



Gary Balderson

The Whole Area Was The City Dump...

—Connie Bruck—

We sit in the outer room of the Clinica San Martin, trading words like amulets. Each one, an additive charm, wards off the silence of estrangement, builds bridges of humor at the difficulty of our situation. Nino, child: carro, car. What grand illusion ever made me think I could enter this small suburb of Tijuana where nearly no one speaks any English and find out what these people are like, what is their life? So we sit, and smile, and go word-for-word. Bonita, beautiful, madre, mother, poquito, little...

It is Senora Rosa who takes the situation, and me, in hand. Hers is the indisputably dominating presence, and she does so with such natural talent that everyone here seems to come happily and respectfully under her dominion; she is, of course, the president of the clinic. "Travaille, mucho travaille, mucho tiempo," sighs Senora Rosa to me. This I understand. The senora is a large, handsome woman with slightly greying dark hair; she looks somewhat older than her 43 years. Her physical stature is appropriate to her nature, all capaciousness, inexhaustible abundance. I am not surprised to hear that she has had eleven children — the eldest is a girl in her late twenties, the youngest a boy of three — and she laughs, yes, it would be nice to have one more, a little girl.

Through the American doctor, Senora Rosa begins to tell a little of the story of San Martin. About eight years ago, this was the dump for all of Tijuana. She and some of the others had built houses on the banks of the river which is now a dry river bed running through San Martin; floods came and washed away their houses, and they decided to build on safer ground — which was the dump. They covered over the garbage, most of it, and built.

The doctor tells me that on the economic ladder of Tijuana, San Martin ranks just slightly higher than the poorest, Cartolandia, where houses are made of cardboard; here, most are built from scrap wood. But the incontestable poverty of this colony — with its

dirt streets and no running water and one-or-two-room wooden shacks, each asserting tight boundaries in haphazard union of boards and chicken wire, is only part of the story of San Martin.

They chose St. Martin as their patron saint, the Senora explains, because he was a friend to the poor — because he was black and they too are, she says, a little dark (the majority of the people look much more Indian than Spanish). At the altar of the church stands a statue of the saint, holding a broom — Senora Rosa explains that he worked hard all his life, swept floors in a hospital. She refers to him now and then in a term of familiar endearment, "San Martinico"; in describing his life, she interrupts herself, affecting a swoon, and says, "And oh! those eyes..."

Senora Rosa informs us with some pride that she was on the official founding committee of this colony, which has now grown to about 1500 inhabitants. Committee-forming is key here, as in many small Mexican towns; people began to organize when only the barest, most rudimentary elements of a community were present. Today, there is a clinic committee, a church committee, a school committee corresponding to the American PTA, although there is only one teacher in the three-room schoolhouse, and — Senora Rosa's newest project — a committee to bring running water to the town.

There was also an electricity committee, but that disbanded when it achieved its aim, about three years ago. "We were wandering around in darkness, until then," a friend of Senora Rosa's contributes. Adds another, "Even the cows in the other parts had light — but we had none!" At this, all the women in the waiting room begin to shake with laughter — humor about themselves, their situation, is the most infectious and constant.

It was Senora Rosa who organized to build the school there, she laughs, "muchos ninos" always, as many women have between ten and fifteen children — and once that was done, she set about building the

clinic, with the help of MANO (Mexican-American Neighbors Organization).

Even the Senora's formidable talents, however, did not produce immediate results. "At first," she explains, "we had the clinic but no doctors. Then the nuns came. Once a week they handed out vitamins, and 300 or 400 people would line up outside the clinic door."

After the nuns came some Mexican doctors, but they charged for their services, so the people stopped coming. In the last year, the clinic has been manned by American graduates of Mexican medical school, who thus fulfill their required year of social service. Consultations are free or cost 50 cents, depending solely on Senora Rosa's assessment of who can pay and who can't (she says that she knows exactly how much everyone earns, and I never see her decision contested) — and most medicines are free, largely supplied by the American doctors.

