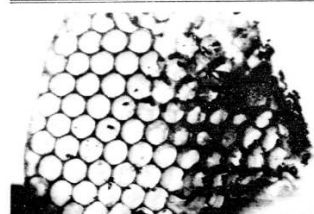


20 SEPTEMBER 13 1982

City Lights



Give Jerry A Buzz

Jerry Bradshaw may be onto something. "Everyone has a break in life," he muses, absently rubbing the lump from a bee sting on his forearm. "This is my break. I'm blessed, man." It would seem so. Bradshaw's big break began less than two years ago when he discovered how many people have problems with bees. Now, as the bee season in San Diego tails off, Bradshaw is having a few more of his "bad days" in eradicating bees, sometimes he only makes a hundred dollars for a day's work. The normal \$250 to \$300 days are spread thinner, but are still numerous.

In hot weather, clerks at the county department of agriculture receive as many as fifty calls a day — most of them hysterical — reporting swarms or nests of bees, says Mary, of the reports can be taken care of by area beekeepers, who number about 1000 in the county, and who often are glad to come to a person's home and capture a swarm for personal cultivation. But some of the calls concern bumblebees or wasps or hornets, and some of them are truly dangerous situations.

These kinds of calls usually are referred to Jerry Bradshaw. "I've always been sort of a poor man," says the thirty-three-year-old Bradshaw, who is half Cherokee Indian. His wife is a Navajo. "I didn't even finish high school until I was twenty-seven. This has changed my life." For a fee Bradshaw will go practically anywhere in the county, and take care of whatever bee problem he encounters. Last month the police sent him to the P. Loma apartment of a blind man, who'd unwittingly been living with about 300 yellow jackets ensconced in a cupboard above his refrigerator. Bradshaw came in, zipped up his bee-resistant jumpsuit with connecting helmet, and led the old man to his bedroom. The wasps had obviously been living there for some time, but the man had never been stung. He said he thought they were flies. "It was the most yellow jackets I've ever seen in one place," says Bradshaw, who proceeded to spray them with an insecticide.

From early spring to early fall, Bradshaw has five to seven bee jobs a day. For some reason, the beach areas seem to have more than their share of bees, but newly developed areas, like Tierrasanta and Scripps Ranch, also keep him busy. If he's not trying to get at the honeybees crawling from behind the wall sockets in a new condo, he's in Lakeside vanquishing a swarm that killed a goat. And then there are the rescue jobs. In August a man in Clairemont discovered a nest of black bumblebees, mean and nasty, in his backyard compost pile. He didn't want to pay Bradshaw the forty-five dollars to take care of it, so he tried the old house-em-with-gasoline trick. That only torqued the bees off. Then he tried to get them by setting the pile on fire. The bees responded by attacking and chasing him into the house, where he called Bradshaw and ministered to his half-doom stings.

Bradshaw's been called into about ten really frenzied situations where people were frightened and had no one but him to turn to. There was the mother in P. Loma who discovered the black bumblebee on the crib of her sleeping infant; the nest was in the attic. There was the woman at a Mission Grove shopping center trapped in her van by the swarm of bees gathered on her roof. At some jobs Bradshaw is fighting the bees while an unfortunate victim who is allergic to the insects writhes nearby, swollen and gasping for breath. Every couple of weeks, the only way Bradshaw can take charge of a mad swarm is to allow the bees to crawl on his body. He is often crawling with bees. Sometimes, in small attics or crawl spaces, the bees or hornets are so thick on his face netting that he can't see.

It isn't that Bradshaw is overly courageous in storming forth where other men won't tread, though he has been in situations where he thought he could be killed if the insects got into his suit. He's able to do it because he thinks an act of God put him into this job, and because he prays for an inner calm before going into the swarms. "Calinness is the difference," he says. "Panic can kill you." On days when his prayers don't bring him that palpable serenity, he goes home. He can afford it.

There are good times for Jerry Bradshaw. Three years ago he was living on the Navajo reservation in New Mexico, a day laborer with few prospects. He came to San Diego to go to Benzan Bible College near Fifty-second and University. People had told him the job situation was dismal, and he found that he was not misinformed. Eventually he bought a swarm of bees to try to raise some honey. In his Bible studies, he had decided to become a minister and return to the reservation with his wife and three children. But, as if some force were controlling matters, his fortunes began to turn. He started taking away problem hives and nests for friends, and his name got around bee circles and ended up in government circles. All his business comes from referrals now, and he's doing steady work for property management firms that operate huge new housing developments and the money's rolling in and he's about to become a minister — maybe.

Returning to New Mexico and the reservation is just one of two appealing paths. The other is staying here in business. As he says, no matter how bad the depression gets, he'll always have a job. And as he also says, "The heck with being poor all the time." And besides the money, there are fringe benefits. "I'm helping people. And all their lives they'll remember me. They'll remember me." — V.M.



Jerry Bradshaw

besides the money, there are fringe benefits. "I'm helping people. And all their lives they'll remember me. They'll remember me." — V.M.

I Can Row A Boat, Canoe?

He had recently moved to San Diego from New York, and the thing he most looked forward to here was canoeing. A lifelong paddling enthusiast, he figured he could enjoy his sport year-round in San Diego's good weather. Not long after arriving, he and his wife packed up their craft and dove to Olay Lake. That's

when they learned what has long infuriated local canoeists: namely, that canoes are prohibited on almost all the lakes and reservoirs in San Diego County — in contrast to the fishing boats that ply those same waters.

"It's monstrous," Dave Eberhardt says of the discrimination. "So many people who come here from other parts of the country are against. Of all the places where

you can't paddle a canoe, the lakes would seem to be the least likely. And of all craft, canoes would seem the least likely to pollute." Yet Eberhardt says authorities justify the ban as an anti-pollution measure. "The theoretical cause for it is that canoeists pollute the water because they tip over all the time."

Eberhardt is familiar with the restrictions on local



Photograph by Craig Cochran

canoeing because back in the early 1970s he helped to found the local Lorien Canoe Club along with another canoeing enthusiast named Dave Nelson. Today Nelson says only one body of fresh water — the very small Chollas Lake, west of the College Grove Shopping Center — is open to canoeing, and then only for students. Canoeists are barred from about a dozen other lakes and reservoirs, including Olay, Sutherland, El Capitán, Hodges, Murray, Miramar, Barnett, Dixon, Wohlford, Poway, Jennings, and Henshaw.

Nelson says occasionally canoeists try to navigate the San Diego River. However, he calls such attempts foolhardy. "It's extremely dangerous. People don't belong on it," he asserts. The river is quite polluted, he says, and also many parts of it are choked with brush, trees, and fences, against which boats can be wrecked, and capsize canoeists impaled. That leaves local canoeists with only San Diego Bay, Mission Bay, some of the northern coastal lagoons, and the open ocean. (The club, for example, ventures out for whale-watching off Point Loma every winter.)

A few years ago Nelson did ask authorities to allow canoeing on an experimental basis. "John Melbourne's response was a firm no. Melbourne is a public health engineer for the county's department of health services and he states that the basic principle behind the canoe ban is 'that you keep your water supply in the most pristine state you can.'"

In accord with that principle, Melbourne says the state health and safety code prohibits recreation that involves "bodily contact" with the water in lakes and reservoirs. Melbourne concedes there are exceptions to this rule — most notably, all the bodies of water that are part of the state water system, such as Pecos Lake, about eighty miles north of here. (When the public funds for these reservoirs were raised, the legislature promised that sports such as swimming, water skiing, and canoeing would be allowed.) Melbourne says he and state officials in San Diego consider canoeing a sport in which bodily contact with the water is prevalent — because canoes are inherently unstable.

Eberhardt reports that canoes are capable of going almost anywhere that any other boat can go, and he cites the example of the two canoeists who are currently engaged in a 28,000-mile journey that is taking them up and down both U.S. coasts and along many



Marcel Auger

inland waters. "They've only capitalized once so far — when one was hit by a rogue wave in the Pacific Ocean," Eberhardt says. "Canoes are not swimming aides."

Eberhardt furthermore asserts that canoes pollute less than fishermen who run their outboard motors in the reservoirs, chum fish with bait, and urinate overboard. "The traditional procedure is for them to piss in a beer can and toss it over the side. This is preserving our pristine water supply," he adds. Melbourne in turn acknowledges the inconsistency (in allowing fishing boats but not canoes) but states, "The fishermen got in first. They fought that battle many years ago." And now, he states, "We're not going to go out and change the law just to be changing laws."

A lifting of the canoeing restrictions seems even less likely after the debacle that recently occurred at Lake Morena. Located southeast of Pine Valley, the lake doesn't directly provide drinking water to consumers, but it nonetheless is closed to canoeing. Dave Nelson, cofounder of the canoe club, says the county did decide to allow a one-day trial of canoes there in mid-May. However, to the chagrin of all the experienced canoeists who were present, "One turkey got into the stern of his boat and paddled it bow-first onto a dock and fell out," says Nelson. "He might have been picked. I don't know. It was really crummy."

— J.D.

Too Stuck Up

After three armed robberies since April, Gibraltar Savings and Loan Association's Point Loma office has earned the FBI's dubious distinction of being one of only three financial institutions in the entire county that have been hit by robbers more than once in that time. Branch manager Marcel Auger and FBI robbery agent Bud Covert agree that the savings and loan office has always been particularly vulnerable because of two traits that make any financial institution an easy mark: its location on the northeast corner of Scott Street and Shelter Island Drive isolates it from the cluster of banks a block away on Rosecrans Street, and, as even Auger admits, "We're just not very busy at this branch."

Since the end of June, the three desks in the Gibraltar lobby, once occupied by executives, have been vacant, and the formerly open teller cages are now covered with bullet-resistant plexiglass that stretches all the way to the ceiling, about eight or nine feet up. Customers must transact business through a steel trough beneath the plexiglass that now shields the teller cages. In fact, everyone who works for the savings and loan — from the savings supervisor to the branch manager — is similarly shielded.

The protective plexiglass was installed by Modular Security Systems of Santa Ana. Tim Smith, a spokesman for Modular, explains that the acrylic substance is one and a quarter inches thick and is coated with a material that allows it to be cleaned like regular glass (plastics often dissolve when wiped with cleansers). But its most important feature, of course, is its ability to stop bullets. The plexiglass installed at Gibraltar will block most bullets, including those fired at close range from a powerful .38 automatic pistol. It is not bulletproof, however. A hunting rifle or a .44-caliber pistol would likely put a hole

through the shielding. Smith says, though, that the real value of such a system is its deterrent effect — robbers often flee as soon as they see the partitions.

Gibraltar branch manager Auger can testify to this deterrent effect, and he reports that his company's \$20,000 investment (the first of its type for financial institutions in the city) seems to be paying off. "In early July, right after we



Faded robbery, July 2, 1982

installed the glass, we had another robbery attempt." Auger says, "A guy came in and pointed a gun at the glass. The girl [teller] ducked underneath the counter and he finally left. And nobody's tried anything since."

With the rise in local bank robberies this year — the FBI says that as of last Friday there have been close to 140 robberies, as opposed to 121 for the same period of time in 1981 — it is not surprising that several other financial institutions are considering adopting similar precautions. The Gibraltar Savings office on Sweetwater Road in National City has also installed plexiglass, and Gibraltar regional manager Dave Bachar says, "My opinion right now is if any of my branches gets hit — boom — it [the plexiglass] goes in." And Smith, of Modular Security Systems, says he is currently working on proposals with San Diego Federal for its branch on National Avenue in Logan Heights and Glendale Federal's downtown office on Broadway, across from the Central Federal Tower.

— F.K.A.

Free Towing While You Dine

At the start of this summer the Seaport Village shopping center almost doubled its available parking spaces, but record numbers of visitors this season filled them up quickly. To alleviate the continuing squeeze, the Seaport Village management is negotiating for yet more land from the port district, and is also vigorously discouraging shopping center employees from taking spaces away from visitors. However, the latter strategy already has backfired at least once.

That case involved a husband and wife named Bob Baker and Barbara Moran, two formerly ardent patrons of the busy food complexes of shops and restaurants. "We used to go there all the time. We were there every Friday night," Moran says. When the couple sent their daughter on a summer visit to Ohio, Baker and Moran even decided to celebrate their privacy by dining at Seaport Village every night for a week. One night they sampled Chinese fast food, then they returned for Greek food, for splurges at the Harbor House, for hot dogs. They had emerged from the Harbor House one night about 10:30 when they discovered their green 1970 Ford Torino station wagon was missing from the spot where they had parked it.

Moran says that earlier that same day her husband had found a typed, unsigned note under his windshield wiper. It had warned him that he was parked illegally, and faced towing. However, at the time Baker found the message he realized that the note had been placed on the car the previous evening when he and his wife had dined at Seaport Village. Since he wasn't planning on returning to the office building, he dismissed the note from his mind. Only when the couple finally asked one of the Seaport Village guards about the missing car did the memory of the note return. Moran says the crestfallen guard told them the car had been towed, adding apologetically, "We aren't used to seeing the same cars in here every night."

Seaport Village general manager Gary Myers echoes that. "Her [Moran's] car was in here several nights in a row, and most people don't do that." He says most customers also usually respond to the written warning, so when the Torino showed up after the notice had been attached to it, the towing was "an understandable mistake." Baker did reclaim his car at no charge the following day. Despite that, however, Moran says, "We wouldn't even walk to Seaport Village now. They don't know how to handle their regular customers. This is like a warning: locals beware."

— Jeannette DeWycze, Neal Matthews, and Thomas K. Arnold



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Phrasey Man

For years I've waited for a
chance to use the phrase "Lo and
behold" in a sentence. Your
September 16 issue elicited three
"Lo and behold" from me. When
I saw your headline, "Somewhere
Between Death and the Border,"
and the black truck mired in the
desert floor, my first thought was,
"Oh! Oh! Eddie must have
crashed his truck again!" And lo
and behold, the feature story was,
indeed, about Eddie Ducliez, a
fellow educator (a fine one) and

friend — and a man who can look
at a truck and cause it to turn over.
Before reading Bob Dore's
well-written account of Eddie's
brush with the hereafter, I reflected
for a moment on some problems I
was having with my landlord — a
man whose hobbies are raising the
rent, harassing tenants, and
ignoring cockroaches. And, lo and
behold, on your second page was
an article ("City Lights") about
the woes of battered renters.
Then I wondered if you had
reviewed the Human Ensemble's
fine portrayal of Lonnie Elder III's

classic *Ceremonies in Dark Old
Men*, and, you guessed it, lo and
behold, Jeff Smith had covered it

Letters

("Stand on Ceremonies") in fine
fashion. As president of the
ensemble's board of directors I
was elated that he had recognized
and complimented its talents.
Thanks for an issue that more
than captured my interest. I think

I've exhausted my desire to use
you-know-what-in-sentences.
Ernest Charles McCray
San Diego

See How You Like Things In Moscow, Buster

I found Max Falkirk's article on
"The 1538 Process" (September
16) to be very aggravating. The
United States is one of the last few
countries which opens its arms to
any and all aliens who desire
citizenship (or in this case,
off-campus employment).

If Mr. Falkirk finds the
"process, relationship, situation"
or "President Reagan's attempts to
cut government spending" so much
of an imposition, why doesn't he
try the Soviet Union? If he dislikes
the "process, relationship, or situation"
so much, he should be notified that he
is more than welcome to leave this
country at any time. In the long run
he would be helping our country in
having to carry the burden of the
likes of his kind.
June B. Wilson
Spring Valley

Mannion Overboard?

Re: the article on horse racing
("A Life at the Races," September
9). I always knew it was
misnamed. It should be called the
"agent of Ludd."
James Mannion
La Jolla

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Straight from the Hip

Dear Matthew Alice:

An acquaintance claims that Benjamin Franklin, the illustrious colonial noted for great inventions and statesmanship, was an adulterer and well known for his promiscuity. I can't believe it, and question the validity of the claimant's source, supposedly an "official" biography that lays bare the facts of Franklin's active love life. What's the truth?

Howard Edwards
San Diego

Like many reputations, Ben Franklin's may have been based more on what his contemporaries fancied they saw, or wanted to see, than on what Franklin actually did. His political enemies — foremost of whom was John Adams — consistently spread gossip about the statesman's debaucheries. Adams wrote in 1783, when Franklin was seventy-seven years old, that the old reprobate "had neither lost his Love of Beauty nor his Taste for it." Yet the evidence for BF's misbehavior is slim at best. The only eyewitness account of any suggestive behavior, write Claude-Anne Lopez and Eugenia Herbert in *The Private Franklin*, is the artist Charles Willson Peale's account of his unannounced visit to Franklin's chambers in London in 1767, where Peale found the American "sitting with a young Lady on his knee." And that's it. No diaries or memoirs of any of the Parisians or Londoners in the society in which Franklin circulated ever mention any conquests, and Adams and others never name any names.

Still, there is a lot of smoke in BF's private life, suggesting the depth of the passionate aspect of his character. Franklin's first child, William, was illegitimate (this mother has never been identified). Franklin lived abroad, away from his wife, for fifteen of the last seventeen



Illustration by Rick Gandy

years of their marriage, and for many of these years lived in the house of Margaret Stephenson — who is one of those often cited as a subject of Franklin's amorous intents. Polly Stephenson, Margaret's daughter, is another oft-suggested liaison. One historian, Carl Van Doren, sees Franklin's relationship to Mrs. Stephenson as that of brother and sister, while Polly was thought of as a daughter by Franklin. But Alfred Owen Aldridge, another distinguished scholar and historian, sees more here, and places Margaret in the role of mother and wife to Franklin. More evidence of moral laxity, some suggest, is provided in Franklin's personal letters to female acquaintances of all ages, which are filled with sexual double entendres.

These and other facets of Franklin's life appeared at least slightly risqué to his contemporaries back in America, yet few were shocked, and today the reputation is mostly amusing to us. But the truth is still quite debatable. At this stage in Franklin

scholarship, Lopez and Herbert take a minority stance when they conclude that his alleged sexual promiscuity was really "a kind of emotional promiscuity in orderly familial surroundings wherever he happened to be."

Dear Matthew Alice:

What has to happen, by law, to the partly used cakes of soap one probably leaves in a hotel room upon checking out? Or if there is no law, what are hotels in the habit of doing with them? And if the cakes of soap are unwrapped, may they put them out again? I also wonder about the laws applying to, for instance, a basket of bread or rolls in a restaurant. Is the restaurant required to throw away the rest if it is not all eaten? The same question applies on big bowls of salad and soup.

Eather Corley

La Mesa

I'll bet you're the kind of person who washes the bar of soap in the bathroom

before guests arrive. And you probably will be worried to know that there apparently is no law that requires a hotel or motel to replace a partly used cake of soap. There are laws prohibiting the reuse of a towel, as well as cups, glasses, or drinking receptacles, for common use — but nothing concerning soap. However, common sense would dictate that used soap is not conducive to having guests return, and accordingly hotels almost always have those tiny bars of wrapped soap in their rooms. "Recycling" does not seem to be in the hotel's lexicon, since nearly all of them throw the soapy remnants away (thus the small size of the bar), but two hotel people I spoke with have occasionally encountered situations where the used bars are donated to charities, who melt them down for recycling.

Fortunately, a California law prohibits the recycling of food — at least to new customers. Section 28579 of the California Restaurant Act prohibits the reuse of any food or beverage that has been previously served to any person or returned from a table. So all the bread, soup, and salad you don't eat is tossed away — with a couple of exceptions. A former restaurant employee told me that those little wrapped pots of butter are usually served again, if returned unwrapped, and admits that it is often the case that restaurant workers will help themselves to uneaten morsels, such as a half-eaten steak. Perhaps because of this practice, the former restaurant worker has developed the rather perverse habit of mixing all his uneaten food into an unappetizing hodgepodge before surrendering it back to the kitchen.

Got a question you need answered? Get it straight from the hip. Write to Matthew Alice, c/o the Reader, P.O. Box 8003, San Diego, California 92138.

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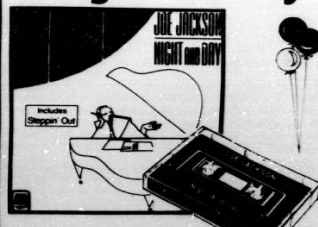
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THE INSIDE STORY

BY PAUL KRUEGER

THOUGH PETE WILSON'S ADVISERS grudgingly tolerate tough coverage from out-of-town newspapers, they never expected to be pummeled on the front pages of the home-town *Tribune*. But there are the headlines: "Wilson Didn't Report Free Airplane Trips," "Wilson's Rent-Free Living at Issue," "Debater Wilson Proved Unable to Force Brown onto Defensive," "Reagan Offers Faint Praise for Wilson at Gala." Those last two stories cut deeply.

especially when juxtaposed to the predictable editorial-page and column fawnings delivered by *Tribune* editor and Wilson friend Neil Morgan.

Both the *Union* and the *Los Angeles Times* stuck to straight, nonjudgmental reporting of the first Brown/Wilson debate of August 12, but *Tribune* politics writer Bill Osborne sliced up Wilson in a post-debate analysis. The debate, wrote Osborne, was "dominated [by] Brown's issues, not Wilson's." "Wilson had lost his 'big game' and it 'continues to be Pete Wilson's race to lose.' Osborne's coverage of the mayor's August 23 fundraiser featuring President Reagan was even more painful. The *Union* ran a large, front-page photo of smiling President Reagan with Wilson joking about a Meffly belt buckle; that photo

accompanied an innocuously headlined story that included several of Reagan's anti-Jerry Brown quotes. Not Osborne. He wrote of a President who managed only "subdued praise" and a "lukewarm endorsement" for the mayor.

The Wilson staff is upset, though conciliatory, knowing that Osborne will be covering the senatorial race for the duration of the campaign. (Osborne will, however, alternate coverage of the mayor with the paper's other politics writer, Reggie Smith.) Wilson spokesman Otto Bos figures Osborne "may be bending over backwards to be fair," and entertains the idea that Osborne is bending even further to counter editor Morgan's obvious pro-Wilson bias.

