

(continued on page 8)

City Lights

Ready For Takeoff

Kathy and Eddie Schadeewald are selling their worldly goods, quitting their jobs, and taking off. They don't exactly know where they're going, but they're not coming back. Eddie is thirty-one, Kathy thirty, and yet their roots in Coronado run deep.

Both their families moved to Coronado when Kathy and Eddie were very young, the two met and became sweethearts at Coronado High School fifteen years ago. Four days after school ended, they got married. A year and a half later their only son Charlie was born at Coronado Hospital.

Right after they were married, they lived on the ninety-four dollars a week Ed earned working at Safeway. He had begun as a bagger at the Coronado store in 1966, and he soon rose within the grocery chain management. "Plus, we've always been creative about ways to make money," says Kathy. When Charlie was small, for example, she raised Saint Bernards and once earned \$3400 within a few months' time.

She photographed dogs at shows and sold the pictures to the proud owners. By 1971 the couple was making enough money to afford the payments on a little house they bought in South San Diego. (They raised the \$5000 down payment by selling some stock Ed had inherited from his grandfather.) But Kathy says they felt uncomfortable living away from Coronado, so they returned to their home town and found a tiny house on a fifty-by-forty-nine-foot lot.

About three and a half years ago they traded up from that to their current dwelling on H Avenue. They say \$95,000 seemed like a huge amount of money to pay for something that looked little better than a shack. The saving feature, however, was the small rental unit in back of the seventy-year-old house. So the couple put \$20,000 down, moved in, and began working day and night to improve the place. As time passed, however, they began to think more and more clearly about leaving it.

Kathy says their resolve to do so began back in high school, when the two teen-agers fantasized about buying a filling it with groceries, and living out of it. Over the years, Kathy and Eddie increasingly hankered to live in a different climate. They say they finally realized that they never would do that as long as they were anchored by a house. So they finally developed the plan which they now have put into action.

They priced the house at \$200,000—and came up with a financing arrangement which quickly enticed a buyer. The buyers are paying the Schadeewalds \$25,000 down and a thousand dollars a month for five years. Then at the end of the five years, the buyers will owe the couple a final lump payment. In the



Eddie, Kathy, and Charlie Schadeewald

meantime, Kathy and Ed bought a 1980 Tiaga motorhome. Now they're condensing their other material possessions, selling and discarding things, keeping just enough to outfit a home on the road.

They're selling both their cars. They've sold all their appliances, their bed, their dining room set, their son's bedroom set, their coffee table. They've had four yard sales in the last two months. They've sold ten-year-old Charlie that he can give his possessions to friends or sell them, and keep enough to fit into a twenty-eight-by-sixteen-by-twelve-inch toybox. The couple plans to rent a mini-warehouse to store items with sentimental value: the bedroom set they've had since they were married; the dog-shaped doorknob Kathy inherited from her grandmother.

Last week Ed quit his job at Safeway, and all they're doing smoothly, he, Kathy, and Charlie will drive away the first week in February. They have a rough sketch of their route, but not a detailed agenda. First they'll drive south to the tip of Baja, then a month or so later they'll head for the slaving in Coahuila or Guan. Then they'll drive around the Gulf of Mexico, through Texas, and into Florida. "I want to go to Louisiana," says Kathy. "I

want to go to the bird sanctuaries there. I've wanted to go... Gen, besides Africa I've wanted to go to Louisiana for longer than any place else, for eight years at least."

They'll visit Milwaukee and Canada and the Pacific Northwest, and they hope to be in northern California by the beginning of next fall. There the boy, Charlie, will live with his grandmother and re-enter school. (His parents will tutor him for the remainder of this academic year.) After dropping off their son, Kathy and Ed plan to continue traveling at least until next winter. Kathy says her greatest fear is that something will interrupt their traveling before at least a year is up, entice them into stopping.

One of the hardest things to face is that this isn't a three-week vacation," Kathy says. Yet she says the resolve to make it a major life change is adding insight into her leave-taking. "You don't know how many people you know and care for, and how you're saying good-bye." The couple says reactions to their good-byes have been varied. "People either say, 'You guys are really

brave,' or 'You guys are crazy.' Both are sure they're not crazy. The monthly income will insure that they won't starve, and they're confident they'll always be able to find some work when they need it. "It is possible that I might find out in a few years that I had it better here," Eddie muses. "But at least we'll know."

— J.D.

Thanks To Them It's Working

The new executive director of United Way of San Diego County won't be needing any personal charity from anyone. Starting salary for W. James Greene, who will step into the top slot of the local fundraising organization March 1, will be \$77,000 a year.

United Way president Kim Fletcher explains the hefty wage by pointing out that executive skills like Greene's are highly desirable. Fletcher says the salary accordingly must "be competitive to salaries paid for similar high-level responsibilities both in private industry and the public sector."

Greene's new salary may be competing against public sector salaries somewhere but it hardly beats those to be found in San Diego, where the top executive in county government (the chief administrative officer) earns just between \$57,761 and \$63,731 a year. The highest-paid employee in the city, the manager, earns between \$49,236 and \$67,440, the mayor makes \$31,250, and council members get just \$21,500 a year.

United Way salary levels also have apparently succeeded in preventing any private employers from luring Greene away from the charity business, since being discharged from the Army in 1956, he has moved exclusively from one United Way job to another. In San Diego, he succeeds Donald L. Morgan—who last year took a job as executive director of United Way of Atlanta.

— J.D.

In The Same Boat

The free anchorage in the cove of Shelter Island's northern finger is an archipelago of boats and lives surrounded by an ocean of problems. Problems, that is, if you happen to be one of about a hundred people living in the anchorage and if you have no desire to see your neighborhood drastically altered. If so, you're eyeball to eyeball with the Port District, which holds a lease to the ten acres comprising the anchorage, and plans to clear

the 200 boats off the surface of the water and the wrecks off the bottom and put in about a hundred moorings by 1985. If you're the Port District, you've got redevelopment fever like the other authorities around here, and you're sick of looking at the hodgepodge of vessels that includes as many rotting derelicts as it does well-kept ocean cruisers and trim houseboats. If you're the nearby Ball Hui restaurant, you're fed up with the eclectic flotilla marring the view of your tourist customers. If you're one of the merchants along the shoreline, like the proprietors of Kettnerburg or Admiralty Marine or San Diego Marine Exchange, you've had it up to here with the anchorage people. You've caught them stealing lumber and tools from you; they've filled your garbage cans with trash so often you have to lock the dumpsters at night now; all your outdoor lightbulbs have been flicked several times; your docks have been infested with vandalism on your truck. They've torn down your fences (which made great firewood), caused you to put locks on your outdoor water spigots, and also because tying up the moorings would probably cost about five dollars a night. This would hurt people like forty-year-old Zeki

move soon, and being blamed for much of the waterfront crime, and having to take the rap for some of the pollution in the bay. So they've formed an association. And like most homeowners' associations, theirs got off to a rousing, if rocky, start.

The first meeting was held three Sundays ago on the Ponderosa, a roomy houseboat on the western boundary of the anchorage. Although nobody expected much of a turnout, a small armada of dinghies was observed heading for the Ponderosa, and by the time the meeting came to order, there were about seventy-five people on board and the boat was taking on water. Not much was accomplished besides the first organizational sutter steps, but the anchorage residents left with the realization that they did live in a community and that they would fight for its existence if it came to that.

Some residents, particularly the proprietors and sometimes prosperous houseboat owners, as well as those who live in the anchorage because it's rent-free, want to fight the Port District's plans to put in moorings because, for one thing, there would be fewer moorings constructed than there are boats currently anchored, and also because tying up the moorings would probably cost about five dollars a night. This would hurt people like forty-year-old Zeki

Mazar, who's lived in the free anchorage for more than a decade and who owns and rents out four or five other boats anchored near his. It would also be hard on Gillian Lancaster, 46, who lives in a tiny eight-foot-by-twelve-foot houseboat appropriately named The Box.

Lancaster rented a little cabin from Mazar when she first moved out to the anchorage in 1976, and lived in four or five other boats out there before buying The Box for about a thousand dollars. The wood stove that came with The Box she battered to a friend floating nearby for help in rebuilding the boat's roof.

Now, like most anchorage residents, Lancaster cooks on a little two-burner propane stove set up in the stern. Her utility bill, which includes just the cost of propane and candles, is less than five dollars a month. There's room on the boat for a bunk, opposite the stove, a couple of makeshift bookcases filled with paperbacks, some small storage bins beneath the stove, and a place to hang some clothing. Square windows let in the salt air and the sounds of nearby residents, all of whom she is acquainted with. "How

many people can say they know all their neighbors?" asks Lancaster, smiling generally.

Gillian Lancaster is one of those who wouldn't be living in the anchorage anymore if the Port District put in moorings. There would probably be very few live-aboards allowed to stay, as the purpose of the anchorage is to provide a place for transient boats—people who are cruising or waiting for a marina—to anchor for short periods. People like Bill and Eleanor Noller, who live on a catamaran close to Lancaster's houseboat, would not be tolerated.

The Nollers moved into the anchorage seventeen years ago from Imperial Beach, after completing construction on their large catamaran, the Vagrant. They've lived there off and on since 1963, between cruises to Mexico and the Channel Islands off Santa Barbara, and they raised three kids in the anchorage. The Nollers represent at the other main faction of anchorage residents—those who could afford to live elsewhere (they have a slip at Shelter Island Yachtways), and would welcome the placement of moorings and the restroom, outboard, and docking facilities the Port District wants to build. Unlike many boats in the anchorage, the Vagrant is well equipped with water and power, and it can move in and out of the anchorage at will. The Nollers hope they won't be forced out, but they didn't attend the first meetings of the

newly formed association.

North of the Nollers, past a few nicely kept houseboats, some small sailboats, and quite a few marginal derelicts, a small coterie of ocean-going cruising vessels prepare for their next voyage. Given the going rate of thirty dollars an hour to have your boat worked on in the nearby yards, many ocean voyagers drop anchor here to do serious work on their boats and to stock provisions. With the exorbitant costs of boatyard work and the fact that marinas don't allow major work to be done in their slips, more people like Steve and Carol Thomas, who own the Natomia Bay, are using the anchorage as a place to do their repairs. The Thomases have the stevedore arrival to the anchorage, little Theodor, six weeks old, and Carol, a registered nurse, stays on the boat full time to care for the baby while Steve works as a sailing instructor on Harbor Island. They returned last July from a cruise off Mexico and settled in the anchorage to await the birth of their baby and to complete construction on the boat for another cruise beginning next November. This one will take them to Mexico, Hawaii, and Canada.

The Thomases, like most of the other serious cruisers in this corner of the anchorage, oppose the impending moorings because boat equipment and materials are expensive enough, and money has to be saved for long voyages. The free anchorage at the Embarcadero along Harbor Drive is too choppy to carry out major repairs, and the one at Coronado doesn't have the marine-related businesses close at hand. "We're definitely going to live on our boat," says Carol Thomas. "So we either stay in the free anchorage or move to another country."

But hanging like a bilious squall over the heads of all the live-aboards at the first anchorage, the not-so-well-off who can't afford rent anywhere, the houseboaters who want to live on the water and can't find a slip in the overcrowded marinas (which all but prohibit houseboats anyway), the sailors who'd much rather live with the slip of water than the slam of doors, and the cruisers resting between voyages, is the inhumanity that it is illegal for anyone actually to live on state tidelands, and the anchorage falls within the boundaries of local tidelands. The Port District doesn't feel this law can be enforced until it goes in and makes the "improvements" it plans for the free anchorage. Before that happens, the association hopes to clean up the derelicts, patch up relations with local merchants, take care of the trash problems, and police itself. It's a long shot. As one resident, active in the organization, privately put it, "I don't see us winning."

— N.M.

Jeannette DeWitt and Neal Matthews

City Lights



Zeki Mazar

Photograph by Jim Cull



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Look Before You Lambaste

My first response to Patricia Glimski's comments about Rev. Tim LaHaye's "Letters" (January 8) was, where does she get her information? I'd like to ask Mr. Glimski if she has ever spoken to LaHaye, attended one of his sermons, or read any of his books (most notably not because if she had, she wouldn't have said many of the things she did about him).

She first has to remember where Mr. LaHaye is coming from. He is a pastor who loves and preaches the standards found in the Bible as he believes them to be. She may not

agree with his interpretation of what he reads, but is she going to deny him the right to believe as he will?

Mr. Glimski's response to Mr. LaHaye's "Letters" is a rather apparent in her comments about his views on sex. His book *The 10 Commandments* is a book that he definitely does not believe in sex solely for the purpose of procreation. As to his views on homosexuality, his book *The 10 Commandments* will verify that while he may hate the sin, he certainly does not hate the sinner. On the contrary, he implies as to love them.

She stated that "he supports the largest and most effective mass murderer." I'd wager that she supports abortion, which terminates the lives of millions of babies each year.

As to his politics, is it his fault that society has chosen to make what have always been religious

issues into political issues? The date recognizes the church as a valid place to register voters, so why should "he" be? Did she try to register at one of his churches and find that they refused to register her unless she endorsed with a particular party or voted to vote for a particular candidate? I doubt it. Mr. LaHaye simply believes that Christians, like anyone else, should be good citizens and register to vote. Period. Is that wrong? I think she will also find no proof whatsoever for her belief that his church has ever raised any money for any candidate.

However, I am sure she won't deny him his right as a private citizen (even if he is a pastor) to endorse or vote for or against any candidate or campaign.

Furthermore, in the asking us to believe that she does not vote for candidates who share her own views? She expects him not to. I'd also like to remind her that our founding fathers were, for the most part, religious men of one kind or another. The First Amendment is not a denial of religion or a government official's right to be religious; it is merely a law against the existence of a state religion.

Does the election of a Christian in government constitute the forming of a state religion?

I also beg to differ with Mr. Glimski's statement that "these... fanatics threaten... the rights to read and to think freely, to probe intellectually, to question the actions of public officials, to write and to publish our thoughts, and to associate and work with those who believe as we do." I do not believe you will ever hear Mr. LaHaye speak against any of these rights. He may admonish Christians to avoid certain publications (such as pornographic material) or not to do certain things or associate closely with certain types of people, but I think you will find that people other than "fanatics" also do this. I challenge her to cite one instance of his not allowing someone the right to do any of the things she mentioned.

I would also like to know what Mr. Glimski's ideal of "freedom" is. Is Christ not repentant people for their sins, and tell others how they should act? If Mr. Glimski had taken the trouble to familiarize herself with the man she is slandering, she would know that he is a very loving, caring, forgiving, and sincere man. He does not hate anyone for any reason. My only hope is that next time Mr. Glimski decides to lambaste someone, she takes the time to get her facts straight.

Lorena Cornwell
Clatskanie

(continued on page 22)

Letters

MONBALLET

Exercise Studio
Offers "Total" Exercise

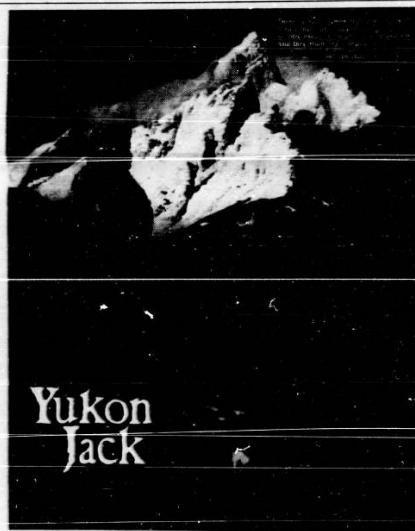
Early morning classes have been added to the class schedule.

The early morning classes will last forty-five minutes and will begin at 8:00 Monday through Friday.

Classes are limited in size and by appointment only.

Cost 20 classes — \$60.00

For reservations please call 223-8587
348 W. Market Street, Suite 402, San Diego



Post Yukon Jack



Post Yukon Jack in your room with a colorful 22" x 26" poster. Just send \$3.00 to Yukon Jack, The Black Sheep of Canadian Liquors, P.O. Box 11152, Newington, CT 06111.
Yukon Jack, 100 Proof Imported Liqueur. Imported by Heublein, Inc., Hartford, CT. Sole Agents U.S.A. - J. D. Dadd, Mould & Co., Inc.

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Lorena Cornwell
Clatskanie

(continued on page 22)

Letters

Letters

Letters

Letters

1¢ SALE

• 1¢ headphones • 1¢ car stereo amp
• 1¢ hi-fi stand • 1¢ electronic antenna



The Pacific Stereo 1¢ Sale is drawing to a close. You have only until Saturday, January 31st to grab these spectacular 1¢

bargains: a 1¢ hi-fi stand when you buy any compact stereo. A 1¢ electronically directable FM antenna when you buy our featured Technics receiver. A 1¢ car stereo amplifier when you buy our featured Pioneer car stereo system. And there are many, many more 1¢ bargains...all marked with bright red tags at your nearby store!

Only one 1¢ bonus offer per purchase.

Numark stereo headphones. The comfortable DH-159 model is \$5.95 if bought separately. With the Sanyo M9002 portable just 1¢. You save \$5.94!

1¢

Sanyo portable AM/FM stereo cassette recorder. Two 8 1/2" inch speakers really deliver. Separate channel volume controls let you balance the sound the way you want. Sanyo M9002.

\$99.95

Buy this portable cassette recorder for 1¢

B-I-C electronically directable FM antenna. Locks onto signals coming from any direction. B-I-C FM-6 Beam Box \$29.95 if bought separately, with Technics SA-303 receiver just 1¢. You save \$29.94!

1¢

Technics AM/FM stereo receiver with 40 watts min. RMS per channel at 8 ohms, 20-20,000 Hz, 0.04% total harmonic distortion. A high filter cuts out extraneous "hiss" and other high frequency noise. Technics SA-303.

\$249

Buy this receiver for 1¢

Pioneer car stereo power booster. Pumps 12 watts per channel output power into your car stereo for tighter bass. Pioneer AD-312 booster \$39.95 is bought separately, with Pioneer Quadraflex car system only 1¢. You save \$39.94!

1¢

Pioneer in-dash AM/FM stereo car cassette player with Quadraflex 6 1/2" inch car speakers. Local distance switching ensures crisp FM reception. Pioneer KP-1500/Quadraflex AS-676.

