

**THE
AIDS
HEALTH
PROJECT**

MEMO

FROM: **JAMES W. DILLEY, M.D.**
Project Director

DATE: 5/25/94

TO: Life Center Advisory Group

Please find enclosed a copy of
the Irvine Foundation denial
letter sent to Dr. Glasser. It
appears undaunted and we are
planning additional requests for
funding.

This is to keep you in the loop.
One question to all: Do you feel
it's time to begin discussing this
with the full board? My inclination
is to start bringing them along —

perhaps targeting the July
meeting. This would come
after the Life Center permit process
has moved a step further along.
(Hearing scheduled for June 23).

Thanks for all your help + note
that the issue of our moving to
the Life Center building is still very
much alive.

Best -
Jim

Ira K. GlasserAsset Management Consultant
Investment Real Estate Specialist*called Jim
4/13***FACSIMILE TRANSMITTAL****DATE:** April 11, 1995**TO:** Jim Dille**VIA FAX NO.:** 476 7996**TELEPHONE NO:** 476 6442**NUMBER OF PAGES (Including cover sheet):** 3**COMMENTS:***Jim -**As we discussed -**What do you think?**sha**IR -
comments,
pls.**Thx.
ji*

STATE OF CALIFORNIA - HEALTH AND WELFARE AGENCY

PETE WILSON, Governor

OFFICE OF STATEWIDE HEALTH PLANNING AND DEVELOPMENT

LEGAL OFFICE

1000 9th Street, Room 435

Sacramento, California 95814

(916) 654-1488 FAX (916) 653-1448



April 6, 1995

James W. Dilley, MD
Project Director
UCSF AIDS Health Project
Box 0884
San Francisco, California 94143-0884

Ira K. Glasser
1012 Kirkham Street, Suite One
San Francisco, California 94122

Re: Aids Life Center

Dear Dr. Dilley and Mr. Glasser:

It was a pleasure to meet with you both last week and discuss the Aids Life Center concept. We appreciate your ambition and foresight. To help us determine if OSHPD can insure a loan for part of your project, without the need for legislation, we do have several questions we hope you can answer. These questions are as follows:

- 1.) Will the Aids Health Project portion of the total project be licensed either independently or as part of the University of California Medical Center (University) hospital license to provide mental health services?
- 2.) Will the University, either under contract, or through some other type of formal affiliation, administer the services delivered by the Life Center?
- 3.) Will the University be the applicant or the co-applicant for the project or part of the project?

Your response to these questions, with substantiation in writing would be most helpful to us. If you have any questions, please call me at (916) 654-1488, or Dennis T. Fenwick at (916) 327-0434 or Lois Graham at (916) 323-6862.

Sincerely,

John W. Rosskopf
John W. Rosskopf
Chief Counsel

cc: Shelleyanne Chang
Deputy Attorney General

The **AIDS/HIV** Life Center

April 11, 1995

John W. Rosskopf, Chief Counsel
Office of Statewide Health Planning and Development
Legal Office
1600 9th Street, Room 435
Sacramento, CA 95814

Dear Mr. Rosskopf:

Dr. James Dilley and I have received your letter of April 6 and I intend to answer the three questions you raised for us in this present letter. Before doing that, I wish to call your attention to certain language which forms a part of the definition of "health facility" as it appears in the California Health Facility Construction Loan Insurance Law's Section 436.2 (g):

"Health facility" means any facility providing or designed to provide services for the acute, convalescent, and chronically ill and impaired...[and] "health facility" includes a nonprofit corporation which operates [such] a facility....

We continue to rely on our belief that the excerpt shown fairly interprets the meaning and intent of the law. Since the Life Center is a nonprofit corporation which intends to operate a facility designed to provide services for those chronically ill with and/or impaired by AIDS and HIV diseases, then even without the participation of the UCSF AIDS Health Project, we believe that our new building would be insurable by Cal-Mortgage.

As it stands now, the UCSF AIDS Health Project is scheduled to occupy and/or manage the standard of care in all of the available service-provider space in the proposed new building, as described to you in detail in our meeting with you late last month. They will be doing this as the Tenant under a Lease document with the Life Center as Landlord. Both the AIDS Health Project and the Life Center, however, reserve their rights for that Lease, as yet unfinalized, to evolve in any way necessary. This means that it might even occur one day that for some set of now unforeseen reasons, AHP will not be a Tenant in the Life Center's planned health facility.

In the context of all of this, the answers to your questions are as follows. 1.) In all of its activities, regardless of location, the AIDS Health Project operates within its relationship to the University of California San Francisco Medical School and Center. 2.) The University itself executes Lease documents for spaces occupied by AHP, and would do so here. 3.) Only the Life Center will be an applicant for this project.

Sincerely,

Ira K. Glasser
Development Coordinator

Direct Dial Phone (415) 664-9218
Direct Dial Fax (415) 664-9562

cc: David Werdegart, M.D., M.P.H.; James Dilley, M.D.;
Gerald McGovern, Esq.; John M. Woodward

1675 California Street
San Francisco, CA 94109
415.828.1446 (fax)

1.5.928.1198

Darryl

This is a very tentative statement

I would delete

School Medical Center and Medical Center

Jim: IRA answer is not responsible to the question.
S/b: The Life Center will deliver not deliver services rather AHP will be the provider/coordinator of all client related services.

Life Ctr
filing

p-25
→ Jim Dille
476 7996

THE AIDS/HIV LIFE CENTER

July 25, 1994

TO: THE LIFE CENTER BOARD
FR: PAUL DIRDAK

RE: TIMELINE FROM VARIANCE HEARING TO CONSTRUCTION

At last week's board meeting you requested a timeline showing the several steps as staff understands them from now until construction begins. This is our best thinking:

7.14.94 Variances and Conditional Use intention to grant by Planning Commission.
(We passed this major milestone just before our last Board Meeting.)

8.5. Mayor's Office of Community Development, submit tenants improvements application for the direct service providers.

~~8.18~~ ⁸⁻²⁵ Planning Commission final hearing with conditions on variances.

8.22 Ground Lease amendments, By-laws amendments and Trinity Lease submitted to the Methodists.

8.29 Walgreens' lease decision.

9.30 Complete Walgreens' and other leases. ✓

10.14 Submit complete Cal Mortgage, Retirement Board and Foundations applications.

11.18 Funding in place

1.22-2.4.95 Public Groundbreaking event sometime these two weeks.

3.18 Construction Documents completed and permits issued.

4.18 Construction begins:

then, 14 months until opening



A project concerned
with AIDS Prevention
and Health Promotion

Life Center

San Francisco Planning Commission Testimony
James W. Dilley, MD
Executive Director, UCSF AIDS Health Project
March 3, 1994

Thank you for the opportunity to address you this afternoon. My name is James Dilley, MD, Executive Director of the UCSF AIDS Health Project (AHP), a position I have held for the past 10 years. I am pleased to be here today and would like to share some background information with you about the AHP and how I come to be before you today.

The AIDS Health Project is a health promotion and AIDS prevention program that is funded from a combination of city, state and federal sources. Our mission is to help stop the spread of HIV disease and to help those already living with HIV to manage the psychological, social and emotional consequences of their illness. We provide a range of services including AIDS risk-reduction counseling to those at risk; pre- and post-test counseling through the Anonymous Testing Program of the City and County of San Francisco; emotional support services through our "Positives Being Positive" program and volunteer facilitated groups program; psychiatric services for those with HIV at San Francisco General Hospital; substance abuse assessments and referral services at SFGH; and a variety of AIDS education and training services.

AHP provides services to over 15,000 San Francisco residents each year and because of our 10 year history of expertise in counseling, mental health and substance abuse, AHP has become one of the largest AIDS organizations in San Francisco.

Beginning in a few weeks, AHP will be a partner in an innovative new approach to AIDS service delivery in San Francisco. With our partners, the SF AIDS Foundation and the Shanti Project, we are launching a consolidated system for assessing client needs and connecting them with needed services. This new system calls for an integrated intake process that allows clients to access services from each of the three collaborating agencies by going through a single uniform intake. AHP is responsible for supervising this system and for providing the bulk of the intakes. In addition, AHP will be taking over support groups for people with HIV from the Shanti Project.

Both of these activities will be performed at our new location at 400 Castro St. This site, located strategically in the Castro and at the intersection of major transportation services, will allow us to provide easy access to services to our clients. And, despite the longstanding concentration of people with AIDS in and around the Castro district, this will be the first time that a major intake system for services offered by the major service organizations will be available in the Castro.

Once open, we will provide an estimated 40 individual intakes and roughly 30 different support groups each with an average of 6 clients per group, every week at this site. (Note: at least half of these support groups are for People With AIDS, at least half of whom are on Medi-Cal). In addition, another 20-30 at risk individuals will be seen weekly for HIV antibody test counseling and testing by our Anonymous Testing staff and another 10-15 clients will receive individual psychotherapy services at this site. Combining these various activities, we anticipate that at least 250 clients each week (12,500 clients annually) will receive services at 400 Castro.

Thank you for your support of this project. We at the AIDS Health Project and our colleagues in the AIDS service and prevention community are wholeheartedly behind the effort to make 400 Castro an AIDS intake and service center. The community of those living with HIV also support this project and look to you to help make their lives easier by making this site available.

Address Correspondence To: UCSF AIDS Health Project • Box 0884 • San Francisco, CA 94143-0884

Administrative Offices: 1855 Folsom Street • Suite 506 • San Francisco, CA 94103 • (415) 476-6430

Administrative Office Fax: (415) 476-7996 • Fiscal Unit Fax: (415) 476-3613

Affiliated with the University of California, San Francisco



MEMO

FROM: JAMES W. DILLEY, M.D.
Project Director

DATE: 5/25/94

TO: Life Center Advisory Group

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(Hearing scheduled for June 23).

Thanks for all your help + note
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Best -
Jim

THE JAMES IRVINE FOUNDATION
FOR THE PEOPLE OF CALIFORNIA

ONE MARKET PLAZA, SPEAR TOWER, SUITE 1715
SAN FRANCISCO, CALIFORNIA 94105
TELEPHONE (415) 777-2244
FAX (415) 777-0869

MAY 25 1994

May 23, 1994

James W. Dilley, M.D.
Director, UCSF AIDS Health Project
P.O. Box 0884
San Francisco, CA 94143-0884

Dear Dr. Dilley,

Thank you for your letter of May 11. It was extremely helpful and informative. Unfortunately I am enclosing a copy of the denial sent to Ira Glasser on May 18, 1994.

As I mentioned in our conversation on Friday, we are never quite sure what the outcome of our proposal process will be. In this case we all gave it our very best and I regret we could not fund this particular undertaking.

I wish you and Ira every success in your efforts to fund this important program. I look forward to seeing you soon.

Sincerely,



Renetia Martin
Program Associate

THE JAMES IRVINE FOUNDATION
FOR THE PEOPLE OF CALIFORNIA

ONE MARKET PLAZA, SPEAR TOWER, SUITE 1715
SAN FRANCISCO, CALIFORNIA 94105
TELEPHONE (415) 777-2244
FAX (415) 777-0869

May 18, 1994

Mr. Ira K. Glasser
Development Coordinator
The Life Center
1675 California Street
San Francisco, CA 94109

Dear Ira:

Thank you for the additional financial and programmatic information on the Life Center. We have now completed our analysis of your proposal, and I regret to inform you that the Foundation will not be able to provide the Program-Related Investment you have requested. Since you were undoubtedly expecting a different response, I would like to share the reasoning behind our decision.

The first test for any PRI is whether it fits within our regular grantmaking priorities. Our current grants in HIV/AIDS are very competitive. For some time now, we have concentrated our funding on organizations for whom prevention is a programmatic priority. While the proposed Life Center will house a number of worthy programs, our reading of your proposal is that it will concentrate on care for persons with HIV rather than prevention. Also, our grantmaking priorities favor direct support for programs rather than capital development.

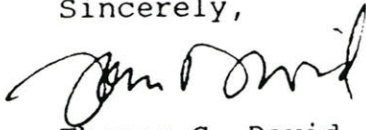
Second, although Jim Dilley's letter to Renetia Martin helped clarify the Life Center's commitment to program, it also raised another question for us. The Irvine Foundation is prohibited by its Trust from supporting public entities such as UCSF. If the UCSF AIDS Health Project is to be the primary organizational tenant of the Life Center (and may even result in a renaming of the building) it would violate the spirit of our Trust to underwrite development of the project.

Finally, it is a cause for concern any time that Foundation funds are so critical to the "lift off" of a project of this magnitude. We can appreciate the complexity of the deal, and your creativity in weaving together multiple funding "strands." However, your plans also depend on lots of promises being fulfilled. From our perspective, it is a delicate balancing act that is fraught with risk ... too much risk for us to be one of the initial investors.

Ira K. Glasser
Page Two

Again, I am sorry to be the bearer of disappointing news, but I can assure you that our decision was reached only after extensive discussion and deliberation. I wish you and your colleagues the best in securing the funding you need from other sources.

Sincerely,

A handwritten signature in dark ink, appearing to read 'Tom David', with a stylized, cursive script.

Thomas G. David
Senior Program Officer

cc: D. Collins
L. Fies
C. Walker



*A project concerned
with AIDS Prevention
and Health Promotion*

May 11, 1994

Ms. Renetia Martin
Program Officer
Irvine Foundation
#1 Market Plaza, Spear Tower, Suite 1715
San Francisco, CA 94105

Dear Ms. Martin:

I am writing to update you on the negotiations between the UCSF AIDS Health Project (AHP) and the AIDS/HIV Life Center concerning AHP's becoming the primary HIV service provider in the Life Centers' proposed new building at 2299 Market St. As you know, conversations between Ira Glasser and myself have been ongoing for some time about this building and its proposed uses. I am writing at this particular time because I am aware that the Irvine Foundation is considering a Program Related Investment, or development loan, to the Life Center.

I am happy to report that after much discussion, a mutually agreeable arrangement governing our involvement with the Life Center building appears possible. We have several programmatic and financial conditions that need to be met if we are to participate (see below); however, based on recent discussions and the willingness of the Life Center to work with us, I believe we can work out a suitable arrangement. Let me outline some of the issues we have been discussing.

Programmatic Issues

1. Program Mix: Our overriding interest in participating in the Life Center effort is to ensure that quality client services are delivered in a manner that is as respectful and programmatically sensible as possible. One aspect of providing quality services is ensuring appropriate management of the programmatic elements of the site. As you will recall from earlier attempts to bring disparate HIV service providers together under a single roof to provide services, a central, on-site service provider authorized to provide oversight to the service delivery system is critical to its overall success. We have made it clear that for us to participate in the delivery of services at this site, AHP must be given the authority to oversee the development and execution of HIV services provided there. The Life Center supports this position. This oversight authority may mean that AHP will actually take over the entire available space, or more likely, that AHP will be responsible for the development of a service delivery plan that will provide for a coherent service mix made up of appropriate service providers.

2. Building Design Elements: The services to be delivered should drive final internal building design decisions. Thus, AHP must share in final approval of plans for build-out within a dollar figure to be negotiated. Both parties have agreed that final internal design decisions should be service driven and that as the primary tenant, AHP would be intimately involved in finalizing internal building plans.

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3. Visibility: As it is anticipated that AHP will be responsible for the majority of HIV services provided in the building we have made it a condition of participation that AHP receive clear public recognition for the work it does. In response, the Life Center has offered to name the building, the UCSF AIDS Health Project. Our position is that the name of the building must make sense for clients, as well as to assure AHP visibility. The actual name remains undetermined pending finalizing of service plans for the building. For example, if AHP ends up occupying the majority of the space, but makes some rooms available to staff from other agencies to provide a specified service not currently offered by AHP, the building could be named the "UCSF AIDS Health Project". If, at the end of the planning process, it is deemed more appropriate to co-locate other agencies in the building, the building name could reflect this broader use. In any case, AHP reserves the right to participate equally with the Life Center in final selection of a mutually acceptable name.

This item has been agreed to by the Life Center.

4. Ongoing Building Use Decisions: The lease of the real property upon which the building will be constructed will be held by the non-profit organization, 2299 Market St, Inc., which will be AHP's landlord under an office space lease. To be assured of representation we would like to accept the Life Center's offer that the by-laws changed to include a seat on 2299 Market St.'s Board of Directors for the Executive Director of AHP or his designee. It is understood and agreed by both parties that AHP would have no traditional building management responsibilities.

Financial

1. Short-term Rent Payment: AHP is not now and, based on its present funding sources, is not likely to be in a financial position to pay for the entire proposed rental costs (projected at \$1.00 per square foot plus triple net charges/month) for the approximate 13,500 sq. feet available for direct services at 2299 Market by the time the space is available (projected mid-1996). In order for AHP to enter into this agreement, the Life Center has committed to raise funds, with AHP's full support and participation, to support AHP's tenancy for the period from the opening of the building until the debt is sufficiently retired to make the rent for which AHP will be responsible affordable.

This item has been agreed to by the Life Center.

2. Project Management Assistance: In order to proceed with this project, the Life Center has agreed to secure funding, with AHP's full support and participation, for AHP to hire a Program Development Specialist. This AHP employee will be the liaison between AHP leadership and the Life Center staff to ensure program planning decisions are carried out and building design concerns are addressed. Given that groundbreaking is planned for January 1995, this employee must be hired within the next two to three months and work full-time or to the extent necessary, through completion of construction to develop this new, expanded program.

This item has been agreed to by the Life Center.

However, since it is my understanding from Ira that this kind of position may be fundable by the Irvine Foundation, I would like to talk with you about this possibility.



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3. Long Range Development to Support Service Delivery: The resources of the AIDS Health Project will be significantly strained by taking on the responsibility of this new and very public service site. To be able to adequately meet the anticipated demands for increased client services, as well as the need to manage public information requests and referral, the Life Center has agreed to help AHP develop and secure a long-term strategy for increasing our funding base. These funds will be used to hire and maintain needed staff positions to assure the smooth functioning of the service site, as well as to support the already strained infrastructure of AHP.

This item has been agreed to by the Life Center.

4. HIV Services Conference Center: This item has both programmatic and financial elements. Currently the Life Center has plans for a conference center as part of the building. It is our wish that the conference center be self-sustaining and that it complement client services.

This item has been agreed to by the Life Center.

Please feel free to call me if you have any further questions. To summarize our position, I believe it is fair to say that, pending final written agreement of the above issues, the AIDS Health Project will become the primary tenant at 2299 Market St. and will ensure that services offered at the site will be high quality and conform to accepted standards of care. We believe that this site can, in fact, bring a spectrum of needed services to an excellent location and that the citizens of San Francisco, whether living with HIV or not, will be well served by a partnership of the AIDS Health Project and the Life Center.

Please do not hesitate to contact me if you have any questions. I look forward to talking with you further.

Sincerely,

A handwritten signature in dark ink, appearing to read "James W. Dilley".

James W. Dilley, MD
Director, UCSF AIDS Health Project

cc: Joanna Rinaldi, Deputy Director, AHP
Stephen Herman, President, AHP Community Advisory Board
Victor Murphy, Esq., AHP Community Advisory Board
Daniel Hernandez, AHP Community Advisory Board
Bill Lorton, AHP Community Advisory Board
Ira Glasser, Development Coordinator, the Life Center
Mark Sackett, President, Board of Directors, the Life Center
Tim Wolfred, President, Program Advisory Board, the Life Center

UCSF
**AIDS
HEALTH
PROJECT**

*A project concerned
with AIDS Prevention
and Health Promotion*

May 25, 1994

Tim Wolfred, Psy. D.
975 Duncan Street
San Francisco, CA 94131

Dear Tim:

 —
Thanks for your letter of April 5 and your resume. Also, thanks for your help and consultation regarding the Life Center deliberations. I'm sure you are aware that I basically took your advice and the subsequent developments. More will undoubtedly be revealed and we will no doubt talk about this issue again as it appears that despite the denial by the Irvine Foundation, Ira remains undaunted and our agreements remain intact.

We have been less successful in garnering funds for a strategic planner than with negotiating with the Life Center. Thus, this is to let you know that we will keep your resume on file and I will be happy to keep you in mind for possible referrals. We have also not given up and may yet be in the market for a consultant.

Hope all is well with you.

Best wishes,


James W. Dilley, MD
Project Director

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GRAHAM & JAMES

In association with Deacons | Sty & Weigall

94 MAY -6 P12:05

FACSIMILE TRANSMISSION COVER SHEET**Attorneys**

One Maritime Plaza
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San Francisco, CA
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Fax (415) 391 2493

DATE: May 6, 1994

NUMBER OF PAGES TRANSMITTED
(including this page): 4

From: Victor C. Murphy, Esq.
Our File: 99004.11

Direct tel
(415) 954 0218

To: James W. Dilley, MD
Facsimile #: 476-7996
Phone #: 476-6430
City/Country: San Francisco, CA

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AIDS HEALTH PROJECT

A project conceived
with AIDS Prevention
and Health Promotion

May 2, 1994

Ms. Renetia Martin
Program Officer
Irvine Foundation

#1 Market Plaza, Spear Tower, Suite 1715
San Francisco, CA 94105

DRAFT 1

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The Life Center supports this position.

2. Building Design Elements: The services to be delivered should drive final internal building design decisions. Thus, AHP must have final approval of plans for build-out within a dollar figure to be negotiated. Both parties have agreed that final design decisions should be service driven and that if AHP becomes the primary tenant, AHP *would* ~~will~~ be intimately involved in finalizing building plans. *as*

3. Visibility: ~~If the AIDS Health Project is to be responsible for the majority of HIV services provided in the building, we believe the building should be named accordingly.~~ For example, if AHP ends up occupying the majority of the space, but *AHP should have control over the naming of the building.*

As it is anticipated that AHP will

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Ms. Renetia Martin
Irvine Foundation
Page 2/3

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- its — 4. Ongoing Building Use Decisions: Because the lease for the building will be held by the non-profit organization, 2299 Market St, Inc., we would like the by-laws changed to include a seat on the Board of Directors for the Executive Director of the ^{AHP} AIDS Health Project or his designee. It is understood and agreed by both parties that AHP would have no traditional building management responsibilities.

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any significant portion of
for which AHP will be responsible

1. Short-term Rent Payment: ^{AHP} The AIDS Health Project is not now and is not likely to be in a financial position to pay the total rent cost for the space at 2299 Market by the time the space is available (projected mid-1996). In order for us to enter into this agreement, the Life Center needs to commit to raise funds to support our tenancy for the period from the opening of the building until the debt is sufficiently retired to make the rent affordable. This item has been agreed to in principle, but not yet in fact, by the Life Center.

2. Project Management Assistance: In order to proceed with this project, the Life Center must agree to secure funding for AHP to hire a Program Development Specialist. This AHP employee would be the liaison between AHP leadership and the Life Center staff to ensure program planning decisions are carried out and building design concerns are addressed. Given that groundbreaking is planned for January 1995, this employee must be hired within the next two to three months and work full-time through completion of construction. This item has been agreed to in principle, but not yet in fact, by the Life Center.

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4. HIV Services Conference Center: This item has both programmatic and financial elements. Currently the Life Center has plans for a conference center as part of the building. Until a final program plan is developed and approved, we would like to put this item on hold as the space currently planned for the conference area may be needed for client services. This item has been agreed to in principle, but not yet in fact, by the Life Center.

Address Correspondence To: UCSF AIDS Health Project • Box 0884 • San Francisco, CA 94143-0884

Administrative Offices: 1855 Folsom Street • Suite 506 • San Francisco, CA 94103 • (415) 476-6430

Administrative Office Fax: (415) 476-7996 • Fiscal Unit Fax: (415) 476-3613

Affiliated with the University of California San Francisco

Ms. Renetia Martin
Irvine Foundation
Page 3/3

AIDS HEALTH PROJECT

A project concerned
with AIDS Prevention
and Health Promotion

Please feel free to call me if you have any further questions. To summarize our position, I believe it is fair to say that, pending successful resolution of the above issues, the AIDS Health Project will become the primary tenant at 2299 Market St. and will ensure that services offered at the site will be high quality and conform to accepted standards of care. We believe that this site can, in fact, bring a spectrum of needed services to an excellent location and that the citizens of San Francisco, whether living with HIV or not, will be well served by a partnership of the AIDS Health Project and the Life Center.

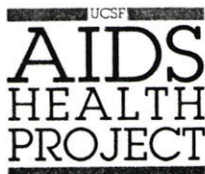
Please do not hesitate to contact me if you have any questions. I look forward to talking with you further.