But Bos and his staff couldn't have asked for nicer treatment from the Copley papers on the sticky issue of Wilson's income tax returns. The *Times* pressed for, and after a two-week delay, gained access to Wilson's federal tax returns for a September 11 story noting that the mayor paid no income taxes in 1980. Though the returns were available for inspection by any news organization that asked to see them, the *Union* waited a week before making any request, and then did so only after the tax story had been picked up by the wire services and after *San Francisco Chronicle* columnist Herb Caen had written about the *Times*'s revelations. The

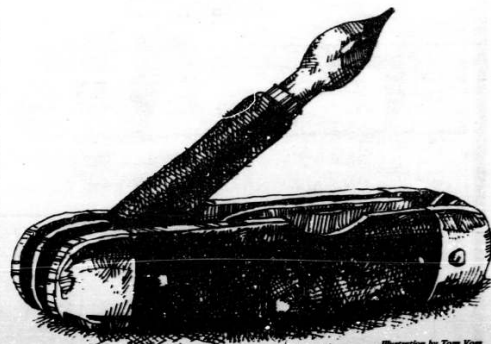


Illustration by Tom Von

Tribune managed to hold out even longer — only last weekend did the *Trib* finally ask to review the documents.

Someone finally has a nice word to say about the much-maligned *San Diego Union*. More than nice, it's a paragraph of glowing praise for the newspaper, delivered by UC Berkeley journalism professor Alexander Greenfield in the upcoming issue of *California* magazine. "It reads like a national newspaper," Greenfield trumpets. "No opinion in the news columns, no hype, no razzle-dazzle." Based on "readability, news judgment, and a sense of

what's important," he ranks the *Union* as "the best newspaper in the state," over nine other dailies, including the *Sacramento* and *Fresno Bee* and the *San Jose Mercury News*. (The *Los Angeles Times* is in another class, and warrants the lengthy feature story to which Greenfield's article serves as an addendum, the *Union*'s sister paper, the *Tribune*, didn't even place among the also-rans.) Greenfield has not a bad word for the Copley "flagship" paper, indeed he teeters toward the absurd with kudos such as "there's no junk in the paper... they're just selling quality" and "The *Union* reminds me of a lady

who goes into the garden and picks only the best rose." Maybe he was so busy taking in the sweet fragrance that he missed the wilted flowers that fill out the bouquet, such as much of the 400-page, 300-page Sunday editions, or, for a particular example, a recent local news page that blossomed with "stories" such as a fifteen-inch dispatch from the religion reporter on the start of "Jewish Holy Days," a five-sentence bulletin calling for volunteers to staff local "health fairs," and a note that the U.S. Geological Survey is selling "detailed and scientifically accurate" maps at a downtown sporting goods store.

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White Tablecloth, Blue Collar

(Continued from page 1)

"Hey... why are all the good guys dying?"

Charles owns a video cassette of *The Buccaneers* now, and he has seen it so many times that it takes him only a few minutes to flip precisely to the scene where the buggers make their dramatic march toward the Americans. His Scottish roots are important to him; they are just about the only thing that has been with him all thirty-two years of his life, a life as bizarre and eventful as any screenwriter could dream up.

Charles is not a tall man, and his belly is beginning to bulge a little more than he would like it to. With his longish, wavy black hair and drooping mustache, his T-shirt, jeans, and grimy yellow baseball hat, he still looks very much like the welder he was until two years ago. In those days he traveled up and down the West Coast, working wherever he could find a steady job, eating junk food and sleeping in dingy motels. Charles has worked in shipyards in San Diego and on high-rise buildings in Seattle. Once, a fall from a building nearly cost him his life.

But that was a long time ago, and

Now and then his cousins would tell him that some day he was going to be rich, but they would never say anything more about it, and he finally concluded they were teasing him.

things are different for Charles now. Very different. Now Charles is a millionaire. He didn't invent anything, although he admits he would like to, and he didn't win his fortune on TV game shows or at the slot machines in Las Vegas. He inherited it from the woman who adopted him twenty-six years ago, a rich American who picked him out of a line of kids in an orphanage "because I had the cutest smile or something." For Charles, the inheritance came as a complete surprise; in all these years his adoptive mother had never discussed finances with him.

There are elements of Charles's life that sound like a fairy tale. But rather than comparing it to the Frog Prince or Cinderella, Charles and his wife René say it is more like *Alfie's* *Adventures Under Ground*. It has not all been good, not even the inheritance. There have been long and bitter legal battles swirling around the money, and the two of them have lost a few friends in the struggle to adjust to being instantly

rich. Then there are the phone calls. Two days after Charles's mother died, someone phoned his mother's lawyer and said now that Charles Kap was a rich man, his wife might try to kill him. Neither Charles nor René thought the suggestion was very funny, and they're still trying to figure out who could possibly have known he had inherited anything. The other phone call came more recently, after Charles and René moved to their new house last year. "I'm sure it was a prank," says René, "but someone called in the middle of the night and said, 'Lock your doors.' That's all, just 'Lock your doors.' The thing is, the two of them are in no position to take threats like that lightly. They've gained financial security, but lost security of another kind: the security of being anonymous.

For these reasons and others, Charles asked that a few precautions be taken for this article. René isn't his wife's true name, and Charles Kap isn't his, but both names are close to

the real thing. A few locations have been judiciously fudged so that no one can use them to track Charles down. It isn't as easy being rich as you might think, Charles insists, although at times he is able to see the lighter side of his situation, too. For one thing, he told me, "It's kind of creepy when you get to know your IRS man by his first name."

...

The house where Charles and René live lies in the rocky hills near Ramona. It is scrub-oak and manzanita country, and on an August day the temperature can reach 110 degrees and the hordes of flies — "the national bird of Ramona," Charles likes to joke — can be ferocious. Charles used part of his inheritance to buy this house with its ten surrounding acres, but although it cost him \$250,000, the house itself is nothing opulent. The interior is paneled with oak, there is an immense stone fireplace, and the bathroom sink is made from a giant conch shell; other than that it's a pleasant but unspectacular house. Some of the furnishings are things Charles and René have owned for years, and others once belonged to Charles's mother. The two styles tend to clash, reflecting the way the Kaps' lives have been divided into two distinct periods — preinheritance and postinheritance. Nothing illustrated this better than the dinner they invited me to one evening not long ago: the food was served on Wedgewood china, on an old wooden table that Charles picked up years ago at the Salvation Army.

We sat in the kitchen as Charles told me about his life. He sometimes speaks with a light Scottish brogue that tends to appear, he said with a wink, after he has had a few beers. Charles doesn't

(Continued on page 12)

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White Tablecloth, Blue Collar

(continued from page 14)
remember much about his original Scottish parents — just that they raised sheep or sheep dogs, and lived in the mountains in Scotland. But they were in Ireland — Charles doesn't know why — when they went to a livestock auction to sell some of their animals. "Best I can remember is, they sold something, and made a pretty good chunk of change. So I was sent to the local pub with this older friend to get a couple of pints to celebrate." While Charles was out buying the ale, the auction hall with his parents inside was obliterated by a bomb thrown by a member of the Irish Republican Army. "I can remember flames, and sheep parts all over," said Charles, who was five years old at the time. "It was a big building, and parts of it were still standing. I was too young to really know what had happened, but old enough to realize it was bad. There I had seen my parents with this money, and then, boom. I was one big tear gland. And after that I went to the orphanage in that town, which I think was Londonderry."

Less than a year later, the couple who would become Charles's new parents journeyed to Ireland to adopt a

"Just when you think you can kick back, you've got to go to the lawyer's office, and they say, 'You've inherited . . . ' And they start naming off all these figures with zeros after them, and you start getting this massive headache."

child. Anton Kap was a Hungarian who came to the United States between world wars to seek his fortune. The woman he married, Bentonia Green Kap, was the daughter of a wealthy Seattle family which owned, among other things, a chain of banks and a number of other buildings and properties in downtown Seattle. The Kaps had had a son of their own, but the child died in his infancy, and afterward Bentonia Kap became sterile. By the time she and her husband decided to adopt a son, they were nearly fifty — too old to be accepted by any adoption agency in the United States. So they traveled to Ireland, where the adoption laws were much less strict, and it was there they selected Charles. They took him to Seattle, but his lungs were weak and he coughed a lot, so they moved to Tucson and Palm Springs, where the air was drier. It was also a lot hotter, too hot, in fact, for any of them, so they moved one more time, to balmey San Diego. That was in 1958.

For the next three years Charles lived in a succession of houses in Bird Rock and La Jolla Shores. He went to the beach often and enjoyed it, but in general his childhood years in San Diego were not happy ones. His mother was a recluse — she often voiced fears of being kidnapped — and she became fanatically protective of Charles, too. "Every time I wanted to go to the beach, she would bring out this little book with newspaper clippings on every possible kind of accident — drownings, shark attacks," Charles remembered with a sigh. "She totally overprotected me because she had lost her first son. It was her own way of showing how much she loved me. Of course, at the time I was always saying, 'God, Mom. . . .'"

Charles's new parents also tried to avoid any mention of his Scottish past. The memory of it still makes him indignant. "It sounds kind of cruel to say, but I was acquired to be a toy for their benefit and nothing else," he

said. "My mother believed I was her natural child, and my father just tried to go along with her. . . . He had a temper, and they were both very authoritarian in many ways, so I never questioned them. I felt outnumbered. But I mean, it was almost blatant lying. What was the masquerade? I knew."

Throughout the time Charles was growing up in San Diego, his mother's family continued to live in Seattle. There were few big family get-togethers, but when Charles did see his relatives, he was uncomfortable. A foreigner in a new country, he felt like an outsider in his new family, too. "I just didn't fit in. It was just the feeling I got. I wasn't really well liked, because I was the foreigner. My father was a building contractor, and occasionally one of the kids from Seattle would come down to work for the summer as a kind of apprentice. And we went to Seattle once in a while, too. I have one cousin I love dearly, but she was the only one who would come over and play with me. . . . Everybody else would kind of look at me like, 'Oh, there it is.' " Now and then, Charles said, his cousins would tell him that some day he was going to be rich, but they would never say anything more about it, and he finally concluded they were teasing him.

In 1961, when Charles was eleven, his father arranged for him to attend the San Diego Military Academy in Solana Beach. Soon after that, Anton Kap began building the house of his dreams on a vacant lot in La Jolla Shores. By 1963 the house was finished enough for Kap and his wife to move in (Charles was living most of the year in barracks at the academy), but within a few weeks Kap contracted

(continued on page 14)

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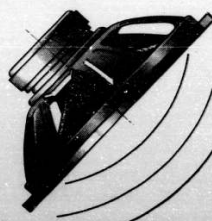
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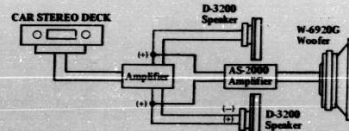
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rated power Less than 0.25%
- Signal to noise ratio Greater than 85 dB
- Input impedance 1200 ohms
- Control Section:**
- Electronic crossover point 160 Hz
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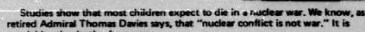
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pleurisy and died. After his father's death, Charles remembered, his mother "locked herself in [the La Jolla Shores house] and never came out. That was her fortress. You couldn't blast her out of that house."

Attending the military academy was a mixed experience for Charles. While he was there he became interested in drumming, and for seven years he played snare drum in the academy military band. (The drum was another thing that he liked.) "I was one of those original parents who were killed," a neighbor of theirs had once shown him how to play the snare drum, which is an integral part of a Scottish pipe band. But as he grew older, he began playing bass guitar in a number of rock and roll bands, and the short, military-style haircut that he wore at the academy made him feel foolish when he was with his musician friends. He also resented being told what to do virtually every minute of the week. In retrospect, Charles says, the academy "was probably the best thing that ever happened to me. We weren't allowed to curse, and that was a good thing. I was instilled discipline. You went out of there with your head together."

THIS CHILD EXPECTS TO DIE!



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"Before the inheritance, we couldn't get a loan on a coffee table. Now we get offers all the time. E.F. Hutton calls us on the phone, and they want to talk to us! American Express sent us the forms for the gold card."

At the time, though, the main thing for Charles was getting out of the academy, period. When he finally graduated in 1968, he and his girlfriend eloped to St. Joseph, Missouri, where her parents lived. His great-grandfather had been a chemist at a chemical plant; later, he worked as an (un)licensed trucker hauling frozen food from Missouri to New Jersey. Charles hadn't bothered to tell his mother where he was going, but she hired detectives to find out. He was determined to find out what had happened to him, and they tracked him down in St. Joseph after just a few weeks. It wasn't the Pinkertons that made him return to St. Joseph, though. He had a good reason: "I kept getting him into problems, just like he'd had as a boy in Seattle, and he'd been long for the beach." After only four months, he and his wife returned to San Diego, where Charles received a trust, and his mother's estate of \$10 million that became his.

because he had married.

Charles took the money and put himself through welding school (he had become interested in welding while working at the chemical plant), and settled down to be a blue-collar family man. For the next 15 years he and his wife had four children and daughter while Charles worked as a tend-on-an-hour welder in shipyards on heavy equipment, and on high-rise buildings. He bought a house in University City, on Florey Court, and his wife and children stayed there while he traveled wherever he could find a job. He worked in the shipyards in Tacoma, Seattle, "When a welder burns out, you end up working fourteen-to-fifteen-hour days, seven days a week," Charles explained. "The whole thing is, you live cheap and travel cheap. You stay in flophouses and eat out of the can. You're poor. Otherwise, it wouldn't be worth it." The job has its hazards, he acknowledged, but they never really bothered

him: at least, not until 1972.

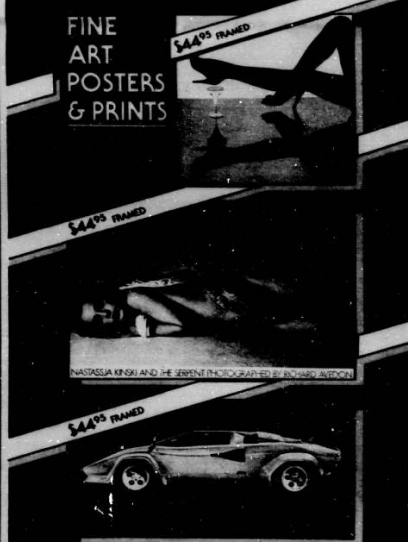
Charles was working on the twentieth floor of a high-rise in Seattle that year when he unhooked his safety belt from the girder he was working on. He had finished welding one section, and he was about to weld another. He was told below: "didn't see him moving along the building's framework." "I saw the crane's boom coming toward me," Charles told me, "and then — *phhhht*." I fell inside (the building), and just as I was falling, I saw a crane's arm and a hook something, then fell again. They figured the total fall was 160 feet. But I lost it after about the third hit. The next thing I knew, I was on the ground. I looked at myself, and I was just in pieces. I was in pieces for a while, until later, but then, oh, Jesus Christ. My back was broken in two spots, my neck was broken, my jaw was broken, my skull was fractured, both arms, elbows, and wrists were broken, my right leg broke. I was in the hospital for about six months."

He returned to work as soon as he was able to, but the pain of his injuries stayed with him over the next few years, and he had to avoid certain welding jobs, particularly ones that required climbing. His marriage began to go sour — partly because his physical condition precluded spending much time with his wife, he admits candidly — and the rest of his life seemed to be slipping out of control, too. Although he had joined a union, there were weeks when welding jobs simply couldn't be found, and Charles had a lot of bills to pay. About that time, he met René.

**I had an Ottie and Harriet child.

(continued on page 18)

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White Tablecloth, Blue Collar

(continued from page 17)

taxes and nearly \$120,000 in lawyers' fees. He shrugs off the lawyers' fees as money well spent, but he speaks disgustedly of the fact that the Internal Revenue Service was able to take more than \$2.5 million in taxes from him. Still, what he and René have today is four million dollars' worth of property, stocks, bonds, and cash — quite a turnaround for a welder who considered \$2000 a good month's earnings. The dividends from the Kaps' investments alone now average close to \$40,000 a month; the monthly bank statements come on four pages of large computer paper, listing in tiny print every stock and bond they own.

"I try to go through the statements," René tells me, "but..." Her tone indicates how difficult and boring she finds such tasks. Charles does not look at the statements at all. It is enough for him to know that he has more money than he could possibly use.

"One thing you want to do when this first happens is tell everybody," Charles says. "Then you start finding out who your friends are." Charles and René says they have lost at least five friends in disputes over money in the last two years, ironically, "not be-

cause we didn't lend them money, but because we did lend them money," René says. In a typical incident, they loaned one friend a few hundred dollars to get his car repaired. The friend never bothered to repay the loan, apparently thinking his rich acquaintances wouldn't care. "It's a Catch-22," Charles complains. "If you lend them money, that happens, and if you don't lend them money, they think you're stuck up." Another time, friends who had rented the Kaps' Dwight Street house began to pay only partial rent, assuming their rich landlord would let it slide. When the tenants accidentally punctured a front tire while deflating the refrigerator, they expected Charles to pay for that, too. "When you feel you're definitely being taken for granted, that's what hurts," Charles says.

Other aspects of their lives have changed, too. "Before [the inheritance], we couldn't get a loan on a coffee table," says René. "Now we get offers all the time. E.F. Hutton calls us on the phone..." she giggles at the ludicrousness of it — "and they want to talk to us? You know how hard it is to get just the average American Express card? American Express sent us the forms for the gold card. And they don't want to know anything; they just want us to sign our names."

Charles and René have been deluged with offers like the one from American Express, but they have turned them all down. They have only one credit card, and it is the same one they had before the inheritance — a Sears card. They use it mainly as a second ID for cashing checks. They buy nearly everything with cash, they say, and they have instituted a "system" of going home to take about it first if they see something they want to buy. They

have asked the bank that handles their investments to put their first investment in only \$2500 a month. "We're so conservative," René laughs.

"Not conservative," Charles corrects her. "Stingy. But if you allow yourself to buy a few things you normally wouldn't have, that's enough to appreciate [the money]. If I want to get myself a Lamborghini sports car or a yacht, I know I can't afford to get one. And then what? Big deal. Some of those things you always dream about, when you can actually have it, you don't really want it. It sounds weird, but you have to be in the position..."

The two of them have splurged on a few things. To make up for the honeymoon they never really had, they took a week-long trip to Hawaii last summer. Charles donated \$1000 to the Ramona Volunteer Fire Department for the purchase of a jaws-of-life emergency device, and René once went to a supermarket and bought thirty chickens and twenty jars of peanut butter for the Community Christian Services Agency, a charity that distributes food to needy families. But they have not bought fancy cars or clothes, largely because they are afraid of attracting attention to themselves.

Along with the money has come a growing and morbid preoccupation with various things that could happen to them, including kidnapping. "When you're wealthy, you can't trust anybody," Charles declares. "Think about kidnapping. Just because you have something... you're open to it. You lock your doors at night, and you start to conjure up these scenarios, and you start to believe them. And the scary thing is, they could happen. That's why people in La Jolla live in these big fortresses. That's why our

profile is so low."

Charles reaches for another cigarette and surveys the swimming pool nearby. For a year after his mother died, he and René lived in this La Jolla Shores "fortress," but although he had previously lived in the house off and on while attending the San Diego Military Academy, "there were no happy memories for me here," he says. "It was just a place I was for a while..." René disliked the house, too. The only neighbors they ever met were the maid and the butler who took care of the house across the street, she says, and she "felt isolated. When we lived on Dwight Street, people were always stopping by. But people wouldn't come to visit as often up here. And when people did come, I was afraid they were thinking about us. They bring friends sometimes, and I'd wonder what they were thinking. Besides..." she asks rhetorically, "have you ever tried to clean five bathrooms in one day?"

Last summer Charles and René began to look for a different house, and in December they bought and moved into their new place near Ramona. (The "old" Dwight Street house as part of the deal; René's parents now live in the house in La Jolla Shores, which Charles still owns.) More recently, there was a reconciliation of sorts with the Green family in Seattle. In March, Charles and René flew up to attend the wedding of one of their cousins, and afterward there was a family dinner. "It was a sit-down dinner for about one hundred people," René remembers. "It was in this hall in a private club that was built in the 1800s; it was like something you'd see in a movie. There was silver, and crystal, and waiters, and candles, and paté — all this fancy, fancy stuff. And we

found out the family hadn't really been involved in all the [business] hassles with Charles, that it was just their business people. And we got on good terms with the whole family. But Charles is still an outsider. He'll never be on the inside..."

"They know who I am, and where I live, and that's about it," Charles adds. "And that's just fine." He laughs, and pops open another Pepsi.

One evening in August, Charles took me for a drive from his house to Ramona through the Chicken Shit Valley. We climbed into his truck, and Charles pressed the starter button. He had to press it several times before the engine would life, setting off a racket inside the cab as the seat and the steering column began to vibrate and the gearshift rattled against the uncarpeted steel floor. The truck is his baby — a 1953 military "power wagon" that was once used in the Korean War. Jacked up nearly three feet off the ground, it resembles a cross between a jeep and a half-track. Partly because of its thick, military tires and its quarter-inch-thick steel body, it weighs 6000 pounds. "It only gets eight miles a gallon, and top speed is only forty-five, but if I wanted to get to the top of a mountain, I could go straight up the side of it," Charles told me enthusiastically.

After coaxing the headlights into coming on — and staying on — Charles set off for Ramona. He had wanted a truck like this for years, ever since he watched one pull his father's car out of a marsh in Washington. It is one of the few luxuries he has allowed himself to buy since his inheritance, and it is the only thing he owns that he wouldn't immediately translate into

dollars when I asked him. The truck bounced along the dirt road near his house like a speedboat slapping across swells, but Charles was utterly serene until he came to a junction. Suddenly braking hard, he announced, "Some of our local wildlife," and jumped out of the cab. A tarantula had stopped in the beam of the truck's headlights, and Charles scooped it up with his cap and dropped it into the weeds on the side of the road. "Don't want it to get run over," he said with a shrug. Soon he was back in the truck, rattling on down the road toward Ramona in the cool evening air.

