

## DEATH OF A VETERAN

— Robert M. Cook, Jr. —

Greg H. is a 27-year-old veteran. He has been an alcoholic since 1967. Three weeks ago the doctor warned Greg that he would be dead within two years if he didn't stop drinking. Asking around, Greg was eventually referred to the Men's Detoxification Center at 1111 Island in downtown San Diego. The Men's Detox Center is a publicly run institution funded through The County Health Care Agency. Greg spent the next three days at Detox.

"When I first came in, there was an old guy who asked me what I was in for." The majority of inmates at Detox are brought in by police agencies, in lieu of being taken to jail. "I told the guy I was doing over a quart a day and was shaking so much I couldn't get the bottle up to my mouth without busting my lip. Likewise I shook too much to pour. He said, 'That's no problem,' and showed me the towel trick." The towel trick is composed of three elements — shaking hands, a bottle of liquor, and a bathroom towel. To stop the hands from shaking, the bottle must be raised to the mouth, and the alcohol then ingested. The towel is used as a levering device to keep the whiskey from spilling and to prevent the bottle from doing a tap dance across the addict's face. The towel is placed behind the neck and held firmly at both ends. Three fingers of one hand grip the bottle while the index finger and thumb continue to hold the towel. Then the liquor is slowly levered to the mouth by pulling at the other end of the towel. The towel trick is a rough but efficient method of beating the shakes. The inmates of the Detox Center know quite a lot about the shakes.

Greg voluntarily entered Detox on a Saturday at 7:20 p.m. He had worked all day and was taking advantage of his Memorial Day holiday to dry out. The first procedure was a brief, generalized medical exam. Blood pressure, pulse, and respiration were checked and recorded. The orderly leaned over and smelled his breath for booze. They had told him it was all right to drink before coming in. He would have plenty of time to be sick later. His valuables were taken and put in a safe place, his clothes were sealed in a trash can liner and also stored. In return Greg was issued one robe and one pair of pajamas, large. Socks were available upon request. At this point Greg asked for medication and received two five-miligram valiums. He was then led to Bed 100. There are one-hundred beds in the Detox Center, all located in one large dormitory-like room.

At 8:45 p.m. Greg walked into the TV room — black and white TV set, chairs, couches, and a collection of antiquated reading matter, the 1940 Book of Knowledge, Doc Savage in hardback, and he old standbys, Reader's Digest Condensations. He sat and watched a group of winos trying to roll their Bugler cigarettes in the midst of alcoholic withdrawal. Tobacco kept shaking out of their papers and onto the floor. For the next hour or so Greg checked around and got the feel of the place. He walked into the bathroom, six showers, three showers, two rows of sinks, three large mirrors, a used, well-travelled place. About 9:30 an inmate, clad in robe and pajamas, fled through the front door, heading towards Market Street and Beasley's liquor store. None of the doors at Detox are locked.

After 10:00 p.m. Greg began feeling nausea. His bout with the shakes had begun.



Eight years later, on Memorial Day in the San Diego Detox Center, seemed a good time, a good place, to end it.

When he laid down his head began to spin. By 10:30 p.m. he was slouched down on the bathroom floor reminiscing about joints where they had done time. Tips were passed around — "Don't drink the sterno in green cans 'cause it will make you sick, but the red is still OK." Greg's intermittent vomiting was followed by encouragement from his fellows. "Hang in there, kid, you gonna make it 'cause you got no other choice." Greg sprays highly of the drunks and winos who helped him make it through the night.

Around midnight Greg went to the aide station, asked for and received two more valiums. He watched police officers drag in a drunk too wasted to move. Another derelict screamed at the police. "Take me to jail, goddamnit, I ain't no alcoholic, I'm a wino." Greg walked back into the bathroom.

By 3:00 a.m. Greg had made it to his bunk. He was unable to sleep. It was his turn for hallucinations. Bad hallucinations. "You ever take belladonna, man, arms are always coming out of the furniture reaching for you."

At 5:00 a.m. Sunday morning, Greg was back in the bathroom, puking again. The lights were turned on at 6:00 a.m. During the night Greg had made a friend, Bob, "a big dude, he'd done time at Attica and Folsom both, he knew the ins and outs at Detox." Bob helped Greg line up for breakfast. The menu at Detox isn't bad, wholesome meals, lots of fruit, juices, and cereal for breakfast. Greg says, "It's not the same quality as a restaurant, but it's better than any jail." At this point, however, Greg wasn't hungry. He was unable to carry his own food. Bob eventually had to bring the food to Greg and convince him, against opposition, to eat:

1 pint, oatmeal

1/2 glass, milk  
1/2 piece, toast

which he was able to hold down for approximately one hour. Sunday was going to be a very rough day. "After I puked breakfast I remember watching an inmate getting ready to leave. He already had his civilian clothes on. Before pitting he shared a bottle of Vitis with a friend. I was so sick it didn't even faze me." The extreme nausea had begun.

Alcoholic withdrawal at this stage is likened to an epileptic fit. Greg hit the nurse's aide and had six green and black librams laid on. "The old winos would walk over to the counter and lay their forearms across, balancing on the underarm muscles, trying to make their hands shake real good so they could score some downs." But Greg was not running a con. "Man, it was the real thing, the no good shakes." He headed for his bunk, lib on, missed lunch, and doesn't remember much about the day. His wife came to visit. He wasn't able to relate. By dinner time he was able to take a little soup. I asked him about the quality. He looked at me laughing as if he knew and I didn't, and said, "Who cares?" Sunday night Greg slept soundly. He doesn't remember any dreams. The lib was still taking care of him.

Monday morning Greg was up by 5:00 a.m. "People were always up, there was always a group vomiting and shaking in the head. Among the inmates 30% at any given point were trembling to a noticeable degree. Eight to ten people were usually too sick to get out of bed." But Greg was beginning to feel like a human being again. He changed his sweaty linen. The day before he'd been too sick. Later he checked out one of the three or four double-edged razors from the office. The orderly watched unobtrusively as he used it. "It was too dull to hurt myself with."

Much of the day was spent reminiscing about old alcoholic bouts, watching TV, reading in bed. The staff issued vitamins at 10:00 a.m. Greg would receive no further medication. At 11:30 a.m. Greg ate lunch; it was his first complete meal in several days. He had turkey a la king, homemade rolls, orange jello, cottage cheese, an orange, and iced tea, seconds on some items. Everything stayed down. Approximately one hour after

lunch another inmate, clad in robe, and pajamas, fled through the back door of the Center, headed for Market Street and the liquor store.

Monday was Memorial Day and in the afternoon I called Greg to wish him a happy holiday. The old inmate who answered the phone seemed happy to get him. Greg had begun drinking heavily as a young marine in Vietnam. Eight years later, on Memorial Day in the San Diego Detox Center, seemed a good time, a good place, to end it. We rapped for a bit, then Greg excused himself. "It's my turn to talk to the counselor," and I put down the phone hoping he'd make it.

