★ 47 Movies Reviewed pg. 4

READER

October 19, 1972 SAN DIEGO'S FREE WEEKLY

★ "...the waiter himself sniffed the cork..." pg. 2

ROCK IN $AN DIEGO

"SHINY $300 SUITS AND SCUFFED WINGTIPS."

by Joan Levine

PART I

Jim Pagni was once described to me as "some old guy who puts on all the rock concerts, cheats the people and grins all the way to the bank." In my mind, I pictured him as a balding, pudgy individual who wore shiny $300 suits and scuffed wingtips. It was said that you could always tell a Pagni concert by the large clusters of people lurking outside the Sports Arena grumbling and shaking their fists as they waited in line.

Drawing by Dennis Webb

Sometime later, a friend gave me some tickets to see Dave Mason, and during intermission I found myself backstage, standing elbow to elbow with a man who was introduced to me as Jim Pagni. He was a young man, sharply attired in color-coordinated body shirt, flared double knits and boots. He had mod stockbroker-length hair and he didn't come on all ego and pseudo-hip. Okay, so who says ya gotta be a freak to be a rock concert promoter? Even Bill Graham has a large share of critics. Jim Pagni looked hip in the late 1950's sense, more hep than hip (which is not a putdown, that's how he is), sort of a contemporary homegrown Dick Clark who knows the concert business.

Jim Pagni began promoting concerts ten years ago when he was 18, just out of Hoover High School. Seems his college fraternity needed some beer money for a party, so he came up with an idea for a dance. He applied to the city for a license, did many hours of dirty work, and wound up netting $300 for sixty guys. He figured if it worked for them, he could enlarge his idea and put on dances for bigger crowds, but he was green and lost a lot of money "cause I was bringing the wrong kind of music into places. I learned the hard way." So he reassessed himself and began putting on dances at the old War Memorial Building in Balboa Park, with such memorable local groups like the Nomads and Arlene and the Proteus, real make-out music, that later evolved in 1963-65 to rock 'n roll acts like the Coasters, Drifters, Ike and Tina Turner, and Sonny and Cher.

Then the scene changed from dances to concerts. "Kids seemed to want to listen to the music instead of to dance to it," Pagni explains. In 1965, the Concourse was built and it provided an ideal place to stage concerts. The folk scene was in full bloom and Pagni's first big concert there was The Christy Minstrels, and later on Glenn Yarbrough and Peter, Paul and Mary. In 1967, the Arena opened and 8,000 people came to see James Brown. The soul groups dominated for a while

(continued on page 9)

Vietnamese, Living Here

by Kevin Malloy

I got these orders to Vietnam, you see. They said to report to "Coronado, San Diego" for training. I was afraid, and full of doubts (am I really going to kill innocent peasants?) But I was curious, too. It was 1968, and the tall, clear-eyed Navy lieutenants we had as instructors in Coronado still believed in the war. The Tet offensive, only a few months old, was a U.S. victory, they said. I was impressed, but still curious.

For our Vietnamese language classes we had Vietnamese girls. "How do you feel about the war?" I asked one of them in the hallway after class. Miss Quoc, a delicate young instructor who used to say "is that right?" when she meant "isn't it?" or "doesn't it?" let the question [illegible] with a nervous, [illegible] laughter. Miss [illegible] serious instructor [illegible] taught us in the afternoon, stared emotionlessly at the floor. "I don't believe in the Viet Cong or the Americans." I was curious and enchanted by these Vietnamese. I used to wait in the parking lot after class and watch them walk to their cars. There were about ten or fifteen of them. The maroon or turquoise silk skirts of their *ao dais* fluttered like butterfly wings in the wind and exposed their black pajama pants. Their black hair, dark glasses, and white smiles evoked pictures of Madame Nhu arriving at L.A. International from Saigon. At our last meal together before I caught the plane for Travis, I warned my parents not to be surprised if I came home from Vietnam married.

* * *

A Navy lieutenant I met in Danang told me to look up this wife of a Coronado attorney when I got back "to the world." They owned a lot of houses in Coronado and she'd find a place for me. Mrs. Campbell, the lady, also ran a dress shop and commanded her maid in Spanish. With the same authority in her voice, she told me to get into her white T-bird. As she drove me around to look at houses, she kept slapping me on the knee and saying how she *loved* young Navy officers. Why, her first husband had been an Annapolis man and a virgin. Far into the conversation I cautiously asked if those Vietnamese girls still lived and taught in Coronado.

"Animals," she snapped. "That's what they are." And then she began telling me how the Vietnamese girls used their jobs to chase young naval officers...

* * *

I went back to the language school to see if I could find any of the teachers I knew. Miss Quoc had gone to France. "For health reasons," I was told. Miss Yen was there but didn't remember me and didn't really seem to want to chat. Mr. Hoan, the director of the Vietnamese staff, and I talked about my experiences in Vietnam. (I learned later that Mr. Hoan had been vice-president of South Vietnam in 1964 under Khanh, two coups after Diem's overthrow.) I asked about the Vietnamese restaurant that used to stand on Orange Avenue in Coronado.

"That is closed down now," he said wistfully.

* * *

"Kevin. Hey, Kevin. This is Co Phuong, our duty chinaman. Co Phuong, this is Kevin. He's really big on Vietnamese." With an less grace, my roommate drags me over to meet someone at the MCRD Officers' Club one Friday night. I stumble over a few Vietnamese phrases, but all she does is giggle and anxiously look over my shoulder for other possibilities. She looks Mexican, I think to myself, and wonder if she's part French. Co Phuong, it turns out, married a Lieutenant Commander dentist who brought her to San Diego with him. Three days after arrival, she sued for divorce. "Why don't you go back?" I naively ask. "Don't you have any feeling for your countrymen still there?"

* * *

It's October 1972. The woman officer in charge of the Naval Amphibious School language school warns me that any official information about the language school would have to be approved by the Public Affairs Officer. So I settle for an interview with the new Vietnamese staff director. Walking down the dimly lit hallway to his office I notice that there are only four Vietnamese faces left on the staff bulletin board rogue's gallery.

Mr. Hiet, the director, greets me warmly and we sit down with a Mrs. Huong. I mention the week-old story in the *L.A. Times* about Mr. Hoan, his predecessor. The story said Mr. Hoan was running a Vietnamese restaurant in Mountain View.

"Oh, yes. I too have a Vietnamese restaurant, in Monterey. My sister runs it. There are about four in the San Francisco area."

Trying not to sound too trite or too gushy, I asked them about loneliness. Mrs. Huong, a petite girl with big, round cheeks and a small mouth responded first. "I think, yes. Especially for the girl. She can't go out and go around like the man."

How about social life with the other Vietnamese in the area? I had heard there were over a hundred others in the San Diego area.

"Yes, we Vietnamese have some parties. We usually sit and listen to Vietnamese music and afterwards eat some traditional Vietnamese foods."

Has anybody ever bothered you in San Diego?

"No, no one. Everyone is really nice in my neighborhood. When they find out I'm Vietnamese, they bring me things and invite me to go places with them. I think California is the friendliest place in the States. Maybe it is because people here are used to seeing Filipinos and Japanese."

