

READER

SAN DIEGO'S MOST PECULIAR WEEKLY

JUNE 6 TO JUNE 12

Confessions of a Door to Door Salesman

— Steve Dickstein —

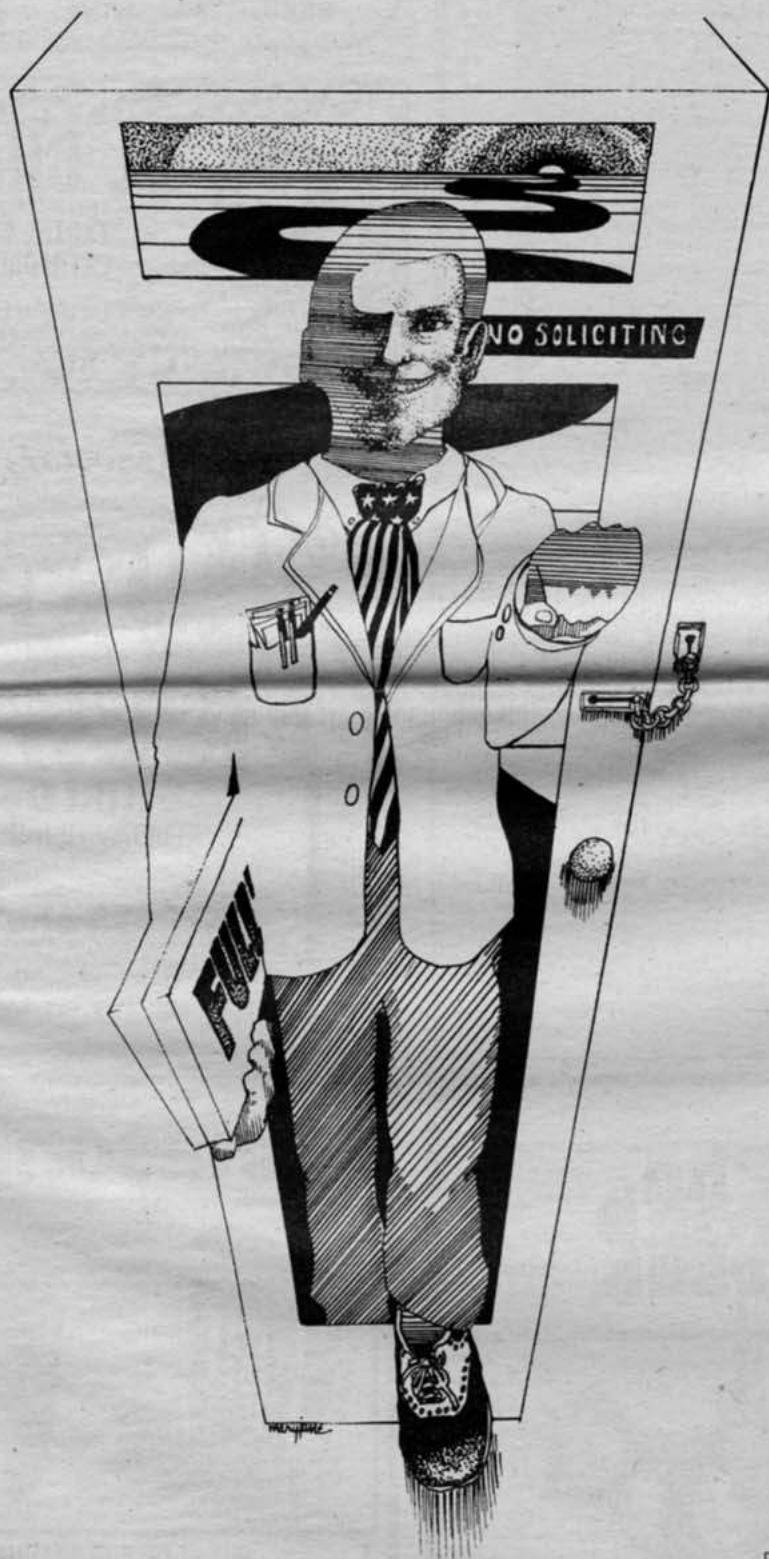
Promises, smiles and convincing rhetoric — the characteristics of a politician? Well, perhaps, but the neat person canvassing your street is more likely to be a solicitor or peddler. San Diego is victimized, or served, whatever your conclusion is, by an unusual amount of surveyors, religious fanatics, salesmen, charities and perhaps even some politicians. While most of these visitors represent sincere and legitimate enterprises, an occasional rude or aggressive act has left a generally unfavorable impression among San Diego citizens whenever the shadow of a stranger waits at the door.

Peddling is an honorable and difficult trade requiring people who don't discourage easily and who can be persistent and polite at the same time. My experiences as a door-to-door salesman over the past three months have amused, angered and saddened me. Though working for a major, well-recognized consumer company lessens the problem of identification or salesmanship, each day has proven to be a new adventure. ... door to door sales; the inevitable conversation must include, "I don't need anything today" or "I've got everything." When I hear this, I know there is hope, since at least half the sales start out in this manner. The answer is a free sample to reduce sales resistance and distract the recipient from the original notion that she didn't need anything. Then I have to offer something that is legitimately needed, or tempting, or at a sufficiently special price to merit consideration. Once a brochure is in the housewife's hand and samples and demonstrations are coming at her, the balance of power shifts to the peddler. As soon as she stumbles or delays on one item, I pounce on it and start preparing an order thereby adding pressure before she has decided whether or not to take it. Or, once a need is identified, I inquire as to whether five or six are adequate because then she's not thinking about whether she wants it or not but deciding on a quantity. In a sense you have to lead the customer on except for the hard core or regular customer who requires no propaganda or prodding.

Since women do most of the buying at the door, it is usually bad news when the husband is home. Husbands answering the door will eliminate or reduce a potential sale by their negative reinforcement, "You don't want anything, dear, do you?" Does a poor wife have a choice with that phraseology? Two other setbacks for a door to door sale are company and the phone; both interrupt the psychological groundwork that has been laid.

If an order is the reward, getting turned down can be the amusement in this business. So very often I have spent five minutes at a woman's door listening to her explain why she's too busy to take two minutes out to go through a brochure. The biggest mistake is to

(continued on page 4)



DRAWING BY MARIJANE DEMSKI

I am a confidant to many medical histories. I know the vacation schedule of my customers, when they pick up their children, and, in some odd way, I become an external part of the household.

READER'S GUIDE TO THE MUSIC SCENE

THE ANCIENT MARINER: BRANDY CREEK, Wednesday to Sunday. MARK BAKER, Monday and Tuesday. Through June 30. 2725 Shelter Island Dr. 224-8242.

ASPEN PUBLIC HOUSE: LEEKY CANOE, Tuesday to Saturday. O.D. CORRAL, Sunday and Monday, June 9 and 10. 916 Pearl St., La Jolla. 459-3300.

BLUE RIDGE MUSIC: SHEP COOKE and CALLUM UNDERPASS BAND, 8 and 10 p.m. Wednesday, June 12. 568 First St., Encinitas. 753-1775.

BOATHOUSE: REEF CODY, Wednesday through Sunday. 2040 Harbor Island Dr. 291-8011.

BOOM TRENCHARD'S: THE HATFIELDS, Monday and Tuesday, June 10 and 11. 291-5555.

CINNAMON CINDER: ELEVENTH HOUR, Friday to Sunday, June 7 to 9. WISDOM, Friday and Saturday, June 7 and 8. 7576 El Cajon Blvd. 463-9883.

CIVIC THEATER: THE EAGLES, 8 p.m. Friday, June 7. Community Concourse. 236-6510.

CLIMAX LTD.: OHIO SOUL SUPERB, Thursday through Sunday, June 6 to 9. 202 Market. 239-9336.

EL CORTEZ HOTEL: MARIA MULDAUR, 7:30 p.m. Thursday, June 6. Seventh and Ash. 232-0161.

FOLK ARTS: ROBERT JEFFERY and W.B. REED, 8 and 10 p.m. Friday and Saturday, June 7 and 8. 3743 5th Ave. 291-1786.

GOLDEN HALL: BLUE OYSTER CULT, 8 p.m. Saturday, June 8. Community Concourse. 236-6510.

GROSSMONT COLLEGE FINE ARTS HALL: CAL TJADER QUINTET, 8 p.m. Friday, June 7. 465-1700.

IRON HORSE: ROBERT SAVAGE EXPLOSION, Tuesday through Saturday. 8238 Parkway Dr., La Mesa. 465-7663.

IVY BARN: JOEL AND DAVID, Friday and Saturday, June 7 and 8. BILL ROBINSON, Tuesday and Wednesday, June 11 and 12. 911 Camino del Rio South. 296-9164.

J.J.'S: BIG MOUTH, Thursday through Saturday, June 6 to 8. SHADOWFOX, Sunday, June 9. 4025 Pacific Highway. 296-3655.

LEDBETTER'S: MIFF, Thursday and Friday, June 6 and 7. BLITZ BROTHERS, Saturday through Monday, June 8 to 10. 5524 El Cajon Blvd. 583-4524.

McBRAD'S: JUMBALAYAH, Thursday to Wednesday, June 6 to 12. 4765 Voltaire, OB. 224-8926.

NOTSOM FLOTSOM: JERRY McCANN, Thursday through Saturday, June 6 to 8. 417 Santa Fe Dr., Encinitas. 753-0329.

PARK PLACE LOUNGE: BERT TORRES AND THE CHARADES, Wednesday through Sunday. PEACH, Monday and Tuesday. 1280 Fletcher Parkway, El Cajon. 448-4111.

P. RODNEY'S: CROSSFIRE, Friday and Saturday, June 7 and 8. 271 North Highway 101, Solana Beach. 755-1729.

THE SPORTSMAN: REDEYE EXPRESS, Friday through Sunday, June 6 to 9. 5079 Logan. 262-0797.

SPRINGFIELD WAGON WORKS: TIM MORGAN, Wednesday through Saturday throughout June. 5255 Kearny Villa Road, Kearny Mesa. 565-2272.

TOM HAM'S LIGHTHOUSE: ORAL CUNNINGHAM, Wednesday to Saturday, through June. 2150 Harbor Island Dr. 291-9110.

WALLBANGER'S: MAGUS, Tuesday through Sunday, through June 16. Midway and Rosecrans. 223-3138.

OOPS! We changed printers last week and several hundred free Readers inadvertently got "10¢" printed on them. As of now, the only 10¢ Readers are sold in Downtown San Diego.

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PHOTOGRAPH BY YOLANDA LOPEZ

Big Time Art on Logan Avenue

The opening Friday night took on the aspect of a true communal happening. Visitors were greeted by a guitarist singing about the Barrio Logan; whole families had come to take part in the event.

