

NEXT READER JANUARY 13

# READER

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SAN DIEGO'S WEEKLY

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Why through we came across one of those odd and nable things—there was a green rubber ogre mask lying in the path.



## WHO ARE THE ROSICRUCIANS?

STEVE SORENSON

**A**LL RIGHT, SKEPTICS, here's an exercise in faith. . . Try to imagine an old stone Gothic house somewhere along the German-Austrian border. In this house live 12 wealthy and mysterious brothers, seven of whom hold down positions of distinction and responsibility in the community, while the other five have never been out of the house. Every night at midnight these twelve brothers gather under the leadership of a thirteenth member who has never been seen by human eyes and goes by the curious name of Christian Rose Cross, and what they do is to attract into their bodies all the hate, envy, greed, lust, and malice which has transpired in the previous 24 hours. So much evil would kill ordinary men like you and me, but as you can see, these are no ordinary men. . . these are the Elder Brothers of the Rose Cross. They have been alive for hundreds of years—at least since the 14th Century—and if it weren't for them, light and truth would have disappeared from the earth long ago. You may be wondering what the source of their power is. In fact, their secret lies in a second spinal cord which they grew from the lower love-ray of Venus, and which has gained dominion over the first spinal cord—the one you and I have—which is ruled by the spirits of Lucifer. With this power they are able to live forever, creating a new body before the old one dies. . . Is this beginning to sound like Marvel Comics? O ye of little faith.

**S**IGH. . . I don't want to ridicule anything anybody believes in as long as it gives them strength and doesn't hurt anybody else, but I guess I'm probably like you. I don't believe. However, the point here is that the followers of this weird sect believe, and that's mystery enough for me. They're sure among us, their world center has been in Oceanside for the last 60 years, and curiosity absolutely demands that we go take a look at them.

The Rosicrucian Fellowship International Headquarters is located on top of Mount Ecclesia, just outside of downtown Oceanside. It's a garden spot in an otherwise gritty town that makes its living hauling Marines. The panorama from the Headquarters includes the old glistening mission of San Luis Rey to the East, a Catholic priory on the next hill to the north ("Kabe, monies catholic"), asked the Mexican gardener who pointed it out to me, the Pacific Ocean to the west; and to the south, the local palace of the philistine, the Carlsbad Plaza Shopping Center.

I met a kindly old gentleman in the lobby of the Visitors Center at the Fellowship. He had just moved out from the East Coast with his wife (she had to drive the whole way because he doesn't trust his reflexes anymore) and they're living upstairs at the Center now in a small pink hotel-like room that smells of heavy soap. This gentleman had that nascent for conversation that people develop some time after 60, and we dealt quite

thoroughly with the subject of autopsies and how they might be avoided before he offered to show me around the Fellowship grounds.

"I first became interested in the Fellowship in 1938, possibly early '39. I had a friend in San Diego who'd been taking astral trips with his sister since they were five. He was starting some kind of organization down there, and he said to come out and take a look at some land he was thinking about buying. He's now passed on to the inner levels where I hear he's doing excellent things. These palms here were planted by Max Heindel's wife I understand," he said, pointing to a large half-circle of fine old palms. "And that a labor of love. Anyway, . . . first time I came to the Fellowship it was my birthday. I was walking up the steps to the Visitors Center when a young lady I'd never seen before stopped me and said, 'Happy birthday.' I have no idea how she knew it was my birthday, and she asked me to take a walk with her. Well, I led her to a little summer house I discovered as we went, and she told me it was called the Leo House. . . sign's Leo, you see. The summer house is no longer standing, but I think it's wonderful that I found it on my own, on my birthday. I'd like to take you there now."

We headed down a dark and narrow path overgrown with an acre of thalberg. Part way through we came across one of those odd and unexplainable things—there was a green rubber ogre mask lying in the path. At first my imagination ran rampant, and I thought we'd found some kind of demon caught and melted by the sun. . . Not destroyed by the Elder Brothers in last night's midnight session? I turned it over with the top of my shoe to examine it more carefully, but it seemed to be just an ordinary rubber mask. My guide never even saw it, or pretended not to see it, and kept walking. Some kind of gag? Neighborhood kids? I have no idea.

We took an old side path. I'd swear nobody had trod there since he had in 1936 whatever it was. We had to pick our way through huge spiny cacti to the exact spot where the summer house had stood. "I understand Max Heindel used to come here and write," he said thoughtfully. We stood on the edge of the ridge and started down into the canyon, perplexed by the bare beauty that must have once been California, while a cool breeze walled up into our faces.

"Something magic about a canyon," he said. He led me to the Temple, sitting magnificently like some Turkish mosque on a green ridge of the hillside. He pointed out its stained glass windows, and explained that it was twelve-sided to represent the twelve signs of the Zodiac. It's a pleasing mysterious building, somehow ages away from Oceanside and the violent commerce below.

