

READER

Volume 4, No. 13 SAN DIEGO'S WEEKLY April 24 - April 30, 1975

JAZZ COMES TO TOWN



— Judah Maddox —

They finally seem to have come to San Diego. Just look at the last six months — Super Sax, Sarah Vaughan, Buddy Collette, Blue Mitchell and Harold Land with Bob Magnusson — or look at what's coming — Herbie Hancock, Weather Report, Mahavishnu, Newport Jazz Festival. The brainchild behind much of the new outpouring in this unlikely town is Joe Marillo, a pretty fair tenor saxophonist himself. He has been prudent enough in founding the non-profit Society for the Preservation of Jazz to keep his advertising bills to a minimum (non-profit status is a good tool in getting free publicity) and to get a place that allows him a stage rent-free (the Catamaran in Mission Beach makes enough off the drinks to provide a home for the Sunday night concerts). For five dollars a year one can become a (charter) member of the Society for a year, get a reduction on any Society-sponsored events, and congratulate himself on his new status as full-fledged supporter of Jazz.

But maybe you're like the lady on T.V. who says she hasn't tried Food Basket beef and thinks she wouldn't like it. You, too, should be assured that jazz fans in San Diego are neither blue-blooded, note-splitting snobs, nor underworld heavies; they really are just an assorted bunch of wholesome folk who have come across a good thing and like it. When you stop to think about it, where can you go and move around leisurely and look over the crowd and share a beer with the musicians when they take a rest?

It's the informal, personal way the musicians play and talk with each other on stage and the way they experiment with new combinations of sounds that set the mood. Since you're only a few feet away, you share in all of this directly. One wonders only how long the mood will last in San Diego.

Unlike the movies, some theatre, and most rock concerts, jazz entertainment is not pre-packaged. It's closer to small, improvisational theatre where the players send out signals and need to decipher what comes back. Perhaps most of us are so suspicious and conservative about our fun-seeking — in sports, public media, and most music — because we are too removed from the performer — Curt Gowdy keeps drowning, and we keep sighing.

It's Sunday night several weeks ago, and Equinox is jamming with Joey Marillo at one of these aforementioned Sunday nights at the Catamaran. After finishing a Donald Byrd number, Marillo calls on the band members to run through short solos as fast as they can. Maybe this seems a little pedantic, but it's a forced opportunity for the individual players to test their reflexes and ingenuity in front of strangers. (The quality of the efforts are mixed; it's not something for the recording companies.) Then the band breaks up, people light up cigarettes, males stare at the cocktail ladies, everyone returns to their chatter. Two well-groomed men facing each other in a rear booth raise the volume of their conversation an octave. Their con-



versation is something about business, and they haven't let up since the opening number. Mike Peed, the young scraggly-haired keyboardist with a distant look, meanders over to the piano, props down on the corner of the stool, and tests a few notes. Now the corner conversation is something about money-lenders, credit, and a long-term lease. The piano notes bloom into bars, and one's ears strain to hear a delicate, unfolding melody up and down the ivory. It requires work to tune in, stay tuned in, and log the progression. But it's a pleasant task to put into order the sounds and movements in the room. The two young men end their debate, and Mike plays on. He doesn't seem to mind; he's having a good time, too.

A visit with Marillo gives one the sense of a juggler trying to keep all the balls aloft. He's a slight, wiry man, and when you first see him on stage, you wonder if he has trouble holding that big orange horn — until he starts playing it. He looks kind of like an Italian Sammy Davis, Jr. A closer look shows a well-traveled, even worn face, quite a contrast to the New York promo suit perched on his living room mantle. "Joe Marillo and his Rockets," with its short-clipped round heads, boyish smiles, and wide lapels.

"You know, man, we're in a new era, people are really getting into the new music. The problem is jazz musicians know lots about playing, and not much about getting new people to listen to them . . . that's important, and that's what we're working on here."

But why this new hunger for jazz, are people catching up to the music, or vice versa?

"What we've got going now is a mixture of the old and new — swing, bebop — what they call mainstream, and the newer stuff, like blues and rock. People were sitting around in the late Sixties and started hearing groups like Blood Sweat and Tears and Chicago — Hancock and Chick Corea have only been playing electric for a few years, you know; they got all their jazz training during the early rock years."

If one talks to most hardcore fans, the charge of commercialism keeps popping up. Arguents rage over whether the wildly popular new jazz-rock is corrupting "real" jazz or whether people like Stanley Clarke, Alphonso Mouzon, and Billy Cobham are loosening things up, jumping the badge for those who want their teeth on rock music and now want more.

Chimes in Marillo: "I don't think the current stars are hurting jazz. Remember, to be into jazz, you have to be able to play the instrument, and these people have the skill and discipline to get them where they are now — money and fame are okay, but that's not what keeps them going. They're professionals, their music is their lives, most of them don't even think about it, it's extraneous to their basic work, the practicing, the inspiration."

