Confessions of a Door to Door Salesman

— Steve Dickstein —

Promises, smiles and convincing rhetoric — the characteristics of a politician? Well, perhaps, but the next 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 discover 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, this ill-fated 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 prodging.

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 psychological groundwork that has been laid.

If an order is the reward, getting turned down can be the best investment 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

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.

(continued on page 4)
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. 224-8342.

ASPEN PUBLIC HOUSE: LEEZY CANE, Tuesday to Saturday, O.O. CORRAL, Sunday and Monday. June 9 and 10. 916 Pearl St., La Jolla. 458-3330.

BLUE RIDGE MUSIC SHOP COOKIE and CALLUM UNDERPASS BAND, 8 and 10 p.m. Wednesday. June 12. 586 First St., Encinitas. 753-1775.

BOATHOUSE: REEF COOD, Wednesday through Sunday. 2042 Harbor Island Dr. 291-8011.

BOOM TRENCHEAD'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. 7878 El Cajon Blvd. 450-5883.

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


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. 291-1766.

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. 465-7683.

IVY BARN: JOEL and DAVID, Friday and Saturday, June 8 and 9. BILLY ROBINSON, Tuesday and Wednesday. June 11 and 12. 911 Canelo del Rio South. 295-9164.


LEITZER'S MIPF, Thursday and Friday, June 8 and 7. BLITZ BROTHERS, Saturday through Monday. June 8 to 10. 5324 El Cajon Blvd. 583-4524.

McBRADY'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. 739-0330.

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, Sunday, June 7 and 8. 271 North Highway 101, Solana Beach. 755-1729.


SPRINGFIELD WAGON WORKS: TIM MORGAN, Wednesday through Saturday through Thursday. June. 5265 Kearny Villa Road, Kearny Mesa. 266-2272.

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, 233-3138.

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

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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 restrictions, 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.
6. Jurying will be done by the Reader staff.
7. Entrants should include name, address, and phone number with each work submitted.

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As the only local artist who has attained national fame, Guillermo Acevedo (who started the artistic tradition in his family) is showing drawings I have seen in a long time. His particular interest lies in the portraits of Indian; the Navajos are his favorite motif, 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. A.C. 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 then capture the essence of man in his art.

I'm so proud to be part of all this. I'm an artist from 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-assurance.

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 back to the event. The inevitable bumper-sticker sellers were bawled out by a "Chicano party" was on sale, as well as a booklet of Chicoano poetry. The show was as much in the audience as it is on the walls.

Jose Clemente Orozco's lithographs ranged from starkly rendered images of Indians and strikers during the Mexican Revolution to a very flowing and powerful piece of a Franciscan monk embracing an Indian. "The Masses," done in September 1935, is a nightmare representation of a mass of gaping mouths that almost strangle at the sight of you. "Pal quir" (1885) shows gutter scenes and concerned people suffering from various affections. "Demonstration" shows the despair of a crowd of starving strikers. There was also a beautiful piece of a young Indian in pastels contrasting sharply with the violence of the lithographs.

A series of crowds done by Diego Rivera takes on Goyaquean style, with the depiction of the horrors of the Revolution, as well as many mythological fantasies. The most noteworthy drawings of David Alfaro Siqueiros were the "Head of a Negro," and a "Self Portrait," both life-size and monotonous.

The real action was the local artists, who included Mario Chavez, Alfredo Acevedo, alias Toroero, 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 acrylic eye in the middle of a bright sun shining melaenolently over a purple background just about drill you to the wall. Some of his subjects remind me a little of Yves Tanguy, especially when they include cubic shapes hanging in midair. 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, is attempting to explain the various origins of the artwork, proudly handing out picture postcards of his drawings and, greeting any friend that walked in with a Chicano handshake and an excited look at his surroundings.

Chicano art refers not only to Mexican-Americans, he says, but also to any Latin American with a consciousness of his racially mixed origins. Thus Mexico 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."

Ostavio, another local, is showing an amusing portrait of a fat, complete child staring out at the world with an amused glance, bringing to mind the work of 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 mol, hair and wrinkly count. 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 the typical Mexican theme typical Salvador Barajas' work, while Arturo Roman has a colorful landscape hanging. Balazo, as Tomas Castaneda signs his name, has tamed a green and red spirited partner in one of his works, and Laurie, the only white middleclass artist in the show, offers a series of small linear oils of Mexican people at work at different tasks.

Salvador Terres has adopted life in the Barrio Logan as his main theme in his drawings and water colors. A small devil always seems to be sowing his subjects, from one corner of his drawings.
CONFESSIONS (con't)

(continued from page 1)

offer encouragement when no interest exists such as, "maybe another time." This 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 or busy doing something else when they get off several minutes later you discover they had absolutely no interest anyway.