He led me around the gardens to the tiny Chapel of its sad and unconvincing mission facade with little niches for imaginary bells by the past-stucco resident quarters, by the old (continued on page 21)



# CityLights



## You Scratch My Head And I'll Scratch Yours

Supervisor Jack Walsh, a self-proclaimed environmentalist, left a lot of people scratching their heads last week when he announced his intention to sue with builders who want to develop the East County community of Lakeside. "It's real out of character for Jack to sue pro-development," said Diane Barlow, an aide to Supervisor Dick Brown. "We're all puzzled." Barlow described Brown, who represents the Lakeside area, as being "surprised and somewhat irritated" with Walsh's decision. "In effect, many years of effort may have gone down the drain with this voice," said Barlow.

policy of selling equipment at a reduced cost to the public and UCSD students.

"People will come in here and ask me about a set of books," explains Larry Laffen, a Clearmont shop owner. "I'll spend 15 or 20 minutes talking with them and they'll run away and go to UCSD and buy them at a discount. So I'm not only losing a sale, I'm losing time that could be spent on repairs."

Shop owners have been fighting to regain customers since the co-op opened two years ago. Some, like Laffen, want to see the co-op stop selling to the public. But others, like Bob Brown of La Jolla Schwann, want the co-op closed completely. "The purpose of the university is education," argues Brown. "If they want to sell books and food, that's okay. But no more, as a taxpayer, I'm subsidizing an operation that's putting me out of business."

UCSD officials call the shop owners' claims. "Our job is to encourage a growth of a community feeling on campus and the bike shop does this," says Tom Brown, an assistant to Chancellor William McElroy. "The co-op is operated with student funds, and is out of a building paid for by students." Brown refused to divulge how much business the co-op does annually, but claims a survey taken by his office shows only \$100 worth of equipment a month is sold to off-campus customers.

Robin Baham, owner of Thrushell Bikes in Pacific Beach, says the UCSD figure is way off base. "They refuse to give us any figure on total sales, but I think it's more than \$100,000 a year," Baham got this amount from figures released by bike shop owners in Santa Barbara who are involved in a similar fight with the UC campus there. "We're not afraid of competition," says Baham. "But there's no way we can compete with a shop that pays no salaries, no rent and no utilities. The only reason they're selling bikes is because we owners are politically unimportant. Can you imagine what Pacific Strada would do if the university started selling steaks?"

Baham has tried a number of channels in his fight to put UCSD out of the bike business. "I even telegraphed UC President David White, who said, in effect, 'too bad.'"

He has brought one issue before the San Diego City Council and hopes to get the support of the La Jolla Town Council as well as some clothing stores who are worried that they may be next in line to be undercut.

"Consumers don't give a damn about our business," laments Baham. "they'd just as soon see us go broke."

—Paul Krueger, Richard Lauer, Jan Wolf and Colleen O'Connor

## Merry Christmas, Mom, Can I Put You On Hold?

Writing or not, Pacific Telephone has included a telling sociological observation among its holiday calling tips this year. If you must call friends and relatives on Christmas Day, the phone company warns, avoid doing so on the hours or the half-hours. Since that's when most Americans must really hear themselves away from their television sets, that's when the worst electronic jams occur.

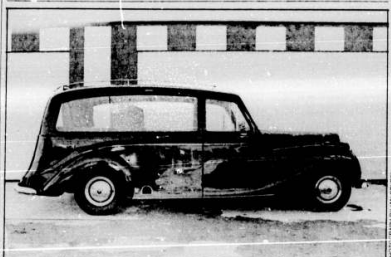
—J.W.

## Baby You Can Drive My Car

For the tune of \$15,000 you can drive away from San Diego's Executive Motor Car Company in a 1956 converted Phoenix hearse once owned by John Lennon.

John Allen, general manager, says the hearse, converted into a touring limousine, was used by the Beatles as a road car in England from 1970 to 1972, when the car was bought by a San Diego man. "John Lennon had the limousine rammed by installing five reclining aircraft seats," Allen says. The limousine, which has been on sale for two weeks, can also be leased for \$287 per month. The present owner is selling the car because, Allen says, "I suppose he's had his fill of an eight-seater, open touring car. The novelty's worn off." Allen leaves soon for Oregon to buy another car formally owned by the Beatles. "It's another Austin Princess, owned by the Beatles' manager, Brian Epstein. They used it in one of their movies." Allen expects the second limousine to sell in San Diego for \$20,000.

—R.L.



## Students Learn How To Undercut Competition

The local bicycle business is being heated up by a dispute between the independent bike shops and the college bicycle co-ops. Bike shop owners claim the UCSD co-op is taking a sizable number of clients from their stores with a

# Letters

Address all correspondence to Reader Editor, P.O. Box 80801, San Diego, CA 92186.

## Judge Disavows Crawford Plum

Dear Editor:

It was recently brought to my attention that the Reader published an article concerning myself and Judge George Crawford (Reader, November 25).

