

## A Single Girl's Guide to Tijuana

—Jacqueline Burn and Margo Woods—

The following article was researched for the benefit of students, tourists, and San Diegans in general. But it is especially dedicated to women who have the masochistic urge to visit Tijuana without a male escort.

Both of us had bar-hopped in T.J. before, but never without one or more strong males in tow. So on this particular excursion we not only rated the tourist bars on Avenida Revolution on their service, drinks, prices, and entertainment, but also on how we were treated as two women-alone.

First of all, always park your car on the United States side of the border. Use the parking lot closest to the border. The closest one may be the most expensive, but you'll thank us for this advice when you are walking back to your car in the eerie silence after nightfall.

Also, females should remember that Mexican border officials are not the silent type. They can match the best in muttering unintelligible multiple-praise.

Single females should take a taxi to and from the border and downtown. Never walk alone across the bridge without a male.

Select a taxi driver that is older and that isn't yelling and peeing at you. The price is usually 75 cents per person or 50 cents per person if there are four or more in your party. Do not take a cab that charges more than that. It is also a good idea to make sure the back doors have handles.

Don't bother to wait for the bus. Those at the border that go to Revolution leave only when they are full. Full means when the doorman won't close.

Have your cab driver let you off somewhere along the tourist section of Revolution. You'll know when you've reached the tourist section. There are signs in English that tell you so.

There is no need to tip your driver. He's overcharged you and he knows it.

Now that you are here you are ready for the bars. Here is how the tourist bars stacked up, starting with our favorites:

**RIO RITA** — has the best drinks for the lowest prices. The margaritas, the house specialty, were the best we had ever tasted. Mixed drinks are 75 cents and beer is 50 cents.

The service is excellent: uniformed, congenial waiters, frosted mugs, free snacks (tortilla chips) and even a receipt.

Decor is deep-sea modern, complete with fishnets and stuffed octopi.

Entertainment consisted of six mariachis who play bad but clean music.

Rio Rita doesn't pretend to be anything but a tourist bar. In fact, "Tourist Bar" appears directly under the "Rio Rita Bar" logo on the all-English cocktail menu printed on a flimsy Christmas card.

Seven out of the eight tables were occupied by Americans. Therefore, Rio Rita is the best place to get an American male escort even if you don't want one.

Three Seattle boys (who have driven down to T.J. many times and have never stopped in Los Angeles) joined us at our table, uninvited. They bought each of us a bouquet of 10 yellow roses, two margaritas apiece, and had one of those u-l-t-r-a-t-o-r-i-c-a-l 5 x 8 black-and-white glossies taken of the five of us in an uncomfortable position. (Never pay over \$2 for a tourist picture.)

The Rio Rita proved our theory that the "We work for Playboy" line is always good for a few free drinks.

Rio Rita also had the least raunchy restrooms of all the ones we had the tenacity to check.

**ALOHA CLUB** — the best bar to go to if you want to dance. But the drinks are the most expensive and very bad.

This was the only bar that asked for identification. You must be eighteen to get in and you must buy at least one drink. Very small, but very strong mixed drinks start at \$1.25. (One particular bartender here did not know what bourbon was.) Beer is \$1 until 5 p.m. After that it is not served.

Bartenders and Bouncers (the only ones we saw in all of T.J.) are dressed in suits and ties. The customers are all well-dressed and most of the crowd when we arrived consisted of locals.

The decor was "mid-sixties-discotheque" style complete with multi-colored flashing strobe lights and black-light posters.

The music was American or English albums played quadrifonically. The acoustics here are excellent. We heard a lot of the American "biggie" bands—Deep Purple, Chicago, Rare Earth, and Bachman-Turner Overdrive.

This bar was packed by 7 p.m. but approaches were very few. Most patrons are here to dance and that's it. We were asked to dance a few times but after we declined, the "hopeful" quietly shuffled away.

No need to worry about uninvited males joining you. The booths are so small that the two of us overflowed into the aisle.

**LA HACIENDA** — This bar, which is on the southern outskirts of the tourist section, is the safest, quietest bar for single girls. This bar is your best bet if you just want a drink and absolutely no action or advances.

You enter it through the restaurant, which is very formal with white-coated waiters, cloth napkins, and candlelight.

The bar is in an adjoining room. It is lush and uncrowded. A fire crackles in the traditional-style adobe fireplace. The lights are soft and so is the American instrumental music playing in the background.

We each had a bottle of Carta Blanca beer, which was the best brand we tasted in Tijuana. (Carta beer seems to be the strongest.) The beer was 75 cents and mixed drinks were \$1. After we were served, we were completely ignored by the bartender and the



affluent-businessman-type patrons. This place was so tame that all of their attention was actually directed toward Shirley Temple who was singing "Animal Crackers in my Soup" in Spanish on the overhead television set.

**THE CAFRI** — This "bar" is a replica of a Denny's, complete with bright lights, big booths and cheeseburgers.

This bar-restaurant is known as a tourist bar but the few patrons were all Mexican. It was exceptionally clean, but the food and drinks are mediocre. Prices are cheap though. Beer starts at 35 cents. All tequila drinks are 65 cents and other mixed drinks are 75 cents. There is no entertainment. The place is as exciting as the Yuma bus depot in the middle of the night.

**THE LONG BAR** — As we left this bar we tried but failed to understand why this bar is the most popular, most talked about bar of the tourist section.

This is a huge high-school-cafeteria size bar decorated like Gunsmoke's Dodge City Saloon.

Locals completely lined the bars but the more than 40 booths and tables were almost unanimously filled with Americans. "Long hairs in the long bar," we heard a local say. The booths are made of very well-worn wood and were completely covered with both "Ramon con Maria" and "Jesus loves you" graffiti.