Jazz also seems to be turning a younger audience on locally. Last month alone five local high schools and junior colleges sponsored big time jazz events. There's 17-year-old Richard Upton at Southwestern College who is getting somewhat of a name for himself, and the Sprague Brothers in North County composing their own stuff.



"I heard Charlie Parker on the radio one day in Niagra Falls when I was seventeen and thought I'd like to do something like that. I played in New York, then the Atlantic City clubs, and finally Vegas. My music was bogged down at that last stop, and it took some time to realize what effect the town was having on my mental state. That's when I moved to San Diego. It's been great since."

You can only hear jazzman Ron Gallon Saturday nights from 6 p.m. to 1 a.m. on KPBS-FM. But he feels that jazz shouldn't be relegated to horrible air times and magical night people.

Flashing Red Light: "Hi, Jack, how you doin', man . . . sure, I'll play it for you . . . don't give me that bullshit. Okay, take care . . ."

"That guy calls up every week. He's a blind musician, a little hard for him to get around, but we talk straight. 'S got every reed instrument you can think of, gets upset with me if I play very much of the new stuff, but that's all right. He's my best critic."

Ron says he gets a little tired of the job a lot of the jockeys pull on their audiences, especially on the younger ones. Kids are impressionable and all this cool-type stuff just doesn't let them develop their true personalities.

He has produced three live Saturday shows with the musicians jamming right in the studio. A group named Stream, with Butch Lacey, Steve O'Connor, and Bob Magnusson; the Daniel Jackson Group; and Jim Plank with Tripp and Peter Sprague. Another show is planned for June.

A few footnotes on what else is going on around San Diego in jazz.

PLACES

The Crossroads, 4th and Market, downtown. A black and white crowd gets treated by Leroy Locke, sax and flute, and Equinox with Bruce Cameron, trumpet, Ronnie Stewart, drums, Mike Peed, keyboard, and James Hunt, bass. Friday and Saturday nights. Jam on Sunday, 6 to 10 p.m. Be sure to have California driver's license — Chick Corea was kept out of here a few weeks ago because he only had an out-of-state I.D.

The Swan Song, 4287 Mission Blvd., Pacific Beach. Butch Lacey on keyboard, Steve O'Connor on guitar. Weekends. (Call first — they've been on vacation recently.)

The Safety, Grand black music, Thursday through Sunday, 6323 Imperial, 263-4590.

Conception Bay Fish Co., Shelter Island. Total Spectrum. Very good jazz.

RADIO

KSDS-FM, San Diego City College station. Jazz played 12 noon to 9:30 p.m., Monday through Thursday, 12 to 12 on Friday. Local playing taped for broadcast.

KFSD-FM, Classical, during the day. Jazz with Lee Mizel, Saturday, 10 p.m. to 6 a.m., with Jay Morgan, Monday through Friday, 11 p.m. to 2 a.m.

EVENTS

APRIL 24 — APRIL 30, 1975

MUSIC

NEW MUSIC. Solo, by contrabass Bertram Turetzky; John Cage's *Cartridge Music*; music composed by UCSD faculty — Gorgey L'et's *Nouvelle Aventures*, John Celona's *Networks*, and *Nuances* by John Struble. Thomas Lee, also of the UCSD faculty, will direct UCSD musicians performing at Mandeville Center, Thursday, April 24, 8 p.m. 452-3229.

STILL NEW MUSIC. Works of: Ligen, Struble, Randall, Albright. Thomas Lee conducting. Mandeville Center, UCSD, Friday, April 25, 8 p.m. 452-3229.

VOCAL RECITAL. by Mary Isabelle, Works by Handel, Haydn, Mozart, Castelnovo-Tedesco, and "Ivy" Zable Hall, U.S.U., Saturday, April 26, 7:30 p.m. 271-4300.

UCIA MADRIGAL SINGERS will sing Renaissance music by Morley, Monteverdi, Victoria, Weekes, Hessler, and others. St. Paul's Episcopal Church, Saturday, April 26, 8 p.m. 298-7261.

L.A. PHILHARMONIC. Zubin Mehta conducts Mozart's Piano Concerto in E Flat, and Mahler's Symphony No. 7, with guest pianist Redu Lupu. Civic Theatre, Saturday, April 26, 8 p.m. 236-6510.

S.D. YOUTH SYMPHONY. conducted by Louis Campiglia, with guest soloist Tassou Sakas. Casa del Prado, Balboa Park, Sunday, April 27, 3 p.m. 420-7223.

VOICE RECITAL. by contralto Martha Jane Howe, accompanied by Janie Prim. Works of Bach, Mussorgsky, and William Reddick. St. Paul's Episcopal Church, Sunday, April 27, 3 p.m. 298-7261.

MARIO CASTELNUOVO-TEDESCO. A TRIBUTE, music of the late composer performed by tenor Howard Fried, guitarist Gregg Nestor, and the Civic Youth Quartet. St. Paul's Episcopal Church, Sunday, April 27, 3 p.m. 298-7261.