I have discussed this matter with Supervisor Jim Bates, and he assures me that he never made the comments attached to him by this article.

This is to advise you that I have never made application to the Judicial Council of the State of California to have Judge Crawford appointed. Further, Judge Crawford has never contacted me on this subject. By way of explanation, the only organization authorized by the

California Constitution to take such action would be the State Supreme Court Justice, Chief Justice Wright, acting through the Judicial Council, by the Chief Administrator, Ralph Kleps. That organization, pursuant to a direct request by Supervisor Bates, has responded that no such request by Judge Crawford or anyone else has ever been made to the Judicial Council.

Accordingly, it is requested that your publication print a retraction that your attached article is incorrect. It should be explained to the public that I have never taken the action pointed out by your article.

Mack P. Lovett  
Presiding Judge  
Municipal Court of the San Diego Judicial District

I recontacted Supervisor Jim Bates for clarification of his views. He said his statements had been misunderstood, that he did not believe Judge Lovett played a role in recommending that Judge Crawford be reappointed to judge position. He again stated that the voters only recourse was through the ballot, but said he had never contacted any judge, particularly Judge Lovett. Bates said he was and still is, however, concerned about the possible reappearance to judge position of Judge Crawford.

Though I appreciate Mr. Bates' clarification, my notes of the previous interview with him do record his comments about Judge Lovett specifically, which I reported correctly.

Richard Lauer

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# Off the Cuff

What do you least like about the Christmas season?

Alison Carr  
Reports Clerk  
South Park

I dislike all the crowds. Everybody's out there shopping and it's always a madhouse. Anywhere you go people are rushing around. Any store, anywhere. Just too many people. I haven't bought a single present and don't intend to. I hate things and give them as presents. That's me. I like to bake and it takes a lot of time, but I'd rather do that than fight all the crowds.

The thing I appreciate Christmas for is a day off work and the family getting together and that's about it.

Fred Milling  
Law Clerk  
Ingram Street

The overindulging in alcohol. Everybody always seems to want to drink and I don't. It's difficult to refuse drinks because people think you don't have the holiday spirit. They use it as an excuse to imbibe. Everybody should just be happy without overindulging. People try to do something special during the holiday season and the way they show that is to party, to overparty. It's not good.

If you look at hospital records you'd see there are many more strokes and heart attacks and other problems around Christmas time.

Nina Pylton  
Secretary  
Cypress Avenue

I don't like the atmosphere. It's too commercialized. Everybody's out to make a buck. Buy, buy, buy. They just overlay it. Right after Thanksgiving they start in with the advertisements and everything. It turns people off. I think it should be a time when people get to know one another, and not so much worrying about who's going to whom.

From a religious point of view, I don't think it's a time when people get to know one another, and not so much worrying about who's going to whom.

Robert Brent  
Engineering Assistant  
Bancroft Street

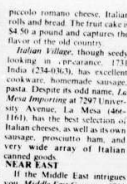
People tend to be a little depressed. It's a feeling I get. I can see it in people. They seem to be a little more uptight, a little more depressed around Christmas, right up until the last minute. Then, of course, on Christmas day it's all eggs and laughs. First it's not. Maybe it's another year going by, I don't really know.

The Christmas spirit is all about giving. At least on Christmas day. Friends are just more friendly towards one another.

Pat Lake  
Tapestry Clerk  
Larkin Street

There are so many things. First of all, the female role when it comes to Christmas is different from the male role. Males just don't seem to care, as far as I know, but females are obligated. I kind of resent it. At work it seems to be the same way. The men have to be kind of pushed into bringing the holiday spirit. You know, what I'm saying? Well, if you're not religious, you wonder if you're really supposed to be involved in it. You get depressed.





Fresh octopus, winter melon covered with white ash, braised bamboo shoots, pomegranate juice, green bananas—last minute Christmas ideas for the person who has everything.

**CHINESE**

If you are searching for exotics and melons, the *Chinese American Market*, 500 5th Avenue (near the 19th St. subway station), will supply you with bitter melon (it's now the end of the season, but still available), as well as winter melon covered with white ash (used for soups) as well as ginkgo nuts (sauteed in vegetables and sauce), pumelo marinated in soy

In these perilous times, any food or unusual food, including cold hamburger may delight our family or friends. The best ground meat in town (ground beef) is sold here, and is not stained at all. *El Mercurio*, 2636 Monroe Ave. (282-5158). A family le grocery store that offers herb meat, cut as you desire, 2835 K-42nd St. Goldrich (285-5533). This butcher also sells classes at the Public Arts

**JAPANESE**  
Are you looking for fresh  
squid flown in daily from  
Japan or raw fresh tuna?  
*Lo's Oriental Market*, 8650  
N. Mesa Road, has the largest  
selection of Japanese products in

**VIETNAMESE**

To serve the more than 8,000 Vietnamese refugees relocated here, the *Pomwinhoe Market* on 2610 Daniel Street in low-ent Linda Vista (560-1826) sells nuoc mam (fermented fish sauce), coffee from vietnam's Central Highlands (carried on road through I-5), as well as fresh vegetables and canned orange juice.

other Japanese food noted especially for their tofu are *Oriental Groceries* 18 Island, downtown San Diego (233-6311) and *Kyoto*

piccolo romano cheese, Italian rolls and bread. The fruit cake is \$4.50 a pound and captures the flavor of the old country.