An article in the San Diego Union on June 4, 1975, titled "Alcohol Center Reforms Ordered" cites a study showing only 32% of the men at the Center actually get any counseling and only 24% ever show up at the follow up agency to which they are referred. Improved counseling and referral services were planned (according to the article written) after Greg's release from Detox. I questioned Greg about the counseling. "It was mostly just a thorough interrogation, when did I take my first drink? What drugs had I done? Et cetera. I was out front to a degree. When the counselor got done he wanted to send me to a halfway house. But I told him, I've already got a house, a wife, a job, and he did a slow double take. I told him I wanted to go to AA. He said OK, wrote AA on my card, and waved me out."

The counseling process Greg describes is cursory, at best. In defense of the system it must be pointed out that a percentage of the Detox population is composed of alcoholics with brain damage. When I asked Greg about the age range at Detox he estimated 8-10% were 25-30 years old, 15-20% were 30-40 years old, and the rest were so screwed up that you couldn't tell. The majority are skid row types, although one wealthy "horseowner" from North County was brought in during Greg's stay. "His wife drove him up to the front door in a Cadillac."

As well, there is an element harshly antagonistic to genuine counseling. They are there to get over. The Center has an open door policy, and some skid row bums, well known to the staff, stagger in whenever they run out of cash, get a good feed, crash, and then check out the next morning at 10:30. For that matter the hard core can manage to score booze inside. Greg had witnessed a young kid stash his muscated bottle. Monday morning after he felt better, one of Greg's more seasoned fellows informed him how to procure a bottle of wine. "Have friend meet in lobby during 6:00-7:00 a.m. visiting hour when minimum staff on duty." The other visiting hour is from 2:00-3:00 p.m. "I have friend excuse to bathroom and stash bottle in shitcan, just before friend leaves also excuse oneself to bathroom, and slip bottle into robe." Greg declined the advice somewhat to the inmate's chagrin. He had planned on shares.

According to the Union article, the "revolving door" aspect of Detox, indicated by high recidivism, and abuse of Center facilities by lower Market Street con artists, will supposedly prompt major reforms. I say "supposedly" because I called Tom Kennedy, head counselor at Detox, and also a sober alcoholic, to ask about the Union article ballooning stricter admission controls. He said, "That's just newspaper talk; nothing has come down yet. We know what's happening, we know what has to be done."

(Continued on page 7)

# EVENTS

## SPORTS

**DEL MAR THOROUGHBRED RACING:** 36th Season. First post Wednesday morning, Monday, Tuesday, July 23 to September 10, at 2 p.m. 299-1340 or 755-1141.

**PRO COED VOLLEYBALL:** Breakers versus So. California, at the Sports Arena, Thursday, July 31, at 8 p.m. 299-9162.

**KARATE CHAMPIONSHIP:** Sports Arena, Friday, August 1, 224-4176.  
**PAIDRES BASEBALL:** Atlanta, San Diego Stadium, Friday and Saturday, August 1 and 2 at 7 p.m. Sunday, August 3 at 1 p.m. 263-4494.



**THE USSR NATIONAL GYMNASTICS TEAM:** Exhibition performance, with World Champions Nelli Kne and Nikolai Andrianov participating, at the Sports Arena, Monday, August 4, at 7:30 p.m. 224-4176.

**SAN DIEGO WOMEN'S AMATEUR GOLF CHAMPIONSHIP:** Open to all area residents over 18. One round each over Torrey Pines North and South and Balboa Park Golf Course, on Monday, Tuesday and Thursday, August 4, 5, and 7, 8 a.m. to sunset, 232-2470.

**U.S. JUNIOR CHESS OPEN:** At the Conference Center, San Diego State University, August 4-8, 277-8900 or 582-6247.

**WORLD TEAM TENNIS:** L.A. vs. the San Diego Friars at the Sports Arena, Wednesday, August 6, 8 p.m., 224-4176.

## GALLERIES

**DEWAIN VALENTINE:** cast, polyester resin sculpture, drawings and photos. La Jolla Museum of Contemporary Art, June 28 through August 3. Work by Museum students also at museum until June 29. 454-0183.

**FRONTIER AMERICA: THE FAR WEST:** a major exhibition of Indian arts, American landscape paintings by Bierstadt, Catlin and others, early American furniture and tools, at the Fine Arts Gallery, Balboa Park, opens Wednesday, July 2 through August 17, 10 a.m. to 5 p.m. all days but Sunday, 12-30 to 5 p.m. 232-7931.

**ADAPTIVE AMERICANS:** jewelry, weaving, of Navajo, Plains and Mexican Indians, Museum of Man, Main Floor, opening Thursday, July 26, 274-0313.

**HANS HOFFMANN:** 52 works on paper, Fine Arts Gallery, June 7 through August 10, 232-7931.

**AFRICAN PAINTING:** 59 paintings by American artists from Colonial times to now. Including Cassatt, Heade and Inness. June 7-8, August 10. Fine Arts Gallery, 232-7931.

**PURCHASE SELECTIONS:** For the San Diego Art Institute Annual Exhibition, will be shown at the Art Institute Gallery in Balboa Park, August 2 through 31, 234-5946.

**NOSTALGIA SHOW:** Benefiting "Save Our Heritage," all media, old-time, at the Art Collector in Old Town, through August 17.

**SURREALIST:** Ethel Greene, Art Center, Rancho Santa Fe, through August 22.

**LAST TWO DAYS:** For the Artists Cooperative Gallery Show, featuring two UCSD grad students, Dan Camp who has also showed at the Del Mar Fair, and Greek Alex Kapsoskavdis, 296-0200.

**LINE AND MOVEMENT SERIES:** by R. K. Williams 5 & 10 Gallery, 3010 5th Ave., August 1 to 31, 299-8101.

**CUSTOM STONEWARE:** by Stan Halperin, enamel and acrylic paintings by Gail Spencer, Pegasus Art Ltd., Old Market, Encinitas, August 2, 436-3515.

**CHRISTO: OCEAN FRONT COVER** opens at the La Jolla Museum of Contemporary Art on Saturday, July 26 to August 24, 454-0183.

## DANCE

**MODERN DANCE:** Modern, Afro-Cuban and Jazz numbers make up the dance program choreographed by drama professor Dr. Floyd Gaffney and others, and performed by 25 dance class students, plus members of a professional group, at the Mandeville Center auditorium, UCSD, Friday, August 1, 8 p.m. 452-3120.

**SCOTTISH HIGHLAND BALL:** Dancing and entertainment, at Balboa Park Club, floor show by Vancouver Ladies Pipe Band, Balboa Park, Saturday August 2, 8 p.m. to midnight, 451-1325.

## FILMS

**ENVIRONMENTAL FILM SERIES:** "Atonement," will document ongoing efforts to save endangered species, at the Torrey Pines State Reserve Lodge, Saturday and Sunday, August 2, 3, 755-2063.

**GALAPAGOS ISLAND FILMS:** "Pelicaniform Birds of the Galapagos," and "Galapagos Albatross," shown at the Natural History Museum, this weekend, August 2 and 3, 1:30 and 3 p.m. 232-3821.