— Kitty Morse —

In case you were wondering what was at the other end of the spotlight scanning the San Diego sky last Friday, May 31st, you should have come to the opening of the Mexican Masters at the studio of Salvador Roberto Torres, at 2143 Logan Ave. A lively gathering of who's who in the Chicano community was celebrating the exhibition of such masters as Rivera, Orozco and Siqueiros which had come to the barrio. The works were salvaged from the basement of the museum in San Francisco where they had been relegated because of lack of space and were first put together and shown in the Mission District of San Francisco, the lettuce fields of Salinas, and a warehouse in Sacramento. They include lithographs, pen drawings and pastels by the three Mexican artists, and 10 local Chicano painters exhibiting along with them.

Salvador Torres put the show together in San Diego, with the help of the Congress de Artistas Chicanos en Aztlan, an organization which was founded for the purpose of encouraging Chicano art here — paintings, as well as murals, like the ones you can see on the columns of the Coronado Bridge.

These bridge murals were created with the help of Chicanos from Los Angeles, San Francisco and San Diego, and as Salvador Torres says with obvious pride, "because everyone participated, it gives a special significance to our community. Someone will think twice about destroying them because he might get into real trouble." Torres, in a burst of creative energy, would like to see the whole underpass painted, down to the water, as well as a barrio school started where artistic self-expression would be encouraged.

The opening Friday took on the aspect of a true communal happening. Visitors were greeted by a guitarist singing about the Barrio Logan; whole families had come to take part in the event. The inevitable bumper-sticker sellers were there, a record by a "Chilean martyr" was on sale, as well as a booklet of Chicano poetry. The show went on as much in the audience as it did on the walls.

Jose Clemente Orozco's lithographs ranged from starkly realistic scenes of crowds and strikers during the Mexican Revolution to a very flowing and gentle drawing of a Franciscan monk embracing an Indian. "The Masses," done in September 1935, is a nightmarish representation of a mass of gaping mouths that almost scream out at you. "Pulqueria" (Fifth) shows gutter scenes and contorted people suffering

from various afflictions. "Demonstration" shows the despair of a crowd of starving strikers. There was also a beautiful series of hand studies in pastel contrasting sharply with the violence of the lithographs.

A series of crowds done by Diego Rivera takes on Goyaesque characteristics depicting the horrors of the Revolution, as well as ghastly psychological fantasies.

The most noteworthy drawings of David Alfaro Siqueiros were the "Head of a Negro," and a "Self Portrait," both life-size and menacingly human.

The real action were the local artists who were exhibiting. Mario Acevedo, alias Torero, as he signs some of his work, was also an organizer of the bridge murals. A well-known South West artist, his themes range from diabolical to surrealistic. An accusing eye in the middle of a bright sun shining malevolently over a purple background just about drill you to the wall. Some of his surrealism reminds me a little of Yves Tanguy, especially when they include cubic shapes hanging in mid-air. He has also obtained striking effects by painting on cloth, softening the aggressiveness of his subject matter.

Ricardo Mendoza, Mario Acevedo's brother-in law, attempted to explain the various origins of the artwork, proudly holding his baby daughter in his arms, and greeting any friend that showed up with a Chicano handshake and an excited look at his surroundings.

Chicano refers not only to Mexican-Americans, he says, but also to any Latin American artist conscious of his racially mixed origins. Mendoza is a local painter obsessed with mysticism and the macabre, and when I pointed that out to him, he answered "Chicano art is spontaneous, any Chicano is very conscious of life, and therefore anyone interested in life is also concerned with death."

Octavio, another local, is showing an amusing portrait of a fat, complacent child staring out at the world with an amused glance, bringing to mind the work of Botero, a Venezuelan artist whose models all look like tortillas.

Yolanda Lopez has several pencil drawings on show, along with a stunning oil portrait of her mother, done in the realistic style of Al Leslie, where every mole, hair and wrinkle counts. Yolanda studied and lived in San Francisco twelve years, before coming back to San Diego two years ago. She dropped out of S.D.S.U. to do community work and works at the Chicano Federation. She was one of the original participants in the Women's Chicano exhibit at the Galeria de la Raza in San Francisco.

Very interesting etchings with mythological Mexican themes typify Salvador Barajas' work, while Arturo Roman has a colorful landscape hanging.

Balazo, as Tomas Castaneda signs his name, has tamed a green and red spotted panther in one of his works, and Laurie, the only white middleclass artist in the show, offers a series of small and linear oils of Mexican people at work at different tasks.

Salvador Torres has adopted life in the Barrio Logan as his main theme in his drawings and watercolors. A small devil always seems to be spying on his subjects, from one corner of his drawings.



As the only local artist who has attained national fame, Guillermo Acevedo (who started the artistic tradition in his family) is showing the most refined and sensitive drawings I have seen in a long time. His particular interest lies with portraits of Indians; the Navajos are his favorite models, he says, because of their well defined features and their proud bearing. He sees in them a similarity with the Indians of his native Peru, where he taught and practiced twenty-five years before he was taken with a great curiosity for the U.S. Acevedo has many works on display at different galleries in the area; an intense middle-aged man,

he actually draws his models mainly from books, and tries to capture the essence of man in his art.

"I'm so proud to be part of all this, isn't this great?" beamed Yolanda Lopez. It was great. This San Diego first proves that there is an artistic community and that the Chicanos can be counted as a creative force. Most of these artists got their training at S.D.S.U. and are still struggling to find their own style. The underlying influence in all these works is not particularly ethnic, but a mixture of personal fantasies and life scenes executed in bold colors and well-defined lines which indicate the beginnings of self-assertion.

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3. Entrants should make duplicate copies of entries. The Reader assumes no responsibility for loss of entries and will not return entries.

4. There are no residence or age requirements for eligibility, nor is there an entry fee. You may submit as many entries as you like.

5. Winning essays will be reproduced in the July 11, 1974 issue of the Reader.

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CONFESSIONS (con't)

(continued from page 1)

offer encouragement when no interest exists such as, "maybe another time". Nothing can be more infuriating than the invitation to return in half an hour to discover there is no interest anyway. Or women that are on the phone and ask you to wait, then when they get off several minutes later you discover they had absolutely no interest anyway.

The Southern California community is very open, the weather is good — all the ingredients for door to door sales. At one house I didn't get an order but did receive homebaked cookies. One customer invited me for drinks during my deliveries. At one order I got a 20% tip. Rarely if ever is a door slammed or nasty remarks exchanged. When one said no, her nine year old daughter insisted, "But when I grow up you can visit my house." Several people have "No Solicitors" signs near their doorbells, but I just go up anyway insisting I am a peddler, not a solicitor. The greatest worry is the overabundant dog population. Each house is a constant gamble as to whether you are intimidating just a barker or the fiercer type who prefers flesh samples.

Some people just can't say no themselves, so they send their children to the door with inevitably, "She's too busy now." Much to her future regret, I might add, since that statement doesn't declare her not to be a potential sale. Other people just don't answer the door, but again, I'll be back. In a few cases you get artificial excuses such as moving, but I've visited people over a period of three months who continue to insist they're moving. Besides these two popular ways of saying no, I run into a lot of "no money" even

payment on delivery. A peddler has a modicum of intelligence and is unlikely to believe the sincerity of a poverty plea from the ocean-side doorway of a \$100,000 house. Sales are lost because of family illness, pet injury, bad horoscope signs, unexpected home expenses, etc. People enjoy telling a stranger the extent of their misery and misfortune; I am a confidant to many medical histories. I know the vacation schedule of my customers, when they pick up their children and in some odd way, I become an external part of the household. People may not always buy, but they usually like to talk. Bravo to those straightforward souls who can admit honestly and firmly, "I don't use the products" or "I don't buy from the door". (But more blessed are those who buy!)

When I visited one second floor apartment, the answer was "I can't see you now; I've just had my stairs painted" — the very same stairs that I had just walked up to ring the bell. Appearance and performance do not go unrecognized; at one door a man tried to talk me into joining his organization selling funeral plots. The best and worst house to visit is a fellow peddler who knows the misery of the door to door circuit. In the former sense you get a lot of sympathy orders. In the latter I met a religious crusader who tied me up for twenty minutes trying to improve my standing with God. People can get obnoxious, on either side of the door.

Some people inquire about the commission on each order. Others insist on special favors or discounts. Since the entire earnings in this job is commission, it's like asking someone you don't know to give up part of their paycheck — not very fair. Of course, some people live for the samples or anything at all that comes free. The peddler pays for his own samples and brochures and uses them at his own discretion. I have a habit of running out of samples every time someone chimes up, "I'm not interested in anything, but I'll take some free samples." Many people

who have aimless, inactive lives pretend they are busy to the limits of the daylight hours. Even a close friend who runs about, cramming 25 hours into each day made a significant purchase when she could be deactivated long enough to evaluate honestly the merits of a particular product I knew she could use. And, despite what you may say, everyone can use something!

Another distasteful aspect of peddling is the influence of electronics. In a computer era where dehumanized treatment is so criticized, people should recognize the special and personal relationship between the door to door salesman and his customer. Over time this confidence builds so that the relationship is not one of aggressive salesmanship, but rather a sort of consulting with mutual interests involved. For some customers I can even recommend not to purchase something because I know it will be on sale in the near future; I can demonstrate a product in the home in response to an actual problem — the human content of this job generates the greatest mutual rewards and, too often, disappointments. So, when I come to a house where communication is not done on a personal level, but by means of intercoms, I wonder why people complain about an age in which we are both the victim and the perpetrator.

