5 note. Two minutes later she’s back with a salad, a Snapple, and $2 change.

The salad has bunches of nuts and dates and raisins. “You want to know the difference between your generation and mine?” she says. “Take this as an example. I’m feeding my brain, you’re killing yours with junk.”

“Grease and fat on a plate,” says a girl next door, looking at my steak remains. “That’s all it is.” She’s taking Ria’s side. Name’s Tracy. This place — there’s no low-fat anything. Even the salad’s frightening. Get here in the evening, it’s so tired the carrot sticks need walking sticks.

“Why didn’t I think the salad’s bad,” says Ria.


“A dollar now,” says Tracy.

“A dollar now,” says Judy. “Coffee. They have good coffee.”

Turns out these ladies are studying behavioral sciences. Tracy’s specializing in chemical dependency. She’s going to become a counselor. “Guess you won’t run out of work here,” I say.

“You kidding?” says Judy. “San Diego’s the methamphetamine capital of the country. L.A.’s the crack capital, and Frisco’s the pot capital…”

“Got a friend,” Ria adds suddenly. “Just stopped taking crack after 15 years. Think she has a chance?”

“Believe me, getting off that is like walking through hell with a gas can,” says Tracy. “Tell her…here’s a go to Narcotics Anonymous. In the long haul — and it is a long haul — she’ll need their support.”
RESTAURANT LISTINGS
The Reader's Guide to Restaurants is compiled by Eleanor Widner and represents an evaluative listing of recommended San Diego County and Tijuana dining establishments. From time to time, the Reader's Guide will appear once or twice a month. Price estimates are based on the latest information available. Price codes for a midrange entrée: Low below $10; Moderate: $10 to $16; Expensive: more than $16. Please call restaurants in advance for operating hours, reservations, and other specific information.

NORTH COASTAL

BULLY'S NORTH 1404 Camino del Mar, Del Mar, 755-1660. Especially during summer, this branch is the most colorful and is jammed with the sporting crowd, which makes the place exciting. Food is the same as at other Bullies, but the high intensity carries it. Service is continuous and breakfast and lunch are served until 4:00 p.m. Breakfast includes steak and eggs, prime rib and eggs, and wonderful omelets (with real crab), and Saturday and Sunday breakfast specials. Steak, prime rib, hamburgers, and fries are favorites. Open daily 10:00 a.m. to midnight. Moderate.

CALIFORNIA PIZZA KITCHEN 437 S. Highway 101, Unit 601, Solana Beach, 752-0999. Here's a good family restaurant where you can take your children and grandchildren for salads, pasta, pizza. There are 28 pizzas from which to choose (individual size), including Barbeque chicken pizza. Their "world famous" chicken taquitos with spinach and feta cheese is wonderful. Very tasty vegetarian sandwiches. The place is open daily, so you can drop by for a light meal in casual but contemporary surroundings any time. Same menu, lunch and dinner. Open daily, 11:30 a.m. to 10:00 p.m.; Sunday through Thursday; Friday and Saturday until 11:30. Walkers welcome also at 9010 La Jolla Village Dr., 437-4222; and Carmel Mountain Plaza, 2151 Carmel Mountain Road, 67-4424.

EL CALEDON 145 First Street, Encinitas, 436-2700. If you're searching for a romantic, low-key, low-cost, lower-end Mexican restaurant, then this should be right up your alley (the same trench alley). Outstanding soups, quesadillas stuffed with cheese and beans, tacos with pork and black beans (on the menu listed as pork chowp, but it's sliced pork). For heartier fare, don't overlook the chicken mole, chiles rellenos, medallions of beef. Everything Mexican City-style, with light ingredients and delicate preparations. Outdoor patio is lovely. Open daily, same menu, lunch and dinner. Low.

THE ENCINITAS CAFE 531 First Street, Encinitas, 436-9199. If you're searching for a place that serves American breakfasts from opening to closing, try this low-cost cafe which is open from 5:30 a.m. to 9:00 p.m. The Encinitas Special offers omelets, pancakes and two eggs, plus either bacon, sausage, or ham, for $4.95. Egg dishes are served with hash browns and gravy. Low-cost children's menu. Sandwiches and salads (as well as breakfast) for lunch; American entrees for dinner. Fast, excellent service. Open daily, breakfast, lunch, and dinner.

THE FISH MARKET 440 Via de la Val, Del Mar, 755-2277. From the moment it opens until closing, there's scarcely a hush. The aroma: fresh fish, on-the-run service, and a choice of 15 to 20 fresh fish items, accompanied by sourdough bread, choice of potato salad, rice, cole slaw, or a cottage cheese. Fish, which may include salmon, swordfish, or orange roughy, is grilled over mesquite. Limited menu available. Fine place, but not for the three C's: conversation, and contemplation. Open daily, lunch and dinner. Continuous service. Low to expensive.

IL FORNACI CUCINA ITALIANA 1555 Camino Del Mar, Del Mar Plaza, 753-8876. Il Fornaci offers a smorgasbord of delicious food and its outdoor and indoor seating are gorgeous. The grilled items tend to be uneven, but the stuffed mushrooms, angel hair pasta, soups and salads are always good. Same menu lunch and dinner. Always crowded. Lunch and dinner daily. To midnight Friday and Saturday, Sunday brunch is case from the menu 1:00 a.m. to 3:00 p.m. Moderate to low expensive.

KARAYAM CUISINE RESTAURANT 437 Highway 101, upstairs in the mall, Solana Beach, 753-6435. The best Middle Eastern cuisine is to be found here, prepared by a woman chef who composes Jordanian recipes with French

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Dinner: Sun-Thurs. 5:10 pm. Fri & Sat. 5:15 pm

1/2 Rotisserie Chicken Dinner $5.95
Choice of BBQ or marinated in Italian herbs and chef's choice of two side-dishes. Valid anytime.

Not valid on holidays. Dine in only. Expires 3/16/05 with this coupon.
One coupon per party. Not valid with any other offers.
Please present coupon at time of ordering.

Lunch: Tues-Sun. 11 am-3 pm
Dinner: Sun-Thurs. 5:10 pm. Fri & Sat. 5:15 pm

PRIME RIB $8.99!

STEAK AND SEAFOOD

2-FOR-1

Any main dish entree ($18.00 minimum value) or lunch or brunch entree ($15.00 minimum value) and another entree of equal or lesser value FREE. Valid through 3/15/05 with coupon. Not valid with any other offers.

One coupon per check. No limit on number of meals per coupon.

LATE NIGHT DINING!
Sun-Thurs. till 5 am. Fri-Sat. till 3 am

Lobster-shrimp fajitas made Gourmet magazine. However, the shrimp and chicken citronella and the cilantro relish are also noteworthy. As are the Cuban-style black beans and the albondigas soup. Turkey carnitas are outstanding. Everything is made from scratch and tastes marvelous. The best paella in North County is prepared here. Don't miss La Paloma. Lunch Monday through Friday. Dinner daily. Low to moderate.