\$179

Buy this car stereo for 1¢

Advertised prices good through Saturday, January 31, 1981.

1981 Pacific Stereo. A unit of CBS Inc.

The nation's largest dealer of name brand stereo components.

PACIFIC STEREO



Charge it and pay monthly!
Open your own Pacific Stereo Charge Account or use your Visa or MasterCard. We also welcome American Express.

**Weekdays 10 to 9,
Saturday 10 to 6,
Sunday 1 to 6.**

**La Mesa 8322 Hercules across from the Akron 461-8922. Service 461-8924.
San Diego 3751 Roberts at Sports Avenue Blvd. 296-8420. Service 296-8423.
Carlsbad 2506 El Camino Real across from the Pacific Stereo Real Shopping Center 433-6515. Service 433-6672 and 27 other Southern California stores.**

TUNED IN

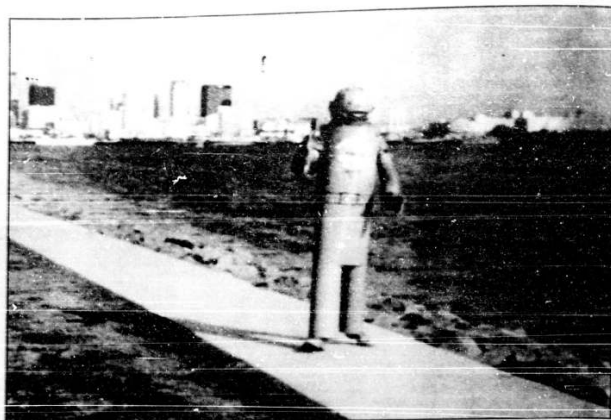
(continued from page 1)
currently estimates the debt at approximately \$85,000. Fearing arrest, he has not returned to Canada since then.

Meanwhile, Tawfik Khoury continued to do what he does best — turn a profit. As for J.C. Turner, never having been one to let the cruel vicissitudes of an unkind fate deter him from his ambitions, the ensuing years (1977 through 1979) saw him embarking upon even more ventures. These included Teko Products, at 4590 Jicarillo (now defunct); Angelo's Furniture, at 4401 Park Boulevard (now defunct); and Luft Auto Sales, at 5810 El Cajon Boulevard (now defunct).

Johnny Rodgers was also busy with some corporate ventures of his own, which included speculations in real estate during and after his tenure with the Chargers (an affiliation that ended in 1979 with a knee injury). These investments included the ownership of All Pro Realty, a San Diego-based real estate franchise, now defunct. But it was this interest in real estate that brought Rodgers into social contact with Tawfik Khoury. Khoury enjoyed Rodgers' company. Rodgers was, after all, a popular sports figure, and would soon go on to help Khoury in several land development deals.

Fully aware of the eccentricities inherent in the real estate profession, Rodgers pursued other sources of revenue. Having met Turner socially shortly after arriving in San Diego, Rodgers went into a formal partnership with him and, in May of 1979, the two created Coast Auto Repair, located at 3867 El Cajon Boulevard. Two months prior to this, Turner had renewed his legal filings on TV News. He knew that somehow, something would come of it, and he spoke of these ambitions to Rodgers.

It was at this point that Rodgers apologetically solicited his assistance. ("I did him a favor, and so he did me a favor," Rodgers was later to remark.) As a show of his own commitment, Rodgers invested an initial \$100,000, which went into renting an impressive suite of offices at 9420 Fairham



Robbie the Robot

Street in Kearny Mesa, outfitting it lavishly (thick carpeting, fancy decorations, expensive desks, and other furniture), and in bringing in the initial staff. The concept of franchisement was quickly added, and the magazine's name became *California TV News*, San Diego County Edition, under the aegis of J.C. Turner Enterprises, with Turner as publisher. Rodgers as president and editor of the magazine, and with Tawfik Khoury as a silent partner. Turner was given this position because, according to Rodgers, he was thought to have a solid business and management background. Khoury's financial involvement was to begin as soon as Rodgers' initial investment ran out. And so began a new San Diego business enterprise, which, for a number of people, is when the trouble started.

One of the first to be contacted by the new corporation was John Meyers of the John Meyers Advertising Agency. His role in the organization was to solicit advertising, arrange for trade-outs (radio air-time provided in exchange for advertisements

in the magazine), and handle any additional publicity activities, including the production of commercials. "I blame myself for ever getting mixed up with people like that in the first place," Meyers recalls. "I was warned about doing anything with Johnny Rodgers. I was warned many times. My own son (an attorney) told me, 'You're a damn fool if you do anything with him.' J.C. and Johnny Rodgers — they're both high-rollers; they're sort of throwbacks to the old days of wild gamblers and the Diamond Jim Bradys. There were driving the fancy cars and wearing the fancy clothes, but they could hardly afford to pay the hired help."

As a consequence of these warnings, Meyers was curious about the source of their finances. "Right at the beginning, I asked them what money they had. That was when Turner told me not to worry because they had Khoury involved in all this. But he was a silent partner. J.C. was the guy running it at the time, and he was trying to get everything for nothing." (Tawfik Khoury now claims that he had no

direct connection to *California Radio TV News* and does not remember ever meeting Turner, although he says that "I might have met him at a party some time.")

The first priorities on Meyers' list, as set down by Turner and Rodgers, were to produce a television commercial and to solicit trade-outs. For the television spot, they turned to Michael Thaller, an instructor in the telecommunications-and-film department at San Diego State University and an independent filmmaker. "One day I got a call from John Meyers asking if I could do a commercial for *California Radio TV News*," Thaller says. "The word 'radio' was added to the name by Meyers. When Thaller suggested showing Meyers a sample of his previous work, 'he said he wasn't interested in seeing the sample reel. He was just interested in the price.'"

On February 28 Meyers called again, on Turner's instructions, and convinced Thaller to lower the price to \$550. But it wasn't until mid-March that Thaller was given Turner's conception for the commercial. "It was a thirty-second commercial



Tawfik Khoury

with three scenes," says Thaller, "and frankly, it reeked. Scene one was a spinning galaxy. Scene two was an explosion, followed by a robot walking around and talking about how *California Radio TV News* in sports and television and radio and all this. Scene three was a spinning graphic with the logo and the phone number. I thought to myself, 'This is a pretty tacky commercial. Three scenes at ten seconds per scene is going to be pretty dull.' But throughout this whole thing, no one ever asked me for my opinion."

Over the next several weeks, the artwork was assembled — by Turner. The main ingredient was an eleven-by-fourteen-inch spinning galaxy. "I recommended a poster from the Robben H. Frost Space Center," Thaller says. "But Turner thought he could get it cheaper. The problem was that the guy who did it was a sign painter, and three-by-four feet was the smallest he would work. It wasn't a spinning galaxy; it was the artist taking a paint brush and splattering white paint on the board, creating a star field. The letters were hand-lettered, and when you zoomed into it to fill up the screen, it looked really bad. Meyers had to go over it with [pressure sensitive] press-letters."

While the process of producing the television commercial went on, Turner and Rodgers found other activities with which to busy themselves. One of these was the task of assembling a dummy issue, a mock-up complete with articles, photographs (none of which had anything to do with the accompanying stories), and advertisements taken from other publications. "The issue was put together for the advertisers' benefit," says a former employee in the sales department. "The philosophy was, 'Hey, these other magazines just give you a piece of paper and a description of the magazine.' We've got the whole magazine. We know it wasn't going to look like that but we were told to tell people that it was gonna look like this, that this was the size, the thickness, and the quality of paper that we were going to use. But everyone knew that you can't put out that kind of publication, with the quality bond they used in the dummy issue. You'd go broke on your first issue!"

A letter of introduction signed by Turner and published on the first page of the dummy issue promised "a projected 100,000-plus circulation in the San Diego area" and stated that "a test edition of the magazine sold over 25,000 subscriptions in a five-week period." (Rodgers, who disclaimed detailed knowledge of the letter, now admits that there had been no such "test" issue.) "Both Johnny and J.C. kept telling me to tell people that we were going to put 100,000 or 50,000 copies on the

stands, even though they knew they would only have 25,000 printed, if that," explains Brad Andrews, a former employee of the magazine who has requested his real name not be used because of concerns for his professional reputation. "Every time I went [to sell advertising space] to a new client, I was assured of the magazine being at the prime spots, at the checkout stands, at Safeway, Mayfair, Big Bear, Vons — all the big ones. This never came to happen."

In addition to the inconsistencies about the projected press run, this mockup issue had other difficulties. There were no page numbers, photographs were apparently inserted without regard to the surrounding written copy, and one story was even laid out in incorrect sequence (middle page first, followed by the first page, and then the last page). Questions about the experience and background of both Rodgers and Turner were also raised at this time. "A lot of people we contacted about advertising said they wouldn't go in with us because of Johnny Rodgers," recalls a salesperson with the magazine. "They said, 'What does he know about publishing?' (Rodgers, who had been in J.C. Turner's office, said, 'Who is going to be writing for it?' All I could say was, 'Some of the best free-lance writers in San Diego.' They'd say, 'But who are they?' And I'd have to say, 'I don't



Johnny Rodgers

know. I couldn't tell them anything. They [Turner and Rodgers] wouldn't tell me."

Rodgers and Turner also did everything they could to keep Khoury's involvement a purely private affair. "Right at the beginning," Brad Andrews says, "I didn't even know his name. I knew, though, that Johnny was constantly getting notes from Tawfik. At one point, when I was in the process of getting hired, I wanted to get hold of him (Khoury) to find out if I really had the job or not. But Johnny wouldn't even tell me how he spelled his name. In referring to him, all they would say was 'the Arab.'"

As work on the magazine progressed, *California Radio TV News* contracted with Sportsline, a local specialty T-shirt firm located at 9873 Carmel Mountain Road, to produce more than \$1000 worth of T-shirts emblazoned with the magazine's name. Trade-outs were also arranged with the few broadcast stations willing to take a chance on the magazine, including KFMB, KOWN, XTRA, and KCBQ. Also, according to Meyers, "Easy to Assemble Furniture gave Johnny a sectional as a trade-out, which he, in turn, put in his home." Oh... and the commercial?

After overcoming a variety of technical difficulties caused by Turner's instructions and preparations, Michael Thaller was fit

(continued on page 10)

BROOKS SALE
"TUMM"
Men's Running Shorts now
\$14.95
Beach Running & Sports
5059 Newport Ave., Ocean Beach 223-0232
Mon.-Sat. 10-6, Sun. 11-6

Now in San Diego!
GOLD'S GYM
4275 Genesee, Clairemont
571-7700

Wedding Special \$249
(a \$395 value)
Complete wedding coverage with 40 photos
Wedding must be booked by January 31.
Popular dates book up fast. Call today
Westgate photography
520 E St. • Suite 303 • San Diego, CA 92101 (714) 262-0477

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on all printing
offer good through 1-31-81
with mention of this ad only
348 W. Market St.
2nd floor • Suite 202
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6 week sample classes for new students start Jan. 28
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299-5062
273-3072
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THE BEST WASHER REPAIR
• Reasonable rates
• Installation
• Servicing all washer/dryer models
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• Rebuilt machines available
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OUTRAGEOUS GLASS
SAN DIEGO'S NEW STAINED GLASS & SUPPLIES STORE
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BEGINNING MONDAY FEBRUARY 9th
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10% Discount on Tuition with this ad
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Condition Perm \$25
THE RAPE OF THE LOCKS
Evening appointments available
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TIRED? of the hassles of selling your own car?
Let us help—advertise, demonstrate, finance at NO cost to you! Consign your vehicle today. Ask for Ray Willette at
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Cappuccino • Flavors • Soup-Expresso • Tea
New open for
Breakfast 11-3 a.m.
1st & 5th St.
Sun. - Thurs. 11 a.m. - 11 p.m.
Fri. & Sat. 11 a.m. - 1 a.m.
1710 Mission Beach Blvd.
270-9141

NEW MEDICAL TREATMENT FOR CHRONIC AND ACUTE PAIN
Immediately effective with no side effects. No surgery and no anesthesia. No hospitalization. No painkillers. No narcotics. No side effects. No cost. Call today for a free consultation.
CALL TODAY
8334 Clairemont Mesa Blvd.

Neto's Warehouse Deli
IT'S NO SECRET
At Neto's Warehouse Deli you'll find everything you need for your party or event. From appetizers to desserts, we have it all. Call today for a free quote.
Saturday Jan. 24
Take 5% off special with coupon
Mozzarella \$1.79 lb.
Jack Cheese \$1.79 lb.
2775 Kurtz St. 298-6503 Saturday 10 a.m.-4 p.m.
(Behind Pic 'n Save, off Rosecrans—easy access from I-5 & I-15)

TUNED IN

(continued from page 9)

hally study for some outdoor shooting. "The only live scene I had to shoot was this stupid mechanical robot, looking like he just landed from space," Thaller says. "It shouldn't have been any problem." As it happened, however, a problem is just what it became.

"The robot was J.C. Turner's idea," explains Meyers. "After the commercial got started, Johnny and J.C. had a brainstorm. They saw Mr. Trash and said, 'We don't need a dummy.' They'd had a mechanical robot come out of the suit. They said, 'Let's get a real robot.' We'll go out and get Mr. Trash." So we go out, and Mr. Trash [San Diego mime John DeBrito] is contacted. Then they get the *funniest* suit made up for him out of plastic and crap, and spray-painted it, and the damn paint just kept popping and peeling off — it just looked raunchy, like a Halloween costume put out by one of those dime stores."

Thaller was equally unimpressed. "The suit was some thick card stock shaped like legs, more card stock, some flexible plastic dryer hose for the arms — all painted silver — and the logo on his chest. It was just the most half-assed thing you've ever seen in your life. The costume had two Tupperware bowls glued together for the head, and the paint kept peeling off. I kept thinking, 'Thank God no one's going to know I did this.'"

At the last moment, however, John DeBrito (Mr. Trash) turned out to be unavailable, so Meyers' car mechanic was substituted for the scene, which was to be filmed on Harbor Island. "It looked awful," Thaller recalls. "We had to do several takes to get it right, and the robot couldn't walk backwards to do it over again. At one point the harbor patrol pulled over and asked us what the hell we were doing. It was pretty funny."

Meanwhile, the April drive to obtain subscriptions in advance of the first issue

was underway. The first radio commercials were being broadcast, and a special subscription rate of \$14.95 for a full year (fifty-two issues) was offered. Then Rodgers developed yet another inducement for subscribers: hundreds of posters and flyers were printed, each proclaiming that for every one year subscription, \$1.45 (or seventy cents in the case of a half-year subscription) would be donated to Professional Athletes Community Effort (PACE), identified on the handouts as a nonprofit corporation. According to the advertisements, PACE let youngsters work as professional athletes, sponsored weekend workshops, and would even "step in and help out" when an underprivileged child was injured in a sporting event and the parents' medical insurance was insufficient to cover the expenses. There was just one problem: there was — and is — no such organization based in San Diego. "PACE was Johnny Rodgers'," says Andrews. "It was a great gimmick he came up with for subscribers. We kept telling him, 'Look, Johnny, you can't just make up something like that. You've got to file for nonprofit status and create a whole separate corporation.' But all he'd say was, 'We'll worry about that later.'"

(Rodgers recently said that "there was an organization that was planned to do that, and it is still in the planning stages.") It was also in late April, after nearly two months of last-minute changes by Turner, that Michael Thaller completed the commercial. "So finally we're going to show it to J.C. Turner," he says now. "It was the first time I had actually met J.C. He had been directing the whole thing from a distance. So he comes to my house. I show him the spot, and he says, 'I can get this done cheaper at Channel 8,' and leaves. That's when I thought, 'I don't think I'm gonna get paid for this.'"

Needless to say, Thaller was not pleased at the prospect. "I had done everything I had been told to do, and the result wasn't technically bad. It's just that conceptually it was a stinker. It was poorly written, poorly planned, and everything else," Meyers agrees. "Mike did as good a job as he could do," he says,

"considering that they didn't want to spend any money on the commercial." Rodgers and Turner also returned their attention to the subject of the premiere issue of *California Radio TV News*, which would shortly be making its debut. In addition to the planned puzzles, quizzes, recipes, and multi-language articles, a weekly female centerfold was instituted. "J.C. had put together the idea of the centerfold so that he could see how many girls he could meet," says Andrews. "He used to have all these pictures in his office and was always looking them up and down, saying he was going to take them all out. Every girl he talked to about the centerfold he tried to get a date with. That was the only reason he ever wanted that centerfold in there. That's what he told me."

It was at this point that John Meyers decided that he wanted out. "Finally, one day I said to J.C., 'You know, I don't like what you're doing. I think it's bullshit.' So he wrote me a letter — a real hot and heavy one — that said from now on I didn't represent them in any manner, shape, or form. I said, 'Fine. I don't care.'"

In that letter, dated April 21, Turner wrote that "we are completely stunned at your ineffectiveness. As a matter of fact, John, you have been a detriment at every step along the way. We feel confident we would have been much further ahead without you."

There was, however, one issue that had not been addressed in Turner's letter: Michael Thaller and his commercial. "I figured that *somebody* owed me money," Thaller says. "Normally, I bill through the advertising agency that hires me. But then John Meyers tells me that his partnership was dissolved, and so my argument now was with J.C. Turner. At that point, I thought, 'Now I'm in big trouble.'"

Then *California Radio TV News* hit the local newstands with its 128-page May 3/7 premiere issue. The edition contained TV and radio listings, several lengthy editorials, such features as "Suzanne's Recipes," "Military Spotlight," an advice column called "Ask Shonda," and the "California Angels" centerfold, which featured nineteen-year-old Irene Hamlen,

a student at Grossmont Junior College. The issue — which sold for forty cents — also featured a cover story on Michael Tuck, and the first installment in a series of columns by the magazine's mascot, Robbie the Robot, which read, in part: "All information is data based and designed to help you arrive, without speculation, as we evolve into the twenty-first century. We are going to panic-proof your life by keeping you two steps ahead of each crisis that affects California from any part of the Universe. You people are just experiencing the realism that it is possible for you whole world to commit suicide, therefore you're forced with that striking new concept called 'Reality.'"