**PIONEERS OF MODERN PAINTING:** Edward Munch "The Norwegian Master of Expressionism," at La Jolla Museum of Art, Sherwood Hall, Wednesday August 6, 8 p.m. 454-0183.

## THEATRE

**BUS STOP:** plays at the Patio Playhouse, each Thursday, Friday, and Saturday through August 23, box office hours for reservation calls, noon to 3 p.m. on show nights, 746-6669.

**STARLIGHT LIGHT OPERA:** Hello Dolly, at the Balboa Park Bowl, Thursday through Sunday, July 31-August 1, 2, 3, and August 7, 8, 9, 10, 232-3049.

**CABARET:** Palomar College, Thursdays through Sundays, ending August 10, 7:30 p.m.

**OKLAHOMA:** San Diego Junior Theatre, at Casa del Prado, Balboa Park, Fridays through Sundays 7:30 or 9 p.m.

**OLD GLOBE SHAKESPEARE:** continues through Sept. 14, Much Ado About Nothing, Measure for Measure, and The Tempest, call theatre for show dates and times, 239-2255.

**GOODSPEL:** musical by John-Michael Tebbel and Stephen Schwartz based on parables of St. Matthew, Carter Centre Stage, Balboa Park, Tuesdays through Fridays, 8:30 p.m., Saturdays and Sundays, 2 and 8:30 p.m., 239-2255.

**BARFOOT IN THE PARK:** Neil Simon comedy presented jointly by Coronado Playhouse and the School of Performing and Visual Arts of USIU, at Coronado Playhouse, Fridays, Saturdays, and Sundays, July 4 through August 3, 8:30 p.m., 271-4300, ext. 210.

**CHAUTAUQUA '75:** at the Crystal Palace Theatre, every Friday, Saturday and Sunday, July 24-August 17, at 8:30 p.m., 488-8001.

**BOOZERS ARE LOSERS:** comedy, at the Stratford Court Patio Theatre, opening Friday, July 25 for every Friday and Saturday until September 6, at 8:30 p.m., 755-1702.

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**WIZARD OF OZ:** done by the Vista Parks and Recreation Department, North County Community Theatre, July 25, 26, 31, August 1 and 2 at 8 p.m., July 27 matinee for seniors and August 3 children's matinee, at 2 p.m. 726-5710.

**ACTORS QUARTER THEATRE:** presents "Tobacco Road," and "Sleeping Beauty." "Road" starts Friday, July 25 and continues through August 16, at 8:30 p.m. "Beauty" plays Saturdays and Sundays through August 17, at 2 p.m.

## MUSIC

**COSI FAN TUTTE:** Mozart opera presented by the USD Opera Workshop, at the Camino Theatre, UCSD, Thursday and Saturday, July 31 to Aug. 2 at 8:15 p.m., also Sunday August 3 at 2 p.m. 291-6480.

**EVENINGS IN THE PARK:** At the Organ Pavilion, "Civic Youth Ballet Concert," Friday, August 1, "Organ Concert," Monday, August 4, "Naval Training Center Band," Wednesday, August 6, 8 p.m. 236-6605.

**DEATHERAGE QUARTET:** Chamber music at Camino Hall, UCSD, Sunday, August 3, 8 p.m. 223-3165.

**CHORALE:** "The Great Day" will perform a medley of "Godspell" music, gospel and popular songs, at the Bazaar del Mundo, Sunday, August 3, at 1:30 and 3:00 p.m. 274-0313.

**HILSBERG MEMORIAL PROGRAM:** Concert in memory of the late pianist Ignace Hilsberg, at the Jewish Community Center, Sunday, August 3, at 8:30 p.m.

## SPECIAL EVENTS

**U.S. AND MEXICO SISTER CITY CONVENTION:** speakers, music, tours open to public, Royal Inn at the Wharf, Wednesday through Sunday, July 30-Aug. 3.

**UNDERWATER STUDY:** Snorkeling tours sponsored by the San Diego Natural History Museum, at the La Jolla Underwater Park, Saturday, August 2 and 16, 232-3821.

**2nd ANNUAL SCOTTISH HIGHLAND GAMES:** Paganry, bagpipe bands, dancing contest, tossing the caber, tug of war, Balboa Stadium, Sunday, August 3, 8:30 a.m. to 5:30 p.m. 461-1325.

**NATIONAL CLOWN WEEK:** SDSU Clowns celebrate at Mission Valley Center and Balboa Park, at Mission Valley Saturday, August 2 from noon to 3 p.m., at the Park on Sunday, August 3, from noon to 3 p.m. 488-4043.

**ROCK SALE:** Petrified wood and specimens of Jadeite, Benitoite, and Black Garnet are featured at sale, Natural History Museum, Sunday, August 3 from 10 a.m. to 4:30 p.m. 232-3821.

**CURLY THE CLOWN:** Salutes "National Clown Week," trained flea, Sam, magic tricks, storytelling, at the La Jolla Public Library Tuesday, Aug. 5, and the Coronado Library, Wednesday, August 6, at 10:30 a.m. and 2 p.m. respectively. 488-4043.

**S.D. COMIC CONVENTION:** films, computer games, awards ceremony, seminars, magic show, parties, music, and appearances by Bob Clampett of "Beany and Cecil," Russ Manning of "Tarzan," Barry Smith of "Conan," and many others. El Cortez Hotel, July 30 through August 3.

**SUMMER FUN DAY CAMP:** Community based recreation experience for children and young adults of different handicaps. First session starts August 5 the last ends Sept. 13, call for complete details, 236-6665.

The Events Page is compiled every week and is sponsored alternately by Southern California First National Bank and Bare Woods Furniture. Listings as well as drawings, photos, etc. should be sent to READER EVENTS, P.O. Box 89063, San Diego 92138 and should be received by the Saturday before the Thursday of publication.

# CITY LIGHTS



## COUNCIL SHY ON NUDE BEACHES

Attempts by a group of nude bathers to expand the number of "swimsuit optional" beaches in San Diego seem headed for some rough waters. Hoping to find more room for a crowd that numbers up to 16,500 on a sunny Sunday at Black's Beach, the Nude Beaches Committee last week presented the city council with plans for three new spots for skinny-dippers.

The proposed beaches, one at the south end of Sunset Cliffs, another at the mouth of the San Diego River, and a third north of Crystal Pier in Pacific Beach all have what the committee deems as necessary requirements: easy access, ample parking and some degree of isolation.

Confronted with the first attempt to increase the number of nude beaches since they passed an ordinance that okayed Black's in May of 1974, the council sent the request to the Public Facilities and Recreation Committee for a public hearing on August 11.

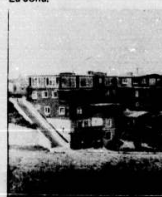
Noting that three of the five council members who will sit on the committee (Hubbard, Ellis, and Martini) voted against the measure, Nude Beaches spokesman David Irving admitted that approval this year was "doubtful" while Bill Wheatford, advisor to the Recreation Committee sees "zero possibility that the beaches will be approved."

