

The **MONTTEBELLO** Voice

an independent gazette

sharing is caring

August 16, 2018



E-cycling on August 23
By Sophie and Sarah Myers

Our next recycling date is August 23. We are available to pick up items from your units on Thursday, 8/23 between 9 and 10:30 a.m.

If you are not available at that time you may leave the items in front of your door on Wednesday evening and we will pick them up after 9 p.m., or you are welcome to drop them off at our unit 2-615 any time between August 18 and August 22. Please make sure they are clearly marked with your name and unit number.

We accept all electronic and hazardous household items that Fairfax County recycles (and that fit in our van). That



includes: electronics such as computers, TVs, phones, printers, cords, and fluorescent light bulbs, rechargeable batteries (not alkaline which must be disposed of in the trash), paint, solvents, articles that contain mercury, fire extinguishers, and aerosol cans. For hazardous items, please make sure items are sealed and contents are marked. See Fairfax County Rules: <https://www.fairfaxcounty.gov/publicworks/recycling-trash/residential-materials>

To sign up contact us at montebello_e_cycles@icloud.com and please specify Thursday or Friday and your unit number.

This will be our last recycling run for a while as school starts up again on August 28. 📧

Improving access to the Fitness Center
By Joe de Angelis

As I opened the door to the men's locker room after coming from the Fitness Center, I nearly bumped into a large, hairy and very naked man who had just stepped out of the shower stall adjacent to the door. He was as startled as I was and we cautiously maneuvered around each other so as not to exacerbate the situation. Later, I thought that it was an encounter that did not have to happen, especially since the mental image stayed with me for several days.

Now, imagine if you will that instead of me, it was a young father coming from the swimming pool with his little 5-year old-daughter. Not a very nice picture is it? We should not have to go through the locker rooms in order to get to the FC or the swimming pool.

Now that planning for the remodeling of the Montebello Community Center is in full swing, I thought this would be a good time to address the issue of direct access to the FC. Direct access to the FC can be easily accomplished by the construction of a simple corridor between the FC anteroom and the indoor pool area. Pictured here is what such a corridor might look like.

Such a corridor would facilitate direct access and eliminate the necessity of having to go through the locker rooms. By placing an automatic door at the end of the corridor near the top of the ramp of the indoor pool, the temperature in the indoor pool area would be maintained. Such a corridor can be

constructed at minimal cost and is well within the purview of the Board of Directors. Additionally, this type of direct access would allow for the easy maneuvering of a gurney should EMT personnel ever be called to the FC.

I do not think it is appropriate for parents to have to take little children, of the opposite sex, through these locker rooms and subject them to seeing people in various stages of undress or naked in the showers. Therefore I urge the BOD to thoughtfully consider this recommendation and not discard it out of hand. 📧



The MONTEBELLO Voice
 an independent gazette
 Alexandria, Virginia

This publication accepts no funding or oversight from advertisers, residents, or the Montebello Condominium Unit Owners Association. All opinions are encouraged and reflect the diversity of views in the community. All articles and photographs come from Montebello residents. To receive or contribute to this email-only gazette, contact montebellovoice@cox.net or visit on the web at www.montebello-voice.com.


Editor & Designer.....Mikhailina Karina
Contributors.....Joe de Angelis, Karen Barnes, Rebecca Hayden, Azita Mashayekhi, Joel Miller, Sarah & Sophie Myers, Deborah Rowell, Lynn & Mary Tjeerdsma, Mark Woods



Bible study continues

By Karen Barnes


Eighteen months ago *The Montebello Voice* carried a brief item about the formation of a group of residents who would meet for an hour every week to learn and share perspectives about passages in the Bible. Since then, about 10 people have been meeting in a non-secular gathering to study, exchange views, and share concerns.

Visitors and additional participants are welcome, as the group reads the letters of Peter from the New Testament. For more information, contact Donald and Karen Barnes at 703-960-4036 or chinakaren@yahoo.com. 