Beer is good and cheap. A large pitcher is \$1.25 and a large glass is 40 cents. Wine is 50 cents. The mixed drinks are small but strong and are 75 cents. Wine is 50 cents. The mixed drinks are small but strong and are 75 cents each. Anything with scotch is 90 cents. The Mexican band was poor but it succeeded in getting both locals and tourists to sing, hoot and cheer. We were bothered several times by clapping, obnoxious drink Mexicans who

tried everything from sitting in our laps to almost physically forcing us to leave the bar with them. Here we must commend the waiters and bartenders who were all mid-fifties-ish and very paternal. Every time things got a little too heavy for us to handle on our own, they would quietly, but furiously, escort the offenders to the door.

This is a rowdy place which is the best bargain and the most fun if you're with a large group of friends. Avoid it if you're female.

**CHIKI JAI** — We had seen this bar-restaurant from the Jai Alai Palace listed as a tourist bar, but when we walked in every table was filled with Mexicans. We were the only tourists around.

It is too small and stuffy, but the food is good and the drinks passable. Beer is 75 cents and mixed drinks start at \$1.

**GUILLERMO** — It is because of this bar that we commend that unescorted women stay in the tourist section of Revolution. It is located one-half block south of the Jai Alai Palace. It is a combination bar-restaurant. Both the bar and the restaurant are in the same room which is plush, elegant, dimly lit and looks misleading safe.

At approximately 5:45 in the afternoon the place was deserted save for the two of us, the well-dressed bartender and a sleeping drunk.

After gazing at the cocktail menu with the usual beers (75 cents) and mixed drinks (\$1) we brazenly asked for the house specialty, which the bartender called "company."

He seemed pleased and told us we could share one "on the house." "Company" is a mixture of a lot of vermouth, a lot of cognac and very little soda and lemon juice. We each took a sip and our stomachs lurched. It was the worst drink we had ever tasted.

While the bartender watched we took tiny sips, smiled sickly and kept hissing "Your turn!" at each other under our breath.

With horror we noticed the bartender mixing another "Company."

"No thanks," we cried weakly at him.

"Dis para me!" he replied and promptly came around the bar and joined us. While the bartender whispered sweet nothings in our ears, the four drunks attempted their usual flimsy passes at our legs.

This and the bartender's propositions made us resort to the old adage, "My father was supposed to meet us here at 6 (or whatever time it was ten minutes ago), have you seen him?"

"Oh, yes, senorita," one of the locals replied. "He said he would be back in two hours and for you senoritas to wait here."

No way. We hot-footed it out of there toward the familiar haunts of Revolution, the pounding feet of four drunks and a bartender with 2 half-drunk glasses of "company" echoing in our ears.

**HELPFUL HINTS FOR GIRLS IN TJ** — compiled from experience, especially for females but for the use of anyone hoping to avoid the unpleasant.

1. Take a male companion if at all possible.
2. Stay on Revolution between 2nd and 7th streets. This is the tourist section.
3. Dress conservatively. On that one note try to be sophisticated and cold. Crude comments and propositions from the tourists/locals can be handled gracefully by pretending that you don't speak English-Spanish.
4. Take a taxi to and from the border and to the downtown area. Use discretion in choosing a

(Continued on page 11)

# Events

NOVEMBER 21-NOVEMBER 27

## MUSEUMS & GALLERIES

**INDIAN ART OF THE AMERICANS.** 500 pieces from the Hie Foundation Museum of the American Indian. Fine Arts Gallery, Balboa Park. Saturday, November 23, through January 26, 232-7931.

**BLUEPRINTS, DRAWINGS, CRAFTS AND SCULPTURE.** Three one-man shows. Art Gallery, Southwestern College. Through December 13. 420-1330.

**BARBARA SMITH.** Los Angeles artist. Paintings, sculpture, photographic documentation. UCSD Art Gallery. Through December 4.

**PIONEER PRINTMAKERS.** Works by Jack Zamac, Nathan Oliveira, and Garner Tuttle. Fine Arts Gallery, Balboa Park. Through December 15. 232-7931.

**WALTER WOJTYLA.** Paintings and mixed media. Artists Cooperative Gallery, India Street. Through December 1. 296-2200.

**EUGENE BUECHEL.** S.J. Rosebud and Pine Ridge Photographs, 1922-1942. A show of photographs of South Dakota Indians taken by Jesuit priest. Grosvenor College Art Gallery, through November 27. 465-1700, ext. 384 or 450.

**FUN CITY.** Lithographs by Richard Lindner. Concurrent exhibit by Ross Bight, Fava Freeman, and R. Shaw. La Jolla Museum of Contemporary Art. Through January 6. 464-0183.

**LEBADANG.** Oils, lithographs, and etchings. Circle Gallery, 2501 San Diego Ave. Through November 30. 296-2596.

**SCULPTURE** by Michael Cochran and lithographs by Karal Agost. Graphis Gallery, 5721 La Jolla Blvd. Through December 3. 454-8897.

**ROBERT PERINE.** Watercolors. S.D. Art Institute, Balboa Park. Through December 1. 234-5946.

**LENORE SIMON, SUSAN SIMMEN, and GAYE GOODMAN.** Limited edition etchings and original paintings by 30 local artists. Through December 13. Haripaul Gallery, La Jolla. 469-6077.

**CHILDREN'S BOOKS** illustrations. Plus illustrations by S.D. City Schools children. S.D. Public Library. Through November.

**ALL-WESTERN SHOW** by young artists, mixed media. The Cowley Museum, 2543 Congress Street, Old Town. Through December 1. 295-2114.