Sincerely,

James W. Dilley, MD
Director, UCSF AIDS Health Project

cc: Joanna Rinaldi, Deputy Director, AHP
Stephen Herman, President, AHP Community Advisory Board
Victor Murphy, Esq., Graham and James, AHP Community Advisory Board
Daniel Hernandez, AHP Community Advisory Board
Bill Lorton, AHP Community Advisory Board
Ira Glasser, Development Coordinator, the Life Center
Kent Sacks, President, Board of Directors, the Life Center
Tim Wolfred, Program Advisory Board, the Life Center

Address Correspondence To: UCSF AIDS Health Project • Box 0884 • San Francisco, CA 94143-0884
Administrative Offices: 1855 Folsom Street • Suite 506 • San Francisco, CA 94103 • (415) 476-6430
Administrative Office Fax: (415) 476-7996 • Fiscal Unit Fax: (415) 476-3613
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A project concerned
with AIDS Prevention
and Health Promotion

May 11, 1994

Ms. Renetia Martin
Program Officer
Irvine Foundation
#1 Market Plaza, Spear Tower, Suite 1715
San Francisco, CA 94105

Dear Ms. Martin:

I am writing to update you on the negotiations between the UCSF AIDS Health Project (AHP) and the AIDS/HIV Life Center concerning AHP's becoming the primary HIV service provider in the Life Centers' proposed new building at 2299 Market St. As you know, conversations between Ira Glasser and myself have been ongoing for some time about this building and its proposed uses. I am writing at this particular time because I am aware that the Irvine Foundation is considering a Program Related Investment, or development loan, to the Life Center.

I am happy to report that after much discussion, a mutually agreeable arrangement governing our involvement with the Life Center building appears possible. We have several programmatic and financial conditions that need to be met if we are to participate (see below); however, based on recent discussions and the willingness of the Life Center to work with us, I believe we can work out a suitable arrangement. Let me outline some of the issues we have been discussing.

Programmatic Issues

1. Program Mix: Our overriding interest in participating in the Life Center effort is to ensure that quality client services are delivered in a manner that is as respectful and programmatically sensible as possible. One aspect of providing quality services is ensuring appropriate management of the programmatic elements of the site. As you will recall from earlier attempts to bring disparate HIV service providers together under a single roof to provide services, a central, on-site service provider authorized to provide oversight to the service delivery system is critical to its overall success. We have made it clear that for us to participate in the delivery of services at this site, AHP must be given the authority to oversee the development and execution of HIV services provided there. The Life Center supports this position. This oversight authority may mean that AHP will actually take over the entire available space, or more likely, that AHP will be responsible for the development of a service delivery plan that will provide for a coherent service mix made up of appropriate service providers.

2. Building Design Elements: The services to be delivered should drive final internal building design decisions. Thus, AHP must share in final approval of plans for build-out within a dollar figure to be negotiated. Both parties have agreed that final internal design decisions should be service driven and that as the primary tenant, AHP would be intimately involved in finalizing internal building plans.

Address Correspondence To: UCSF AIDS Health Project • Box 0884 • San Francisco, CA 94143-0884

Administrative Offices: 1855 Folsom Street • Suite 506 • San Francisco, CA 94103 • (415) 476-6430

Administrative Office Fax: (415) 476-7996 • Fiscal Unit Fax: (415) 476-3613

Affiliated with the University of California San Francisco



3. **Visibility:** As it is anticipated that AHP will be responsible for the majority of HIV services provided in the building we have made it a condition of participation that AHP receive clear public recognition for the work it does. In response, the Life Center has offered to name the building, the UCSF AIDS Health Project. Our position is that the name of the building must make sense for clients, as well as to assure AHP visibility. The actual name remains undetermined pending finalizing of service plans for the building. For example, if AHP ends up occupying the majority of the space, but makes some rooms available to staff from other agencies to provide a specified service not currently offered by AHP, the building could be named the "UCSF AIDS Health Project". If, at the end of the planning process, it is deemed more appropriate to co-locate other agencies in the building, the building name could reflect this broader use. In any case, AHP reserves the right to participate equally with the Life Center in final selection of a mutually acceptable name.

This item has been agreed to by the Life Center.

4. **Ongoing Building Use Decisions:** The lease of the real property upon which the building will be constructed will be held by the non-profit organization, 2299 Market St, Inc., which will be AHP's landlord under an office space lease. To be assured of representation we would like to accept the Life Center's offer that the by-laws changed to include a seat on 2299 Market St.'s Board of Directors for the Executive Director of AHP or his designee. It is understood and agreed by both parties that AHP would have no traditional building management responsibilities.

Financial

1. **Short-term Rent Payment:** AHP is not now and, based on its present funding sources, is not likely to be in a financial position to pay for the entire proposed rental costs (projected at \$1.00 per square foot plus triple net charges/month) for the approximate 13,500 sq. feet available for direct services at 2299 Market by the time the space is available (projected mid-1996). In order for AHP to enter into this agreement, the Life Center has committed to raise funds, with AHP's full support and participation, to support AHP's tenancy for the period from the opening of the building until the debt is sufficiently retired to make the rent for which AHP will be responsible affordable.

This item has been agreed to by the Life Center.

2. **Project Management Assistance:** In order to proceed with this project, the Life Center has agreed to secure funding, with AHP's full support and participation, for AHP to hire a Program Development Specialist. This AHP employee will be the liaison between AHP leadership and the Life Center staff to ensure program planning decisions are carried out and building design concerns are addressed. Given that groundbreaking is planned for January 1995, this employee must be hired within the next two to three months and work full-time or to the extent necessary, through completion of construction to develop this new, expanded program.

This item has been agreed to by the Life Center.

However, since it is my understanding from Ira that this kind of position may be fundable by the Irvine Foundation, I would like to talk with you about this possibility.

UCSF
**AIDS
HEALTH
PROJECT**

*A project concerned
with AIDS Prevention
and Health Promotion*

Ms. Renetia Martin
Irvine Foundation
Page 3/3

3. Long Range Development to Support Service Delivery: The resources of the AIDS Health Project will be significantly strained by taking on the responsibility of this new and very public service site. To be able to adequately meet the anticipated demands for increased client services, as well as the need to manage public information requests and referral, the Life Center has agreed to help AHP develop and secure a long-term strategy for increasing our funding base. These funds will be used to hire and maintain needed staff positions to assure the smooth functioning of the service site, as well as to support the already strained infrastructure of AHP.

This item has been agreed to by the Life Center.

4. HIV Services Conference Center: This item has both programmatic and financial elements. Currently the Life Center has plans for a conference center as part of the building. It is our wish that the conference center be self-sustaining and that it complement client services.

This item has been agreed to by the Life Center.

Please feel free to call me if you have any further questions. To summarize our position, I believe it is fair to say that, pending final written agreement of the above issues, the AIDS Health Project will become the primary tenant at 2299 Market St. and will ensure that services offered at the site will be high quality and conform to accepted standards of care. We believe that this site can, in fact, bring a spectrum of needed services to an excellent location and that the citizens of San Francisco, whether living with HIV or not, will be well served by a partnership of the AIDS Health Project and the Life Center.

Please do not hesitate to contact me if you have any questions. I look forward to talking with you further.

Sincerely,



James W. Dilley, MD
Director, UCSF AIDS Health Project

cc: Joanna Rinaldi, Deputy Director, AHP
Stephen Herman, President, AHP Community Advisory Board
Victor Murphy, Esq., AHP Community Advisory Board
Daniel Hernandez, AHP Community Advisory Board
Bill Lorton, AHP Community Advisory Board
Ira Glasser, Development Coordinator, the Life Center
Mark Sackett, President, Board of Directors, the Life Center
Tim Wolfred, President, Program Advisory Board, the Life Center



A project concerned
with AIDS Prevention
and Health Promotion

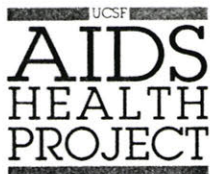
MEMO

To: 2299 Market St. Advisory Group
From: James W. Dilley, MD
Date: May 5, 1994
RE: First Draft of Letter to the Irvine Foundation

Please find enclosed the first draft of the letter I have been asked to send to the Irvine Foundation. I'd like each of you to review ASAP and get back to me tomorrow at the latest. Note that the cc list is my idea of who should get a copy. Let me know if you want to add/delete names. Please page me at 719-2225 with your comments.

I will then send a version that has been reviewed by all of us to Ira Glasser for his review and comment. Barring any significant changes/requests by Ira, I will then send out a final copy no later than Monday.

Thanks for all you help on this and your willingness to "turn it around" on a moments' notice.



*A project concerned
with AIDS Prevention
and Health Promotion*

May 2, 1994

Ms. Renetia Martin
Program Officer
Irvine Foundation
#1 Market Plaza, Spear Tower, Suite 1715
San Francisco, CA 94105

DRAFT 1

Dear Ms. Martin:

I am writing to update you on the negotiations between the UCSF AIDS Health Project (AHP) and the Life Center concerning AHP's becoming the primary HIV service provider in their proposed new building at 2299 Market St. As you know, conversations between Ira Glasser and myself have been ongoing for some time about this building and its proposed uses.

I am happy to report that after much discussion, a mutually agreeable arrangement governing our involvement with the project appears possible. We have several programmatic and financial conditions that need to be met if we are to participate (see below); however, based on recent discussions and the willingness of the Life Center to work with us, I believe we can work out a suitable arrangement. Let me outline some of the issues we have been discussing.

Programmatic Issues

1. Program Mix: Our overriding interest in participating in the Life Center effort is to ensure that quality client services are delivered in a manner that is as respectful and programmatically sensible as possible. One aspect of providing quality services is ensuring appropriate management of the programmatic elements of the site. As you will recall from earlier attempts to bring disparate HIV service providers together under a single roof to provide services, a central, on-site service provider authorized to provide oversight to the service delivery system is critical to its overall success. We have made it clear and it has been agreed to by both parties, that for us to participate in the delivery of services at this site, the AIDS Health Project must be given the authority to oversee the development and execution of HIV services at this location. This oversight authority may mean that AHP will actually take over the entire available space, or more likely, that AHP will be responsible for the development of a service delivery plan that will provide for a coherent service mix made up of appropriate service providers.

2. Building Design Elements: The services to be delivered should drive final internal building design decisions. Thus, AHP must have final approval of plans for build-out within a dollar figure to be negotiated. Both parties have agreed that final design decisions should be service driven and that if AHP becomes the primary tenant, AHP will be intimately involved in finalizing building plans.

3. Visibility: If the AIDS Health Project is to be responsible for the majority of HIV services provided in the building, we believe the building should be named accordingly. For example, if AHP ends up occupying the majority of the space, but



makes some rooms available to staff from other agencies to provide a specified service not currently offered by AHP, the building should be named the "UCSF AIDS Health Project". If, at the end of the planning process, it is deemed more appropriate to co-locate other agencies in the building, the building name should reflect this broader use. In any case, AHP reserves the right to determine the building name. This item has not yet been agreed to by the Life Center.

4. Ongoing Building Use Decisions: Because the lease for the building will be held by the non-profit organization, 2299 Market St, Inc., we would like the by-laws changed to include a seat on the Board of Directors for the Executive Director of the AIDS Health Project or his designee. It is understood and agreed by both parties that AHP would have no traditional building management responsibilities.

Financial

1. Short-term Rent Payment: The AIDS Health Project is not now and is not likely to be in a financial position to pay the total rent cost for the space at 2299 Market by the time the space is available (projected mid-1996). In order for us to enter into this agreement, the Life Center needs to commit to raise funds to support our tenancy for the period from the opening of the building until the debt is sufficiently retired to make the rent affordable. This item has been agreed to in principle, but not yet in fact, by the Life Center.

2. Project Management Assistance: In order to proceed with this project, the Life Center must agree to secure funding for AHP to hire a Program Development Specialist. This AHP employee would be the liaison between AHP leadership and the Life Center staff to ensure program planning decisions are carried out and building design concerns are addressed. Given that groundbreaking is planned for January 1995, this employee must be hired within the next two to three months and work full-time through completion of construction. This item has been agreed to in principle, but not yet in fact, by the Life Center.

3. Long Range Development to Support Service Delivery: The resources of the AIDS Health Project will be significantly strained by taking on the responsibility of this new and very public service site. To be able to adequately meet the anticipated demands for increased client services, as well as the need to manage public information requests and referral, the Life Center must agree to help the AIDS Health Project develop and secure a long-term strategy for increasing our funding base. These funds will be used to hire and maintain needed staff positions to assure the smooth functioning of the service site, as well as to support the already strained infrastructure of AHP. This item has been agreed to in principle, but not yet in fact, by the Life Center.

4. HIV Services Conference Center: This item has both programmatic and financial elements. Currently the Life Center has plans for a conference center as part of the building. Until a final program plan is developed and approved, we would like to put this item on hold as the space currently planned for the conference area may be needed for client services. This item has been agreed to in principle, but not yet in fact, by the Life Center.

UCSF
**AIDS
HEALTH
PROJECT**

*A project concerned
with AIDS Prevention
and Health Promotion*

Please feel free to call me if you have any further questions. To summarize our position, I believe it is fair to say that, pending successful resolution of the above issues, the AIDS Health Project will become the primary tenant at 2299 Market St and will ensure that services offered at the site will be high quality and conform to accepted standards of care. We believe that this site can, in fact, bring a spectrum of needed services to an excellent location and that the citizens of San Francisco, whether living with HIV or not, will be well served by a partnership of the AIDS Health Project and the Life Center.

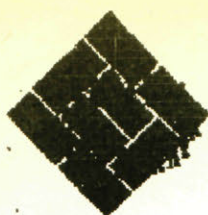
Please do not hesitate to contact me if you have any questions. I look forward to talking with you further.

Sincerely,

James W. Dilley, MD
Director, UCSF AIDS Health Project

cc: Joanna Rinaldi, Deputy Director, AHP
Stephen Herman, President, AHP Community Advisory Board
Victor Murphy, Esq., Graham and Janes, AHP Community Advisory Board
Daniel Hernandez, AHP Community Advisory Board
Bill Lorton, AHP Community Advisory Board
Ira Glasser, Development Coordinator, the Life Center
Kent Sacks, President, Board of Directors, the Life Center
Tim Wolfred, Program Advisory Board, the Life Center

THE LIFE CENTER



*To Life Ctr
file*

May 12, 1994

Constance J. Walker, Program Officer
Director of Program Related Investments Fund
The James Irvine Foundation
One Market Plaza, Spear Tower, Suite 1715
San Francisco, CA 94105

Re: Real Estate Development Loan Request

Dear Connie:

Since our meeting last month, we have been working to resolve a key concern which Tom raised with Tim Wolfred, concerning the standard of client care at the future 2299 Market Street building.

As the result of a lengthy, careful process between the AIDS Health Project and the Life Center, we have addressed that concern with both Tom and Renetia, and have written to them about their now being able to make a positive referral to you on our Program Related Investments Fund loan request.

You will therefore find enclosed a Cash Flow Report representing our almost four years of project activity, and a Cost Analysis of the AIDS/HIV Life Center Building Project which shows expected costs through building completion. We are seeking from you coverage for those amounts which have not yet been paid and which will be due prior to groundbreaking and the availability of long-term financing.

We are deeply hopefully that we may still make the schedule for your Board meeting later this month. Please contact me at 664-9218 with your questions and requests for additional information.

Sincerely,

Ira K. Glasser
Development Coordinator

THE JAMES IRVINE FOUNDATION
FOR THE PEOPLE OF CALIFORNIA

ONE MARKET PLAZA, SPEAR TOWER, SUITE 1715
SAN FRANCISCO, CALIFORNIA 94105
TELEPHONE (415) 777-2244
FAX (415) 777-0869

MAY 25 1994

May 23, 1994

James W. Dilley, M.D.
Director, UCSF AIDS Health Project
P.O. Box 0884
San Francisco, CA 94143-0884

Dear Dr. Dilley,

Thank you for your letter of May 11. It was extremely helpful and informative. Unfortunately I am enclosing a copy of the denial sent to Ira Glasser on May 18, 1994.

As I mentioned in our conversation on Friday, we are never quite sure what the outcome of our proposal process will be. In this case we all gave it our very best and I regret we could not fund this particular undertaking.

I wish you and Ira every success in your efforts to fund this important program. I look forward to seeing you soon.

Sincerely,



Renetia Martin
Program Associate

THE JAMES IRVINE FOUNDATION
FOR THE PEOPLE OF CALIFORNIA

ONE MARKET PLAZA, SPEAR TOWER, SUITE 1715
SAN FRANCISCO, CALIFORNIA 94105
TELEPHONE (415) 777-2244
FAX (415) 777-0869

May 18, 1994

Mr. Ira K. Glasser
Development Coordinator
The Life Center
1675 California Street
San Francisco, CA 94109

Dear Ira:

Thank you for the additional financial and programmatic information on the Life Center. We have now completed our analysis of your proposal, and I regret to inform you that the Foundation will not be able to provide the Program-Related Investment you have requested. Since you were undoubtedly expecting a different response, I would like to share the reasoning behind our decision.

The first test for any PRI is whether it fits within our regular grantmaking priorities. Our current grants in HIV/AIDS are very competitive. For some time now, we have concentrated our funding on organizations for whom prevention is a programmatic priority. While the proposed Life Center will house a number of worthy programs, our reading of your proposal is that it will concentrate on care for persons with HIV rather than prevention. Also, our grantmaking priorities favor direct support for programs rather than capital development.

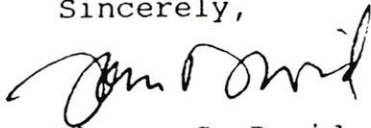
Second, although Jim Dilley's letter to Renetia Martin helped clarify the Life Center's commitment to program, it also raised another question for us. The Irvine Foundation is prohibited by its Trust from supporting public entities such as UCSF. If the UCSF AIDS Health Project is to be the primary organizational tenant of the Life Center (and may even result in a renaming of the building) it would violate the spirit of our Trust to underwrite development of the project.

Finally, it is a cause for concern any time that Foundation funds are so critical to the "lift off" of a project of this magnitude. We can appreciate the complexity of the deal, and your creativity in weaving together multiple funding "strands." However, your plans also depend on lots of promises being fulfilled. From our perspective, it is a delicate balancing act that is fraught with risk ... too much risk for us to be one of the initial investors.

Ira K. Glasser
Page Two

Again, I am sorry to be the bearer of disappointing news, but I can assure you that our decision was reached only after extensive discussion and deliberation. I wish you and your colleagues the best in securing the funding you need from other sources.

Sincerely,

A handwritten signature in dark ink, appearing to read "Tom David", written in a cursive style.

Thomas G. David
Senior Program Officer

cc: D. Collins
L. Fies
C. Walker

Open House Schedule

10:00 am Door open
11:00 am Introductions by:
The Life Center
Prof. Johannes Schreiter

12:00 noon Lunch

Lectures Begin

1:00 pm Jeff Smith, USA
2:00 pm Thomas Holzer, USA
3:00 pm Tetsuya Kishi, Japan
4:00 pm Markian Olynyk, Canada
5:00 pm Gunter Grohs, Germany

- Ongoing slide shows.
- View design created for Windows to Life installation.
- View exhibit of original art works by participating artists.

R. S. V. P.

Please RSVP at your earliest possible convenience

1-800-227-1780

1-510-232-0276



C & R LOO, Inc

1085 Essex Ave.

Richmond, CA 94801

Address Correction Requested

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Call Erika St. John
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Hotel Information

▶ **Marriott Berkeley Marina**
200 Marina Blvd.
Berkeley, CA
Rate: \$79 to \$139 per night
Pool & restaurant

▶ **Days Inn**
1603 Powell Street
Emeryville, CA
Rate: \$65 to \$95 per night
Pool & restaurant

▶ **Days Hotel**
3150 Garrity Way
Richmond, CA
Rate: \$49 to \$85 per night
Pool & restaurant

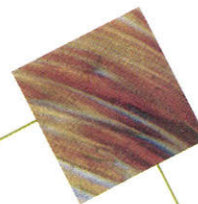
Directions to C & R Loo

▶ **From Oakland:**
Take I-80 North/East
to 580 West towards San Rafael
Take the Castro St. exit
Stay to the right
Follow Castro for about 2 miles until it ends
Make a right on 7th Street
Go over rail road tracks
Go 50 yards and make a right on Essex Ave.
We are at 1085 Essex Ave.

▶ **From San Rafael:**
Go across the Richmond/ San Rafael bridge
Take the 1st exit (Castro Street exit)
Follow Castro for about 2 miles until it ends.
Make a right on 7th Street
Go over rail road tracks
Go 50 yards and make a right on Essex Ave.
We are at 1085 Essex Ave.

▶ **From Sacramento:**
Take I-80 South.
Take El Cerrito/Cutting exit
Make a right on Cutting
Stay on Cutting to 580 West towards San Rafael
Take the Castro St. exit. Stay on right
Follow Castro for about 2 miles until it ends
Make a right on 7th St.
Go over rail road tracks
Go 50 yards and make a right on Essex Ave.
We are at 1085 Essex Ave.

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C & R LOO, Inc.
**Windows to Life
Open House
SCHEDULE**



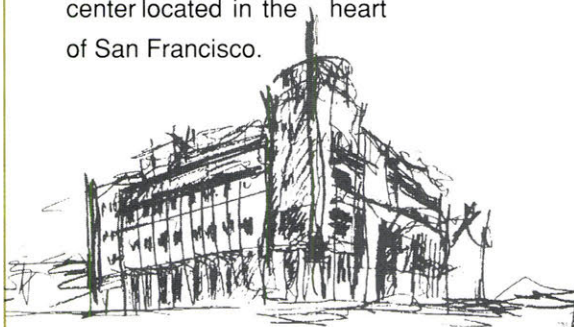
Windows To Life



A project to benefit those whose lives
have been changed by AIDS

■ C & R LOO Open House ■

The WINDOWS TO LIFE design workshop conducted by Prof. Johannes Schreiter, at Architectural Glass Design in Napa, will bring together 17 highly experienced international glass artists to collaborate on an actual stained glass commission. Each artist will be challenged to integrate their individual style into a cohesive design. The result of this workshop is the design of a significant work of art to be fabricated with A.C. Fischer Real Antique glass donated by C & R LOO and permanently installed in the AIDS/HIV Life Center, a community resource center located in the heart of San Francisco.



The Life Center



OPEN HOUSE

May 30, 1993
in Richmond, CA

C & R LOO invites completion of the de-exceptional event at May 30, 1993. We special program which focuses exclusively on the artists and the Windows to Life project.

you to celebrate the sign phase of this our Open House on have arranged a

We welcome you to meet the artists in person and attend their lectures. The actual design of the installation created during the workshop will be displayed along with an extensive exhibit of original art works.

Also enjoy delicious California Cuisine while viewing technical displays and slide shows in our newly remodeled warehouse.

The Windows to Life project has been made possible by the generous donations and support of:

A.C. Fischer Glashütte Bramsche GmbH, Bellas Artes International, C & R LOO, Inc., the Goethe Institute of San Francisco, and Gordon Huether's Architectural Glass Design.



Featured Artists

Günter Grohs	Markian Olynyk
Thomas Holzer	Michael Pilla
Lyn Howe	David & Michelle Plachte-Zuieback
Gordon Huether	Jeff Smith
Tetsuya Kishi	Doug Soelberg
Maureen McGuire	Arthur Stern
Leone McNeil	Eric Wallen
Leslie Perlis	Daniel Winterich

For more information please contact



C & R LOO, Inc. 1085 Essex Ave., Richmond, CA 94801.

