

MEDIATE THIS!

THE WI-FI GATEKEEPER: A CASE FOR ACCOMMODATION

BY STEVEN P. DINKIN

Dear Mediator,

I've lived with my three roommates for two years now. Our living situation has been mostly fine, except for one issue. We are all responsible for paying the various bills for our apartment, and the Wi-Fi bill is under my name. My roommates never pay me on time for their share of the Wi-Fi bill. I have literally had to harass them for weeks and occasionally even a month after I've paid. This past week, after hounding them, I decided to change the password and not give them access to the Internet until they paid me. My roommates were furious and told me that this type of action was completely uncalled for. I feel that I was justified given the circumstances. Who is right?

Fed Up in El Cajon

Dear Fed Up,

This situation illustrates the reality we all face at home in the modern age: the person who controls the Wi-Fi controls the gate to the digital universe for the



GETTY IMAGES ILLUSTRATION

This week's question deals with three roommates, the shared expense of Wi-Fi and the failure to pay fair shares on time.

household. You have exercised your gatekeeping power to the irritation of your roommates. The question to ask is not which of you is right, but where to go from here. You now have three roommates who feel slighted, with you feeling justified in your actions.

Starting with your perspective, the justification for your actions appears to

be valid. You gave them many opportunities to pay. It's understandable that you felt you had to do something to be heard. You took an action to get their attention, and it appears to have worked. From your roommates' perspectives, it is understandable that a sudden lack of Internet access could be a major issue depending on the

circumstance. One of them could have been waiting on an important email or working on a project for school or work. From their perspectives, you could have achieved the same results by threatening to restrict their Internet access instead of actually doing it.

It appears that you have not had an actual conversation regarding this issue. It

would be wise for you to sit down with your roommates and have a frank discussion about the way this issue has affected you. Frustrations have built up and will need to be addressed prior to suggesting any kind of solutions. Express the impact that this issue has had on you—how their lack of prompt payment made you feel frustrated, unheard, and/or disrespected. Give your roommates the chance to express the impact that your action had on them. This allows you all to air your grievances, giving you the chance to move forward and strategize on how to resolve the issue.

Next, you can work together on strategies to help them get you the money when you need it. For one roommate, that could be receiving the request before the bill is due; for another, it could be sending a request on one of the various cash apps; and for another, it could be paying you on the day he or she gets paid. Alternatively, your roommates could accommodate you by organizing the collection of the money among

themselves so you can focus on collecting from one person instead of having to make the rounds every month.

Whatever you decide to do, it's important to understand that when you're developing strategies to reduce conflict, everyone should feel as though they have received some level of accommodation to make things easier for them. This ensures that everyone is treated equally, and just as in mediation, it lets everyone feel like they are part of the solution. As with many conflicts that involve ongoing relationships, sometimes all it takes is a little accommodation on both sides to keep things flowing smoothly.

Steven P. Dinkin is a professional mediator who has served as president of the San Diego-based National Conflict Resolution Center since 2003. Do you have a conflict that needs a resolution? Share your story with The Mediator via email at mediatethis@ncrconline.com or as an online submission by visiting www.ncrconline.com/MediateThis. All submissions will be kept anonymous.

NOTEBOOKS

From Union-Tribune reporting staff

BIOTECH: BRADLEY J. FIKES

Cancer researchers, industry join up

Structurally, UC San Diego's new Center for Novel Therapeutics is a 137,500-square-foot building. But functionally, it's a bridge.

Cancer therapies are intended to travel across that bridge, starting as research at UCSD Moores Cancer Center, and crossing over into full-fledged therapies. Moores Cancer Center and private companies are to partner in research-to-therapy transition.

The center arose as a partnership between the university and BioMed Realty, a life-science commercial real estate company. BioMed Realty spent \$92 million on the building.

Pradeep Khosla, UCSD's chancellor, and Tim Schoen, BioMed Realty president and CEO attended the center's opening Sept. 6.

The concept was brought forward more than a decade ago by a trio of top UCSD Moores physician/scientists, Schoen said, namely Dr. Dennis Carson, Dr. Thomas Kipps and Dr. Scott Lippman.

The new center's goal of bringing in third-party tenants to physically connect academia and industry is like that of the university's Science Research Park, he said.

"It had been quite some time since they built the building," Schoen said. "So we were happy to re-energize that effort."

The Moores Cancer Center occupies about a quarter of the building, with about the same space dedicated to an incubator to house startups. Medium-sized companies can also be located there, "to bring the industry onto the campus of UC San Diego," Schoen said.

BioMed Realty is a subsidiary of the Blackstone Group, which purchased then-publicly traded BioMed in 2016.

The company is carrying on much as it did before the Blackstone acquisition, he said. "Blackstone has invested \$1.1 billion in California over the three years since they bought us," Schoen said. "We're still headquartered here, even though we're not public ... To be able to keep the headquarters here and continue to grow the franchise has been exciting."

