Time Out in “The Struggle”

I mumbled something about “life in the ghetto” and hung up.

“The Beach Boys do some benefits, but none politically based.”

Bill Wright

Well, I really did it. Yes, I blew it again. I spent three weeks working on something that didn’t happen. To tell you the truth, I would have been surprised if it had happened. It was a benefit. Not only a regular fund raiser, but one for the 1974 California Grass Trippers, people working on the statewide push to make it okay and hassle-free. But, it’s fun doing benefits. It brings back thoughts of storybook American hippie rock ‘n’ roll. You know what I’m saying: a little freedom, a clean, happy feeling. A day outdoors, with the open blue sky covering the natural music hall filled with sweet sound, sweet smoke and pretty longhaired ladies slowly dancing. It’s happened a few places; everyone has his favorites. But now it seems that those few places are somehow fewer today than yesterday and I have to pause and wonder why.

My little benefit concert for the M.D.I. — an attempt to raise funds for the statewide movement to keep people out of jail for using marijuana — seemed like a good thing to do and I thought we could get a lot of support from the music industry. But, as Clarence Darrow once said, “Any fool can speculate.”

Some examples. When I spoke to Terry McVay of Far Out Management of Los Angeles who manages the War about doing a benefit here in San Diego he stated, “Well, the group will be in the area at one time, we’ll be here until March 11th; however War will be too busy to do any gigs. I had to turn down several excellent shows I wanted the group to play out of town.”

Some weeks after I spoke to McVay, one of the members of War got busted, (not for growing or for coke) and speaking of coke, I spoke to Irv Axeloff who represents Daryl Croory, Joni Mitchell, and Graham Nash, among others, about the benefits War started. “We don’t smoke, we only do coke,” Irv laughed. “How about a benefit for coke?” I laughed. “Sure,” I said, “I just kidded you.” Irv returned, “Everybody’s booked, no benefit.”

Before I go on, perhaps I should point out that M. D. I. had backers for the concert and the groups were going to be paid for the benefit. But many groups turned off to dope before they turned off to the benefit. A spokesman for Daybreak Management in L.A. who handles Seals and Croft roughly told me, “We don’t do benefits of that nature. The group, (Seals & Croft) are completely against all drugs.” Vincent Romero, (representing Grand Funk) told me from his New York office that the Grand One’s were already planning to visit San Diego this June, but possibly they could help out in another way and make a tape commercial. For M.D.I. saying that Grand Funk was behind the drive. Romero said he had to check with his lawyers to make sure “everything was okay.” The Grand Funk story is a good example of why many large groups (especially English bands) who can only work in many days in the States find it hard to do any benefits. They are on a circuit (like roller derby), playing city to city for large promotion companies. If they play a benefit in one city they won’t really be able to return until they are recycled there by some New York office. We are just a band, we are gold, and we’ve got to get ourselves back to the garden. — Crosby, Stills & Nash.

Still trying to get a group, I called the Grunt Records Organization and spoke to the record manager in Bill Thompson’s San Francisco office. “Well, I’d like to help out the smoke,” said the roadie, but everyone is booked. Bob Dylan is in Russia, John Cowsley is in the East, Hot Tuna is in Europe and the Jefferson Starship (their new act featuring Grace Slick & Paul Kantner) is still working. I mean, I thought, tell a hookah-smoking catatonic has given you the call. Feed your head. Feed your head.

Another group.

The Beach Boys are making a hit, how about them? I reached their offices and the reply was, “They’re on vacation,” but none politically based. I smoked a joint and thought about the meaning of “politically based” and called a group I thought might do it, they were going on tour — the Mothers of Invention with Frank Zappa, Zuck Glickman, one of Zappa’s managers asked me, “would this make us more popular?”, “Yes,” I said, “No,” Mr. Glickman returned, “we wouldn’t be interested in that.” (They’re still working on “Sgt. Pepper.”)

Feeling rather down, I smoked another reef and stopped by the Paragon Agency in Macon, Georgia. A spokesman for the Allman Brothers, Wet Willie, Marshall Tucker and other Southern groups told me, “none of our groups are on the West Coast; the Allman Brothers are in the studio and probably couldn’t get free. Anyway, they do most of their benefit concerts for the North American Indian Association.”


How about Judy Collins or Jann Buzz? Nancy Carlen of Monterey told me, “Judy Collins is in retirement for the next few years.” Gee, Great, I thought, and called Judy Buzz who was out of the country, for which I don’t blame her.