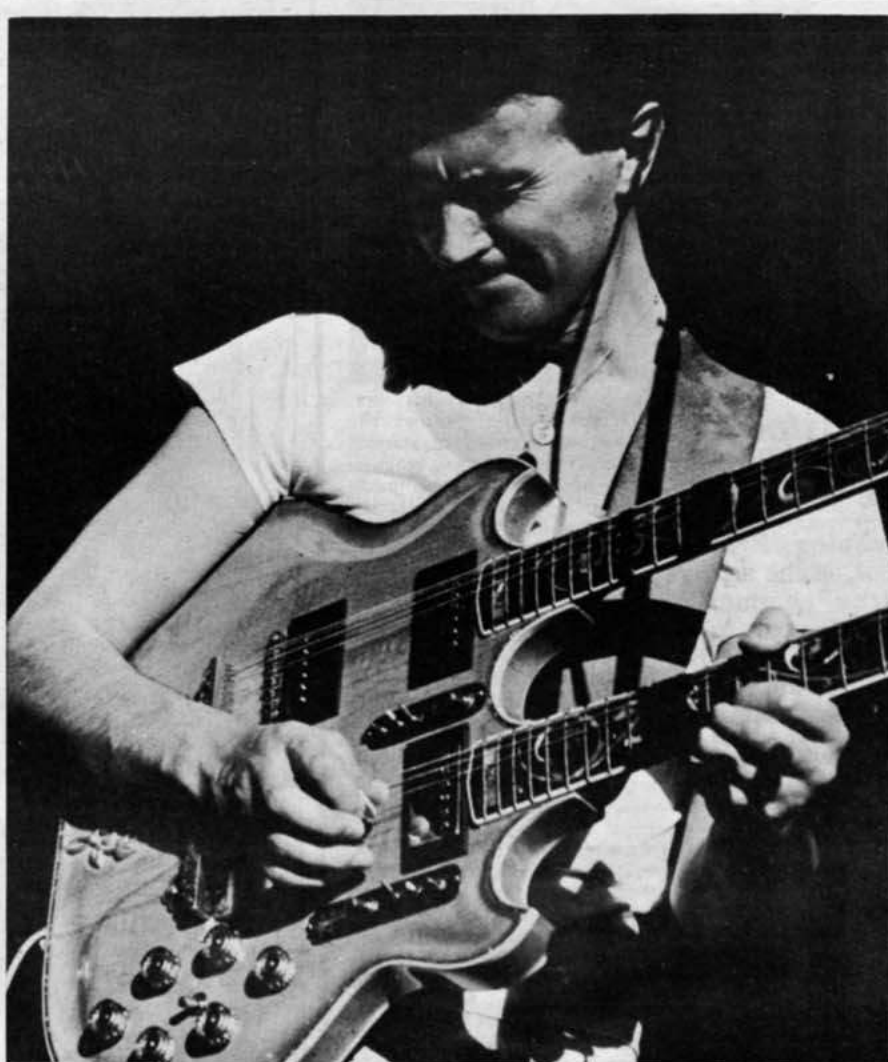
Perhaps the most glamorous stories are about the peddlers who get seduced on their routes. The only invitation I interpreted as such came from a lonely, gay guy. Some girls like to show off clothes and figures, perhaps subtle inducements, but sexual rest stops can never be financially profitable. It's quite true, time is money.

To peddle, you have to start as outgoing and amusing, but a sense of humor develops as experience expands. When one cute lady said, "Your reps haven't been around here in 1,000 years!" I responded, "Don't worry, we're trying to improve service in our new thousand

years." Sometimes what appears to be humor becomes a nuisance — for example the lady who insisted I demonstrate a cleaning product by doing her entire picture window returned an inoperative four year old aerosol can, for credit, refused to prepay for her 88¢ order, then demanded special delivery consideration. I politely left both the can and the lady. There are others whose order represents a loss measured in anguish and wasted time. Since deliveries depend on factory shipments and parcel post, like any good business position or political job, there is always someone or something else to blame the failures and errors on. This is legitimately true, but when I couldn't meet one delivery commitment, one lady, well known for vociferously belittling her maid, gave me a fifteen minute tirade about responsibility and meeting obligations, how busy she was and how much of her time I wasted, finally insisting that I personally install the refills she ordered before she would pay. The value of the order was \$3.14.

The anecdotes and amusing incidents from my experience are endless and only serve to reinforce my feelings that the true reward and interest of peddling are the human content. In more concrete terms, door to door sales offer a rewarding possibility to an energetic, neat person who refuses to discourage easily. Some days I can't even give products away, but they are quickly forgotten on the glorious occasions when in soaring confidence I could even sell ice back to the eskimos. Unfortunately, this type of work attracts mainly part-timers and students who never fully develop the customer relations that prove most profitable over time.

As a personal and concluding observation, I only expect to be treated with the same courtesy and consideration that an individual would want his own child treated in similar circumstances. With that in mind, and since tomorrow I may be visiting you, let me just tell you briefly about this fantastic, new....



PHOTOGRAPH BY STEVE ERENTER

Orchestra on the Run

Kids getting \$75 Japanese electric guitars for Christmas have one thought. "Either I get as hot as McLaughlin or die trying."

—Ted Burke—

Despite the cliches you could drag out to describe disenchantment with Mahavishnu John McLaughlin's guitar playing — that he's too technical, too fast and intellectual, he's the Seventies Alvin Lee but with more chops to justify his verbosity — he remains the new example for every aspiring guitar player. Already San Diego bands are shucking their boogie routines and are struggling with Zappa's "Peaches and Regalia," replete with jazz tempos and McLaughlin style guitar solos. Eric Clapton is passe. Kids getting \$75 Japanese electric guitars for Christmas have one thought. "Either I get as hot as McLaughlin or die trying."

Unfortunately for McLaughlin, he's now trapped inside his image as technoid fretboard honcho. Once a respected guitarist, known primarily in jazz circles for the weird atonal impossibilities he contributed to Miles Davis' bizzaro conglomerations, he smoothed his technique in the commercially viable jazz/rock Mahavishnu Orchestra. Rock fans dug on the speed-freak complexity of the band's frenetic pace and still got the reassuring punch of hard rock. This, however, left McLaughlin with little space for personal expression other than showing what a hot shot he was. After a while, it was Ten Years After with an amphetamine chaser. When news of Mahavishnu Orchestra's demise came out, some fans rejoiced. McLaughlin would have to tackle something new. He was composing orchestral music which de-emphasized the role of his guitar.

The debut of the new eleven member Mahavishnu Orchestra

(with violins, a cello, horns and the like, a set-up living up more to title of an "orchestra") proved to be old model McLaughlin with a new body and paint job. Under the shine, the performance is exactly the same.

Last Thursday at the El Cortez Hotel performance, the string and horn sections would run through their dissonant passages while McLaughlin conducted, looking uneasy as the maestro who was supposed to tame the hairy beast of the orchestra and make the noise listenable. The strings grated and the horns blorted, twisting through unconnected angular time changes, and then stopping while the essential rhythm section soloed. Here, everything fell together. McLaughlin reassumed the old licks and played fast with every conceivable combination of notes. Against him was French jazz violinist Jean Luc Ponty, balancing McLaughlin's galvanism with firm,

smooth lines. At points, the interchange between McLaughlin's staccato attacks and Ponty's temporal flow was so intense that it got useless trying to analyze it. Both were in momentary transcendence. Then the violins would enter and play the passages McLaughlin wrote for them and destroy the spell. It's not their fault, though. I suspect that for all the god-send ability Mahavishnu John has, his imagination as a writer is nil. He constructs his ideas around riffs, and the orchestral parts sounded like slowed down versions of earlier Mahavishnu Orchestra material. For a five-man band, his material burns. Enlarge it, the material seems silly.

One annoying facet of McLaughlin: He never lets up attack, even on ballads. During softer moments, the approach was the same, unvaried jazz/rock hybrid in a song that cried for a pure jazz touch.

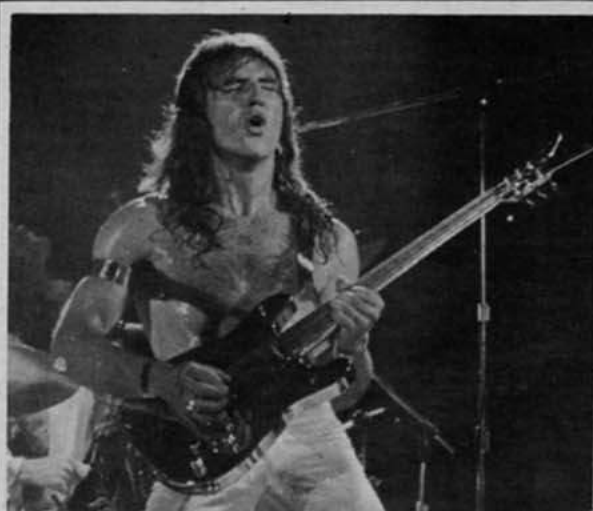
He's done it before (the *Spaces* album guitarist, Larry Coryell is an ace example) and I don't see why he should be so inflexible with his approach. As it goes, McLaughlin is a man in a rut. Yes, the man has all the chops a musician could want, and yes, too, he's forgetting what he's supposed to do with them.

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ALLEY



PHOTOGRAPH BY STEVE EPEWATER

Anonymous Jack Tempchin

When you're jobless and living in a \$20 a month garage, it doesn't seem a big problem to get enough money to get along.

— Stephen Swain —

Some people think Jack Tempchin is about to make it big. The Eagles had a good sized hit with his "Peaceful Easy Feeling" and have recorded another song of his on their new album. But Jack isn't convinced he is about to make it big and is less sure about whether he even wants to.

He politely refused an interview because, "I've never done an interview and I have no public image to present." It seems odd to meet a public performer who shuns publicity the way others exploit it, but he says he is perfectly content to remain an anonymous performer.

He performed over the weekend at the Four Muses (302 Estrella, San Clemente), one of those friendly, small clubs that offer ultimate intimacy and a chance to see good musicians perform (unlike the Sports Arena where you are only assured of hearing them). It is a shame places like this (and our own Folk Arts) have to struggle to give talented musicians a showcase. But audiences seem to prefer paying \$6 for the vastness of a large hall instead of \$3 for the chance of appreciating local talent.

In dirty sneakers, faded jeans, and worn blue plaid shirt, Tempchin mounted the small stage to modest applause and began his first set with a slow blues. Eyes closed, as if singing to himself, head thrown back, he strains to sing the pain he feels and the applause showed the audience felt it too. A comic song about an erotic mailman that he says was written for "Sesame Street" and one for the "mango growers" draw a large response and he left the stage at the end of both sets with a satisfied grin.

Backstage he talked about a future date at the Blue Ridge in Encinitas (date unknown, probably at the end of this month) but future gigs are open. He was born in Ohio and lives in San Diego largely because it was just the last place he moved to. He has no reason to move so he plans on continuing performing locally.

One is tempted to delve into his songs for hidden meanings, to uncover the private man. His songs are mostly born out of personal experiences of an ordinary human existence. He is adept with a folk-blues style, and sings of a lost love or a recalcitrant car as in his comic "Fifteen Days Under the Hood."

He prefaces that song with a story about making money which seems to typify his attitude toward changing from a local to a national musician. When you're jobless, he says, and living in a \$20 a month garage, it doesn't seem a big problem to get enough money to get along. But then a "case of the respectabilities" bites and you decide to get an \$80 a week job, which seems like an extravagant amount at first. But you've got to move closer to work, into a more expensive apartment, and you're forced to eat out since you're too bored and tired to cook for yourself. Soon \$80 a week isn't enough, so you work to promote yourself to a \$160 a week job, which means you've got to get a car, new wardrobe, and other luxuries that were unnecessary before. And suddenly you're back where you started, living from week to week on whatever you can scrape together. No matter how much you increase your wages your expenses seem to keep up.

So maybe that is what Jack fears most. More publicity leads to more

popularity, more money, more pressure, more expenses. The world is littered with artists who have tried to hold onto the shooting star quality of fame and have gotten badly burned in the process.