To address the matter as charitably as possible, that first issue left much to be desired. Not only was the content lacking considerably in quality, but the occasional translations of English articles into Japanese were printed sideways, the listings for San Diego television stations appeared less than thirty percent of the time, the centerfold was little more than a badly cropped photo of Ms. Hamlen placed atop a seascape. "It was horrible," says Meyers. "That Robbie the Robot column, Johnny and J.C. worked that one up themselves. I don't even know what the hell it came out of. I didn't know they were going to do it. All that stuff like 'Ask Shonda' and the other crap — it came about later. I didn't know anything about it. All of a sudden I see the first issue and I can't believe it. It was just horrible!"

Meyers was not alone in his assessment. Similar appraisals were made throughout San Diego — particularly in the office of Tawfik Khoury. "I told Johnny then that I could only support the effort if it was a different magazine," Khoury said recently. Rodgers was then informed by Khoury that this was to be the only issue of *California Radio TV News*; that his business relationship with Khoury would be terminated unless he cleaned up the organizational mess, and that J.C. Turner was to be fired. "When everything started falling apart, Tawfik pulled the plug on Johnny Rodgers," says Andrews. "He

told Johnny, in essence, 'Either straighten things out or the whole thing is going to go down the tubes.' So Johnny Rodgers fired J.C. Turner. 'It was my money that was invested in all this, so I could fire him,' Rodgers recently said about his ability to fire Turner when the entire effort was under the jurisdiction of J.C. Turner Enterprises, and Turner was technically in a superior position. "He was never over me," Rodgers continued, "but he had full run of the situation. All the liabilities and responsibilities were mine."

Thus did *California Radio TV News* reach its end within days of its birth. To assist Rodgers in reorganizing and establishing a new publication, Khoury brought in Tom Gable of the Gable Agency, who set about redesigning the magazine. Khoury himself took over the financial obligations of the organization because Rodgers' own funds had been very nearly depleted by the debacle. In addition, the remaining staff — those who had not already resigned — were fired en masse by Rodgers within a week of the magazine's debut.

Michael Thaller, however, still wanted his money. "So I hired a lawyer and went into small claims court and did all the things that I'm supposed to do to get everyone into court. I wrote them a letter, told them that I'd fulfilled my commitments, done what they'd told me to do, and to pay me within ten days. I never got a response."

When a registered letter returned unclaimed, a marshal was sent on July 7 to serve papers at the magazine's offices at 9420 Farnham. In an incident that Rodgers currently claims he does not remember, the marshal arrived at the office and asked, "Is this *California Radio TV News*?" After hesitating only a second, Rodgers, who was in the presence of a couple of transitional employees, including Brad Andrews, replied, "There's nobody here with that company any more. They still have their name on the door, but we don't know where they are now." Satisfied with the response, the marshal left.

As a consequence, only Meyers ap-

peared in court, and the judge ruled Meyers liable for payment. "Nobody from *California Radio TV News* showed up," Meyers says, "and since I was there, and since somebody had to pay Thaller for his services, I was the one who had to pay."

Finally, after six months had passed since his initial contact by *California Radio TV News*, Thaller received his \$550. But there were other matters left unresolved. According to Phil Underwood, president of Sportase, Inc., "The contract I had with *California Radio TV News* was that I would produce 300 T-shirts for a total of \$1380.32. In return, I was supposed to receive that much in advertising, which I didn't see. There has been no payment of any kind made. I haven't heard from them at all."

John Meyers also tried to intercede. "That \$1000 is a lot of money to Sportase," he says. "That's like maybe \$200,000 is to Tawfik Khoury. They worked damn hard, sitting there night after night, putting on those special deals with their best items. They were the best material you could buy, the logos were made up special, and the finished products were beautiful. And they were still wearing them. Johnny told me that he was wearing one, his kid was wearing it, and that he hadn't given them away. So I said, 'Well, aren't you going to honor the debt?'"

He said, "No. I asked him about honoring the [trade] trade-outs. He said, 'I don't think so.'"

"I don't know anything about Sportase," Rodgers recently said. "Sportase has never contacted me about no money or no nothing." To date, less than half of the radio trade-outs have been honored. "The rest of the stations wrote off the loss as a bad investment," according to Meyers. While Rodgers claims that original agreements, trade-outs, and contracts have been honored in "at least forty to fifty cases," at a cost of "around \$40,000," he declined to supply any names or lists to support his claim.

In order to avoid the possibility of further lawsuits, the finances of *California Radio TV News* were drained and the bank

account closed so there was nothing remaining to be attached. (To this date, official bankruptcy proceedings have not been initiated, although Rodgers anticipates that such a move should begin soon.) The remaining monies were then redirected to the new publication, now called *Tuned In*, a name which was created at the Gable Agency. The corporate offices remained at the same location on Farnham Street, the furniture and equipment remained there as well, and Rodgers assumed the title of publisher. (The \$900 worth of furniture Rodgers had been given for a trade-out by Easy to Assemble Furniture remained in his home, although he had never honored the trade-out.) New employees were hired and were generally sold as little as possible about the earlier magazine, often to the point of not even letting new employees see that premiere issue until long after their hiring. According to an interim employee, "The attitude was one of, 'Hey, we've never been in town before. We don't know who this *California Radio TV News* is, but we're better than they were.'"

Rodgers himself continues to insist that "there is absolutely no connection between this magazine and *California Radio TV News*. None whatsoever." The fresh faces included two secretaries; an advertising sales manager — Terry Larsen, formerly of the *Pennysaver* and *San Diego Home/Garden*; and an art director, Norbert Jobst, who relocated from Los Angeles and who had been one of the guiding forces behind *Playgirl* magazine. (Because of his affiliation with *Playgirl*, Jobst was required to sign a contract which included a morality clause specifying that he could be terminated for anything that came within groping distance of moral turpitude. Although Rodgers denies the existence of any such contract, Jobst also says that the contract specified that if he resigned within six months — something he would later wish to do — he would personally have to assume the costs of his relocation.)

After these and several support positions were filled — including some commissioned salespeople and an assistant for

Jobst — there was only one vacancy remaining. Someone had to be hired as editor. That's where I came in.

Selected comments by Johnny Rodgers: "Look, Joe, if I were you, I wouldn't do anything scandalous or that would make a lot of negative things come down on us. I'd remind you that Tawfik Khoury's a powerful man and he's got a long arm and he can find you in Los Angeles or anywhere else you go."

"You realize that if this article comes out in the *Reader* in a negative way that I'll have to sue. This will be the second negative article that's been published by the *Reader*, and since I'm the only black publisher in San Diego, I can only take that sort of thing as a racist attack, and I'm sure the NAACP would agree. I could keep the *Reader* in court a long time, and I don't think they — or you — want that."

Chapter Two "To be totally honest with you," Rodgers said during my interview for the editorial job, "I'd rather have a woman in the editor's position. I think that, overall, a woman is a lot more flexible and can be more open to changes and that sort of thing. I really feel, though, that you know the town and you've got the connections, so as far as I'm concerned you've got the job."

As it turned out, Rodgers' decision was not final in and of itself. Before my hiring could be made official, I had to pay a visit to Tawfik Khoury and Tom Gable. The suite of offices at Tawfik Khoury's 3900 Harney Street address looked rather modest from outside. Its interior offices, however, particularly those of Khoury himself, spoke strongly of the presence of money. Khoury proved to be a short, sharp-eyed man with a penchant for plain speaking. "I had become involved with the previous magazine," he said during our interview, "and it did not live up to its expectations. This time, however, I am putting my name on the magazine —"

(continued on page 12)



BLOUSES \$4 and up

SWEATERS \$6 and up

PLUS... 1/2 OFF ON THOUSANDS OF OTHER ITEMS!

FREE 10% OFF
ALL NON-SALE MERCHANDISE
Expires JAN. 25, 1981

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ALPHA BETA SHOPPING
CENTER

OCEANSIDE
1830 Oceanside Blvd. No. A
(714) 439-1892
BEST PLAZA

EL CAJON
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Dance off those extra holiday pounds.

Trim your figure, strengthen your heart HAVE FUN!

FIRST CLASS FREE
Convenient locations throughout S.D. County
563-9331

New session starts
January 26
Classes fill quickly—call today!

TUNED IN

(continued from page 11)

nothing that I have ever put my name on has failed. Do you understand?" I nodded. "Good. Now, tell me—do you really feel that there is a place for such a publication? In a town as admittedly small as San Diego, would you not sooner or later run out of ideas? What do you think the chances of such a magazine succeeding are?" There was a barrage of questions. Although it was evident that he, through Tom Gable, had researched the topic, he admitted he had never before started a magazine and was thoroughly unfamiliar with the market. I worked my way through the questions as best I could. Though Khoury seemed so implacable as before, my answers appeared satisfactory, and after three quarters of an hour I left for my appointment with Tom Gable.

Gable was, admittedly, less than impressed. He looked over my resume and samples of my previous work again and again, and after about ten minutes I was ushered out. But the process was not complete and I had been hired as editor of *Tuned In*. (In its new incarnation, *Tuned In* was a ninety-page, pocket-size magazine that covered the TV, radio, sports, music, and entertainment scene in San Diego County. Each issue would contain an article in each of these areas, as well as a calendar of events, restaurant and movie reviews, in addition to its seven-day TV and radio log listings.)

The debut issue was set to appear during the first week of September, 1980—two weeks after my hiring. The articles for the first few issues had already been assembled by the Gable Agency, which, I learned quickly, was both good and bad. It gave me the chance to catch my breath, but the articles had the look and feel of press releases. While there was sufficient time to rewrite considerably the material for the following two issues, there was nothing that could be done for the first one, whose

premiere was set to coincide with two big media bushes sponsored by Khoury. During those first two weeks, however, I kept getting the feeling that something was wrong, that something was being buried under a mountain of media hype, fancy commercials, and a new name. There were phone calls from people who wanted to place unsolicited subscriptions to a previous magazine, calls received for someone named J. C. Turner that were dealt with brusquely, press packets and letters arriving addressed to employees of the previous magazine that I'd never heard of and got little information about upon asking.

The first issue of *Tuned In* arrived at the office on a Friday. (The cover featured a photograph of the San Diego Chicken. Someone had led Harold Greene of Channel 10 to anticipate his visage there instead.) The result sent Greene into a snit.) When the magazines were delivered, we discovered that they had been shipped on pallets instead of in boxes. As a result, Rodgers ordered the accompanying forklift to enter the office building and deposit the magazines at our door—a move with nearly disastrous consequences for the carpeting, which wasn't the same for weeks afterward.

Many of the magazines were given out at the two media parties hosted at Tom Ham's Lighthouse during the first week of September. The gathering gave Tom Gable the opportunity to show off the television commercials he'd made for *Tuned In* (lots of stars and flashing lights, but no Robbie the Robot). But there was a quiet shadow over the proceedings. Khoury buttonholled Rodgers and me during the party and took us to one side. "Have you read this thing?" he asked, indicating the magazine. "It's terrible. Terrible. It is bland, boring. When I saw this, I had to come home and jump in the pool. It was the only way I could cool off." Rodgers and I attempted to placate him as much as possible, explaining that I was bringing in other writers to replace the material provided by the Gable Agency. Khoury seemed uncertain. "I don't know," he said. "I don't

know. But we are not going to go through all this second time." I wondered what he was referring to, but decided to let it slide. He was not in the mood for questions (even his name had been misspelled in the copy). Besides, that gathering was probably *Tuned In*'s last moment.

After the first issue appeared at local newsstands, we found ourselves with 20,000 extra copies, even after another 10,000 had been hawked madly to randomly selected homes. Nearly 5,000 of these left-over copies were given out at a special "Sell-A-Thon" held inside the Sports Arena on September 13, and about 15,000 more copies were handed out at a Chargers game on September 14. In some cases, passers-by were given two or even three copies of the issue in an effort to get rid of the things. It was hoped that the handouts would help gain subscriptions. It seemed curious at the time, however, that there would still be so many extra copies from a print run in excess of 30,000 copies, nearly all of which were supposed to go to the newsstands.

It was several weeks later when I learned the answer. Our advertising manager, Terry Larsen, came into my office and sat down. "I'll tell you the truth," he said, "I don't know how much longer we can keep a lid on all this." I asked him what the hell he was talking about.

"Look," he said, "we're selling ads based on the premise that we're putting 30,000 copies on the stands. But do you know how many we're really putting on the stands?" I waited. "I'll tell you \$500. And if the advertisers ever find out about that, we're sunk." I said that I was surprised that the fabrication was necessary—we seemed to have enough ads not to have to worry about stretching the truth. Larsen laughed. "You mean these ads for 'Top Travel, Pacific Science, Dunkin' Donuts, and Meadow Run'? They're all owned by Tawfif, my friend. We don't get any money off those at all. The inside front cover is an ad for ourselves, and the only reason we have Seaport Village on the inside back cover is because Tom Gable handles the Seaport account." I asked him

if Gable was aware of the number of copies he was getting for his client's magazine, but Larsen declined to answer and soon there I left the office. I was stunned by the information but agreed, against my better judgment, to keep it quiet. However, I still didn't know why this had come to be.

Then, over the following weeks, the truth began emerging. With a bare handful of exceptions, the points of distribution—retail outlets where the magazine would be sold for thirty-five cents each—had not been set up in advance of the initial publication. Because of the limited outlets, San Diego Periodicals, the firm *Tuned In* had contracted with to distribute the magazines, refused to take more than \$500 copies. So during the first two months of *Tuned In*'s history, the staff was constantly scrambling to establish new outlets. In the interim, though, the word from Rodgers was clear: stonewall. If anyone asked, we were putting out 30,000 copies. Period.

Then the advertisers began calling us. It seemed that no one was calling them in response to their ads, and since the number of calls an advertiser receives are indicative of the number of people seeing the ad in question, they were getting nervous. In order to forestall the advertisers while circulation was being built up, the secretaries were asked to telephone the advertisers under assumed names, often with altered accents, to tell them that they were calling in response to the ad placed in *Tuned In* and that they wanted more information.

From that point on matters did not perceptibly improve. Rodgers was away from the office most of the day, almost every day, leaving the rest of the staff to run the magazine in his absence. Although I was greatly in need of an assistant to help with the task of editing, assembling, and virtually managing the magazine, my request was denied. Khoury, it appeared, was attempting to keep the operating budget to a minimum in case *Tuned In* took a nose-dive. While Tom Gable was listed in the staff box as editorial consultant, his contributions in this area were minimal. I grumbled at this but was promptly in-

formed by Rodgers that Gable, despite his lack of input, would continue to be listed as editorial consultant. "For as long as Lawley wants him there," he said.

As it turned out, Rodgers himself was little pleased with Gable and, in an effort to eliminate his reliance on the Gable Agency, launched an abortive attempt to start an in-house advertising agency to be called *Tuned In Communications*. Khoury indicated he would not support the idea and thus it died.

Weekly staff meetings were set for 8:00 a.m. Monday mornings—a good idea in itself. But the meetings were closed to criticism, which Rodgers interpreted as negativity, and which we, in turn, could interpret as the potential for unemployment. The meetings turned into lengthy harangues or pep talks by Rodgers, who advocated positive mental energy. "If we all concentrate hard enough," he said at one meeting, "we can lift this plant here on our deck with just our thoughts." I was relieved when he did not attempt this trick. To assure that no one missed or was late for a meeting, Rodgers implemented and, at least once, enforced a rule that anyone late to or absent from a staff gathering would be fined twenty-five dollars.

Cautious after the financial debacle of *California Radio TV News*, Khoury attempted to trim operating expenses at every opportunity. One result was that there were never more than two functional typewriters in the offices at any given time, wholly inadequate for our needs.

Expenses were cut on absolutely necessary supplies, including art supplies, a situation which led art director Jobst to make vociferous objections during a taped—and later aired—segment of *Jack White's Journal* on Channel 10. In stark contrast, large amounts of money were being spent on image-making, in order to get as far as possible from the shadow of the previous magazine. A phenomenal \$50,000 was spent on advertising during the first month of *Tuned In*'s history, followed by an additional \$25,000 each month thereafter. But where the money was needed most—for the actual operation of the magazine—it was least given. The paper on which it

was printed was generally of an inferior bond and weight, and as for the television listings—let me tell you about the listings.

Sometime during the second week in October, a woman called to inform me that Channel 39 had been almost entirely omitted from a recent issue. I tried to venture that there probably wasn't anything worth watching on 39 that week anyway. She hung up on me. She and other frequent callers were irate, and with considerable justification. A survey of our fifth issue showed 102 individual errors. Further, someone—who we never could determine who—had applied for a fourth-class mailing permit (junk mail) instead of second-class (printed matter), so many issues were arriving in subscribers' mailboxes as long as two or three weeks after they'd expired—when they arrived at all, that is. We, of course, blamed the problem on the post office. My own work was considerably complicated by the fact that Rodgers would often tell people that an article would be written about them—sometimes even telling them that it would appear within a week—without informing me of that fact, a situation which led to some rather embarrassing phone calls to my office from expectant nightclub owners wanting to know where their article was.

Despite the fact that the articles were being well received—we got positive letters of support and congratulations from members of the general public and from such media personalities as Michael Tuck and Marion Ross of ABC-TV's *Happy Days* series—we were falling into uncomfortable times. None of us was entirely certain that *Tuned In* would last past October. Part of this concern was based upon the fact that the magazine cost nearly \$23,000 per week to operate—an expense far greater than Khoury had anticipated, based upon initial expense evaluations provided by Tom Gable, which Khoury later found were much lower than actually was required.

Throughout this period, Rodgers told everyone not to worry. Khoury, he ex-

plained, was only a backer, and that he, Rodgers, was really the owner of the magazine. But what none of us knew at the time was that, while it was acknowledged that *Tuned In* was a publication of *Legion, Inc.*, Khoury was the only chief executive officer named on the document of incorporation filed in Los Angeles in July. (The only acknowledged shareholder in *Legion*, which was created to accommodate *Tuned In*, was Pilara, a friend of Khoury.) This would seem to contradict Rodgers' claims to ownership, but Rodgers dismissed the seeming discrepancy. "Khoury and I have an understanding," he said, "and it doesn't matter if you or anyone else understands it. We know who we are."