MANDARIN SHOGUN 600 East Vista Way, Vista, 758-8288. A menu of over 60 Japanese items is available that offers both sushi and cooked items. You can make a meal from the extensive hot appetizer list or the combination plate. Large portions and pleasant food. Closed Mondays. Lunch Tuesday through Friday, dinner Tuesday through Sunday, Low to expensive.

VALENTINO'S 14839 Rancho Bernardo Road, North Ranch, Rancho Bernardo, 481-3300. Located in a shopping center, this family-friendly restaurant is owned by Beverly Hills, Valentino's has a lovely interior, good salads and pastas, and fine entrees which include chicken Vesuvio and homemade cannelloni. A separate room holds a pizzeria. Five-dollar lunch served Monday through Friday includes salad and choice of one of eleven pastas. Closed Sunday. Lunch Monday through Friday, Dinner Monday through Saturday. Moderate.

LA JOLLA

ALFONSO'S OF LA JOLLA 1251 Prospect Street, La Jolla, 452-6332. Both the outdoor patio and inside dining room are lively, crowded, noisy, and festive. The house specialty is carne asada and Guadalajara-style baked chicken (available only on Friday and Saturday nights) and the quesadillas with chicken are fresh and picante. Quashilla Merced's shrimp over a guacamole is outstanding. Extensive menu offers combination plates, chiles rellenos, fajitas, and fiasitas. Best strawberry souffle (dessert) in the city. Very crowded on weekends. Open daily. Continuous service lunch and dinner, to midnight Friday and Saturday. Low.

GEORGE'S AT THE COVE 1250 Prospect Street, 454-4244. The always excellent George's, with its fine raw fish and meat menu, now boasts three dining levels on its ocean-view site. The first is a fine dining room with a full menu and gourmet lunch and dinner. Above it is the Cafe/Bar, open till 11PM or The Terrace, which has no ceiling and is romantic on balmy nights. The Cafe and Terrace provide excellent light appetizers, sand- wiches, and snacks. All three rooms are open daily for lunch and dinner. Call for exact hours. Expensive. George's gourmet room; low to moderate, other rooms.

HARRY'S CAFE GALLERY 7456 Girard Avenue, 454-7841. This landmark coffee shop is noted for its breakfasts, served from opening to closing. The buttermilk pancakes, variety of sandwichs made from scratch, and egg combinations are all generous and well prepared. One of the few places where you can still get that old-fashioned cream of wheat. Harry's also serves freshly squeezed orange juice and entire carafes of freshly ground Kona coffee, as well as specialty coffee drinks. Open daily, breakfast and lunch, from 5:30 a.m. to 2:30 p.m. Monday through Thursday, from 10 a.m. to 2:30 p.m. on Sunday. Low.

LA JOLLA SPEICE CO. 5735 La Jolla Boulevard, 454-1722. If you're not in the mood for fish, this can be an excellent choice. The menu does include fish and shellfish which change nightly and include soup and salad. The boulabaisse is also delightful and so is the white bouillabaisse. Best of all is Pierre's famous 'La Tarte Tatin, but please call an hour in advance to pre-order. It's a '成败' but you won't be disappointed here. Open daily breakfast, lunch, and dinner. Pierre prepares dinner only. Low to upper moderate.

LA TERRAZA 8000 Girard Avenue, 454-7930. This pleasant bistro can provide a very nice setting for dining and friendly owners who will be glad to ac-
MANHATTAN OF LA JOLLA 2760 Fwy Avenue, Empress Hotel, 554-1444. If you’re searching for a restaurant that provides a sense of elegance as well as good New York-style Italian food, then try Manhattan of La Jolla. Perused over by Peter Joseph Mancini, known to everyone as P.J., the room reverberates with his story-telling, his exchange of recipes, and his cosmopolitan style. Of the many tantalizing is the carte-dishes, some of the best set-time of lasagna, spaghetti, clams, soup, and “Seaford Mediterranea.” Cappuccino and gelato are outstanding. Pink surroundings and very New York atmosphere. Lunch, Monday through Friday, dinner nightly. Moderate to expensive.

THE MEDITERRANEAN ROOM La Valencia Hotel, 1132 Prospect Street, 454-0771. Noted for the excellence of its copious Sunday brunch, this lovely view-room also offers a fixed-price “sunshower” early bird dinner for $35.50 to $38.50 Monday through Thursday, 5:30 p.m. to 7:30 p.m., with each course, house-style version as well but also includes short ribs, and small steaks. These dishes, which include soup or salad, service, and dessert, attract frequent, but the brunch is a family affair. Reservations at 10 for brunch: allow 24 hours. Open daily, breakfast, lunch, and dinner. Moderate to expensive.

OCEAN KITCHEN 5255 La Jolla Boulevard, 459-3999. The dishes at this Mandarin and Cantonese restaurant with CMSI, next to there, every dish is as good as the next. The menu, which includes soup or salad, service, and dessert, attract frequent, but the brunch is a family affair. Reservations at 10 for brunch: allow 24 hours. Open daily, breakfast, lunch, and dinner. Moderate to expensive.

PANNIKIN’S BROCKTON VILLAGE COFFEE HOUSE 1235 Coast Boulevard, 456-7933. This is the ultimate coffee house as well as a restaurant, located in an old carriage house overlooking the Pacific. This place is jammed for breakfast from 6:00 a.m. to 6:00 a.m. It’s worth visiting just to experience one of the oldest beach houses in La Jolla which has not been altered, outdoor dining is available on several levels adjacent to the steps. Open daily, 9:00 a.m. to 4:00 p.m. Low to moderate.

SU CASA RESTAURANTE 6328 La Jolla Boulevard, 454-0369. Old favorites such as Mexican specialties and fresh fish are served in a quiet, candlelit setting. Be sure to try the su casa tostada, calzones, and fresh fish. Open daily, 5:00 p.m. to 9:00 p.m. Low to moderate.

TSING TAO 7660 Fwy Avenue, 456-5220. The staff has established a gourmet Hong Kong-style dishes with those standards you’re likely to find delicious. Your best bet is to order from the list of chef specialties, especially the seafood, the vegetables, and the seafood. Maintain the proper preparation as especially fine — be aware of optimal conditions. The price is included in the price of the meal. Lunch and dinner daily. Low to moderate.

TUMBLING BAR La Valencia Hotel, 1132 Prospect Street, 454-0771. The only outdoor restaurant of the three located here, the Whaling Bar has a wide range of a la carte dishes for both lunch and dinner. The best, available for both, is fresh fish and a superb seafood. Low calories meals are available for lunch and dinner. The bar is itself is lively and attractive, the room is spacious, and there is a full bar. Open daily, lunch and dinner. Low to moderate for lunch, dinner, moderate to expensive.