Well, Jack Tempchin is where he wants to be now, so why should he sacrifice what he has for the chancey life of a celebrity? Why go through what ex-Monkee Peter Tork did when you're likely to end up where you started anyway? For every Dylan there are thousands as good who try and just don't get the right breaks at the right time. It kinds of unknown ills, and Jack would just as soon pass.

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GUIDE TO THE SILVER SCREEN

American Graffiti — The peak adventures, climactic decisions, and profound self-revelations of an inconceivable quartet of bosom buddies (four diverse types, from class prez to hot-rod hood, who would not speak two words to one another in four years of high school) compressed into one long night, placed vaguely at the end of summer, in 1962. Non-stop pop songs, and putdown slang (twerp, dork, punk, etc.), and Sunset Strip culture are flung into the pot, gaily, knowingly, nostalgically. The effusion, in conjunction with the confusion, produces an effect of lightness and abandon that is more like confetti than graffiti. Directed by George Lucas.

(Fashion Valley; Clairemont; UA Cinema 3; Frontier Drive In)

Ash Wednesday — A wilted beauty undergoes plastic surgery so as to regain youth and hopefully also her estranged husband. Despite the glaring possibilities for mad-scientist fantasy and grotesque comedy, it is played as strict romantic drama, with a few surgical closeups thrown in to curtail the consumption of popcorn in the audience. Elizabeth Taylor, drowning in fur, gushes luxurious oomph into the playing of every sensation, whether it is a bite of pastry or a hypodermic in the rear. And, for the finale, she gets to go into one of her all-stops-out rampages ("Look at these breasts..."). There is a slight amount of charming heart-tugging, but most of everything — Taylor's emoting, the Alpine resort setting — is muffled by curious underlighting and imprecise focus. With Henry Fonda, Helmut Berger; directed by Larry Peerce.

(Roxy)

Badlands — With Martin Sheen, Sissy Spacek, Warren Oates; written and directed by Terry Malick.

(Fox)

Blazing Saddles — Leading off with fiery lettering for the credits in the color of cheddar cheese and a whip-cracking parody of Frankie Laine's RAWHIDE theme song, Mel Brooks bursts onto western plains, but the field gives way, shiffling, and opens wide to allow any Berkeley-ish musical stage and into the employees' cafeteria; a lippy, lumpy imitation Dietrich, droning "I'm Tired"; and a camera-conscious villain who addresses his gang on the eve of his Waterloo. "You are risking your lives, while I am risking an almost certain Academy Award nomination for Best Supporting Actor." Brooks, modest, doesn't attempt to push this burlesque into satire, even though he freely kicks around hot, bright ideas about the bigotry in the American melting pot, the musclebound and cross-eyed blundering known as Progress, and the clichés in Hollywood movies. He understands the ideas to be commonplace, basically, and settles for the comfortable satisfaction of doing the gags to a turn. And if, in some stretches, the comic invention seems to flag and to fall back on rank language, the excuse is the intention of staying offensive, which is at least connected to funny. With Cleavon Little, Gene Wilder, Madeline Kahn, Harvey Korman, and Brooks.

(Center 3 Cinema 2; UA Cinema 2; Alvarado Drive In)

The Candidate — Robert Redford's little-boy sullenness and reluctance don't add conviction to this political fabrication about a nice boy becoming an overnight bigtime politico. Along campaign trail, there are some peripheral amusements but there is a sense that the film-makers know more than they are telling about politics behind the scenes.

(Parkway 1)

Captain Apache — Alexander Singer's made-in-Spain western is amusingly gritty, or just crummy; and eventually, when the clouds of mystery surrounding the code words "April morning" begin to clear, the movie builds some respectable, nightmarish excitement. Lee Van Cleef, Carroll Baker. 1972.

(Plaza)

The Carey Treatment — James Coburn is an M.D. who amateur-sleuths around Boston in hunt of a clumsy abortionist. A hemorrhaging teenager, a sadistic gum-chewing masseur, and a collision between a speeding car and an occupied phone booth bring matters close to nausea. Blake Edwards directed the thing to appeal to a swinger's daydreams of snappy repartee, posh pad, and a Jennifer O'Neill to snuggle with.

(Casino, through 6/8)

Charley Varrick — Another Don Siegel crime caper, with a strong starting point — a smalltime crook hits a bank which is actually a Mafia front — but with very little meaning beyond the various fender bashings and skull dentings. Emotional ties between the characters are nonexistent, so the players tend to drift apart into non sequitur acts that

are, in some cases, fine and idiosyncratic (Andy Robinson, Joe Don Baker, Sherree North), and, in others, tired (Matthau, John Vernon). Siegel, by now, is working under the burdensome awareness of his cult reputation, and the resultant in-jokes, the repetitions from earlier films, and the director's cameo appearance seem flatly sour. The opening credit sequence and robbery, filmed and edited with supreme competence and confidence, testify better to the Siegel touch.

(Frontier Drive In)

Cinderella Liberty — A clean-mouthed, fifteen-year sailor is stranded in port when his pay records are mislaid and, while waiting for the Navy to unsnarl the red tape, he strikes up a relationship with a hooker-pool hustler and her mulatto son and generates an immediate and abiding concern for their problems, well-being, and ever-after happiness. He seems a saintly, strange character, one who drops into a situation haphazardly and toils dedicatedly to uplift it to his own level. James Caan plays the part with an overpowering sense of pre-eminence, too much of a Steve McQueen-ly aura of deep sensitivity and silence under a siege of loudness, hostility, meanness, vulgarity, silliness, and misunderstanding, from all sides. Particularly careless in this lopsided movie is the poverty of information about the mother-son relationship. Darryl Ponicsan wrote the script from his own novel, and much of the dialogue is dripping wet. With Marsha Mason, Kirk Calloway; directed by Mark Rydell.

(State)

The Conversation — The saturating seediness is pretty much taken care of, in short order, with the haircuts, mustaches, plastic raincoats, and physical plainness of the anti-heroes, these superstars of surveillance, and also with the somber piano tinkling of David Shire. The disaffairful, sedentary camera directions of Francis Ford Coppola mainly serve to quash all possible suspense or satire in Coppola's original story about an ace bugger who begins on the road to insanity when he begins to spy on his own wife and her lover. The plot, astonishingly simple and catty, is dropped for long intervals, rather than developed, in order to make it last the movie's length; it hinges merely on the inflection of one tiny word, and it makes a shameful borrowing of the photograph-scrutinizing scene in BLOW UP, which was a good enough scene to deserve borrowing, but the scrutinizing of tape recordings affords very little to look at on the movie screen (plastic spoons turning 'round). Gene Hackman, Allen Garfield, Frederic Forrest.

(Parkway 3; Roxy)

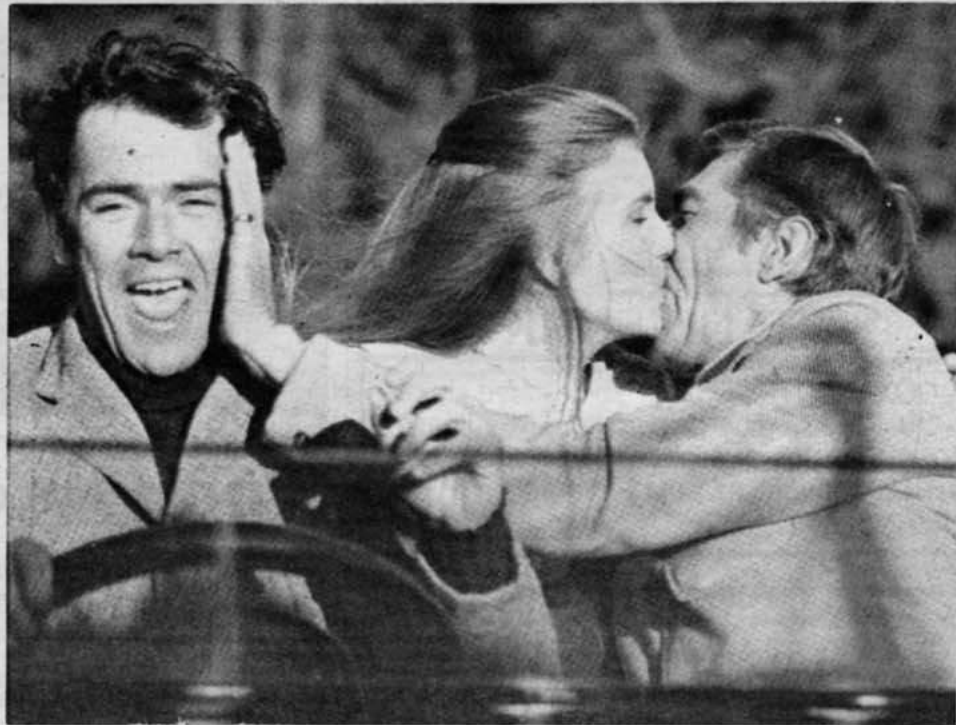
A Day at the Races — Three of the Marx Brothers, Margaret Dumont, Allan Jones, and Maureen O'Sullivan; directed by Sam Wood. 1937. Co-billed with AT THE CIRCUS, the Marxes again; directed by Edward Buzzell. 1939. (Strand)

Day of the Dolphins — One is disarmed of the urge to quarrel with the expansive inanities — a cuddlesome dolphin speaking, or squeaking rather, in English, and a political melodrama plot fetched, at the last minute, from deep left field — in the gush of the usual sumptuous gently undulating emotionalism of Georges Delerue's music, extolling the lulls, the pensive moods, and the dolphins' precision gracefulness. With George C. Scott, Trish Van Devere; directed by Mike Nichols.

(Parkway 2)

The Deadly Trackers — One million dollars into production in Spain, Sam Fuller's RIATA project folded up; eventually it moved to Mexico under Barry Shear's direction, and this is the result, another million dollars later. In the ceaseless dramatic climax, the insistent moral implications, the shockingness, and the pressing closeups are sufficient to free you from musings about how it might have been under Fuller's guidance. Richard Harris, Rod Taylor.

(Fox)



Death Rides a Horse — Two wary strangers, each one alternately helping, hindering, and besting the other, step all over one another's feet or footprints, as they pursue the same trail, the same prey, on a mission of revenge that reaches back fifteen years into a childhood trauma, kept alive in crystalline memory flashes by the stone-faced hero. The deadpan, somnambulist effect, the hovering mystery, and the visual poetry composed around the pulp-West and pop-Freud make this one of the eeriest Italian westerns. John Phillip Law, Lee Van Cleef; directed by Giulio Petroni. 1969.