Sign up for Montebello Bowling League Monday and Wednesday night teams; league starts September 6

By Mark Woods

The Montebello Bowling League is looking for a few good men and women to join the fun. The start of the 2018-2019 season is right around the corner. No experience is necessary. No, really! Do you have a smile? Then you can bowl. Montebello supplies the lanes, the balls, and the shoes. In fact, if you need a refresher or just want to roll a practice game to see “if you still have it” or want to learn, we will make arrangements for one of our league captains to join you at the lanes to encourage you. Just give League President, Mark Woods, at call at 703-498-0143 or email at mjddwoods@earthlink.net.

We are looking for subs and/or regular bowlers for either Monday or Wednesday night. The league is co-ed and it's handicapped, so it really doesn't matter how good you are. Trust us on this one. It's just a matter of having fun! 

CALL FOR ENTRIES Café Exhibitions 2019

Art in Montebello (AiM) invites artists residing in Montebello to submit proposals for one or both café exhibitions described below. Applications from experienced exhibitors AND “newbies” are encouraged. Separate application forms for group and solo proposals will be available in the lobby bins and at the front desk. **Deadline for BOTH submissions to the front desk is September 1, 2018. Selected exhibitors will be notified by October 1.**

SOLO EXHIBITION IN 2019

Any medium is acceptable (painting, photography, fiber, metal, glass, ceramic, jewelry or wood), provided it can be hung safely on the café wall using the hanging system there.

Applicants should choose a preferred exhibition period on the application form to help guide scheduling.

Selection criteria will include quality of technique and finish, as well as suitability of subject for the café audience.

GROUP EXHIBITION on a proposed THEME IN 2019

In 2018 AiM coordinated the selection of curators and exhibitors for three group shows. The number of group exhibitions in 2019 will depend on the response from interested applicants and also the ability to develop an exhibition time frame compatible with the preferred dates cited by applicants on proposal forms.

Any unifying theme appropriate for the café audience and venue will be considered. For example: abstract or representational groups or collections of people, objects found in nature, items made by humans, linear or geometric shapes.

The group curator and all exhibitors should be able to provide exhibition-ready works for a planning and layout meeting that may be held one week before the exhibition opening date.

NOTE: Exhibits are hung on the Saturdays the exhibits open, starting at 8 a.m. Installation must be completed by 10:30 a.m. because the café opens at 11 a.m. Opening receptions for exhibits are held from 4 to 6 p.m. Exhibited works may be taken down on Friday – the last day of an exhibit – after 9:30 p.m. when the café has stopped serving or early the next morning, Saturday, before 8 a.m.

If you have questions regarding the proposal submission process, please contact the AiM Co-Chairs: Harriet Duval (703-329-1342; hazidival@gmail.com) and Dian McDonald (703-922-2742, dianjanelle@yahoo.com).

Board discusses routine business

By *Mikhailina Karina*

Did anyone wonder about a large drone flying over Montebello's grounds on Tuesday? It belonged to Lemonlight (<https://www.lemonlight.com/>), a California-based video company that will create Montebello's promotional video as part of a larger marketing effort to attract potential buyers.

Another feel-good promotional proposal is to install a historical marker acknowledging Montebello's connection to the original property of Bryan Fairfax, 8th Lord Fairfax of Cameron, who lived at Mount Eagle until his death in 1802. (Fun fact: George Washington's last meal away from Mount Vernon, on December 7, 1799 was with Lord Fairfax at Mount Eagle. Washington died at his home four days later.)

Fewer than 20 people, mostly committee members, attended the August 14 Board of Directors meeting that lasted 45 minutes. Director Raymond Goodrich was absent.

In other feel-good Montebello updates, General Manager George Gardner reported that the shuttle bus now makes stops at the Thursday afternoon farmers market near the Metro.

As part of the on-going transition to BuildingLink, Montebello's various electronic calendars are in the process of phasing out from the old website. In addition, the management is still "working out the bugs in the new phone system," he said.

Ted Ross Consulting (<http://tedrossconsulting.com/>) has been hired to assess the water riser piping system in the garages. The ultrasound testing will look for pin-hole leaks in copper riser pipes. The project will cost almost \$30,000.