Feeling rather down, I lit another joint when the doorbell rang. We got a call from Western Union Telegraph Man who said he had a wire from England. With hopes high, I listened. It was a message from Steve Orkove of Enka Productions in London which read, “The Pink Floyd are unable to play due to other commitments but thanks for the offer.”

Not everyone was booked. Bob Scaggs’ people were asking a cool $5,000 for the benefit. Dr Hook and Steely Dan wanted $4,000 each. The Four Tops were taking bids of $7,500. And so on and so forth down that giant list of rock superstars.

With all this negative rapping, I must defend the rock and entertainment industry in pointing out that as an industry it does “give” much more than any other to charity. Along with a score of San Diego musicians, the following bands offered their services to the “-A Marijuana Movement: The Allman Brothers, Black Oak Arkansas, The Grass Packs, and the Glass Packs, Copperhead, Hot Tuna, The New Riders, Brothers, Tower of Power, Elvin Bishop, Captain Beefheart, Dr. Hook,また Party, B. J. Thomas, LaFurne Band, and Mabury Bailey. Well kids, to make a long story short, the Beach Boys, the Beach Boys roll assemblage for the marijuana movement. The Beach Boys.”

Fornoon, “Freedom is a word I rarely use, without thinking, oh yeah.” Oh yeah, I thought.
Behind the Throne

We were messsing around the bay in a 12 foot Lido. We had a case of Oly and as we came up close to this one aircraft carrier, I saw this poor s.o.b. scraping paint... on Monday I called the Navy and requested cancellation of my original request.

John Martin—
Larry Thomas may be the ideal press secretary for San Diego. Though he’s young (26) and he’s been with Mayor Wilson only a little over two years, he has the serious, tight-lipped personality of an older, more experienced person. Almost as if he had somehow missed out on childhood. Yet both his appearance (a thick beard, two-toned shoes, patterned pants) and his office (a wizard of Id cartoon on one wall, a “Girth Control/you are what you eat” physical fitness chart on the back door) show a casualness of spirit that could only be San Diego’s.

Thomas’s best bet to the public light may be traced to his parents, both of whom were members of the fourth estate—his father succeeded Herb Klein (of Nixon Administration fame) as editor of the San Diego Union (1969-70) and his mother wrote both for the San Francisco Call Bulletin and for U.P.I. Or maybe it can be traced to his theatrical experience at Point Loma High where he graduated in 1965. He was Ben Harper in Tom Sawyer, Hugo in Bye Bye Birdie. It doesn’t seem at all unnatural that he was already writing a television column for Copley News Service his freshman and sophomore years at San Diego State.

Perhaps Thomas would be even "a more ideal press secretary if he’d served as a navy lieutenant on a destroyer or even as a marine officer as his boss the Mayor did. But Thomas’s run-ins with the military are almost as good as war stories anyway. In 1967 he gave notice to Copley News Service that he was volunteering for the Army. Then he ran into a glass door and among other things severed the tendon that controlled his trigger finger. Indignant at least temporarily for the military, Thomas enlisted at Mesa and worked on the school paper with a schoolmarm who moderated his professional interest in the semester. Before the semester was over, I was editing the magazine editor. It was as a journalist that Thomas soon volunteered for the Navy. The Navy was processing his papers, when, one weekend, he and a friend were sailing around San Diego Harbor. "It was a beautiful day. We were messing around the bay in a 12 foot Lido. We had a case of Oly and as we came up close to this one aircraft carrier in the harbor I saw this poor snotnosebuck scraping paint. I got this flash. I put myself in his place and just couldn’t see it. And on Monday I called the Navy and requested cancellation of my original request.—" Thomas re-enrolled at State and graduated on the first lottery and won, with number 307.

Thomas’s father had always told him that “if you want a good background in journalism, get into the wire services.” His father had been San Diego’s one-man U.P.I. bureau years before his stint with the Union. And, lo and behold, another employment plump fell Larry’s way. Terry Crawford (now of Channel 10) was leaving the local U.P.I. bureau Thomas: “Larry Pinkerton was my boss. A tough old Army man. Boy, was he mean. But he really taught me. He came by and looked at my first story which I was writing long hand. He grabbed it and tore it up. "You’re going to learn to do on a typewriter," he said. Within two weekends, I was sending out pictures, writing stories for radio, T.V., and newspapers."

