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LA-The Paper That Thinks It Can

# COAST

October 1972 **75¢**

## **RADIO TALES**

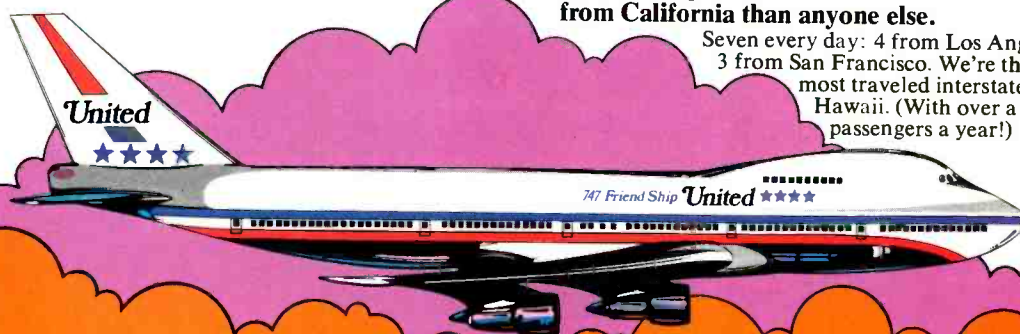
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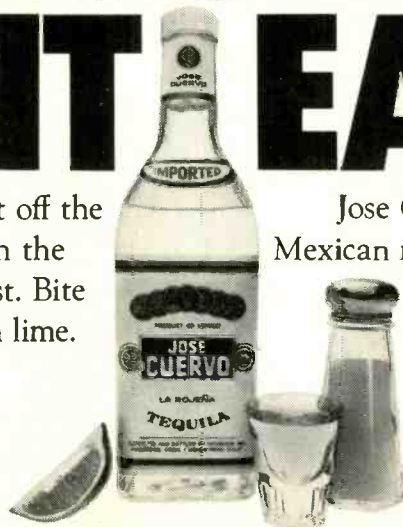


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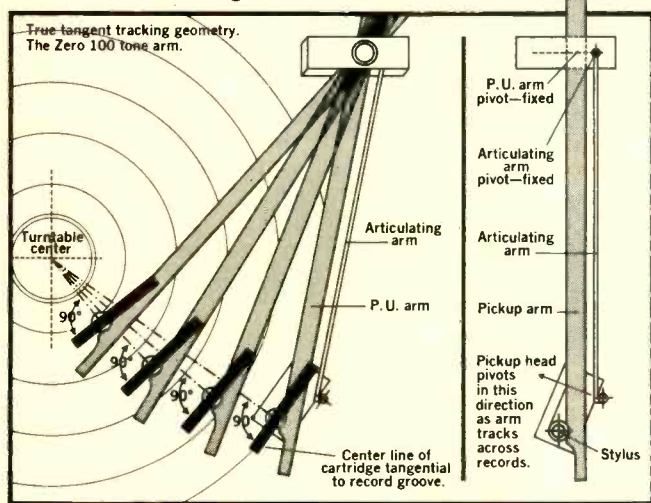
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# COAST

VOL. 13, NO. 10, OCTOBER 1972

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## COVER:

This month, in a special 16-page supplement, *Coast* offers a glimpse of what radio was like in its pre-wasteland heyday, and what it has become. Arlen Peters, a radio writer and director, describes the opening of Columbia Square ("... soon to be known as the most modern, technically perfect broadcast facility in the world.") In his article on dethroned radio mogul Doug Cox, David Rensin examines some of the tensions and controversies in contemporary radio. Also included, as a special bonus, is a genuine radio script from the medium's past, "Just Plain Bill," by Robert Hardy Andrews.

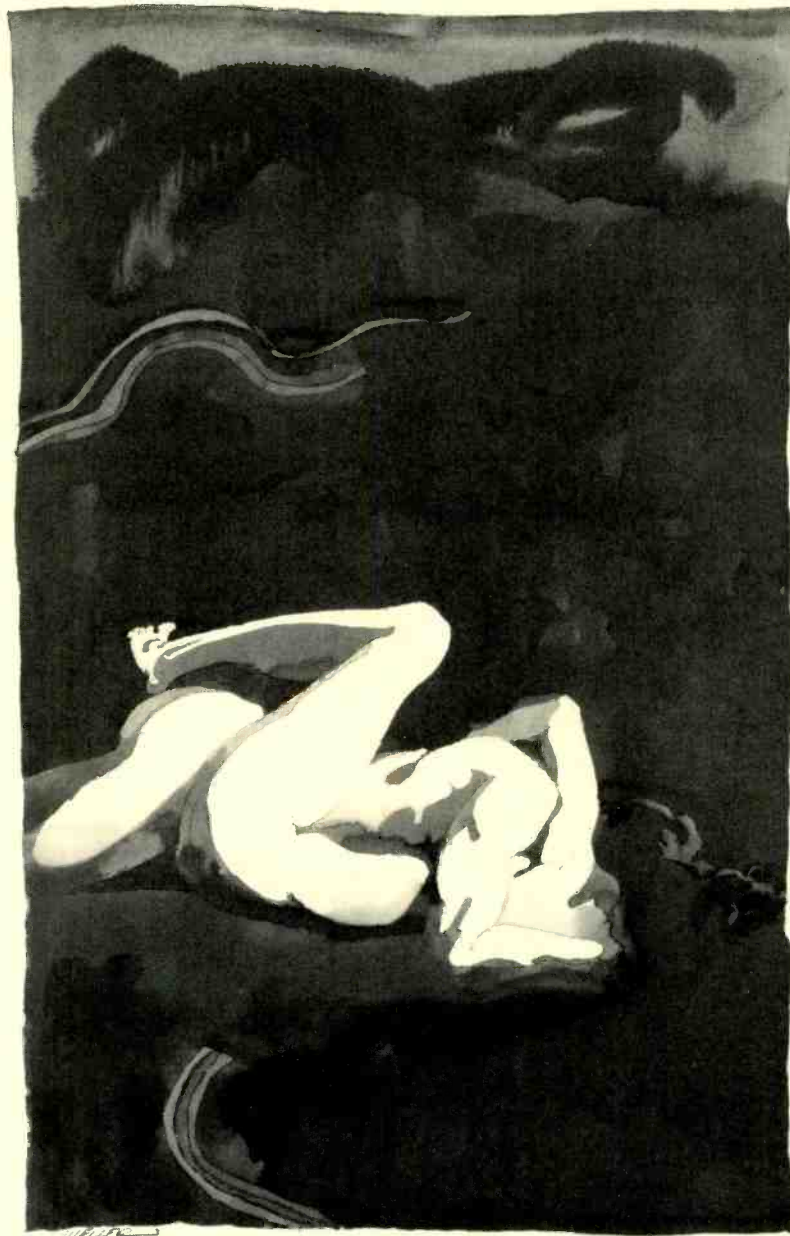
Mike Salisbury shot the cover photo of Little Nipper, the lovable RCA mascot, casting a bemused glance at one of those new-fangled radio devices.

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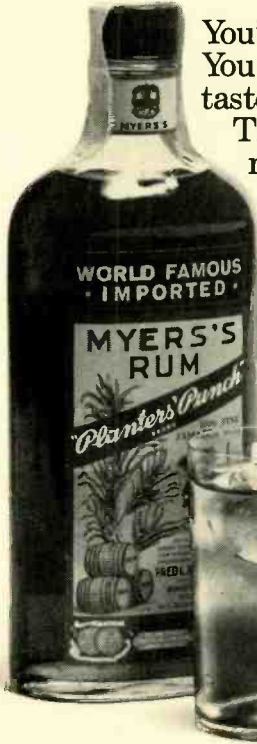
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## LETTERS

### PHOTOGRAPHIC LICENSE

As the Delegate of the Andorran National Tourist Board to the states of California, Nevada, and Arizona, I have authentic Andorran license tags on my car, which you have a photo of on page 21 of your July issue. No one ever bothered to advise me that you were using this photo of my car, and I understood you bought this photograph from one Gary Kruger, a photographer of whom I have never heard of in this area [sic].

I might point out to you that my Government is extremely upset about the way you have handled this, without even letting us know, or obtaining our permission, or at least giving us a credit line, which we would have appreciated. They therefore advise me to write you this letter advising you that we expect some kind of remuneration for the use of the photograph that was obtained in the first place without my authorization. If we do not hear from you within ten days of receipt of this letter, I will advise our legal staff to take whatever appropriate action they see fit to take.

Clifford R. Gans,  
Delegate to California,  
Nevada, and Arizona,  
Andorran National Tourist  
Board,  
Hollywood



[The editor replies: *COAST* apologizes to Mr. Gans and to the Andorran Government for any inconvenience or embarrassment that might have been caused by the publication of Gary Kruger's photo, and we are happy to allow Mr. Gans the opportunity of thus identifying his uniquely fascinating automobile. However, as Mr. Gans' legal staff must surely have informed him by now, any object of unusual or newsworthy interest, especially on a public street, may be photographed and reproduced without the owner's permission.]



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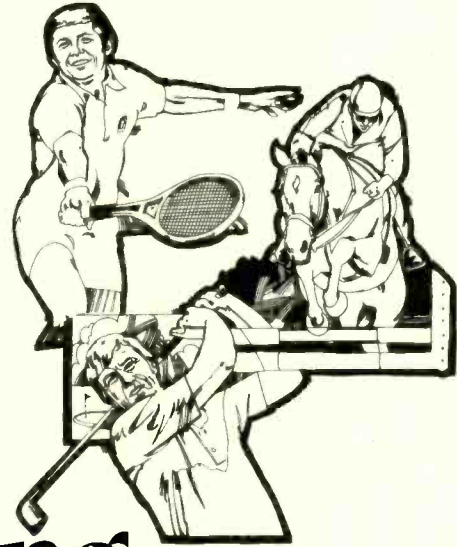
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TONY TRABERT, U.S. and Wimbledon champ is our Director of Tennis.

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The athletes above, plus our Resident Pro, Chuck Jones (a class "A" member of the P.G.A.) are presently under contract to the developer at no cost to property owners. Renewal of contracts will be a responsibility of the athletes and the Property Owners Association.

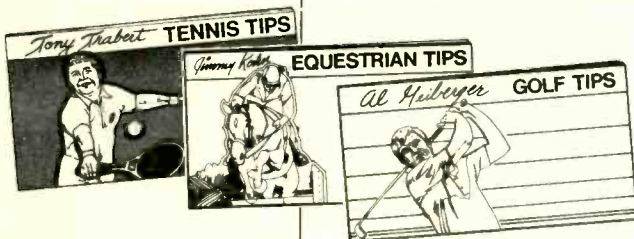


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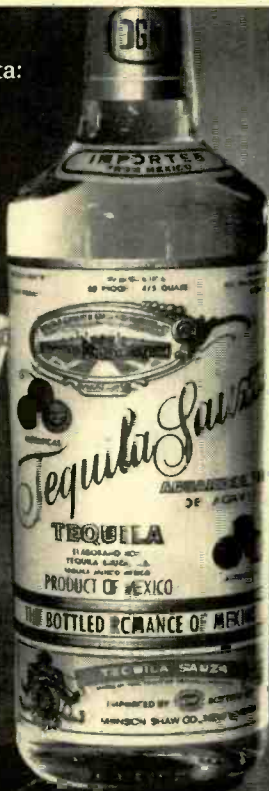
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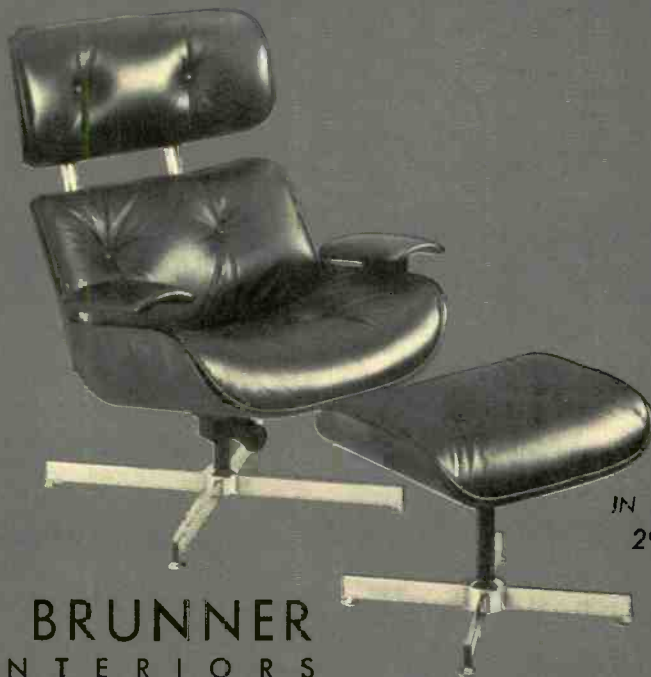
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## A MATTER OF PARAMOUNT IMPORTANCE

Regarding Ann Haskins' and Evelyn Renold's article on Oblath's and Paramount's concurrent decline (August COAST):

Paramount, first of all, is far from a "ghost town." Currently shooting at Paramount are "The Sandy Duncan Show," "Mission: Impossible," "Manix," "The Odd Couple," "The Brady Bunch," and "Love, American Style," plus a movie of the week regularly; and two features started shooting in September. Housed at Paramount Hollywood are Glenn Glenn Sound and Anderson Productions (who do special effects for all productions in Hollywood). Regarding the supposed move of Paramount Hollywood to the Warner Brothers' Burbank studios, this statement is totally inaccurate—try *Columbia*.

Now, Oblath's: the new owners are intent on servicing this large group of TV and screen personalities with the know-how of over 20 years in the restaurant business. Frequent, if not daily, customers include Greg Morris, Mike Connors, Florence Henderson, Bob Reed, Jack Klugman, Sandy Duncan, and Julie Andrews and husband Blake Edwards (whose favorite luncheon is the chicken tostadas.) Many producers, including Al Ruddy, who produced *The Godfather*, are also regular customers; so is the staff of KMEX-TV.

We are most concerned about your unhappy experience at Oblath's. We could have put out a bad tostada, but all restaurants can be guilty of a bad meal once in a while. We appreciate constructive criticism and it may make us more aware during our slow hours to be sure that the quality of our food at lunch and dinner continue throughout the day.

We would love to have the two of you dine with us again. We have a new broiler and two excellent Mexican chefs at night. (One even sings.) Business here is better than ever, and we feel the dollars spent to improve Oblath's have not been wasted.

*Alan Berliner and  
Herman Bendix,  
Oblath's Inc.  
Hollywood*

The article "Hollywood Eats," by Ann Haskins and Evelyn Renold, is one of the most malicious and inaccurate bits of reporting I have ever read.

I am an actor and director who has worked recently at the "ghost town"

# the only way Stan can "reach" Regis is by phone!



Mornings at 10:00, Channel 9's TEMPO brings you Regis Philbin and Stan Bohrman. As you can see, they agree on practically nothing! But that's what makes "TEMPO" move . . . that's what keeps it vital! There's in-studio guests with diverse philosophies, important conversation concerning Los Angeles, and an open line for viewers to call in and express *their* opinions. And yes . . . there's plenty of laughs too! So if you're tired of quiz shows, soap operas and the like . . . try keeping time with TEMPO! Weekday mornings on Channel 9. *You* might even reach Regis by phone!



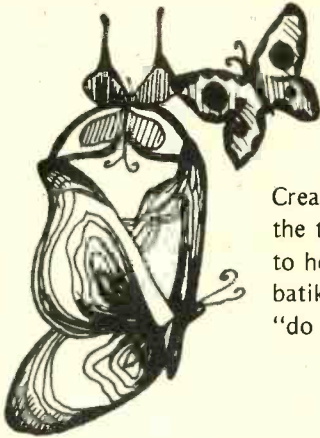
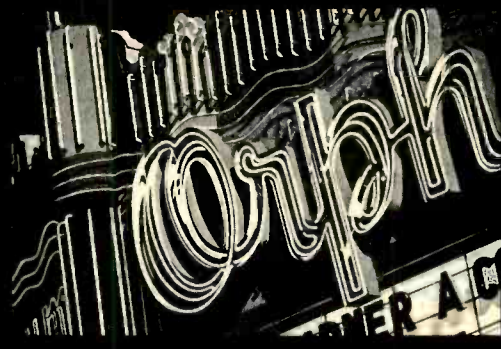
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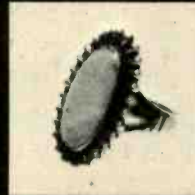
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called Paramount (Thank God!). I have been patronizing Oblath's for at least five years, and have enjoyed and am still enjoying their food. If business has dropped off, I have not been aware of it. At lunch, I have waited 15 minutes or half an hour for a table, and if the food were as Haskins and Renold described it, I would not have waited five seconds.

I have never been afraid to recommend Oblath's to my friends and relatives, because of the quality and price of their food. I usually do not write letters to editors, but this article was so unfair to Paramount, and Oblath's, that I had to bring it to your attention.

Bob Saxen  
Los Angeles

[Mes. Haskins and Renold reply: *As far as Paramount's move to Burbank is concerned, we obviously stand corrected and offer our sincere apologies. As for the "ghost town" remark: we may have overstated our case somewhat, but we're certain that Messrs. Berliner, Bendix, and Saxen will agree that Paramount is not today the thriving institution it was some years ago, TV production or not. And, while the highly-respected Anderson Productions is certainly the major special effects house in Hollywood, it is hardly accurate to state, as do Messrs. Berliner and Bendix, that they do special effects "for all productions in Hollywood."*

*As for Oblath's itself, while we certainly stand by what we said about our particular meal there, we do acknowledge that even the very best establishment can have a bad night every now and again, as the gentlemen suggest.]*

### DESPERATE OVER DEARTH OF NUDE BEACHES

On behalf of the skinny-dippers of the world, I'd like to thank you for your revealing article on nude beaches (September COAST). I think you should know, though, that the Pirate's Cove beach in Malibu, which your writer refers to, was closed down by the cops in late August, ostensibly because the area is "private property." Since there are now virtually *no* beaches in Southern California where wholesale nudity is sanctioned, our only choice is to infiltrate "straight" beaches. San Clemente here we come.

Bruce Beardsley  
Torrance ●

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# COASTWISE

## WEARING IT WELL

The fall looks good for rock-and-roll. Or whatever it is. Not only do we have new lps from the Kinks and the Band, strong and promising debuts from people like Jerry Williams and Richard Thompson, and so on, but three old friends—Rod Stewart, Van Morrison, and Elton John—have recently managed to come up with an album apiece that seems, in each case, a kind of crystallization of elements, a kind of high point of achievement, a kind of logical summation of previous hypotheses. These albums are what, in other words, these particular artists seem to have been working towards.

Stewart's *Never a Dull Moment*, (Mercury SRM-1-646), is a rich, texturally forceful set of great diversity and diverse sensitivity. The gravelly-voiced Stewart and guitarist Ron Wood, who are probably, together, the single greatest rock musician in the world today, are also turning into a first-rate song-writing team, on the evidence of "True Blue," "Lost Paraguayos," and "Italian Girls," the latter of which contains one of the best rock lyric lines of the year: "Italian girls sometimes hold their religious habits in front of your eyes . . ."

*Honky Château*, by Elton John (Uni 93135), contains some of Bernie Taupin's most sensible lyrics and some of John's best bright, percussive, Agustin Lara-like piano. "Honky Cat" dashes

and dances, "Salvation" is as believable a song of faith and hope as one could wish for, and "Rocket Man" has the kind of epic eeriness the Jefferson Airplane has been striving for in vain since the start of their mock-heroic anthem stage.

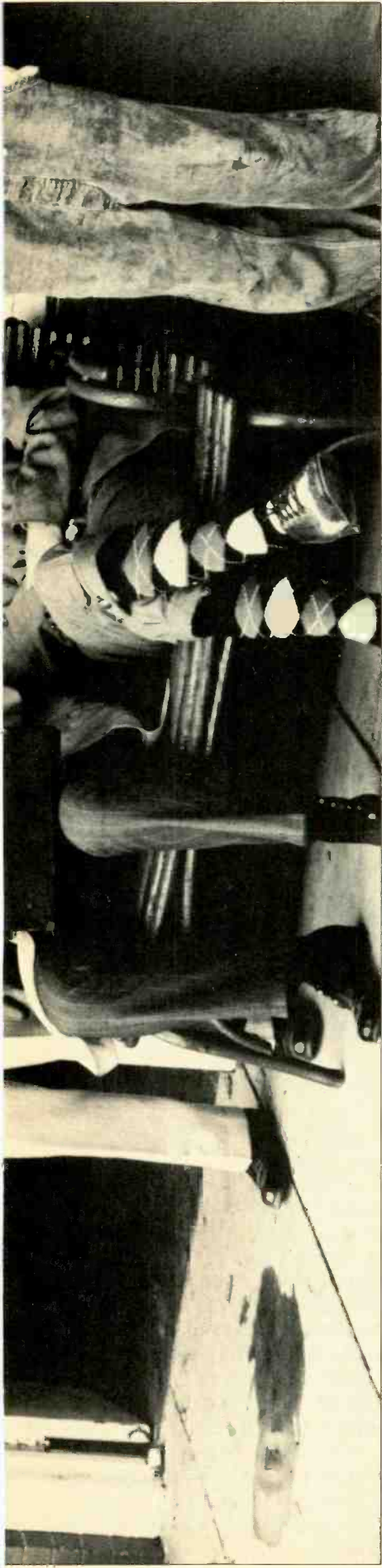
*St. Dominic's Preview*, by Van Morrison, (Warners BS 2633), is easily the best thing that Irish-Californian R&B imagist has come up with since his formidable *Astral Weeks*. He has a very private vision when he's writing his more serious songs, and the irresistible, confident abandon with which he sings his mysteries is quite unparalleled. He has returned, at least partially, to the longer, melodically simpler forms of *Astral Weeks* with this album, and these

forms allow him to create complex, many-leveled conceptual worlds of (sometimes) great structural elegance. The title song mixes time, place, forbodings, and philosophies with genuine pop-Joycean flair. "Listen to the Lion" is stirring and intense. "Redwood Tree" is tight and sophisticated jump-rock. Morrison has powers inside of himself—powers to evoke, to involve, to elude, and to delight. Listen to the lion, indeed.

Perhaps the traditional pre-Christmas release of important or would-be important lps will soon engulf us with more new, fine, strong music. But, in the meanwhile, there's plenty here to help the Autumn flame.

Colman Andrews





### COUNTRIFIED CARNIVAL IN CALABASAS

Once upon a time, as legend would have it, a farmer was driving through the Basque-populated part of the mountains between Malibu and the Valley, with a big load of pumpkins in a cart behind him. Something went awry and the pumpkins fell off the cart, unbeknownst to the poor farmer, who continued on his merry way. In time, a pumpkin patch appeared and the locals decided to name their community after the errant squash. Hence the town of Calabasas ("calabaza" meaning "pumpkin" or "squash" in Spanish), and hence the third annual Calabasas Pumpkin Festival to be held on the weekends of October 21-22 and 28-29.

Billed as an "old-time countrified carnival," the festival will feature entertainment (including a medicine show, "mystical dancers from the Near East," a famous Japanese country fiddler and singer [!], and continuous music from the down-home Topanga Banjo and Fiddle Association); arts and crafts exhibits (including ceramics, leather, painting, weaving stitchery, macramé, Indian jewelry, sculpture, stained glass, ecology art, etc., etc.); pony and wagon rides for the kiddies; and a variety of unusual foods (such as sopitas, churos,

Indian Fry Bread, and Rotten Pot Pudding) in addition to the usual schlock carnival edibles.

The Calabasas Cattlemen's Marching and Shouting Society, led by the Rev. John Bowen, and the famed 7th Cavalry Outpost will keep whatever peace there is to be kept.

The festival will be open from 10 a.m. to 6 p.m.; admission is a mere 50 cents. To get there, take the Ventura Freeway to the Valley Circle or Calabasas Parkway off-ramp and follow the signs.

### AMERICANA OF THE MONTH:

Nine-year-old Julie Bogle of Wichita, Kansas, holds hands with another famous Kansas girl in the *Wizard of Oz* set at Movieland Wax Museum, Buena Park, California. Julie, who cast a ballot at the Fox Theatre in Newton, Kansas, for Best Actor, Actress, and Motion Picture in the Movieland Stars' Hall of Fame Public Poll, won an expense-paid vacation at the Ala Moana Hotel in Hawaii via Western Airlines when her ballot was pulled at random from the hopper in Buena Park. Enroute to Hawaii, Julie and her mother attended the Second Annual Stars' Hall of Fame LUCI Awards Dinner at the world famous Movieland Wax Museum, spon-

sor for the public poll conducted in newspapers nationwide and in the lobbies of 275 National General Theatres.



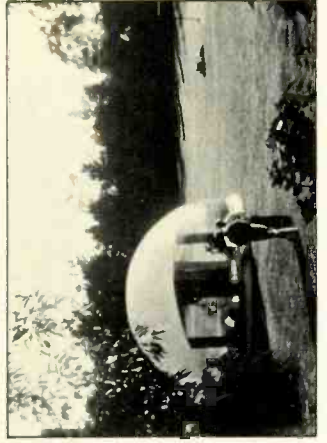
### XANADU IN SANTA MONICA

An inflatable, portable pleasure palace that can be pumped up with air in eight minutes to provide 500 feet of living space? Kubla Khan would probably have been appalled. Nevertheless, the "dome home," which looks like a giant half-bubble and can be folded into

a 42 x 60-inch box, may be just the thing for chic, futuristic-minded vagabonds.

Such persons, and all other curious parties, can see this new technological achievement at the Home Decorator and Stereo Expo at the Santa Monica Civic Auditorium, October 25-29. Also featured will be an "orgy of sound" to introduce 1973 audio components; an on-going chess game in which anyone can participate; and free "mini-seminars" where visitors can get instruction on pottery, care of indoor plants, needlepoint, and other related crafts.

For all we know, the dome-home may become *the* trendy trapping of the mid-'70's. As the Expo promoters are quick to point out, such hot items as the water-bed and the bathtub built for two (?) made their public debuts at Expo shows in past years.



# RELIVE THE NIGHT THE WHOLE COUNTRY TURNED ON LIZA MINNELLI.

And Liza turned on the whole country. On September 10, she romped, stomped and wailed away on the first one-woman television special since Barbra Streisand's four years ago: "Liza With a 'Z'"

That night, America watched her sing some of the last few decades' best songs like "God Bless the Child," "Son of a Preacher Man," a medley from "Cabaret," and her TV special's title tune.

Now, the original TV soundtrack recording is a new album on Columbia.

"Liza With a 'Z.'" The season's most celebrated spelling lesson is now available for home learning.



KC 31762

On Columbia  
Records and Tapes

## CABLE "CARMEN"

Theta Cable TV, the folks who bring select Southlanders a sort of TV-socialism via their "community antenna" set-up, is currently offering a special series of opera-on-TV broadcasts to its clients. The operas, originally produced by RAI, the Italian Government television network, debuted September 12, and are currently scheduled to run, on Tuesday, Friday, and Sunday evenings, through April 15, 1973. The works offered include such dependable favorites as "Aida," "Carmen," and "Rigoletto," and some rather more obscure offerings,



Mirella Freni and Sesto Bruscantini in "L'Elisir d'Amore"

like Roman Vlad's sci-fi one-acter, "La Fantarca," Donizetti's "Il Campanello," Bellini's "I Puritani," and Monteverdi's "La Favola d'Orfeo." Featured soloists are such as Fiorenza Cossotto, Leyla Gencer, Carlo Bergonzi, Luigi Alva, Fernando Corena, Elena Suliotis, and Cornell McNeil. Participating opera companies include those of La Fenice in Venice and the Teatro Verdi in Trieste, and "Aida" also features the Leningrad Kirov Theatre Ballet Company.

Alas, the programs are in black-and-white. And while Theta Cable is certainly to be commended for presenting such a series, it must be said, in fairness, that their sound transmission quality is hardly conducive to serious music listening.

THE WHEREHOUSE

\$330



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**KLOS 95 1/2  
ROCK 'N STEREO**

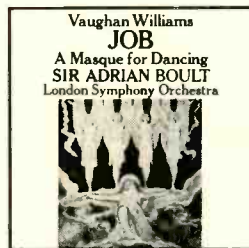
# 12 good ways - and reasons - to celebrate Ralph Vaughan Williams'



**centenary.** Nine symphonies, an album of pastoral serenades, a masque for dancing, and an opera. All newly recorded since 1968, and all conducted by the composer's close friend of 40 years,

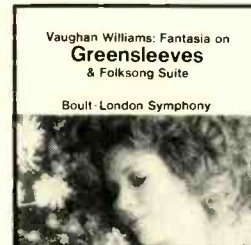


Sir Adrian Boult. \* The symphonies make up the complete cycle. And the 9 albums bring along some beautiful dividends - 6 pastoral serenades, plus his Concerto for 2 Pianos.

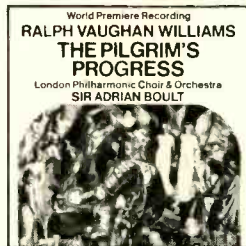


S-36773

\* "Fantasia on Greensleeves" and "English Folk Song Suite" underscore the composer's deep feeling for his country's musical heritage. \* "Job,"



S-36799



SCL-3785

which was dedicated to Sir Adrian, synthesizes Vaughan Williams' pastoral, Elizabethan, and harsh 20th Century idioms. \* The opera is "The Pilgrim's Progress." Sir Adrian began conducting this monumental work in 1924, and

followed it through the 30 years of its evolution. In this premiere recording, he has 26 incomparable soloists. \* It is, in the words of Edward Greenfield (The Gramophone),

"the finest tribute to a great composer in his centenary year." \* Pick any album from 1 through 12. Pick them all. Listen. And celebrate!



# NOOKS AND CORNERS OF THE NEW BARBARISM

## PLYWOOD PATRIOTS AND PUBLIC-SERVICE POLITICS

BY JOHN PASTIER



Czechoslovakia, in the summer of 1948, was not a happy place. Even a youngster from the U.S., visiting his grandparents there, could see that. A Stalinist government had assumed power, and most people soon had misgivings about the new regime. The countryside, although too backward to have bill-

*John Pastier is the architecture critic for The Los Angeles Times. He holds a degree in architecture and has worked in that field and with the Los Angeles City Planning Department.*

boards, was nevertheless punctuated with state slogans. Whitewashed stones spelled out "Honor Labor" on the lawn of a railroad station; a barn wall exhorted all good socialists to flush out the reactionary enemies of progress.

These huge government-decreed graffiti proved counter-productive, since people either resented them or parodied their heavy-handed approach.

A generation later, thousands and thousands of miles away, new slogans are basking aggressively in our own state's golden sun.

A hearty-sounding man answered my call to Pacific Outdoor Advertising. "I'd like some information about a couple of your billboards. One says 'Learn a new four letter word: work!'"

"Yeah. Pretty good, isn't it?"

The company had provided the space for this message, free, for Walter Knott's Americanism Educational League. Mr. Pacific Outdoor insisted that the thought was directed at all the people who won't work. "We've got a lot of them—the welfare chiselers."

He's wrong. The largest audience for

**“The billboard is directed at people who won’t work — the welfare chiselers!”**



PHOTO: JOHN PASTER

this message is made up of people with good jobs, and the billboard’s main effect will be to stir up the self-righteousness of those people who can’t quite believe that virtue, accompanied by a steady paycheck, is its own reward. This outraged attempt at ridicule shows that Walter Knott’s group could learn the value of subtlety from the very arch-enemy whose sloganeering they have chosen to imitate. Compared to their “Four Letter Word” nonsense, “Honor Labor” really has style and dignity.

“The other one says ‘America, “Our kind of Place” ’ ”

“It’s a patriotic message, pure and simple!”

“What do you mean by patriotic?”

“When you see the flag, doesn’t your throat tighten a little and your heart beat faster? That’s patriotic.”

A complicated man, Mr. Pacific Outdoor. His business is to make a beautiful country ugly, but he’s a patriot.

Why does he find it necessary to advertise America as “our kind of place”? Who said it wasn’t? The affirmation itself is evidence that the issue is, in fact, debatable.

If “our” meant “everyone’s,” then no one would need convincing. Since *this* billboard conceals its sponsorship, it defies credibility; the people telling us that America is their kind of place prefer to do so clandestinely.

Looming over Olympic Boulevard

just west of Hoover, this sign is ironically located in an aging, unfashionable neighborhood, nearly downtown. Most of the surrounding population is Oriental, black, chicano, or old. Do the sign-mongers think that the nonwhites will buy their pitch? Or is it an insolent reminder that, despite a drift toward greater equality, America is still basically someone *else’s* kind of place?

Are the elderly residents who remain there because they can’t afford to move really placated by this red-white-and-blue painted slab of plywood? Or is it meant for the eyes of more affluent commuters scuttling to and from their downtown offices—a reassurance that, even in this proletarian district, someone is upholding their value system?

It may be a little of each of these things, but primarily it is an honest sentiment of Pacific Outdoor Advertising. Literally so, because they originated the text and installed the billboard as their own client. Symbolically so, because America is a billboard alley unmatched in human experience.

City, county, and state governments usually find the presentations of outdoor advertising lobbies irresistible. This billboard patriotically acknowledges that fact and accumulates a few points for the next lobbying blitz. Messages of this type count as “public service,” and when some legislative attempt is made to control the billboard blight, the in-

dustry argues its social indispensability by citing such donated signs as samples of the glue that helps hold America together. The gesture is doubly efficient, since in most cases the donated billboards would otherwise be blank reminders of the oversupply of an unnecessary commodity.

It is doubtful that astute politicians really believe the public-service claim. Billboards are important to them at election time, and knowing that space will be available to them in good locations on a preferential basis makes incumbents reluctant to antagonize an ally or to restrict a campaign tool that works so well in their favor.

It’s little wonder, then, that a billboard control ordinance has been bottled up in the Los Angeles city hall for two years, or that a proposed County counterpart was so weak that it drew shameless applause from industry lobbyists at a recent public hearing. This second ordinance is to be referred, for strengthening, to a not-yet-created citizens’ committee, a move guaranteed to keep it shelved until the November elections are safely past.

America. Their kind of place. ●

*[The name and the concept of “Nooks and Corners of the New Barbarism” derive from the English publication Private Eye, and the name is used with their bemused permission. This will be a regular feature in Coast.]*

**The girl  
who made the  
thousand-year-old  
airline a legend.**



She is the girl with a thousand years' heritage  
in the art of hospitality at her fingertips.  
She is the smile that lights up  
a hundred times a day, and means it every time.  
She is the young lady in kimono who knows  
as much about its history as how to wear it.  
She is the one girl to make the grade  
out of twenty who try.  
She is the Japan Air Lines hostess.  
She is our pride.  
And your joy.



**The thousand-year-old airline.**



**JAPAN AIR LINES**

## OTHER COASTS

# TAMPERING WITH TRADITION AT THE BBC

BY JOANNA WILSON

In nearly every English home, there used to be what was called "the wireless." Encased in brown wood, to blend in with the rest of the furniture, it would sit mute in the corner of the drawing room. And then, at six in the evening, just as the family sat down to tea, one of the knobs was turned. Silence fell, as Big Ben chimed the hour, and a carefully cultured voice (whose unseen owner was sitting in the broadcasting studio, wearing full evening dress), announced the date, the time, and the beginning of the news report. This voice assured the English of every age and class that all was well. It was the voice of the British Broadcasting Corporation, the B.B.C.

Those calm, cultured tones, and the attendant, carefully-balanced presentation of news both good and bad, of entertainment both frivolous and serious, have been heard all over the world for as long as most radio listeners can remember. And the B.B.C. has been respected. Though it might amuse us today, or annoy us in these times of change, it is hard to fault the B.B.C.'s tradition. Some of its services are still outstanding: its world broadcasts, its educational programs, its news coverage,

*Joanna Wilson is a freelance writer, currently working at a London advertising agency.*

are still of reliable, fine quality, even if they're not very imaginative.

But it is when the B.B.C. is faced with new demands that it seems to fall down. Perhaps it is because it is still tradition-ridden, still ruled from the top by Establishment gentlemen, that it cannot easily cater to the interests of young, non-Establishment people. The B.B.C.'s coverage of pop music is the most obvious example. Of course, there are more important topics, more urgent new developments, that are kept off the air by the B.B.C.'s limitations. But the case of pop music shows how the B.B.C. has tried to change, to keep up, and how it has fallen slightly short.

The B.B.C. has been broadcasting radio programs since 1922. For 40 years, it held an unquestioned and unchallenged monopoly on sound broadcasting in England. But by the 1960's, not only had much of its audience been taken by television, but other people were poaching on its radio territory, legally, in the case of Manx Radio, which was given a government license to broadcast in the Isle of Man, and illegally, in the case of the "pirate" radio stations. Now, this year, the British government has ended the restriction on broadcasting hours. And it has approved in principle the setting up of commer-

cial radio stations in England. So B.B.C. radio is having to make some changes, with extended broadcasting hours to fill, and with the threat of its first real competition for the English radio audience. More than ever before, the function of B.B.C. radio, the contents of its programs, its policies, and its organizations are being called into question. And there is some heavy criticism, both from outside and from within the B.B.C. itself. Can it meet the new demands? Can it survive at all?

B.B.C. radio appears to have changed very little since it began. Apart from some recent alterations in domestic services, and the extension of regional radio stations, its services are much as they always have been. In England, it provides four channels: Radio One and Radio Two, mainly "light entertainment" and music; Radio Three, mainly classical music, with educational programs in the early evening and sports on the weekend; and Radio Four, mainly talk, news, and drama. The B.B.C. also broadcasts its World Service in English, and many more special programs in almost every language.

The B.B.C. was set up as a unique organization: it is neither state-run (though according to its Charter and License Agreement of 1927, it is theoretically under government control,

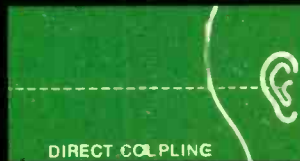
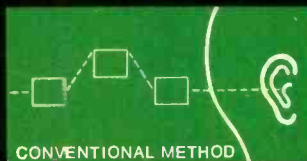
# Your next receiver should have 3 things missing.

The input transformer.  
The output transformer.  
And the output capacitor.  
Because when you cut those three things out of a

receiver, you cut down on a fourth thing. Distortion. We do it with a system called direct coupling. And Panasonic puts it in all its FM/AM/FM Stereo Receivers.

With this system the amplifier circuit is coupled directly to the speaker terminals. To improve transient response and damping. So there's less than 0.8% harmonic distortion. To help you hear only the sound of music.

The sound of the SA-6500 is really something to listen to. With a full 200 watts of power (IHF). To fill even a big room with music. And there's also a power band width of 5 to 60,000 Hz.



The SA-6500 also has two 4-pole MOS FET's. That provide  $1.8\mu\text{V}$  FM sensitivity. To pull in FM stations that are too weak or too far to make it on their own. Integrated circuitry and a crystal filter improve the capture ratio. And there are low-filter, high-filter, and loudness switches. So the music comes out closer to the way it started out. And an FM linear dial scale and two tuning meters. To make the music you want just a little easier to find.

You can also find that music on the SA-6200. With 150 watts of power. Plus 2 RF stages and 6 IF stages. To provide selective

station tuning. And there are PNP low-noise silicon transistors in the differential amplifier drive-stage.

To give almost noise-free performance. No matter who's performing.

For less money you can still get a lot of power. From our SA-5800. With a full 100 watts. The SA-5500. With 70 watts. Or our newest receiver, the SA-5200. With 46 watts. And some of the features you'll find in our more expensive stereo receivers.

So before you get your next receiver, see your franchised Panasonic Hi-Fi dealer. He'll show you what should be missing. So you don't miss out on anything.