We continued to receive calls asking about our connections to *California Radio TV News*. Usually, unless the caller could pin us down, all connections were denied. Many of these calls, which were alternately taken by the secretaries and, on occasion, by me, were from members of the community who had previously subscribed to *California Radio TV News* and who wanted their money back. (Some were, indeed, refunded, while others were given subscriptions to *Tuned In*. One subscriber, however, had to resort to the *Evening Tribune's* "Action Line" before matters were straightened out, and another enlisted the assistance of the city attorney's office.) While Rodgers continued denying to anyone who asked any outright connection between the two publications, we were still opening and using material addressed and mailed to *California Radio TV News*.

Through the staff meetings, we knew that Khoury would only renew his commitment to the magazine in February, 1981—when his initial agreement expired—if it could quickly begin showing a profit, which is difficult, if not impossible, for any magazine. Then, on October 24, a "Tuned In Magazine Progress Report" was issued by Rodgers and circulation manager Larry Stuardi, stating that we had achieved a sixty-one percent sales rate and were San Diego's number-three magazine

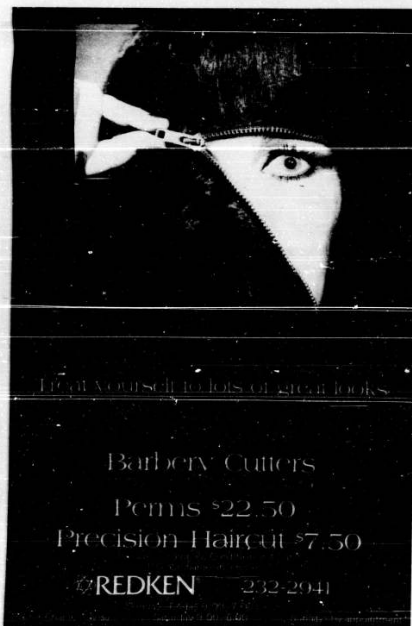
in overall sales. This news buoyed the staff, and the projections for the magazine's longevity were increased. The figures were quickly released to the local media through the Gable Agency, and popped up in articles published in the *Chula Vista Star News*, *The Comstock*, and other publications, as well as in a "newsmagazine" spot aired on Channel 10. Our advertisers were also informed of the development.

However, it was soon discovered that the figures were highly inaccurate. (Rodgers then placed the blame on Larry Stuardi, and now places the responsibility squarely on the shoulders of San Diego Periodicals, which supplied the raw information. In a private conversation, however, Rodgers later stated that the figures had been slightly altered for the benefit of Khoury and the advertisers.) The actual sales figures were closer to thirty-five to forty-five percent, a situation that sent Khoury into a snit.

Suddenly we were receiving calls from Khoury's office, and over a period of several days all of our sales figures, subscriptions, expense accounts, cost-and-profit figures were coming under an intense scrutiny that lasted for the next several weeks. Concerned about the slim sales figures, Rodgers began casting about for ideas that might bolster subscriptions. Every day he said that he wanted the stories "more sensationalized, bigger than life." He considered returning to the *California Radio TV News* formula of recipes, quiz games for kids that offered cash prizes, and so forth, but was stopped by a show of direct opposition from the staff, a couple of whom considered quitting in this eventuality. "I sure know I wouldn't cook anything I saw written up in *Tuned In*," remarked one of the secretaries.

Something was going to happen, would have to happen, soon. Since Khoury had to decide on any further financial commitments in February, an extensive subscription drive was slated for January—a win-a-trip-to-Australia sweepstakes linked to

(continued on page 14)



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TUNED IN

(continued from page 1)

subscription. This drive, which Rodgers estimated would cost approximately \$75,000, would have to bring in at least 20,000 subscriptions in order for Rodgers to argue convincingly that the magazine could, indeed, survive. But January was a long way off. Something needed to be done in November to convince Khoury that *Tuned In* was undergoing a positive reformation. As a demonstration of this new direction, the office buzz was that someone was going to get the axe. The question was, who?

Then, on a Friday afternoon in the first week of November, Rodgers called me into his office — the same office that had once been J.C. Turner's. "Joe," he said, "you're a good guy. I like you." (I always get nervous when someone starts a conversation like that.) "You got along fine with everyone and the articles have all been really good. But I'm going to have to let you go." The sacrificial axe had fallen. I asked for a reason; after all, if the articles were good, then I had been doing my job. "Well, we just need more, that's all." "More what?" "Well, I don't know. But if we had it, I'd know it." At that point I stopped fighting it. The magazine wasn't living up to Khoury's expectations — however unrealistic they might be — and someone had to take the rap. Besides, frequent firings have always been part of the publishing business. Harboring no ill feelings, I even offered to stay on for a while and help orient the incoming editor, who would otherwise be walking face-first into a buzz saw. Rodgers agreed. My last day as editor of *Tuned In* magazine ended at 5:45 p.m. on November 14. I had put out exactly twelve issues.

Postscript

More firings followed my departure. Dissatisfied with Gable's underestimate of

production costs, Khoury allowed Rodgers to terminate the contract with the Gable Agency. Larry Stuardi was also fired and has moved to Philadelphia to pursue a degree in law. To compensate for the losses, Terry Larsen was made general manager for *Tuned In*, working in collaboration with the magazine's new editor, Bernadette Gunning, who relocated here from Orange County. Amidst the corporate re-shuffling, nearly half a dozen writers have ceased contributing to the magazine, including two weekly columnists, several of whom cited a lack of professionalism in the new corporate format as their reason for leaving.

The \$75,000 media blitz is now underway in an attempt to generate the needed 20,000 subscriptions. The campaign consists of a series of print, radio, and television advertisements. (For those interested in such things, if you look carefully at the beginning of the long television ad for *Tuned In*, you'll see the singing newboy hand a copy of the magazine to a couple walking by — the male half of the couple is Johnny Rodgers, Larry Stuardi and Laurie Anderson appear in a restaurant scene following them.)

Inaccurate reports about *Tuned In*'s circulation figures continue to make their way into the local media. A report in the January 13 edition of the *Evening Tribune* quoted Rodgers as stating that circulation started at 30,000 with the first issue and has increased by 5000 copies each month, when in fact it started at only 8500 and, according to Rodgers' own progress report, continued to hover at 14,000 well into the second month of *Tuned In*'s history. Circulation is only just now starting to exceed the 30,000 mark — a considerable difference from the 55,000-copy figure contained in the report published in the *Tribune*. Also, between the twelfth issue and the current issue of *Tuned In*, the number of paid advertisements — the lifeblood of any magazine — has decreased by nearly twenty-five percent. The office practice of posting as readers and calling advertisers continues. □

Ringing Tambourines



JEFF SMITH

Go see *Tambourines to Glory* at the Marquis Public Theater. Under the excellent direction of Floyd Gaffney, Langston Hughes' musical drama about the rise of a storefront church in Harlem makes for an evening of wonderful entertainment. The cast is first-rate and the music — interweavings of blues, early rock and roll, and gospel — is outstanding. Each song appears singularly determined to levitate the little Mainstage Theater on India Street.

The storyline of the play is on the thin side, especially in the second act, where the necessary mechanics of the plot occasionally hinder the flow of the production. In essence, it is a tale about Laura Wright Reed and Essie Bette Johnson, two women who establish a church in Harlem in order

to combat bad times. For Essie, the project is based on sincere religious convictions. But where Essie is an anchorite, Laura is a libertine. At one point she tells Essie, "You got goodness in you natural, but me I kinda have to wrestle with temptation." This latter shows up in the form of "Big-Eyed" Buddy Lomax, a smooth, elegant, mysterious dude who wears a three-piece, pin-striped suit and a devilish grin. Buddy, it is clear, has underground connections — way underground, if you will — with an entity named Marty. With this Marty's aid, Buddy helps the church get on its feet, and he sweeps Laura off of her. But unlike Essie's noble aims, it turns out that Buddy is after a different sort of convert.

Charlotte Brown-Seward, whose performance alone is well worth the price of admission, plays Laura, the nervous-rich charlatan who channels a portion of the

church's earnings into her private coffers (one can trace the growth of the "Tambourine Temple," as the church comes to be called, by the steady accumulation of expensive fineries in Laura's wardrobe). On a collision course with Beelzebub, Laura refuses to apply the brakes. Her conception of paradise is having a few tastes of twelve-year-old Scotch, in fast company, down at the club. Brown-Seward, to be remembered for her excellent blues vocals in *An Evening of Black Expressions* at the Educational Cultural Complex Theater last fall, achieves a delicate combination of haughty assertiveness and vulnerability in her portrayal of Laura. Though these qualities are evident throughout the play, they are particularly so in Laura's touching soliloquy to her mother, a fairly hackneyed set of lines that Brown-Seward manages to fill with feeling. And, since her performance last fall, Brown-Seward has not lost her ability to sing the blues. She still has the vocal power to turn an ordinary blues number into pure cobalt.

James Tyrone Wallace II, also memorable in *An Evening of Black Expressions* — especially his version of "I'm a Black Entertainer" — has great fun as Buddy Lomax, the sinister stand-on-the-lookout-for-erant souls. Wearing a red carnation (a color that operates throughout the production as a visual leitmotif), a sometimes subtle, sometimes obvious indication of evil's presence), Wallace delivers a striking prologue to the play, a set piece in which he announces his character's ignoble intentions; these opening lines set a spirited tone beneath which Wallace and the rest of the production rarely fall.

Although the entire cast is first-rate, the work of four individual performers deserves mention. Esther Ruth Evans is a stern yet kind Essie Bette Johnson, the woman who founds the church for the proper reasons. Evans has the skill to make her character's virtue admirable, not annoying. Sherrylyn Hicks, as Essie's young daughter Marietta, and Hassan Sharief El-Amin, as Marietta's admirer C.J.

Moore, are special as two innocents in a grown-up world; they provide the play with a useful contrast to the often inelegant antics of some of the adults. And Sandra Holt, as Birdie Lee, plays the frenetic convert with a neat touch of ambiguity — since this character still derives a bit too much pleasure from recalling the many sins she committed prior to her hearing the call. Each of these performers is also a more than capable singer — and music is at the heart of this show.

Backed up by the solid work of the "Ministers of Music" — Anthony King on piano and Eric Overstreet on drums — the cast of *Tambourines to Glory* almost seems to dare its audience to try staying calm during its major production numbers. On opening night, Barbara Mellon's rendition of the spiritual "As I Go" and the finale by the complete ensemble stole the show, though there were several other contenders for the honor.

Director Floyd Gaffney's choices for the production are always sound and often striking. From the large ensemble sequences, packed with kaleidoscopic movements, to the smaller, more intimate scenes of the play, Gaffney's pace, even during the plot's few lapses, is quick and yet controlled. His blockings, which utilize all the resources of the small theater, are an effective, ever-changing series of spatial relationships. Gaffney's sure hand is in evidence throughout the production.

The set design by Marvin Phillips, a grayish-blue, minimalist conception, is flexible, though not visually appealing. And Charles Hunter's costumes, for the most part, are fine, though they pay little attention to the period — late Fifties-early Sixties — in which the play takes place. But the lighting designs of Nancy Godfrey and Matthew G. Cubitto consistently and unobtrusively enhance the overall values of the production.

Heartily recommend the Marquis Public Theater's production of Langston Hughes' *Tambourines to Glory*. Put your face in that place, and they'll have your smile rolling down the aisle. □

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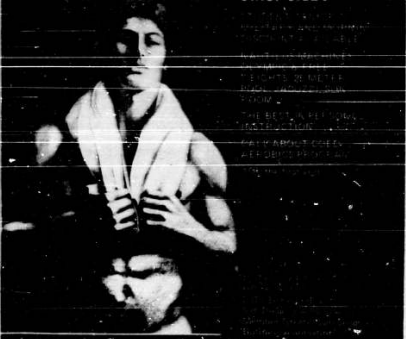
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To Wander No More

By Joan Bradley
Illustration by David Clements

To feel at home is to be at ease and comfortable. Home is a place of origin, a customary habitat. I am a homeless person.

1958 I begin my homelessness. But how can I be homeless while sharing a residence with family members? So that I answer snugly that I am an aloof child, quite independent for an eight-year-old, and a very solitary person. That's not to say I'm not sociable. Mom and Dad are always complaining that I talk more to strangers than to them. They don't understand that I have already studied them drinking beer, smoking cigarettes, and watching television, and see little to be learned from them other than knowing I want more from life. So I talk to strangers to get some ideas, strangers like the tall, skinny man who works at Tews Funeral Home and smells funny. I meet him one cold, snowy-bloody Chicago morning while waiting for the school bus. My toes and fingers are so cold I think they'll crack and fall off, so I wait in the vestibule of the funeral home, trying not to move or make a sound because it's deathly quiet in there. When this tall, skinny man suddenly appears, not smiling or anything, and I think he's going to bother me for just standing there or because a little nose is melting off my white rubber boots onto the marble floor. Instead, he speaks in a very deep but soft voice. "It must be terribly cold outside." He notices that I look a bit frightened and continues, "You can wait for your bus in here any time you wish. It is a safe place. Now I must return to work." I feel more comfortable. "Thank you, mister. My name's Joan. Can I come and visit you after school? You must get awfully lonely."

He almost smiles. "My name is Mr. Wigham."

"I hope to see you soon."

He hesitates. "Just for a visit."

At St. Paul Lutheran School I have a hard time concentrating, as usual, on the catechism. My religion teacher, Mr. Wichter, throws a chalk eraser at me to get my attention. Granted, I'm not the most obedient child in the world, but some of my teachers are a little rough. My parents think it's good discipline. I visit Mr. Wigham at the funeral home almost every day. He shows me some of the dead people after he takes care of them. He shows me one before and after. Wow, what a difference! They almost look like they're sleeping, except they're too near with their hair combed and make-up on and Sunday



clothes. He shows me how he puts cotton in their mouths to fill out their cheeks and tells me the embalming fluid smells better than a week-old corpse. I wrinkle my nose and say I still think it could be improved upon. I occasionally sit with little old dead men or ladies who had paid for their funeral ahead of time but have no family or friends. I sit on a folding chair in a dimly lit room smelling of candles and flowers and wonder if they had lived a full life. Some times I invent stories about them. Before I die, I hope I get to fly, climb a mountain, see the ocean, and learn a foreign language. But I'm not afraid of death.

1959 Sammy Rendler is a neighbor of ours. I know him better than my own father because we talk a lot. He's done a lot of interesting things. I steal some crates from behind the A&P and Sammy and I sit on them under one of the few trees in the neighborhood. The tree is sitting in the middle of a vacant lot surrounded by aging apartment buildings and small stores. Somebody had put up a sign last week announcing the site to be the future home for a McDonald's hamburger restaurant. This really bothers Sammy. He tells me they'll crack and fall off, so I wait in the vestibule of the funeral home, trying not to move or make a sound because it's deathly quiet in there. When this tall, skinny man suddenly appears, not smiling or anything, and I think he's going to bother me for just standing there or because a little nose is melting off my white rubber boots onto the marble floor. Instead, he speaks in a very deep but soft voice. "It must be terribly cold outside." He notices that I look a bit frightened and continues, "You can wait for your bus in here any time you wish. It is a safe place. Now I must return to work." I feel more comfortable. "Thank you, mister. My name's Joan. Can I come and visit you after school? You must get awfully lonely."

1960 Sammy died yesterday. I walk past McDonald's on the way to the funeral home and lose my appetite for hamburgers. I tell Mr. Wigham that Sammy looks good but I really think he looks awful dead. This is the first time I've looked at a corpse that once talked to me. I try to be brave and think about all of the adventures he had experienced in his lifetime and travels and good times and I cry away.

1961 I spend a good deal of time alone reading travel magazines and walking Maggie, my Boston terrier, by the railroad tracks. I wave at the engineers and dream of faraway places, like Omaha. I'm sure my real parents lost me when their yacht was wrecked in Lake Michigan and somehow I wound up with the Bradleys, who took me in as a companion for their son, Jim, who they say is my brother. That's why I don't feel real comfortable living with them. They're nice people but we have nothing in

common; they don't want to travel or meet new people or help the poor or listen to different points of view. Jim and I fight a lot and call each other dirty names, but I can't help but like him, mostly because, even though I'm a girl, he treats me as his equal. We play football in the alleys and explore abandoned houses and sometimes have pretty good times. Unfortunately, he is letting himself become overly influenced by Mom and Dad. One day Jim and Willie, this Negro kid from another neighborhood, are playing catch in the alley and my mother calls Jim upstairs. So Jim goes huffing and puffing up the splintering three flights of wooden stairs and when he gets up there, Mom tells him that he can't play with Willie anymore. Jim yells down to Willie and lies that he's got to eat lunch now. Willie does something wrong, but doesn't understand it. Jim accepts everything so easily that's why he's the favorite child. I say, "That's stupid, just because Willie is a different color." Well, that's the wrong way for a ten-year-old to talk to adults, according to my mother, and she storms off to get her hairbrush. My mouth gets me into a lot of trouble.

1962 We live in the suburbs now. My parents say the old neighborhood is changing. I go to a public school, which I prefer to St. Paul Lutheran. There's a pond nearby where I like skate and a forest preserve with trees and birds and squirrels. I spend little time at home between school and bicycling around the new neighborhood and making new friends. My parents both work now and don't seem to notice that when I'm there, I'm always in my room. Sometimes we eat together.

1963 Habitually sit nearly every day for neighbors in the area. I like little kids a lot. I just turned thirteen on November the eighth and am saving my baby-sitting money for when I'm old enough to travel somewhere. So far I've only been to Indiana and Wisconsin to visit relatives. I know once I start traveling on my own, I'll never stop. I don't need a home. I'll live on planes and boats and trains.

1964 I am sitting in a tree in the middle of a forest preserve near Park Forest, Illinois. I come here often to escape the suburban clamor and the family bickering. I remove my gloves and write in a spiral notebook. "The bleak one limbs reach out for the last cool rays of March sunshine as the fiery mass melts on the horizon, spreading a reddish glow for miles." I feel in peace here and do not want to go home.

1965

My parents and I do not communicate. Each day we are more distant, and when we do speak, it is to argue. I am amazed we have lived together for so long without understanding one another.