Charles said he will always have a blue-collar outlook, but he admitted his inheritance has pushed him into white-collar ranks — and beyond, "without my own choice," he complained. He hasn't worked for eighteen months, ever since his last job as a welder on the Imperial Bank Building in downtown San Diego. He had already received news of his inheritance this year he even journeyed to Inverness, Scotland, to take lessons from a world-renowned drummer. The trip had emotional highs and lows. It was the first time he had set foot in his native country since he left it more than twenty-seven years ago, and it was beautiful, he says, on the other hand, he realized for the first time he was truly an American, not a Scot. "The last few days, I had just about had it," he told me. "It was like I had an 4 [for American] burned into my forehead." His clothes were different, his hair was cut differently, and although he spoke to the natives in his

strongest Scottish accent, "I wasn't easily understood." Except for the drumming instruction, he said, the trip was disappointing.

René accompanied Charles to Scotland, but she grew homesick after only a few days and couldn't wait to return to San Diego. She says she isn't ready for long-distance travel yet, and she seems less certain than Charles about the future. "Charles is happy; I'm bored to tears," she had told me earlier as we took a walk around their property. "We've spent a year and a half in limbo, just surviving. It's horrible, it's boring, it's sickening. The first couple of months are great. But after that, doing nothing gets old, so old."

"When something like this happens to you, you have a lot of time to think about things. We've gone through thousands of ideas [for investments]. Some are jokes. Like dirigibles — motor-home dirigibles. Wouldn't you like to have a little blimp of your own? With a little kitchenette? We finally realized, no, no, it wouldn't work. Someone would shoot you down. "But," she went on, "when I die, I don't want them to be able to say, 'Here lies René Kap. She lived like a rich person, and never did anything.' That's really important to me." She and Charles are considering buying some apartment buildings, she explained, and they have gone through a number of other schemes, from trucking companies to health spas. Recently she enrolled in a painting class, but she says, "I don't really know what I want to do. I just know the desire is there. We're living like a retired couple, and I haven't even put my time in yet. There are days I just feel guilty and useless."

As he maneuvered around the hairpin curves on the way to Ramona,

(continued on page 20)

(Advertisement)

Trimming Pounds by Thinking Thin.

Judy Wardell
President - Thin Within Inc.

"The problem," says Judy Wardell, registered nurse, "is that fat people think fat."

Judy Wardell is the president of the very successful Thin Within Inc. Many entrepreneurs who have been successful in business throughout the state. They promote the art of thinking thin as a method of weight reduction.

Fat people think of themselves as fat people," according to Wardell. They dress themselves, eat, and think like a fat person. That's the essence of the problem."

According to her, thinking thin is an essential key.

"Thin people don't count their calories... or diet. And they rarely weigh themselves," added Wardell, "and they eat what they like."

Judy Wardell is fascinated with the workings of the mind in terms of health and the mind's ability to guide—even alter one's behavior. She even has been involved in psychiatric nursing. Wardell believes that being fat is the result of a mental problem.

Judy Wardell and Joy Imboden, co-founder of Thin Within, researched the behavior of both thin and fat people during their personal efforts to lose weight. Both women were about 40 pounds overweight. What they did was practice "thin behavior" and lose weight. They passed along this advice to friends and that's how Thin Within started.

Wardell, 5'6" and a pleasantly lithe 114 pounds, observed that thin people feel by the clock, they eat only when they're hungry. Fat people on the other hand, feel obligated to eat meals on schedule, even if

they're not hungry.

Thin people often forget to eat. Fat people constantly think about food, and even plan meals while they eat.

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In a Thin Within workshop, you learn, again, the sensations of hunger and fullness. They're trained to put you in touch with your body's messages. You don't use any scales, charts, diagrams or diets. "People aren't weighed to see if they qualify," Wardell says. "If you feel you don't look exactly as you want to, or feel preoccupied with food... then you qualify."

She believes that people must end their preoccupation with food and eating to put themselves back in control. "I read all the diets. Cottage cheese, carrots, and celery... and ate chocolate behind closed doors..." she says. "Wardell says, 'I was fat, and now I'm thin. I want to be a normal person and lose weight. Neither scales nor special diets are used in Thin Within.'"

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Eat & Vomit Eat & Vomit Eat & Vomit

BY JUDITH MOORE

CAPTIVES OF A STRANGE SECRET OBSESSION

I start out knowing I will do it. At the cafe, sitting outside, Peter and I drink black coffee. It's noon. He reads the afternoon paper.

I stare into space and think about frozen yogurt.

We wake up after ten. Rush. Here, at the table, I should ask, "How's work?" How was your match, Peter? How is your shoulder ligament?

I could reach, across the crumpled-up napkins on the table top, put my hand on his arm. I could smile. He tells me, sometimes, almost begging.

"Smile at me, Jamie."

I plead, interiorly, "Peter, go. Get to the gym. Now. Go."

I think how cool frozen yogurt is. Cold. The sweet and the sour.

Peter yawns. He stands up. His crotch sets at eye level to me. The faded denim pants, from hipbone to hipbone.

My roommate from last year tells me, "Peter is walking porn."

He mouths my cheek.

He wears lavender-scented after shave. I remember. Kiss back.

Leila, my sister, tells me last Saturday, "Peter draws you out of your shell, Jamie."

I smell him, all day, on my skin.

He's down the street by now. I get inside fast. The lunch people stand, or sit and talk. Mill around.

My turn comes. Three quarters, one dime — the coins slidy from my sweat. I order Swiss chocolate and pilsa colada, swirled. I sprinkle on cinnamon sugar, chocolate powder, sunflower seeds.

Holding up the paper cup, I suck off the cold curl at the peak of the yogurt.

At my folks' house this time of day, in summer, the unclouded noon sun softens the curving asphalt driveway. You can chew asphalt. You can chew tar. It's licorice, the road is. All the way up to the house. Black licorice.

"No, no. Peter's gone. The gym?"

I elbow past Pug, Peter's friend.

Peter's friends tell him I snub them. But I can't talk — not with anyone — when I eat.

I sit down, press my spine into the wire-backed chair. Like you press into the seat of small planes at take-off.

I spoon it in.

I count one ten, three fives, three ones. Three, four dollars in change clanks at the bottom of my purse — together with doughnut, cookie, carrot cake crumbs and broken Life Savers, and thin silver foil crumbles of Nestlé's Crunch bars.

The on (fingered out from Peter's waist while he took a shower. Laughing, thinking, "Peter, you will love me with this."

Snapping the red purse, I say quietly, "Jamie, you need it."

I do.

Two onion bagels, stuffed with knifed-on layers of cream cheese.

One of the fine arts majors said, "That guy over there," pointing out the man at the cafe making sandwiches, "puts on cream cheese like Van Gogh put paint on canvas with his palette knife. I don't ever eat one of these," he held up a bagel, "without thinking of the postman's wife from Aries."

I scoop past Pug's table. Rat fast.

Walking around the corner, I finish the first bagel. The skin on good bagels shines, smooth, as flawless as thin lacquer.

I want to love Peter. I want to cry. To

weep. Right here in the damned doughnut shop.

I want to be in love.

This is Jamie. On a binge.



I know Jamie. I have talked to her for hours. I have read about her and women like her, for countless hours more. Now I'm writing. Trying to find out what it's like this.

"To do it." To walk around town — four or five times a week, or maybe every day — knocking back five to ten pounds of food, knowing that in an hour you'll go into a bathroom and vomit it all out.

I take the tapes I've made and pile them next to my recorder. I gather the books I've read, the notes from endless conversations; I take what life has taught me — and I take a list that Jamie kept for me from one of her binges, a list of what she ate. I am writing Jamie's binge-purge story. I am trying to put myself into Jamie's head.

The clock goes off. Snap, I'm clear.

She takes Peter's ten, hands me the sack — two chocolate-iced raised doughnuts, one apple fritter, two appearance cakes with raisins.

I push the five and three ones down my skirt's big patch pocket.

In my throat, from the top of my stomach, the beggar reaches up, eyes widening from the size of fifty-cent pieces to saucer to dinner plate to full moon.

I want inquiry, greedy finger, apple lumps. I love to taste the tastes.

Jamie is twenty-two and gorgeous, with long lustrous blond-red hair and almost lavender, Elizabeth Taylor eyes. A senior at the University of California majoring in history, she has a 3.2 grade average. She weighed, the first time we talked, 118 pounds, and is five feet, nine inches, with long, tanned legs.

In high school Jamie weighed more than 200 pounds.

"I was The Hulk," she told me during that first conversation, "the Grease Bomb. My father couldn't look at me, and told me so. My brother, Terry, would say, 'Anybody who would screw you would be making bacon.' My older sister, Leila, when she was little, came home from summer camp and every night wanted to play with me. She'd kneel on my bed."

I had wanted to know how often Jamie binge-eats. Once a week, I had guessed, maybe twice.

"Four or five times every week."

She eats for sixty to ninety minutes, no longer. Then she vomits.

"If you don't get it out, then it begins to metabolize. To make fat."

I am listening to Jamie's voice on the tape. Her voice is tremulous, her rate of speech rapid. "I took off fifty pounds the spring and summer of my senior year. Then was when I figured out vomiting. I stuck my finger down my throat one night, disgusted because I'd eaten two plates of cold macaroni and cheese, just to be eating. Just to feel it in my mouth. That was in my freshman year. That's how I took off the rest."

There's a pause. Jamie was taking a drag on a cigarette. She laughed, looked at the smoke coming out of the tip. "This is only the first pack I've smoked. In my life. I always say I'll quit binge-eating if I start to vomit blood when I throw up. But I don't know if I can stop. I thought I had control over it, and could — stop once I lost weight. Now it controls me."

She slowed down. She was looking at me for reaction. I was disgusted. And I imagine my disgust showed.

Aggressively, Jamie went on. "Food and eating, you know, are the most important things in my life. I don't like anything — or anyone — as much. I've had one-to-one therapy and now I'm in a compulsive eating group and I've tried Overeaters Anonymous."

She grew pensive. "I thought a steady relationship would help. It hasn't. Maybe Peter's loving me even makes this all worse. It's ironic. Get this to get loved and then not be able to love back."

"In class, at work, in bed, I think like somebody voodooed, about a Baker Street Cookie, a Mr. Magoos cookie, or a Mrs. Fields' cookie. Then, once the thought gets in, takes hold, I feel incomplete, unfinished, until I've bought them, eaten them. And then, of course, once I eat, I binge."

When I eat — and it's the same for most bulimics — then I stop thinking about food. Only eating puts a stop to this torment of wanting to eat.

"Until you've wanted food this way, been truly food-addicted, you don't imagine it could be like this."

I whir back over this part of the tape again and again through rewind. "Only eating puts a stop to this torment of wanting to eat."

I am fascinated.

"My senior year," Jamie told me, "I weighed 255."

As I listened to Jamie on that first "no," I had tried imagining her shoulders, arms, legs, covered with another hundred pounds of fat. I had imagined a hundred pounds of hamburger meat, in two-pound packages, stacked up next to where Jamie sat, just in my back yard, under the bougainvillea and wisteria, smoking her very first pack of cigarettes.

"The weight came off slow. It was."

Jamie had said, shaking her head in the negative, recalling, "Like peeling those paper-thin garlic peelings. Slow."

"I live in terror of gaining it back. It would be like being returned to prison."

In my therapy group are women, you know, who binge every single day. Women, some of them, who were once fat. They chippy food, like needle freaks chippy drugs, and then vomit up a few mouthfuls. They're that scared of having too much food in them.

"I wonder if I'll get like that. A cookie maybe, then quick, upchuck. One of the women carries baggies in her purse and turns back and spits into the baggie."

"Most of us never tell anyone — family, friends, lovers, husbands, not even a therapist. I mean," she had looked at me, hard, "aren't you appalled?"

"Yes," I hear myself admit. I was.

Well, then, she seemed to be saying, "Listen to this."

"When I was a freshman, I binged and vomited in my room."

I recall, listening to the tape, that as Jamie told me this, I could not look her in the eye.

"I'd binge before I started binging. On the scales slid under my bed."

"I'd line the trash can with a plastic garbage bag — all very methodical. Then after I binged, I'd weigh again. Usually, I would 'gain' — eat — eight, twelve pounds of food."

"It has a climate. Seasons."

This is better. Otherwise, all day, I think, "Food!" Food and pissed-off not to be eating it.

Yogurt. I love the chocolate and raspberries, whisked and mixed. The yogurt spoons down, and now I chomp down on apple sauce cake. I love the cinnamon. The sweet and the sour. The grease in the doughnuts getting hard in contact with the frost of the frozen yogurt.

My mouth's a world.

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SECRET OBSESSION

(continued from page 23)
up in medical journals. The dentist who capped the teeth of one thirty-four-year-old bulimic I met — the enamel eaten off by acid vomitus — had never even heard of the disease.

Bulimia, I would later learn, reading and talking with two therapists who specialize in treating eating disorders, often overlaps with anorexia. As many as sixty percent of anorexics have bulimic episodes.

Normal eating patterns, during times of stress, may overlap with anorexia and bulimia and simple compulsive stuffing-in of food. Most people, men and women, have at least fleeting incidences of self-starvation, organic overeating, and, perhaps, even purging.

Physicians with whom I talked all said they saw patients who teetered on fast-and-fast eating and purging cycles.

My World Airways' seatmate was also correct about bulimia's hiddenness. Most bulimics don't talk about their obsession. When they do talk about it, they're more likely to be forthcoming with near-strangers than with those with whom they grow up and live.

Listening to some of the hours of tapes I made of conversations with bulimics, I am struck by the lack of passion most of their

voices display. Their diffidence in narrating their binge-purge stories reminds me of Kafka's stories or the spare, sad tales of the young, lonely Rilke. The backbone of these stories, of course, is what the bulimics eat, and where and when they vomit, and where and how ("the still-warm bag of vomit").

The details of their obsessional monomaniacal lives guarantee a spare plot, a suffocatingly close atmosphere, and an air-brushed flat surface. As I listen to the voices on my tapes I think of de Sade, his *Jasmine*. I remember gray sunless sixty-degree days, spent on the living room couch, crackly from a mild sinus headache.

That advertising question about instant soup — "Is it soup yet?" — is the question I began to ask myself about bulimic women: "Are they people yet?" Because in each of these women something hadn't jelled. What would have made them finally, all-dimensionally human, round ("Dasein," Heidegger insisted, "is round" — "Being is round") never seems to click. These women are almost there, almost fully human, but not quite. They are robotic, mechanical, not quite yet made flesh.

This cherishes air-brushed flat quality often begins at home. Bulimic families, psychiatrists write, tend to care enormously for appearance and to value neighbors' opinions. They tend to be tidy, fussy neat. They sequester emotion, reward tight-lipped stoicism. Psychosomatic

illnesses plague these families: insomnia, migraines, ulcers, tachycardia, colds, flu. Fathers frequently may be impatient, say the experts, and mothers, frigid. (Bulimic women with whom I talked all claimed, to a woman, to be organic.) Medicine cabinets in the homes in which bulimics grow up contain tranquilizers — major and minor — antidepressants, lots of aspirin, painkillers, chalky antacids, laxatives for the constipation that is a part of depression, and other symbols of somatized emotion.

Since this description of the middle-class American family is nothing new, I was surprised to learn that it has only been during the last two decades that anorexia, bulimia, ultra-obesity, compulsive dieting, and actual food addiction have found increased diagnostic recognition. And that, according to psychiatrist John Sours, there has been "an absolute increase in their incidence in the United States, Japan, Scandinavia, Great Britain, and all the countries of Western Europe."

More women now than twenty years ago are anorexic, or bulimic, or addicted to food, or are just incredibly fat — so many more that it's beginning to attract serious media attention. During the last part of 1981 and the first part of 1982, the popular monthly magazines, including *Women's Sports*, *McCall's*, *Bazaar*, *Vogue*, and *Ladies Home Journal*, came out with articles about binge-eating. Culling through these magazines at the downtown library, I found that three physician-professors, res-

ident in three different university teaching hospitals, agreed: twenty percent of American women college students and five percent of the overall female population in America are at least mildly bulimic.

Then when Jane Fonda's *The Workout* showed up in bookstores in time for Christmas gifting, I was in her foreword that at Vassar she regularly binged and purged, that when she thirties she took dietetics and laxatives as a weight-control measure.

When I asked mental health workers, some that I knew, some that I just telephoned at random, each had at least one bulimic or food-addicted client.

I was convinced. There are, I believe, enough women "by food possessed" to justify estimates that five percent of the American female population is bulimic.

Eating with Pinter, I don't order, ever, what I want.
I want carrot cake, I want German chocolate.

"For my friends, over there," I say to the acorn-wreathed cashier and carry the plates where she can't see me.
I peel the frosting back, like you peel back new snow for the front yard, peel back the pure sugar and coconut and chocolate. Jamie, this is fine. Isn't this fine?

At Swensen's, the tall long-necked woman blinks behind her heart-shaped, rose-tinted glasses, smirks. "The usual?"

"Ah, screw you," but I don't say that. I pitch an octave up. "O-kay," Lella-viced, "why not?" Giggle, gurgling the giggle.

I talk octave-up, Lella-high, to Pinter. This is me talking to me. Deep-voiced. I'm here. Not just judge. One scoop almond praline. One scoop mocha chip. Extra whipped cream, salty-salty, cherry. I pinch the red cherry in half between my sharp front teeth. Bite the little dead hard. Hear it yelp.

Ice cream, sweet, with salt from the mixed nuts coming in as a back taste — I let it melt in my hot pocket of a mouth and then smack the liquid — coast to coast — check to check. My mouth's my world.

In a rooming house a woman friend lives with two bulimics. She introduced me. I was fascinated because these two women told me about their lives and eating habits was not all that different from what Jamie, my initial contact, had said about hers.

Speculating on my own eating habits and my friends', reading Chris Chase's *The Great American Waistline*, Susie Orbach's *Fat Is a Feminist Issue*, Kim Chernin's *The Obsession*, reflections of the *Travesty of Slimness*, Hilde Bruch's *Eating Disorders*, John Sours' *Starving to Death in a Sea of Objects*, bulimia began to look to me like an illness that has sprouted as naturally out of Western affluent culture as *kwashiorkor* — the "one-two" disease, so called because it

strikes the older child when he or she is moved to make room at the breast for the newer nursing — grows out of the poverty of Bangladesh.

I began to compare mental pictures: the Bangladesh archetype — swollen-bellied black boy-child, stick-legged and glassy-eyed — and the blonde female North American, also swollen-bellied, filled with twelve pounds of binged-in food, headed for a toilet, vomiting.

During an Indian film festival last autumn, I watched as the screen was covered edge-to-edge with starving, skeletal, sick-armed Indians. Then, walking home, passing college girls and slightly older women, who walked eyes down, one hand holding an ice cream cone, a doughnut, a cookie, a candy bar, I found myself wondering, "Is she binge-eating?" I could connect, those Sunday afternoons and weekday evenings, after sipping Bombay on screens, or Delhi, of Indian physical hunger and my bulimic's snapshot of women suffering emotional, spiritual, culture-based starvation — famine and famishment.

Paula, when I met her shortly after Thanksgiving, walked right into my composite picture of the basic bulimic. Born of upper middle class — "perfect," again, "air-brushed" — parents, Paula binges and purges every single day. She graduated at the top of her high school class, attended the University of California for five quarters, then, bored and depressed, dropped out.

As a freshman, Paula had moved into a dorm and begun, almost at once, to binge-eat. "The freedom," she told me, "to just eat whatever I wanted, to not have my mom griping at me about the grease in potato chips and the future of my skin, really thrilled me. One night, lying on the bed, after I'd eaten maybe ten pounds of food — I didn't feel particularly sick or anything, just stuffed tight — the food just started coming up. I ran into the bathroom and vomited, and that gave me the idea. I'd eat, I decided, whatever I wanted, and then I'd throw it up. I'd know of girls, since seventh grade, who every day would 'blow chow' after lunch, it had disgusted me, but now I saw the sense of it. I could eat, and I could keep my figure."

But, like it did with Jamie, for Paula eating and vomiting quickly took control. "When I went to visit my sister in Pasadena," she observed, "I was scared. You know why? I was afraid I would not get a chance to binge and I'd go crazy." "Did you?" I asked.

"Binge? Or go crazy? I binged. While she slept. Then went out in her parking lot and vomited."

Now that Paula doesn't go to school and works two part-time jobs, she says, "Binging is the big part of my day." Listening now to the cheerfulness and flatness, the air of woundedness in Paula's tape-recorded voice, I hear the voice of a typical bulimic: a victim's voice. But how much a victim? As much as a pot-bellied six-year-old in Bangladesh?

I recently suggested this to a friend who makes charts for textbooks in social sciences. "That's ridiculous," he said. "The Bangladesh archetype, as you call him, has no choice. Paula does."

I went off, abashed. I knew I had an implacably naive, soft-center. But now as I listen again to Paula's tape, and Jamie's, and Kitty's, listen to them talk about their lives, and think about my own life and the lives of other women I know, somehow the bulimic, the food-addicted woman, doesn't seem to have that much choice.

I telephone my scoffing friend. "Listen," I say, "we talk about heroin addicts in slums as if they have no choice. We look for cultural changes to solve their problems. What about a white, middle-class, female food addict? What about her problem?"

"Just because," I can hear myself whining (a sure sign I might be on perilously slippery ice), "just because her problems rise out of a culture of fiscal affluence and not a culture of fiscal poverty, is her problem less attached to her culture, less fated, than the dope addict in a rat-infested tenement?"

There, I am coming on strong. No whining. I am up the hill, on top. I wait for his answer.

"It's interesting," he replies. "Interesting."

