

"I do not know what I may appear
to the world; but to myself I seem to
have been only like a boy playing on
the seashore, and diverting myself
now and then finding a smoother
pebble or a prettier shell than ordinary,
whilst the great ocean of truth lay all
undiscovered before me."

Isaac Newton

Bíos

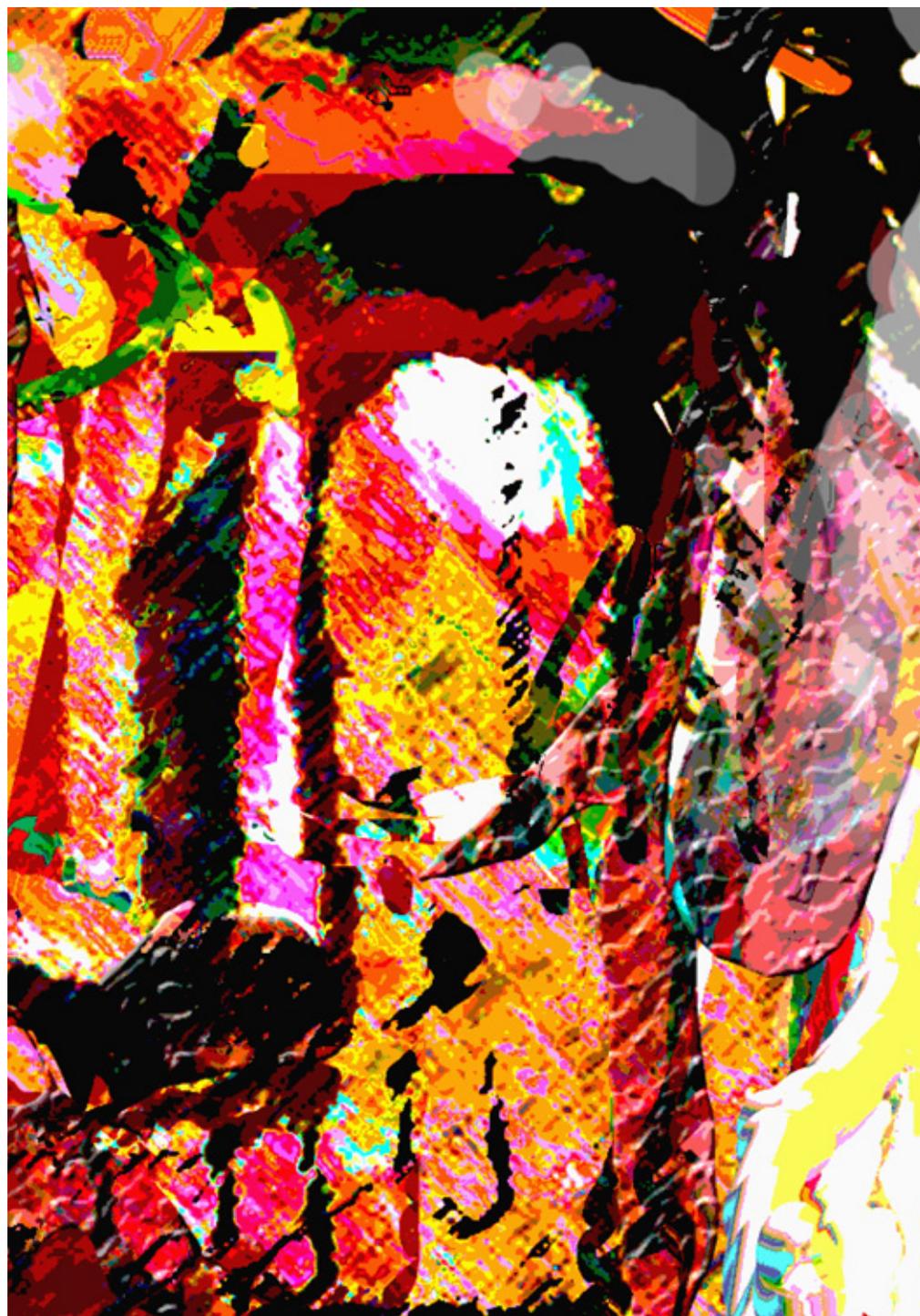
[FALL2009]

Autumn Song

by Sarojini Naidu

Like a joy on the heart of a sorrow,
The sunset hangs on a cloud;
A golden storm of glittering sheaves,
Of fair and frail and fluttering leaves,
The wild wind blows in a cloud.

