

## Bryan Series brings Allende to town

By Deena Zaru  
SENIOR WRITER

**What are things that you learned growing up in Chile that have stayed with you?**

At first I learned that being a woman was much harder than being a man and all my life has been a struggle for equality and freedom. I learned that the world is a very mysterious place—anything can happen. So there is space in my life and in my writing for magic, for spiritual matter, for the unknown.

**How did you become a writer and what role did education play in that process?**

I was born to a generation of women in Chile in the early 40's, at a time when education for women was not important and in my family everyone wanted my brothers to have higher education because they felt that I was going to get married and become somebody's wife and somebody's mother. I became a journalist at a time when you didn't have to go school to do that. I worked as a journalist because I loved it, especially in women's magazines and women's TV programs. I was a feminist and I worked for a feminine and feminist cause.

**In "Mi País Inventado," your grandfather, abuelo Agustín is the ultimate patriarchal figure. How did this relationship influence you?**

I totally adored my grandfather, but we didn't agree on anything, so it was all about fighting, and by opposing him I became



Q&A

Isabel Allende,  
Author

clear about what I wanted in life. I wanted exactly the opposite of what he wanted for me. He wanted me to be safe, respected, not to be obnoxious, not to be a feminist. I was exactly what he didn't want me to be. But he eventually learned to accept what I wanted.

**Political struggles play dominant roles in many of your books. How has your personal experience with politics influenced your writings?**

I write about what I know and what I have seen. I write fiction so my books apparently are not me, they are other stories. Yet, why I chose to write about those particular characters or those particular stories is because they come out of something that is important to me, something that has defined me. In all my books, the things that have been important to me appear in between the lines. (There are) always strong women, absent fathers, death, violence, love, loyalty, and political and social issues, because those are the things that have determined my life.

**From your experience, what is the difference between being an exile and being an**

**immigrant?**

When I first left Chile, I was exiled to Venezuela where I lived for 13 years and then I moved to the United States 20 years ago. An exile or refugee is someone that is expelled from his or her country or has to run away and so you have no choice where you go, and you always look back, because you have been cut away from everything that is dear and familiar to you. An exile never quite unpacks. In Venezuela I never adapted, and I didn't even try.

When I moved to the United States because I fell in love with an American, I realized that this is immigration. I was coming to this country to stay, so I never looked back. I established myself here, learned the language, the rules and codes of the society. I know that I will always be a foreigner but I am an integrated foreigner. As an exile, you are always an outsider.

**Who are the people that keep you grounded and why?**

My children keep me grounded. I had them when I was very young and everything changed form that moment on. I have always been a rebel and a hippie, bohemian, weird, strange and rebellious and a bitch, but the kids keep me grounded. I know that no matter what, I have to feed them, protect them, and I have to make life easier for them. I want them to do better than I did and to know more than I know. Now, it's not only my kids, but also my grandkids. I think that all women are hooked and profoundly rooted to motherhood.

## A business with deep roots in the community

Deep Roots Market  
3728 Spring Garden Street  
292 - 9216



By Ian Michie  
STAFF WRITER

After weeks of questionable eating habits, my body was giving me signals. Midday scarfing of Harris Teeter sushi and late night-trips to the Bojangles drive-through do not make for a balanced diet, and my last several reviews have been anything but health conscious. I decided to stop into Deep Roots Market for some gastronomic detox.

Deep Roots is a cooperative organic market approximately half-way between Guilford and UNCG. In operation for 31 years, the market has become a mainstay for environmentally and health conscious patrons in the Greensboro area. For a nominal fee, and a little volunteer work, anyone can become an owner and reap the benefits of discounted chemical and additive-free food. Non-owners can just come in and shop, and be amazed at how much the market has to offer.

This was my first trip to Deep Roots and I experienced sensory overload as I walked in. Outside, a freezer advertised free-range Turkey for the holidays, and as I entered the store a mingling of fragrant herbs greeted my olfactory cells.

I first toured the vitamin area, where, admittedly, I was totally out of my element. The market offers hundreds of vitamin supplements, and even cosmetics untested on lab-animals. I realized that I wasn't in the ice-cream section of Food-Lion anymore.

