

NOTE: In order to prepare for a special text issue the Reader will not publish next Thursday. The next issue will be out Thursday, April 26.

READER

April 19, 1973

SAN DIEGO'S FREE WEEKLY

PROMO MAN

A huge metal jug filled with Ripple Pagan Pink wine, was provided by RCA to loosen the lips and pens of the press corps.

When the public rejects a frustrated singer, comedian or disc jockey, he can either flee from the cold hearted cynics, or try to edge his way in the back door of the sacred entertainment industry. If he decides to stay in show biz, he may try to become a pusher. Not of illicit products, but of marketable human talent. He can become a promotional man.

A promo man must be constantly turned on to people, able to carry on a nonstop rap, and able to keep track of whom to know, and why. One type of promo man serves as a link between the contract holder and the record company executives. It is easy to find a promo man if he is hosting a local promo party to introduce his musical product to the media.

One such party was held on a Friday evening in the Presidential Suite of Cal State San Diego's Aztec Center. The purpose was to present a new RCA country singer named B.W. Stevenson, who was performing that evening at the campus coffee house, the Backdoor.

A young group of about forty people, mostly representing the underground press, gathered into the small, paneled suite to look at the goods. The majority of men wore Levi jeans and jackets, and mingled with a small group of women, many dressed in thrift shop finery. A huge metal jug filled with Ripple Pagan Pink wine was provided by RCA to loosen the lips and pens of the press corps.

"Hello there! I'm Don Latimore from RCA," a man in a red valour jacket, and slacks of a different shade of red, reached for hands to shake. His pink shirt, flopped with white flowers was partly unbuttoned, revealing a pale, hairy chest.

"Now, where are you from? The Don? Union?" He asked around, shaking hands, patting arms, and busily jotted down names in a red leather notebook. "I like to keep track of everyone I meet." Don smiled, pushed his goggle-shaped glasses back on his nose and slithered off. "Make yourselves comfortable."

Don had welcomed faces, recorded names and shook hands of a group of six, in less than three minutes. He had the promo man procedure down to an art.

"Ah, these guys are all alike," whispered a woman with long, rippling hair, who was representing the *Door*. "They're always hater and buzzing around like nuts." She moved off toward the wine jug.

The guests rotated from the wine jug to the small circles of people, apparently unconcerned with locating the honoree, Mr. Stevenson. Armed with heavy paper plates, the group soon moved toward a long buffet table. A collection of food, resembling the plastic samples found in department store refrigerators, waited for the siege.

The first dish in line was a tureen full of pungent meatballs floating in a curried white sauce. Next, a mound of yellowish potato salad shopped like a huge gunnison, and a pile of greenish gray coleslaw waited to be consumed. The only harmless, appearing temptations were slabs of ham drifting in a yellow glaze, and long loaves of white bread.

Perhaps the menu planner believed that after a few cups of Pagan Pink wine, the press corps' taste buds would be sufficiently numbed.

"Help yourself folks!" Don rushed around, leading people over to the table. "I always like to have a nice meal before a good show!" He refilled the plastic wine cups and passed them to outstretched hands. Looking like he was in his late thirties, he clung to his youth by dressing and speaking like a young stud. Within a half hour, the table was empty and the room filled with sounds of munching.

At last, a writer from the *Daily Free* continued to ask about Mr. Stevenson. "Oh, he's been here all the time!" Don announced.

Seconds later, a small man with a cherubic face was literally led over by Don. Don announced, "Sit down everyone!" He commanded. "May I present B.W. Stevenson." He settled the nervous company product between two reporters and organized four others in a neat circle around them. "Go to it, but we just have a few minutes before B.W. has to leave." Mr. Promo slipped away to shake more hands.

B.W. (the initials stand for Buck Wheat) smoked nervously, and pulled on his straggly beard. His shoulder length hair was tied back.

He wore a brown felt hat that behind his round face seem smaller than it was. B.W. looked more like a little boy dressed in a cowboy outfit, than a rising country music star.

Unfortunately, speakers hanging from the ceiling were blasting Elton John music, making B.W.'s replies to questions barely audible. By straining the ears, one could glean

—Jane Weisman—



that he was from Dallas, Texas, had attended music school as a voice major, and then hit the road to become the proverbial wandering minstrel. He had signed with RCA records in New York.