Hark to a voice that is calling
To my heart in the voice of the wind:
My heart is weary and sad and alone,
For its dreams like the fluttering leaves
have gone.



ME

Welcome to the debut issue of "Bíos", A Resource for Authentic Living.

The impetus behind "Bíos" is my unfathomable curiosity at the current state of affairs with the Family of Man—The Human Race. Our seemingly defiant stance against joining the rest of creation in harmonious relations lacks a cohesive exegesis. The point of the painting: El Matador, gracing the cover, is a call to look life squarely in the eye, and face our destiny.

Bíos: Greek for *Life*, is defined as the state of existence between life and the present, for a human being. Moment by moment, step by step, each thought, decision, and action determines what is our life. We and we alone decide what we do with this gift of life. William Shakespeare said it best when it comes to navigating the varied and sundry tributaries that form the river of our life: "To thine own self be true, and it must follow, as the night the day, thou canst not then be false to any man." (*Hamlet*-Polonius)

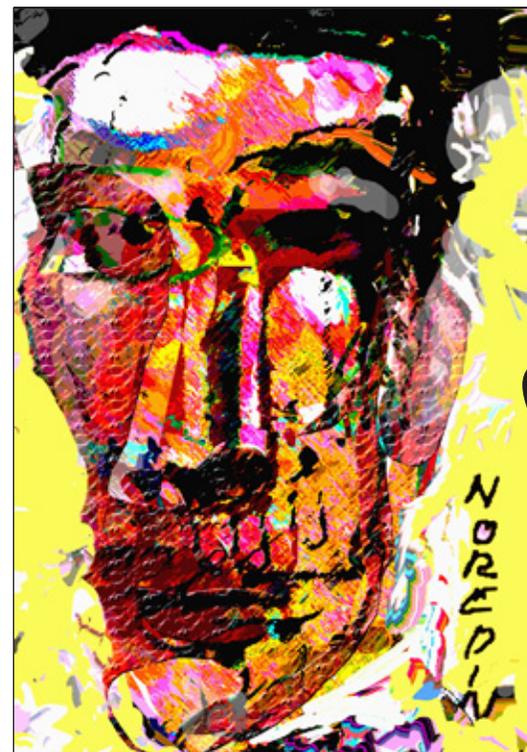
Our team at **Bíos** hopes to bring to you an interesting array of *stimuli*, across all dimensions of the human experience. Being human is after all a dying art form, and in my opinion one worth experiencing. **Bíos** celebrates "holistic human culture", a term inclusive of the complex amalgam of knowledge, belief, art, law, morals, custom, and all other noble and worthy capabilities and habits acquired by men and women as members of the family of the earth.

People, Travel, Food, Wine, The Arts, and The Environment: this is our format!

The Editor

"O futile humans! Why does your folly teach skills innumerable, and search out manifold inventions still? But there is one knowledge you do not gain and have never sought it: to implant a right mind where no wisdom dwells."

(Theseus-Euripides, *Hippolytus* 919)



[cover] Noredin Morgan/Artist
An East Coast resident for the last twenty plus years, the great pharaohs of old share Noredin Morgan's birthplace: Egypt. His artistry was born of New York City's urban settings, and importantly, in Europe. "Most of my paintings are figurative portraits made in a spontaneous, expressionist manner. My paintings are used as a vehicle to share my personal view of the world."
www.noredinart.com

Bios

"If people who live agreeably are Epicureans, none are more truly Epicurean than the righteous and godly. And if it's names that bother us, no one better deserves the name of Epicurean than the Revered Founder and head of the Christian philosophy [Christ], for in Greek *epikouros* means "helper." He alone, when the law of Nature was all but blotted out by sins, when the Law of Moses incited to lists rather than cured them, when Satan ruled in the world unchallenged, He brought timely aid to perishing humanity. Complete mistaken, therefore, are those who talk in their foolish fashion about Christ's having been sad and gloomy in character and calling upon us to follow a dismal mode of life. On the contrary, he alone shows the most enjoyable life of all and the one most full of true pleasure."

The Epicurean (Erasmus 549)

Bíos

celebrates "holistic human culture", a term inclusive of the complex amalgam of knowledge, belief, art, law, morals, custom, and all other noble and worthy capabilities and habits acquired by men and women as members of the family of the earth. A quarterly newsletter, *Bios* is a resource for authentic living, and a burst of energy for the soul.