**Italian Village**, though seedy looking in appearance, 1731 N. India (234-0363), has excellent cookware, homemade sausage, pasta. Despite its odd name, **La Mesa Importing** at 7297 University Avenue, La Mesa (461-1161) has the best selection of Italian cheeses, as well as its own sausage, prosciutto ham, and very wide array of Italian canned goods.

**NEAR EAST**

If the Middle East intrigues you, **McKee's** (234-0363) has

El Cajon Boulevard (295-1466), makes its own pita bread and offers products that are Arabic, Lebanese, Syrian, Indian, and Greek. Are you searching for pomegranate juice, dry couscous, lentils for dal? You will find them at Middle East Gourmet, an uncommon "neighborhood" store.

No ethnic guide would be complete without mention of lox.

smoked salmon) selling at approximately \$10.50 a pound. Now that's a present! Mine is an eclectic family and always has lox and bagels for Christmas morning breakfast. Best in town at *Blumer's*, 5379 El Cajon Boulevard (582-2791), as well as corned beef and pastrami. *North Park Bakers*, 3982 30th (295-7777), has excellent bread and bagels. The products of Bagel World are sold everywhere, and Ed Mart on Midway Drive has good, if limited selection of bread and Jewish products.

What's left? Why Mexican, of course. At least two fine tortillerías are available, *El Indio Tortilla Shop*, 3695 India (299-333), and *El Poverim Tortillería*, 1786 National Avenue (299-5756). *The Popular Market*, 951 12th Avenue (232-3262), offers at least 25 Mexican sauces, a wide variety of spices, papayas and mangoes, and Mexican products, including chocolate.

After the first of the year, a Polynesian grocery named *Totipot* will make its debut at Adams Avenue, which will feature taro roots and green bananas.

tion *Perfect Pan* for international gourmet goodies, 4040  
ditch (294-8442). Here you  
by curry from Madras (use  
for, as this stuff sizzles),  
pepperorns in tins (use in  
s and chicken pate), French  
s (blended in sauces and  
green mousse). If you have the  
ery and would like cherries  
ed in kirsch or crocks and  
of mustards that make  
st, though hopefully not  
ole, *ette*, *son*, *puller*

selection at Perfect Pan.  
The Cheese Shop in the Paseo  
to Mali at Grossmont  
mping Center has a most  
ent selection of cheeses as  
as little known brands of  
ernia wines at reasonable  
Sobanto Banking Co. has  
st French and Italian rolls,  
India, 233-3506), and to  
on a sweet note, Eric's

at 755 Girard. La Jolla 460), makes the most "4 o'clocks" in town are cookies made of ground nuts, flour, and butter, rolled with confectionery sugar. These are a fantastic "fix" for anyone who feels that the stress has vanished from our

# STRAIGHT FROM THE HIP

MATTHEW ALICE

Dear Matthew Alice:  
I enjoy going to the beach in the evening and watching the sunset.  
Could you tell me how far away it is?  
Robin Chance

Apparently you mean the horizon. Specifically, you mean the "apparent horizon," which is that point where the earth and sky seem to meet. On a clear day, incidentally, you can't see forever. In fact, if you're five feet tall you'll be lucky to see about two and a half miles at sea level. But don't let that discourage you. You can still broaden your horizons by climbing the nearest cliff (carefully). At 100 feet you'll be able to see about 14 miles. If you're really ambitious, rent an airplane. From the dizzy height of one mile you can command a vast horizon.

the time you see the sun slipping into the blue Pacific, I'm afraid it's already gone. What you're really watching is something of an illusion. Mathematically, you shouldn't be able to see the sun about the time its bottom edge touches the horizon. But the earth's atmosphere, especially on clear, humid days, bends light in a way that allows you to see "over" the horizon. It's rumored that early Viking navigators were aided by this refraction in their perilous explorations. Without maps, they needed all the help they could get, and it's possible they were able to glimpse the welcome mountains of Newfoundland long before they actually came into view. Which just goes to prove that the earth's horizons are limited only by one's vision.

My girl friend and I recently got in the car and went for a drive in the country to the north. Just when we thought we'd finally gotten away from it all on a little road near San Pascual, we saw a sign that said "San Diego City Limits. How could that be? We were at least 40 miles from City Hall."

[illegible]

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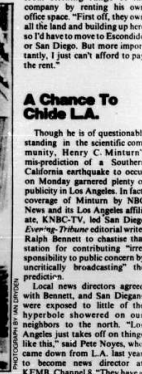
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The hope for *King Kong* is that more of the reported \$24 million budget will be evident on the screen than in the ads.