**LARRY CLARK.** San Diego painter. Humble Artist Gallery, La Mesa Square. Through December. 460-4544.

## DANCE

**MODERN DANCE.** Senior dance recital by Rose Ann Wells and Dawn Singleton. Women's Gymnasium, San Diego State. Saturday, November 23, 8:30 p.m.

**BELLA LEWITZKY DANCE COMPANY.** Palmer Dome, San Marcos. Sunday, November 24, 8 p.m. 744-1150.

**BALLET INTERNATIONAL/USIU.** Works by company choreographers. S.D. City College Theatre. Friday through Monday, November 22-25, 8 p.m.; Saturday, November 23, 2:30 p.m. 271-4300, ext. 209.

**DISCOVERING BALLET.** California Ballet Company performance. Recital Hall, BSBOS 774. Thursday, November 21, 7 p.m. 281-8146.

## LECTURES & READINGS

**AARON COPLAND.** part of Music Symposium series. Camino Theatre, University of San Diego. Thursday, November 21, 8 p.m. 291-6480, ext. 354.

**DYLAN THOMAS: RETURN JOURNEY.** readings of selected writings. Little Theatre. San Diego State. Friday, November 22, 8 p.m. Free. 296-8051.

**ASTRONOMY GUEST NIGHT.** Planetsarium program. San Diego State. Friday, November 22. Call 296-6182 for time. Free.

**CHINA: THEN AND NOW.** talk by Maud Russell with films. Basic Science Building. 2022. Matthews Campus, UCSD. Tuesday, November 26, 7:30 p.m. Free.



## MUSIC

**GIORGIO TOZZI.** the bass-baritone, will sing arias from Mozart's *Marriage of Figaro* and *Don Giovanni*, Rossini's *Barber of Seville*, and Musorgsky's *Boris Godunov*, among other selections. Civic Theatre, Friday, November 22, 8:15 p.m. 236-8610.

**SAN DIEGO STATE RECITALS:** String chamber music by S.D. State String Chamber Orchestra. Friday, November 22, 8 p.m.; brass chamber music by S.D. State students. Saturday, November 23, 8 p.m.; Madrigal Singers. Sunday, November 24, 3 p.m.; Guitar Ensemble. Sunday, November 24, 8 p.m. All in Recital Hall, Music Building, San Diego State. Free. 236-8204.

**GOPEL CHOIR CONCERT.** Rosella Cafarella, UCSD. Friday, November 22, 8 p.m. 465-1700, ext. 321.

**OLD HAT BAND.** medicine show music. Student Center, Grosvenor College. Friday, November 22, 8 p.m. 465-1700, ext. 321.

**OPERA WORKSHOP:** Bach, Milhaud, Menotti. Conducted by Robert Austin. Camino Theatre, University of San Diego. Friday and Saturday, November 22 and 23, 8:30 p.m. 291-6480, ext. 357.

**CHARLES AZNAVOUR.** the French actor/singer/composer. Civic Theatre, Saturday, November 23, 8 p.m. 236-8510.

**JOSEF MARX BAROQUE ENSEMBLE.** Jewish Community Center, 4079 54th Street. Saturday, November 23, 8 p.m.

**OTTO FELD QUARTET.** Haydn, Mozart, and Brahms. St. Peter's Church auditorium, Highway 101 and 160. Del Mar. Saturday, November 23, 8 p.m. 460-2986 or 469-0929.

**LIGHT OF LOVE.** Gospel music concert. Student Center, Grosvenor College. Saturday, November 23, 7:30 p.m. 465-1700, ext. 321.

**ORGANIST JOAN LIPPINCOTT.** head of organ department at Westminster Choir College. First Presbyterian Church, 320 Date Street. Sunday, November 24, 7:30 p.m.

**SOPRANO Pauline Tweed.** accompanied by pianist Ronald Morebello. Fine Arts Recital Hall, Grosvenor College. Sunday, November 24, 8 p.m. 465-1700.

**NEW MUSIC:** Carden, Nunn, Gamelan, Gross, and Xenakis. 210 Move Center, UCSD. Sunday, November 24, 8 p.m. 452-3229.

**UCSD CHOIR.** 75th Anniversary of Poutrec. Mandeville Center, UCSD. Tuesday, November 26, 8 p.m. 452-3229.

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## THEATRE

**ANTIGONE.** tragedy by Jean Anouilh. Master's Thesis production, Experimental Theatre, San Diego State. Thursday, Friday and Saturday, November 21, 22, and 23, 8 p.m. 296-6884.

**ANCIENT MUSIC.** by Rosie Driffeld. Crystal Palace Theatre, Mission Beach. Fridays, Saturdays and Sundays through January 5. 5:30 p.m. 435-5001.

**THE COUNTRY WIFE.** Willie. Wycherly's Restoration comedy. UCSD Theatre, Matthews Campus. Wednesday through Sunday, November 20 through 24, 8 p.m. 452-3120.

**DRACULA.** Ben Stoker's drama. Stagehouse Theatre, Grosvenor College. Thursday, Friday, and Saturday, November 21, 22, and 23. 8 p.m. 465-1700, ext. 321.

**SCHOOL FOR WIVES.** by Moliere. Casius Carter Centre Stage, Balboa Park. Tuesdays through Sundays. Through December 8, 8 p.m. 236-2265.

**NO SEX PLEASE WE'RE BRITISH.** San Dieguito Little Theatre, Del Mar Fairgrounds. Fridays and Saturdays through November 23. 755-7238 or 274-8500.

**THE PHILANTHROPIST.** London and Broadway comedy hit. Mission Playhouse, Old Town. Fridays and Saturdays through the end of November. 8:30 p.m. 295-6453.

**SIX RMS RIV VU.** by Bob Randall. Coronado Playhouse. Fridays, Saturdays, and Sundays, 8:30 p.m. Through December 7. 435-4856.