1966

I'm flat on my back in a body cast after spinal surgery. I'm reading *House on the Strand*, a perfect book with which to travel in my mind while being confined to bed. Two more months and I will be released from my cocoon and free again to fly.

1967

I ask Mom if I can bring some foreign-exchange students home to play pong-pong. She asks if they're white. I grit my teeth and say yes. I have just started my fourth year of high school and fourth year of Spanish. The exchange students are from Peru. One is real cute—his name is Carlos and he is helping with my Spanish. After they leave, Mom says they looked a little dark. I ask her how many beads she has had today. She tells me to shut up my smart mouth. I go to my room and watch the wind blow orange and yellow leaves from the trees.

1968

I am flying. My first solo. The earth is 2000 feet beneath the Cessna 150 I am controlling alone. Freedom. Exhilaration. I'm flying over St. Roger, Illinois, where the farmstead of the new neighborhood and making new friends. My parents both work now and don't seem to notice that when I'm there, I'm always in my room. Sometimes we eat together.

I work as a stenographer in the FBI office downtown, saving money to travel and maybe go to school.

My mother has told me to get out of the house after returning home at 4:00 a.m. from a date. She has falsely accused me of misconduct for the last time. I have found an apartment in the city. It's near Lincoln Park. I am finally leaving the home that never was.

1969

I am traveling to New Orleans for Mardi Gras with some friends. We arrive exhausted from the car ride from Chicago, but short on time. We wander about the French Quarter. Somebody in the crowd hits me in the mouth with a stick. The time on the road is the most satisfying. I live in a studio apartment and have a



sofa bed, a stereo, a television, a bean bag chair, a cedar chest, and one flowered bar stool. Hanging on the wall are a seascape and a poster of Janis Joplin. From the only window is a view of a brick wall. Carl is sitting on the bar stool at the counter drawing a pencil sketch from a photograph. I had met him at the Lincoln Park Zoo one day in the Reptile House. At first I was attracted to him physically, then was amazed at the way he could put words together intelligently. He contrasted the mindless, faceless blobs I had been meeting.

In October I travel to the Hawaiian Islands. Bouncing about from place to place seems so natural for me. It gives me energy.

1970

I am moving to San Juan, Puerto Rico. I can get transferred there with the FBI, but don't plan on making a career out of government service. Even though the pay and benefits are good, I am too radically opposed to some of J. Edgar's tactics. Maybe I can discover enough unsavory details to write a revealing book.

Carl says I'm running away, that changing geographical locations won't solve my problems. I ask what problems? He says my inability to get close to people. I tell him he's become too possessive and too dependent on me. I fly away from his life.

1971

Island living agrees with me. Most activities are centered around the ocean: swimming, sailing, beach fish fries, evening harbor cruises, and open-air beach bars. At least once a month I fly to St. Thomas, Virgin Islands, where I rent a tent on the beach, sip rum drinks, and mope in crystal-clear waters. I'd like to live on a sailboat for a while.

1972

The more I travel, the more I want to see. I get to Rio de Janeiro for Carnival and stop briefly in Chile, Argentina, and Peru.

My Spanish is improving.

One day, as I sit at an outdoor food stand in San Juan, eating goat meat, fried bananas, and rice and beans, I notice a little brown dog eyeing my food. There are hundreds of street dogs in San Juan and I cannot help them all. I ignore the little brown dog. It follows me home. I ignore it for a week. It chases my car, wags its tail, and sleeps on my doorstep. I finally give in and feed it all I have in the house: Ritz crackers and water. The little brown dog is devoted to me. I have her spayed, name her Toby, and move to a house with a big yard. One fortunate homeless dog.

I hear of an opening in Portland, Oregon, and long for open land. San Juan has become so hectic and not a beach is left on the island for unmolested skinny-dipping. Toby and I fly to Miami. I buy a car, and we head cross-country. It feels good to be on the road again.

1974

Oregon is delightful. I learn how to ski and go often, especially at night when the snow glitters in the lamplight. I climb the south slope of Mount Hood with a group of hikers. Toby and I explore countless trails in the Mount Hood National Forest. I buy an inflatable canoe and play in the milder rivers. My back yard is filled with fruit trees and flowers.

I see a man named George, who spends hours devising a system which he says will win him thousands at the dog races. I meet him at the corner grocery store one evening as we both reached for the same package of liver. I figure I could get along with somebody who liked liver. I was wrong.

1975

Time to move on. There is an office in the U.S. Embassy in Mexico City composed of FBI employees. They tell me its function is merely to maintain liaison with Mexican Immigration. Since J. Edgar's death and Watergate, I feel the FBI's activities are far more up-front. Or perhaps

nearly eight years of FBI employment has conditioned me to believe that.

Toby and I pick up a companion in San Francisco and drive to Mexico City in my Volkswagen bus.

Being back in a Latin American country is an easy adjustment after living in Puerto Rico. I take intensive Spanish at the Mexican and North American Cultural Institute and vacation in Cozumel. An FBI agent persuades me to take up parachute jumping. I make four state-time jumps, then give it up after the start of nightmares—falling and falling and falling.

1976

Enough of the FBI. My socialist Mexican friends have enlightened me somewhat concerning the meddling U.S. role in foreign countries. I sell my furniture and my car and go off to a hacienda in the countryside near the pyramids of Teotihuacan to volunteer my services at an orphanage. A homeless person aiding the homeless. I am mother to seven preschool children. I provide them with love and guidance and wash their tiny clothes by hand. I also teach sex education to a group of adolescents and drive the school bus. Toby, the children's watchdog, is killed by a burglar.

I take some money out of the bank and travel to Hong Kong, where I stay a month with an old Chicago friend who is contemplating marrying an Australian pianist. Shopping one day, I impulsively decide to get a tattoo of a butterfly on my left hip, remembering the poem by Nathaniel Hawthorne. "Happiness is a butterfly, which when pursued, is always just beyond your grasp, but which, if you will sit down quietly, may alight on you."

1977

Sigüespeque, Honduras, is a picturesque mountain village. I have finally arrived after a grueling bus ride, sandwiched between foul-smelling peasants and crated chickens. I have been asked by Father Wasson from the Mexican orphanage to travel to Honduras to aid in the manage-

ment of a house that was started after a violent hurricane left many children homeless. I stay only four months. Sister Dorothy and I clash over policy.

I leave Honduras for the first time in my life having no destination, and feel truly homeless. But not sad. It is yet another adventure. I go to the small island of Oahu, off the coast of Honduras. I meet two men from Dartmouth who are doing geology.

The reef we explore is just what I need. I've seen in the Caribbean or Hawaii, in abundant and colorful sea vegetation and fish.

I lie in my bed at the boarding house after a succulent meal of red snapper, rice, and guacamole salad, washed down with a cold beer, and listen to the waves splash against the pilings beneath the room.

1978

I am living in Santee, California, and working in Lakeside with some mentally retarded kids. Before I made this move, I thought this area east of San Diego was rural, but now I see how concrete and noisy it has become. At least the job is satisfying.

1979

I'm staying in a one-room cabin in the hills outside the Barona Indian Reservation, northeast of Lakeside. The austere furnishings include a brass feather bed, a wood-burning stove, a table, a chair, and a sink. It's mid-December and I blow on my hands while waiting for the fire to take. I put bath water on and step outside on the porch to check the woodbox and chop some of the big hunks of wood into pieces that will fit into the stove. I look around and take in the incredible tranquility of the land with my eyes, ears, and nose. I feel at home here at last, but realize wistfully that I must leave soon as I watch my no-mean-to-endure love return from an early-morning hike.

1980

I stretch out naked on the porch like a sunning lizard and keep an appreciative eye on the Coronado Bridge and the sparkling bay. Often I reflect on my past from this vantage point in Mission Hills and finally I admit that my nomadic inclinations stemmed from a reluctance to admit my homosexuality. I decide that I am far more comfortable being gay here than in Latin America, where I had a closeted affair with a Mexican woman.

Somewhat in rebellion against expected American norms, I work only part-time, sell my car, and now bicycle everywhere. I am a thirty-year-old fella discovering a wholly new life. The endless traveling is over. San Diego is becoming my first home.

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Watch His Words



Jonathan Saville

Emlyn Williams began his solo recitations of excerpts from Dickens close to thirty years ago, so that it was a seasonal version of this particular form of theater at the seventy-five-year-old actor appeared at the California Theatre Center this month, under the auspices of the Old Globe. In inaugurating his Dickens recitals, Mr. Williams was following in the tradition of the author himself, who, over a seventeen-year period from 1853 on, had established a second career as a dramatic reader of his own works. In fact, the Williams recitals are modeled so closely after those of his illustrious predecessor that they attempt to reproduce, in as exact a way as possible, the manner and atmosphere of those performances from the middle of the last century. Mr. Williams appears in the personae of Dickens himself, bearded and dressed as that Victorian gentleman, and even the lectern he stands behind is an exact copy of the one used (and designed) by Dickens.

The Williams recital therefore has two distinct components: the readings from Dickens's works, and the impersonation of the author. The latter constitutes a bit of amusing hocus-pocus, a joke shared by actor and audience, in which no one seriously believes. Within this highly artificial framework — white gloves, perianth boutonniere, quizzical searchings through the volumes of the *Collected Works* as though the performer had not yet made up his mind what excerpts to read — there is what is surely the finest example we have seen and heard of a very special form of theater, with its own special techniques and effects.

Dickens is an ideal author to be read aloud, for many reasons. His mastery of

English prose as a total artistic medium is unmatched before James Joyce. While many nineteenth-century novelists and their successors strove to achieve a prose as inconspicuous and transparent as possible, through which the reader could imagine he was seeing characters, actions, and social reality without any impediment, Dickens's language constantly calls attention to itself. It is impossible to read his novels and sketches without being made constantly aware of the artful manipulation of the medium by means of which the fictional world is conveyed.

Whoever had gone out of Fleet Street into the Temple at the dawn of this history, and had wandered discomfited about the Temple until he stumbled on a dismal churchyard, and had looked up at the dismal windows commanding that churchyard until at the most dismal window of them all he saw a dismal boy, would in him have beheld, at one grand comprehensive swoop of the eye, the managing clerk, junior clerk, chamber-lay clerk, conveyancing clerk, clerk-at-law, every refinement and department of clerk, of Mr. Mortimer Lightwood, erstwhile called in the newspapers eminent solicitor.

The reality of this social situation, and the feelings it evokes, are presented with penetrating truth to life, but at the same time we are forced to pay attention to the devices of style: the rhythms, the repetitions, the comical/pathetic listing of the single clerk's multiple functions, the ironic contrast between the "dignified" actuality and the press's clear reference to the "eminent" solicitor. The devices, here as elsewhere in the author's work, are of the bold and simplest sort: clear, powerful, and unmistakable — qualities exceptionally effective in oral delivery. When we listen to Dickens being read aloud, we are not merely listening to a story; we are also listening to a particular kind of music, a music which at every moment is imposing its structures, its cadences, and its harmonies upon our consciousness.

Just as Dickens's prose is filled to overflowing with a vigorous life of its own, so the world it describes is done with vitality. It is typical of Dickens that whatever he writes about — a person, an object, a state of the weather, a state of society, a moral observation — is so totally realized that it seems to be bursting out of its confines. Here, for example, is a description of the table ornaments in the home of a wealthy, overbearing, narrow-minded, tasteless capitalist:

Hidden solidity was the characteristic of the Pumblechook plate. Everything was made to look as heavy as a cold, and to take up as much room as possible. Everything sat heavily. "Here you have as much of me as you can get," said Mr. Pumblechook, "and I am so many ounces of precious metal worth so much as none, — wouldn't you like to melt me down?" A complete straddling epigram, blotted all over as it had broken out in an epigram rather than been or-

namented. Achieved this address from an unsightly silver-plated in the center of the table.

A decorative object is here endowed with a vivid and unique personality, in an instant it is lifted out of the realm of the inanimate and shown to experience sentiments, to suffer from diseases, to make speeches, to assert itself with as much repugnant arrogance as if it were the odious Mr. Podsnap himself. A world so stuffed, thick, pulsating, impressively alive is even more compelling when we meet it through the ear rather than through the eye. As passages such as this are recited, an endless crowd of impressions, explosive with reality, is hurled at us. It is almost as though we were being physically assaulted; we dare not let our minds wander lest some massive item of Podsnap silverware smash into our heads.

Because of these characteristics, a straightforward recitation of virtually any passage in Dickens is bound to keep an audience absorbed. Emlyn Williams's recitations are by no means straightforward, however, although many of his listeners are unaware of that fact. The texts he recites have undergone an immense process of editing, so as to enhance their effectiveness in oral performance. Relevant sentences (particularly the rhythmic, the humorous, the scintillating sentences) are gathered from all over and assembled in breathless sequence; passages are condensed, so as to bring the most strikingly alive elements closer together; archaic expressions are replaced by words more intelligible to a modern audience — and the result is that the pressure of brilliant language and self-assured reality, already at a high degree of intensity, builds up to the point where every additional word seems likely to blow the top off. Every sentence, every phrase, produces a reaction, calls forth a laugh or a gasp, there is no relaxation of the tension, no slack connective tissue between the bunched-up muscles.

Mr. Williams is obliged to edit the texts in this way because of the radical differences in the processes of reading and listening. Silent reading is a rapid activity; our eyes dart along the page, and sentences of less than overwhelming interest are experienced as swiftly passing clouds between the high-water mark we focus our attention on. Reading aloud is a great deal slower, and of the exciting effect of the original is to be retained, the average intensity of the sentences must be much higher than when the prose is scouring through our minds at the great pace of silent reading. To make up for this relative disadvantage, public oral recitation is much more conscious and concrete than the soundless succession of mental images we experience when reading by ourselves. Our minds are forced to dwell on each image, each thing, each device of language; to experience it wholly and to react to it with a full intellectual and emotional

gesture, to take in the sounds of the words and to savor them thoroughly before they are digested and assimilated as thoughts.

This being the case, it is only natural that Mr. Williams should want to make Dickens's sentences in order to make sure that each word and phrase will produce the maximum effect on the listeners. Thus, Dickens's sentence, "Mr. Podsnap was well to do, and stood very high in Mr. Podsnap's opinion," can be absorbed at one glance, with all its satirical venom. But when the words are spoken aloud, the wit is sharpened by a slight but important variation: "Mr. Podsnap was well to do (pause), with the audience in suspense!" Or consider the sentence about the Podsnap epigram, quoted above. The high point of the satire — which is aimed at the ugliness of this object and the crass ostentation of its owner — is the simile of the snail's shell, and by what appears to be the inherent laws of oral delivery this climax is absolutely required to come at the end of the sentence. Hence Mr. Williams transposes it there, making some necessary changes in the syntax, and along the way explaining to the audience what an epigram is.

This address was first delivered from an unsightly silver-plated in the middle of the table by a complete straddling epigram or center piece, blotted all over as it had been not as much ornamented as broken out in an epigram.

It may seem like a small matter, this mi-

nute rearrangement and rewriting, but in fact every actor or public speaker knows how utterly crucial such a thing may be put to word in exactly the right place and you will get lost in the puff and heart pang you want, let it stand over so little out of place and the audience will sit there like stones.

Just as Dickens gives every single element of his fancy a full-scale treatment, lavishing as much care on a spoon as on a dying infant, so the actor reading Dickens (or any good author) should most get the full measure of expressiveness out of every instance in the text. There is really no limit to this necessity of interpretation; restraint, a fear of overstatement, ultimately leads to boredom, and each lost opportunity of making the text come alive proportionately increases the audience's proximity to coughing. Emlyn Williams is not an actor to hold back; he is unflinchingly at work creating through his voice, gestures, and facial expressions the palpable, brilliant reality of the Dickens world. Each character is given his own idiosyncratic rhythm, accent, intonation, and speech rhythm — like Dickens's newspaper-reading character, Sloppy, "he do the our grandiose speeches" British independence, rather perverted? Is that, or something like it, the ring of the cast?" The existence of this voice, which is of course the voice of the author (or at least that part of his voice that he wishes us to hear), gives a unity to the most diverse oral anthology of his works. With all its variety of interests and its dazzling repertoire of

emotionalized, ripened, as an Italian opera. If Dickens is the novelistic equivalent of his contemporary Verdi, Emlyn Williams is the Maria Callas of dramatic recitation. It is not even as though he reads this material; he becomes it, he exacts it from within. Surely in various previous avatars he must in fact have been Mrs. Gamp, Mr. Veneering, Lady Dedlock, Paul Dombey, Mr. Chops, the circus midget, and a silver epigram with exclamation.

Perhaps the most prominent characteristic of Dickens's writing making it ideal for oral performance is the perpetual presence in it of what sounds like a speaking voice. Dickens was not one of those authors who pretend that their books emerge impersonally from nature, while they themselves have retired into an artistic empyrean, indifferently parsing their nails. Every sentence in a Dickens novel resounds as though it had a living speaker behind it, passionate, scornful, indignant, witty, sentimental, opinionated, in love with goodness, outraged at evil. "A surprising spirit in this lonely woman after many years of hard working, and hard living," my Lords and Gentlemen and Honorable Boards! What is it that we call in our grandiose speeches? British independence, rather perverted? Is that, or something like it, the ring of the cast?" The existence of this voice, which is of course the voice of the author (or at least that part of his voice that he wishes us to hear), gives a unity to the most diverse oral anthology of his works. With all its variety of interests and its dazzling repertoire of

rhetorical devices, it always declares itself as the voice of a single, comprehensive sensibility with which we are irresistibly forced to identify.