On my second visit to the clinic Senora Rosa has brought with her



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a brown envelope in which she keeps letters and documents, all attesting to her role as an organizer wherever she has lived — Zautucas, Mexico; San Martin. But isn't this unusual, I remark, for a Mexican woman to be playing such a vital role in the political world?

The Senora gives her characteristic shrug, smiles, "This is what I do. Everyone does something. I do this."

But she did not like my use of the word "political", and she quickly insists that she tries not to get too involved with that. Politics to her signifies corruption and infighting; and she tells me, sighing heavily as she does, that some villagers have accused her of raking some off the top of the money Americans send her for the clinic. Then, too, there are factions here: the man who owns the small cafe down the street wanted the clinic to be built on his property, and when this failed to materialize, he insisted on having the once-a-year polio vaccines given at his store. This year, the American doctors moved the vaccination site to the clinic, and he retaliated by telling the people who brought their children, as before, to his store, that there were no vaccines being given. Either believing him or respecting his authority, many returned home.

A young woman, one of the more unusual cases, comes to the clinic while I am there, and I notice that in the mid-day heat, she wears a poncho of heavy wool. Dr. Davis, one of the American doctors, calls me into the examining room and instructs the woman to remove her poncho — telling me I will see something I never could in the States.

I had thought at first that perhaps she was carrying a small baby under the cape; but the bulge I noticed is a massive bone growth, spanning the area from her wrist to her elbow, rising unevenly at least six inches from her arm, molding this way and that into ridges and projections.

She did not come because of this. She has had it since birth, and once, as a young girl, she went to a doctor to see if something could be done. He told her he would have to cut off her arm, and since with it she is able to use her hand, she

decided then that she would rather die with it. Not that it does not cause her anguish — she keeps it covered always. But, she explains, it is something that she lives with; she has even found that it is good for rocking her little ones.

What brings her here today is that she is gradually losing her vision and has continual head pain; Davis conjectures that she has a similar growth in her brain, now starting to press on her optical nerve. He explains to her that doctors at University Hospital in San Diego can in fact remove the growth from her arm — and he tells me that they will at the same time investigate the possibility of a brain tumor. Worried that she will not return on the appointed day for fear of the cost, he emphasizes again and again, "No pesos, no pesos" — the operation will be free.

Now that she has exposed her arm, she is eager to talk about it. She tells us, quite matter-of-factly, how once when it was growing larger and larger (Davis surmises osteomyelitis), she cut it open herself and removed a great chunk of bone. Also, it is hereditary; her brother and sisters have similar growths, and none ever considered that something could be done.

We sit on Senora Rosa's bed, our laps full of picture albums, and one by one we are introduced to her family — children, aunts, nephews, cousins, parents, in-laws, we meet them all. Documentation is important to the Senora: in the clinic, she brought us the letters and certificates of her public role, and here she displays photographs of her private life. Four of her boys are eating lunch in the small kitchen when we enter; she hugs the smallest, lets loose a torrent of endearments, teases and directives, but she does not introduce them to us — she does through their pictures, formally naming each one, while the living likeness stands shyly before us.

Turning the pages, I come to a picture which stops me: three little girls, unmistakably sisters — but the smallest is lying down, covered to her shoulders with flowers, her face strangely stilled, and the other two stand over her.

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THE CALL OF IT ALL

by Kathy Woodward

I've tried to be as fair as possible. I've given this place every chance thinking "well, after all, it has just opened" and "well, maybe they were just having a bad day." BUT three times is enough, enough is enough. **The Happy Frenchman**, a new indoor-outdoor restaurant on Prospect in La Jolla, is a total fraud, a complete fake. Too bad, because this is just the kind of restaurant San Diego needs — an outdoor cafe serving relatively expensive and interesting food and no hard liquor, just beer and wine. From the street it looks like a pleasant enough place. Outside there's a very large, hunky and busy eating area, redwood picnic tables with green and yellow umbrellas, every where fascias tumbling down and petunias growing up, countless cute little waitresses in French blue-and-white outfits, smiling with beret and scarf at the neck.