Why not?
In my group, everyone's really, deep- (continued on page 26)

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SECRET OBSESSION

(continued from page 23)

down, like I am right now. Hot. Cold. Sweet. Salty. Sour. Packed in. Bitten off. Twenty more minutes. Then quit. Okay. Baskin-Robbins. B.R. Anything. When did I finish those cookies? I'd eat rocks. I'd eat tater tots off corn in the fields. I'd eat the whole Midwest at harvest time. I'd dig up turnips, gnaw dark roots.

Chocolate pecan butter and banana nut, bundanumunum nut, and I'm in line here, and can't remember walking across the street for falafel — shredded lettuce, fried vegetable dumplings, licking the last of the bundanumunum nut. I get a banana smoothie after the falafel, am sucking it up, walking quick to the student union building. Bathrooms on all floors.

I'll go downstairs. My stomach's hard.

As I gathered my taped testimony and read the still-sparsely psychiatric literature on bulimia, I was at first surprised that so many bulimic women take part-time jobs as food service workers. I shouldn't have been, of course, for nations in which most of the persons actually addicted to food are women are also nations in which it is women who do most of the "home" and harvest-to-dishwashing and toilet-cleaning "out of the house" work with food and in food-related services. Food remains the principal substance and activity of women's labor.

Perhaps when we see as many men waiting tables and washing dishes and picking strawberries and shopping at Safeway as we see women doing these same things, then we will have begun to have real equality between the sexes — including equality in food addiction. But now it is women who do most of the work with food, and

with food's wastes. Women do the body-cleaning work in homes, nursing homes, hospitals; the cleaning of toilet bowls, diapers, and underwear. Stomach contents, an hour old, many not look, or smell, all that bad compared to a dirty toilet.

This "excremental vision" to which women become acculturated, with its easy familiarity with diapers, garbage, spoiled food, toilets, stained underwear, and sour-smelling laundry brought me around to considering the purge half of the binge and purge cycle.

Because most bulimic women don't mind vomiting.

Kried now for three years and bulimic for fifteen years, has never told her husband that she often binges and vomits two to three afternoons each week.

"On weekends," Kitty told me, "when I can't stand it anymore, I take the laundry

While the wash cycle runs, I sit in the car and eat and eat, white balloon bread washed down with milk. Pepperidge Farm cookies, maybe Milano's. I remember Kitty smiling when she said, "Milano's," and wonder, each time I hear her tape, if Milano's are really that good.

"Then," Kitty went on, "I go put out clothes in the dry cycle, go to a gas station toilet and vomit. Get the clothes dry, folded, go home."

"I feel guilty. But once I've done it, I can quit thinking about doing it. How can I tell my husband, 'I sit in the car. I eat a loaf of bread, a quart of strawberry ice cream, drink a quart of chocolate milk, eat a jar of pimientos cheese, and then vomit'?" The thought of vomiting upsets him.

The reason most bulimic women give for not "telling" is their recognition of the disgust with which vomiting is viewed.

Nausea, whose "naus" root comes from the Greek word for "ship," originally described seasickness.

The misery nausea suggests is so profound, so disabling, so universal, that French existentialist Jean-Paul Sartre, to describe the worst distress he could imagine for the title of his 1938 novel, used *Nausea*.

But the bulimic is rarely "nauseated," or sick to her stomach. Most bulimic women vomit easily. "Regulatory," Paula calls her purging, and Kitty says it happens "without any nausea at all."

"Like yoga exercises," Paula suggested, "just a simple reflex I've got trained. I can do it without making a sound. In fact, I can start it off simply by leaving over — anywhere."

"No," I hear myself telling her on the tape, while she laughs. "I do not want to see."

The wavelike muscular contractions, peristalsis, that have drawn the food down into the stomach, when reversed, simply send this food back up into the mouth. "By the third or fourth time," Kitty told me,

echoing many other bulimics' testimony, "all I had to do was lean right over and out it came. Whoosh."

Janie learned what is true for those rare binging and purging women who do not vomit easily. "I wasn't getting full enough," she said. "You have to really pack it in, if you want it to come back up easily."

Bulimics talk of feeling "cleaned out" after vomiting, and some mention a kind of high, an ecstasy "floats in," Kitty said, "after a good thorough vomit."

I am reminded, listening to stories of the purging "afterglow," that vomiting, in many cultures, is part of a rite to ready participants for momentous events. Berkeley anthropologist Peter Nabokov's book, *Indian Running*, describes rites of Navaho in which running is preceded by ritual vomiting. Of course everyone, by now, knows the Romans had vomitoriums but these stories, like Jane Fonda's confessions of binging and purging, tend to be

associated with decadence.

Just as often, after vomiting, the bulimic feels depressed, filled with an almost "ominous self-hate," Kitty told me.

Water eases up the stuff. Barf. Blow chunks. Ralph. Yock. Boost. Blow chow. Lean over, get it to come back. The Heath bar and corn nuts I didn't swallow met in my mouth when what's warmer comes back through. In and out.

What's the most disgusting story. When I was four and Stelli Ellis, my grandma's white-haired friend, tells me Billy, my age, ate until his belly button popped open and his pink guts spilled out on the rug.

We were standing, she pointed, at the exact same spot, on the same roses, where it happened. Mr. Ellis, his grandpa, scooped Billy's guts in his hands and pushed them back in and took Billy, quirk, to the hospital.

The chocolate coating's still on the ruins. Tracers. Not too long.

Warmer rush now. Falafel, lettuce floats out, pale green and rust-spotted.

I never beat my queasiness at purge stories. For most Americans, vomiting remains a catastrophic herald of ill health, frightening and disagreeable. The disgust with which vomiting is greeted makes the discussion of their eating problems almost impossible for bulimics.

But like eating too much, purging — "as important," psychologist Susan Krone says, "in bulimia as the binge" — is also bound into — institutionalized in — Western culture.

Diet, and our preoccupation with diet, our fascination, our willingness to suspend disbelief and give ourselves over to food regimens that are religious, ritual observances with rites of calorie counting and body measurement, our endurance of fat-shaming, offer a context for the purge that makes it seem not all that strange.


"More dollars," Mike Wallace said on

(continued on page 29)

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SECRET OBSESSION

(continued from page 2)
60 Minutes, "are spent on worthless cures for obesity than for all medical research combined."

Yet the cure rate for obesity remains less than the cure rate for cancer. No matter what diet they use, only five to ten percent of dieters are able to sustain their weight loss for two years.

Hilde Bruch, whose 1973 *Eating Disorders* is the increasingly large profession of medical specialists in eating disorders, what Freud's *The Interpretation of Dreams* was to early psychoanalysis, suggests treatment of obesity and other eating disorders is frustrating because no one can be completely removed, ever, from food.

Anyone who's been fat knows that our culturally expressed disgust for fat is less the moralizing fervor once saved for sin. With diet recidivism so high, in a culture rich with precedents for food and flesh manipulations and directed toward women as society's food-handlers and food cleaner-uppers, bulimia seems an inevitable response—an illness that is as much a symptom of our culture's bad management as malnutrition diseases are symptoms of global mismanagement.

Ironically, eating disorders, while they rarely have physical origins, can rapidly become addictive. Binging and purging induce chemical changes and encourage a self-perpetuating cycle of emotional-physical entrapment. Vomiting, laxative, and diuretic overuse can cause electrolyte imbalance, severe dehydration, and tooth enamel damage, like Kitty's, severe enough to necessitate tooth capping.

"Vomiting," Dr. L.M. Vincent warns, "may come to take on a life of its own. There may be an habituating effect." "The more we vomited ourselves into emptiness," Jane Fonda noticed, "the more we needed to eat. I didn't realize for a long time that the act of vomiting causes a sudden drop in blood sugar, which, in turn, produces a craving for more food. And so it would begin all over again. I had no idea I was establishing a cycle that would become addictive."

As Jamie said, "I thought it gave me control over my weight, but it got control over me." Most bulimic women echo, in words only slightly different, what Jamie says.

Even if one does not agree that bulimia is a failed outcome for certain women in our culture, the statements of bulimic women show the binge-purge cycle quickly becomes a habit almost impossible to break. If food is an addiction for the bulimic woman, and purging that food a habit hard to break—a habit, Jamie said, "that bewitched me"—proper body size is the fixation that brings it all together into one bulimic dynamic.

Kim Chernin, Berkeley author and teacher, whose understanding of the fixation on food and body shape turned into a fast-selling book, *The Obsession. Reflections on the Tyranny of Slenderness*, was herself—even though always slender—for many years a compulsive eater and dieter. Chernin discovered in herself a desire to live her life out in the body of "an adolescent runner." [The was 1] on the back slopes of the first trail, a boy of fifteen or sixteen, running along there one evening in a pair of red trunks, stripped to the waist, gleaming with sweat and suntan oil.

his muscles stretching and relaxing, as if he'd been sent out there to model for me a vision of everything I was not and could never be."

Culture, women know, demands of them, they would be its ideals, that they put down the well-rounded to the flat-chested, flat-buttocked pageboy form.

During Marilyn Monroe's heyday, a ratting woman had appeal. But even then her charms seemed a bit gutter-blighted. She gave off the airs of a slatternly Aphrodite.

Ice cream, sweet, with salt
 from the mixed nuts coming in
 as a back taste—I let it melt
 in my hot pocket of a mouth
 and then swish the liquid—
 coast to coast—cheek to cheek.
 My mouth's my world.

date—she lacked the dignity, brains, and "morals" of a Grace Kelly or Audrey Hepburn, ladies set more in an Athenian, Apollonian mold.

This adolescent, boyish figure, therapists suggest, is precisely the model the successful woman wants to fit. This figure offers "no comment" to the troubling questions of gender identity, both in a woman's inner world and the outer, social place. It's tough, well-worked-out inner armor, with greater efficiency than thick and insulating fatty blubber, it deflects domestic and street violence, inhibits sexual harassment and libidinous come-ons, and can hit at harm.

Does a muscular, lean carapace reduce identity with one's rounder, softer grandmother, mother, and sisters? A tour through any bookstore's health and fitness sections will reveal a paucity of titles on how to change feminine curves to boyish fitness—and, all over town, the small around Nautlius and other fitness machines isn't just male sweat and jock-stash. It's Chanel and Etienne Lauder and White Shoulders and Chole.

A surprising number of women athletes are bulimic. "One evening of eating too much on food and body shape turned into a fast-selling book, *The Obsession. Reflections on the Tyranny of Slenderness*, was herself—even though always slender—for many years a compulsive eater and dieter. Chernin discovered in herself a desire to live her life out in the body of "an adolescent runner." [The was 1] on the back slopes of the first trail, a boy of fifteen or sixteen, running along there one evening in a pair of red trunks, stripped to the waist, gleaming with sweat and suntan oil.

particularly in the now-popular prep

school blazer, shorts or trousers, and button-down shirt—trying to identify with one group in the world who, as one car and driving off and eating someone's week's supply of groceries.

A woman, in Jamie's compulsive eater's support group, tells of "eating free" in grocery stores, pushing a cart through the store, opening packages and eating dried fruit, nuts, and malted milk balls from the bins in the produce section. "I can eat ten dollars' worth in an hour, and not pay for anything."

Binging is expensive. Jamie's binge cost more than twenty-five dollars.

Many bulimics say that all they do is work, sleep, go to school, binge. Although they suffer financially, have narrowed their range of interests and seen relationships deteriorate as a result of the chaotic eating patterns, none of these women has ever been able, really, to stop binge-eating entirely. All have tried.

Treatment in any and every setting—individual, group, hospital—continues to be difficult. Kitty says she considers "controlling myself I can't quit." Although bulimia seems to elude recovery, therapy for most bulimic women offers helpful self-insight and acceptance. Many women, like Jamie, question whether they really want to stop, completely, binging and purging.

Bulimia, like many aberrations, or exaggerations of normal behavior, has a way of offering a royal road to consciousness. Bulimic women discuss their motives, needs, and the distortions of these motives and needs through binging and purging, with a perspicacity one might not hear among less troubled women.

But what have I learned? After the hours of listening and talking and reading, what perspective have I reached?

Maybe only this: That no one, including myself, should be surprised or shocked that the bulimic tactic exists, that, as Kim Chernin suggested, we all live in a bulimic culture, feasting and then fasting; and that, finally, no one looking around the United States should be astonished that women frequently become addicted to food and want, nevertheless, desperately want, to be slender.

Blow chew, Jamie. Blow chunks. Barf. Keep going. Keep the flow smooth, regular. Banana lumps—handsumous ice cream. How good it tasted, tastes good still. B-R black-colored, turned into rumy milkshake. My stomach melts it all down, fast. Back to town, lettuce, tomato seeds. The bread's gone to gloop. One more pack. Racinos from the fryer, way back there, swollen. Belly-up. Blowers down along the river, caught in bluffs.

C'mon, Puke. Jamie, puke. I wait too long. I gain weight.

More water, work back to yogurt. Think about Billy's glop spilled out in the roads on Shell Eli's rug.

Pay the Piper.

Back to the sink.

Flash. Whew. Dizzy. One more gulp of water, all the way over. Barf. Puke. Open wide, wide until your jaw hurts, force back to the yogurt store, back to the brown coffee, to Peter.

To bile.

When Gramma was dying, the room stunk. Tubes ran from her nose to gallon bottles by the bed.

Dad said, "Gonach bile," matter-of-factly. The fluids were brown. I got to the bottom of this. I get bile. In my nose.

There are five orchards, a handful of facility thrown in, and a plethora of chamber groups; there are opera workshops, singing recitals, public master

classes; there are concerts by important visiting artists; there is even an Audio-Recording Institute, where—in conjunction with the festival concerts—students are trained in the techniques of recording and electro-acoustics.

Music is everywhere. In my part of town, you can hear a Bach unaccompanied violin partita or "O Don frale" floating from the windows of hotels and rooming houses where the students are quartered. A string quartet of twenty-year-olds, dressed in the well-used denim rags of summer camp, established themselves in the cobblestoned mall of Hyman Avenue, where, amid rambling shoppers, lunch-seekers, babies, and dogs, they blithely—and expertly—center through Mozart's K. 458.

The casual little buses that, free of charge, shuttle tourists and townsfolk to Mountain Valley, Silverking, Red Butte, Aspen Highlands, the hospital, the high school, the music school, the Aspen Institute, or the noble old Hotel Jerome, are filled with rickety teen-age chatter of the habitual sort about animals and finals, typographical wackiness, which air is better, and what to do Saturday night—except that the sports event is the Van Cliburn piano competition, the rival stars are Zukerman and Perlman, the unobscure pedagogues is Bernstein's rants is the only one permitted, and the choice Saturday night is a blizzard releasing the leader program or listening to the Cleveland Quartet, occupying the whole back of the bus, three young double-bass players, each seated protectively next to his gigantic cello instrument, and about on a date with a Watusi, shout contrary opinions on bowing techniques the way, in another environment, they would be arguing about NFL linemen.

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Overheard at Aspen



Jonathan Saville

JONATHAN SAVILLE

Last week, as part of my current attempt to make sense of the anomalies in the musical life of San Diego, I described the summer music festival of the Minnesota Orchestra and the way it effectively fused the pleasures of fine music and those of summer vacations. But of course the Minneapolis *Sommersets*, for all its engaging musicomances, can provide no more than a part-time musical vacation embedded in the busy life of a large city chiefly dedicated to all large cities, to commerce and industry. Travel a thousand miles westward and 8000 feet upward, to the Aspen Music Festival, and you find a world where very axis is the perfect fusion of music and leisure, like a sacred ash tree linking heaven and earth. In wintertime another religion obtains, and that same linkage is effected by what one might call the world's ski pole, with the beautiful acolytes of Ingmar and Giorgio Armani westwinters worshipping at its foot. But for nine weeks in the summer this comely Victorian town, in its broad, green valley surrounded by alpine slopes and lofty peaks, is given over almost wholly to the music.

Eight hundred students—advanced instrumentalists and singers, chosen by nationwide audition—converge on the famous music school, nestled next to a rushing mountain creek in a narrow tributary valley nearby. There they study with a distinguished faculty of 120, and participate in an endless round of public performances. There are five orchestras composed mainly of students, with a handful of faculty thrown in, and a plethora of chamber groups; there are opera workshops, singing recitals, public master

classes; there are concerts by important visiting artists; there is even an Audio-Recording Institute, where—in conjunction with the festival concerts—students are trained in the techniques of recording and electro-acoustics.

Music is everywhere. In my part of town, you can hear a Bach unaccompanied violin partita or "O Don frale" floating from the windows of hotels and rooming houses where the students are quartered. A string quartet of twenty-year-olds, dressed in the well-used denim rags of summer camp, established themselves in the cobblestoned mall of Hyman Avenue, where, amid rambling shoppers, lunch-seekers, babies, and dogs, they blithely—and expertly—center through Mozart's K. 458. The casual little buses that, free of charge, shuttle tourists and townsfolk to Mountain Valley, Silverking, Red Butte, Aspen Highlands, the hospital, the high school, the music school, the Aspen Institute, or the noble old Hotel Jerome, are filled with rickety teen-age chatter of the habitual sort about animals and finals, typographical wackiness, which air is better, and what to do Saturday night—except that the sports event is the Van Cliburn piano competition, the rival stars are Zukerman and Perlman, the unobscure pedagogues is Bernstein's rants is the only one permitted, and the choice Saturday night is a blizzard releasing the leader program or listening to the Cleveland Quartet, occupying the whole back of the bus, three young double-bass players, each seated protectively next to his gigantic cello instrument, and about on a date with a Watusi, shout contrary opinions on bowing techniques the way, in another environment, they would be arguing about NFL linemen.

Guido's Swiss Restaurant, at the foot of Aspen Mountain and its seasonally quest-chair lift, diners masticate their schnitzel to the accompaniment of live musicians—playing Beethoven.

A typical summer day in Aspen—for a fanatic of music festivals and of vacation—might run as follows. Up in the pleasurable morning chill, as the sun dawnarily slips above the looming elephantine bulk of Red Mountain. On with the boots for a quick early hike—for example, the Ute trail directly above the still-sleeping town, an impatient congeries of harpin switchbacks up through the serrated confers of vertical Ajax, till you suddenly emerge at 9500 feet onto a vertiginous rocky outcropping from which the full length of the valley is visible, as though from the viewpoint of a lark suspended in the void: the meanderings of the Roaring Fork River, the gradually awakening traffic on route 82, the red-brick, tin-roofed, nineteenth-century town hall, the bold modern glassy chalets glittering with the maternal sun, the gingerbread-fretworked Victorian cottages in their grid of spruce-shaded streets, the steeply ascending hillsides, beyond them the bare rounded rock of the highest summits, still gleaming with patches of snow in midsummer, and off to the southeast the wild rising country circling around the tent and the dispersing musicians and listeners—acknowledging their centrality, as it were—the hills and peaks are silhouetted against the darkening but still luminous sky. The shuttle buses arrive, just on time—and it is back to hotels, restaurants, consultation of the next day's program, and the deep, floating sleep that enfolds you when you are a mile-and-a-half high and so multifariously satisfied.

Preceding over all this—over the musical activities, at least, for the mountains, storms, and sunsets have their own rulers—is as Jorge Mester, who has been music director at Aspen since 1970. Mester—who conducted a concert in La Jolla last year and was abhorred under consideration to become music director of the La Jolla Chamber Music Society—is an exceptionally able administrator and a fine conductor. The festival is run with tremendous efficiency; the roster of guest artists includes many brilliant soloists, conductors, and chamber players; the programming is extraordinarily inventive, with a relatively high proportion of lesser-known or infrequently performed works, and a range from Monteverdi to George Crumb; and the performing arts are of very high quality.

It was the best of the orchestras that Mester himself conducted in a stunningly dramatic performance of *The Damnation of Faust*, last month—so intense and exciting that the gallop to hell at the end of Berlioz' quasi-operatic cantata need not the accompaniment of the usual afternoon thunderstorm to make the blood run cold with terror. Other memorable moments of the summer season just past were the exquisitely articulated performance of Monteverdi's *Veppers* under the direction of the brilliant Dennis Russell Davies; a chamber music and the extraordinary, poetic and versatile Soviet emigre violinist, Igor Kremer (the waltzes and polkas by Strauss and Lanner, played with infinitely suave stylishness, were especially resplendent); a Beethoven concerto and a

Scrabbin symphony with the festival orchestra, or chamber music by Enescu, Dutilleul, Saint-Saens, and Schumann, in the festival to the great white canvas panels suspended protectively over its broad wooden stage and its 1700 seats.

During the first work on the program, the storm breaks. The rain hails down downward onto the following canvas, providing its own awful *basso continuo*; the earthy, humid smells of a thunderstorm in the country penetrate the tent, surrounding the unflinching musicians with primordial perfume; thunder rolls, mumbles, and cracks; and amid the cosmic disorder the composer's mind goes on building its measured structures, asserting its domination over air, water, fire, and earth. Beethoven proves stancher than the heavens: by intermission time, the storm is over, the late afternoon sun is drying out the steaming grass, the clouds have scurried away to confer furtively on the horizon, and the world is once again firmly under the empire of dominants and tonics.

When these in turn have relinquished their control, at the final applause, the spectacular Rocky Mountain sunset has begun, as though offering nature's own coded approbation: the clouds down the valley are incandescent, stars are emerging off to the southeast the wild rising country circling around the tent and the dispersing musicians and listeners—acknowledging their centrality, as it were—the hills and peaks are silhouetted against the darkening but still luminous sky. The shuttle buses arrive, just on time—and it is back to hotels, restaurants, consultation of the next day's program, and the deep, floating sleep that enfolds you when you are a mile-and-a-half high and so multifariously satisfied.