(Casino, through 6/8)

Dirty Mary, Crazy Larry — Susan George, Peter Fonda, with Vic Morrow and Adam Roarke; directed by John Hough. (Capri; Campus Drive In)

The Exorcist — Just because the film-makers do not trouble to work out one interesting development of character, situation, or metaphysics is no excuse for the viewer to sit back, dull. And it is to the film's credit that there are so many teasing possibilities to pursue privately in this horror story, at once lowbrow and pretentious, about a doubting priest-psychiatrist and a firm-of-faith, feeble-of-body medievalist who confront the demon that has entered the darling daughter of a famous Hollywood star. For a while, at first, the movie maintains the attractive mystery of utter confusion about its jarring noises, everywhere menaces, undefined characters, fragments of banal nastiness; however, once the little girl, Regan, is possessed and the special effects take charge, with muscle and meatheadedness, the movie becomes as routine as if it were dispensed by the American Vending Corp. Everytime somebody enters little Regan's door it is like a coin entering the slot and out comes a treat — a sock in the jaw, a cyclone of 45 rpm's, pea-soup vomit, masturbation by crucifix. This girl knows lots of tricks. Linda Blair owes her Oscar nomination to the make-up man and Mercedes McCambridge's dubbing — she can't act, can't sing, can't dance, but she can piss, can puke, can levitate. From the William Petey Bladder novel; directed by William Friedkin.

(Cinerama)

A Film Portrait — Feature-length film by New York undergrounder Jerome Hill. 1972.

(Unicorn)

A Fistful of Dynamite (Duck, You Sucker) — Sergio Leone's mass killings are as routinized as marching band maneuvers, and his story development has the speed of a beard. However, the landscapes, the slow-motion flashbacks and Morricone's daffy music are quite delirious. 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 positions in the story. And for all their devotion to speech, Coburn's Irish sounds very inaccurate and Steiger's Mexican positively inebriated.

(Cabrillo, through 6/8)

The Fixer — Bernard Malamud's novel about the railroading of a common Jew in anti-Semitic czarist Russia, as it is realized by John Frankenheimer, resembles a mating of DR. ZHIVAGO and FIDDLER ON THE ROOF — and the making of this match breathes with as

much confidence and satisfaction as those two behemoths combined. Frankenheimer's direction tends to snap at sickly temptations (Alan Bates' willingness to perform bare-assed; old-fashioned, literal-minded Expressionistic gimmickry to convey mental unhingement; the promotion of an Average Man into an infamous victim and sublime martyr). But some good work — particularly Elizabeth Hartman's tense performance — survives in tiny crannies in this vast expanse of manufactured history. 1968.

(Unicorn)

Fritz the Cat — Bringing R. Crumb's crummy characters to life is no better an idea than bringing Charles Schultz's to life, even for the privilege of boasting about the first X-rated cartoon. The disappointment comes from some insipid voices and stiff animation, not so much from the dialogue, which is reasonably gritty.

(Broadway)

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(continued from preceding page)

The Getaway — Sam Peckinpah's uncomplicated ex-con on-the-lam yarn covers some fairly firm and familiar territory, train depots, third-rate hotels, the open road. There is relatively little action but when it comes it's overcooked. McQueen acts straightforwardly with some marvelous hand gestures; Ali McGraw acts affectively, with her habitual model's postures; and Sally Struthers acts idiotically as a veterinarian's wife who chucks her home life for some kicks as a gunman's moll.

*(Pacific Drive In; Alvarado Drive In)

The Godfather — Although it finds room, in its three hours, for nearly every viable gangster-story gimmick, there is no convincing impression 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 perpetual scene-stealing tactics unbalance any movie, even one with such a sizable population of steady players like Robert Duvall, James Caan, Richard Castellano.

*(North Park, from 6/9)

The Groove Tube — Comedy by Ken Shapiro. (Academy)

The Great Gatsby — From F. Scott Fitzgerald's book; with Robert Redford as Gatsby, Mia Farrow as Daisy, Bruce Dern as Tom, and Sam Waterston as Nick; directed by Jack Clayton. (Fashion Valley)

Lady Sings the Blues — Fictionalized biography of Billie Holiday, and the inaccuracies will probably leave Holiday worshippers inconsolable. But Diana Ross, in her acting debut, has escaped with surprising success from her Supreme mannerisms and lives entirely inside her role. Snoozy period hairdos and costumes sustain the movie even through its excessive length and narrative clichés.

*(North Park, from 6/9)

The Last Detail — Like the concurrent movie, CINDERELLA LIBERTY, that originates in a Doris Lessing novel of the U.S. Navy, this grainy portrait shows for more interest in sailors than in the service, as it quickly divorces the narrative situation from the routine of military life. This is an advantage insofar as Clifton James' bombastic base commander and Michael Moriarty's hammerheaded brig commander, the two bookends of the story, are surely the funniest cut-outs on exhibit. In between, the story of a fling — an eighteen-year-old sailor's trip to military prison under the escort of two

soft-hearted guards who want to give him a nice time — is composed of piquant events, most of which seem inevitable, but a few of which (the sect of chanters, the warehouse) are sketched with originality enough to appear happily accidental and believable. Jack Nicholson, whose most individual trait is the self-consciousness and distaste he shows for his tongue, is a moderately entertaining actor, but he is unreasonably greedy to possess every scene, to overload the relish, the delight, the cunning he puts into an average glance, an average four-letter word, an average gob. Directed by Hal Ashby.

*(Cinema 21)

The Legend of Hell House — The old college try is put out for a trivial haunted house story that unwisely duplicates the situation in THE HAUNTING (1963), a better film than this one by far. The my-way-is-better-than yours bickering between the psychic experts who are studying the spooked English mansion is fairly fun; and Pamela Franklin, a delicate-looking girl with a sly talent for implying devilry below the surface, is quite admirable as a mental medium who faces up to ghosts fearlessly and receives in turn a new set of cuts and scratches and bruises every few minutes. Directed by John Hough.

*(Campus Drive In)

Lolly Madonna — The fairly hopeful cast of Rod Steiger, Scott Wilson and Robert Ryan, and the pastoral gentleness of the hill country start to crumble, in this hillbilly feud story, during some inane flashbacks to the good old days, and they are definitely wiped out in a scatter-brained, bloody finale. Directed by Richard C. Sarafian.

*(Cabrillo, through 6/8)

Mame — From the Broadway musical, with Lucille Ball in the Angela Lansbury role and Bea Arthur in the Bea Arthur role; directed by Gene Saks. (Loma)

Man on a Swing — The preliminary proings, lab reports, photographs, that are the first legs of a sex-murder investigation, place this police case in Simonon's neighborhood, with Cliff Robertson gazing obsessively at color slides of the dead girl and trying to fill in the girl's character, the logic of her end. With the brightening arrival of Joel Grey, in springy white shoes, the material becomes more regular for a Frank Perry movie — hard, thumbnail characterizations, performed with mocking mirthful glints in the eyes, of psychiatrists, college professor, and a dynamic clairvoyant. Everything palls a bit, though, beneath the brutish overlighting.

*(Center 3 Cinema 3; Del Mar Drive In)

Newman's Law — With George Peppard; directed by Richard Heffron. (Center 3 Cinema 3; Spreckels)

North by Northwest — The topper of all Hitchcock's cross-country, hide-and-seek thrillers. The species that started with 39 STEPS and YOUNG AND INNOCENT, having undergone considerable body-building over the years, emerges in territories higher (the United Nations building), wider (a Midwest cornfield), and grander (the face of Mt. Rushmore) than before. There are many tipsy giggles and corny excitements, thanks largely to Cary Grant's ruffled, compromised, and overplayed dignity, and thanks very little to James Mason's blase, dandyish villainy. Eva Marie Saint, transformed, steps surprisingly to the fore of Hitchcock's line of icy blondes. 1959.

*** (Cinema Leo)

The Outside Man — From within a classical thriller formula, having to do with a gangland assassin played very soberly by Jean Louis Trintignant, comes this outstanding contribution to the body of work turned out by visiting Europeans shooting L.A. (demy's MODEL SHOP, Antonioni's ZABRISKIE POINT, etc.). The action, which spills all across town, from Beverly Hills to cheery nightspots to the desolate seaside piers, along freeways and Sunset Strip and back alleys, is staged with draftsmanlike precision, and filmed with a photorealistic concern for cold, clear color and surface. Ann-Margaret, coming off a debilitating stretch as a "serious" actress, is back in her best form as a B-girl who faces the world with clenched teeth, a chip on her shoulder, a platinum blonde wig, and her "hitch hanging out." Directed by Jacques Deroy.

*** (Cabrillo, through 6/8)

The Paper Chase — This college-daze story of a Harvard law school student out for the attention of his hoary professor is only of TV calibre. The lack of genuine confrontation plus the dull flannel sobriety of the direction and photography leave the viewer with hardly any choice but to join in appreciation of John Houseman's Oscar performance as a father-professor

above it all. Timothy Bottoms, Lindsay Wagner; directed by James Bridges. • (State)

Papillon — Franklin Schaffner sets aside several torpid moments to do his arrangements of multiples of uniformed figures across a Panavision screen. Mostly his movie is simplicity itself, Steve McQueen propped in front of blue sky or gray wall. Some of the ins and outs of Devil's Island survival creep in, from Henri Charriere's book, but not enough to separate this escape picture from — much less surpass — other Steve McQueen prison terms, THE GREAT ESCAPE and NEVADA SMITH. Co-starring Dustin Hoffman.

• (Century Twin 2)

Pete and Tillie — Walter Matthau's and Carol Burnett's strong roots in naturalism enable this fair-minded portrait of a middle-class marriage to evolve gradually and smoothly from low-key comedy to gutsy tearjerker. Directed with few lapses of purpose by Martin Ritt.

*** (Clairemont)

Play It Again, Sam — Conservative Woody Allen comedy about a klutzy movie buff, played by Allen, whose emulations of Bogart yield a predictable run of jokes about bungled seductions. Sappy excerpts from CASA BLANCA further remove the worshipful Allen character from respectability.

• (Parkway 3)

Serpico — Sidney Lumet's expose of police graft, engrossing from start to finish, is so narrowly focused in its vision of police life (cops spend most of their time making collections, evidently), and Al Pacino's voyage into disillusionment and hippie grooming and institutional boat-rocking, accompanied by the mauling music of Theodorakis, is so swift that the game appears to have been fixed. In a movie that affects naturalism (the washed-out colors, the authentic faces and places), the thorough dominance of virtues over faults in Pacino's plump character seems awfully indulgent, especially alongside the stick figures who otherwise fill up the movie. However, the imitations of petty bureaucrats are sometimes

delightful, and the playing of disagreements which provoke heated hollers and chair kicking is very invigorating.

*(Fashion Valley; Del Mar Drive In)

Sleeper — The two-hundred-years-in-the-future format admits some fond reprints of science fiction nonsense (battling a giant blob of chocolate pudding with a broom) and the usual round of gags (continued on next page)

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Come Whale at Sea World

MOVIES

(continued from preceding page)

about computers, robots, utopias. Typically, in this sterile and stark white-black-and-flesh colored movie, Woody Allen is so negligent about establishing comic ambience or momentum that each joke stands singly, fighting for its individual laugh. There is some pleasant stuff, but most of it, despite the expensive sets and props, seems basically ad lib, and no more fastidious in the thinking-over than in the thinking-up.

