

Claremont, California: I Hear You.

April 1. Claremont, California is thirty miles east of downtown Los Angeles. Wisteria. Birds of Paradise. Palms. Eucalyptus. Sycamores. Calla lillies. Cedars. Fountains. Sprinklers. Orange blossoms. Vineyards. Cactus. Bluebirds. Humming birds. Butterflies.

Downtown Claremont: small, cute as a button.

Six Colleges: Pomona, Claremont Mens', Claremont Graduate School, Scripps, Pitzer, and Harvey Mudd.

Everything is so beautiful you could cry.

There are no Paradises on Earth, so: Smog Alert. If you wake up in the morning and can see the mountains, you're O.K. for the day. Two minor earthquakes. One major forest fire. Washed out, burned out, and bulldozed canyons. Disneyland decor. Lots of talk about water rights and litigation. Increasing population. Eternal Youth.

Mellowspeak: "I hear you."

"Can she get behind it?"

"Let's play the whole scene off the wall."

Idea of a Good Restaurant: Deep, padded chairs, deep, piled rugs, and lots and lots of alfalfa sprouts to eat.