How about Vietnam itself? Do you think the war has changed the people very much?

"Maybe on the outside. In most families the woman never used to work. Now it's common. A lot of people listen to Western music. But still, deep down, traditional music is the favorite. Whenever we get a chance, we listen to it. Maybe because we're homesick...down, deep inside, people don't change that much."

Last question: are you going to go back to Vietnam?

"Sure," they both said without hesitation, almost with finality. Mr. Hiet said he would probably go next summer. Mrs. Huong sighed, "It's going to be harder for me because I'm married to an American. But we're saving our money."

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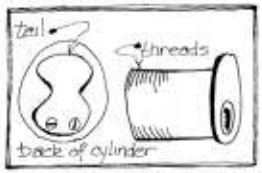
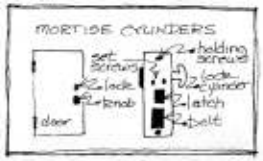
MR. FIXIT (continued from pg. 3)

to get the cylinder out. This type of cylinder then must be unscrewed itself, since it is actually screwed into threads inside the door. Once it has been removed, take it with you to the hardware store to be sure you are getting a cylinder with approximately similar tail.

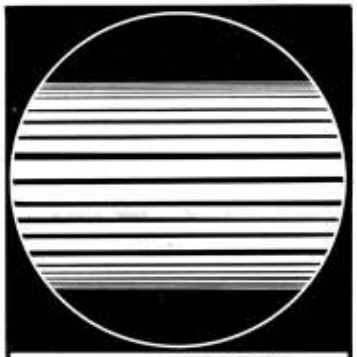


Installing the mortise cylinder can be more difficult since it must align properly after having been screwed into its threads. It may be necessary to try varying numbers of turns and varying numbers of cylinder rings. Once it is in place, it is held by the set and holding screws.

A new mortise cylinder begins at about $3.50. The best buys are in the $4 to $7 range, and are made of solid brass or bronze. Just as there are high-priced rim cylinders, there are high-priced unpickable mortise cylinders as well.



I you have difficulties, most hardware stores will provide free advice. No problems should be encountered if you proceed carefully, however, noting exactly how the lock or faucet was originally as you took it apart.



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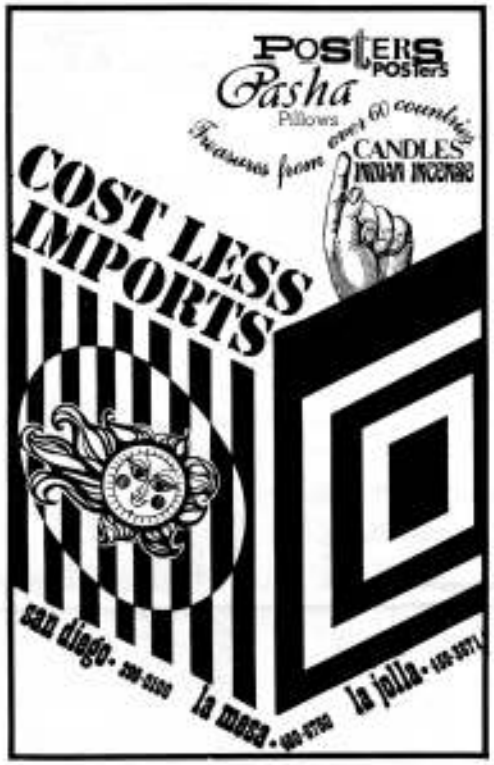

Personal

MARTY: Let's go to San Francisco together.—D.J.T. & Gus

HELEN—You don't have to love me, but do the dishes once in a while—Mel

ERIC—I looked in the Downtown, Bully's and INCEE for you. What kind of a place is that?—Mary

ARE YOU NEW in town and lonesome too. Attract 24-year-old female grad student would like to hear from male with similar background (24-30 years old). Write: P.O. 82199, San Diego, California 92138.

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FLORIDA! early-spring, non-drinking fellow will carefully deliver your auto anytime soon. "J.C." 298-3386.

Wanted

BASS PLAYER wanted for group doing original material. Must sing. Call Jeff 284-7401.

DRUMMER with two years' stable experience (has opens small or Stone money) also needs to get together a new band or join one. Call Rich at 280-6111.

WANTED: musicians to play for English and American country dance, folk, Renaissance, flute, piano, concertina, fiddle, guitar, or anything else. Please call Brian Needham, 463-3300, ext. 1131.

DRUMMER WANTS to work or jam. Serious only. Janice, 582-8602.

WANTED: German war relics, helmets, daggers, swords. Private collector. 283-6006.

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WANTED: folk guitar, lead string. Will pay up to $50. Rich, 459-5390, evenings.

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NEED A RIDE from UCSD to Ocean Beach, Mondays, Wednesdays, and Fridays 4 or 5 p.m. Please help me. Diane 222-9609.

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Notices

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COMMUNAL LIVING exclusive seminar, Oct. 14 & 15. 262-3993 or 276-5884.

LOST—Irish setter, female, about 8 months old. I am very attached to my dog and will pay a large reward. No questions asked. Call 453-3060 ext. 2405 or 224-6891.

BENEFIT Concert for Proposition 19 (California Marijuana Initiative) Sunday, October 15. Band, beer, must be 21. San Diego State University. Tickets available at Proposition 19 table at SDSU.

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GERMAN SHEPHERD puppies, AKC. Dam from Rin-tin-tin. Sable and champion line sire of champion background. 263-0447.

STOVE/OVEN, GAS, $35, works. Robert at Cross Stitch, Tues. & Thurs. mornings.

NICE LADIES clothes. Size 6. All for $30. 429-2781.

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NATURAL MINK, 1½ years old. Must sell. 460-0808, between 3 p.m. and 7 p.m.

SAN DIEGO Fairlane sun, $30.00 down, $38.08 a month. Call 232-5060.

COUCH—$30. 2 occasional chairs—$15 each, best each (all—$35). 471-8476.

TWO GOLD people permanent press fitted sheets and one mattress pad for DEED books long twin bed. Air new. $10. Call Joe at 469-3304.

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FOOD

BY KATHLEEN WOODWARD

THE GREENERY

The building on the southwest corner of Mission Boulevard and Garnet Avenue in Pacific Beach has seen a lot of changes. First there was Oscar's and then the short-lived dance joint The Bushwacker. This summer I watched it undergo another transformation, speculating for a while that *The Greenery* was going to be a nursery or a place which sold Christmas trees. It is, I am happy to say, neither of these, but instead a very pleasant restaurant in the new stained-glass-and-stripped-wood style that is surfacing along the coast.

"I THOUGHT OF THE FAMOUS EATING SCENE FROM TOM JONES..."

While I was eating dinner there last weekend, I thought of the famous eating scene in *Tom Jones* where Tom and Jenny Waters eat a magnificent meal as a prelude to—or part of—their making love. Although *The Greenery* certainly doesn't have the robust exhuberance of the old English inn at Upton, it does share one important characteristic with it: it's a good place for lovers. The ceilings are low and the lighting subdued. Of the fifteen tables, fourteen are large, highbacked semi-circular booths of wood which contrast nicely with the masonry work on the walls. Chicago and Crosby, Stills, and Nash play in the background. This could all be too phoney much, but it succeeds in being tasteful, if not highly original.