Don was on tour to promote his second album, *Lead Free*. "My real name is Louis James Stevenson the Third," He smiled shyly. "I guess you can see why my friends started calling me Buck Wheat." He had a great Texas accent.

The gentle singer seemed petrified by the hoard of media people gathered in his honor. He glanced around the room and waved at a short, wiry man in a cowboy shirt and jeans. "That's my manager," but, before his manager could rescue him, Don was at B.W.'s side, grabbing his elbow and offering farewells.

"B.W. has to go back to the hotel to change clothes and rest a bit," Don explained. The shy Texas singer waved goodbye as he was guided out between his smiling manager, and his grinning promo man.

"Poor guy," remarked a photographer, as the singer disappeared.

Barbara, the tall, tan, manager of the Backdoor, welcomed the writers and stamped everyone's wrist with a pair of red ink lips.

"RCA is picking up the tab, so just give your name to the women behind the counter when you order anything." She smiled and moved on to the next group of tipsy media people. The guests filed past the general public and entered the club.

The Backdoor is a large, drafty basement under the bowling center. The din of the pins and rumbering bowling balls filtered into the entertainment area throughout the

evening. Despite the noise, drafts, and still wooden chairs, the Backdoor proved to be an enjoyable place to listen to music.

"Did you pick up something to drink?" Don hovered over the front ro tables. His stylishly long hair was plastered to his face with sweat. He patted shoulders and pointed an index finger at each person's face.

"Linda...no, Judy...no, wait I'll get it. Denise!" He beamed with pride at his propensity for remembering names.

After a set of love-lorn songs sung by a local singing man, a hassle with buzzing mikes, and uncooperative monitors, B.W. and an amp arrived.

Don rushed from the stage, to the light booth, and back again.

"Oh, you're looking good my man," he patted B.W. on the shoulder. The only changes the singer had made back at the hotel, were to change his t-shirt and let down his hair.

Even if the shy Texan couldn't carry on a conversation, he communicated beautifully with his music. He enchanted the audience with his homespun patter, and easy on the mind music. The audience forgot the stiff chairs, and cold concrete floor when B.W. Stevenson sang of life in small Texas towns, the women he's loved, and hard times on the road.

Don the promo man became a water boy, running paper cups of water to the men on stage. B.W. played his music with a fine baritone voice and a subtle bass man.

During the set, Don paced between the refreshment stand and the light booth, chewing on his right index finger. At the break, he leaned against a concrete pole to anchor himself for a few minutes.

"I like it when things run smoothly," he smiled. "My whole job is to see that things run well, and people have a good time."

He rubbed time lip balm on his dry lips and offered it around. His eyes were shining behind his huge glasses.

"Are you having a good time?" he leered close, smelling like a sweet luscious. "You are, Nancy, no, Ellen...no, wait a second. Sally from the *Aztec*!" he guessed gleefully.

He hurried away to confer with the Backdoor's manager and returned to the wall. He applied more lip gloss.

"I used to be a disc jockey, and then I was a comic in a night

club... Don Harris, from Paris, Kentucky, that is!" He mimicked a disc jockey style voice.

"I would introduce the stripper that followed my act." And now the luscious, lovable, Gigi La Rue, direct from Paris...Kentucky!" Damn, she hated when I'd say Kentucky!" He watched the empty stage as he spoke.

The audience crowded around the refreshment counter and moved towards the exit for fresh air.

"I think they love B.W.," Don smiled. "Oh, what was I saying? I was telling you about my life in the Blue Heaven in Paris...but screw that." B.W.'s manager called to him and he ran over.

As he spoke he rubbed his palms on the sides of his red velour slacks, leaving dark wet marks. He was a man in perpetual motion, chewing his finger, rubbing his sides, twisting his rings around his fingers.

"Forgive the interruptions!" He returned and rubbed sawdust from an ugly brown meg. "Sometimes I can't believe how lucky I am to have a job like this. I'm making tons of money, have a limousine, and go to the front of the line wherever I go." Don smiled with pride. "Who's a life. You know, last week I was with Red Stewart in Arizona? I cover most of the southwest."

