

Creative Works

Abbot & Andover Classes of 1959
50th Reunion
June 11-14, 2009



The Creative Works co-chairs wish to thank the Committee and Staff at Andover, in particular Gail Wozniak, for all your help in organizing today's exhibition. Your support and confidence have made possible the solicitation of creative works, the creation of a website, the display of works, and this catalog . We hope you will find here and in the displays a taste of the numerous ways that our classes have sought to reflect on their experiences, digest them, and share them with us today.

Co- Chairs:

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Quinn Rosefsky

Committee:

Alan Albright

Susan Calnan Bates

John Butler

Ned Grew

Gale Barton Hartch

Toby Mussman

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The birth of an instrument

Between 1970 and 1974, my friend Steve Rowles and I made the rounds of most of the major--- and some minor--- craft shows, selling bamboo flutes of our own making. Our enterprise was a response to Steve's brother's challenge that "making one's own musical instruments was not easily done." We began on the streets of Greenwich Village, selling our "Remarkable Flutes" at a hard-to-resist price of \$1-5.

By 1974, things were getting routine. Steve and I were running separate, if coordinated operations--- our main focus was on bringing home the bacon. To facilitate this, I developed a little record-keeping system to aid me in planning my operations. Each time a person purchased an instrument, I jotted down a code--- "4F3L" for example, meant a four-dollar flute to a female in her thirties... which she purchased in order to learn how to play it.

This code enabled me to project how many flutes of each variety to make for a craft show in which I hoped to make, say, \$800. It also informed me that most of my customers were interested in learning to play, with about 10% already knowing how and 25% buying them as gifts.

The shock came when I compared "M" and "F" statistics--- as I had been particularly impressed by the intimacy of showing a woman how to coax a sound out of a stick of bamboo---- right there in her face, as it were. I assumed, therefore, that I was selling far more to the fair sex than to my own kind. But the facts contradicted me: the year's take came in at exactly 50:50---- which, in a milieu frequently mostly by ladies, meant that I was selling far more, proportionally, to men.

This shock prompted me to ask myself: "Now that you've been set straight on sales, why don't you apply your mathematical methods to manufacture?"

This had never occurred to me before. As pioneers in flute-making, Steve and I had been strict pragmatists, developing models, making templates and jigs, following tried-and-true successes.

I got a tape measure, took out my handy slide-rule and----lo and behold! The locations of the holes on any instrument were proportional to its length. Duh! Of course I had known all about this---just as one knows all about things at school--- and could have waxed eloquent on any test. But now I UNDERSTOOD it! I had been initiated into the relationship between music, sound and proportions.

"The flutes are all yours," I announced to Steve----who then carried on valiantly for many years, until he went to Boston's North Adams Street School where he learned to make violins.

Now what was I to do ----to bring home the bacon?

“Look at this,” my sister said, showing me a little four-holed ceramic whistle--- a “globular flute” technically speaking, but called an “ocarina.” It was a pendant which her cello teacher had purchased on the street in England. And it sounded a lot like her recorder---which immediately led us to discovering the secret of coaxing an octave’s worth of notes, including most chromatics, out of four little fingerholes.

It wasn’t long before I was reproducing in wood what turned out to be an English mathematician’s invention. Not very interesting, if the truth were known. So I wondered about putting two of them together. Would it be too difficult to play?

It wasn’t--- the capacity for the brain to learn patterns is amazing--- nor was the decision to pitch the two voices a fourth apart. I am a low-level piano player, accustomed to leading with the high voice in the right hand and bumbling along with an accompanying lower voice in the left. This meant that I would reverse the traditional relationship of fifths by putting the “SOL” below the “DO”. It worked out beautifully.

I postulated that an ocarina whose low voice was a fourth below the high voice enclosed a volume of air which was somehow proportional. Double in size, it turned out. And for the scaling of the notes, I began to explore just intonation and abstract mathematical values--- while for tuning purposes, I was becoming familiar with phenomena such as “difference” and “combination” tones.

Meanwhile, my customers appreciated the unusual properties of a whistle which could play harmonies. Most notably, Nancy Rumbel---first of the Paul Winter Consort, and then of Tingstad & Rumbel--- became its champion.

Philosophically, the instrument represented the mystery of duality: two voices animated by a single breath.

The forms of the instruments were inspired by the weatherworn stones on the beaches of White Head Island: they fit smoothly in the palm of one’s hand. And to make the experience of one-man mass production tolerable, I sought out beautiful hardwoods---domestic and exotic. “Sculpture,” I thought. “Brancusi.” It kept me going... plus the high rent in San Francisco. Nonetheless, ten years of it was enough.

My wife and I moved back to her native France, and I left the ocarinas to posterity---knowing that there was a collection of them (supplied on demand) stashed away in the musical instrument collection of the Met, somewhere. My fame was insured: “Quaint musical instrument maker of the late twentieth century.”

South Carolinian Charlie Hind stepped into the vacuum of my niche market with his own version of wooden double ocarinas, which he pitched a fifth apart. He hadn’t followed my lead--- probably because he doesn’t play the piano!

For years, Nancy Rumbel plagued me with periodic phone calls to Paris, urging me to resume my musical calvary--- for she was a professional with worries about her instrument supply. Finally, she found a candidate for taking up the torch. After a few years of information exchange, I finally hopped on a plane to Anchorage, Alaska for a week’s worth of show-and-tell.

It was like Daddy giving away his daughter in marriage.

From the beginning, I urged Tom & Cynthia Smith to understand what lay behind the instruments and their evolution--- so that they could improve upon them, not merely copy them.

They have--- so I am proud to say that wooden double-ocarinas are alive and well and, having gone to live in Anchorage with the Smiths, have now moved with them to Provo, Utah.



Baritone double ocarina in F. Honduras mahogany.



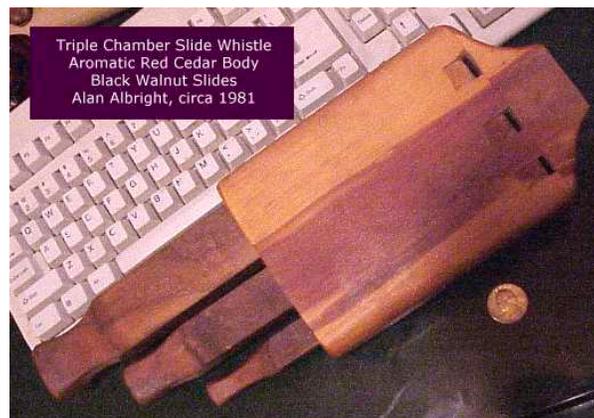
Tenor double ocarina in C. Birch.



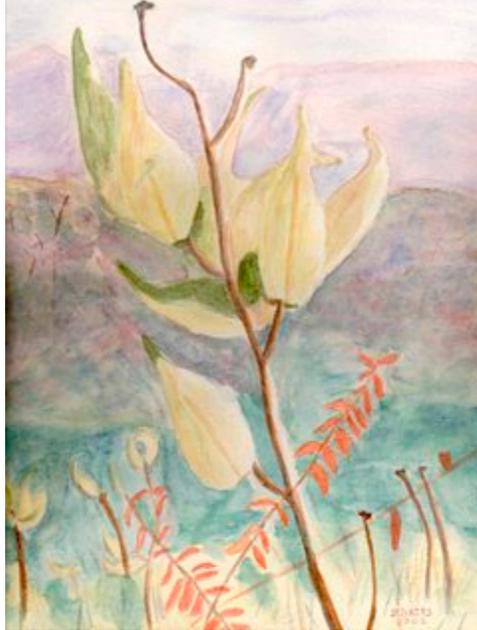
Alto double ocarina in F. Mexican bocote



Soprano double ocarina in C. Exotic waxwood



Susan Calnan Bates



Mountain Milkweed

I have always been madly in love with the natural world more as an observer of beauty than a discoverer of nature's secrets. Drawing was a hobby that started in childhood and stayed untutored for many years.



Bonzai



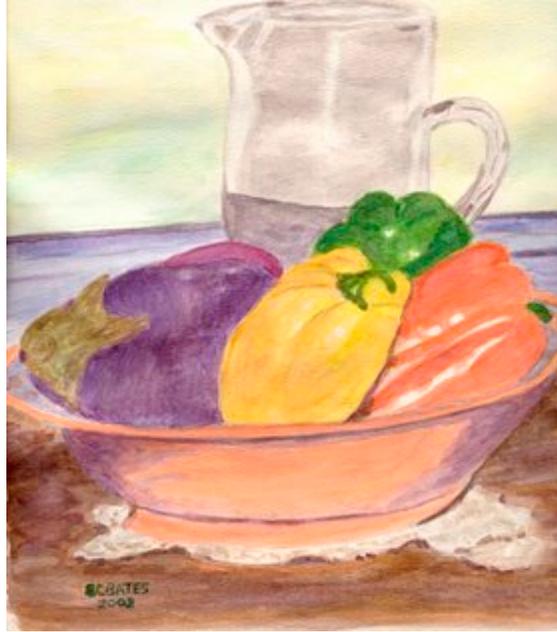
Tulips and Daffodils

So for me it was always about looking intensely at the everyday beauty around me, and learning to represent a point of view whether with painting or photography. Painting these watercolors was an exercise in becoming even more intense in the looking and in the seeing of color, shape, depth and beauty of the object(s) before me.



Belmont Barn

It is also a practice of patience and even meditation. The landscapes and still pieces required becoming involved with the smallest and largest details, while learning the mystique of color, water, the brush, the paper and the composition.



Eggplant

Lately, I have been doing more with camera than with brush and paint, but I apply the same disciplines of looking, selecting and then representing what I see and the way I see it.



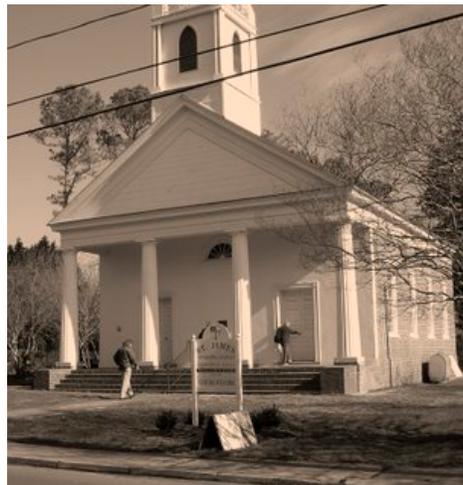
Exmore Diner Eastern Shore



Winter Sky and Marshes



Winter Sunset Accomac



St James Church Accomac

Jerry Bremer





www.bremerenterprises.com

John Briley



"WE MAY BE SMALLER BUT WE TRY HARDER" by

John M. Briley, Jr MD

Maui is different from Boston. For one thing, the language is different. Here they speak pidgin as well as English (and other languages). It makes west coast "Ebonics" look like a Cake Walk through Oxford University.

The first outpatient I saw on my first day of work on Maui was a fourteen year-old boy, and it was then I first learned just how different our languages were.

After introductions and pleasantries I asked him, "What's the problem?"

"Miiyeneecumsoah."

"Excuse me?"