The Greenery is not, thankfully, another one of the steak and lobster restaurants which smother San Diego. The hand-printed menu is interesting, extensive, even courageous. You can order a top sirloin steak if you wish, but there is also the unusual steak tartare (raw, chopped prime beef, $4.25), rack of lamb ($4.75), cheese fondue ($7.00 for two), and chile con queso ($3.25), to mention a few of the main dishes. Brown rice (moist, perhaps too moist, with bits of zucchini) and hot whole-grain breads come with the dinners as well as a generous crisp green salad (with cherry tomatoes and watercress) which is impressively served in a large wooden bowl at your table with four kinds of dressing and sesame seeds: you toss your own.

After dinner we took our coffee to the bar and talked with one of the waiters who was, appropriately enough, waiting to see if he would be needed that evening. A student, he was open and talkative and introduced us to the bartender, Nervous Harry, who is distinguished from others, I'm told, by his habit of always wearing shorts. Then he asked me what I had for dinner. The burgundy beef, I said. He winced slightly: that's the worst thing on the menu, I usually look at people funny when they order that. He was right. It wasn't very good. The beef obviously hadn't been steeped in the sauce long enough for the flavors to penetrate the meat fully. But the other dish we ordered, the prawns, six large shrimp delicately sautéed in parsley, butter, and just a hint of garlic (the menu says "more than a hint," but don't be misled by this) was delicious. And the broccoli was, as the menu promised, crisp, not a dead and soggy green. The best, however, was the home-made cheesecake. It's infinitely light and melts, if I may borrow a well-known candy phrase, in your mouth.

This is a genuine Southern California restaurant. It can't be classified according to either clientele or type, and the service is attentive, friendly, casual, and upon occasion, desultory (the wine was literally opened at the table, not to the side, and the waiter himself sniffed the cork; and tea was served as though this were a short-order New Jersey diner without a teapot or even a saucer, just a mug and a teabag). There are two other areas where the service could be improved. The gazpacho (a chilled Spanish soup) was not cold enough, although it was served in the proper tureen, and we never seemed to have enough silverware.

I recommend *The Greenery* very warmly. There is, on balance, thoughtful attention to detail here. The wine list, for example, is well-selected and amazingly reasonable. I have only one final suggestion. For dessert there is a lovely cheese platter listed on the menu which is, I understand, still in the experimental stages. Why not depart further from standard American practice and add a basket of fresh fruit? Not only would it be nice to be able to choose a bunch of grapes or a ripe pear for dessert, but it would have the further virtue of being in keeping with the spirit and name of the restaurant as well.

KSDO 1130

THE INDIVIDUALISTS

From the top, clockwise:
BILL GORDON. Raconteur, wit, bum. Plays decent guitar. His talk show is from 8-11PM.
HERB HUMPHREYS. Texan. News maverick. He's bossed a small army of newsmen from coast to coast. Anchors morning Newswatch.
SAM STEPHEN. Archetype young electronic journalist. Newsman. Afternoon Newswatch anchorman.
BILL BALLANCE. Twice-blooming radio superstar. Innovator. Unlikely lodestone of magnificent animal magnetism. 10AM-2PM.
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TALK IT UP

mr. fixit

FAUCETS AND LOCKS AND THINGS THAT GO BUMP IN THE NIGHT

Chances are, 9 out of 10 people who read this sentence do so despite a feeling of guilt. The tenth person lives at home with his parents.

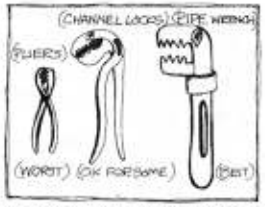
The sense of guilt is induced by that cultural universal, "the apartment." Apartments are hard masters, driving people to fantasies of impotence and delirium of expenditure. They make it uncomfortable to be perusing the *Reader*, because of the feeling deep down inside that really, "I ought to be refinishing those dining-room chairs," which were bought at a discovered "junque shop" painted bright green, but which down underneath "really seem very much like walnut." Impotence is the product of plumbing: "If Steve McQueen knows so much about racing cars, why does my toilet make that terrible dribbling sound all night long, and why can't I do anything about it?"

But there is no good reason for the apartment to stay master of the man. Most devices which cause annoyance are remarkably simple, and there is no reason to suffer patiently while waiting for the landlord to fix a faucet or to pay exhorbitant fees to a card-carrying professional. This week we will cover two devices found in every apartment, without exception: faucets and locks. If you would prefer never again being Chinese-tortured by a dripping spigot, or agitated by the knowledge that a particular lock wouldn't keep anybody out, read on.

Problem 1: The Leaky Faucet

You must first determine whether the hot or cold water is leaking. Almost invariably, it will turn out to be the hot. Turn off the main water supply to the building (generally the valve is in the front of the basement) and then open the faucets and wait for the water to stop coming out. If it doesn't, you've turned off the wrong valve. Go back and try another. In buildings with relatively modern plumbing, there is generally a valve on the feed pipe which makes a more satisfactory alternate means of shutting off the water supply to only one faucet. But at any rate, if you start to uncouple faucets without turning off the water, you had better know how to swim.

Once water is off, take a large pair of pliers and apply it to the top nut of the faucet.



On some faucets, it will be necessary to pry off the cap of the handle and unscrew it before the nut will be exposed.

Water often corrodes the plastic in faucet-handles, so it may take some strength to get apart. After pulling out the faucet unit, which looks something like this,

you are ready to determine what sort of washer is needed to fix the leak. Generally, the easiest thing to do is to take the entire unit down to your neighborhood hardware store, where the salesman can determine what size and type of washer is needed.

There are two types and a few sizes of washers. Older faucets tend to use beveled washers, while more modern ones use flat. An occasional faucet having totally different washers may be encountered, but the hardware store should recognize these.

At the bottom of the unit, there is a brass screw. Unscrew it, and lift or pry out the old washer. The old washer may be so wasted away that only the screw may remain. Now, put in the new washer, tighten the brass screw, and reverse the process by which you took the faucet apart. Replace the unit in the faucet, and tighten the nut on top. Now replace the handle if there was one. You are now ready to turn the water on, so do so, while praying. If you're lucky, nothing will happen, and when you turn the handle on the faucet, water will run. If you're not lucky, water will just continue to run out, no matter what the position of the handle, and you had better take the unit back to the hardware store for further consultation.

In most buildings there is some kind of access to the main water valve. If you don't know about it, ask the janitor for assistance, and he might even lend you the tools you need.

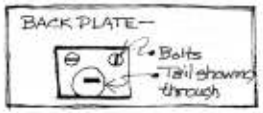
A small package of washers should sell for 39 to 49 cents, thus making the job much cheaper than the $10-15 which a plumber would charge.