Posted at the entrance is the lunch menu (served up to about 7:00 p.m.) which is not only far-reaching and reasonable for the location but looks positively delicious. Seven kinds of omelettes ("Omelette de Fruits Naturelle: bananas and walnuts, \$1.95") and three other egg dishes, six kinds of hamburgers ("The Monaco Burger: ground sirloin, topped with avocado, bacon, Roquefort cheese and Happy Frenchman dressing, \$2.45"), eight hot sandwiches ("Rustic: chicken Alsatienne: thinly sliced roast beef, melted cheddar cheese, bacon bits, served on French bread, \$2.35"), four cold sandwiches, and five kinds of salads. With the sandwiches you have a choice of fresh fruit salad or "Happy Frenchman fries" whatever these cheesy potatoes are, I never saw or sampled them.

What could possibly go wrong with a menu and a location like this? Listen.

Act I: A Disenchanted Evening. We went about 6:00 p.m. for a light supper. Ordered an omelette. "Sorry, only the items which have an 'X' in front of them are available today." Not one omelette had an 'X.' OK. What's the specialty? "The Quiche Lorraine. But," I

was bluntly told, "I wouldn't order it if I were you because it's made up for lunch." OK. I switched to one "Asparagus Bourq-Madam: asparagus spears rolled in ham and topped with melted Gruyere cheese, \$1.75." We ordered two beers.

"Sorry, there's only one beer left." OK. What about wine? "Sorry, the wine list isn't ready yet." What about a half-liter of the Cuban house wine? "Sorry, we don't have our half-liters in yet, we're only selling it by the glass now." And by the glass the price of wine goes up to an outrageous \$1.25 at night, during the day it's \$1.00, not much better.

Service was prompt, too prompt. Both of the open-faced hot sandwiches were lukewarm on the outside, cold on the inside. The sauce of mine looked good — large chunks of green pepper, onions, and black mushrooms — but the chili killed the taste. The "fresh" fruit salad was made of grapes, chunks of melon, bananas and pears, all browned and suffering because they had been prepared hours before and apparently no one knew enough to sprinkle them with lemon juice.

"How was your meal," the waitress asked when she finally returned. I admitted that I should reheat, and incredibly, she answered, "well, you'll know what to do next time."

Act II: The Run. It was a Sunday afternoon. I had an hour to kill, and figured I might as well try the espresso (\$1.50) and watch the tourists go by. It was the same old story. "Sorry, we don't have the espresso machine ready yet." Instead of watching the tourists go by, I kept my eyes on the owner, Jean-Claude Marengo, former owner of the Mad Greek and rumored to be Lebanese. Rumor or no, he is certainly no happy Frenchman. Wearing baby-blue jeans and jacket and two fat rings on his left hand, he was pacing impatiently up and down, in and out, barking orders, scowling, and generally looking sinister.

Act III: A Tourist Trip. This time, last time, I tried it for lunch. Instead of getting better, everything got worse. Still no omelettes available, no half-liters,

no espresso. The hot sandwiches were still cold (by now it was clear that the "hot" sauce was ladled over the cold pre-prepared sandwich as a feeble means of heating it). The Quiche Lorraine, although tasty, wasn't a Quiche at all but an omelette baked ahead in its own little dish. The Salad Nicoise (tuna, onion, olives, peas and French lettuce, \$2.50) wasn't an authentic Nicoise — no anchovies, for example, and the tuna, instead of being in chunks, looked as though it had been put through a Pentagon Paper shredder.

Desert? Parfaits, chocolate mousse, French pastry. The mousse is a bad joke. It's a third-rate grainy chocolate pudding polluted with juice from the marachino cherry (which is, by the way, no longer considered a food by the F.D.A.). The so-called French pastry was phoney-flavor sweet, and I don't believe for a minute that it was baked on the premises as I was told.

Meanwhile, the service had speeded up to an inhuman point. Waitresses and waiters were

everywhere zipping in to get rid of our plates so they could put other mouths at our table. And, in fact, the turnover of tourists who just "adored" the place was astronomical. The ladies room, just a little bit larger than an airplane toilet, was jammed inside with a line of seven waiting outside. One lady tourist advised me to try the asparagus sandwich. "It's, you know, gourmet," she said. "It's French, but you might like it." Inside the kitchen I could see Jean-Claude Marengo no longer wearing the jacket to his navy blue pin-stripe suit, banging his hand against a counter top and yelling at the kitchen help. Plates, Man, PLATES!