**AN INSPECTOR CALLS.** a mystery by J. P. Priestly. Old Globe Theatre, Balboa Park. Tuesdays through Saturdays at 8 p.m. Through December 22. Matinee Sunday, November 24, 2 p.m. 236-2256.

**THE MAGIC TOYSHOW.** children's play. Actors Quarter Theatre. Saturdays and Sundays, 2 p.m. Through December 15. 236-9609.

**EVERYBODY'S GIRL.** Actors Quarter Theatre. Fridays and Saturdays through December 14, 8:30 p.m. 236-9609.

## FILM

**TEN DAYS THAT SHOOK THE WORLD.** classic about Russian Revolution. The Millant Forum, 4635 El Cajon Blvd. Friday, November 22, 8 p.m. 280-1292.

**THE GRUNION STORY and BIG HORN SHEEP OF DEATH VALLEY.** Natural History Museum, Balboa Park. Saturday, November 23, 3 p.m.; Sunday, November 24, 1:30 and 3 p.m. 232-3821.

**CIRCUS.** the children's film. Sherwood Hall, La Jolla Museum of Contemporary Art. Sunday, November 24, 2 p.m. 464-0183.

## SPORTS

**FOOTBALL:** Aztecs vs. Bowling Green. S.D. Stadium, Saturday, November 22, 7:30 p.m. 296-6947.

**JOGGING:** Fifth annual Turkey Trot, sponsored by YMCA. Fishing Pier, Shelter Island. Saturday, November 23, 8:30 a.m. Free. 252-7451.

**HOCKEY:** Mariners vs. Edmonton Oilers. S.D. Sports Arena. Tuesday, November 26, 7:30 p.m. 224-4176.

**BASKETBALL:** Conquistadors vs. Kentucky Colonels. Friday, November 22, 8 p.m.; vs. Utah Stars. Sunday, November 24, 7 p.m.; vs. St. Louis Spirits. Wednesday, November 25, 8 p.m. San Diego Sports Arena. 224-4176.

## SPECIAL EVENTS

**NO. NO. PINOCCHIO.** a marionette show presented by the UCSD Made Hands puppets. S.D. Public Library, 820 E Street. Saturday, November 23, 10:30 a.m.

**MOTHER GOOSE PARADE.** 28th annual. Main Street. El Cajon. Sunday, November 24, 2 p.m. 444-8712.

**YMCA WORLD FELLOWSHIP FESTIVAL.** Christmas beazar and entertainment. YMCA, 1012 C Street. Saturday, November 23, 10 a.m. to 5 p.m. 239-0365.

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# NUTS TO YOU

—Michael Holtzman—

You see, I like to walk over the Quince Street Bridge to Balboa Park, sometimes. (That is the Quince Street Foot Bridge, which is another article, "The Foot Bridges of Hillcrest.") The west side of Balboa Park is in layers, like a Napoleon pastry laid on its side. First there is the three feet of lawn between Sixth Avenue and the sidewalk. And then there is the sidewalk, which is already half in the Park, and then there is the first of the Great Park Lawns, between the Sixth Avenue sidewalk and the curving street. And then there is the curving street, and then there is the sidewalk on the east side of that. But, of course, that sidewalk does not stay so faithfully close to the street, so sometimes it is a path. And then there are smaller lawns and then there is the West Highway 395 Forest.

Back to the Sixth Avenue lawns. I think that there are two forests there, the Playground Forest and the Pine Forest of the Dead, further south. There may be others, but if there are, I don't often visit them. The Playground Forest is about at Thorn Street, across from those rich people's green apartments. We call it the Playground Forest because the Playground is there. In the old days (when people ate marijuana brownies) we used to play on the spiral slide and the merry-go-rounds and the swings, but now I just go there with Marc and Kristin while exercising my Liberal Visitation Rights. The most important thing about the Playground for them is this weird, android, swing machine, with two swings attached to a crucifix, decorated by a happy face, don't you know? Yes, well, Kristin is eleven and she thinks that she is a little old for this stuff, but likes it all just fine. After he smiling crucifix swing machine, the best toys are the straight swings, the spiral slide (that old favorite), and the merry-go-rounds. I sit around and read my arcane books and try to hide from Marc, who wants me to push him on the big swings.

There is one squirrel in the Playground Forest. If you sit on the yellow concrete bench, you can see it, halfway up the second pine on the right, upside down and staring at you.

The Forest of the Dead is called that because it looks just like the place the black girl spends the night. You remember now, don't you? There are no squirrels in the Forest of the Dead.

Almost all the squirrels live in the West Highway 395 Forest, western section. Most of them live in the part of the forest that edges the round lawn where the men in bikinis sleep all alone on sunny days. Those that do not live there are probably lost. There are approximately 577 squirrels living around the Lomelhearts Lawn, even in the winter, when it is raining.



drawing by Jane Kramer

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# Idiosyncratic Artists, Marmalade Music

Jonathan Saville

The performance by the Martha Graham Dance Company of *Clytemnestra* was the most impressive artistic event in San Diego since the visit of the Chicago Symphony. This is one of Graham's greatest creations, and hence one of the greatest works of the modern theatre; its mastery is comparable to that of the *Oresteia* of Aeschylus, on which it is based. The sources of Martha Graham's choreographic power are many: her choice of inherently dramatic subjects, her sure sense of what elements in each story most effectively embody its tensions, her bold psychological insight (particularly in the struggles and agonies of the female unconscious), the expressive vocabulary of movement and gesture she has developed in order to convey the complexities of these psychological dramas, and above all the grim and torturous seriousness of an art treated as intense personal statement and cathartic communal ritual, never as mere virtuoso entertainment.

perfusion music in a quite inimitable way. A witch, beautifully sung and danced by Katherine Bjornson, conjures up such scenes as "Two Detectives On The Trail of a Frisky Culprit Turn in Their Badges" and "Visions Fill the Eyes of a Defeated Basketball Team While in the Shower Room." Dancers dance (Johanna Weikel provided the witty choreography), and musicians accompany them on Parth's own panoply of instruments: the Spools of War (artillery shell casings and shrapnel guns), the Chromelodeon, the Cloud-Chamber Bows, the Soporific Kithara, the Marimbas Eronca (which makes the lowest percussion sound I have ever heard in a theatre).