James Jordan
Publisher/Editor

Monica Gallo
Creative Director

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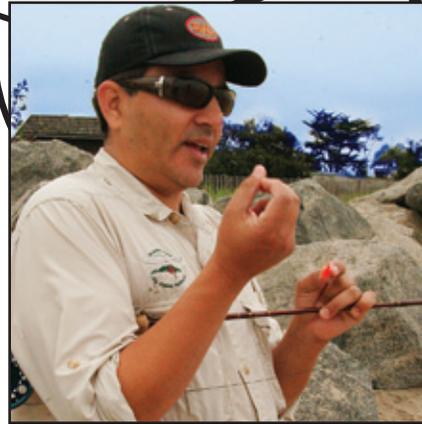
Heart

How can we get in touch with our humanity when we are living on a planet with an orbital speed of 107,305.936 kilometers an hour, while immersed in technology that moves as fast while going virtually unchecked for its succinct, methodical and mostly dehumanizing impact? (I admit it is hard to resist my new Apple computer!) There is only one way I know of: through the **heart**.

Here lies a message from the heart, in an excerpt from *The Mirrors of Enigma*, by the great dean of South American Letters, Jorge Luis Borges: "The idea that the Sacred Scriptures have (aside from their literal value) a symbolic value is ancient and not irrational Since the events related in the Scriptures are true (God is Truth, Truth cannot lie, etc.), we should admit that men, in acting out those events, blindly represent a secret drama determined and premeditated by God. Going from this to the thought that the history of the universe—and in it our lives and the most tenuous details of our lives—has an incalculable, symbolical value, is a reasonable step. Many have taken that step; no one so astonishingly as Léon Bloy. A verse from Saint Paul (I Corinthians 13:12) inspired Léon Bloy. *Videmus nunc per speculum in aegnimate: tuc autem facie ad faciem. Nunc cognosco ex parte: tunc autem cognoscam sicut et cognitus sum.* I translate it as follows: **The statement by Saint Paul: *Videmus nunc per speculum in aegnimate* would be a skylight through which one might submerge himself in the true Abyss, which is the soul of man. The terrifying immensity of the firmament's abyss is an illusion, an external reflection of our own abysses, perceived "in a mirror." We should invert our eyes and practice a sublime astronomy in the infinitude of our hearts, for which God was willing to die ... If we see the Milky Way, it is because it actually exists in our souls.**"

steelhead

Fred



a word from Fred

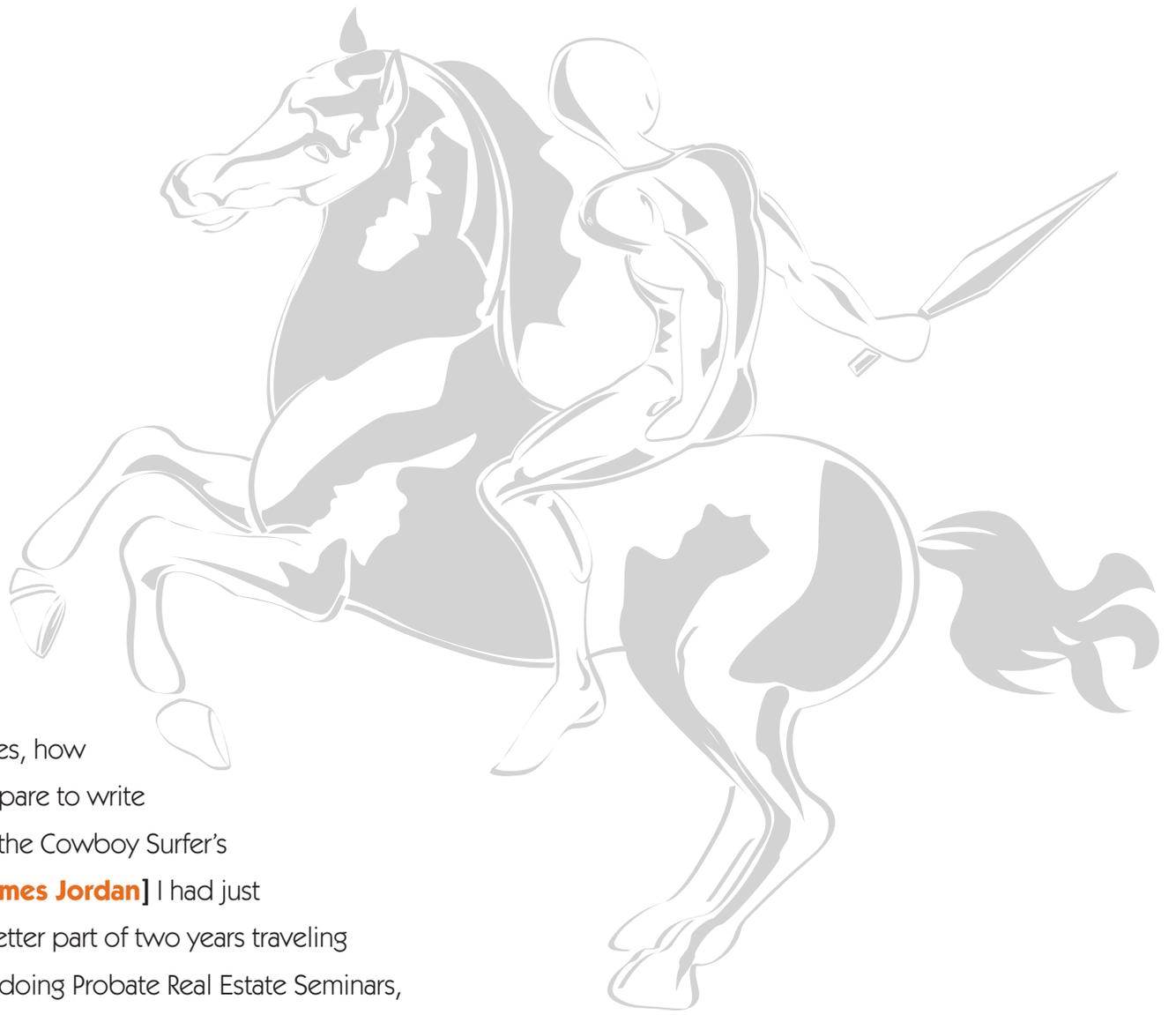
Hi! They call me Fred. I suppose I'm the latest poster child for the Environment. Not that I mind. It beats being pan-fried in an over-sized cast iron skillet!