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## Panasonic® Hi Fi 2-Channel Receivers



## “The BBC has authority, seriousness, and the unmistakable stamp of the ruling class”

legally and financially), nor a commercial company (it has never been allowed to accept any advertising or sponsored programs). Although it is politically powerless, and is bound not to “express views of its own,” the B.B.C. has definitely developed its own unmistakable character. It has authority, seriousness, and the stamp of the ruling class.

For these reasons, there was, as recently as ten years ago, very little available, musically, to the young or even imaginative listener in England. On the B.B.C. Light Programme, there was a late-night jazz feature, and there was a Top 20 show each Sunday; but mostly, it was “light” music—old favorites and out-of-date pop songs. Nothing exciting. Most of the pop music we did hear was from the European-based commercial station, Radio Luxembourg, whose broadcasts reached us, rather faintly, in the late evening.

Imagine our delight, then, when the “pirate” radio stations began. Broadcasting from ships off the coast of England, they came through loud and clear during the day. With young disc jockeys who had a punchy style and an interest in the music they were playing. With on-the-hour news reports, delivered in a camp transatlantic accent. With commercials, and jolly jingles. Not everybody’s taste—but what a change from the frightfully British voices, the chimes of Big Ben, and the dreary, middle-aged Light Programme. The “pirates” disregarded the regulations that had helped to make the B.B.C. so dull. One of these was the Musicians’ Union agreement over “needle-time.” The B.B.C. was allowed to play only a certain amount of recorded music per day, which made its “light” music even worse, as it was served up by squeaky session musicians. And the pirates had no qualms about playing, for example, the Beatles’ “A Day in the Life,” which for some reason (a reference in the lyrics to the House of Lords?) the B.B.C. refused to play. (Today, they refuse to play the Rolling Stones’ *Exile on Main Street*).

The pirate stations kept mainly to a Top 40 formula, with some album tracks. It was quite limited, but it was a sight more progressive than anything on the B.B.C., and it was all the latest stuff. You often had difficulty in buying a record you had heard on a pirate pro-

gram, in fact: record distributors were evidently used to the B.B.C.’s practice of playing “new” singles several months after their release. While the pirate stations were on the air, many new artists became popular, and many young people heard the music of their contemporaries for the first time. And it certainly brought to light a whole new audience that the B.B.C. had passed by, that it had been in no way serving.

But this delightful “piracy” was not to last. The pirates were breaking every rule in the book, contravening both broadcasting laws and marine regulations. They were soon formally banned in Parliament, and summarily closed down. But they had made their mark. In discussions in Parliament, in letters to the press, the demand for an alternative to the B.B.C. became, probably for the first time, very obvious. The B.B.C., however, took up the challenge. It announced the beginning of two new radio services, Radio One and Radio Two, to replace the old Light Programme. To be fair, the B.B.C. did try. Disc jockeys were brought from their bearded confinement on the pirate radio ships, and given the freedom of Broadcasting House. The pirates’ jingles were bought up wholesale, and adapted with B.B.C. slogans (“Wonderful Radio One”). And slightly more progressive pop was played. The B.B.C. tried to keep their old audience, and to please the pirates’ audience too. But somehow, it did not work out.

Those who were used to, or even liked, the old Light Programme, were upset by the new-style DJs and the new pop sounds. And the pirates’ supporters measured Radio One against dear departed Radio Caroline and Radio London, and found it lacking. The idea had been that Radio One would play “progressive” pop, and that Radio Two would be more like the old Light, playing “middle-of-the-road” music. But, in trying to capture the maximum audience, the B.B.C. fell into the old trap of picking the lowest common denominator. In other words, the music that characterized Radio One and Radio Two, and to some extent still does, was indifferently-played, poorly-sung versions of Sinatra and Bacharach, or colorless bubblegum pop singles.

However, in a vast organization like the B.B.C., some talent must get

through, some innovations must eventually come to pass. B.B.C. radio now offers several programs that would have been beyond our wildest dreams a few years ago. One of the best of these is “Sounds of the Seventies,” a two-hour program that goes out on Radio One and Radio Two every night. This is at least one show that does bridge the Bacharach-bubblegum gap. But it is tantalizing, because it shows just how much more imaginative new music could be played on the radio. You could broadcast all day, every day, and still not cover all the sounds that “Sounds of the Seventies” has begun to touch upon. The imagination runs wild. The B.B.C. could have “Sounds of the Seventies” as a completely new channel, leaving the musical wallpaper of Radio One and Radio Two to those who want it. After all, the admirable Music Programme broadcasts classical music, and related talks, for a good ten hours most days of the week. And broadcasts in stereo, successfully run for the Music Programme, could be extended to pop music too.

But we all know why it is not possible. In spite of recent changes, the B.B.C. is still limited by the number of wavelengths it can use, it has only just gained a few more broadcasting hours, and its financial resources are not limitless. And more than this: once the B.B.C. starts listening to the demands of progressive pop followers, what further requests will it hear? “Radio should cater for minority audiences” is the cry that is heard whenever the future of broadcasting is discussed. This of course could mean anything from stamp collectors to a new political group (indeed, for reasons of the rules of its charter agreement alone, there is much that must remain out of the B.B.C.’s scope). And anyway, which of the “minority audiences” should B.B.C. radio satisfy first, and would it ever satisfy these audiences enough?

Well, here again, the B.B.C. has made a start, by recently creating about 20 independent local radio stations. There have long since been regional variations on national broadcasts. But these new stations have, in theory, the freedom to cover some of the interests, regional and otherwise, that the B.B.C.’s national broadcasts cannot get around to. Take B.B.C.’s Radio London, for example. It certainly provides varied listening. There



# Take-along Stereo.

You don't have to settle for monaural any more when you go to the beach or the park or on a picnic.

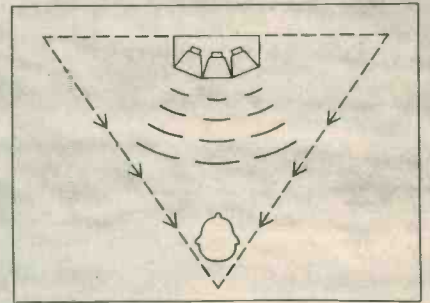
Just take along a Sony MR-9300WA.

It's a portable stereo radio that's as easy to take along as any good monaural because it weighs less than 6 lbs. with batteries.

And as easy to operate because you don't have to swing out or detach any speakers.

The 9300WA has three speakers, but they're mounted side-by-side inside the radio.

They disperse the sound into the air in front of the radio, eliminating the "hole-in-the-middle" effect, and give you a much fuller sound than is possible from conventional, two-speaker stereo radios.



**Why it doesn't need separated speakers to create stereo sound.**

Besides three stereo speakers, the all-solid-state 9300WA has FM with AFC to drift proof your station, AM, stereo indicator light, and an AC cord.

Remember, though, it's not the three speakers that make it a great portable stereo radio.

It's the sound.

**The SONY one-piece Portable Stereo Radio**



Now you're talking my language.



## **Kahlúa® Black Russian.** **What an intriguing idea.**

A mood in a glass. So simply achieved. An ounce of Kahlúa, two ounces of vodka, rocks. Perfect before or after dinner...the theatre...or anything at all. For all manner of intriguingly different Kahlúa ideas, send for our recipe book. Our treat. Because you deserve something nice.

Kahlúa. Coffee Liqueur from Sunny Mexico. 53 Proof.  
Jules Berman & Assoc., 116 No. Robertson Blvd., Los Angeles, Calif. 90048

are at least two good pop music programs: "Honky Tonk" (rock and roll) and "Fresh Garbage" (so-called progressive pop). There is a weekly feature on a London classical composer—this week, Purcell. There are studio discussions—this week, on labor relations. There are talk shows for women at home. There is even "You Don't Have To Be Jewish"—"news about the London Jewish community."

All very promising. But there does not seem to have been great enthusiasm about Radio London, or about any of the new improved local radio stations. But then, I might not know: like me, most of my friends are out at work during the day, and out somewhere else during the evening. None of us are great radio listeners. Indeed, when you ask people who seem to be concerned about the future of radio, you often find that few of them ever listen to it. That seems unpromising, but perhaps it raises a good point. Which is, that most of us have a take-it-or-leave-it attitude to radio. Switching on the radio demands little thought, effort, or expense. A lot of the time, we just take a chance with whatever comes out when we tune in, and we probably do not listen to it very attentively or critically.

And, with its tradition of dependable, unexciting broadcasting, the B.B.C. has probably made its audiences even more passive than radio audiences usually tend to be. The B.B.C. has been around for a long time, and it is as much a fact of British life as the damp weather and the Royal Family. In general, it is only when a program is surprisingly good, or when something upsets a few people, that B.B.C. radio provokes any reaction at all. And, just as it was the pirate radio stations that brought out the demand for pop music on radio, so it is now only the promise of an English commercial radio station that has made people think about what might happen to the B.B.C.

In the last few years, we have asked the B.B.C. for some changes. And it has shown that it is, up to a point, capable of changing. So those of us who care, either objectively (because change and freedom in radio broadcasting are important as change and freedom in everything else) or subjectively (because we listen to radio, or because we want our music played or our plays produced), must keep on knocking at the doors of Broadcasting House. The B.B.C. still seems to be all that is traditional, reactionary, and slow to change. But we must not give it up as a bad job. ●



**Al Green's new LP is "I'm Still In Love With You"**

Produced by Willie Mitchell



## MEDIA

# WHAT EVER HAPPENED TO LA? A CITY AND A NEWSPAPER LOOK FOR EACH OTHER

BY PEGGY BAKER

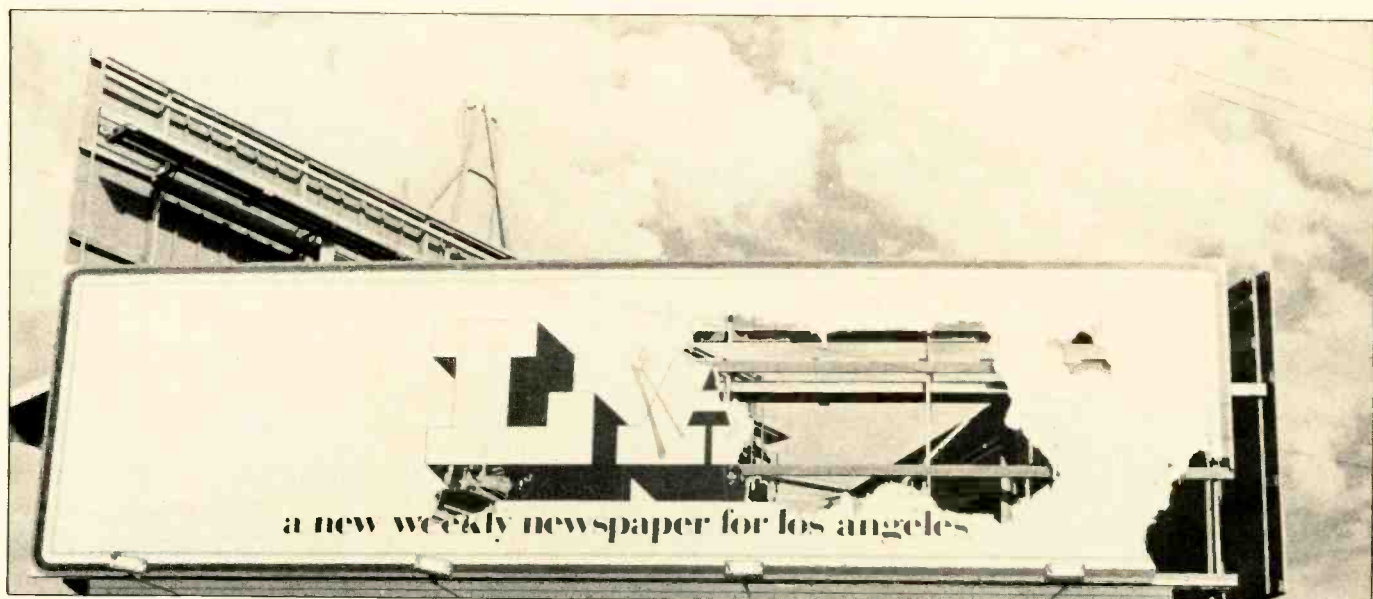


PHOTO: MICHAEL CRAVEN

*LA*, "a weekly newspaper," is the latest entry in the West Coast recyclable journalism sweepstakes, and also the latest Great Black-and-White (and then some) Hope for serious, sophisticated magazine/newspaper publication in this part of the country.

Physically, *LA* looks a little like *The Los Angeles Free Press* in its early days, or, more recently, like an uncluttered version of *The Staff*. In its first issue, dated July 4, *LA* described itself conceptually this way: "So what is Los Angeles? There is a new weekly newspaper called *LA* which proposes to help you define an answer to that question. How? By explaining us to us. Using responsible investigative reporting, intensely personal writing, critical essays and vivid portraiture on every aspect of life, *LA* is going to peel back a few

layers of myth from the Los Angeles onion and lay bare its real character." Leaving aside the question of whether an onion can have character or whether an answer can be "defined," it might be interesting to ask, after its first few months of publication, just how well *LA* seems to be doing in its search for the real Los Angeles.

*LA* was conceived by Max Palevsky, a 47-year-old millionaire (frequently described as a financial wizard), and by Karl Fleming, a 44-year-old journalist who gave up a position as contributing editor to *Newsweek* to become *LA*'s editor. Palevsky isn't exactly a stranger to Los Angeles publishing, since he is a substantial backer of *Rolling Stone*, which produced for a time, several big-city supplements, including the *L.A. Flyer*. (This *Flyer*, incidentally, ceased

publication a few months before the initial issue of *LA* appeared. A few cynics have wondered aloud if Palevsky might not have encouraged its demise in order to lessen local competition.) And Palevsky was reportedly involved in negotiating for the purchase of a still-extant monthly also published in Los Angeles, as well. Palevsky's most notable non-literary financial venture lately was his very substantial backing of George McGovern's primary campaigns. (Palevsky quit the McGovern team at the Democratic Convention with no public explanation; various rumors attribute his departure either to distress with McGovern's economic schemes or to personal difficulties with McGovern's staff, which reportedly failed to offer him a high position in the campaign. As of this writing, efforts at reconciliation

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## “Fleming was to be head guru at LA and the reporters were to be his groupies.”

by the McGovern forces have been unsuccessful but have not been entirely abandoned.) Palevsky's contribution to *LA* has been, to date, chiefly financial: he has reportedly put up a quarter of a million dollars to guarantee the paper a year of publication. Which is a nice way for a new weekly newspaper to start out.

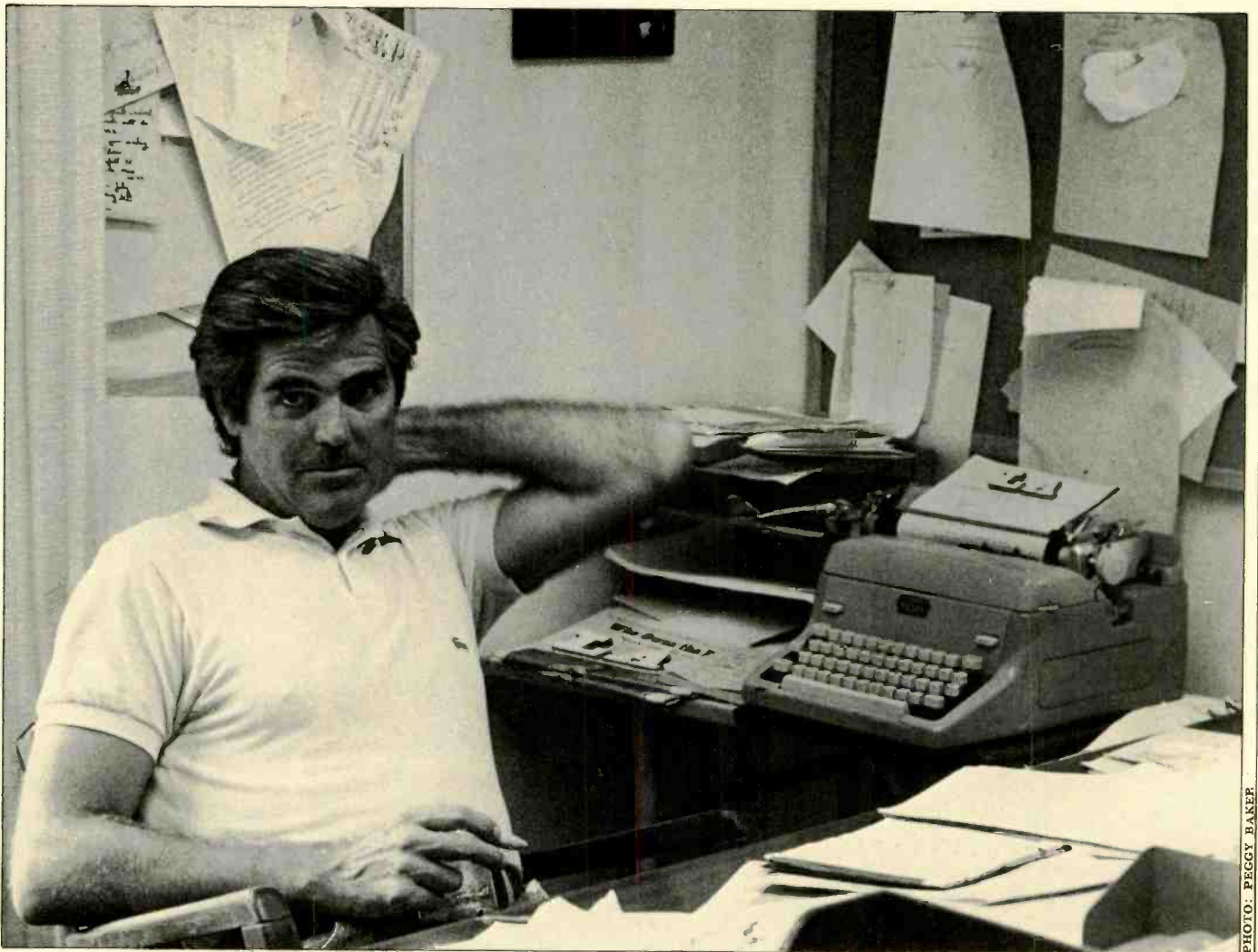
Karl Fleming was for many years *Newsweek's* crack civil rights reporter, and, in general, he has had a thoroughly distinguished journalistic career. (After the Watts riots, Fleming spent some time in the hospital, the victim of an attack by blacks, but his liberal views on civil rights have remained unshaken, and he even told friends that he would have done the same thing had he been in his assailants' position.) Fleming carefully points out that the ties between Palevsky and *LA* are, contractually,

strictly financial, and that Palevsky has abided by his end of the deal scrupulously: "Max is a smart man, and I've been trying to get him down here to give us some ideas. He's only been to the offices about three times since we started publication." Palevsky originally had his own room in *LA's* suite of offices, but the room has since been taken over by three staff members due to lack of other office space. Perhaps now that Palevsky's involvement in electoral politics no longer consumes his time, he will devote himself more to his publication. Indeed, Fleming's willingness to include the publisher in the operation to a greater extent may be more than a polite formality.

Despite Palevsky's financial help and Fleming's journalistic acumen, though, some obvious problems are apparent at this stage in *LA's* career. They relate to

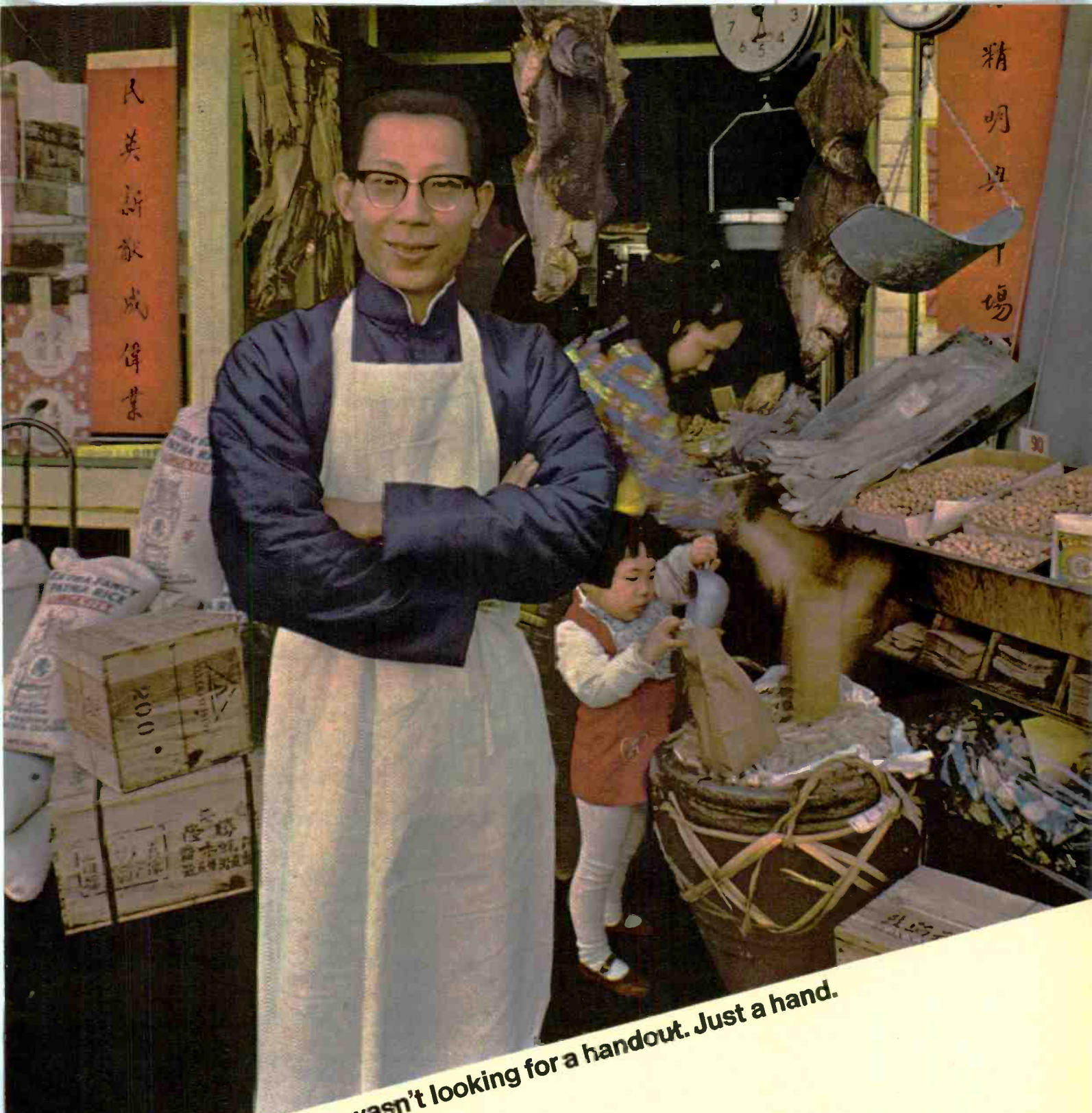
several factors, including Fleming's own complex personality, the exigencies of publishing a weekly newspaper, and the nature of Los Angeles itself.

Difficulties surfaced as early as the beginning of the year, when Fleming started to try to put together a staff. One of those he contacted was a young writer and publisher named Monte Gast, whom Fleming asked to be managing editor. Gast declined to take the job, claiming that he felt unqualified and that he was doing well enough on his own. But he admits that several early planning meetings had left him troubled about the new paper's direction, or lack thereof. He calls Fleming's conception "amorphous," and says that Fleming was unable or unwilling to talk about particulars, beyond asserting his belief that Los Angeles's population had a "nostalgia for its roots." (Fleming still



Karl Fleming, editor of *LA*

PHOTO: PEGGY BAKER



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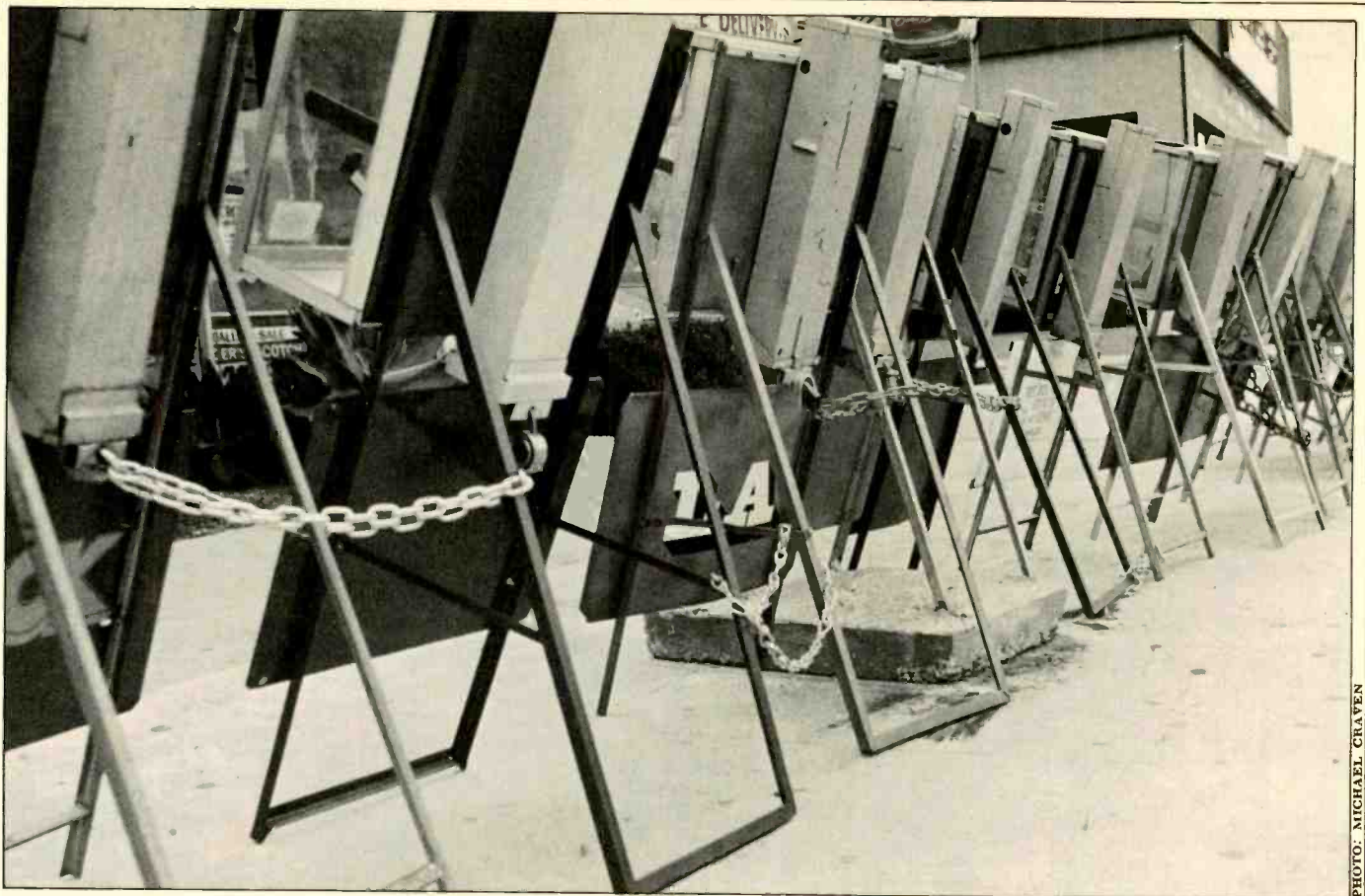


PHOTO: MICHAEL CRAVEN

speaks of wanting to publish "a country newspaper for the city.")

"By our third meeting, when I thought we should have gotten down to specifics, we were still dealing in broad generalities," Gast recalls. Leslie Ward, now a staffer for *Life*, was more precise about her problems with Fleming at those early stages. He wanted her to work for *LA*, too, she says, but for quite some time seemed unable to say in just what capacity; ultimately he offered her the editorship of the "LA Guide," a position now held by Fleming's wife Anne. (She also notes that in the preliminary meetings Fleming said he didn't want his wife on the staff, because he thought it would be unprofessional.) Of her dealings with Fleming, Ward says, "I could never pin him down about what he wanted or how much he was going to pay. And he kept having meetings where everyone would sit around and get stoned and have general conversations about 'concept.'" Ward adds she came to feel that Fleming was "interested in the aura and not the product." Ward, too, turned down the job offer, believing that Fleming was "irresponsible, irrational, and unprofessional," a judgment based in part, she says, on his handling of the mysterious D.B. Cooper affair.

## "The art director can reportedly cut writers' copy at will"

The facts behind Fleming's shadowy encounter with persons who may or may not have represented the folk-hero hijacker remain elusive. (Cooper parachuted from a Northwest Orient airliner in April of this year with \$200,000 in ransom money and then vanished completely somewhere in the Pacific Northwest.) Various people involved in the Fleming-Cooper incident will say nothing more than that Fleming was contacted by two individuals who represented themselves as Cooper's agents. These persons reportedly said that for a certain sum Cooper would sell his story to the paper. The sum mentioned most often in connection with the story is \$30,000, but this is unsubstantiated. When KNBC's Tom Snyder asked Fleming about the matter, he replied "Read it in *LA*. I'm writing the story on it, and I don't want to scoop myself." By the time you read this, then, the official Fleming version will presumably have appeared in his own publication.

Another writer who was approached by Fleming to take a job as staff re-

porter for *LA*, and who has great respect and affection for Fleming, turned the job down because he feared there would be more than the usual troubles between reporters and editor. "From talking to Karl, it was obvious that it was to be *his* magazine. Now, there is nothing wrong with that, except that from the way it sounded it seemed clear that Karl was to be head guru and the reporters were all to be his groupies." (Reporters have allegedly been pulled off their own projects to work on Fleming's ideas—things like extensive and extraneous studies of pets and of beaches.)

John Fleishman (who had been hired by Fleming, sight unseen, out of New York and had moved here with his wife, only to be fired after two months), says that he had wanted to do a piece on the Daniel Ellsberg trial for quite some time. Fleming told him "There's obviously only one story about that trial." What Fleming saw as "obviously the only story" appeared on page one of issue six—a few unsigned, oversimplified paragraphs on the cost of running the Ellsberg defense. Other than Fleming himself (and other than nationally-known film critic Stephen Farber), the only established journalistic name *LA* is able to boast is that of managing editor



Robert Sherrill, who also serves as a contributing editor to *Esquire* magazine. Sherrill is a substantial addition to the paper, and Fleming is lucky to have him. Sherrill heartily endorses the "country newspaper" concept, saying that he would like to see *LA* become a "sophisticated *Grit*." (*Grit* is a Middle-American overground weekly that specializes in folksy feature articles and down-home helpful hints; the paper used to solicit subscription vendors on the backs of comic books.) He says he would like to be able to tell fellows in bars "I work for that little old paper down the street." Sherrill is a fine writer, and it is a shame that his writing so far has been confined primarily to the restaurant column and to a piece on Marilyn Monroe, based partially on research done by another writer. Professional journalists think very highly of Sherrill. While it is unusual to hear writers praise editors, John Kay, a well-established local freelancer, says "it should be worth quite a lot to a young writer to be able to work with Sherrill."

Most of the writing thus far has been done by the reportorial staff Fleming assembled. Four young reporters were originally hired, three of whom were out-of-towners. While the reporters

seem to be competent enough, their unfamiliarity with the territory surely must be a handicap. And since they did not begin working on the paper until a few weeks before publication, it's hard to see how they could have had the time to build up much of a backlog of knowledge for investigative assignments. Since the promised "responsible investigative reporting . . . critical essays and vivid portraits on every aspect of life" are not coming from either Fleming or Sherrill, both of whom are apparently busily involved with editorial work, and since *LA*'s reporters are still largely unable to do extensive (or intensive) investigative research, Fleming has been forced to use a number of local freelance writers as well. Here Fleming began well enough, with some very substantial pieces by John Kay. Unfortunately, Kay has written nothing at all for *LA* lately, and the reported reason is that he is unwilling to work for what Fleming is willing to pay. Kay himself says that he is fully occupied in working on a film. Whatever the reasons may be, Fleming has not really been able to find others of Kay's caliber. It may be that there are simply not enough good writers in Los Angeles: Fleming says that "the problem with getting good

people [i.e., writers] is that there ain't any." Sherrill is a little more realistic when he says that the problem is indeed partly one of low pay. The fact remains that many writers, however competent and however eager to be published, simply cannot afford to work for less than they would make if their writing fees were converted into hourly wages, at, say, a car wash. (*LA*'s standard editorial rates are \$20-\$50 for a feature article, high for an underground newspaper, low for a magazine. One widely-published freelancer was a bit surprised to receive a mere five dollars for a fairly substantial film review.)

Early issues of *LA* reflected this trouble in securing good material; many pieces simply lack depth, and one major feature, the outdated and unsurprising chronicle of an FBI agent's attempt to recruit an informer, was, in fact, a reprint from *Boston After Dark*.

How does Fleming perceive his readership? He has steadfastly refused to describe the kind of reader he hopes to attract, choosing instead to describe the kind of newspaper he hopes to publish. He doesn't hold with the "cynical idea of picking out an audience and tailoring the paper to it." Interestingly, he is not even too sure that his readers

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let its clouds cover up the stars  
the first snows of winter were falling  
you were gone . . ."

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# Rod McKuen

actually want to *read*; he cites McLuhan's theories of how non-linear media have influenced society, and uses this to justify the graphic style of the newspaper—large empty spaces on the page and adherence to a kind of photo-journalism referred to in artistic circles as “the snapshot school,” which produces large, formally posed photographs of subjects staring straight into the objective eye of the camera and the contemptuous eye of the photographer. This ostensible adherence to McLuhanism, rather incongruous in the “cold” printed media, in something meant to be read, has sometimes resulted in the slick visual layout being more important than the written matter it was designed to complement; thus, the writing is at times more decorative than substantive.

The third most important person at *LA*, behind Fleming and Sherrill, is said to be the art director, Roger Black. Reportedly, Black has control over copy as well as art; one ex-staff member and several observers claim that copy is sometimes simply cut if it does not conform to the previously planned layout, and that these cuts are made by design personnel rather than by editors.

Whatever problems *LA* may be having initially, there is still a need for a weekly newspaper to do what *LA* says it wants to do. Neither *The Staff* nor the *Free Press* provides a substantial alternative to the establishment paper, *The Los Angeles Times*. (Several *Times* writers, incidentally, have indicated their disappointment in *LA*: they had hoped it might provide an outlet for some of their own investigative reporting that might have been too controversial for their own paper.) *LA*'s weekly format *could* provide both flexibility and immediacy. The “*LA Guide*,” listing things to do and places to go, is a useful service, but it has been growing continually while the overall size of the newspaper remains constant; it seems at times to threaten to engulf everything but the restaurant column. (For some reason, Fleming has a crusader's intensity about restaurants. In almost every public statement he makes, he refers to the need to reveal bad restaurants. “To read existing publications,” says the paper's introductory statement, “one would hardly be aware that a bad restaurant exists here. *LA* intends to warn you away from the bad ones.” In the first seven issues, Fleming and his staff warned readers away from a total of *one* restaurant out of 19 mentioned. Aside from this minor quibble, the restaurant section is valuable because it provides a forum—most

## “Sherrill says he would like to tell fellows in bars ‘I work for that little old paper down the street.’”

often the *only* forum—for the newspaper's two most prominent writers, Fleming and Sherrill.)

Another potentially interesting feature in *LA* is the “Workswap” which gives readers an opportunity to exchange goods and services on a barter, rather than monetary, basis. However, in a recent radio interview, Anne Fleming indicated that the service was not thriving. One problem may be that those with the least to offer, such as notoriously unskilled students, would be the most interested in the service.

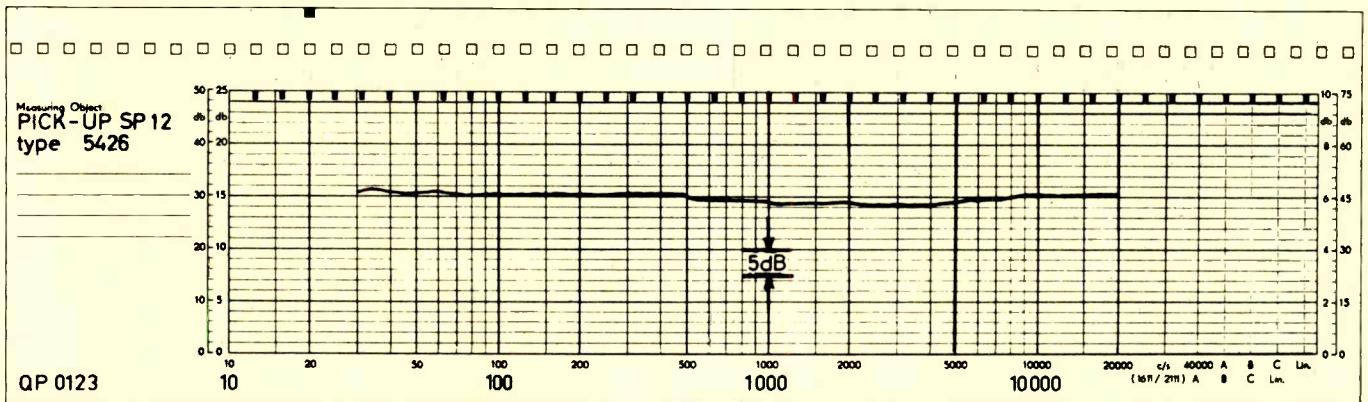
But *LA* ought to be able to be more than just a “service” paper. Sherrill himself says that the paper must become “more savvy, more perceptive.” Fleming must attract top writers to carry the paper while his reporters are learning their way around. *LA* now carries a weekly, nationally-syndicated column by Nicholas von Hoffman, a substantial addition to any paper, to be sure. But a local commentator of the same sort would seem to be called for as well.

A magazine like *New York* can afford to deal with seemingly trivial matters because New York is a high-pressure environment that gives even trivial matters far wider implications, far more complex overtones. Good writers can seize on these implications, can play on these overtones, and thus can produce articles of more than local interest. But the *LA* staff, relatively inexperienced, relatively unfamiliar with its territory, and operating under the pressure of weekly deadline, simply does not have the time or the resources to uncover the complexities behind superficially simple matters. Investigative reporting is a very time-consuming enterprise, and while established (and establishment) publications like the *Wall Street Journal*, for instance, can easily allow reporters to take a month or more to investigate a specific problem, to research a specific story, *LA* which, as of mid-August had only three full-time reporters, apparently cannot afford such a luxury.

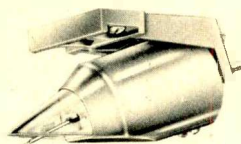
There have been hints, however, that the reporters, if given the chance and the time, can do well: the first issue of *LA*

contained a fine story by staff writer Lanie Jones on rapid transit and another issue had a thoughtful article by her on poetry therapy in a mental institution. Both pieces by Jones had interesting possibilities, but both did seem badly truncated, either from insufficient legwork or drastic last minute cutting. Also deserving favorable notice is a long study, in issue six, of abortions. The piece raised several questions about conflicts of interest on the part of some local doctors, questions which had not been raised elsewhere in the Los Angeles media. Issue seven gave the best evidence of the potential strength of the staff, with two strong articles, also by Jones, on the “adoptions business,” as run by the County of Los Angeles, and another, by Terry McDonell on the “Brotherhood of Eternal Love,” a group dealing in the highly-organized, large-scale production and importation of various “good” drugs (i.e., those other than heroin.) Unfortunately, these strong stories were somewhat diluted by some of the other pieces, including a superfluity of a how-to article on making T-shirts and an item about a psychopath who enjoyed maiming animals. (That one made the front page.) Perhaps these bits are meant to give the paper its “country” feeling. Maybe that's also the intention of the spelling error on the page two mast (“Please accompany each submission with a stamped, self-addressed envelope to insure it's return”), which has been a regular feature of *LA* since its debut. On the other hand, the paper's loud, overstated headlines (“CHILDREN FOR SALE,” “A MOTHER'S NIGHTMARE,” “THE GREAT DOPE CONSPIRACY”), and its ambiguous, vaguely misleading picture captions (“Cop's Stash: Hash & Acid Seized,” with a photo having no apparent relationship to the adjacent article), seem closer to big-city sensationalism than to country funk.