It would seem that the owner's relationship with his employees is less than congenial. One young waitress was overheard to say "they'll kill me" when she had to return a sandwich to the kitchen because it wasn't what the customer had ordered — and it wasn't even the fault of the waitress, but of the kitchen. And another waitress confided that she didn't know if she could stand it even one more week because the owner was crazy, just crazy.

The Happy Frenchman is, in short, neither French nor happy. The only thing I recommend is the milk. For a quarter (unless they made a mistake) you receive an enormous goblet-full.

***Note.** There is an elaborate and expensive a la carte dinner menu which runs about \$15.00 a person. This I didn't try. All of my comments apply to the food and service for the lunch menu only.

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—by Jonathan Saville—
Last Friday evening, Rafael Druián conducted the second of three Sherwood Hall chamber music concerts sponsored by UCSD. It was a remarkably interesting concert. There was much pleasant music-making, in a program of Mendelssohn, Stravinsky and Schubert, and even the concert's defects were highly instructive.

Most of the players were drawn from UCSD's Summer Institute in Chamber Music Performance. They were, in large majority, young, talented, enthusiastic, and relatively inexperienced. With a good conductor (and Mr. Druián, otherwise concertmaster of the New York Philharmonic, is a very good conductor), musicians at this stage of training can be made to play together with a high degree of accuracy and polish. In this regard, there was little to complain about in Friday evening's concert, although there were on occasion some of the intonation problems almost inevitably found among youthful or amateur string players. The real difficulties were elsewhere, on that higher and more demanding level of musical performance where the subtleties of interpretation and emotional expression lie.

These difficulties were most in evidence in the opening piece, Mendelssohn's Octet for Strings. This delicious work, composed when Mendelssohn was sixteen, is full of youthful energy and Romantic fervor. It demands from those playing it not only the practical skill needed for coping with the score but also a particular kind of temperament — a joyous irrepressible fire, a sense that the juices of life are coursing through one's veins like the torrents of spring. For all of the UCSD group's youth, this spirit eluded them — which shows that "youth," in the arts, is a matter of inner disposition rather than of age. In purely musical terms, their performance lacked the incisive accents and dynamic swells characteristic of this music (and of Romantic music in general). There was an unarticulated smoothness to the playing which, although in certain respects admirable (for smoothness is by no means easy to achieve, deprived much of the music of the

characteristics remained unchanged: a perpetual nervousness, even jitteriness, of rhythm and phrasing, and a deep suspicion of any direct expression of human emotions. Stravinsky was many things, but he was never a Romantic, and his anti-Romanticism may be said to have been the fundamental trait of his musical personality.

The Dumbarton Oaks Concerto was therefore eminently suited to the abilities and limitations of Mr. Druián's musicians. It calls for absolute precision in reproducing the notes of the score, along with a kind of impersonal razor-edge delicacy of phrasing and accent — all of which they are quite good at; and, on the other hand, it demands no heart-throbs or fearful surges, no drama, no feeling. Consequently, this turned out to be an impeccably idiomatic performance, and the highlight of the evening. The sound of the chamber group was especially impressive. The Concerto is basically imitation played by the three winds, a clarinetist, Melvin Warner, bassoonist Ronald Gorn, and horn-player Jerry Folsom. Mr. Warner, in particular, brought out with exceptional sensitivity his instrument's uniquely expressive mixture of joy and sadness (he is a professional musician, formerly with the St. Louis Symphony).