"Miiyeneecumsoah."

"A li-i-i-i-tle slower, son."

"Meye nee cum soah."

"O-o-kay...." I opened the exam room door and called for my nurse, a local from Kauai.

"You tell her what you told me," I instructed the boy.

"Miiyeneecumsoah."

I turned to the nurse. "Translation, please?"

"His knee hurts."

"Huh?"

"He said, 'My knee come sore'," she explained.

“Ohhhhh.” Clearly, my ability to speak French would be of little use on Maui.



My second patient was a darling little girl who, as soon as she figured out I was a doctor, took a dim view to being examined. After the initial struggle I tactfully moved away. Then she screamed: “All Pow! All Pow! All Pow!”

The nurse came to administer immunizations. I denied hitting the child (“And you can ask the mother, too!”) Mom and nurse howled till their eyes watered.

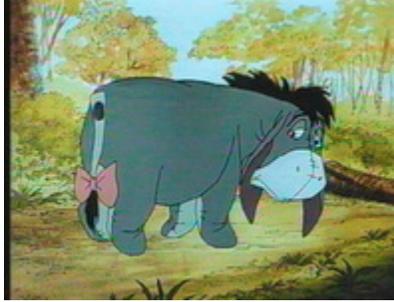
“Want to share the joke?” I groused.

“Doctor,” the nurse explained, “she is saying ‘pau’. P ... A ... U. It’s Hawaiian for ‘finished’.”



In the early seventies, the nursery on Maui was different from the one where I had trained at Boston City Hospital. Flowers. Not only did the mothers receive more flowers (Maui is a floral paradise), but the flowers--because of the Japanese influence--were so artistically arranged that you could not remove a single one (say, for example, to take home to your wife) without ruining the display, either in color coordination or shaping. Still I felt uneasy around cut flowers.

Flowers in the wild don’t bother me, but cut flowers do. When I was an eleven year-old at the “Crippled Children’s Home” in Toledo I learned that all the flowers which decorated the rehab hospital were funeral discards. I’ve never liked cut flowers since then.



The nursery on Maui was a colorful and friendly place. And new fathers were allowed more freedom to view and hold their babies. They always made a big fuss, arguing whose baby boy could pee the farthest.

“My kid hit me right in da eye!”

“Dat’s nothin’, my kid pissed right ovah my shouldah!”

“Ehhh, you t’ink dat’s somethin’? My boy pissed ovah my shouldah and hit da wall, da li’l buggah!”

I made a point of telling each new father that his baby looked “just like” him. After all, we were certain who the mother was, but.... The fathers beamed at the compliment even if the baby was as homely as a booby prize winner in a baby gargoyle contest. Meanwhile, I became the most popular doc in the nursery.



Another big difference between Maui and Boston was what constituted an emergency, at least in the first few years of my practice. Because I was only one of a few pediatricians on the island, a lot of kids were referred to me by all sorts of physicians. There was no place else to turn. I was it.

One night I received a panicked call from a surgeon from "Lahania", a town on the other side of the island.

“John, I’m sending a seven year old girl to the hospital in Wailuku because she’s in a serious way with one hell of a cough and severe abdominal pain and she’s probably at the hospital as we speak and you’d better get your ass over there in one hell of a hurry if ‘we’ are gonna save her.”

While the surgeon’s firing off his message in one breath impressed me, the content of the message was alarming. And though my heart froze, my feet did not fail me. I raced (okay,

lurched rapidly with my cane) to my car. On the way to the hospital my brain worked in hyper-drive reviewing the differential diagnosis of deadly coughs. I set a speed record getting to Maui Memorial Hospital in my old Mustang.

Waving my cane in front of me like a wand.... "outta my way" I stumped to the pediatric unit. Ready to perform CPR, I swung the door to the girl's room open and entered. Inside , a girl sat on the edge of a large bed while her mother sat calmly in an armchair. The girl recognized me.

"Hi, Doc!" she chirped, swinging her legs back and forth as if pumping a swing at recess. She was sipping the Coke her parents picked up at Burger King on the way to the hospital.



This was the emergency? After listening to her parents and examining the girl, I knew that something else was happening. The girl's abdominal pain was from the lung irritating her diaphragm and thus her abdomen. Yes, it was pneumonia....but not a pneumonia that required hospitalization. She could go home, as long as she was stable and could drink fluids.

I phoned the surgeon. "Thank God you phoned me in time!"

"How is she?" he demanded, wheezing with anxiety.

I paused. Diplomacy. "It's penumonia. She wants to go home. But what the heck, we'll keep her tonight. I'll send her home tomorrow. She'll be fine on antibiotics."

Silence.

What do surgeon's know about pediatrics? What do I know about surgery? I recalled a wise old professor in college telling me, "Don't always believe what people tell you ... even what I am telling you now." Ah, the life of a doctor.

John Butler



Of Mice and Managers: Sensing Reality in the Organization Maze

Abstract

Because of the ambiguity in modern organizations, the informal, human subtleties of managerial careers have become increasingly important. Formal rules, objectives, policies, and procedures can sometimes mislead more than they guide. Sophisticated managers know that, although their superiors might carefully document behaviors according to formal policies and procedures, they often ignore those mechanisms for the important decisions such as hiring, firing, promoting, transferring, and raising salaries. In order to understand many of the vital aspects of their arenas, managers need to learn the real priorities, values, norms, and the patterns of communication, power, and trust. They also need to be sensitive to the fact that these dynamic conditions vary for different people and different situations.



The purpose of this article is to offer some concrete suggestions on how managers can enhance their learning by sensing the realities of the informal, human dynamics of their organizations. Organizations can be viewed as complex mazes. Managers who can sense the intricate realities of the organization maze are “maze bright.” Consequently, they learn quickly, earn trust and sponsorship, and build successful careers.



Reality sensing can be defined by a framework that contrasts "maze bright" managers with "maze dull" managers. The term, "maze bright" comes from behavioral psychology. A maze bright mouse is one that quickly learns its way through mazes by learning how to avoid the shocks and still find the cheese. Jennings (1967, 1971) extended this concept to the maze brightness of managers in organizations. Maze bright managers, who quickly learn the real punishment / reward system of their organizations, are analogous to maze-bright mice.



Maze-bright managers make decisions according to the informal and subtle cues, patterns, values, risks, influence processes, norms, and priorities that characterize their arenas. They understand the informal, interpersonal aspects of their situations as well as the bureaucratic formalities. Consequently, they quickly learn the relevant strategies necessary for achieving their goals. In contrast, maze-dull managers focus on bureaucratic mechanisms. Their perceptions are restricted to isolated situations and formal rules, and they fail to discern the patterns and realities of the human side of their organizations.

Dick Goodyear Photo Gallery



Beauty in art has to be rooted in life. For me this means that, to offer us the nourishment we seek in beauty, a photograph can't look staged or contrived. I use the word "look" because a picture should not only be but also appear to be authentic. Our default expectation is that a photograph – any photograph – will be a record, so even a beautiful photograph is first (though not foremost) a report of historical fact. Its affirming power hangs on the unstated premise, which is also a promise, that this is what life is like. If we see that pledge violated in a photograph, its value to us as an assertion that life is more than a meaningless blur is reduced to nothing. That assertion will fall on deaf ears, its visual embodiment on blind eyes, if it isn't a plausible depiction of uncontrived fact. So I aspire to photograph beauty where I find it; I am less interested in posing the world, you might say, with the aim of staging beauty just so that I may photograph it. The strained, awkward effect of a visibly staged picture kills any chance it might otherwise have of being beautiful. Strain and awkwardness also go against Robert Adams's point that a photograph's success can be measured in part by "*the apparent ease of its execution*". He says, "*An artwork should not appear to have been hard work. I emphasize 'appear' because certainly no artwork is easy to make.*" Only with this "*apparent ease of execution*", he says, can a work of art "*suggest that Beauty is commonplace.*"



The last three words bear repeating: Beauty is commonplace. If it weren't – if it could be found only in some ideal world – it would hardly have much in the way of illumination or consolation to offer us in ours.



But if beauty is commonplace, why do we need an artist to bring it home to us? Because though beauty is everywhere, it's hiding, camouflaged, in plain sight, or being swept past us on time's torrent. It's the artist's paradoxical role to detain the flow of time and, precisely by presenting beauty in a frame of reference of his or her choosing, to liberate it from the confines randomly set for it by everyday life. G.K. Chesterton said, *“Art, like morality, consists of drawing the line somewhere.”* And: *“All my life I have loved edges; and the boundary line that brings one thing sharply against another. All my life I have loved frames and limits; and I will*

maintain that the largest wilderness looks larger seen through a window. To the grief of all grave dramatic critics, I will still assert that the perfect drama must strive to the higher ecstasy of the peepshow."

The artist who most literally arrests time in its heedless rush and isolates beauty from its chance everyday surroundings – framing it, throwing it into relief, revealing and preserving it for our contemplation – is the photographer.



....After cropping, perhaps the most common revisions involve tonal manipulation. We want to see, and a picture gains force from showing us, the full range of tones that the camera has recorded. They're no good to us bleached out in arid expanses of white, or drowned in bottomless pools of black. Eliciting, subduing, teasing out those tones in the darkroom or on the computer – all these are fair game in making a beautiful photograph. *"Dodging and burning,"* Ansel Adams said, *"are steps to take care of mistakes God made in establishing tonal relationships."*



At least on the surface, though, just as the apparent ease of a beautiful photograph's execution is, in Robert Adams's word, a "deception", what we glean from art is something of an illusion. Art is not life itself because it is, for lack of a better term, exceptionalist. In its pursuit of the truth, it asks us to turn our attention to *this*, the work of art, which by definition excludes everything else – *that* – in a way that life itself doesn't. In life, *that* is always butting in. A beautiful photograph is a distillation of the exceptional from the commonplace, of the ordinary into the extraordinary. It leads our eye, intellect and soul to a reality above the everyday, yielding delights that are not on offer in the general run of life.



Ned Grew





Obbnäs



Obbnäs

Gale Barton Hartch



When was I a high school biology teachers' aide and a laboratory instructor at Uconn, Stamford, my favorite lab was microscopic studies. Natural design caught my attention and stimulated my inner sense of beauty. What I observed was important....and entertaining. Student reactions were fascinating as well. Sometimes my enthusiasm was so great that I knew I would have to paint the picture of the thing I saw under the microscope. Now, at last, I am starting to paint the many pictures I have in my head. A process has evolved: sketch with pencil or pen, try 5 or 6 compositions planning the space fully, select the composition that satisfies the idea and feeling of the subject matter, then paint a watercolor first attempt. Try second or even third or fourth attempts. Then do the final in oil. Sometimes I like the watercolor better than the oil. As an advocate for the small and hoping to communicate the beauty of the small and the rarely seen, I like to paint the oils on large canvases.