B.W. and his boys were heading for the stage. Don reached them with a cloudy expression. His limo was outside, his plane tickets inside his red velour coat, but he frowned. He seemed to deflate like a poorly knotted helium balloon.

As the house lights dimmed, his face looked old and wrinkled. He rubbed more lime stick on his lips.

"I almost got fired last week. Someone told my boss I was loaded out of my head in Las Vegas, the goddam liar!" He reached in his pocket for the red notebook and flipped through the pages without looking. That book was precious to him. In it was who to know, what they knew, and why they could help Don Latimore.

B.W. had a few chords. The microphones still buzzed. The room was dark, except for a blue spotlight focused on the minstrel from Dallas.

"Well, wouldn't you like to be a star!" Don demanded defensively. His confession was surprising, the words sharp in the quiet room.

"All the adoration, the attention... you just stand on a stage, and people cry out for you, crying out to watch you."

Events

Actor's Quarter	480 Elm	234-9325
California State Univ.	San Diego	286-5024
Cassius Carter Theatre	Balboa Park	239-2255
City College Theatre	1665 & 26th	239-7654
Community Concourse	3rd & B Sts.	236-6510
Coronado Playhouse	Silver Strand, Coronado	435-4856
Cypress Cove Theatre	3785 Ocean Front Walk	486-8021
Fine Arts Gallery	2143 1/2 Ave.	232-7931
Folk Arts	6079 24th	549-3300
Jewish Community Center	7917 Grand Ave.	459-3001
La Jolla Art Assn.	700 Prospect St.	454-0183
La Jolla Museum	3960 Mason, Old Town	295-6453
Mission Playhouse	Balboa Park	239-2255
Palomar College Theatre	Palomar College	744-1150
Pais Playhouse	373 Hale Ave., Escondido	746-6669
San Diego Art Institute	Balboa Park	234-5946
San Diego Public Library	670 E Street	236-2600
Sports Arena	3500 Sports Arena Blvd.	224-4171
Timken Art Gallery	Balboa Park	239-5548
USU	La Jolla	452-2000
USU Conservatory	350 Cedar Street	239-0331
Valley Music Theatre	1340 Broadway, El Cajon	442-0473

MUSIC SHOWS

LOS FLEMENCOS. Montgomery High School. 2470 Civic, Thursday, April 12, 8:00 P.M.

SAN DIEGO SYMPHONY. Civic Theatre, Community Concourse, Thursday, April 12 and Friday, April 13, 8:00 P.M.

COMMANDER CODY AND HIS LOST PLANET AIRMEN. UCSD Gym, Friday, April 12, 8:30 P.M.

ELECTRONIC MUSIC. UCSD Matthews Campus Recital Hall, Friday, April 13, 8:30 P.M.

MAC, DAVIS AND HELEN REDDY. Golden Hall, Community Concourse, Friday, April 13, 8:30 P.M.

SAM CHATMAN AND THE NORMAL HEIGHTS LOUNGE LIZARDS. Folk Arts, 7-day, and Saturday, April 13 and 14, 8:00 P.M.

BALLET USU. La Jolla Museum of Contemporary Art, Saturday, April 14, 8:00 P.M. Matinee at 2:30 P.M.

BARBERSHOP QUARTET SOCIETY. presents *Humor and Harmony*, Pershing Junior High School Auditorium, 8204 San Carlos Drive, Saturday, April 14, 8:00 P.M.

DEEP PURPLE FLEETWOOD MAC. RODRY GALLAGHER, Sports Arena, Saturday, April 14, 7:30 P.M.

JAZZ FESTIVAL. Southwestern College Gymnasium, Saturday, April 14, 7:00 P.M.

LOS ANGELES PHILHARMONIC. Civic Theatre, Community Concourse, Saturday, April 14, 8:00 P.M.

ORGANIST MILDRED ALEXANDER. Southern Music Center, 3450 Imperial Ave., Lemon Grove, Saturday, April 14, 8:00 P.M.

LA JOLLA CIVIC UNIVERSITY ORCHESTRA COFFEE CONCERT. The Bishop School, 7607 La Jolla Blvd., Sunday, April 15, 8:00 P.M. (for information call 454-0268).