And if supporters of the new beaches turn out in droves at the public hearing? Well, says Wheatford, "that will only convince the councilmen that there's more nuts in this town than they thought."

## TEARING DOWN TYROLEAN TERRACE

One of San Diego's oldest landmarks, claimed by architectural historians to be the world's first motor lodge, will be knocked off the map before its 65th birthday.

Built in 1911 as an artist's colony, the Tyrolean Terrace consists of seven separate cottages that overlook the Cove in La Jolla.



The Terrace, which now houses the Pannikin and the Gatekeeper restaurant, was modeled after the Green Dragon Colony, one of La Jolla's first buildings. Hoping to save the buildings, tenants made several bids on the cottages, now owned by Tyrolean Properties, but the asking price was so high that new owners would have to construct a larger building to realize their investment. Bob Sinclair, owner of the Pannikin, worked with the Save Our Heritage Organization

to assemble documents and verifications attesting to the Terrace's uniqueness, but plans for a new five story office building, complete with underground parking, got the necessary approvals this year and construction is slated for the coming winter.

Meanwhile, two more of La Jolla's landmark buildings, the Red Rest and Red Root, will have their fate decided by the Coastal Commission tomorrow; a commission that Sinclair asserts "will place no significance on the buildings' historical value."

## PICTURES FOR THE PEOPLE?

The Photographic Arts Building in Balboa Park is the center of a spot between two local photo groups fighting for meeting and exhibition space. The trouble seems to have started when Parks and Recreation facilities director George Loveland agreed with members of the Center for the Photographic Arts that their group offered the public more than the Southern California

one member wrote about the merits of the club.  
This Monday the Center had its chance to argue its case before



the councilmen, and brought a number of distinguished San Diegans to praise the Center's innovative program for getting "art to the people." The committee continued the hearing until August 4 so they could inspect the building before making their decision.

Sharing the facilities seems out of the question to the Camera Clubs, which have turned down the Center's overtures for co-operative use of the space. "Their displays are of the type that need much more room — perhaps a gallery-type arrangement," explained Lillian Woods, spokeswoman for the Camera Clubs. But additional charges that the Center's exhibits are "elitist" are not unheard of. As one Camera Club member stated at this week's hearing, "we don't want any of that fancy salon art in there."

## HARE, HARE, THE BAND'S ALL HERE

One man who finds peace and tranquility in the midst of big city life found his way to San Diego last Sunday. His Divine Grace A.C. Bhaktivedanta Swami Prabhupada, the spiritual master of the Society for Krishna Consciousness, made a brief appearance before the 1500 people who took part in San

Diego's 2nd annual Summer Festival at Balboa Park. The festival included chanting, dancing and a free vegetarian



His Divine Grace recently attended a Summer Festival in San Francisco, one of many held around the country, where he presided over festivities that drew 50,000 celebrants.

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# THE MUSIC SCENE

The Music Scene is compiled every Monday.  
Send information and photos to: **READER MUSIC SCENE**, P.O. Box 88003, San Diego 92138.

**Alamo:** Gene Davis and the Star Routers, country western. 303 Claremont Dr. 276-2240.

**Altadena:** Storm, jazz, Tuesday through Saturday, 1309 Camino del Mar, Del Mar. 755-4744.

**Ancient Mariner:** Gary and Nancy, Wednesday through Saturday, 2725 Shelter Island Drive, 224-8242.

**Another Bird:** Third Planet, Thursday through Saturday, Bobby Torres, Sunday through Tuesday, 140 South Sierra, Solana Beach, 755-6733.

**Atlantis Restaurant:** People Movers, Tuesday through Saturday, Sandy Steward with Love and Laughter, Sunday and Monday, 2595 Ingraham, Pacific Beach, 224-2434.

**Balboa Park (Gold Gulch):** Banjo and Fiddle Contest, awards for best musician in 16 different categories. Janglers, banyos, old time band, fiddle, dobro, etc. Sponsored by Folk Arts, Sunday, August 3rd.

**Bali Express:** Gotham, showgroup, Wednesday through Friday, 10 p.m., 4025 Pacific Highway, 298-4872.

**Beethoven:** Larry Page, folk and soft rock, Tuesday through Saturday, 2040 Harbor Island Drive, 291-8011.

**Bloom Trenchard's:** Dan Murphy, Wednesday through Saturday, 2988 Pacific Highway, 291-5555.

**Botzford's Old Place:** John Harman, soft rock, Wednesday through Sunday, Gene Walsh, 30s and 40s music, Monday and Tuesday, 1206 Prospect, La Jolla, 459-8262.

**Bump City:** Odessa, Latin and rock and roll, Thursday through Sunday, Ravelotti, Friday and Saturday, after hours, 8th and National, National City, 477-1011.

**Chuck's Steak House (Escondido):** Bandit's, easy rock, Thursday through Saturday, Glen Hughes, soft rock, folk, Tuesday through Wednesday, 1403 East Valley Parkway, Escondido, 748-6100.

**Chuck's Steak House:** Sweetfire, Wednesday through Saturday, 1250 Pershing, La Jolla, 464-5325.

**Cisco Theatre:** Slide, hard rock, Sunday 7:30 p.m., James Brown and Disco thepe, Friday, August 10, 8:30 p.m., 202 Market, 236-6500.

**Class III:** Free Art, contemporary, 1862 Palm Ave., Imperial Beach, 429-1161.

**Climax:** Hot Ice, soul, Tuesday through Sunday, Al Ballard, top 40 music, Monday, 202 Market, 239-9336.

**Conception Bay Fish Co.:** Sals, Thursday through Saturday, Swift Kick, soft rock, Tuesday and Wednesday, 2080 Shelter Island Dr., 224-3611.

**Crowroads:** The Horizon, jazz, Friday, 345 Market, 233-7856.

**The Den:** Penny, Monday through Saturday, 583 N. 2nd, El Cajon, 440-8066.

**Elmer's New Saloon:** Blackstar, Thursday, Captain Sam's, Tuesday, 345 Market, 233-7856.

**Fat Fingers:** Kirk Bates and the Leaves of Grass, Tuesday through Saturday, Thunderbolt the Wonderbolt, Sunday, Dr. Downs-Hypnotist, Monday, 1081 University, Hillcrest, 295-2185.

**Folk Arts (at Orange):** Sam Chaimon, delta blues, and John Corzine and family, bluegrass, Friday and Saturday, 112 West Washington, 284-1174.

**Golden Rollin' Billy:** Michael Ball and Clive Hughes, British folk balladists, Tuesday through Sunday, Tuesday, 225 16th St., Del Mar, 755-5414.

**Haleyton Hummerly the Yacht Club:** Splash, rock, Tuesday through Sunday, Jumbalabay, rock, Sunday and Monday, 4268 W. Pl. Loma Blvd., 225-9559.

**Harmony Restaurant and Teahouse:** David Taylor, Thursday through Saturday, Pyawackit, low-rolling, Friday, open audition, Sunday, 1500 La Jolla Village, 1877 Galt, O.B. 223-1144.