The interpretive demands of the Schubert piece, one of this composer's greatest works, are decidedly more complex than those of the Mendelssohn Octet, although the two share most of the common traits of Romantic style. The Schubert Octet was composed a year before the Mendelssohn (in 1824), but by a man of twenty-seven who had suffered greatly and whose brief life was already hastening to its end. The music alternates between a cheerfulness never far removed from melancholy, and a mysterious, threatening sense of the tragic. The conflict between these two visions of life is the generating principle of Schubert's Octet; it underlies even the supremely inventive manipulation of key relationships. This is a profoundly dramatic piece of music (as so much Romantic music is), and it requires an intense feeling for drama as part of its players. Once again, Mr. Druián knew exactly what the music was about, and once again the ensemble as a whole was not quite up to the conductor's demands. How energetically he called for the requisite passion, or menace, or bounce; and how relatively pallid, as often as not, was the response. All in all, however, the performance was a satisfying one, revealing precisely by what it lacked (and this lack ought not to be exaggerated) the deeply moving human qualities of Schubert's music.

Sandwiched between these two works of quintessentially Romantic character was a piece of totally different character: Stravinsky's Dumbarton Oaks Concerto, for a chamber orchestra of fifteen strings and winds. Composed in 1937 for the wealthy Bliss family of Washington, D.C. (their fabulous Georgetown mansion, Dumbarton Oaks, is now a museum of primitive and Byzantine art, and a joy to visit), the Concerto is one of the most perfectly achieved products of Stravinsky's neoclassical (in this case, actually, neo-baroque) style. Stravinsky's need of the craft is not all that it should be; and, just as certainly, the photography of Jules Brenner provides no overwhelming compensation. Whatever the explanations, or excuses, the images are of a nauseous complexion, suffused in dust, flesh tones, and buttermilk skies. So, the general appearance of the thing closely resembles a series of Campbell's metamorphoses certain basic Cream of Mushroom.

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SAN MARTIN

continued from first page

"That is Elvia," says Senora Rosa. "Marta... It is different here, these people are so much more attuned to the natural rhythms. So it is appropriate for the picture of the dead little one in the family photo album, for death is quite simple a part of life, and there is no taboo. Similarly, old age carries no stigma, for how should it? The old women I see look positively ancient, though they may well not be; they are bent, worn with the years, their faces deeply wrinkled and utterly tranquil. Surrounded by the ever-widening, quick-spinning circles of children, grandchildren, great-grandchildren, they are the quiet, still center. "My house," says Senora Rosa, making an all-inclusive gesture to the surrounding space, "it is poor, yes..." She looks at us, and we cannot say otherwise — "But, I am happy." ...

It is Friday, and the "doctor-of-the-pipe" is two hours late, again so the women walk their ailing babies up and down, and we talk. Many of them, like Senora Rosa, have come to San Martin from areas near Guadalajara. The Senora was born in Zacatecas — "two hours by burro from Guadalajara" and she came here, as did they all, seeking the better life. Whether that is what they have found is not clear. According to the Senora, eighty per cent of the people would return to the place they came from if it were not for their children. They still believe that opportunities are here — not for them, as they once thought — but for the young, who may make it to the States.

It is true that they are making more money here than they did in central and southern Mexico, but the cost of living is so much greater that it really cancels out the difference. "In Zacatecas, we grew our own food," Senora Rosa explains. "My husband plowed, and I walked behind him, throwing the seeds into the ground. We had corn, beans, tomatoes, everything."

Her husband works construction now and makes \$4 a day, but they were able to live as well on the three pesos (one quarter) a fly he made there. A neighbor of Senora Rosa's explains that her husband makes \$4 a day too, working as a mechanic; but she must buy four kilos of tortillas a week to feed their eight children, she pays 25 cents a day for bottled water — and all in all, it is difficult to survive.

The eight-hour day is not the rule here, not is there overtime money or the men simply work 12 to 15 hour day — which explains why I never see most of them, even when I arrive in San Martin at 8:30 in the morning. So they can participate little in the serenity of the domestic scene that I witness; and the doctor tells me that alcoholism is prevalent among the men of San Martin, as it is in much of Mexico.