It must finally be said that *LA* has not yet succeeded in finding either Los Angeles or its own real strengths. Fleming is undoubtedly a fine journalist, but good writers do not always make good editors. Fleming and Sherrill must both free themselves to exploit their own talents if the paper is to succeed. The two men cover a wide range of journalistic abilities and interests, a range which should be reflected in a diversity of subject matter and a wealth of vivid writing. The potential for innovative journalism is certainly there, if Fleming and Sherrill and *LA* can effectively crystallize and project their views of the city. ●



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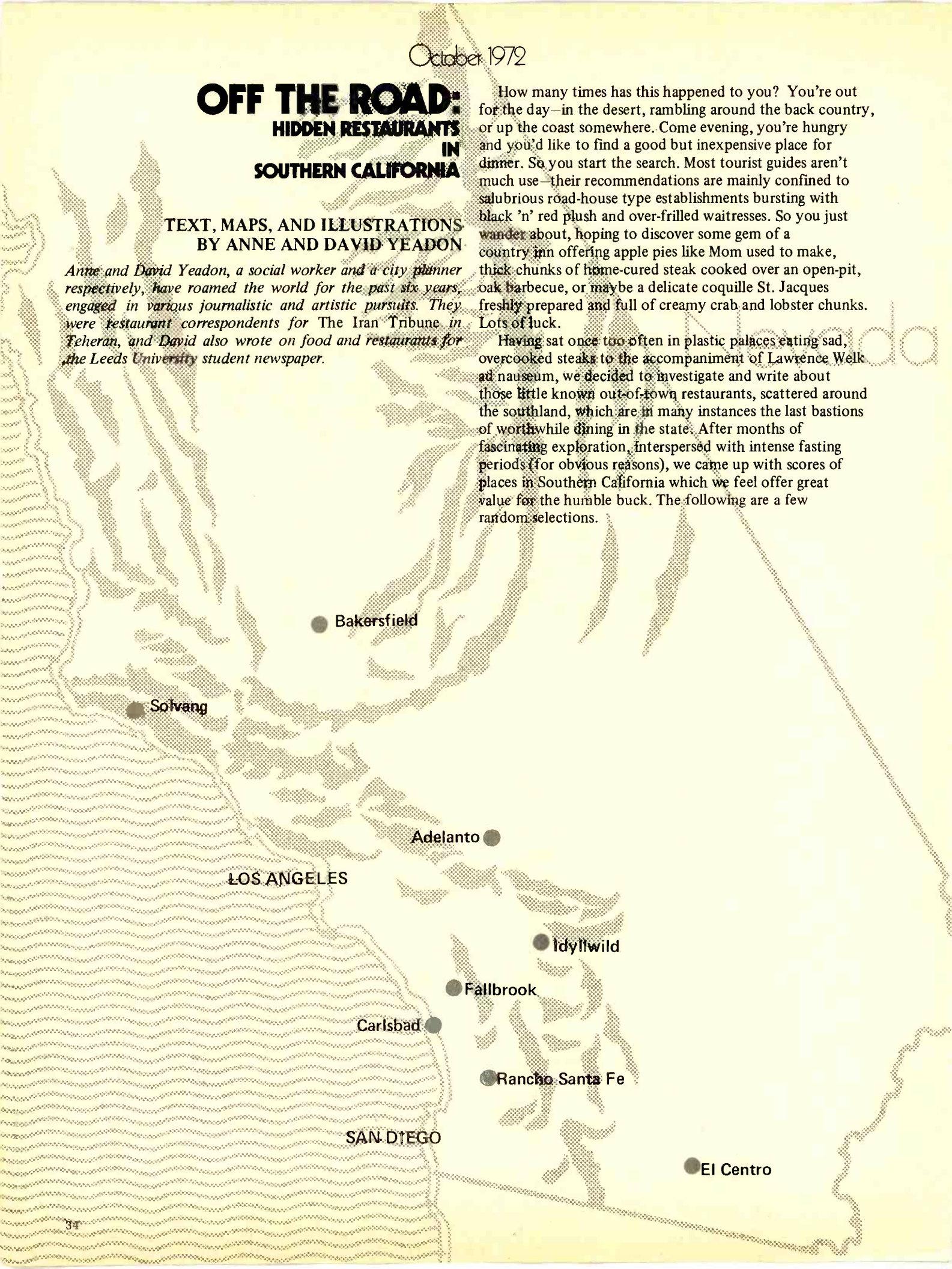
# OFF THE ROAD: HIDDEN RESTAURANTS IN SOUTHERN CALIFORNIA

TEXT, MAPS, AND ILLUSTRATIONS  
BY ANNE AND DAVID YEADON

*Anne and David Yeadon, a social worker and a city planner respectively, have roamed the world for the past six years, engaged in various journalistic and artistic pursuits. They were restaurant correspondents for The Iran Tribune in Teheran, and David also wrote on food and restaurants for the Leeds University student newspaper.*

How many times has this happened to you? You're out for the day—in the desert, rambling around the back country, or up the coast somewhere. Come evening, you're hungry and you'd like to find a good but inexpensive place for dinner. So you start the search. Most tourist guides aren't much use—their recommendations are mainly confined to salubrious road-house type establishments bursting with black 'n' red plush and over-frilled waitresses. So you just wander about, hoping to discover some gem of a country inn offering apple pies like Mom used to make, thick chunks of home-cured steak cooked over an open-pit, oak barbecue, or maybe a delicate coquille St. Jacques freshly prepared and full of creamy crab and lobster chunks. Lots of luck.

Having sat once too often in plastic palaces eating sad, overcooked steaks to the accompaniment of Lawrence Welk and nauseum, we decided to investigate and write about those little known out-of-town restaurants, scattered around the southland, which are in many instances the last bastions of worthwhile dining in the state. After months of fascinating exploration, interspersed with intense fasting periods (for obvious reasons), we came up with scores of places in Southern California which we feel offer great value for the humble buck. The following are a few random selections.



## TWIN INNS (Carlsbad)

- American
- 2978 Carlsbad Boulevard (714) 729-3131
- 12-2:30, 5:30-10:30 daily
- Full bar
- Credit Cards: BA MC DC CB
- No reservations required

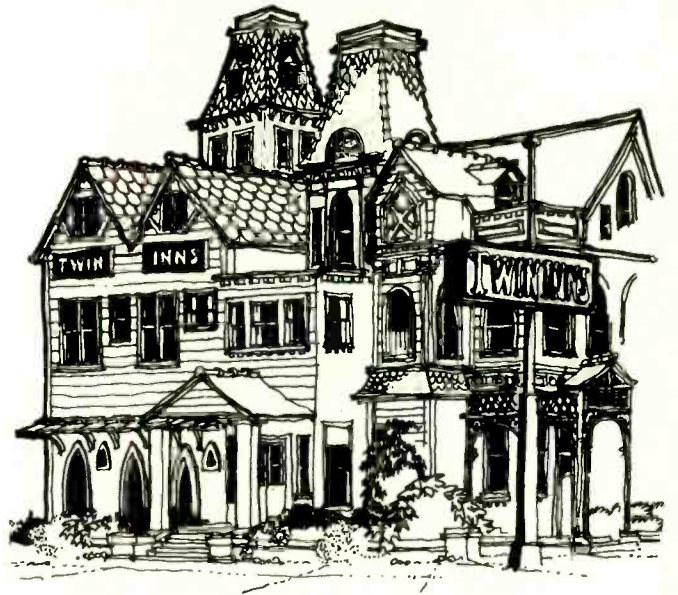
A fried chicken restaurant in a Victorian gingerbread mansion—strange meeting of the architectural and culinary arts! Built in 1887, the Twin Inns has undergone several transformations: from a home to a small roadside café to a full-blown restaurant complete with a huge octagonal ballroom. Amazingly, the mansard roof and the delicate traceried veranda fit in well even in this latest, most commercial phase.

The entrance hall, richly decorated in Victoriana, boasts an old nickelodeon which, for a quarter, belts out a chain of honky-tonk piano tunes at exaggerated volume.

The lunch menu at the Twin Inns includes a standard range of salads and sandwiches, but we suggest you try the daily special. We had the Friday special: two large slices of pot roast in gravy, vegetables, soup, and coffee for \$1.95—immensely satisfying!

Although the dinner menu offers a choice of steaks and fish, the dish which made the Twin Inns famous is the golden pan-fried chicken (\$3.95). If you can, dine here with a small group, as the dishes are served “family style,” and the proportion of food per person increases in quantum leaps with the size of the group. Loosen your belt and prepare yourself for a relish tray, a choice of soup or salad, endless pieces of juicy fried chicken (the Colonel could learn a thing or two here), corn fritters, potato pancakes, gravy, vegetables, dessert, and coffee.

You will never leave the Twin Inns feeling hungry. Just keep asking for more until your stomach (or the management) begs for mercy.



## CLAY'S (Adelanto)

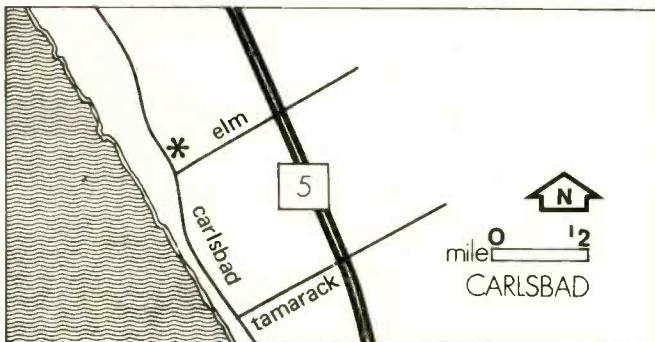
- Texas pit barbecue
- 11762 Hardy Avenue (714) 246-8961
- 8 a.m.-10 p.m.
- No alcoholic beverages
- Credit cards: MC BA
- Reservations advisable on Thursday

Don't be put off by the exterior. It's not often you can find a restaurant in a converted quonset hut, and it would be a shame to pass up Joe Clay's place just because of its somewhat “basic” architecture.

We interviewed Clay as he peeled potatoes in a room behind the kitchen. He described his restaurant as “strictly family” and explained that for this reason he would never sell beer or liquor. He wants his place to keep the open, friendly atmosphere for which it is so well-known in Adelanto.

The food is all fresh, home-cooked, and ridiculously low priced. For \$1.95 we enjoyed a salad, a huge serving of prime rib, mashed potatoes, fresh French bread, the most delicious gravy imaginable, rolls and honey, and coffee. Similar dishes are offered each day, the precise ingredients of which are determined by Joe's wife on impulse each morning.

Clay's specialty is Texas pit barbecue cooking, with an 11-ounce T-bone dinner at \$3.95 and an 8-ounce top sirloin dinner at \$2.50. For a real experience, try the huge platter of barbecued spareribs at \$2.50 or the famous Thursday night special (reservations essential) of chicken 'n' dumplings (\$1.95). If you're really lucky, there may be navy beans and ham on the menu, but that's a rare treat!



## THE CALDRON (Fallbrook)

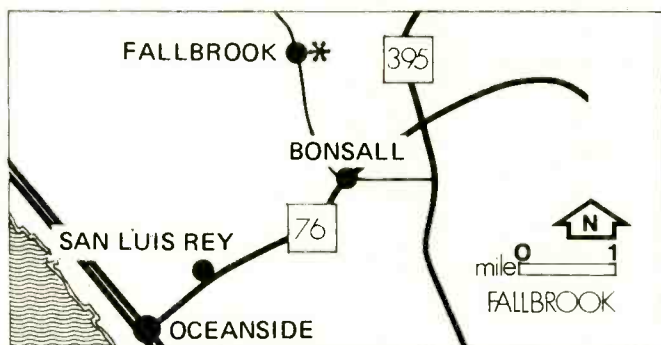
- Continental
- 119 North Main Street (714) 723-1505
- 11:30-2 Tues.-Sat. 6-9 Wed.-Sat.
- Wine only
- Credit cards: BA MC
- Reservations advisable

The Caldron is cozily nestled between tiny stores lining a narrow passageway just off Main Street in the attractive town of Fallbrook. If possible, reserve a table on the balcony overlooking the lane below, and prepare yourself for a delicious experience in Continental dining.

Every day at lunchtime, one "special" dish is prepared, as are an excellent array of salads and sandwiches. If your current dietary whims allow, we strongly recommend the Wednesday special, manicotti (\$2.95), or the Thursday special, boeuf bourguignon (\$2.95).

The small dinner menu includes steak au poivre (\$6.95), paella (\$4.95) and coquille St. Jacques (\$4.95). Soup, salad, a fruit and cheese plate, and coffee are served with each dinner. The paella, a dish difficult to prepare well, is the closest we have found to our concept of the "real thing" (i.e., the paella prepared in old Barcelona). And the homemade cheesecake is firm and very, very rich.

The dining room is small and pleasant, lined with original oils and somewhat resembling a French bistro. Unfortunately, no Continental wines are included on the wine list. The service, though friendly, tends to be a little rushed, especially at lunch time. But these are only minor imperfections. We heartily recommend this unique little gastronomic gem.



## CAMACHO'S PLACE (El Centro)

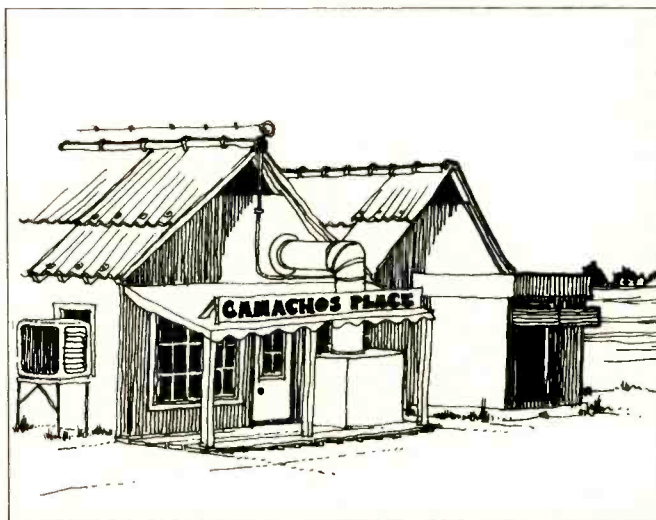
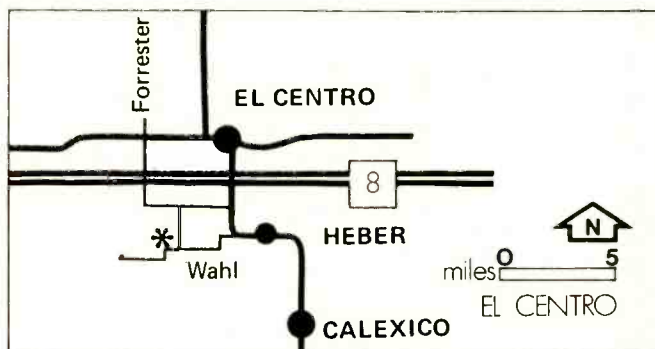
- Mexican
- 796 West Wahl Road (714) 352-5810
- 10-9 daily
- Wine and beer
- No credit cards
- No reservations taken

After the third try we finally found Camacho's tucked away on a narrow road in the southwestern corner of the Imperial Valley. Follow the map carefully or you may end up in a lettuce field.

Ignacio and Juanita Tapia, who have served meals here virtually without interruption since 1946, are truly experts in the art of Mexican cooking. We have found few, if any, other Mexican restaurants which can match Camacho's. The chile relleno burst like chicken Kiev, spurting thick cheese over the light, crisp crust, and the quesadillas especial (thin tortillas folded around strips of cheese and deep-fried to a rich gold) were so good that we ordered six "to go." Unfortunately, something happened to their chemistry and they didn't taste quite the same after reheating at home.

Don't overdress for Camacho's. The day we arrived the dining room contained a cross section of society from vest-clad hippies to stout El Centro matrons with bouffant hairdos and strings of pearls dangling in their refried beans.

The menu includes a special combination dinner (taco, tostada, enchilada, beans, rice, and sirloin steak) for \$3.25, also less expensive dishes such as carne con chile verde with beans, rice, and tortillas for \$1.75. A la carte dishes include rellenos (60 cents) quesadillas (40 cents) and burritos (50 cents).



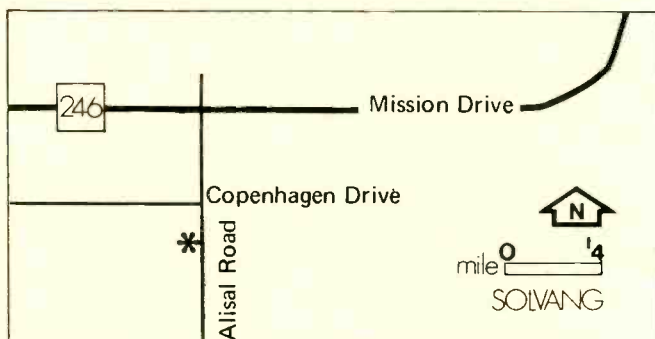
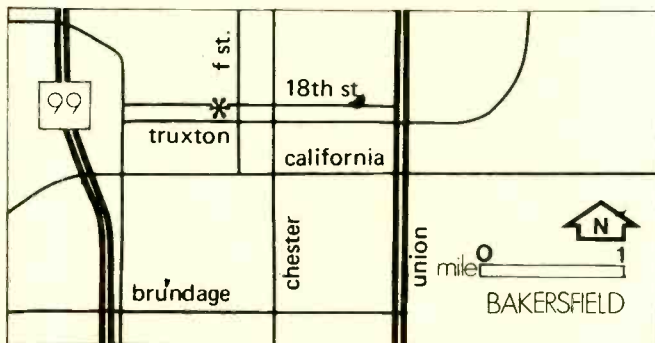
## GUILD HOUSE (Bakersfield)

- Gourmet
- 1905 18th Street (805) 325-5478
- 12-2, closed Sat. and Sun.
- Wine and beer
- Credit cards: BA MC
- Reservations required

The Guild House is exactly the kind of "find" that excites any restaurant hunter. Planted in a quiet section on the fringe of Bakersfield, its refined Victorian façade partially hidden behind huge trees, the Guild House is, in our opinion, the city's only gourmet restaurant. And it proves that gourmet cooking doesn't have to be done by Paris-trained chefs. (Besides, who would leave Paris for Bakersfield?)

Two minor snags: the Guild House is open only for lunch, and it closes for the summer (July to September), because the volunteers of Bakersfield's Child Guidance Guild, who run the entire restaurant, take care of their own children in the evenings and the summer. But don't worry; these volunteers can really cook, often a darned sight better than chefs in far more expensive establishments.

Lunch menus are planned a month in advance and mailed to clients and business groups throughout the San Joaquin Valley. Each day just one lunch is served at a set price of \$2.25, but the variety during any one month is amazing. Consider the following soups, selected at random from the May menu: cock-a-leekie, cream of broccoli, sherried beef bouillon, potage choufleur, tomato Romanoff, and fresh green pea soup. If those sound tempting, how about the entrées: crêpes à la Palermo, Swedish beef rolls, quiche lorraine, crab Giovanni, lemon chicken, mushroom quiche? Or the desserts: almond cherry pie, chocolate rum pie, strawberry parfait, mocha mousse, and apricot torte? Need we say more?



## MÖLLERKROEN RESTAURANT (Solvang)

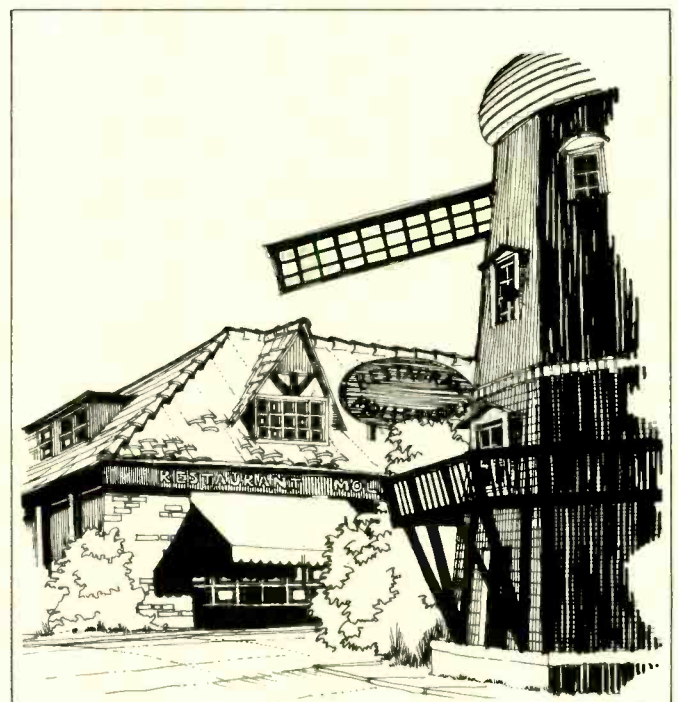
- Danish
- 435 Alisal Road (805) 688-4555
- 12-9 daily
- Full bar
- Credit cards: AE MC BA DC CB
- Reservations advisable for dinner

We almost gave up on Solvang. Most of the Danish-styled establishments are strictly for the mass tourist trade. However, after much searching and much talking to the Danish residents of this strange Hollywood-movie-set village, we were led to the small Möller Kroen Restaurant at the south end of town.

Knud Miller, the owner, makes his own sausage, pickled red cabbage, and meatballs—and a beautifully rich cauliflower soup. We tried the Biff Lindstrom dinner—chopped sirloin steak with beets, onions, capers, and fried eggs (\$3), and the homemade Danish sausage with red cabbage (\$2.75). Although the sausage may be a little bland for the average American palate, give it a try. It has subtle undertones, and that gravy is superbly rich!

At the more expensive end of the menu, the lamb chops (two for \$4) are delicately tender and the duck (\$4.25) would be a bargain at twice the price. Dinners include soup, fruit juice or fruit cocktail (shrimp cocktail or herring are 25 cents extra), salad, dessert, and beverage.

The lunch menu consists primarily of sandwiches, with some cooked entrées including fried scallops, meatballs, and, of course, sausage and red cabbage, each at \$1.95. Or there's a "help-yourself" lunch which puts most so-called "smörgåsbord" restaurants to shame—36 dishes for \$2.25! Unfortunately, it's not offered on Sundays, when there are presumably too many hungry people around! Möller Kroen is without doubt one of the best values in the coastal region.



## POLLY'S HONEY BEAR RESTAURANT (Idyllwild)

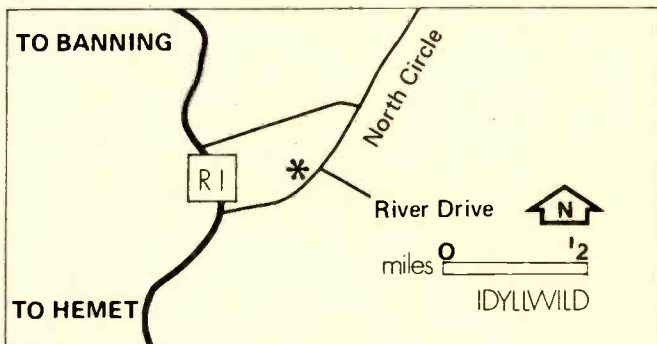
- American
- 54710 North Circle Drive (714) 659-2436
- 11-8 daily except Wed. 11-9 Fri. and Sat.  
Mid-June to September
- No alcoholic beverages
- No credit cards
- No reservations taken

If it weren't for the sign advertising Polly's Honey Bear, you would more than likely pass the place without a glance. The walk up the hill from the village should prepare you for Polly's home cooking and will also introduce you to the beauty and peace of Idyllwild.

The restaurant used to be a private home and in some respects still is. It's a small place with simple decor and a straightforward menu. Breakfasts, lunches, and dinners are served at super-low prices. A dinner of soup, salad, and entrée can be had for as little as \$2.75, and everything—the delicious soups, the cocoanut, banana, lemon meringue, boysenberry, and apple pies, the cakes, and the breads (Mondays only)—is homemade.

A grilled top sirloin steak (6 ounces) at \$3.50 is one of the more expensive dishes. Broasted chicken, chicken livers, roast sirloin, liver 'n' onions (one of the evening "specials") are all \$2.75 including soup and salad. If you can manage a dessert (50 cents), we recommend them; they're delicious. During the week there's a "Workman's Special" lunch. On Monday, it's homemade stew and fresh bread; Tuesday, ham, lima beans, and corn bread; Thursday, a Mexican plate. For \$1.25 they're really tremendous bargains.

Polly Spear uses her own recipes "perfected" through many years of restaurant experience, 17 of which were spent at Louise's Pantry in Palm Springs. Polly and her daughter, Connie, are trying to produce that "little extra something." We think they're doing it.







## THE COUNTRY SQUIRE (Rancho Santa Fe)

- American
- Paseo Delicias (714) 756-1788
- 8:30 a.m.-11 a.m. 11:30 a.m.-3:30 p.m.
- Wine and beer
- Credit card: MC
- Reservations needed on weekends

The Country Squire, hidden away in a delightful shaded patio behind the frontage stores on Paseo Delicias, is the closest we have found to a real Old English teahouse. Only breakfast and lunch are served, and at first both menus look pretty standard. Breakfasts range from ham and eggs (\$1.35) to the special omelette (\$1.75). Expensive for an omelette? Never! It's a great bargain. Just try one and you'll find out what we mean.

Lunch offers sandwiches (\$1-\$1.95), salads (\$2.95-\$3), more omelettes, and entrées including meat loaf (\$2.15) and petti di pollo which is chicken baked in sherry (\$2.35). A "courtyard special" is offered each day. It could be lobster béarnaise, turkey Marco Polo (a baked mixture of turkey, ham, broccoli, crab, and cheese), Oriental chicken in half a pineapple, quiche lorraine, or leg of lamb with homemade mint sauce. Most specials are accompanied by a huge fluffy popover and a choice of juice or soup.

The owner and chef, Bob Townsend, also specializes in desserts. While you gorge yourself on fresh coffee cake or French vanilla ice cream with a rich crust topped by whipped cream and seasonal fruits (75 cents), a fashion show organized by a dress shop in the patio may float through the restaurant. This tiny, delightful place has just the right touch of leisurely but luxurious country living. Try the famous Sunday buffet with its two heavily laden tables of gourmet goodies—truly a Bacchanalian feast for a meager \$3.25 per person.



[This material is part of a book entitled Hidden Restaurants in Southern California, to be published this month by the Camaro Press, Los Angeles.]

# TACTILE TOMFOOLERY ON THE SENSUOUS MOUNTAIN



ILLUSTRATIONS: DON WELLER

BY MONTE GAST

Sandstone is the Ultimate Growth Center. It hangs, suspended, at 1,700 feet above sea level, in sunwashed silence on the upper lip of Topanga Canyon, awaiting the coming of sick pilgrims from the cortex-shadow-land of the city that lies below. Los Angeles. Home of what may well be the world's largest collection of octogenarian teen-agers, machismo neurotics, and plain old sicko wierdos. Thank God for growth centers.

Praise Allah for growth centers, for they can heal the sick, revive the living dead, and make deities of us all. There are more than a dozen of these psycho spas in the Southland—places to ease your load, massage your mind, tauten your tactility, and unleash the Real You. They do it a dozen ways, some in that uniquely Southern California manner: super-market style. Just drive in and pick the brand of your choice . . . Gestalt, Rolfing, Primal, Pleasuring, Loving Massage, bio-energetics, alpha, nude encounter . . . Do it with the real heavies: Janov (scream); Paul Bindrim (nude, expensive); Marjorie Kawin Toomim (Bio-Feedback); Dr. Ida Rolf (Rolfing); Shlomo Kreitzer (?); or even Julio dos Dildos (*sic*), high priest of mechanical sensuality.

But Sandstone transcends them all. The others try to open senses, expand consciousness, and increase sensitivity, and some even go to the point of nudity. But they stop there. The Sandstoners plunge on through. As one member explained, "Repressed sexuality causes most of our problems and there's no repression here—and no problems. We're light years ahead of the others. For legal reasons, the only rules are no drugs and no one under 18 after six p.m. or on weekends. Beyond that anything goes. In fact, we're probably not a growth center; we're far beyond that. We're much more."

Created five years ago by former Lockheed engineer John Williamson, the plush quarter-of-a-million-dollar layout serves as a live-in commune for ten people and an "experience center" for several hundred more paying members who visit regularly. They drive up Wednesdays and on weekends for doses of sun, nudity, "interpersonal relating" and a smörgasboard of the beyond in the main ranchhouse's mattress-lined "Ballroom." The main point of all this is the Sandstoner's

*Monte Gast is a Canadian-born journalist who has written for several local publications and who has worked as a writer/editor for J.P. Tarcher publishing company. He is the author of Getting the Best of L.A., and is currently at work on a book about "menopause and other Los Angeles suburbs."*

self-proclaimed search to build a utopia free of the sickness festering in the society below. They call it "Project Synergy" and various members are using "Casyndekan" computer technology and other equally obscure devices in hopes of reaching this new Nirvana. Williamson's explanatory abstract describes Project Synergy as "unique in its approach to need-fulfillment in that the intentional teleocratic organization directly provides for collective individual need through complete support at the base levels and by facilitating transactional processes at the higher levels." Yes, of course.

So what do you wear to Media Day at the sensuous mountain? With invitation (to an "Emotional Renaissance") in hand, we drove up the twisting Topanga side road into the fog flowing forth from streams of sunlight. I looked over at the Gazelle. She was reading about Sandstone, where "in one room of their retreat people may be talking, playing chess or engaging in sexual intercourse without any discrimination as to what is proper." In *The Los Angeles Times* no less. She smiled.

Suddenly, a road curves left and down into a brush-riddled bowl scooped out from the Santa Monica mountains. We downshifted to smile at a small group of semiclad people, signed in, and received little wooden Sandstone medallions to wear around our necks. In the main parking lot, we saw our first naked person. In fact, two naked persons, all in tan. The Centaur and the Faun. She bouncing and he swinging . . . and smiling. Mercy, what a smile!!! Smiling with long teeth that glittered in the sun like frenzied day-glo spatulas. Turned out later he was Sandstone promo man Martin Zitter. The Gazelle gasped. But it was only at a Siamese that ran between the couple's legs with an enormous brown mouse twisting in its jaws. The cat raced across the dust of the parking lot and bounded off into the eucalyptus that surrounded the complex.

People wandered here and there between the main ranch house, two smaller structures, and a massive enclosed swimming pool. The pool's roof is yellow plastic that filters light between stained beams to merge into the skin-temperature water. A 20 x 50-foot bathtub. A burnished brunette female crouched at its edge. Chocolate aureolas loomed massively in the spread of breasts that swung loosely between her knees. She slid into the water with only the trace of a 98.6 degree ripple. Those mammoth glands floated to the surface followed by yard-long hair, then a balding man dove in beside her and ran his hand along the inside of her thigh as she floated by. They laughed and smiled up at us. I grinned back and took off my shoes.

Meanwhile, back at the ranch house, our group was being called together. Seems like Media Day at the Emotional Renaissance had attracted a goodly crowd and the mass moved slowly down to the lawn fronting the main house, a catholic assortment of muscle, bare skin, semiclothed embarrassment, flab, wrinkles, stretch marks, fish-belly white, scars, tan chests, and swaying, drooping, and jutting breasts and testicles. Hair and bare flesh. Shorn foreskins outnumbered the Natural Look five to one but many innocents still covered that secret with clothing over the lower body. Later, one rather heavy femme swung by crisscrossed with so many stretch marks and twisted scars she looked as if she'd belly-flopped on a fragmentation bomb. Radiant with the beginnings of a high altitude sunburn, she wore her marks like a matador's colors. An outstanding crowd, these, but certainly not the Beautiful People.

The Gazelle and I sat down next to a growing clump of people who gazed about with varying degrees of discomfort

or euphoria. A mixed bag of emotions and subliminal responses to the sudden tactile expanse of nudity and promises of things to come. One balding fellow with yellowed Fu Manchu teeth, the face of an aging baby, dead white skin, and thick black-rimmed spectacles licked his lips nervously as he stared at the naked female to his left, glazed gaze focusing in on her pubic region. Hunger flickered in his pale eyes, then he looked away to adjust the stereo radio headset he wore like a 21st-century choker around his neck. Mick Jagger at age 48. Later he told me he was doing research for a Los Angeles FM station.

Behind us, a muscular young man with an East Texas nasality murmured about how he had had the letters "V.D." printed in indelible ink on his forehead during clap treatment in the Navy.

"It took about a week to wear off, so you'd be cured by then and like noooooobody was going to touch you."

"But you're not in the Navy now," murmured a femme voice, "so, how can I trust you?" Their love chatter was interrupted as Zitter took a stand on the grassy level just below the main house and gazed at the crowd of about 60 people spread below him on a second tier of grass. I looked behind us. A gorge dropped into primeval vastness below us like a mini-Grand Canyon, to rise into another ridge in the distance. Beyond it I saw a layer of shredded mist overhanging what had to be the Pacific. Nature's prime time.

Flashing a perma-press smile, Zitter ran his fingers through his Roman Decadent hairstyle, thanked the sun for coming, and explained that there were "three honest johns above in the houses, and bushes all around us. Mother Earth digs it, so shit on her. There are showers everywhere too." Then he warned against "doing it" outside the house because the Sheriff's Department helicopters swing by to visit now and then.

Flashing teeth into the sun, he then introduced "Do-Your-Thangus-Maximus" from the Happy Company in San Diego, who was going to kick off the two days of Emotional Renaissance with his infamous Strawberry Statement. Thangus flashed out of nowhere—a sartorial vision of wretched excess in green, pink, and orange tights, a red satin tunic, and a filmy purple and yellow cloak. A gold gargoyle bathroom fixture hung from a chain around his neck. Roars of laughter. He grinned down at us, raised his arms, shook his tangled blonde mane at the sun and screamed "aaaaaayaaya eeeeeeee. . . ."

"Be yourselves. Let's journey into sensations. Yes. Oh yeah. Push back your hangups." We grunted in unison as we palmed away assorted desperations. "Push!!!!!! Push it all away!! Unh, uh, aaaaargh."

It was time for the Strawberry Statement. We all picked up strawberries. "Look at the fanny of that strawberry. Observe! Stroke that green thang. Ayeeeeeee. I mean is that goooooood. Feel that strawberry undulate . . . Keep it up, feel up that strawberry. Finger its plumpness. Move around to its nipples, feel up that orifice . . . Jesus . . . bite it, whip it up, chunk off a piece. Suck that strawberry, let its taste permeate your being. Now palm it. Clasp hands with the person next to you and cruuuuush that little strawberry between your oozing palms. Oh yeaaaaah. Is that nice?"

The program had begun.

Seminars were set up at different spots on the grounds. Larry Schwab, the Stop-It-I-Love-It man, held court in the basement of the main ranch house. Caroly de Mirjian was doing an Esalen sensation trip called "Pass A Warm" down at the swimming pool, and Len Harris was giving Esalen massage

## "I come up here to make relationships," said the sociologist, stroking his beard."

lessons on the front lawn. Commune and alternate life style films ran continuously on one of the smaller outlying houses and Mason Rose talked about his Xanadu Island Super-Commune in the same room later. A giant see-me-touch-me-feel-me-rama. Attend one till the whistle blows then move on to the next one. Emote, absorb, denote, break on through, return, regroup, recoup, and release.

High noon or later and the whistle blew. Change partners and dance. I wandered into the film room with the Gazelle. The two naked girls were really hooked on and they slid along beside us. Deciding she wasn't provocative enough, one, called Chantal, put on a skin-tight, pin-striped, bib-overall jumpsuit. Halfway through an incredibly dull film-strip on Ashamite communes the girls became highly excited and left. Throbbing with Reel, Gazelle went with them and I followed minutes later to check out the massage. It was too late as everybody was lurching.

Wandering back into the downstairs of the ranch house, I eased down onto one of the numerous mattresses that lined the walls. Empty now, they lay as sodden testaments to years of frontal assault from every angle.

Rejoined later by the Gazelle and Chantal (nude again), we walked back to the North building where psychologist Mason Rose was holding court on his Xanadu community.

Reclining in a wheelchair to ease the strain of an ankle twisted playing handball, the man looked in profile like a greying Zeus. Wisdom reclined in the craggy brow, and his plain blue workshirt and grey-and-black striped slacks should have been replaced with a toga. One expected the gold-rimmed glasses to metamorphose into a garland and the silver crewcut to shiver with electricity. The muscular, compact frame emanated a natural wave of mellow dignity and quiet authority.

He spoke and we listened. "Our first Island communities will be in Hemet, Soledad Canyon, and Palmdale . . . A natural hunting band is composed of eight to 12 people, the same number as the commando unit I was in. A camp will be five bands of about 50 people and the tribe will be ten camps.

"In our Island we'll take from the establishment what is good, leave what is negative, and set an example to the world. We'll have a high standard of life combined with a high standard of living . . . it'll be a co-operative, not a commune."

At just about this point I noticed the first, and what proved to be the *only*, physically attractive couple on the premises: he was a slender, tanned, middle-aged man with James Coburn hair silver at the edges. Even naked, he looked expensively dressed. She was an exquisite tawny animal of about 20 with honey-colored, shoulder-length hair and pale mauve fingernails. I wondered idly what they were doing at a nice place like this.

Rose rubbed his prominent nose and toyed with his reading glasses. It was as though he was addressing his commando unit again. He described himself as a Reichien Organomist and told us that Reich said there must be work-democracy if community is to be sustained. "There will be four hours a day, 20 hours a week of community work, which means



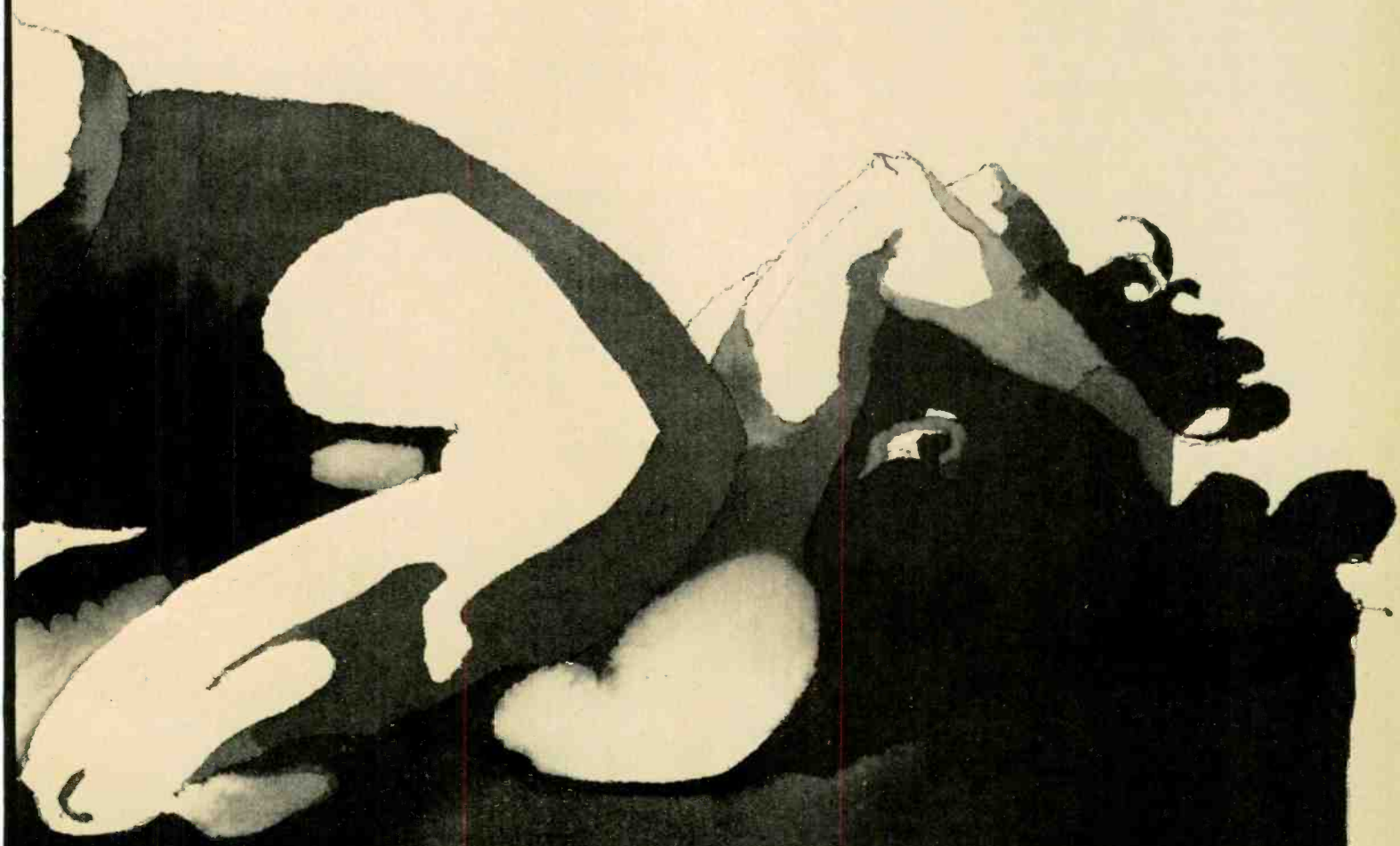
looking after all the basic needs of the community, and everybody has to participate."