The hypnotic compulsion of Dickens's narrative voice may move and then — just possibly — be resisted, when we are reading silently and in solitude and can still muster up a shred or two of critical independence. When we hear his words read aloud, however, we have no choice but to detect Mr. Podsnap and to pity little lonely sensitive ailing Paul Dombey, to hate injustice and oppression and to revel in justice and self-sacrifice. Whatever one may say about the Dickensian voice, it must be acknowledged to possess — and in great degree — authority, the authority of knowledge, of feeling, of moral decency, and of creative power. In a certain sense, Emlyn Williams's greatest achievement in his magnificent recitals is to make us feel that we are authentically in the presence of that authority. It is not a matter of beads, lecterns, boutonnières, and other external flummery. In his thirty years of Dickens performances, this splendid actor has come to identify himself with the author's creative voice quite as intensely as he identifies himself with the characters and incidents of the novels. It is not only moment by moment that the Dickens text is brought to full realization in these performances, from first to last the actor's voice that he wishes us to hear, gives a unity to the most diverse oral anthology of his works. With all its variety of interests and its dazzling repertoire of

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A two-part story on restaurant reviewers written by David Shaw for the *Los Angeles Times* (December 28 and 29) has been a source of both interest and amusement for me. For example, I read: "The better critics spend \$800 to \$1200 a month on meals. The *New York Times* spends twice that." Amazing! Even assuming the higher cost of meals on the East Coast, the implication is clear: those with large expense accounts are not searching out small ethnic restaurants where you can eat for six or seven dollars per person. On the East Coast, for example, the dominance of French cuisine is so great that a small, undiscovered Vietnamese restaurant remains exactly that—undiscovered. In my own job, the reverse is true. I'm always seeking the good, inexpensive ethnic restaurant. The expensive, fashionable ones don't really have to be discovered to survive.

According to the critic of the *Washington Post*, "A good review... is worth \$100,000 [to the restaurant]." Again, I doubt that this applies to San Diego. Diners flock to restaurants the first few nights and then activity simmers down. The search for the new is one of the devastating characteristics of San Diego dining. A good restaurant will languish after a display of initial interest because the restlessness which characterizes much of Southern California is even more startling here. Whenever I attend a party, people will ask me, "Do you have a new restaurant?" or "I must have a new restaurant." New is not and should not be synonymous with good. Yet such is the nature of our quickly growing city that the search for the new takes precedence over that which is established and proven. "I've been there" is a sentiment I hear most often, as if that automatically removes a good restaurant from one's range of interest.

No mention is made of San Diego in the *Times* articles. Is it that we don't rate as a gastronomic center, or that restaurant reviewing is in its infancy here? We'll never know. Certainly, in the almost seven years I've been reviewing, there has been an increased interest in restaurant reviewing, though I would tend to doubt that any restaurant critic in San Diego has the power and prestige of our Eastern counterparts. It has been my policy to review and eat at the same restaurant, and I have a friend of mine became a restaurant writer for a suburban paper. I gave her the same advice: To maintain your own vision, you simply have to write as if you were the only critic in town. On my rare occasions as guest on talk shows, I invariably confound the talk-show hosts by refusing to discuss other critics. This is not merely an act of professionalism; it is based on my private theory that whereas San Diego can use as



Illustration by Elizabeth Matthews

many good reviewers as it can obtain, each has to do individual work without the psychological whappings of another critic.

However, I do sometimes read about San Diego in nationwide guides or even in the *New York Times*, and then I want to shout, "This can't be the same restaurant where I've had dinner." A great deal of the research for these guides is prepared second- or third-hand, sometimes from other guidesbooks or by sending in young people who want the free meals but who don't know much about food. Several times a year these services will call me for help. Where should they go? What should they look for? My perplexity about why they are employed in the first place remains. What I call "hungry-sighted reviews" abound in Southern California. These do a disservice to both the readers and to restaurant criticism as a whole. David Shaw's articles cite the charge that most restaurant critics against reviewers—lack of knowledge. It's fair to say that no restaurant wants a bad review, but if a review is based on a lack of preciseness about the dishes, the ingredients, or the cost, the restaurant owners' frustration and anger are doubled. If the *Shaw* articles do anything, they should inspire higher standards.

With this preface in mind, I am pleased to be able to praise a restaurant that so amply deserves it—what if, after this build-up, I could make nothing but negative comments? The restaurant to which I am referring is Frederick's, tucked away in a spot in Solana Beach you would not ordinarily find for yourself. Once an ice cream parlor, Frederick's came into existence in mid-October, and from what I could discern on my two visits, it is already doing a thriving business. The place only seats about thirty, so reservations are not only a must, but you may have to make them a day or two in advance.

beautiful to behold and marvelously crisp. Of the two entrees offered that night, my friends chose the scallops; therefore, I took the beef. Though I am not much of a beef eater, the beef, which had been prepared with wine and beer, was fork tender, succulent, and did not run with gravy. The vegetables consisted of glazed carrots and boiled red potatoes in their skins. My friends' scallops were tender and the sauce delicate. For dessert we had these cake prepared with Amaretto liqueur. With it came a dollop of red whipping cream, prepared without sugar. I couldn't fault a single aspect of this dinner. Every dish was prepared with integrity, and while the portions of the entree were small, the entire meal proved to be extremely satisfying, especially the homemade bread, of which we had two baskets. I took home two small pieces and ate them with pleasure the next day.

While I was very pleased with the high quality of the ingredients, as well as the cooking, I very much wanted to try a \$7.95 dinner and was told that Tuesday's fare (chicken) would be that price. If it had been, Frederick's could have won the bargain of the year award hands down. I made a special order of a second entree, veal, so that we could have some variety. Ordinarily, for midweek meals, people are given the choice of a single entree. Should you have requests, make these known to Chuck Frederick, who does the cooking.

We started this second dinner with a tomato soup. It was prepared from fresh tomatoes and contained fresh basil, but to me it tasted too much like a sauce you would use over pasta. This is inevitable if you have pulverized tomatoes plus basil, and the problem could have been avoided with the addition of milk or cream. The excellent salad, again from fresh ingredients, this time contained asparagus as well, and the entree was chicken No-mandy in a white sauce replete with mushrooms. The chicken was delicious; though the sauce was fork tender, though scratch, it was, alas, too close to the mushroom-soup variety that is used for quick and desperate occasions by busy homemakers. My veal was good, though skimpy in portion (I attributed this to the special order). Our dessert was marvelous—a square of chocolate (it seemed like a pudding prepared with bread) and I very much wanted more of it. But my son, who had once worked in a restaurant of his kind, assured me that there would be no more because of the sudden arrival of a large party. My son proved correct. To compensate for my lack of seconds, Mr. Frederick gave me some hot French bread to take home—an equitable swap.

I recommend Frederick's to your attention, not only for the fine cooking but for the sense of adventure. Since they shop and prepare whatever is fresh that day, you never really know what you're going to receive. The chicken we had was \$9.95, the veal dinner, \$11.95, and though both prices were more than we expected, we paid happily.

Bear in mind the smallness of the room. Tables are close together and in feeling, it's much like the original *Fountain* in Cardiff-by-the-Sea—intimate, as if everyone in the dining room were a member of the same party. There's a small element of risk in the nightly offerings, but if the two visits of my own prove characteristic, you won't be disappointed. □

Mind Under Matter



DUNCAN SHEPHERD

The encouraging development in the last David Cronenberg movie, *The Brood*, was the attempt to prolong plot tension all the way to the finish, and not just to a halfway or quarterway point where panic-mongers could step in and take over. Chaos is a state that loses a lot of its natural nerve-rackness on screen, the absence of rules being generally deadly to drama. The new Cronenberg movie, *Scanners*, rolls back progress in the direction of the earlier *Robid*, but not quite that far. What the art of plotting has come to mean here is simply the postponement of gore, together with the greater reliance on such mundane sources of it as shotgun blasts and gasoline

explosions. Only at the beginning and at the end do you get heavy enough doses of it to give you that distinctly Cronenbergian sensation of feeling bad all over.

The basic story idea has the makings of fairly sophisticated science fiction, as compared with the primitive space opera that's all the rage right now. It's not too far off from what George Lucas would have been left with had he disposed of the ray-gun shootouts, the laser-beam sword duels, and the rocket-ship dogfights, and concentrated instead on exploring the notion of *The Force*. Even closer to the notion of *Scanners* would be what went by the name of *The Power* in an underrated Byron Haskin movie of that name. None of these psychic gifts is very well defined or delimited in their respective movies, but the similarities between all of them include

rather prominently their potential for either good or evil. The similarity between *The Force* and *Scanners* on this particular point extends all the way to these opposite potentials being embodied by two rivals who turn out surprisingly to be tied by blood. (News of the climactic revelation in *The Empire Strikes Back* has surely spread far enough by now that the relationship of Skywalker and Vader can be discussed as openly as that of Oedipus and Jocasta without fear of ruining the ending for anyone.) The possibility was clearly there in *Scanners* for some sort of parable on the socialization process. A neighborly disposition and a concern for the commonweal are qualities you would very much like to find in someone who's mind-reading and spell-casting and mountain-moving capabilities of your average scanner. And, with a little stretching of the imagination, the lesson can be applied as well to any sort of mental muscle-building and muscle-flexing whatever, the sort that separates the accepting child from the suspicious adolescent, or the sort that separates the passive man from the reader and disciple of Nietzsche, Schopenhauer, D.H. Lawrence.

As with any other form of heightened sensitivity, the scanning faculty is felt by its few possessors to be a bit of a burden and a curse, as well as a good excuse for megalomania. And it makes perfect post-Freudian sense that these inner rumblings should be characterized as inherently anti-social, destructive, conducive in some cases to suicide and madness, and in need of guidance, control, and transformation into socially acceptable form. There is, in this regard, a particularly telling episode, and a possibly touching one, in which a ghoulish sculptor—or at least his sculptures are ghoulish—testifies to one healthy method of coping with those strange voices that bedevil the scanner: "My art keeps me sane."

The ultimate undoing of the scanner concept is that it is more a literary one than a cinematic one. Cronenberg does what he can—quite a lot, really—to compensate for the difficulty of visual illustration with an abundance of audio illustration: a cacophony of electronic whistles, whirrs, thumps, buzzes, and whansons, whenever the scanning machine goes into action. Visually, there is too much gazing into the eyes of Stephen Lack, which are the kind of eyes made for gazing into, but they are the only attributes that can honestly be counted as assets of this otherwise very untalented and aptly summamed actor. The

glance that sends an adversary hurtling backwards as if hit by a nemrod, the glare that causes a gunman to turn his own gun on himself—these kinds of weapons are less at home in science fiction than in the pure fantasy of witches and wizards and mesmerists and other wielders of invisible forces. And they are never much at home on screen. The periodic ambushes with shotguns and tranquilizer darts and such are solidier stuff, but they, even less than the arbitrary and unpredictable demonstrations of scanner power, do nothing to illuminate the actual dimensions of that power. What had started out giving every indication of being intelligent science fiction very soon settles down to being a fanciful sub-Bond spy melodrama, more on the level of TV's *The Avengers* or *The Man from U.N.C.L.E.* about a network of telepathic supermen who have vague designs on world domination and must, of course, be stopped.

It hardly comes as a surprise that the thematic possibilities would not be pursued very far by a movie-maker whose hallmark has thus far been the extreme physical repulsiveness of his movies—and not only in the gore department, but in the overall, sterile, fluorescent, death-warmed-over complexion of the image. The element of burlesque that rode high in *They Came from Within* and *Robid*, and diminished in *The Brood*, disappears here altogether, and with it any sense of having fun with the gore and with the sons of investigators who lust for it. As the only fades away, what remains is a bleak and chilly vision that is not remotely justified in the material itself—a kind of marmalade adolescent inhibition. True to adolescent form, all the troubles and storms and transgressions of the scanner population are not of their own making, but are imposed on them by the previous generation, the specific source being an untested and unsafe drug named Epizemol (very nice mock-up of a Forties *Life Magazine* cover of this that has visited its own sort of thalidomide-curse on unborn babies). The adolescent sensibility comes through loudest, of course, in the kinds of special effects that can best be summed up in the adjective "gross." At a very early point in the movie, just before the remarkable incident of the explosion head, the various possible side effects of scanning are listed as including nosebleeds, caraches, and nausea, among others. Fair warning. Some of these are exaggerated, certainly—any may be taken as possible side effects of the movie as well. □

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Letters

(continued from page 4)

Please Turn Her Lucid

I can't understand why the Reader would print Patricia Gilinski's letter. Is it that you have no editorial pride, or were you simply allowing her the privilege of looking stupid before a wider audience? Seldom have I seen more sheer drivel over one signature. Her letter is not a reasoned criticism of the choices of Rev. Tim LaHaye as one of your "Heavy 50." It is a long, pompously worded temper tantrum, a personal condemnation of LaHaye and the Moral Majority that relies as heavily on half truth, innuendo, surmise, and hyperbole as anything MM itself could put out.

Worse, she manages to miss entirely the point of the exercise. Correct me if I am wrong, but I felt that you were just trying to give us a look at who is doing things these days, and not to endorse them or their politics. Of course, those who are quicker to talk than to think will miss the distinction. One may not like Rev. LaHaye, or Thomas Arnold, or any of the others, but that hardly makes them less noteworthy.

I am sorry that the people of San Diego were submitted to this insanity. Most of the time Pat is much more level, on occasion showing signs of intelligence. Don Gilinski

What The Grease

In your January 8, 1981 issue, Mr. Duncan Shepherd, in his review of *The Raging Bull*, wrote, "This movie is a feast of expressions like 'fucking greaseball.'" Mr. Shepherd, like many Americans, misconstrues and therefore misapplies that adjective, which is not *fucking* but *fucker* — a word like *faller*, *snider*, *snider*, *snider*, etc., all of which express both the named action is better happening not continuous but has already happened, and that the action was done not by its object but to it. In short, a *fucker* greaseball, rather than *fucking*, has been *fucked* — surely the greater, and thus the intended, insult.

To help Reader readers and writers remember the correct form, I have written this educational snicker: A gambler who once tried his luck in Las Vegas, with back after back in a slot machine, learned, As its cylinders turned, That a sucker's not fucking but *fucked*. Theodore Meehuck La Jolla

Patterns

I found offensive Neal Matthews' "City Lights" article on the crisis in board-and-care homes for the mentally ill in San Diego (January 8). A sort of detached contempt accompanies his careless and frequent use of the term "crises."

He stimulates fear of those returned to the community by describing them as "very seriously disturbed people" — most of them schizophrenics, some criminally insane, almost all on heavy doses of antipsychotic drugs. "The criminally insane are not housed in board-and-care homes, and by the time an ex-hospital patient is living in the community, he or she is generally on maintenance medication, much as a diabetic takes insulin to avoid going into coma."

Why does Matthews say that the residents "of course started out as loons"? (Italics mine.) Newton was so crazy she sat under an

apple tree and invented gravity. Dr. Samuel Johnson was phobic and compulsive, but he was thought so well of that Boswell recorded everything he commented on. Joan of Arc was seriously schizophrenic with heavy auditory hallucinations but nevertheless was able to convince the head of state to let her save France. Van Gogh was one of the losers (that famous detached ear!) but art gained, Josh Logan, Kurt Vonnegut, and son Mark Vonnegut were losers until they decided to stay on maintenance doses. These are some of the famous ones, but there are many, many persons, not, who are leading productive, useful lives thanks to the neuroleptic drugs.

To close yourself into the system is comfortable indeed, and even somewhat desirable. Our people with mental or emotional problems do not necessarily elect to be different. One of the twenty-odd already known chemical transmitters among the billions of the all the stars in all the galaxies — may be overproduced or underproducing. Result: agitation, loss of emotional control, and impulsive actions (the kind that we fatuously describe as "crazy" when we're boasting indignantly about our own sensationally unusual and delightful behavior). It is also typical of creative people and innovators in the arts. Sometimes it goes out of control and then these innocents end up in hospitals or board-and-care facilities. And compassion, too. It could happen to any of us.

Savcha Garson
Parents of Adult Schizophrenics
Media Watch
San Diego

Nickel For Thoughts

Re: your January 15 piece in "City Lights" on the Hare Krishna "sale of food at the Interstate 5 rest stop near Oceanside."

Most of us believe in religious freedom, as expressed in our Constitution. But most of us, too, would not agree that any religious organization should be allowed to set up a bannery on any public property!

Question: Has the San Diego County health department inspected and granted approval for this operation?

Expatriate Nickel
San Diego

Still Turned On By Boys

I would like to firmly and loudly disagree with Steve Esmolina's assessment of the Beach Boys. (They are no longer a band to reckon with, and nostalgia cannot disguise disintegration.)

They appeared in the January 15 Reader ("This Week's Concerts"). Esmolina is beginning to make himself a reputation out of knocking widely popular and long-established music groups, and most of the time his criticism is way off the mark. "The Beach Boys remain to this day the most successful American band in the history of rock and roll, and despite what could be perceived as lapses in the quality of their recent recordings, they are a highly popular concert attraction. What other American band has stayed together as long (twenty years), and with as much of a following?" Esmolina, I challenge you to respond.

It just isn't fair to criticize these well-established acts without some halfway decent thought going into the criticism first. You don't write off a twenty-year success story in a few short lines without making a full study of yourself. Tom Condit
San Diego

Off the Cuff

Have you had a teacher you've never forgotten?



Michael Smith
Graduate Student
San Diego

I had a history teacher in high school — Dick Hoy. He called himself Mr. Wonderful. History was "Hoystory." I enjoyed his sense of humor. If you didn't understand something, he could make a joke about it without making you feel stupid. He would make history lively. It would be far more interesting than memorization. Someone would be Douglas. We'd make campaign speeches and he'd let us have a good time acting things out. Most of the instructors out of State lack a sense of humor. I think some of my instructors viewed me as being a class clown. I know a lot of accountants with a sense of humor. You have to have a sense of humor about life. It helps you survive.



Carol Ledbetter
Electrical Engineer
Mission Bay

Mr. Owens, our ninth-grade science teacher at Kearney High. He really wanted us to believe in the laws of science. He was a tall man, lanky, middle-aged — very excitable. He'd get up on the tables sometimes. He'd hang a bowling ball from a wire. You'd sit in front of it with the ball in front of your nose, and give it a little push away from you. It would never come back and hit you. It couldn't. Physics was never boring. Some of the guys made him a good-natured mud award. This was before the word "mud" was actually coined. It was a plaque made out of Rocky Mountain oysters, floating in formaldehyde. They gave it to him with affection, of course. He gave me the idea that engineering would be fun — playing with big expensive toys and trying to make them work. And that's what I do.



Bill Smith
Lifeguard
La Mesa

Unfortunately, my soccer coach, sophomore year in high school. He was terrible. He never had anything positive to say. It seemed like he tried to intimidate people. He must have been in it for the money 'cause he sure didn't like kids. We had twenty guys on a winning team and before the season was over, nine of them quit. He had black hair slicked back and a broom-handle mustache. He was short. My father always said, "If you ever join the Navy, don't get under the command of someone short." I think it's true. Short guys like to push other guys around when they get a little power 'cause they were always pushed around. I heard he's teaching high school geography now.