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(continued on page 30)

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Overheard at Aspen

(continued from page 24)
able), the Mendelssohn Violin Concerto in an exceedingly tender and spirited interpretation by young Chinese violinist Chong-Lin Lin, as well as his performance (with Brooks Smith) of the "Kreutzer" Sonata, a program of Handel arias excellently sung by the 1982 voice competition winners, Karen Kovik, Linda Wall, Rosa Lamoreaux, and Carmen Peltan; a fascinatingly variegated recital of songs by voice students of Paul Sperry (one of the most striking features of the festival was the presence of so many really ac-

complished young singers); and a number of concerts devoted to the works of composer-in-residence Ned Rorem. These last named — the most important of which offered a performance of a magnificent orchestral song-cycle entitled "Sun," superbly sung by soprano Kristine Ciesinski — constituted persuasive evidence that Rorem is one of the best of contemporary American composers, and doubtless the best living composer of vocal music anywhere, the performances, which did justice to Rorem's gifts, were at the same time a tribute to the high level of musicianship that prevailed throughout the festival.

In my earlier article, I wondered why it was that Minneapolis could mount an ar-

tistically and financially successful summer music festival, while San Diego, a city of comparable size and wealth, does not seem to be able to do anything comparable. But if San Diego, as a big city, ought to have the cultural potential of Minneapolis, it ought also — as a resort area ideal for vacations — to have the cultural potential of Aspen, Colorado. The Summerfest is predicated on the presence of a first-class professional symphony orchestra — but now, under the San Diego Symphony's new musical director, David Atherton, we have just that. The Aspen Festival is predicated on the presence — but only as a summer visitor — of a first-class music school, and of surroundings that can attract audiences (and students)

who want to combine their passion for good music with the delights of a comfortable summer climate in a place of great natural beauty. We have the natural beauty, why do we not have the music school, and the sort of festival that could go with it? Is it, once again, lack of cultural imagination and enterprise, in a city that seems unable to think about art responsibly and intelligently?

Next week, concluding this series on summer festivals and what they mean — or do not mean — for San Diego, I want to talk about some people who have indeed shown imagination, and about what they have done to make summertime and good music in our city at least provisionally synonymous.

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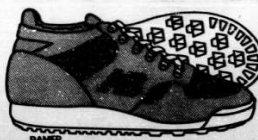
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Off the Cuff

Who was your class bully?



David Webber
Fireman
East San Diego

His name was Mike. In the seventh grade he was a nice guy and then all of a sudden in the eighth grade he changed. I guess the fights back then were usually over girls, but to tell you the truth I can't remember what it was about. I do recall that there was some sort of confrontation and he challenged me to meet him after school. The big fight after school was usually held at Don's Hamburgers or at Heavenly Donuts. Mike was bigger than I was but I got real brave and said I didn't want to wait until after school. I suggested that we take care of the problem immediately. I was praying he wouldn't hit me. I guess I must have sounded serious enough because he backed down. I was scared to death for about two weeks after that, but he never did take me up on it.



Steve Currie
Credit Manager
Linda Vista

His name was Tony. He was a total jerk. He threatened people and he had the meanness and size to do it. He was about six feet tall and weighed about 190. Luckily he used to take some of his aggression out on the football field, but not all of it. He would hang people over the second-story fire escape and threaten to throw them off. He wasn't very bright. He was loudmouthed and obnoxious. I don't remember exactly how it started, but when I was a freshman and he was a sophomore he threatened to pounce my face in. For a small person, that wasn't too good. I was terrified. Fortunately he didn't, but the threat was enough to frighten me for a long time. Tony wasn't someone to mess with. The best strategy was to avoid him.



Carl Covelli
Card Dealer
La Mesa

His name was Dwayne. He was a tall, wiry kid. He would bully you, antagonize you, pick on you, throw things at you. One of his favorite tricks was to pull up the girls' dresses or do something to make you jump. He used to chew gum and get wads of it tangled in your hair. He was a sixth grader and he was obnoxious. He was harassing people all the time. Maybe he was just trying to overcompensate for his size. He really was thin. Whenever someone confronted him back, he would back down. He never fought. He'd go and get his friend Hawthorne. Hawthorne was an enormous black kid. He was usually very nice but he was Dwayne's buddy and when Dwayne got himself into trouble, Hawthorne would be right there by his side. Dwayne was a creep.



John Eile
Clerk
North Park

His name was Bobby. He was average height and a little bit skinny but he was just vicious. He used the advantage of surprise or bluff. He was just plain mean. He'd always trip somebody when they were carrying an armful of books. He liked to intimidate people, back them into a corner and make them cry. He was sneaky. He'd get caught once in awhile but it didn't do any good. I was the noisiest kid in the sixth grade he started harassing me. I don't remember what it was about, but I thought I would have to fight him. Fortunately, my brother stood up to him and got into the fight so I didn't have to. He always had a sneer on his face. He only smiled if it was at someone else's expense. He was a real nasty kid.

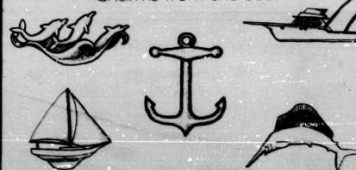


Debbie Macomber
Nursing Student
Hillcrest

His name was Marty. He was one of those kids that just didn't fit in. He had red hair and freckles and a little gang of buddies that would do anything he said. This was back in third grade. My last name is Macomber and he used to call me cucumber. He would watch the girls play on the bars at lunchtime and tease them that he could see their panties. He used to yank on my braids and tease me about them. My best girlfriend was Patty Underwood. We called her Peppermint Patty but Marty called her Patty Underwood. He was incorrigible. He would practically try to kill you if you played dodgeball with him. He was such a brat. It would be fun to know what happened to him. He would have made a great lawyer, I bet.

—Lin Jakary

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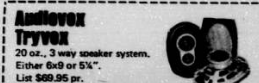
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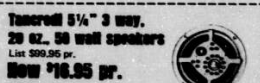
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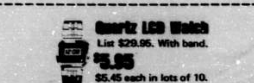
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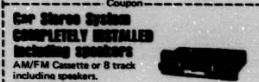
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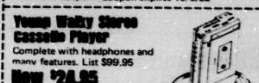
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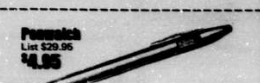
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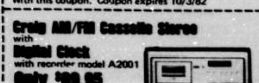
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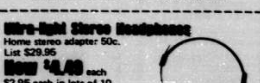


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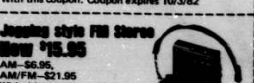


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Section 2 Events, Theater, Music, Film



Gymnastics For Fun & Profit

Okay, kids, a bedtime story. Once upon a time, Little Red Riding Hood comes sneaking through the forest on her way to see Grandma. She whistles a tune, sniffs a flower, then does a few back flips, a couple of handstands, and a nifty balancing act along a fallen log with a reverse dismount in the open position. This girl gave up

just walking to Grandma's house a long time ago. Suddenly, rumbling and handspinning out of the trees, come the heavy, Mr. Wolf, to check out the merry morsel that's bounded into his territory. "Oh, I'm just going to walk on his hands to Grandma's house," says the wolf's lunch, as the plot thickens. The wolf departs as he came in, head over heels, on his way to set up the old pretend-he's-Grandma trick to bag the little red rabbit. From there, things go pretty much according to script, except that the characters continue to prefer flipping and springing through their scenes instead of just saying the lines. Pretty soon, the wolf has Red maystrained up about right for a sandwich, when the hero, the kindly woodsman, swings into the picture from some parallel bars that happen to be right outside Grandma's window. There's a fight, and if you didn't know already, you can tell it

advance who's going to win because the woodsman is a white dude and the wolf's a blond. It's always that way in honky fairy tales. So, the woodsman lays the wolf out, saves Red, and the story ends happily as Woody and the kid head for home, rumbling and somersaulting all the way. It's not quite the original, but that's how it will go when the United States Professional Gymnastics Classic — part sports competition, part Broadway musical — comes to town this Sunday. The featured gymnasts include three-time world champion, Kurt Thomas (the wolf), former Big Ten and AAU champion, Paul Hunt (in drag as Little Red Riding Hood), two-time NCA champion and founding director of the American Aerobic Dance Theater, Toby Townson, and

Among The Animals

There was once a very young girl who lived in the town of Los Casos with a cat named Fluffy. As the girl grew older, her hair became as dark and curly as that of a princess, and her cheeks just as red and rosy. But she was not a princess at all, and so she had to go to school. One day a magician visited her school. He made brightly colored handkerchiefs appear and disappear in his hands, and pulled a rabbit repeatedly out of his tall black hat. He gave the

rabbit to the girl. She took the rabbit home and named him Fluffy. For many years the girl and her cat and her rabbit lived peacefully, until the cat disappeared. The girl was very unhappy and wished every day that Fluffy would come back but Fluffy never did. And then one day the girl went out to play with Fluffy and found him dead. A cat had come into the yard and torn his throat. That left the girl all alone, except for her mother and father. So three years ago a dog named Nikki came to live with the girl, and lives with her still. Meanwhile, the girl had started to make cats. After Nikki



New Music

The lute was originally an Arabic instrument, but its introduction into Europe in the Thirteenth Century started it on an illustrious career that was to last several centuries. A lute is a fretted, stringed instrument, like the more familiar guitar, it diffuses from the guitar in its shape (the guitar is flat-backed, while the lute has a rounded, gourdlike body) and in its tone (the resonance of the plucked strings on the lute is softer, more delicate, less penetrating, than that of the guitar). Its special sound, along with its ability to

accompany a voice with chords and figuration as well as to play its own melody and accompaniment, endeared it to composers of the late Middle Ages and Renaissance. Some of the great Renaissance lute composers were the Italian Francesco de Milano and the Englishman John Dowland, both of the Sixteenth Century. By the end of the Seventeenth Century, the lute had declined in favor, so much so that there was talk about the "death" of the instrument. But in the following century there was a partial revival of interest, and it was then that Johann Sebastian Bach composed and adapted a number of pieces for the lute: several suites, a

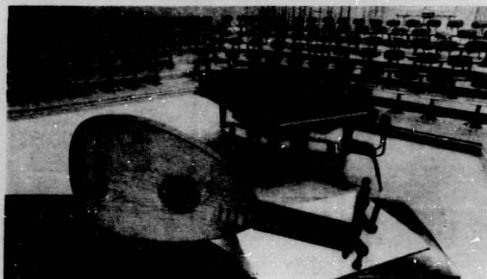
prelude, fugue, and allegro, and an adagio and fugue. It is some of these pieces that will make up the all-Bach program next Wednesday by the noted German lutenist, Jorgens Hubscher: the Suite in G Minor, (continued on page 4, col. 2)

De Mille On Dance

In her autobiography, *Dance to the Piper* (1952), Agnes de Mille wrote, "If it is possible for a life to change at one given moment, it is possible for all movement, growth and accumulated power to become



apparent at one single point, then my hour struck at 9:40, October 16, 1942. Chewing gum, squinting under a Texas hat, I tried to face what I had been preparing for the whole of my life. That moment launched her career as a choreographer: the premiere performance of *Rodeo*, in which de Mille also danced the principal role of the Cowgirl. *Rodeo* is one of the earliest purely American ballets, telling a love story of the Southwest with "riding," "roping," and square dancing. Another de Mille moment, one that changed the American musical theater, occurred the following year, 1943, when her choreography first appeared on Broadway, in Rodgers and Hammerstein's *Oklahoma!*. There, and in *Cornucopia* (1945), *Brigadoon* (1947), *Guys and Dolls* (1950), *Peter Pan* (1954), *Worms* (1955) — four musicals in all — de Mille made dancing an important, integral



Contributors 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 call all materials. Send complete information and photos to: READER EVENTS EDITOR, P.O. Box 8882, San Diego, CA 92118.

Dance

"Dance Jam," a chance to dance unconventional dances in an atmosphere free of smoke and alcohol, is presented by the Interval Foundation each Friday, 8 p.m. to midnight, Den Room, El Comte Hotel, Seventh Avenue and Ash St., downtown. 239-1713.

Dance Concert featuring the Sunday Philippine Dance Company, will be held Saturday, September 25, 2 and 8 p.m., El Comte Performing Arts Center, 210 East Main Street, El Comte. 442-2277.

Western Street Dance, part of a dancing festival sponsored by the Mission Hill Business Association, will be held Saturday, September 25, 4 to 7 p.m., Hawk and Washington streets, Mission Hills. 298-8220.

Fireman's Dance, to benefit the San Marcos Firefighters Association, will be held Saturday, September 25, 8 p.m., San Marcos Barn, 149 East San Marcos Boulevard, San Marcos. 744-1235.

Film

"The Case of the Bermuda Triangle," a film that explores the mysterious area where hundreds of ships and planes have disappeared, will be shown Thursday, September 21 through Saturday, September 25, 8 p.m., Laughing Man Institute, 1180 Avenida de la Playa, La Jolla. 459-9269.

Italian Films will be shown in connection with the exhibit "Italian Re-Evolution," daily through October 31, 2 p.m., Sherwood Auditorium, La Jolla Museum of Contemporary Art, 700 Prospect Street, La Jolla. Free. 454-1541.

"To Be or Not to Be," a 1942 movie about a pair of actors, Carole Lombard and Jack Benny, who try to sabotage the Goeyers in Warsaw during World War II, will be shown Tuesday, September 28, 7 p.m., Coronado Public Library, 640 Orange Avenue, Coronado. 435-4187.

San Simon, William Randolph Hearst's gaudy castle by the sea, will be the subject of two films, Wednesday, September 29, 1 to 2:30 p.m., National City Public Library, 230 East Twelfth Street, National City. Free. 474-8211.

"Indian Summer," a film about an art professor whose affair with one of his students creates conflict with his middle-class principles, directed by Valerio Zurlini in 1973, will be shown Wednesday, September 29, 7:30 p.m., Sherwood Auditorium, La Jolla Museum of Contemporary Art, 700 Prospect Street, La Jolla. 454-1541.

"Soup for the President," a movie for children about a boy who wants to be president of his school, will be shown next Thursday, September 30, 3 p.m., Coronado Public Library, 640 Orange Avenue, Coronado. Free. 435-4187.

Films for Children, including *Diagnosis and Rally Rose*, will be shown next Thursday, September 30, 3:30 to 4:30 p.m., National City Public Library, 230 East Twelfth Street, National City. Free. 474-8211.

Music

Piano Recital by Suzanne Shick, performing works by Bach, Beethoven, Chopin, Liszt, and others, will be presented Friday, September 24, 8 p.m., San Diego Woman's Club, 237 Third Avenue, Hillcrest. 234-0510.

Jazz will be performed by instrumentalist and composer Tia, accompanied by the Sisters of Mercy, Saturday, September 25, 7:30 and 9:30 p.m., Wing Cafe, 1273 B Street, Golden Hill. 298-9026.

Latin American Music will be performed by Cantos en Libertad, Saturday, September 25, 8 p.m., Che Cafe, USC. 452-2311.

"East Meets West," classical Indian violinist L. Subramanyam, jazz guitarist Larry Coryell, and flutist Paul Horn will fuse their talents in concert, Saturday, September 25, 8 p.m., Mandeville Auditorium, USC. 452-4559.

"Development of Figures" is the theme of an organ concert presented by Jared Jacobson, Saturday, September 26, 2 p.m., Organ Pavilion, Balboa Park. 298-2127.

Music and Song will be presented by the Music Makers, featuring works by Beethoven, Copland, Bach, and Chopin, Monday, September 27, 8 p.m., San Diego Woman's Club, 2357 Third Avenue, Hillcrest. Free. 469-4865.

Chamber Music will be performed by the Perpetua Duo, Tuesday, September 28, 7:30 p.m., San Diego Public Library, 820 E. Street, downtown. Free. 236-5849.

Special

"Zeki Is Coming," a dramatic mythical retelling of the creation of the Human Theatre Ensemble, will be presented by the Human Theatre Ensemble, Thursday, September 23 through Saturday, September 25, 8 p.m., Grand Kiosk Cultural Center, 1947 Thirtieth Street, Golden Hill. 232-5309.

Walking Tours of the Gaslamp Quarter downtown are held every Friday at noon and every Sunday, 10 a.m. and 1 p.m., beginning at 552 Fifth Avenue, downtown. 233-5227.

"The Lovers of the Onion," a performance presented by Hanne Landstein in conjunction with the closing of her exhibit "The Onion Universe," will be presented at a closing reception to which the audience is invited to bring a favorite onion dish, Friday, September 24, 4:30 to 7 p.m., performance will be at 6 p.m., Mandeville Annex Gallery, USC. 452-3125.

Italian Folk Tales will be presented in a performance organized, directed, and designed by visual arts graduate student Carol Mavor, Friday, September 24, 8 p.m., Mandeville Annex Gallery, USC. 452-3125.

Baseball Card Convention, display of baseball cards, caps, yearbooks, and other memorabilia related to baseball will be on display at a convention organized by the San Diego Sports Collectors Association, Saturday, September 25, 9 a.m. to 7 p.m., and Sunday, September 26, 9 a.m. to 4 p.m., Town and Country Convention Center, 560 Hill Circle, Mission Valley. 252-1446.

"So You Want to Go to Congress," a congressional candidates forum sponsored by the Gray Panthers of San Diego County and a number of other organizations, will be held Sunday, September 25, 10 a.m., First Unitarian Church, 4900 Front Street, Hillcrest. 463-1806.

Book Sale, the San Diego Historical Society will hold a book sale Sunday, September 25, 10 a.m. to 4 p.m., Museum of San Diego History, Casa de Balboa, Balboa Park. 239-2211.

"Vista Pioneer Days," a celebration of Vista's 10th birthday, will feature music, crafts, displays, etc.

Exhibitions of antique machinery, and more, Saturday, September 25, 10 a.m., East Vista Way, Vista. 726-4903.

Orange Crate Derby, held in conjunction with the Bonfatti, will begin with time trials, Saturday, September 25, 10 a.m., and conclude with finals, Sunday, September 26, 9 a.m., Bearwood Road, Bonita. 475-2030.

Radio-Controlled Model Ship Regatta, will be held Saturday, September 25 and Sunday, September 26, 11 a.m., Model Yacht Basin, Vacation Island, Mission Bay. 449-1211.

Serbian Festival, featuring foods, handicrafts, and cultural displays of Serbia, will be held Saturday, September 25, and Sunday, September 26, noon to 9 p.m., 3525 Denver Street, San Diego. 267-2258.

"For Guajiras" will be the topic of a lecture presented by Hanne Landstein in conjunction with the closing of her exhibit "The Onion Universe," will be presented at a closing reception to which the audience is invited to bring a favorite onion dish, Friday, September 24, 4:30 to 7 p.m., performance will be at 6 p.m., Mandeville Annex Gallery, USC. 452-3125.

Nature Tours, guided by Audubon Society members, are held every Sunday, 10 a.m. and 1:30 p.m., Silverwood Wildlife Sanctuary, five and a half miles east of Lake-side on Wilbur Canyon Road. Free. 291-8271.

Festival of the Californians, an artistic celebration extending across the border to Tijuana, will kick off with an open house of La Jolla art galleries, including a van with a tour guide to take visitors to the galleries to gallery, completing the cycle every two minutes, Sunday, September 26, noon to 4 p.m., Thomas Baker Gallery, 7470 Grand Avenue, La Jolla. 236-0130.

Bird Alerts, a twenty-four hour taped message telling what interesting birds can be seen where in the county, a service of San Diego Field Ornithologists, can be heard by calling 419-6761.

Sports

Fox Run, a three-mile race sponsored by the Mission Hill Business Association, will be held Sunday, September 25, 9 a.m., Fort Stockton and Hawk streets, Mission Hills. 298-8220.

Friscbee Clinic to help Friscbee players of all skill levels improve their game, will be held Saturday, September 25, 10 a.m., East Mission Bay Drive, one-fourth mile north of Sea World Drive, Mission Bay. Free. 273-7441.

Football, the SDSU Aztecs, in their first home game of the season, will be shown Wednesday, September 25, 7:30 p.m., San Diego Stadium. 248-2086.

Tijuana Express Bicycle Ride, a fifty-mile ride to Bixby, sponsored by the American Youth Hostels, will be held Sunday, September 26, 10 a.m., Organ Pavilion, Balboa Park. 239-2644.

Baseball, the San Diego Padres face the Houston Astros, Monday, September 27 and Tuesday, September 28, 7:05 p.m., and Thursday, September 30, 1:25 p.m., San Diego Stadium. 281-4499.

Volleyball, the SDSU women's volleyball team meets UCLA's team Tuesday, September 28, 7:30 p.m., at the Recreation Gym, SDSU. 265-5474.

Radio-TV "Past and Present," the final episode of "Inland: A Television History," focuses on the current situation in Inland and how it links to past events, Thursday, September 28, 7:30 p.m., Channel 15.

"Let's Make Love," a 1960 movie about a millionaire who sets about to become an actor and comedian so he can join the cast of a play starring Marilyn Monroe, will be shown Friday, September 24, 1 a.m., Channel 6.

"Three Wives — No Deposition," a CALIFORNIA report on Proposition 11, an initiative that would require a referendum on certain state of containers, will be aired Sunday, September 24, 5:30 p.m., Southwestern Cable Channel 15C.

"River in the Desert," a documentary about the Colorado River that examines the river's course from Southwest, will be aired Friday, September 24, 6 p.m., Channel 15.

"TeleFrance," programming in French, including movies, plays, and programs from French television, is aired each Saturday and Sunday, noon to 3 p.m., Cox Cable Channel 2.

"Long Voyage Home," a 1940 movie based on Eugene O'Neill's play about some seafaring friends who share thoughts and ambitions, starring John Wayne, will be broadcast Saturday, September 25, 9 p.m., Channel 6.

Chamber Music, performed during the 1982 Santa Fe Chamber Music Festival, will be broadcast Sunday, September 26, 9 p.m., KPBS-FM 89.

Jazz composed by Ernest Klenk will be featured on "Coming of Jazz," Sunday, September 26, 11 p.m., KPBS-FM 89.

"Slaying On," a drama about an aging English couple who stay on in India after independence, will be broadcast Monday, September 27, 8 p.m., Channel 15.