Problem 2: Changing Lock Cylinders

Changing lock cylinders is remarkably simple, and it often pays to do it yourself. For one thing, it will demonstrate to the apartment dweller how simple your lock is to tamper with, thus destroying any false feelings of confidence. A lock is only as good as the door it is mounted on.

The cylinder is the active mechanism of a lock which causes it to lock or unlock. Generally bolts are entirely separate, so that various kinds of cylinders will work with a single bolt installation. For that reason, changing cylinders may actually be the easiest way to *change the* keying of a lock. A locksmith could be called to "re-key" an existing cylinder, but he would often charge more than the cost of a moderately-priced new cylinder. Let us look at the two most common types of apartment locks, the rim cylinder and the mortise cylinder, and see how they can be changed.

Rim Cylinders are generally found on locks which lock behind the door, that is, those which do not use a bolt located in the door itself. The first step is to remove that inside portion, which is generally accomplished by removing four screws. This should expose the back plate, which looks like this:



The flat piece of metal sticking through the hole is the activating part (called the tail): if the right key is turned in the lock, it will turn as well, thus locking or unlocking the bolt. To remove the cylinder, you must unscrew the bolts and lift it out from the front. It will be wise to take the old cylinder with you to the hardware store to be sure of getting a new cylinder of approximately duplicate design. Look particularly at the tail—some cylinders have vertical and other cylinders horizontal tails. And they are not always interchangeable.

Once the new cylinder has been selected, it is a relatively easy matter to push it in from the front and secure it with the bolts that come with it. You must be sure that the new bolts are the same length as the old ones, however, or they may not fit. Once the bolts are in place, the lock can be replaced on the back with care taken to be sure that the back is aligned correctly. These are the pieces you are dealing with, in case you get confused.

Rim cylinders range in price from $3.69 for a decent potmetal import from Japan or made by ILCO, through solid brass models made by ILCO, Lockwood, Segal, and others, that cost between $5 and $10—and which are probably your best buy—and ending at the top of the line with pick-proof cylinders made by Medeco or Sgt. Keso, or others, which cost anywhere from $25 to thousands of dollars.

Mortise cylinders are locks inside a door controlling a deadbolt. These are locks which show a round cylinder in the front of the door, generally above the handle, but nothing in back. Since they do not go all the way through the door, they must rest on set screws put in through the edge of the door to keep them in place. Generally, there is a holding screw and one or two set screws which must be removed

(continued on page 10)

READER'S GUIDE TO SAN DIEGO'S MOVIES

★FILM★

DUNCAN SHEPARD

Alice's Restaurant—Like other youth movies, so-called, of 1969 (EASY RIDER, LAST SUMMER), Arthur Penn's slight expansion of Arlo Guthrie's audience. Actually, the jailed and Hitchcockian scenes (around a hospital death bed, a snowy funeral, and a climactic derby-running spur) are quite affecting, while the end (Randolph-Penn comedy bits are essentially Mad Magazine crudeness. But the satisfactoring of Authenticity (also even Mad's impartiality, since Guthrie is allowed to rise above his hassles with the serenity of a Renaissance Madonna, which is factually reasonable. (UCSD, 10/13 only)

Blueboard — It's all Richard Burton in this super-camp, modern dress version of the Blueboard story. Along the way, the ever-popular hero shifts out the likes of such presumptuous females as Margaret Walsh, Vivine Lee, Karin Schubert, with Joey Heatherton as the starlet one that gets away. But Howard Duff's gruff, the-perfect, ever-dependable hack, knows which buttons to push, and dishes in his lace-Playboy style. Especially recommended for male chauvinists. (Cove)

Butterflies Are Free — Slick, sweet version of the Broadway stage hit Broadway play, directed by stage hand Milton Katselas. Goldie Hawn, Eileen Heckart and introducing Edward Albert as a sweet young blind man. Blythe Danner, where are you? (Fashion Valley 4)

Cabaret — Offbeat, amoral romance in decadent Interbellum Germany. The gleriously spunky cabaret numbers comment on the plot and the historical scene, and, taking precedent over by showbiz crew par excellence Joel Grey, they are disgustingly entertaining as well. But the numbers and the love story never quite mix, and the film could have applied a bit of its teeny back upon itself, particularly when Christopher Isherwood (Michael Vale Minnelli) for E.M. Forster. (College)

The Candidate — One of the few political comedies without any elements of satire—it's refreshing, sensitive, underfound, and very entertaining. Robert Redford is the idealistic candidate who gradually becomes aware of his naivety—not too many steps ahead of the audience but nice ahead of the voting public. The details are what make it—and they are just accurate enough, particularly in Peter Boyle's intense squirming as the campaign mastermind, and Allen Garfield's media specialist. (Mission Valley Center 3)

Chitty Chitty Bang Bang — Family film about a magic car. The viewer is expected to grin and bear it out of admiration for wholesomeness. (Clairemont)

The Culpepper Cattle Co. — An amoral western, generous with sense and sustained action scenes, is possibly the best of all "real-life" horse operas. The ending is somewhat heavy and the camera is unhealthily attracted to sunsets, but otherwise the adventure of a teenager on a cattle drive has an unbearable quality of vivid imagination, calling up both the humiliations and exploration of adolescence. The actors, virtually undifferentiated in calorieus and chaseless costumes, are generally faultless, with pathetic dialects and lean physiques. Billy "Green" Bush gets a special dignity into the role of trail boss. (UA Cinema)

Dr. Zhivago — David Lean's vision of Pasternak's book is designed for filmgoers who are prone to remark "ooh" and "ah" at wide screen pictures of flowers, icicles, oceans of snow, etc. (Cam)

Everything You Have Always Wanted To Know About Sex (But were afraid to ask) — Just as Woody Allen's skill as a comedian is far more verbal than visual, so his direction is far more mimetic than personal. However, in this bright series of seven sex skits, Allen proves himself a camera-mania of hilarious accuracy. Everyone else is better at reading Allen's lines than Allen himself, but there are plenty of supporting characters around. Very funny, but nothing more, so don't let anyone give the sweet news: there won't be anything left. (Valley Circle)

Fiddler on The Roof — Liberal but rousing musical version of Sholem Aleichem stories, set in the Russian Pale. Norman Jewison's impersonal technology demonstrates just how far craftsmanship can go in making a near work of art: the musical numbers have a gritty texture and the Broadway stickiness has been skillfully excised. Topol is excellent in the role of Tevye, the rest of the cast of a piece. Recommended. (Loma)

A Fistful of Dynamite (Duck, You Sucker) — Sergio Leone's more killings are as routinized as marching band maneuvers, and his story development has the speed of a beard. However, the episodes, the stop-motion flashbacks and Morricone's daffy music are quite delicious. The two leads, Steiger and Coburn, are so absorbed with their feigned accents, not to mention their stylish coats and hats, that they often appear unaware of their central role in the story. And, for all their devotion to speech, Coburn's Irish sounds very inconsistent and Steiger's Mexican definitely deteriorated. (California; Cameo Drive-In; El Cajon)

Fools' Parade — Davis Grubb's tall tale, about three ex-cons who carried out diamonds least from their former prison home, should have been filmed as a nightmare. But Andrew McLaglen's direction primarily stresses harmy character acting, James Stewart, fondling his glass eye, seems to be alone in believing in the story's underbones. (UA Cinema)

Pete the Cat — Based on the drawings of R. Crumb, this X-rated animated feature (indeterminately self-exalted) is a period piece set in New York, circa 1967, and deals with a reasonable cat's efforts to manage his way through the treacherous cross-cultural tides. If you can't remember, it's because you were confused. (Rosy)

Funny Girl — The one film is Barbra Streisand, all the way. Personally, I think she's magnificent. The songs are good, although not always directed fair (Maximum effectiveness like "People" number is wasted). The story is pretty hackneyed, and when the music vanishes after the intermission you might as well join it. Omar Sharif does not make it as Nicky Arnstein.