AMATI STRING QUARTET OF AMSTERDAM. with obolists Hans de Vries. Palomar College, San Marcos, Monday, April 28, 8 p.m. 744-1150. First Presbyterian Church, Oceanside, Tuesday, April 29, 7:30 p.m. 757-2121.

ATOMIC CAPE. New music by UCSD group. Recital Hall, Mandeville Center, UCSD, Tuesday, April 29, 8 p.m. 452-3229.

LECTURES AND READINGS

ECUMENICAL LECTURES. "St. Paul, Herald of the New Creation," by Rev. John Rayner, S.J., Thursday, April 24, 7:30 p.m. 452-3229. "Canterbury and Rome: 400 Years Later," by Msgr. John Portman, Wednesday, April 24, 7:30 p.m. in Salomon Lecture Hall, U.S.D. 291-6480.

PHOTOGRAPHERS Greg MacGregor and Hans Levi will speak as part of "Hot Shots" lecture series. Mayan Hall, Southwestern College, Friday, April 25, 8 p.m. 420-1331.

LIBERTARIAN ECONOMIST Murray Rothbard will speak on "The Current Economic Crisis" at the Shetler Island Inn, Friday, April 25, 7 p.m. 460-9138 or 268-5231.

POET Martha Fritz will read and discuss her works at the Library, Grossmont College, Tuesday, April 29, 2 p.m. 465-1700 ext. 321.

PHOTOGRAPHER Dan Litton will speak on the problems of making still photographs in Southern California. Fine Arts Recital Hall, Grossmont College, Wednesday, April 30, 8 p.m.

RALPH NADER will speak at the UCSD Gym, Wednesday, April 30, 8:30 p.m. 452-4092.

SPECIAL EVENTS

CARLSBAD SPRING HOLIDAY April 21-27: art show, Monday through Sunday; daytime, Friday, April 24, 8 a.m. to 10 a.m. (down Broadway in Lemon Grove); community barbecue following parade; Mexican-American teen dance, Sunday, 9 p.m. 729-5924.

LEMON GROVE OLD TIME DAYS April 23-26: "Yesterday's Heroes" parade with Jackie Lynn Taylor of "Our Gang", Saturday, 11 a.m. (down Broadway in Lemon Grove); continuous entertainment following parade — pie-eating contest, pie-eating dancing, Western band, 5 to 7 p.m. Street dance, 7 p.m. 469-9621.

CZECHOSLOVAKIAN DANCERS (from the Czechoslovakian Cottage in Balboa Park) will present a spring dance program at Cedar Community Center, 320 Date St., Thursday, April 24, 1:30 p.m. Free.

FLOWER SHOWS: American Rose Society, Town and Country Convention Center, Thursday and Friday, April 24 and 25, 10 a.m. to 4 p.m.; Casa del Prado, Balboa Park, Saturday and Sunday, April 26 and 27, 10 a.m. to 4 p.m.; Casa del Prado, Balboa Park, Saturday and Sunday, April 26 and 27, 10 a.m. to 4 p.m. Mission Valley Shopping Center.

CIRCUS: Circus Vargas will have parade (Thursday, April 24, 12 noon and circus, Thursday, April 24, 8 a.m. to 10 p.m.; Monday, April 25 and 26, 4:30 and 8 p.m.; and Saturday and Sunday, April 26 and 27, 12 noon, 3:30 and 7 p.m. Mission Valley Shopping Center.

OBSSIDIAN POINT MAKING. making of arrowhead from obsidian demonstrated by a Tolowa Indian. S.D. Museum of Man, Balboa Park, Saturday, April 27, 1, 2, and 3 p.m. 239-2001.

JUMPIN' PROO JAMBOREE preliminary to Calaveras County Fair includes broad jump and bent double contest. Horse Show Arena, Del Mar Fairgrounds, Sunday, April 27, 9 to 4 p.m. Free admission.

THEATRE

1776. the musical. Main Stage, S.D. State. Friday and Saturday, April 18 and 19, and Wednesday through Saturday, April 22-25, 8 p.m. 265-6554.

MISTER ROBERTS. Tragic-comedy of WWII Navy. San Diego Little Theatre, Del Mar Fairgrounds, Fridays and Saturdays through May 3, 8:30 p.m. 755-SDLT.

A VERY RICH WOMAN. performed by the South Bay Players at Kimball Hall, National City. Fridays and Saturdays through May 3, 8:30 p.m. 456-086.

FIVE ON THE BLACK HAND SIDE. presented by the Southeast Community Theatre, Lincoln High School, Fridays and Saturdays, 8 p.m., through April 26, 262-8605 or 290-4707.



HARVEY. by Mary Chase. City College Theatre, April 17, 18, 19, 20, 24, 25, 26, 8 p.m. April 27, 3 p.m. 238-7854.