At the Valley Circle.

2. The Sequels.

*The Pink Panther Strikes Again* is a rarity among series movies in that the star, Peter Sellers, and writer-producer-director, Blake Edwards, have remained an indelible

(continued on page 32)

mostly from studying old photos of the man and his followers, and from browsing through his books, is that he had gifts of vision, imagination, ambition, and a Wizard of Oz ability to involve people around him in his personal fantasies. He churned out endless tons of literature on such topics as *Astro-Diagnosis*, *A Garden of Healing*, *Mysteries of the Great Operas*, and *Freemasonry and Catholicism*. These are thought of by his followers as being rather remarkable pieces of brilliance to be quoted and re-read continually. Max Heindel was quite certain that these books would

Let's see, I think I was going to tell you about the healing service.

At 8:45 sharp I was met at the door of the healing chapel by an elderly lady who said nothing but waited for me to declare my purpose. "I understand there's a healing service this morning."

I guess that did it, because she smiled and said, "Come this way, please." She led me into a small round room painted in pastel blues and pinks. On the ceiling was a large stained glass in the design of a gold star with a bouquet of roses in the center. (This might be a good time to

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## ROBUCRICIANS

(Continued from page 27)

One of the ladies initiated a prayer, and the others followed along. Then the leader read a list of several hundred names of people who were ill. Most of them had Spanish surnames. It took several minutes to read the list, followed by a few minutes of silence and meditation. At some point I became aware that a light was shining through the stained glass on the ceiling and reflecting on the wall. I wondered suddenly if the medicine had been taken for the exact moment the sun would strike the glass. I couldn't restrain my curiosity and looked up. ... There was a light bulb on the other side. So much for the mysteries of the rose glass. I was disappointed.

I thought maybe it was time to talk with the man who had the answers. He is known rather modestly as Mr. Parsons, and he is Secretary of the Board of the Robucrician Fellowship. His office is in a large yellow room with only a desk and two chairs for furniture. On the wall a picture of Max Hendel, and as Mr. Parsons was telling me some of his background, how he came from a family of pipe organ builders, and how he had investi-

gated forms of churches—I noticed that he had an incredible likeness to the man in the picture. He had the same broad face, the flat nose, the spectacles, the same glowing enthusiasm. He was the man in the picture! But he just laughed when I pointed out the similarity and said, "I just wish I resembled him in other ways."

I asked him if the Fellowship was growing. "All over the world," (Later he showed me photos of Black Robucricians in Ghana, their blood tracher looking like a ghost among mortals.) "Keep in mind that all things seem to go in cycles, but our cycle is on the upswing."

"I haven't been able to find any figures on the size of the Fellowship." "No. All members would be church. You see, we're not a church. Our philosophy is that all people are born into the niche they belong in, and that they should remain with their own people. For example, an Episcopalian recognizes the light of all churches. Many people aren't able to find satisfaction in their own church-servers. Two many questions have led to the discovery of the Fellowship. Many people are being misled by the King James Bible even with its errors. We are also spiritualists

but we don't hold séances or perform other psychic phenomena. We feel that a negative side of spiritualism. You see, if you use spiritualism for your own selfishness, you use it."

"I understand there are other Robucrician organizations." "There are at least seven Robucrician schools in the U.S. with which we have no association. I don't know too much about them, but from what I've seen, I'm led to believe that at least some of them aren't Christian. Perhaps trace their teachings from Egypt."

"I've been reading about Christian Rose Cross and the Elder Brothers. Is this to be taken literally, or is it a myth." "No. No, Adam and Eve." "No. It is to be taken literally. Christian Rose Cross came in 1913 A.D. and his mission was to form a group of Elder Brothers who would blend Christian and spiritual alchemy. The Elder Brothers are with us today. Some of them are connected with positions in science and government. Booker T. Washington, for example, was one of the Elder Brothers who came to help the Black race as Christ came to the Jews. Menorah too."

"Menorah?" "Menorah?" "You've heard of menors?" Many people think menors are a hypothesis, but this isn't so. These truths are probable truths until you can prove them yourself." "We're talking about faith then."

"The healing you do here?" "Well, we don't claim to do any healing. When the man is ready to be healed, he will be healed. This is why so many forms of healing are successful. All healing comes from God, and when we pray, we say, 'Not my will, but Thine be done.' Do you know about the Invisible Helper?"

"No." "An invisible helper is a person during the day, but funniest out of the body at night. They perform many duties on the inner plane—counseling, putting vital organs back in place, binding wounds. Many people who have been healed say they were aware of hands working inside them to heal. And many students of our recall functioning as helpers on the inner plane."

"We seemed to be drifting slowly into the fantastic—the same problem I had in talking with all of the Robucricians. Mr. Parsons, doesn't it all come down to whether or not you believe I know Max Hendel felt that Robucricianism appeared to logic begin with something you know to be true and proceeds to demonstrate the validity of something else. What do you begin with as true?" "Max Hendel said to accept these truths as probable truths until you can prove them yourself."