Fury — Fritz Lang's 1936 message movie, a sort of urban OX BOW INCIDENT, is a cherished relic that is stiff with old age. Combined with TORTILLA FLAT, Spencer Tracy's in both. (Cinema Lite)

The Game Is Over — The Zola sports of the original novel, LA CUREE, has been exorcised from Roger Vadim's sensuous treatment. The steamy exotisism, colored and air-conditioned like a Playboy layout, takes place under ideal laboratory conditions. It stars Jane Fonda in her pre-nonsense stage. (La Paloma, 10/17 through 19)

The Godfather — Although it finds room, in its three hours, for nearly every visible gangster-story gimmick, there is no convincing expression of telling the truth, at last, about the underworld. The refined pictorial compositions and lighting effects seem to be styled, misguidedly, after Rembrandt rather than the daily tabloids. Brando's unusual sensitivity lends his unbalance and manic, even one with such a sizable population of steady players like Robert Duvall, James Caan, Richard Castellano. (Cinema 31)

The Graduate — Most of the gags sound come over as well as phonograph. Mike Nichols' self-indulgent camera direction, the replays of Simon and Garfunkel's musical agenda, and Dustin Hoffman's novice nonpresence are explicit examples of what is not meant by a light comic touch. (Grand and La Paloma, 10/17 through 19)

Harold and Maude — The ultimate in offbeat romance—the love affair between a teenager and a great grandmother. Bud Cort and Ruth Gordon make the clinches. Hal Ashby (of THE LANDLORD) directed. (Mist CARNAL KNOWLEDGE didn't tell you. (Grossmont, Shawn)

Hickey and Boggs — Culp and Cosby, reunited 1 SPY pal, play two baggy-pants, struggling private eyes, and they have wrung out their acting of the comedy-team glories. Haunted to duty in series routines. This plum, mostly opaque director is directed by Culp, who plays his cards very sparingly, if somewhatsoever. (California; Cameo Drive-In)

Joe Kidd — Clint Eastwood's latest, with good supporting cast and numerous John Sturges behind the camera. (UA Cinema)

Last of the Red Hot Lovers — Alan Arkin wants desperately (desperately) to get laid, but his assignations always going off jolly, three times off, with Sally Kellerman as a Polish maiden, Renee Taylor as a best friend of the wife, and Paula Prentiss as her usual jacked girl. A little hymnal revelation, from the Neil Simon hit, directed by Gene (Chuckles the Clown) Saks. (UA Cinema, State, Alvarado)

Lawrence of Arabia — The movie that introduced Peter O'Toole's eye and mouth gestures and twitches is much shorter in its re-release form. Which doesn't help us see the enigma of T.E. Lawrence. Today's audiences are supposed to dig the homosexual angle, but this narrow angle is hard to locate between the movie's self-invented stereotype of desert photography and the borrowed stereotype of British colonial melodrama (with military men blustering in huge rooms with lethargic overhead fans). (Clairemont)

Mecosaurus — Probably a rare chance, in San Diego, to see this Brazilian film by Joaquim Pedro de Andrade. Its noisy advance reputation rates it one of the more manic, bloody, droll, and indigestible of Cinema Nova film epics. (Unseen)

Million Dollar Legs — W. C. Fields movie about a mythical kingdom, whose name is something like Klaxadrix (Fields Potrero are cackling already) entering the Olympics games. Co-starred with Parker MAN ON A FLYING TRAPEZE. (Academy)

My Little Chickadee — W. C. Fields matched against Mae West, the super-heavyweight dialogue. Two similar contenders, battering away line with same manner, as if their peculiar repetitive conditions are sufficient to send you into unconsciousness whether or not the line has a silver of wit. Between them, Fields and West apply more unnerving pressure than an average viewer could stand; but, for the hardy, there is a second Fields feature on the same program, THE BANK DICK. (Cinema)

The New Centurions — Profane saga of old cop-new recruit as the prowl in the urban jungle, familiar territory for writer Stirling Silliphant (NAKED CITY, THE LINE-UP). George C. Scott and Stacy Keach star, with Rosalind Cash featured. Richard Fleischer directed. (Fox)

Nicholas and Alexandra — An epic story without charisma, which is pretty weird, dramatically. The two monarchs are off to the side of events, and the movie commendably limits our viewpoints, for the most part, to their own. What is lost in historical perspective is gained in a some fan pathos and sentiment. Welcomed by a large cast in that annoyingly essentialist playing common to historical films, the picture is an enjoyable entertainment—happily has a habit of being heavy on plot. Franklin Schaffner directed competently, but unpronounceably. (Fashion Valley)

Night of the Living Dead — Gruesome horror film that has earned a considerable underground reputation. The Living Dead walk again, partaking victims and devouring their entrails. Perhaps the finest movie ever shot in Pittsburgh, NIGHT OF THE LIVING DEAD is the personal project of the George Romero, who shows us what sell, even on a moving-scary budget. (Academy 10/14 midnight and 10/16)

On a Clear Day You Can See Forever — Vincente Minnelli returns to the musical form after a ten years absence, and his talent is as apparent as it is somewhat out of date. Barbra Streisand has ESP, a green thumb, and several previous lives, a positive reincarnation (Yves Montand falls in love with an earlier incarnation). Minnelli's camera goes elegance to some vulgar extents, and his romantic temperament occasionally soars. Barbra and Yves both sense she sings, and their she is remarkable. Perhaps the most tender film of recent years, it deserved a better critical reception. It has what THE BOY FRIEND lacks. (Mission Valley Center 3)

The Other — Robert Mulligan finally puts it all together. After the considerable partial achievements of UP THE DOWN STAIRCASE, TO KILL A MOCKINGBIRD, SUMMER OF 42 and BABY THE RAIN MUST FALL, the most lyrical talent in Hollywood has crafted a nearly perfect work, based on Thomas Tryon's horrific novel. Mulligan has his own sense of rhythm and space, and his story is splendidly terrifying and yet compellingly beautiful. Mulligan never chases on his unique subjective viewpoint—his story is rigorously held from the viewpoint of a most troubled child. (UA Cinema)