With Diane Keaton.

(Solana Beach)

Sometimes a Great Notion — Last-gasp emoting by Richard Jaeckel and Henry Fonda in respective death scenes are the big events in Kesey's Oregon lumberjack epic. Paul Newman, as directed by Paul Newman, gets to splash around in his favorite pastimes—cycling, beer drinking, and looking sexily rebellious in levis. It has a real full-bodied story and plenty of the cacophony of the woodcutting trade, but it's all put together rather capriciously.

*(Spreckels)

The Sound of Music — The return of. If you did not see it the first time around, there is no provocative reason to knuckle under now, although, actually, Robert Wise's direction creates a number of nice, graceful moments to compensate for all the kids and Oscar Hammerstein optimism. 1965.

(Center 3 Cinema 1; UA Cinema 1; Cove)

The Sting — The BUTCH CASSIDY gang, Redford and Newman and director George Roy Hill, regroup for a MISSION IMPOSSIBLE-style caper (you can never be sure that even the snafus are not part of the fake-out scheme) set in the urban 1930s. Recreation of the period is lavish in terms of sets and clothes styles, but in terms of cinematic style it is done absent-mindedly, with a dash here, a pinch there, strictly on the sleeve. The movie's only concern, though, is that you like the stars and pray for them to come through unscathed. Newman by now presumes you like him, or he no longer cares, while

Redford keeps on pushing, pushing. With Robert Shaw.

*(Grossmont)

Sugarland Express — A car chase movie — a hijacked highway-patrol car trailed closely by more than enough fellow patrol cars to look idiotic — which is free with its aspersions on gun-happy Texans and frustrated cops, while it displays its own refined taste in polished cars, mobility, speed, and the thrill of passing things by heedlessly. The wide-screen has seldom looked more yawning, vacant, flat. Director Steven Spielberg, 26, comes, red hot, from TV Movies-of-the-Week and, typically, he has an eye for one thing at a time, especially for the smothering charms of Goldie Hawn, who has a baby's giggles, a child actress's mugging, and a starlet's oomph. With Michael Sacks, William Atherton.

*(Valley Circle)

Take the Money and Run — Woody Allen's send up of crime movies of all types — the prison break type, the stick-em-up type, the documentary type, the newsreel type, etc. The moral comedy, with Janet Margolin, is more consistent, especially in earning laughs. It is what Johnny Carson might describe as "wild." 1969.

*(UA Cinema 3; UCSD, 6/7 only)

The Tall Blond Man with One Black Shoe — A rubber-tipped assault, by Yves Robert, on the vacant-eyed bumbler who scheme against one another in the French secret service. Such a proliferation of laughs issues from travesties and calamities of the techniques of surveillance, seduction, and mayhem that it is hard to recall afterward just what you were laughing at. With Pierre Richard, Mireille Darc.

*(UCSD, 6/8 only)

The Three Musketeers — In Richard Lester's rambunctious, semi-sloppstick treatment of Dumas's staple story, the musketeers carry out their appointed exploits apparently only because the book says they shall and not because they are able. It seems a bright idea to show swashbuckling as a loony, heedless, head-over-heels activity; but the swashbuckling genre has always had a steep inclination toward humor, and few examples, from the Douglas Fairbanks-Errol Flynn-Burt Lancaster paragon to the Bing Crosby-Danny Kaye-Bob Hope travesties to De Broca's kye CARTOUCHE, have shown a sense of humor as pinch-minded as Lester's.

However, its laughs are frequent, its pace is quick, and its promised sequel is not unwelcome. A wealth of period curiosities were dug up, or dreamed up, but it is symptomatic of Lester's stinginess that they are never displayed in a fashion to enlighten historically, but always to boggle surreally. With Michael York, Oliver Reed, Frank Finlay, Richard Chamberlain, Raquel Welch, Faye Dunaway, Charlton Heston.

*(College)

A Touch of Class — Extramarital flinging. The locales switch between the London business world and the Malaga vacationland, while the human behavior switches between improbable and inconceivable. It is entirely in the modest cause of getting laughs, and there are several gotten. The thin coating of unpleasantness comes from the color — appalling — and the plot complications — ulcer producing — and the blunt, bitter, uneasy charm of the players — George Segal, Glenda Jackson. Written, directed by Melvin Frank.

*(Valley Circle)

Twelve Chairs — Mel Brooks' would-be force (it sometimes resorts to fast motion to keep up the hectic quality), set in post-Revolution Russia, about a cross-country treasure hunt for jewels hidden in a stuffed chair. With actors like Brooks, Ron Moody, and Dom De Luise, the contest does not seem to emphasize out-hustling the opposition so much as out-mugging them. 1970.

*(Parkway 2)

What's Up Doc? — Peter Bogdanovich has unhocked dozens of gambits from old screwball comedies, which go over so big it puts in question the assumed advancement of today's audience. The pointlessness of the entire enterprise is sort of intriguing. But watching a Bogdanovich movie is something like being under the thumb of a smooth, high-pressure used car salesman whose probity is always in doubt.

*(Parkway 1; Century Twin 1; Pacific Drive In)

Wild Rovers — Blake Edwards' spiny western, pieced together from audience-approved bits of other films (William Holden looking world-weary, Ryan O'Neal romping in the snow, people dying in slow-motion, squirting blood), plus the director's special taste for bathroom humor. 1971.

*(Casino, from 6/9)

TELEVISION

THURSDAY, JUNE 6

PALM SPRINGS WEEKEND. Troy Donahue, Connie Stevens and Stephanie Powers (1963). Channel 10, 3 p.m.

THE PRIME OF MISS JEAN BRODIE. Maggie Smith, Robert Stephens and Pamela Franklin. Channel 8, 9 p.m.

WAR AND PEACE. The Rostov family escapes from Moscow with the wounded Andrei in their company. Pierre is captured and taken out to be shot. Channel 15, 9 p.m.

FRIDAY, JUNE 7

THE JOY OF LIVING. Irene Dunne, Lucille Ball and Douglas Fairbanks Jr. (1938). Channel 8, 3 p.m.

WALL STREET WEEK. "Energy: A Crisis Revisited." The effect of the energy crisis on the stock market is discussed. Channel 15, 7:30 p.m.

THE ANDERSON TAPES. Sean Connery and Dyan Cannon. Channel 10, 9 p.m.

MASTERPIECE THEATER. "Upstairs, Downstairs." Elizabeth and her suffragette friends strike a blow for women's rights and Rose ends up in jail. Julius Karelis, a wealthy businessman, takes an interest in Elizabeth and obtains Rose's freedom. Channel 15, 9 p.m.

FIRING LINE: WILLIAM F. BUCKLEY. "Justice and the Fifth Amendment." Channel 15, 10 p.m.

SAN DIEGO PANORAMA. A segment of the continuing series "Woman Today" entitled "Rape and Abortion." Channel 10, 10 p.m.

ROCK CONCERT. Mark-Almond Band, Dave Mason, Jim Croce and Jesse Colin Young. Channel 6, 10:30 p.m.

BLACK JOURNAL. Comedian Dick Gregory and Columnist Jack Anderson join host Tony Brown in a lively analysis of Nixon Administration's classification of black leaders as a class group of enemies and the furor over the "enemies list." Channel 15, 11 p.m.

DARK COMMAND. John Wayne and Claire Trevor (1946). Channel 10, 11:30 p.m.

SATURDAY, JUNE 8

NEVER SAY GOOD-BYE. Errol Flynn and Eleanor Parker (1946). Channel 6, 8 a.m.

MAJOR LEAGUE BASEBALL. California Angels vs. Detroit Tigers at Detroit. Channel 10, 11 a.m.

LOUISIANA PURCHASE. Bob Hope and Vera Zorina (1941). Channel 39, 1 p.m.

LA RAZA. A repeat of the first of a series of shows dealing with the Chicano community. Channel 10, 2 p.m.

THE BELMONT STAKES, the 106th running of the three-year-olds live from Belmont Park, N.Y. Channel 8, 2 p.m.

THE MAJOR AND THE MINOR. Ginger Rogers and Ray Milland (1942). Channel 39, 3 p.m.

WIDE WORLD OF SPORTS. Grand Prix of Monaco. Channel 39, 5 p.m.

NFL CHAMPIONSHIP GAMES. Packers vs. Browns, 1965. Channel 6, 6:30 p.m.

WORLD AT WAR. The end of Germany. Hitler commits suicide. Channel 8, 7 p.m.

NOURISH THE BEAST. Steve Tesich's zany comedy about an eccentric middle class family of engaging optimists beset by a less than perfect world. Channel 15, 9 p.m.

TO PLEASE A LADY. Clark Gable and Barbara Stanwyck (1951). Channel 6, 11:30 p.m.

SPEAKEASY. Join Chip Monck and Deep Purple's Jon Lord, Ozzy Osbourne of Black Sabbath, and Mott the Hoople's Ian Hunter. Channel 8, 12:30 a.m.

SUNDAY, JUNE 9

AMERICA AND AMERICANS. "Trusts and Trust-busters." The story of Teddy Roosevelt's confrontation with trusts and the beginning of the government's regulation of industry. Channel 10, 7 a.m.

THE SENATOR WAS INDISCREET. William Powell and Ella Rains (1947). Channel 6, 12:30 p.m.

THE MAN FROM COLORADO. William Holden and Glenn Ford (1948). Channel 10, 1 p.m.

AIR POWER. Victory in Europe. Channel 8, 2 p.m.

PIN UP GIRL. Betty Grable and Joe E. Brown (1944). Channel 8, 2 p.m.

MYSTERY OF THE WAX MUSEUM. Fay Wray and Lionel Atwill (1933). Channel 6, 9 p.m.

MASTERPIECE THEATER. "Upstairs, Downstairs." Elizabeth and her suffragette friends strike a blow for women's rights and Rose ends up in jail. Julius Karelis, a wealthy businessman, takes an interest in Elizabeth and obtains Rose's freedom. Channel 15, 9 p.m.

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DARK COMMAND. John Wayne and Claire Trevor (1946). Channel 10, 11:30 p.m.

MONDAY, JUNE 10

MAJOR LEAGUE BASEBALL. Oakland A's vs. Boston Red Sox at Boston. Channel 10, 6 p.m.

PORGY AND BESS. Sidney Poitier, Sammy Davis Jr. and Dorothy Dandridge. (1959). Channel 6, 7 p.m.

THE MAGUS. Anthony Quinn and Michael Caine. Channel 39, 9 p.m.

CONCERTO FOR PIANO AND ORCHESTRA by William Kraft, performed by the virtuoso soloist for whom it was written, Mena Golebek, accompanied by the L.A. Philharmonic Orchestra under the direction of Zubin Mehta. Channel 15, 9 p.m.