Phone: (510) 232-0276 FAX: (510) 232-7810 TOLL FREE: (800) 227-1780







it's tele'chor

Life Center
1000 1st Avenue
New York, NY 10022

2299 MARKET STREET, INC.

THE LIFE CENTER

The Life Center
Viney United Methodist Church
2299 Market Street
San Francisco, California 94114
Assessor's Block 3564
Lot Number 91
Cross Streets Market Street Nine Street and 16th Street (see
Sheet A02)
Building Type Type 4, 1 hour
Height 50 feet 4 stories above grade, 3 basement level
Occupancy B2 Office and Retail
A3 Assembly Room

Client
2299 Market Street, Inc.
d/b/a The Life Center
Suite 11
4111 18th Street
San Francisco, California 94114
(415) 863 9638
(415) 863 5231 FAX
Jonathan Pearlman, Project Director
c/o R. Glusac Development Consultants

136 Hancock Street
San Francisco, California 94114
(415) 826 9495
Robin Burr, Architect of Record
Carlo Abatezzese, Project Manager

Oliver Structural Design
333 Bryant Street
San Francisco, CA 94102
(415) 862-9449
(415) 274-6972 FAX
Dennis Oh, Project Manager

Markus Corporation & Associates Inc.
Suite 801
274 Blumstein Street
San Francisco, California 94107
(415) 495-2130
(415) 495-2138 FAX
T.G. Davalos Mechanical Engineer
At Maroon Plumbing and Electrical Engineer

Yonoff Associates Land Surveyors
560 Pine Street
San Francisco, California 94108
(415) 382-3215
(Land Survey providers as February 11, 1983)

Steven A. Abrams, Landscape Architect
19 Tehama Street
San Francisco, California 94105
(415) 862-4575
(415) 862-7042 FAX
Steven A. Abrams, Project Manager

Walsh, Norris & Associates, Inc.
Architectural Acoustics
Suite 300
26 Duerrin Street
San Francisco, California 94111
(415) 391 2166
(415) 391 0727 FAX
David Walsh, Project Manager

Holtkamp Organ Company
2909 Meyer Avenue
Cleveland, Ohio 44109
(216) 741 5180
(216) 741 0678 FAX
Check Holtkamp Designer

Cover Sheet 12/2/92

C1	Side Survey	21183
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L 1	Site Plan	12 2 92
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AD 1	Title Sheet	12 292
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A2.12	Ground Floor Plan	122/92
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A216	Mechanical Plan/Floor Plan	12292
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A3.1.2	South Elevation	122.92
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A322	Latitudinal (North-South) Section	12 290
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A5 400	Interior Elevations - Community Room	12.2.94
A5 401	Interior Elevations - Town Room	12.2.94

521 Foundation Plan 6199

524	Third Floor Framing Plan	6 199
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S31	Section Moment Frame Along Line 1	6199
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Mechanical Basement Plan 519

M-2	Mechanical 2nd Floor Plan	5.1%
M-3	Mechanical 3rd Floor Plan	5.1%

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E-B Electrical Basement Plan 511

E-3	Electrical Third Floor Plan	515
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E-01	Telephone/Power Plant Diagram	171
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Architect
a'lo tel'ehs
Larkin Aldazpe
Rita Diaz Architect
Michael Larson
136 Hancock Street
San Francisco, California 94114
(415) 626-9495

Client
2299 Market Street, Inc.
Suite 11
4111 18th Street
San Francisco, California 94114
Jonathan Pearlman, Project Director

Project
The Life Center
2299 Market Street
San Francisco, California 94114

Sheet Title

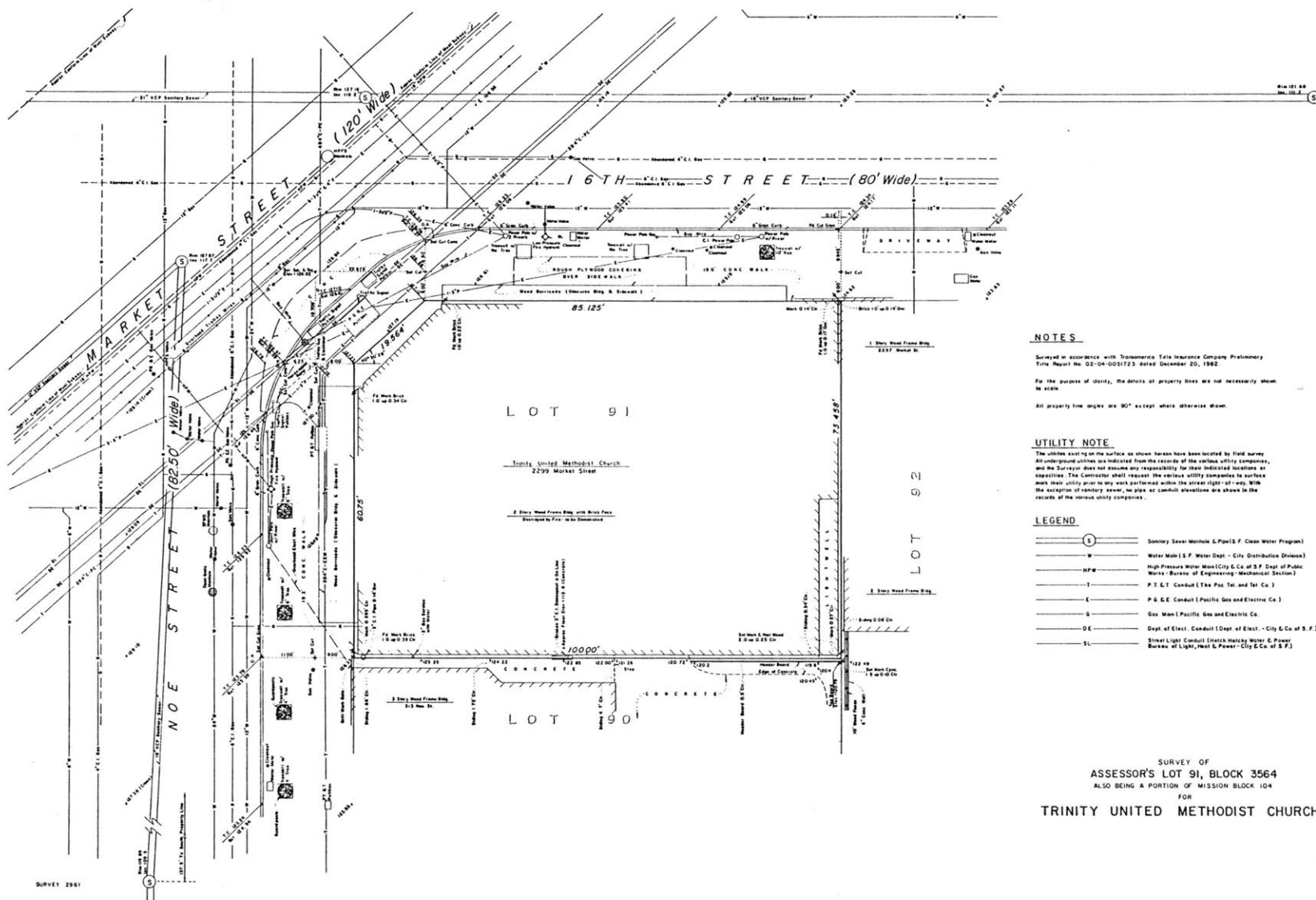
Title Sheet

Revisions			
Rev. No.	Date	Reference	Initials

Drawn By CVEL MLL
Date December 2, 1992
Scale As noted
Sheet No. 401

A0.1

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NOTES

Surveyed in accordance with Topographic Title Insurance Company Photomicrograph
Title Report No. 02-04-0051723 dated December 20, 1982.

For the purpose of clarity, the details of property lines are not necessarily shown
to scale.

All property line angles are 90° except where otherwise shown.

UTILITY NOTE

The utilities existing on the surface as shown herein have been located by field survey.
An underground utility is indicated from the records of the various utility companies,
and the Surveyor does not assume any responsibility for their indicated locations or
capacities. The Contractor shall request the various utility companies to surface
mark their utility prior to any work performed within the street right-of-way. With
the exception of sanitary sewer, no pipe or conduit elevations are shown in the
records of the various utility companies.

LEGEND

1	Sanitary Sewer Mainline & Pipe (S.F. Clean Water Program)
2	Water Main (S.F. Water Dept. - City Distribution Division)
HPW	High Pressure Water Main (City & Co. of S.F. Dept. of Public Works - Bureau of Engineering-Mechanical Section)
T	P.T. & E. Conduit (The Pot. Tel. and Tel. Co.)
E	P.G. & E. Conduit (Pacific Gas and Electric Co.)
G	Gas Main (Pacific Gas and Electric Co.)
DE	Dept. of Elect. Conduit (Dept. of Elect. - City & Co. of S.F.)
SL	Bureau of Light, Heat & Power - City & Co. of S.F.

SURVEY OF
ASSESSOR'S LOT 91, BLOCK 3564
ALSO BEING A PORTION OF MISSION BLOCK 104

FOR
TRINITY UNITED METHODIST CHURCH

Trinity United Methodist Church
2299 Market Street
San Francisco, California 94114
(415) 392-3475
Survey provided as of February 11, 1983.

ar'ko-tek'char

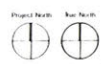
Client:
2299 Market Street Inc.
4111 18th Street
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Project:
The Life Center
2299 Market Street
San Francisco, California 94114

Drawn By:
Scale:
Date:

Site Survey

Project No.: Date: Revision: Status:

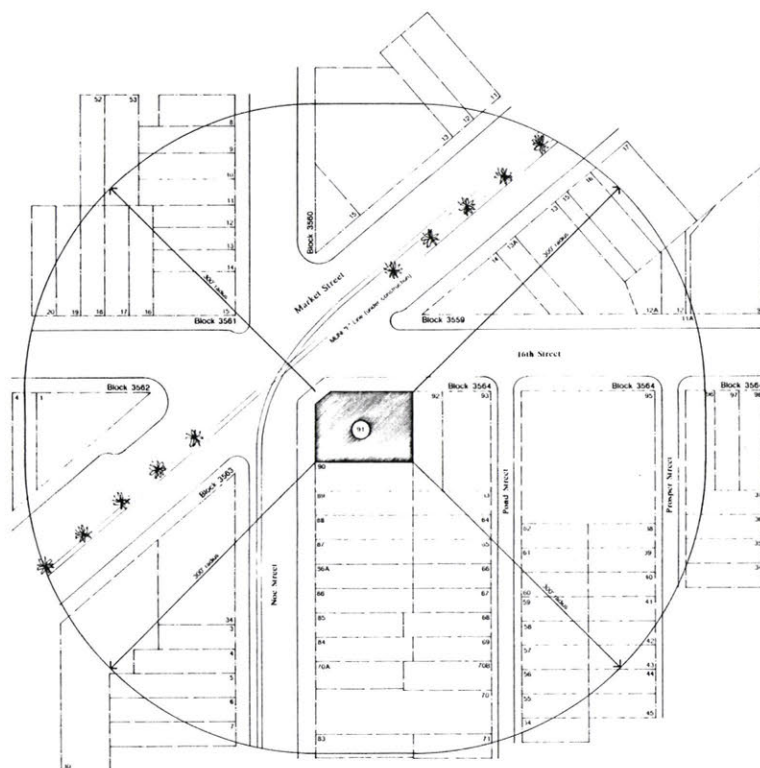


Scale:
Date:
Sheet No.: C.1

Scale 1/8"=1'-0"

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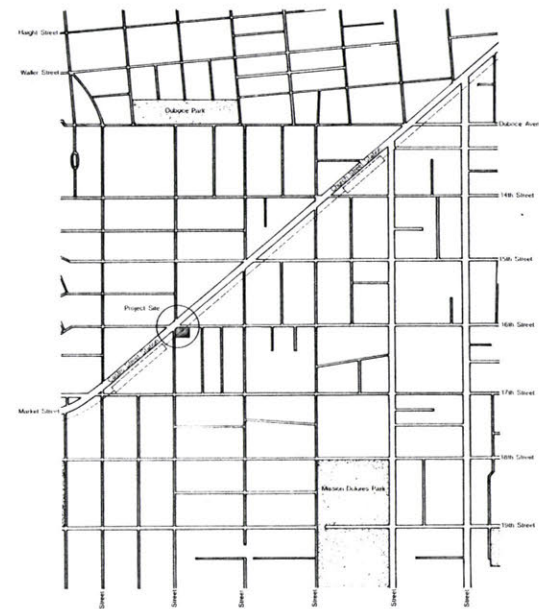
1 100 Foot Radius Map
A0.2

141 Parker Street
The information contained herein has been obtained from sources that we deemed reliable and correct at the time of preparation.
We have no reason to doubt its accuracy but we do not guarantee it.

Scale 1"=50' 0"

2 Site Vicinity Map
A0.2

Scale Graphic



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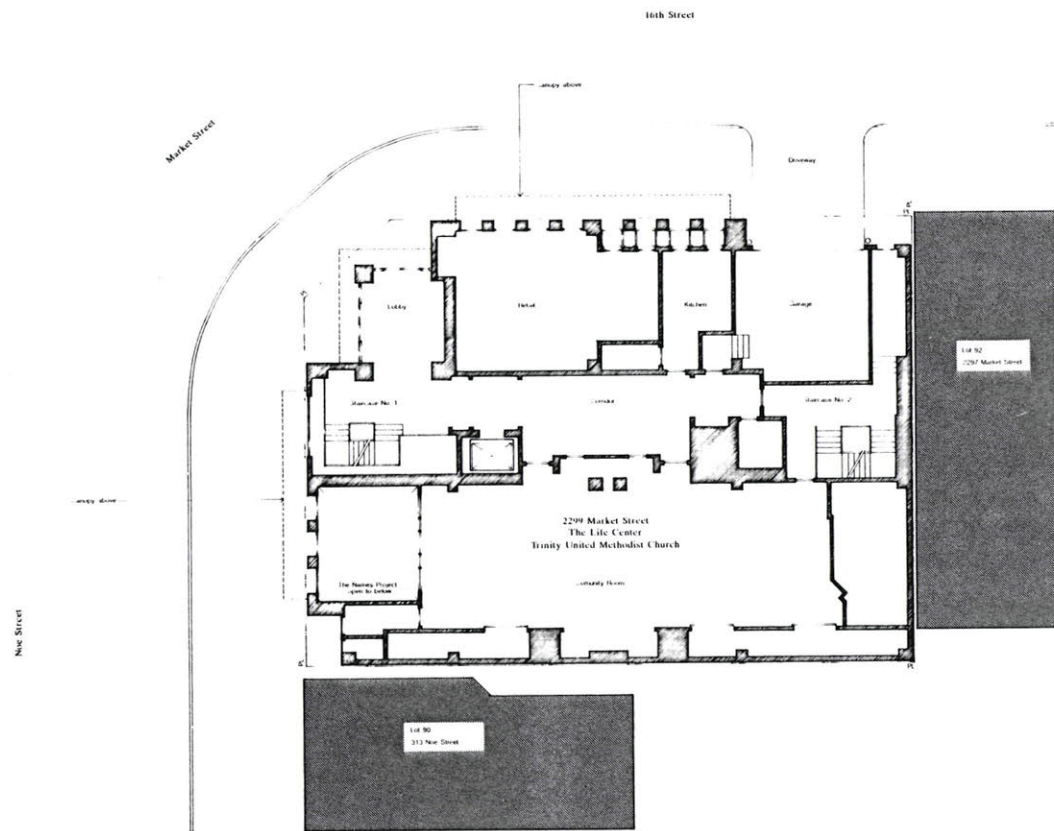
Project
The Life Center
2299 Market Street
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Sheet Title
Title Sheet

Revisions
Rev. No. Date Reference Initials

Project North
Drawn By
Date
Scale
Sheet No.
A0.2

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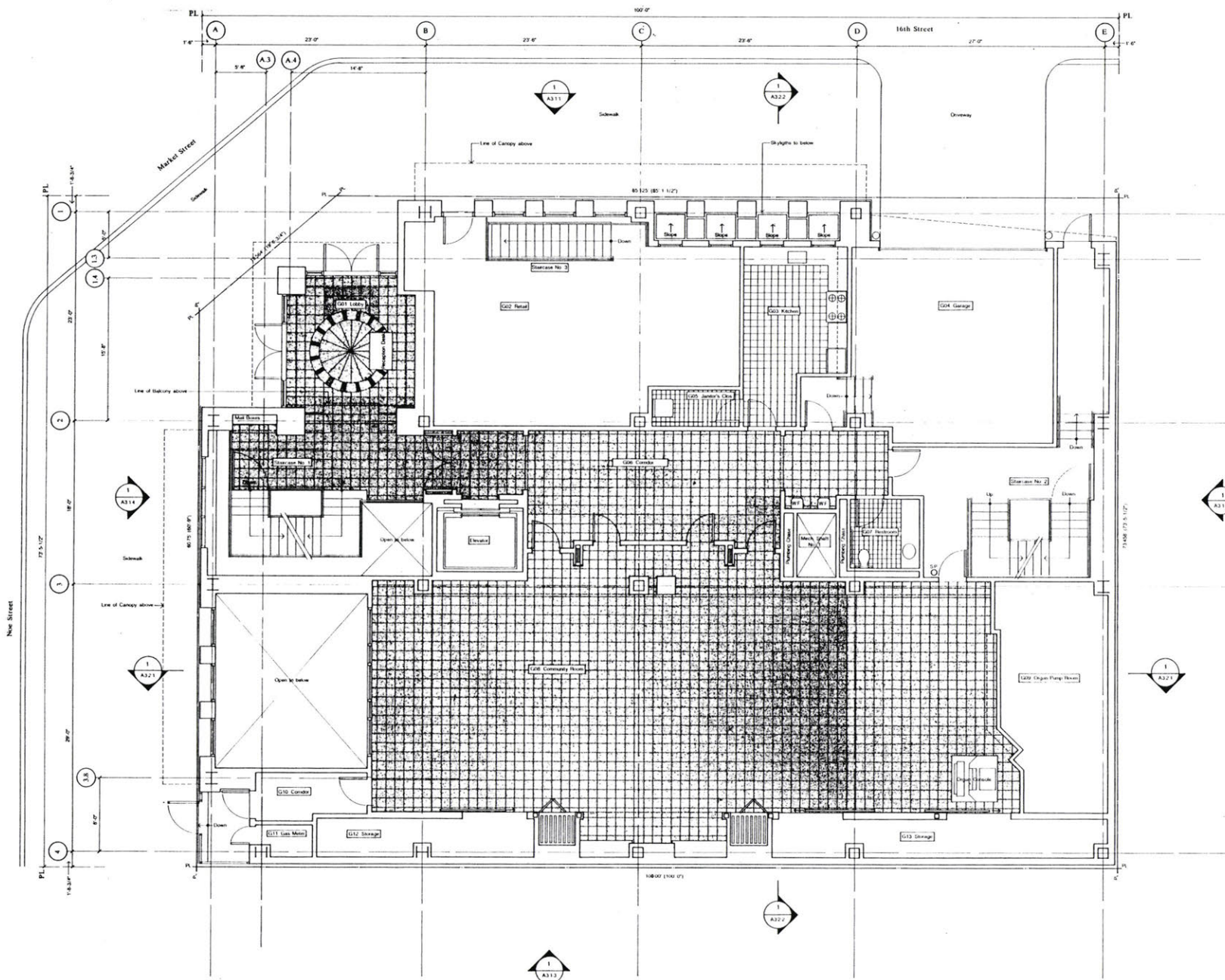
Project:
The Life Center
2299 Market Street
San Francisco, California 94114

Sheet Title:
Site Plan

Revisions:
Rev. No. Date Description Status



Drawn By: CEA ML
Date: December 2, 1992
Scale: As Noted
Sheet No.: **AL1**



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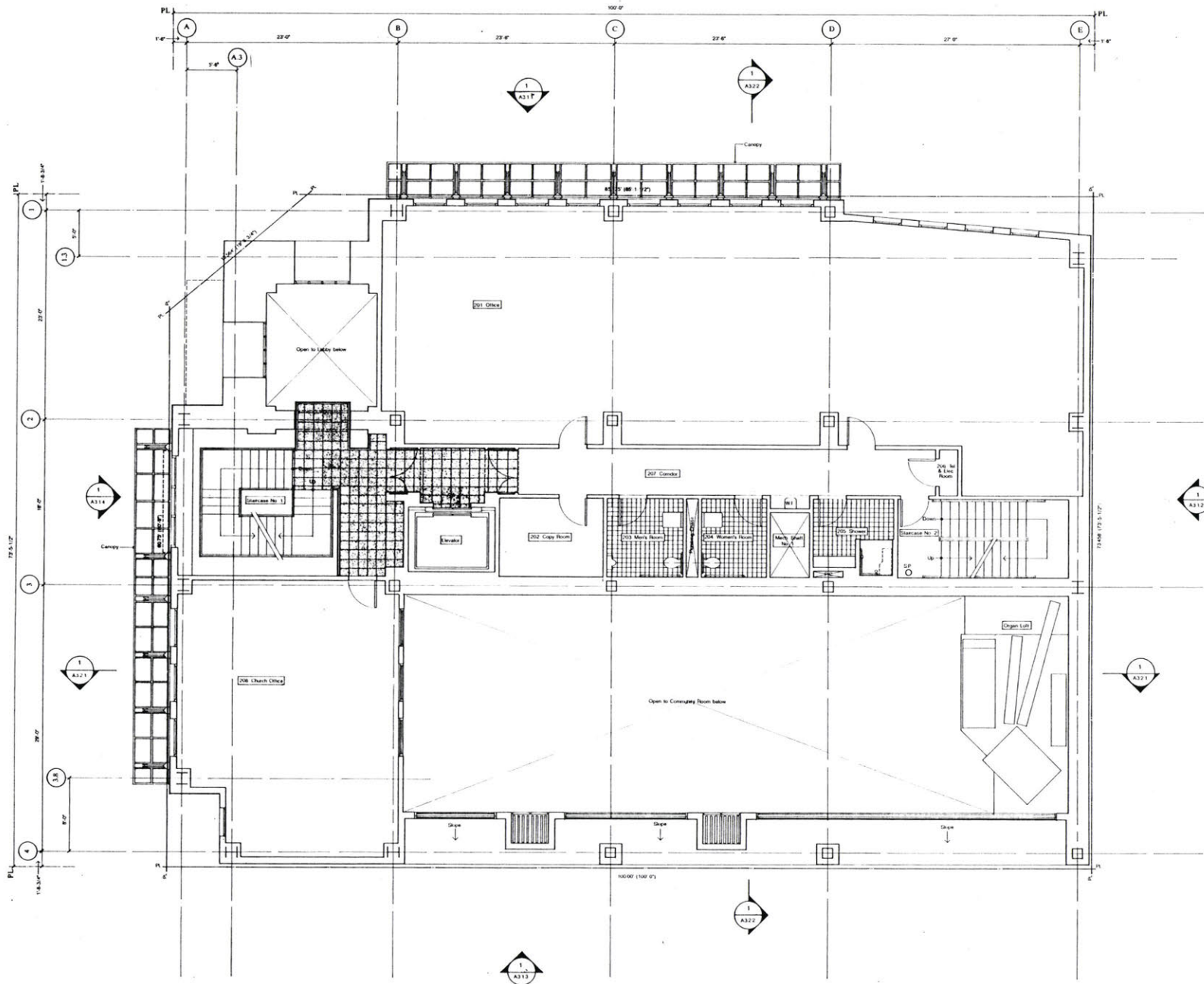
Sheet Title
Ground Floor Plan

Revisions
Rev. No. Date Reference Action



Drawn By: C.H.A. M.L.
Date: December 2, 1992
Scale: 1/4"=1'-0"
Sheet No. **A2.1.2**

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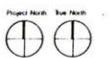
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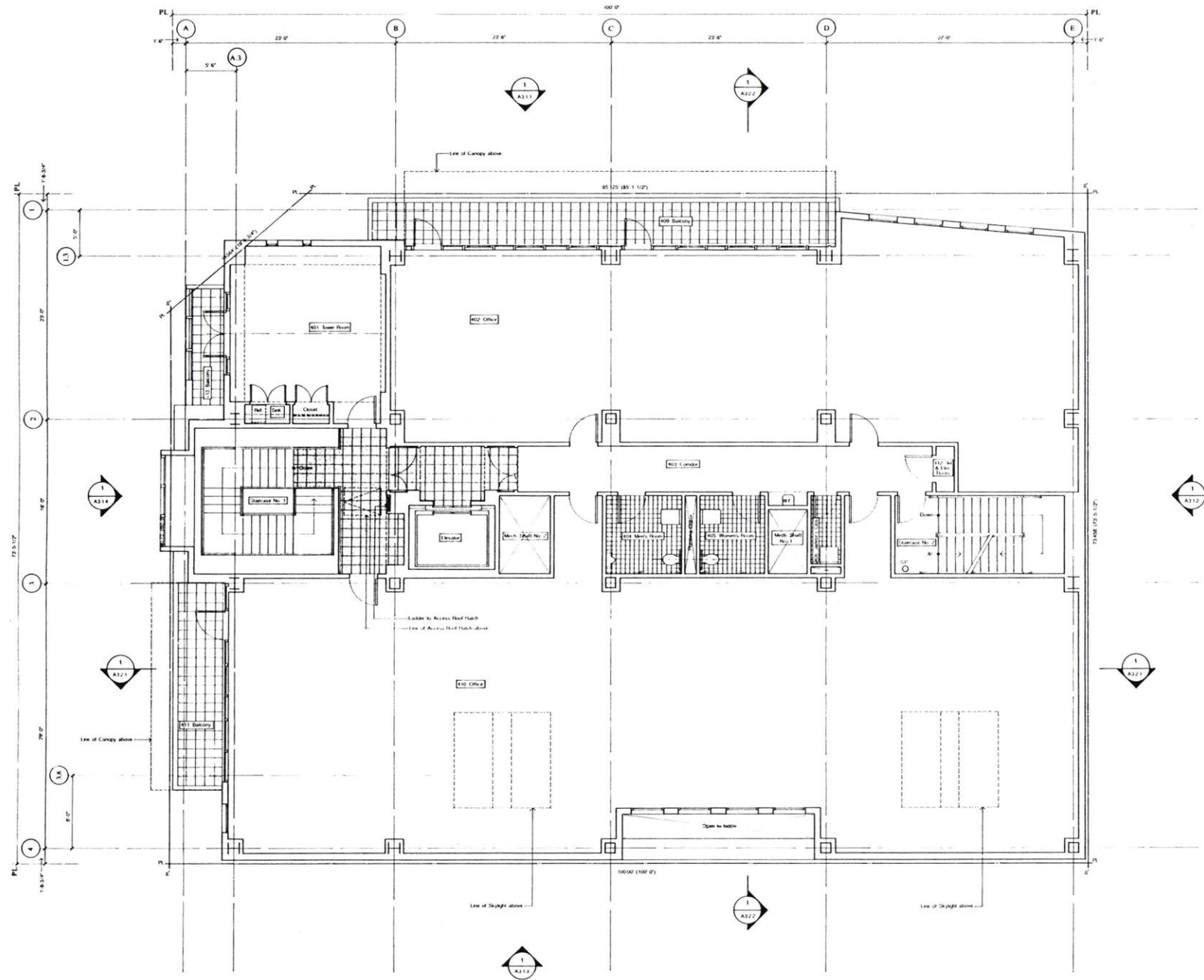
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Second Floor Plan