Portney's Complaint — Inevitably ugly and distasteful filmization of the Roth novel, with impact more smug than scatological. Producer-writer Ernest Lehman, making his directorial debut, has no concept whatsoever of cohesive filmmaking, let alone style. What he has given us is a dirty comedy that isn't very dirty and not at all funny. Lee Grant and Jack Sarnick are totally wasted as the parents, though Richard Benjamin gives his best performance to date, making some sense of the witless character Lehman has written him. Karen Black makes an affecting Monkey; indeed, her quarrels with Benjamin and some bits and pieces so the film's artistic solid. (Fashion Valley 4)

Pretty Poison — Critics Andrew Sarris and Pauline Kael, putting together for once, regretted this thin-soup, pastoral thriller into the sleepers of '68. Its proudest achievements is the laughtrack in joking up the subject of matricide. The dialogue, by Lorenzo Semple, Jr. (scriptwriter for tv's BATMAN), shows an accurate ear for contemporary idiom. Not the highpoint of the film's crushes, though, is the computerized casting of Anthony Perkins and Tuesday Weld as super-cased psychotics. (UCSD 10/16 only)

Reefer Madness — A 1936 "shocker" about the evil weed has been dug up, primarily for laughs, for those who want to feel superior. (The Tunnel Twins)

She and He — Susumu Hani, underexposed in this country, is with Dohoma and Teshigahara, one of the large figures in new Japanese cinema. This sensitive subtitled statements concerns with the modern Japanese woman. Starring Sachiko Hidari, Hani's wife. (UCSD 10/16 only)

Skyjacked — Crisp direction by John Guillermin keeps the tired cliches of the plot from being too underlying. The old star presences are like a minor league roster from AIRPORT; in some ways, their second-string status is a virtue—they are better. (Universe, en (Solana Beach)

Snow Job — Several superlatives are in order for this indifferent and unsuccessful heist picture. First, the most apt title since BOY DID I GET A WRONG NUMBER! Second, Hal (Claude Kitty) makes the most impressionless debut since John McGoire in STEAMBOAT ROUND THE BEND in 1935, if such honors can ordinarily soon dreamed. (Mission Valley Center 3)

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SAN DIEGO MOVIE GUIDE (continued)

Super Fly — Accurate and unusual, this black action picture leans away, rather sensingly, from encouraging audience whoop-ass. Credit for the relative odor, any should go to unusual, unsentimental acting by Ron O'Neal and Carl Lee, as partners in cocaine distribution who are looking for a little shadow security. (Kenmore; Fiesta Drive-In)

Sympathy for the Devil (One Plus One) — Provides close proximity to the Rolling Stones in rehearsal, but Godard's rarely a camera, searching out a metaphor for the Revolution, follows its eye in streets, which don't always coincide with the interests of Stones' fans. Some extracts the recording studio (Anne Wiazemsky in a weeds, black mittens in a junk yard) give the movie plenty of laugh. (Unseen)

Thunderball — Sean Connery's tenth Bond act at its most comfier. In the fourth installment in the series, there is almost total surrender to gadgetry, as Bond flies like Mighty Mouse through sky and sea, after stumbling upon a plot to kidnap an H-bomb. Fresh wrapper. (North Park)

Wait Until Dark — Convincing absence with good Audrey Hepburn as blind girl terrorized by hoodlums, including Alan Arkin making like Jerry Lewis. Talented Young, of the James Bond firing, directed. (Mission Valley Center 3)

What's Up, Doc? — Peter Bogdanovich has fashioned what is simply one of the funniest comedies ever filmed. Ryan O'Neal is a complete delight as the absent-minded musicologist who comes to San Francisco with his bottle and his goose (Madeline Kahn). From the Bronx he reliably runs (Kahn kicks Barbra Streisand backward and very funny), the chase and mischief never let up. BOC shows from nearly every great tradition in American comedy, proving that she can't see too many good movies. (Mission Valley Center 3)

When the Legends Die — A rodeo picture, handsomely photographed by Richard Kline, which puts the rodeo between itself and its veteran competitors. (JUNIOR BONNER, J. W. COOP) by virtue of its Indian hero. The unique description of an Indian as the rodeo circuit is dealt with, fairly adeftly, as an opportunity for apparent dramatic statement rather that for local social complaint. Newcomer Frederic Forrest, as the Indian, has a hazed voice which makes you pay attention, and Richard Widmark, as his explorer, wants to sell upon more energy than he has in a while. Still, the explorer-and-their-relationship varies heavily on formula conflict and gesture. (Fashion Valley; UA Cinema)

Where Does It Hurt? — Dubiously about the medical racket, this gruesome brew of appalling jokes—about sex, race, or whatever is sure to offend—has the peringing of a movie which expects nobody to see it. Peter Sellers manages, occasionally, to seize control now and then, and place inadvertent reminders of his talent seem. (Grossmont; Del Mar Drive-In)

Where's Poppa? — Mostly a mess, this attack on mother domination contains several of the most outrageous of reflexive injustice we recall. For specialized tastes only, but if you laugh at all, you'll laugh hard. With George Segal and Ronald Leibman as two brothers (intentions be seen neither Ruth Gordon, Yes, she is the one with the "look" gene. (Rosy)

X, Y, and Zee — Three viewpoints not long series through the writings with intelligent dialogue by Harold Robbins, Elizabeth Taylor and Michael Caine are married. Bostonian York, interflows Brian, Michael Caine, in non-less action and such, dismiss this change of pace. (Fox)

You Only Live Twice — The Bond movie hits an overdue in stage is determined by individual gadgets, widescreen, decors. This, the most overpublicized, buys a high ranking in the series with its aerial flight seen by Bond's mini-helicopter, and its climactic raid of a rocket launching pad hidden beside a Japanese volcano. (North Park)

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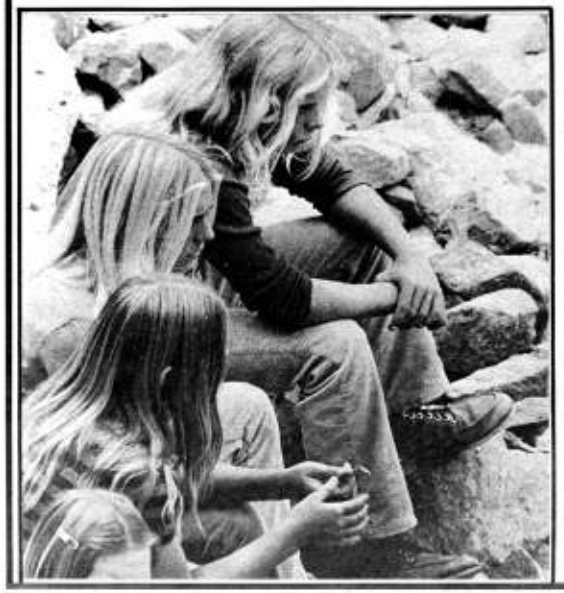


SOME GOOD CLAPTON AND SOME BAD CLAPTON

BY KARL KEATING

The title pun is succinctly: this two-record album is a musical *History of Eric Clapton*, though like any history in any medium, the subject is open to misinterpretation. Some will argue that the selected songs and tunes are unrepresentative. Others will say that the accompanying album text distorts Clapton's true character and significance. Both camps will be correct.