A blunt forefinger slashed the air. "This will be enough to provide an extremely high standard of living." Doctors washing dishes, lawyers cleaning toilets, psychologists mowing lawns, and teachers doing auto repair. "After your four hours are up, the individual can then devote any or no time to whatever he or she wants to do."

People were beginning to nod, others shifted uncomfortably, and a young Israeli in the corner, who had grown up on a Kibbutz, began debating Rose at every turn.

"There will be one month of vacation a year and a sabbatical every five years . . . there'll be no smoking, Coke, or Pepsi. Drugs? Maybe, if used in a sacramental way—Alcous and I took acid into this country in 1946. The first Island will be in Hemet and will have chicken, ducks, cattle, and greenhouse agriculture. We'll see the establishment of tribes in 56 countries soon. People are exhibiting a desire for simple, intense living, a feeling of community. We've lost the element of festival, of fiesta. The Islands will recapture this. Someday the whole world will be an Island."

“‘After about a hundred times it gets a little wearing,’ said Gay Talese”



A man next to me, who wore nothing but a neck brace, slumped over and began snoring. Several other people nodded off and more eyes glazed over. People began leaving and those that stayed soon joined in bitter debate with Rose, accusing him of overstructuring the commune and bringing into it all the faults of the society he was attempting to escape.

The heavy scent of barbecued ribs and chicken sucked the crowd out towards the nearby plaza, and as we walked that way Chantal explained to us that she was a “searcher.” A Seeker after Life. Bearing the cross of her body (35-22-36), she was a part-time figure model attending Los Angeles City College to study accounting. She had first come to Sandstone in September, 1971, and had been coming regularly since January, sometimes three times a week.

“The major change,” she explained, “is the process of coming to what is an open society . . . learning to trust and relax. In the city it’s impossible because of the pace and the constantly moving, dynamic society. Here you go through a second fetus stage, are reborn. You learn to give to people and not have them question your motives.”

She’d been hunting for eons and the aging brown eyes in her 19-year-old face reflected years of group therapy, Synanon, therapy therapy—an endless struggle through a stale tunnel of apathy in search of . . . something. A Sign.

“When you look around, you see nothing but vegetation—you must have some place to go to to escape insanity. Down in the city you become neurotic because of a constant flood of nervous energy and there’s no one you can sit and share anything with. Up here you get back to nature. That’s where things are real. But Sandstone is only a catalyst—it’s not just the place.”

She stared off into space a moment then brushed a chunk of auburn hair from her face. “There’s still a couple of things I don’t adjust to. It still makes me uncomfortable to ball in front of other people, or having someone join in when we don’t ask. If we wanted them, we’d ask.”

The mob had swelled to around 100 people by now, most of them nude. The massive layout of ribs, chicken, corn, and assorted fruit disappeared like sand sculpture at the onslaught of a midnight tide. We had been promised Robert Rimmer for dessert and the crowd wandered down to the

lawn as dusk fell to get on with the task.

A smiling, benevolent presence with white hair and an engaging manner, Rimmer, the author of *The Harrad Experiment*, *Proposition 31*, *The Zolotov Affair*, and other works of redeeming social importance, hardly looked like the type of man who would engage in these sorts of group marriages, or even advocate them. His wife stood off to one side, plump, matronly, and with a gleaming teased bubble hairstyle, lacquered into eternal permanence. Rimmer was like Dr. Seuss, Dr. Spock, and a Koala bear all in one package. A 20th-century Santa Claus, offering a whole new bag of goodies. But then, too, he seemed somehow stunned by the carpet of raw flesh sprawled before him. After listening for half an hour to his rambling introductory explanations about his various books, the naked crowd started shivering in the bite of the night air and we moved into the womb-like security of the mattress-lined recreation room. Here Rimmer's thesis of structured group marriages smashed head on against the Sandstoners' existential philosophies of free-form fucking.

Nudes and seminudes lined the walls and floors in a flesh blanket giving off waves of body heat and the sweet stench of smoking lust. Bodies, skin everywhere, diminishing the size of the room in inverse proportion to the intensity of the body heat radiated. Red light bathed the scene, casting a wet glow over crouching haunches, hanging teats, and swaths of gleaming hair.

Words flew: "Surrogate wife . . . fucked . . . regular pair-bond husband . . . monogamous situation . . . caught V.D. . . . crabs are easy to . . . open marriage . . . would rather fuck someone that . . ."

Rimmer was getting red in the face. "But how many relationships can you maintain and still have a real legitimacy?" A nude brunette Ms. jumped up shouting, "You're right. I tried recreational sex. I liked it, but now I want more intimacy. I want one special man or maybe two or three . . ." Waves of laughter.

An enormous red-headed mama cloaked in layers of bulging fatty tissue lay in front of Rimmer. She lolled back against the wall with legs spread out before her at almost a 90-degree angle, shrieked in laughter, and boomed, "When I'm horny, I'm horny and I don't need anyone special, just someone else that's horny." More laughter. Rimmer's face seemed to turn scarlet in the glow. "But where's the love in that?" he countered. "Where's the intimacy? You should feel something when you go to bed with them."

Chantal sprang up. "I can name you a number of guys I fucked that I didn't feel anything about. I was horny, they were horny, we climbed in the sack, we both climaxed and it was groovy. That's love." More laughter.

The FM reporter raised his hand, schoolboy fashion. "She's right. Anything that makes you feel good and enjoy yourself is love." His logic was too much for even some of the Sandstoners. "You mean," asked one, "that if you enjoy going to the bathroom that's love? God knows that feels good sometimes." Mr. FM launched into an esoteric monologue to the affirmative. Rimmer knew it was time to call it a night and he slipped away after thanks and applause.

A light show projector cast ebbing flows of shattered colors off the sea of bodies, until all seemed to merge in flood tide. *Los Angeles Free Press* publisher Art Kunkin reclined, naked, in one corner, white meat sandwiched between the light brown bread of two girls.

A middle-aged couple sat down beside the Gazelle and me and introduced themselves. He was a sociologist, she a long-haired elementary school teacher. Glancing around he said

that it was, "a very uptight scene. Too much discussion. A real head trip. Anything can happen, but that's the charisma of this place. When the juices are running and you've got 15 people in the Ballroom it forces you to confront how you relate to people." The Gazelle nodded. Stroking his beard thoughtfully, as befits a sociologist, he continued, murmuring confidentially, "Some people come up just to fuck. I come up to make relationships. Down there in the city it's nothing but games. Up here you have levels of intensity—options, alternatives. This evening is somehow fascinating with all the strangers and guests here. It's a different group of people, the mix is different." He padded off in the direction of the Ballroom as his wife explained how she still couldn't get used to the lack of privacy. "It's forced me to reevaluate myself, like going into constant sensitivity. The casual sex is hard to adjust to, because I have to get to know someone and talk to them for quite a while before I'll get in bed with them."

The Ballroom must have overflowed because, soon, couples (and trios, and quartets), were twisting and undulating on the flood-lit floors of the rec-room, to the encouraging background stereo screams of Jim Morrison and the Doors. Somebody's leg thrashed against my back and I turned to discover the sociologist making relationships between the thighs of one of the girls who had been sprawling, earlier, with Kunkin. Twisted like a pretzel, she flailed upwards off the mattress to meet the sociologist coming down. His wife gazed over my shoulder and murmured something about options, then wandered off towards the Ballroom with a glazed look in her eyes. The heat made it hard to sleep that night.

Rising early the next morning, I discussed the weekend with Gay Talese over coffee. Fresh from the success of *Honor Thy Father*, Talese had been researching his next book (a sex book you know) for the last few months, traveling to Scandinavia, London, and 100 domestic massage parlors, adult bookstores, porno film houses, and "clubs" in the course of his grueling, intensive research.

"After getting hand-jobbed and sucked off 100 times, it gets a little wearing," he acknowledged with the faintest trace of a smile on that taut hawkface.

He'd come to Sandstone a week ago and enjoyed it so much that he'd stayed since then. He looked completely out of place in a pale yellow summer shirt decorated with green interlocking rings, cut-off Lee bermudas, and expensive-looking Mexican sandals. Slumming in Gomorrah.

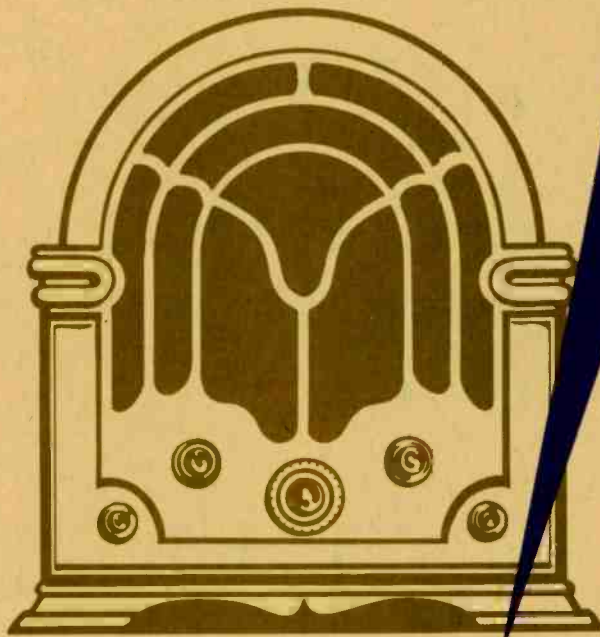
"I'm not that young any more and lately the most I've been doing it is about once a day. But I've been engaged at least four times a day since I've been here. It's incredible. Just think what it could do for society. There'd be no time for wars and all the other sicknesses. It might be the answer. You'd be too tired." He grinned and stared off into the fog blanketing the gorge below the house.

I followed his gaze and had a sudden vision of armies dropping their weapons, shedding their uniforms, and stampeding to the nearest Ballroom to be joined by Boys in Blue, convicts, firemen, football players, midget wrestlers, and rodeo queens. No more wars. Everybody gets what they want. No more Ultra-brite, no more Ban, no more superstars, no more stock market, no more Hiroshima or Dachau, no more TV, bombs, elections, circuses, or leaders. No more followers. Everybody comes together in the heat of the night. No more. Just hordes of naked bodies rutting in the underbrush, thrashing on the lawn, covering the globe. Synergizing. The End.

October 1972  
**COAST**

# RADIO

50 YEARS ON THE DIAL



**RANDOM GLANCES  
INTO  
GOD'S ETHER**

A special 16-page supplement

# JUST PLAIN BILL: AN AUTHENTIC SOAP OPERA RADIO SCRIPT

BY ROBERT HARDY ANDREWS

A Note from the Author:

We actually invented the soap opera formula by trial and error. I wrote and Frank and Anne Hummert staged, in 1931, the daddy of them all—"The Stolen Husband," which was "a novel written directly for radio." An actor impersonated me, the author (my own voice was judged "too resonant" for an author), and did the character voices. Then someone said: why not buy more actors (at the going price of \$5 per show)? And we were off and running.

After a while, I was called in to ad lib my ideas for "a story about Main Street America. Everybody's Home Town." I said "There's something special about certain men in some small towns. They're both participants in and observers and interpreters of the best as well as the rest, in what is really a microcosm of all we call 'Main Street America'. They may be accused of gossiping, but they never scandalize. They meddle, but no one minds, because they mean so well. They care about people, whom they call 'folks'. They talk a lot but they think more than they talk." And I came up with a line that became something of a classic in soap opera approach: "A man like many men we all know." I called this man Bill the Barber. Locale? I talked about Hiawatha, Kansas, where I had lived, and said for the show we'd call it Hartville.

"Bill has a one-chair shop on Main Street near the railroad depot," I continued. "He has a handyman named Elmer. Elmer Eeps, who plays the banjo and gets into foolish, funny scrapes that Bill has to get him out of. Bill is all over town: at the lumberyard, the newspaper office, the livery barn, the hotel where loafers sit on the porch in chairs tipped back against the wall. He's full of pithy sayings—the kind Carl Sandburg collects." (I was sharing an office at *The Chicago Daily News* with Sandburg at the time.)

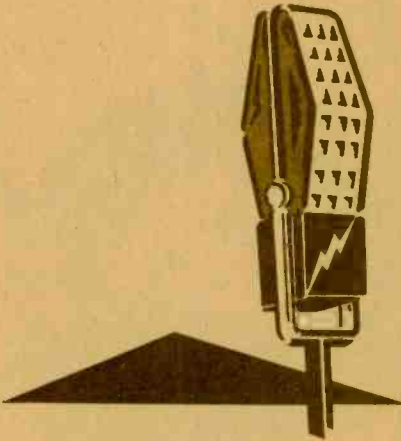
Bill the Barber's full name was Bill Davidson. I gave him a daughter, Nancy, and added a young lawyer, Kerry Donovan, "Irish but not too Irish," who became Nancy's husband, but not until we had let the romance drag on for a good long time. (Incidentally, that fine compilation of hard facts about early radio, *The Big Broadcast 1920-1950*, by Frank Buxton and Bill Owen, errs—forgivably—in saying that "Just Plain Bill" was first heard over CBS in 1932. We tested it first, under the title "Bill the Barber," on WMAQ, the *Chicago Daily News* station, in 1931.)

When, at the Hummerts' request, I developed "Ma Perkins,"—which aired first on December 7, 1933 and ran for 27 years, a total of 7,065 broadcasts—*Variety's* reviewer sniffed: "It's just 'Just Plain Bill' in skirts." I wrote, thanking him for his perspicacity. That's exactly what it was meant to be.

Early on, a rule evolved: we always had special scripts for family holidays. The Thanksgiving show here is an example of one of those scripts. It was originally broadcast on November 20, 1941, and includes a special Defense Bonds plug at the beginning.

---

**ANNOUNCER:** Now for our story of JUST PLAIN BILL. Bill is trying to do something that it's almost impossible for an outsider ever to do successfully. That is, he hopes to convince Sophia Hampton, who rules her husband and daughter with an iron hand, that Jeanie Hampton has a right to marry David Ellis—since she loves David, and doesn't love Ray Walters, Mrs. Hampton's choice for her daughter's husband. What Mrs. Hampton and Ray Walters don't know—and Bill can't tell them—is that Jeanie and David have been married secretly for months... and Jeanie is going to have a baby. David's government work has called him away to Washington. Bill is pledged to help and protect Jeanie all he can until David returns. But now Bill wants to send for Meredith Hampton, Jeanie's father—although Jeanie tells him her father has never dared to question anything her mother says. Today—



RADIO SYMBOLS BY JOHN VAN HAMERSVELD



Thanksgiving Day—we find Bill at his barber shop. . . (START FADING) He doesn't look very happy. But Bill brightens, as Nancy, his beloved daughter, enters . . .

(DOOR OPENS, CLOSES, SLIGHTLY OFF MIKE)

**BILL:** (CLOSE ON; QUICKLY) Well . . . Nancy . . . what on earth have you been up to? (MOVING WITH MIKE) Here, let me take some of those packages. You're all loaded down.

(RUSTLE—RATTLE CLOSE ON MIKE AS BILL TAKES PACKAGES)

**BILL:** Have you been buying up the whole town?

**NANCY:** (CHUCKLES) Kind of looks like it, doesn't it, Daddy? I just decided this year I'd do what I've always promised myself I'd do every year before—and never seemed to quite get done . . . I'm doing my Christmas shopping early.

**BILL:** And a fine idea. A *very* fine idea. Matter of fact, Nancy, I've just been getting lined up to do some Christmas shopping of my own.

**NANCY:** You wouldn't want to tell me, would you, who's on your gift list for what?

**BILL:** Other years, I tried to keep it a secret. Not this year, child. You know what I'm going to give for Christmas—as many as I can—to as many folks as possible on my Christmas gift list?

**NANCY:** What, Daddy?

**BILL:** Defense Bonds and Defense Stamps.

**NANCY:** Oh!

**BILL:** I'll tell you why, Nancy. Seems to me giving Defense Bonds and Defense Stamps is helping to purchase liberty for my folks and my friends. You know what the money goes for: To protect and defend this country of ours. So I'm all set to go over to the post office—you can get them at the bank, too—and buy a whole lot of ten-cent Defense Stamps and as many Defense Bonds as I can afford. You know a Defense Bond only costs \$18.75. And think what it buys and what it stands for. (PAUSE) Do you think my Christmas gift idea is all right, Nancy?

**NANCY:** I think it's wonderful. And I'm going to see to it that Kerry and I buy Defense Bonds and Stamps, too. And I'm going to tell a lot of people around town what you're doing.

**BILL:** Well, ordinarily, I'd sooner not seem to be showing off to folks about what I'm doing for Christmas. But this time, I'd like to have folks know about it. With the hope that a lot of them will do the same thing. Because the more Defense Bonds and Stamps folks do give for Christmas, the surer this country can be of going on having happy Christmases through the years to come.

**NANCY:** You're so right, Daddy. (EAGERLY) I'm going to see Kerry and make up our list. And buy all we possibly can.

**BILL:** Fine, Nancy. Now . . . Nancy . . .

**NANCY:** What, Daddy?

**BILL:** How far can I go in taking advantage of you and Kerry—without going *too* far?

**NANCY:** There's no such thing as *that* far.

**BILL:** Well, for the fellow that imposes on everybody the way I do, there could be. I'd like to ask you something, Nancy. A favor. A special favor to me. (SUDDEN)

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Take it wherever you go!

UNDER a tree, on a mountain top—tune in. Out on the sea, lying cozily on the deck—tune in! And off for a motor trip, put into the car one more substance—a Radiola Super-Heterodyne complete. Its loudspeakers are built-in, its loop in the cover, its batteries inside!

The Radiola Super-Heterodyne is made, now, in two portable models. It is the same far-famed "Super-Het"—with the same fine quality of tone—the same complete simplicity—the same distance performance. But it is portable now—and you can take your entertainment with you everywhere!

Radiola Corporation of America  
Chicago New York San Francisco

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PRODUCED ONLY BY RCA

Radiola 24  
Builds in a moment of black midnight.  
Closes doors. Opens roads for you.  
And closes for tomorrow. With a  
Radiola 24, you . . . 829

Radiola 25  
Proudly in 10 states! Complete for  
convenience. And with an extra bat-  
tery cabinet for home use. With a  
Radiola 25, you . . . 829

# ATWATER KENT RADIO EQUIPMENT



**"Look, Ben!**

"Here's the equipment you want. This is part of my new radio set. Did you ever see anything more beautifully made?"

"You should have heard the set over at Hayden's house last night. They have a stage of radio frequency amplification, a detector and two-stage audio amplifier with this tuner and a loud speaker."

"We had Boston and Fort Worth and almost everything between. Why, it was just like having the entertainers right in the room!"

"You know one reason I haven't been keen to have a radio set of my own was because of that scuttering and whistling. But there wasn't any of that in Hayden's set. It was so clear that I was sold right then and there."

"Yes, I knew you'd ask about the price. Well, just shop around as I have and compare values."

"I feel confident you will never be satisfied until you have ATWATER KENT radio equipment."

A circular describing the entire line of Atwater Kent radio equipment is yours for the asking.

ATWATER KENT MANUFACTURING COMPANY  
4965 STENTON AVENUE  
Philadelphia

[1923]

Oh . . . there's Kerry coming. That makes it better. I can ask you both at once. And I want you to be absolutely frank in saying "Yes" or "No," Nancy. Because what I want to ask *might* take an awful lot of pleasure out of your Thanksgiving day.

NANCY: (PUZZLED) Daddy, what on earth . . .

(DOOR OPENS, CLOSSES, SLIGHTLY OFF MIKE)

KERRY: (SLIGHTLY OFF MIKE) Hi, Bill. (FADING ON) I though I'd find you here, Nancy. What on earth have you been buying?

NANCY: I told you we were going to do our Christmas shopping early.

KERRY: (CHUCKLES) Funny. Here it is only Thanksgiving Day and you're getting ready for Christmas.

BILL: That's kind of all right, really, isn't it, Kerry? Especially *this* Thanksgiving Day. An awful good day to be thankful that folks like us have got a Christmas coming.

KERRY: (GRAVELY) That's right, Bill. That's *very* right. (PAUSE) Nancy. I thought the stores were closed today.

NANCY: Oh, they are. But Mrs. Epps opened up long enough for me to get these things—because I wanted to have a chance to get them and leave them here with Daddy, at a time when Wiki wouldn't be around to wonder what's in them.

KERRY: (CHUCKLES) That's an idea. Anything that comes into our house, that son of ours has to know all about. And finds out about, too. Well . . . Bill . . . ready to go on over to the house with us?

BILL: I'd sooner come over a little later, Kerry. (SLOWLY) I was just starting to tell Nancy . . . I've got a pretty big favor to ask of the both of you . . .

KERRY: The answer is "Yes," Bill, whatever it is. Right, Nancy?

NANCY: Of course.

BILL: Now, wait before you say that, you two. You see . . . if you figure you could stand it—because there might be some explosions—it might be anything but the cheerful, thankful gathering a Thanksgiving dinner ought to be . . . (PAUSE) Well, how would you really feel if I invited Mrs. Hampton and Ray Walters to come and have Thanksgiving dinner at your house, with you and me and Jeanie?

NANCY: (STARTLED) Daddy Bill! *Them* . . . ?

KERRY: In the first place, Bill, I can't imagine Sophia Hampton and Ray Walters *accepting* an invitation from you or from us.

NANCY: And even if they *did* . . .

BILL: (QUICK, QUIET) That's what I meant, Nancy. I know it's asking an awful lot. Let's just forget I did ask you. Shall we?

KERRY: Now, wait a minute, Bill. You wouldn't suggest any such thing without a lot of reason.

NANCY: It's all right with me. Mrs. Hampton couldn't say anything—neither could Ray Walters—to really spoil my Thanksgiving. But Jeanie . . .

BILL: You see, yesterday, I talked Ray Walters out of insisting on seeing Jeanie, there at your house. He was very fair about it—very decent—when I tried to explain to him that he, or even Jeanie's mother, seeing and talking to and arguing with Jeanie, right now, the way she can't help feeling, could hardly settle anything—would almost surely make matters worse for all concerned. But this *is* Thanksgiving

Day. Even folks to whom it's only a calendar holiday get a feeling, sometimes in spite of themselves, if they stop to realize what the day stands for.

**KERRY:** Even Sophia Hampton . . . ?

**BILL:** Well, Kerry, what I thought was . . . possibly . . . I've no way of knowing, but *possibly* . . . if I could say to Mrs. Hampton "Why not, for this day, try and remember the things you've got to be thankful for? The fact that you're well-to-do, secure . . . with a fine, devoted husband . . . the fact that you have a beautiful, fine daughter . . . ? Why not forget, at least for this day, and give Jeanie a chance to forget, if she can, for one day, even—all that's made you and her so unhappy, so angry, so bitter against each other?" (PAUSE) I don't know if it would work. I don't pretend to understand Mrs. Hampton well enough to know. But there are things so terribly vital to them both that Jeanie's mother has got to know about Jeanie—very soon, now—that I thought if there was any chance at all for them to just sit down to a Thanksgiving table, and be their natural, normal mother-and-daughter selves . . . (PAUSE) Well . . .

**KERRY:** It's a gamble, isn't it, Bill?

**BILL:** Yes, Kerry. Very much so. Chances are Mrs. Hampton would start saying mean things about David Ellis—or Ray Walters would get himself in trouble with Jeanie, without even meaning to . . .

**NANCY:** . . . Or Jeanie might think it was a conspiracy. That we're starting to take her mother's side against her and David. (SUDDEN) Oh, no. Why should I say that? She knows better than that. As a matter of fact, Daddy . . . (PAUSE) Kerry . . .

**KERRY:** What, dear?

**NANCY:** I think it's worth trying. Anything that might just possibly relieve a little of the tension between Jeanie and her mother would be important to Jeanie and to David. (PAUSE) There's certainly plenty of turkey for dinner, for a lot of people. And . . . Kerry . . .

**KERRY:** Yes, Nancy?

**NANCY:** We're such lucky people. You, me, Wiki, Daddy Bill . . . We've got so awfully *much* to be thankful for. Why shouldn't we at least try to share a little of our happiness . . .

**KERRY:** (QUIETLY) Even with Sophia Hampton?

**NANCY:** Yes, Kerry. Even with her. Maybe she's not so bad really. Just arrogant, spoiled, too used to bossing everybody. And she has got an awful shock coming to her, when she finds out that Jeanie and David are already married.

**BILL:** She's got more shock coming to her than that, Nancy.

**NANCY:** I think I know what you mean, Daddy. I think I've guessed, for days, really.

**KERRY:** Guessed what, Nancy?

**NANCY:** Jeanie's going to have a baby.

**KERRY:** (STARTLED) What?

**NANCY:** Isn't she, Daddy Bill?

**BILL:** (SLOWLY) I think Jeanie and David will want to tell you and Kerry about that, Nancy. I mean . . . I really haven't the right to say "Yes" or "No", without David's permission. But . . . Nancy . . .

**NANCY:** (GENTLY) I won't let on that I know. And—Kerry—don't you, either.



**At Last!**  
**Six Tubes With One Control**

**Price \$140**  
*Wholesale & Retail*

**DEALERS and JOBBERS**  
Write for full particulars regarding Thermodyne and the new model that is now being received in the market. It has many features and will give you the best quality.

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THE THERMODYNE RADIO CORPORATION PLATTSBURGH, N. Y.

NOTHING like it has been seen or heard before. Thermodyne embodies an entirely new principle of radio reception—so amplified and so certain that a child can tune in any ten stations a minute. If it's in the air Thermodyne will get it. Calibrations are in wave length, just as listed in the daily press. There is nothing to remember, no figuring to do, no fuss or bother. Select the station wanted, turn screw to position—the station checks in at once. It comes in at the same point always; no matter where the set may be—all other stations are shut out completely—and each signal is loud, clear and wholly free from distortion. Local stations and distant stations cannot interfere. Tubes, batteries or loud speaker of any kind may be used. Mounted on Bakelite panel and enclosed in handsome mahogany cabinet. Unconditionally guaranteed. Write for descriptive folder containing the whole wonderful story of Thermodyne. Ask your dealer to demonstrate Thermodyne against any set he has, regardless of cost.

# ATWATER KENT RADIO



This is  
a new  
influence  
in Radio

In many ways the Atwater Kent Model 20 Compact is a new influence in the progress of radio.

It is unobtrusive. It takes its place gravely on a small table, a book rack or any other small piece of furniture, for it is a fine, simple electrical instrument only 6 1/2 inches high and 9 1/2 inches long—no larger than a row of a dozen books.

So now Radio needn't disturb any

room. You can fit it agreeably into your present arrangement of furniture and decorations, without buying anything new.

Already the Model 20 Compact has won its place in the fine homes of many famous people. It is the radio of today—and of tomorrow.

When you desire a radio, getting the maximum range of a radio, look for the

ATWATER KENT QUALITY APPROPRIATE CO.  
300 Broadway, New York, N.Y.

See the Atwater Kent Radio  
at the store nearby, carrying a  
\$1.00 check (payment standard  
being through mail)

Model 20—\$14.95  
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Los Angeles  
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Seattle  
Denver  
Dallas  
Houston  
San Antonio  
Austin  
Fort Worth  
Phoenix  
San Diego  
San Jose  
Sacramento  
Portland, Me.  
Boston  
New York  
Philadelphia  
Chicago  
Boston  
San Francisco  
Los Angeles  
Portland, Ore.  
Seattle  
Denver  
Dallas  
Houston  
San Antonio  
Austin  
Fort Worth  
Phoenix  
San Diego  
San Jose  
Sacramento  
Portland, Me.

When they tell us, it's got to be a complete surprise to us. But Jeanie is going to have a baby. And I know it, now.

**KERRY: (SLOWLY)** Yes . . . Sophia Hampton *has* got a shock coming to her. Too bad she's not the kind of a mother who's likely to be a thankful grandmother.

**BILL:** Let's hope that she'll learn to be, Kerry—along with learning some other things she's got to learn, before she, or David and Jeannie, can ever be happy.

**NANCY:** Yes, let's hope . . . **(SUDDEN)** Daddy, had you already . . .

**BILL:** Already what, Nancy?

**NANCY:** Called Mrs. Hampton—and Ray Walters?

**BILL:** Why, no, child. I wouldn't do that, not 'til I'd asked you and Kerry. Why?

**NANCY:** There they are, coming down the street—and apparently they're coming here.

**KERRY:** And get a look at Sophia Hampton! The way she sails along, you'd think she thinks she's a battleship. **(GRAVELY)** I don't know, Bill. It's Thanksgiving Day for us, all right. But I'm not sure about her.

**BILL: (GRAVELY)** Neither am I, Kerry. The best I can do is ask her. If you and Nancy are really, absolutely positive it's all right with you if I *do* ask her . . .

**KERRY:** Of course it is, Bill.

**NANCY:** . . . If only because I'd like to know, and I know Kerry would, too, if there really is enough good in Sophia Hampton so people being nice to her would have any effect on her.

**KERRY:** Which I'm afraid I doubt. Sorry, Bill, but I can't help it.

**BILL:** Well, Kerry . . . we never quite know about other people—even about ourselves, for that matter. **(PAUSE)** She certainly does look like she's got a bee in her bonnet about something. And I'm afraid I know what it is.

**NANCY:** What, Daddy?

**BILL:** I sent out an invitation on my own last night, Nancy—to Mrs. Hampton's husband. You remember me talking to Jeanie about it?

**NANCY:** Yes. But I didn't know . . . Jeanie didn't seem to want you to . . . I wasn't sure you'd go ahead with sending for Mr. Hampton . . .

**BILL:** I felt I had to, Nancy. Maybe I was wrong. But I thought it was the right thing to do—for Jeanie and for her mother . . . I wonder . . .

**(DOOR OPENS, CLOSSES SHARPLY, SLIGHTLY OFF MIKE)**

**BILL: (QUICKLY; QUIETLY FRIENDLY)** Well, hello, Mrs. Hampton. Mr. Walters.

**SOPHIA HAMPTON: (FADING ON)** I'm sure you're *very* glad to see us, Mr. Davidson!

**BILL:** Yes, I am. Matter of fact, I was just getting ready to call you and Mr. Walters . . .

**SOPHIA HAMPTON: (GRIMLY)** Were you, indeed?

**BILL: (QUIET)** Yes. You know Nancy and Kerry. Well, I always have Thanksgiving dinner with them—and with Wiki, their little boy. Today, since you and Mr. Walters are away from home on Thanksgiving Day, we all thought it would be a nice idea to

invite you folks to come and join us at dinner, at Nancy and Kerry's house . . .

**RAY WALTERS:** Do you mean that seriously, Mr. Davidson?

**BILL:** Yes, Mr. Walters, of course.

**RAY WALTERS:** After all the talking you did to me yesterday . . .

**BILL:** Yesterday was just Wednesday. Today's Thanksgiving Day.

**RAY WALTERS:** But . . . after what you've been up to . . .

**SOPHIA HAMPTON:** Let me do the talking, please, Ray.

**RAY WALTERS:** I'm . . . sorry. Mrs. Hampton.

**SOPHIA HAMPTON:** Mr. Davidson, I asked you—and then I told you—to stop meddling in my family affairs. I've never known anyone who had the audacity, the impertinence, to calmly interfere between a mother and her daughter, after being told and warned . . .

**BILL: (INTERRUPTS QUIETLY)** Now, Mrs. Hampton. Let me admit before you say another word . . . I *have* meddled. I haven't wanted to, I truly don't believe I've done any harm. The last thing on earth I would do is cause trouble for your daughter or for you.

**SOPHIA HAMPTON:** But you sent a telegram to Mr. Hampton! You told him . . . he wired me about it! I have your exact words right here. You presumed to telegraph to my husband telling him . . . **(SHE QUOTES ANGRILY)** “. . . As a friend of your daughter, and of David Ellis, the man I know she loves, who loves her, I take liberty to urge you to come to Hartville immediately. Believe your daughter needs you. Believe you, as father, can help all involved in situation which threatens happiness of your daughter, your wife, you, and others. Glad to have you as my guest. Please wire if you are coming and when. Signed—Bill Davidson.”!

**BILL:** Yes, Mrs. Hampton.

**SOPHIA HAMPTON:** You *dared* . . . !

**BILL:** Yes, Mrs. Hampton.

**SOPHIA HAMPTON:** Well, he's not coming. I'm perfectly capable of handling things here. And I'm going to. And I'm not going to stand for any more from *you*, Mr. Davidson. Do you understand me?! **(VOICE RISING)** Do you hear me?! **(WITH RISING ANGER)** Well, have you nothing to say?

**BILL:** Yes, Mrs. Hampton, I have a telegram, too. It says . . . **(HE READS)** “Arrive Friday morning. Can Jeanie meet me at station? Signed—Meredith Hampton.”

**SOPHIA HAMPTON: (STARTLED, WILDLY)** I don't believe it! He wouldn't do that! I told him not to come here!

**RAY WALTERS:** But . . . Mrs. Hampton . . . apparently he *is* coming. And, that being the case . . .

**(FADEOUT)**

**(THEME AND FADE ON CUE)**

**ANNOUNCER: (ON CUE)** Well, it doesn't sound as if Bill's effort to bring Mrs. Hampton and her daughter together at Thanksgiving dinner worked out very well. But maybe Jeanie—and David Ellis—will have cause to be thankful all their lives, because Jeanie's father is coming to Hartville—in spite of her mother. What will happen? Be sure to hear the story of **JUST PLAIN BILL**—and to meet Meredith Hampton, Jeannie's father—tomorrow. ●



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*These two devices have revolutionized Radio!*

MAGNAVOX Radio equipment takes the feeble sound vibrations produced by your receiving set and builds them up into full, round tones in exact accordance with the original broadcasted speech or music.

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Radio  
*The Reproducer Supreme*

[1093]

# THE TECHNICIANS WORE TUXES:

## UNVEILING THE RADIO CENTER OF THE WEST

BY ARLEN PETERS

The memo dated July 23, 1937, was simple and to the point. "Concerning the broadcast from the new building excavation: our comic, who I'd like to be a futilitarian type like Frank Morgan or Jack Benny, is presented as being the radio personality who wants to be the first to broadcast from the new building. He just can't wait—goes into the place on a busy afternoon to do this. Cement mixers grind in the background, donkey engine hoists whistle, saws rip through timbers. But he's happy, he's the first. While he describes the scene, let the foreman enter. Morgan or Benny insists he's not the workman, but the foreman puts him to labor. His adventures, in comic dialogue, serve to show the progress of the building and the announcer can make the serious points." Eventually, "The announcer is identified but he is unable to convince the foreman that the comic is really a radio entertainer. There's a daffy girl there who can impede progress by cracks either dumb or designed to wreak vengeance on the comic victim. Her friend, if any, could play the accordion. Or a better gag might be by transcription. The comic may seek to prove his identity by ordering the orchestra to play. It doesn't. But when the gal or announcer so orders, it plays." Ah, the creative minds of publicity people.

The event described in the opening paragraph was a pre-dedication show idea for "Columbia Square," at that time the most modern, most technically perfect radio broadcast facility in the world. However, radio wasn't always so perfect, so modern. Go back to September, 1920, for instance.

Operating a radio station in the early days posed a few problems, but for the most part it was a casual sort of thing and certainly the pressures weren't anything like they are today. For one thing, there were no sponsors, and the biggest programming problem was locating a music store that would lend records in return for plugs on the air.

Fred Christian, an ex-Marconi man and former shipboard wireless operator built a five watt transmitter in his home in Los Angeles. He received the call letters 6ADZ and on September 10, 1920, began broadcasting recorded music. Christian couldn't have been called a disc jockey in those days, because there was no such word; but in current terminology that's just what he was—in addition to being his own chief engineer, head announcer, and program director. His studio was the back bedroom of his home on Harold Way in Hollywood. And being a radio station wasn't his only job. He was also manager of the Electrical Lighting and Power Company, which sold radio parts to people trying to build their own radio sets. "People were buying radio parts to build sets and they had to have something to listen to. That's why I put the transmitter together," Christian once explained.

Licensed in November of 1921 to operate with the call letters KGC, Christian became intrigued with the idea of

broadcasting live music and entertainment. In March, 1922, he moved his station to the California Theatre in downtown Los Angeles and was assigned the call letters KNX. By broadcasting Carli Elinor's 60-piece orchestra from the theatre, KNX became the first station in the area to have "live" music. Appearing at the mike that debut night were screen celebrities like Conrad Nagel (the station's first live-talent actor) and Wally Reid, both of whom are now starring on the late, late show.

At this time, only one wave length, of 360 meters, was available, and KNX shared it with 22 other stations. Needless to say, the rivalry between stations was intense, especially in determining what specific hours each would operate. Christian, however, was able to secure the "prime time" hours of 7 to 10 p.m., three times per week. Out of these 22 stations in operation back in 1922, incidentally, only three remain in operation: KNX, KHJ, and KFI.

Christian sold KNX to Guy Earle, whose newspaper, *The Los Angeles Evening Express*, began operating the station in 1924 from the Hoffman Building at the corner of Hollywood Boulevard and Gower. Under Earle's ownership, station power was increased to 500 watts, with additional increases to 5,000 watts in 1929, 10,000 watts in 1932, then finally to 50,000 watts in 1934.

Gerald Byrne, writing in the yearbook of the *Evening Express* in 1930, described the programming at that time. "Many famous people have appeared before the KNX microphones," he wrote. "Names to bring awe to those who revel in the field of entertainment: Ernestine Schumann-Heink has rolled her rich contralto through its waves, the delicious brogue of Allen McQuake has rollicked its tenor way to thousands." Other KNX stars of the time included Calmon Luboviski, the "master violinist"; Walter V. Ferner, "radio's greatest cellist"; Marie Golden and Ethyl Kay, "the piano twins"; and, of course, Tom Brenaman and his mule Hercules.

In 1931, KNX and San Francisco station KSFO formed the Western Broadcasting Company. A studio for the Los Angeles station was constructed on the old Paramount Studios lot on Marathon Street, where the station broadcast for two years. The year 1933 brought yet another shift, this time to the Otto K. Oleson Building at Vine and Selma, where it stayed until 1935, at which time it moved to an impressive new building at 5939 Sunset Boulevard, later to be KMPC's headquarters.