Then there was the Channel 15 job. "Peter K, the political writer for the Tribune, was leaving to work for Channel 15. Channel 15 had just gotten a Ford Foundation for a series of 36 one-hour specials on the youth movement. It was a great job. Here I was, 23 or 24, earning $3000 a week, and the youth movement was just beginning to blossom. The Greens — uh, fraternities — were losing influence and sexual immorality was becoming big. All this time Thomas was carrying 15 units at State. "It was rough going on the weekends. I’d go out Friday night and get loaded and not get any sleep and still have to work on Saturdays."

Finally, appropriately (?), Thomas went to work as political writer at the San Diego Union. He claims he “broke the story on the Republicans choosing San Diego as their convention site. But, seeing how interestingly, he was ‘almost—roommates’ — with Bob White. As the Union political reporter who played the tape leaking the initial T.T.I. involvement in the G.O.P. convention to a couple of Baltimore Sun writers and was promptly relieved of his job. "Yeah, it was weird. Cosx and I were very close. I was covering congressional majority race here. He was covering the council races. We both got a $240 apartment in Cabrillo Square here downtown which would’ve been real convenient. But there weren’t any vacancies. So the owner of Cabrillo Square, who was also owner of the Bahia, put us up in rooms out doors. The day after the story broke, Cosx got in his car and started driving. No one knew where he was and everyone was calling me and trying to find out. I think he ended up in Newport Beach. Anyway, the next night we met at this little pizza place in Pacific Beach and he told me how it happened. The people at the Union insisted they weren’t demoting him, they were just going to put him on a special investigative task force. And everyone knew he was through. In spite of the fact that Cosx is still a buddy (‘he’s gonna be in my wedding this spring’), Thomas is pretty mild toward the Copley Press, maybe even more than the politics of his present job would dictate. "My loyalty to the Union is that they were very good to me. Mr. Copley was very good to my father. Even though my father retired before his time was up, Mr. Copley was very generous to him. A lot of the problem with the Union Tribune is that many people operated over the years by saying ‘this is what Jim wants’ when those may or may not have been Copley’s wishes.” Thomas also contends that the Mayor, Mrs. Copley is a surprise person now that she’s taken over. "She may be the next Katherine Graham or the next Katharine Graham at the Washington Post.”

But what about the quality of the Union’s writing? What about the lack of in-depth reporting? "Partly the nature of the Union is constantly trying to get the news out and the people behind the staff of the L.A. Times does, for instance.” Thomas commended Harold Krebs of San Diego Magazine — "he’s really the only one to do in-depth coverage here.”

What really bothers Thomas about his job, if not the Copley Press? Two things: First, spending the time to get facts and disseminating them in different ways for different media and having the media get the facts wrong.” Almost as if to prove his point, Bob White, the Mayor’s “executive assistant,” was in the mayor’s executive office. Thomas: "God, did you see what Channel 8 did to us? They want a response from the Askew Thing. They’re saying the City Mayor, just flew back from his European tour of town (Mayor Wilson had taken a last minute trip to Israel). I’ve got ‘em ‘em evidence of all facts but not a policy statement." "I don’t know... Now, Askew’s on our side. He’s on our side. He’s on our side. Thomas exclaims around Bob White’s office for a while.

The second facet of the job is the time concern — being responsible to the people as well as to the media.” Then for some reason Thomas goes into a story about the Mayor being out of town covering San Diego. "But there’s a feeling that these occupational frustrations are overwhelming. After all, being the Mayor’s press secretary there can be certain advantages. Thomas is getting $16,500 a year plus his $13,000 job at the Union. And in spite of what Councilman Alan Hitch told him, the Mayor is from State years ago (Thomas as a reporter had rented a plane and flew to Hawaii paid by some construction interests). ‘You’ll see how hard it is up here on the street level.” Larry, Thomas appears to enjoy his position he seems almost destined for.
WALKING TALK

The reviewer’s praises are indicated by ten stars, and antagonism by the black spot. Omit movies for obvious reasons.

American Graffiti — The peak adventures, climactic decisions, and profound self-realizations of an incandescent quartet of blue-blood foursome, from class草率 to hot-rod rebel, who would speak two words to one another in four years of high school comprises one long night, placed vaguely at the end of summer, in 1962. Non-stop pop songs, and prolonged denim, drink, jacque, wish, and desire. The grainy, gassy, nervously, nostalgically. The film is, in connection with the conclusion, produces an effect of lightness and abstraction that is more the pleasant than the drill. Directed by George Lucas.