Soon I stumbled on a Shangri-La of sorts. It was a tower of multi-gallon containers full of honey, and I stood there for a moment like a character in Charlie and the Chocolate Factory, gaping at this monument to the industry of bees. "Honey may not be the healthiest of products," I reasoned, "but it's better than refined sugar, right?" I grabbed a pound of the orange-blossom.

The produce section, while small, exudes freshness and variety. Leeks jut up like little palm trees, bordered by collard greens and a compelling selection of lettuces. The products of area orchards offer apples and pears displayed with none of the shiny, waxy look that define super-market fruit. This part of the store definitely displays pride in locally grown produce.

I budgeted myself for \$20. By the time I made it to the check-out I was seriously thinking of raising this to \$40. For once, self-control took over.

My basket contained organic sour cream, habanero salsa, spinach and flax lavash (a middle-eastern flatbread similar to tortillas) a can of organic refried beans, a pound of orange blossom honey, and Dagoba chocolate. Okay, so not necessarily the healthiest shopping list, but hey, it beats Hardees. The bill came to \$20.03.

The visit to Deep Roots reminded me that eating is not just about opening your mouth but opening your mind. More often than not, this is a very healthy thing.

## Kids with guns

### Guilford paintball squad massacred by children

By Reid Cranfill  
STAFF WRITER

The fightin' Quakers arrived with the morning dew to the field of battle dressed in a motley assortment of army surplus jackets, worn jeans, and old sneakers and surveyed the opposition.

Some fights you just shouldn't take people up on, like a land war in Asia, a football game against incarcerated felons, or a game of paintball against a gang of kids from Burlington. An army of red-uniformed ten-year-olds sat field-stripping weapons, polishing barrels and tightening laces under the watchful eyes of their fathers.

Catching the cool stares of the diminutive veterans as I tried to figure out how to line up the dovetail sights of my cheap Chinese rental gun, I realized the seven of us were about to step into a world of pain and paint.

Down twenty bucks and filled to the brim with gas

and paintballs, we lowered our facemasks and poured out from our gate into the woods. Sprinting twenty yards then landing belly-first in the leafy peat behind the cover of young oaks, wooden pillboxes and piles of sticks, we opened fire.

The odds were against us as senior Noah Collin, outing organizer and by far the most experienced player among the college students, had been drafted to lead the middle school minions. He led a charge of three down the valley to our left, but two of Guilford's own held their ground behind an old wire-wheel as a team led by mighty Lorenzo took a bunker on the right.

Caught in the valley, Collin's team was cut to ribbons from the high ground and Guilford's team took the field without taking a single casualty.

Our victory was short lived. We received a savage beating the next round, and everyone received fresh coats as the day wore on and more high-voiced killers joined in from other games to swell the enemy ranks.

Despite never having played paintball before, I was drafted as the team officer chiefly

because I was the only person wearing full digital camouflage and boots. My troops eventually fragged me for selling them out when, after ordering my team on a suicide rush up the right side of a tire field, I ducked around the back left and took out most their attackers.

Paintball Central's guns, fields, and refs came cheap but the pirates only allowed their own brand of overpriced paintballs on their fields, at \$70 dollars per 2000. Fortunately, group rates cut the price for everyone on Guilford's team by a third, and the excessive cost kept our opposition from using full-auto fire to pin us down.

The end of the day found all of Guilford's people reunited, guarding a hilltop Alamo, outnumbered three to one by highly armed preteens and their obsessive fathers. Selling

our lives dearly, we whittled down their numbers from our pillboxes, but one by one my teammates fell until only two of us remained, low on ammo, our outer perimeter breached.

We managed to snipe two more until a pudgy sixth grader opened up with a fully automatic gun, wasting at least a hundred dollars in an ineffective and expensive barrage that whizzed over our heads. His hail of paint had failed to hit us, but it created a fog of bright orange paint that hung in the air and smeared our masks. Effectively blinded, we became easy prey to a dad who snuck up behind us.

Drenched in sickly sweet smell of biodegradable paint and sweat, the bruised, foot-sore Quaker warriors checked their guns at the door and turned for home, vowing vengeance at next semester's Guilford Paintball Outing.

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