It was at the old Sunset location that Art Gilmore first became associated with KNX. Gilmore was a budding announcer at that time, a man who was later to gain fame as one of the most respected voices in the entertainment business. "Mary Martin used to sing on a 15-minute show we had two or three times a week," he remembers. "Wilbur Hatch was the musical conductor with a four- or five-piece orchestra. I announced and also directed the show. Someone else

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*Arlen Peters is a writer and director for CBS radio in Los Angeles. He works at Columbia Square.*

wrote it. You know, in those days you had to do everything. But I remember filling out the payroll sheets and next to Mary's name, under 'fee', I'd write 'gratis'. She'd do the shows for nothing."

Those were the days just prior to KNX's sale to CBS. "There was always a lot of horsing around at the old studios," recalls Gilmore. "A favorite thing was to change clocks on a producer. When he thought we were on the air, we'd start using vulgarities and slipping in words that shouldn't have been in the script, much less on radio, and the producer, well, we all thought he'd never make it through the show. You could just hear him saying to himself 'Am I hearing things right, is this for real?'"

Pranks weren't always reserved for producers. "We had an old fellow who was the organist on all our shows," Gilmore says devilishly. "He was known to take a nip or two or three from time to time. One day a few of us took a pint to him when he was on the air and started to pour it down. He was on the air, so there was nothing he could do to stop us. Poor fellow, by the time the show was over, he was higher than a kite."

The building also had its eccentricities. "They had very high ceilings in the building," Gilmore remarked. "Jackson Wheeler was on staff at that time and one day an electrician had left his ladder standing in the middle of the floor. As a joke, Jackson went up the ladder and used the mike that was hanging from the ceiling, which was meant to be used to pick up the organ. Just as he started broadcasting, hanging there from the ceiling, the exec in charge walked in. He was the top man at the time. He just stood there, looking up at old Jackson for the whole show. From that day on, Jackson Wheeler never touched a ladder."

*Variety* carried the first news of the sale of KNX to CBS in March of 1936. A two million dollar price tag was set on the station. Eight days later, the deal was confirmed. KNX, until then, had been considered the largest independent station in America. Other station owners felt KNX was a menace to the prosperity of the established Pacific Coast chains. CBS, on the other hand, felt that the station would

serve as a strong western link in their chain after KNX had proved its worth by bringing the broadcasts of the fiery-tongued anti-Semitic Catholic priest to the West Coast and thereby capturing a large audience.

The *California Broadcaster* of March 28, 1936, carried a list of some outstanding radio events of the time. Shows like "Terhune's Dog Dramas," "The Second Man" with Leslie Howard, and "The Hour of Charm" with Phil Spitalny's All Girl group. All were listed as "recommended by the Radio Institute of the Audible Arts."

On September 1, 1936, the Columbia Broadcasting System officially took over active operation of KNX, but it wasn't until April 27, 1937, that construction got under way for Columbia Square. The new CBS radio center was designed to include auditoriums, studios, and offices, fronting Sunset Boulevard and occupying the block between Gower and El Centro. The entire project was to cost one million dollars. A press release from CBS described the architecture: "The designs for the project call for a novel use of new structural materials with emphasis on space as an important element of the architecture. Deep, landscaped lawns and courts will serve to add perspective and beauty to the structure." They even took special care with the color scheme. "Although it is not casually apparent, walls opposite windows are tinted a darker shade than outside walls, equalizing the shade on each of the four walls. Opposite hallway walls also are tinted different shades. Grays, blues, reds, and yellows predominate the decorative scheme of the new Columbia plant." All this has now been replaced, it should be pointed out, by more "modern" CBS colors—black and white.

William Lescaze, one of the most distinguished contemporary artists, was the designer. The site of the building was exactly where the motion picture industry was born: the old Al Christy motion picture studios were torn down to construct the plant that was to become known as "Columbia Square."

Production moved along, and with it came a multitude of ideas to exploit this grand new showcase of the entertain-



(Left) Laying the cornerstone at Columbia Square; (right) the studios under construction c. 1937.

ment world. In a memo dated December 20, 1937, these schemes were suggested: 1) Name the studios after past or present radio notables, such as Will Rogers, Eddie Cantor, instead of just 1, 2, A or B; 2) President Roosevelt (or the president of the FCC) could speak from Washington before the first program, with his final word starting an impulse which would turn power on in the new studios; 3) Use usherettes instead of page boys ("boys are no good for publicity"). They would be selected by a contest and picture ("a lot of girls in abbreviated costumes"). Or, an usherette "audition" of ambitious young singers who would be given the chance to work with stars and learn the inner workings of broadcasting studios; 4) Get "pictures" of different stars' voices made on that "graph thing" CBS used to record King Edward's abdication, and preserve them in design on studio pillars or in mural effect along hallways; 5) Hold a contest to select telephone operators who have perfect voices—"Very possibly a good publicity break, especially if we could somehow 'manage' to get good looking girls to win;" 6) Instead of footprints, inset a plaque with a signature of each CBS star and name of the program that he is famous for, into a wall of adobe and call it the "Court of Stars."

When you opened something new in those days, be it market, bar, or radio station, someone had to write a theme song for the place. The CBS answer to that was Victor Young, who had written such songs as "Sweet Sue" and "Ghost of a Chance," and who composed a tone poem entitled simply "Columbia Square."

The finishing touches were being applied. The big day was nearing for Columbia Square. On April 29, 1938, *The Hollywood Citizen News* devoted its entire edition to CBS and the new facility. "Columbia, now the gem of the air, as well as of the ocean—we salute you," said an ad from the Postal Union Life Insurance Company. "Greater than steel or stone," hailed Sears and Roebuck. "Buildings rise tier on tier and the world salutes a new radio center of the west." There was even an ad from Schwab's—not the pharmacy, but "Hollywood's Finest Store for Men," featuring the "Chukker" sports suit.

The new building braced for an onslaught of people. "Ropes, portable iron railings and an extra complement of 25 Los Angeles policemen will be all that stands between Hollywood's voracious autograph hunters and the thousand mayors, movie magnates, college presidents, and film stars who will pass through the portals of CBS' new building tomorrow night. Five thousand people are expected to be milling about outside the CBS studios for the arrival and departure of celebrities," proclaimed the *Citizen News*.

## "Columbia Square was the most modern radio facility in the world"

Edith Todesca was the assistant program director at KNX before its purchase by Columbia. "I was with KNX in the old *Examiner* days. When CBS bought the station, I was retained by Charles Vanda (then the program director)," recalls Ms. Todesca, who now lives in retirement in Hollywood. "I was the only woman in radio on the west coast. The thrill of being there that first day, having my name put in the time capsule, is just difficult to describe."

The day was so important that special instructions were issued to the radio engineers. "Opening day at Columbia Square will be a once in a lifetime experience. Because of the

notables in attendance that day, all technicians are instructed to wear formal tuxedos."

William Paley, the then 36-year-old head of CBS, in his opening day speech, said: "In the new Columbia headquarters, we have built a workshop. We have built a place in which to do things. These premises were built for better broadcasting—they were built to give new and better tools to the engineers and producers and artists who will use them. They were designed to help produce better programs, programs that entertain, programs that inform, and programs that make people think."

Participating in the opening-day festivities were such as Harry Simeone, Dr. Milton Metfessel (who induced canary birds to sing), pioneer filmmakers like Mayer, Warner, Hellinger, Wallis, and Zukor, the Los Angeles Philharmonic Orchestra directed by Dr. Otto Klemperer, Maxine Sullivan, Leslie Lieber and "Scat King" Johnny Davis, and Ed Dunstedter playing the organ; highlighting the program was a "Salute to Columbia Square" featuring everyone from Eddie Cantor to Harry "Parkyakarkus" Einstein. There were also remote broadcasts from several of Hollywood's most famous night-clubs, and reports from announcers stationed all over the city, including one floating overhead in the Goodyear blimp.

The most interesting show was called "That's That," which allowed the night janitor, page boys, and telephone girls—those staff members rarely, if ever, heard on the air—a chance to give their versions of scenes from the many programs presented that day. A "no-star" lineup reading "all-star" lines from discarded scripts.

Columbia Square flourished. Surprisingly, of the people I interviewed, none could really recall any problems in the new building. "The only thing that I noticed, and it was certainly a minor thing, was that the place lacked a few bathroom facilities," says Art Gilmore. "We outgrew in about six months what they thought would last three years," recalls Edith Todesca. And why not, with such top-rated programs as "Irma," "Carnation Hour," "Hollywood Hotel," "Lux Theater," and "Big Town"?

Most of the individuals who were at the Square in the beginning are gone. One who remains is Cliff Thorsness, a former sound man, now supervisor of engineers, who ranks number one on the engineering seniority list at CBS. He was hired in 1937. "The '30's and '40's were the most feverish times, the most difficult times, yet the most fun times," he recalls. "Shows originated not only from Columbia Square, but from the Vine Street Playhouse (now the Huntington Hartford), the Earl Carroll Theater (now the Aquarius), and the Wilshire Ebell, where we did 'Big Town', 'Silver Theater', and the 'Paul Whiteman show.'"

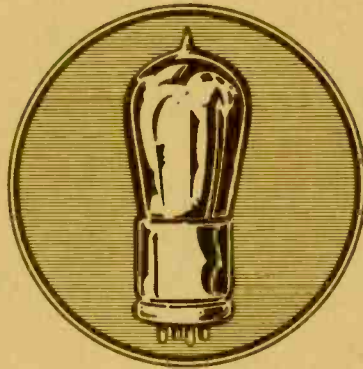
In those days, Thorsness says, a great camaraderie existed between the sound department, director, orchestra, and cast of any particular program. "I remember once," says a smiling Thorsness, "when Jack Benny went for a consultation with his physician at Cedars of Lebanon Hospital. He found one of our sound effects men, Berne Surrey, wearing a white coat and asking about his health. Benny thought he was being put on and Jack refused to believe that Surrey was interning at Cedars in the evenings."

There are thousands more stories of this era. Just as the early '50's were referred to as the "Golden Age" of television, so were the '30's and '40's in radio. "The glamour, the excitement, the joy, the disappointment; there just isn't any more of that in radio today," says Edith Todesca. They don't build radio stations like Columbia Square anymore, either. ●



# SMILING DOUG AND THE ICE CREAM OF THE AIRWAVES

BY DAVID RENSIN



*[What kind of people make radio work today? Forget the recording stars and the disc jockeys. Who's really behind it all? The program directors and the station managers, that's who. And what kind of people are program directors and station managers? Where do they come from, how do they work, where do they go? This is the story of one of them.]*

All random associations of people and purposes have focal points around

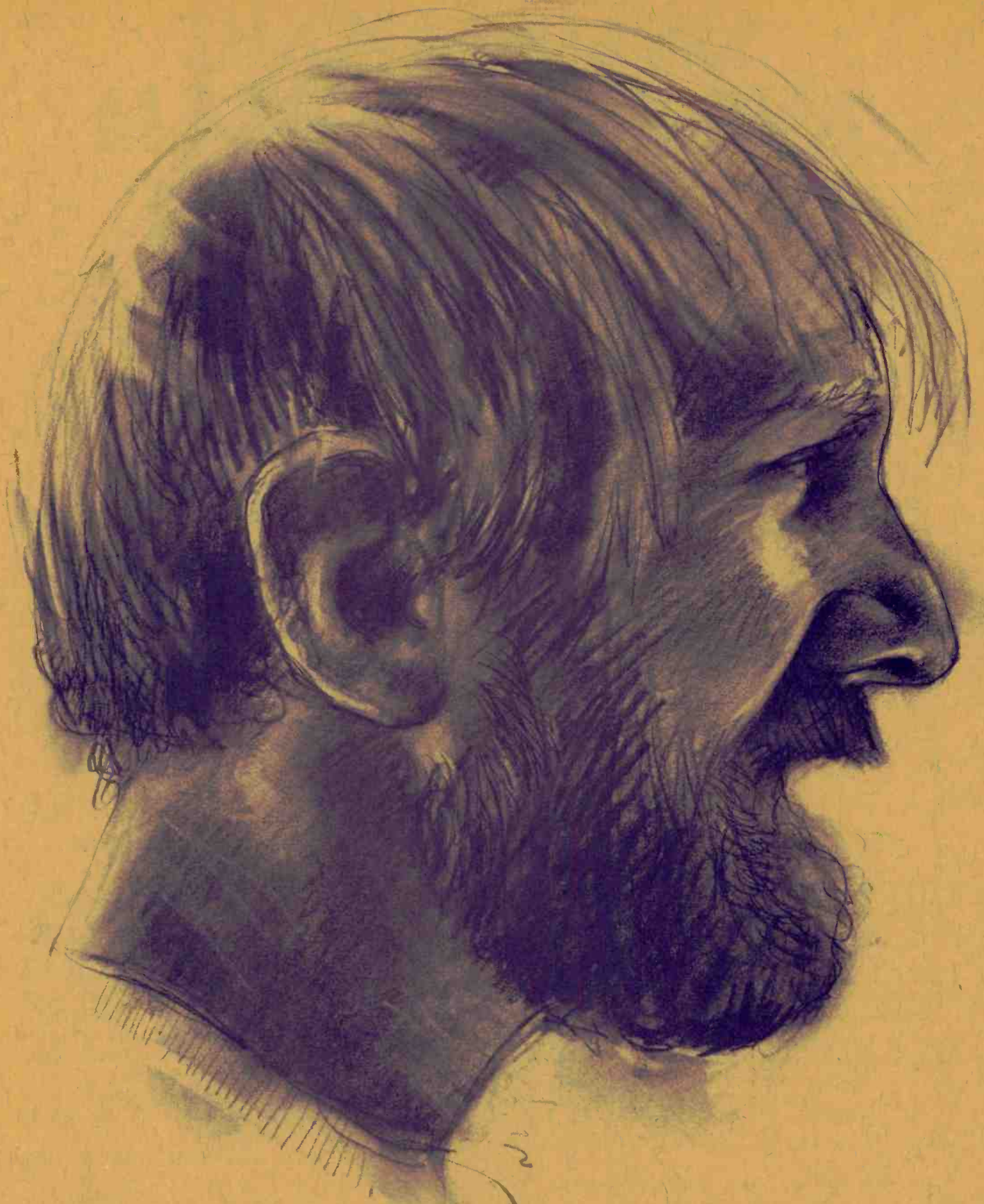
*David Rensin is a freelance journalist based in Los Angeles. He has written for Rolling Stone, Popular Psychology, and The Staff, and he has, he says, secret ambitions to become a disc jockey.*

which they revolve, some increasing in importance and others declining. Radio is no exception.

Doug Cox is one of those focal points, a controversial and influential figure in Los Angeles radio who, in his heyday, was largely responsible for some extremely significant changes in rock music programming, changes that forged new lines of experimentation on the AM and FM bands alike. He was also the source of the hotly contested firing of the most listened-to FM air staff in the city, thus, some say, sounding the death knell for the transitional period between original underground radio and today's "free form" format.

Doug Cox is a well-built man of

medium height with chopped but stylishly long blond hair and blue eyes that betray at once a demonic and an angelic magnetism. He looks happy but his personality is filled with superficial contradictions that may run deep: his spirituality vs. his apparent desire for power and a controlling hand, his excessive commitment to otherworldly principles vs. his projected accumulation of money from an upcoming lecture series, etc. Not only have these disparate forces fought within him, but they have molded him as well. He is not typical and he smiles a lot. He is often hard to understand and he was never one to be content with just "fitting in." His peculiarities and innovative, ambitious



*M. M. M.*

drive have made him lifelong enemies and lifelong friends. He is a product of his environmental experiences and an awareness of them is essential to a comprehension of the motivations for his actions.

In his own words: "I always wanted a Cadillac by the time I was 30. Before I was 21, I used to be ruthless and until I turned 25 I lied a lot. But now my services are for God, so to speak, and I'm sure that my directions are clean, clear, and obvious. I just do what I think is right and don't worry that lots of people say I'm too good to be true. I don't have to go around trying to please them. It seems that whenever somebody in this society tries to do good or right without some amount of suffering it's almost unacceptable. I piss off a lot of people, but I just want to be happy."

A friend in the radio business, who has known Cox since high school, calls him ambitious and aggressive. "He's also so sincere that people tend to question his sincerity. Unfortunately he's a walking target for any cynic, and underground djs are cynics by profession. Obviously that's where he got into trouble."

Douglas A. Cox was born at Cedars of Lebanon Hospital in Los Angeles in September of 1938. There was some confusion: he was almost mistaken for the son of songwriter Hoagy Carmichael, who had arrived in the adjacent delivery room. Cox, with a brother seven years older and a sister seven years younger, had few playmates as a child. His parents frequently changed residences and he finally took to the outdoor life, wearing moccasins and carrying a rifle at his Eaton Canyon home. It was there, at an early age, that he learned about meditation and became an avid radio fan.

After high school, Cox enrolled at Pasadena City College, where he was all but a dismal failure. He feels, to this day, that he is a "linear person," not well suited to books or tests. His only success was in classes where the professor gave a specific set of rules for the group to follow; this approach, he felt, was easier than being left to his own devices. He soon landed a job in a service station and an experience with a customer decided his direction in life. "The first lady I ever served called me 'sir', and it was a long way from the teachers who treated me like a dummy. I decided right there and then that I belonged in the business world and not in school."

## **"Jimmy Rabbitt never got a chance: KRLA promised him autonomy and then cut him short"**

Cox's prevailing desire was to overcome the feeling that he had failed in life, and so he set out to prove himself. At 19 he was married to the "most beautiful girl" in his college and supported her as a checker in a local supermarket. But he soon found himself managing a gun shop with his marriage on the rocks. He became a quick draw expert and stayed in the arms business until he was 21, when he went into stock brokerage at his father's suggestion. Cox also remarried, but this was contrary to his parent's advice.

Stocks didn't prove a viable career and so he tried another tack—life insurance sales—and it was here that he finally met with success. After listening to Earl Nightingale's "30 Day Test" motivational record, Cox increased his sales so much that he was called into the boss' office and asked what it was that he would want if he could have anything in the world. Cox's reply? "I told him I wanted to be happy and quit on the spot."

After leaving insurance sales, Cox began making and promoting records out of a small studio that he bought with a friend. He became familiar with most of the radio stations in the Los Angeles market on his many promotion trips, but, after nine months, his savings ran out and he was forced to look for a job with a steady income.

He was offered a position with KASK in Ontario, as a disc jockey/salesman, and was about to start work when he called Gene Simmons of Merritt Record Distributors, still trying to push one of his artist's releases. Simmons turned Cox down but liked his technique and offered him a job doing promotion at Merritt. At Merritt, Cox covered the Stax-Volt and Atlantic labels primarily and was in part responsible for the success of Barbara Lewis' hit, "Hello, Stranger."

Since Merritt did the bulk of distribution for Atlantic, Cox was noticed by Atlantic president Ahmet Ertegun and approached about a job promoting directly for the record company. He accepted. Those were the years of Otis

Redding, Vanilla Fudge, and Cream, et al., and a great number of these artists were "broken" by Cox at KRLA, where his sister Susan knew many of the djs. But Cox's stint as West Coast promotion director for Atlantic didn't work out in the end as he committed the fatal error of breaking and promoting a record against superior Jerry Wexler's advice. The record turned out to be a "stiff." In addition, Bill Drake, mastermind of the KHJ Boss 30 concept, didn't like Cox. It stands to reason that if Drake doesn't like you, your company has little chance of getting airplay for its records on any of the Drake stations. So Cox's relationship with Atlantic was severed abruptly while he was in San Francisco on company business.

By this time, Cox's second marriage was faltering and he had moved in with his wife's sister, Barbie (to whom he is married today). Contemplating the future, Cox lined up two jobs, one with London Records and another with California Distributors. He was on his way to take one of them when he stopped in at KRLA to see his sister (who was music director at the time) and to talk to Cecil Tuck. "Cecil told me off-handedly that day, that if I was ever out on the street and needed a job, I should just come down and talk to him. I asked if he'd heard I'd gotten fired from Atlantic, and he said no." Tuck asked Cox to wait for a moment and went in to talk to station manager John Barrett. He returned with a job offer. "I didn't know what I would do at the station, but they said they just wanted me aboard and something would be found."

Cox began by writing emotional bits for the first Los Angeles underground show, the late-night "Collage." Avid radio fans will remember that, in late 1967, KRLA was entering its first period of deviation from the top 40 format, a change for which new music directors Johnny Hayes and Doug Cox were responsible. Hayes soon quit for personal reasons but before he left he convinced Cox that AM radio's only salvation was to begin playing album cuts. "After Johnny left, I became the gunfighter and set out to make his dream come true. I made a survey of Los Angeles album sale dollar volume, and then sold Cecil Tuck the idea on the basis of my job. Album cuts were the wave of the future and it took me six hours, but I finally convinced him." This was the beginning of the "Long Play Weekend" on KRLA and it set the precedent in Los Angeles and across the

## “Cox claims that one dj spent \$378 in two days at a hotel in San Francisco”

country for a whole new approach to radio. “We were the first major station to play Gordon Lightfoot,” claims Cox. “We had to compete with Drake’s chain (primarily KHJ) but didn’t have the budget. Ron Jacobs, who programmed opposite me on KHJ, is intelligent, brilliant, and ruthless, and had much more background than I. We had to fight them the only way we knew how—a personal appeal to the listener through the music.”

Cox became program director in September of 1968 and went to work trying to whip Drake. According to Cox, Drake’s format, while “undeniably great,” appealed more to the transient masses. “The people just gathered around the slogan ‘We play more music’, so I recorded everything KHJ and KRLA played in a 24-hour period and found out we played 23.8 percent more music. We posted a \$10,000 bond for anyone who could come up with proof that KHJ played more music than we did, but nobody could do it.” Cox determined he could only compete with Drake by doing things on KRLA that wouldn’t fit into the KHJ format. Hence the beginnings of the critically acclaimed Credibility Gap news team. “Barrett said it would never work, but it did. Still, as liberal as the management was, it oftentimes wanted to censor the Gap’s broadcasts. I had to go to bat for it three times and it eventually figured in my leaving KRLA.”

As program director, Cox assembled one of the most well-rounded air staffs in Los Angeles. Johnny Darin, an ex-Drake dj, was brought in because of his knowledge of Drake methods. Jay Stevens was lured away from Drake’s San Francisco station, KFRC, to become morning man. Jimmy Rabbitt was acquired from KCQB when Cox became aware of the need to “heavy up the night spot with a dynamite broadcaster.” Rabbitt became one of the most respected jocks in town, a legend of sorts, but he left the station when it reversed its album cuts policy and reinstated a top 40 playlist. Cox also hired back Johnny Hayes as well as bringing in Russ O’Hara. Cox likes to refer to his days at KRLA as “Camelot,” casting himself in the role of King Arthur with the jocks as the knights. But although “Camelot” was responsible for innovations on the order of the Mecca Shores

promotion, the Scarf Soap and Jack Armstrong bogus commercials, the Blue Sky ecology bits (the first anywhere), and other community-minded projects, the “Round Table” was eventually broken apart by management. “We competed through innovation and music,” Cox recalls, “but it was short-lived because the management started attacking the things we were doing. Promo men weren’t allowed to come to the station anymore and the Long Play Weekend was killed. It was really too bad that we were destroyed and our dreams taken apart, because after I left, they gave Johnny Darin my job and they began playing exactly the same records that KHJ played. They even had a small radio set up in the control room to listen to KHJ with.

“Every time KRLA gets a good rating book, the management fucks the staff over. In fact, the station is often referred to as the ‘Electric Lady’, fucked by everyone. People like Rabbitt never got a chance, especially since they promised him programming autonomy on his show and then cut him short.” Cox was eventually called into the presence of station executives Hal Matthews, Lawrence Webb, and Dr. Kenneth Harwood and questioned about his conduct as program director. Did he accept lunches from promotion men? Yes, of course. It turned out to be almost a direct accusation of payola, but it was never pressed. “Those people weren’t familiar with the basics of station operation on some levels. It wasn’t payola. That’s ridiculous.” Nevertheless, it set the stage for Cox’s eventual resignation over orders to run some “horrible” jingles on the air.

After leaving KRLA, Cox ran the Smothers Brothers’ record company for a short while, leaving when they brought in Roy Silver, whom Cox claims he couldn’t get along with. After some more independent record promotion and a TV show on Buckminster Fuller (which he co-wrote), he landed a job at RCA. During this time, Cox occasionally listened to an FM station called KPPC, whose program director, Les Carter, he knew from earlier days. Once, in a telephone conversation, Andy Wilson, an ad salesman at KPPC and another friend of Cox’s, told him about the supposedly offensive language used on the air. Cox listened one night, heard

some, and called the station. He was told to “fuck off.” “I got on the phone to New York with Stan Gurell, the executive vice president in charge of the National Science Network, of which KPPC is a part, and told him I was looking for a job for a friend of mine, Jimmy Rabbitt. Had he heard of him? Currell said he had, but who was I? I said I was a record executive with RCA and that I’d heard things like ‘fuck’ and ‘shit’ on the air. I said it seemed like he was going to lose the station license if nothing was done.” They talked further, with Gurell questioning Cox about his radio background. He was asked to come to New York but declined, telling Gurell to come to Los Angeles instead. Two or three weeks later he got a call from the Century Plaza Hotel. Stan Gurell was in town.

“We met and Gurell told me he was interested in acquiring a new manager for the station, and would I take the job? I was interested in KPPC and I knew Les Carter, so I said I would, but I made it clear that I’d had no experience managing a radio station so I would have to do it on sheer nerve.” Cox soon got a letter of understanding from the National Science Network. He claims the KPPC air staff was apprehensive about his coming. “National Science Network has a way of not telling anybody much about anything, so nobody told Les Carter or the staff that I was hired.” Cox went to Carter and informed him of the Network’s letter. “Carter suggested that I meet the air staff at his house and I said ‘okay’ without asking the permission of the Network—something which I got in trouble for later.”

Apparently, more than one kind of trouble got started at that meeting. “The staff put all its little hippie trips on me,” Cox claims, “but I didn’t go for them. I had stopped smoking grass and so I didn’t take the joint when it was passed around, etc. They were the meanest and most vicious people I’d ever met in my life. Absolute razor blade eyes.” According to Cox, the staff’s choice for station manager was Grant Gibbs, because *they* wanted to run the station and felt he would let them do it. Steven Segal, a jock at KPPC, now at KMET, denies this, saying that the staff had no one particular in mind, but that their success as a staff had earned them the right to “have someone working with us who had an understanding and respect for what we were trying to do.” Cox felt he was the best choice at the time. After the meet-

ing, the staff members sent a telegram to Gurell in New York saying they would quit on the spot if Cox became manager. Neither Carter nor the staff knew that Cox had actually been hired and Carter is alleged to have told the staff "Cox isn't the manager yet and we'll keep him from becoming it. You watch." Cox, however, started to work and the staff didn't walk out. The two camps confronted one another again at the official introductory meeting and the year of turbulence that followed essentially breaks down into two sets of motivations and two sets of facts. Now, a year after the firing, it is hard to say who was right, but both sides can finally be presented, since Cox has agreed to tell his heretofore unrevealed side of the story.

"We adopted an open position on Cox at the first meeting," says Segal. "We just wanted autonomy in programming and commercial policies while he remained upstairs to coordinate sales, programming, and promotion, and to keep everything functioning fluently. But he walked in and said 'I'm not afraid of you. I'm not afraid of a strike and I'm not afraid of anything.' He appeared to have a closed mind and he took what we considered to be the wrong approach." Cox claimed the staff's first request was to have his friend, Andy Wilson, fired—a request which he turned down. (Wilson had been pinned down about some shady doings with a music list, but Cox more or less invoked the famous saying about people who are without sin casting the first stone.) "I gave them what I considered to be three things that I would do as general manager. First, to keep the license; second, to raise the billing (advertising income); and third, to support the air staff. They agreed that if I would really do those things it would be okay. The staff also wanted a contract for Les Carter, but they were just paranoid."

One of Segal's prime contentions is



that Cox really wanted to control the programming of the station. "He was never part of the group, though it could have been our fault for not wanting to bring him in, of course. But he just wanted to dominate." Cox, on the other hand, denies this, saying that Segal admitted on KPFK the night of the firings that the staff had tried to get rid of him (Cox) from the first day. "That attitude," he said, "eventually led to the disintegration of our capacity to work together and caused great grief when the time of reckoning was upon us."

Cox cites 12 reasons for firing the air staff:

1. Failure of all staff personnel to regularly fill out transmitter logs. According to Cox, this is "the most flagrant violation of FCC rules." Segal admits this is true, but says it is common practice at all radio stations and that jocks always check their logs at the end of the month and make the necessary corrections and additions. Segal himself was given a two-week, in-house suspension without pay for such a violation and feels the penalty "was not equivalent to the crime." Instead Segal called it a move by Cox to keep him off the air the final two weeks prior to the firings. "I was the evening jock and was identified as the voice of the station. I carried the most influence over the air. My suspension was merely a ploy."

2. The playing of "fuck records." Some contradictions arise here as Cox claims never to have banned "fuck" or "shit" on the air, but just specific album cuts which contained what he considered offensive language. "If National Science Network thought 'fuck' was okay on the air, then I would say let's fight it with the FCC," Cox explained. "But National Science wouldn't do that and it's my job to do what they want." Although Cox's original contention to Gurell was that these words could cost KPPC its license, an FCC representative told me recently "no license has been revoked for obscenity in the last 11 years." I was also told that they had suspended the license of a Philadelphia station for indecent language but had publicly urged them to fight the case in order to obtain a Supreme Court ruling. The station elected to pay the fine instead and the case was never brought to court. Both Segal and Jeff Gonzer, another ex-KPPC jock now at KMET, allege that there are more instances of questionable language at KPPC now than before.

3. Cox states that one of the djs (he

doesn't want to name him) did a commercial spot for a barbershop where he had got his hair cut on the promise of future business and did not log the spot or get Cox's consent.

4. Disappearance of items for which petty cash was advanced. Cox cites the case of the missing yogurt maker bought by Karen Pierce for the staff's benefit. "It was never used at the station," he says.

5. Willingness of certain staff members to engage in "double billing" with advertisers who wanted to get 100 percent of their money back on commercial spots. "This is the most illegal of all billing procedures and it is the immediate end of a station's license if it gets caught," Cox says emphatically.

6. The technical inventory of the station was diminished by \$2,500 worth of microphones and blank tape, presumably thanks to sticky-fingered staffers.

7. Les Carter, who called Stan Gurell a "fucking capitalist pig" for staying in fancy hotels and eating fancy foods, thereby denying the staff a much-needed raise, spent \$378 in two days at the Miyako Hotel in San Francisco and rented a limousine and driver to take local promo men to a baseball game at KPPC's expense.

8. According to Cox, there are major record companies in Los Angeles that told him tremendous pressure was brought to bear on them by the air staff to buy commercial time in order to get their product played. However, Cox said he found this out only after the staff had been fired. "That kind of practice is payola, plain and simple." Segal and Gonzer deny the charge, calling it unthinkable and ridiculous.

9. Charges of physical cash embezzlement by certain staff members.

10. Actions by the staff designed to take away commissions on record company ads from salesman Andy Wilson. "The staff claimed it wanted the money for a fund for the things they needed as djs since National Science didn't give us much of a budget," says Cox.

11. Advertising money being channeled directly to dj David Pierce and his family, as representatives of KPPC, by a major record company, which thereby avoided its contractual and agency responsibilities.

12. The use of cocaine and grass in the station's hall, especially on the day the FCC came to investigate a technical (transmitter) problem. Segal refuses to comment on this, saying only that there has been "no change in staff conduct

since the firings.”

Cox says he only invited certain members of the staff to leave, but this is repudiated in part by Segal. “Cox asked me and Ted Alvey and Ted Longmire to stay, sure, but right in front of the rest of the staff and right after he had said, with two policemen on his arm, ‘You all here? You’re all fired! Anyone not off the premises within half an hour will be arrested.’ You could tell he really wanted us all out.” But Cox tells of harassment of the new staff by the old staff after the firings, and also says there were threats on his life. “We all had to work under incredible pressure.”

As bad or confusing as this all sounds, Cox doesn’t fail to point out some good things about the old staff. “There was a creativity among them that won’t ever be reached again—a kind of drive that couldn’t be beat. They had a brotherhood that helped them to be strong. I really respected them for that and I’m sorry that they didn’t see that I would have supported them all the way if they hadn’t become greedy and dangerous to the whole organism. They had a tremendous talent and we really felt the lull after they were gone. I offered my resignation to Stan Gurell prior to the firings when he told me something had to be done and that they’d probably walk out together. I didn’t want to do it.” But Segal and Gonzer both agree that Cox had a basic ego-insecurity problem and was frustrated at his lack of control of the situation.

What all this comes down to is whether or not the reasons given justify the firing of this most successful radio staff. Was the staff out of control? Did Cox demonstrate a lack of experience in the way he handled the situation? After the firings, the old staff based their attacks on Cox on their previous successes and ignored his reasons for the firings. Although the charges were not made public, Cox claims to have informed the staff of the bases for his decision. Whatever did happen, KPPC, a class B station with only 25,000 watts of power, had managed to consistently beat KLOS (74,000 watts) and KMET (58,000 watts) in the ratings—an unheard of feat until then.

With a new staff, Cox took over much of the programming responsibility and after one bad rating book managed to cause an upward move on the chart. But the new staff never attained the heights of their predecessors, sufficient proof, according to Segal, of Cox’s ineptness as a general manager.

“I have a strong belief,” says Cox,

## “The KPPC staff were the meanest, most vicious people I’d ever met.”

“that I had a miraculous opportunity at both KRLA and KPPC to realize what a radio wave is. To me it’s an interruption of God’s ether and I feel if someone is going to interrupt that ether he should really have his shit together. When I hire, my main concern is that the person who uses the microphone has some sort of respect for it as a great communicating device.

“We need a better form of communications in order to improve our ecological system, and I hire people who are willing to invest their time in happy thoughts, I wanted KPPC to be an entirely positive force, and after the firings it was essentially an extension of my philosophy. I feel my inexperience has been an advantage to me as general manager. I can’t try the same old tricks because I don’t know them. I’m definitely naïve, but it isn’t a detriment.”

Cox, however, was recently fired as general manager of KPPC by Stan Gurell. His explanation of the events includes a stinging condemnation of National Science Network and their operations policy. “We were given no budget to speak of, no sales brochures for presentations, no expense accounts of any sort for the salesmen. In short, we were given so little support that I eventually wrote them and told them I was going to run the station my way whether they liked it or not. We were going to succeed without National Science’s help.

“We called the station the ‘Air Park’, because it was a place to go. I had a staff that really cared that everyone in the city had the opportunity to smile and be happy all the time. To musically speak your mind and then to produce things to offer people an emotional outlet on the air is ‘winning’ radio to me. We engaged ourselves in publicly-oriented projects such as the California Marijuana Initiative, the anti-war effort, and a voter registration drive. We also held the Games for Peace and the Kite Flying Contest as well as conducting a number of journeys to Chino prison to play basketball and to present B. B. King.

“My orientation may seem pretty simple, but put it this way: there’s nobody in this big bad business world

who doesn’t eat ice cream no matter how big and bad he is and KPPC was the ice cream of radio. The simple pleasures are what’s really happening.”

The result of the KPPC incidents was the death of underground radio as we knew it. KPPC, although highly transitional in nature, was the last of a dying breed that has since given way to “free form” or “adult rock.” We are also witnessing the coming together of AM and FM programming and the emergence of jocks as distinct personalities, like KDAY’s Wolfman Jack. The Wolfman advertises himself on city billboards and hotel marquees, an unheard of practice in the past. In the old days, stars were sought to perform on radio. Today, performers on radio are becoming stars.

Cox insists that he recognized the trend while still at KRLA, but cites financial reasons as the probable cause for this apparent coming-together. Segal, who calls the KPPC firings a “tragedy for the listener of L.A. who lost the only radio station that combined a tremendous personal involvement at a day-to-day life level with the strongest advertising policy in the country,” feels that djs are the future of radio. But he says it will take a change of that “lazy, self-righteous, snobbish” attitude that’s being projected. “As the hottest, yet most illusion-creating medium, radio can stimulate as opposed to categorizing,” says Segal. “It can make people think, motivate them, surprise them, delight them, and outrage them far more than television. Radio takes dedication, learning how to play politics, and understanding corporate management. There must be a few successes with this type of format for things to progress. The only way to beat KHJ is to have a louder and more banal station. It only serves millions of adults who have failed to outgrow their teenage needs. Our old KPPC was like the McGovern rules—a middle ground.”

Cox is now living in apparent contentment in Santa Barbara, and he evinces no desire to return to radio. Instead, he is concerned with his Challenge of Success Company. The Challenge is a positive-thinking program designed by Cox to motivate people to find success and happiness. Based on the inspiration of that Earl Nightingale record years ago, the company has released a vinyl version of one of Cox’s lectures. He is presently engaged in giving them across the country. A book and second album are due soon.

Doug Cox is still smiling. ●

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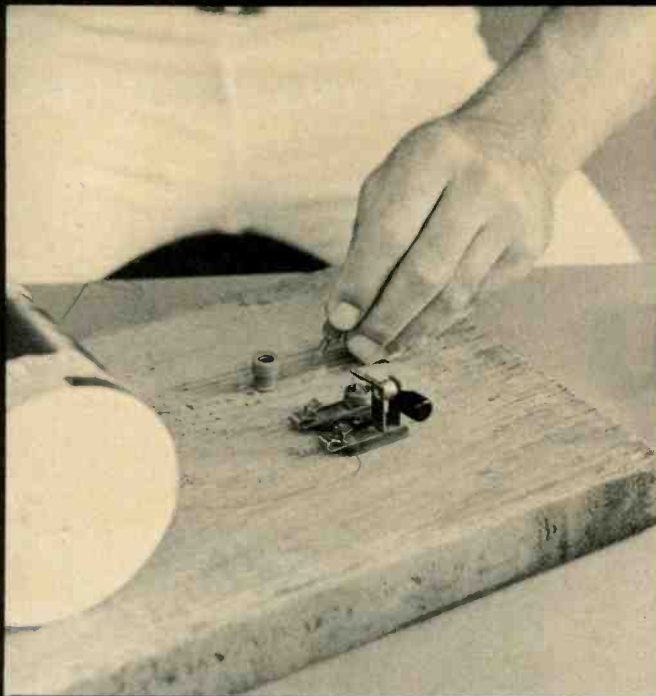
(OR HOW TO LOOK LIKE  
YOU'RE BUILDING ONE, ANYWAY)

Produced by and starring Gerald Zelinger  
Photographed by Michael Craven  
Mise en scène by Colman Andrews

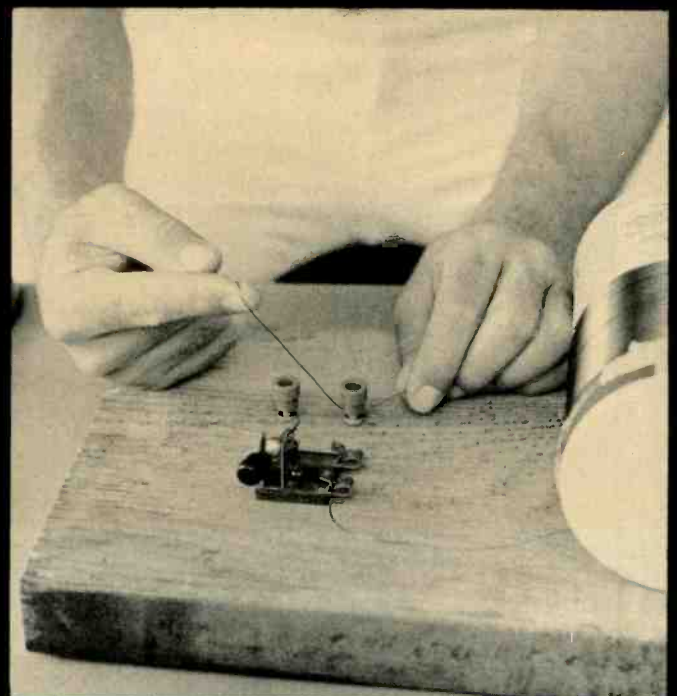
*Building your own radio is not a good idea. It is not a good idea because: a) it is expensive; b) it is hard work; and c) it probably won't work anyway. Allow us to illustrate:*



1. Here's what you'll need: a pair of inexpensive, high-impedance earphones (your fancy stereo headset is no use at all); a genuine Quaker Oats box (round, of course); some 22-gauge copper enamel insulated wire; a .001-MF capacitor; a Galena crystal and "cat's whisker" (available by mail from Philmore Radio); two binding posts; and some miscellaneous tools and hardware.