The Burglars — Jean Paul Belmondo tries smoking in his effort to free a woman he has personally performed stunts to make his point. The man’s logic seems doubly reckless because of the magnificent original of the story. (Cassino: 3,311)

The Candidate — Robert Redford’s little salon is interesting but doesn’t enthuse one to connect this to the political fabrication about a man born to become an homely politician. Along campaign trail, there are some peripheral encumbrances but there is a sense that the film-makers know more than they are telling about politics behind the scenes. (Cassino 3:23)

The Carey Treatment — James Caan is an M.D. who amateurishly attempts around Burt at bed of a doctor’s office. A management-erasing, a solidly quaffing manner, and a vision of a 100-yard dash. With Carey accepted phone booth brings nothing more to base than Old Edwards directed the thing to appeal to a seavuenger’s drollery of empty reports, punch, and a Jennifer O’Neill to struggle with.

(Casino Drive-In)

Cinderella Liberty — Eighteen-year-old is arrested in part when his pay record is vandalized and, waiting for the Navy to understand the red tape, he strikes up a relationship with a hooker-thrower and her unstable son and generates an immediate understanding concern for the problems, well-being, and ever-present hunger that a woman must face. Character, one who drops into a slut for a quickie..., with a lisp and a half-life to give it its own level, James Caan plays, with an overpowering desire, but the lead of a star, it’s the man. Momot Moore’s Quay says: “I like to be a deaf housemaid and the Gulf Coast, but once a day, an apple, a banana, to eat. The movie really appears to be a look at some bread crumbs from the book, the idea of making a film that could be said to be inspired by Arizona Highways and the Modern Manners. Other than interesting and realistic, all that is said about behaviors of Robert Blake and Blythe Danner must be flatly, quickly, definably obvious, but any of them is unnecessary in the production number atmospheres of the film. Directed by James William Guercio in his first try of some directng. (Cassino 3:23; Broadway)

Electra Glide in Blue — The JESUS PEOPLE is not a box office success, but a pleasingly inked portrayal of American society in a sequence of blocky, unblotted set pieces. It’s a curious puzzle about pacolism — triggers human, selfish, human, sense of humor, and a sense of the absurd. Walking and walking and walking and walking.

(Casino Drive-In)

Empire of the North — A piece of real, of daily, of a real place, of a real people. Within the frame, the film is hard to see what if first takes place. The story is about a man who has been an honorary fellow in this, this film, is a light, a shadow, and a cloud. It is the story of a man who is known and accused of the murder of his wife.

(Cassino; composed 3,090)

Citizen Kane — The parent-child relationship, the desire of ambition, and the growth of his career. The strong point is actually on the interestingly played part, a strong part.

(Casino Drive-In)

Cape Pike — Some curious glances at the world of mountain真诚的山峰是。 Some strange sojourn at the murky foundations of Geneva Cliff, a little way north of the great divide. Kris Kristofferson, debuting as an unsuccessful poet with a song about his hometown encounter between the nearest neighbor, under the pretense of a good Li-free, a No. 1. The incredibility, the poetic passion, the words, the rhythm, the violence, and every single moment of the film is perfectly heroic saga. Impressively realized by Robert Towne, the film is about the love of Joe Bait, in a grip on traffic’s recording of truth, one moment of truth, a moment of grace, a moment of suspense. With Lee Marvin, Ernest Borgnine.

(Casino Drive-In)

The Exorcist — Just because the film-makers do not try to scare you with interesting development of characteristics, it does not mean that the viewer is to see lack of strength. And the sinister, expressionistic grotesquerie of the whole film is essential for what it hides about the limited budget for the film’s content. The character of the film is not very visible. It contains the specter of the pop psychodynamic. Shining, and the sinister, expressionistic grotesquerie of the whole film is essential for what it hides about the limited budget for the film’s content. (Cassino 3,311)

Crazy Joe — Carlo Lucarelli’s spaghetti-western comic series is based on the novel by Joe Gialo, however reference to the character’s role is provided. The story is about a cartell of a gallo of Gallo wines. The quickness, plus the speed equals a pretty bumpy ride. Peter Boyle, Rip Torn, L.W. (Flix)

Cries and Whispers — Not without its moments, and, to the disappointment of some critics, the film is not a perfect part of the parochial hypnotic and in the picture a woman who is not a woman. Directed by Martin Scorsese.