"We're talking about faith then."



## SPORTS OF ALL SORTS

I am giving you all a chance to make some money on the side by relating to you the professional word on the remaining games.

### ALAN PESIN

To all of you wonderful people who wrote in last week asking where was my weekly sports column, a healthy and happy New Year. To the rest of the literate who did not even notice, be humble. What happened is that on a mere mission to Las Vegas I was forced to send my article through the U.S. mail, as opposed to the armed courier

who usually picks up my stuff. Anyway, I mailed the column without a stamp, oblivious to the fact that as a member of the Reader staff I did not have franking privileges. Bookies on the Strip were laying even to five that the letter would be forwarded to San Diego postage due. They were taking time to fix that it would be returned to my Las Vegas return address. Denny's on Boulder Highway. I never found out how much money was wagered on this

proposition, but the bookies paid out nothing when the letter turned up in the dead letter office with a bullet through its heart, expired and unreadable. Last week's article was to be a 5500 contest, with major monetary awards going to any Reader reader able to out-guess the bowl game winners against the spread. The contest will have to wait until next year, though, because of the week delay caused by the Post Office bungling.

Instead, I am giving you all a chance to make some money on the side by relating to you the professional word on the remaining games to you for a Merry Christmas present.

The Fiesta Bowl finds Oklahoma favored by 20 over Wyoming. For the Sooners this clash wraps up a season that has seen them charged with everything from cheating on scholastic tests to spying to ticket scalping. Barry Switzer, Elva Peacock, and company are sure to be out to kill. Since killing and winning are two different things, I'll take Wyoming plus the 20 points.

The Gator Bowl has Notre Dame favored by four over Penn State. Notre Dame beat UCLA in the Liberty Bowl last Monday. Penn State was massacred by Pitt. Don Devine of ND is a loser. Joe Paterno of Penn State is a winner. I will take the points.

The Peach Bowl between the two-point favorite Kentucky and North Carolina needs non-stop touchdowns to keep the viewers in his seat. What they need and what they will get are two different things. Kentucky will cover in a low-scoring boredom bowl.

The Astro-Blue Bonnet Bowl is another biggie. Vince Ferragamo is considered by the most pro sports to be the best quarterback in the country. This makes Nebraska a three-point favorite over Texas Tech. However, this is almost a home game for Tech and they should cover. The biggie are saved for New Year's Day number one ranked

Pitt three points over Georgia in the Sugar Bowl, Maryland versus Houston, a pick 'em proposition in the Cotton Bowl, (Ohio State favored by six in its first bowl ever not covered with roses in the Orange Bowl), and maybe Michigan is six-point favorite over USC in the Rose Bowl in Pasadena.

Pitt has Tony Dorsett. Georgia has a defense known as "the junkyard dogs." Pitt coach Johnny Majors is heading for Tennessee after the season and a win for him would clinch his first national championship. Too bad that he is going to be upset by Georgia.

Many people think that Maryland is the best college football team in the country. The Cotton Bowl will be their big chance to prove it. However, when Houston plays in Texas they are the best college football team in the country. Take Houston.

Ohio State versus Colorado in the Orange Bowl is another of these post-season dogfights. Both teams smell of defeat. Woody Hayes is a mess, unable to keep command of his faculties in the clutch. Take Colorado in general principle.

The Rose Bowl will be played for the national championship after the results of the Sugar Bowl are posted on the scoreboard. Michigan is good enough to beat a majority of the NFL teams and should have little trouble with a USC team whose best player, Ricky Bell, has just been in a major depression knowing that he is to be drafted by John McVey's Tampa Bay Buccaneers. Michigan will both kill and win.

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## Why No One Don't Know Nothin' About Music Around Here



Since a large proportion of our high school students graduate unable to speak or write correct English and with no effective knowledge of history, it may sound like nit-picking to complain that almost all of these students graduate as musical illiterates.

JONATHAN SAVILE

The art of serious music involves three distinct groups of people (one might almost say three social classes)—those who compose music, those who perform it, and those who listen to it. (A case might be made for adding to this list the entrepreneur who arranges concerts and raise money for them, and—if it is not too audacious a suggestion—one might even accord so importance to critics.) The extreme importance of the audience—its existence, its nature, its taste, its understanding—is something we tend to overlook, but we do so at our peril. The creative musician may sometimes be at odds with the consumers of his product (if we want to think of things in commercial terms), but he need for them is overwhelming and undeniable. This is so because art is a form of communication and must communicate to somebody; but there is a more practical reason as well, since composers and performers have to eat, and therefore composers have to be willing to pay them for what they do.