Graham's *Clytemnestra* is set to a score by Halim El-Dabh which is monotonously effective as dance music but which would be intolerable by itself. Similarly, I think that Parth's

Artis Trio retains one of Harvey's Bristol Cream Sherry, supremely suave, utterly refined, overwhelmingly sticky. Instead of real crescendos, climaxes, contrasts, there is a constant finicky mining, with every phrase so prefabricated that it loses all vitality. That a composer-like Berthoven, for example, in his First Piano Trio should have put something bold, hard, sharp or rough in his music is a shameful secret that the Beaux Arts do their skillful best to keep from public knowledge.

precisely the same thing may be said of the Guerner Quartet. Here is a group of musicians with perfect intonation, complete command over the technical demands of their instruments, and an impeccable sense of ensemble, who manage to drain every piece they play of all its vital energies, all its blood; they are supremely elegant, but it is the elegance of Count Dracula. I have rarely heard a string quartet capable of attacks so absolutely smooth as those of the Guerner; but all their attacks are smooth, no matter what the music may require. Surely it is possible that composers acquainted with string instruments might want a different kind of articulation occasionally—one which lets us know that a bow is strung with horse hair and a string is made of gut. Imagine a Bartok quartet without harsh bowing, without rough contrasts, without percussive rhythmic effects, without drama altogether, and

score for *The Bewitched* is indissolubly bound to theatrical production; it could never stand on its own. Its chief interest is in the odd timbre of the instruments, which, if you are acquainted with Japanese Gagaku and Balinese Gamelan music, are really not that off-and-in the use of the non-tempered scale, with forty-three intervals per octave. The sounds are diverting, and provi; suitable accompaniment to dance, but (for one) do not find this music to be exceptionally exciting either in musical terms or in terms of emotion. Frankly, I prefer the relentless intensity of authentic Gagaku and the ebullient technical skill, resembles Graham in her neurotic intensity, in that peculiar Grahamesque mixture of sharpness and sinuousness of gesture, and in the impression she gives of being consumed at all moments with feelings so volcanic that they must erupt willy-nilly into dance. She is unlike Graham in the extreme expressiveness of her face, quite different from Graham's pale and stony mask; the tension is a bit less of the ritual, a bit more of the psychological. This alteration of the spirit of the original, however small it may be, is perhaps the best indication that Martha Graham's legacy is a living one: if she were dead, the dancer like Yuriko Kimura can make it her own without damaging its beauty or integrity; and that an audience can go on responding to the power of *Clytemnestra* even when the mind that created it is retreating into the shades of the past.

Two well-known chamber groups visited San Diego last week: the Beaux Arts Trio, at the SDSU; and the Guerner Quartet, as part of the La Jolla Chamber Orchestra series in Sherwood Hall. Both these groups are thoroughly professional and made up of skilled musicians; both have a large following among the public; both succeeded in pleasing their audiences; and both are, in my opinion, insufferably boring. The Beaux

you will have some idea of the Guerner's wraithlike performance of the Bartok Second Concerto. Mozart, so elegant, so unemphatic, so much a seamless web, that it is virtually impossible to tell the difference between a first theme and a second theme, and you will have some idea of the Guerner's "Dissonant" Quartet—a performance in which the introductory dissonances were rendered so gently and so carefully that one could scarcely detect them. All the members of the group contribute to the atmosphere of first bloodiness; but the first violinist is most bloodiest of all, with a tone so thin one would think he has a mute permanently attached to his fiddle, a slow, broad, treacherous vibrato, a precision of phrasing that is like taking a bath in orange marmalade. Both these passive-aggressive animus against passion that can turn even Bartok or Berthoven into a delicate rococo tracery in an exquisite twilight. Some people may like this sort of thing. Not me.

The late Harry Parth was another idiosyncratic artist of Martha Graham's generation. Like her, he was typically American in his eccentricity and in his stubborn insistence on the authenticity of his artistic vision, and like her, he was crucially involved with the theatre. Danlee Mitchell's brilliant production of *The Bewitched*, at SDSU, gave San Diegans a chance to experience and judge Parth's unique art. *The Bewitched* is dance theatre that mixes comic ballet, mime, ritual, and quasi-oriental

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Directly, it should be confessed that a large part of the allure of *Earthquake* comes from its close copy of the doomsday devastations of the frenzied prehistoric lizards, oversized grasshoppers or caterpillars, and flying colossals that spurt ghastly green rays in grade-Z science fiction. (For a studious appraisal of the aesthetics of holocaust in science fiction films, the handiest reference is still Susan Sontag's essay, "The Imagination of Disaster.") Though it should be hastily tagged-on that *Earthquake* deserves immediate promotion to head-of-the-class for its marshalling of stunts, special effects, miniatures, and all other technical ho-hoos-pees into hair-raising beauties and mounting, terrorist pressures, unequalled.