And finally, Rick's Iron Works (<https://www.ricksironworks.net/>) will install prototype handrails on the stairs behind Building 4 at a cost of nearly \$11,000. A subsequent 30-second survey will gauge residents' preference. 📧

governance



Joe Riccobono Memorial Tree

By *Lynn and Mary Tjeerdsma*

Dear Montebello friends,

Our good friend and longtime Montebello resident passed away in May. He was a past board member and a well-respected man around Montebello. Since his passing, we have been organizing the purchase of a memorial tree to be planted at Montebello in Joe's honor. Joe loved pine trees so a blue spruce will be planted on the hillside west of the playground near Building 2. Of course, the tree will be purchased through Montebello and planted by the company they choose.

If you would like to contribute to purchasing the Joe Riccobono Memorial Tree, please give your donation, in any amount you choose, to the front office in an envelope marked for Joe Riccobono Memorial Tree. Checks should be made out to MCUOA. Our general manager will collect the funds and make the necessary arrangements. The tree will most likely not be planted until this fall.

We do not have a complete email list of all who might be interested and who knew Joe and his lovely wife, Diane, so please feel free to share this request.

If you have any question, please let us know, or call the general manager as I am sure he will be able to answer all questions. 📧

Metro to close south parking garage at Huntington Station

From the *Washington Metropolitan Area Transit Authority*

Metro announced the south parking garage at the Huntington Station



on the Yellow line will be closed indefinitely effective August 10, 2018, in preparation for demolition.

The south garage is the oldest of the station's three garages and has reached the end of its useful life. The facility is scheduled for demolition in the summer of 2019 to coincide with a platform rehabilitation project that will temporarily close the station next year.

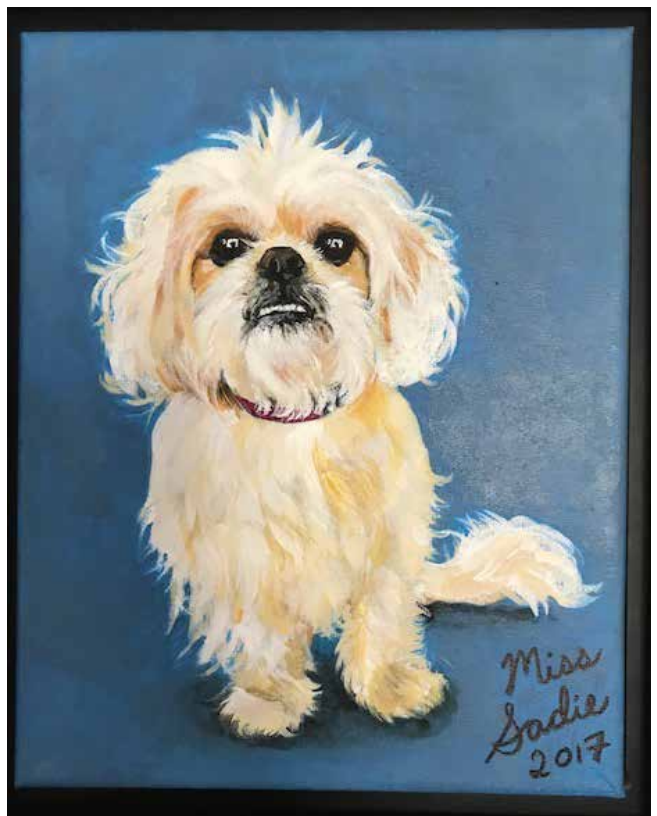
While working on the garage to determine how best to proceed with demolition, engineers identified areas of concrete that under certain conditions could come loose. No structural concerns were found; however, in the interest of public safety Metro has decided to close the garage to parking. The south entrance and pedestrian walkway to the station will remain open.

Parking has been restricted to a portion of the garage since 2015, following structural inspections.

Additional parking is available for customers in the middle and north garages that can easily accommodate the approximately 300 spaces that will be affected.

Metro is currently developing concepts for reconfiguration of the Metro-owned properties at the south entrance that includes a rebuilt garage. Once those concepts are completed and approved, an implementation plan for rebuilding the garage will be finalized. 📧

A portrait is worth a thousand dog biscuits



By Deborah Rowell

Last December, I was trying to think of the perfect Christmas present for my 88-year-old mother. Because she's madly in love with my dog, Sadie, I decided to get a doggie portrait painted for her.

I've lived at Montebello for many years and often heard residents talk about having dog and cat portraits painted by Rachael Bright in Building 1. She creates beautiful pet portraits, in addition to all her other artistic projects. I'm so glad that I finally made that phone call!