When her family first moved to San Martin, Senora Rosa says, it was with the thought of someday migrating to the States; but for the past two years, they have not been able to cross the border even for a day. She tells the story of having gone to the border to get a pass for her whole family to visit relatives in L.A., returning home for husband and children, and sitting off. But when they were stopped at San Onofre for a passport check, it turned out that the American official had neglected to include her

children on the pass — and not reading English, she could not know this. Senora Rosa was accused of trying to smuggle illegal aliens into this country, and her passport was revoked. For two years, she has been writing letters, trying to get it back. I ask the Senora, that if she could by some chance get not only the passport but also the migration papers she once thought she wanted, would she now move to the States? No, it is for her children, but not for her. Most of the other women agree. It is too cold in the States, they say, everyone is so isolated, the streets are so empty, they love having music everywhere, people playing guitars, singing. "Mucho barracho," they laugh, much drunkenness. ...

Elizabeth, a six-year-old who knows some English from having gone to school in the States, invites me to come to her house. She is playing with her grandmother, who is pleased that my friend and I say we would like to come, and the four of us set out from the clinic. "Welcome to Tijuana!" From a group of teen-age boys, lounging around and smoking a cigarette, pushing me into the one chair. The air is thick with flies. For the first time since coming to San Martin, I am fervently glad that I don't speak Spanish. I turn to my friend, the Spanish-speaker, and wonder what he will say. He rises, more or less, to the occasion. "Buena vista," he remarks enthusiastically, gesturing out the open door. Knowing, even to the depth of my torpor, that we overlook the garbage, I think for a moment that he has succumbed, taking temporary but definite leave.

But then I look out the door, following their gaze, and see that from this height what is visible is a weeping willow tree on the other side of the river bed, and some hills beyond. "Yes," smiles Elizabeth's grandmother, "the hills." Then she offers us lunch of tortillas and beans, offers it again and again. She tells us how she lives there with Elizabeth and the older girl, whom she took out of an orphanage in Tuxtepec, and how mind is miasmic, slowing to a halt, I see myself phasing out.

Elizabeth's house is on the first ridge above the river bed. It is raised high enough that you must climb two steps to enter. The second one is broken, and I stumble into a kitchen, too small for all of us to stand in.

"Sit down," Elizabeth orders, pushing me into the one chair. The air is thick with flies. For the first time since coming to San Martin, I am fervently glad that I don't speak Spanish. I turn to my friend, the Spanish-speaker, and wonder what he will say. He rises, more or less, to the occasion. "Buena vista," he remarks enthusiastically, gesturing out the open door. Knowing, even to the depth of my torpor, that we overlook the garbage, I think for a moment that he has succumbed, taking temporary but definite leave.

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film

SURF FILM FESTIVAL. Films by Hal Jenson include all three Expression Sessions, World Contest 72 (filmed in San Diego), Wet and Wild, and the West Coast premiere of Beautiful Day, Pacific Beach Jr. High Auditorium, 4575 Ingraham, Pacific Beach, Friday, August 17; Hoover High Auditorium, 4478 El Cajon Blvd., Saturday, August 18. Admission \$2.25, screen time 8:30 p.m.

dance



THREE SHORT BALLETS: "Immunum," with original music and chants from the Iroquois, Sioux and Winnebago nations; "Bachianas Brazileras," featuring the highly stylized music of Hector Villa-Lobos; "Dessins Sur Bach," a neo-classic work. San Diego Ballet Company performs at the Spreckels Organ Pavilion, Balboa Park, Saturday, August 18, 3:00 p.m. Free admission.

music

SUMMER OF '73: Concertino E Flat by Pergolesi, Symphony No. 8 by Haydn, Piano Concerto in D Major by Mozart, The Unanswered Question by Charles Ives, and Concerto Grosso for Piano and Strings by Ernest Bloch. Chamber music conducted by Rafael Drorian, Concertmaster of the New York Philharmonic, with Sidney Foster, Sherwood Hall, 700 Prospect, La Jolla, Thursday, August 16, 8:30 p.m.

TOM COURTNEY AND HENRY FORD THOMPSON, along with Louis Major, will perform at 8 p.m. August 18 and 19 at Folk Arts, 3743 Fifth Ave.

THE FOUR TOPS. The Motown group and the Dramatics will perform in a concert at 8 p.m. at the Sports Arena, August 19.



JUDY COLLINS, in concert, San Diego Civic Theatre, Sunday, August 19, 8:00 p.m.