VIOLIN AND PIANO RECITAL. Jim Stark and Howard Wells, UCSD, 409 Matthews Campus, Tuesday, April 17, 8:30 P.M.

FRIENDS, FRIENDS & PINWOOD CREEK ROCKERS at the Palace, 4022 Pacific Highway, April 12, 13, and 18 respectively.

STUDENT TALENT SHOW. UCSD 3785 Ocean Front, Saturday, April 14, 8:30 P.M.

CHEECH AND CHONG plus Melend, Horseleathers, Belmont's KSEA, Free Clinic Benefit, Mission Park, Los Angeles, Wednesday, April 18, 8:30 P.M. to midnight, 97% in advance, \$2 ticket, all door includes all rides, tickets available at Warehouse Records and Free Clinics. Proceeds go to Free Clinics.

SPORTS

BASEBALL: Padres vs. Atlanta, San Diego Stadium, Thursday, April 12, 7:30 P.M.

BASEBALL: Padres vs. Houston, San Diego Stadium, Friday, April 13, 7:30 P.M.

BASEBALL: Padres vs. Houston, San Diego Stadium, Saturday, April 14, 6:00 P.M.

BASEBALL: Padres vs. Cincinnati, San Diego Stadium, Monday, April 16, 7:30 P.M.

BASEBALL: Padres vs. Cincinnati, San Diego Stadium, Tuesday, April 17, 7:30 P.M.

BASEBALL: Padres vs. Cincinnati, San Diego Stadium, Wednesday, April 18, 7:30 P.M.

MUSEUMS & GALLERIES

RODIN BRONZES. A small but select survey of bronze sculpture by the French sculptor, August Rodin, Fine Arts Gallery, Balboa Park, through April.

MEDIA SURVEY 1973. An invitation exhibition of works by California artists and craftsmen, Fine Arts Gallery, Balboa Park, Saturday, April 14, through May 12.

BAROQUE PAINTINGS. Fine Arts Gallery, Balboa Park, Saturday, April 14, through May 13.

LIU KUO-SUNG, young contemporary artist of the Fifth Moon Group, Saturday, April 14 through May 27, Fine Arts Gallery, Balboa Park.

THEATRE

KIBBY LINAWEAVER AND SUZI FITZPATRICK, mixed media pieces, San Diego Art Institute, Balboa Park, Saturday, April 14 through May 27, Fine Arts Gallery, Balboa Park.

ANITA STORCK, paintings and drawings, San Diego Public Library, through April 15.

ALLAN MILLER, Paris and Accessories, photographic works, La Jolla Museum of Contemporary Art.

LES LAWRENCE, ceramic sculptures, Boehm Gallery, Palomar College, through April 15.

GRAPHICS AND PAINTINGS, Dorothy Stratton, USD Founders Gallery, through April 15.

THE TURQUOISE SHOP COLLECTION, of Barbara Taylor Roy still life, landscapes and portraits at 955 1/2 Turquoise Street, Pacific Beach.

SURVEY 1973, juried crafts exhibition, Cal State Univ., West Commons Quarter, through April 20, 10:00 A.M. to 4:00 P.M. Free.

INDIAN. Contemporary interpretation of the American Indian, J.C. Wyll, Ori's Gallery, 2202 Fourth Ave., through May 6.

PRE-HISPANIC MEXICAN ART from James Berman Collection will be on exhibit at the Fine Arts Gallery, through May 6.

PHOTOGRAPHS by Lillian Fayman, Harry Crosby, and John Weggeman, La Jolla Museum of Contemporary Art.

PHILIPPINES: takes of Many Cultures, Museum of Man, Balboa Park.

WATERCOLORS of the Holy Land by John Gunning, San Diego Public Library.

THE GLASS MENAGERIE, Carter Center Stage, Balboa Park, April 18 through May 13, Tuesday through Thursday and Sunday at 8:00 P.M., Friday and Saturday at 8:30 P.M.

READER
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old globe theatre



Filipino Food

—H. Phelps Jones—

the elderly cook chuckled as he put a spoon of savory reddish-brown ox blood soup to our lips

far enough apart to discourage cavewalking.