Revision	Rev. No.	Date	Reference	Notes
1	A321			



Drawn By: CVELA, M.L.
Date: December 2, 1992
Scale: 1/4"=1'-0"
Sheet No: **A2.1.3**

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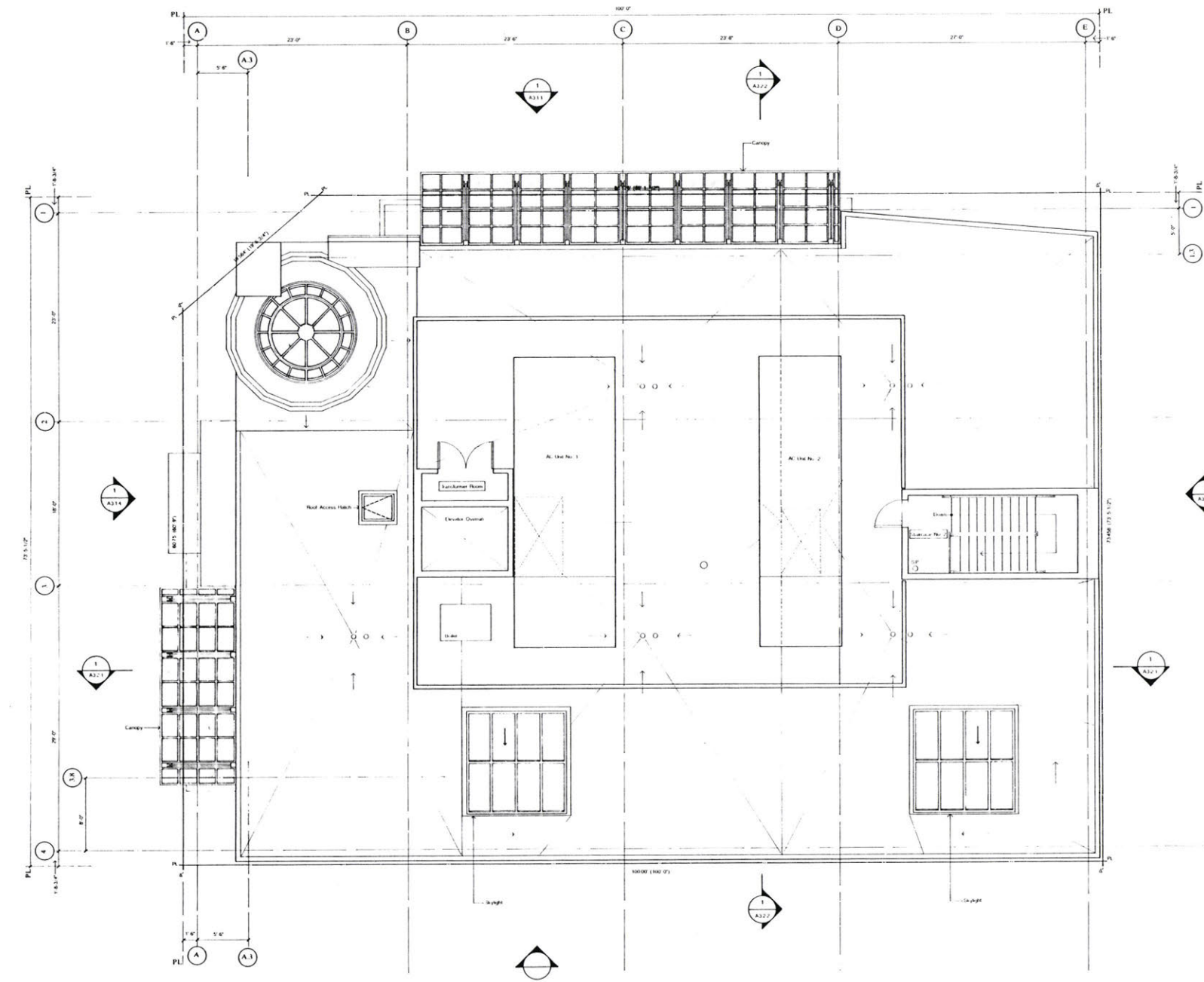
Project
The Life Center
2299 Market Street
San Francisco, California 94114

Sheet Title
Fourth Floor Plan

Revision
Rev No Date Reference Initials



Drawn By: CUEA, M.L.
Date: December 2, 1992
Scale: 1/4"=1'-0"
Sheet No: **A2.1.5**



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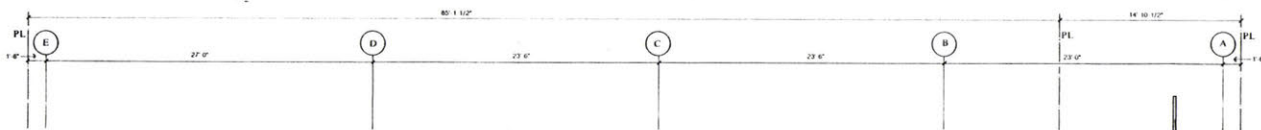
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Project
The Life Center
2299 Market Street
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Sheet Title
Mechanical Plan/Roof Plan
Revision
Rev. No. Date Description

Project Needs: Yes No
Design By: CEA, M.S.
Date: December 2, 1992
Scale: 1/4" = 1'-0"
Sheet No: **A21.6**



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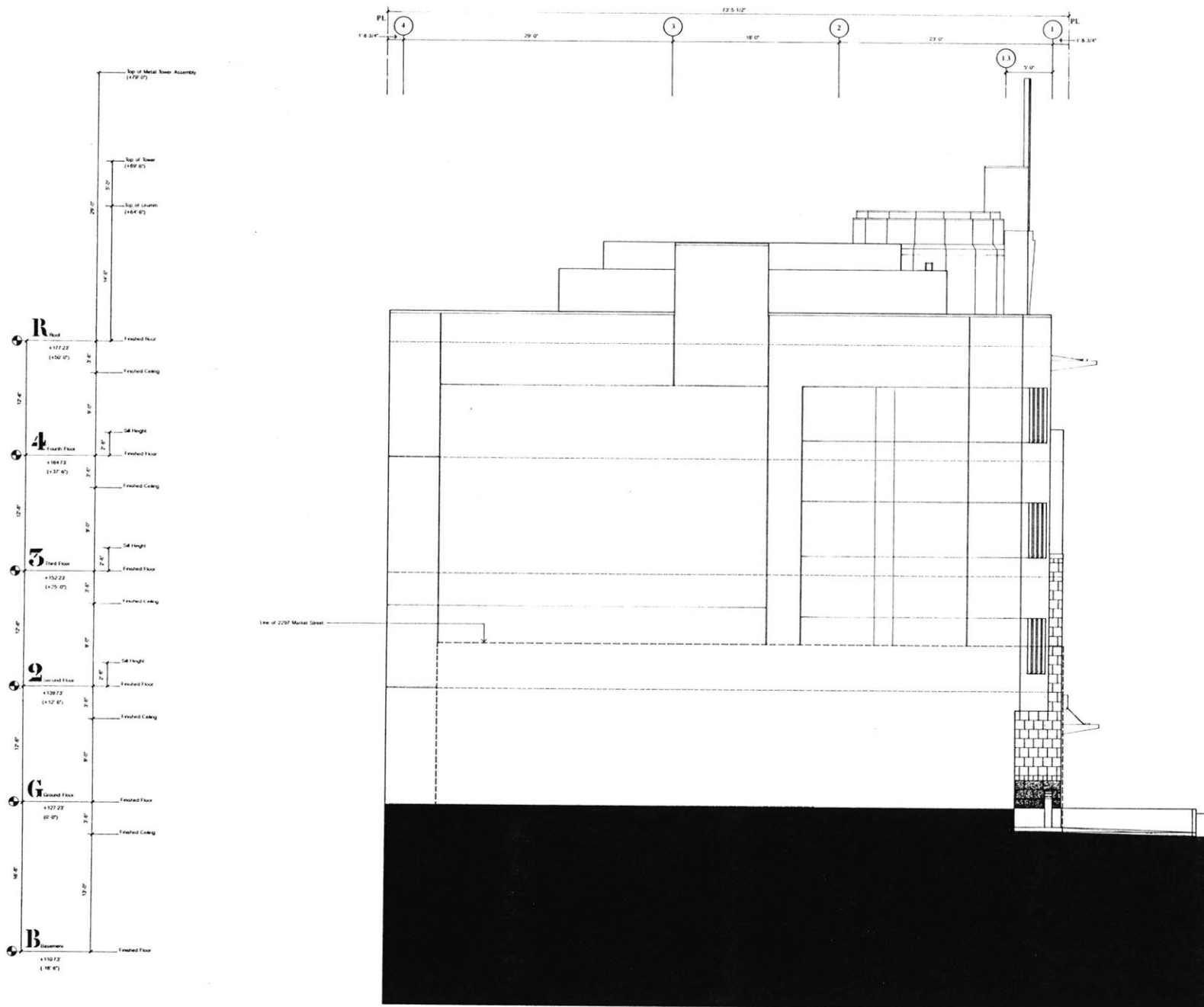
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Project
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Sheet Title
North Elevation: 16th Street Facade

Revisions
Rev. No. Date Revisions Details



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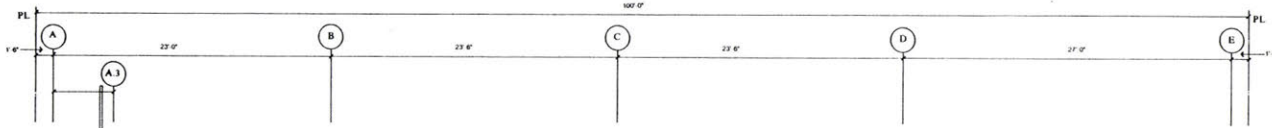
Project
The Life Center
2299 Market Street
San Francisco, California 94114

Drawn For:
East Elevation

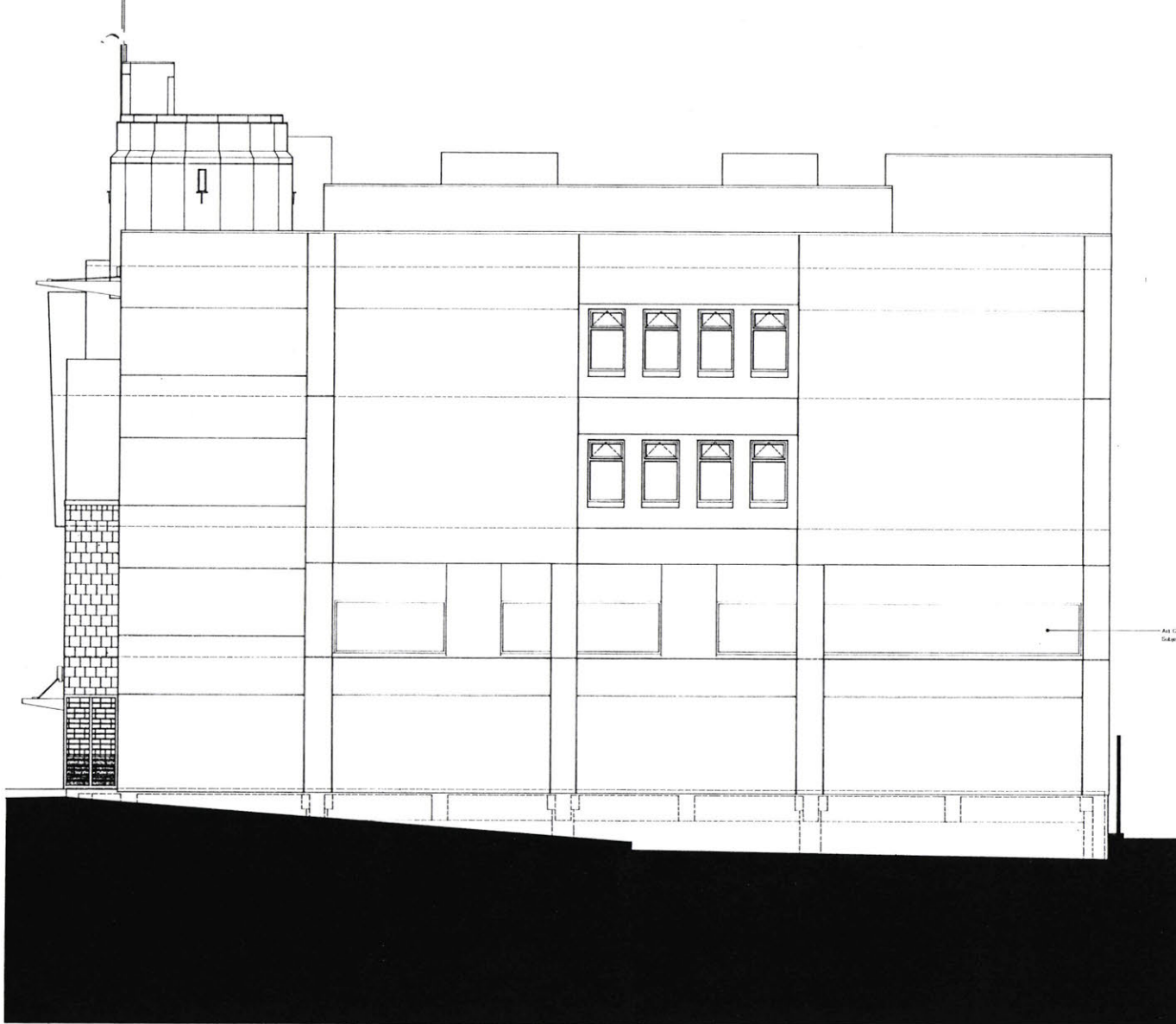
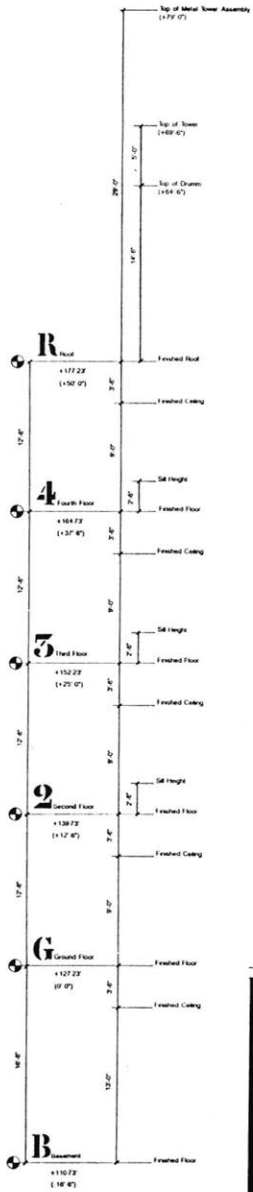
Revisions	Rev	Date	Reference	Initials

Drawn By: **ML, CIVIL**
Date: **December 2, 1992**
Scale: **1/4"=1'-0"**
Sheet No: **A3.1.2**

Scale: 1/4"=1'-0"



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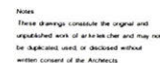
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Sheet Title
South Elevation

Revisions	Rev. No.	Date	Description	Initials



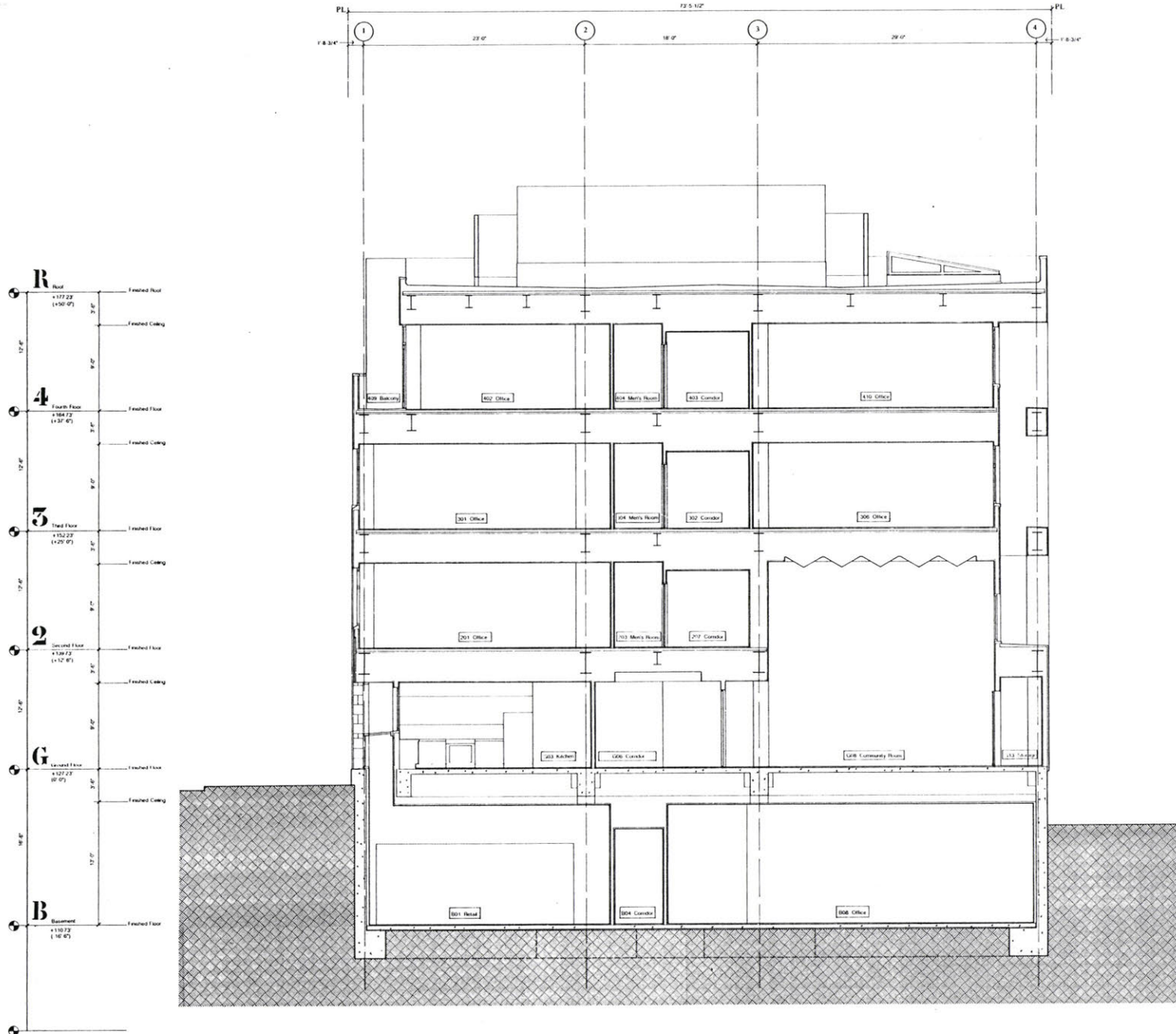
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Sheet Title
Longitudinal (East-West) Section

Revisions	Rev. No.	Date	Reference	Initials
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Drawn By: CVEA MLI
Date: December 2, 1992
Scale: 1/4" = 1'-0"
Sheet No: **A3.2.1**



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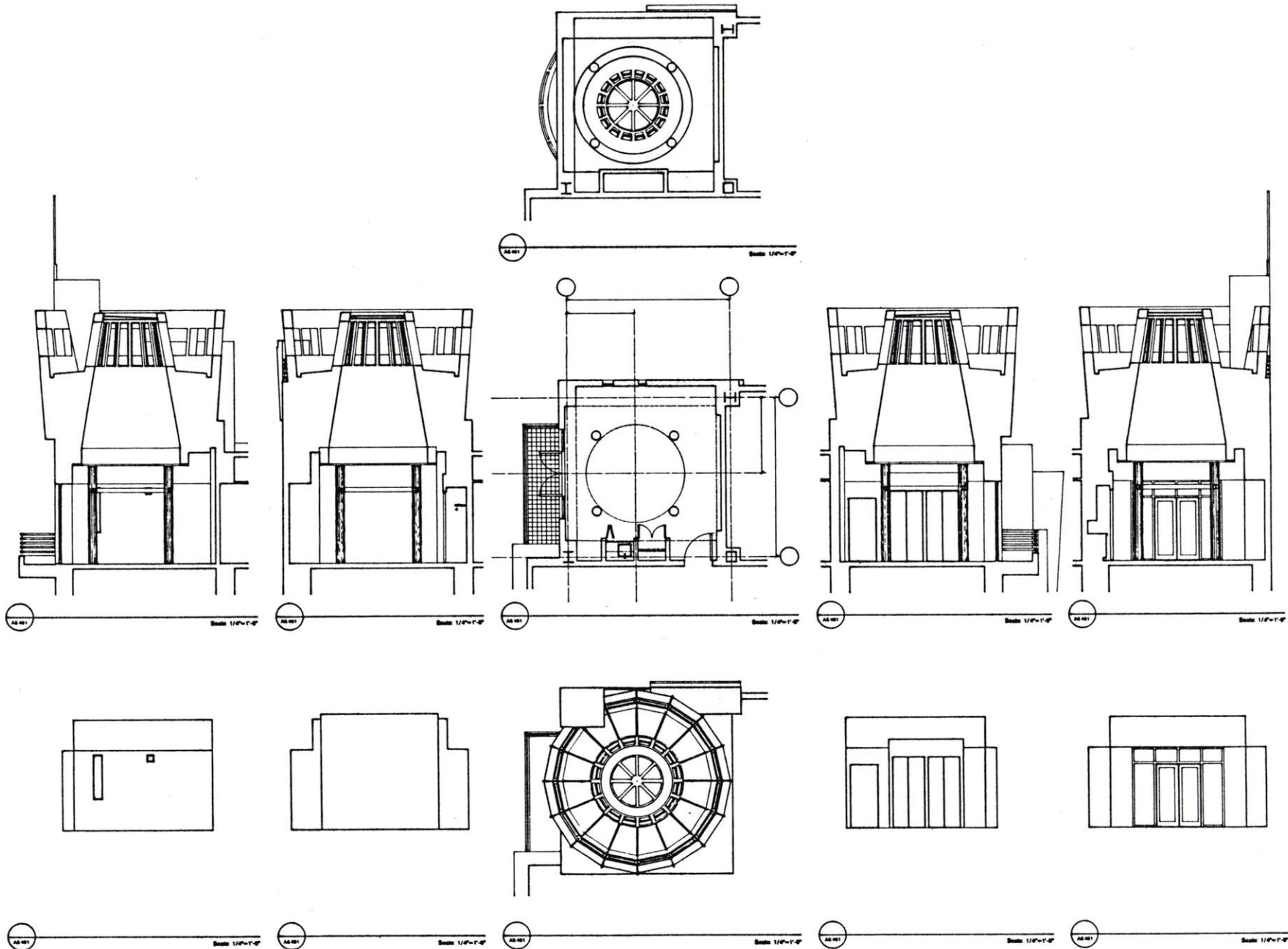
Project
The Life Center
2299 Market Street
San Francisco, California 94114

Sheet Title
Longitudinal (North-South) Section

Revisions
Rev. No. Date Reference Initials

Drawn By: C.H.A. M.L.
Date: December 2, 1992
Scale: 1/4"=1'-0"
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San Francisco, California 94114
Shane Tate
Interior Elevations: Tower Room

Revisions:
Rev. No. Date Description

Drawn By: CEA MLL
Date: December 2, 1992
Scale: 1/4" = 1'-0"
Sheet No: **A5.401**

Things Change, Things Stay The Same

I've been in San Francisco for 20 years. March 1, 1994 marked it exactly. Let me take you back, now, to those days.

While an undergraduate at the other New College, the one in Sarasota, Florida, I had spent six months off in Los Angeles in 1972. Things there were different from New Jersey, where I had grown up, and from Florida, too. In late 1973, when I'd finished all of the on-campus requirements for graduation, and simply had to finish the written requirements for a dozen of my classes in order to graduate, I decided that staying at campus would not be the most conducive atmosphere in which I could get my work done.

Both a cousin of mine and a friend from college had recently relocated to San Francisco. My cousin said it was nothing like Los Angeles, and my friend said it was nothing like Sarasota. So I arranged to stay with my cousin for a week or two upon my arrival, while my friend and I would look for a place to share. Twenty years ago, I landed at the airport with two suitcases. I had a thick, full beard; long, curly hair; and wore black, horn-rimmed glasses. I was dressed all in black.

My cousin didn't have a hard time recognizing me and we went back to his place. Over the next three months, while living with my friend in the Haight in a flat we shared, and going down to the Main Library daily to work on my graduation requirements, I found that I was truly a city boy. I loved being in San Francisco from the very first.

The Fast Pass had been issued on an experimental basis for the first time, and for \$11, I had

unlimited access to the Muni: a large, marvelous, comprehensive system of transportation, which it really was, back then. What I did for fun was get onto a bus, take it to the end of its line, and then on the way back transfer, by whim, and get on another bus and do the same.