THE TENTH MAN. by Paddy Chayefsky. Cassius Carter Stage, Balboa Park, Tuesdays through Sundays, 8 p.m., Sundays, 2 p.m. 239-2255.

THE GRASS HARP. by Truman Capote. Stagehouse Theatre, Grossmont College, Thursdays, Fridays, and Saturdays, through April 26, 8 p.m. 465-1700, ext. 327.

THE HOT L. BALTIMORE. by Lanford Wilson. Thursdays, Fridays and Saturdays through May, 8:30 p.m. on Friday, April 18. Mission Playhouse, Old Town, 295-4450.

RAMONA PAGEANT: over 350 people from Humei and San Jacinto participate in dramatization of Helen Hunt Jackson's love story. Saturdays and Sundays, 2:30 to 5:15 p.m. on slopes of Mt. San Jacinto's Ramona Bowl, 658-3111.

THE BOYS FROM SYRACUSE. Rodgers and Hart musical comedy based on Shakespeare's Comedy of Errors. Camino Theatre, U.S.D., Thursday through Saturday, April 24-26, 8:15 p.m. 291-4480.

AN EVENING WITH ALICE IN WONDERLAND. presented by T.C. Gym Theatre, Balboa Park Puppet Theatre, Friday and Saturday, April 25 and 26, 8 p.m. 232-8241.

SHE STOOPS TO CONQUER. Oliver Goldsmith's play performed by John Houseman's City Center Acting Company from Lincoln Center. Mandeville Center, UCSD, Saturday and Sunday, April 26 and 27, 8 p.m. 452-4090.

SPORTS

BASEBALL: Padres vs. Houston, S.D. Stadium, Monday, through Thursday, April 28, 12 noon; vs. Cal State Dominguez Hills, Wednesday, April 30, 7 p.m. All at Smith Field, SDSU.

VOLLEYBALL: Aztecs vs. UCD, Peterson Gym, Friday, April 25, 7:30 p.m.

BASEBALL: Aztecs vs. Long Beach State, Friday, April 25, 7 p.m., and Saturday, April 26, 12 noon; vs. Cal State Dominguez Hills, Wednesday, April 30, 7 p.m. All at Smith Field, SDSU.

CORONADO YACHT CLUB RACE: race from Coronado to Newport, Saturday, April 26, 7:30-10:45.

LA COSTA GOLF TOURNAMENT: La Costa Country Club, Carlsbad, April 22-27, 7:30-9:11 a.m. ext. 218.

GALLERIES

CALIFORNIA ARTISTS: Castaneda, Orozco, Amable, Tarango, Acevedo. Boehm Gallery, Palomar College, Thursday May 5.

THE BIBLES, some contemporary interpretations, by Douglas Knuthon, Bard Hall Gallery, First Unitarian Church, 4180 Spring St., through May 14.

CORITA KENT (Sister Mary Corita), serigraphs. Bazaar del Mundo Gallery, through May, 252-3181.

SPRING FESTIVAL OF STITCHES: 200 originals and demonstrations put on by S.D. Creative Stitchery Guild. Scottish Rite Memorial Temple, Mission Valley, Saturday and Sunday, April 26 and 27, 12 noon to 5 p.m. Free. 263-3470.

DIAMONDS/TAPES, paintings by R.E. Simpson, Triflorum Galleries, Sports Arena Blvd. April 25—May 31, 225-9559.

CERAMICS by Ted Saito, Carroll Crannell, Ken Mayer, and Ellen Phillips. Artists Cooperative Gallery, India Street, through May 17.

STEEL PROJECTS FROM PEPPER CANYON, sculpture by Jack Vitkus, UCSD Undergraduate Art Gallery, Mur Campus Humanities and Social Sciences Bldg. Rm. 1145, through May 1.

SIX ON PAPER FROM KENTUCKY, prints, drawings and paintings from U. of Kentucky faculty. Founders' Gallery, U.S.D. April 25-29, 291-6480, ext. 354.

WATERCOLORS by Robert Perrine, Griffin Art Editions Gallery, Encinitas, through May 2, 436-3131.

THE COMPUTER, THE SHRINE, AND THE DOLLHOUSE, a retrospective exhibition by Miriam Schapiro. Mandeville Center, UCSD, through April 27, 452-2880.

DRAWINGS by Donald Borthwick. Artists Co-op Gallery, India St. through April 27, 296-0200.

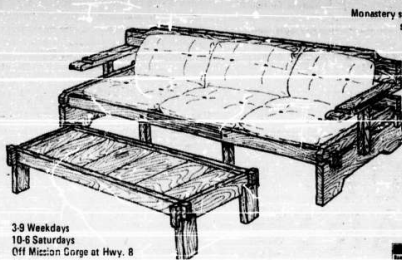
PHOTOGRAPHS by Les Krims, Neal White, Susan Felner, Jack Welcott, Judy Dater, Greg MacGregor, Hans Levi, jewelry by Joe McGhee, sculpture by Burke Kallis and Erik Grant. Org. Southwestern College F'n Gallery, through April 25, 420-1331.