Cyclosis in *Elodea*: Chloroplasts, the green balls in the picture, cycle around the inside of individual cells near cellulose cell walls of the water plant, *Elodea*. Magnification is about 1000x, captured with an oil objective with a video camera attachment. Students view the slide preparation on a TV monitor. Little black specks stream through the cytoplasm, appearing to dock onto the chloroplasts. I believe the specks are mitochondria. Normally one would study mitochondria with a scanning or electron microscope using very high magnifications, not with a student light microscope. It is exciting to see living, functioning mitochondria and chloroplasts. Mitochondria break down sugar and in the presence of oxygen produce huge amounts of ATPs, energy molecules that fuel a host of biochemical reactions. Chloroplasts are found in all green plants and green algae. They contain chlorophyll, a special pigment that converts light energy from the sun into usable chemical energy that we call sugar or food. In the dark the chloroplasts stay still and space themselves across the entire cell. When light reaches the chloroplasts, biochemical reactions initiate cycling, a process we call cyclosis.



Two strains of *Sordaria*, one with white ascospores and the second with black ascospores, were plated together. Sexual reproduction occurred; genes were mixed. When the arrangement was four black with four white, mating occurred between the strains. When the arrangement was two white, two black, two white, two black, mating occurred with crossover during meiosis. Old-time geneticists used

frequency of crossover to map genes on chromosomes. Look at what we can do today. The whole human genome is revealed.

I experience awe when I see an unusual pattern or a beautiful design. That awe drives me, the scientist. And still in awe of the forces of nature, I feel compelled to paint the subject. It says everything about how we scientists are lead to discovery.

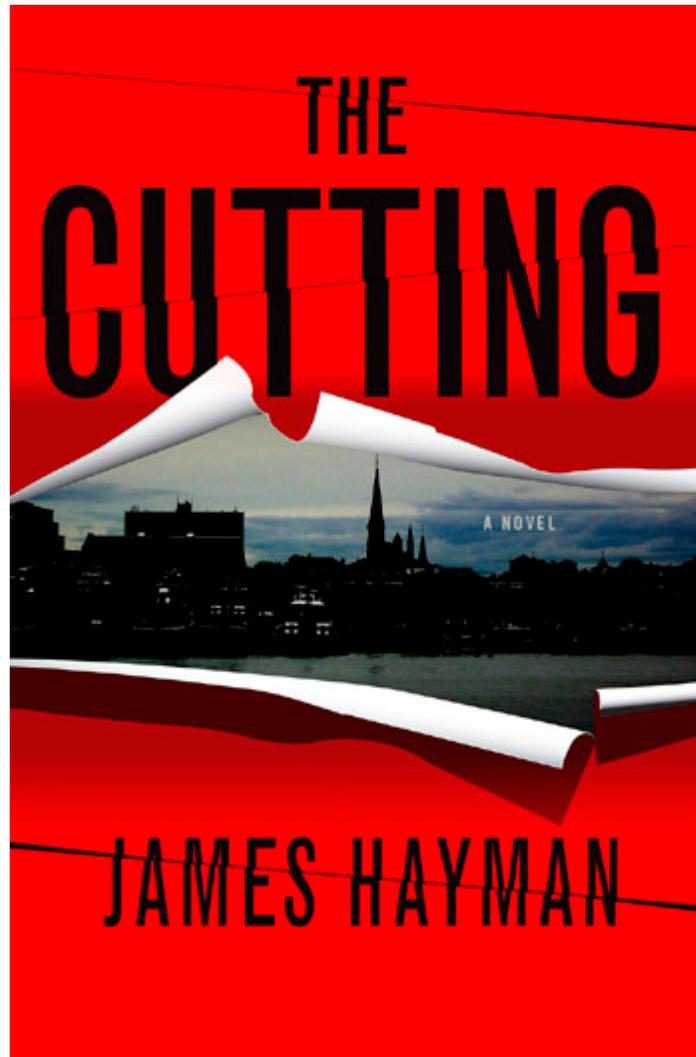


The sea urchin egg is about to be fertilized. Although hundreds of sperm will frantically try to pierce the egg, only one sperm will fuse with the egg plasma membrane. Then cortical granules under the egg plasma membrane will be released forming a fertilization membrane. All other sperm will be prevented from entering the egg. In about 80 minutes the 2-cell stage will appear. In a three hour lab students were often able to see the 4-cell stage.

Jim Hayman



An Excerpt From



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Chapter 1.
Portland, Maine
September 16, 2005

Friday 5:30 A.M.



Fog can be a sudden thing on the Maine coast. On even the clearest mornings, swirling gray mists sometimes appear in an instant, covering the earth with an opacity that makes it hard to see even one's own feet on the ground. On this particular September morning it descended at 5:30, about the time Lucinda Cassidy and her companion Fritz, a small dog of indeterminate pedigree, arrived at the cemetery on Vaughan Street to begin their four-mile run along the streets of Portland's West End and the path that borders the city's Western Promenade.

The cemetery was one of Portland's oldest and was surrounded by a chain-link fence, now falling into disrepair. The gates on the Vaughan Street side were locked to keep out neighborhood dog walkers. The earliest gravestones dated back to the late 1700's. On most of these stones, dates and other specifics had faded to near illegibility. But those that could be read bore the names of early Portland's most prominent families, Deering, Dana, Brackett, Reed, Preble. These were old Yankee names, many of which had achieved a measure of immortality, having been bestowed upon the streets and parks of a young and growing city. More recent stones marked the graves of Irish, Italian and French-Canadian immigrants who came to Portland to work in the city's thriving shipbuilding trades or on the railroads in the last half of the 19th century. But today no more of the dead would be buried here, regardless of ancestry or influence. The place was full, the last remains having been interred and the last markers erected in the years immediately following World War II.

When the fog moved in, Lucy considered canceling her run. But only briefly. At age twenty-eight, she was preparing for her first 10K race. She had more than

enough self-discipline not to let anything as transitory as a little morning fog interfere with her training schedule. It was tough enough getting the runs in given the long hours she worked as the newest account executive at Beckman and Hawes, the city's biggest ad agency. In any case, Lucy knew her route well. The fog wouldn't be a problem as long as she took care not to trip on one of the sidewalk's uneven pavers.

The air was cool on her bare legs as Lucy performed her stretches—calves and quads and hamstrings. She pulled off her oversized Bates College sweatshirt, revealing a white sports bra and blue nylon shorts and tossed it into her car, an aging Toyota Corolla.

She saw no other joggers or dog walkers and thought she and Fritz might well have the streets to themselves. She slipped off his collar to let him run free. He was well trained and wouldn't go far. She pulled a Portland Sea Dogs cap down over her blonde hair, stretching the Velcro band down and under her pony-tail. She draped the dog's lead around her shoulders and set off along Vaughan Street at a leisurely pace, with Fritz first racing ahead and then stopping to leave his mark on a tree or lamppost.

Lucy liked the quiet of the early morning hours in this upscale neighborhood. Passing street after street of graceful 19th century homes, she glanced in the windows and imagined herself living in one or another of them. The image pleased her. She saw herself holding elegant dinner parties. The food would be simple, but perfectly prepared. The wines rare. The men handsome. The conversation witty. All terribly Masterpiece Theatre. Ah well, a pretty picture but not very likely. She was not, she knew, to the manner born. She watched Fritz scamper ahead and then turn and wait for her to follow.

Lucy moved through the damp morning air bringing her heart rate up to an aerobic training level. She thought about the day ahead, reviewing, for at least the twentieth time, details of a TV campaign she was presenting to the marketing group at Mid-Coast Bank. She'd worked her tail off to land this new client, but they were turning out to be both difficult and demanding. After work, she planned a quick trip to Circuit City to pick up a birthday present for her soon-to-be twelve-year-old nephew Owen. Her older sister Patti's boy, Owen told her what he "really really wanted" was an iPod. But he wasn't optimistic. "We don't have the money this year," he added in grown-up, serious tones that had Patti's imprint all over them. Well, Owen was in for a big surprise.

After that it was back to the Old Port for dinner with David at Tony's. The prospect of dinner at Tony's pleased her. The prospect of sharing it with her ex-husband didn't. He was pushing to get back together and, yes, she admitted, there were times she was briefly tempted. God knows, no one else even remotely interesting was waiting in the wings. But after a couple of dates, she was surer than ever that going back to David wasn't the answer for either of them. She planned to tell him so tonight.

She ran along Vaughan for a mile or so, climbing the gentle rise of Bramhall Hill, before turning west across the old section of the hospital toward the path that lined the western edge of the Prom. The fog was thicker now and she could see even less. But her body felt good. The training was paying off and she felt certain she'd be ready for the race, now ten days away.

Suddenly, Fritz darted past and disappeared into the mist, barking furiously at what Lucy figured was either an animal or another runner coming up the path in her direction. Then she saw Fritz run out of the fog, turn and stand his ground, angry barks lifting his small body off the ground in an uncharacteristic rage. Instantly alert, Lucy wondered who or what could be getting him so agitated. Usually, he just wagged his stub of a tail at strangers.

Seconds later a runner emerged from the fog about fifteen feet in front of her. He was a tall man with a lean, well-muscled body. Had she seen him jogging here before? She didn't think so. He was unusually good-looking with dark, deep-set eyes that would be hard to forget. Late thirties or early forties she thought to herself. Fritz backed away but kept barking.

"Quiet down," Lucy commanded. "It's okay." She smiled at the man. "He isn't usually so noisy".

The tall man stopped and knelt down. He extended his left hand for Fritz to sniff, then scratched him behind the ears. He smiled up at Lucy. "What's his name?"

Lucy registered the absence of a wedding band. "Fritz," she said.

"Hey Fritz, are you a good boy? Sure you are." He scratched Fritz again. The dog's stubby tail offered a tentative wag or two. He looked up. "I've seen you running here before. I'm sure I have."

"You may have," she said, though she was sure she would have noticed him. "I'm

here most mornings. I'm training for a 10K."

"Good for you. Mind if I run along? I'd enjoy the company."

She hesitated, surprised at the man's directness. Finally she said, "I guess not. Not as long as you can keep up. I'm Lucy."

"Harry," he said, extending a hand. "Harry Potter."

"You're kidding."

"No, I was christened long before the first book came out and I wasn't about to change my name."

They took off, chatting easily, laughing about the name. Fritz, no longer barking, kept pace.

"You live in Portland?" she asked.

"No, I'm here on business. Medical equipment. The hospital's one of my biggest clients."

"So you're here quite often?"

"At least once a month."

They picked up the pace and turned south down the western edge of the Prom.

"Normally, there's a great view from up here. Can't see a damned thing today."

A dark green SUV sat parked at the curb just ahead of them. "Could you excuse me for a minute?" Harry pointed and clicked a key ring. The car's lights blinked, its doors unlocked. "I need to get something."

He leaned in, rummaged in a small canvas bag, and then emerged from the car holding a hypodermic and a small bottle. "I'm a diabetic," he explained. "I have to take my insulin on schedule." Harry carefully inserted the needle into the bottle and extracted a clear liquid. "Only take a second." Lucy smiled. Feeling it was rude to watch, she turned away and looked out toward over the Prom. The fog wasn't dissipating. If anything it seemed to be getting thicker. She performed a few

stretches to keep her muscles warm while they waited. She sensed more than saw the sudden movement behind her. Before she could react, Harry Potter's left arm was around her neck, pulling her sharply back and up in a classic chokehold. Her windpipe constricted in the crook of his elbow. She couldn't move. She wanted to scream but could draw only enough breath to emit a thin, strangled cry.