In this manner, going to the Main Library for hours, seven days a week, working on my papers, and riding the Muni afterwards, I got to know well and appreciate deeply both the city of San Francisco itself and what it had to offer through its generous library hours, great collections, strong reference and support staffs and the courteous drivers of the clean Muni buses.

The Muni - a large, marvelous, comprehensive system of transportation

On top of all that, from my flat in the Haight, I only had to walk a few blocks to enter Golden Gate Park, which I also started to do on a very regular basis as the spring wore on and turned to early summer. The paths through the trees offered shade and seclusion, or opened into the Rhododendron Dell, or the Shakespeare Garden, or led to the Hall of Flowers and Arboretum, and then to the Museums and Band Shell, or went past my favorite, the Conservatory.

I finished all the college papers. My savings ran out and my visits to the library slowed. My use of

the Fast Pass changed from an experimental, transfer-at-will, roam-around-the-city use, to a get-on-the-bus-to-go-downtown-and-work use. And walks through the park became fewer, especially when I moved from Waller Street in the Haight to Noe Street in the Castro.

Today, twenty years since those bygone days, I have no beard, less hair, different glasses, and clothes with colors. I look forward to the opening of the new San Francisco Main Library. Not to its fiber optics network or anything like that. I simply anticipate the awe and joy of new arrivals to our city standing in a magnificent, enclosed space, dedicated to opening the minds of its patrons, and to serving as a haven for students struggling to graduate, and to people who want to get in from the cold, and all those in between.

I hope that an answer can be found to allow riding the Muni to be as pleasant, safe and enjoyably adventurous as it was for me those 20 years ago. I can't wait to ride the new F trolley line up and down Market. And although I have seen over these years that the impact of budget cuts has had an effect on the maintenance, foliage and structures of Golden Gate Park, I notice that the reconstruction of the Band Shell, closed since the 1989 earthquake, is now almost complete.

In fact, had it only been finished in time, that might have been the perfect place to hold a modest, public ceremony of some kind, to have marked, well, you know, my twentieth anniversary of first arriving in San Francisco. The Mayor's office never called, however, even though I was prepared to graciously say "yes," if asked.

Home, Home Again, By The Bay

I first started to call San Francisco my home-town before I ever set foot here in March, 1974. The first feeling that it was my hometown came while on the way to my first planned absence from the city, only 18 months later.

My taxi-driver friend, Cliff, picked me up just after dark that night, way too early to go straight to the airport. He put me in his car and started to drive around the city, straying off of the Muni routes, unknown territory for me, simple Fast-Pass-carrying citizen that I was. We saw a lot of hills, and curving, cars-only streets. Beautiful new perspectives opened up for me. Then we did the Big One. Cliff drove up to the top of Twin Peaks.

I had never been up there. It was magnificent! The late summer fog had broken that night; the wind was down; it was balmy. There were twinkling lights below and twinkling stars above. We stayed, Cliff pointing landmarks out to me, until he had just enough time to get me to my departing flight. I dreamed of that view for two years before returning from Philadelphia.

When I got back to the city, I lived at Dolores and 20th Streets, just above the park, with sweeping, panoramic views of City Hall, downtown and the Bay Bridge right outside my doorway. I bought a motorcycle to ride, giving me access to explore even more of the city's vistas. Among my favorite rides were those where I left the city, so I could get the thrill of coming back home to it, afterwards.

For instance, driving over the Golden Gate Bridge on the way back into the city - going through the

Presidio and then Sea Cliff, winding through Lincoln Park looking back above Baker Beach toward the bridge, past the Legion of Honor and along the golf course, and back into the Richmond - has always been one of my favorite drives home. The views along the edge of the Golden Gate itself seem to be of Tuscany's woods and the Mediterranean's seaside homes.

***The view sweeps across
my face, invariably
making me smile***

A driving path to San Francisco which is a bit more dynamic and glitzy for me is the route of 280: it sweeps up and around in an arc until it faces the downtown highrises, as the roadway comes up from the south. On early mornings you can see the sun reflecting off of all those buildings. We're talking about the same gorgeous view as that which the streets on the north side of Potrero Hill afford every day, no car required.

Coming back home after being out-of-town on business trips is particularly satisfying to me. I had a job for quite a few years that kept me traveling frequently to a dozen or so other large metropolitan areas around the country. I was given direct, comparative information with which to rate my home, San Francisco. It always ranked number one. Those trips helped me realize that for all the major international city that San

Francisco is, it yet remains for me a pretty, small town, and I am deeply appreciative of that aspect of it. The magnitude of our downtown notwithstanding, it's still possible to climb hills here and look out over those little boxes of songs' fame, sometimes made of ticky-tack, sometimes not.

Another, and the most dynamic, high-powered, put-on-that-blaring-rock-and-roll-music way into the city for me is coming in on the Bay Bridge. Both sides of Yuerba Buena Island work for me but the second span, from Treasure Island into the city, in the right-hand, northern-most lane, in some vehicle where your head is well above the side guardrail: that is absolutely incredible.

In it's most ideal constellation, the ride includes that perfect clarity of light and air that the bay sometimes offers. Windows or top down, and light traffic, so that the driver can safely lift head and eyes for a view which sweeps left to right across from the airport, Candlestick, Bayview and Hunter's Point; to China Basin, South of Market and Downtown; then on to the Embarcadero, the Ferry Building and Coit Tower; and then the mass of the piers, the sails of the boats and the deep, beautiful bay. It also sweeps across my face, invariably making me smile, and it always warms my heart.

San Francisco, the city that sets the trends for the state that sets the trends for the nation: my hometown? Yes, over all these years this really has been my home, my hometown.

Embracing The Blur

There is a lot to see in San Francisco, one reason why I am so happy here. And there is a particular quality of light and air, which adds snap-crackle-and-pop clarity to the scenery itself. I'm always checking my glasses, to make sure they're clean and my acuity unimpaired. Unimpaired acuity, however, perfect focus, may be just a thing of the past for me for a while. Just for awhile, though.

I got my first pair of eyeglasses to help me see the blackboard when I was nine. My Dad took me to an optometrist, Dr. Connaris, and I was fitted with a pair. They came in handy for all sorts of things, other than simply seeing, like allowing me to claim difficulty around moving objects, which kept me out of sports leagues, which pleased me.

I always wore the glasses when outside, but not always inside. Through high school, walking down hallways familiar to me, with a relatively limited population of known students, teachers and administrators, all recognizable to me even out of focus, I was able to regularly keep my glasses in my shirt pocket. And when I had my glasses in my pocket, I could still look cool.

The biggest part of looking cool was the fact that I couldn't tell how anyone else was looking at me, since I really couldn't see the expressions on their faces. Therefore, it was easy for me to imagine that everyone was looking at me as though I were cool. Pretty cool, right?

Anyway, in a continuing progression since then, without wearing glasses I couldn't get along at all. Without them, I was no longer able to work or study. I wasn't able to recognize people. And I

wasn't able to exchange the pleasantries of expression we so often exchange, without words, to casual passers-by or to acquaintances and friends. So I always wore my glasses.

My prescriptions became more and more severe as I revisited the optometrist regularly to maintain perfect acuity at all times. Then, perhaps as a function of those unknown and mysterious changes to the shape of the eyeball that the aging process supposedly brings, my prescription changes slowed down. In fact, for the last eight years, my prescription had not changed at all, and yet my vision remained 20-20 when wearing the glasses.

I was overjoyed to have gotten back in one piece

For that and a variety of other reasons, I felt the time was ripe recently for me to attend an introductory lecture about "natural vision improvement" classes. The premise of the class is that, provided that the eye is healthy, then if given the room to improve, the muscles of the eye will gradually reshape the eye itself, so that it can produce perfect acuity without eyeglasses. I enrolled in the class.

In our first session, we were encouraged to practice at home from week to week by not wearing our glasses, whenever safe. I decided to take a walk in my neighborhood without my glasses. I had taken this particular mile walk many

times. I made a couple of minor changes for this trip so that I would only cross one busy street, and to avoid some stairs that I would normally include.

It was a bright Sunday afternoon. I felt strange when I closed my apartment door and walked to the sidewalk. Not since I had been that nine-year-old boy had I freely ventured outside of my home without the aid of my spectacles-induced 20-20 acuity. I stood outside, completely enveloped in the warm light of the day. So far, it felt great.

I walked a half-mile away and then back. The walk had taken 20 minutes. When I got back into my apartment, I laughed. I laughed partly because I had such a good time, and I laughed partly because I was so overjoyed to have gotten back in one piece. I laughed because I felt this release of fear that I hadn't even known existed about operating in a world in which I couldn't see perfectly clearly. And I laughed because the afternoon blue sky, the bright yellow sunshine, the green of the grass, all the colors of the flowers I saw, and many other aspects of my visual world for those 20 minutes had been completely new and wonderful to me.

Putting San Francisco into soft focus, instead of preventing me from enjoying my visual surroundings, changed the process of my enjoyment in unexpected ways. I look forward to my next vision classes and to additional visual imagery as I go into and through this process, which may take years, until I no longer wear any glasses at all. Until then, as the motto I came up with for myself after the first class says, I simply have to embrace the blur.

Keep Your Chin Up And Just Let Go

The University of San Francisco's Koret Health Center is at Stanyan and Turk. I watched it move from empty lot to finished structure. It's been open for some time, yet I had never ventured inside. I could tell it probably had a swimming pool, because it was big with a high roof.

Now, I am not a swimmer. I have been able to make it from one side of a pool to the other with a semi-crawl stroke, head stuck above the water so that my mouth, nose, eyes and ears would all stay completely dry. I've always worn my glasses, too, because I was pretty much immobilized when my glasses weren't clean, and securely on my face.

Recently though, I discovered that I could actually walk outside of my apartment and back, without glasses. This was a key factor to my walking into Koret last month. I asked about classes for swimming. That very day there was an adult beginner's swim class starting. I signed up and bought a pass, on top of the class registration, so that I could come back and swim in the mornings, just assuming I would be learning quickly, I guess.

The class began. I was twice the age of the other students and the instructor. I was also the only one wearing eyeglasses in the pool. By the end of the session, while I was encouraged by the instructor for having been willing to try her version of the crawl instead of mine, I had been unable to put my face in the water, as asked.

Before the next class, I realized that I've always seen serious swimmers wearing goggles. I decided to get a pair, and brought them with me. They worked, enabling me to do the real version of the

crawl better than I had done it in the first class. So, the first half of the second class went just fine.

In the second half of that class, the instructor got all of us to flip over on our backs and float. It was easy, she said. And, in fact, it appeared to be quite easy for my classmates. One by one, they all flipped face-up in the water, poked their chins up, and floated on their backs. Amazing. "Ok, Ira, your turn." I couldn't do it. I couldn't come close to doing it. The closest I came was with her hands firmly in the small of my back, I rigidly stuck myself onto the surface of the water. "Ok Ira, great. Now just relax and let go, and you'll float." No bell sounded to end the class. I just stood up in the water and said, "I hear what you're saying, I just can't do it."

I was prepared to be able to swim the way she'd shown me

Leaving that class I was discouraged. The next day, though, I decided it was because I was tired and cold that I hadn't floated. I went back to the pool, prepared to be able to swim the way she'd shown me and float on my back. Well, I couldn't even get across the pool in my old manner of swimming, much less the one she'd encouraged me to consider. And as far as floating on my back, I was more rigid and more scared than before.

As I left, and aided by shaking my head to get water out of my ears, I realized that if goggles keeping water out of my eyes helped me to relax, maybe earplugs keeping water out of my ears

would relax me even more. I bought a pair, and at the next class they really worked. I was better able than before to practice a recognizable approximation of the crawl stroke. And when the instructor ran the class through floating again, I flipped over, took a deep breath, let the breath go, let "it" go, whatever "it" was in the small of my back, and for the first time in my entire life, I found myself floating on the surface of the water in a pool. Incredible.

I no longer had to be a genetic fluke, and unlike the rest of humanity, be doomed to sink like a stone if I ever let go in a pool. And not only was I able to float: with more attention from the instructor, I was able to do a few, coordinated backstrokes with my arms and my legs moving in unison, then gliding between the strokes on my back, in the water, with my eyes open, looking straight to the ceiling.

My thanks to the Koret Foundation and all the others who helped make this accomplishment possible. I also thank USF for allowing members of the general public to have access to the pool and to classes. And my instructor, Danielle, and my classmates, several of whom I suspect come from land-locked places where, before this swimming class, they had never seen a body of water larger than a bathtub, also gave me guidance, support and encouragement, whether they knew it or not.

As for those principles of physics, or metaphysics, which dictate that the human body can float when released by it's inhabitant's mind, they have a new convert. I am convinced.

Seek Or Not: Ye Shall Find Anyhow

Remember those days last month when it rained on and off all day, sometimes really hard? On one, I was in Berkeley until mid-day. I had a 1:00 p.m. back in downtown San Francisco in a highrise, and had scheduled it for 1:00 p.m. instead of 12:00 noon because I figured the rain would slow me down.

It didn't. I got through everything faster than I thought and was parked in a lot a block away and behind the entrance to the building I was going to about 45 minutes early. It was really pouring. I knew that just the short walk to the main entrance of the building would drench me.

I stood there trying to decide whether or not to wait out the deluge when I realized that ahead of me was the freight and delivery receiving area for the building where I had my appointment. I ran across the street and walked past a series of guards, all of whom were already interrogating delivery people, and none of whom were therefore available to stop me, and I got over to the freight elevator. When it came with its attendant, I simply said, "30th floor, please."

This was a slow freight and stopped on virtually every floor. On one of the floors, a security gentleman who used to play football for somebody, wearing a vast, blue suit, got on with the construction workers, delivery people and me. Eventually, we got to the 30th floor. I stepped out into a cubbyhole with a locked door in front of me. The security-football player in the blue suit said, "That would be open if you had checked in with the first floor. Did you check in with the first floor, Sir?" Well, no, I hadn't.

So I got back in, and after going further up, the elevator finally started to go down. The security suit got off at around 15 and, instead of having to go all the way back down to the ground, I decided to get off at the first floor where there was a regular, carpeted hallway, so that I could simply transfer to another elevator. The elevator stopped at such a floor, I got out, found the passenger elevators, got in and they went no higher than 10.

I took a deep breath, and went and knocked

I pushed a button, figuring 10 must be a transfer floor and I could catch the bank going all the way to 30. I searched and found no other transfer elevator bank. What I did find, though, in reading the signs, was the name of a company I recognized because an individual named Jack worked there. Jack was a good friend of Annie, the girlfriend I had broken up with 10 days earlier.

Now, I had not yet visited Jack at his place of employment, but I had met him a number of times in social situations. Each time I'd asked him for his card, looked at the address, and said, "Gee, I sometimes go to your building on other business, to see a group of people who work higher up. The next time I come by I may just drop in on you."

Today, however, on my visit to the building, I had no intention of dropping in on Jack. I knew that if I saw him he was going to ask two questions. First, how I was and, second, how Annie was. I

stood there, trying to decide whether to go back down, find the other bank of elevators, and go up to my appointment, or whether to stay right there, walk down the hall, knock on the door, and see if Jack was in.

I took a deep breath, and figuring I had been delivered to this floor for some reason, I went and knocked. Jack was glad to see me. We walked in, sat down and, that's right, his second question was, "So, how's Annie?"

What this led to was a chance for me, for the first time in those 10 days since our breakup, to talk about how there were some hard things about not seeing and not talking to Annie, things that I really hadn't wanted to let surface in my mind. I was with Jack for about 20 minutes. Our conversation was a real opportunity for me to share some feelings I didn't even know I was carrying around.

I went down to the ground level, found the correct elevator bank, went up to my appointment and went about my business. Afterwards, when I hit the ground floor to leave, and looked out the main lobby of the building, it had stopped raining. I walked out and some sun was peeking out through the clouds, and the air smelled sweet. Although it was going to rain again, just for that moment it was sunny, and peaceful.

I went back to the parking lot, handed my ticket to the attendant, paid the usual ransom, got in my car and drove off to my next appointment. Just for then I, too, felt sunny, and peaceful.

Night-Riding Bicyclist Cruises City

I used to enjoy riding through the City on my bicycle, in the evenings and in the night. I would roll through the dark, on local streets. The pleasure was always very deep, very sensual, very penetrating.

Philadelphia Center City was the scene for the best of these recalled riding experiences. A City where, in the middle of the night, all of its ugly side seemed to disappear and its serene, gentle presence seemed to blossom.

I was 25 years old in the summer of 1976, in graduate school and enjoying work, school and life more than I had ever thought would be possible.

It was the Bicentennial summer, not just any other summer in Philadelphia. The Liberty Bell seemed to vibrate that whole year and in that summer you could hear it hum throughout Center City. Philadelphia was the place to be in 1976.

I lived near the Schuylkill River, near one of its bridges. It was on one of those bridges, on the wide, luxurious top of a bridge column adjacent to a comfortably protected pedestrian and bicyclist sidewalk, that a group of us in the neighborhood watched the City celebrate the 200th anniversary of Freedom In America.

The fireworks display, of course, was absolutely incredible, no question about it. I don't know when it started or how long it lasted or when it ended. I do know that I had never seen anything like it up until that point in my life, not on any previous July 4th or any other time, ever before.

After that night of fireworks, riding through Center City, between the rivers, was more electric than usual. The light of the descending firework embers hung at shoulder level along the sidewalks all that night.

In general, being out late at night, in the middle of the night and in the early morning, gliding down long, quiet, beautiful streets which were normally congested and noisy, was always incredibly rewarding, always fresh and new, and lovely.

***Philadelphia may have
been the place to be in 1976;
San Francisco
is just right for the '90s***

I don't know how far it was between those two rivers, the Delaware and the Schuylkill. I would start out at the Schuylkill, living a house away, and go down one street or another, Spruce or South were my favorites, to the Delaware, and then head back up another street, coming home a different route.

The bike I rode in Philadelphia that summer was not my own. Those of my childhood were gone and it would be some years before I owned one again. That one would turn out to be a 1950s era Schwinn one-speed with foot brakes.

In 1976 I used someone else's bike then, since I

lived with a friend and she had two. It probably had skinny tires and made me hunch over, and its curled handlebars would have forced me to lean out farther than I would enjoy now. It was all right, though, no doubt about it, notwithstanding those facts: it was a bike defining the limits of "mitigated" pleasure.

Now I ride a crossover, a kind of a hybrid somewhere between a mountain bike and a cruiser, maybe with a little street bike thrown in.

I've had this particular bike for it seems like two years, maybe not that long. I'm not sure of the time for some reason, since I have rarely used it, and never with the pleasure it gave me tonight.

I was on it tonight in San Francisco, on a balmy evening, which may be too far removed from the official dates of "summer" for some people, but which for me, tonight, marked a summer evening's pleasure.

If the moon wasn't full it could only have been a day or two away. Going up through Golden Gate Park, seeing the flowers, the shadows of the bushes, the outline of the Conservatory, rushing down those empty, wide streets which are usually jam-packed daytimes, was wonderful. A movement in absolute peace and quiet: a self-contained contradiction.

The serenity, though, was pure, and it penetrated every part of my body, and mind, and spirit.

I love riding through the City, still, in the night.

What's Love Got To Do With It?

It was my Mom's birthday and I was away in New York. I was thinking of her, though, while riding the subway. This story is for her. Happy Birthday, Mom.

I walked up out of the 71st Avenue-Continental stop and onto the street into a pleasant afternoon in Queens. I had just gotten off of the F Line from Manhattan, a nice, smooth, quiet ride, just a few people standing.

I crossed the street, getting my bearings, since I was just a visitor in the neighborhood. I stopped at the produce stand and bought an orange. As I walked I stuck the books I had bought under my arm, peeled the orange with two hands, and threw the peel into a trash can.

I was walking down 71st on one of the fancy edges of Forest Hills. Large, single-family detached homes, big tall old trees, green lawns. A nice, quiet, residential neighborhood.

A couple of blocks down there were a young couple, a man and a woman. They were at an angle to me, in profile, looking at the house next to theirs, the house on the corner that I was about to pass. They looked concerned.

As I kept walking toward them, the man turned back from looking at I-didn't-know-what, said something to the woman, and she, with great purpose, walked quickly toward the front door of their adjacent house, as he took keys out of his pocket and walked to his car. It didn't look like they had had an argument but it ended as though they might have had one.

I crossed the street and I looked, too, at this house on the corner. It was quiet. There was no one home just then. It didn't look vacant, though. I didn't see anything unusual until I noticed a big, black bird. The bird was not in a good way.

I won't try to name the species of this bird, but it was a big black bird with a very distinct, broken right wing. He or she was walking in a daze, it seemed, around trees and under bushes.

As I looked at the bird and as I thought about what I might do for it, and what it might do for itself, I realized that the couple must have been looking at this same bird. I continued walking.

She didn't make any kind of judgement about what kind of nut was talking to birds

At the next corner I realized I was coming up toward busy Metropolitan, and I decided to turn right, in order to walk down another, quieter street.

I heard what sounded like the noise that that big black bird would have been making had it been making any noise, which it wasn't when I had first seen it around the corner. I looked up and there was another big black bird, clearly upset, making upset noises in the tree above my head.

I am not anthropomorphizing here: that second big black bird making the noise was making the noise to find its friend.

What was to become of its message? Even if its injured significant other around the corner could hear the calls, it might not be able to respond. And if that wounded bird was able to respond from its spot on the ground, would it be heard?

I stopped, looked up at the bird making its calls, and called out, "The other bird's around the corner and down a block. It's got a broken wing."

I turned back. Just then I saw that a woman had walked out of the front door of her house and was no more than 15 feet from me. She was looking at me and clearly digesting my remark. I looked at her and said, "I just saw what must be the mate of that bird around the corner. It had a broken wing and it was walking around on the ground." This householder said, "I know, I saw it yesterday, too."

Upon reflection, I think that young couple split up so that she could go make a call to the S.P.C.A. and he could go pick up his brother-in-law who lived a couple of miles away and who knew something about birds and broken wings.

And that lady who walked out of her house and could have thought something weird was going on when a strolling stranger was talking to birds in the trees? She didn't, after all, I thought to myself, make any kind of a judgement about what kind of a nut was talking to the birds.

A happy birthday, indeed.

Balanced Numbers of Rhythmic Gliders

Their fluidity of movement, their grace, and their seemingly effortless abilities to rhythmically glide had always drawn me to watch roller skaters, ice skaters, and ballroom dancers. They seemed to live apart from the laws of friction. The closest activity in my life to that smooth movement, and I knew it wasn't close at all, was riding my bicycle.

Arthur Murray has had dance studios in every city in which I have lived. I have looked them up in the Yellow Pages and stared at them from the street, never closer to a ballroom dancing floor than that or when watching dance movies. Until today that is, when a friend and I determined to rendezvous after she finished an afternoon dance lesson. I had seen the ballroom before, driving by, too busy to investigate. This time I parked, entered, sat down, and looked. It was my first time, yet it all felt familiar, somehow.

I saw three private lessons, three couples, different dances, on different parts of the vast, polished wooden floor. Two female instructors teaching men and one male teaching a woman. All stylized, complicated steps. They were working on small segments. No music was playing and I could not figure out what dances they were learning.

A nondescript man walked in, carrying a bag. He was greeted by name. He put his jacket on a hanger and sat down. Out of his satchel emerged items distinguishing him as an aficionado of dance. Holding one of his patent leather shoes upside down in one hand, he began to carefully brush the bottom of it with the fine, metal brush held in his other hand. This fellow, no longer nondescript, was clearly a portent of serious activity pursued at

an impressive level.

The ballroom had a tall ceiling, with all glass along the side. Its distant far wall had floor-to-ceiling mirrors, and it was in one of these that I saw my friend seated at a table with her instructor, finishing up some paperwork. We waved through the reflections to one another. I was free to enjoy my entry as a nondancer into this world of dance.

There emerged items distinguishing him as an aficionado

Until now, the instructor-student pairs had been on the floor with no music. Timed pretty much to the second patent leather sole wire brushing, music did begin, although not a match to any of the three dances taking place. The lyrics I heard matched, though: "On and on, I just keep on trying, on and on, on and on, on and on...."

On a table were monthly, four-page, color-ink newsletters with inserts and calendars. The information contained wasn't the kind of stuff that is fluffed out to fill up an in-house brochure. Rather, it was closer to hard news copy, crammed in to a tight, front-page-style spread.

There were group classes, practice sessions, private lessons, and dance parties. All were at the beginning and intermediate levels. I think they must have special newsletters for advanced dancers that aren't available to the public. There were

also lots of workshops. Ones on choreography, performance, and picture lines — they are those fancy dance moves like oversways and contrachecks. Also workshops on style, technique, syncopation, body awareness, and weddings. I could relate. Was it too far-fetched to suppose that I might still be married to one of my wives if only I had taken such a workshop?

Though the newsletters mentioned many dances, two particular ones caught my eye. West Coast Swing included special sessions on underarm passes, push brakes, sweetheart whips, and sweetheart-whip variations. The American Waltz and the Viennese Formation Waltz had gold, silver, and bronze sessions.