I had the chance to catch up with Eric Rangel, owner of the Artful Angler in Carpinteria, surfcasting behind his shop on Santa Claus Lane; here's what I learned about our handsome friend, Steelhead Fred ...

From time immemorial adult steelhead have possessed the ability to intuit when to migrate upstream from the open ocean, following the rain-storms and swollen tributaries. Steelhead, are in actuality a sea-run rainbow trout, identical when they are small, but as adults in the open ocean they become much larger, growing in excess of thirty pounds. Unlike salmon, they can migrate and spawn more than once. Here on the Central Coast, the Santa Ynez River once supported one of the largest steelhead runs south of San Francisco. The construction of the impassable Bradbury Dam erased that phenomenon. Steelhead now maintain threatened and endangered status. Hiking Red Rock, in the Los Padres National Forest recently, along the mostly dry Santa Ynez riverbed, I imagined what it must have been like decades and centuries before, teeming with sea-run trout, grizzly bear on the banks while golden eagles soared above, and the great river flowing wildly.



JAMES JORDAN



[Bíoç] James, how did you prepare to write the story of the Cowboy Surfer's Journal? **[James Jordan]** I had just spent the better part of two years traveling the country doing Probate Real Estate Seminars, and was anxious to write. My last trip made my mind up for me! Should I go on? **[Bíoç]** Definitely. **[James Jordan]** I left my home New Years Eve, at that time in the Santa Ynez Valley, and went to a lovely celebration. After-hours I headed straight to the Santa Barbara airport to catch a 6:00 AM flight, slept in my car, sort of, had three flight delays, finally flew to San Francisco at 7:00 PM through the worst electrical storm in thirty years, thought I would die, took a red-eye to Boston, landed in a snow storm, drove straight to the Hyatt for my two hour non-stop presentation, and had a nationally syndicated columnist, my dear friend Chuck Jaffe, include my seminar in his "Stupid Investment of the Week" column. That trip left me thinking I needed some time off. So, when I sat down on a Sunday afternoon, with a bottle of Pinot Noir (Seasmoke), I had no plan to write a fiction, only to relax and start a book.