4. Pin the wound-up box onto a tacky old board. Drill two small holes and insert the binding posts as shown. Mount the crystal/cat's whisker onto the board, then connect the wire from the top part of the box onto the cat's whisker side of the wretched contraption. As shown.

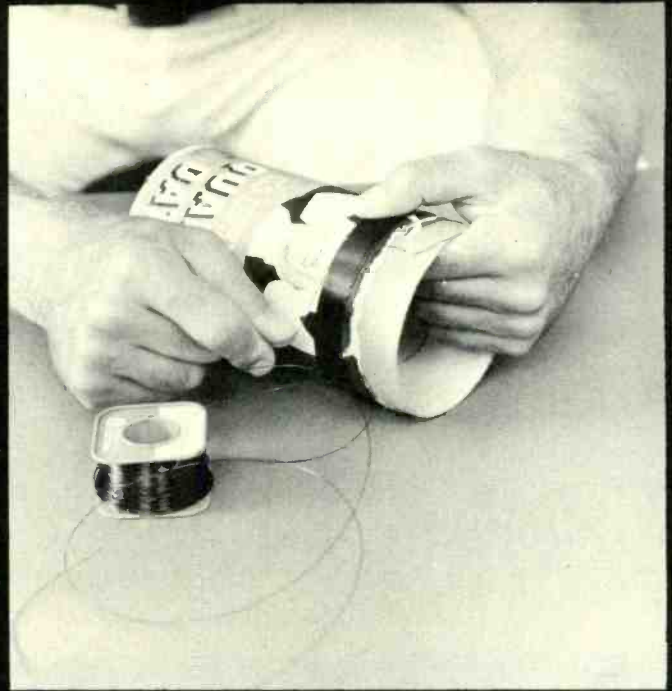


5. Connect the other end of the wire to the nearest binding post.





2. Punch four holes in the box, vertically aligned, two at the top and two at the bottom. (Give it your awl.)



3. Now, the tedious part. Dress the wire through the holes at the top of the box, and then wind the wire around the box as shown. You should make 150 turns, keeping the wire very close together and very even.



6. Join the previously unattached crystal terminal to the other binding post with a short piece of wire.



7. Place the capacitor between the two binding posts.



8. Hook the earphones into the tops of the binding posts. Then, listening intently, carefully maneuver the cat's whisker in search of Wolfman Jack.

10. Next time, to avoid these embarrassing errors, get some serious instructional material, and pay close attention to what it says. Better yet, don't try to fool around with something you know nothing about.

9. What's this? Nothing. That's what this is. And why nothing? Well, for a start, you forgot to hook up an antenna (about 50 feet worth of antenna lead, one end attached to the cat's whisker terminal and one end fed out a nearby window ought to do it.) And you forgot to construct a tuning bar across the wire coil. The result? Well, if you *did* have an antenna, you'd be able to get almost every radio station within broadcasting distance. Unfortunately, you'd get them all at once, simultaneously. Aha. But you could still hear the Wolfman in there somewhere, couldn't you?

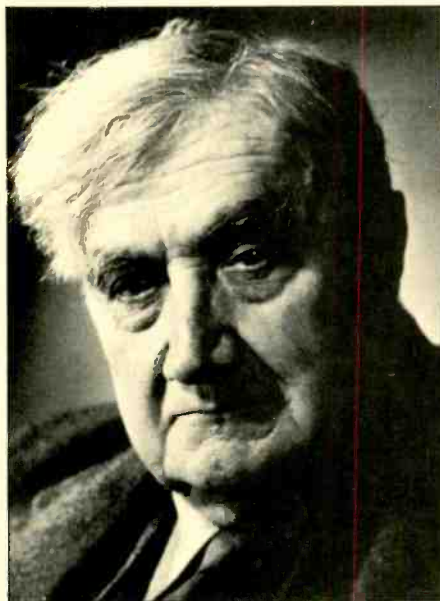


## A WELCOME WEALTH OF VAUGHAN WILLIAMS

BY BERNARD SOLL

Although internationally acclaimed for over half a century, the works of Ralph Vaughan Williams, particularly his nine symphonies, are not programmed by leading orchestras as often as their quality and appeal merit. Not so long ago, Gustav Mahler's music occupied a similar limbo-like position where it might have remained were it not for the valiant efforts of the composer's champion and leading interpreter, Bruno Walter, the development of the long-playing record, and the enterprise of certain record companies. Now every conductor includes at least one Mahler work in his repertoire. Thanks in large part to Vaughan Williams' champion and leading interpreter, Sir Adrian Boult, and to the backing of EMI/Angel, the current classical catalogue contains a good representation of his works and in this, the composer's centennial year, we have a choice between two complete discographies of all nine symphonies. Boult and Angel Records have been identified with Vaughan Williams for many years (Boult also had recorded the symphonies for English Decca in pre-stereo days) so it's particularly gratifying that RCA Victor, in spite of the serious attenuation of classical record sales, should also record the complete cycle of symphonies, conducted by the talented André Previn. Hopefully this proliferation of recordings will increase the legions of Vaughan Williams' fans—of whom, I suspect, there are considerably more than orchestra programmers appear to acknowledge—and result in more "live" performances of these magnificent compositions.

To this expatriate Englishman, who enjoyed a brief and memorable association with the composer in his last years, it seems inconceivable that 14 years have elapsed since he died and that October 12th of this year marked the centennial of his birth. The sounds, tex-



Composer Ralph Vaughan Williams

PHOTO COURTESY OF ANGEL RECORDS

tures and atmospheric moods of his music are as evocative to me of "that sceptered isle" as the Union Jack. Although his work is nationalistic in the purest sense, there are unmistakable alien influences in many of his compositions, not instinctively associated with English music composed during the first part of this century. French impressionism and Russian exoticism are freely juxtaposed with English Tudor thematic material, both sacred and secular, and modal harmonization of folk-song resulting in colorful sound fabrics that generally impress the listener as programmatic—even when the composer contended that they were not designed to be so! His means were technical, based on scholastic learning yet free from academic pedantry, superfluous experimentation, and gimmickry. This stylistic foundation became increasingly pliant, adaptable, and expansive as he matured. Believing that everything of cultural and spiritual value should spring

from his own soil, he sought—and found—a form of musical expression that was essentially English.

At the turn of the century, European music was dominated by the German musical language—provoking Erik Satie, in France, to tell Debussy that he must free himself from "the Wagnerian cult"—and Vaughan Williams pursued freedom from this encompassing Teutonic influence. The composer of "Fantasia on a Theme by Thomas Tallis" was, believe it or not, an intensely passionate man given to furious outbursts of awesome anger. Early in life, however, he mastered the art of concealing these emotionally violent disturbances of his nature and this control, this external display of passivity concealing internal torment and tension which suddenly erupts with savage *fortissimo* and then, just as suddenly, subsides into the normality of gentle *cantilena*, is manifest in many of his compositions.

An invaluable book, *The Works of Ralph Vaughan Williams* by Michael Kennedy (Oxford University Press, 1972, 405 pages, \$3.95) has recently been issued in paperback. Originally published in hardcover in 1964, it was written in accordance with Vaughan Williams' will, to accompany the composer's biography by his widow. Kennedy, a close friend of the composer and an uncommonly literate, erudite musicologist, provides informative comment on all of the major works, together with supporting anecdotes and biographical detail. (He also wrote the excellent liner notes on the Angel recordings.) It is to be highly recommended to the Vaughan Williams enthusiast and, in this reviewer's opinion, it ought to be mandatory reading for the performers of Vaughan Williams' works. The paperback edition is slightly truncated. As a cost-reduction factor, four appendices have been omitted,

including, regretfully, the detailed index. However, the substance is there, as is the interesting addition of hitherto unpublished letters from the composer.

Also recently published is *Ralph Vaughan Williams—A Pictorial Biography*, by John E. Lunn and Ursula Vaughan Williams (Oxford University Press, 1972, 128 pages, \$16). Containing nearly three hundred pictures, most of them previously unpublished, it presents an illustrated account of the composer's life from his birth in the vicarage at Down Ampney to his last years in London. His widow, Ursula, contributes a short biographical note covering the early years, and major compositions are chronographically listed. Although not as indispensable as the previous book, it is both entertaining and informative, particularly, of course, for the composer's fans.

The announcement that André Previn was to record the Vaughan Williams symphonies brought forth prophecies from certain critics of my acquaintance that, in comparison with the Boult recordings, it would be "no contest." These latter-day Elijahs, with whom I confess shamefacedly I was in partial agreement, prognosticated that

Previn—presumably because of his relative inexperience with this idiom and his connection with motion pictures and the stage—would be too theatrical, would overemphasize the programmatic elements of the works and miss the inner subtleties. In addition, Boult's seasoned expertise and reputation as the champion of the Vaughan Williams' cause would render comparison even more odious. The first assumption is palpably incorrect, the second has some grounding in truth. After having listened to all of Previn's recordings of the symphonies the first time, it was apparent to me that his affection for, and understanding of, the music is on a higher plane than I had anticipated and that, therefore, comparison is infinitely more viable than I had believed. If background, training, and environment are factors affecting an artist's style, then Boult's affinity for the composer is "natural" whereas Previn's would seem less certain. Boult, an octogenarian, is the epitome, physically and intellectually, of the old-school English gentleman with a very similar upper middle-class background to the composer's own; Previn is a German-born U.S. citizen, ex-jazz pianist, Hollywood

movie arranger, conductor, and composer, and a popular target of scandal-sheet headlines. They seem exact opposites, yet they have one thing in common: the highly developed ability to interpret the music of Vaughan Williams with expertise and love. The totality of Previn's readings of the symphonies negates all external considerations. He is occasionally theatrical, but so, too, is Boult.

If Boult's ideas reflect the wisdom and knowledge gleaned from over half a century of association with the music and its creator, then Previn's provide a vibrant, technically cultivated, passionate alternative. On the one hand, there is mature, seasoned, but essentially virile love; and on the other, youthful, maturing, sagacious passion. The comparison is very interesting, more for the similarities than the differences.

**Symphony No. 1 (A Sea Symphony).** *Angel SB-3739 (two discs). Sheila Armstrong, John Carol Case, The London Philharmonic Choir and Orchestra conducted by Sir Adrian Boult. With "The Wasps" and "Aristophanic Suite"; RCA Victor LSC-3170. Heather Harper, John Shirley-Quirk, London Symphony Orchestra and Chorus conducted by André* (Continued on page 70)

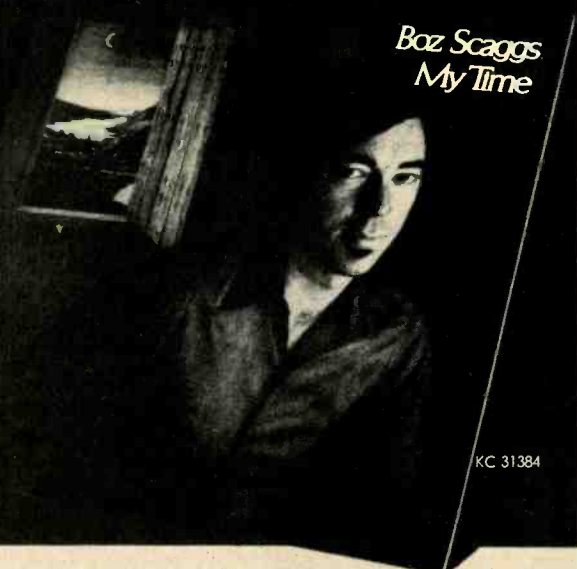
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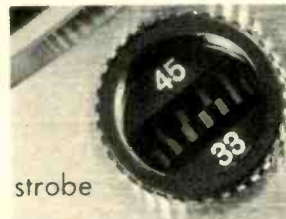
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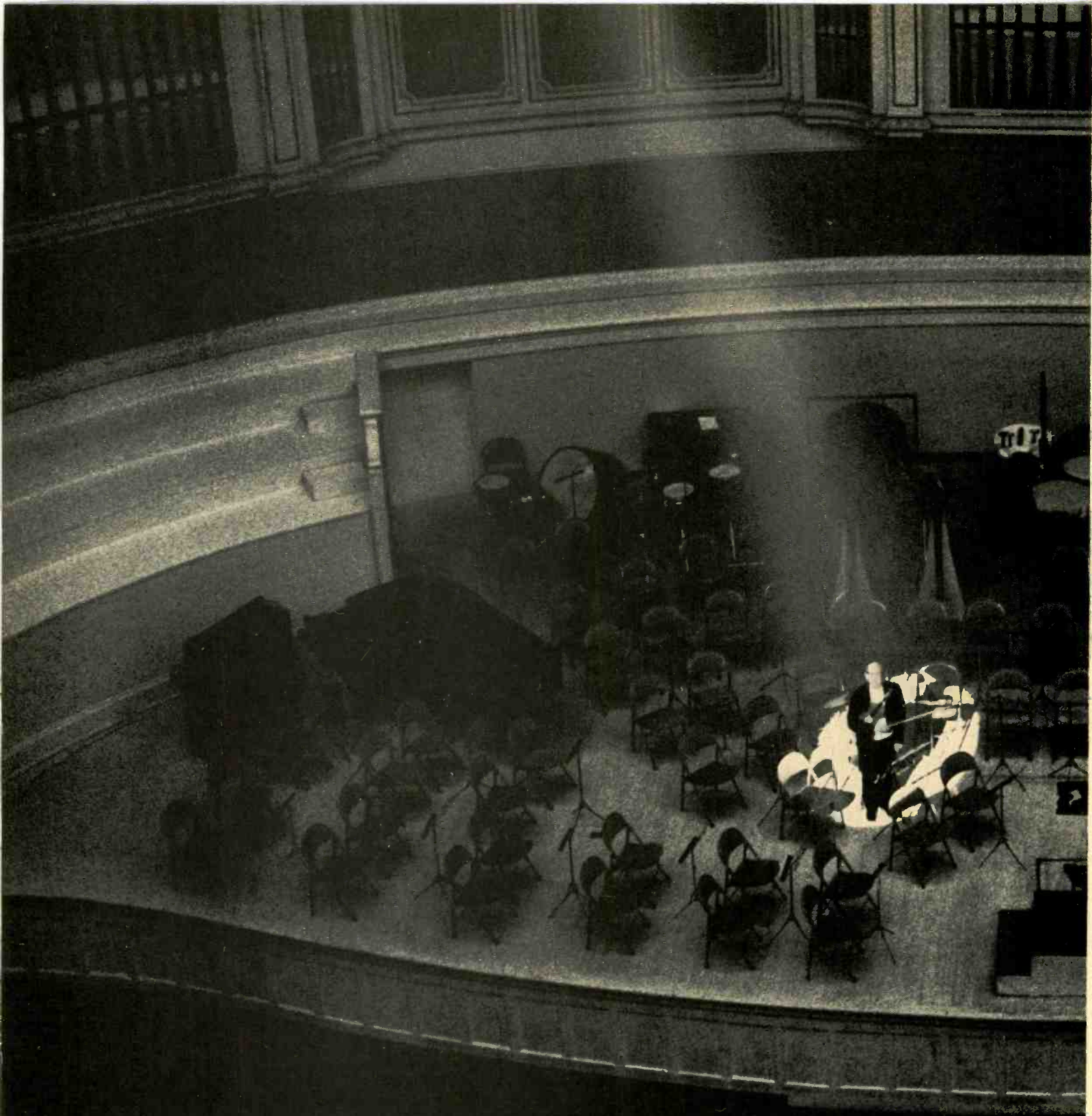
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(Continued from Page 67)

*Previn*. Reflecting the composer's sympathy and affection for the unconventionally direct utterances of Walt Whitman and their mutual love of the sea, this was the major work of his early manhood from which he achieved positive identity as a craftsman with a strong personal style. Uncharacteristically, or so one might assume, Boult is the more vigorous, Previn the more lyrical. Previn's pacing is slower, his touch lighter, and emphases—perhaps over-emphases—reflective. This comparative introversion works very well in the scherzo, "The Waves", but tends to inhibit the other movements. Boult is poetically dramatic. His final movement "The Explorers" is an exciting panoply of tonal coloration, synthesizing lyricism and drama with the sure touch of the master. This beautiful movement, unsymphonic in form, follows the Whitmanesque journey of the soul into the unknown. Choral and solo contributions of both versions are first-rate. Shirley-Quirk, arguably the most cultivated English baritone of the century, is at his most eloquent while Case sings expressively with, perhaps, a more virile and attractive tone. There is little difference in the timing of both recordings but the Angel is spread over three sides, while RCA manages with two, necessitating a lower level of sound (side two contains over 35 minutes of music). Angel's engineering is wider ranging, with a more realistic "concert hall" spatial effect. The *Aristophanic Suite* occupying side four of the Angel release, with its Russian orchestral coloration, is a valuable addition to the Vaughan Williams' discography.

Symphony No. 2 (A London Symphony). *Angel S-36838. London Symphony Orchestra conducted by Sir Adrian Boult; RCA Victor LSC-3282. London Symphony Orchestra conducted by André Previn.* As both conductors are directing the same orchestra here, comparison is of special interest. Possibly the most popular of Vaughan Williams' symphonies, this is an eclectic work with discernible influences of Elgar and Debussy. More extroverted than its predecessor, it neatly illustrates Vaughan Williams' nationalist credo. He wrote "A better title would be 'Symphony by a Londoner'; that is to say, the life of London (including possibly its various sights and sounds) has suggested to the composer an attempt at musical expression; but it would be no help to the hearer to describe these in words. The music is intended to be self-

impressive, and must stand or fall as absolute music." That a subjective intention should be combined with such objective details as Westminster chimes, "Lavender" street-peddler cries, the simulated sounds of mouth organ, and the hansom-cab's jingle, is an odd juxtaposition, but to this ex-Londoner, the work is correctly titled, despite the composer's qualification.

Previn drives a little too hard, starting crescendos too aggressively and negating the full impact of their climactic peaks. Although his overall timing is slower than Boult's, he generates too much momentum in the *allegro vivace* and an overabundance of impulse in the rather martial *andante con molto*. Boult,



Conductor André Previn


who first conducted the symphony in 1918, has always displayed great affection for this work and this latest recording, in excellent sound, would be hard to match, let alone surpass. Previn's interpretation is interesting, but for me, Boult's works better. I do, however, prefer the Previn version to that of the Halle under the late Sir John Barbirolli which is too long on poetry and, therefore, sounds rather emasculated.

Symphony No. 3 (Pastoral Symphony). *Angel S-36557. Margaret Price, New Philharmonia Orchestra conducted by Sir Adrian Boult. With "In the Fen Country (Symphonic Impression)"; RCA Victor LSC-3281. Heather Harper, London Symphony Orchestra conducted by André Previn. With "Tuba Concerto in F Minor," John Fletcher, bass tuba.* The late Sir Donald Tovey, in his analysis of this symphony, pointed out that while Beethoven's "Pastoral" is the work of a townsman, Vaughan Williams' is that of a composer whose native element was the English countryside. With the exception of the "clod-hopping" dance movement in the scherzo, the required tempi and atmosphere are as calm and steady as a procession of cumulus clouds on a

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day of high summer. The first sketches for the work were conceived in Northern France while the composer was on active service in World War I. Although programmatic in a sense, the pastoral atmosphere is expressed in moods rather than bucolic sound pictures and by tonal contrasts and variety with melodic shapes growing out of each other with naturalness and a sense of unity in diversity. There are no folk-song quotations, although folk-song is the seed from which "Pastoral" grew.

Although Boult conducted the premiere of this symphony in 1922 and leads his forces as one inspired, so, indeed, does Previn. Again Boult's tempi are slightly faster yet they underscore the contemplative spirit that is necessary to this lyrical, serene composition. Previn, although more leisurely in concept, doesn't drag, maintains impetus, and achieves exquisite effects particularly in the interplay between trumpet, clarinet, and strings in the third movement. Preference, therefore, is more dependent on the choice of filler. "In the Fen Country" is the earliest surviving example of the composer's symphonic impressions, and it owes its genesis to the same modal pentatonic themes from which the "Pastoral" grew. The "Tuba Concerto," which dates from 1954, is a masterpiece of the youthful spirits of the creative octogenarian. Fletcher's virtuosity is breathtaking! He phrases and articulates his unwieldy instrument with the flexibility of a violinist. His range of tone coloration approaches that of a Lieder singer—superstar and the dexterity of lips and fingers when he plays cadenzas—yes, cadenzas on a bass tuba! —is incredible. Because of this superb amalgam of work and performance, my vote goes to Previn.

*Symphony No. 4. Angel S-36557. New Philharmonia Orchestra conducted by Sir Adrian Boult. With "Norfolk Rhapsody No. 1"; RCA Victor LSC-3178. London Symphony Orchestra conducted by André Previn. With "Concerto in D Minor (Concerto Accademico)," James Buswell, violin. Sometimes referred to as a stumbling-block by many (even) of the composer's most ardent admirers, this work is nervous, high-strung, jagged, and seemingly inspired by bellicose resentment. Containing passages of mysterious calm (the end of the first movement with its C sharp minor and major shift) and, in the *andante*, of melancholy resignation, its tensions, stridency, and even bitter violence came as a rude awakening to those*

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who remembered and admired the quiet introspective "Pastoral." In this dodecaphonic electronic age, it sounds less disturbing, but it is still immensely powerful.

An earlier recording by Leonard Bernstein and the New York Philharmonic Orchestra flamboyantly over-emphasized the turbulence, diminished the inner tensions, and robbed the symphony of its real meaning. Neither Boult nor Previn fall into this obvious trap. I remember, with affection, a composer-conducted recording with the BBC Symphony Orchestra, which set my standard of appreciation. Invariably composer-conducted performances are suspect, the designer of the blueprint often being insufficiently qualified technically to achieve the best results with bricks and mortar. Such was not the case with Vaughan Williams, and his recording of the Fourth, I understand, has just been reissued in England.

In the present cases, Boult's faster, less dynamically exaggerated impulse is clearly preferable to me, although Previn's more casually paced *andante moderato* is wonderfully articulated with expressive accentuation and superbly appropriate woodwind playing. Again, however, I prefer Previn's choice of filler. Boult's mellifluously fluent version of the first "Norfolk Rhapsody," with its sea-song echoes, is, indeed, welcome, but the "Violin Concerto," played with virtuosic musicality by the young American violinist, James Buswell, is a most valuable addition to the Vaughan Williams catalogue.

**Symphony No. 5. Angel S-36698.** London Philharmonic Orchestra conducted by Sir Adrian Boult. With "Serenade to Music" in the original version with sixteen solo singers; RCA Victor LSC-3244. London Symphony Orchestra conducted by André Previn. With "The Wasps" Overture. Sometimes called "The Pilgrim" because of its association with the music to the composer's opera "The Pilgrim's Progress" (the recent Angel recording of which has not yet been received for review), it is, in many Vaughan Williams' admirers' opinion, the finest of all the symphonies. Dominated by the string band—the Fourth is dominated by the wind and brass—it is a grave and meditative work.

After the Fourth's abrasiveness, the composer returned to lyricism, peace, and serenity with this flowing D major composition in the modal-polyphonic reflective atmosphere personified earlier by the "Pastoral." Dedicated to Jean Sibelius, it recalls that composer only because he, like Vaughan Williams, began his fifth symphony with a horn call. From the opening horn of the Boult recording, an exquisite mood is set which is maintained to the final movement, a *passacaglia*. If all art is subjective, and recordings mirror musical art, this one, for me, is truly definitive. Previn again opts for slower tempi, producing many wonderful passages, but he drags in the *romanza*. Were there not a Boult version of such quality, I would be perfectly happy with Previn's. His conducting of "The Wasps" Overture sparkles with humor and conveys a light, airy mood preferable to Boult's more somber reading contained in the "Sea Symphony" set.

As a youth, I was privileged to attend the first performance of "Serenade to Music," composed for and conducted by the late Sir Henry Wood at the Royal Albert Hall in 1938. The occasion—Wood's golden jubilee concert—and the glory of the performance have remained in my mind. The wedding of Vaughan Williams' music to Shakespeare's immortal lines (the scene in Portia's garden from the last act of *Merchant of Venice*), with its flowing *cantilena*, is magnificently realized by Boult and his 16 solo singers in homogeneous music-making. Clearly then, my choice is the Angel release.

**Symphony No. 6. Angel S-36469.** New Philharmonia Orchestra conducted by Sir Adrian Boult. With "The Lark Ascending," Hugh Bean, violin; RCA Victor LSC-3114. London Symphony Orchestra conducted by André Previn. With "Symphony No. 8." In the brooding sadness of this symphony, Vaughan Williams united, as never before in his career, the two moods of his vision. "Symphony No. 5" celebrates the victory of good over evil; in the "Sixth," we see the triumph of a negative over a positive force. Following its premiere in 1948 (conducted by Boult) it was considered by many to be one of the greatest symphonic achievements, not only

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of the composer, but of the entire international output of the time. More like a symphonic poem, the four movements, although clearly divided, are played through without a break. It begins with an important theme taken from the Fourth; and the contrapuntal scherzo has a barbaric quality that recalls "Sacré du Printemps." This work, in E minor, leaves me with an impression of compulsive strangeness rather than profundity. *The (London) Times* claimed that it represented the composer's feelings about war—it was begun in 1944 and completed in 1947—which he strongly denied, insisting that his only concern was to produce sounds that were good to hear for their own sake. It is a fascinating piece of music with a rhythmic range extended to include jazz-like syncopations (I have converted some of my jazz-enthusiast friends to the Vaughan Williams cult with this work), and conflicting textures with severe mood contrasts.

Choice is again difficult. For the first time in our comparison, Boult's tempi are noticeably slower than those of Previn. This is most obvious in the allegro, where the articulation of the rhythmic 6/8 motif featuring the brass and saxophone works better in Previn's treatment. In addition to tempo, it's Previn's accentuation that seems, to me, to be more apt. Perhaps his familiarity with the jazz idiom helps. Of particular interest to the impecunious Vaughan Williams enthusiast, the flip side of the RCA release contains "Symphony No. 8." More about that later. Boult's addendum is the short romance for violin and orchestra "The Lark Ascending," played with lyrical suavity by Hugh Bean. Although not a major achievement, it is a melodious example of that charming impressionism that personified Vaughan Williams, utilizing folk-like thematic material.

**Symphony No. 7 (Sinfonia Antarctica).** *Angel S-36763. Norma Burrows, London Philharmonic Choir and Orchestra conducted by Sir Adrian Boult; RCA Victor LSC-3066. Heather Harper, the Ambrosian Singers and the London Symphony Orchestra conducted by André Previn.* First performed in 1953, "Sinfonia Antarctica" is largely a reworking and elaboration of material that Vaughan Williams composed for the motion picture *Scott of the Antarctic*. Evidently the composer was impressed and inspired by two factors—the immense frozen wastes of the polar landscape and the stoical endurance of those who were challenged by and then con-

quered its hostility. The picturesque material even depicts penguins by a charming theme in the scherzo. What is astounding is the freshness and virtuosity of tonal imagination displayed by Vaughan Williams, who was approaching 80 when he wrote this. Organ, vibra-



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Conductor Sir Adrian Boult

phone, a wind-machine, soprano soloist (wordless), and female choir used orchestrally embellish the large orchestra. Each of the five movements has a literary superscription intended to be read silently by the listener and not to be spoken aloud as part of the work. For reasons best known to Previn and his recording producer, their version boasts Sir Ralph Richardson declaiming the verses at the beginning of each movement with overly histrionic zeal and Shakespearean elocution. For me this is distracting and I don't believe that the composer would have approved. Although Previn takes slightly longer to play the prelude and scherzo, his firmer accented rhythmic impulse and minute attention to detail results in a brisker, and, I feel, more expressive momentum to these movements than Boult's more mystical approach. In the epilogue, however, Boult's more expansive range of tone colors and attention to instrumental detail again offers proof—if it be needed—of his familiarity and proficiency with the composer's style.

**Symphony No. 8.** *Angel S-36625. London Philharmonic Orchestra conducted by Sir Adrian Boult.* With "Concerto for Two Pianos and Orchestra," *Vitya Vronsky and Victor Babin, pianists; RCA Victor LSC-3114. London Symphony Orchestra conducted by André Previn.* With "Symphony No. 6." A light-hearted, exuberant work, the Eighth is scored for Schubertian orchestra with harp addition and with various exotic instrumental combinations including a large percussion section, vibraphone, xylophone, tubular bells, and

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tuned gongs. Yet it is a profound work and not just an old man's flirtation with experimentation. Perhaps it takes an elderly man to interpret geriatric light-heartedness but I feel that Boult's version is markedly more in the requisite spirit, more euphoric than Previn's capable but serious reading. From the first movement—described by the composer as "seven variations in search of a theme"—Boult is the master in his handling of the unusual sonorities and forms. In the Shostakovich-like scherzo, he is positively mercurial. In comparison, Previn seems somber, although his tempi are not so different from those of Boult and the desired nostalgic mood of the *cavatina* seems almost melancholy. In addition to my preference for the Angel issue, the flip side contains a welcome and rarely-heard piece, "Concerto for Two Pianos," vigorously and rousingly played by the piano duo Vronsky and Babin. Originally written for solo pianist Harriet Cohen, and inspired by the composer's admiration for Busoni's transcription of Bach, it was a complex and technically difficult work that gave the soloist a great deal of trouble. (It was Boult who conducted the première complete performance with Cohen as soloist.) Boult, among others, recommended that it be adapted for two pianos and the revised work was first played in 1946. Vronsky and Babin meet the challenge with technical and artistic virtuosity, their contribution alone being well worth the price of the disc.

**Symphony No. 9. Angel S-36742.** *London Philharmonic Choir and Orchestra conducted by Sir Adrian Boult. With "Fantasia on the 'Old 104th Psalm'"; RCA LSC-3280. London Symphony Orchestra conducted by André Previn. With "Three Portraits from The England of Elizabeth."* Like Verdi's "Falstaff," the Ninth is the valedictory of a tremendously creative octogenarian. First per-

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formed in 1958, just four months before the composer's death, it was initially received coolly by critics and pundits. The perceptive, however, noted new wind and brass sonorities, textures, and a whole new spectrum of tone

colors. Scored for large orchestra, three saxophones, and, what the composer called "a beautiful and neglected instrument," the fluegelhorn, it is a more serious and profound composition than the Eighth. For this listener, it exemplifies the serenity, wisdom, and poetic maturity of old age combined with the astounding vigor and inspirational powers of an artistically youthful mind. It is an apotheosis of a great composer. Previn takes nearly four and a half minutes longer for a work that doesn't run much over half an hour. Nevertheless, his is a lyrically inspired reading that would benefit from brisker tempi and tauter phrasing. Boult's more vibrant pacing and sophisticated concern with structure brings out to a greater degree the intense feeling of the music. The subtleties and delicate nuances that are far too numerous to detail, work for him, as indeed they do in the preceding eight symphonies, and prove again that there is no adequate substitute for the wisdom gained from experience. Previn is very good, but Boult is better. "Fantasia on the 'Old 104th Psalm,'" is not the most memorable Vaughan Williams but with Peter Katin at the piano and Boult at the helm, its contribution to the discography is valuable. "Three Portraits from *The England of Elizabeth*," RCA's ancillary offering, was adapted into a three-movement concert suite by conductor Muir Matheson, noted British motion picture maestro, from the composer's score for a documentary film *The England of Elizabeth*. A work of melodious charm embodying quotes and paraphrases from the composer's vast knowledge of Tudor music, it also utilizes the varied percussion instruments favored by him in the Eighth Symphony. Previn and the LSO do the score full justice.

So. Cynics may consider this a cop-out, but as a long-time Vaughan Williams student and admirer, I would be delighted to own any one of the recordings under review. I do prefer the more profound and subtler Boult conceptions of the symphonies, but my margin of preference is much smaller than I had anticipated. On the other hand, I consider that Previn's choices of accompanying works are more attractive and meaningful additions to the Vaughan Williams recorded legacy. So a definitive choice is difficult, if not impossible, with my personal scales dipping slightly in Boult's direction.

One clear fact has emerged during many hours of concentrated listening. Notwithstanding Previn's comparatively



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**Comment:** With its new Model 810, the firm of BSR—said to be the largest record-player manufacturer in the world—makes an impressive entry into the top-quality automatic turntable market. A two-speed (33 and 45 rpm) model, the 810 is driven by a high-torque synchronous motor via a sophisticated sequential cam system that replaces the conventional cam gear and swinging plate customarily found under the chassis of an automatic turntable. In addition to eliminating the number of small parts required during manufacture, the new cam system is credited with providing smoother and quieter operation than in past models. The die-cast, non-ferrous, 12-inch platter is machine-

balanced and covered with a ribbed rubber mat. At CBS Labs it weighed in at 7 pounds, 11 ounces—fairly heavy for an automatic. Speed accuracy is assured by the inherently low error of the motor/drive system combined with the vernier (or "variable pitch") adjustment that can vary the speed (–10% to +2% at 33 rpm; –2% to +4% at 45 rpm) to match the markings on the strobe disc. (Two are supplied, for 50-Hz and 60-Hz line frequencies.) Alternately, of course, this adjustment will change speed, and thus musical pitch, within its operating range for special applications. Once the adjustment was made (at 33 rpm) in our test sample, speed remained constant regardless of changes in line voltage and was 0.2% slow at the 45-rpm setting—negligible error and one easily corrected by using the vernier adjustment and strobe disc. Average flutter was very low at 0.05%; total audible rumble by the CBS-ARLL method was –52 dB, a good average figure for automatics, which—combined with the low arm resonance (an 8-dB rise at 6.6 Hz when tested with the Shure V-15 Type II Improve cartridge)—helps contribute to the unit's quiet operation.

The tone arm is a low-mass, ¾-inch-square metal type fitted with an offset head at one end and a movable counterweight at the rear. The head accepts a slide-in carrier onto which the cartridge is installed. A slide arrangement permits locating the cartridge for optimum stylus overhang in conjunction with a removable gauge mounted topside of the platter chassis. When the overhang is set, the gauge may be replaced by a stylus cleaning brush (also supplied) so that the stylus gets a gentle whisking each time the arm moves from its rest to the disc and back again. While grateful for the brush, we fess pots opted to leave it off since we prefer a stylus to be brushed from rear to front rather than sideways.

The arm is initially balanced by adjusting the rear counterweight; stylus force then is set by a dial fitted into one element of the gimbal-style mount. The scale on this dial was found to be accurate to within 0.1 gram. Antiskating force is applied by dialing the stylus force in use on another knob adjustment just below and to the right of the arm pivot; this knob has two scales, the outer one for use with spherical styli, the inner

one for ellipticals. The arm has negligible friction laterally and vertically, by the way, and requires a 0.3-gram stylus force for automatic trip.

Other adjustments permit you to optimize the stylus' set-down point on the record and its height above the record during the change cycle. Both these adjustments were preset and accurate on our test sample. The arm has a built-in viscous-damped cueing control that you can use in either manual or automatic mode; when used as a pause control to interrupt a record during play it shows no side drift. The arm rest has an automatic latch that engages the arm whenever the drive system is turned off.

The speed selector is a rocker switch mounted inside the circular pitch control at the left of the platter, while the main turntable controls are at the right. The latter group contains five pushbuttons (selectors for 7-, 10-, and 12-inch records; a stop control; and a manual play control) and a matching knob-switch with positions marked "single" and "auto." These controls permit you to use the 810 in a number of ways, depending on whether the long or short spindle is inserted into the platter. The short spindle rotates with the record to minimize center-hole wear and friction. When it is used and the knob turned to "single," the 810 becomes a manual, single-play machine; you may cue or re-cue manually, with or without the aid of the arm-lift device. Either the "stop" button or the end of the record will return the arm to its rest and shut off the motor. The short spindle can also be used in automatic play: Press the appropriate size button and the arm will cue itself onto the record and return to rest at the end, shutting off the motor. For continuous repeat of a single record, the procedure is the same except that the control knob must be set to "auto." With the long spindle in place, the 810 will stack up to six records of the same diameter and play them in sequence. Total cycling time is 17 seconds, comparatively slow but a small price to pay for the gentle way the records are handled.

Taking it all together—performance, features, styling—the BSR 810 moves into ranking place among the best automatics we know of. And at its price, the others may well be in for a real contest.

This is not an extract, but the complete text of High Fidelity Magazine's technical review of the BSR McDonald 810 automatic turntable.

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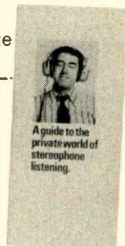
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late start as a classical conductor, his superb control of the orchestra and highly developed empathy for nuances that are not always set down in the notation, combined with intelligent, artistically cultivated points of view, mark him as a first-rate conductor. I have no doubts that on performance alone—the hell with charisma—he will develop into one of the finest maestri extant—that is, if he isn't already!

### IN BRIEF:

**John David Souther** by *John David Souther* (Asylum SD-5055).

Another singer/songwriter from the gold-filled coffers of Asylum Records, John David Souther is an artist well worth listening to. Though, at first impression, he might recall Jackson Browne and Glenn Frey (both Asylum artists themselves), a few quick spins on the turntable point out the obvious differences. Souther leans more toward pure country in both chord structure and lyric, and functions quite well within this oft-overused medium. He is strongest when he's singing the hardest—usually about some Texas-to-California life experience (or about a woman).

The album is nicely balanced between country balladry and lukewarm shit-kicker music, with "How Long," "Run Like a Thief," "Out to Sea," "The Fast One," and "White Wing" as real standouts. That's nearly half the record right there, and the remainder of the material holds its own nicely. The album features Glenn Frey and Ned Doheny (yet another Asylum singer/songwriter) on guitar, Bryan Garofalo on bass, and Gib Gilbeau on occasional fiddle.

David Rensin

**Escalator Over the Hill** by *Carla Bley and Paul Haines* featuring the *Jazz Composers' Orchestra* (JCOA 3LP-EOTH).

While the much publicized *Escalator Over the Hill* triple album may not be the surrealistic mock-epic most of us expected, it is definitely all that was promised. Put together by Carla Bley (who ought to need no introduction) using lyrics and an outline by Paul Haines, *EOTH* employs the talents of many of the members of the Jazz Composers' Orchestra, not to mention such rock 'n' roll stars as Jack Bruce and Linda Ronstadt.

The overall effect is that of a Broadway show, strange as it may seem, with hints of Brecht and Weill. Miss Ronstadt is given an almost self-parodying vocal

role, which requires her to sing nebulous lyrics over a stock commercial C & W background. Jack Bruce plays electric bass. John McLaughlin (overrated as usual) adds little or nothing. Don Preston (of the Mothers) contributes a couple of beautiful baritone arias.

Highlights, if there are any, are probably Don Cherry, whose trumpet playing graces "Rawalpindi" and "A.I.R.," and especially Gato Barbieri, a virtuoso (but almost unknown) tenor sax player with a versatile, capable style.

A confusing album, *EOTH*. Not for the weak at heart. Best to Ms. Bley for going through with it anyway—it definitely needed to be done.