**Inland Sea:** Eclipse, jazz, Wednesday, 125 South Main, Fallbrook, 728-4888.

**Iron Horse:** Search, rock, Wednesday through Sunday, 8238 Parkway Dr., La Mesa, 465-7653.

**Islandia Hyatt House:** Bobby Spero, Wednesday through Saturday, 1441 Canyon Rd., 224-3541.

**Ivy Barn:** Charlie Nimoroff, folk, soft rock, Tuesday through Thursday, 811 Camino del Rio South, 296-9164.

**Jamaica Joe's:** Saroyan, Tuesday through Sunday, O.D. Corral, Monday, 3568 Sports Arena Blvd., 225-1251.

**John Bull:** Homefolk, soft rock, Wednesday through Friday, 2200 Highland, National City, 474-2201.

**Le Châlet:** Routs, Wednesdays through Saturdays, 5046 Newport Avenue, Ocean Beach, 222-5300.

**Ledbetter's:** Peter Rabitt, Thursday through Saturday, Emerald Discern, Sunday, Peter Rabitt, Monday through Friday, 5524 El Cajon Blvd., 583-4524.

**The Lost Knight:** Audrey Faye Trio, folk rock, Friday and Saturday, 4873 North Harbor Dr., 223-3632.

**Main Gate:** Larry Green and the Fugitives, requests, Wednesday through Saturday, 415 Broadway, Chula Vista, 420-4828.

**Mendolin Wind:** Elmwood Bird Band, Friday and Saturday, Mike Bower, 12 string acoustic guitar, Wednesday and Thursday, 308 University, Hillcrest, 297-3017.

**The New Glass Men:** Jacob, soft rock, Tuesday through Saturday, 6940 El Cajon Blvd., 464-9500.

**Nite Owl East:** Bach & L.A. rock, 667 N. Mollison, El Cajon, 443-3854.

**Notsom Flotsam:** Pure Corn, country western, Thursday through Saturday, 417 Santa Fe Dr., Encinitas, 753-0329.

**Onion Song Gallery:** Guy Carawan with local singers and musicians, folk concert, For information call 755-4254, 1440 Camino del Mar, Del Mar.

**Park Place Lounge:** Steamboat Willy, top 40 music, Wednesday through Sunday, Dutch and the Dynamite, 50s and 60s music, Monday and Tuesday, 1280 Fletcher Pkwy., El Cajon, 448-4111.

**The People:** Dave Garcia and Friends, folk, Thursday through Saturday, Tomcat and Sam Chaimon, blues, Sunday, Superbear, Monday through Wednesday, 4970 Voltaire, Ocean Beach, 223-9773.

**Rain Tree:** Jeremiah, Thursday through Sunday, Peg Leg, Friday and Wednesday, 10450 Friant Road, 280-1141.

**Reuben's Restaurant:** Magic, if, show group, Wednesday through Friday, 880 Harbor Island Drive, 291-9030.

**Royal Palm:** Nova, Tuesday through Sunday, guest bands on Monday, Caribbea and Elm, Caribbea, 729-2339.

**The Safety:** Peace, Love & Happiness, soul, Wednesday through Sunday, 4323 Imperial Ave., 263-4900.

**Seadog Lounge:** Holiday Inn: Film-Flam Band, soft-rock, Monday through Saturday, Monday, 291-6720.

**Shelter Island Inn:** Rose and the Arrangements, Tuesday through Saturday, 2051 Shelter Island Dr., 222-0561.

**Spenny's Salon:** Gabriel, Tuesday through Sunday, Thunderbolt the Wonderbolt, Monday, 2955 Midway, 223-3154.

**Springfield Wagon Works:** El Cajon: Steven Scott, folk, soft rock, Thursday through Saturday, 490 North 2nd, El Cajon, 443-6787.

**Springfield Wagon Works:** Windwhisper, soft rock, Thursday through Saturday, 5255 Kearny Villa Road, 565-2272.

**Stallion Oaks:** Myrtle Diesel, country rock, Boulder Creek Rd., Descanso, 445-4179.

**Sultan's Lounge:** Sultana Lee, Richard Barman, middle eastern belly dancing music, Monday through Saturday, 2151 Hotel Circle South, 291-6500.

**Swan Song:** David Cheney, flamenco guitar, Thursday, 4287 Mission Blvd., Pacific Beach, 272-7802.

**Tiki House:** Scott Phillips, country rock, Wednesday through Saturday, 1152 Garnet, Pacific Beach, 488-9301.

**Tom Han's Lighthouse:** The 3rd Generation, show group, through Sunday, August 3rd, Sametti and Ruddy, comedy, Tuesday through Sunday starting August 5th, 2150 Harbor Island Dr., 291-9110.

**Top of the Arc:** Breeze, Sunday and Monday, Valerie Forehand, Tuesday through Saturday, Travelodge, Harbor Island, 291-6700.

**Triton Restaurant:** Rue James Russell, soft rock, Tuesday through Saturday, College and El Cajon Blvd., 583-3240.

**Vacation Village:** Alike and the Happy Somnoses, show group, Monday through Saturday, (Barfoot Bar), Harry James and his Big Band, Thursday, 9 p.m. (Grande Ballroom), Vacation Isle, Mission Bay, 274-4630.

**Voyager:** Mooney Rickett, rock, Wednesday through Sunday, Junior Gien, Monday and Tuesday, 1901 Shelter Island Drive, 222-0421.

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# No More Schlock Rock

— Steve Esmedina —

The CTI Record Company is the epitome of a successful artist co-op. In less than a decade, Creed Taylor's branch has grown from an A&M subsidiary to its current status as the largest jazz label in America. Every element — musicianship, production and album design — seems scrupulously controlled. While there are those who bring up the limits of commercialism, the fact is that this fastidious group has had as much to do with the recent jazz "break-through" as Mahavishnu Orchestra, Return To Forever, and the other jazz-rock mates.

The most interesting coup scored by this unique corporation is its annual "all-star" tours. For several years, CTI has established a precedent by sending some of its more celebrated performers together out on the road for series of one night stands. These tours advantageously expose artists who haven't the notoriety to fill large halls on their own.

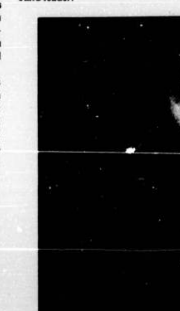
Last Friday, this year's stellar edition performed at the Civic Theatre in a remarkably precise and entertaining concert. Although the show conflicted with George Wein's "Kool Jazz Festival" at the San Diego Stadium, "no problems" were foreseen by the CTI crew or by California Concert promoters David Thayer and Joanne Whitney. CTI's public relations director Dee Dee Do noted that the difference between the two concerts — straight jazz for CTI and soul for the "Kool Jazz Festival" resulted in no discernible dilemmas as far as attendance was concerned.