"For Heaven's Sake," a light-hearted, modern adaptation of Monty Python's one-act opera, "The Shepherd's Week," conducted by USC music student Stephen Pym, winner of the Young American Conductor Award, will be broadcast Sunday, September 27, 9:30 p.m., Channel 15.

"The Outsiders of Hope," an account of the current economic depression felt by many Americans, with portraits of a welfare family, a farm family, an unemployed family, a family in a shelter, and a rural family, narrated by Maya Angelou, will be broadcast as an episode of "Crucial Crossings" with Barbara Jordan, Tuesday, September 28, 10 p.m., Channel 15.

"The Blue Angel," the 1930 classic starring Marlene Dietrich, about a stuffy professor who falls in love with a cabaret entertainer, will be shown Wednesday, September 29, 7:30 p.m., Southwestern Cable Channel 15C.

Figurative Paintings created by Jay Shipman will be the topic of a lecture by the artist, Saturday, September 28, 3 p.m., Caputo Gallery, 656 Ninth Avenue, downtown. 234-0846.

"Promoting Health Fitness for Increasing Organizational Productivity" will be discussed by Lee Selow and Terry Morrison, authors of *The Wellness Resource Guide*, Wednesday, September 29, 11:30 a.m., Tom Hunt's Lighthouse, 2150 Harbor Island Drive, San Diego. Reservations: 393-1292.

"Asian Refugee Women in San Diego" will be the topic of a lecture by Sue May of the Asian Refugee Center, Wednesday, September 29, 3 to 4 p.m., building H-121, SDSU. Free. 265-6524.

"Evolution and Ethics" will be discussed by Michael Carella of SDSU's department of philosophy, Wednesday, September 29, 4 to 6 p.m., room 136, social science building, SDSU. Free. 265-5204.

Marine Mammals, including elephant seals, sea otters, and sea lions, will be the topic of the last lecture in the marine life lecture series sponsored by Scripps Institution of Oceanography, Wednesday, September 29, 7:30 to 9 p.m., Scripps Institution of Oceanography, 8053 La Jolla Village Drive, La Jolla. 452-6578.

"Share Your Adolescent Children: Inner and Outer Beauty," the third in a series of lectures about alternative ways to health, will be given by Sara Vetter, a health trainer, Wednesday, September 29, 7:30 to 9:30 p.m., Casa Real room, Aztec Center, SDSU. Free. 265-5528.

"Women and Religion: A Global View" will be the topic of a breakfast lecture by Mary B. Maschall of the Pacific Southwest District of the Unitarian Church, next Thursday, September 30, 7:30 to 9 a.m., DeSales Hall, USD. Reservations: 291-4585.

"Drawings by Painters," an exhibit featuring works on paper by fifty-two artists who maintain studios in California, will open Friday, September 24, 5 p.m., and remain on view through October 11, Mandeville Art Gallery, USC. 452-3120.

"Aethonae," an exhibit of paintings by Vera Simons, will open with a reception Friday, September 26, 6 to 9 p.m., and remain on view through November 3, Deicas Art Gallery, 1224 Prospect Street, La Jolla. 454-1555.

Miniature Visual Narratives, with themes that run from humanism to utopianism, created by Rosemary Bost, will be on view at a reception for the artist, Friday, September 24, 6 p.m. to midnight, and remain on view through October 9, Installation Gallery, 447 Fifth Avenue, downtown. 232-9915.

Paintings by Richard Simond will be on display at a reception for the artist, Friday, September 24, 8 to 11 p.m., and continue to be on view through October 13, Thomas Neuman Gallery, 723 Eighth Avenue, downtown. 233-1308.

"Just Passing By," a display of black and white photographs by San Diego photographer David Jan Schwa, will be on view through October 1, Darkroom Etc., 6610 E.

Capon Boulevard, San Diego. 266-7801.

Paintings by Jay Shipman will be on view through October 1, Caputo Gallery, 656 Ninth Avenue, downtown. 234-0846.

"Personal Taboos: Radiocative Cakes and Selected Visions," an exhibition of color photographs by New York photographer Sandy Shulman, and the black and white fantasy landscapes of Sidney Jovan, will be on view through October 6, Gallery Graphics, 3847 Fifth Avenue, Hillcrest. 295-1538.

Enchings by Santa Barbara artist Gary Chafe will be on display through October 2, Visual Dimensions, 415 Market Street, downtown. 232-0396.

Paintings, Drawings, and Graphics by Norman Rockwell will be on view through October 3, Circle Gallery, 1501 San Diego Avenue, San Diego. 236-2596.

Watercolors, Lithographs, and Paintings by Paul Jenkins will be on display through October 7, Laura Pollak Galleries, Seaport Village, 248-9160.

Paintings and Sculpture, an exhibit of works by Joseph Choler, will be on view through October 9, Quint Gallery, 7511 La Jolla Boulevard, La Jolla. 454-1952.

"Transitions," an exhibition of painted wall sculpture in hand-made paper featuring the human figure, created by Marianne Childers, will be on view through October 22, Maple Creek Gallery, 2400 Ketterer Boulevard, San Diego. 234-2151.

"Italian Re-Evolution: Design in America," a major exhibition of Italian design from 1945 through 1980, will be on view through October 31, Founders Gallery, USD. 291-6480.

"World in a Small Room," photographs by Irving Penn, will be on display through October 16, Photographers Gallery, 7668 Grand Avenue, La Jolla. 459-9820.

"Edward S. Curtis: The Indian Years," an exhibition drawn from Edward Curtis's photographic study of America's native civilizations, will be on view through October 21, Founders Gallery, USD. 291-6480.

"Contemporary Photo Imagery," a joint exhibition of photography, will be on view through October 22, Maple Creek Gallery, 2400 Ketterer Boulevard, San Diego. 234-2151.

"Italian Society in the Eighties," a major exhibition of Italian design from 1945 through 1980, will be on view through October 31, Founders Gallery, USD. 291-6480.

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Paintings by Richard Simond will be on display at a reception for the artist, Friday, September 24, 8 to 11 p.m., and continue to be on view through October 13, Thomas Neuman Gallery, 723 Eighth Avenue, downtown. 233-1308.

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(continued from preceding page)
 swing trumpeter Roy Eldridge, and his adventurous harmonic sense was nurtured by his association with Charlie Parker (Gillespie's uncommon harmonic ideas got him booted out of several name bands in the Forties). Gillespie is considered a pioneer of the instrument's contemporary application. A fine arranger and bandleader, Gillespie was one of the first to incorporate the rhythmic feel of Cuban music into his jazz, and that influence is still in solid evidence today. Somehow, at the age of fifty-five, Gillespie retains the bristling, brassy sound that has long been his trademark.

From the late Fifties to the early Sixties, a jazz vocal group called Lambert, Hendricks, and Ross earned plaudits and a substantial following with their slick, modernized version of "vocalese," a singing invention in which stream-of-conscious lyrics are written and sung to the notes of an already existing jazz melody and its accompanying improvisations. Founding member Jon Hendricks has remained active in music ever since, and won a Grammy Award a few years back for his lyrics and arrangements of the tune "Birdland" for the Manhattan Transfer, a current pop jazz group that owes a huge debt to Hendricks and his former associates and who are also appearing in town this week. As an example of his gifts in this regard, Hendricks vocalized everything in that piece, including the bass line, the piano part, and even Joe Zawul's synthesizer solo, so that at times there is three different sets of lyrics being



DIZZY GILLESPIE

sung simultaneously. Now Hendricks has assembled a new jazz vocal ensemble, Jon Hendricks and Company, that features two family members, Judith and Michelle, as well as Bob Gurfand. Some critics consider this group even better than the original Lambert, Hendricks, and Ross.

Billy Taylor is a pianist, composer, and arranger who is probably best known for his Jazz-Alike! show on National Public Radio, which has established him as a leading authority on jazz, both past and present (more on Billy Taylor in a minute).

extension of his perspective as a jazz historian.

Blessed with a fluid right hand, and capable, at his best, of providing brief glimpses of Art Tatum, Taylor is not known as much for tremendous technique as for his refined taste and discretion. The success of his trio work has always been determined by the strengths of his sidemen (which is not necessarily the case with a more dominant performer), some of whom, in the past, have not been very supportive. If his current partners are even adequate, and I have every reason to believe they will be, then Taylor's contribution to the festival could be notable.

The appearance of Anthony Davis and Episteme — their West Coast debut — could be the highlight of the festival. A pianist of formidable technique and perhaps the best jazz composer to come along in years, Davis manages to balance impeccable avant-garde credentials (he's worked with Leo Smith, Marvin Brown, and Oliver Lake, among others) with a conscious celebration of past forms, including those native to Europe, Africa, and Asia. He is an important avant-gardist not only because his music rests well outside the parameters of mainstream jazz, rock, and classical music, but because it also represents a right-angle turn away from the most common emphases of recent avant-garde musical thought.

Much music of the left side, or avant-garde school, over the past couple of decades has been characterized by harsh dissonances, thick, almost violent textures, excessive volume, and the overuse of reed

instruments to produce what many of its detractors have labeled, not always unfairly, noise. Davis signals a return to melody, to lyricism, to sensitivity. While his music is still too reconcilable for the average listener, it nevertheless exhibits a thoughtful confluence of disparate, occasionally familiar musical streams that, given a chance, can give pleasure to almost anyone. In Davis's music, sentiment counterbalances intellectual aridity, pugnacity offsets the esoteric, and a gentle understanding answers the obscure. His most recent release, *Episteme* (the Greek word for knowledge), is nothing less than an avant-garde tone poem, replete with marimba, Chinese gongs, vibraphone, xylophone, tympani, violins, and other classically associated instruments, as well as more traditional Western jazz instrumentation.

An exceptional, beautiful work, *Episteme* exemplifies the compositional brilliance and broad musical vision that mark Davis as an important artist. If Davis owes to such as Stravinsky and Ellington in his composing, he needs to more contemporary artists in his pianistic technique. At his most severe, he suggests an erudite Cecil Taylor, while in his more romantic passages, Davis reminds one of an earthbound Keith Jarrett with his rich chordings and full voicings. But these are mere reference points, for Davis has developed a technical depth and improvisational vocabulary that are all his own. If, as many claim, Davis is the best,

(continued on page 101)



GEORGE CARLIN

SATURDAY, SEPT. 25 8PM

FOX THEATRE

720 N STREET

Reserved tickets \$12.50, \$18.50. Available at Fox Box Office, Sears, Arctur Center, 32nd Street Naval Station and all Ticketron outlets. For more information and charge-by-phone, call 235-4293.

GEORGE THOROGOOD & THE DESTROYERS

SATURDAY, OCT. 9, 7:30 PM
 GOLDEN HALL
 300 AND Y STREET

Dance-style on the floor and reserved seats upstairs available for \$8.50 advance, \$18.50 day of show, available at Civic Center Box Office, Bill Gamble's, Arctur Center, Select-A-Seat Outlets, Encore Records (Dinosaur Hotel), Licorice Pizza, Pacific Beach, Assorted Vinyl (UCSD). For info, 236-6518.

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1130 Buena Ave. 276-3993

Must be 21

Advance tickets \$7.50, at door \$9.50

Available at:

Off the Record, S.O., 265-0507

Lou's Records, Encinitas, 753-1382

Licorice Pizza, Chula Vista, 425-0302

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Mountain Music Series 1982



Starring: **HANK WILLIAMS JR.**

★ MEL McDANIEL

★ EARL THOMAS CONELY!



HOTTEST COUNTRY SHOW OF '82
 TICKETS ON SALE NOW!

Sat., Oct. 9th
 at the LAKESIDE RODEO GROUNDS
 12584 Mapleview, Lakeside
 Gates open at 12:00
 Show starts at 1:00

General admission area is now "Astro Turf." Bring your lawn chairs and blankets!



TICKETS AVAILABLE AT: All Select-A-Seat outlets, Bill Gamble's, Ticketron (Sears), The Branding Iron, Mustang Club, Whiskey Creek, The Tack Room & KSON Studios.
 TICKET PRICES: \$12.50 Reserved & General Admission, \$15.00 centerstage and day of show.
 PLEASE NO BOTTLES, CANS OR COOLERS

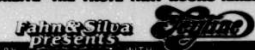
PRODUCED BY LUCKENBACH PRODUCTIONS—FOR MARK EDWARD RAY



WED., OCTOBER 27 • 5 PM • SAN DIEGO JACK MURPHY STADIUM

Reserved and general admission seats \$16.25 including service charge, available at Arctur Center, Sears, 32nd St. Naval Station, Bill Gamble's, all Ticketron and Select-A-Seat Outlets. Charge line 565-2865. No cans, bottles, alcohol, drugs, weapons, cameras or tape recorders.

SCHLITZ—THE TASTE THAT ROCKS AMERICA



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LAST TOUR EVER
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RESERVED SEATS
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(Continued from page 8)

brightest young jazz star in the world right now, he certainly isn't modest about the company he keeps, either. Performing with him at this festival is his group, also called Episteme, which boasts the incredible flutist and long-time Davis comrade, James Newton (a star of last year's festival). Jay Haggard on vibes, Abdul Wadud on cello (a corner in his own right), George Lewis on trombone, Pharoah Akliff on drums, San Diego's Mark Dresser on bass, and Shem Gabbard on violin. The appearance of Anthony Davis and Episteme is a coup for the festival, and is not to be missed.

A drummer's drummer, Jack DeJohnette has been around long enough to absorb a multitude of musical styles, and has reached that point in his career where he feels equally at home in a variety of contexts. I was just a kid drummer when I first heard DeJohnette's work with Miles Davis and John Coltrane, and he was the first drummer I listened to who could flash and burn without drawing undue attention to himself. DeJohnette's emphasis on ensemble unity has never been more pronounced than it is currently, and his most recent recordings show him to be as bold a handler of forms as of drumsticks, as he deftly guides his fellow musicians through tricky textural as well as harmonic and melodic changes. The Special Edition DeJohnette will bring to the festival includes the redoubtable Chico Freeman and John Purcell on saxes.

Saturday evening's show features Bobby McFerrin,

United Front, and Ronald Shannon Jackson and the Decoding Society in the Old Globe Theatre. McFerrin is a jazz singer who has picked up the baton dropped by Al Jarreau when the latter moved into the more lucrative field of pop rhythm and blues. In fact, after listening to his recently released, self-titled album, I'd have to say that McFerrin is a much more versatile, more talented vocalist than Jarreau, whom I admire. Since this is his San Diego debut, most of us will be hearing him live for the first time, but I've been lead to understand that he is even more dynamic on stage than on record. If that's true, watch out.

United Front is a four-piece progressive jazz group from the Bay Area whose work I have only recently been introduced to. Judging from the band's second album, United Front shows a great deal of promise, although favorable comparisons to the Art Ensemble of Chicago seem a bit premature at this juncture. They are possibly too new to each other to realize fully the ideas they present but don't always explore sufficiently. Fresh from a European tour that took them to the prestigious Montreux Jazz Festival, United Front will make its San Diego debut at this festival.

The addition of Ronald Shannon Jackson and the Decoding Society to this year's festival roster is an exciting one. Jackson is one of those untethered spirits who might have found himself shouting free verse in Central Park had he not channeled his creative energy into music. An uninhibited drummer capable

of shifting seamlessly from a pulsating swing to a smooth bop and back again, Jackson would be remarkable if traps were his only calling. Instead, he acquires himself equally well as a composer. His breathy, warty tunes sound at first as though they're coming straight out of left field, or even the top of his head (which in Jackson's case is probably the same thing), but one soon realizes that there is order in this chaos, discipline in this frenzy. Finding an apt description of Jackson's music isn't easy, but it strikes me as an odd mixture of Allen Toussaint-style New Orleans gumbo and high-energy fusion, with a healthy dash of free jazz thrown in for good measure (Jackson's stints with Cecil Taylor and Ornette Coleman must have left some marks). Jackson's six-piece band, featuring Henry Scott on trumpet and Vernon Reid on electric guitar and banjo (I) produces a rhythmic surge and jarring, dazzling timbres that hit the system like an injection of pure caffeine. Jackson and his Decoding Society make their West Coast debut at the San Diego festival.

Sunday afternoon's schedule closes out the festival with Junior Walker and the All-Stars, Sippie Wallace, Clarence "Gatemouth" Brown, and the SDSU Jazz Ensemble I on the Old Globe Festival Stage. Walker, a Sixties rhythm and blues stalwart, needs no reintroduction to San Diego audiences — he has appeared here several times over the last couple of years. If Walker can be excused for his occasionally uninspired, automatic-pilot renderings of hits such as

"Shotgun," "Roadrunner," "What Does It Take?" and "How Sweet It Is," he is still capable of playing a soulful sax and putting on a good show.

Sippie Wallace is an eighty-three-year-old blues and ballad singer who is a literal and figurative representative of the epochal New Orleans scene to which this festival is spiritually connected. Leaving her Houston home to join her musician older brother George in the Storyville district, the seventeen-year-old Wallace fell in with some young players who were destined for legendary status, among them King Oliver, Louis Armstrong, Sidney Bechet, Clarence Williams, and Johnny Dodds. A powerful singer with a talent for writing strong lyrics and melodies, Wallace is perhaps best known for her two blues classics, "Sulawesi Blues" and "Mighty Tight Woman." Coated from retirement by one of her biggest fans, Bonnie Raitt, Wallace, with assistance from Raitt, recently recorded an album with Jim Dapogny's Chicago Jazz Band that captures an elegant, raw flame that has barely dimmed in seven-odd decades of muskmaking.

Clarence "Gatemouth" Brown is another old-timer who shows no sign of slowing down. Beginning his professional career as a sixteen-year-old drummer in 1940, the rangy Texan with the slashing guitar style has been on the move ever since, winning over audiences around the world with his guitar and fiddle work in styles ranging from jazz blues to country swing. This is not Brown's first concert appearance in San Diego — he

seems to pop up every few weeks in this town — and neither is it his first performance at a jazz festival. Brown having made a triumphant showing at the Montreux Jazz Festival in the early Seventies. He never fails to generate excitement.

The Bob Holtz-directed SDSU Jazz Ensemble I is an award-winning instrumental aggregate that has recently completed its first album. The ensemble, which finished in the top five out of more than 150 jazz bands competing in the recent Pacific Collegiate Jazz Festival at UC Berkeley, has been in existence for nearly ten years, and will provide some hometown flavor to this outstanding festival.

In addition to the actual concerts, two jazz workshops will also be offered during the festival. The first features Billy Taylor and Anthony Davis. Saturday morning, the second features UCSD music professor Cecil Lytle, Sippie Wallace, and Jim Dapogny. Sunday morning, both workshops will be held in the Cassius Carter Theatre in Balboa Park, and college credit can be earned by attending either.

In a very tightly packed week, other concerts include pianist George Winston at the La Paloma Theatre tonight, Thursday; Dave Swarbrick and Simon Nicol of the old Fairport Convention on Friday at the Old Time Cafe; the power pop of the Paul Collins Band and the Band at SDSU's Backdoor on Friday; and Jerry Maguire and Rick Hudson (not the Rock Hudson) at the Belly Up Tavern, Friday and Saturday nights.

(Continued on page 12)



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(Continued from page 10)

On Saturday, the Motels, the Greg Kihn Band, the Monkees, Bratz, Dirk Debraque, the London Brothers, the Heroes, and Four Play will perform at the Del Mar Race Track grounds, 1000 N. Highway 163, Del Mar. Tickets: \$10-\$15.

The week closes with the Romantics, the Headlines, and the Textones at Escondido's Distillery East on Tuesday while the Manhattan Transfer sing at Golden Hall, 4000 Camino del Rio South, San Diego. Tickets: \$10-\$15.

The Motels, the Greg Kihn Band, the Monkees, Bratz, Dirk Debraque, the London Brothers, the Heroes, and Four Play: Del Mar Race Track, 1000 N. Highway 163, Del Mar. Tickets: \$10-\$15.

CONCERTS

George Winston: La Jolla Music Society, 1000 N. Highway 163, Del Mar. Tickets: \$10-\$15.

Dave Swarbrick and Simon Nicol: Old Time Cafe, 1000 N. Highway 163, Del Mar. Tickets: \$10-\$15.

The Paul Collins Band and the Beat: SORL's Backdoor, 1000 N. Highway 163, Del Mar. Tickets: \$10-\$15.

Jerry Ropelle: Billy Up Tavern, 1000 N. Highway 163, Del Mar. Tickets: \$10-\$15.

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The Country Side Restaurant and Lounge, 436 Douglas Drive, Encinitas, 757-0669: New Country, country rock, Wednesday through Sunday, the Love Star Country Band, country, Monday and Tuesday.

Distillery East, 735 Metcalf Street, Escondido, 741-9303: Brats, rock and roll, Incognito Rockers, rock and roll, Thursday, dance to recorded music, Friday and Saturday, rock and roll, Sunday and Wednesday, call club for information; the R. & M. rock and roll, the Headpins, rock and roll, the Tedones, rock and roll, Tuesday.

Distillery Nightclub, 141 South Sierra Boulevard, Solana Beach, 753-6733: Rock and roll, seven nights, call club for information.

Firehole Lounge, 479 West Washington, Escondido, 745-1931: Automatics, rock and roll, Thursday through Saturday, Tremor, rock and roll, Tuesday and Wednesday.

Fish House West, 2533 South Highway 101, Carlsbad, 753-6438: Bob Long Band, jazz, blues, and boogie, Thursday through Saturday.

The Flying Bridge, 1103 North Hill Street, Oceanside, 722-1153: Denver Tinner, country, Tuesday through Saturday; Don Tomson, contemporary and country, Sunday and Monday.

Fogcutter, 2858 Carlsbad Boulevard, Carlsbad, 729-3189: Planet, rock and roll, Thursday through Saturday; Incognito Rockers, rock and roll, Sunday through Tuesday.

Gentleman's Choice, 1020 West San Marcos Boulevard, San Marcos, 734-2375: Delente, contemporary, Friday and Saturday.