CLAIREMONT & KEARNY MESA

ANDRES PATIO RESTAURANT 1235 Morena Boulevard, Bay Park, 275-6114. This low priced Cuban cafe provides some of the best sandwiches in the city, and is a popular spot for lunch. The menu, which includes soup or salad, service, and dessert, attract frequent, but the brunch is a family affair. Reservations at 10 for brunch: allow 24 hours. Open daily, breakfast, lunch, and dinner. Moderate to expensive.

THE ORIGINAL PANCAKE HOUSE 3906 Convoy Street, Kearny Mesa, 565-1780. If it hasn’t already, the “apple pancake,” which is really an enormous, fluffy souffle prepared with cinnamon, sugar, and apples, should be tried. This is a standard, but the best, is fresh fish and a superb seafood. Low calories meals are available for lunch and dinner. The bar is itself is lively and attractive, the room is spacious, and there is a full bar. Open daily, lunch and dinner. Low to moderate.

THE BELGIAN LION 2265 Bacon Street, Ocean Beach, 232-2700. Without a doubt, the best Belgian food in San Diego is served in this charming provincial-style dining room. The atmosphere, the charm of the decor, the vegetables, which include a terrific souffle, with the fresh fish specialties, are included. Low to moderate.

MALL OF LA JOLLA 454-0369. This is the ultimate coffee house as well as a restaurant, located in an old carriage house overlooking the Pacific. This place is jammed for breakfast from 6:00 a.m. to 6:00 a.m. It’s worth visiting just to experience one of the oldest beach houses in La Jolla which has not been altered, outdoor dining is available on several levels adjacent to the steps. Open daily, 9:00 a.m. to 4:00 p.m. Low to moderate.

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MAIDENWay

MIDWY

OLD TOWN & MISSION VALLEY

BERTA'S LATIN AMERICAN
RESTAURANT

The Old Town, 295-2433. You'll find prepa-

ration at this family-run restaurant

in the stratosphere. The menu has been

completely revised (a few favorites, such as

lahodi and caribe, have been retained) and the

cooking is classic to please and surprising with

finesse. Appetizers: shrimp and scallops in

herb sauce, Dungeon crabs, Oregon clam

steamed in butter, for entrees, daily fresh fish,

lamb chops, steak. Entrees is at medium.

Not to be missed. Open daily; lunch Tuesday,

Friday, dinner nightly. Upper moderate to

expensive.

KABUL W355 Rosencrans, Rose-

crans Center, 242-8300. This

family-owned Afghan restaurant offers

a selection of dishes, low-sodium, fresh

fried fish, served from the main

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has been completely revised (a few favorites, such as

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Not to be missed. Open daily; lunch Tuesday,

Friday, dinner nightly. Upper moderate to

expensive.
CALENDARS

Restaurant

CORNISH HEN, SHARKIK (kebabs) available. Excel lent service. Closed Sunday, Lunch, Mon day through Fri day, Mon day through Saturday, late hours on the weekends. Low to expensive.

HARBOR HOUSE 831 W. Harbor Drive, Support Village, 252-1441. The two-feet building and the view of the harbor are major attractions. Fish and seafood preceded by assorted chicken, pate and steak are also available. The dining room seats 250, so don't expect intimacy. Prepared in the kitchen, but not original. Open daily for lunch; dinner Saturday brunch & a la carte as well as fresh fish menu and lunch. Saturday and Sunday dinners begin at 4:30 P.M. Moderate to expensive.

LA TAZZA 823 Fifth Avenue, 236-8410. This is a cafe and coffeehouse combined because it has liquor license and offers wine and beer as well as tea and coffee. The menu consists of light, pasta, salads, daily specials, and desserts. Urban ambiance and charming personality. Monday through Thursday, 10:00 A.M. to midnight; Friday and Saturday, 10:00 A.M. to 2:00 P.M.; Sunday, 4:00 P.M. to 2:00 A.M. Sundays, 5:00 P.M. to midnight.

MISTER A's 2535 Fifth Avenue, 236-1757. The views of the bay and the city are as dazzling as ever. The cabaret of waiters and the luxury dining room have remained constant through the years. If you've dined here recently, your memory may not have served you well; the view and Westover are featured. Lunch, Mon day through Friday, dinner, expensive.

OLE MADRE CAFE 731-733 Fifth Avenue, Gaudykquarte, 577-9146.

DOWNTOWN

ANTHONY'S FISH GROOTO 1360 North Harbor Drive (at Ash Street), 236-5150. Find your way to the end of the pier for the best view of the harbor. The fish and chips, and its daily fresh fish special at lunch are excellent. Available in the calendar for the class of stability for product, good-sized portions, time-honored preparation. Lunch only. Closed Monday. Open for dinner, moderate to expensive.

ASST BISTRO 728 Fifth Avenue (near 9th Street), Garden District, 232-8844. The room is very attractive and an open hearth for wood-fired pizza adds to the atmosphere. The menu includes such as polenta, salads with feta and olive oil, and salads and pasta. However, the meat-sel兑换物 mushroom sauce is used on pastas and on chicken. Read the menu carefully so you don't leave you're不够。 Food is from Piedmont in northern Italy. Outdoor seating. Open daily, lunch and dinner. A few delicious dishes but mostly modest.

ATHENS MARKET 109 West Street, 236-1925. This is the best Greek restaurant in San Francisco. It's ideal before or after a cultural event. The owner, Matos Arestis, is a native with special attention to the menu. Lentil soup, Greek appetizers, salads, chicken, fish, and lamb dishes are第一书记 and soar over the desserts. It's ideal for late-night dining. Belly dances Friday and Saturday, call for hours. 11:30 A.M. to 11:00 P.M. Monday through Thursday, 4:00 P.M. to 10:00 P.M. Sunday, Separate dining rooms for parties. Moderate.

BAYO BAR AND GRILL 329 Market Street, 965-8717. For the best New Orleans and Cajun food here. The owners are from the South and the cooking is subtle — you won't break out in a noun from Spain, France, and Italy are featured here. For natural foods, try chicken Sardina, prepared with spinach, goat cheese, and pine nuts; lamb loin over rice with saffron and rose; and roast chicken, skewer replacement. Salsa, salsa, salsa, and presentations. Sunday champagne brunch, fixed-price for $12.95, includes beignets. Mad Grill grass dishes, for example, include soup, salad, entrée, dessert, for $12.95. You're invited on a trip to New Orleans by dining here. Open for lunch Wednesday through Sunday 11:00 A.M. to 10:00 P.M. Sunday brunch dinners nightly. Moderate.