Bobbi Ann Murphy
Water Safety Instructor
Spring Valley

Definitely. My phys-ed instructor in high school. She was the type that got behind you all the way at me if there was something you wanted to do. The kids had a horrible nickname for her — Powder Pigeon. They like her, it was with affection. She had a huge derriere and a certain way of walking. One year I was elected cheerleader and then my father announced that we were moving to L.A. I was crushed. We ended up back in San Diego the next year and she made it possible for me to teach cheerleading three times a day. I just can't think of her real name. She was behind the kids one hundred percent. Everyone counted. It's been almost thirty years ago. I'll never forget her. She's the kind of teacher you wish for your own kids.



Fitz
San Diego School District
Serra Mesa

She was actually the principal in our grade school. She was a big rougneck in track — black dress, black veil, granny shoes. A Sister of Mercy. Al' you saw were her hands and face. One time my cousin and I were in the bathroom. There was a knock at the door. My cousin yelled, "If it's a girl, come in." In comes Sister Magdalena. We were always in trouble. One time I dipped my iced-tea stick in holy water and ate it instead of making the sign of the cross. I got suspended for that. I'm just not for organized religion anymore. The church is supposed to be nonprofit but they own firms, invest in stocks. . . . It just kills me to think of all the money my mother spent on tuition, books, uniforms, and Hush Puppy shoes — so you didn't scuff up the halls.

— Lin Jarky

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Koharu Chiyoko

Traditional Dances Of Japan

Four-year-old Chiyoko was adopted by her grandmother, not because she had no parents, but because her grandmother had chosen her to follow in her own footsteps as a dancer. Chiyoko's home was a training school for geisha, where lessons were given in all the geisha arts, including dancing, singing, the tea ceremony, and playing of the three-stringed shamisen. Chiyoko's grandmother taught dancing in the Hanayagi tradition, one of the most influential styles of Tokyo. This was before the innovation of a systematic, analytical approach; there was no such thing as a vocabulary of hand gestures, for example. Only the gradual accumulation of understanding and skill in a large repertory of dances, during years of submerging the self in the formality and rigidity of tradition, would turn a child

into a dancer and allow the individuality of the dancer to emerge. Chiyoko learned to dance the roles of a woman, a man, a child, a lion, a ghost. Hardest to do were the slow, small movements that demand of control and subtlety: the slow unfolding of a fan that conveys sadness, the flick of a finger that expresses deep emotion. When Chiyoko was seven she was licensed to teach pupils herself. She also was granted a professional name, Koharu (as customary, it was the professional name of her teacher, her grandmother) Chiyoko. World War II and the death of her grandmother disrupted Chiyoko's career and the normal tradition of lifelong loyalty to a single school. Later she came to the U.S. to live and began to study dance again, this time in the Fuguta tradition that is today perhaps the most influential style of all Japanese traditional dance. Her instructors are in Japan and she returns there periodically for study. Meanwhile, for the past ten years Koharu Chiyoko, whose nonperforming name is Chiyoko Sigmond, has been

teaching Japanese dance in San Diego, where she and her students will be presenting a concert of Japanese traditional dance this week. The program will be divided into two parts, with the older traditional dances following the new dances created and choreographed by Koharu Chiyoko from sources such as children's fairy tales. She herself will dance the role of the child lion in *Ronkyu*, the traditional story of a lion father who with farberly love kicks his child cub down a hill in order to teach him to climb it alone. Other traditional dances will include *Yan Yaku*, a peasant's preparation of a path for the feudal lord's yearly procession; and *Santoku*, a celebration of happiness represented by the long-blossoming peach blossom and the arrival of a treasure boat. There will be folk dances and folk tale dances such as *Hagunomi*, with a goddess dancing in a pine grove at the season of a fisherman who hides her robe so she cannot return to heaven, and a beautiful young girl who dances to keep the

Cleveland Quartet

A Chance To See The Cleveland Quartet

There is a theory according to which everything that happens, no matter how unpleasant, eventually leads to the Good. That would explain how a cellar's spained back will enable you to hear the Cleveland Quartet if it's weekend, in spite of the fact that their concert is already sold out. Most chamber music lovers know about the Cleveland Quartet, which since its founding at the Marlboro Music Festival in 1969 has become one of the country's leading string quartets. Highlights of their past twelve seasons include performances in most of the world's major concert halls, a

special tenth anniversary series of three concerts in New York's Carnegie Hall, fifteen complete Beethoven cycles, including New York, London, and San Francisco, tours all over the world, teaching residencies at the Eastman School and the Aspen Festival; RCA Victor recordings of Barber, Ives, Brahms, Dvorak, Beethoven, Haydn, Mendelssohn, Mozart, and Schubert; and a White House performance for the inauguration of President Jimmy Carter. At their *Sherwood Auditorium* concert on Friday, January 21 at 8:30 p.m., under the auspices of the La Jolla Chamber Music Society, they will be playing Haydn's "Lark" Quartet, Bartok's First, and the Mendelssohn Opus 12. But you can't go to that one, unless you already have tickets, or unless you are lucky enough

There He Is . . .

It was a bonebreaker of a contest. One of those sweaty, startling pageants where you see every leany trick and judge-swaying gimmick known, and you dredge up a few yourself just to stay alive and on the stage. It was a day of struffed jantzen and phony Bonson stares and freshly beew Tijuana chin-lifts. This one was down and dirty and everybody knew it. As a circus like this, you grind your teeth in a frozen grin and parade past the four women in the reviewer's box, and their cold round eyes fix on you with the sudden flare of headlights in the dark, dimming as you stride by. The worn, wooden stage is cold against the bottoms of your bare feet, and here and there, the rusty head of a protruding nail rips open a foot or a toe. But you walk. Bleeding like a wounded stag, knowing that to show weakness is to die, to lose the contest. You slap your slatted feet on the faded,

splintering wood again and again, because you came to win and nothing short of a bullet through the brain delivered right there under the hot lights will stop you.

After nine hours of swimmers, talent, and questions-and-answers, it all came down to three men. It was me, Vic Jurgenesen — a

twenty-eight-year-old racecar driver — and Stanton Jacks — a Marine Corps gunnery sergeant with a three-inch scar across his right cheek, just below the eye. "Shrapnel," Jacks had hissed in a

Illustration by Mark Zingarelli

m. Zingarelli 81

Contributions to **READER EVENTS** must be received by mail no later than the Friday preceding the Thursday issue in order to be considered for publication. Please do not phone. The Events Editor reserves the right to edit all materials. Send complete information and photos to: **READER EVENTS**, EDITOR, P.O. Box 80823, San Diego, CA 92188.

Dance

Dance Theatre Troupe will present a program ranging from ballet to funky jazz to American movement forms. Friday, January 23 and Saturday, January 24, 8 p.m., South Rec Hall, 31781, 297-5733.

Japanese Traditional Dance will be presented by Koharu Kai. Sunday, January 25, 2 p.m., Mann Junior High School, 4145 54th Street, San Diego, 283-4264.

Film

Children's Films about animals will be shown Thursday, January 22, 3:30 p.m.; and about a "shopping bag" lady and a Chinese howl will be shown Monday, January 26, 3:30 p.m., National City Public Library, 200 East 12th Street, National City. Free. 454-8111.

"Germany in Autumn," a collective work of thirteen German directors and writers that attempts to analyze their country's political state in summer, 1977, will be shown with *Night and Fog*, Alain Resnais's classic film on the horrors of the Nazi concentration camps. Friday, January 22, 7 p.m., TLH 107, UCSD. Free. 452-1362.

Whales and Otters will be seen in two films by Jacques Cousteau. Whales and Otters. Saturday, January 24 and Sunday, January 25, 11 a.m. and 2:30 p.m., Natural History Museum, Balboa Park. 232-1821.

"The Warmth of Your Hands," a film from Soviet Georgia depicting the life of a family from the 1917 revolution to World War II, will be shown by the Society for U.S.-Soviet Friendship. Saturday, January 24, 2:30 p.m., NOL Beech Street, San Diego.

"Three Stones Blows," a short film based on an ancient Eskimo folk tale, and *Pieces Out of My Life*, a story by and about the Eskimo artist Pinetree, will be shown in conjunction with a current exhibition of Eskimo art. Sunday, January 25, 11 a.m. and 2 p.m., Museum of Man, Balboa Park. 239-2001.

Monday Night Movies, a new series of films at the library, will begin with a tribute to the Beatles, including a screening of *Magical Mystery Tour*. Monday, January 26, 8:30 p.m., National City Public Library, 200 East 12th Street, National City. Free. 474-8211.

Fantasy Film Series will screen *Ugenda*, *The Magician*, *Dream of Will Henry*, and *The Nine*. Tuesday, January 27, 7 p.m., TLH 107, UCSD. 452-1320.

Lectures

"Four Poets and the Search for Meaning," series of lectures presented by the Rev. Ronald Knapp will continue with Walt Whitman. Friday, January 22, 7:30 p.m., Unitarian Universalist Fellowship

of San Diego, 1016 Solana Drive, Solana Beach. Free. 755-4223.

"What the Fort Commission Is Doing for San Diego," the question tonight not have known you wanted to ask, will be dealt with by port commissioner Louis Wolbenstein. Friday, January 23, 10 a.m., room 111A, administrative complex, UCSD. Free. 452-1409.

"California Wetlands: A Vanishing Habitat" will be the subject of a slide-lecture presented by Charles Schnebeck of the newly formed California Coastal Wetlands Coalition, which seeks to protect, preserve, and restore an area that has been severely percent destroyed. Friday, January 23, 7:30 p.m., Natural History Museum, Balboa Park. Free. 227-5277.

"San Diego, California's Cornerstone: A Closer Look" a talk based on a newly published book about the history of San Diego, will be delivered by USD history professor and author In Engstrom at a dinner meeting of the San Diego Historical Society. Monday, January 24, 7 p.m., Vacation Village conference center, Mission Bay. 297-3158.

"Liberated Man" author Warren Farrell will discuss and demonstrate sexual stereotypes. Friday, January 23, 7:30 p.m., Sunrise Room, Town and Country Hotel, Mission Valley. 297-7275.

Watercolor Artist George Post will give a lecture and demonstration at a meeting of the San Diego Watercolor Society. Friday, January 23, 7:30 p.m., SDOGS auditorium, 101 Ash Street, downtown. Free. 278-5478.

"Recent Applications of Amino Acid Racemization for Dating Ancient Man," a report on a powerful method of dating fossil bones, will be made by Scripps Institution of Oceanography marine chemistry professor Jeffrey Bada, who has used this method on specimens from Olduvai Gorge and the Peking Man site. Friday, January 23, 8 p.m., Scripps Clinic and Re-

search Foundation, 1066 N. Torrey Pines Road, La Jolla. Free. 454-7647.

"Innovation and the String Quartet" will be the topic of a lecture-demonstration by the Cleveland Chamber Music Society. Saturday, January 24, 10:30 a.m., Sherwood Auditorium, La Jolla Museum of Contemporary Art, 200 Prospect Street, La Jolla. 459-0645.

Message to the West from Reagan will come via videotape following an hour of meditation. Sunday, January 25, 8 p.m., 3616 10th Street, San Diego. 563-8764.

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"Contemporary American Music" works by Blind, Wolf, Reich, Cage, Weddington, Feldman, and Fisher, will be presented by violinist James Nigro and pianist Cecil Lytle. Thursday, January 22, 8 p.m., Mandeville Recital Hall, UCSD. 452-3229.

Twentieth-Century Music for flutes and clarinet will be performed by Ann Erwin, Gary Leiman, and Jannan Fuchs. Thursday, January 23, 8 p.m., Vacation Village conference center, Mission Bay. 297-3158.

"Contemporary Health Topics" series will begin with cardiologist Tom Romero discussing "Life After Heart Attack." Tuesday, January 27, 7:30 p.m., Chula Vista Library, 365 F Street, Chula Vista. Free. 420-9620.

"Museo de Estado, Mexico, Baja California: Cultural Resource Management and Research" will be presented by a lecture by Julia Bendinere for the San Diego County Archaeological Society. Tuesday, January 27, 7:30 p.m., San Diego Federal Savings building, University Town Centre. Free. 267-3667.

"Detente: Dilemma and Dugma" will be the topic of a lunchtime address by San Diego Union assistant editor Edward Nicholas, sponsored by the World Affairs Council of San Diego. Wednesday, January 26, noon, Harbale Hotel, 2270 Hotel Circle North, Mission Valley. 231-0111.

"Report from a Chinese Village: Is Modernization Really Possible?" will be the title of an "Adventures in Research" lecture to be given by Paul Fickowicz, USD history professor and director of the Chinese Studies Program, and one of the first Americans allowed to live and do research in a peasant commune in the People's Republic of China. Wednesday, January 28, noon, room 111A, administrative complex, UCSD. Free. 452-3120.

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Canadian Composer Ben Sealing will speak on the "Musical Music of Judaism" and conduct a choir and instrumental group in a program of his own music at a Shabbat service. Friday, January 23, 8:15 p.m., Temple Beth Israel, 2512 Third Avenue, Hillside. 239-0149.

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Chamber Music will be performed in Elizabethan costume by the Sibling Singers. Sunday, January 25, 1 p.m., Villa Montezuma, 1925 K Street, San Diego. 239-2211.

German Romanticism in organ music will be presented Sunday, January 25, 4 p.m., Christ Lutheran Church, 4761 Cass Street, Pacific Beach.

Mini-Programs series will present a concert of Telemann, Bottesini, and Gounod by Michael Wolfe on double bass and Mary Battaglier on piano. Monday, January 26, noon, Civic Theatre, downtown. Free. 454-6322 or 459-1751.

"Brigadoon," an opera workshop production of the Lerner and Loewe musical about life in the Scottish Highlands, will be presented Monday, January 26 through Saturday, January 31, 8 p.m., Salomon Theatre, Point Loma Center, 1022 Leland Drive, San Diego. 222-2904 or 222-6474 x144.

Pianist Gregory Allen, first-prize winner of the Arur Rubinstein International Piano Competition in Tel Aviv, will appear in the Community Concert series. Monday, January 26, 8 p.m., Civic Theatre, downtown. 582-7454.

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Clipper Basketball, the San Diego Clippers start a four-game

homestand against the New York Knicks. Thursday, January 22, 7:30 p.m.; the central division-leading Milwaukee Bucks, Saturday, January 24, 7:30 p.m.; and the Kansas City Kings. Tuesday, January 27, 7:30 p.m., Sports Arena. 226-9456.

Court Jesters, the Harlem Globetrotters will play their own kind of basketball. Friday, January 23, 8 p.m., Sports Arena. 224-4176.

Running Against the Draft, the Committee Against Registration and the Draft will have a three-mile fun run and a 10K run. Saturday, January 24, 7:30 and 8 a.m., from the municipal gym, Balboa Park. 283-6076.

"America's Big Top Giant" Circus Vargos will present twenty-eight shows with acrobats, elephants, jugglers, clowns, all-white rings, and an illusionist and more, in three rings, beginning Tuesday, January 22, 8 p.m., Friday, January 23, 4:30 and 8 p.m., Sunday, January 24, noon, 3:30 and 7 p.m., Saturday, January 25, 11 a.m., 2:30 and 6 p.m., and Monday, January 26, 4:30 and 8 p.m., all at Parkway Plaza Shopping Center, El Cajon (447-2467); and continuing Tuesday, January 27, 8:30 and 8 p.m., Plaza Camino Real Shopping Center, Carlsbad (729-9257), 452-7130.

Improvisational Comedy Duo Victor and Goldberg will combine humor and drama to deal with contemporary life. Friday, January 23 and Saturday, January 24, 8 p.m., Community Arts Gallery, 870 Third Avenue, downtown. 235-4915.

Victorians on Tour, Save Our Heritage Organization (SOHO) will conduct a tour of six vintage Victorian structures. Saturday, January 24, 12:30 p.m., from the start parking lot near Robinson's. Fashion Valley Shopping Center. 222-3148.

"Sounds of Silence," a sealed-lips downtown walk sponsored by Walkabout International, will take place Sunday, January 25, 7:45 a.m., from 1055 Second Avenue, downtown. 223-WALK.

"Youth and the Social Action" will be the topic of a lecture presented by Martin Luther King, Jr. Friday, January 23, 11 a.m., KPBS-FM 89.

"The UFO Incident," a 1975 film starring James Earl Jones and Estelle Parsons as a New England couple who claim to have been medically examined about a UFO, and Bernard Hughes as an earthbound physician who re-examines them, will be televised Sunday, January 24, 11:30 a.m., Channel 10.

Golf, the Phoenix Open will be beamed from the desert, Sunday,

January 25, 11 a.m., Channel 8.

Downtown Racing, men's World Cup skiing will be televised from Valdez, Italy. Sunday, January 25, 1:30 p.m.; and Wednesday, January 28, 8:30 p.m., Cable Channel 7.

Super Bowl XVI, it'll be the Oakland Raiders and the Philadelphia Eagles where the Chargers and the Cowboys might have been, in New Orleans. Sunday, January 25, 3 p.m.; and one more time at 1 a.m., Channel 39.

"Austin City Limits" will return to the airwaves with the 1980 Male Vocalist of the Year, country western singer George Jones and his guest Hank Thompson, from Austin, Texas. Sunday, January 25, 6 p.m. (simulcast in stereo with KSON-FM 97); repeating Sunday, January 31, 11:30 p.m., Channel 15.

Bowling, the WBA Junior Flightweight Championship of the World will be contested between Japan's Yoko Gushiken and Panama's Alfonso Lopez. Sunday, January 25, 6 p.m., Cable Channel 6.

"Dead Ringers," Bette Davis is twins in this 1944 film with Paul Henreid. Karl Malden, and Peter Lawford. Sunday, January 25, 6 p.m., Channel 6.

Tennis, the finals match between the two top seeds, Martina Navratilova and Andrea Jaeger, in the Avon Women's Tennis Championships will be taped and televised from Kansas City. Sunday, January 25, 7 p.m., Cable Channel 2.