After emailing Rachael this photo of Sadie, it was only a couple of weeks before she presented me with a finished portrait. Although Rachael had never actually seen my dog, she painted this wonderful portrait. I think it really captures Sadie's essence. Rachael also ad-

The author's mother with Sadie and her portrait.

vised me on where to get the best frame for it.

My mother was so surprised when she opened the gift; her delight was instantaneous. That was six months ago and mom still reminds me that she looks at Sadie's portrait every day... and smiles. That's my idea of an inspired gift for any pet-lover.

Rachael Bright can be reached at 703-357-3850 or LocalColourOldTown@gmail.com 📧

Deborah Rowell has a dog-walking and cat-care business, Compassionate Pet Services, LLC. She can be reached at 703-283-2666 and CompassionatePetServices@gmail.com

The language of flowers

By Rebecca Long Hayden

The study of an unfamiliar language challenges the most nimble mind, but even if you never become proficient, the exercise offers a glimpse into another culture and fosters a more clear understanding of your own language. However, some languages are only meant for fun, such as the language of flowers.

Inspired by the beautiful flower circles that “magically” appeared at Montebello this spring and summer, I explored several articles on the subject of *flower-speak*. Flowers communicate different things, depending on cultural origins and the histories of people who have gathered and cultivated them for



centuries. Whatever their origin, blossoms have an oddly charming dialect of their own.

The meaning and symbolism of flowers has been amply explored in poetry and literature. There’s Wordsworth’s joy in coming upon a “host of golden daffodils,” contrasted with Shakespeare’s dark tone in Hamlet. Ophelia hands out flowers in Act IV, Scene V, and speaks about their symbolic meanings.



There’s rosemary, that’s for remembrance.

Pray you, love, remember. And there is pansies, that’s for thoughts.

There’s fennel for you, and columbines.

There’s rue for you; and here’s some for me . . .

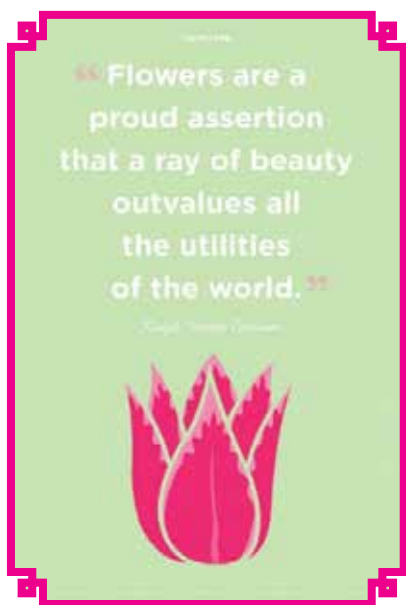


Oh, dear. Fennel is for flattery and adultery; columbine for foolishness, and rue for regret. That’s a little scary, so let’s move on to Iris Murdoch, who said, “People from a planet without flowers would think we must be mad with joy the whole time to have such things about us.”

Even though *mad with joy* may be over-the-top, adding a single rose to a

coffee table works a transformation, and the introduction of more flowers to the Montebello landscape surely has caused many of us to smile, pause, and let the flowers speak to us. There’s fancy and fun to be had in “interpreting” the message. Daffodils have many meanings, including “the sun is always shining when I’m with you.” Coreopsis means “always cheerful.” Variegated tulips mean “beautiful eyes.” A translator of *flower-speak* might say: “The sun is always shining when I’m with you, because you’re always cheerful, and it shows in your beautiful eyes.”

Roses speak according to their color. Coral roses say desire, red roses say love and respect, dark crimson roses are for mourning, and yellow roses mean joy. Primroses appeared this summer in the planters near the front gate, and primroses say “we can’t live without you.”



flower power

Perhaps that's just the right thing to say to the employees at Montebello who play an important roll in our lives. The guards loved the primroses, and said so – in plain English.

The caladiums and impatiens that were planted between the benches facing the street and the pool have meaning, too. Caladiums mean joy and delight, and impatiens say motherly love.