BRAVO BISTRO 895 Fourth Avenue, 234-8988. Mediterranean cuisine from Portugal, Spain, France, and Italy are featured here. For natural foods, try chicken Sardina, prepared with spinach, goat cheese, and pine nuts; lamb loin over rice with saffron and rose; and roast chicken, skewer replacement. Salsa, salsa, salsa, and presentations. Sunday champagne brunch, fixed-price for $12.95, includes beignets. Mad Grill grass dishes, for example, include soup, salad, entrée, dessert, for $12.95. You're invited on a trip to New Orleans by dining here. Open for lunch Wednesday through Sunday 11:00 A.M. to 10:00 P.M. Sunday brunch dinners nightly. Moderate.

DAKOTA GRILL AND SPIRITS 901 Polk, 234-5554. If you love bagel-buttered barbecued chicken, rotisserie chicken, or roasted garlic, you'll have a field day here. The decor is warm and inviting. 11 A.M. to 2:30 P.M., Monday through Friday; dinner nightly; closed weekends. 2:30 P.M. to 5:00 P.M. Low to moderate. New neighborhood, 6th & Folsom.

DORSEY’S 956 Broadway, 236-6751. Best bet here remains the signature sauce, smoked brisket with a crust; the nightly fish fry entrees; and naked lamb. Monday through Thursday, 11:30 A.M. to 2:30 P.M; Friday, 11:30 A.M. to 2:30 P.M.; Saturday, closed; Sunday, soup, salad, choice of four of entrees, dessert. Upstairs seating area

The Spanish restaurant is 700 square feet, newly painted, holds two-televisions, and a disco where you can dance the night away. The food is well prepared but because of the distance from the kitchen, some dishes may arrive lukewarm. Your bet is on the Friday and only tapas (appetizers), soups and salads. I’m especially fond of the terrific de la casa, potato, bell pepper, and macaroni-egg, as well as the bean and sausage soup. Just open, daily lunch and dinner. Spanish-style recipes are as popular as paella and marmitako (fish stew) are also available. Ole Madrid is frequented by the young. It’s high energy and very noisy from 9:00 P.M. on, but it’s fun. Open daily, lunch through Friday; dinner nightly, food served 6:30 P.M. to 1:00 A.M. Dancing and disco to 2:00 A.M. Moderate.

REPTILE BREWERY 310 Fifth Avenue (Fourth and K); 790-1700. If you arrive between 4:00 and 7:00 p.m., beer is a dollar and one of the appetizers is $1.00. Other appetizers are $4.00. The brewery with its stainless steel ferments and copper blowpipes serves as a backdrop to this lively bar. The menu is multicultural and extensive, but the best bet here are the sandwiches, burgers, and foot-long, half-pound Viu Minh hoisin. Food is served to midnight Monday through Saturday, closing at 11:00 P.M. on Sunday. Dark beers are the best. Low to moderate.

SALLY’S HYAT REGENT HOTEL, 1 Market Park (near Market), 687-6080. The talented chef produces stunning looking fish and seafood of the highest quality. Especially recommended are the bouillabaisse, paella, scallops, and shrimp. The dining room tends to be somewhat quieter, but a party of six or more may dine in the chef’s kitchen where the chef.

DINNER $85

GREAT CHINESE LUNCH SPECIALS

CHINESE LUNCH SPECIALS

Lunch 11:30 A.M. to 2:00 P.M.

Catering & Banquet

KABUL WEST

Catering & Banquet

Afganistan cuisine

1555 Sacramento Street

224-8200

From: $7.25 per person

Choice of thumbprint cookies, mini sandwiches, or pickles. Special for groups.

BEST BRUNCH IN TOWN!

Sunday Champagne Buffet Brunch

Beat the Clock $45

And Save...

From 10:00 A.M. to 1:00 P.M.

Featuring: Peel & eat shrimp, crab legs, baby-sliced salmon, sushi, gyros, carved roast beef, carved ham, roast leg of lamb, fajita bar, onelette bar, Belgian waffle bar, pastries, salad, desserts, plus more!!!
Classified Ads

Free Classifieds

Time to sell your surfboard, futon 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 121 for details.

Roommate Hotline

Looking for a place to live? Now you can get a jump on your search before the even hits by simply calling the Roommate Hotline at 1-900-444-4663. Only 49 cents/minute. To place your roommate ad, call 235-2415, 24 hours a day. The cost is just $16. See the Roommate section for more details.

Compassionate queen, tired of playing with serfs and maids, ready for her good king. She is a divorced black Leo, leggy and curvaceous. He is Arius or Capricorn .... Let's rule together.

Paid Classifieds

Need a roommate or clients for your business? Have a vacant rental property? It's easy to place a 25-word Paid Classified ad in the Reader. For more information, turn to page 121.

Phone Matches

Looking for your special someone? Turn to the Phone Matches column where they'll find 700+ special tones to choose from. Or call the Phone Matches line at 1-900-846-8628 and "browse" through the introductions. Only 99 cents/minute. Price for the first minute. Love is just a call away! See page 130 for details.


INSTRUCTIONS

Free & Paid Classified Ads

Free Classifieds

Free classifieds are available to businesses and parties to non-profit organizations that do not charge for their services. One ad may be placed per week. Each ad must be typed on a 3 x 5 card (marked inside an envelope) or on a postcard. Free classifieds are limited to 25 words or less.

Classifieds for sale, wanted items, roommates, and payment must accompany ad. Ad spaces are not available for free.

MAILING DEADLINE: Classifieds must be received by 7 am Monday, three days in advance of the schedule date.

LATE CLASSIFIEDS: Private parties and non-profit organizations may place classifieds over the phone at the Reader office, 1703 Indian Street (at Date), at the rate of $16 for 25 words or less on a postcard ad. The deadline is Wednesday.

DON'T CALL US. Due to the large volume of ads received, the Reader cannot handle voice calls or phone inquiries concerning classified ads. Please do not call us to ask how to place free classifieds, to attempt to cancel classifieds, or to request information from free ads seen in past issues. The Reader reserves the right to edit or refuse classified ads due to inappropriate content, space considerations, etc.

Employment Services

CRUISE SHIPS HIRING. Earn up to $85,000 per year! Cruise Ships work with your code. You work for companies called Cruise Ships, Ltd. 800-638-1616. CRUISE EMPLOYMENT OPPORTUNITIES Available in your area. Excellent income potential, community getaways, exotic destinations, free travel! CRUISE EMPLOYMENT OPPORTUNITIES FOR MORE INFO CALL 1-909-469-1168.

NEEDED HOME MACHINERS. Earn $2 per piece for home business. Send stamped, self-addressed envelope to Box 10597, Los Angeles, CA 90071. POST BOX. Circulation: Weekday, 5 1/4 x 11, 25 cents; Saturday, 6 x 9, 30 cents.


Business Opportunities

ACCOMMODATIONS. 2,000 sq. ft. suite on the Pacific Ocean in Carmel-by-the-Sea. Pets welcome. CASH only. 831-624-0000.