The Southern California community is so small that great stress is good — all the ingredients for door-to-door sales. At one house I didn't get an order but did receive home-baked cookies. The home owner invited me for drinks during my deliveries. At one order I got a 20% tip. A woman has been a door-to-door salesperson for over 20 years and she said the people who just answer the door, and again, I'll be back, are too often too ar- ticulate; such as moving, but I've visited people over a period of three years and they insist they are moving. Besides these two items, I've found that if you run into a lot of "no money" even on 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 door to door. House sales are lost because of family illness, pet injury, bad horoscope signs, unexpected home expenses, etc. People enjoy telling a stranger the story of their misfortunes and misfortunes; I am a confidant to many people that I have developed a personal, confidential relationship to a number of customers, when they pick up their children and when I'm in an external part of the household. People are in a hurry, but they usually like to talk, Bravo to those straightforward souls who can put their product in front, "I don't use the products" or "I don't buy their products and use them as I am blessed are those who buy")

Well, 1 was talking at one floor apartment, the answer was "I can't see you now; I just made my stain painted," she said that I just walked up right into the kitchen. The performance 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 sales are the people that know the misery of the door to door circuit. In the former sense we have a very, very few; in the latter I met a religious crusader who tied up for twenty minutes trying to improve my standing with God. People can get obnoxious, on other hand, the sales are the best at times.

Some people inquire about the commodities and make a lot of calls, consist on special favors or discounts. Since the entire earnings in this work are made on sales, it was asking someone you don't know to give up his time; to make offers is not very fair. Of course, some people will buy anything at all that comes free. The peddler pays for his own samples and ~~happily~

If I have a habit of running out of samples every time someone comes to~

Ted Burke —

Despite the cliches you could drag out to describe dissatisfaction with Mahavishnu John McLaughlin's guitar playing that he's too technical, too fast and intellectual, he's the Seventies Alvin Lee but with the difference that he justifies his veracity — he remains the new example for every aspiring guitar player. Already San Diego bands are huckling their boogie routes and the world is getting with Zappa's "Peaches and Regalia,' the same same starting with McLaughlin's style guitar solos. Eric Clapton is pass. 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 hoono. Once a respected guitarist, known primarily in jazz circles for the weirdly impossible bizzare conglomeration of his technique in the commercially viable jazz/rock Mahavishnu Orchestra. Rock fans dug on the speed-freak complexity of the band's humanistic and the rock's somewhat more accessible and understandable. The band's Mahavishnu's music was gone and instead of adding and leading the listener's expectations to his new sound. McLaughlin has continued with the latest side of his music and played fast with every conceivable combination of notes. Against him was French jazz violinist Jean Luc Ponty, balancing McLaughlin's galvanic with firm, smooth lines. At points, the inter- change between McLaughlin's staccato attacks and Ponty's tem- poral flow was so intense that it got everyone trying to analyze it. Both were in a totally transcendental state.

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. He contrives his ideas around riffs, and the orchestral parts sound almost like slowed down versions of Mahavishnu Orchestra material. For a five-piece band, his material burns. Enlarge it, the material seems silly.

One annoying facet of McLaughlin: He never lets up at-

tack, even on ballads. During softer moments, the approach was the same, varied jazz/rock hybrid in a song that cried for a pure jazz touch. He's done it before (the Space album guitarist, Larry Coryell is an use example) and I don't see why he should be so inflexible with his style. As it goes, McLaughlin is a man in a rut. Yes, the man has all the chops a musician could want, and yes, he's getting what he's supposed to do with them.

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.

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READER

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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 folk singer who shares his address with two police officers, 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 mailbox that he says was written for “Souvenirs Street” and one for the “mango growers” drew 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 Encinatas (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 being. He’s a guy with a Folk Festival, a lot of love or a reclaunt car as in his comic “Fifteen Days Under the Hood.”

Heprefers songs 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 chance to break the right side at the right time. It is a kind of unknown ilk, and Jack would just as soon pass.
Bavasi Over His Head?