The day we ate lunch there, the four other groups of diners were all Filipino, except for two Navy chiefs, apparently invited by a friend in Navy whites. The guy who was serving the jukaboo replaced a Buck Owens with a Johnny Mathis, but claimed he wasn't responsible for the ten or so Filipino hits. "The restaurant people musta bought 'em themselves."

Though the Chinese side of the menu was tempting (abalone soup for \$1.25), I was determined to try the Filipino dishes. What a decision to make! Five kinds of *panisit*, a tasty noodle dish, sometimes rice noodles, sometimes egg noodles, sometimes both; several kinds of *adobo*, a spicy meat dish made with bay leaves, sometimes pork and sometimes chicken; various kinds of shrimp, lobster, and squid dishes; and *gulay ampalaya* (bitter melon).

I ordered the fried squid (\$1.75) and a bowl of sticky rice (\$1.00). My friend asked for the combination plate (\$2.25). After a very long time ("I'm sorry your order got lost in the kitchen," the waitress with plucked eyebrows apologized), I was so hungry I was ready to wolf the food down. But as the plump girl from the kitchen began setting the steaming plates of adobo and squid down, the sight of squid tentacles sent a chill down my spine. "Well," I forced a look of confidence, "here goes." The squid were salty and very fishy tasting, but the worst thing was looking at a squid dangling on my fork, at what seemed to be his eye, and wondering if it really was his eye.

"What's better, the bodies of the heads?" my friend asked as we traded food. The adobo smelled and tasted rich, and was made with good pork, the panisit noodles had a perfect texture, even better than tasty Japanese ramen, and the lumpia — like an egg roll — had a light crust and some kind of vegetable filling crunchier than bean sprouts.

"Chris" ushered us back into the kitchen and the elderly cook chuckled as he put a spoon of savory reddish-brown ox blood soup to our lips. "This is what we serve the pig intestines in." Chris pulled a bottle of brown liquid off a shelf. "This is what we use for salt *panis* — we use it as a seasoning like you use salt." *Panis*, like the Vietnamese *nuoc mam*, is made from salt and fermented fish.

Most of San Diego's 25,000 Filipinos live in the enclaved Navy communities of National City and Imperial Beach. But Chris claimed there is a large number of Filipinos in the Linda Vista area and that these people, along with Navy men from the Ft. Loma area naval bases, will sustain a restaurant like his.

The waterbed has finally arrived. It's at Natural Environments.

No longer is the waterbed a fad, a trip, or a specialty of the young. Doctors across the country are advocating its use. Hospitals are installing them by the hundred. And experts are predicting that, within a few years, almost everyone will have switched to waterbeds. They just contribute too much to relaxation, a good night's sleep, and general physical well-being to be ignored.

Until now, you may have found it difficult to consider the waterbed a serious piece of furniture. But that's all going to change. Because now San Diego has a serious waterbed dealer — and manufacturer. One that can provide styles to fit any room, any home. Natural Environments is going to put San Diego firmly into the waterbed age.

If you get the idea this is the only store of its kind in San Diego, you're right. What's more, it may be the only store of its kind in the world. Not only is there every style of waterbed imaginable, with frames of teak, rosewood, walnut and ash, hand-carved, upholstered or laminated — there are all the accessories to complete any bedroom's liquid decor.

Original paintings, watercouches, chairs, pillows, bedspreads. Even a waterbed imported from India. And for the Grand Opening, we're displaying the beautiful marine photography of Jerry Effinger. (What could be better, than an underwater photograph above your waterbed?)

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It's easy to discover the difference between our waterbeds and most of the others on the market (We call the others "waterbags.") Just try them out, you'll see. But it's a little more difficult to explain what causes the difference. Basically, it's because we design our liners and frames to totally support the water. This leaves the top surface free of tension, so it can give you the same floating effect as if there was nothing between you and the water. The difference in comfort is incredible. But like we said, the best way to tell, is to try one out. And the best way to try out a waterbed is to come to Natural Environments at 2627 University. Don't let another good night's sleep go by without you.

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Sunday, 12:30 2:00 3:30 5:00 7:30 9:00

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