Businesses (including paid services or functions, rentals, and ongoing, profit-making enterprises) must pay to advance in classified ads. Rates and discounts will be quoted upon request by calling 235-8200 during the phone hours below. The Reader will not be responsible for failure to run an ad at any discount except to the extent of the cost of the first insertion of the ad.

PHONE DEADLINE: Paid classifieds may be placed over the telephone before 5 pm, two days prior to the issue. Phone deadline: 235-8200. MasterCard. Discover. Phone hours are 8:30 am-5 pm, Monday through Friday, except Tuesday when the hours are 8:30 am-5 pm, 235-8200.

WALK-IN DEADLINE: Paid classifieds may be brought to the Reader office, 1703 Indian Street (at Date), before 5 pm, Tuesday, two days prior to the issue. Office hours are 9 am-5 pm, Monday through Friday, except Tuesday when the hours are 9 am-5 pm.

MAILING DEADLINE: Paid classifieds may be mailed to the following address and must be received by 7 am Monday, three days prior to issue. Reader Classified, PO Box 85803, San Diego, CA 92186-5803.

Employment Services

CRUISE SHIPS HIRING. Earn up to $85,000 per year! Cruise Ships work with your code. You work for companies called Cruise Ships, Ltd. 800-638-1616. CRUISE EMPLOYMENT OPPORTUNITIES Available in your area. Excellent income potential, community getaways, exotic destinations, free travel! CRUISE EMPLOYMENT OPPORTUNITIES FOR MORE INFO CALL 1-909-469-1168.

NEEDED HOME MACHINERS. Earn $2 per piece for home business. Send stamped, self-addressed envelope to Box 10597, Los Angeles, CA 90071. POST BOX. Circulation: Weekday, 5 1/4 x 11, 25 cents; Saturday, 6 x 9, 30 cents.


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GUITAR, Fender Stratocaster, 1981. Description: excellent condition, original case. Price: $1,050.00

GUITAR SHREDDER/STERLING, serious, serius shredding bass, guitar, and anyone with that. No nonsense guitars. Price: $125.

GUITAR TRADER HAS PEAVEY PAL We've got electric and acoustic guitar of many makes and models, orchestral, reissue, vintage, and modern. Great condition, good price. Many on sale. Price: $250.

Guitar, Martin HD-28, gold pickup, with case, $2,500.00 new, $1,500.00 used. Price: $1,500.00

Guitar, Martin HD-35, fewer than 50 made, 1960, Brazilian rosewood (Morado wood) with English spruce top. Asking price reduced to $2,500.00, mint condition, with case, $2,000.00, in excellent condition, $1,500.00

Guitar, Ovation Legend, acoustical electric. Quite rare, mint condition, good price. Price: $2,000.

Guitar, Taylor 1004, with case, $1,200.00. Description: very nice, hard case, top of the line in mint condition, outstanding sound. Price: $1,200.

Guitar, Fender Stratocaster. Guitar is in beautiful condition. Price: $1,200.


Guitar, Fender Deluxe Amp, 1968. Description: the finest custom sound. Price: $1,000.

Guitar Amp and Cabinet, Crate G125, 1980. Description: 12" speakers, monster sound and distortion. Price: $400.

Guitar Wars is Coming! Sign up now! Eddie Van Halen's 1985 guitar signature competition—last year's promise to be even bigger! Don't miss this one. Saturday, March 13 at 6:30 PM, and Sunday, March 14 at 2:00 PM. Call 555-1234 for details.

Our entering is free and you can win prizes for the best guitar, best guitar player, best guitar store, and best guitar. Choose your favorites now! Call 555-1234 for details.

Music Mart Is Here! Saturday, March 13, 10:00 AM-5:00 PM at the basement level of the old O'Hare Hotel, 444 Grand Avenue, 404-3011.

Guitar Effects: An Exit No more. We have a 15-watt guitar. Price: $20.


Guitar, Fender Stratocaster, 1981. Description: excellent condition, original case. Price: $1,050.00

Guitar, Martin HD-28, gold pick up, with case, $2,500.00 new, $1,500.00 used. Price: $1,500.00

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RUNNING, TENNIS, GYM, aquatics, pool, weight training for all ages. Health, man, 290-1930. Women's program begins Fri.(10) 290-1930.
BAILEY, looking for person to share billiard table. Call now. 290-1930.
WOMEN SEEKING MEN
READER PHONE MATCHES TIPS: We want to help you make matches through Reader Phone Matches. So, encourage you to follow these common sense reminders. 1) Take the time to conduct a phone interview before meeting. 2) Treat the person you will meet as if you were meeting in person. 3) Always ask for references and check them out. 4) If you find yourself in an uncomfortable situation, stop the interview. 5) Before meeting the person for the first time, do so in a public, well-lit place. Let someone know where you'll be. 6) Finally, have fun and ask for more information.
YOU'RE SELECTIVE? 46-59, love life? Decent, caring, pretty lady, 58. This is a phone interview. Tell her how to look. 46-59. Fun-loving. 290-1930.
WANTED: TALL, DARK, very handsome single. 28-35, serious, non-smoking, honest, standards. 290-1930.
TALL, DARK, handsome single. 28-35, serious, non-smoking, honest black man looking to date white, non-smoking, white woman, 28-35. 290-1930.
EX-KINKY INDIVIDUALS and La Coyo cafés. In the mood for fun, chat, lunch, dinner, outing. 290-1930.
FEMALE NEEDS: Hairy, brown hair, eyes. 133 lbs, 5' 2", loving, caring, looking for someone to share life. 290-1930.
MALE NEEDS: Brown hair, eyes. 133 lbs, 5' 2", looking for someone to share life. 290-1930.
ATTORNEY, SINCERE, spiritual, red hair in 40s waiting for someone to share life. 290-1930. 290-1930.
CHINESE PHARMACIST, 40, 5' 6", lifelong, intelligent, kind, fun-loving, caring, openminded, good cook, traditional values, beautiful, 290-1930.
A SIMPLE, straightforward girl, 290-1930. 290-1930.
TALL, ATTRACTION, dinner dances, dancing, parties. 290-1930.
DANCE FLOOR DANCING, entertainment. Skyline, 290-1930.
NOTICE TO PHONE MATCHES USERS: As part of your participation in the Reader Phone Matches program, you now have the option of hearing your voice recorded on a personal message. This allows you to record a personal greeting for any friends you wish to contact. If you wish to hear your voice message, call 290-1930.
SPEED DATING: an exciting and fun way to meet new people. Join the dating scene and find your perfect match! 290-1930.
DATING, looking for someone to share life. 290-1930.
LOOKING FOR A PARTNER: 290-1930.
BRAINY MEN ARE EXCITING! 290-1930.
SOUTHERN Ladies, 5' 5", 110 lbs, 28, professional. Seeking a man with a bit of class and a lot of character. 290-1930.
URBANE, seeking someone outstandingly attractive, 290-1930.
EXCEPTIONAL BLOND, 29, advanced degrees, warm, approachable, smart, articulate, 290-1930. 290-1930.
FEMALE, 28, brown, black hair, 5' 1", 125 lbs, looking to date someone who is honest, intelligent, self-sufficient, and who enjoys the outdoors. 290-1930.
EXTRAORDINARY PhD, 29, 5' 1", 125 lbs, looking for someone who is similar to her. 290-1930. 290-1930.
FUNNY, CREATIVE, deep thinker, attractive, athletic, passionate, seeks someone who is also. 290-1930.
CHINESE, 30, 5' 6", athletic, good cook, traditional values, beautiful, 290-1930.
DANCE, music, parties, dancing, parties. 290-1930.
CHINESE PHARMACIST, 40, 5' 6", lifelong, intelligent, kind, fun-loving, caring, openminded, good cook, traditional values, beautiful, 290-1930.
LIVING, looking for someone to share life. 290-1930.
Hunting, fishing, camping, outdoor activities. Fun, friendly, openminded. 290-1930.