Of course there are no monsters at large in *Earthquake*; there are only "monstrosities," the monuments of Los Angeles that are transformed spontaneously, Jeckyll-to-Hyde, from homes and offices and roadways into lethal weapons. From the moment the earthquake begins, signalled—an inspired stroke—by Clint Eastwood firing three shots from a barber's chair on a Westwood movie screen, there appears to be no room on the emotional menu: it is returning to the swim with a bit part in a movie, and her early-morning twittering (the most apt acting yet done by this chin-finger) confirms her optimism. Richard Roundtree, a catapaulted pedestrian, wires pull free, sparking from pylons. The ground bucks and swells. Buildings shed glass, brick, and entire facades, and at the sudden heaving of the outdoors, they smother like canons. And for the remainder of the movie, the water behind the Hollywood dam strains to make a rush down Wilshire Boulevard.

Except for some of its peculiar eye-appeal, *Earthquake* gives wide berth to the familiar planks and tacks of science fiction, if Sontag's rules-order may be relied on. In it, there is no pinpointed source of destruction; and consequently there is no "out"—no defense, no solution, no comforting names, no lesson learned, and no moral pleading. There is, on the other hand, plenty of entangling wiles which feelings, and the spectacular devastations find significance, finally, through the people in the wreckage. Parth, at least, the power of *Earthquake*, beyond the steady-handed, alarming imagery of destruction, derives from its tapping of human insecurities, uncertainties. In every building project there is, built-in, a stifled worry that it won't "work." Every bridge, every skyscraper, every dam contains the question: Will it hold up? (The houses in the Hollywood hills, jutting out from the hilltop and propped up on a single still, make a show of taunting worry.) And in *Earthquake*, these structures, in

league, follow the blackest fantasies of breakdown. More, the movie taps the store of human guilt-it topples, literally in a shake, whatever achievements, aspirations, pretensions, luxuries are represented in material holdings, hilltop homes, and thirty-story brightly-eyed boxes and smoldering threats. Charlton Heston, a positive-thinking engineer and a believer in physical fitness, has his last promotion to mail over, plus his rejuvenating infidelity as a cure for a miserable marriage, plus his fresh-air summer project in Oregon. Genevieve Bujo, a widow on the emotional mend, is returning to the swim with a bit part in a movie, and her early-morning twittering (the most apt acting yet done by this chin-finger) confirms her optimism. Richard Roundtree, a catapaulted pedestrian, wires pull free, sparking from pylons. The ground bucks and swells. Buildings shed glass, brick, and entire facades, and at the sudden heaving of the outdoors, they smother like canons. And for the remainder of the movie, the water behind the Hollywood dam strains to make a rush down Wilshire Boulevard.

So, the hour-long wait in anticipation of the holocaust is not mere time-killing. Throughout it, on an ostentatiously solid, mundane plane, there is an ominous tick-tock, back-and-forth relay between brightly-eyed boxes and smoldering threats. Charlton Heston, a positive-thinking engineer and a believer in physical fitness, has his last promotion to mail over, plus his rejuvenating infidelity as a cure for a miserable marriage, plus his fresh-air summer project in Oregon. Genevieve Bujo, a widow on the emotional mend, is returning to the swim with a bit part in a movie, and her early-morning twittering (the most apt acting yet done by this chin-finger) confirms her optimism. Richard Roundtree, a catapaulted pedestrian, wires pull free, sparking from pylons. The ground bucks and swells. Buildings shed glass, brick, and entire facades, and at the sudden heaving of the outdoors, they smother like canons. And for the remainder of the movie, the water behind the Hollywood dam strains to make a rush down Wilshire Boulevard.

especially inspired stroke, neighborhood dogs baying nervously in unison, a moment before the disaster—and some of these cues must wait a long time to take their place in the drama.

The characters, at the start, are drawn in their normal, banal surroundings, firmly attached to the specific accoutrements and routines of job and home life: Ava Gardner's wig, fake eyelashes, and colorful closteful of shoes, with which she means to hang onto her fed-up husband; Roundtree's motorcycle and loop-de-loop roller-coaster track, his only owning, on which he hopes to ride to success; Heston's trophies of success, a custom-styled jeep (eight forward and three reverse speeds), his body-building paraphernalia, and a football signed by Frank Gifford, among others. (Director Mervyn Rossen's previous excursions into soap opera—mainly *Peyton Place*, *From the Terrace*, and above all, *Limbo*—foretell his facility in this kind of character sketching.) These people have been grouped together with a possibly Dickensian idea of diversity and of shifts in the narrative focus and shifts in the characters' alliances. (This is not a bad ploy by itself, if only as a loosening up of the static configurations in other disaster movies, *Juggernaut*, *Airport*, *The Poseidon Adventure*, where at each new crisis comes up for consideration is always the same people gnawing on the same bones.) But nothing very full or deep needs to be known about these personalities or their social circles; only that they are human. Beyond a rough requirement of diversity, their characteristics are arbitrary. In their gloomiest imaginings, all of them come to the same thing, debris.

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And What's Dracula... Beyond the Valley of the Dolls... The Deadly Tender... The Unicorn Cinema...

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# MUSIC SCENE

**THE BACK DOOR, BATDORF AND RODNEY AND WENDY WALDMAN, Friday, November 22, 7:30 and 10 p.m. San Diego State, Aztec Center, 286-6562.**

**ROOM TRENCHARD'S: ALPINE, Wednesday through Saturday, 10MEEDOOKINGS, Sunday through Tuesday, 2988 Pacific Highway, 291-5555.**

**CHUCK'S STEAK HOUSE: SWEETFIRE, Wednesday through Sunday, 1250 Prospect, La Jolla, 454-5325.**

**CHUCK'S STEAK HOUSE/CONDONDO: BANDIT, formerly the Hollywood Cowboys, Thursday through Saturday, 1403 E. Valley Parkway, Escondido, 746-1100.**