The appearance of flowers on our beautiful grounds may have been one part magic, but as with most things, the other 99 parts came from hard work, and I would be remiss in not mention-

ing the names of those who made it happen. In the end, the effort took over 300 hours of combined volunteer labor from Mary and Lynn Tjeerdsma, Brian Hayden, Chuck Amorosino, Penny Jones, Catherine Cooke, Diane Fitzgerald, Ellen Orlando, Bill Bryant, and Greg Engelking, who took on the task of watering the flowers.

These volunteers were rewarded when many residents stopped by to comment and observe the progress, and the message was very clear: "Thank you for doing this."

It won't be long until fall, and you can expect to see these same volunteers busily preparing the beds, "tucking them in" for winter. All flower enthusiasts are welcome to stop by and lend a hand in this labor of love, this beautiful message to our community in flowers.

This concludes your short course in this winsome language, but if you care to take your studies a little further, here's a short "vocabulary" list, chosen randomly, for reference. 🌻



Aster
daintiness



Begonia
beware



Black-eyed Susan
justice



Daisies
innocence & purity



Dead leaves
sadness



Dianthus
heavenly flower



Dusty Miller
happiness, good luck



Grass
*connections,
foundations*



Heather
*admiration,
good luck*



Hibiscus
*perfect wife or
woman*



Lantana
*faith, valor,
wisdom*



Magnolia
nobility



Marigold
*cruelty, grief,
jealousy*



Yucca
*protection
from evil*

Donna Summer led me to Greencastle, Indiana

By *Mikhailina Karina*

I was the last person Samuel was expecting to see on a deserted university campus on a scorching morning in the middle of Indiana. Even though I'd instructed my family to be on the lookout for a tall, bald, skinny black man, I'd almost walked past him toward our car as he was talking with a woman. And he almost ignored me as another middle-aged mom in loud capris trying to keep up with two overheated teenagers and an obliging dad. Almost. But then I stopped to check him out and heard his familiar voice. He saw me staring at him and we lowered our sunglasses at the same time.



August 9 on the campus of DePauw University

I don't remember how Samuel Autman and I met during the first weeks of our freshman year at the University of Missouri-Columbia in 1985. We lived on the top floors of our dorm, Schurz Hall, which were designated the quiet floors. He was on the all-boy seventh floor and I was right above him. We were both from St. Louis and planning to major in journalism. We must have met during one of the floor mixers when the RAs encouraged us to mingle over junk food and soft drinks in the lounges. Even though I can't recall the exact moment we met, I clearly remember the next two years when we often shared a table in the dining hall and engaged in lengthy, fascinating discussions about our backgrounds, families, cultures, religions, fears, and dreams. Both of us had trouble adjusting to a large state university two hours away from home and we put on brave fronts as we struggled with our course loads and difficult roommates.

We bonded over music – Tina Turner's *Private Dancer* album had come

out the previous year and her life story made her triumphant comeback a subject of uncomfortable conversations about domestic violence. Samuel told me that to cope with the stresses of her career and marriage, Tina Turner practiced the Nichiren Buddhist faith by chanting *Nam Myoho Renge Kyo* to evoke the pure energy and possibilities of our ordinary lives. I watched Samuel chant the transliterated Japanese words from the Lotus Sutra and was mesmerized by the beads entwined between his long fingers. He took me to a couple of meetings with other spiritually confused college students and I received my own transliterated booklet wrapped in a red cloth with gold Chinese characters. For about two years, I dutifully chanted *Nam Myoho Renge Kyo* for 20 minutes each day, but had trouble with the transliterated Japanese text and disregarded it after a few frustrating attempts. The meditative practice of focusing on a mantra-like phrase and breathing did, indeed, help

with my stress and made me more self-accepting.

After college, Samuel had a series of newspaper jobs at dailies in St. Louis, San Diego, Tulsa, and Salt Lake City. He learned to write book proposals – Cupcake Brown's memoir, *A Piece of Cake*, was published after he profiled her harrowing life story in a series of articles and wrote the successful book proposal. He also started writing the soprano Grace Bumbry's biography, tentatively called *Black Venus*, and spent memorable days with the aging diva in Vienna. A graceful, honest writer, Samuel earned an MFA in creative nonfiction at Columbia University. His autobiographical pieces reveal his own triumphant life journeys.