TUESDAY, JUNE 11

PEOPLE WILL TALK. Cary Grant and Jeanne Crain (1951). Channel 39, 8 a.m.

I'LL CRY TOMORROW. Susan Hayward and Eddie Albert (1955). Channel 6, 7 p.m.

THE ENERGY GAME. A documentary about the energy crisis; a viewer's quiz on conservation; and a live panel discussion. Channel 10, 8:30 p.m.

ABC THEATER. "Judgement: the Court-Martial of the Tiger of Malaya — General Yamashita." Channel 39, 8:30 p.m.

A DECADE OF CHANGE. Ten years of Civil Rights change in the U.S. and how it has modified our social structure. A production of WSJK, Knoxville. Channel 15, 9 p.m.

THE SIX WIVES OF HENRY VIII. Channel 8, 9:30 p.m.

WEDNESDAY, JUNE 12

A CERTAIN SMILE. Rossano Brazzi and Joan Fontaine (1956). Channel 39, 8 a.m.

THE INSPECTOR GENERAL. Danny Kaye and Walter Slezak (1949). Channel 6, 7 p.m.

INCIDENT AT VICHY. An encore of Arthur Miller's terse drama about occupied France in World War II. Channel 15, 8:30 p.m.

ROCK 'N' ROLL REVIVAL. With Chubby Checker, Little Richard and Gary and the U.S. Bonds. Channel 39, 11:30 p.m.



The reviewer's priorities are indicated by one to four stars, and antipathies by the black spot. Unrated movies are for now unreviewed.

As these listings are subject to change at the drop of a hat, please be sure to check with the listed theatre.

Bavasi Over His Head?

What the San Diego Padres need is some good Southern fried religion.

—Alan Pesin—

For the average San Diego citizen, June's summer sunshine opens the bedroom doors and windows letting in new breaths of vitality. Out of the spring pall come thousands of pale residents flocking to their favorite outdoor pastimes. Local golf courses overflow with impatient hackers fighting for weekend tee times. Tennis courts are logjammed with early morning risers straining and aching for status-bestowing, cocktail party conversation, tennis elbows. Seaside weekend sailors run for the railings despite calm seas during futile ocean fishing trips. Beaches abound with nearly nude bathers (though few beauties), and streakers can be found at the drop of one's pants.

While all this bandwagon activity takes place under the San Diego sun, the San Diego Padres Baseball Team plays in front of some of the largest crowds of this major league baseball season. Yet in spite of the courageous and encouraging overabundant fans, the Padres continue to lose at an astonishing rate. "Under the influence of religious conversion" seems to be the calling card for most plea-bargaining Watergate defendants. What the San Diego Padres need is some

good Southern fried religion, not the type that comes from Billy Graham, but religion of the mind, the kind that takes hold of those beaten by savage nightmares (Jeb Magruder, assistant to John Mitchell in the Committee to Re-Elect the President; Charles Colson, special counsel to President Nixon; and Linda Blair, loser of the Supporting Actress Academy Award to Tatum O'Neal.)

The Padres lose and then lose some more. Las Vegas oddsmakers pay out only thirty cents on the dollar to gamblers betting against the San Diego, yet the money keeps coming in, as if a bet against the Padres was like investing in blue chip stocks. The players, though, treat baseball as if it were a game, not a religion, and little sleep is lost or nightmares envisioned over just a game. Only the manager John Mac Namara, underpaid and overwrought, and Buzze Bavasi, overpaid and overfed, seem to care about wins and losses. If these leaders could only enforce some executive action and bring religion to their team (and what better analgesic could be found for a group of men called Padres), a winning habit might be bought through prayer and repentance for past sins.

Bavasi Senior's reputation was once that of the great baseball

empire builder. As general manager of the Dodgers he brought pennant after pennant and a couple of World Championships to Brooklyn and Los Angeles. Now after six years as creative director of the San Diego Padres, Bavasi's World Series bravura has become noticeably tarnished. When Casey Stengel was manager of the New York Yankees, he won for his team more pennants and World Championships than any other manager before him. Then Casey became New York Mets field leader and lost more games in a season than any manager in the history of baseball. Stengel had not changed his tactics at all. Platooning was the name of his game. He was feted as a genius for playing Gene Woodling against righthanders and Hank Bauer against lefthanded

pitchers. In the third inning a lefty relief pitcher would come in, Woodling would come out, and Bauer would come in and get the game winning hit. Stengel was a genius.

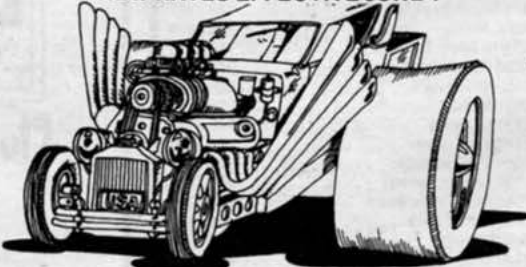
With the Mets, Casey was just as sharp. In the bottom of the first inning of New York's first home game in history, the Mets had bases loaded with two outs and Cliff Cook coming up to bat. Instead Cook was replaced by an overage, expansion-draft Gil Hodges, the man who had hit more lifetime grand-slam home runs than any other National League player ever. Hodges flew out to left, and Stengel had no one to take Cook's place at third base. Second baseman Charlie Neal took over and made the error that lost the game. On Howard Cosell's post-game radio

show it was unanimously agreed to that Casey Stengel was a show-boating incompetent. So, like Stengel before him, is Bavasi a genius or an incompetent? Are the Padres his legacy or the Dodgers?

Darryl Zanuck was a great producer because he could take bunches of finished products (pieces of developed film) and edit them together to make great pictures. With the Dodgers this is what Bavasi did. He took Koufaxes and Drysdals and Tommie Davises and produced great teams. With the San Diego Padres, Bavasi was being asked to direct, to write the script, shoot the film, and edit the end result. This job was beyond his means. Bavasi chose a position beyond his capabilities, and for this he and the San Diego fans along with him, are the penalty.

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Although in some circles it is still a toyful joke, tossed into a conversation to liven the party, the term "recycling" or "resource recovery" (the more sophisticated term) is finally approaching the big time. Not Madison Avenue, Hollywood, or Congress, but rather the homes and local institutions of America — the places where it belongs. Yes, finally, our country's Superconsumers, who continue to consume and waste at a rate that would have made ancient Rome green with envy, are starting to see the light at the end of the sewer. The plain fact is that we are all living downstream and there is no place on the face of this planet where we can truly hide (or hide from) our societal excrement.

But you ask "Hadden't we come a long way in solid waste management prior to this hoopla about recycling?" Well, the machinery and cleanliness in discarding refuse has greatly improved in recent years. But the fact that we do a fairly good job of getting rid of trash doesn't sufficiently address the problem.

Better we address ourselves to how we can efficiently and economically recover valuable resources that would otherwise be wasted.

It now looks like the concept of recycling has gotten over the sex appeal stage in San Diego County. In fact, I think it can be safely said that San Diego County is one of the most advanced areas in the country in recovering and recycling some of our valuable resources. Here are a few examples:

Water:

Santee Lakes, fresh water recreational lakes created from recycled sewage that has received secondary and tertiary treatment, has been an international model for municipalities since it opened in the late 60's. It is now faced with possible shutdown due to overcapacity and excessive runoff down the old San Diego River. Certainly though, it has proven the concept.

Oil:

Fortunately, we have had an oil recycling firm in National City for quite some time. The firm, Nelco Oil Refining Co. located at 600 West 12th St., recycled about 130,000 gallons of motor oil last year. "This represents less than 20% of the 700,000 gallons of reclaimable oil being used in the San Diego region," according to Steve Humphries, one of Nelco's owners. Yes, it seems that some 570,000 gallons of reclaimable oil is still being dumped, burned, or used for dust control each year in the County.

Household Goods:

Salvation Army, Disabled American Veterans, Value Village, Goodwill Industries, St. Vincent de Paul, American Veterans (Amvets), and the other organizations utilizing used goods for charitable purposes should receive more credit for recycling usable items that would otherwise find their way into one of the area's fine sanitary landfills. These worthwhile groups are recyclers of a sort and even provide jobs for many people.

Municipal Solid Wastes:

After a couple years of negotiations and fears of citizens not wanting to have major industry near their home, a municipal waste recovery facility will finally be going into the City of El Cajon sometime in 1975. The plant, devised by Garrett Research and Development Company of La Verne, California, will be able to recover up to 90% of the raw materials contained in some 200 tons per day of refuse. In keeping with our atrocious rate of inflation, however, the price tag on this little beauty has ballooned from about 4.8 million dollars to over eight big ones. And the tab is being picked up mainly by the taxpayers through the Environmental Protection Agency. Garrett is also paying a substantial portion of the total cost thanks to the comfortable profit margin this year of its parent corporation Occidental Petroleum. San Diego Gas & Electric Company has contributed a comparatively small amount to the

construction and intends to purchase the low sulphur fuel oil that will be produced through the plant's flash pyrolysis process. This oil burns fairly clean and has about 75% the heating value of No. 6 fuel oil.

Outside of Franklin, Ohio; St. Louis, Missouri; and Baltimore, Md., the El Cajon recycling facility will probably be the most sophisticated municipal waste recovery plant in the country. It will undoubtedly have the usual baby bugs to begin with, but the concept is vital and this effort should be given strong support. Hopefully, other facilities, partially dependent upon consumer action through in-home separation, will appear elsewhere across our refuse-ridden country.

These are just a few examples of resource recovery activities in our area. In addition to those mentioned, there are numerous other resources being recycled like aluminum cans, glass, metals of all kinds, and paper.

The following is a list of recycling companies and voluntary recycling centers. If you have any of the following materials, give the proper company or group a call, or phone the San Diego Ecology Centre at 235-0066.

PAPER

A-1 Paper Co., 3330 Broad Ave. Will buy newspapers, bundled magazines, IBM cards, telephone books with glue sections removed, and waste paper, usually in amounts of more than a ton.

BPA, 625 W. Broadway. Will buy newspapers, IBM cards, cardboard, and books.

Chollas Sanitary Landfill, 5851 College Grove Drive. Will take donations of paper, newspapers, magazines, computer cards, and computer readouts.

Ecology Action Girl Scouts will pick up newspaper donations on the last Saturday of each month.

LDS Welfare, 4722 Mercury St. Will buy newspapers, IBM cards, and computer paper.

Papakube Corp., 931 Harbor

Drive. Will buy newspapers, ledger or computer paper, and computer cards.

Pioneer Paper Stock, 3003 Commercial St. Provides pick-up service for large quantities (usually over 200 lbs.) of newspapers, cardboard, tabulating cards, and printers' waste.

Royal Paper Co., 33rd and Imperial. Provides pick up service for quantity newspaper and cardboard.

Strickman and Sons, 345 Second Ave. Will buy newspapers, computer paper, and IBM cards.