Alongside the displayed newsletters and calendars were a multitude of business cards. They were for instructors with exotic ethnic names and championship honors. I imagined that to learn from these various lovely ballerinas and handsome hunks there would be some minimal student entry requirements which would exclude people like me.

So, as my friend finished what she was doing and danced across the floor toward me, I thought, well, at least I've gotten this close, even if I can't get any further. That's when I noticed, right near the sign-up form, a wonderful, heart-warming, nonsexist statement:

"No partner is necessary for any of the classes listed here. We try to balance the number of leaders and followers." Now there is something, I thought, that the world could use a little more of, and smiled as we rhythmically glided out the door.

Fetus Kicks At Oldest-Surviving Uncle

In 1978 I was walking on the beach one day with my girlfriend. We were contemplating our futures, possibly together. As an indication of how serious we were, I recall a sentence she said out of the blue. "If you ever take seriously ill, I absolutely will not be there to take care of you." I looked at her, nodded my head, and nothing more was said on that subject.

I recall that line often. She was a nurse, and would not, I thought, break the boundary between personal and working life. She knew examples, perhaps, of spouses misguidedly sacrificing their lives. She was clear that that was a role she would never undertake, at least not with me. I took her words to heart. Between various insurance plans and dogged determination to remain independent even when seriously ill or disabled, I have been prospectively prepared to take care of myself.

This came to mind again when I visited my late father's oldest-surviving brother, Uncle Nat. Last December Nat and Aunt Julia began the adventure of their lives and visited their oldest son, Joel, who had worked in Tokyo for six years. Just after arrival Nat had a stroke and was hospitalized. The prognosis was bad and the complexities of the predicament great. Eventually though, Julia and Joel had Nat transported back to a New York medical facility.

Nat lost the use of his right side and most of the speech-control areas of the brain. Months dragged on and his prognosis remained poor. Communication with him was next to impossible and Julia was in despair. Days before my visit, because the medical facility no longer felt

rehabilitation was possible, Nat had been brought home by Julia.

Peggy, daughter of another uncle, pregnant and seven months into her term, lives just minutes away and we were able to schedule a brief time to go over. I hadn't been there for twenty-five years, yet I remembered the neighborhood, the building, and the apartment.

I think I know the source of that "waaa? waaa?" sound

Nat looked better than I had expected, sitting in a wheelchair with Julia standing next to him. Peggy and I each took turns holding him by the hand and embracing him. Peggy took his functioning hand and put it on her belly. "This is going to be the newest Glasser family baby, Uncle Nat. Do you feel him kick?" Nat looked at her, his left eye full of understanding, love, and compassion. First he nodded. Then he smiled, and then he started to cry. So did I.

There was another poignant incident. Our visit came on the heels of the departing physical therapist, who was very discouraging. When Julia said this, Nat, who only recently had not been able to make any sounds at all, said "Waaa? Waaa? Waaa? Waaa?" When he was able to turn far enough and catch Julia's eyes, she interrupted her talking to us and looked at him and attempted to answer whatever implied question she thought

closest to the mark at the time.

I think I know the source of that "waaa? waaa?" sound. I have checked this out with several of my oldest cousins and we recall Nat's characteristic habit of starting many sentences with the word "what?" as in "What is it now?" or "What do you have to say?" or "What are you talking about?" or "What's going on?" or "What's cooking, kid?" Although I saw the rest of the sentences somewhere behind his eye, it remained up to Julia for now to guess what Nat was asking with each one of those "waaa?" sounds.

That was just one of many issues Julia is having to deal with all at once. For instance, the three-shifts-a-day nurse's assistants, men and women, who will now live with her: How can she treat them other than as family and yet how does she accommodate herself to instant new family? And how does she maintain courage when the physical therapist walks out early, saying, "I just don't think there is anything else I can do."

So, the implications of my girlfriend's statement to me, fifteen years ago, are clearer to me now. She had an inkling then of something which I now see more clearly in your lives, Julia and Nat.

As for my pregnant cousin, she is the youngest in our generation on my father's side of the family and she is carrying what will be the youngest new member for now. When Peggy placed Nat's hand to feel the kick of her unborn child, she formed one continuous loop: From Nat's generation to Peggy's generation to an unborn generation and back.

Heavenly Holiday Treats, Forever More

I overheard a woman say, "My image of God and heaven is a big house and a Mom and Dad who live there. You walk in the door and Mom says, "You look a little tired, dear, why don't you go up and rest before dinner?" Great idea. An elegant resolution to the is-God-male-or-female question. Why not the best nurturing aspects of both? My God would be Grandma and Grandpa, my Mom's parents, with whom I spent all holidays.

Personalizing my afterlife is appealing for three reasons. First, I love the "heavenly" movies like Here Comes Mr. Jordan. In the summertime atop Mt. Tamalpais looking west and down at the endless white sea of fog, I always think of those heavenly movies. Second, being able to furnish, decorate, and design my own place up above intrigues me. Third, right after the Mom part of God asks, "Why don't you go up and rest before dinner," I add, "You know, dear, we're having all of your favorites tonight."

I see my grandparents there partly because of Grandma's always cooking my favorite things, and partly because of the wonderful human beings they were, aside from her heavenly cooking. So since we're talking heaven here, mine would have dinners consisting of a rotating round of festive Jewish holiday meals prepared by Grandma, Mom, and various aunts, and always available.

Rosh Hashanah, marking the new year, provides honey, and round, braided challah with raisins baked into the bread. And noodle kugel, a layered, egg noodle casserole, with a crisp top.

Yom Kippur, time of spiritual renewal, is a fast day, broken by chicken soup as a main course. Naturally, honeycake and sponge cake afterwards.

Sukkoth, a harvest festival, is a good time for pots of stuffed cabbage rolls that could be eaten for days. Fruit-filled candies and cookies, too.

Hanukkah honors the rededication of the old temple when workers, fearing they had only enough lighting oil to burn for one day, actually lit

***Oil-cooked foods,
like potato latkes,
are the ultimate winter treat***

lamps that lasted for eight days. Oil-cooked foods are traditional, like potato latkes, the ultimate winter treat. I like mine with apple sauce on the side. I can keep up with two fryers working four pans for at least 20 minutes before retreating with a stomach ache. In heaven, of course, stomach aches will be things of the past.

Purim, the spring remembrance of Esther's saving the Jews from evil Haman's plots to extinguish them, gives us hamantaschen, shaped like Haman's ears or nose or hat. A regular part of my meals in the house of God in heaven. The best hamantaschen are cookie dough ones, the exteriors always heavily brushed with egg before baking. Apricot, always my favorite filling, can be accompanied by poppyseed, prune, and a few other fillings, just for surprise.

Passover, celebrating the freeing of the Hebrew slaves in Egypt, has always been my favorite holiday. It lasts the longest and has the most special cuisine. Haroseth, consisting of apples or dates and raisins mixed with nuts and coarsely

chopped, represents mortar in the pyramids, and freshly grated horseradish, for the bitterness of that memory of slavery, are two of the many ceremonial foods present. The rest of the meal ranges from delicious matzo balls in broth to crisp, almond, twice-baked cookies called mandelbrot.

Those cookies and the macaroons were always boxed or canned. In heaven they can be freshly made each meal. And I can't leave Passover without pointing out that we had fresh-squeezed orange juice in the mornings during Passover and at no other time, along with pancake-style fried matzo brie.

Shavuoth, celebrating God's giving the Ten Commandments to Moses at Mt. Sinai, also marks the time of the first wheat and barley harvests and first fruits, figs, olives, and honeys. Blintzes, bagels, and Middle Eastern falafel salads are a good fit for this holiday, if not all quite a part of my childhood.

Shabbat, the day of rest, came every week as a holiday more important than any of the other holidays. We ate broasted chicken dinners with various side dishes, my favorite being kasha — whole, roasted buckwheat kernels — with little bowtie-shaped pasta, or farfel in Italian, cooked separately and then mixed in with the kasha.

I suppose the only way to finish off meals like the ones I'll be having up there all the time will be for me to say to Grandma, Grandpa, Mom, Dad, and everyone else nurturing me, "Why don't you all take tea and cake into the living room and relax. I'll do the dishes." After all, what else are kids for, even in heaven?

Dominated By Irresistible Impulses

If you smile when you say it, you can get away with calling me an obsessive-compulsive. While that can be defined as "A personality style characterized by perfectionism, indecision, conscientiousness, concern with detail, rigidity and inhibition," I don't find that indecision or inhibition apply to me, and I have been trying to overcome rigidity.

Looking up separately "compulsive" and "obsessive" lets me come up with my own delineation of an obsessive-compulsive: "One whose thoughts and feelings are dominated by the image of an irresistible impulse to perform an act others find unnecessary or pointless." However described, I show signs of it. The following examples have occurred to me while sitting at my desk.

Placement. All my life I have been able to walk into my own rooms at any time and notice immediately what someone else may have moved, however minutely, during some innocent handling.

Orientation. Not only does everything have a particular place for me, but each object in its place must be oriented in a particular fashion.

Dust. I am not a fanatic about dusting. I do not have to get out of my chair, however, to reach soft, cotton cloths, draftsmen's horsehair brushes, and little airbulbs with their own tiny brushes.

Little Square Cards. If I had never seen those squared-off-index-card organizing systems advertised in airline magazines, I would have invented them myself. I use them in ways

predetermined eons ago and now simply carried within my genetic code.

Highlighters. What would my little-square-card system be without highlighters in five different colors, right now in a drawer just inches away. Yellow, orange, violet, blue, and green, with an extra yellow, comprise the set.

Notes. I write little notes to myself through the day. At the end of every day I cross out the notes I no longer need and tear out those which I do need. After tearing them out I take a pair of scissors and impose straight edges on the torn, ragged scraps of paper.

There should be as little as possible on the surface of the desk

Lists. I also create lists. Once anything on a list changes or is accomplished, I no longer want it on my list. I have nice, clean lists, then, that never seem to show any crossed out, accomplished tasks.

Desktop. I have worked on cardboard boxes, counters, folding tables, and elaborate desks. I choose, except when I am actually seated and doing something, to have as little as possible — ideally nothing — on their surface. Why have a desktop if one then puts nothing on it? I refer you to Placement, Orientation, and Dust.

Timepieces. There are six clock faces that I can see with no more than a few inches of movement in any direction. This is an example of something.

Chronophilia?

Furniture. My desk has sides and a panel in front and no drawers of any kind. My drawers are in the credenza behind me. I do not have the time to go into this as thoroughly as it deserves.

Paperweights. I have finely tooled and stitched paperweights with lead weights at either end of eight-inch-long, inch-wide strips of leather. I also have those soft, pellet-filled, rough-textured leather weights used by draftsmen to hold plans.

Air. My windows are always open. That's why I need all those paperweights, see?

Light. I keep my old-fashioned, wide-louvered Venetian blinds closed so that direct sunlight does not generally come into my working area. I find the reflective qualities to be difficult to deal with. I have halogen, 500-watt torchiere lights.

Sound. Generally I restrict sounds' presence in my workspace, which can be hard on a busy street when windows must be open for Air.

Line of Sight. I surround myself with objects that interest me. The Placement and Orientation of all of the things in all of the other rooms through all of the openings that lead to them — the hallways, spaces in walls, and doorways — are all of as immediate concern to me as anything that might be upon my desktop.

These are all routine concerns for me. Decide for yourself if any of them are susceptible to an interpretation of being unnecessary or pointless.

Pioneer Foot Races at Kezar Stadium

In the large block bounded by Frederick, Lincoln, Stanyan, and Arguello is the new Kezar Stadium. Rebuilt and opened at the site of the old one, damaged beyond simple repair in the earthquake of 1989, the ovate looks of the new Kezar Stadium attract me.

Concrete stands built on graded earth with rows of long wooden benches are on the north and south sides of the field. Tall, classic columns cluster at the southeast main entrance and again at the northeast. They are balanced by a taller, wonderful archway centered at the west entry.

When you stand under the arch its size can be appreciated. Yet, it is small enough, with some even bigger trees around it, so that you can understand how someone could conceive of and build it.

From under the arch looking east you see an entrance for teams to an underground locker room. On the outer perimeter of the stadium are hugely tall posts for lights. There are buildings at the top of the stands on both sides, and little ticket booths at the entries.

There are eight numbered lanes going around a full-sized football field and sand pits and other areas for track and field events. The running surface of those lanes I heard described by a runner to her friend as "padded carpet."

Outside the stadium on three sides are more fields, trees, and streets. Starting at the east and moving south are Victorian houses. On the south are two large gymnasium buildings at either side of the

new, modern housing project that replaced a school that also had to be torn down because it wasn't safe to use anymore. Looming above these are the massive shapes of several UCSF buildings. And above even those is Sutro Tower.

This new stadium is the scene of many activities: a threesome throwing a football amongst themselves with incredible speed, accuracy, and force; and three others throwing a frisbee ring with similarly blinding speed and accuracy.

***I am stirred by powerful
and pleasant memories that
must be the stadium's***

There are regular frisbee teams; a kickboxing woman who seems to combine all martial arts in her exercise routine; and eight soccer players moving across the width of the football field stripes, instead of going the length of the field, so as to not interfere with the other activities.

And there are others: Solo runners and paired running partners. Working companions talking shop. Sprinters running faster and longer than I could ever imagine running. And many stair climbers, as well. These last not on the field, but going up and down the aisles in the stands.

All the different pleasures being pursued at Kezar Stadium, along with its great location, setting, and design, still don't quite capture the flavor of what I feel and enjoy so much when I walk to it and when I sit in it. There are three other elements.

1. I think of the words on the plaque just a few feet from the field-level bench on which I usually sit. Taken from the old stadium and mounted again in this new one, it reads:

This Stadium And Oval Presented To Golden Gate Park By Mary A. Kezar As A Memorial To Her Mother, Nancy H. Kezar, And Her Uncles, Bartlett Doe, John Sanborne Doe, Charles Franklin Doe, Pioneers Of California, Erected By Her Executor

and then, in roman numerals, the date, 1924.

2. I think of the man, woman, and teenage girl I saw doing easy jogs on the grass on the outer edge of the field, inside the formal track. They then had a foot race from end-to-end down the length of the field, showing pure joy from one set of goal posts all the way down to the other. As they raced, almost in slow motion, I was stirred by powerful and pleasant memories that must have been the stadium's being transmitted to me through the plaque, for they were surely not mine.

3. I feel the stadium, through these "memories," showing me what it was like, perhaps, for the young Mary Kezar and her mother and one of her uncles to approach an open field, walk toward it, see it for what it is, stand on its edge, and then, like a family on a picnic outing, spontaneously have a foot race from one end of it to the other.

That's the magic for me in the reconstruction of this modern Kezar Stadium: it remains so true to that pioneering spirit which a Kezar and Doe family foot race bring to mind.

A Distilled, Pure Voice Emerges

I drove out of the city once on a Sunday during a July 4th weekend. Although in miles I didn't go that far, I travelled a great distance in other respects.

I left San Francisco fog for a warm, sunny day. I left city streets for a rural atmosphere. And I left my ordinary routine and stepped into a 10 a.m. old-line Protestant church service. I did this to see and hear a friend speak as the congregation's new minister on his first Sunday morning with them.

As I drove through quiet streets in his new community I had to zig and zag as barriers were being set up to protect the parade route for later that day. Once past, I was on the town's "church row." His was a resplendent, white-columned building, right on a corner and very proud of itself.

I parked in front, said hello to friends, walked in, and sat down in the center of the back row. At the front, on a low platform, wearing a black robe with a colored vestment, was my friend. The glow radiating from his face, the gleam of his silvery hair, the reflections from his polished glasses, and his broad smile competed well for attention in that large room with its many stained-glass windows and its handsome congregation.

I was early and had time to recall that I had several times entertained the notion of becoming a cleric. As a child I loved the music and family togetherness of worship services. In my adolescence the robed ceremonial garb and paraphernalia added majesty to the respect I imagined myself gaining if I were to obtain some erudite knowledge of the arcane and myself become a community religious leader.

Today, though, thoughts of such a career change are few. Being a rabbi or pastor or priest now seems a classic case of having lots of responsibility and absolutely no authority. Final authority in a job like that can only belong to God.

The service started. It lasted for an hour and was rich in Americana: musical references to summer and the parade about to occur, announcements of activities and transitions within the congregation, and then the main event, the sermon offered by my friend.

We each have the freedom to choose our own attitudes in life

I had known him for some time, and I had also known that until I could hear him preach to a congregation that was his own to lead, I was missing an important facet of his personality.

The congregants were attentive as his first sermon began, launched from two stories recounted in the New Testament. Summarized, in His day even Jesus found that you cannot please all of the people all of the time. Life must always, then, be accepted and embraced on its own terms.

Along with the rest of us, my friend needed to learn from these biblical examples to walk in the present moment. If we are guided by sound precepts then each step we take in the present will be a step of discovery and may be a step of enjoyment, pleasure and happiness, if we so allow.

As though rigorously aware of the separation of church and state, the sermon did not directly link the spiritual implications of its subject with the occasion of Independence Day. My friend did, though, gently yet firmly tell himself and all of us that we all had the freedom to choose at least our attitudes in life, if not all of life's events.

As a personal example, he mentioned that when he pushed his granddaughter around the neighborhood in her stroller, she always seemed to notice the flowers, which never failed to improve his outlook, too.

I left right after the service with quick congratulations and goodbyes, to keep another appointment. As I drove away, managing again to swing around the still-empty parade route, I sought the reasons why I had enjoyed the sermon so much. It was because I had, indeed, finally experienced a part of my minister friend that I had never before heard or experienced.

Before, when he spoke he was like me or any of our other friends in the way we speak. We all have collectives within us, lots of different aspects of our lives and personalities — committees, if you will — of voices which resound in our heads and which we usually show as disjointed expressions of different aspects of ourselves to our friends.

I was privileged this past Sunday to be present when all the voices I have ever heard expressed singularly by my friend came together in his sermon and formed the most wonderful chorus imaginable: this is life, they sang together, we don't just take it, we embrace it.

Blunt Scissors Have Sharp Edges

It was late that October night in 1959 at Uncle Rudy and Aunt Gertie's place in Brooklyn. This made Arthur's screams all the more terrifying.

His parents and his sister Susan met him in the hall. He was hardly able to speak, sputtering in disbelief and shock. He didn't need to speak, though. He held the evidence in his hands, and just held it out to show to the others.

Month after month, issue after issue, his prized collection of Playboy magazines had systematically had each and every unclothed torso cut off the pages of these, his most hallowed possessions.

He was quick to lay the blame on eight year old cousin Ira. He was right. However, I was set up, plain and simple. Here's what happened.

Our Sunday visit to my Mom's sister Gert's family was pretty much a ritual and had occurred most Sundays since we had moved twenty-five miles away into — gasp! — New Jersey. This October Sunday visit started off just like all the others.

Arthur was out working at the deli around the corner. My two brothers, Dad, and uncle went out. I got to stay with my Mom, aunt, and Susan in the apartment. So that they could have their privacy and, I now know, to accomplish their own hidden agenda, these three female relations invited me into Arthur's closet-sized room, almost a shrine to me, ten years younger than he.

They sat me down on the floor with a pair of blunt scissors and a stack of car magazines which he had already, reluctantly, given permission for

me to cruise through, clipping things out.

I honestly don't recall how it happened. Sure, I had older brothers. I was already accustomed to casing their rooms at every opportunity. All pockets, under rugs, between the mattress and the box spring of the beds were the usual places. So I guess at some point, after having cut out a hundred cars or engines or exhaust pipes, I must have taken a stretch and just out of habit, unconsciously almost, cased Arthur's room. And at some point, and here's where my memory completely fails me, I must have struck gold.

***Losing all the unclad bosoms
and creamy, air-brushed
thighs was sacrilege!***

Years of therapy have failed to draw the next hour back into consciousness. Later events proved conclusively that I must have worked at a frenzied pace on that stack of Playboys. Even in the grip of whatever spirits had possessed me, I was an orderly little boy. And, I left every one of the centerfolds intact. Even at that tender age, in other words, I knew there were limits. I carefully stacked all the magazines back in their hiding place, in order, with none of the covers visibly damaged. And so the deed escaped detection for some days.

Once discovered, calls were made to the proper authorities. I got home from a hard day at third grade and my Mom was at the door. She had a handful of modestly held naked ladies and waved

them in front of me. She didn't slug me, but this was not one of those occasions where she was amused. I acted the innocent that I was, of course. After all, wasn't it my Mom and my aunt and my cousin who sent me into Arthur's room with the scissors in the first place? Wasn't I instructed to play quietly and enjoy myself?

It didn't turn out too badly. I'd gotten in a few good days of giggles when school surveillance weakened and my cronies and I had been able to look at some of my take from the weekend. In the spirit of men having to stick together, whether they wanted to or not, Arthur soon figured out that his Mom and sister, already in the know about his illicit stash, might have had a suspicion about what would happen when locking me up in his room with a pair of scissors for the afternoon.

My description above of Arthur's reaction may be dramatized. It's safe to assume, though, that he was not thrilled when he made his discovery. Being coerced into giving up some of his car magazines had been bad enough. Losing all the unclad bosoms and creamy, air-brushed thighs from his Playboys though: that was sacrilege!

I know he forgives me. A few months ago I visited his wife and him on the occasion of their daughter's wedding. He was nice enough to pretend that he didn't really remember the incident. I think he may have just been being kind though, in a family sort of way. He and I are both organized kinds of guys and in a basement room, toward the fifties end of an impressive stack of Playboy magazines, there was a certain unevenness that I couldn't help but notice.

First Of Four Noble Truths Disclosed

The noble truth disclosure will come later. Meanwhile, are you feeling confused about our world lately? Finding that you don't exactly know what's going on here? Today's message in this space may not help at all, or it may. Here goes.

- It is only morning and I am already prepared to suffer through the day's busy schedule. I pass through the four-way-stop intersection of Funston and Kirkham. The man who stands at the northwest corner facing south is there as he has been most days for years. He stands with his feet together, toes hanging over the edge of the curb. His coat is on, his hat is pulled down, he is hunched forward and his arms are at his sides.

I have never heard him speak, seldom seen him gesture and never observed him to cross Kirkham from its north to its south side. Rather, he patrols Kirkham's north side from about 12th to 16th Avenues, stopping at many corners, facing south with his toes hanging over the edge of the curb, standing in a posture expressive of one about to cross the street. He is always intent, yet calm.

- I arrive in the financial district. I walk past stately banks, entrances to magnificent new high-rises and all the rest of the street scene. An all-too-familiar aspect of that scene nowadays is the clustering of men and women huddled near doorways, seeking comfort and companionship from one another.

This morning is no exception. Every entrance, door, and alcove has its own cluster of men and women joined together by physical proximity and palpable despair. Their despair seems to arise

from the same source as the plumes of smoke which linger above their heads: they are all high-rise cigarette smokers, exiled from their buildings and forced onto the streets. However well-dressed or well-kept their clothing or personal appearance, they are all agitated.

- Heading back toward the Inner Sunset I am stopped on Fell looking across Stanyan at a small, sheltered campsite at the edge of Golden Gate Park. I see something which draws my attention. A longer look from a closer vantage point shows an almost idyllic scene of camping.

The first of the Buddha's Four Noble Truths is the existence of suffering

A dozen men form a large, rough circle. I spy them in a post-dinner, reflective period. Most are seated upright, some lean against bedding, many read. Despite the heavy traffic at the busy intersection nearby, the overwhelming impression this scene gives is one of tranquility.

Most of the men wear beards and look like they have already slept many nights out in the park, yet there is still that tranquility. They somehow resemble a group of kids camped together for their first time, having been told by their folks, "You're going to go to camp, like it or not, so you might as well like it." They've all taken that advice to heart and have come to terms with it. They seem to be at peace.

- Before arriving back at my own place I see the

man again, still at his favorite intersection. He is in evening mode: his once-or-twice-weekly cigar is lit. He has, no doubt, passed through his afternoon mode: a can of root beer with a sweet cake from the corner store. He's still both intent and calm.

- Unsettled from the traffic and impressions of the day, I pick up my current spiritual read. Now comes the Noble Truth disclosure: the book says that of the Buddha's Four Noble Truths the first is the existence of suffering.

It also says "Do not avoid contact with suffering or close your eyes before suffering." And then, "If we get in touch with the suffering in the world, and are moved by that suffering, we may come forward to help the people who are suffering, and our own suffering may just vanish."

- Thinking about all the events of my day while on a walk just before sunset, I see four dark purple stalks poking out between tightly-packed bricks at the base of a tree. They are strong and healthy. Three have beautiful pink flowers in bloom. The fourth, a bud soon to bloom. I feel better for having seen them. I mean all of them: the flowers, the man, the smokers, and the campers.

- What exactly am I seeing in all that? Suffering? I'm not sure. Maybe I should get the next book in that spiritual series, though, and find out about the second, third and fourth of those noble truths. I'm confused about our world lately and I don't exactly know what's going on here. Maybe you can help.

Dental Patients Have Feelings, Too

The subject for today is oral hygiene. This may not be as exciting as feminine hygiene, but since I know very little about feminine hygiene, oral hygiene will have to do. For those of you interested in feminine hygiene, turn on the television to get all the information necessary.