(To read some of his terrific writing, go to <https://memoirmag.com/literature/night-scavengers/> and <http://www.panoramajournal.org/lost-dont-meet-me-in-st-louis/>)

We stayed in touch over the years, exchanging postcards and pieces of writing. We saw each other a handful of times and kept up on Facebook.

Samuel's insatiable curiosity about the world took him to many countries. As a tenured associate professor of English at DePauw University, most breaks find him either somewhere Spanish-speaking or in one of Europe's cultural capitals. In fact, that's where I assumed he was when we took a detour to Greencastle last week.

Sometimes life just works out. I am not a religious person (my dalliance with Japanese Buddhism did not last, although its basic premise still guides me) and don't believe in supernatural or divine interventions. Sometimes good things happen. At other times life is inexplicably tragic. Neither occurrence has a rational explanation, which is where I suppose faith and prayer come in. Non-believers call it harmony,

encounters

serendipity, cosmic convergence, fate, or just luck. Whatever people choose to name it, last week something mysteriously good happened to Samuel and me.

My three men and I were driving eastward on Interstate 70 after visiting my family in St. Louis. I recalled that Greencastle was about an hour away from Indianapolis...in some direction. Just as I took out my phone to look at a map, Donna Summer's Hot Stuff came on the radio. Samuel loves Donna Summer, I thought, and took it as an omen. Greencastle was a small speck on the map just off I-70. I did not want to add any more time to our very long trip home, but I just had a feeling that I couldn't drive past Greencastle without trying to see if Samuel by some coincidence was around. I texted him at the number with a New York area code I had for him. I doubted it was a valid number, considering how long ago he lived in New York. Then I told my husband we would go to Greencastle only if it was less than 10 miles off the highway. As we approached the DePauw University sign, it said 8 miles. We took the off ramp and drove through a rural area of small houses and corn fields. Thinking about Samuel's extensive travels and time in New York, it was hard to picture him in this place.

The DePauw University campus was a beautiful surprise with classical collegiate buildings, walkways, old trees, and manicured lawns. We consulted the campus map and a passer-by in search of the journalism department and drove around to park near the quad. Not knowing where Samuel's office might be, I asked a staff person in one of the academic buildings. She pointed me toward East College building, the university's most historic building with tall windows and towers. As we climbed to the top floor, we admired the original intricate woodwork and portraits of dour-looking mustachioed men. I grabbed a piece of paper to scribble Samuel a note that we were sort of passing through and I was sorry to have missed him. I slipped the note under the door of room 314 and picked up a copy of the literary magazine for which he is the academic advisor. I realized how incredibly small was the chance of actually finding him in his office at a time when no other faculty were visible in any offices and students had not yet arrived. I wasn't disappointed because I had no expectations.

Walking back to our car, my boys pointed out a tall black gentleman in short pants, sandals, cap, and sunglasses. Even though I'd told them to be on the lookout for someone fitting that de-

scription, I did not immediately recognize him. Is it possible that Samuel had aged in the more than three decades since we met? It was a fear I also had while visiting my old haunts in St. Louis – what if I see someone I used to know but won't recognize him or her because we no longer look 20? But then I heard Samuel's distinctive voice and happily walked toward him.

We took off our sunglasses and all those years melted away as we hugged and laughed about meeting in the last place we'd expected to see each other. He had not checked his messages and did not see my text. He told me he wasn't even supposed to be on campus that day and was about to fly down to Arkansas for a funeral. As I suspected, he was fresh from a two-week trip to Europe's capitals.

Just moments before, Samuel was in another building. We were moments from getting into our car. Yet in spite of all these momentary obstacles, some metaphysical particles fleetingly aligned for us to reconnect. Donna Summer's immortal music brought us together in Greencastle, Indiana. 📍



Visitors to the outdoor pool appreciate being able to use the gate for much more convenient access without the long and chilly trek through the locker rooms. People also appreciate the more comfortable (and infinitely more attractive) new chairs around the deck.

For next summer, a couple more tweaks will make our pool even more bomb-diggity. First, we need many more umbrellas – ideally, one between two loungers – to provide shade to the visitors along the northern edge. This is especially problematic on the weekends and during peak times.