Frantic and confused, Lucy dug her nails into the man's flesh, wishing she'd let them grow longer and more lethal. She felt a sharp prick. She looked down and saw the man's free hand squeezing whatever was in the hypodermic into her arm. He continued holding her, immobile. She tried to struggle but he was too strong, his grip too tight. Within seconds wooziness began to overtake her. She felt his hands on the back of her head and butt, pushing her, head first, face down, into the back seat of the car.

Turning her head, Lucy could still see out through the open door, but everything had taken on a hazy, distant quality, like a slow motion film growing darker frame by frame and seeming to make no sense. She saw an enraged Fritz growling and digging his teeth into the man's leg. She heard a shout, "Shit!" Two large hands picked the small dog up. She tried to rise but couldn't. The last thing Lucinda Cassidy saw was the good-looking man with the dark eyes. He smiled at her. The slow motion film faded to black.

Excerpts From

Taken at the Flood

*The Remarkable Unfinished Story of Banknorth Group of Portland, Maine
1824-2002*

By James Hayman



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The Crash



"No one who witnessed the unprecedented era of speculation...and the crash which followed in the fall of 1929 is likely to forget it. In the sudden disintegration of the stock market, the disappearance of paper profits to be succeeded by substantial losses, the fourteen million share days and the atmosphere of combined excitement and depression, Portland had its share. The bank, at all times solvent and sound, saw its railroad and public utility bonds decline in value, the

security behind many of its collateral loans speedily evaporate and the interest on a minority of mortgages in default."

Embezzlement

On the night of September 16, 1929, the Lewiston police received a report that two men had entered the People's Bank, tied up the bank's Treasurer, Wilbur H. Davis, who was working late, and rifled the safe making off with approximately \$85,000. Unfortunately, the supposed robbery turned out to be a hoax. In reality, Treasurer Davis was attempting to cover up the loss of the \$85,000 which he had been pocketing over a period of time. Davis's ruse was quickly discovered. He was arraigned in Androscoggin County Court and, after entering a plea of guilty, was sentenced to a term in the State Penitentiary.

Years of Depression

All things considered, People's Savings Bank weathered the Great Depression in remarkably good shape. Like all of the nation's banks it closed for the famous "Bank Holiday" which President Roosevelt declared on Inauguration Day, March 4, 1933. It lost some money in its bond portfolio and found that a number of residential mortgage holders could no longer keep up the payments on their loans. Nonetheless, People's Savings Bank managed to keep growing throughout the 1930's.....

A Clever Way to Make Money



In the mid-80's Peoples Heritage was hardly unique in its decision to sell shares to the public. Mutual savings banks all over New England were converting to stock ownership to raise the capital they needed for expansion. And this widespread phenomenon created a one-time opportunity for some very smart small investors to make a great deal of money in a short time.

According to the rules of conversion, the depositors of any mutual company converting to stock ownership were equally entitled to buy as many shares of stock as they wanted regardless of how big their accounts were. And since the market price of newly issued stock rises following the initial public offering (thanks to a discount built into the offering price), the aforementioned very smart people began opening small accounts in virtually every mutual savings bank in the region. In Peter Verrill's words: "It was the only way small investors could get in on the ground floor of an IPO. These things are usually reserved for large institutional investors. But in this case, as a result of the laws and because a lot of banks went public, a lot of individual investors made a lot of money rather quickly."

Dumb and Dumber...Portland Style

There are some customers a bank would just rather not have. Take Daniel Sabine, for example.

Like many other Portlanders, Sabine wanted a bank account of his own. Unfortunately, he lacked the funds to open one. Not one to give up easily, Daniel decided to avail himself, illegally, of some \$1,000 in cash held at a teller's window at the Maine National Bank. That was dumb.

Money in hand he then walked down the street to the nearest branch of Peoples Heritage, where he asked for an application to open a new savings account. That was dumber.

An alert Peoples Assistant Manager, having been notified of the robbery at Maine National, called the police, who took Sabine away. At last report he was serving a sentence in the hoosegow and still didn't have an account...at Peoples or anywhere else.

Summer Intern Proves Banking Can Be "A Real Gas"

In the summer of 1949, the First National Bank of Glens Falls hired young Joseph Anderson, the son of the owner of the bank's advertising agency, as a summer intern.

A bank employee was showing Anderson how to trip the foot alarm in a teller's cage. "Like this?" asked Anderson as he placed his foot under the pedal and lifted. There was an immediate explosion, followed by clouds of billowing tear gas. The police and fire departments arrived and rescued the choking employees who by then were hiding in the basement.

In spite of being responsible for what might have been the single most exciting event in the bank's long history, Anderson was not offered a permanent position when he graduated from college the following spring.

Kirby Jones

CUBA YEARS



"With Fidel: A Portrait of Castro and Cuba" : Interviews with Frank Mankiewicz and Kirby Jones, July-October, 1974 (Chicago: Playboy Press, 1975)

(EXCERPTS)

Castro looked just the way he was supposed to look, but neater and more dapper. He wore the traditional olive-green fatigues, but they were tailored and pressed and appeared to be made from an extremely lightweight material. His black boots were brilliantly shined and he wore a pistol belt--complete with pistol--around his middle. On each shoulder was the diamond of red and black with a white star in the middle signifying his military rank as *commandante* (major). His insignia was partially encircled by a gold braid, which meant *commandante en jefe* (commander-in-chief). There is only one of those.....

There are some surprising things about Castro physically. He is taller than expected, and, for a forty-seven-year-old man who has been the leader of his country for fifteen years, he looks surprisingly youthful. At about six-foot-two and 190 pounds, he has the build of a cornerback, or maybe an Ivy League tackle. Considering the hours Castro keeps, his face is remarkably unlined, his eyes unpouched. The hairline is receding a trifle, and the beard is flecked with gray, but the midriff is flat, the eyes are clear, and he is remarkably unchanged from the young man whose last appearance in the United States was at the famous heads-of-state United Nations General Assembly in 1962.....

The following entourage was a small Alfa Romeo sedan with one ministry official and one bodyguard. The jeep was Russian-made and equipped with a two-way radio placed between the front seats. On the floor was a box of six-inch cigars and a blue metal tin containing candy mints. Across the front dashboard, securely mounted, was a Russian-made AK47 automatic rifle.....

It is questionable whether Fidel Castro could pass a high-school driver's education course. He has

the habit—admirable under normal circumstances—of wanting to look a person in the eye when he is talking. But we were in the backseat.....

There was no apparent itinerary. In spite of our wariness of his driving, Fidel stopped at red lights and obeyed traffic signals just as if we were out for a Sunday drive. People along the road waved and called out “Fidel, Fidel.” Castro waved back most times. He was very busy talking and explaining everything.....

We stopped alongside a factory that was being built to produce radios, batteries, and minicalculators. He chatted a bit with the manager, asking him what the building was made of, about construction schedules, the number of workers to be employed, what the projected production schedule was, and if any problems existed. The manager replied that they were on schedule but would be able to move faster if they had more trucks. They talked as if they already knew each other, had talked before, and would again. We soon learned that this was the way most people talked to Fidel. They had seen him before, and they did expect to see him again.....

Inside, the maitre d’ escorted us to a table as if we were ordinary customers. Daiquiris were served all around and for the next few hours Fidel quizzed us on Watergate and American politics with the same interest that he had demonstrated about the factory. This was July: John Ehrlichman had just gone to trial, the Supreme Court was considering the tape decision, and the Judiciary Committee was getting ready for public debate. “You Americans,” Castro said after a while, “talk a lot about stability and the need to deal with stable governments. I think my government is the most stable in the western hemisphere.” Then he paused and added with a slight smile, “Including, it would seem, your own.”.....

Comparing notes later, it seemed clear we had been with one of the most charming and entertaining men either of us had ever met. Whether one agrees with him or not, Castro is personally overpowering. U.S political writers would call it a simple case of charisma, but it is more than that. Political leaders often can be and are charismatic in a public sense, but rather normal in more private moments. Such is not the case with Fidel Castro. He remains one of the few truly electric personalities in a world in which his peers seem dull and pedestrian.....

Such personal feelings should not be confused with ideological or political agreement on our own part, for there was much on which we were to differ. But from the moment he looked you straight in the eye and spoke directly to every question, from the moment he first leaned eagerly forward to stress a point, his face no more than six inches away, each of us knew we were in for a fascinating interview and an exciting experience.....

We were not let down. The interview was conducted totally in Spanish. No questions were submitted in advance, and Fidel answered everything put to him. Castro speaks very softly. Contrary to the public image built up over the years in the United States, he converses in a relaxed, but serious, manner. He is the head of his country, and what he says is carefully thought out and logically presented. He knows what he is doing and saying all the time.....

It was so easy to become engrossed in his style and logic that we often found ourselves starting from point A and within ten minutes agreeing with point B. Fidel is a former trial lawyer and he

shows it. All his arguments follow a carefully structured presentation. By the time he has built his case, if you do not watch out, he has you convinced of things you do not believe.....

Castro is not a passive talker. His whole body seems to become involved in what he says. His fingers stroke his beard, his arms and hands punctuate his points in a fluid manner. He often raises one finger against his face or in the air as he thinks and talks. Even as he sits quietly talking in his chair there was a magnetic energy and motion to him.....

THE MISSILE CRISIS

Q. You briefly mentioned the October, 1962 missile crisis as one of the topics discussed between President Kennedy and Jean Daniel. In several historical works, especially in *Thirteen Days*, by Robert Kennedy, we know some of what took place during the October crisis from the American point of view. We have no data on conversations which took place among yourselves and especially between you and Khrushchev during those days.....

A. To what are you referring?

Q. Well, what happened during those days, day by day, especially during the last few days?

A. I can tell you some of what happened; I am not going to tell the entire storey. What I can say is that we saw certain movements in Washington, such as the convocation, special meetings, and other certain measures, which we understood not only by instinct and smell, but by our experience with the way in which Kennedy had imposed the blockade. We declared a state of alarm and mobilized our antiaircraft weapons. When the crisis developed, therefore, we had taken all the military precautions that we could take before the two threats—aerial attack or invasion—occurred. We mobilized our antiaircraft defenses to protect the more important, strategic spots, the missile bases included. Later we saw the alternatives open to the United States: bombardment of the bases or an invasion. We then suggested to the Soviet command that the strategic missiles be dismantled, so that they would not all be in the same position which would facilitate their destruction by aerial attack. There was a critical period after that. The American planes began flying very low and we understood the danger—because if we permitted these flights we were risking a surprise attack. And at a specific moment, when tensions were at a peak, our antiaircraft artillery started shooting at low-flying aircraft. That same day coincided with the shooting down of the U-2.....