ANDRE KOSTELANTEZ, Edward Fillella, and Patricia McBride, with the San Diego Symphony Orchestra, San Diego State Open Air Theatre, Monday, August 20, 8:00 p.m.

theatre

FETCH A DOBBY SKIN, by Rosie Driffell, and THE DEATH OF ROBERT PARKER, by Anne Sniderman, Crystal Palace Theatre, Fridays through Sundays, 8:30 p.m. Through September 16.

PAL JOEY, the Rodgers and Hart musical comedy, starring Dean Jones, Off Broadway Theatre, Tuesdays through Saturdays, 8:30 p.m.; Saturdays and Sundays, 2:00 p.m.; Sundays 7:30 p.m.

ONCE UPON A MATTRESS, Starlight Musical, San Diego Open Air Theatre, Wednesday through Saturdays, through August 18, 8:30 p.m.

SUDS IN YOUR EYE, a comedy, Actors Quarter Theatre, Fridays and Saturdays, 8:30 p.m. through August 18.

THE GINGERBREAD LADY, a play by Neil Simon, Mission Playhouse, Fridays and Saturdays, 8:30 p.m.

THE MERCHANT OF VENICE, National Shakespeare Festival, Old Globe Theatre, Friday and Wednesday, August 17 and 22, 8:30 p.m.; Sunday, August 19, 2:00 p.m.

THE SLEEPING BEAUTY: Puppets by Maurice will present the fairy tale at 1:30 and 2:30 p.m. August 17, 18 and 19 in the Balboa Park Puppet Theatre.

KING LEAR, National Shakespeare Festival, Old Globe Theatre, Saturday and Sunday, August 18 and 19, 8:30 p.m.; Wednesday, August 22, 2:00 p.m.

TWO GENTLEMEN OF VERONA, National Shakespeare Festival, Old Globe Theatre, Thursday and Tuesday, August 16 and 21, 8:30 p.m.; Saturday, August 18, 2:00 p.m.

lectures and talks

BEYOND MAN'S GENETIC LOTTERY. Dr. James Bonner, Professor of Biology, California Institute of Technology, San Diego Civic Theatre, Wednesday, August 22, 8:00 p.m.

museums and galleries

CITY IS FOR PEOPLE. Large sculptures lent by artists on East and West coasts exhibited throughout downtown area. Correlated exhibitions at Fine Arts Gallery, all-owing development of San Diego and multi-media presentation of public art in major U.S. cities. Through September 23.

SOUTHERN CALIFORNIA INDIAN ROCK ART. Reproductions of the pictographs and petroglyphs of the Chusmah, Luiseno, Diegueno, and Mojave Desert Indians. Also paintings by Campbell Grant, authority on rock art. San Diego Museum of Man, Balboa Park. Opens August 11 for four-week stay. Field trip to Piedras Pintadas, a rock art site in Rancho Bernardo August 16, no fee. Also, the films White Clay and Ochre and Lascaux. Cradle of Man's Art show hours, starting at 12:30 on Sunday, August 19.

SVIHLA COLLECTION: oriental ceramics and porcelain dating from the 10th through the 18th centuries. Fine Arts Gallery, Through September 23.

COLOR LITHOGRAPHS and etchings by Pat Tebor, Athenaeum, 1008 Wall Street, La Jolla. Through July. Open Tuesdays, Thursdays, Saturdays 2:00 — 5:30 p.m.

JOHN McLAUGHLIN, California abstract painter, forty paintings and lithographs. La Jolla Museum of Contemporary Art, Through August 19.

GALLERY 8 — jewelry show featuring works by local and Bay Area craftsmen, as well as ethnic pieces from Africa, Egypt, India, Peru and Polynesia. All items for sale. International Center, Mathews Campus, UCSD. Hours: Tuesdays through Saturdays, 10 to 3:00 p.m.

NEW SELECTION OF GRAPHICS by American Printmakers. Continuing. Sculpture Exhibition by Andrea Hoffman and Ron Tatro. Fritz Scholder Paintings, Drawings, and Graphics. Orr's Gallery, 2200 Fourth Avenue, San Diego.

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