As the promoters predicted, the schedule clash did not prevent 3,000 fans from enjoying the talents of jazz stalwarts Joe Farrell, George Benson, Grover Washington Jr., Ron Carter, Hubert Laws, Johnny Hammond, Bob James, and Harvey Mason. The show ran smoothly, with each instrumentalist receiving equal amounts of solo space.

There were a number of excellent moments throughout — guitarist Benson's imaginative reworking of "Take Five"; the parallel harmonies between Ilustr Laws and pianist James on "You

Make Me Feel Brand New"; tenor saxist Washington's blend of soul and free form on "Mister Magic." However, soprano and tenor saxist Farrell turned out to be the stand-out performer of the evening.

Farrell, a long-time veteran of New York recording sessions, has in the last two years come completely into his own as an instrumentalist, composer and band leader.



Even alongside the first rate musicians he associates with, Farrell is unique. Avoiding the lush, string-laden productions of many CTI albums, Farrell's records are all highly individualized. Moog Gerns, his taut, riveting third album is a high point in recorded jazz of the Seventies.

As a player, Farrell has devised two separate voices for his saxes. His tenor playing is gruff, loud, and emotionally turbulent, full of the soprano style is light, airy and mellifluous. This divergent approach, coupled with his composing strengths, has boosted Farrell to the front ranks as a jazz master. Even allowing for the democratic distribution of the spotlight Friday, it was Farrell's night to shine.

After the concert, Farrell, peaked but not piqued, sat

comfortably on a flowered davenport in the spacious lobby of the Westgate hotel. The rotund musician, safe behind his cool shades, toyed delicately with his cigarette filter while eyeing some of his comrades across the lobby. Several young men and women had cornered Grover Washington and Hubert Laws, and their collective voices grew increasingly more noticeable.



Farrell slapped me on the knee and pointed to his friends. "I wonder if there's a party going on over there," he mused. After craning his neck to view the crew more carefully, the tired musician grinned while the group dispersed into several directions. Settling into our conversation, I asked Farrell about his role in this year's tour.

"You know, this is the first one of these company tours I've been involved with. They like to rotate personnel. It's very interesting playing the coast like this. We're starting from here and traveling all the way up to Vancouver. This particular tour took about four or five months to coordinate, all the bookings, material selection and rehearsals. I think these tours are good because they bring more musicians to more people in less time. I'm pleased with the prospect."

I noted that this kind of "company tour" was an important coup exclusive to CTI.

"Well, other companies have done it, such as Flying Dutchman, and Blue Note. I think But it is an important aspect of the company. It's sort of an extension of the studio policy... you know, the rotating musicians playing in different settings. That's what I feel it represents, an attempt to project the studio image onto the stage."

I wondered about any special problems this concert schedule might present in terms of material and rehearsals.

"Not many. As I've mentioned, it's a transference. These players have all worked with each other before, and anyway, if you select and arrange tunes, each player is generally conducive to your wishes. Everyone brings something of his own, his own number, his own idea. I have five numbers from my own book. Tonight we played three. Next time we might play the same three or substitute. It's the same with the others. This particular kind of presentation is very professionally crafted."

"Could this tour affect Farrell's own band in any manner?"

"Not at all. It's sort of a respite. A chance to do other things for a bit. For instance, my new guitarist, Barry Finnerty, who joined the group in January, will be playing around in Chico Hamilton's band for a while. As a matter of fact I think they're supposed to play San Diego again. But this isn't going to affect the band very much at all. It is very important to me to maintain this group because the guys I play with are so good, so tight. My new drummer, Vic Lewis, he is astonishingly crisp and solid. Having this band sort of separates me from a number of the other musicians that record for Creed. I like to choose my own players, write or arrange my own tunes. So far I haven't had any need to go for the orchestrated sound that Bob James and Don Sebesky supply some of the others. Creed understands this need of mine to maintain the band. I have worked hard to get a group this together. I'm not ruling out the possibility of a large-scale production

in the future, but not now."

"Since jazz has been 'revived' by strong labels like CTI and Columbia, I asked Farrell how he felt the "revival" has affected the lesser renowned musicians.

"It's great, of course. I think it has helped all of the musicians. Before even last year I couldn't play as much as I do now. I never left New York much because there was no money to be made. I didn't want to play starring gigs, so I stuck to session work. Now, the offers roll in more frequently. One of the promoters here was talking to me about a concert in September at the Black Door. Now, it's that kind of thing which occurs with more regularity for me. It is obvious that the scene has improved considerably. People like Braxton and Taylor are on major labels now. The whole field of jazz, which I think was always broad and even more so now, is changing all the time. People want exploration. And if people are exploring, then the money men won't be far behind. Everyone gets tired of hearing the same old bullshit, schlock pop and rock. Jazz is a general enough desire, and the money men are there to take advantage of it. Styles, more broadened listening habits. Look, this schedule conflict with Wein's gig is interesting because it shows that people are receptive to the label jazz now. Whereas before you wouldn't have any jazz concert at all, now you have two competing with each other, here in San Diego. I mean, it happens all the time in New York, but it was pretty rare here. You can see that things are looser now, better."

Farrell yawned, stretched his arms, and started bemusedly at the giant chandeliers. "Nice little palace they have here," he quipped.

Reverberating throughout the lobby was the thick, baritone drawl of a lounge singer crooning "What Kind of Fool Am I." On the far side of the room, a young man in a black tuxedo suit was anxiously at Farrell. Farrell nodded, inserted a cigarette into his filter and shook my hand. "Well, I must be gone. Onward and upward to the Jazz Hall of Fame."

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# SOCIAL SOUFFLE

—David Schipp—

What makes Norman Jewison's *Rollerball* most appealing is that it is such a straightforward, exaggerated concoction of modern mass society, tightly following the principle that more is better. Television becomes multivision, one big screen and three small screens. Like the department store of today, the library of tomorrow is tended by smiling pretties who ask, "Can I help you?" then are revealed helpless themselves. And of course everyone wears no-rinse double knits, so the world of tomorrow seems peopled by airline employees.

James Caan appears as Jonathan E., a future history sports star. Although it would hardly seem possible, Jonathan's social impact is even greater than his modest stadium parking, panty-soiled counterparts. The rollerball game, a bloody, computerized roller derby with a freshly fired cannon ball, one knuckle, and motorcycles all in contention, is the future corporate society's method of releasing its relief from pent-up hostility. As a result, two hours of rollerball and one is that nagging desire for war and crime. From this vantage point, *Rollerball* is no more convincing than a commercial for Pringle's No-Fat-Future-Groceries.