MARCIA HUFF, oil on stretched canvas, and STEPHEN ROSENTHAL, lines on canvas. La Jolla Museum of Contemporary Art, April 25-May 18, 454-0183.

SCULPTURE by Michael Todd, Seder-Craig Gallery, Hotel del Coronado, through April 26, 435-0520.

MANDY LIVINGSTON, paintings and prints. Trial Gallery, April 2-27, 299-4543.

the bare woods



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matching coffee table
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— Anne Hutchison —

Looking for work in San Diego these days is a full-time job in itself. With all the attendant frustrations. Only the paycheck is lacking. With so many others competing for the jobs it's as well to decide on your methods. The most obvious place to look, at least if you're collecting unemployment, is the State of California Department of Human Resources — or Employment Development — the name has changed more than once. With the state, you have a big advantage if you're a veteran, and the longer you've been unemployed, the higher the priority. Every morning the new listings go up on a separate board; up until 10:00 a.m., only veterans are supposed to apply for those openings. If you find something you like and you have an application on file, you fill out a slip and put it in the Window 2 basket, then wait till they call your name. This is generally the shortest line in the room for some reason. They'll check your qualifications, and if you look useful, you may a job referral slip. Unfortunately, many jobs turn out to be on hold or taken by the time you inquire about them, communication in the bureaucracy being what it is.

That's the way. The other main chance is the classified ads in the local papers. The catch is, the majority of these jobs are listed with professional employment agencies. Whether or not you should go to one is a matter for some thought. There are a lot of employment agencies in San Diego now — by the most conservative count, there are 68 listed in the yellow pages of the phone book. Not all of these are legitimate, but the Union, but many do. Their ads take up more space than any other category. Some large corporations with their own personnel departments.

Most agencies will not discuss the specific job you call about over the phone. Many ask for your name, phone number and qualifications, then announce glowingly how good your qualifications are and beg you to hurry in at a specific time. None of the agencies I have ever been to see has even noticed whether or not I came in on time. After all, their first procedure is to have you fill out an application with first, second and third choice of jobs and salary desired, no matter what you are interested in originally. All forms inquire into your financial status and generally ask for credit references.

After filling out the form and returning it to the receptionist, you will be asked to take a seat in the waiting room. You will wait here, with some assortment of outdated magazines, for anywhere from 15 to 45 minutes. Any longer, and the resume applicant is apt to walk out in disgust. There is a general distrust among the applicants that the bouncy personality of the composite receptionist is designed to dispel.

Eventually, you will be summoned by one of the employment counselors. An outgoing approach is a job requirement for the same, as well as the ability to get the very applicants at ease. Then they start making notes all



over the application form — about your car, your family, your bank account, how long you've lived in one place, how long you've been at the same job. Usually they talk about themselves too while they ask you for details. Then, often before mentioning the job you came in to discuss, they delicately bring up the subject of fees. Fees. Cold hard cash. All of the agencies I went to see required payment upon acceptance; in other words, as soon as you accept the job, even before you start it, you will owe the agency upwards of 75% of your first month's salary. All my ideas of "50% of your first month's salary" were destroyed. Only one of the agencies I saw had any mention of a 50% fee, and that was for jobs paying less than \$3,000 an hour. Some agencies will guarantee you a refund or a new job if you lose the job through no fault of your own in the first 30 to 90 days. However, only one agency that advertises in the Union offers you up to two months to pay. When not otherwise specified, you can expect to pay on the spot. Most agency fees are based on a

sliding scale: the greater your projected yearly salary, the greater the percentage. If the job you get is in the range of \$8,000 or up, you will probably end up paying more than your entire gross first month's salary. Above \$10,000 a year, some agencies simply take a flat 10% of the yearly gross. Remember that when you go to an agency. The fee does not take into account the chunks the government skims off the top; you may need to take out a loan. There are reasons why they ask you if you can come up with a co-sponsor.

Now that you've gotten over the scary details (this one, often take up 50% more part of the interview), you can get down to the specific job. Of the five agencies I saw, only two sent me out to interview for the job which originally attracted my attention. The others offered me substitutes, due to my lack of qualifications or the fact that someone else had just taken that particular job. I offer these statistics without prejudice.

The department of the interviewer may want at some point. Sometimes it's when they discover the state of

your finances, one friend of mine was told "You don't seem sincere about wanting to pay me \$700 to get you a job," and the woman refused to see her out on the interview. One man I talked to tried to get me interested in a job that paid less than minimum wage for 2 weeks and then \$2.25 for 6 months to learn blueprinting machines when the job wanted paid up to \$5 an hour and was in my line of work. After I told him firmly that I wanted to apply for the other job, he grudgingly made an appointment for me, saying that he had already sent two people out to the employer and he would probably hire one of them. I agreed with him, so I cancelled the appointment.