[*Escalator Over the Hill* is available directly from the *Jazz Composers' Orchestra Association, Inc.*, 1841 Broadway, New York, N.Y. 10023. It is \$12, and that amount is tax-deductible.]

Nigey Lennon

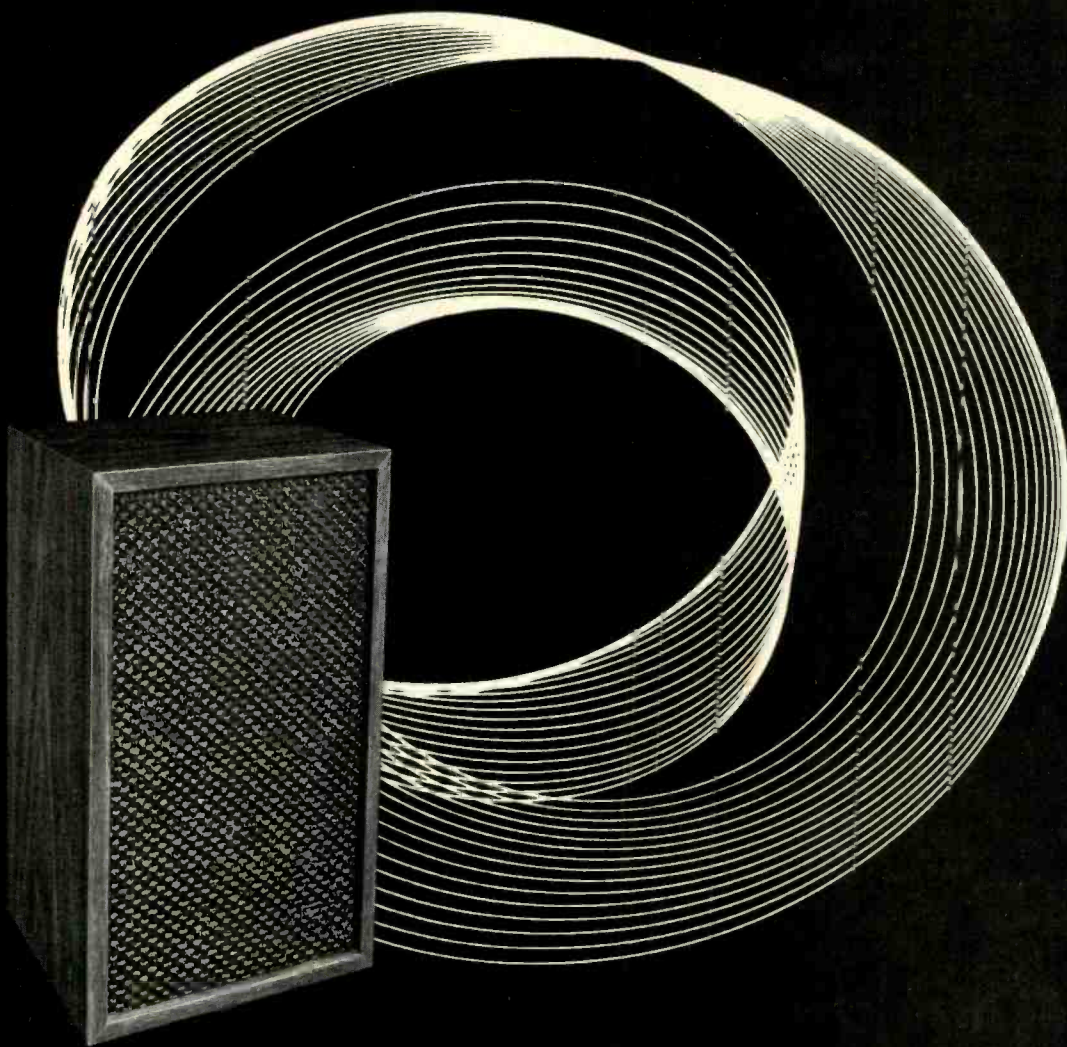
**I'm a Lover, Not a Fool** by *Randy Burns* (Polydor PD 5030).

Randy Burns isn't much of a melodist, and he'd likely be the first to admit it. On his last lp (*Song for an Uncertain Lady*, ESP-2007, and well worth the trouble it takes to find it), in fact, he even joined in medley two different songs with precisely the same melody—"Waiting for a Friend" and "Randy's Song," both of which are also similar to a third song, a lovely, ethereal ballad of his called "Lisa." ("Lisa" is on this album too, though in a version needlessly muddled with strings and such.) His "Sing Out" sounds suspiciously like Peter Yarrow's "Don't Take Away My Freedom," and even includes a brief guitar and piano figure reminiscent of the Doobie Brothers' "Master Song." His other tunes are straightforward at best.

Another problem is that he writes and sounds an awful lot like Eric Andersen (though his vision is usually a gladder one than Andersen's); he even sings the same songs sometimes, like Jesse Fuller's "She's No Good," which is on this album and is also a staple of the Eric Andersen repertoire.

On the other hand, Burns does have a gift of his own. Originality is not the only possible criterion for judging an artist. His songs are of the type that might be called "deceptively simple," and his simplicity deceives because it is so elegant. He is a graceful performer and an emotionally generous one. And no fool at all.

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# PRINT

## NEW ANARCHISTS AND THE OLD LEFT

BY SCHOFIELD CORYELL

The French Communist Party versus the Student by Richard Johnson. (Yale University Press, 1972. 215 pages, \$8 [hardcover], \$1.95 [paperback]).

In 1968, the eyes of the world (and especially of radical America) were turned expectantly toward a France that had suddenly been catapulted, by the brutality of its police, the surprising fragility of its institutions, and the energetic aspirations of its youth, into the whirlwind of a genuine revolutionary crisis. Since that time a vast literature has sprung up in France to explain—or to explain away—the truly historical dimensions of that upsurge of human solidarity and vitality. Now—after a careful study of available documents and the reconsideration of an intense *lived* experience—an American student of European politics (Richard Johnson of Yale University) has published a useful and thought-provoking commentary on “revolutionary politics in May-June 1968 in France.”

In his work, *The French Communist Party versus the Students*, Johnson focuses on a basic aspect of that crisis—the intense conflict between the rebellious or revolutionary student left and the conservative, over-organized Communist Party which threw its powerful influence on the side of the *status quo*.

In France, the May 1968 rebellion—a movement sparked by university leftists, that then spread throughout the entire economy and involved ten million workers in the greatest strike wave the country has ever seen—has become the point of reference for all the social and political struggles of the post-DeGaulle era.

In his description and analysis of that exciting month of May, Richard Johnson effectively shows how it raised some

*Schofield Coryell is a freelance journalist who has been based in Paris since 1953. He was a regular contributor to The Guardian and is currently a correspondent for the Liberation News Service, and has written for a variety of French leftist magazines. He is also an English teacher and translator.*



of the thorniest issues of the age: the role of the university in our rich but stratified and unequal societies, the relations between students and industrial workers in the struggle for social change, the hard-to-reconcile demands for individual and group freedom on the one hand, and for political cohesion, mass discipline, and continuing organizational structures on the other. These issues are more “relevant” than ever in France—and elsewhere—today, and all reflection and action concerning them, in this part of Western Europe at least, is deeply colored by the upsurge of May, 1968.

Underlying all these issues is a very practical political problem—the role played by the Communist Party, a self-described vanguard supposedly dedicated to radical change but so immersed in vote-catching and so obsessed with the need to nurture its own organization that the “vanguard,” in times of crisis, ends up quite obviously in the rear. Behind this problem is an even broader one—the tactics and strategy of real change in the industrialized West, and the redefinition of human values in the age of the machine and “the omnipotent organization.”

Four years after the May upheaval, the basic lessons of the rebellion are still sinking in: a new anarchistic spirit, an attitude of hostility toward encrusted authority, is more widespread than ever,

and the role of the giant French Communist Party as a conservative “loyal opposition” is even more evident than it was before.

Yet there is a change. The university, the epicenter of the May revolt, has become relatively quiet, politically speaking, while the main center of agitation has shifted to the factories. One possible reason for this development was given by the French sociologist, Alain Touraine, who pointed out, in a recent article in *Le Monde* (“The Silence of the Universities”), that the universities have indeed “adapted” since May, but primarily by becoming more responsive than previously to the needs of the capitalist economy, and that, to some extent, the student body has actually been partially co-opted into temporary conformity.

But there is also another reason for the “silence of the university” and the growing effervescence in the factories, where the “new proletarian left” has become not only a slogan but a challenging reality: the most radical-minded among the students—those who were in the forefront of the fight both to reorganize the universities and to resist police brutality—have since turned their backs politically on the university *milieu* in order to concentrate their efforts on the “point of production,” where they have been too successful for the comfort of the powers that be. Many leftist students have even “proletarianized” themselves by going into the factories to work and spread their ideas.

As a leftist student—one of those who had been deeply involved in the May movement—put it to me: “It was an error to think that the university could be a ‘red base.’ After all, the students, as a whole, are not a stable or a homogeneous group, and the university itself cannot be anything but an instrument of the established society; the change has to come from the mass of workers, who keep the productive apparatus going, and on whom industry directly depends for its functioning.”

This quite “orthodox” Marxist opinion seems to sum up the general conclusions that many student radicals have drawn from the “events of May.” The

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## “The French Communist Party is trying to crush the new extra-parliamentary left”

fact is that this widespread view has a way of making itself come true, of confirming its own validity. In part, the university has indeed ceased, if only temporarily, to be the principal center of revolt.

Meanwhile, as is shown by the frequency of wildcat strikes and the widespread rebellious mood in the factories, the libertarian socialist ideas which were popularized by the students in 1968 have caught on among the younger workers. This is a development which, not surprisingly, has proven as disturbing to the Communist Party as to the government and the corporations.

A case in point, of course, is the situation at the vast Renault automobile plants. Renault is a nationalized firm employing 90,000 workers; it's the largest such company in the country, and a bastion of the Communist Party. The murder of a young Maoist worker by a factory guard at the huge Renault plant outside Paris last February precipitated events which showed that the general tendencies revealed by the May upsurge—specifically the leftism of youth and the conservatism of the CP—are more pronounced now than ever. “May,” as has so often been said, was not so much “an abortive revolution” as the *beginning* of a successful revolutionary process.

The slaying of the worker, Pierre Overney, was the culmination of a period of unusually intense struggle inside the plant and on the assembly line. As the Maoist workers there explained it, the workers were actually *applying* the principles of democracy and equalitarianism advocated by the new left everywhere, and they were applying them in the very face of the factory authorities, the foremen, and supervisory personnel. “In some departments, the workers were *rotating jobs*—giving everyone a chance at the worst tasks. They were rejecting the speed-up the foreman wanted to impose. Elected workers' committees timed the work for themselves and made the foreman accept it!” The trade-union delegates of the CP-led CGT (*Confederation Generale du Travail*) viewed such actions with disfavor and denounced the “leftists” to the management. The very concept of organizational hierarchy was under attack in France's biggest factory.

The principal factors in this industrial

drama were the assembly-line workers, most of whom are young and about half of whom are foreigners—Algerians, Spaniards, Italians, Portuguese, and black Africans, who do an increasing share of the low-paid “dirty work” in France today. The unions, which are mainly concerned with the interests of the skilled French workers (the “professionals”), do little for the mass of unskilled and semiskilled youthful or foreign-born laborers, the economic “niggers” of France.

Among those workers are also, of course, many former students—like Christian Riss who was nearly murdered by police last year in a demonstration for Palestine. Their ideological influence has been noticeable, although the real force for the current movement in the plants is the spontaneous resistance of the workers themselves.

In this context, the explosion was inevitable. When Overney—who had recently been fired from Renault for his political activities—was killed while distributing anti-racist leaflets outside the factory on February 24, this was intended as a stern warning to the others. Characteristically, the officials of the CGT and the Communist Party at the plant reacted immediately, not by condemning the murder but by denouncing the victim as a *provocateur* and by calling upon the workers to refrain from all protest. At the same time, riot police were sent to surround the plant, for the first time in its history. But the funeral for the victim was attended that Saturday by hundreds of thousands—mainly youths, both workers and students—in a deeply significant political demonstration, which proved that the “spirit of May” was far from dead. The Overney funeral procession, condemned by the CP and the CGT was jointly organized by *all* the new leftist groups (Trotskyites, Maoists, anarchists, et al.), in the first show of real unity since '68. “The French Communist Party—Treason! Long Live Communism!” was typical of the banners carried during that demonstration.

Since the May upsurge, the new leftism has taken two main new concrete organizational forms—the highly-structured Trotskyist party, *Ligue Communiste*, whose militants (mainly youths) march and shout in perfect rhythm, and the flexible, elusive, but

dynamic Maoist group, *la Gauche Proletarienne*, which, though officially outlawed, still exists and acts, using its journal *La Cause du Peuple*, as a legal rallying point.

Both these movements (as well as other, smaller ones) are active in the factories, and among rebellious peasants and shopkeepers, but neither truly reflects, or succeeds in channelizing, the vaguely anarchistic spirit that is in the air today, and is expressed in spontaneous actions everywhere against the symbols of the establishment—whether factory bosses, landlords, or the political riot police. The widespread practice of sequestering factory managers during strikes is an expression of this attitude, as are the numerous peasant demonstrations against the middlemen and the monopolies, and the virulent struggles of the small shopkeepers (whose leader, Nicoud, has just been released from prison), against the tax system and the competition of the supermarkets. Indeed, the basic ideas of the student left seem to be temporarily absent from the university but are penetrating nearly every other stratum of society. A particularly interesting symptom of the current leftist mood is the post-May blossoming of new independent anti-establishment papers, and especially the emergence of the *Agence de Presse “Liberation”* which plays a role here similar to that of the Liberation News Service in the U.S.

Another sign of the times is the awakening to life of a vigorous and massive anti-authoritarian movement in the secondary schools—something which did not make its appearance even at the height of the 1968 “events” when the high-school movement acted as little more than an adjunct to the university upsurge. Now the high-school students are fighting, quite independently, against the excessive discipline imposed on them, and for freedom of expression and thought within, as well outside, the walls of the school establishments. The famous “Guiot affair” in February, 1971, when over 20,000 high-school students sat down defiantly on Boulevard Saint Michel in front of the riot police, demanding freedom for their comrade, Guiot, who had been unjustly arrested in a previous demonstration, was a lively expression of this trend.

Through all this, the Communist

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Party has remained a reactionary force, criticizing and attacking the youthful rebels and siding again and again with the conventional powers. Recently, the "Hurst affair"—the case of a high school teacher in the working-class Paris suburb of Saint-Denis who was fired for his creative, democratic teaching methods—exemplified this constant CP attitude. The municipal authorities (the CP controls the local government there), the local parents' association, and the CP itself influenced the Secondary Teachers' Union witch-hunt against Hurst and warmly approved the action of the Education Minister in firing him. But Hurst was enthusiastically supported (though unsuccessfully) by his own pupils, a large number of progressive educators, and the leftist youth of the region.

The conservative role of the French Communist Party—during, before, or after the "May events"—was therefore no accident or "mistake," but the natural policy and orientation of an organization which has become top-heavy and self-perpetuating in the worst senses and for the worst reasons. The French Communist Party is in fact a large employer of labor, with an army of loyal and underpaid functionaries at its command; it controls a major export-import firm for doing business with the Soviet Union, a bank, several publishing firms, sports equipment stores, and a travel agency, not to mention the hundreds of municipal governments where its influence is predominant. Above all, it largely controls the biggest trade union in France, the CGT. These vested interests *within* the establishment, as Richard Johnson points out, make it a conservative force whose only desire is to win a greater share of influences in the existing state. The CP's current strategy is to help the rulers crush and eliminate the new extra-parliamentary left, while striving—through its recently-concluded agreement with the Socialist Party on a common government program for the future—to come to power through conventional electoral means.

After his accurate and detailed factual description of the French CP as an "ideologically conditioned bureaucracy," Johnson finally seems to justify its openly anti-revolutionary attitude in 1968 by saying that it would have been suicidal for the CP to have tried to seize state power at that moment by an insurrection in the teeth of the armed forces. Of course, no leftist students or workers ever suggested this—or wanted it to happen! What was in fact widely perceived

was the *possibility* of "turning the passive strike into an active strike." This would have meant that, in all fields of activity, people throughout the country would have returned to work to make the institutions function under their own collective authority, thus eliminating, by a revolution from below, the existing relations of domination and exploitation. An anarchist's dream? Of course. But a dream that seemed momentarily on the verge of becoming a reality in May, 1968, and a dream that perhaps prefigured the course of the future.

### From Satchmo to Miles

by Leonard Feather (*Stein and Day; 258 pages, \$7.95*).

By Pete Welding

Okay, here's the scenario: You're an Englishman but have spent most of your adult life in the U.S., writing about and being otherwise involved in jazz. To backtrack a bit, when you were young and still living in Merrie Olde England, in the late '20's and early '30's, you heard this strange new music on curious American-made Gramophone records. It opened up an unknown, eerie, uncharted world for you; it was quite unlike anything you had heard before.

First of all, it was created and executed by blacks, in itself strange and exotic, for there were few blacks at that time in the British Isles. Then, too, there were the unfamiliar, oddly compelling sonorities of the music—wild, untutored, sweet, and charged with a kind of emotional substance you hadn't known music could communicate. Oh, there were a lot of things about it that appealed to, moved, and, to a degree, struck terror into your decorous British heart. But you found you couldn't stop listening to it and your love for it grew as you heard some of these musicians in person, for they visited Europe in increasing numbers as the '30's drew on. You met some of them, got to know them, learned more about their music and its impulses. You started writing about the musicians you heard, reviewed new records from America.

And then you took the big step. In the mid-'30's, you moved to New York

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*Pete Welding has written on jazz and related musics for 20 years, in publications including The Los Angeles Times, Saturday Review, Coda, Estrad, and Downbeat, of which he was an editor for five years. He owns and operates Testament Records, a documentary blues and jazz label.*

City where then, as now, it was all happening. You were in "second heaven" and you thrilled to the experience, heard music all the time, were introduced to new young artists. You continued to learn, continued to immerse yourself in the music and in its milieu, continued to write about it. Eventually, as the '30's merged into the '40's, you became even more involved. You staged and promoted jazz concerts, produced records by several of your favorite jazz artists, conducted a radio show, wrote songs and had the pleasure of hearing several of them recorded by these musical giants, served as press officer for no less a personage than Duke Ellington—all the while continuing to write about your love affair with jazz. You even *made* records, leading, and sometimes playing with, groups with artists like Coleman Hawkins, Oscar Pettiford, Jimmy Giuffre, Frank Wess, and Sonny Clark.

In the '40's you championed the new music, bebop, which was, almost unanimously, roundly damned by your fellow jazz writers. You were thrilled, of course, when time proved you right on this and the "moldy figs" wrong. You even wrote a book-length defense of it, *Inside Bebop*, even though at the time (1949) the battle had already been won by the bopsters and their music. Other books followed, chief of which was a massive reference work, *The Encyclopedia of Jazz*, which you have seen through several editions and revisions, as well as *The Book of Jazz From Then Till Now*. Your syndicated columns in *The Los Angeles Times-Washington Post* newspapers make you the most widely read commentator on jazz today. You live in Los Angeles. You have it made.

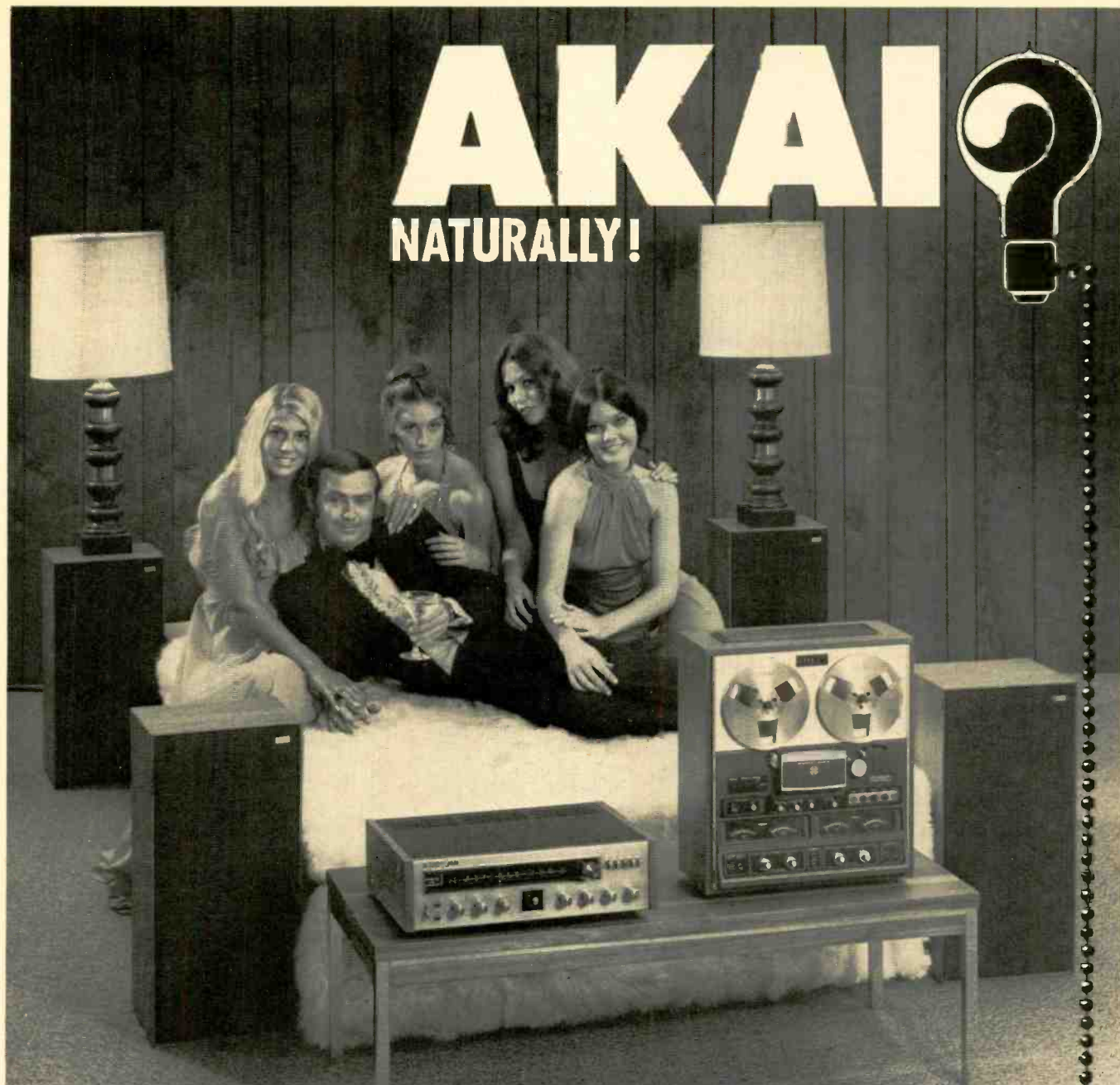
So what's bothering you? And, try as you might, you have to admit to yourself that there is something wrong. Somewhere, somehow, there's a cankerous worm in the apple. After you thought you had it pegged, after all those articles and reviews, all those record dates, all those concerts, after, mind you, all those *books*, along come these young, freaky, upstart musicians with their dissonant, irreverent, ugly, anarchistic, boat-rocking, theory-toppling, long-winded Noise! And they have the temerity to call it jazz!! Where do they get off? That's not jazz—where's the melody? what about harmony? you call *that* rhythm? And that volume! Where are such things as dynamics, shading, variety, and pacing? Presentation and all the solid, tried-and-true entertainment values?

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IS ON  
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and you find yourself branded a moldy fig, cherishing and speaking out for traditions and values most of the young musicians find outmoded, worn thin through overuse, irrelevant. What to do? Well, now, you can't actually attack the new music—not openly anyway. Suppose it catches on, what if—ugh!—people *like* it? No, attack is out of the question, particularly if you're proved wrong. Best thing to do is to ignore it, pretend it doesn't exist. Maybe then it'll go away, die out from lack of support. Yeah, that's it—ignore it. If you don't support and encourage it, don't focus attention on it, maybe it'll disappear more quickly and you won't have to try to understand it, and we can get back to the music we all know and love.

What to do in the meantime? It's time for a new book, but what to write about? Hey, look, you say to yourself, here are all these articles and profiles I wrote back in the '50's and early '60's. Pretty good, too. And they're about all these heavy musicians—Louis Armstrong, Duke Ellington, Billie Holiday,

## “What’s bothering you, Leonard? You thought you had it all pegged...”

Count Basie, Lester Young, Charlie Parker, Dizzy Gillespie, big names all of them. Okay, some of them are dead; that'll sell the book right there. And what if the others are past their prime? They're still giants, right?

We'll make it contemporary too. We can include this piece I did on Ray Charles for *Cavalier*. Hey, then there's the one on Don Ellis for them too. Glad I remembered it. The rock fans will dig that. Then to bring it right up to date, how about that new piece on Miles Davis? Yeah, good. Here it is. Wow, this is pretty wierd. Wonder what the hell he was talking about? What's this he's saying? “I don't want to hear cliches; I don't want to get back into the past. What's important is what's happening now, the new music and the music of the future. I don't even want to think about what I was doing myself last year.” How did I let that slip past? He couldn't have been making a sly dig at me, could he?

Hell, I'll use it anyway. By the time they get to that part, it won't matter. I'll have made my point by then. After

they finish reading all those stories about Satchmo, Duke, Count (Bill to his friends, musn't forget that), Billie, Bird, Dizzy, and Prez—yeah, especially Prez, with all that shit about how wierd he was; that's sure to get to them—and how I helped them all out, they'll be convinced I'm a heavy, right? Throw up that smokescreen, dazzle them with all those big names, stressing all the while how I contributed to the advancement of their careers, befriended them, hung



Louis Armstrong (“Satchmo”)

out with them. They'll wind up thinking I'm a second John Hammond for Chrissakes. The hell with those young punk musicians with their naturals and dashikis and their angry noises—what they're playing ain't jazz anyway.

Now, let's see, what to call the book? Got to be a catchy title. Sure wish Mailer hadn't used that *Advertisements for Myself*; that would've been perfect. Who am I kidding? I couldn't use that—

it's not humble or self-effacing enough, and I don't want anyone to suspect that this is just a piece of self-aggrandizement, do I? *Jazz People*? Not peppy enough; besides somebody else used it. *Jazz Titans*? Ditto, but we're getting warmer. *My Life in Jazz*? Too vague. Got to come up with something that ties it all together, brings it up to the present. Full circle, that's the idea. Suggests the idea that I'm discussing everything that happened in jazz from Pops to Miles. Hey, that's it! From Pops—no, Satchmo. “Pops” sounds too Tommish. From Satchmo to Miles; it's a natural.

You should have guessed by now. You're Leonard Feather, and you've just assembled a book on jazz called *From Satchmo to Miles*.

### The Hollywood Musical

John Russell Taylor and Arthur Jackson (McGraw-Hill, 278 pages, \$12.95).

According to John Russell Taylor “we are likely to find the musical the most continually satisfying of all film genres,” and in his section of *The Hollywood Musical*, he suggests a variety of reasons why this is so. Besides the obvious points of “re-viewability” and the peculiar, quasi-magical appeal in the very conventions of the genre, Taylor's hypothesis takes him deeper into stylistic and contextual consideration of the musical as a phenomenon than any book has before. Taylor is, however, dogged by a persistent tendency towards personal valuations, and his methodology itself is based on a kind of self-defeating, formal idealism: “the ideal musical may not exist, and the one true formula for it . . . is one of those things which will always be hopefully sought for and never found.”

Consequently, Taylor never does discover *the* archetypal Hollywood musical in all its splendor; but his essay is an apt introduction to what devotees of the genre will find is the heart of the book and the bulk of it also: nearly 200 pages of filmographies and indexes of names, songs, and film titles compiled by Arthur Jackson. Unlike Zwemmer and Barnes in their *Screen Series* “dictionary,” Jackson has not tried to lump all the films, stars, songs, and directors into one body served by a single title index. He begins with detailed credits for 275 major films, identifying choreographers as well as directors, set decorators and costume designers as well as photographers, listing not just the songs but also who sang them (and, where applicable

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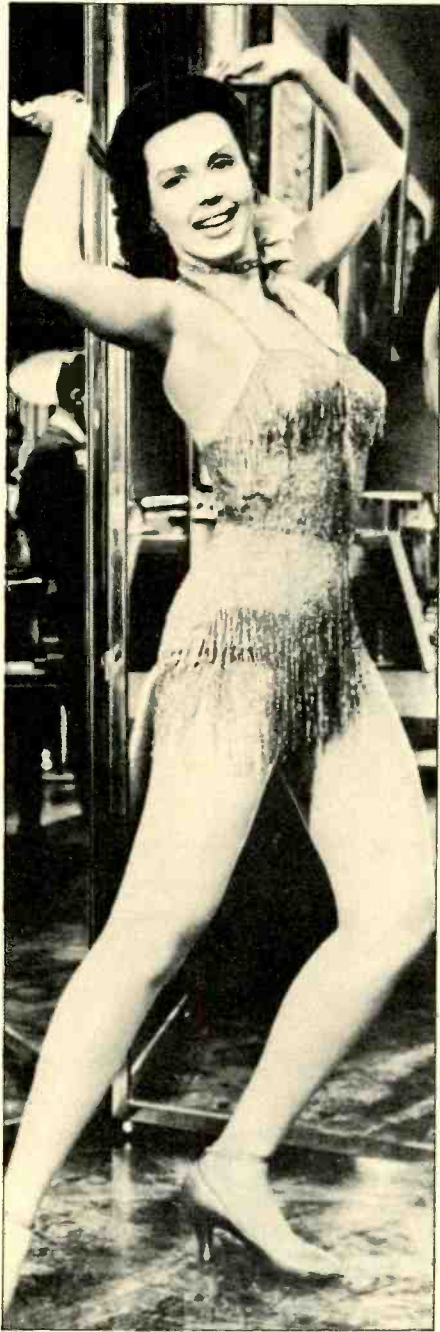
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who dubbed them). The succeeding lists of 1,100 personalities (where one may find *all* of Hermoine Gingolds musical appearances or all of Fred Karger's scores, for instance, and not just a partial list), 2,750 songs (from "Aba Daba Honeymoon" to "Zip-a-dee-doo-dah"



Ann Miller in Kiss Me, Kate

with "Let's Have a Drink on It" and "Reefer Man" along the way), and 1,443 general film titles (giving year and distributor) are all cross-indexed with the main filmography. In short, for solving arguments or for just plain picture-looking—the twelve color reproductions alone almost merit the cover price—*The Hollywood Musical* is well worth a perusal.

Alain Silver

### My Life With Wine

By Francis Lewis Gould (privately published, 1972; 71 pages, \$4.95).

Gould's quiet memoir of, as he says, a life with wine (as a lover of, merchant of, and writer about), is a lovely, gentle little book. One need not know wine at all, though it certainly would help, in order to enjoy his lookings-back. One need know one thing alone: how to live life by taking joy from it and by sharing that joy with others.

When he tells of the party at which he missed (perhaps) a chance to spend the night with Isadora Duncan, he adds, with a wink so generous that it fills a page, that "the lady had a reputation of being proficient in other arts than the ballet." And when he says that "All wine lovers recall . . . examples of the great appeal wine has to the mind and the heart," and adds "We should preserve and cherish them," he defines his own purpose in writing this slim volume perfectly, I think.

The final chapter is a potpourri of sketches, poems, and reflections on wine, culled from the pages of "Bottles and Bins," the elegant newsletter he has written for the Charles Krug Winery in the Napa Valley since 1949. They are reasoned sips, not long draughts, of wine lore, and are delightful. It can be added only that Mr. Gould's life with wine has been a long one: he is nearly 90 years old today.

*My Life With Wine* may be ordered directly from Gould at 1500 Wheeler Way, St. Helena, California, 94574. Californians must add five percent sales tax.

Colman Andrews

People in a Diary; A Memoir, by S. N. Behrman (Little, Brown & Co., 1972, 338 pages, \$10).

S. N. Behrman, at 79, has published a book which is a very good read, especially if you like to feel cozy with the Great. No one in the writing business can drop names more charmingly. Behrman, the fortunate possessor of a play-making talent, has also a God-given knack for knowing and being liked by the right people. The combination is rather rare, and to it Behrman has added an innocent delight in being who and where he was.

*People in a Diary* is a fine, mostly affectionate look back, at Hollywood, Broadway, and London; it has both a dignity and a light touch, which too many examples of the genre seem to lack.

Robert Hardy Andrews

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# FILM

## THE NEW CENTURIONS

*The New Centurions* is nothing more than a wide-screen version of "Adam 12," except that the movie characters get to say "shit." The only other thing you need to know about director Richard Fleischer's newest film is that the police are shown to be selfless public servants who really enjoy police work and who just want to help people. And they're liberal too! Not only do they give a hard time to the white landlord who cruelly exploits his wet-back tenants; the cops (the main ones are played by George C. Scott and Stacy Keach), even prove themselves to be advocates of consenting-adult morals laws: they buy Scotch for some captive prostitutes and they flinch at vice squad harassment of homosexuals. When they're not righting social wrongs, the policemen watch their lives go down the tubes through divorce, alcoholism, and

suicide—all of which are directly attributable to their total devotion to duty, of course.

Los Angeles is supposed to have the most honest big-city police force in the country, but this supposedly accurate portrayal of Los Angeles police life (based on a novel written by a man who is, in fact, still an active police officer) makes no mention of the merest possibility of bribery or brutality. Can this be right?

Screenwriter Stirling Silliphant's liberal-tinged sympathy for the police is curious; it's the kind of attitude that sociologists-cum-movie-reviewers love to explain in terms of the growing conservative mood of the country. Suffice it to say that, although the film is set mostly at a downtown Los Angeles branch of the L.A.P.D., its roots have "Hollywood" carved all over them.

Stan Berkowitz

## EVERYTHING YOU ALWAYS WANTED TO KNOW ABOUT SEX—BUT WERE AFRAID TO ASK

The critics' lukewarm reaction to *Sex* is almost as baffling as their near-unanimous endorsement of Woody Allen's last film, the vastly inferior and considerably less ambitious *Play It Again, Sam*. *Sex*, a series of vignettes, each of which ostensibly answers one of the questions discussed by the infamous Dr. Reuben in his widely devoured book, is, undeniably, every bit as indecent and tasteless as its detractors insist. It's also riotously funny, and in healthy, refreshing ways; here, Allen lives up to his uninhibited, anarchistic image.

*Sam*, a plodding, relentlessly middle-brow comedy, featured Allen as the depressingly familiar, ne'er-do-well Jewish nebbish. In *Sex*, which he wrote and directed, Allen has the opportunity to



Centurion George C. Scott



Woody Allen and John Carradine in *Sex*

play a number of far more exotic characters: a medieval court jester, a super-cool Italian *poseur*, a sex researcher, and, of all things, a sperm forced to abandon the comforts of home. But, argue the critics, it's still the same old Woody Allen. That's just the point: the wonderful humor of the film derives from the placement of the familiar Allen persona—that bumbling, guilt-ridden, contemporary everyman—in the most unlikely contexts imaginable.

Yes, some of the sketches go on longer than they should, and yes, at least one—the awful father-of-the-bride-turned-drag-queen bit—should probably have been eliminated entirely. By and large, though, the format of the film seems well-suited to Allen's peculiar talents. Critics have always complained that Allen is unable to sustain his ideas over the course of a feature-length film; now that he has adopted a style which

obviously comes more naturally to him, they're more abusive than before.

Given the tenor of some of the reviews, defending the film would seem to be tantamount to striking a blow for pure, unfettered vulgarity. Vulgarity, to be sure, has only minimal entertainment value in and of itself. However, when coupled with as high a level of comic invention as it is in *Everything You Always Wanted to Know About Sex—But Were Afraid to Ask*, it can—and in this case does—become positively liberating.

Evelyn Renold

#### A SAFE PLACE

In *A Safe Place*, the main character, Susan (played by Tuesday Weld), is a female Noah seeking a "safe place," i.e., a refuge from the threatening flood of a desensitized modern world. Susan is a romantic in a world of realists, and her imaginative visions seem to have redemptive powers.

The plot is simple; very little "happens." Susan, living with friends in a chic, Andy Warhol world of mannequins, rocking horses, and body paint,



Orson Welles and Tuesday Weld in *Place*

meets Fred (Philip Proctor), a nice but mundane guy. She initiates him into her world bit by bit, along with us, the audience. But an old lover, Mitch (Jack Nicholson), comes back and Fred is out on the street. Also involved is The Magician (Orson Welles), a Felliniesque figure, mysterious and kind, who pulls rainbows out of boxes. A friend of Susan's, he appears at odd and significant moments to dispense rings, birds, silver balloons, and small bits of wisdom.

Fortunately, the biblical imagery and the metaphysical questions which writer/director Henry Jaglom toys with do not get in the way of the film's communication on the most basic, emotional level. Susan's visions and memories are strikingly, often movingly rendered.

Rare and precious as it is for a film to have a woman as a central character



## A probability report.

The Sierra Club doesn't say that our planet is likely to go under at any moment through our heedlessness. The composite photograph above merely depicts a possibility.

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And it's not only cities.

We know that when we clear a forest, the land beneath absorbs more heat. And this also happens when

we plow fields, defoliate vegetation or take the life out of the soil. (One acre of grass, for example, has a potential cooling effect up to that of a 10-ton air conditioner.)

We are eliminating natural cooling systems and creating urban heat islands where the climate is hotter, rainier, cloudier, more humid and, of course, dirtier, too. These artificially created climates, called "micro-climates" are already altering their immediate surrounding environment. And, if we create enough of them, we might alter the temperature of the entire earth.

One day as we approach the global heat limits, the polar ice caps could begin to melt, flooding some cities of the earth.

There are limits to the alterations we can make on our ecosystem. We would do well to slow the pace of change so we can determine these limits scientifically, before we discover them accidentally.

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and then to treat her seriously, it must be said that Jaglom makes Susan a little too much the Archetypal Female, magically intuitive, and intensely sensitive. Also, Susan's fantasies, rich and defiantly imaginative as they are, sometimes verge dangerously on the fey. But these flaws amount in the end to nothing more than a kind of naivete, that adds substance and authenticity to the picture.

What's important about the work is the largeness of its vision, and the courage of Jaglom in devoting an entire film to an exploration of the emotional universe of a woman.

Wendy Anson

### WHEN THE LEGENDS DIE

Even though director Stuart Millar's first film, *When the Legends Die*, gets a little too maudlin at times, it nevertheless manages to present a sensitive view of the exploitation and degradation of the American Indian. Happily, the story works on the personal level as well as the allegorical. Part of this is due to the performances of Richard Widmark and Frederic Forrest, as a rodeo con-man and his Indian horseman, respectively. Their relationship is designed to sym-



(Left) John War Eagle and Tillman Box in *When the Legends Die*



bolize the oppression of the Indian, but the two performances are so believable and so complementary that the story becomes moving in the most specific human terms.

An aging ex-rodeo star named Red (Widmark) notices Thomas Black Bull's (Forrest) natural aptitude for rodeo skills, and so he takes the young man as a pupil and indentured servant. Things go well for the pair at first, but after a while, Tom grows tired of Red's demands that he throw an occasional event just to build up the betting odds. They split up, but the gruelling pace of the rodeo life eventually forces Tom—who has been abused and at last forgotten by the white world—into an early retirement.

Tom's situation would cause many a heart to bleed, were it not for the character's resiliency—and for Forrest's disciplined underplaying. At the film's conclusion, Tom finds some hope for himself by dusting off a long abandoned dream of active ethnic pride. If this is allegory, let us hope that it will find realization in the actual world, that those whose plight is similar to Tom's will find such a fortuitous solution.