Q. How many planes were shot down?

A. Only one plane. Who is responsible for the missile crisis? If the United States had not been bent on liquidating the Cuban revolution there would not have been an October crisis. This was first demonstrated with economic aggression and then with the organization of subversive forces against Cuba, the Bay of Pigs invasion. Were we right or wrong to fear direct invasion? Didn't the United States invade the Dominican Republic? Didn't the United States bomb North Vietnam? Didn't they carry on an exhausting war for years in South Vietnam? How could we be sure that we would not be invaded? And this thought determined the setting up of strategic missiles in Cuba.....

LATIN AMERICA

Q. Then armed struggle is necessary?

A. I would say that armed struggle is necessary. Arms are necessary to carry out revolution. Otherwise you cannot effect social change.

Q. Is that a lesson from the Chilean experience?

A. The Chilean case is more a proof than a lesson. Why couldn't the Unidad Popular implement its revolutionary program? That oligarchy defended itself through the parliamentary majority, and through the armed forces. It stopped the process abruptly and established a fascist dictatorship in the country, one of unbelievable cruelty. How did the U.S. gain its independence? It did not win it in Parliament. It won it by revolutionary struggle; and in the end, how was the slave issue resolved in the States? Was it not solved in a violent war? Armed struggle is not one of my ideas. I wish all changes could be achieved peacefully, and I don't doubt that under certain circumstances in some countries peaceful change can be achieved. But, as a rule, historically, all major social changes have been produced revolutionarily.....

Q. But why does force have to be necessary?

A. Because the ruling social regime stays in power through force. The new social regime also has to impose itself through force; there is no doubt about that. The ruling classes do not give up their interests, they do not give up their privileges peacefully, and they are the ones who employ violence. Historically, the oppressed did not invent violence. And again, I repeat, I wish change could be promoted within societies through peaceful means, but history teaches us otherwise. The French revolution, the major changes, the coming of age of liberal ideas against feudalism, did not take place peacefully. The Russian revolution, the new social order, did not come about peacefully. The Chinese revolution was not accomplished peacefully.....

Q. Is the capitalist system doomed in Latin America?

A. There is no future for Latin American countries along the capitalist route.

Q. Why?

A. Capitalism helped develop certain nations—England, the United States, Germany, France, Japan, they were the initiators of industrial development. In those days, to start an industry you needed only five thousand dollars. Technology was fairly simple so that hardly even engineers were required. This is not the case today, where industry requires high efficiency, enormous investments, complicated technological research, so that small underdeveloped countries cannot compete successfully with the industrialized nations, commercially, financially, technologically. There is no room for waste, for free competition, to reach a level of economic development. There is no alternative but to plan the economy, centralize and pool raw materials, and gain in a few years what would take another system one hundred, two hundred years. I believe that the underdeveloped countries, in order to overcome the enormous technological gap from the developed world, must plan their economics along socialist principles. How can they succeed against illiteracy, ignorance, disease, under the capitalist way?. ...

(final thoughts expressed by authors)

As to relations with the United States, Castro seems eager that we end our economic blockade, but he is not prepared to make any sacrifices to achieve it. He has patience, he says, and he observes correctly that history seems to be on his side. He seems anxious to assume a position of leadership in a new organization of Latin American countries, one which would exclude but not necessarily be hostile to the United States, and he is careful to draw a distinction between American leadership and the American people.....



Alfred Killilea

The Political Impact of Death: A Reappraisal

*The article I wrote twenty years ago, "Death and Democratic Theory: The Political Benefits of Vulnerability" has had a mixed durability (Killilea). I argued then that the burgeoning movement in the United States and elsewhere to take the subject of death out of the closet and to confront our mortality provided a catalyst for political change and for participatory democracy in particular. I saw death, along with the human vulnerability it manifests, as provoking a profound sense of equality and community. I portrayed the debate between revisionists of democracy who conclude that the mass of people are simply not interested in active political involvement and enthusiasts for worker participation in decisions in the workplace. I showed how even strong proponents of greater democracy like C.B. Macpherson were discouraged about finding a starter mechanism that would free people from absorption with consumerism and competition and I suggested that a wider acceptance of death and a sense of limits might provide that mechanism. I argued that death might then be seen "not as something to be denied but as a *felix culpa* in the human condition that prods people to discover the satisfaction of living in interdependence with nature and their fellow mortals" (Killilea, 283-4).*

My thesis seems to me to have been largely valid in theory but misapplied in expected consequences. A highlighting in 1984 of the political significance of peoples' attitudes towards death seems prescient and well founded, given the fact that suicide bombers and other terrorists are now the most challenging new political force in the world today. My earlier concern to expand the possibilities of participatory democracy, on the other hand, now seems impractical, given the extent to which less demanding liberal democracy is reeling under attack from both global corporations and third world jihads (Barber). Hopes for participatory democracy have been overtaken in the west by the more basic need to protect individual freedoms in a war against terrorism. I will try to show in this article that a greater acceptance of our mortality may not achieve participatory democracy but it can be a crucial and saving response to terrorism on a global level and at home can undergird a commitment to the spread of stronger democracy.

Health care changes in the last two decades have forced upon our culture the need to be more candid about death. The vast expansion of the hospice movement and of palliative care units in major hospitals indicates an increasing ability to face the reality that one is dying and to seek comfort rather than cure in a terminal illness. Major funders like the Robert Wood Johnson Foundation and the Soros Foundation have supported ambitious projects to make Americans

more aware that issues of death and dying need to be faced. An example of this effort is the superb Public Broadcasting System television series with Bill Moyers, "On Our Own Terms." The preparation of living wills is now commonplace and advanced medical directives are now required with most hospital admissions. We shun death less in the culture, even if we do not yet know what to do with our awkward and usually unsolicited awareness of mortality.

Perhaps the strongest recent force for challenging the denial of death in American culture was, sadly, the terrorist attack on the World Trade Center with its toll of 3,000 innocent lives. Amid our shock and plans for revenge, Americans could not help but feel their mutual vulnerability and mortality. These victims were so much like everyone else, with the same hopes and problems, the same varied successes and disappointments, and the same unmerited suffering. We could not hide from the fact that their awful fate could have so easily befallen anyone of us. We have sought to move on and return to our "normal" lives since 9/11. Indeed, within days of this staggering calamity, President Bush implored Americans to go shopping again or our economy would suffer a heavy blow. This reaction to catastrophe, both the popular and the official one, confirms key points in my article two decades ago about death and American commerce. When death was thrust upon us we recoiled from business as usual and sought consolation in the bonds of family and community. But our economy, which requires unceasing growth, could not cope with this respite from acquisition and we had to be urged back to the distraction of the malls and the stadiums. We have gone back to getting and spending, but there is no question that death is a closer companion than before 9/11. This unease is reflected in the consistently high level of apprehension about terrorism national polls have depicted since 9/11. Of course, Americans may be registering a fear of the ubiquitous enemy rather than awareness of mortality but it is likely the former is not distinct from the latter.

The new prominence of death as a political force could not be better portrayed than by the taunt of a terrorist message after the Madrid railway bombing of March 2004: "We will prevail because you fear death and we love death." This violent romance of death is profoundly destructive and aimed, as all terror is, particularly at civilians. The concept of an assassin embracing death is not new. Machiavelli warned the Prince five hundred years ago against taking people's property because it would lead to hatred and hatred would lead people to put aside basic self interest, even survival, in an attempt to conspire against a Prince. A Prince can prevail against most conspiracies, Machiavelli said, but not against an assassin who does not care about plotting an escape. Against such fury that embraces death, Machiavelli warned that no leader could survive: "Princes cannot escape death if the attempt is made by a fanatic, because anyone who has no fear of death himself can succeed in inflicting it" (Machiavelli, 111). However, Machiavelli dealt with threats against leaders from people deranged by emotion to embrace death, not threats against civilian populations with a goal of undermining entire civilizations.

My earlier article anticipated somewhat the phenomenon of the culture of terrorism in describing the lure of fascism and the boast of Mussolini that fascism was more powerful than liberalism because it eclipsed the individual's fear of death. "There was much discussion but--what was more important and more sacred--men died. They knew how to die" (Mussolini, 440). I argued that fascists were effective in "identifying as a critical weakness in Lookean liberalism the avoidance of the subject of death and the leaving of the individual to confront death in isolation." However, I demeaned the ability of fascism to confront death:

If the flaw of liberal social contract theory lies in its exacerbating the individual's anxiety about death and its inability to expect citizens to risk death for the public good, the fascists' antidote for this weakness is not to confront death but to obliterate the individual. The theoretical contradictions and racist nonsense of fascism are devoted to lessening one's fear of death and the sacrifice of life not by looking death in the face but by taking the individual off his lonely and vulnerable pedestal and creating the mythology of perpetual life through the race (287).

Many of these points about fascism and death apply now to terrorists, but the terrorists have added a level of fanaticism unimagined by Mussolini. Terrorism builds on the same dedication, alienation and resentment that fascism does, but its distinctive power today lies in the religious assurances of a hedonistic afterlife for its legions of suicide bombers. My point twenty years ago that fascism's dependence upon war manifests an effort to "create an illusion of immortality and power over death by delivering death to other people" also applies to the terrorists. But the terrorists go further and belittle death as the final obstacle to glorious rewards for those who die heroically.

Terrorism confirms the central relevance of death to politics. It does not do so by an acceptance of death but really by a new denial of death. Terrorists do not take death seriously, as evidenced by the fact that Osama bin Laden and others could not give a rational explanation for killing civilians and other Muslims except to say unconvincingly that civilians are part of the war effort against the third world. Terrorists portray not only life as cheap and inconsequential but also death as cheap and inconsequential. The response to terror, therefore, must be to reassert the value and reality of both life and death. For both those who believe in an afterlife and those who do not, death must not be seen as irrelevant but as a closure that prompts an appreciation of one's life and of the bonds between a person and the community that has sustained that person. As much as anything, the denial of death, whether in American or terrorist culture, is a denial of a unique identity and of community bonds.

The discussion in my earlier article of how an acknowledgement of death leads to a deeper appreciation of equality and community seems as appropriate and valid today as it was twenty years ago. I said then that no reminder is as powerful as death of the struggles all people must go through of self-doubt, self-deception, and self-acceptance. Facing death not only forces a person to seek the purpose of life, but to realize that everyone else has to make that same search in coming to grips with mortality. I argued that "such an urgent need of collective insight, criticism, and support in dealing with questions common to all people belies the elitist supposition that people are inevitably most interested in competing for wealth and fame" (Killilea, 290). I agreed with Corlis Lamont that death "dramatically accents the ultimate equality" in our common fate and its universality "reminds us of the essential brotherhood of man that lies beneath all the bitter dissensions and conflicts registered in history and contemporary affairs" (Lamont, 271-2). I concluded that "it is a striking paradox that the awareness of death, which is avoided by so many lest it rob life of meaning, in fact can provide an escape from the banality of compulsive acquisitiveness and can help one to discover the satisfaction and richness of one's social existence" (Killilea, 291-2).