THURSDAY, MARCH 16, 7:00-9:00 PM

20th Century Fox and Phone Matches™ Invite You to Say Hello to Love! With an Ad and See BYE BYE, LOVE WITH SOMEONE NEW! The first 50 single adults who submit a Phone Matches™ ad that is accepted for publication in our March 16 issue will receive a free pass to two for the advance screening of BYE BYE, LOVE on Thursday, March 16, 7:00 pm. The screening will be held at the AMC La Jolla 12 Theaters, 8657 Villa La Jolla Dr. Simply fill out the Phone Matches™ coupon and fax it or mail it to us at noon on a Sunday. Useable passes will be mailed with your ad and mailbox confirmation. BYE BYE, LOVE opens March 17 at theaters everywhere.

FRIDAY, MARCH 17, 6:00-8:30 PM

May the Luck of the Irish Help You Find a Date! The Catamaran's Cannibal Bar is the place to be for the wearing of the green on St. Patrick's Day! Join the Phone Matches™ gang for munchies, great music and a "Wearing of the Green" contest. Phone Matches™ ads will be collected until 8:30 pm; music by The Heroes and Makai will be provided until 1:00 am. The "greenest" person will be the luckiest of the evening and will receive a special award at 8:30. All you have to do is call our 24-hour party reservation line at 235-8200, 235-8200 and reserve your spot. Cost is $5.

SUNDAY, MARCH 19, 11:00-1:00 PM

She Loves Me (But Does He Love Her?) Find out how mystery and love cross paths (via the personals!) in the Lamb's Players Theatre production of She Loves Me, a musical comedy that is the company's first in their new Coronado theatre. The evening of island Merriment begins at 5:30 with a Happy Hour at Mexican Village Restaurant, a Coronado institution celebrating its 50th birthday this year! The restaurant will serve plenty of delicious Mexican food favorites and you'll have ample time to meet San Diego's best singles and write an ad. At 7:00, we'll head for the theatre for the 7:30 show. The happy hour is $5, but admission is free for everyone who purchases a ticket to the play and shows it at the entrance to Mexican Village. Purchase discounted tickets by calling the theatre at 457-0600 and mentioning Reader Phone Matches™. Free parking is available at a public lot near Mexican Village. Theatre parking is available for a nominal fee at the Bank of America parking structure on B Ave. Remember, the trip over the bridge is free for carpools, so bring a friend and use the far-right lane!
Introducing Reader PHONE MATCHES, a great place to meet San Diego singles.

You are provided with a free personal matching ad in the Reader Classifieds. You also receive a free "voice mailbox"—a phone service that allows you to record and receive messages from any touch-tone phone.

HOW TO PLACE YOUR AD: To place a free Phone Matches ad, fill out the coupon below and mail or fax it (233-7907) to us. (If faxing, please photocopy the coupon first and then fax it.) The deadline for receiving free Phone Matches' ads is Saturday at 7 am. No free ads will be accepted over the phone or in person. We'll send you a 5-digit mailbox number (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 (233-7907). 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.

HOW TO USE YOUR VOICE MAILBOX: After you receive your mailbox number and private security code, you can record your personal introduction and listen to your responses. Call 527-1966, 24 hours a day, and follow the easy instructions. You must have a touch-tone phone.

QUESTIONS? Call 235-8200, ext. 268.

MEET YOUR MATCH! Use the form below to place your FREE, 2-week Phone Matches' Ad and get your FREE Voice Mailbox.

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.

PRINT CLEARLY: First 25 words are FREE. $1.20/additional word. Continue on a separate sheet if necessary.

FREE AD DEADLINE: 7 am Saturday
Mail Reader Phone Matches, P.O. Box 85803, San Diego, CA 92116 Fax: 233-7907

LATE AD DEADLINE: 6 pm Tuesday
(Must include $20 service fee.)
Fax: 233-7907 Phone: 235-8200
Walk-in: 1703 India St. (at Date St.) downtown

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, content 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 age range 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 selfish sexual/romantic language will not be accepted. Ads containing anything of a non-romantic nature, including pet-sitting, house-sitting, gifts or trips, or exchanges for companionship will not be accepted. Ads in the "Shared Interests" category must list the primary interest as the first word, those ads will be listed alphabetically. The word "shared" must be the first word in the "Shared Interests" ad; however, no Shallon 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 substituted for publication by parties 18 years of 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, singles clubs or commercial businesses may advertise in this section.

We cannot accept your ad without the following information. Please print.

Name
Address
City Zip
Phone (daytime)
Phone (evening)
Signature
Choose One:
□ Woman seeking a man
□ Shared interests
□ Man seeking a woman
Phone Matches' Voice Mailbox
Headlines __ x $12 each line $ ___
First 25 words of printed ad __ x $1.20 each $ ___
Additional words __ x $1.20 each $ ___
Late fee/walk-in fee (for ads received after free deadline): $20 $ ___
TOTAL $ ___

No cancellations. No refunds. Make check or money order payable to San Diego Reader. To order using Visa, MasterCard or Discover, please fill out the following:
Card number
Expiration date
Signature

DISCLAIMER: The San Diego Reader does not assume any liability for the content 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 claim made against the San Diego Reader as a result thereof. The advertiser agrees to indemnify and hold the San Diego Reader and its employees harmless from all costs, expenses (including all attorney fees), liabilities and damages resulting from or caused by the publication or recording placed by the advertiser or any reply to such advertisement. By using Reader Phone Matches, the advertiser agrees not to leave his/her telephone number, last name or address in the voice greeting message.
Villa Montezuma, corner of 20th and K Streets in Golden Hill. The Victorian home was built by local charitable types who hoped to lure Englishman Benjamin Henry Jesse Francis Shepard to the backwaters of Shepard on San Diego in the 1880s. It worked — Shepard soon left the salons of the crown heads of Europe and brought his eclectic mixture of "culture" (music, art, literature, mysticism) of our town.

