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## Is Harlan Ranch evolution's pinnacle?

By Bill McEwen / The Fresno Bee

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With apologies to Jim Wasserman, I want to be Harlan Ranch Man.

It was Wasserman, a former Bee columnist, who identified *Habitatus Fresnanus* and charted his evolution from Tract Alluvial Man and so on.

Remember Tract Man? He thought speed bumps would save the neighborhood.

Downtown Man is close kin to San Francisco Giants Fan Man: He waits and waits for next year. For eternity.

In fact, last I checked, Downtown Man was fossilized in the big vault at the vacant Bank of Italy building.

Then there was High-Rise Man. He held promise, only to be a figment of some spaced-out planner's imagination. High Man, we were told, would ride the elevators of magnificent residential towers on Blackstone Avenue.

If High-Rise Man roams the Fresno plains, he's disguised as a homeless guy sleeping next to a shopping cart in front empty strip mall.

Harlan Ranch Man? He's as real as a grizzly kissing a polar bear.

And 10 times faster than Copper Man, whose time has been delayed by lawsuits, political squabbles and lines drawn in sand.

Harlan Ranch developers Leo Wilson and Kevin Castanos went public with their plans for the \$1 billion residential and commercial project just two years ago.

Now Harlan Ranch Man is looking at model homes and calculating the commute if he averages 75 on Freeway 168.

The television commercials have something to do with my Harlan Ranch Man envy.

They're good. Really good.

Harlan Ranch, you see, isn't any garden-variety 400-acre, 1,300-home subdivision.

It's a lifestyle!

It's master-planned!

It's at the doorstep of the Sierra!

Doesn't everyone deserve a lifestyle? Doesn't everyone deserve to be master-planned? Doesn't everyone want to sleep at night knowing their kids attend Clovis Unified?

And while we're at it, doesn't everyone deserve the pristine Harlan Ranch air pictured in the commercial?

The kind of air we only get after a torrential downpour has scrubbed away the grime and the grit and the kitchen sink

All hail the evolution of Harlan Ranch Man.

He's innovative. He's pragmatic. And he can claim to be green even if he drives a Lincoln Navigator.

That's because his haunts will have walking trails, parks, shopping, a community center and a 40-foot-wide imitation Huntington Boulevard median.

While Tract Man looks at six sets of speed bumps on his street and wonders what the heck he was thinking, Harlan Ranch Man will bike to the park and the store.

While Alluvial Man, former king of the bluff dwellers, worries about being labeled inner city, Harlan Ranch Man will knit and be fat and happy in equity city for at least 20 years.

Copper Man, Running Horse Man and Fancher Creek Man are lurking.

All must be smart and nimble to catch that beast in the east, Harlan Ranch Man.

He's looming large, coming soon and promising smart urban sprawl.

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