Gizmo's, 380 North El Camino Real, Encinitas, 942-9676: Rock and roll, Thursday through Saturday; call club for information; dance to recorded rock and roll, Sunday through Tuesday; the Pop Boys, Wednesday.

Hill House, 2730 Via de la Valle, Del Mar, 755-6611: The Mix, rock and roll, Wednesday through Saturday; live entertainment, Sunday through Tuesday, call club for information.

Hungry Hunter, 1221 Vista Way, Oceanside, 433-2633: Mc Peet and the Wandering Boss, rock and roll, Wednesday through Saturday.

Jolly Roger, 1900 North Harbor Drive, Oceanside, 722-1831: The Boxxe Brothers, 5th and 6th rock, rhythm and blues, and country, Wednesday through Saturday.

La's, 1963 East Valley Parkway, Escondido, 746-7038: Donna Beckett and the Heartstrings, country rock, Monday and Tuesday.

Monterey Jack's, 11940 Bernardo Plaza Drive, Rancho Bernardo, 595-2400: The Fran Loskota Trio, contemporary, Wednesday through Saturday.

Muhoney's, 340 East Grand Avenue, Escondido, 741-0933: Rich Hunt, contemporary, Thursday and Saturday; Nick of Time, contemporary, Tuesday and Friday; amateur night, Wednesday.

Normandy, 215 North Hill Street, Oceanside, 722-4724: Mixed Genes, rock and roll, Tuesday through Saturday.

Oakvale Lodge, Lake Wohlford, 748-3183: White Lightnin' Express, country western, Friday and Saturday evenings, Sunday afternoons.

Oakvale Resort, Lake Wohlford, 748-3183: Kirtis Fargis and the Spurs, country, Sunday afternoons.

Old Time Cafe, 1164 North Highway 101, Encinitas, 436-3070: Dave Swartzick and Simon Nicol, British folk music, Friday; Paul Smith, old time barny music; Melissa Morgan, traditional and original harp music, Saturday; Marianne Moss, Irish, Scottish,

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Pancho's, 1309 Camino Del Mar, Del Mar, 441-0441: Paul, jazz, Thursday through Saturday.

Pomerado Club, 12237 Pomerado Road, Poway, 748-1133: Stagecoach, country rock, Wednesday through Saturday.

Providence, 1690 Coast Boulevard, Del Mar, 755-9345: Dirk Debonaire, rock and roll, Thursday through Saturday; the Bob Long Band, jazz, blues, and boogie, Sunday.

Poway Nine Company, 12375 Poway Road, Poway, 748-7296, 596-2070: Sky High, rock and roll, Thursday through Saturday; Black Rose, rock and roll, Wednesday.

Ramada Inn, Scotty's Pub, 2500 South Escondido Boulevard, Escondido, 747-5006: Magic, contemporary dance music, Wednesday through Saturday; Mike Barilla, country, Sunday.

Rancho Bernardo Inn, 17550 Bernardo Oaks Drive, Rancho Bernardo, 487-1611, 277-2146: The Orion Duo, classical guitar, Tuesday through Saturday.

Red Dog Saloon, Valley Fort Steakhouse, 3757 South Mission Road, Fallbrook, 728-1998: Roy Sanders, country and pop, Friday and Saturday.

Rogers Skille, 9550 Carmel Mountain Road, Penasquitos, 578-2444: The Duane Wall Show, country and videos, Monday and Tuesday.

Roxy, 517 East First Street, Encinitas, 436-5001: Steve Feuerabend Jazz Quartet, jazz, Thursday, jazz, Friday and Saturday, call club for information; Delente, jazz, Wednesday.

The Shepherd Cafe, 1126 South

Highway 301, Encinitas, 753-1124: Lisa Kertis, classical piano, Thursday; Almeria Jackson, classical piano, Friday and Saturday; Peter Paul and Mille, contemporary, Sunday; Jeff Gregory, folk guitar, Monday; Rick Erben, blues, Tuesday.

Stag Coach Inn, 1863 Vista Way, Vista, 724-9090: Cactus Jack, country, Tuesday through Saturday.

Sunset Lounge, 2128 South Escondido Boulevard, Escondido, 741-2541: Donna Beckett and the Heartstrings, country rock, Wednesday, Friday, Saturday, and early evening Sunday jam sessions.

Tapias Plaza, 3296 Mission Avenue, Oceanside, 757-7577: Dakota, country rock, Tuesday through Saturday; rock and roll, Sunday and Monday, call club for information.

Trilux, 2530 South Highway 101, Carlsbad, 578-4440: The Pat Fitzpatrick Quartet featuring Doris Cole, jazz, Thursday through Friday.

Valley Center Inn Saloon, 27555 Valley Center Road, Valley Center, 749-1466: Elton J.R. and the Country Gold, country, Friday and Saturday.

Vista Entertainment Center, 435 West Vista Way, Vista, 941-1032: Tremor, rock and roll, Thursday through Saturday.

Whiskey Creek, 14240 Poway Road, Poway, 748-7233: Coyote, country western, Wednesday through Sunday; White Lightnin' Express, country western, Monday and Tuesday.

Whiskey Flats, 1290 West Valley Parkway, Escondido, 745-8641: Don Livingston and the New Timberline Band, country, Monday through Friday; rock and roll, Saturday, call club for information.

the London Brothers, rock and roll, Sunday.

Beaches

Atlantic, 2395 Ingraham Street, Mission Bay, 224-2434: Roberta Linn and the Gamblers, pop and standards, Tuesday through Saturday.

Bahia Belle, at the dock, Bahia Hotel, 988 West Mission Bay Drive, Mission Bay, 488-0551: Snorcer and Robbers, contemporary music for dancing, Friday and Saturday.

Bahia Hotel, 988 West Mission Bay Drive, Mission Bay, 488-0551: Jonathan Van Brunt and Viceroy, Elvis impersonator, Wednesday through Saturday; Yesterday, oldies, Tuesday; Piano Bar, Blues Reel, Tuesday through Saturday; Bob MacLeod, Sunday and Monday.

Banana Court, Macho's Restaurant, 266 Midway Drive (at Rosecrans), Loma Portal, 224-2403: Devocant, contemporary, Thursday through Saturday; Sunday Brindea featuring Latino performers and mariachos; dance to recorded new music, Tuesday; the Rebel Rockers, rock and reggae, Wednesday.

The Beach Club, 1921 Bacon Street, Ocean Beach, 222-2822: Circus, rock and roll, Friday and Saturday; Jim Edmunds, jazz, Sunday through Wednesday; Tom Crowley, piano bar, Friday through Sunday happy hour.

Blue Parrot, 1298 Prospect Street, La Jolla, 454-9131: Mike Wofford Trio, jazz, Thursday; Ruth Price with the Tom Garon Trio, jazz, Friday and Saturday; Bill Wyle, jazz, Sunday; New Tuxedo Jazz Band, jazz, Monday; jazz, Tuesday, call club for information; the Joe Marillo Quartet, jazz, Wednesday.

Catamaran Hotel, 3999 Mission Boulevard, Mission Beach, 488-1081: The John Malton Show,

variety, Tuesday through Saturday.

Donkey's, 2901 Nimrod Boulevard, Point Loma, 224-9628: P. F. Flyers, rock and roll, Tuesday, Thursday through Saturday.

Elarte's, 7953 La Jolla Shores Drive, La Jolla, 439-0541: Dance of the Intense Orchestra featuring Peter Sprague and Revere Lettau, jazz, Thursday through Saturday; Sprague, Plank and Wofford, jazz, Tuesday and Wednesday.

Falcon, 4258 West Point Loma Boulevard, Loma Portal, 225-9559: Four Eyes, rock and roll, Thursday through Saturday; Dirk Debonaire, rock and roll, Sunday and Monday; Posen by, rock and roll, Tuesday and Wednesday.

Headquarters Nightclub, 4617 Mission Bay Drive, Pacific Beach, 276-8006: Live rock and roll, Friday and Saturday, call club for information.

Hilton Hotel, Cargo Bar, 1775 East Mission Bay Drive, Mission Bay, 276-4010: People Movers, contemporary dance music, Tuesday through Saturday; Triple Play, contemporary dance music, Sunday and Monday.

Hotel del Coronado, 1500 Orange Avenue, Coronado, 435-6611: The Merril Moore Trio, contemporary dance music, Tuesday through Saturday.

Islandia Hotel, 1441 Quivira Road, Mission Bay, 224-3541: Richard James Trio, variety - classical to contemporary, Friday and Saturday; Doug Ulrich, variety piano, Tuesday through Thursday.

Joe Murphy's, 1002 Mission Boulevard, Pacific Beach, 270-3220: David Bradley, comedy and original, Thursday through Saturday; the Nomads, rock and blues, Sunday through Wednesday.

Key Largo, 711 Pacific Beach Drive, Pacific Beach, 270-6223: Rumpus,

contemporary, Wednesday through Saturday.

La Chulet, 5646 Newport Avenue, Ocean Beach, 222-3396: The Hurricanes, rhythm and blues, Thursday through Saturday; Chris Spencer Blues, Sunday and Monday; Spike and the City Boys, Tuesday and Wednesday.

Mexican Village, 120 Orange Avenue, Coronado, 435-1622: The Third Angles, contemporary, Friday through Sunday.

Moby's Brailer, Adam's Rib Restaurant, 1403 Rosecrans Street, Point Loma, 226-1877: Mike Sanders, contemporary, Wednesday through Saturday.

Mom's Saloon, 945 Garnet Avenue, Pacific Beach, 483-7727: Night Flight, rock and roll, Thursday through Sunday; Tremor, rock and roll, Monday; the Blitz Brothers, rock and roll, Tuesday and Wednesday.

Muhoney's, 1011 Orange Avenue, Coronado, 435-4661: Johnny Cadillac and Ace, contemporary, Monday, Friday, and Saturday.

Mustang Club, 2545 Sports Arena Boulevard, Loma Portal, 223-5596: Lanny Prevett and Cinnamon Ridge, country, Tuesday through Saturday; Country Jamboe featuring Lanny Prevett and Cinnamon Ridge, Gerry Baze and a Touch of Country, and Belive Gary, Sunday, Monday.

Old Pacific Beach Cafe, 4287 Mission Boulevard, Pacific Beach, 270-7522: Jim Hawley, contemporary, Wednesday through Saturday; the Critics, country and contemporary, Sunday through Tuesday.

Rodex, 8890 Via La Jolla, La Jolla, 457-5590: Tired Sneakers, rock and roll, Thursday through Saturday; the Newets, rock and roll, Sunday and Monday; Brats, rock and roll, Tuesday and Wednesday.

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LOCATION: 850 5th Ave. • Onyx Building • Gaslamp Quarter
DATE: October 1st through 31st
TICKETS: Available at Licorice Pizzeria (P.B.), Chameleon Records (India St., 236-3702), Prophet Records (East St., 253-7448), Crisis Hooks (East St., 232-5679), John's Guitar (Point Loma, 226-5257), Joseph's for Cream (Marcellite Blvd.), Downtown, Intuitive (Downtown, 233-4209)

Proceeds minus expenses to fund SOLART Art Award Program.

Thursday's Child presents...
"A Night to Remember"

Starring **MEG CHRISTIAN**

October 4, 1982
8:00 p.m.

Old Globe Theatre
in San Diego's Balboa Park

Benefit Tickets \$15
Sponsor Tickets \$20
Available Only through Ticketron Agencies



Photo: Linda Young

SEPTEMBER 23, 1967 23

Call club for information.

Black Angus, 1000 Grano Avenue, El Cajon, 443-8333. Let Jerry sing top 40. Thursday through Sunday. Looker top 40. Tuesday and Wednesday.

Blaney Stone II, 7059 El Cajon Boulevard, La Mesa, 463-2203. Sean McVicker, Irish music. Wednesday through Saturday, with Tom McVicker. Friday and Saturday. Brian Connolly, Irish music. Sunday.

The Boonocks Restaurant, 8320 Parkway Drive, La Mesa, 465-9960. Dale Pearson, piano bar. Tuesday through Saturday. Bruce Robbins, easy listening and top 40. Sunday and Monday.

Boas Bill's, 9225 Mission Gorge Road, San Diego, 445-9903. Nightrunner, country and country rock. Thursday through Saturday.

Bill and Bear, 1901 North Second Street, El Cajon, 440-5757. Chain Reaction, contemporary. Tuesday through Saturday.

Castaways, 10757 Woodside Avenue, San Diego, 440-6700. The

Triple Band, rock and roll. Tuesday through Saturday.

Circle D Corral, 1013 Broadway, El Cajon, 444-7443. Country. Tuesday through Saturday. Tuesday and Wednesday.

DeVos Springs Resort/Holiday Trails, 1951 Camino Gorge Road, Jacumba, 766-4384. Almost Live, country. Friday and Saturday.

The Diamond Lounge/Aunt Emma's, 1532 East Main Street, El Cajon, 442-7288. California Country Band, country. Friday and Saturday.

Driftwood Lounge, 3296 Baltimore Drive, La Mesa, 462-6533. Carl Simmons and Southern Comfort, country. Tuesday through Saturday.

Kentucky Stud, 11377 Woodside Avenue, San Diego, 445-9402. Country. Tuesday through Saturday. Saturday. Stagecoach, country rock. Sunday.

Lakeland Resort, Highway 79, Carlsbad, 765-0736. C. J. Digitt, country. Friday and Saturday.

Lakeside Hotel, 9940 River Street, Lakeside, 443-0591. The Cottonwood Country Band, country. Thursday through Sunday.

Live Oak Springs Resort, Highway 80, Boulevard, 766-4206. The Grand River Band, country rock. Friday and Saturday.

Lorenza's, 596 Broadway, El Cajon, 442-9696. Jack Pollack and Coat to Coast, contemporary dance music. Tuesday through Saturday. Pro Brigham's Preservation Band, Doubleback jazz, Sunday and Monday.

Magnolia Makana's, 8861 Magnolia Avenue, San Diego, 448-8500. Bramble, country. Wednesday through Saturday.

Mama's Mink, 533 East Main Street, El Cajon, 442-5373. Jimmy Nixon and Downhome, country rock. Tuesday through Saturday. The Grand River Band, country rock. Sunday and Monday.

Mickey D's, 1563 Mission Gorge Road, San Diego, 448-9534. Downhome, rock and roll. Friday and Saturday.

Mr. Bill's Backroom Saloon, 399 North Magnolia, El Cajon.

147-4500. Elie May and Les Older, contemporary folk. Thursday through Saturday. Open Mike Talent Search with Les Older. Sunday. Wade Nelson, contemporary folk. Tuesday and Wednesday.

Nite Owl East, 667 North Mollan Avenue, El Cajon, 447-3854. Fever, top 40. Tuesday through Saturday. The Brown Sugar Show, top 40. Sunday and Monday.

The Office, 1410 Old Highway 80, El Cajon, 561-6762. Bitter Creek, country rock. Friday and Saturday.

Organ Power Plaza, 3459 Imperial Avenue, Lemon Grove, 463-6977. Tommy Stark, family musical entertainment, sing-alongs, seven nights, with puppet shows by Betha Friday and Saturday.

Park Place, 1280 Fletcher Parkway, El Cajon, 448-4111. Hensley, rock and roll. Tuesday through Saturday. Ducktail Revue, 30s rock and roll. Sunday and Monday. Prophet, rock and roll. Tuesday and Wednesday.

Reel'n's, 5855 Grossmont Center Drive, La Mesa, 465-3464. Bambi Moran, contemporary and folk

music, Tuesday through Saturday.

The Turquoise Lounge, 5975 Severin Drive, La Mesa, 465-1525. Emergency Exit, rock and roll. Tuesday through Saturday.

Van Winkle's, 10655 Mission Gorge Road, San Diego, 440-0060. Johnny West and the Chaparrals, country. Thursday through Saturday.

Win Cody's, 240 West Main Street, El Cajon, 440-9297. Rock Issue, top 40. Thursday through Sunday.

South Bay
Black Angus, 707 E Street, Chula Vista, 426-9200. Cycles, top 40. Tuesday through Sunday.

Country Bumpkins, 1862 Palm Avenue, Imperial Beach, 429-1861. T.C. Richardson and Rose, country. Thursday through Saturday. Ducktail Revue, 30s rock and roll. Sunday and Monday.

Dance Machine, 1862 Palm Avenue, Imperial Beach, 429-1861. The Late Show, rock and roll. Tuesday through Saturday.

Our Beautiful New Piano Bar features jazz pianist Jim Edmunds—Sun—Wed. 9:30 pm. Versatile, Tom Crowley, Fri., Sat. & Sun. Cocktail hour 4-7 pm.

BLACK ROSE

Friday & Saturday, Sept. 24-25
Drink Specials

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Corner of Newport & Bacon, O.B. 222-8822

Dance Wednesday-Saturday
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Jolly Roger San Diego Seaport Village
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Live Jazz—Lunch, dinner & live jazz 7 days a week.

Thurs. **Mike Wofford Trio**
Fri. Sat. **Ms. Ruth Price** with Tom Garvin Trio
Sun. **Bill Kyle Trio**
Mon. **New Tuxedo Jazz Band**
Tues. **Bill Kyle Quartet**
Wed. **Joe Marillo Quintet**

Coming: 10/15 & 16 Don Minors
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Does it again. Now presenting
DAILY HAPPY HOUR*
Free hot & cold hors d'oeuvres. Plus \$1 well drinks, margaritas & domestic beer.
Enjoy all sporting events via satellite & giant screen T.V.
*Except Saturdays & Sundays

Tuesday-Saturday, next four weeks
Ron Bolton

Sunday & Monday
September 26 & 27
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Joseph the Magnificent Magician
Tuesdays, 6-10 pm
in the dining room

S.D.'s most popular band
a back home for 2 nights only!

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We welcome your American Express card.
Don't leave home without it.
Picture ID required. No cover with minimum food purchase of \$5 per person, except Fridays & Saturdays. **SUNDAY CHAMPAGNE BRUNCH** served 11:00 am to 3 pm. **HAPPY HOUR** 4-7 pm. Live entertainment & dancing 7 nights a week.

LEHR'S GREENHOUSE
TONIGHT—THURSDAY Sept. 23
AND EVERY THURSDAY
KGB NIGHT with Gabriel Wisdom
Drink Specials & Surprises from KGB
Fresh Strawberry Desserts \$1.25

ROCKIN' WEEKEND
Friday & Saturday, Sept. 24 & 25

TWO BANDS
TWO DANCE FLOORS
THREE BARS \$3

SUNDAY Sept. 26
TOYS
featuring Betty Korman
\$1.05 Karis

MONDAY Sept. 27
MONDAY NIGHT ?
Cincinnati vs. Cleveland
15-FOOT TV SCREEN
KSDO Charger Wrap-Up live on stage with John DeMott, Pat Curran and selected Charger players.

TUESDAY Sept. 28
TOYS
GUEST LIST PARTY
Call Lehr's 12-5 pm on the day of the show—next Tuesday—to get on the guest list.

TUESDAY-THURSDAY Sept. 28-30
TOYS
in the Catland.

FRIDAY & SATURDAY Oct. 1 & 2
SPENCER DAVIS
"Gimme Some Lovin'" "I'm A Man"
with special guest
TOYS

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\$50/year
this price \$100/year
Special good with this ad only—
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3. Mailing list notification of special events.
4. Special daytime V.I.P. reservation—contingent on availability.

5928 Camino del Rio South, Mission Valley 299-3828

DaVinci's, 626 E Street, Chula Vista, 427-8809. Jim Moore, contemporary. Sunday through Wednesday.

Dock's Cocktails, 317 Third Avenue, Chula Vista, 422-1566. Lee Whittington, country and pop. Tuesday through Saturday. Rex Paris, contemporary. Sunday and Monday.

Hutch's, 1863 Palm Avenue, Imperial Beach, 427-3479. Leather and Lace, country. Thursday through Saturday.

Joy Cottage, 2390 Highland Avenue, National City, 477-9551. Linda Sherman, crossover country. Tuesday through Friday happy hour.

La Maze, 1441 Highland, National City, 474-3222. Art Hall, piano bar. Tuesday through Saturday.

McDon's Rags, 105 East 8th, National City, 474-6771. Dunny Lopez, contemporary and oldies. Wednesday through Saturday.

Oasis Bar, 1121 Third Street, Chula Vista, 426-2577. Rex Paris, country and contemporary. Tuesday. Stagecoach, country. Thursday through Saturday.

Old Bonita Store Restaurant, 4014 Bonita Road, Bonita, 479-5337. Double Take, contemporary. Thursday through Saturday.

Palomino Star, 3005 Main Street, Chula Vista, 427-5089. Gene Karolyn and Crossover, country. Thursday through Saturday.

Tapas Inn, 1969 Broadway, Chula Vista, 427-5396. Bach's La Pro, contemporary. Tuesday through Sunday.

Trophy Inn, 999 National Avenue, National City, 477-5753. Nightlife, country. Tuesday through Saturday.

Westmore, 22 West Seventh, National City, 474-2989. Legend, rock and roll. Monday. Tony Mills and Crossover, rock and roll. Tuesday through Sunday.

Wild Turkey, 5080 Bonita Road, Bonita, 267-2550. The Magistiks, rock and roll. Thursday through Sunday. Rex, rock and roll. Monday and Tuesday. Melting Pot, rock and reggae. Wednesday.

Performers
Performers listings are compiled by Linda Nordin. If you wish to be included, please call 234-2508. Thursday afternoon or Friday before 5:00 p.m. The listings are free.