Most agencies are housed in fairly plush offices, with lots of plants and attractive young receptionists, but there is the odd one here or there with lower overhead and dingier offices, in old buildings downtown. They vary in size from the ones with two or three counselors to the ones with two or three branch offices. The most important variable is the amount of trouble they will go to to follow up on your application. If you don't get a chance at your first job, the determining point in recognizing their interest in you is whether they call you back when I did not keep in touch with them, which is only fair. They have a lot of people going through the offices. If you aren't interested enough to find out what they might be doing for you, why should they bother to do anything?

Of course, after doing all my research, I went to another agency this morning. Their rates were lower than any I'd run across so far, they'll let me pay the fee in 30 installments, and they sent me out to see the people I was interested in seeing. Now, if I just get the job this afternoon, I may take back every penny I ever thought about an employment agency.

SINGLES

DATING CLUB

Call 4 a happy surprise
295-9335

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Herman was lost 4/14/75 in Mission Beach. He's a large black and white dog, 12 lbs. Give away any skateboard in our store to the person who finds him for me. Call Herman's Bikes, 488-5050, and ask for Ray.

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Major Volkswagen Tune Up and Oil Change only

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Includes: 4000 parts, plugs, points, adjust valves, compression test, plug wire resistance test, distributor check out, carburetor check-out, control oil change

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reg. 99¢ **79¢** with coupon expires 4/30/75

Deep-fried Clams in a Hot Finger Roll (a meal in itself)

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KEARNY MESA
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reg. 99¢ **79¢** with coupon expires 4/30/75

Deep-fried Clams in a Hot Finger Roll (a meal in itself)

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Mon.-Sun. 11:00am-9pm
4836 Mission Blvd.
KEARNY MESA
596-4955

\$5 off our leather thongs with cork soles (reg. \$15) with coupon - one week only



Foot Traffic

5186 College Ave. 267-0355 hours: 11-7 P.M. Sat. 10-2
(next door to State College)

BEACH BIKE SPECIAL

- *remove all rust
- *remove chain and clean
- *tighten spokes and true wheels
- *adjust brakes
- *adjust front and rear derailleurs
- *oil where needed (we use WD-40 exclusively)
- *adjust all cables
- *adjust crankset and headset
- *adjust wheel cones and bearings

\$10

1 day service with this ad

bike assembly available
HAMEL'S BIKE SHOP

704 Ventura Place Mission Beach

(across from Edmont Park on boardwalk)

488-5950

GRAND OPENING

20% OFF

Art, Poetry, Feminist works, Psychology, etc.

GESSO BOOKS

522 Congress St. Old Town open 10-10 Closed Mondays

Dear Matthew,

Some time ago a friend of mine told me wheat berries were used to save the world, so I bought ten pounds of them. Like his trip was soaking them overnight and liquifying them in a blender for breakfast. I thought it was okay for a while, but now I don't care for it. Not too long ago I was visiting some friends and they were eating something they called "cracked wheat." I tried it and I liked it.

Now, I will be eternally grateful to you, Matthew, if you can find out for me how I can convert my wheat berries into cracked wheat. Cordially,

Paul F.

Claremont

All you need to do is make friends with someone who owns a food grinder and you're in business. Cracked wheat (known to some of you out there as bulghul) is simply whole wheat berries that have been coarsely ground. Grind a little finer and you've got graham flour; a little finer and it's called whole wheat flour. If your friends own only blenders, you can get the same results using the GRIND speed and a cup of berries at a time.

In the event that you really get hooked on the stuff and are willing to drop \$45, you can purchase a grain mill that will stone-grind your wheat berries for the ultimate in taste and nutrition.

P.S. This job may not pay much but with eternal gratitude as a fringe benefit who can complain?

Dear Matthew Alcio,

I was in Balboa Park recently and happened across the Merry-go-round. I remembered from my childhood how beautiful it had seemed, but now it's looking run-down. And what happened to the music machine?

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D. K. Smith
Pacific Beach

The shortcomings you describe, dear reader, are more appropriate to the nature of fond memories than to the actual condition of the delightful merry-go-round in Balboa Park.

Of course, time may be taking its toll here and there — the military band organ is out for repair since it's been tearing the edges of the rolls that have been feeding it music for more than sixty years (tapes and records of appropriate merry-go-round music are substituting meanwhile), and the original hand painted murals may be fading a bit, but the merry motor, also the original, still

gets things moving at a dizzying 13 mph, and the brass rings are as shiny as ever.

Perhaps if you made a return visit in a few weeks, after the animals have had their annual refresher paint job and all their bald spots have been replenished with real horse tails, you might see that the mirrors and lights continue to sparkle — though undoubtedly not with the luster of yesterday — and catching the brass ring is still exciting — though probably not the thrill it once was — but who would want to stay three feet tall forever anyway!