UCSD Recycling Center, green building between UCSD Medical School and Veterans Administration Hospital. Will take donations of cardboard, newspapers, and computer cards.

Vista High School has green bins located at every supermarket in Vista for donations of newspapers and aluminum cans.

For miscellaneous paper products, check under "waste paper" in the telephone directory yellow pages for recycling centers. Paper items that can be sold include letters, dull-finish pamphlets, corrugated cardboard, ledger paper, brown paper, butcher paper, IBM paper and cards. Among paper items that cannot be recycled are carbon paper, magazines, single-layered boxes, cereal cartons and chemically treated paper.

City of San Diego Newspaper Recycling Program. Bundled or bagged newspapers will be picked up from your curb, every other week, on your regular city trash pickup day. No magazines or books. For information call: Strickman & Sons — 239-8071

Phone directories may be recycled with newsprint if the cover and glued end are removed.

Heavy, nonslick cardboard and brown paper bags may be bundled, tied and left at markets that have a bailing machine. For locations, check local markets and the telephone directory yellow pages under "waste paper."

Due to clay content, most magazines are useless for recycling. They can be used by Head Start

programs, senior citizen clubs, beauty parlors, barber shops, convalescent homes and other organizations. Check with Goodwill Industries headquarters and thrift shops. Libraries also need certain issues for reference material.

The Ecology Centre will pick up many kinds of paper and will help start your "Wastebasket System." Call 235-0066.

GLASS

Chollas Sanitary Landfill, 5851 College Grove Drive. Donations.

Chula Vista, west end of J Street. Donations.

La Mesa Disposal Yard, 8186 Center St., La Mesa. Donations.

Rose Canyon City Operations Center, 3775 Morena Blvd. Donations.

Recycling Center, 2744 Newton Ave. Pays 1/2¢/lb.

No window glass. Jars and bottles accepted. Labels need not be removed. Glass should be clean, have all metal removed, and be sorted by color. No broken glass.

WINE BOTTLES

Brookside Winery, 4730 Mission Bay Drive; and Ferrara Winery, 1120 W. 15th Ave., Escondido. Check first for acceptable sizes.

PLASTIC

The Recycling Center, 2744 Newton Ave. Will pay for plastic bottles used for bleach, water, and milk. No others acceptable. Monday through Friday, 7:30 a.m. to 4:30 p.m. Saturdays 7:30 a.m. to 4:00 p.m.

"Yes We Can" Reclamation Centers. The following will pay for plastic milk and water bottles (with tops removed, clean and crushed), six-pack rings, and plastic collection bags:.

Chula Vista at Two Guys Center, Saturdays, 10 a.m. to 5 p.m.

College Grove Shopping Center, Saturdays, 10 a.m. to 5 p.m.

Montgomery Ward at South Bay Plaza, Saturdays, 10 a.m. to 5 p.m.

Grossmont Shopping Center, Saturdays, 10 a.m. to 5 p.m.

OIL

NELCO Oil Refineries, Inc., 600 West 12th St. National City. Give cash discounts for your used oil when you bring it in.

ALUMINUM CANS

Chollas Sanitary Land Fill, 5851 College Grove Drive. Donations.

UCSD Recycling Center, green building between UCSD Medical School and Veterans Administration Hospital. Donations.

The Recycling Center, 2744 Newton Ave. Will pay.

Alcoa "Yes We Can" Aluminum Can Reclamation Centers. Following will pay for aluminum cans:

The Recycling Center, 2744 Newton Ave., Monday through Friday, 7:30 a.m. to 4:30 p.m. and Saturdays, 7:30 a.m. to 4:00 p.m.

Dan McKinney Co. 5525 Market St.; Crest Beverage Co. 7545 Carroll Road; Coast Distributing Co., 7961 Clairemont Mesa Blvd; H.A. Lavezzi Co., 5800 Alvarado Road, La Mesa;

Southland Beverage Distributors, 623 N. Cleveland St., Oceanside; Shoreline Distributors, 1315 S. Cleveland, Oceanside.

Shopping centers that take aluminum cans for Alcoa include:

Chula Vista at Two Guys Center, Saturdays, 10 a.m. to 5 p.m.

College Grove Shopping Center, Saturdays, 10 a.m. to 5 p.m.

Grossmont Shopping Center, Saturdays, 10 a.m. to 5 p.m.

Montgomery Ward at South Bay Plaza, Saturdays, 10 a.m. to 5 p.m.

Escondido Village Mall, Saturdays, 10 a.m. to 5 p.m.

Balboa Mesa Shopping Center, Saturdays, 10 a.m. to 5 p.m.

Parkway Plaza Center, El Cajon, Saturdays, 10 a.m. to 4 p.m.

Other Alcoa centers are **Coronado Optimist Center, Orange Avenue and First Street, Coronado,** First and third Saturdays of the month, 10 a.m. to noon; and **Imperial Beach Youth Commission Center, Safeway lot at 13th and Donax Streets, Imperial Beach,** Saturdays, 10 a.m. to 2 p.m.

Farrell's Ice Cream Parlors, 5304 Jackson Drive, La Mesa; 136 Fashion Valley Road; 481 Fifth Ave., Chula Vista; and 4230 W. Point Loma Blvd. will exchange cans for ice cream instead of cash, Monday through Saturday from 11 a.m. to 5 p.m.

Ace Metals, 720 W. 23rd St., National City. Will pay 20¢ per pound.

METALS

A-1 Metals, Murphy Canyon Road & Clairemont Mesa Blvd. Monday through Saturday, 8 a.m. to 5 p.m.

ABC Iron & Metal Co. 2699 Commercial, San Diego

Ace Metal and Waste Co., 720 W 23rd, National City.

Miller Metals Co. 636 Front, El Cajon, San Diego

Industrial Metals & Salvage Co., 1345 S. 27th San Diego

Rose Canyon Scrap & Steel, 5060 Santa Fe, San Diego

San Diego Nursery Can Supply, 699 Anita St., Chula Vista. Will buy most cans over one gallon size.

Scrap Disposal Inc. 823 W. 17th National City.

MERCURY BATTERIES

McGirr's Jewelers, 397 Clairemont Mesa Blvd., North Clairemont Square.

GREASE

Vons Markets in the San Diego area will buy kitchen grease. Check with meat department. Do not put grease in glass containers.

MISCELLANEOUS

Scrap Craft Centers. Clean meat trays, jar lids, containers, cartons, string, buttons, are needed for craft projects. Check with local schools, art classes and youth groups. Contact Head Start Workshop and Home Start, 3955 Fourth Ave.

Household Junk and Old Clothing. Check various thrift shops; donate to rummage sales; or have a garage sale.

TRASH!

And What to do With It

— Clay Kemper —

Mr. Ormandy and What He is Good For

First of all, the sound — rich, warm, juicy, maternal, like burnished gold, like ripe figs, like those unashamedly fleshy women in the paintings of Rubens.

—Jonathan Saville—

The Philadelphia Orchestra and its conductor, Eugene Ormandy, have been together for thirty-eight years now. The style of playing they have devised together is quite unmistakable, and it was completely in evidence during their concert here last Thursday.

There is, first of all, the sound — rich, warm, juicy, maternal, like burnished gold, like ripe figs, like those unashamedly fleshy women in the paintings of Rubens. It is the string tone, especially, for which the orchestra is famous, a tone produced by perfect unanimity among the players, broad and intense bowing, and a great, passionate vibrato; one of Mr. Ormandy's favorite gestures (he is himself a violinist) imitates that vibrato and calls it forth in all its plush abundance. The brass section too is a famous one, notable for its unusual depth of resonance and its smooth roundness of tone. The woodwind soloists are virtuosos of

the most elegant stamp; and every sound in their percussion is measured, molded, polished, until it could not be more perfect. All giving the sense that each sonority is perfectly in place in a single, unbroken, beautifully modulated and gorgeously colored web of sound.

When these sonorities are set in motion, they are characterized by a unique smoothness of articulation. Under Mr. Ormandy there is never such a thing as a cold or hard attack; every note blooms, every attack is a breathing. Nor are there any sharp cutoffs; every note and phrase is rounded off, like an elegant tennis player following through. This is not a matter of sloppiness — sloppiness is a word that has no meaning in so superbly disciplined an orchestra. It is a concept of the relationship between silence and sound, a conviction that the two must not be demarcated as two separate realms, but must grow out of each other the

way the land grows out of the sea and the way the sea is cradled by the land.

Mr. Ormandy and his orchestra are masters of the arched phrase. Every phrase is arched, or belongs to a larger arch, and the arch is invariably a steep one, mounting to a full, rich height and subsiding quickly to the modest level it sprang from. Individual phrases, long lines, even whole sections and movements follow this pattern, so that — as in the balance of sonorities — one has an overwhelming sense of an overarching decorum, a large, gracious order in which every musical element has its assured and inevitable place.

This is a style made to order for the kind of music Mr. Ormandy and the Philadelphians are best at: large romantic works emphasizing tonal color. It is not right for music of earlier periods, however, and was notably inappropriate for the first work on last week's program, Haydn's Symphony No. 88. Mr. Ormandy has long had a fondness for Haydn, but I cannot believe that Haydn would have reciprocated it. Far too big an orchestra, far too rich a tone, too much phrasing, too much romantic blooming — the neatness, sharpness and wit of Haydn's music were quite lost in all this. The great passionate arch and the throbbing vibrato in the second movement's cello theme, however irresistible in themselves, seemed like tape-echo intrusions from the prelude to *Tristan und Isolde*. It was a case of marvelous playing in the service of the wrong master.

For the rest of the program the

style and the masters were perfectly matched. The sheer lushness of sound in Respighi's *Fountains of Rome*; the lavish outpouring of breaths, waves, pulsations in Ravel's second "Daphnis and Chloe" Suite; the rich sonorities, autumnal passions and vast structural arches of Brahms's Second Symphony — no one could say that these performances were out of keeping with the scores. They were wonderfully exciting performances — sensually, emotionally, musically. Mr. Ormandy and the Philadelphia Orchestra fully deserved the standing ovation they received.

But — I must note, without in any way intending to criticize Mr. Ormandy's way of doing things, that there is another way to conduct this sort of music. It is a way that emphasizes contrasts, rather than smoothness; the angular, rather than the rounded; the tight conflict and the bursting tension, rather than the long-breathed autumnal arch or the decorously modulated passion. It is instructive to listen to Toscanini's performances of the Respighi, Ravel and Brahms works (to say nothing of the Haydn); one seems at times to be hearing totally different pieces from those Mr. Ormandy programmed. I confess to preferring the tighter and sharper style of conducting romantic music — a style also to be found in Reiner, Dorati, Steinberg, Szell. But last Thursday's concert made such a good case for Mr. Ormandy's very different conducting style that it almost made me change allegiances. Almost — but not quite.

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