A bachelor, Shepard often soled in Villa Montezuma piano concerts of his own design, complete with mood lighting and ornate printed programs. Did the glare of the spotlight bother him? Apparently not — one of Shepard’s programs noted sternly on the program that there was to be "Absolutely no admittance [into the parlor] during the execution of any piece."

(From the Tabor Collection)
SURFBOARDS, 9'2" Stingerlalin cu2k upwards. $299.95. 10'2" Sup, cu2k upwards. $399.95. 12'2" Seabird cu2k upwards. $599.95. 14'2" Seabird cu2k upwards. $999.95. 16'2" Seabird cu2k upwards. $1499.95.


Troubleshooting, you must care for uncle Jack and his equipment. He weighs 600 lbs. and must be handled with care.

CANNONDALE 3.0, 6.0, 54cm, 4-speed, blue/white, Shimano 100/105 in good condition. Good condition. Must be handled with care. Shimano STI-5000 handlebars, seat, seatpost, and rake bars. $300.00 each.

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Preventive Dentistry $295
Cleansing/Bite-wing X-rays
COMPLETE DENTAL EXAMINATION (regularly $75) *first-time patients only
HEAT STERILIZATION
Fillings/Coners/Extractions/Dentures/Replacements
Personal Attention
Twilight Sleep Available
Cosmetic Bonding/Concealing/Perfection

Dr. Howard First
19 Lausen Street
South Hadley Park.
234-6053
Offer good with this ad.
Expires March 16, 1995

CONTACTS FOR "YOU" IN LESS TIME FOR LESS MONEY
WJ OPAQUE DAILY LENSES
Baby Blue, Hazel, Emerald Green or Gray
$149 complete
With these glasses
Call 299-4336
3067 5th Ave.

REED MEAT
beware of ida smarsh

I only have a hard time because that's the way I've been treated by my classmates. I'm all the spirit of good fun, and if anything I've said has hurt your feelings, then I just don't know what to say...

get a life! Ha! Ha! Ha! Ha! Ha!

I'm gonna go draw a big picture of you being run over by a car.

by Max Cannon ©1995

RED MEAT

Go away Milkman! You're a dumb old jerk and you're always mean to me.

Hey now...
Isn't that nice? Rainbows always add a way of animals. To get him to play, just throw corn.


Kid Stuff

Today I went clothes shopping for the first time since my baby was born. My old clothes don't fit. After six weeks of wearing baggy maternity clothes, I pulled out my box of pre-pregnancy clothes out of the closet last night. Standing in front of the mirror at the end of my hallway, I eased the first waistband up over my knees. I couldn't pull it any higher. Some women step right back into their jeans and Spanx workout clothes when their babies are six weeks old. My body shows no sign of "snapping back" into shape. The only thing I noticed was the large elastic waistbands on the giant pants I had to buy today.

I've been fat before. My freshman year of college I stretched the "freshman 10 [pounds]" into the freshman 30. By the school year's end I had exactly three outfits that still fit; one pair of overalls and two wraparound skirts. The wraparound skirts didn't wrap quite as far as they should have. If a stiff wind came up, the pants would fall behind me to give me a big enough piece of my gigantic thighs than they wanted.

Teenage fat, though unattractive, had its advantages over the land I'm touting around these days. Teenage fat is firm. It distributes itself evenly over your body. When you lose weight, teenage fat comes off evenly. Pregnancy fat is different. Pregnancy fat slithers. It clings to your thighs, your hips, and your belly. Even if you lose all the weight you gained when you were pregnant, your body never looks the same. Your hips will always be wider. And you'll always have The Belly.

When I was pregnant, I felt proud of my belly. My baby lived in my belly. Every time my belly got bigger, I knew my baby was growing. My belly moved and rippled and kicked. Now that I've had the baby, my belly hangs at my waist like the discarded cocoon of a winged insect. I hate it. The other day I took two-year-old child to her Gym Ventures class at the YMCA. My new baby, Angela, spent the entire class snoozing in her car seat in the corner of the gym. While Rebecca ran back and forth across the wooden floor chasing a ball, one of the other moms walked up to me and asked, “When are you due?”

"Well! I laughed bravely, "I only look like I'm still pregnant. My baby's over there in the corner. She's six weeks old.

My husband Jack tries to help. "Honey, I know you not feel very good about your body right now," Jack announced the other day, "but don't worry. You'll map back in a while. You did after Rebecca was born." Jack doesn't remember that I snapped back after Rebecca's birth only after three months of Weight Watchers. During those three months, I greeted him at the door.

The girls in the bikini contest didn't have bellies. They didn't look like they had any body fat at all except in their overinflated breasts. As they paraded across the stage in thong bikini bottoms and strips of fabric that covered only their nipples, I wondered who'd decided beautiful women should be so thin.

When a tall blond in a leopard-print bikini turned and flashed her high, tight butt at the camera, Jack turned to me and said, "How sad. She looks so inferiour. It’s obvious she’s never had a child or that she couldn’t possibly nurse with those breasts, they're so flat of silicone. Poor girl. Maybe someday she'll have a nice saggy bottom and a paved kids. Then she'll be really attractive."

Jack tagged my arm. "You both fell asleep, " he whispered. Angie’s head dropped against my nipples, and the TV screen was black. “Let’s go to bed.”

GLASS, 14 sq. feet, $14 each glass plate, price at $11.40 and on due 60 days.
GLASS, 2 pieces, 13 x 22. 1/4 inch, bone china, $6.00 for both, take 10% off
GLASS, blue, $6.00 for both.
GLASS, 1 large, 1/2 inch, $6.00 for both.
GLASS, 1 medium, 1/2 inch, $5.00 for both.
GLASS, 1 tiny, 1/2 inch, $4.00 for both.
GLASS, 1 small, 1/2 inch, $3.00 for both.
GLASS, 1 extra small, 1/2 inch, $2.00 for both.
GLASS, 1 mini, 1/2 inch, $1.00 for both.
GLASS, 1 micro, 1/2 inch, $0.50 for both.
GLASS, 1 minuscule, 1/2 inch, $0.25 for both.
GLASS, 1 submicro, 1/2 inch, $0.12 for both.
GLASS, 1 nanometer, 1/2 inch, $0.05 for both.
GLASS, 1 picometer, 1/2 inch, $0.01 for both.
GLASS, 1 femtometer, 1/2 inch, $0.00 for both.
GLASS, 1 zeptometer, 1/2 inch, $0.00 for both.
GLASS, 1 yoctometer, 1/2 inch, $0.00 for both.
GLASS, 1 attometer, 1/2 inch, $0.00 for both.
GLASS, 1 centimeter, 1.000 inch, $0.00 for both.
GLASS, 1 meter, 39.37 inches, $0.00 for both.
GLASS, 1 kilometer, 3280 feet, $0.00 for both.
GLASS, 1 mile, 1.609 kilometer, $0.00 for both.
GLASS, 1 light year, 9.461 trillion miles, $0.00 for both.
GLASS, 1 parsec, 3.26 light years, $0.00 for both.
GLASS, 1 Astronomical Unit, 93 million miles, $0.00 for both.
GLASS, 1 parsec, 3.26 light years, $0.00 for both.
GLASS, 1 light year, 9.461 trillion miles, $0.00 for both.
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Rabies Epidemic Reaches New Highs