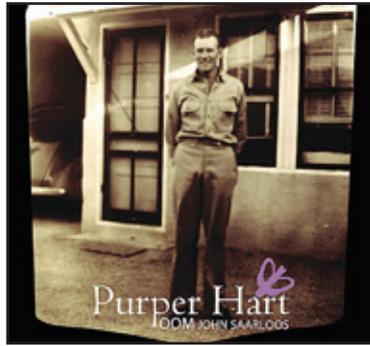
[Bíoç] You started with a toast! **[James Jordan]** Yes, I suppose I did. You see, I thought I was getting back to a book I started ten years before. **[Bíoç]** That's quite a story James! So, you had no outline to begin? **[James Jordan]** No, and I never used one. This was my first novel, and I had no experience, so I just wrote down the narrative that began unfolding in that creative space. It was amazing to see what had been lying dormant in my cranium all these years. **[Bíoç]** You seemed to be channeling the story? **[James Jordan]** No, I don't buy that notion! I believe that the subconscious is full of the richness of our life's experiences, imaginings, and actions, and that the organic process of our creative selves is constantly playing, organizing and rearranging our life's journey, while looking for fresh narratives and alternative points of view. **[Bíoç]** So you think that anyone could write a novel? **[James Jordan]** Yes. Of course they would have to develop a tremendous amount of patience both in the process and with themselves. Writing is a solitary endeavor: it is to be enjoyed, and enjoyment in the sometimes tedious and trying process of writing a book is an acquired skill but it certainly isn't unattainable.

James Jordan is an American author, speaker and media personality. He is President of Ember Creative Media and Founder of the educational non-profit Rancho Esperanza International. He lives in Santa Barbara County, California.

THE SAARLOOS'

Driving up the coast for an early interview with a local winery, I couldn't help but relish the morning's hues, warm pastels swept brush-like with cotton white. Approaching the pass at Gaviota, doorway to the Santa Ynez Valley, I pulled into my favorite rest stop. Opening the pickup's door the confluence of land and sea swept a brilliant wind across my face, stirring childhood memories of an early fall coastal deer hunt.

Surrounded by the beauty that is central California, I traveled twenty minutes more until I rolled into the village of Los Olivos. Mostly unchanged from its beginnings, the town's charm is intact, comprised of quaint cottages and storefronts, tasting rooms, antique stores and wonderful restaurants, while the edenic landscape surrounding Los Olivos is dotted with coastal oaks and livestock. The valley itself runs broad between the Santa Ynez and the San Raphael coastal ranges, stretching east to west, imitating my personal vision of 1960's television fame, "The Big Valley". It is home to fortunate ranchers, wine makers, movie stars and just plain good folks. The total alchemy of the place makes it among the most gracious environments I have witnessed.



Top to bottom row: Harvest time. The Juice. Windmill Ranch. Uncle OOM. The Label. #1 Cowboy. Larry's tractor. Ranch pets. Keith checks for dust. Photos: Keith Saarloos

Arriving at the Saarloos tasting room I was looking forward to talking with Keith about his new business endeavor, The Tasting Room. He, along with his father Larry run the farming and wine making operation, brother Kirk is a pitcher with the Cleveland Indians. Of Dutch descent, the Saarlooses immigrated to Iowa to dairy farm in the late 1800's. Seeing opportunity Larry Saarloos' family moved to Orange County California to supply farming implements to a mature dairy industry. As the

dairies moved to make way for the post-war housing boom, the resourceful group turned their attention to building supplies, eventually selling a large retail business and returning to their farming roots. Newcomers to the wine business, the family has a strong work ethic. As I sat listening to Keith Saarloos spin homegrown wisdom on life, family, and farming, it was apparent the Saarloos were a family that stuck together. "Live to Honor those that have come before us, and prepare the

way for those yet to come!" said Keith, "That's the family creed." Keith's grandfather once said, "If you ever put my name on anything you do, it better deserve it." It was becoming clear these guys meant what they said! Keith went on, "You can't make good wine with bad grapes. Around 99% of our crop is sold to other wine makers, who get the best of our harvest. We aren't merely investors, we are hands-on farmers," says Keith, "The crop grows best in the farmer's shadow."

Each masterful bottling I tasted: the luscious Purple Hart/OOM John Saarloos Syrah, the 194Five Syrah-Cab, the blend of Ring Effie Unk, through the Daughter's Chardonnay, convinced me they have found the sweet spot!



Early Iowa dairy farmers



mamma dice

Mamma dice (Mom says): "A pinch of this, and a handful of that . . . should do the trick." From the kitchens of our West Coast chefs, come recipes from their own childhood.