Infection leads to purpose in life

UCSD professor of psychiatry Tom Patterson discovered his purpose, thanks to a nearly fatal antibiotic resistant infection. He was a star speaker Tuesday at a meeting of a new initiative to combat such infections, the UCSD Collaborative to Halt Antibiotic-Resistant Microbes (CHARM.)



BIOMED REALTY

BioMed Realty and Blackstone officials at the opening Sept. 6.

Patterson's wife, Steffanie Strathdee, spoke before him. Strathdee identified Patterson's eventual savior, a class of viruses called phages that attack bacteria.

Strathdee, UCSD's associate dean of global health sciences, got the ball rolling and helped keep it rolling. But it required a specialized group of researchers at UCSD, San Diego State University, the Navy, private companies in the United States, and a well-informed FDA regulator, to make her dream come true.

Patterson was out of action while most of this went on, periodically lapsing into a coma but also experiencing some fevered hallucinations. He discusses one in the video clip above, in which he was a snake. Inopportunely, while in his serpentine state Patterson heard his wife ask him to squeeze her hand if he wanted to live.

"I had a problem. I didn't have hands," Patterson said. More of their adventures are told in their book, *The Perfect Predator*.

Patterson spent nine months in the hospital. When he finally beat the infection — with the help of phages — his body was devastated. His muscles had atrophied and much of his pancreas had been destroyed, making him diabetic.

"To live through what I did, not only do you have to have people caring for me, cutting-edge science, but you have to have family and friends who support you," Patterson said. "Otherwise you're going to give up."

"I'm hoping that what we've started ... is going to save thousands of lives in the future," Patterson concluded. "So I think I found out why I'm here on Earth."

bradley.fikes@suniontribune.com

THE READERS' REPRESENTATIVE: ADRIAN VORE

La Jolla cave is not Cook's; it's Koch's

A misspelled name is probably one of the most common errors, but in this case it led to an uncommon story of how a physical feature on La Jolla's coast acquired its name. And it led to the recounting of a legendary rescue by a San Diego lifeguard. Memory of the event has faded over the years and what happened that day has become garbled, so I think readers actually might be grateful for the misspelling.

An article ran on B1 Aug. 10 about an unstable cave on La Jolla's coast. Its condition was requiring emergency repairs to reinforce the cave and the road above it. The story said the cave is known as Cook's Crack.

Former lifeguard and frequent U-T letter writer B. Chris Brewster emailed to say the correct spelling is Koch's Crack.

Union-Tribune reporter Lauryn Schroeder got the name Cook's from city documents. A memo to the city on the condition of the cave from Terra Costa Consulting Group spelled it Cook's. A city news release spelled it Cook's.

Corey Levitan, a reporter with the La Jolla Light, one of the U-T's community papers, also saw it spelled Cook's on a map from Terra Costa and used that spelling in his story. He heard later from a fellow reporter about the incorrect spelling.

The cave is not Cook's; it's Koch's, confirmed a city spokesman. He said word went out to city staffers to fix any mistaken spellings and to use Koch's in the future.

The cave is named after Jeff Koch, a former lifeguard who made a legendary rescue at the cave in 1977. (His name is pronounced COOK, which probably is the reason behind the incorrect spelling, among other inaccuracies, such as a cook from a restaurant made the rescue.)

Brewster said the story of the rescue was told to his class when he went through the lifeguard academy in 1979. It's "an example of the expectation that you put the victim first and keep searching until you find them," Brewster said.

Levitan wanted to learn about the origin of the cave's name and then discovered that Jeff Koch and the person he rescued are still alive. With that, Levitan sought to retell the story. He met with Koch outside the cave, with Koch on a paddle board and Levitan in a kayak.

Koch is 68 and lives in downtown San Diego. Levitan learned he was a lifeguard

at The Cove from 1971 to 1981, when he decided to become a lawyer. He spent most of his career with state Attorney General's Office.

The following is all according to Levitan's story, which can be found at lajollalight.com and going to the search icon in the upper-right and typing "Koch."

The rescue happened the afternoon of Jan. 16, 1977. It was stormy; waves were breaking at 6 to 8 feet.

Koch, standing on stairs behind a lifeguard tower, noticed a man collecting mussels on an outcropping.

"Get out of the water immediately!" Koch yelled at the man, Sang Pham, a newly arrived Vietnamese immigrant.

The next set of waves swept Pham into the surf. He raised his hands for help, but then disappeared as another wave slammed him against cliffs and pushed him into a crack.

"He was gone," Koch told Levitan. Koch moved into the surf. "Literally, I'm looking for a body."

But Koch said he then heard the man yelling for help from inside the crack in the cliff. Koch returned to the tower to grab a wetsuit.

There was no break in the waves, so Koch used one to carry him into the cave.

"I got shot through this passageway, maybe 20 feet long," Koch told Levitan. "And when I popped up, I was in some sort of grotto."

Pham, bleeding, had wedged himself into a narrow shelf above the water.