**CINNAMON CINDER: FAMILY BLOOD, Friday through Sunday, 7578 El Cajon Blvd., La Mesa, 463-9883.**

**CIVIC THEATRE: LOU REED, Tuesday, November 26, 7:30 p.m. 2nd and C Streets, Downtown San Diego, 236-6611.**

**CONCEPTION BAY FISH COMPANY: SUNFLOWER, Tuesday through Saturday, until end of November, 2906 Shelter Island Drive, 224-3611.**

**THE DEN: HOMEROVY, 583 North 2nd St., El Cajon, 447-4511.**

**FOLK ARTS: TOM WAITS AND BILL STEELE, Friday and Saturday, November 22 and 23, 8 and 10 p.m. 3143 6th Avenue, Hillcrest, 291-1786.**

**IIVY BARN: NANCY MATSIE, Tuesday, Wednesday and Thursday, through December 1, OZIE AND HENRY, Friday and Saturday, through February, 911 Camino del Rio South, 296-9164.**

**J.J.'S: SQUATTERS RITES, Thursday, November 21; RAVENLOFT, Friday and Saturday, November 22 and 23; RIVEN, Sunday, November 24, 4025 Pacific Highway, 296-3828.**

**LEDBETTERS: JUMBALAYAH, Thursday, November 21, through Saturday, November 23; THE MOLE PEOPLE, Sunday, November 24, through Saturday, November 30, 5524 El Cajon Blvd, 583-4524.**

**MANDOLIN WIND: DARRYL RAY, indefinitely, 308 University, Hillcrest, 297-2017.**

**MOE'S: EMERGENCY EXIT, Thursday, November 21, through Sunday, November 24, 943 Garnet, Pacific Beach, 278-4633 or 468-3306.**

**SPORTS ARENA: STEVIE WONDER with RUFUS, Thursday, November 21, 8 p.m. 224-4176.**

**OLE OLE: THE MOLE PEOPLE, Thursday, November 21, through Saturday, November 23, 221 Highway 101, Escondido, 755-9804.**

**TOM HANE'S LIGHTHOUSE: ORAL CUNNINGHAM, Tuesday through Saturday, through January, 2150 Harbor Island Rd, 291-9110.**

**TUESDAYS: RORY GALLAGHER, RUSH, and EARTHQUAKE, Friday, November 22, 8 p.m.; SHIA NA NA and EARTHQUAKE, Saturday, November 23, 9 p.m., 211 G Street, Downtown San Diego, 239-2309.**

**HALLBANGERS: MAYHEM II, through December 8, Midway and Rosecrans, 225-3158.**

## ...And then there's the Local Angle —Anne Hutchison—



Tom Waits is a local boy who's starting to make good fast. His second album has just been released on Asylum Records—*The Heart of Saturday Night*—and it's quite a change from what's been hitting the Top 40 these days. It's not just his vocal style; his music has a sound that hasn't been around in the main stream in a long time. Waits sings a kind of urban blues, replete with working class images of the wrong side of town. His music has that slow, half-jodeling sound of '30's blues—almost like Jimmy Rodgers—as if Waits had learned to sing from listening to old records.

The title song is really good, possibly the best thing on the album, with some beautiful, simple backup, just standup bass and guitar, implemented by knee-slapping and foot-tapping, with street sounds credited to Selma and Caliente. It's the perfect late night cruising song, full of possibilities and search, strong on bars and pool tables and the hope of finding the finest Saturday night ever. But implicit in the phrasing is that Saturday nights are all the same. It's got a slow, disillusioned swing to counterpoint all those feelings of loss, and subtly else could ever sing it.

Aside from "The Heart of Saturday Night," I really like "Silver Me Timbers," a slow sea chanty long on literary references to Jack London and Melville, and the most rhythmic thing on the album. It's slow and sweet, in the tradition of all farewell songs. Another tune, called "San Diego Serenade," is based on contradiction, making it an appropriate tribute. "Diamonds on my Windshield" is probably the only spoken lyric I've ever heard on record that really worked, and there's a driving beat and speed in it that's nowhere else on the album. When I heard it live, I was impressed, but it's even better backed up with bass and drums than it was solo.

One of the luckiest things of Tom Waits is the accompaniment of Tom Scott on tenor sax and clarinet. In fact, the backup is some of the best I've heard, and used to fine advantage. Just because he's one of our own is no reason to be patronizing about Tom Waits. He's hot.

Speaking of the Top 40, as I was only a moment ago, KGB's *Homegrown II* is fodder for it. I'd heard Island's "Black's Beach" on the radio even before I knew the album was in the offing, but one hearing was enough to know that KGB was at it again.

It's primarily a matter of preference: the DPs at KGB picked out all the tunes, so it's hardly surprising that they sound like something you'd hear on AM radio. That's not meant as a put-down; it's just that there's a uniformity to them that becomes evident rapidly. Four of this year's winners were performed by some of last year's chosen. Since Cameron Crowe in his extensive liner notes is careful to explain that the entries were numbered 1 through 25, and subjectively else could ever sing it.

there's a winning formula—and the winners all find it. The work is all competent; some of the engineering is impressive, and the musicianship is of fairly high quality. Where most of them fall down is on vocals and lyrics. It may be irrelevant to me to carp about simplistic lyrics on what is supposed to be, after all, a rock album, but I don't think so. For one thing, you can hear the words plainly; few of the entries rely on instrumental breaks to a consideration. "Lemon Grove" by Allen Lindvred and the 60/40 band, which is in a solid country tradition with train images running through it. Reef Cody's "Two Years Before the Mast" is a polished production, with really nice accompaniment and solid vocals. Besides, not many sea chanties can work in lines like "Scurvy had the crew," The local references weren't even forced, but then Reef Cody isn't really a local band. They were just in town for the summer. (Come to think of it, that puts them right in touch with what San Diego is all about.) I also like Aragon's "Jama Highway"; but then, I'm sucker for good slide guitar.