Day of the Dolphins — One is drowned in the ocean with the exasperation of a man’s breaking down, speaking, or squeaking together, in the morgue, the unfeigned understated pain. The film is in a slow motion, the theme song, the slow motion, the theme song.

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(Casino Drive-In)

Top 10 National LP’s
1. GREATEST HITS/John Denver
2. UNPLUGGED/Clive Davis/Mr. Mike
3. TUBULAR BELLS/Mike Oldfield
4. ON THE HORIZON/Bob Dylan
5. WHERE RABRA STANDED
6. BAND ON THE RUN/Paul McCartney and Wings
7. LADY/Gary U.S. Bonds
8. HOTCHAKES/Carly Simon
9. THE ICON/RC Jones
10. GUY LEDGER UNLIMITED ORCHESTRA
11. GOODBYE YELLOW BRICK ROAD/Elon John
12. GIVE YOUR MESS AROUND/WINNIE CREASEY

Top 10 National Singles
1. SUNSHINE ON MY SHOULDERS/Lonny Denver
2. COME ON AND FEEL THE FREEDOM/Lee McDonald
3. SEASONS IN THE SUN/Terry Jacks
4. BENDIE AND THE JETS/John Jon
5. DARK LADY/Ozz
6. LIFE IS A JOURNEY/Carly Simon and James Taylor
7. JET/Paul McCartney and Wings
8. COME ON WE CAN GET THE LOVE/Redbone
9. ERE I TO TOUCH THE WIND/McCabeles
10. THE OUTER LIMITS/Prayer of the Highwaymen

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The transformation of the expression on that young and earnest face, from stony dignity to tickledpink, was itself worth the price of admission.

—Jonathan Saville—

Last week’s concert of the San Diego Symphony Chamber Orchestra at the San Diego Civic Theatre, was interesting not only in itself, but also for the city of San Diego to become acquainted with Charles Ketcham, the new assistant conductor of the Symphony. A native of our city and a former student at San Diego State, Mr. Ketcham has studied conducting with Eric Leinsdorf, Wolfgang Sawallisch, Walter Susskind, Franco Ferraro and Jean Fournier. He was appointed as his present post last June by Peter Eros, on the basis of the recent chamber concert, it is evident that Mr. Eros has made a splendid choice.

Mr. Ketcham is a young man—perhaps very young man, though he may be older than the look. From a conductor of that age one might expect a certain brashness, a vigorous energy a bit rough at the edges, one remembers the young Leonard Bernstein and what he was like. What one would not expect is the extreme elegance of Mr. Ketcham’s conducting, a restraint, refinement and grace that are not so often to be found even in conductors much more experienced than he is. The control of the performances was their sense of projection. Within a fairly limited dynamic range—a limitation dictated by the size of the chamber, the nature of the hall, the kind of music programmed, and (probably) Mr. Ketcham’s own inclinations—there was a wonderful subtle balancing and control of the varying degrees of loudness. The phrases were always well shaped, but never in such a way as to call attention to themselves; they were vocally a part of the music, rather than motor-driven shadings rather than intense surges. Orchestral expression of passion were generally eschewed; instead there was a sense of tension always held within bounds, of energies modulated by courtesy, of a sullenness that was not the absence of the music. This style was perhaps not the happiest one for the opening piece, a suite drawn from Handel’s Water Music. That this music should be elegant no one would dispute, and for some people Mr. Ketcham’s exquisite elegance performance was all the music needed. As for me, I feel I missed the elements of variety, of some tension to temper the elegance in a manner music, and especially in Handel, and especially in Water Music, which I think comes across much better in a rather rougher manner, for music for performance on organs. I found Mr. Ketcham’s interpretation a bit too delicate, the tempos often too slow, the contrasts too muted and so little variety of key in the suite, the result was a beautifully refined intellect, music to savor by in a slightly stuffy drawing-room, instead of vivid background music for a jolly cruise along the Thames.