Rock & Roll

Johnny Almond Rhythm Revue:
Bobby G's
The Amber Band: Bonenburg's Automatics, Florida Lounge
The Beats: The Rockhopper
Black Rose: Phony Mew Co.
The Black Sheds Band: Betty L.P. Turner
The Blue Brothers: Leading Zone, Mom's
The Blue Brothers Band: Windrow
The Blue Brothers: Jolly Roger/Oceanview
The Best: The Rockhopper
Best: Rude, Country East, Lehr's Greenhouse
Circus Beach Club
Clear Spot: Spirit
Low Cuts with Shila and Bones: 256 Club
Dallas Collins: My Rich Uncle's
Darius and the Magnets: Recycled, Spirit
Dark Riders: Spirit
Debbie: Spirit
DFKZ: Spirit
Diamond: Rockhopper
Dark Debonaire: President, Hollywood
Ducktail Revue: Country, Dancers
Emergency Exit: Turquoise Lounge

MY RICH UNCLE'S
6205 El Cajon Blvd.
112 Bl. East of College 287-7332

Every Thursday
KPRI FM106 Night
Your host, KPRI's Jeff Dean
CHAMPAGNE THURSDAY
FREE BOTTLE OF CHAMPAGNE
to the first 106 persons
Compliments of KPRI
Thursday-Sunday, September 23-26

DALLAS COLLINS

Sunday, September 26
Body Language presents
Male Entertainment Exclusively For Ladies
Ladies only from 8-9 p.m.

DALLAS COLLINS

Every Monday
KCR NIGHT
San Diego State L.D. will receive discounts on drink and cover charge.
This week:
THE BLITZ

Tuesday, September 28
KGB-FM SHOW
with your host Jim McInnes
AVERAGE CITIZEN
JEF SCOTT TIERRA
from L.A.
Coming Tuesday, October 5
SNOWMEN


Every Wednesday
9IXFM
DALLAS COLLINS
PAJAMA PARTY No Cover with P.J.s
'100 for the woman in sexiest nightie
'50 for man in most original P.J.s
50* DRINKS until 10 p.m.
Buddy works a party.

SUMMER BREEZE
Tuesday - Saturday

NITELINE
Sunday and Monday nights
FOUR SHOWS NIGHTLY 8.30 - 1.30 a.m.

THE ISLANDS
RUSTAL BANT

Harlequin Hotel
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ELLA RUTH PIGEE

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Reservations for dinner 583-3240
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... a truly distinctive seafood restaurant

Pancho's

Every Sunday
Locals Night
75c MARGARITAS
9:30 pm - 1:30 am

Sunday & Monday, 9:00 pm - 1:30 am

Let's Dance

with
D.J. Felix Taverna!

door prizes, T-shirt raffle

Thursday-Saturday,
Sept. 23-25 & Sept. 30-Oct. 1

Purl

Jazz & pop

Tuesday & Wednesday

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singer & contemporary guitar player

Happy Hour 3-6 pm every day
\$1.00 margaritas, nachos \$1.95
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Pacific Beach



Entertainment Nightly

**David
Bradley
and
The Maniac Band**



Thursday-Saturday

**the
Nomads**



Dancing

Sunday-Wednesday Night
In conjunction with KPRI
**CHARGERS VS.
L.A. RAIDERS**
50c spaghetti this Sunday
Every Monday night football
on wide screen T.V.
Deep dish pizza 25c a slice.

3/15/83

Danny Lopez: *McGee's Blues*
McGee's Orchestra
The Dan Luciano Trio: *Springsfield*
Bobby Hines
Maggie: *Karmala from Escandido*
Tony Montalvo: *Springsfield*
Melissa McCracken: *Tin*
Lara's Mission Garage
Jim Moore: *Full Time*
Merrill Moore: *True Hotel*
Carmelo
Baron Moore: *Rockin' La Mesa*
Merrill Moore: *Holiday from Mission*
Valley
Michael Murphy: *La Hacienda*
Carmelo
Nick of Time:
Merrill Moore: *Escandido*
Merrill Moore: *London Opera House*
Islands Lounge
Larry Page: *Holiday*
Tommy Hines
Rex Parke: *Royal Affairs*, *Dick's*
Cocktails, *The Oasi Bar*
People Movers: *Hilton Hotel*
P. F. Flyers: *Douglas*
Peter, Paul, and Miller: *Shepherd*
Cafe
Jack Pollack and Count to Count:
Loranzo's
Jeff Procter: *Shepherd Cafe*
Bruce Robbins: *The Bonadicks*
Restaurant
Denny Rose: *Hamburguesa*
RPM: *Monk's*
Rumpus: *Key Largo*
Mike Sanders: *Moby's Brother*
Ray Sanders: *Red Day*
Saloon Valley: *Fort Steakhouse*
Jon Sandbrook: *Humphrey's*
Sarah and the Ode: *Hungry*
Hunter: *Mission Valley*
Terry Schmitt: *Salmon House*
Shine-It-Out: *Locusts Village*
Hotel
Sign of, Sealed, and Delivered:
Jeffrey's: *Harborside*
Bob Simmons:
Merrill Moore: *Escandido*
Paddy Spier: *La Mesa's Mission*
Garage
Spencer and Robbins: *Bahia Hotel*
Joe Stewart: *Tin Lari's Mission*
Summer Breeze: *Islands Lounge*
Don Tomlinson: *The Flying Bridge*
The Third Degree: *Maritime Village*
Triple Play: *Hilton Hotel*
True Spirit: *Black Angus*, *Kearney*
Meat
John Weyburn: *The Mission*
Restaurant
Lee Whittington: *Dick's Cocktails*

**Blues/R&B/
Reggae**

Johnny Almond: *Rhythm Revue*
Bobby Cox
The Big City Blues Band: *Oasis*
Cocktail Lounge
The Blues Brothers: *Jelly*
Roger O'Connor:
Low Cals with Skin and Bones: *75c*
Club

"Domcat" Courtney and the Blues
Dusters: *Texas Redhouse*
The Hardcores: *La Chula*
Eric Hyattson: *The Box Office*
King Blacut Blues: *Mandolin*
Wind

Bob Long: *Panda Fish House West*
Poseidon: *Billy Up Tavern*
Nehing Pot: *Leading Zone*, *Wild*
Turkey
The Nomads: *Joe Murphy's*
Leading Zone
Ella Ruth Piggee: *Trinity: San Diego*
Rebel Rockers: *Baranca Court*
Sue Palmer: *The Box Office*
Bonnie Raitt: *Baranca Court*
Road Runner: *Active Band*
Chris Spencer: *La Chula*
Steve's Throat: *Billy Up Tavern*
Doc Masters

Don Strumburg: *Drinking Maggie's*
West Coast: *Cafe del Rey*, *Merrill*
Tuba Man's

Folk/Ethnic

Mantana: *Alone Old Time Cafe*
Brian Connolly: *Blaming Stone*
Pub: *Blaming Stone II*
Cathy Curtis: *Drinking Maggie's*
Esteban and Kristine: *San Diego*
Richard Freeman: *Drinking*
Maggie's
Jeff Gregory: *Shepherd Cafe*
Laura Jackson: *Shepherd Cafe*
Deborah Liv Johnson: *Drinking*
Maggie's

9:15 PM announcement
**HEAD
QUARTERS
NIGHTCLUB PRESENTS**
The Thursday: **REGGAE**
This Friday: National recording artists
THE SURF PUNKS
with special props
and surf movies
**X-
OFFENDERS**
**JOHNNY
KAT**
This Saturday
T-BIRDS
RV & the SHADOWS THE END
TRUTH
Monday
4 BANDS

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THE
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WE'RE OPEN 7 DAYS
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1/2 YES 1/2
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OTOSOUND BASS
STRINGS!! IN FACT,
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**JOHN'S GUITAR
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Les Troy Sheller: *Drinking Maggie's*
Ella May and Les Older: *Mr. Bill's*
Las Vegas Saloon
Tom McMaster: *Blaming Stone II*
Sean McVicker: *Blaming Stone II*
Baron Moore: *Rockin' La Mesa*
Wade Nelson: *Mr. Bill's*
Las Vegas Saloon
Pace: *Karmala*, *La Mesa*
Raggle Taggle: *Cafe del Rey*, *Merrill*
Paul and Carla Roberts: *Drinking*
Maggie's
Dave and Heidi Robinson: *Drinking*
Maggie's
Catherine Schieve: *Wing Cafe*
Samsa Gail Celi Band: *Drinking*
Maggie's
Paul Smith: *Old Time Cafe*
Dave Swarbrick and Simon Nicol:
Old Time Cafe

Jazz

Tony Barnwell: *Chuck's Steak*
House

Lori Bell and Shep Meyers:
Prophet Vegetarian Restaurant
Freightmen's Preservation Band:
Pat Jorg's Lounge
Cameo: *Shenandoah Harbor Island*
The Bruce Cameron and Hollis
Gentry Ensemble: *Chuck's*
Steak House
Bodie Carter: *Gold Coast Lounge*
Jeanie and Jimmy Chatham:
Shenandoah Harbor Island
Lynn Cherry and Zazz: *The*
Seahorse
Chicago Filibuster: *Billy Up Tavern*
Chicago Six: *Billy Up Tavern*
Doris Cole: *Trinity: San Diego*
Dance of the Universe Orchestra:
Elmoro's
Alex DeGross and Scott Cossu:
Old Time Cafe
Delores: *Ruby*
Jim Edmonds: *Beach Club*
Steve Fourabend Quartet: *Ruby*
The Billy Fender Trio: *Sandtrap*
Lounge
The Pat Fitzpatrick Quartet:
Trinity: San Diego

Forecast: *Jelly Roger: Seagull*
Village
J.J. Frank: *Dance*, *Harmon Henry's*
Tom Garcia: *True Blue*, *Paradise*
Harvey and 52nd Street Joe: *Pat*
City Chino Camp
Bill Kile: *True Blue*, *Paradise*
Kevin Lettini: *Clara's*
The Bob Long Band: *Fish House*
West: *Providence*, *Billy Up Tavern*
The Dan Luciano Trio: *Springsfield*
Bobby Hines
Joe Marillo: *Quintet: Blue Parrot*
Holly Maxwell: *Camaro*
Jaime Moran Quartet: *Gold Coast*
Lounge
New Tazoo Jazz Band: *Blue*
Parrot
P.F. Flyers: *Swaley's*
Ella Ruth Piggee: *Trinity: San*
Diego
Ruth Price: *Blue Parrot*
Paul: *Pat's*
Jon Sandbrook: *Humphrey's*
Sprague, Plunk, and Wofford: *Elmoro's*
Steve's Throat: *Billy Up Tavern*
Doc Masters

The Santiago: *Carnal Valley*
from
Sammy Britt: *Organ Trio*
Camaro
Tania and the Sisters of Mercy:
Wing Cafe
Jaime Valle: *True Blue*
Pat's
West Coast: *Cafe del Rey*, *Merrill*
Hotel
Mike Wofford: *Blue Parrot*

Everything Else

Julio Aguirre: *Classical guitar*
King Food
Bill Brackett: *Y. nated*, *comedy and*
music, *Madness Whaling Co.*
David Bradley: *comedy and*
originals, *Joe Murphy's*
Tom Crowley: *comedy piano*, *Beach*
Club
Art Hall: *music bar*, *La Mesa*
Steve Hudson: *comedy and*
variety, *Blue House*, *Montezuma*

Whaling Co.
Adrian Jackson: *classical piano*
Shepherd Cafe
Richard James: *comedy*, *classical*
contemporary, *Islands Hotel*
Lisa Karmy: *classical piano*
Shepherd Cafe
Liam: *classical guitar*, *King Food*
Bob MacLeod: *piano bar*, *Bahia*
Hotel
The John Nelson Show: *comedy*
Calamaran Hotel
Melissa Morgan: *comedy piano*, *Old*
Time Cafe
Oh! Ridge: *comedy and music*
Beach House
Orion: *Dance*, *classical guitar*
Rancho Bernardo Inn
Tommy Stark: *family*
entertainment, *Organ Power*
Pizza Lemon Grove
Doug Ulrich: *comedy piano*
Islands Hotel
Dale Vernon: *comedy*, *Karmala*
Inn
Jonathan Van Brana and Yesterday:
Elmoro's impersonator, *Bahia Hotel*

FRANK PEOPLES
and **Free Wheelin' Cowboys** Nashville recording artists
Friday, Saturday & Sunday
Sunday Talent Night Cash Prizes from 8:00
ALL WINNERS WILL BE BACK FOR FINALS
Special engagement Thursday night
Come Karolizyn and Cross Winds
Magic in your evening with **Dallas Oliver** Mon.-Thurs.
Watch football on our giant T.V. screen
Monday Night Spaghetti Dinner 99¢
Never a crowd!!
Bodie's
6149 University Avenue 583-5700
We have a liquor catering license for company parties.

LIVE JAZZ
Every Friday & Saturday
9:00 p.m. - 1:00 a.m.
September 24 & 25 **BILLY KYLE TRIO**
October 1 & 2 **JAIME VALLE** guitar **BILL ANDREWS** bass
OUR PLACE
The lounge at Miki-San
2424 5th Ave. at Laurel, Hillcrest 222-1773
Live Japanese music, Friday & Saturday at Miki-San
Japanese cuisine for lunch and dinner

The Poseidon
A Del Mar Tradition
Thursday
Poseidon Party Night!
2 for 1 Well drinks
9:00-1:30
plus door prize
2 Chargers vs. Oakland
tickets
45 yard line seats
Don't miss the fun with
**DIRK
DEBONAIRE**
Thurs, Fri & Sat, Sept. 23-25
Sunday
**Bob
Long**
Join us for a dining experience 7 nights a week. Watch the waves roll in while you eat.

**MOM'S
SALOON**
Through September 26
NIGHTFLIGHT
Monday, September 27
TRENTOR
Coming September 28
SEPTEMBER HAPPY HOURS
Saturday & Sunday 12:30-7:00 PM Monday 5:30-9:00 PM
75c Kamis
50¢ Glass of beer \$1.75 Pitchers
Thursday \$1.05 last beer and no cover
for ladies plus Wet Jockey Shorts Contest.
\$100 Prize
Every Tuesday: 25c well 8 PM-10 PM plus Wet T-Shirt Contest
\$150 Cash & Prizes
BIG SCREEN TV
Watch Monday Night Football
Plus most other sporting events.
Every Wednesday is...
KGB NITE with PAT MARTIN
Drink special at night Monday-Thursday, Happy Hour: Doubles for singles prices
Sunday-Thursday 8-9 pm, Monday 8-10 pm, Pitcher of beer \$1.75 Sunday,
Tuesday, Wednesday & Thursday (8-9 p.m.)
LIVE ROCK & ROLL EVERY NIGHT
278-1653 945 Garnet P.B.

was a touching (in a previously dead Russell) nerve. With William Hurt and Jack Brown. 1980.
** (QA Glasshouse 6; from 9:24)

An American Werewolf in London
Such expectations of John Landis' *Animal House* have been driven by *ANIMAL* might prompt one to overemphasize the humor element here. Their element is not far from seen, but much of it is a couple of happy-go-lucky American backpackers aloft in the English countryside much of the rest of it is simply the sort of formula comedy rarely practiced in minor films of the Thirties and Forties. Still, there does exist a certain charm in the film, and that is that, a valid area of uncertainty as to the basic theme and subject matter. The film is a comedy, but it has the thoughts of a culture-clash theme in the tradition of Terry Jones, although the film is not as good as *Monty Python and the Holy Grail*, which is better, but the various possibilities along those lines never really solidified.

With David Naughton, Griffin Dunne, and John Wood, *Animal House* is *OK*! (Keri: 92, Parkway, 9:24 and 25 mid-night, UA Gaiasshouse 6, 9:24 and 25 mid-night)

Amityville II: The Possession

[illegible]

Days of Heaven
publishers combine
books on the Great
(Basket, ca. World
stayed want it to
you could be group
coffee table. You
what the pictures
(usually laborers)
Texas Panhandle
usually doing it in
light, under deep
around the stereoph
glass. These movie
move very much, a
lack no rhythm or
every other one of
to your back. To
writer-director, ap
class from Ameri

to give rise to the
 of the folks: spoiling
 the prove to be as
 as the heavy odds star
 as concentration on
 the non-separatist plot
 for humor in this
 the scene frequently
 opportunity to im-
 prove, to be a major
 overshadowed
 line of drawing
 the scene, the
 building and com-
 business in any
 the scene, dress, lamp
 of a scene shot
 the score, the
 the scene, the sound
 and dress, and ad-
 dress admiration
 described by Carl

would have done
 pocket placed in
 housekeeper
 from her earlier in-
 aducted, rapist
 Socrates. When he
 the scene, the
 his cap to level
 targets of his ven-
 the scene, the
 lack changes from
 and his exploits,
 the scene, the
 to be per-
 pedicled. Street
 murdered any of the
 original DEATH
 the scene, the
 Gardens, directed
 the scene, the
 (F)Front Drive
 New Valley Drive
 from 9/24

The Death of W
 Penelope Spheeris
 on a 1960s pink
 Angeles, or at New
 which, or it never

(24)

MANN THEATRE

CINEMA 21 12:45 2:15 4:45 7:15 9:45 A Film by John Dahl	CINEMA 21 12:45 2:15 4:45 7:15 9:45 Helen Mirren <i>Garp</i> No 11 special Matinees Daily 11:30, 2, 7, 15, 5, 9, 10, 12, 13, 30 Weekend 12:45, 4:45, 7:15, 9:45 12:15 A Film by John Dahl	CINEMA 21 12:45 2:15 4:45 7:15 9:45 A Film by John Dahl
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AFTER MIDNIGHT M
WEDNESDAY & SATURDAY NIGHTS, PRESENTING
and KGB-FM 101.1

...er that their lyrics
visual inspection.

LES

LOMA
100 WEST 15th AVE.
224 3144
Mrs. Spelling Film

E.T.

11 special
stream Daily
10:00 am
12:45, 5:15, 8:00
10:30 (PT)

MOVIES

ED BY

DI

Death Wish II — Charles Bronson continues to run in bad luck. Now re-settled in Los Angeles (perhaps he received a letter from Hollywood and not the other way around), he's chosen the title "It's the only form of revolution left in the Eighties," philosopher Robert Biggs, publisher of *Left* magazine. *Death Wish*

Tay Garnett, and on and on, ought to have thought better: the obvious truth is that to borrow footage from other directors is tantamount to allowing them to intrude, to meddle, to usurp to do all the things that gave rise to the anxiety about too many cooks spoiling the broth. The old clips prove to be quite inflexible, above all else, and the attempt to enlist as many old stars as possible, rather than concentrate on one or two, contributes to a spatteringly episodic and non-sequential plotline. If the *codebook* has to happen in

chosen title. "It's the only form of revolution left in the Eighties," philosophizes Robert Biggs, publisher of the punk organ, *Slash*. But on the evidence, it isn't clear whether the

revolving (in both senses) punkers protesting The Decline or hastening The fact that the songs seem to quare subtleties in order that their lyrics be understood (on visual inspection).

IN THEATRES

CINEMA 21

Dorothea Lange and
Andrew Wyeth
tioned Benton, and
be extremely care-
thing disruptive or
his immaculate in-
however, to get a
tion, or multilevel
other elements on-
There is the tremu-
the Erno Mancovic
the eccentric, mo-
delivery of Richard
Adams. And there
illiterate "folk poetry
the twelve-year-old
ing in an aggressive
dialect despite com-
is fond of doing red
paraphrases of her
"Nobody sent us let-
ceive no cards" and
fect. There was nev-

visual elements sit
another like par-
no interplay. With
Linda Manz, photo-
Almendros: 1978
*(Ken: 9/26)

**Dead Men Don't Wear
Ties** (1983) — name-
clips from actual 1940s
a parody of that genre
Steve Martin, who
with the likes of
Fred MacMurray. Al-
sounds at first bluish
been a lot of fun to p
A little further reflect
it must also have been
Anyone who might he
would be a corner-
have a sizable fracti-
footage supplied by
Klaus Wenzel, how
Alfred Hitchcock, a
and Mervyn LeRoy. I

KE
CHINA AND JAPAN
SEPT. 22
AGONY
SEPT. 22
AGONY

ERASERHEAD

4

THE WIND
The Kids
Are Alright

5

SE

**ARE TOUGH
OVER**
MONDAY
EVERYONE
DO

UNIVERSITY TOWNE, INC.
4525 LA JOLLA VILLAGE DR. 452-7766

FAST TIMES AT BURGESS BOY
12:30, 2:45, 4:30, 6:30, 8:30, 10:30 (PG)

Star Friday Steve Austin
THE LAST AMERICAN VIRGIN
12:40, 2:45, 5:15, 8:00, 10:10 (R)

Laurence Olivier
DISCERN
12:50, 3:00, 5:30, 8:10, 10:30 (PG)

STAR TUES 6:12, 8:30, 4:30, 8:30, 10:30 (PG)
HONEY B 2:35, 6:35, 10:35 (PG)

Star Friday
THE SECRET POLICEMAN'S OTHER HALF
12:35, 2:40, 4:25, 6:20, 8:20, 10:25 (R)

Robby Benson
THE CHOSEN
12:40, 2:45, 5:20, 8:10, 10:15 (PG)

THE BERNARDINO CENTER (745-5644)
Shows start between 9:55 and 10:00

Star Friday Steve Austin
THE LAST AMERICAN VIRGIN
12:40, 2:45, 5:30, 8:20, 10:15 (R)

Laurence Olivier
DISCERN
12:50, 3:00, 5:25, 8:15, 10:00 (PG)

FAST TIMES AT BURGESS BOY
12:30, 2:45, 4:30, 6:30, 8:30, 10:30 (PG)
NUFF DUPT 2:30, 6:30, 10:30 (PG)

Joey's Car Wash, Ctr. 475-HABN
Shows start between 9:55 and 10:00

Laurence Olivier
DISCERN
12:15, 2:45, 5:15, 8:45, 10:15 (PG)

CHINESE CONNECTION 12:30, 5:00, 9:30 (R)
PICT OF PICT 2:45, 7:15 (R)

FAST TIMES AT RINDGENT LIGH
12:30, 2:30, 4:30, 6:30, 8:30, 10:30 pm

[illegible]

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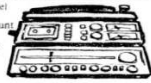
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