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The New Hollywood

— Duncan Shepherd —

"The New Hollywood," which is the insurmountable subject of the latest issue of Film Comment and is the inevitable subject of major articles in every magazine from *Esquire* to *Time*, was no less the subject of the Oscar giveaway earlier this month.

For the past several years, throughout the decade of George Scott and Jane Fonda and Sachin Littlefeather and

The Screamers, this durable but disreputable awards ceremony has developed the atmosphere of a party going sour. The party, by the looks of it (this year's set: a forest of towering gold busts that resembled something of a surprise to Hoffman himself and something of a puzzle to most observers, who, if not for the three years of bawling, would have been blissfully ignorant of, and indifferent to, Hoffman's "views" on the Oscar.

glories; and it is spoiled, seemingly, by the needling and nit-picking and, consequently, nagging of the younger generation. The movie industry's Establishment, just barely holding itself together, appears annually to be left with a case of the shivers, or the shakes. If you witnessed this year's ordeal, you will remember — you will not easily forget — Danny Thomas's stricken expression, his beloved nose drooping an inch lower, when he took the podium after Bert Schneider had read the thank you telegram from the Viet Cong; and you will remember Frank Sinatra's traffic-cop

— antics when he returned on stage to lead the sing-along finale after Warren Beatty had whipped a line of his ready wit, such as it is, at Sinatra's back ("You old Republican, you," Beatty said, cutting deep). Beatty's attack was not unprovoked. Sinatra, just before introducing Beatty, had read an unofficial repudiation — written, it was reported later, by Bob Hope — of any and all political opinions expressed on the show; and this bombshell announcement had stirred up audience reaction to the extent that, on television, four people could be heard applauding, two hooting, and three yawning.

Probably no one really underestimates the number of raw nerves, predatory glares, and invidious tongues residing in or near the movie colony. Things there do not go unfeared, unnoticed, and unmentioned upon. Anybody in doubt about the situation need only look at Joyce Haber's daily column (especially last summer's two-part tirade, "The Education of Pauline Kael," reprinted in a piece by Kael in *The New Yorker*) or at Tom Laughlin's newest crusade (the "Billy Jack vs. The Critics" melodrama going on now in the newspapers). In this year's Oscar show, further evidence was provided in the form of a few sidling starts at absentee nominee Duane Hoffman and a final, ringing, point-blank address by Sinatra, whose trunk is gradually turning into a stout, imposing oak (No, Mr. Hoffman, the Oscar is not embarrassing, it is not obsolete . . .).

All this attention must have costed something of a surprise to Hoffman himself and something of a puzzle to most observers, who, if not for the three years of bawling, would have been blissfully ignorant of, and indifferent to, Hoffman's "views" on the Oscar. These "views" had been aired two days earlier in a television interview and, in due course, had spread instantaneously into crawl all around town, into gossip, and into the script for the Oscar telecast.

Somewhere in the spectacle of deep rooted and gnawed on feelings, imperfectly suppressed and smoothed over, is one of the main reasons that the Oscar show, even one as poorly produced as this, is still worth watching. This show, like afternoon soap operas, tests the threshold of the viewer's embarrassment. At peak moments, it should push the viewer to exclaim, at last, "I can't look." And because of the high stakes, the exposure, the attempted aplomb, and the covert feelings, these moments occur without fail. There have always been minor raffish, of course — Sammy Davis' introducing Susan Blakely as "Susan Berkeley" (Blakely, Berkeley, Broccoli! If they'd given him Ava Gardner, there'd have been no problem), and the award-winning technicians of *Earthquake*, the most added of the evening, at one point thanking the director "Mark Robinson" (that's Robinson) and later thanking "Ted (that's John) Mack." In recent years, though, the edgiest moments have transpired across the vaguest of cinematic images of how immeasurable rift between Hollywood Past and Hollywood Present.

The suitable symbol of the younger generation was Francis Ford Coppola, a bouncing baby boy in the front row. And the suitable symbol of the ancient regime was Howard Hawks, who looked as if, to prepare for the affair, he and his tuxedo had been pressed like a rose petal between two over-sized Webster's Dictionaries, and who ferociously stifled any trace of pleasure while picking up his first Oscar ever, a special award for "career achievement." (John Wayne, the presenter, demonstrated his "personal interest" in the award by naming the "four movies" he'd made with Hawks, and — perhaps in researching his speech he'd relied on a pre-Seventies reference book — by forgetting to count the fifth and most recent, *Rio Lobo*.) Hawks set the suitable tone, too, reciting a doleful anecdote about his friend John Ford, "when he went to the desert to die."

The anecdote went on about the time Ford won an award "for a picture that wasn't so good" in competition with Hawk's *Sergeant York*; by a con-

science, and by a faint irony, Hawks was referring to the year that the *Movie* magazine had spread its selections, passed over Orson Welles' *Citizen Kane*.