Koch grabbed a rope, lowered by another lifeguard through a fissure in the top of the cave, and tied it around Pham. Koch said Pham wasn't moving so he pulled him off the rock and managed to haul him to an area where he could be pulled up.

Another lifeguard helped Koch time the waves so he could swim out of the cave.

Levitan's story is much better than this boiled-down version so I encourage readers to go to the La Jolla Light website to read about the rescue at Koch's — not Cook's — Crack.

adrian.vore@suniontribune.com

FROM THE ARCHIVES

CRUISING HIGHLAND

Participants at a recent lowrider car show in National City got special permission from the city to cruise their cars down Highland Avenue. Forty years ago, it was common for hundreds of sleek lowriders, along with carloads of teenagers and party-seekers to cruise down Highland Avenue in National City in search of a good time.

From The San Diego Union, Sunday, Sept. 23, 1979:

CRUISIN'

"I want to buy a '78 Thunderbird. It's going to be hard, I know. But that's my dream."

By Henry Fuentes, Staff Writer, The San Diego Union

NATIONAL CITY — Highland Avenue's transformation from a drab thoroughfare begins soon after dusk.

By late evening, hundreds of youths turn the four-lane street into a parade route for their cherished lowriders.

"Lowriding" — the practice of cruising busy city streets in customized cars lowered to within inches of the ground — has been around for years, but the ritual has undergone a recent revival that has drawn attention.

Not all the attention has been favorable, a point underscored earlier this month when National City police arrested an estimated 170 persons — many of them lowriders — in a weekend sweep of Highland Avenue.

In the aftermath of the arrests, a subcommittee of the county Juvenile Justice Committee was appointed to look into the arrests, and the Committee on Chicano Rights announced that it would go to court in an attempt to stop police from conducting further mass-arrests

of lowriders.

While police were in evidence last weekend along Highland, the youths and their lowriders were back, though somewhat fewer in number than on weekends before the arrests.

The 1½-mile length of Highland Avenue is, however, no serious rival to Whittier Boulevard, the celebrated Los Angeles thoroughfare where mile-long traffic tieups were common before the Los Angeles County Sheriff's Department decided to close a section of the boulevard on weekend nights.

"You know how you always hear about Whittier Boulevard up in L.A. and how it's always packed. Well, that's how we're trying to get it down here," said Greg Moran Jr., a 17-year-old Sweetwater High School student.

"We're trying to get it packed, as packed as you can get it. It'll get there sooner or later," Moran said.

"I'm going to predict something to you, next year it's going to be one of the best boulevards



ards around," added Cesar Loeza, 18, who spoke as he chauffeured a reporter and photographer down Highland in his '67 Chevrolet Impala lowrider.

A short time after the newspaper team and Moran piled into Loeza's lowrider, the red light of an unmarked police car appeared in the rear view mirror.

Loeza had forgotten to turn on the headlights and was stopped after about two blocks. Despite his good-natured plea for leniency — "I'm a little nervous; this is the first time I've ever had reporters in my car" — he was handed a citation.

It was Loeza's second ticket of the day. He was stopped earlier and cited for driving a car that was too low to the ground.

Judging from several hours of cruising, a quick stop at a party attended by numerous lowriders and a get-together at a park with members of the New Wave lowrider car club, it appears that Loeza and Moran are typical of lowriders.

The two teen-agers speak with pride about the work that goes into a lowrider — some lowriders pour several thousand dollars into their vehicles and others plan to enter their cars in

shows.

They seem to take pleasure in the sense of camaraderie that cruising offers. Often times, their dreams seem simple: "I want to buy a '78 Thunderbird," Moran says. "It's going to be hard, I know. But that's my dream."

Other lowriders at a Friday night party questioned why the drivers of four-wheel drive vehicles don't receive the same public attention given to lowriders.

"They like high-riders; big trucks that like to go run around on mountains," argued one. "We like to cruise the city and look at the girls and party, right."

"We like our cars low and they like their cars high," added another.

"We just like to cruise, hop our cars (install hydraulic systems that raise and lower the bodies) and make our cars look nice and look at the women," said another.

While the party continued, both street and quickly filling lowrider vehicles, many of them expensive cars with elaborate hydraulic systems, lavish paint jobs, plush interiors, wire wheels, chrome steering wheels and fender skirts. Some set burglar-alarm systems before they leave their cars.

At the party, several youths express anger about newspaper stories linking a recent South Bay stabbing death with gang members and lowriders. Police now say that the death was not connected to lowriders, but the young party-goers were holding circulars printed by the Committee on Chicano Rights demanding a front-page newspaper retraction and an apology to the local Mexican-American community.

HISTORICAL PHOTOS AND ARTICLES FROM THE SAN DIEGO UNION-TRIBUNE ARCHIVES ARE COMPILED BY MERRIE MONTEAGUDO. SEARCH THE U-HISTORIC ARCHIVES AT NEWSLIBRARY.COM/SITES/SDUB