Oral hygiene is as difficult to approach as an appointment with the dentist. There is something about it that makes us drag our feet. I have been dragging mine since childhood. I never liked having to brush my teeth before going to bed. I much preferred having a last cookie, instead.

Yes, I was once that young and innocent. Cavities changed my mind, however. My pain threshold turned out to be low, so I took up brushing just enough to make it through high school with all of my teeth intact and relatively few fillings. In college I was a rebel again. I stopped brushing before going to sleep since there was no one around to tell me to do otherwise. Although I learned of the esoteric art of flossing from advanced thinkers in my college poker game, I never considered flossing myself.

Then one day in the chair of a dental student who was examining my wisdom teeth, I heard about flossing. He told me that since the toothbrush wouldn't reach back there, that if I didn't floss between the teeth in the back they would have to come out. Of course he also said they would have to come out anyway, which I chose at the time not to believe. Instead I began to floss daily.

His diagnosis was uncanny. Not only did flossing help preserve the health of my wisdom teeth, but

he was also right about the wisdom teeth having to go eventually, even though I did floss.

I stalled on those extractions as long as possible. If I could have, I would have had them taken out one at a time. Since I couldn't find a dentist willing to do that, I first had the two lower ones removed. A few years later, the uppers went, too.

I thought I was fixed for life at that point. I brushed and flossed every day, even before going to sleep. Surely my teeth had excellent prospects of being with me for a long time to come.

Since I know very little about feminine hygiene, oral hygiene will have to do

Then, two near relatives of mine both had all but eight or ten of their teeth removed. This didn't happen overnight of course; it took 30 years of very active neglect to come about. I didn't realize it at the time, but some furious doubts about my own program of oral hygiene had been planted.

These doubts sprouted each time I heard another story of gum operations. Always recounted at dinnertime, they helped pull up from memory those dental hygienist's comments made to me many times in my last 20 years of virtually cavity-free living. "Well sure, it looks like you are taking care of your mouth, but your gums seem pretty sensitive and they're bleeding right now, too."

If there hadn't been hands in my mouth each time I heard one of those comments, I would have

smartly retorted, "Naturally they're bleeding! You've just been poking them with sharp metal objects and pulling nylon-fishing-line-floss as hard as you possibly can between all my teeth!" That never seemed to move any of them. They would still ask the dentist, when the dentist would come to inspect, to reprimand me for my faulty program of personal oral hygiene.

I just went to the dentist for a cleaning. In the last six months I have tried harder than ever to keep plaque to a minimum. And although these were the cleanest teeth I had ever brought into any dental office for a checkup, they still, well, just weren't clean enough.

Sure, I was brushing and flossing and had eliminated plaque's ability to adhere to my teeth. There were no cavities, although they tried to make something of the edge of one of my old fillings as a matter of discussion, but I would have none of that. I didn't get out of there, though, without being told to buy a special "interdental" toothbrush. The hygienist told me that if I didn't do this I would almost certainly become a victim of gum disease. That would require gum surgery, definitely before the next six-month cycle between visits would have passed.

The hygienist did give me one small consolation prize before I left. My free toothbrush has two rows of blue bristles in the middle of other rows of white. The blue bristles wear down more quickly than the white. When they are halfway down, it will be time to replace my brush. This must be where pure science meets oral hygiene. It also must be where I get off.

Backstage With The Salvation Army

Twice this month I was in the kitchen of the Salvation Army Senior Meals Program. I felt as though I were backstage at an opera company production of a food-related masterpiece by some great composer. I heard music and the kitchen seemed to be singing to me.

One way to describe the scene is with a phrase which I first saw as the motto on a food-provisions-company delivery truck: "Poultry in Motion." On my first visit the entree being served was Rosemary Chicken.

Some 1,800 servings of legs and thighs were floating through the air. In pans they moved from the main ovens to delivery ovens where they would finish the cooking process on their way around town. The chicken smelled wonderful and looked delicious, too.

The kitchen is forty by eighty feet in size. Even as I tried to take in the scale of the room and grasp the amount and kinds of equipment I was seeing, there were other elements vying for attention. The walls and floors were tiled: easy to wash, and pleasing to the eye. Everything else was stainless steel, including the tables, counters, and appliances.

Equally as powerful in impression as the tile and steel were, first, that the room was cool and the air sweetly fresh. The aromas of the food drifted about in a natural, clean environment.

Second, the bright ceiling fixtures gave off a cheery, yet restful light. And everything was sparkling clean. Another aroma in the air was the kitchen equivalent of "new car smell."

The kitchen currently puts out, every day of the year, about 1,800 meals for lunch. It supplies over twenty separate locations, most managed by other organizations, where these meals are delivered and served.

Because of U.S.D.A. involvement in funding, all meals are prepared to federal standards under the strict supervision of a project nutritionist. They are low-sodium and low-fat.

All the food like the chicken is delivered still cooking in portable ovens so that the final cooking process takes place during delivery. This assures good nutritional content and fresh taste.

"Poultry in Motion" ***was the motto on a food*** ***provisions company truck***

Back to the kitchen: steam-jacketed kettles run in the sixty-gallon-capacity range. Other steamers are table-sized, and there are tilting braising pans, as well. All of these are surrounded by fixed and mobile scullery tables.

There are sinks everywhere, floor drains throughout, choppers, mixers, slicer stations, six huge convection ovens, and twenty-four gigantic range-top burners, each capable of taking twenty gallon pots.

The walk-in refrigerators and freezers in the kitchen hold a week's food. Larger units are in the warehouse. The seven regular gas-fired ovens

were also going on the day chicken was being dished out for lunch. Each held four huge roast beefs being cooked for the following day's lunch, when they would be sliced and served au jus.

One aspect of kitchens which many of us try to forget about in our own homes is the dish washing area. In this case there aren't many dishes since the food is all served elsewhere. This was more of a pot, pan and prep-tool washing area, somewhere on the size of a one-car garage. There were hundreds of big trays, casseroles, pots, and pans.

It takes ten or fewer people active in the kitchen itself to prepare the 1,800 meals on a daily basis. That includes the "loaders." They look at daily log sheets to determine which facility will get how many meals so that the ovens get loaded properly and with the correct counts of entrees and portions of side dishes.

The portable ovens fit into three specially designed trucks which leave early enough every morning with all of the still-cooking food so that the latest that any location starts serving lunch is noontime. The trucks return, having delivered the food and exchanged ovens with the various locations so that the kitchen crew's day, which starts at 6 a.m. (except for the 5:30 a.m. arrival of the person who turns on the ovens) ends in the early afternoon.

The food service administrator is Mike Afshar, the maestro and artistic director of this kitchen's company. The project director, Evelyn Dexter, acts as the business manager. The rest of the staff comprise the musicians, cast and crew. In a union of wonderful voices and magnificent staging, the kitchen has been singing to me all month.

An Honest Day's Work...

"Aw, Mom! Do I hafta?" Along with my two brothers I used that phrase very often as a kid.

It applied to many of my mother's requests and was almost always used when I thought that I was being told to do "work." "Work" was anything I didn't choose at any given time to do on my own.

The chores assigned to us kids usually got divided up on the basis of preference. I didn't like trimming the hedge or mowing the lawn. That was work. I did like cleaning up the basement and cleaning out the garage. That was fun. I had so much fun cleaning up my own bedroom that it flowed over, as fun, into my cleaning out my brothers' rooms, since they hated to do that. What I liked doing didn't seem like work to me.

Work, fun, or whatever, among the three of us, my brothers and I did all of those tasks assigned to us. We occasionally worked together, although fraternal bickering ran high. Whether in the company of a brother or two, or when doing a chore alone, and especially when accompanied by Mom or Dad or both, the distinctions around work, fun, or family activity were always blurry.

In college I had a series of work-study jobs. At most of them it was virtually impossible to either work or study. Being the film projectionist or phone operator at the main desk in the reception center, the hub of social activity, were both great jobs. They were certainly much more "fun" than "work" by any definition.

My pal Darryl was actually paid to play chess with and listen to a local political fanatic. This man

wanted to lecture on his beliefs to someone. We all knew that while this wasn't exactly "fun" for Darryl, he wasn't really "working."

Defining what constituted work was tough as a kid and as a student. It remains difficult as an adult. My unabridged dictionary devotes fifty-four separate numbered entries, before synonyms, to definitions for the word "work."

To spend time on something when I don't like anything about it: that's "work" for me

Three things are involved in most of those definitions of work: effort, production, and value. I'll use squeezing lemonade as a way to illustrate these three concepts as they relate to questions about work.

"Effort" is the difference between cutting the lemons individually and squeezing them by hand versus tossing them into an automatic machine which slices them, squeezes them, and discards the rinds by itself. Does this mean that the more effort expended, the more work accomplished?

"Production" is the generally expected result of work. It usually means that producing a gallon would be better than producing a quart and would show more work having been done. How flavor is factored in here is tougher to demonstrate.

"Value" is the trickiest of the three concepts in its relation to work. It relates to the worth of what's been done, often measured by amounts of money.

Let's say that you've been selling your lemonade for two dollars a cup at the Fillmore Jazz and Arts Street Fair. I've been selling mine for twenty-five cents a cup at my garage sale. Even though we sold the same number of cups of lemonade, does your higher sales price mean you've worked harder, or better? Or that you are "worth" more?

It's definitely how I feel about what I'm doing that counts the most in defining work for me. It doesn't feel good to spend time on something when I don't like anything about it: that's "work" for me.

One of the things I've done which I enjoyed the most was being a house painter. It was always satisfying to start out with a paintbrush at one corner of a wall, move across and down, and reach an opposite corner having painted the entire wall.

It took a lot of hard effort. My production was low because I worked slowly in my attempt to do good quality painting. I didn't earn much money. Yet standing back and looking at that finished wall always felt great.

Not all my activities have such satisfaction in them today. I often don't make it through a wall. I console myself with the knowledge that even in lives which on their surface look more glamorous, satisfaction with "work" depends on the attitude of the person involved at any particular moment.

I mean, at some point in their lives, even people like Barry Bonds and Madonna must still say, "Aw, man! Do I hafta?"

...For An Honest Day's Pay

"What will I get for doing it?" That would be my question once I'd resigned myself to whatever chore my parents had requested of me.

"I'll tell you what you'll get if you don't do it!" one of them would respond. Then we'd negotiate reasonable compensation. Even though chores were often fun for me and not work at all, depending on my attitude, getting paid always helped improve my attitude.

Here's an example of how different attitudes may be held toward the same job. Some years back my brother Stephen and I were with our friend Russ. He told us he was going to take a long trip as a crew member on a fishing boat.

"I ship out next week. We'll be gone for three months but there's a gym, videos, and a library on board. I hear that the food is great. There are rotating shifts, so there'll be time for me to just kick back and enjoy being out there in the middle of the ocean. I'm really excited!"

Stephen and I thought he was excited enough to be strapped into a jacket with long arms and little hooks on the back. Being on a fishing boat for months was work too terrible to contemplate for us, and there was Russ, looking forward to it.

Whether you call it work or adventure, what's it all worth? What is an honest day's pay? Stephen was an electronics repairman at the time. I was working in property management. We knew that although we weren't making much, it was a whole lot more money than poor Russ was about to make by shipping out to sea.

The dictionary doesn't help much here. When the individual words' definitions are looked up, they yield the notion that an honest day's pay is money obtained by someone who has legitimately sought, pursued, done, or given something.

We thought he was excited enough to be strapped into a jacket with long arms and little hooks on the back

That word "legitimate" is pretty subjective. What about sports heroes? Do they earn an honest day's pay if we take their phenomenal salaries and divide by the points scored or the games played?

And actors — are we to divide their wealth by the amount of dialogue memorized and spoken? Where would that leave Arnold Schwarzenegger on the honest day's pay scale?

And other entertainment industry figures, what about them? Is Jurassic Park such a great movie that Spielberg really deserves as his honest day's pay another \$100 million added to his net worth?

Part of anyone's honest day's pay is more than just money. We also have a chance to get satisfaction from doing things that we want to do in life.

And doing what you want to do and getting paid on top of it isn't such a bad way to have to "work" for a living, is it? Even those of us who do not pull down big bucks for what we do: we can still be satisfied and have peace of mind from our work anyway, right?

Well, money may not be everything, but it sure does help to have some of it on top of all that satisfaction.

Russ returned from his three-month-long fishing-boat adventure and Stephen and I once again got together with him.

He told us all the details of the great food, the videos, the library, and the time off. This was balanced by unpredictable weather, loneliness, strange physical sensations brought about by being at sea for months, and the daily grind of being the lowest-ranked laborer on a ship involved with pulling tons and tons of fish out of the sea and processing them.

Stephen and I cut to the chase.

"So how much did you make, Russ?"

"I came off with about a hundred bucks in my pocket."

We couldn't believe it. One hundred dollars for three months on a boat in the middle of the ocean? Before we could carry on any further about this, Russ asked us both, "Look, how much money do you guys have in your pockets right now? Go ahead, reach in and tell me." Neither my brother nor I had as much as the one hundred bucks Russ had.

"And where have you guys been for the last three months? Huh?"

Good question, huh?

Almost The Greatest Story Ever Told

I was very late for dinner by the time I arrived at the Piazza de Michelangelo. The London flight to Pisa had been delayed. When I got to the train station in Florence, I encountered 1,000 Italian sailors on furlough. I tailed their long line to the few phones so that my friends' nanny, home with the kids, could convey to me where I was to meet my friends and theirs for dinner.

I eventually walked into the restaurant. Hellos had hardly been passed when Paolo, whom I had never met before, leaned forward from his side of the table and said, "Ira, I want to tell you a story." Something in his voice and his eye made me start to feel comfortable as he began.

A Catholic, a Muslim, and a Jew were in conversation. The subject turned to religion. The Catholic spoke first.

"There's nothing so powerful as the Catholic way of prayer, finely honed over almost two millennia and focused upon the Holy Trinity: the Father, the Son, and the Holy Ghost.

"As an example of the power of Catholic traditions, not long ago I was on a ship at sea with my family. A terrible storm appeared from nowhere. Huge waves buffeted our ship from side to side. The water was breaking over the bow and we had to lash ourselves onto the deck with rope to prevent our being flung overboard.

"As the storm raged on all around us, we thought that all would be lost. Then, in the Catholic manner I turned my eyes heavenward and said a prayer in Latin to the Holy Trinity. All at once,

while all around our general vicinity the storm raged on, immediately where we were, just around the ship, it was calm! Soon thereafter the storm died down and we were saved. That is the power of the Catholic tradition of prayer."

"Seas are forgiving compared to deserts," said the Muslim. "Sandstorms have been known to bury entire civilizations for thousands of years."

***"We had to lash ourselves
onto the deck with rope
to prevent our being
flung overboard"***

"Not long ago I was crossing the desert with all of my people when a sudden sandstorm arose. It was frightening in its power. The sand blew stronger and stronger. We had to cover our faces to prevent our skin from being flayed off.

"We were soon halted completely, huddled together, fearing that the sandstorm raging all around us would bury us as it had buried so many others. Then, in the traditional and reverent phrases of Islam, I sought for that most powerful of religious relationships to save us, that between a fervent Muslim at prayer and Allah.

"As soon as my prayer was ended, while the main sandstorm raged in its full ferocity, immediately around us the storm abated at once and it was calm! Eventually the sandstorm died down completely, and we were unharmed. That demonstrates the power of the relationship we

Muslims enjoy with our traditional faith."

Their Jewish companion spoke last. "You know that each of your religions originated from the practice of my own faith, which goes back thousands of years. As an illustration of a Jew's relationship to Jehovah, I relate this incident.

"As an observant Jew, I always attend services on Saturday mornings, our Sabbath day, forswearing any matters of business on that day. Not long ago on one such Saturday morning, I was rounding the corner to my temple when I saw an object sitting on the sidewalk.

"Before me was an open satchel with hundreds of hundred-dollar bills strewn around. Since this was Saturday, the Sabbath, I was prohibited from so much as touching that money. Then I chanted an ancient Hebrew prayer. And surely I think you will both agree it was answered in a most powerful and dramatic way.

"For you see, as soon as I had uttered the last word of that prayer, while all around me it was still Saturday morning, immediately where I was, just around the sack, it was Tuesday afternoon! I reached down, picked up the money and the satchel and went on about my day."

I had laughed from start to finish. All of my hours of travel and missed connections had drifted away by the end of Paolo's story. I no longer felt that I had arrived late. I knew that I had arrived just in time to join these four friends in understanding, acceptance, and fellowship. God does move, I thought, in mysterious ways.

Conjuring Up Omens Of Good Fortune

A superstition is a notion of the menacing or fateful significance of some particular thing. My dictionary indicates that it need not be based on either reason or knowledge. This column will be dated Friday the 13th. I don't have anything specific I can say against the day, yet I grew up leery of it and remain so. This is definitely a superstitious belief.

On such days past I have refused to take long automobile trips or trips involving air travel. And I have often prepared for Friday the 13th with counterbalancing symbols of good fortune, sometimes days in advance. So it was not just coincidence that earlier in the week I was standing at the kitchen counter with an overflowing coffee mug in front of me.

The mug lacked java. Instead, it was filled to overflowing with "found" money, which over many years I have accumulated by finding it abandoned or lost on streets, sidewalks, and floors here and there across America. It used to be that when I found this money I threw it in with the coins in my pocket and spent it. That changed after once finding a penny in the company of a friend.

"Lucky money!" she said. "Lucky?" asked I.

She explained that anytime anyone found money of any denomination anywhere they were meant to keep the money as a token of good fortune and future good luck. On the strength of that comment, I put the coin in a pocket all by itself and that evening placed it in a jar as the first of my found-money collection.

After 17 years I had an overflowing coffee mug

filled with mostly pennies. I had found them over the years. In recent months, each new, added coin had to be heaped above the rim and wedged between others to stay in place. I had to do something about that precarious mound. And what better occasion to sift through all of that good fortune than just prior to Friday the 13th, when good fortune could really come in handy?

You can wait until tomorrow before mailing your suggestions to me

I overturned the mug onto the kitchen counter. As I began to sift through the coins I was reminded that I had "old" money commingled with the "found." Along with the modern-era pennies were lots of older coins, with ears of wheat on the back and Lincoln on the front. I began sorting the wheat from the chaff.

My collection yielded four rolls of pennies, two dollar bills, one roll of dimes, two Eisenhower silver dollars and four Susan B. Anthony dollars. There were also eighteen nickels, twenty quarters and twenty-two additional dimes that didn't have a wrapper. There were eleven loose pennies, too, not even counting the wheat pennies.

Most of those coins were found-money coins, even the big silver dollars. The four Susan B. Anthony's are suspicious, however, and I think I may simply have tossed them into the same jar in 1979 with my found-money coins.

Along with the main collection above were twenty-seven pennies of the 1950s, fifteen pennies of the 1940s and one 1939 "S." There was also a disfigured, streetcar-track-victimized penny, which I tossed back into the empty coffee mug as a starter penny for my new found-money collection.

I also had a 1943 quarter, a 1953 nickel, and a 1953 dime. Two 1965 quarters and one 1965 dime I set aside to be placed in the 1965 automobile which I regularly drive. Not that I'm superstitious or anything, mind you.

The whole collection included three Canadian dimes and pennies, an English pound, and a Washington, D.C. transit token. My domestic funds totaled \$24.65, although only \$23.21 of it do I truly deem spendable. I put that spendable portion with a little note indicating its total into a plastic bag. The rest went into the empty mug, ready to welcome the next decade of found money.

Dealing with my lucky, found money was a great way to prepare for the unknown rigors of this Friday the 13th. Now I have to figure out what I'm going to do with all of my good-fortune-bearing found money. I want to decide very carefully. If anyone has any suggestions about how I can obtain optimal good fortune from it, I'd appreciate hearing from you. You can wait until tomorrow, though, before mailing your suggestions to me.

It's not that I'm really that superstitious or anything, but having all those letters postmarked Friday the 13th come to me after my having made it through the day the first time around is something that I would like to avoid, if possible.

Not Just Another Eight-Hour Day

Paul was due for one of his once-every-two-weeks-at-the-most trips to desert, mountain, or forest. He is able to submerge himself in the city for just so long before he needs to recharge.

He asked me to go with him. He had just sold a house located down a three-mile-long dirt road. With just a city flat to live in, he might be intending the one-day equivalent of a week in a remote wilderness area. I said I'd think about it.

That night, in reviewing the rest of my week's appointments, I saw that I could have a day free. Then I remembered an article about waterfalls close to San Francisco. Another friend had sent it to me and had highlighted a walk to Berry Creek Falls in Big Basin Redwood State Park.

Two hours' drive down, two hours' walk to the falls, two hours back. Two more hours' return ride and it added up to just another eight-hour day. I told Paul we were on: we'd leave at 6 a.m. and get back by 2 p.m. for lunch. Perfect.

We rolled down to highway 17 and back up into Big Basin. The ranger station opened at 8 a.m. We picked up a trail map and saw that while the article had said two hours, the park literature was talking three hours each way. This meant to us that a no-nonsense walking pace would be needed to hit the two hours. We set off.

It had been overcast on the drive down. In the redwood forest itself, where sunlight would have a difficult time reaching ground level anyway, the morning was very quiet and cool. We saw no other hikers until two hours later when we reached the falls. We had seen two nonhuman

forms of life, however, which Paul was able to identify for me.

The first was a bright yellow thing, shaped pretty much like a jalapeño pepper. I did realize that yellow jalapeño peppers dotting our trail was not a strong theory. Paul called them banana slugs.

***He motioned for me to approach cautiously—
as I did, I observed a
wingless vermiform animal***

Our other wildlife sighting was minutes later. Paul, ahead of me, stopped suddenly. He bent down, motioning for me to approach cautiously. As I joined him in a crouch, I observed a wingless vermiform articulated animal having many feet, as my Oxford English Dictionary would have described it. Although having the shape of a worm, it was said by Paul to be a centipede.

I had heard of centipedes. I had supposed them to be something like caterpillars. Yet, beyond what the Oxford says, my Random House Unabridged has a more ominous definition of centipede. "Any of numerous invertebrates with segmented bodies and jointed limbs, chiefly active at night, having elongated, flattened bodies of from 15 to 173 segments. Each segment has a pair of legs, the first pair being modified into poison fangs used to seize and devour other organisms for food."

This was a centipede on the path before us. Trophy-sized. We watched it move in its quest for prey. We saw each pair of legs moving each body segment individually, although in a coordinated way. On the last segment, just like on a long fire truck, there seemed to be a sophisticated mechanism capable of correcting steering problems. The fangs were in evidence up front. Paul and I walked onward. Undaunted? Perhaps.

The beautiful, silent, towering redwoods were the only other presence during our walk that morning until we reached a view of the falls. We then noticed two backpackers coming down, en route to the park headquarters.

Paul and I decided to return at once. We set out on a blistering pace which we maintained all the way back to the car. Shedding boots for sneakers, we drove out and took Skyline Boulevard north. We got back into San Francisco as originally contemplated, by 2 p.m., exactly eight hours.

In thinking about that day, I realize that Paul goes out to experience nature. He seeks to establish an intimate and harmonious relationship with it during his visits. His object is to spend enough time at some place in the forest, desert, or mountain to allow that location and himself to form a pleasingly consistent whole.

My relationship with nature has been to schedule an appointment for it on my calendar — usually scheduling it in for the shortest meeting possible. I would like to abandon my past approach and adopt Paul's. Maybe then I will discover first-hand that a day in nature does not have to be just another eight-hour day.

Affairs Of The American Male: Cars

The BMW didn't do well overnight after moving to 20th Street at Dolores Park. It only took two days until a pry bar broke a window and mutilated the dash as the stereo was removed.

When I couldn't find a garage to rent, I sold the BMW and bought an old Plymouth. This was a former fleet vehicle, a proven, street-smart survivor. Exactly what I needed. When I had a new place with a garage, I went looking for a new car, more fun than a Plymouth.

Brand-new automobiles were bland and undistinguished. I saw nothing in the showrooms that I liked. So, instead, I scoured the papers for a Checker Manhattan or Marathon. That's right, Checker, as in New York City taxis.

What I found was that the market for Checkers was stronger than my attraction for them. Also, the particular cars I saw had all, not surprisingly, started off as taxi cabs and were pretty beat up.

I switched from my Checker hunt to a hunt for a Jaguar Mark II sedan. I had walked by one and I admired its shape and size. It took a few months until I found a 1961 model to buy.

The body was excellent. It had just been painted in a two-toned combination of light, aqua-blue side panels and doors and dark, navy-blue trunk, roof, and hood. The engine and transmission were both from a Chevrolet. Not being a Jaguar purist, it was perfect for me.

I drove both the Jaguar and the old Plymouth for a year or two. Then the Plymouth went to friends

who were in need of a second car, fast, and I went out looking for something else.

The 1965 Chevrolet El Camino I found was a two-door vehicle shaped just like a full-sized station wagon, only with the back roof cut off and an open truck bed and tailgate. I always thought of my El Camino as a car, not a truck, though. Its length, bulk, and boxy look were a good contrast to the deep, soft curves of the Jaguar.