As for the rest of them, there's not much to say. They just don't impress themselves on your memory much. Nobody sings flat, and everybody's got pretty good backup, and I don't remember a tune or a line from any of them. Well, three out of twelve isn't a bad average, and lots of people like music they don't have to remember. Besides, for a dollar and a penny, how far wrong can you go? Even if you don't like any of it, you can write it off as your contribution to the United Way.

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# City Lights

I'm Krishna. Fly me. Last week, an anonymous broadcast through the San Diego Airport ticket counters warned pagans system warned servicemen that "Hare Krishna books are a riot!" Lindbergh Field is a good location for the Hare Krishna devotees selling books. "We meet many intelligent people, many Navy boys, who have the time to talk." Some airport employees feel the servicemen, on leave with money in their pockets, are easy game.



According to Bud McDonald, San Diego Airport manager, the Hare Krishna people "are doing very well financially. They've been here quite a while. They walk around with bags of these books. They are trying to pass them out and receive contributions. I don't object to them, but I don't understand them. Their favorite customers seem to be young people, particularly servicemen, who are usually here in bunches on leave after graduation." Unless HK interferes with the orderly flow of traffic, McDonald has no justification for taking an official position on the matter. And he takes no personal stand against the devotees. The best action, he feels, is no action. "If you don't want to buy a book, you just keep walking." As for use of the P.A. system to discourage buyers of the books, McDonald explained that there is no regulation of the system, no way to trace calls. Anyone can dial the number to be connected to the system. "We get some pretty loud calls side from this Hare Krishna one, such as the Lone Ranger at 1:00 a.m."

McDonald has copies of the HK books in his office. He has not bought them. "Lord, no, at \$5 apiece." Those "are abandoned copies. He has tried to read them but he does not understand them." Hare Krishna devotees have had such problems not only in San Diego, says Gungarhi Das of the San Diego Hare Krishna Temple. "People do not understand what we are trying to do. People who work at the ticket counters want us removed. They think we're pandering. Their money isn't for ourselves." The HK movement sponsors food for children, drug abuse programs, and other services which are free to the user.

Das talked of publishing a letter of information addressing the situation at the airport. "We are thinking of writing a bulletin explaining what we're trying to do and listing the

Gale Fox

customers as a sign that the company was on the verge of collapse. The XI, however, gives a corporation time to reorganize, time to correct problems. "In our case, the problem was not overexpansion, as many people thought, but overhead." An advertising budget of \$200,000 in one year ("And the ads attracted cherry pickers—people who brought in their coupons and bought only the advertised items"); a huge warehouse in L.A.; secretaries all over the place. New stores were opened in poor locations and we gave too much time to show a profit. The creditors met to decide where HT should cut corners. The corporate offices in La Jolla have reduced staff about 50%. No president, no vice president. The president now works as consultant. The warehouse has been shut down.

The same indications which kept customers asking, "When are you going to close?" sent employees away as well. Each store used to employ a manager, clerk, and half-time clerk. Because so many employees quit when their jobs seemed insecure, HT did not have the problem of firing them. Now, this manager is the only employee of her store. And there are fewer stores.

"When we went looking for other jobs, we couldn't find any with pay so good. Besides, Health Tree has an obvious concern for its employees. They give you the tools to do a good job."

While the corporation held meetings to keep up morale, the managers met on the side. Certain non-health foods of which they disapproved will no longer be carried. It seems that some... in HT envisioned the stores as a 7-11 health food market. "It will be more purist now."



Reorganization has affected the manager's role in the business. "Managers used to be like little puppets. Now we have the responsibility of making the store work. We'll be out on our ear if we don't make it. Our jobs are tougher now, but it's worth it. We have the responsibility without the pressure of financing a small business."

The corporate officers had reason to be optimistic, as it turns out. Clifford Graham, owner, procured more money to put into Health Tree. Some

stores which temporarily curtailed hours are open on Sunday again. "Within the next few weeks, we'll be up to full inventory strength. We'll probably advertise less frequently, and we'll have some different products. But we are not going out of business."

**Hary Parich, discarder of the twelve tones and the sundry classical vessels in favor of something other, died in September. This month, a series of performances of his "Bewitched" was produced at San Diego State, during Harry Parich Week. Those who knew him wonder if his will to live faded on completion of this book, GENESIS OF A MUSIC, or if his body failed him. He was 73 years old.**



Parich on music. When he was 19 or 20, Harry burned all his musical compositions to date, in a pot-bellied stove. From then on, he worked with "just intuition" having every other tone on a 444 cycle A. Notes were written as ratios of whole numbers. He hated rock music. "11,2,3,4, anybody can write that!" But he liked "Hair" very much.

Parich on Halloween: Everything in life was a hassle for Harry. He was perpetually unhappy and lonely. He drank scotch and brandy and could not work when he drank. He would work only a few hours in the morning and take a mid-day siesta which was law. "Don't bother me between 11-2, especially Jehovah's Witnesses" hung on his door. Nancy and my

brother and I were playing scrabble on Holloway waiting for trick-or-treaters. Harry came knocking on the door rip roarin' drunk... The 70 year old man took a swing at me. I caught it on my arm, rolled him over my shoulder, carried him upstairs and set him in bed. Parich held a grudge only for the brother, who had laughed at the episode. He later presented Jim with an album inscribed, "To someone who can carry 150 pounds upstairs easily."

Harry was a history nut. This interest extended to politics as far as our getting him to vote in each election. Parich on Watergate: "Every other politician has done the same thing. Nixon is the one who got caught." And he did not like Nixon at all.

Harry Parich could have been thinking of Watergate when he wrote in GENESIS OF A MUSIC, "...to influence - yes; to limit - no..."

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