I believe these central arguments in my article are as true today as they were then and our need to utilize them as a fulcrum for social change is even greater. If America and the west are not only to defend ourselves against terrorism but to attack the root causes that create

terrorists we have to countenance vast political changes that depend upon much stronger convictions about equality and community. It has become conventional wisdom to say that we have to substantially diminish our abject dependence on Middle East oil and avoid the propping up of unpopular authoritarian regimes that guarantee that oil. Such a change would require, among other things, an unprecedented seriousness about conserving energy and new attitudes about waste and extravagance. To achieve such a change in lifestyle, we would need to promote cooperative behavior over an enthrallment with competitive acquisition. We would have to accentuate our common needs and goals and thirst for shared achievement rather than individual glory. Even with the deadly challenge posed by terrorists, it is difficult to imagine such a change in consciousness in American culture without a profound appreciation of our mutual mortality and vulnerability.

Thomas Freedman and Benjamin Barber have argued that democracies don't go to war with other democracies and that peace in flash points like the Middle East requires a commitment by the world's non-authoritarian powers to promote democracy there and elsewhere in the world. In an Internet interview Barber argues that true democracies are incapable of breeding international terrorism, for terrorism is an

...expression of powerlessness, frustration, desperation, zealotry and extremism of a kind that simply doesn't evolve inside democratic societies, where people are able to participate in civil society and the economy in legitimate ways (Nauffts).

Barber argues that democracy is the prophylactic that prevents terrorism because it empowers people and therefore "preventive democracy" is much more important than preventive war. Promoting democracy in the third world would have to build upon and dwarf the domestic changes required in America. Barber has extensively described how the independent thought required and fostered by democracy is not necessarily favored by the global corporate culture or capitalism in general. For America and the west truly to propagate democracy among previously deprived and desperate people would demand a sense of mission and commitment that could only build on a brotherhood and sisterhood of mortals. These are almost otherworldly concepts, but at other times so were the concepts of the equality of women or the end to slavery or the end of the cold war. Vast changes are possible when they are supported by ideas, instincts, and economics. It also helps if they are dictated by survival. Unprecedented dangers allow and require unprecedented changes.

My earlier article was written hardly in an age of innocence. At the height of the cold war, the very existence of civilization was vulnerable to nuclear miscalculations or psychoses of the leaders of the two superpowers. Writers like Jonathon Schell worried then that the law of fear could not constrain destructiveness in the absence of human solidarity. That worry still applies to the danger we face today from terrorism. While we arm ourselves against the worldwide threats we face, we must look for ways to establish human solidarity and the equality and community that reinforce solidarity. A greater capacity to confront our common mortality is not the only avenue to this solidarity but it presents a powerful inducement to the scale of personal and societal change that is demanded today. This attitudinal change is now creeping along beneath the radar of government and most commentators. It cannot compete in chiliastic fervor with visions of an afterlife that defy and dismiss death. But right now these visions are dividing the world into the saved and the infidels and are often contradicting their origins by spreading

hatred and suffering. Taking death seriously is never easy. Emily Dickinson's perception remains dominant in our culture:

Because I could not stop for Death—

He kindly stopped for me—(2511)

While it takes remarkable courage to stop for death before it stops for us, it is a choice that issues in freedom and strong connection with other mortals.

Terrorists are seeing to it that death is in the air. Our challenge is not to just try to stomp out the terrorists to make death go away. If we can acknowledge that life is indeed fragile and is sustained by the contributions of countless other people, we will have the motivation and resources to attack the causes of the desperation behind terrorism and to endure the burdens that allow the spread of democracy. My earlier article did not grasp that the next frontier for democracy would not be deepening democratic participation in America, as fondly as we might hope for such a development. A prior and greater need is the spreading of a weaker but still freeing level of representative government to people who do not need to make the acquaintance of death for it has been their constant companion. My previous article was correct in linking the acceptance of our mortality and vulnerability and the theme of democracy. Its final sentence remains a fitting conclusion to this commentary at a point twenty years later when democracy is more imperiled and stopping for death is more prevalent:

If our society were to develop the customs, symbols and other cultural reinforcements to support increasingly larger numbers of people in acknowledging the fragility of their individual existence and the importance and satisfaction in finding community with their fellow mortals, it may not be presumptuous or naïve to anticipate a vastly changed political consciousness and vastly raised hopes for...democracy (Killilea, 297).

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Ralph Kimball



Elsie Kellogg Morse



Popham Sandpipers



Hog Island Cove



Early Spring

As a young bride of an ecologist, I desperately wanted to take part in Doug's field studies, but soon discovered that all too often the best help I could offer would be allowing long stretches of silence. Irrepressible restlessness turned out to be the best cure for all previous inhibitions, and I quickly discovered that landscape painting is mostly about the pleasure of the artist on the spot. In the course of perhaps two hours I would try to frame, select, sketch, and color a canvas in hopes that a picture would take shape. Sometimes I was pleased and sometimes not, but always I would see the landscape more deeply; I'd notice countless details of beauty or interest I would never have caught without the observation required for painting. Best of all, I could remember a painting site so vividly I could close my eyes and bring myself to it anytime. How often can this be true of even our most favorite picnic places?



Epupa Falls Namibia



Himba People Namibia

After children joined the family, time to paint was more limited, but the camera stepped in as a workable substitute. Framing pictures doesn't require as careful observation as drawing and painting, but it still helps lock particular landscapes in memory. Now that the children are grown we both find photography enhances the pleasure of traveling as well as the ability to share with friends at home.



The fun of PhotoShop cannot be denied, and once in a while, it's good to just play. Here's one that may be a little over the top for metaphor, but I couldn't resist layering my parents' proper Episcopal wedding photo into a California sunset! If advertisers can do it, why can't we?



The fanciful boy in the ferns speaks to a persisting enchantment with the fairy people of storybooks.



"9 Moments in the Emergence of a Monarch" records one lucky lunch-time when a chrysalis that we had hanging in a flower arrangement began to open right in front of our eyes.

Toby Mussman





Bob Myers

Pelvis In Orbit



Prostate, not Prostrate



Yes, men of '59, you had a prostate in 1959. Now, you may or may not have one depending on what happened during the last 50 years. But what does the prostate do? "The gland is inaccessible during life; its secretions are difficult to collect, and it has no known measurable function. It is not essential for life and is associated in some way with reproduction, but even for this it is not essential." (2, Franks) And the prostate certainly can cause misery, whether fever, infection, acute or chronic pain, irritative or obstructive urinary voiding symptoms, or cancer.

In the last 35 years, I have looked at and removed, as of reunion time, more than 5000 prostates, all but one for cancer. Prostates don't all look alike and their diversity is remarkable. In the video that combines computerized tomography for bone and magnetic resonance imaging for soft tissue, you see the precise location of the prostate with its "rabbit ear" seminal vesicles within the pelvis. Below, you see comparisons that urologists love to make with the real world.

(1) Blandy, JP, Lytton, B, The Prostate. London;Buttersworth, 1986

(2) Franks, LM, Origins of benign prostatic hypertrophy. In: Hinman, F(ed) Benign Prostatic Hypertrophy. New York;Springer, 1983.



David Othmer

As you lift the glass to your lips and get a good whiff of the wine inside, you know, even before you taste it, that the black rot spray—or was it the downy mildew spray?—you applied two and a half years earlier really was worth the hassle of driving 60 miles to replace the sprayer cap you'd carelessly lost a week and a half before, even though you always enjoy your encounters with the Amish family in rural Pennsylvania that sells and services the Italian made equipment.

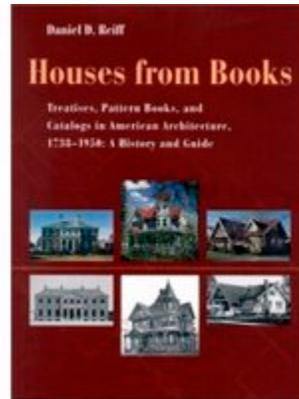
That, and the grape and site selection you did years before, the pruning you'd done months earlier, the leaf pulling and making sure that the grapes were properly exposed to fresh air and sunshine you'd done throughout the summer, the netting to keep birds and deer away as the grapes ripen, and finally the funny little dance you did for the three weeks before harvest to fend off the rains, insured that you hadn't ruined the wine in the vineyard. After that, all you had to do was not ruin it in the winery!



Keeping the wine as far away from oxygen as you can is key—all containers, whether glass, stainless steel, or oak should be kept full—really full, and well stoppered. (That applies to your half drunk bottle of wine at home too: decant it into a smaller bottle, refrigerate it, and drink it as soon as reasonable.) A tiny amount of meta bisulfide from time to time to bind with the O₂ dissolved in the wine also helps, as does keeping it away from light and at as steady a temperature as possible, which explains why caves dug into the ground, where the temperature is a constant 55 degrees, are so prevalent in wineries. Cobwebs are not necessary.

So next time you go to a fancy winery in Napa that looks like the cockpit of a 747, remember that the key to making good wine is still good raw material, good tending and handling of the grapes, and good luck. And if there's any doubt in your mind, think of that woman nine to twelve thousand years ago in the Taurus or Caucasus Mountains who first tossed some grapes in a pot, covered them up, and came back a few weeks later to: WOW!

Dan Reiff



Excerpts from: *Houses from Books: Treatises, Pattern Books, and Catalogs in American Architecture, 1738-1950: A History and Guide*

By Daniel D Reiff

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.....When we survey the development of American architecture during the eighteenth century, we can observe, not surprisingly, that architectural books play a growing role in the increasingly sophisticated architectural design in the colonies. A survey of instances where books have had an impact on, or have been the source of design for, houses (and other buildings) demonstrates how important the printed page was for colonial builders, just as it had been in England.

How do we know that designs derived from architectural books had an impact on colonial and early American architecture? There is evidence in both the buildings themselves and in documents of the era. Before surveying actual cases and analyzing what they tell us about how such books were used, we can summarize the “proofs” we will encounter.

The most direct evidence that houses were sometimes designed based on plates in books is that in a good number of instances from the eighteenth century the dwelling and the plate are so close as to effectively prove the case, especially when they stand out dramatically from the “standard types” being built at that time around them. Naturally, the designs are often somewhat modified, but the congruences are still convincing.

Related to this is the fact that a large number of cases can be documented in which exterior and interior details (door casings, elaborate windows, fireplaces, and other such features) very closely match plates in books—and, as is the case with facades, the books were published before the date of the constructed work.

One can also find features that, although not quite congruent with a plate, are very close indeed. Such correspondences suggest that either the craftsman was developing a design based on the printed model but using his own creative ingenuity, or that he had perhaps seen work of this type, based on engraved sources, which he was then emulating. In either case, the printed page is not too far distant.

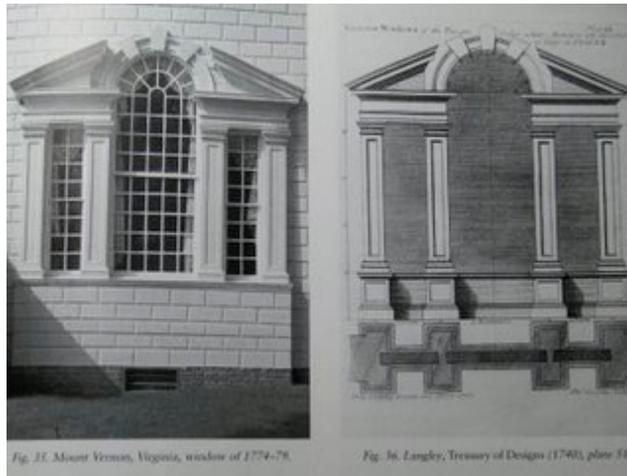


Fig. 35. Mount Vernon, Virginia, window of 1774-78.