An anthology of any artist's works will necessarily be selective, and because of the very nature of anthologies a hierarchy will be erected: this is better than that, these are more like him than those. But in any good, reasonably representative grouping of an artist's major works (and this is surely a representative grouping) most of the significant pieces will appear. Not finding "Layla" in this album would be like not finding "Rhapsody in Blue" in the collected works of Gershwin.

By and large, I think, these album selections are truly representative of Clapton: good pieces, bad pieces; vocals, instrumentals; works from each part of his career. Some will be forgotten even before the man is; others will last a little longer.

Among the oldest of the works is "I Ain't Got You," recorded with the Yardbirds on the album of the same name. (There are no extant recordings of the efforts of the Roosters, the first group with which Clapton performed.) With this is the powerful instrumental "Tribute to Elmore"—Elmore James, with whose "tormented, brutal" life, we are told in the jacket text, Clapton has had a "strong identification."

After his stint with the Yardbirds, Clapton moved over to John Mayall's Bluesbreakers, whose success was approximately proportional to their worth. It was here, though, that Clapton polished his rock-blues skills.

Not long after, Clapton found Cream, or it found him. Regardless: a successful partnership was formed, and in this *History* are found four selections from the three Cream albums, "Sunshine of Your Love," "Crossroads," "Spoonful," and "Badge." In "Crossroads" Clapton is the lead vocalist, and it is here that he so ably illustrates that his forte is guitar playing: his voice is roughly comparable, though maybe a bit more monotonic, than that of Howard Cosell. But, to be fair, it must be admitted that there are moments when Clapton does not sound like a bourne male Janis Joplin; in "Badge," from Cream's *Goodbye* album, he at times illustrates a considerable range and assurance.

The songs in this anthology tend to suffer then from two things: the first has been mentioned: Clapton's singing. The second is simply poor recording technique. Some of the songs were recorded live, and, for instance, "Only You Know and I Know" was mortally wounded by the recording engineers—the vocals are not at all crisp which makes a bad thing worse.

HISTORY OF ERIC CLAPTON

Two record sides are devoted to works produced in collaboration with Blind Faith, Delaney & Bonnie & Friends, and Derek and the Dominoes. These works, when juxtaposed with those recorded with the Yardbirds or Cream, show a remarkably wide range of style. The long album text attributes this range to Clapton's need to explore varying musical modes. His "chameleonic changes in style and form" are visible each time he changes groups: "radical changes in playing and technique have been accompanied by altered physical appearance, different friends/musicians and lifestyles, and often profound changes in general outlook."

Profound? I doubt it. Clapton is less a Hillary scaling mountain after mountain because "they are there"—he is less that than a musician who does not really know what he is doing. Occasionally he finds himself at the winning end of a good piece of music. More often than not he is the financial winner and artistic loser. His "chameleonic changes," I predict, will continue: he will sample all the possible shades and hues, and one day he will discover that he has dropped out of the rainbow altogether.

TOP 10 RECORDS

NATIONAL (From *BILLBOARD*)

SINGLES

1. Mac Davis: Baby Don't Get Hooked on Me
2. Michael Jackson: Ben
3. O'Jay's: Back Stabbers
4. Mark Ingredient: Everybody Plays the Fool
5. Raspberries: Go All the Way
6. Bill Withers: Use Me
7. Elvis Presley: Burning Love
8. Three Dog Night: Black & White
9. Chuck Berry: My Ding-A-Ling
10. Hot Butter: Popcorn

ALBUMS AND TAPES

1. Chicago: Chicago V
2. Leon Russell: Carney
3. Rod Stewart: Never a Dull Moment
4. Cheech & Chong: Big Bambu
5. Elton John: Honky Chateau
6. Three Dog Night: Seven Separate Fools
7. Neil Diamond: Moods
8. Curtis Mayfield / Soundtrack: Superfly
9. Gilbert O'Sullivan: Himself
10. Chuck Berry: London Sessions

SAN DIEGO

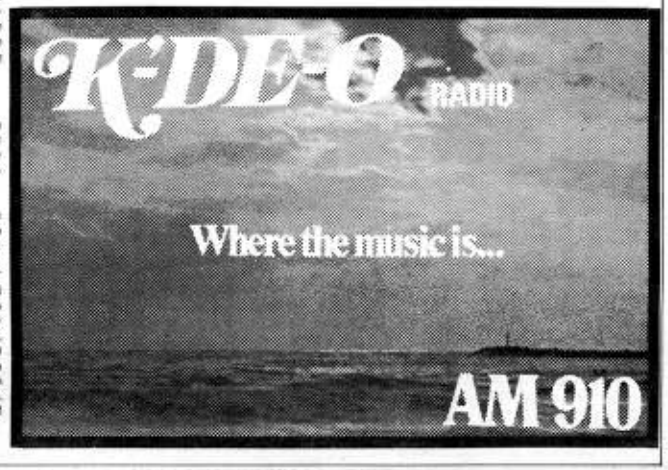
(Based on information from the WHEREHOUSE)

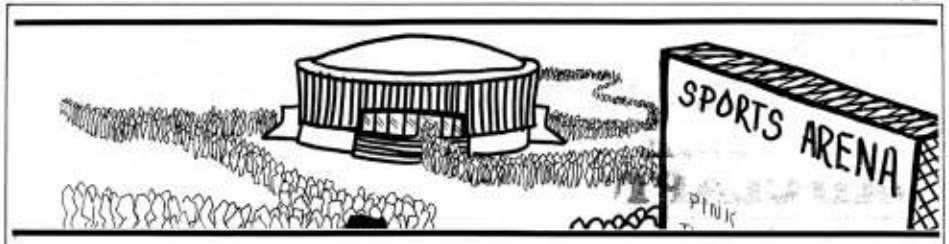
SINGLES

1. Luther Ingram: I Don't Want to Be Right
2. Al Green: Do You Want to be With Me
3. Al Green: I'm Still In Love With You
4. Three Dog Night: Black & White
5. America: Ventura Highway
6. The Who: Join Together
7. Lyn Collins: Think About It
8. Johnnie Taylor: Stop Doggin' Me
9. Dramatics: Fool to the Fool
10. Gary Glitter: Rock & Roll-Part II

ALBUMS

1. Jethro Tull: Living in the Past
2. Peter Townshend: Who Came First
3. Chicago: Chicago 5
4. Merle Haggard: Merle Haggard
5. Boz Scaggs: My Time
6. Yes: Close to the Edge
7. Elvin Bishop Group: Ten Years After
8. Grand Funk Railroad: Phoenix
9. Lee McMann: Talk to the People
10. Cat Stevens: Catch A Bull at 4





ROCK IN SAN DIEGO

PART I (continued from page 1)

by Joan Levine

and then the acid rock sounds from San Francisco emerged and Pagni was responsible for importing Janis and Big Brother, Jefferson Airplane, Quicksilver and Vanilla Fudge, complete with light shows.

"EVEN THEIR HAIRSPRAY WAS CONFISCATED."