"The Landscape of Pleasures," the change in color from impressionism to modern art will be seen in footage of Picasso and Matisse at work, and in interviews with Motherwell and Hockney. Sunday, January 25, 8 p.m., repeating Friday, January 30, 10 a.m., Channel 15.

"Minnie and Moskowitz," a John Cassavetes film about a manic reaction between Protestant museum curator Gene Rowlands and Jewish parking-lot attendant Seymour Casel, will be aired Sunday, January 25, 11:30 p.m., Channel 10.

"The Julian Gold Rush" will run again. Monday, January 26, 6:30 a.m. and 6 p.m., Channel 15.

"California and the Periphery" a five-part report on the state's water problems, will be broadcast on Afternoon San Diego. Monday, January 26 through Friday, January 30, 3:30 p.m., KPBS-FM 89.

"The Shakespeare Plays" six-year series will begin in third season with *The Taming of the Shrew*. Jonathan Miller's production with John Cleese of Monty Python and Fawcett Town starring as Petruchio and Sarah Babel as Kate. Monday, January 26, 8 p.m., repeating Sunday, February 1, 1 p.m., Channel 15.

"Elektra," the once-a-Weekend Stream opens based on Sophocles' drama, taped live at the Metropolitan Opera with soprano Betsy Nelsen in the title role, will be broadcast Wednesday, January 28, 8 p.m. (simulcast in stereo with KPBS-FM 89); repeating Saturday, January 31, 1 p.m., Channel 15.

Retrospective Exhibition of works by Chinese artist Domingo Ullas will open with a reception for the artist. Friday, January 23, 7 to 10 p.m., and continue through February 15, Solar Gallery, 900 Tenth Avenue, downtown. 295-0384.

"My First Paintings," an exhibition of works by Harne Lauridsen, will be on display through January 25. The Cafe, UCSD. 452-3162.

Paintings by musician Peter Niccoll will be exhibited. Saturday, January 24 and Sunday, January 25, D.G. Wilds Books, 7527 La Jolla Village Road, La Jolla. 456-1800.

"Impressions/Expressions: Black American Graphics," a survey of graphic work by black American artists consisting of sixty-three prints dating from the Eighteenth Century to the present, and circulated by the Smithsonian Institution Traveling Exhibition Service, will be exhibited through January 28, Mandeville Art Gallery, UCSD. 452-3120.

speaking on **The State of the Union (The Decline and Rise of the American Republic)** February 3, Tuesday, 8:00 p.m., Mandeville Auditorium. Students \$3.00, G.A. \$4.00. Tickets available at Ticketron Outlets & University Events Box Office, 452-4559.

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To Local Events

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WINTER JAZZ SERIES

PART I CONTINUES



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Friday, Jan. 30 & Saturday, Jan. 31 **SAN DIEGO JAZZ ALL-STARS**
Wednesday, Feb. 4 **STEVE KUHN & SHEILA JORDAN BAND**
Sunday, Feb. 8 **TITO PUENTE** Latin jazz sextet
Saturday, Feb. 14 (Valentine's Day) **WILLIE BOBO** Salsa
Wednesday, Feb. 18 **MCCOY TYNER**

International Blend

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4034 30th Street, North Park (near Lincoln)
Doors open at 7:30. Advance tickets for all shows available at Select-A-Seat locations, L'Espresso Pizzeria (P.B., Chula Vista, North County), Chameleon Records, Prophet, Flipside Records (Sports Arena). No age limit. Series discount 287-6718 or 288-1731.

ONGOING CALENDAR

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READER'S GUIDE TO THE MUSIC SCENE

Band, contemporary, Tuesday through Saturday.

Art in Charles, 5353 Mission Center Road, Mission Valley, 297-1823. Night Vision, jazz, Thursday through Saturday.

Aspen Mine Co., 5880 El Canon Boulevard, East San Diego, 580-3813. Steel blues, rock and roll, Wednesday through Saturday.

Atlanta, 2575 Ingraham Street, Mission Bay, 224-2434. Roberta Linn, contemporary, Tuesday through Saturday.

Bacchanal, 8022 Clairemont Mesa Boulevard, Clairemont, 580-8022. Shakes, rock and roll, Thursday, Tuesday Snakes, rock 'n' roll, Friday and Saturday.

Bahia, 998 West Mission Bay Drive, Mission Bay, 488-0551. Calamity

Jane and the Cowpunks, country western, Tuesday through Saturday.

Ben X Ranch House, 115 East Broadway, Vista, 734-0240. The Nashville Ensemble, country and country swing, Tuesday through Sunday.

Bay Lounge, Vacation Village Hotel, Mission Bay, 274-4630. Call club for information.

The Beach Club, 1721 Bacon Street, Ocean Beach, 222-8822. Call club for information.

Belly Up Tavern, 143 South Central Avenue, Solana Beach, 491-9022. Rose and the Sawdusters, rock-a-billy, Thursday; Ig Manda with the Iron Plaza Band, special concert, Friday; Rose and the Sawdusters, rock-a-billy, Saturday; Becky and the Burtones, rock and roll, Wednesday.

Berkley's, 5500 Grossmont Center Drive, La Mesa, 463-9525. 18PM covercharge, Tuesday through Saturday.

Black Angel, 5247 Kearny Villa

Road, Kearny Mesa, 277-3100. Vann Vanna, contemporary, Tuesday through Saturday.

Black Angel, 707 E Street, Chula Vista, 426-9200. Summer Wine, contemporary, Monday through Saturday.

Black Angel, 13370 Friars Road, Mission Valley, 583-5862. Rose, contemporary, Monday through Saturday.

Black Angel, 1330 Graves Avenue, El Canon, 440-5055. Fantasia, contemporary, Monday through Saturday.

Black Frog Restaurant, 4677 Federal Boulevard, East San Diego, 584-5797. Call club for information.

Blomby Stone Pub, 5617 Batboa Avenue, Clairemont, 279-2033. Brian Connolly, Irish folk, Wednesday through Saturday.

Blue Parrot, 1298 Prospect Street, La Jolla, 454-9531. New Tuxedo Jazz Band, jazz, Thursday; Tony Gibbs Quartet, jazz, Friday and Saturday; Dewey Reagen Duo, classical, Sunday; Gary Music Co.,

jazz, Tuesday; Bill Kyle Quartet, jazz, Wednesday.

Boathouse, 2040 Harbor Island Drive, Harbor Island, 291-8010. John Lombard, contemporary, Sunday through Tuesday.

Bobby G's, 485 First Street, Encinitas, 436-7397. Rick Backus and Harmony, contemporary country, Thursday through Saturday; Pelican Alley, jazz, Sunday and Monday.

Bombay Bicycle Club, 2806 Shafter Road, Shelter Island, 224-2483. Call club for information.

Burbury's, 6806 Mira Mesa Boulevard, Mira Mesa, 578-8666. Call club for information.

Buttercup Lounge, 2045 East Valley Parkway, Escondido, 743-5422. Mary Paul and Mel Vannoy, variety, Thursday through Sunday.

Cafe Del Rey, 10470 Pharo, San Diego, 454-9531. Tony Gibbs Quartet, jazz, Friday and Saturday; Dewey Reagen Duo, classical, Sunday; Gary Music Co.,

Skinner, piano bar, Friday and Saturday.

Cafe in the Valley, 911 Camino del Rio South, Mission Valley, 296-6329. Peggy Sene, contemporary, Wednesday and Thursday; Two Tones, country rock and originals, Friday and Saturday.

Casa and Cleaver, 140 South Serrano Avenue, Solana Beach, 481-8338. Pelican Alley, jazz, Wednesday through Saturday.

Castaways, 10757 Woodside Avenue, Santee, 449-6700. Melt, rock, Tuesday through Saturday; the Home Spagetti and Sazon Diner Company, comedy, Sunday and Monday.

Catamaran, 3999 Mission Boulevard, Mission Beach, 488-1081. Call club for information.

Chateau, 3623 College Avenue, College Grove, 582-5820. Call club for information.

Chicago Mining Co., 304 El Camino Real, Encinitas, 442-1616. Red Grimmer Band, soft rock and dance music.

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READER'S GUIDE TO THE MUSIC SCENE

contemporary, Tuesday and
Wednesday

Mulvaney's, 3401 East Grand
Street, Escondido 941-0926, Rich
Hunt and Doug Beeden,
contemporary, Wednesday
through Saturday

Musings Club, 3595 Sports Arena
Boulevard, Long Point, 223-5696,
Clayton Bane and a host of
country, country western, Tuesday
through Saturday

My Rich Uncle's, 6205 El Cajon
Boulevard, East San Diego,
287-7332, Billy Black, rock, Sunday
and Monday

Nashville West, 4240 West Point
Long Boulevard, Long Point,
224-8282, Brantley, country
western, Tuesday through
Saturday

Navajo Inn, 8515 Navajo Road,
San Carlos, 485-1732, Jimmy Nealon,
Down Home Country and Rock
Band, Tuesday through Saturday,
Newbie, country rock, Sunday and
Monday

The Normandy, 210 North Hill
Street, Oceanside 722-2828, Jeff
Lipt, dance rock, Monday through
Saturday

Ocean View Room, Hotel Del
Coronado, 1500 Orange Avenue,
Coronado 435-6611, Westfower,
contemporary, Tuesday through
Saturday

O'Hungry's, 2547 San Diego
Avenue, Old Town 298-0533, Jim
and Theresa Hinton, Irish folk,
Tuesday through Saturday

Old Bonito Store Restaurant,
4014 Bonita Road, Bonita,
479-3537, Joyce Ann Damon,
contemporary and country, Friday
and Saturday

Old Time Cafe, 1664 North
Highway 101, Leucadia 435-4030,
Rahn Kidwell, Will Heislett, and
Brad Gilman, popular, folk, and
country, Thursday, Rick and
Lorraine Lee, traditional American
music, Friday, Peter J. Jop, unique
topical songwriting, Saturday, An
Evening of traditional Irish music,
Sunday, Old Time Hoot Nite,
Tuesday, John Peterson, 30s and
40s ragtime, honky-tonk, Tom
Lehrer tunes, Wednesday

One Night Stand, 4970 Voltaire
Street, Ocean Beach 722-2146,
Call club for information

Orange Tree, La Jolla Village
Square, La Jolla 455-6064, Gail
Leneil, guitar, Friday

Our Favorite Place, 8646 Mission
Gorge Road, San Luis 449-4420,
Country Comfort, country rock,
Friday and Saturday

Paddy Gold, 7245 Linda Vista
Road, Linda Vista 277-8881, The
Bar 80s with Mitz Turner, country
western, top 40, disco, rock, and
boogie, Friday and Saturday

Pat Joey's, 5147 Wilbur Road,
Aliso Viejo 949-7873, Jose
featuring Don Beck on sax, top 40,
swing, and disco, Tuesday
through Saturday

Patolino Cocktail Lounge,
5821 Mission Gorge Road, Mission
Valley 283-4698, C-B Martin and
the Wheels, country rock, Thursday
through Saturday

Patolino Star, 3008 Main Street,
Chula Vista 427-5869, Sundown,
contemporary, Tuesday through
Saturday

Pavilion Lounge, Town & Country
Hotel, 500 Hotel Circle North,
Mission Valley 297-7131, Merrill
Moore, contemporary and swing,
Tuesday through Saturday

Pelican Pub, 7528 Broadway,
Lemon Grove 454-9284, Call club
for information

Portofino Lounge, Holiday Inn,
1350 North Harbor Drive,
Escondido 435-1861, Spring
Fever, contemporary, Tuesday
through Saturday

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Boulevard, Del Mar 755-2002.
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and Saturday.

Taming of the Shrew, 441 University
Avenue, Hillcrest. 299-1980. Steve
Gardner, contemporary. Thursday,
Summerland, contemporary.

Friday, The Dwyer, Redden Duo,
contemporary. Saturday,
Summerland, contemporary.
Wednesday.

That Pizza Place, 2622 B El
Camino Real, Carlsbad 434-3171.
Disco, jazz, Friday, John & Julie
Moore with Dennis, bluegrass.
Saturday.

Top Jack's, 3333 Mission, George
Rock, Mission, George, 280-0444.
Laura Zambis, guitar and jazz.
Rock, jazz, Wednesday through
Saturday.

Tom Ham's Lighthouse, 2150
Harbor Island Drive, Harbor Island.
291-1710. Dolly, contemporary.
Wednesday, Dolly and Melissa,
contemporary. Wednesday
through Saturday, Dolly,
contemporary. Sunday, Donna
Corte, contemporary. Tuesday and
Wednesday.

Top of the Arc, Travelodge Hotel,
1560 Harbor Island Drive, Harbor
Island, 291-6100. Summerland,
country, western. Friday and
Saturday, the Holla Gentry
Quartet, jazz. Sunday and
Monday.

Triton, 2530 South Highway 101,
Carlsbad 434-8877. Ron Bolton
Group, contemporary rock and
roll. Tuesday through Saturday.
Rosa and the Screamin' rock,
Sunday and Monday.

Triton, 2011 El Camino Boulevard,
East San Diego 583-3040. Bruce
Cameron Ensemble with Holla
Gentry, jazz. Friday and Saturday.

Trojan Horse, 6179 University
Avenue, East San Diego 582-1070.
Station, rock and roll. Monday
through Saturday.

Tube Man's, 2551 University
Avenue, North Park, 252-2522.
Cousin Family, Disco and Rock.
Disco, jazz, Saturday.

Voyager, 1001 Shelter Island
Drive, Shelter Island 222-0421.
SRO, contemporary. Tuesday
through Saturday.

The Westlawn, 22 West Seventh
Street, National City 434-2969.
Unhatched, rock and roll.
Monday and Tuesday.

Wagoner's Road, 6008 Mission
Gorge Road, Mission Valley.
280-4203. E. Zone Wood and
Brazing Saddles, country.
Wednesday through Saturday.

Yas Japanese Restaurant, 1150
Berlita Place, Rancho Bernardo.
485-0390. Leslie Gold, vocalist
and pianist (Greenbelt through
contemporary). Tuesday through
Saturday.

Los Angeles Clubs

Salad Pockets, 3787 Culverwood
West, Hollywood (213) 980-1615.
Don Randi and Quest, Thursday
through Saturday.

Concerts by the Sea, 100
Fisherman's Wharf, Redondo
Beach, (213) 379-4999. Cal Tjader,
Thursday through Saturday.

Country Club, 18415 Sherman
Way, Reseda (213) 881-9800. No
Nukes Benefit, Friday, X, Saturday.

Dante's, 4269 Lankershim
Boulevard, North Hollywood (213)
761-5500. Al Vantu and Bunny
Brunell, Thursday through
Saturday.

Golden Bear, 301 Coast
Highway, Huntington Beach (714)
536-9600. Rubber City Rebels,
Thursday, 20/20, Saturday, Brown
Phillips, Sunday.

Lighthouse, 30 Pier Avenue,
Hermosa Beach (213) 372-6991.
Dave Pine, Thursday, Mike
Allison, Friday through Sunday.

Madame Wong's, 949 San Mateo
Way, Chindown (213) 614-5340.
The Big Jerk, Black, and the
Panic, Thursday, the Pops and the
View, Friday and Saturday.

New Ice House, 24 North Mentor
Avenue, Pasadena (213)
447-4053. Association, Thursday
through Sunday.

Parlour Room, La Brea and
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Maine Weldon, Thursday through
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CURRENT MOVIES

around a melodramatic confrontation between two brothers and unfolds as though courage, cunning, and a sense of duty might be construed as points of difference and not as the same. The film is a study in the machine, a character study in an ideal high-school life, a fantasy for poor pants, a look at the world, a practical joke, and a show-off. The film is a study in the machine, a character study in an ideal high-school life, a fantasy for poor pants, a look at the world, a practical joke, and a show-off. The film is a study in the machine, a character study in an ideal high-school life, a fantasy for poor pants, a look at the world, a practical joke, and a show-off.

Citizen Kane — The perennial winner at a lot of Best Movie events, it was hardly that awesome when it first appeared. That time has

been a favorite to this movie, which is for one thing, a most elegant and complete statement of cinematic form, and for another, a study in the machine, a character study in an ideal high-school life, a fantasy for poor pants, a look at the world, a practical joke, and a show-off. The film is a study in the machine, a character study in an ideal high-school life, a fantasy for poor pants, a look at the world, a practical joke, and a show-off.

The Competition — Can low bloom and grow between two boys in what is called the Super Bowl of movie

contests? And all this without a bit of fun? Much fun when it comes to the movie, but when it comes to the movie, it's a study in the machine, a character study in an ideal high-school life, a fantasy for poor pants, a look at the world, a practical joke, and a show-off. The film is a study in the machine, a character study in an ideal high-school life, a fantasy for poor pants, a look at the world, a practical joke, and a show-off.

The First Family — There are a few

Flash Gordon — Much fun when it comes to the movie, but when it comes to the movie, it's a study in the machine, a character study in an ideal high-school life, a fantasy for poor pants, a look at the world, a practical joke, and a show-off. The film is a study in the machine, a character study in an ideal high-school life, a fantasy for poor pants, a look at the world, a practical joke, and a show-off.

The Formula — Plausible enough

The Fog — Another in the post-*NIGHT OF THE LIVING DEAD* line of a special proportion horror movies in which the action proceeds in a

The Godfather, Part II — Francis

Get Out Your Handkerchiefs — Another comedy about a young married woman, suffering from spells of

Going to the Sun — Three senior citizens

The Groove Tube — Obviously a

Halloween — A spectacular opening

Go Tell the Spartans — A Vietnam

The Hustler — Steve McQueen as a

The Hustler — Steve McQueen as a

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Flash Gordon is a movie that is a study in the machine, a character study in an ideal high-school life, a fantasy for poor pants, a look at the world, a practical joke, and a show-off. The film is a study in the machine, a character study in an ideal high-school life, a fantasy for poor pants, a look at the world, a practical joke, and a show-off.

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Oak drawleaf tables**

Antiques from \$9 to \$3,000. All personally selected for quality and variety. Stained glass, fireplace mantels, clocks, table and bed sets, hallisians, wallpapers, bedroom suites, china, kitchen cabinets, pictures, armoires, sideboards, dressers and more!

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