Fig. 36. Langley, Treasury of Designs (1740), plate 31.

Occasionally there is even more direct proof: A designer may specifically state that he drew on books for his work; or a British carpenter's manual survives with the name of a known American carpenter written in it.

Furthermore, there is clear evidence of the importance of books in American design: British books were imported in growing numbers into the colonies; and on the eve of the Revolution, books began to be printed in America, sure proof of a demand for such volumes. Finally, there is the parallel with the English practice: The importance of books both during the introductory period of assimilating the new style and later (especially for details) even when designers could work within the new mode. Book importing began on a small scale and grew dramatically, which would not have happened if there was no market for the books.....

As we have seen, in the early nineteenth century and even before, books were important to craftsmen for both new technical information and for designs to supplement, or to update and replace, their traditional features.....Although with a few lacunae, Hitchcock's list of nineteenth-century books relating to architecture published in America is a remarkably complete guide to assessing the impact of the printed page. A tabulation taken from his listing reveals how the demand for books grew---with the proviso that the number of *imported* books was always considerable. In the 1820s and 1830s, however, American titles appeared in increasing numbers.

Books that primarily provided designs (although the dividing line between these and technical books was not always rigid) were usually the dominant type: eight in the 1820s, twelve in the 1830s, twenty-six in the 1840s, and thirty-six in the 1850s. This trend continued through the rest of the century.

Craftsmen, especially architects, purchased these books, as well as imported books, to aid them with their work. How many were available is demonstrated by the astonishing library that Ithiel Town collected, thanks to the wealth he gained from his patented bridge truss. When Town began to sell off his architectural library in 1842, he had about 11,000 volumes and about 25,000 prints!.....

It is revealing to remind ourselves how many of the noted architects of America working about 1840 were originally craftsmen: Alexander Parris, Ithiel Town, Minard Lafever, Isaiah Rogers, Henry Austin, James Dakin, John Notman, and Samuel Sloan were all carpenters by training; Richard Upjohn had been a cabinetmaker; Thomas U. Walter had apprenticed as a bricklayer and stonemason. Only A. J. Davis had been originally trained as an artist and draftsman (and Downing, we recall, was a pomologist and horticulturist). All these men became architects largely through the study of books, in addition to their knowledge of and experience in actual building work. A. J. Davis put it succinctly in his Day Book entry of March 15, 1828: “First study of Stuart’s Athens from which I date (my) Professional practice.”.....



As one might expect, new technology was often featured to introduce subscribers (of journals) to the latest developments in the building field. Plumbing was a subject repeatedly discussed. The earliest treatment was the series “Modern Plumbing”, which began in 1878 and ran for many issues; another series, “Recent Modifications in Sanitary Drainage,” commenced the following year; in 1882, there appeared “Notes on House Drainage” and the twenty-one part series (by none other than Glenn Brown), “Water Closets”, which included their history as well as modern technology. “Sanitary Plumbing” ran for more than thirty installments in 1883-84; at the end of the decade, the journal published the series “The Water Supply of Buildings” in 1887.....

Although not as extensively covered as plumbing and drainage, at least eleven articles or series focused on electricity. The first was “Electrical Progress in America,” of 1885; followed by an article reprinted from *The Builder*. “The Prevention of Fire Risks from Electrical Lighting,” in 1886 and “The Safe Installation of Electric Wires” in 1889, followed by the series “The Dangers of Electric-Lighting.” By now, electrical work was more common, as reflected in the 1894 series “Electrical Science for Architects” and another series, the National Electric Code,” in 1897.....

Before the establishment of schools of architecture in the United States (beginning in 1865), there were really two ways for a person to become an architect without going to study in Europe: to apprentice as a craftsman (usually a carpenter) and then study books and journals or to work for an established architect, usually a draftsman, and learn by doing and observing. As the editors of *The American Architect* commented in 1876, “A few years ago it was difficult to give satisfactory advice to a young man in our country who wished to become an architect. There were no architectural schools in the United States; no common understanding of what an architect’s training was; and few such appliances as books, photographs, and drawings, to aid in it. For those who could not go to Europe to study—of course very few could—there was no resource but to go into some architect’s office, and learn what could be got from routine-work there.” With several schools of architecture to choose from, however (Massachusetts Institute of Technology’s program was begun in 1865, that at Cornell in 1871, and those at the Universities of Syracuse and Illinois in 1873), the editor’s advice was invariably to “go first to a professional school, and do not trust what you can learn in an architect’s office. The standard of respectable professional attainment is much higher than it was a few years ago, and it requires much more effort to attain it.”

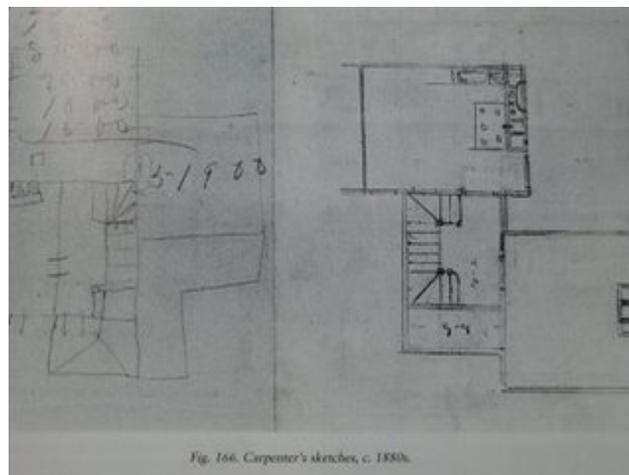
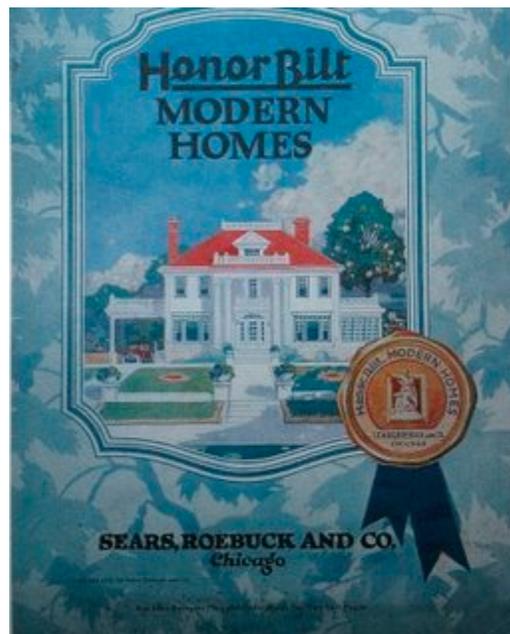


Fig. 166. Carpenter's sketches, c. 1880s.

Fredonia contractors were not the only ones who could draw up plans for houses for themselves. Local carpenters who worked on their own (and thus were often minicontractors) also did this. A good illustration of this practice is the carpenter Clifford A. Smith.....Smith did all kinds of

work, including houses, barns, and garages, mainly in the Fredonia and Dunkirk area.....He sometimes had blueprints to follow. One anecdote in this regard, recollected by his daughter, is revealing. Clifford Smith was not a man given to swearing, but one day he came home considerably annoyed about a house he was working on, an attractive English-style dwelling in brick, designed by a local architect. Smith had been following the blueprints carefully and discovered that the architect had drawn the cellar stairs so as to leave no headroom! “You might as well do it yourself,” he exclaimed. One can readily understand carpenter’s sometimes jaundiced view of architects, because carpenters themselves so often did drawings and were unlikely to make much mistakes.....



After World War II, methods of house building changed somewhat, with the introduction of new materials (such as plywood) and with the popularity in the 1950s and later of “prefabricated” houses, which came in large factory-built panels and were put together on the site.....

Especially for smaller dwellings (like on-story ranch houses), carpenters designed houses themselves. The customers would tell them what they wanted, and “we’d make (the drawings) right in front of them with a ruler and a pencil” and then add dimensions. “A lot was built that way.”

Although blueprints were useful, carpenters did not run to them every other minute. “We didn’t use the blueprints too much; you’d look at them, but just get your measurements and go ahead and built it....You work out of your head most of the time.” For craftsmen capable of designing and building, a *supervising* architect was worse than useless. According to bull, “All they do is stand around...not doing a damn thing”.....

One important result of the expanding use of designs in books as models for houses was an increased homogeneity of domestic architecture in geographically diverse areas. As more and more people built houses based on plans from these books and catalogs and more and more carpenters and even architects turned to these volumes for models for emulation (or for making direct copies), house designs that had originated in Knoxville, Tennessee, Bay City, Michigan, or Chicago appeared throughout the United States.....

One of the reasons for the great upsurge of domestic building beginning in the early twentieth century, which provided such a fertile market for the precut houses of Sears, Aladdin, Bennett Homes, and others and for the plans of Radford, Standard Homes, Stickley, and legions more, was the growing number of middle-class Americans who, thanks to a rising standard of living, wanted a home of their own rather than an apartment.....



Fig. 143. 47 Ninth Main Street, Eastville, New York
(Photo by Robert H. Knipser)



Fig. 146. *Home Building* (1875), plate 33.



Fig. 402. Sears, "The Dower" (1928 catalog)
(Courtesy Sears, Roebuck & Co.)



Fig. 453. House in Luckens, Virginia.