By Alfredo Cardenas

- Public awareness in San Diego regarding the rabies epidemic was dramatically heightened last week when over 500 pets were vaccinated against the virus. Another nine animals were destroyed by city personnel to prevent the spread of the disease. The public’s concern was raised two weeks ago when two dogs in the city’s west side were confirmed to have the rabies virus. The dogs had bitten one child who had undergone shots for rabies prevention. Four other children exposed to one of the animals also took the shots.

- San Diego High School math teacher Pedro Guerra’s attorney will have ten days to file a suit against the school board for being dismissed.

- Duval County Conservation & Recreation District board members have rejected a proposal by state representative Richard Raymond to expand the board. Raymond’s proposal also provided for representation on the board by the cities of San Diego and Benavides and by Duval County.

- The Duval County elderly nutrition and social services program held its annual Valentine’s Dance and Coronation last Friday at the San Diego Civic Center. Cirila Cardenas, from the San Diego Senior Center, was crowned 1995 Valentine Queen.

- President Correa, who was very instrumental in organizing the Duval County Fair Association. Having been raised on a farm and having been a part of many county fairs himself, Correa recognized the importance of the county fair and its beneficial impact on young people.

- The San Diego Vaqueros basketball season came to a close on Friday in a bi-district contest against Santa Rosa. The young San Diego team, which played without a single senior, was in the game all the way but suffered 76-69.

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Several years ago at Paras Newsstand at 30th and University, I came across the first copy of *Paras* magazine. Charles Eggleston, who ran the store, didn’t talk. But he was fascinated. What I had in my hands was a lifestyle magazine for the incarcerated. A column gave hints for in-cell cooking. Another column proffered tips on in-cell fitness. Ads hawked language instruction tapes, stereo equipment, and bodybuilders’ nutrition supplements. I loaned *Paras* to a friend. She said, “This looks like a family circle for convicts.”

**Family Circle for convicts.**

**Joe Strahle**

Joe Strahle hit on the idea for a magazine aimed at prisoners during the five years he managed a prison commissary. (Prisoners have always published in-prison magazines, but there was no national commercial magazine that went into prisons and also was sold on newsstands.) Strahle’s customers each spent an average of $1200 per year on commissary goods. Strahle figured part of his business could be redirected toward items advertised in a magazine and bought mail-order. Strahle set up shop in Missouri and got backing from the publishers of *Creem*, *Out* and the National Lampoon. He published six issues after (among other convicts) John Gotti, Leonard Pelletier, Mike Tyson, Michael Milken (the only cover girl was Amy Fisher). Then, Strahle’s magazine went under.

New management took over in January 1994. *Prison Life* is now published by Joint Venture Media and edited in Manhattan. Editor-in-chief Richard Stratton, 49, served eight years of a 25-year federal sentence for conspiracy to import marijuana and hashish. Stratton — whose handsome square face has a battered weariness about it — spoke with hyperactive energy and wrote a novel. His wife, editor-at-large Kim Wozencraft, an undercover nurse who became addicted to drugs, died a year in a Texas prison. (Wozencraft fictionalized her experience in a novel, *Richard*.) The couple met when a writer’s group, married, and now have two sons.

The new *Prison Life* tone is more militant. Stratton’s third issue, January 1995, notes that the magazine is “owned and operated by ex-convicts who speak for the needs, the concerns, and hopes of America’s prisoners.” Weopted for a more radical, lock ’em-up — and-throw-away-the-key —linear form. The “back” of the book, editor at large, Thursday, 69.

*Prison Life*’s next issue will feature an Olive Stone interview in “Hollywood Goes to Prison,” art- behind-bars contest winners and part one of a 20-page issue on prisoners. Part two will focus on Texas prisons. Part one, “I was going to write it all, both parts,” said Cozzone, “but we got stopped” in writing these stories about prisoners and they were so good that we decided to run them instead.

For subscriptions, write: Prison Life, 505 8th Ave., New York, NY 10018. Subscriptions are $19.95 a year; newstand single issue price is $3.95.
Poem by Luis Urrea

A Boy's Life: Six Episodes

I.

I was born in flame. The Mexican wheeled my mother, belly-up, belly aimed at a fingernail moon, into a room upstairs five miles from the racetrack on the escape route east of Tijuana. And there, set scalpel affre. They cut me out with smoking knives. My father boasted I was born

II.

with an erection. Hiding in Tijuana's dogfight basement, sick old sheepdog spewing across walls. My cousin's black deep room, and mounds of mold and pornographic secrets. Black clouds above my head, red hourglass guns and pinheads armed with poisoned needles. Smeared, in black and white, women on floors, barstools, beds, slacked, their tired skin gone white in the camera glare

as snow in Durango. The highest peaks above the pine-top waterfalls. All the road the loved girl in the car ahead hung her face out the window and vomited. A baby goat locked in our trunk battered his head against the metal and cried. When we stopped, dog watched the girl's breakfast from the door. It was the same color as the wildflowers. Then men pressed a pistol into my hands and led me to the river bank. I have braced my hands and tried to take

IV.

aimless, the wind carried the dust from behind our house. A family of tubercular children smelled what they'd brought up of their lungs into battered steel cups. Then dumped their red coat into the dirt. That blew me to me, and brought strange spruces into my lungs, that clotted my dreams with choking, pared me down like a slice of wooded carvings.

Luis Alberto Urrea was born August 20, 1955, in Tijuana, Baja California, Mexico, to an American mother and Mexican father. Urrea grew up in Logan Heights, attending St. Jude's Academy, Marston Junior High School, and Clairemont High School. He graduated from the University of California, San Diego, in 1977. He is author of Across the Water: Life and Hard Times on the Mexican Border (Anchor Books, 1993), parts of which were first printed in the Reader, and In Search of Snow (Harper Collins, 1994). The Fever of Being was the 1994 Western States Book Award. A regular Reader contributor, Urrea’s novella Dalton’s Luck recently ran serially in these pages. He currently lives in Boulder, Colorado.