The film's real investment is in the presentation of the game. The players exchange guarded looks as the corporate hymn of the home team is played. The controller in the glass booth in the middle of the wooden skating circle fires the test ball. It emerges with a whoosh from a cannon at the outer edge of the track, circling like a roulette ball. During the game the skaters wait until the ball begins to descend the banked track before scooping it up in a glove. From there the object of the game, besides murder and mayhem, is to circle once, then place the ball in a "magnetic," buzzer equipped goal. During the long rollerball sequences, the emphasis is on the fast-paced action on the track, the ball is scooped, cut to a glistering close-up of the silvery ball held high, cut to a mustachioed player standing menacingly at the track's edge, cut to a jittery close-up of Jonathan dodging hostile skaters, cut to mustachioed player sliding down the track, cut to jittery long shot of Jonathan heading towards the goal, cut to close-up of mustachioed player flailing rival's head. For the most part the spectators of this

supposedly penultimate spectacle are left uninterested, a seedy mass who cheer and chant at appropriate intervals. The incredible cathartic catharsis of rollerball goes unexplored, but not without good reason.

interested in continuing with the movie, but rather a simple glorification of ego. The absurdity of *Rollerball* is that the glorified ego might upset the system of glorification or pose a threat to anything but a company equitable distribution of goods. *Rollerball* operates under the illusion that a corporate capitalist system would favor mass social consciousness over that of the individual. Mass consciousness can only operate successfully in a situation of classlessness, the absence of differentiations along economic lines. The film describes in detail tomorrow's levels of privilege, as it is so simply, mindfully stated. In this instance, however, *Rollerball* as a souffle of social antithesis, might actually be in pursuit of something vital to science-fiction, imagining the unimaginable. Corporate society seems no more plausible than any number of monsters that have terrorized Japan in that corporate state's lurid film fantasies.

Picking up on the fantasy aspect of science-fiction, one might read *Rollerball* as a macho epic. As far as relief from pent-up hostility, it's a relief from the fantasy of the rollerball game, a bloody, computerized roller derby with a freshly fired cannon ball, one knuckle, and motorcycles all in contention, is the future corporate society's method of releasing its relief from pent-up hostility. As a result, two hours of rollerball and one is that nagging desire for war and crime. From this vantage point, *Rollerball* is no more convincing than a commercial for Pringle's No-Fat-Future-Groceries.

*Rollerball's* plot revolves around the corporate decision to eliminate Jonathan, the greatest rollerballer in history, from the game. The reason for the decision is kept secret till the end of the film. Keeping the information out of sight allows the film its conceit. *Rollerball* functions in two ways, as a subliminal release for hostility and as an illustration of the worthless-ness of individual action. It is for the latter reason Jonathan must be eliminated. The climax of the film asserts the mystical state of "freedom and choice," individualism, and offers hope that, with enough great individuals, people in the future will "remember a place called Indianapolis."

*Rollerball* represents the superstar's view of his own individualism. *Rollerball's* individualism is not that of the moral loner (Jonathan seems only

# LETTERS

Dear Reader:

I wish to thank Beth Lyons for her superb observation of "The Misa Market," a prime example of one of the most beautiful in the midst of material decadence.

A statement made by Henry David Thoreau is appropriate: "The majority of men are content to lead lives of quiet desperation." These naïve, sweet smelling men with their invulnerable, hard gloss glow coat of self-reliance "ephermal, merely because they have not learned to commune. They only promise to know where it's at."

I am not condemning the overaged high school "in crowd" for its cock on the rock conduct. These are the "winners" which our culture cultivates, and the tacit objectification of their efforts is the cold path they have chosen.

If one of these so-called "men" were asked to listen to art music or quietly feed a poem, they would likely call the inquirer a pussy and floor the accelerator. I am grateful to have friends of both sexes who don't object to looking, feeling, and smelling like people; not something sprayed from an aerosol can. The "beautiful people" can have it.

Dennis Davis  
La Mesa

Editor: I usually regard Duncan Shepherd as one of the most competent film critics to be found. He strikes me as an original writer who is far more interested in lucid analyses than in half-mast summaries. It is for this reason that I am dismayed by his quick, easy dismissal of *Scenes of the Mean Streets*.

This film, lumpy and discursive though it is, is an intense, volitional, honestly rendered vision of a "horrible environment to grow up in." It is the one "coming of age" movie I have seen that doesn't cheat its characters into providing gilt, self-revelations for the audience to be comfortable with. The "horribleness" is inescapably present, unlike most of the movies it can be compared with, American Graffiti, Last Picture Show, and *Vietnam*, it avoids the temptation to provide "avenues of escape" because nobody in the movie believes there is anything to escape from. A raw affirmation of life's possibilities would only betray this movie as it betrays *Lucas*, *Bogdanovich* and *Fellini*.

Saville and the wrestling coach were right. But to their apparatus I would add emotion and veracity. Gail Hogan  
Santa Mesa

Dear Editor:

A copy of your paper was shown me by a friend who, like me, finds Tony's at El Eden Gardens one of the best Mexican restaurants to be found in or anywhere. They cater to Americans and never have we seen any low class (if there be such) Mexicans in the restaurant or at the bar. And no one who is out for an evening of pleasure (that we know) would go to the Blue Bird or Market Place! There is Fidel's next door to Tony's and if one prefers "hotter" food, they go there. Personally, we and all of our friends prefer Tony's for the food, atmosphere, the always pleasant waiters, waitresses, bartenders, etc. Never have we known one to be temperamental, in a mood, etc.

The manner in which your representative referred to the surroundings, and those who patronize Tony's, showed the reporter's true character and I am stooping low to even give her scolding sound thoughts, but I, like my friend, am boiling mad! We meet and recognize many La Jolla, Rancho Santa Fe, and Loma Santa Fe residents at Tony's. In fact, when we have accompanied many such during the County Fair and Racine seasons, we must wait sometimes an hour for a table!

Unfortunately, Tony passed away last year and cannot defend himself. His wife, who now operates the restaurant, is Catalina (not Martha, as your so-called reporter mentioned). During Tony's fatal illness, Mrs. Tony, as many of us call her, and I comforted her with the thought that my husband was just two doors away for coronary bypass surgery. Having become more closely acquainted, I can well imagine her feelings if she was shown your reporter's tirade. Hope she wasn't. I did witness the two bartenders' amazement. Our daughter, Teresa, is cashier; the other daughter, a waitress and assistant to Catalina; their husbands Ramon and Paul, bartenders, and two of the finest waiters known. Their margaritas are superb!

As to the food, I wonder if your employee actually tasted it? I cannot believe her description. As another of our friends commented, "Perhaps this character has been 'fed' out of Tony's." Right? We all know she is sick, sick, sick!

Sincerely,  
Beverly E. Moldau  
Lucasida

## A Right-On Woman

# RED SONJA



—Sara Mautsby—

Red Sonja, she-devil with a sword, kept across the cover of a Marvel Comic which reached the newsstands last week and joined such legendary heroes as Superman, the Shadow, Dr. Strange, and Duffy Duck.

Red Sonja, with flaming red hair and a flamboyant disregard for the niceties of conventional clothing, is the creation of fantasy writer, Robert E. Howard. She first entered the world of comic book fiction in the pages of Conan the Barbarian #23, and kicked herself out of Conan's life in the very next issue when she walked off with a priceless tiara Conan had helped her liberate from the palace at Makhata. Red Sonja had grown too large in two brief tales to be contained within the pages of someone else's story.

Red Sonja and Conan are both within the comic book genre called sword and sorcery fiction. They live by their wits and their skill with the sword in legendary times, when good is to stay alive, and evil comes in many guises and is reinforced by supernatural means.