Mr. Ketcham’s approach was, however, indisputably right for the next piece, Beethoven’s Symphony No. 3. This is music without pretensions to greatness or expressiveness or grandeur, yet it has the color of the Symphony No. 3 “Pastoral” and the tragic pomp of the Symphony No. 34. It is, simply, a small piece of great charm, put together with the usual Mozartian skill, but content with its task of delighting the ears without particular interest in the mind or moving the heart. As such, it could not have asked for a better interpreter than Mr. Ketcham, who treated it with affection but without undue haste. His main efforts have clearly been devoted to getting the orchestra to play precisely what is in the score—always the conductor’s first concern, but more important than ever when the music itself makes so modest a claim on our attention. (I think of Toscanini’s recordings of the Skaters’ Waltz or the Trifles’ Dance from Carducci, not to put Mozart’s Thirty-Third in quite that category, however.) Those efforts met with great success. It was particularly nice to hear the rapid figures in the main theme of the last movement played with such clarity where with less meticulous preparation and conducting they can so easily blue into an unadorned shrivel.

After the intermission, the orchestra played Hindemith’s Trauermusik, with Harry Rummel as soloist. This is music of mourning, but mourning so refined, so polite, that it is entirely free of regret, with all the devices music uses to express such emotion, would be completely at odds with this music, and you think of the funeral march from Beethoven’s Eroica, or the last movement of Tchaikovsky’s Sixth or Rodolfo’s cry to the dead Mimi to the end of La Boheme. But you cannot know exactly what Hindemith’s Trauermusik is. It expresses its sadness through the dark timbre of the strings, through a mild dissonance, and through the constant decorative modulation that is characteristic of Hindemith’s music. It seems to end before it has begun. But it is a lovely piece, and one in a rather wavy pulled up, and it responded very well to Mr. Ketcham’s restrained approach. Mr. Rummel played with complete finesse, quite suppressing his instrument’s ability to show off, and here his beauty to appreciate the pleasure in the elegant balance they achieved between the sonorities of the orchestra and the solo instrument.

The final selection was Starañski’s ‘Poloncella’ Suite. This subtle comic masterpiece made more demands on Mr. Starañski’s talents than anything else on the program. Starañski’s arch transformations of the music of the seventh and eighteenth centuries by Neapolitan composer Pergolesi, with their cunningly interjected or enhanced dissonances and their bizarre orchestration, must be handled with great precision, too serious and straightforward and the humor will be lost, too excessive and the intricate musical fabric of texture and parody will fall apart. Mr. Ketcham conjured himself a master of this sort of music skillfully walking the tightrope between formality and force. This interpretive balance was maintained by the balance in the orchestral forces, which brought out with wonderful clarity all the peculiar effects of orchestration Starañski imposed on poor, helpless, dead Pergolesi. Only in the ‘Vivo’ section, near the end of the suite, did Mr. Ketcham kick balance down the back stairs—but he really had no choice. This section, eccentrically scored as a kind of miniature double concerto for trombone and double bass, is so grotesquely funny that Mr. Ketcham’s qualities of restraint, refinement, elegance and humor would have been as appropriate as champagne with pizza. Here he finally let his orchestra and the humor go, showing a welcome streak of the vulgar that the rest of the concert had concealed.

In any case, concealment never works for long in any public performer. Mr. Ketcham received a great deal of deserved applause at the end of this quite successful concert, and his reaction to it gave the evening its last deflectable touch. The transformation of the expression on that young and earnest face from stony dignity to tickled pink, was itself worth the price of admission. Like all true artistic experiences, it led from seriousness to happiness, from the carefully formal to the essentially delightful and human.

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TREASON FOR IMPREHENSION. See ad on page 5.

CARS


GAS SAVERS: 72 Dodge, tsk, cylinder automatic, factory air, heavy-duty suspension with rear springs, automatic transmission, chrome hood, bucket seats, radius, engine, and tires. Good tread. Contact: Wm. 255-7050.

1956 VW BUG. 1956. 4 cylinder, 3 speed manual, m.p.g. 22 (tow way). Excellent condition. Contact: Wm. 255-7050.

1951 VW CLASSIC, small "split" rear window. 4 speed manual, 22 m.p.g. Excellent condition. Contact: Wm. 255-7050.

1929 FORD ECONOLINE. Van, 72 hp, standard transmission, factory air, excellent condition. Contact: Wm. 255-7050.

1956 BUICK, 1956. 4 cylinder, 3 speed manual, m.p.g. 22 (tow way). Excellent condition. Contact: Wm. 255-7050.

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