Musical life in America today has no lack of richness in the first two of the three crucial groups. We have a great many excellent contemporary composers, as well as all the greats—and not great—music of the past to draw upon. As to artists, we are blessed with several of the world's greatest orchestras, along with a phenomenal number of brilliant instrumental soloists, singers and chamber groups, and the best European performers make frequent visits to our shores. It is only in the matter of audiences that American musical life is defective—but

there it is very defective indeed. Organizations devoted to the performance of serious music—orchestras, opera companies, chamber music societies, and the like—spend a good part of their energies scrambling for funds, attempting to persuade reluctant communities that good music deserves their support. Contemporary composers go begging for opportunities to have their music performed. Record companies withdraw recordings that might be permanently available, because they do not sell. Serious music in our country—the only music of permanent value, because it is the only music that fully embodies the expressive and formal possibilities of the art—limps along, while commercialized pop music, almost always of far lower artistic value, is an ebullient, successful, billion-dollar business.

For a great majority of Americans, serious music is elitist, obscure, boring stuff—the sort of thing one may respect from a distance, but which has no appeal to us except to a few generalists who enjoy Bach, Beethoven and Stravinsky. Since those of us who enjoy serious music of this sort are intensely moving and inspiring, many of our fellow-countrymen seem deaf to its virtues. One answer might be that the enjoyment of serious music requires a special, inherent talent for listening, a talent that most people are simply lacking in from birth. But there is another reason, considerably more down-to-earth, which does not require any dubious assumptions about inherent talents and special talent. That reason is that most Americans have had virtually no contact with serious music in their whole lives; they don't

experience it, they don't listen to it, they don't learn about it, and they scarcely know what it is. No wonder if they ignore it and prefer to spend their money and their listening time on the kind of popular music that is so much a part of their lives: rock, pop, disco, and the like. The commercial record business has made music so thoroughly acquainted with them that they are accepting shoddy merchandise where first-rate goods are available just around the corner, is something they do not worry about, because they don't even realize that it is happening. And the one institution that could have set their musical values straight and opened the door to great music for them—the school system—has failed them from the earliest grade on up.

San Diego is no worse and no better than most American school systems in this regard. There are a number of dedicated music administrators and teachers in both the city and the county, but their numbers are pitifully small. So far as serious instruction in music goes, practically nothing. Music is treated not as one of our great cultural heritages, but as a vital element in our lives, not as a matter of course of some of our most meaningful experiences, but rather as a luxury, a small addition to the curriculum, which is always in danger of being eliminated at the first overall budget cut. And what music instruction there is devoted almost exclusively to the training of musicians. With their own programs of instruction and out of their own resources, the San Diego schools contribute at a substantial minimum to the creation of informed

audiences for serious music. And the conditions of musical life in this country are such that, if they do not have access to good music during their twelve years of primary and secondary schooling, most people will never experience it at all. Consider some of the statistics. In the San Diego Unified School District (in the city of San Diego), there are thirteen music teachers at the elementary level, working with 126 elementary schools. In San Diego County, where there are 48 autonomous school systems, sixty instrumental teachers handle 212 elementary schools. Elementary school teachers in the County who are not music specialists do receive some in-service education in music instruction, co-ordinated by the County Department of Education. But the number of teachers with professional music training, although considerably better than in the City, remains deplorably low.

The statistics are—or at least level. For the numerous Junior High Schools and seventeen High Schools and seventeen teachers in the thirty-four Junior High Schools and seventy-seven teachers in the thirty-four Senior High Schools.

If we are concerned with the development of audiences for serious music, however, even these statistics are deceptive. Although all music instruction at the Junior High School and High School levels is instruction in performance often enough

our music teachers (one part-time) one is in charge of the band and orchestra, one is in charge of the chorus, and the other two teach the music appreciation course called "Music Seven." Of 793 seventh graders, 436 (just over half) this year chose Music Seven; the rest are in the band, the orchestra or the chorus. Music Seven itself consists of a study of the orchestral instruments and of the principles of sound and a history of music up through the Romantic period. Barbara Bush, the full-time teacher of Music Seven at Pershing, arouses a great deal of enthusiasm in the type of course that many school administrators brand as outmoded. She is so successful that my telephone talk with this dynamic, intelligent and delightful woman demonstrated why that in the eighth grade, 130 students (out of a total of 770) are currently chosen to continue the music history course on a purely elective basis. Pershing's music program is one of the largest and most successful among the city's Junior Highs, a success Barbara Bush attributes in great part to strong parental support. Even so, we are dealing with only one semester of music appreciation for half of the students in the school, plus a second semester for a sixth of them.

music in the curriculum—as at Pershing Junior High, or in a number of County school systems such as Poway—then the chances are taught and the children learn.