In her eight-page maiden feature story, Red Sonja is attacked by a satyr whom she slays with a dagger, confronted by a captive priest of Mitra, whom she puts out of misery with a knife led into a trap by a pole-dancing satyr — whereupon she is forced to fight a dozen or so of the devilish beasts with her sword. Fortunately, a well-placed blow breaks the satyr's pipes, turns all but the lead beast to stone, and Sonja's task is somewhat more simple. She backs him into a corner and forces him into a pit where the "slither things" await their next meal. Her attackers vanquished, Red Sonja then buries the dead priest, before continuing on her way through the forest called Darkwood.

Red Sonja is drawn by the artist Dick Giordano, whose visual images match the action-packed adventure story. Red Sonja is always on the move. Whether or not she will survive in the high-mortality field of comic book heroes depends upon more than good art work and a fast-paced tale, however. There is money for the publishers in new heroes. Comic book aficionados buy first feature comic books. If they like the book, they continue to buy. If not, sales drop off, and some new creation must be dreamed up in order to perpetuate the cycle. Generally, comic book has to be a print run of 100,000 or more in order to be considered a success. Marvel Comics adds Red Sonja to a publishing list which includes Spiderman, Thor, Dr. Strange, and the legendary

enormous amount of their business by mail advertising on some of the many pages which fall between the pages of the comic book story. Those familiar with comic books will remember those pages which held promises for such things as powerful muscles, switchblade combs, stamps, coins, and a thousand other treats which primarily serve as instructors in the service of "life's little disappointments."

Also, collectors have set very high value on some comic book back issues. If there are boxes of comics in an attic somewhere that you know about, you might want to check for D.C.'s Action Comics #1 in which the first Superman story appears. That one brings \$13,000.000 from collectors. Batman #1 goes for about \$1,000, and a 1940 Color Comics #4 with Donald Duck drawn by the artist Carl Bark goes for \$700-\$1,000.

Another interesting sidelight are the Comic Conventions such as the one which is being held at the El Cortez Hotel in downtown San Diego July 30-August 3. At these conventions, readers, artists, publishers, and the interested public get together, to do business, watch films, have a good time, and to promote comic book fiction.

Red Sonja made her debut this week. She could become as legendary as Wonder Woman, if the public allows. It will be interesting to see whether or not an aggressive, ready-to-slay she-devil with a sword can survive in the hard-nosed economic reality of the comic book business, and we may learn something about the fantasy climate for females in the world today in the process.

Greg also had been disturbed by the obvious revolving door alcoholics, abusing the Center's facilities. He felt some wines were using the Center as they would the Salvation Army mission right around the corner. "They leave at 10:30 a.m., go get drunk, and check back in that night."

After talking to Kennedy, a man Greg had spoken highly of, I realized that the "reform" was merely official recognition of problems long apparent to staff and inmates alike. I asked Kennedy what could be done. "In the first place we need more referral facilities out there, there's no place for the very debilitated, for people with brains too gone to make decisions. We need legal help to place them, and decisions have to be made for people who refuse to make decisions, who keep ripping us off." Then I asked Kennedy the question about what statistics they had indicative of success and expected some official bullshit in return. He was impatient in answering, "How do you define success, some people are still alive, some stop drinking. I consider success just being (here)."

The primary purpose of Detox Center is to accommodate persons detained by the police for drunkenness. They are kept in a safe environment with medical care available and released the next morning at 8:30 a.m. Greg estimated that 60% of the men inside while he was there were police pickups. Greg had entered under the 3-day Self Commit program, evidently the program most open to abuse. But for the low income alcoholic seeking to end his dependence under semi-controlled medical conditions, and in an atmosphere guaranteed to provide culture shock and peer reinforcement, there is no better alternative offered in San Diego County. Also available is a 30-day program about which Kennedy would only say, "It's a pilot program, it's new." Greg had told me about a group of fifteen going on furlough from the 30-day program. They went to Balboa Park. Only four returned.

When Greg checked out at 10:30

first time morning, voluntarily sober for the first time since 1967, he had praved for the down and outers, he had met at Detox. "There was a spirit of cooperation, we took care of each other." He also talked about Kennedy, "He's a busy man, the only really good counseling I got was in a bullshit session with Tom Kennedy. He told me about the Alano Club." Alano is an organization of ex alcoholics, helping each other. Greg feels they do this very well. He beat feet out of Detox and took his right nerve to the North Shore Alano Club in Pacific Beach; there are three Alano Clubs in San Diego County. Their counseling was excellent, from men who had been there themselves. They got him into a beginner's AA group where he is hanging in, "thanks to the fox ladies at the meetings." He has joined the Alano Club and visits the Club restaurant or game room often. He doesn't like to be alone in the mornings.

The United artist said some ominous things about budget cutting as the main benefit of the so-called "reforms." If I read bureaucracy correctly they could mean elimination or restriction of the 3 Day Self Commit program. I hope not. Greg is worth all the "revolving door alcoholics" in town.

POSTSCRIPT: Greg's first nervous after Detox was rough. He felt nervous, irritable, smoked huge quantities of marijuana trying to settle down. He went to AA meetings every night, except on his wedding anniversary. Finally he began to make it. His swollen kidneys receded. He looked amazing. He had a phrase, "Easy Does It." Greg put an Easy Does It bumper sticker on his truck. We sat and talked and he was mentally quicker than he'd been in years. I thought he'd made it all the way.

I was leaving town on a camping trip and stopped by Greg's to visit before I split. His wife told me he had laughed all through the copy of the article I had given him to check out. That, and the obvious fact that his friend once more had his shit together made me feel really good. Greg's only bitch was a sore throat (I realize now that his system had been weakened by alcoholic withdrawal) he complained that smoking dope made his inflamed and raw throat ache. It seemed a minor thing. I said goodbye, and went to the mountains.

On July 2, 1975, in the early afternoon, Greg went into his upstairs bathroom and locked the door. The sore throat was persistent, he couldn't shake it, and he planned to spend the rest of the day, his day off, in bed. He wanted to be so sick that he could puke on July Fourth. His throat was so sore, there was no way he could smoke any dope.

At his job he had access to various animal tranquilizers. Animal tranquilizers necessarily get a person high. It's one of those drugs that simply kills the pain. Sitting on the john, Greg tied off, and stuck a needle in his arm. Shortly after, he fell off the toilet and laid on the cold tile floor, nude and dying. When his wife returned from shopping and had a neighbor break down the door his body was still warm. It would never be warm again. The death was an accident, OD, embolism, conflict with medication for his throat infection, perhaps just an altered tolerance due to alcoholic withdrawal. He hadn't shot up in a long time. The last time we'd talked Greg had been trying to say something deep about life before and after Vietnam. I felt what he was saying but I couldn't then and I can't now put it down in words. Greg thought of himself as a tough guy, they would have been embarrassed to see the men and women crying at his funeral. Psychologists call it Post Vietnam Syndrome, for Greg's friends it was just an odd loss.

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