Second, since people are not allowed to smoke within 25 feet of buildings, why not implement the same rule at the pool? Very few visitors use the smoking station located in the pool's prime real estate. Rather than segregating the smokers to a tiny area, which does not prevent the fumes from wafting around the pool, how about asking smokers to puff on smokeless e-cigarettes from any location around the deck. – MK

scene/seen



scene/seen



ALOHA!
 HULA ON OVER FOR A
Hawaiian Luau
 Friday, August 17, 2018
 6:00 - 9:30 PM
 Montebello Community Center

Hawaiian Buffet 6 - 8 pm
 BBQ Short Ribs
 Tilapia W/Mango Sauce
 Chicken Katsu
 Crispy Coconut Shrimp
 Cole Slaw and Hawaiian Macaroni Salad
 Hawaiian Themed Dessert
 \$26.00 includes Tax—Drinks Extra

Authentic Hawaiian Entertainment
 from 8 - 9 pm by
 Halau Ho'mau I ka Wai Ola O Hawai'i

- Hawaiian Music
- Free Silk Leis
- Special Fun Photos
- and MORE!

Reserve your spot for this fun-filled evening
 no later than August 14, 2018
 Call Cafe at 703-329-4868

Sponsored by the Activities Committee

Wednesday, August 22, 2018
Montebello CLASSIC MOVIE NIGHT
 On the Big Screen in the Community Center at 7pm

The Umbrellas of Cherbourg

“A glorious romantic confection, unlike any other in movie history.”
 — *The Washington Post*

Starring the exquisite, young Catherine Deneuve.
 The Music of Michel Legrand

Fully sub-titled
 5 Academy Award nominations
 Palme d'Or at Cannes

With a brief introduction and back-story by Pamela Copley on this 1964 movie, the twelfth of our regular Classic Movies
 Contact PvonGruber@aol.com for more details.

FREE old-time Movie Night refreshments, popcorn, and confectionary!

AIM and **MONTEBELLO FILM SOCIETY** and **MONTEBELLO MUSIC CLUB**

Invite you to our film & discussion

THE MONTEBELLO

CARMEN
 THURSDAY AUGUST 30 7 P.M. PARTY ROOM 2

Opera returns to Montebello with this most exciting Metropolitan Opera production of Bizet's *Carmen*. *The New York Times* reviewer wrote, "The production provides an ideal context for Garanca's nuanced, sexy and cagey portrayal... unerring feel for the subtext of a phrase and alluring sensuality. I have never seen the final scene executed with such stunning realism, a dangerous mingling of sex, rebellion and violence: the very essence of *Carmen*." The splendid voices and superb direction make this a treat for lovers of opera and those who have never before heard an example of the art form. Join us for a memorable evening of song and excitement.

Caryl Curry will introduce the opera, which runs 3 hours and 10 minutes.

Please note the early start time. A chair cushion is advisable.

MONTEBELLO FILM SOCIETY and **AIM**

Invite you to our film & discussion

THE MONTEBELLO

TATTOO THE WORLD
 THURSDAY SEPTEMBER 27 7:30 P.M. PARTY ROOM 2

When does craft become art? I don't know... maybe it's like beauty, and is in the eyes of the beholder; or maybe it's like pornography... you know it when you see it. Regardless – come see *Tattoo the World*, a biography of master craftsman and artist Ed Hardy.

Born in Southern California in 1945, Ed graduated from San Francisco Art Institute with a degree in printmaking. He applied his training and skill to a childhood fascination, and claimed tattoos as his preferred medium.

Though tattoos may not be "your thing," the evolution of Ed Hardy as a craftsman, an artist, and an entrepreneur is as interesting as it is dazzling.

Marsha Weiner will introduce the film and lead the post-movie discussion.

final glance

This series is a bit of a reversal for me....Instead of the usual outcome much of my photography, which involves the unintentional transformation of the very beautiful into the very mundane...this little series attempts to find beauty and interest in something quite ordinary...

Recently on my morning photo-strolls I have been trying to learn some techniques that would get me much closer than usual to my “subject.” The Fuji X10, loosely defined as a fixed lens “enthusiast compact camera,” is jam-packed with interesting features, one of which allows me to get as close to a half-inch from a target. One of my “victims” was this wooden post near the south corner of Building 2. Over a few days I captured some of its architecture and moods; we became close friends (but strictly platonic). – *Joel Miller*