Stan Berkowitz ●



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## TEA CAKES OF THE OCTOBER NOON

BY ANN HASKINS AND  
EVELYN RENOLD

Although most Americans are more familiar with Chinese food than any other foreign cuisine (save perhaps Mexican), the Chinese tea lunch, or "deem sum," remains largely undiscovered by the Western palate. The businessmen and tourists who flock to Chinatown's cafes during the lunch hour generally take the path of least resistance—e.g. simple chow mein dishes, or with-six-you-get-roll specials—leaving the more suspicious-looking items to the Oriental customers. Admittedly, it *is* difficult to stumble across the deem sum without prior warning; in several of the Chinese restaurants, the special meal is described in Chinese characters only, while in others it is listed on a separate menu which is only presented on request.

The various dishes which appear in the deem sum—primarily hors d'oeuvres-like dumplings, steamed and baked buns, and sweet cakes—are difficult to identify at first since they generally do not surface in conventional Chinese meals. Although the selection of tea cakes may vary from one restaurant to another, the basics remain constant; tradition dictates everything from the ingredients used to the shape which the dumplings assume.

The meal may be presented any one of three ways: the full complement of deem sum offerings may be brought to your table on large platters, thereby enabling you to peruse the food before making your selections; the items may be individually listed and described on the menu; or, you may simply be required to announce your preference for the deem sum in which case you will be served whatever the chef arbitrarily decides to include in the meal for that



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Prices vary too, but it's safe to assume that \$2 will buy even the most extravagant deem sum in Chinatown; at certain restaurants you can get by comfortably for just a little over \$1. The deem sum is served from 10 or 11 in the morning until 2 or 3 in the afternoon, seven days a week. The dishes are usually prepared only once, early in the day, and it is therefore advisable to schedule your lunch for no later than 1:30 as the more popular items may no longer be available after that time.

The steamed dumplings, a mixture of ground meat and Oriental vegetables encased in white, pasta-like dough, are vaguely analogous to Italian ravioli. (The comparison is deceptive, though, since the rice flour used in the Chinese tea cakes produces a considerably lighter dough than the wheat flour creates in the Italian relative.) Typical dishes in this category include the har gow (these spellings represent phonetic transliterations only, and, as a consequence, vary from menu to menu), a bite-sized pouch filled with minced shrimp and bamboo shoots; the fun gor, a half-moon-shaped dumpling filled with ground pork, bamboo shoots, and mushroom bits; and the sil mye, either seasoned pork in a drum-shaped capsule, or ground beef in a meatball shape. The har gow, with the delicate pink of the shrimp shimmering through the translucent dough, is perhaps the most easily recognizable—and accessible—of the three.

When deep-fried, the slightly sweet rice flour or mashed taro dough of the dumplings develops a delightfully chewy consistency. Easily the most distinctive item in the deep fried category is the sesame seed dumpling filled with black bean paste, a rich, almost pastry-like treat. Another, less frequently encountered, variation is the hollowed out turnip which is filled with a pork and shrimp mixture, breaded and then fried.

The most filling items on the deem sum menu are the steamed and baked buns which contain either barbecued pork, black bean paste, or a chicken and pork mixture. The light, airy texture of the steamed buns and the slightly sweet taste of the rice flour are wonderfully countered by these unctuous fillings. A word to the wise: don't neglect to peel off the white paper which is stuck to the bottom of the steamed buns—it's quite unobtrusive-looking, and quite inedible.

Yet another group of items is comprised of sweet—although not necessar-

ily dessert—cakes, which are prepared in long pans and then cut in squares. The lilac-colored water chestnut cake, filled with crisp bits of water chestnut, has an unusual, gelatin-like consistency and is best when served very hot, as it tends to take on a rubbery quality while it cools. Other foods in this category include the grilled turnip cake, a subtly flavored delicacy (which proves that an imaginative chef can work wonders with even so lowly an ingredient as mashed turnip), and the rice cake, somewhat akin to a rice pudding without raisins.

Other non-classifiable, miscellaneous items range from the familiar—e.g. chopped spare ribs—to the fanciful—e.g. stuffed duck's feet, lotus buns, etc.

One of the few restaurants outside Chinatown which serves the deem sum is **The Twin Dragons**, 8597 W. Pico Boulevard. This restaurant offers some of the best Chinese food in town, and their tea lunch is no exception. Although most of the deem sum items are listed separately on the menu, it is best to put yourself in the capable hands of the waiter and chef and just take what comes. Our meal began with crisp baked buns filled with the black bean paste, followed by pieces of egg roll and a special hot dipping sauce. (Ordinarily, the deem sum is served with a sharp Chinese mustard which should be mixed with soy sauce for the best possible effect.) Next, we were served a plate teeming with an amazing shrimp chow mein. Two steaming platters then appeared, one containing plump sil mye pieces, and the other, about a dozen lightly fried har gow. This was probably the most lavish deem sum of our experience and, at \$3 a person, easily the most expensive. The Twin Dragons presentation is certainly a cut above the ordinary, however, and hence worth the extra money.

**The Golden Dragon**, 960 N. Broadway, is one of the oldest and most revered dining establishments in Chinatown; recently the restaurant expanded and it is now housed in new quarters, a block away from the old location. There is a little too much of an assembly-line feel to this operation, perhaps an inevitable result of the tremendous volume of business which the restaurant does; personalized attention is sadly lacking. (Our waiter proved to be an irritatingly grim, disinterested sort.) More irksome, however, is the fact that **The Golden Dragon** has failed to overcome the difficult, but not insurmountable problem of keeping the tea cakes hot throughout

the long lunch period.

Among the restaurants in Chinatown serving the deem sum, **The Golden Palace** is perhaps the most elaborately designed, ornately appointed. The interior decor is sumptuous, and at the same time functional: the comfortable, high-backed booths are a welcome relief from the standard tables and chairs. The deem sum is extraordinary here. Our water chestnut cakes were uncommonly hot and sweet, and the sesame balls especially fresh and chewy.

**The Grand View Gardens**, 951 Meiling Way, is a somewhat less imposing eatery, which offers an extensive selection of tea cakes. Here, the food must be ordered by the dish (each containing three or more items) so it makes sense to bring a few friends along. Lunch is served in two shifts: first the waiters bring to your table a pan filled with the steamed dumplings; later, a second pan appears, bearing the baked and fried goodies. For those unfamiliar with the intricacies of the tea lunch, this method—which allows the customer to see exactly what he is ordering—is a definite bonus. We found the service at the **Grand View Gardens** to be most accommodating; our waiter, a gentleman by the name of Lee, cheerfully answered our many questions and painstakingly spelled out the names of the various dishes for us. (He also suggested that the special steam pans used by the restaurant prevent the tea cakes from becoming as tepid as they sometimes do elsewhere.)

Just a few miles south of Chinatown on San Pedro Street are a few additional Chinese cafés serving the deem sum. Our experience at **The New Moon Cafe**, 912 S. San Pedro, was intensely disappointing—here the tea lunch seemed to be more of an afterthought than anything else. The tea cakes were cool and stale, and the steamed buns, much to our horror, contained large globs of undercooked pork rather than the tiny barbecued morsels we had come to expect. The lunch is inexpensive and attractively presented, but the food definitely is not up to par.

One final note: Don't forego dessert hoping for the familiar fortune and almond cookies—most of the restaurants mentioned here don't include these extras with the deem sum. The appropriate finishing touch to a Chinese tea lunch is the buttery dessert tart filled with custard. If you can't manage it at the restaurant, indulge yourself and take a few home—you won't be sorry.

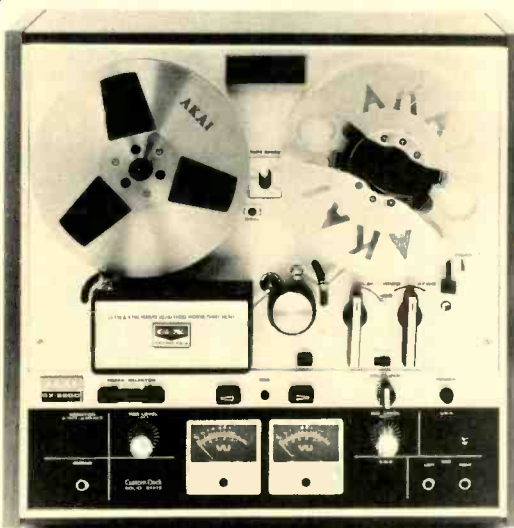
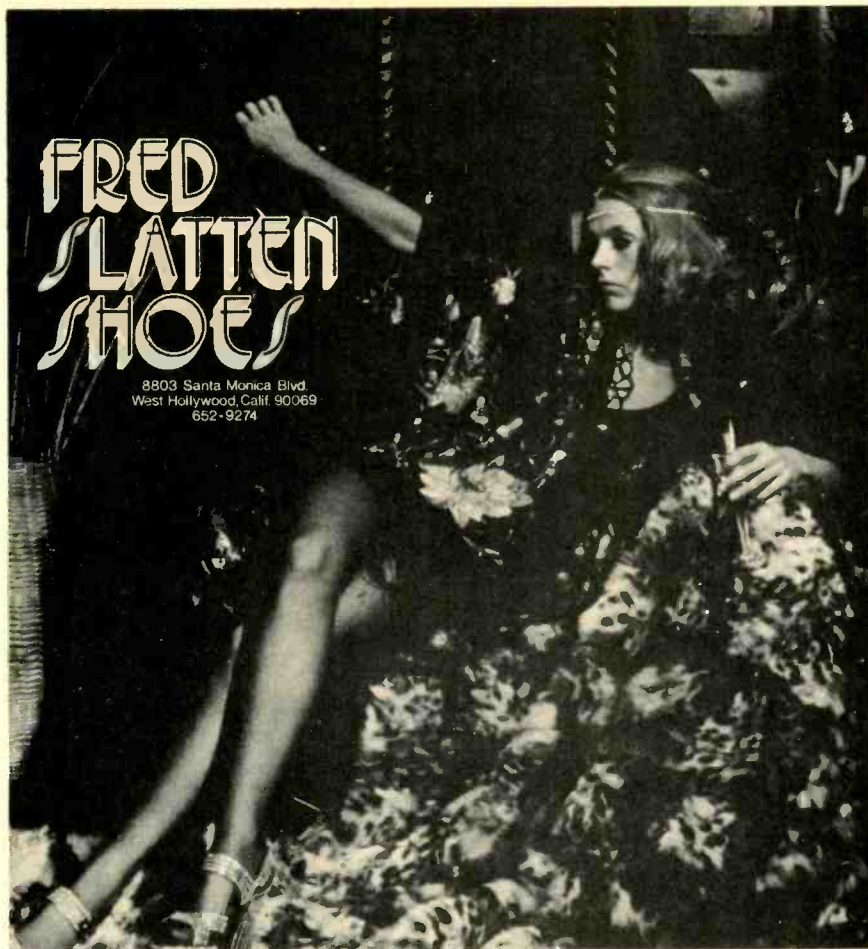
## ALICE'S RESTAURANT

About the best that the Malibu area could offer Southland diners for many years was something along the lines of a Sea Lion or a Ted's Rancho—adequate but hardly inspiring eateries, catering to the so-called "family trade." At long last, there are signs of a new culinary vigor in Malibu, perhaps attributable to the tremendous prosperity enjoyed by the restaurants along the Marina del Rey waterfront.

Being less than enamored of Alice's Restaurant in Westwood, we approached our dining experience at the establishment's new Malibu "sister" with something less than unbridled enthusiasm. Happily, we can now report that the beachfront Alice, 23000 W. Pacific Coast Highway, is as tenuously related to its inland counterpart as the first-rate Marina Bratskeller is to its hohum Westwood namesake.

Housed in a chocolate brown building at the foot of the Malibu pier where the old Pier Six restaurant used to stand, Alice's is decorated in what might best be described as formula funk—Tiffany lamps, hanging potted plants, and antiques, with a wooded, high-beamed ceiling overhead. As familiar as this design recipe has become, the spectacular ocean view—three sides of the restaurant are framed by large picture windows—renders it something quite special here.

Our Sunday brunch was very good indeed, with a few enlightened touches to distinguish it from other similar attempts at the Marina restaurants. The proceedings got under way with a large basket of fresh fruit (some of which was not quite ripe, but no matter: the idea is a splendid one), followed by a tall glass of orange juice and a not-so-tall glass of a bubbly, brisk champagne. (Alas, the restaurant's generosity does not extend to free refills on the latter.) The main course consisted of a mammoth omelette and a large helping of crisp, home-fried potatoes, heavily seasoned. Patrons are asked to choose three ingredients for their omelettes from a short list; we found that the mushrooms, cheese, and green pepper combined extraordinarily well. Bread (a slightly dry, whole-grained variety) and coffee or tea are included as well. At \$3.50 this brunch is slightly more expensive than those offered down the coast in the Marina; but the extra-large portions and the general ambience—a marked improvement over the straight-laced, up-tight atmosphere endemic to the Marina—make the extra money hardly seem excessive. ●



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## VARIETY OR VARIETALS?

### THE SMALL WINES OF BORDEAUX

BY GASTON PINARD

It is a good thing that the wines of California are receiving, today, the attention and the respect (one almost wants to say "the adulation") that they do, in most cases, quite richly deserve. I think it is less good, however, that many minor, but oft-interesting, wines of other countries are avoided by a lot of American wine-drinkers. This is especially true in California itself, where there are both fine wines and educated (or self-educating) wine-drinkers in large numbers.

For the wine-drinker who can afford to spend, occasionally at least, \$3-\$5 for a bottle of nice red wine, there are innumerable choices available. Many Californians, though, when confronted with such a wine-buying opportunity, will automatically purchase a California cabernet sauvignon or pinot noir, either from a large, well-known winery like Charles Krug or Beaulieu or Louis Martini, or from a smaller, more "exotic" producer like Joseph Heitz, Spring Mountain, Freemark Abbey, or (though this would be much more expensive) Martin Ray. This is fine. All of these winemakers, and a legion of others, produce excellent wines, at least some of which must be said to have a true potential for greatness. But, for several reasons, I would suggest that these wines are not *always* the best choices, especially for relatively inexperienced wine-drinkers who are trying to learn as much as they can about the marvelous mysteries of wine.

I trust I will not be accused of chau-

*Gaston Pinard is the author of Le Vin, la vanité et la vantardise, and is the editor of the Guide Pinard.*



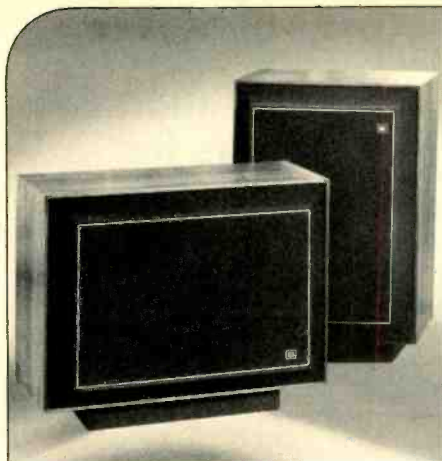
vinism if I suggest that the wines of France, and, in particular, the minor red wines of Bordeaux, ought to be considered—at least occasionally—as viable "substitutes" for California's good wines.

For one thing, there is infinitely greater variety in the wines of Bordeaux than in the wines of California. Now, you might say that this is good or that this is bad. What it means is that, if one buys a bottle of a certain varietal wine from a certain California vineyard, one knows that it will be of a certain quality, that it will not be an inherently unsound wine, and that it will at least approximately resemble the same varietal from the same vineyard, but from a different year. Not so with the wines of France, of course. Changes in climate are much more severe, wine-making procedures are not so stringently formalized, and the vines themselves are, in many cases, older, and have more of the intricate assurance of age, at least some of which is passed on to the grapes they bear and to the wine made from those grapes.

The point is that you will be assured, in almost every case, of having a "good" bottle if you drink always the wines of California. If you chose, however, to try these small wines of France, you may find good bottles that are very good indeed, or bottles that are virtually undrinkable, and certainly everything in between. But you will also, in the course of drinking these French wines, encounter a far wider range of wine-drinking experiences, and, if you have the beginnings of a trained palate or even simply the desire and the will to try to learn a little bit about the incredibly wide subject you are flirting with

every time you taste this miraculous yield of the grape, then you will be able to learn a good deal more this way, I think, than by drinking, over the months, a fairly predictable and standardized selection of California premium wines.

There is another point, especially true of cabernets. The cabernet sauvignon grape (which is, of course, the principle quality wine grape of the Bordeaux region), produces, in general, a very slow-maturing wine. (This is why great Bordeaux—and perhaps even good California cabernets—can live a century or more under certain circumstances.) The apprentice oenophile who buys, in 1972, a bottle of the Beaulieu Vineyards cabernet sauvignon 1969, for instance, in order to drink it the same night with his filet mignon, may not be choosing wisely. This wine will be 100 per cent cabernet, and will taste of acids and mouth-puckering tannin, because it has not, through “bottle age,” undergone hardly any of the chemical changes to which it will be subject—changes that will transform it from a sharp, aggressive substance into a gentle but well-defined liquid of (hopefully) great elegance. In other words, it may be a great wine one day, but it is not one now. Or, if it is, one would have to be a seriously-trained, highly-experienced professional wine-taster in order to distinguish its marks of greatness amidst the distractions of acid and tannin. This fact of under-aged cabernets tasting sometimes unpleasant is also the explanation, by the way, for those misleading “tests” sometimes written of in various publications (Robert Lawrence Balzer had one in his privately-published wine newsletter), wherein a good, non-vintage cabernet like Christian Brothers (which is a blend of wines of different ages and even of non-cabernet grapes) is rated by some panel or other as being “better” than some more highly priced, “prestige” cabernet (Martin Ray is a favorite target in cases like this). This sort of comparison is basically nonsensical. All that it can prove is that one wine is more immediately drinkable (*because it has been skillfully blended to be so*) than another. Store one of Mr. Ray’s wines in a proper cellar for 20 years and do the same with one of Brother Timothy’s; then we’ll see which was ultimately the finer cabernet. Not that Ray’s will necessarily be the one: it is simply that only *then* will a real comparative judgment of the merits of both cabernets be clear and plain to most non-professional wine-drinkers.



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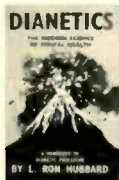
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It is rare, on the other hand, for a minor French Bordeaux (or any at all, for that matter) to use 100 percent cabernet grapes. It may also contain the closely-related cabernet franc grape (which is, incidentally, the source of almost all of the "cabernet" wines made in Italy and the Balkans), the merlot, the malbec, or even minorities like the gros or petit verdot of the temperamental carmenère. Most of these other varieties, particularly the merlot and the malbec, are much faster to mature. They soften the wine, make it more accessible at an earlier date, add new complexities (and new simplicities) to it.

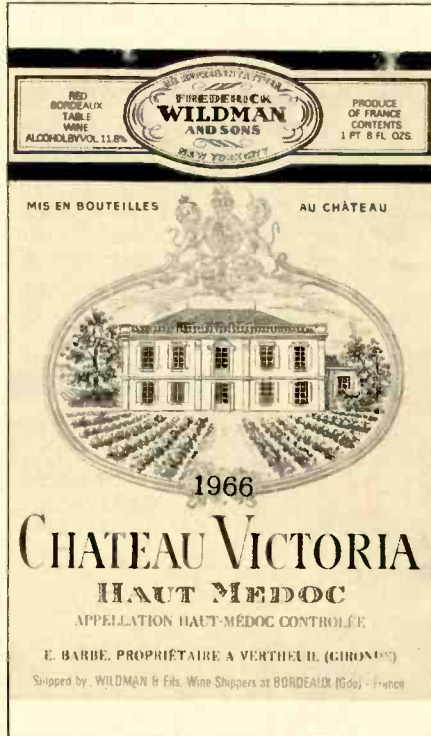
To indicate superficially a few of the experiences these minor Bordeaux might offer, I have compiled a brief random list, based on a series of informal tastings over the past three or four months, of a number of diverse wines purchased from several different Los Angeles retail sources. By "minor Bordeaux" I mean principally the lesser châteaux, *cru bourgeois* and otherwise, and some better ones in poor years. But my main criterion was simply one of price; all wines listed below cost between \$2 and \$4—a price range on the low side of current California pinot noir and cabernet sauvignon prices.

All of these wines sat in my cellar from one to three weeks—hardly enough time to accrue any bottle age but enough time, at least, for them to settle down a bit after their trip home. None of these wines was aerated, allowed to "breathe." This is not because I do not believe in the practice, but because I realize that most people cannot be bothered, with these lesser wines at least, to take the necessary time, because the optimum aeration time can vary widely from wine to wine and must often be determined by a trial-and-error method, and because it seemed fairer to taste each with no special preparation. Finally, I cannot guarantee that these wines are still available at the same (or any) retail outlets, or that the prices are the same.

Perhaps a brief glossary would be helpful: the term "nose" is an inexact one, since it is used to mean either the aroma—which is the scent of the grape in the wine—or the bouquet—which is the resulting fragrance of the wine itself, from its time in the bottle. Nevertheless, I stubbornly cling to the term "nose," especially in writing of young or minor wines. A "*cru*" is, in Bordeaux, a vineyard. These have been rated at several different times. Any elementary wine book will explain the system; suffice it

## "A good California cabernet might not always be the wisest choice"

to say that a "*grand cru*" is better than a *cru bourgeois*." And when I use the term "cabernet," I am referring to cabernet sauvignon, unless otherwise specified.



**Château Saint Bonnet 1961.** (*Cru bourgeois*, estate-bottled.) \$3.95, Chalet Gourmet. From the St.-Christoly-de-Médoc commune in the Bas-Médoc, this wine seems to me to have a very small cabernet content indeed, and certainly none of it is discernible in the nose. It has a slightly metallic taste. Don't let the fashionableness of its vintage year mislead you into thinking it is something very fine; on the other hand it is certainly drinkable.

**Château Victoria 1966.** (Estate-bottled.) \$2.99, Greenblatt's. Again, little evidence of cabernet (though surely some is there). It has a somewhat dull color and is a little bland.

**Château Patache d'Aux 1967.** (*Cru grand bourgeois*, estate-bottled.) \$2.99 Greenblatt's. Another from the Bas-Médoc, this time from Bégadan, the Patache d'Aux is generally considered to be among the better *crus bourgeois* from the region. It has a good, rich color, and a respectable, though not overwhelming, nose. I rather liked it, though I must say

it had a vaguely dusty taste.

**Château La Fleur Bécade 1967.** (Estate-bottled.) \$2.99, Greenblatt's. I particularly liked this warm, friendly wine, which comes from a property co-owned by an American, Hank Rubin, the proprietor of the Pot Luck Restaurant in Berkeley. Again, there is not an overwhelming presence of cabernet. The color is healthy, the nose is reassuringly full, the wine is soft on the palate. (In general, the 1967's are smaller wines than, say, the 1966's, but they are maturing much faster, and are much softer.)

**Château La Haute Gravière 1967.** (Estate-bottled.) \$2.25, Park Plaza Liquors. Not to be confused with the far superior Chateau Malartic-Lagravière, this red Graves has a slightly chalky taste, but is otherwise bland and without any particularly interesting characteristics. Beneath the chateau name on the label is written "cabernet sauvignon," but it is certainly nothing approaching a 100 percent varietal. (Ironically, some French wine shippers are now labelling certain minor wines with California-style varietal names, precisely because—as I have indicated above—so much of the American wine-buying public is oriented towards—and only towards—the better wines of California.)

**Château La Tour Puyblanquet 1967.** \$2.49, May Company (Fairfax and Wilshire). This is a thin, unimpressive wine, with a strange, slightly sweet cast to it.

**Château Beaumont 1967.** \$2.69, Safeway (Sunset and La Brea). I would call this a good buy. It has a nice color, almost like a Beaujolais, and is very fresh and fruity. However, it also has rather a lot of acidity.

**Château Haut-Batailley 1965.** (*Cinquième cru*, estate-bottled.) \$2.99, Chalet Gourmet. This is an example of a wine that is fairly well-known and that would ordinarily command a larger price. But 1965 was generally a disastrous year in Bordeaux (well, nearly everywhere in France, in fact), so this wine is inexpensive. It is light and pleasant if thin, and has an agreeable berry-like aftertaste.

**Château Pichon-Longueville 1965.** (*Deuxième cru*, estate-bottled.) \$2.99 Chalet Gourmet. This is an even better value than the Haut-Batailley—a finer wine to begin with, and a wine whose selling price in a better year would be even higher. It has a good, determined Pauillac nose. (You may call me crazy, but I have always been reminded, with the Pauillacs, of asparagus . . .) This



wine is bigger than a 1965 should be. It's fairly full and has an intriguing, slightly woody aftertaste.

**Clos Fourtet 1963.** (*Premier grand cru*, estate-bottled.) \$2.49, Chalet Gourmet. From a truly fine chateau and from a truly abominable vintage year, this is simply a very *small* wine. There is, however, a rather pleasant bite to it, and as a light, unimportant wine (perhaps a good luncheon wine) it is certainly drinkable. It might even be chilled and served as a rosé, whose color it nearly resembles.

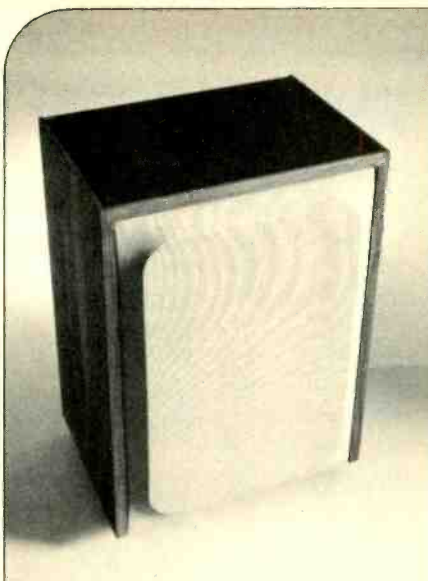
**Château La Rose Garamey 1966.** (Estate-bottled.) \$3.38, Bagatelle. If I am not mistaken, I used to enjoy this light but distinctive wine (though in an earlier vintage, of course) at La Potinière du Soir in New York City. It has a deep ruby color (almost like a Chianti)—a very pretty wine to look at—and a pleasant dryness to the taste.

**Château de Malleret 1966.** (*Cru bourgeois supérieur*.) \$2.99 Vendome. This is a shallow wine, but a very easily drinkable one. It has a rather dull finish, and is fairly smooth. I suspect there's rather a lot of cabernet franc in it: I always associate that grape with the sort of "cardboard" taste I find a bit of here.

**Château Troplong-Mondot 1967.** (*Grand cru*, estate-bottled.) \$3.29, Vendome. Disappointingly thin and bland, this is a red Bordeaux for people who do not like red Bordeaux. It has a lacklustre color, little nose at all, and a simple, guileless taste.

**Château Ducru-Beaucaillou 1968.** (*Grand cru*, estate-bottled.) \$3.49, Vendome. I like this wine very much. It is certainly not great, but I do not think I would be out of place to say that, even at this young age, it is a lovely, distinguished, *deep* wine. There is definitely a lot of cabernet here, but its forceful elegance is somehow tempered by the other grapes, whatever they are. I would choose this wine, at \$3.49, over most of the 1968 and 1969 California cabernets in the \$4-\$6 price range, easily and happily.

So, then. Meaning no disrespect at all for the wonderful wines of California—which I think I shall be writing about in these pages in the near future—I think it might be a good idea for the interested *amateur* of wine to address himself occasionally to these minor Bordeaux wines. I do not mean the above selection as a guide; I have just attempted to show, informally, how great a range of wine-drinking sensations and experiences may be drawn from even a random sampling of these wines. I trust I have succeeded, at least in part. ●



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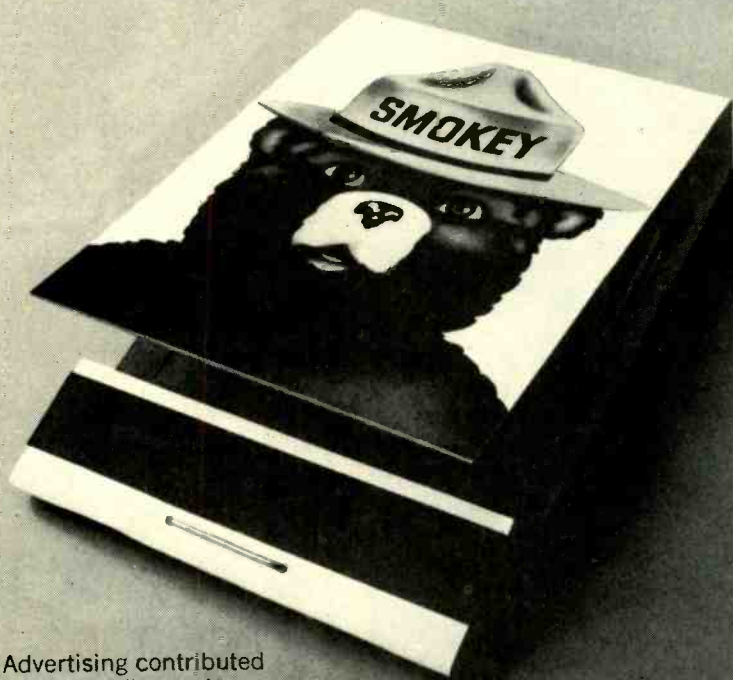
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# FM STATION INFORMATION

Freq.	Station	Watts	Type Program	Hours	Address	Phone
88.1	KLON	10,000	Jazz		1305 E. Pacific Coast Hwy. Long Beach 90806	885-3090
88.5	KEDC	3,000	Classical, Rock Public Affairs	M-Sa, 10 am to 12 Mid	18111 Nordhoff, Northridge	
88.7	KSPC	3,000	Classical, folk, acid rock	7-3 Weekdays; 24 Hrs Weekends	Pomona College, Claremont, 91711	(714) 626-KSPC
88.9	KXLU	3,000	Classical	Daily 5 pm-Mid;	Loyola Univ., Westchester	670-1043
89.1	KUOR	700		M-F, 6 pm-Mid	Univ. of Redlands, Redlands	793-2121
89.3*	KPCS	4,000	Classical, folk & Country West	M-F, 9 am-10 pm	1570 E. Colorado, Pasadena, 91106	795-6961
†89.5*	KPBS	2,000	Classical, folk & Contemp. issues	Daily, 6 am-Mid	5164 College, San Diego, 92115	(714) 286-6431
89.7	KLLU	1,700		F & Su, 3-10 pm; Sa, 6 am-10 pm	11735 Campus Drive, La Sierra	
89.9	KCRW	1,400		M-F, 10 am-Mid	1815 Pearl St., Santa Monica	392-4924
90 *	KLLU	1,400	Classical, Middle of the Road & commentary	Su-F, noon to 10 pm; Sa, 8 am- 7:30 pm	Loma Linda University Riverside, 92505	(714) 785-2288
90.7	KPFF	110,000	Classical, variety & commentary	Su-Th 24hr	3729 Cahuenga Blvd., North Hollywood	877-2711
91.5	KUSC	30,000	Classical, rock, folk, contemp.	F-Sa, 8 am-2 am 24 Hours	University Park, Los Angeles, 10007	746-7808
91.9*	KVCR	4,900	Classical, folk, rock, jazz, etc	M-F, 9 am-Mid; Sa, 8 am-Mid; Su, 10 am-11 pm	701 So. Mt. Vernon, San Bernardino, 92403	(714) 855-0234
92.1	KOWN	3,000		Daily, 6 am-Mid	1217 Valley, Escondido	(714) 745-8511
92.3	KFAC	6,400	Classical	24 Hours	5733 Wilshire, L.A., 92504	938-0161
†92.7	KACE	3,200	Rock, Middle of the Road music	24 Hours	7351 Lincoln, Riverside, 92504	(714) 688-1570
92.7*	KNUJ	3,000	Middle of the Road	Daily, 6 am-Mid	1776 Moorpark, Thousand Oaks	(805) 495-2124
93.1	KNX	67,000	Contemporary	Daily, 6 am-2 am	6121 Sunset, Hollywood	469-1212
93.3*	KECR	2,000	Religious	24 Hours	312 W. Douglas, El Cajon 92020	442-4414
93.5*	KKOP	3,000	Middle of the Road	24 Hours	1617 S. Pacific Coast Highway, Redondo Beach, 90277	373-6363
†93.5	KSOM	3,000		24 Hours	8729 E. 9th, Cucamonga	(714) 982-8888
†93.7*	KDB	5,000	Middle of the Road & variety	Daily, 6 am-Mid	Mar Monte Hotel, Santa Barbara, 93103	966-4131
†93.9*	KPOL	50,000	"Good Music"	24 Hrs (Su-Mid)	5700 Sunset, Hollywood, 90028	466-4123
†94.1*	KFSD	100,000	Classical, contemp.	M-F, 6:30 am-2 am Sa, 7 am-2 am Su, 8 am-12 pm	Box 628, San Diego, 92112	(714) 262-2421
94.3*	KORJ	3,000	Middle of the Road	24 Hours	1 City Blvd., West, Orange	(714) 997-0700
94.3	KVFM	2,000	Middle of the Road	M-F, 8:30-Mid; Sa, 8:20-2 am; Su, 7 am-Mid	8155 Van Nuys Blvd., Panorama City, 91402	787-6000
94.7	KMET	58,000	Progressive Rock	24 Hours	5828 Wilshire Blvd., Los Angeles, 90036	937-0117
94.9*	KLRO	74,000	Religious	24 Hours	233 A St., San Diego, 92101	(714) 239-1217
95.1	KBBY	28,000	Progressive Rock	24 Hours	P.O. Box 5151, Ventura 93003	642-3239
95.5*	KLOS	74,000	Progressive Rock	24 Hrs (Su-Mid)	3321 La Cienega, L.A., 90016	663-3311
95.9*	KARL	3,000	Middle of the Road	Daily, 6 am-Mid	527 Elm, Carlsbad, 92008	(714) 729-7955
95.9	KEZR	3,000	Oldies	24 Hours (Mid)	1190 E. Ball Rd., Anaheim	(714) 776-FM96
†96.3	KFSG	54,000		24 Hours	1100 Glendale, L.A.	484-1100
96.5	KYXY		"Better Music"		1414 8th Avenue San Diego 92101	(714) 235-6595
96.7	KWIZ	3,000		24 Hours	3101 W. 5th, Santa Ana	(714) 839-4444
97.1	KGBS	58,000	Middle of the Road	24 Hours	338 S. Western, L.A.	388-2345
97.3*	KSEA	39,000	Current Hits	24 Hrs (Su-Mid)	3245 4th, San Diego, 92103	(714) 296-0973
97.5	KDUO	72,000	Lush Familiar	24 Hours	666 Fairway Drive, San Bernardino	(714) 684-6080
97.5	KTMS	18,000	Contemporary	Daily, 6 am-Mid	Drawer N N, Santa Barbara	963-1976
97.9*	KNOB	79,000	Easy Listening	24 Hours	1700 S. Harbor, Anaheim	(714) 772-1270
98.1*	KDIG	18,500	Middle of the Road	24 Hours	7946 Ivanhoe, La Jolla, 92037	459-4107
†98.3*	KBOJ	810	Good variety	Daily, 6 am-Mid	751 Echelon, Industry City	330-5212
98.7*	KJOI	75,000	"Beautiful music"	24 Hours	2555 Briarcrest Road, Beverly Hills, 90210	278-5990
99.1	KBBL	25,000		5:30 am-Mid	4324 Lime, Riverside	(714) 686-8991
99.5	KHOF	100,000		24 Hours	1615 Glendale, Glendale	245-7575
99.9*	KOLA	31,000	"Pop Sounds"	24 Hours	3622 Main, Riverside, 92501	(714) 684-9992
†99.9*	KGUD	34,000	Modern Country	Daily, 6 am-Mid	1216 State, Santa Barbara	(805) 963-2601
100.3	KFOX	58,000	Duplicate AM Program	24 Hours	666 E. Ocean, Long Beach	775-2367
100.7	KFMB	18,500		Daily, 6 am-Mid	1402 5th Ave., San Diego	(714) 232-2114
†100.7*	KVEN	38,000	Semi-classical & Middle of the Road	Daily, 6 am-Mid	3897 Market, Ventura, 93001	(805) 642-8595
101.1*	KHJ	60,000	Solid Gold Rock and Roll	24 Hours	5901 Venice Blvd., Los Angeles, 90034	937-5230
101.5	KBKB	74,000	Solid Gold Rock	24 Hours	4141 Pacific, San Diego	(714) 297-2201
101.9	KUTE	640		24 Hours	Occidental Center, 30th Floor, Los Angeles	749-1441
102.1	KUDE	50,000		Daily, 6 am-Mid	2950 Oceanside, Oceanside	(714) 757-1320
102.3	KJLH	3,000		24 Hours	3875 Crenshaw, L.A.	299-2992
102.7	KKDJ	8,000	Top 40	6 am-7 pm	Sunset Vine Tower Los Angeles, 90028	466-8381
102.9	KPSE				707 Broadway, San Diego	(714) 233-7551
103.1*	KOCM	2,000	Good Music & Variety	24 Hours	57 Fashion Island, Newport Center, Newport Beach, 92660	644-2727
103.1*	KSRF	2,000	Contemp., variety	24 Hours	1700 Ocean, Santa Monica	870-6181
103.3*	KRUZ	105,000	Classical & Middle of the Road	24 Hours	Hotel Carrillo, Carrillo & Chapala Sts., Santa Barbara	(805) 963-1831
103.5*	KOST	125,000	"Easy Listening"	24 Hours	5670 Wilshire, L.A., 90036	937-1035
103.7*	KOZN	72,000	"Real Country"	24 Hours	Box 3146, San Diego, 92103	(714) 232-2181
103.9	KTYM	3,000	All Jazz	24 Hours (Su, 9 pm)	6803 West Blvd., Inglewood	678-3731
104.3	KXTZ	106,000	Pretty Music	24 Hours	7755 Sunset, Hollywood	874-7700
104.7	KPMJ	10,000	Middle of the Road	Daily, 6-Mid	1280 Oxnard, Oxnard 93030	(805) 483-2303
105.1*	KBCA	18,000	Jazz & Blues	24 Hours	6380 Wilshire, L.A., 90048	653-3940
105.3*	KITT	158,000	Middle of the Road	Daily, 6 am-Mid	U. S. Grant Hotel, San Diego	(714) 232-0144
105.5*	KNAC	3,000	Progressive Rock	24 Hours	850 E. Ocean, Long Beach	(714) 437-0366
105.9	KWST	72,000		24 Hours	8833 W. Sunset, L.A.	657-6130
106.3	KYMS	3,000	Contemporary	24 Hours	1601 N. Bristol, Santa Ana	547-1063
106.5	KPRI	25,000		24 Hours	645 Ash, San Diego	(714) 239-1380
106.7	KPPC	22,500		24 Hours	99 S. Chester, Pasadena	681-0447
107.1	KMAX	6,000		M-F, 6 am-11 pm	37 W. Huntington, Arcadia	446-2030
107.5	KPSA	35,000	"Romantic"	24 Hours	7919 Sunset, L.A., 90021	874-5772

† Duplicating AM signal

\* Frequent News Broadcasts



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## BILL DRAKE

HOME: Bel Air, California

AGE: 33

PROFESSION: Designs the format for pop music programs on radio stations around the country.

HOBBIES: Pool. Monitoring his radio stations.

LAST BOOK READ: "The Godfather."

LAST ACCOMPLISHMENT: Created "Solid Gold Rock and Roll" and "Hit Parade 71," two of the most successful musical formats on radio today.

QUOTE: "You can't dismiss the rock groups as 'far out'. The fact that their music succeeds, suggests that their ideas are widely circulated and probably accepted by a lot of people. I think more attention should be paid to them. Listening might give everybody a better idea about what's on young people's minds."

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SCOTCH: Dewar's "White Label"



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