Mamma dice. A celebration of FOOD passed down from generation to generation, and dutifully attended to by the matriarchs of our own culinary stars.

così
[so good] **BUONO**

FOR PASTA

From the sun-licked shores of Calabria comes our friend Leonardo Curti: chef extraordinaire of the essential Santa Ynez Valley restaurant, Trattoria Grappolo! At the ripe age of ... Leonardo has an enviable resume. His impressive client list, three cookbooks and upcoming television project have placed him as one of the fastest rising stars on the West Coast. Chef Curti honors us at **Bioç** by joining our ranks as *culinary advisor*. He shares with us a few of his mother's favorite porcini recipes for our debut edition.

Paccheri [large tube pasta] with Porcini, Sausage and Fontina Valdostana

Well, finally the first porcini mushrooms arrived at the fall market, a bit late this season with no rain all summer. Let's start!

Prepare the classic "soffritto" with a saute pan on medium heat, once hot, coat the pan with extra virgin olive oil, add a clove of garlic finely sliced, and a pinch of parsley, paying close attention not to burn the garlic, finally add a sausage link cut in small pieces.

When the sausage is cooked through, losing most of its fat, add a small porcini mushroom (100 grams) sliced extremely thin.

With all ingredients melded together add a quarter cup of fresh cream, sour cream just isn't quite right. Reduce until condensed with a gentle flame. Add cooked paccheri, prepared *al dente*, and toss.

Using a large grate, add fontina to the dish. For four servings you'll probably need forty grams of fontina.

Serve immediately.



Anchovies on Italian Toast. Chef Leonardo Curti at Grappolo Restaurant, Santa Ynez. Photographs: Meagan Szasz (left) and Mugnaini Inc. from "Pizza & Wine" by Leonardo Curti and James O. Fraioli. Reprinted with permission of Gibbs Smith.

Anchovies on Italian Toast

- 2 cloves garlic
- 10 hand-packed anchovy fillets
- 1 tbsp white truffle oil
- 2 tbsps fresh chopped Italian parsley
- 4 tbsps porcini mushrooms in oil, drained
- 4 slices country bread
- 1/4 cup butter, melted

In a cuisinart or blender, blend the garlic, anchovies, truffle oil, parsley, and mushrooms until a paste consistency is achieved. Meanwhile, toast the bread in the wood-fired pizza oven (or under the broiler if using a conventional oven) until lightly brown. Remove from heat and top each slice with the anchovy mixture. Return to heat to warm and then remove. Drizzle each slice with melted butter and serve warm.

Scaloppine ai Porcini

- 8 veal cutlets pounded, (3 oz each)
- 1/2 lb of fresh porcini
- 2 garlic cloves sliced
- 2 tbsps chopped Italian parsley
- 1/2 cup of all purposed flour for dusting
- 1/2 cup dry white wine
- 2 oz unsalted butter
- 1/2 cup chicken stock
- 1/2 cup extra virgin olive oil
- salt and pepper to taste

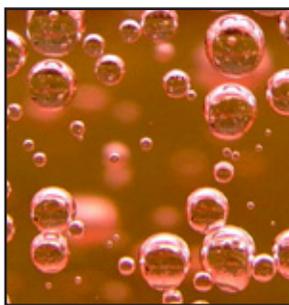
In a skillet, on medium-high heat, add the oil. Meanwhile, dust the cutlets in flour and cook them on both sides about 2 minutes each side, set aside and keep warm. In the same skillet, add the sliced garlic, porcini mushrooms, salt, pepper and Italian parsley. Saute for about 2 minutes, add the wine and allow it to evaporate. Add the cutlets back into the skillet and add the chicken stock and butter. Cook for another 4 minutes and serve immediately.

"Every year come September, the price of mushrooms drops and I stock up on porcini," wrote Pellegrino Artusi a century ago. *Boletus edulis* is one of nature's gifts to those of use fortunate enough to discover her sumptuous and savory potential.

Love, mom 

βios

c/o ember creative media
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the Kleiner Brothers

Where do you find three brothers who all rip, play music, make surf movies, and care about the environment? The answer isn't the famous clan of Patagonia fame; it's the soon to be famous **Kleiner Brothers!** Justin: Sound Design and Illustration; Matt: Direction and Cinematography; Ryan: Art Direction and Photography. The **Kleiners**, originally from Florida, are just now getting ready to release their first full-length feature surf film: *Way of the Ocean*. The globe trotting gang began filming in Australia; their movie features local professional surfer Asher Pacey (photo, above), with much more to see. Watch for these guys. They have something to say! Something we all need to hear. For more information on the *Way of the Ocean* visit: www.wayoftheocean.com. Photo: Ryan Kleiner