I found myself wondering whether or not Maserati still makes those bi-turbo models with suede dash

A bonus with the El Camino was that it had commercial license plates. I attempted to get regular plates and was told that the law that year did not permit the issuance of anything other than commercial plates unless I were to get a permanent cover of some kind for the truck bed.

It already had a serviceable tonneau cover, and since its shape would be hideously altered by having an enclosure placed over it, I kept the commercial plates. They have turned out to be a great benefit when downtown. The plates allow me to park in yellow, commercial-plate-only zones.

Both cars, the Mark II sedan and the El Camino hybrid, attract a lot of attention, earning the admiration of many. These folks never realize that I have not just one car but the other, too. And

those who know and do question the match hear from me about the house just seven blocks away from mine. There, I have observed, lives a person who has the exact same two cars. I have thought about it, yet have never gone over to introduce myself to the owner of those two other fine cars — something tells me that I never will, either.

Anyway, the 1994 model cars have been out for a while now and I find myself on the verge of selling both of my existing cars. Despite their many fine years of loyal service, I yearn for something new and different.

I have already found a loving home for the Jaguar. The car's new owner will care for it, honor it, and obey it for the indefinite future with the same admiration and respect which I have given to it all these years. I trust that a similar individual interested in the El Camino will also surface once the Jaguar has gone. If not, not to worry. I'll use it as a trade-in for a down payment on my next car.

I'm trying to stay focused on something very sensible in a four-door sedan, like a Honda or Toyota. Yesterday, though, I found myself coming out of some kind of a blackout, seated at the phone and staring at the phone book. I must have just called a Saab dealer, or maybe it was Peugeot.

Then I found myself wondering whether or not Maserati still makes those four-door, bi-turbo models with suede dash and headliner? And isn't it possible that the market for Checkers is better now than it was eight years ago?

Musings On Mediation, From The Bard

There are many bloody wars being fought in the world right now. It would save much agony and many lives if warring with words instead of armaments were more prevalent. That master of words, Shakespeare, can show us how to go about doing this.

I recently saw a performance by the California Shakespeare Festival of As You Like It as part of a Sunday morning series. I imagine that performances taking advantage of day's light might have been natural in Shakespeare's own lifetime. Day or night, as I see more of his plays on stage, I grow more certain that he intended them to be experienced by audiences as performance, not as something to just be read through in print.

Although seeing it performed would be better, nevertheless, for those of you who haven't seen the play performed lately or at all, I take it upon myself today to reprint, with some editing, an exchange from As You Like It, from its act five, scene four.

The clown, or fool, Touchstone, joins the Duke Senior and Jacques, the Duke's friend.

Touchstone. Salutation and greeting to you all.

Jacques. Good my lord, bid him welcome. He hath been a courtier, he swears.

Touchstone. If any man doubt that, let him put me to my purgation [proof]. I have trod a measure [stately dance]; I have flatt'ed a lady; I have been politic with my friend, smooth with mine enemy; I have undone three tailors [through extravagance in dress and failure to pay bills]; I have had four quarrels, and like to have fought

one.

Jacques. And how was that tane [made] up?

Touchstone. Faith, we met and found the quarrel was upon the seventh cause.

Jacques. How "seventh cause?" How did you find the quarrel on the seventh cause?

***"May all your quarrels
be found to be
upon the seventh cause"***

Touchstone. Upon a lie seven times removed, as thus, sir: I did dislike [indicate my disapproval of] the cut of a certain courtier's beard. He sent me word, if I said his beard was not cut well, he was in the mind it was. This is call'd the **Retort Courteous**. If I sent him word again it was not well cut, he would send me word he cut it to please himself. This is call'd the **Quip Modest**. If again, it was not well cut, he disabled [disparaged] my judgement. This is call'd the **Reply Churlish**. If again, it was not well cut, he would answer I spake not true. This is call'd the **Reproof Valiant**. If again, it was not well cut, he would say I lie. This is call'd the **Countercheck Quarrelsome**. And so to the **Lie Circumstantial** and the **Lie Direct**.

Jacques. And how oft did you say his beard was not well cut?

Touchstone. I durst go no further than the Lie Circumstantial, nor he durst not give me the Lie Direct. And so we measur'd swords and parted. In using all of these seven degrees of the lie you may avoid a fight but for the Lie Direct, and you may avoid that too, with an If. I knew [of a time]

when seven justices could not take up [resolve] a quarrel, but when the parties were met themselves, one of them thought but of an If — as, "If you said so, then I said so," and they shook hands and swore brothers. Your If is the only peacemaker. Much virtue in If.

Delivered with precise timing, the language of the entire play had already been a delight. During this exchange the staging of the play was also exceptional. A novice in attending performances of Shakespeare's plays, I have no other performance of As You Like It for comparison. I do know that it was done very well here.

The way it was handled was that Touchstone bowed, curtsied, and otherwise elaborately gestured in contorted and odd fashion during his listing of each degree of the seven removes of the Lie Direct. And each of his complicated gestures was as elaborately mimicked by another dozen cast members on stage around him.

This slapstick, so cleverly acted out, could not have been a first-time invention of this production's director. It must have a tradition since the performances first supervised by Shakespeare himself, so natural and powerful was it as seen by my fellow audience members and I.

If more of the world's leaders were fools in Touchstone's tradition, perhaps the arguments of today, so often culminating in bloodshed and violence, could be seen as simply silly, and be avoided. There is much virtue in humor. I hear Shakespeare saying to us, "May all your quarrels be found to be upon the seventh cause."

Willing To Give A Stranger A Chance

I'm a fan of Western movies. You remember them, those quintessential American films in the genre of "Tall In The Saddle" and "Have Six-Gun Attitude, Will Relocate."

The dialogue of those great old movies, most of which I watched on television growing up in the fifties and sixties, fascinated me.

A favorite and frequently confusing line encountered in Westerns is given in response to many a question: "Well, it's a fer piece, yessir, it's a fer piece."

Now, since my Mom in winter months sometimes went out with her mink stole around her shoulders, and sometimes had it called a "fur piece" when she did, as a small child, my initial, strange interpretation of the line in the movies was with just that meaning, a fur piece. I wondered what all those tough cowboys were doing with mink stoles.

Then, as I learned about different kinds of trees, including fir trees, I was often puzzled by just what a fir piece interpretation could mean. With a handyman Dad at home, though, and various odd sticks of various kinds of wood around at any given time, I thought I knew to what that interpretation could apply.

After frequent repetitions in many movies I somehow made a conceptual leap. I realized that this fer piece of the films was actually almost always an indeterminate choice between far and fair.

When the respondent would say "It's a fer piece"

and I would interpret it as "It's a fair piece" then what it seemed to mean was "Well, you could put it that way" or "You could say that" or, "Yeah, I could see how you came to be there."

And when that same cowpoke or storekeeper or rancher said that same line and I interpreted it to mean "It's a far piece," I generally thought it then meant "That's stretching it a little" or "That's a little hard to believe, ain't it, pal?"

You may wonder why I bring all this up just now. In the light of current events, I bring it up because

It's an American tradition to encourage the welcoming of someone newly arrived

of the curious reaction to the appointment by President Clinton of David Gergen to be the new White House chief communicator.

Gergen is being described by the same media with whom he will soon be intimately relating as a "media presence" himself, and one with a suspect background when it comes to liberal Democratic administrations like Bill Clinton's.

So here we have the press corps and television and radio correspondents all wondering: How can a Nixon-Reagan-Bush communicator possibly become a Clinton communicator? "Well, it's a fer piece, yessir, it's a fer piece."

Now, if that is taken to mean a fair piece then my

position about Gergen's arrival is: "Yeah, I can see how you come to be there."

While if it is taken to mean a far piece, which many media folk have done, then there's a little more of "That's stretching it a little" involved.

I'm not sure I understand about that far interpretation. Gergen is a professional communicator with a set of professional talents, skills and experiences. Clinton believes that there is a message worth carrying to the American public and to the world that needs to be heard. Why not go ahead and give Gergen a chance? He may be suspect to some; I am not suspicious.

The press as a whole, on the other hand, definitely appear to be suspicious. They repeatedly ask "Can a Clinton, liberal White House have as its Communications Director someone who was once able and willing to communicate the ideas of Ronald Reagan?"

Yes, it can. I just don't think it's all that far to travel. I think it's a pretty fair and traditionally American position, one that would be recognized in the Old West of my favorite childhood movies, to encourage the welcoming of someone newly arrived.

When the stranger rides into town, shakes the dust off his chaps and taps it out of his hat, my kind of dialogue calls for "Welcome, stranger." And Gergen isn't exactly a stranger, either. When old friends come back into town in my movies they usually hear "Good to see you back friend. You look like you've traveled a fer piece. Come on over, set yourself down and let's get to talkin'."

Don't Bother To Get Off Your Horse

Recently I pointed out that I have been a fan, since childhood, of Western movies. It is often the dialogue of those films that stays in my mind now. I applied some choice lines from old Westerns to President Clinton's replacement of George Stephanopoulos by David Gergen.

Another event comes to mind today. That is the withdrawal of the President's support for his nomination of Lani Guinier as the head of the Justice Department's Civil Rights Division. Guinier is an African-American female who was a Yale Law School classmate of the President's. An academic with clearly stated, long-term positions relative to civil rights enforcement issues. A well-known, well-documented, and strong candidate.

Critics said, according to the media, that she was a radical. They said she advocated strange, unacceptable, and dangerous opinions. When these remarks surfaced President Clinton reiterated his support for Guinier.

Then, her critics said even more and the administration's support for her, which the media had previously suggested was unshakable, began to be questioned by that same media.

Nowadays the mere questioning of an appointment in the media very often leads to increased controversy and reduced chances for confirmation.

It didn't help that Clinton had just emerged from what had looked to be his most controversial nomination, Roberta Achtenberg. Perhaps Administration insiders felt that they just weren't ready to deal with another set of ugly hearings

broadcast to the nation. For whatever reasons, we all then saw President Clinton withdraw his support for his nominee.

Lani Guinier was not happy. She asked the President a reasonable question: "Why don't you just give me a chance in confirmation hearings to discuss these accusations?"

They just couldn't deal with another set of ugly hearings broadcast to the nation

The answer from the President is that he claims to have now read her works for the first time, and cannot fully support her opinions. Aside from the fact that he should have been better briefed by his staff, what are these views that the President cannot fully support? Here are my versions.

Guinier seems to advocate some of the positive aspects of proportional-representation parliamentary systems. Dangerous countries such as Great Britain have had those aspects in their democratic institutions for generations.

Guinier also advocates what I will call "bullet" voting. This is a perfectly legal and ethical way for any self-interested voting block in an at-large election for a multiple-position board to concentrate its influence by choosing to support fewer candidates than the total number of open seats. This more narrow use of the votes available has been used by many groups in many places in this country for a long time.

In perhaps the most damning of Guinier's positions criticized, she seemingly says that, even once elected, some candidates might prove to be more or less representative of their communities than others in fulfilling their duties. Haven't we all been disappointed by examples of that patent insincerity of politicians which goes in a more general sense by Guinier's name of "false consciousness?"

She is criticized for seeming to suggest that when we see this in elected officials for whom we have voted, we should "throw the bums out." It seems to me that a few Senators, seeing that Ms. Guinier was riding up to the Capitol hitching post, called out and said, "Ma'am, we don't like your kind in our town. Turn back now. Don't even bother to get off your horse."

If I ever liked those lines when I heard them in the Westerns, I don't like them now. I agree with Rev. Jesse Jackson. How can President Clinton take the so-called moral high ground and support David Gergen for Communications Director irrespective of what Gergen's personal ideology might be or have been, and then retreat to the immoral low ground, not giving Lani Guinier the same support?

She then would have the chance to set aside her own personal ideologies, whatever they may be and, just like Gergen, go out and do a professional, high-quality job — namely, crafting the President's civil rights enforcement plan.

I am disappointed in President Clinton. We have all been injured by his retreat.

Democracy's Music In Four Movements

The Neighborhood. I love San Francisco neighborhoods. Last night I visited Forest Hill Extension to attend a community meeting. The room was filled and we had printed agendas. In the beginning, a timekeeper was introduced and the rules of speaking were announced. The meeting was on traffic problems and included representatives of the City.

A feature of this meeting was a Russian translator for a group of recent Russian emigres who live in seniors' housing. They were present in force and concerned about a pedestrian crossing. They were balanced by children from West Portal School who got to stay up past their bedtime on a school night so that their parents could show them as living expressions of their concerns to the City officials.

The meeting was a model of decorum, even with the Russian translation. The agenda moved along and we ended a little early. My favorite speaker was Nancy, the crossing guard, because of what she said and how she said it. And maybe because when I was in elementary school my mother was a crossing guard for a while, too.

Overall, having a polite, interested group of citizens with two responsive City officials in a productive evening was a true pleasure, one which I take to be a hallmark of healthy democracy.

The City and County. There was an off-year special election this week. Only 20% of the electorate came out to vote on a temporary sales tax for public schools and community colleges. It won with 74% support. Some 40% of those voting voted by absentee ballot, a record high for

this jurisdiction. If any of you would be driven crazy by not knowing real numbers, 80,000 voted, 58,000 in favor.

The campaign consultant for the side in favor said their strategy was to create a select universe of voters motivated to turn out. The author of a news article about all this said, "As a matter of strategy, the effort was a case study of how to win a high-impact, low-profile special interest election."

Seeing the other side lies at the heart of effective government

It was masterfully done. It was also an example of what Lani Guinier, President Clinton's one-time appointee, was criticized for advocating as the right of all citizen groups. A pity, indeed.

The State. Until yesterday's news story of a "Possible Breakthrough In State Budget Impasse," it looked like California was headed for its third year in a row of the inability of its governor and its assembly speaker to come to an agreement prior to the new fiscal year. The story said that the assemblyman had without explanation reversed the position he had publicly stated for himself daily for weeks concerning a significant tax shift originally proposed by the governor.

I share with many of my fellow Americans a knee-jerk reaction to such announcements as these. Surely, wasn't some kind of a back-room deal cut

for this kind of a thing to happen?

Then I remembered that cutting deals, negotiating, compromising, and finally seeing the sense of something the other side supports really lie at the heart of effective government, especially in a state as richly diverse as California. Isn't that so? Yes, that's absolutely so.

The Nation. It has been reported that the major general who last month disparaged President Clinton when speaking to officers at a banquet has been permitted to elect early retirement and leave the service after paying a fine. The dismissed general was a combat veteran and a survivor of recent surgery for malignant cancer.

His senior officer said that his "conduct was wrong and cannot be tolerated." An internal investigation found that the remarks were disrespectful to the president, and military law prohibits contemptuous comments by officers about their commander-in-chief. Since the Constitution describes the general powers of the Congress to include regulation of the land and naval forces, the military's own action preempts any required action by Congress.

I agree with the senior officer when he said, "This is not a trivial matter." He was, in his own words, saddened by the episode. I take it joyously to heart that when, for the first time in my memory, a professional American military officer commits such frightening misstatements in public, he is immediately subject to the rule of constitutional law. This is not always the case among his counterparts in many other nations.

Bull Didn't Run, 3rd Manassas Occurs

After 18 days the vigil has ended. Untold numbers of symbolic candles lit in the minds of men during this time are now being allowed to go out.

It started with an article in the Washington Post. The story was from Manassas, Virginia, site of the two Civil War battles of Bull Run. "Man's Penis Reattached After Wife Cut It Off" was the headline. In bold, the opening paragraph recounted many hours of surgery for "a man whose wife cut off his penis with a kitchen knife while he slept." He was unidentified in the article. I will call him Prince William, named for the hospital where the surgeons who reattached his organ expressed hope for the success of their graft, "but were still in a wait-and-see mode."

Prince William was no prince at all. His wife, charged with aggravated malicious wounding, said she had fled their apartment after having been raped by her husband. A prosecutor cited past domestic difficulties. Neighbors said the woman had often complained of being beaten by her husband. None of us can countenance his behaviors toward his wife. On the other hand, could anything justify the reactions of the woman?

That wait-and-see mode of the doctors was enforced on us all. It was 18 days later, yesterday, that our paper carried a second article. "Man, Reattached Penis Leave Hospital" was the headline now. Again the opening paragraph was in bold and got right to the point we had all been waiting to learn: "he expects a full recovery from an operation in which the organ was reattached."

More men than just I must have read this article

with relief. "I look forward to a full and healthy life" was the man's first public statement. The reconstructive plastic surgeon said that there were only a series of tiny stitches and no bandages. "He has surprisingly few marks for what he's gone through" is what this surgeon said. The truth is that marks will remain in the mind of Prince William for the rest of his life.

In Manassas, Virginia: A small thing for man, a big thing for mankind

While authorities investigate this Third Manassas, and without judging the husband or wife, it is possible to consider implications of all this. We have other examples of past reconstructive surgical techniques becoming future cosmetic surgical procedures. Now, when state motor vehicle departments solicit organ donor sign-ups, there may be a new dimension added.

It's one thing to consider that a liver or kidney, organs one has known of one's whole life but rarely had much to do with, might live on after our own demise to support the life of another person. Surely, however, when the organ under consideration is one with which we are more intimately familiar, the decision to become a donor may require greater reflection.

And those charts in the offices of cosmetic plastic surgeons used for budding stars and starlets to peruse in choosing their new noses or jaw lines or whatever: these new charts of choices will certainly become instant collector items, won't they?

Let's face it, we know some of the things that concern men. We see all the ads for baldness treatments in the magazines, don't we? And we know that on the inside back covers of comic books, when men were boys, there were always those muscle-enlarging ads applicable to the penis as well as any other place where there were muscles, at least by implication. And were not those ads hand-in-glove, so to speak, with those in women's magazines talking about exercises and other techniques for bustline enhancement?

So it is going to be no surprise to any of us when the advertisements for cosmetic penis enhancement surgical procedures start to develop. Sure, at first it will be only for the rich and they already have money so its a little unfair that they get the first crack at this, right?

But if the timing really works well and if the doctors get the right kind of agents and publicists, it's conceivable that with a subject like this to get their hands around, the right kind of promoters could bump a minor syndrome or two off the included coverage lists for Hillary Rodham Clinton's to-be-announced health-care plan and qualify various versions of penis enhancement surgery for the new national every-man-gets-his health coverage proposals due later this year.

Whatever happens in the future, I'm just relieved that the vigil, after 18 days, is over. In the Hebrew alphabet the letters which signify "18" also spell the word "chai." "Chai" means life. And, hey, for all the men who read the first article and waited anxiously for the second, that's exactly what it was all about.

Generosity & Openness, Greed & Fear

A lot of newspaper stories recently have discussed greed and fear in America. We all want to keep what we already have, though many of us are afraid of losing it. Most of us want to get some of what the people ahead of us have got. And fewer of us are willing to share what we do have with anyone else. Partly as a way of escaping from thinking about all this, and partly because I have season's tickets and had to go anyway, I took time out this weekend to see a play.

On Sunday morning I was at a performance of King John. The reviews had focused on the acting and staging, assuming that audiences would not be interested in the subject matter of the play. Personally, I go to see and hear Shakespeare for his brilliant language and his enduring insights. I was not disappointed. Perhaps because I went to it with those news stories already on my mind, it spoke to me clearly about the current American social and political problems of greed and fear.

The Administration's failure to approach these problems is adding fuel to their fires. One of President Clinton's key appointees is Secretary of Labor Robert B. Reich. In a best-selling book, The Work Of Nations, written before the 1992 election, Reich spent a great deal of time talking about enlightened self-interest. This term described a certain attitude of generosity and openness held by people who "have" toward people who "have-not."

Reich claimed that enlightened self-interest has a particularly American tradition, born and raised to great levels here from the Revolution until mid-twentieth century. One of the implications for me

of his appointment was that Reich, and through him, Clinton, would work to rekindle American altruism in all classes of society.

So it is particularly sad that Clinton seems unable to act firmly as an advocate of enlightened self-interest. As for Reich, I hope that he holds fast to his belief that enlightened self-interest is essential to American strength of character and economic fortune. In these times, the strength of his grip will be sorely tested.

***"I find the people
strangely fantasied,
not knowing what they fear,
but full of fear"***

In King John the kings of England and France come together to battle. But instead, with the active contrivance of a local politician, Hubert, they strike a deal. John, previously accused by France of usurping the English throne, gains France's friendship and alliance. The stage empties. Just after everyone else leaves, Philip the Bastard walks on. He is to later become the battlefield mainstay of King John, but he is new to court life, and marvels at it in his monologue.

"Mad world! Mad kings! Mad composition!" Philip cannot believe the deal-making session that he has just witnessed. He describes to us a certain "tickling Commodity" as that flattering self-interest which is "the bias of the world." This powerful, flattering self-interest "wins of all, of kings, of beggars, old men, young men, maids."

He goes on to summarize the implications of the deal just cut between the kings, and leans forward for the next two lines: "Since kings break faith upon Commodity, Gain be my lord for I will worship thee!" The gain is short lived because at the start of the next act, the cardinal of the Roman Church convinces France that the pope is a more important ally than John.

John returns home. Philip is sent to tour England to do an early opinion poll. In reporting to King John, Philip says, "As I travel hither through the land, I find the people strangely fantasied, Possess'd with rumours, full of idle dreams, Not knowing what they fear, but full of fear." Their fears are immediately self-fulfilling, as France invades England.

Under attack from abroad and losing the faith of his people at home, King John lashes out at the politician Hubert, whom he incorrectly believes has carried out one of his own, John's, more poorly conceived notions. "It is the curse of kings to be attended by slaves" who too quickly act upon such "winking of authority" as though it were command, says John.

Deal-making and compromise have long been a part of political life. Compromising principles for short-term gain, however, usually backfires. If the president and Reich act out of a misplaced notion of political expediency to sacrifice enlightened self-interest, or generosity and openness, in favor of flattering self-interest, then they will be yielding to the forces of greed and fear. More than just economic fortune is at stake here: the future of American character is also at risk.

250,000 Deaths Attributed To Nothing

There must be millions of scientific researchers. They toil long hours under adverse conditions to advance the frontiers of knowledge. Contracts are written for hundreds of billions of dollars to support their endeavors.

Huge research centers exist at university, government, and industrial complexes. Even after subtracting the percentage of scientific activity which is funded for vaguely related defense reasons, there still is a lot of activity taking place.

I refuse to believe that what the general media choose to show us about science is really representative. I have more faith than that in what must be the results of so much work by so many talented and dedicated individuals.

Unless we read a special "science" section in the newspaper or subscribe to general or specific journals covering scientific matters, we only occasionally see pick-up articles or news stories about scientific subjects.

One recent article, coverage of a scientific journal publication, talked about an "accidental discovery" which had "scientists excited." Although it was possible to read through the article and gain some information about the process of scientific discovery, the article mostly portrayed the groups of researchers involved as cartoonlike, goofy nitwits who became "absolutely amazed" when they saw the results of their "accidental discovery."

The majority of news coverage about so-called scientific matters does not deal with science as much as with health-related research projects. We

have all seen countless reversals by "experts" about which foodstuffs we can healthfully include or not include in our diets depending on our age, gender, and other characteristics.

"Good Cholesterol May Turn Out To Be Bad" was a headline this week. At one point in the distant past cholesterol wasn't even known to exist. Then it was discovered, but not understood. When scientists learned more about it, they then tried to figure out what it did. And that led to them learning that it blocked arteries, especially in the heart. It was easy to understand that this was not good.

News stories portray groups of scientific researchers as cartoonlike, goofy nitwits

Yet, it wasn't all bad, either. There were found to be different types of cholesterol with differences between them in their effects: some good, some bad. Two things become clear from the good / bad cholesterol discussions.

First, what turns opinions into science are the presence of laboratory mice. Even with disclaimers like "one has to be careful extrapolating studies from mice to humans" the next clause in those sentences is too often "but it is quite likely that this experiment with mice has significance for humans."

Second, even if mice were humans, humans would still be people. And people differ about the most basic of topics relating to medical and health

issues. Such simple home-remedy arenas as whether a hot versus a cold compress should be used for sprains, strains, or bruises can be argued about endlessly. So it's no surprise that scientists, medical researchers, doctors, and just plain ordinary folk can all be confused by cholesterol.

Here is another example of a topic with room for disagreement and discussion. Recent national coverage of new exercise studies included graphs and quotes from experts at centers from around the country. Certain of the things revealed were as good (or bad) an example of absurdity in this genre as any.

"Only 22% of Americans are active today to levels currently recommended for good health benefits," said one expert. He then recommended lower levels so that a greater percentage of Americans could be seen to be active at recommended levels. Another expert pointed out "alternative" exercises which could be healthful for us, like using stairs instead of escalators, gardening or raking leaves, dancing, and even walking to work. Like it really takes a scientist to figure that out?

That article closed with a statistic, a mainstay of these scientific / health news stories. "About 250,000 deaths each year are attributed to inactivity."

Are we to expect national telethons to raise funds so that research into this dreaded killer, inactivity, can be advanced? I mean, they can't be serious, can they? Maybe there are more cartoonlike, goofy nitwits in and among some groups of researchers than I thought.