Evidently, this is where resentment started building up towards Pagni and he became the proverbial whipping-boy between the powers-that-be at the Concourse and the young concert-goers, who resented being searched and undergoing harassment at his concerts and dances. They began to refer to the guards as "Pagni's gestapo," maybe forgetting that nobody could put on a concert or dance without a "security force," and if the promoter didn't like it, he could set up his amps elsewhere. Still, a lot of people I encountered in my interviews bitterly recall going to Pagni's dances at USD, and having their pillows, combs, and, in those days of bouffant hair-dos, even their hairspray confiscated.

The gap between the money that people think Jim Pagni rakes in and the amount that he claims he clears is tremendous. A couple of months ago a local branch of the Rock Liberation Front made assorted charges against Pagni, including some concerning a Led Zepplin concert. Pagni was charged with raking a huge profit from the promotion of the Zepplin concert. In fact, the group was brought here by a Seattle firm called Concerts West. Pagni was hired by them as a press agent on a 15 per cent basis, a chore which made him a commission of $250. After Zepplin, leaflets were distributed, accusing him of monopoly, and showing an illustration of a shady old guy counting his wad of bills. The RLF said that "Pagni expressed a willingness to meet with them," but the meeting never took place.

"I'D PROBABLY GET A JAR OF MUSTARD AND A DOG."

Pagni says, "they have not returned any of my calls . . . but what good would it do me to see them? The damage has been done; it would just make me look worse. Anyway, if I did see, I'd probably only be awarded a jar of mustard and a dog." For his part, Mr. Pagni says that "Groups like the Moody Blues and Led Zepplin who ask $20,000 a show are responsible for the high ticket prices. Many times it is right in the contract what the ticket prices should be. Grand Funk walked out with $32,000 the last time they were here." According to Pagni's assistant, out of the forty or so concerts he had presented in the last nine months, he's had only a dozen successful ones, the most recent being Rod Stewart, Leon Russel, Alice Cooper, and John Mayall. Some of the many that didn't fare so well were Cheech and Chong, Van Morrison, Ravi Shankar and Steve Stills.

"FUTURE OF OTHER SAN DIEGO ROCK PROMOTERS."

PART II

The future of other San Diego rock promoters is more precarious. Mark Berman and Jeff Carson run Good Times Productions. They have recently taken over the club Earth, where they have held dances for the past few months along with some recent concerts featuring Tim Weisburg, Hedge and Donna and the Youngbloods. Recently they had Boz Scaggs and band for two successful sell-out shows along with Fairfield and the Don McLeod Mime and Music Machine. Boz played for almost two hours. For $3.50, it was a lot of music. Unfortunately the rent-a-cops were a bit uptight and the refreshments were limited to soft drinks and candy bars, but it was one of the best concerts I've seen in the past few months. The management let the artist really enjoy himself and go beyond the normal 45 minute set. When Good Times Productions featured the "complete" Youngbloods earlier this year at the Scottish Rite Temple off Highway 80, the concert lasted some four hours, and it was a low ticket price also.

"THEY SAID PEOPLE COULDN'T BRING PILLOWS."

I spoke to Terry Phillips of Concert Express, who promoted the Three Dog Night and Procol Harum concerts a few months back. Phillips is not new to the concert scene in San Diego and along with his work with Concert Express, runs Wallbangers. He said that he "is moving out of larger promotion and attempting to concentrate on booking top bands into Wallbangers." The subject of other promoters came up and Terry commented that he felt "Jim Pagni has received a lot of bad rap, especially in the early part of concert promotion when he was one of the first people around, and the city would hand him ultimatums which he had to take, and in turn take the brunt of them. When they said people couldn't bring pillows, it was the Fire Department regulation, not Pagni's." Some people have said because of Pagni's nonfreak image, it doesn't help him have rapport with people, but Terry feels "that everyone has a different way of doing things, and I'm not exactly superfreak."

"IDIOT BOY ON THE NEWLYWED GAME."

Bob Eubanks, former KRLA disc jockey and resident troubleshooter/idiot boy on the Newlywed Game began Concert Associates several years ago with Jim Rissmiller and Steve Wolf, and they were responsible for promoting the first Beatles tour in the United States. Since Los Angeles is an important city for a group to play, the promoter often buys four-block dates, and since Concert Associates was well-respected, they consequently got first crack at the top groups and the major cities. Bob Eubanks got more involved in his television ventures and Rissmiller and Wolf took over, with the Filmways organization becoming the new owner. Eubanks went on to form Concert Express, which is branching out quite a bit, but Concert Associates still reigns as the leader in concert promotion on the West Coast.

Asked about the rise in ticket prices, Terry Phillips felt "that the agent is the extension of the act. The acts decide if they want $5,000 or $25,000, and then they often put on a bad show cause they're so tired from doing such a heavy tour. What I don't like is to see some cheap act with a semi-hit record staffed into a building with a high ticket price and low entertainment threshold. There are many times when I don't think it's necessary, but it's a supply and demand thing. It depends how greedy the band is, and the promoter." Jim Rissmiller of Concert Associates added a different explanation: "Our prices have not really increased since 1967 and the only two acts that commanded more were the Rolling Stones who had a $7.50 ticket, and Elvis Presley, who had a $10 ticket. What has brought the ticket price up and promotion expenses in general are the increases in union fees, advertising rates, arena rentals, and equipment costs."

"THEY PACK THEIR 54" CHESTS INTO HANG TEN T-SHIRTS."

Concert Associates has been putting concerts together since 1967, and does about 40% of their work in Arizona, 30% in Los Angeles, and the remainder in San Diego. They were the original promoters who, in an attempt to make rent-a-cops obsolete, introduced the concept of Peace Power, an organization of muscle bound college jocks who hold forth as security forces at their concerts. The idea was basically a good one—even O.J. Simpson did it one year—but a lot of these guys have been known to take their work too seriously. This "greatly alarmed" Jim Rissmiller, and "forced him to get rid of some of them immediately." They pack their 54" chests into Hang Ten T-Shirts. You can't miss 'em.

"EXPLOITER OF THE HIP CULTURE."

Bill Wright is another local promoter who put a lot of energy into doing outdoor concerts at Balboa Bowl last summer. He called them People's concerts, for the people, $2 prices for the people, good vibes for the people, and is now scratching his head because of lack of support from the people. Bill had some good ideas, and humbly, in a very low key, tried to execute them. Some people who watched him slowly exhaust his financial resources felt that he tried to promote too much of a good thing. Bill would attempt to book four good acts on a bill when two would be quite sufficient. He booked some of these concerts during the week, when at midnight, the third act would just start going onstage. A lot of people had to go to work or to school in the morning, so it just didn't work for them. Consequently, attendance was small. It was almost as if Bill felt guilty doing concert promotion. If he made a profit, he'd be labeled an "exploiter of the hip culture," and a "ripoff," so Bill Wright tried harder to show the "hip community" he was one of them. The unfortunate part was, he didn't have to. Bill brought in groups such as Wishbone Ash, the New Riders of the Purple Sage, Flash, Foghat, and Chuck Berry, all in a period of a few months, and it just didn't work in a big way.

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