It is Welles who stands out as the likeliest candidate for paragon saint of the New Hollywood, if only insofar as he himself was immediately on his first dazzling appearance branded an alien and heaped with hostility. Something of no same suspicious attitude seems prevalent with each recent Oscar race. The central problem seems to be: How can they avoid giving it to Bogdanovich? or to Coppola? or to Nicholson? or to Hoffman? (It should probably be kept in mind that the new generation of moviemakers came into existence during the demise of the Studio System, and it is consequently rather difficult for a young moviemaker, under present production conditions, not to look like what was once recognized as a renegade. Later, the ways around the problem have become harder to find; with last year's winner, *The Sting*, they went about as far as they could go; this year must be scored as a sweep, the first ever, for the new blood, Coppola, De Niro, Burtyn, Towne. To the causal or distant onlooker, it has only the vaguest of cinematic images of how Hollywood breaks up into separate camps, tribes, huddles, it might be difficult to see, on the face of it, why and how much there is resentment in the so-called Establishment of a movie like *The Godfather*, *Chinatown* or *A Woman Under the Influence*.

Perhaps the most burdensome thing, after all, about watching the Oscar ceremonies is the thought of all the rehabbing, second-guessing, head-scratching, upbraiding, ink-slinging, and back-patting that must follow for certain in its wake. (Do politics and politeness mix? And do you notice Peter Davis's bowtie was on crooked? and isn't it a crying shame about Fred Astaire? and what more does Jack Nicholson have to do to win an Oscar? The basic truth which ought to be, but will not, diminish the afterthoughts and afterbatches is this: Hardly anyone has ever won an Oscar, or has ever been nominated for an Oscar, who did not deserve to win it. To this, a hasty amendment should read that deserving to win an Oscar and deserving to be certified the Best are not strictly the same things.)

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THE CLIMAX: LIQUID SMOKE, Tuesday through Sunday, 702 Market 236-9336

CONCEPTION BAY FISH CO.: SWIFT KICK, Tuesday and Wednesday; CLARENCE BELL with TOTAL SPECTRUM, progressive black jazz, Thursday through Sunday, 2808 Shelter Island Drive 224-3611

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GOLDEN HALL: HERBIE HANCOCK, Friday, April 25; MAHAVISHVU ORCHESTRA with JEFF BECK, JOHN McLAUGHLIN, Friday, May 29, 3rd and C, downtown 236-6510

GREEN ONION: KEN MUNDS & COUNTRY BREAD, Tuesday through Saturday, 4000 Kearny Mesa Road, Claremont 278-2230

INDIAN MAJIQUE: BILL MCDUNA & LITTLE DAVE, jazz theater, Tuesday, 8:30 p.m.; 621 4th at Market

JAMAICA JOE'S: SAROVAN, Tuesday through Sunday, 3595 Sports Arena Blvd. 225-1251

JAZZ SOCIETY: JOEY MARILLO, Thursday through Sunday; LES MCCANN, jazz pianist, May 6-11, At the Catamaran Hotel, 3999 Mission Blvd. Mission Beach, Information: 459-6679

LEDBETTER'S: FRENZY, Wednesday through Saturday, 5524 El Cajon Blvd. 583-4524

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MOVIES

(continued from page 7)

Rio Conchos - A discordant group of U.S. Cavalry irregulars, kept alive in hostile territory by the resourcefulness of a hulking maniacal Indian-killer (Richard Boone), searches out a mad Confederate general who struts in front of a plantation-house facade in the middle of the wilderness. Flexible direction by Gordon Douglas, handsome images by Jerry Goldstein, 1964. *** (Aiztec, from 4/27)

Shampoo - Warren Beatty's self-designed vehicle (he produced and co-wrote) assigns him the role of a womanizing, hairdresser who scuttles along a standardized routine for philanderers, ending up in a heap of repugnant whimsies. The beauty parlor itself serves mainly as a pivot for making quick connections with various stations on the Beverly Hills social circuit. A putdown comedy, and the winking observation of manners and mores elicits very few laughs. However, Robert Towne's dialogue shows a flair for the discordances of polite conversation, and Jack Holden contributes a commodity known as "star presence" in a sizable and attractive cast. Though Robert Wagner, sweetly suave, and Susan Flannery are most charming, all in a quantity scripted scene (Did you hear a cigar, or was burning?). playing illicit love who bid one another a tender farewell before the flames get to him. "At least no one will ever find out about us!" (LUA Cinema 1; Campus Drive 1)

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(continued from page 7)

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Sideways - Classic Comics on a movie screen, slightly less wide and one-inch deep. This sort of travelogue through Northern indio lushly photographed by Sven Nykvist, it bounces any notion of gainful struggle, austerity, or intellectual conflict contained in Hesse's novel of a man's search for spirituality. Directed by Conrad Rooks, 1972. ** (Kien)

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BE TACTFUL with those who are not Christians. Talk to them agreeably and with a flavor of wit, and try to fit your answers to the needs of each person. Colossians 4:5-6

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MOVIES

(continued from page 7)

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