If the schools have, by and large, failed to prepare any opportunities for young people to become acquainted with serious music and to learn something about it. But although the City and County school systems make financial contributions to some of the programs (Young Audiences, the Symphony's in-school concerts, and the Opera's touring shows), their main source of support is outside the schools. In San Diego, virtually all of the creation of new audiences for serious music is the work of these

other institutions. The Young Audiences program, the Young People's Concerts of the San Diego Symphony and their series of in-school concerts, a number of programs run by the San Diego Opera, student discounts on all of these offer

ing budgets of the musical institutions themselves. The school systems may not offer much music instruction on their own, but they are not reluctant to participate in programs administered and largely funded by others. Furthermore, the events sponsored by the Symphony, the Opera and the other organizations come along relatively infrequently, they are special events, and therefore specially exciting to those students lucky enough to attend them, but they can scarcely take the place of a systematic exposure to good music, term after term and year after year.

What, then, do we make of this picture of music education in San Diego? The schools themselves are doing a minimum of systematic instruction, and a large number of students receive no education whatever that might prepare them to be the audiences of the future. At the same time, the schools cooperate willingly, even expend a certain amount of money, though an extremely small part of the total school budget, when independent outside organizations, when the National Endowment for the Arts, the California Arts Council, and these outside organizations themselves, are doing a minimum of systematic instruction, and a large number of students receive no education whatever that might prepare them to be the audiences of the future. At the same time, the schools cooperate willingly, even expend a certain amount of money, though an extremely small part of the total school budget, when independent outside organizations, when the National Endowment for the Arts, the California Arts Council, and these outside organizations themselves, are doing a minimum of systematic instruction, and a large number of students receive no education whatever that might prepare them to be the audiences of the future.

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excellent as they are, consist mainly of isolated events, a concert, a lecture-demonstration, a visit to an opera performance, which are not generally integrated into an ongoing educational process. It would be absurd to expect musical organizations outside the schools to take over the entire job of music education, with all of its importance for creative and intellectual growth. The schools give up on teaching arithmetic, and instead depend on occasional visiting lecturers, sponsored by private organizations of accountants and engineers, anxious that at least a few people in the coming generation would have some knowledge of their fields? It would be preposterous, of course, yet that is precisely what happens to music. No one is concerned. And until the people of San Diego, particularly the parents whose children are in San Diego schools, start to care, serious music as an important element in education and in life, the third vital component of the art of music, the audience, is going to remain small, weak, and ineffectual. It is part of the way composers and performers plus them.





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**MARK-ALMOND**  
(continued from page 11)

with Almond's sensitive playing gave Mark-Almond's music an immediacy that attracted a respectable amount of attention for a time. However, his stretching this music over a large frame, they have managed to highlight the flaws of the music.

The first of what were to be four segments of the show was Jon Mark on acoustic guitar. Johnny Almond on flute and bass flute, a former member of It's a Beautiful Day on accelerated electric bass, and a keyboardist playing a Fender Rhodes. This opening set came the closest to capturing the flavor of Mark-Almond's early music, being an almost exact recreation of the instrumentation on those first songs. Abruptly, and with only Mark's side guitar picking as a musical transition, the lighting shifted to a smaller platform in the left of the main stage, where Johnny Almond was revealed fronting a small "jazz" group consisting of himself on tenor sax, the same bassist and keyboardist, and a drummer. Moving through songs such as "Portrait of Myself," "Through an Open Window," and "The Whiter's Ain't No Sinner," Almond displayed a fine grasp of the tenor sax lexicon, providing a number of inspired moments with sax-tenor-note aggression and pinpoint leaps between registers. But what atmosphere had been allowed to build during the brief set was virtually destroyed when Almond surrendered the spotlight to the keyboardist, who sang a tune that not only veered out of place in the Mark-Almond repertoire, but detracted from the flow of the concert with its predictable harmonic progressions and wandering vocal motifs.

This mistake was followed by another shift, this time to an identical platform at stage right, where Mark, seated on a high stool and backed by a string quartet, proceeded to sing a piece called "Joy" from his own solo album. The string players, three of whom were local recently were a much touch, but adding a sweetness to that song's blandness was akin to adding sugar to water. Another element profited from the collaboration. With the next song, the concert reached its nadir, as Mark had to lead the horns to one of his solo tunes, "Johnny," taped to the back of his O-ring guitar. It was at this point in the show that the sound system at Strath Head chose to crackle and spit, and a noticeably perturbed Mark seemed barely able to keep his mind on the music.

Happily, the fourth and final segment of the concert was good enough at least partially to redeem the preceding lackluster performance. With all hands on deck for the final Fender Rhodes, electric bass, drums, Almond on alto and soprano sax, and Mark on acoustic guitar, the group launched into "New York State of Mind" from the album "I.P. [I]."

Followed in turn by "The City," the familiar "I.P. [I]" from the album, Mark-Almond alighted, only rhythmically more charged in concert than in the original version. During this song the violinist attempted to play a solo

into the microphone previously used as a vocal mic by Jon Mark. For some reason, the sound technician(s) couldn't seem to get the mic to work, accidentally turning on a different mic that resulted in loud feedback, and in the process of improvisation. The first two rows of seats was a splendid piece of improvisation. The first two rows of seats was a splendid piece of improvisation. The first two rows of seats was a splendid piece of improvisation.

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