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

by Alan Pesin

For the average San Diego citizen, June’s summer sunshine opens the bedroom doors and wins letting in new breezes of vitality. Out of the spring pull come thousands of pale rays basking in their favorite outdoor pastimes. Local colors manage to overflow with impatient hackers fighting for weekend tee times. Tennis courts are barricaded with early morning rakers streaming and lacking any sign of life. Even the vowel-less packed bar is out of the way, lacking in the usual cocktail party atmosphere, anniversaries, births. Seaside weekend sailors run their boats aground on the bar, while the usual bar-rooms are filled with the usual cadre during fish oil raging times. Even the usual Dodger game busters are held out of its way, lacking. But not all these games are found at the drop of a pants’... While this all fundraiser activity takes place under the San Diego sun, the San Diego Padres Baseball Team is seen as the best of the greatest crowds of this major league baseball season. Yet the Padres are generally courageous and encouraging over outnumbered fans, the Padres continue to lose at an astounding rate. "Under the influence of religious conversion," seems to be the calling card for most hopeaingly Waitergate defendants. What the San Diego Padres need is some good Southern fried religion, not the type that comes from Billy Graham, not the kind that takes hold of those bitten by sage muggers (Jeb Magruder, assistant to John Mitchell), and the religious mania and important to the affair that is the Reverend. The Padres lose and then lose some more. San Diego oddsmakers pay out only thirty cents on the dollar to gamblers betting against the San Diego, yet the money keeps pouring in. Why? A couple of the Padres were liking in blue chip stocks. The players, though, base their game on it were a game, not a religion, and little is lost if they come back to win their evening. If the Padres could only enforce some genuine fan base, and get religion in their operation (and what better religion could be found for a group of men called Padres), a winning habit might be bought through prayer and repentance for past sins.

Bavasi’s reputation was once that of the great baseball empire builder. As general manager of the Dodgers he brought pennant after pennant and World Series glory from Brooklyn to Los Angeles. Now after six years as creative director of the Padres’ flagging World Series bravura has become noticeable. joe B. Bavasier was manager of the New York Yankees, he won for his team many millions of dollars and played ployanists with any other manager any time. Then Casey because New York Mets field leader and lost more games in a season than any manager in the history of baseball. Stengel had not changed the name of his team. He was fired as a manager for Gene Woodling against righthanders and Hank Bauer against left-handed pitchers. In the third inning a left relief pitcher would come in, Woodling 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 to bat. Just instead Cook was replaced by an overage, expansion-draft左边-armed man who had hit mere lifetime grand slams 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 COuls’ after-game show it was unanimously agreed to that Casey Stengel was a show-business incompetent. So, like Paney, Bavaisi isn’t showing his genius or an incompetent? Are the Padres his legacy or the Dodgers? Bavaisi was a great producer because he could take bunched, of fast producing (pieces of developed film) and edit them together to make great pictures. With the Dodgers this is what Bavasi did. He took Koufax and Drysdale and Tommie Davis and produced great teams. With the San Diego Padres, Bavaisi was being asked to direct, to write the script, shoot the film, and edit the end result. This job was beyond his capabilities, and for this he and the San Diego Padres fans along live, are the penalty.
Although in some circles it is still a touchy 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 begins. Yes, finally, our country’s Supercon- sumers, who continue to consume and consume and consume, 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 the livingstenetrium and there is no place on the face of this planet where we can truly hide (or hide from) our waste societal ex- cess.

But you ask “We don’t have a long way to solve waste management prior to this hoopla about recycling? We’ve already tried machinery and cleanliness in discarding refuse has been a problem for years. But the fact that we do a fairly good job of getting rid of trash doesn’t sufficiently address the problem.

But we address ourselves to how we can efficiently and economically use the rich pickings of resources that would otherwise be wasted. It now looks like the concept of recycling has gotten over the six- spell ofinus and is becoming a reality.

Sanitee Lakes, fresh water recreational lakes created from recycled sewage that has received secondary and tertiary treatment, has a potential model for municipalities since it opened in the late sixties. It is now possible with somewhat less work to drift though the overgrown and grassy areas and recover some of the valuable materials. Here are a few examples:

Water

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Water
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 is completely evident by 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 blash abundance. There is also a too much a famous, notable for its unusual depth of resonance and its smooth roundness of tone. The woodwind solosists are virtuos 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 slowness — slowness is a word that has no meaning in so superbly disciplined an orchestra. It is a matter 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 — in the balance of sonorities — one has an overarching 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 total 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 appreciated it. Far too big an orchestra, far too rich a tone, too much phrasing, too much romantic class — 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, this theme, however, irresistable in themselves, seemed like tape-echo intrusions from the prelude to Tristan and 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 beauty of sound in Respighi’s Fountains of Rome; the vividly 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 Violin Symphony — no one could say that these performances were out of keeping with the scores. They were the wonderfully exciting performances — sensually, emotionally, muscularly. 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 autumal 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’s) one seems at times to be hearing totally different pieces from the Mr. Ormandy programmed. I confess to preferring the tighter and sharper, more stylized manner of conducting romantic music — not a style also to be found in Rilling, Dohnanyi of Berlin, Stokowski. But last Thursday’s concert made such a good case for Mr. Ormandy’s very different style of conducting that it almost made me change allegiances. Almost — but not quite.