Art Rogers

ACRYLIC AND BASS WOOD CARVINGS



Red Shouldered Hawk



Harris Hawk

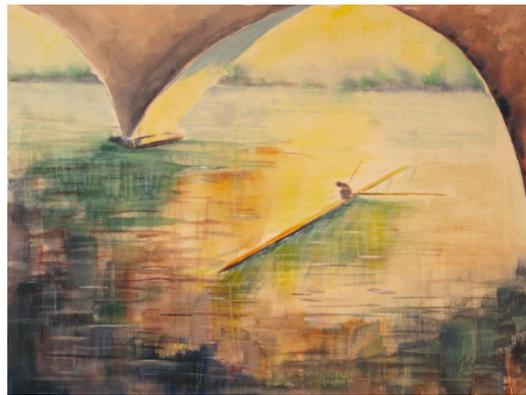


Belted Kingfishers



Golden Trout

Quinn Rosefsky





Stephen Rostler



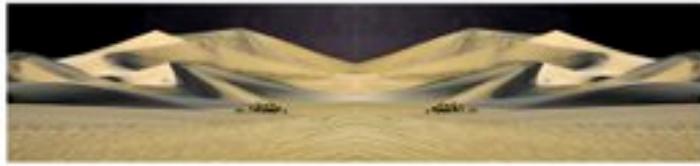
Golden Dunes



Orchid



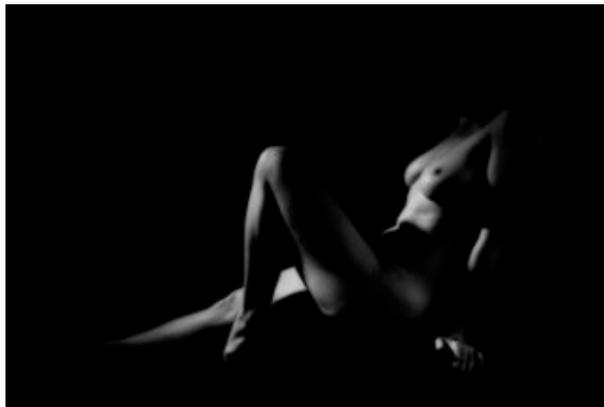
Prince William Sound-Alaska



Symmetry

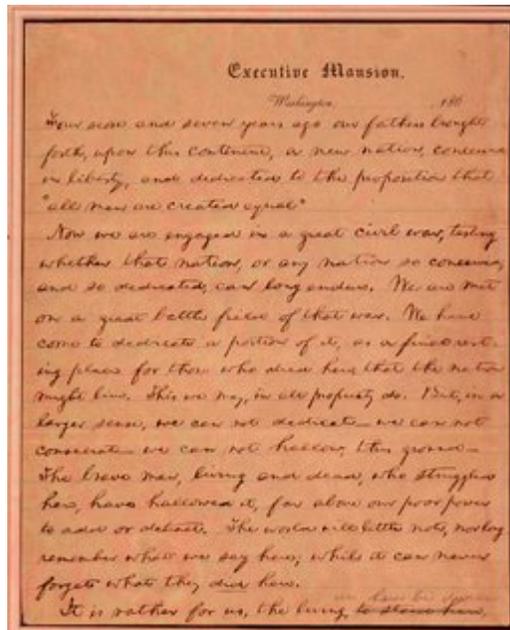


Nude-cracked paint



Nude 1

Ed Shapiro



*Discussion of **Lincoln's Melancholy** by Joshua Shenk (Ed Shapiro)*

But for the purposes of discussion, there is one place in this lovely book where I would raise a question for us to think about a bit more. It is this idea: Shenk says: "What primarily accounted for Lincoln's increasing success – and his vital relevance – was not his own growth to a place where he could speak to his country's needs, but the country's regression to the place where Lincoln was needed – an emerging violence and fractiousness that had no peer in the nation's history. Lincoln denied the possibility of papering over distinctions – and helped precipitate the very crisis that he said would have to be reached and passed."

We could spend a long time together thinking about Shenk's notion of a culture regressing to meet – or even to create – the leader the society needs. The implicit question for me is whether leadership is a social or an individual phenomenon – is a leader created, discovered, imposed – or is the meeting of the two purely accidental? Do we actually get the leaders we deserve? And is there a way to examine these phenomena to determine where the forces come from that create the meeting of the leader and the led?



Why this particular, very pained man was made to bear the crucible of a fragmented society – and how he came to articulate so lucidly and clearly the core and ultimately sustaining value of a differentiated but equal society – are not questions that Shenk – or anyone --can really answer. But in an era where ethnic identity alone can get you locked up and tortured in a frightened and indifferent America, how we get the leaders we need to articulate the values for this generation that will contain our terror and rage is a question that we should continue to ask.

Susie Goodwillie Stedman

Why I do Needlepoint .

My grandmother and mother both could do amazing things with their hands. Beautiful gardens, arranged bouquets, tailored clothes, baked confections, and packages elegantly wrapped with handmade cards and poetry to accompany them were traditions in our household. Even as a little girl, I was invited to join them in their handiwork. When mother took up crewel, I was in my twenties and happy to try it, too. On one hot July day in 1969, I began—and completed—an entire crewel pillow cover as we sat transfixed for hours watching Armstrong and Aldrin land on the moon.

Years later, when I left my urban working life to settle on an island in Maine, I got seriously into gardening, but it soon became clear that my desire to transform the wild bit of land we had chosen would be the work of the rest of my life. I tried watercolors, but was never fast enough to tame the rivers of color that flowed errantly across the paper. After a while, I gave up on this lovely medium as my vehicle for creative expression.

One day, on a random visit to a stitchery shop, I found pre-designed needlepoint kits in the form of eyeglass cases or small purses. Well, I thought, I could do THAT...no muss, no fuss, it's all there, just in and out with the needle and you've got something! I tried one and found it just the antidote for restless hands on long car trips, in meetings, or after dinner while watching old movies. Here's one of the first ones I did:



After knocking off half a dozen of these, the fascination paled...I wanted to try my own designs. My first effort to depict our backyard was quite primitive...but stitcher's license allowed me to speed up the garden, at least.



This is a scene along a road that I liked.



Using photographs, I trace the broad outlines of the picture onto tracing paper, and then onto a blank canvas. The best part is taking the photograph to the thread store to choose my palette of colors. With the threads and photograph at hand, I “draw” the image onto the canvas with my needle, constantly referring to the photograph for color and shape. To add texture, I’ve “invented” some new stitches (which probably aren’t new at all).

As I got a little more practiced, I began stitching the gardens of friends and giving them my work as presents. This is my friend Lael’s garden on Deer Isle.



My friend Dorothy, in Sheepscot Village, framed this rendering of her back yard.



This is Lisa's farm in Pittston.



Here's Patti's guest house and barn, down the road from us on Westport Island.



The only interior scene I've ever done is in the Santa Fe adobe home of my friend Phyllis, with whom I stayed during our Andover mini-reunion in March 2007. Here's her case, leaning against the outside of the window in the scene.



Our neighbor Lee and her architect husband Tony added a barn to the back of their Maine Cape. That's a clothes line (in use) on the left and a lovely pink Weigela in the foreground.



Our friends Charlotte and George years ago built a house on the Edgartown Great Pond on Martha's Vineyard. This is their "front yard."



Time for a return to our own backyard...and some more garden enhancement. I love this work, especially the pace of it—it's slower than watercolors, but way faster than gardening.



Tom Stirling



NOISES

The sound was one I had never heard before.

Like a bed sheet being simultaneously snapped, ripped and sucked away. Close overhead. Short. Quick. Sharp. Done.

It didn't immediately occur to me that we were being shot at. I didn't hear the firing noise, or any explosion. Probably a dud round from an RPG or recoilless rifle fired at long range, slicing past us into the dark woods.

Before I had time to think about it, we were enveloped by giant flashbulbs and ground-rending explosions. I jump-crouched, then noticed that I was running, holding on to my helmet. Everyone was running. And cursing, as if widespread profanity might provide some protection.

It didn't.

Robby was yelling. "Incoming! Get into the bunker!" Totally unnecessary

directive. About six of us slide and tumble in awkwardly as if vacuumed together.

We're safe. Or are we? We press against the sandbags, and hope the overhead cover is enough. Our bunker is in the middle of the firebase, next to the commo gear. No firing ports. Just an entrance. Now what? Can't go out now. Incoming stuff whumping all around. Gotta hope the guys on the perimeter are okay. Can't get to them.

Other booms. Outgoing. Our mortars and 105 howitzers. Comforting, but how do they know where to shoot? How do they aim out there in the dark? Do they have counter-battery radar? I hadn't seen any when I flew in that afternoon, but I hadn't really looked. Maybe just pre-planned defensive fire.

Through the booms and whumps, we listened for smaller noises - for the sound of the rifles, grenades and machine guns that would signal a ground assault. Who's out there? How many? What weapons? Will they try to overrun us, or just stay out there pounding us? I'm just a visitor, helicoptered into this infantry brigade HQ in Vietnam's Central Highlands, out by the Cambodian border. Supposed to brief a few officers, spend the night and fly out the next day. Packing just some classified information and a .45 I've only fired on the practice range.

Someone hands me a rifle with two full magazines. Whose is it? Don't know. Too much dust in it. Not cleaned lately. I can barely budge the slide. Too dangerous to use. I'll stick with my .45.

What can we do? Nothing. Not a damn thing. Just sit tight, take it and wait it out.

Lulls, then more firing. One mortar round detonates right on the top step of our bunker. Flash. Noise. Concussion. The blast hits the back wall right beside us. No one's hurt, but we're all shaken and coughing from the kicked-up dust and smoke. Headaches. Ears ringing. It'll be a while before we can hear anything. The smell of cordite stays with us.

More lulls. More shooting. Throughout the night. Still no small arms fire. No ground attack. Occasional fitful sleep. At first light, after a long lull, it seems safe to come out. We creep out, keeping low. The damage is jaw-dropping. Everything not sandbagged is violently rearranged. Trucks are twisted metal. Tents shredded. The commo van I'd been working in took a direct hit. The tent I was to sleep in wasn't there. I found my gear, now ripped and full of shrapnel. Shaving cream can punctured and foam all over. Remarkably, no one was hit.

But then more explosions. They're still out there! Still zeroed in on us! Back into the bunker. Damn, those guys are good.

Finally, another long lull and we come out again. Casualties this time. Some guys got caught in the open.

Another sound now, like a far-away fly. A small, friendly "birddog" observation aircraft, searching the near hills. Does he see them? Could be. A crackling, high-pitched scream from way out beyond the treeline signals help on the way. We squint to see a swept-wing fighter bomber in the early morning light, diving in on a line just outside the wire. The scream becomes a roar as the jet pulls out of its dive, leaving napalm canisters that tumble in the air, hang for a second, then explode on the top of the nearest hill. A huge blast shakes our whole world, marked by twin blossoms of ugly, oily fireballs. They're so close we can feel the heat, or think we can. If Charlie had an FO up there, he won't be spotting much anymore.

We cheer as more screaming jets make more passes dropping more ordnance. Huge metal warbirds, deftly choreographed by the little birddog. We can't see what effect the bomb runs are having on the unseen enemy, but the effect on us is a tonic. For all we know, they just saved our collective ass.

I notice an anger inside me that's new. Different. Urgent. That wants retribution. That wants some death out there. Come on, Air Force! Get some!

Then quiet again. No more firing. Jets gone. Clean up begins. Medevac helicopters start coming in. Someone says that six NVA carrying satchel charges had been killed trying to breach our wire. Don't see the bodies. Maybe just a rumor.

One of ours killed and about fourteen wounded. I never saw the guy who was killed. Never found out who he was. I remember one of the wounded, limping out to a waiting medevac, bent over, with torn pants and a large dressing on his butt, laughing through some pain at the location of his wound. I never heard about the others. Whether they were hit badly. Whether they came through, or didn't make it. Just one of many minor engagements in the war. But not minor for them. Or for me. Later that day, we would go out on different helicopters.

When I got back to the division base camp, I noticed that I was strangely high-spirited. Flippant. Almost joyful. All of my senses seemed to be running at double capacity. Everything I saw seemed more sharply focused. The camp noises were

now reassuring. Generators hummed. Trucks rumbled. Men shouted. All the various camp smells were absurdly delicious. Canvas. Dust. Petroleum products. Even the shit cans.

I wanted to talk to everyone. Even guys I hardly knew. I don't remember what I had to say, but whatever it was it was different. And seemingly endless. Back at our bunkered hooch, the guys in my unit never looked better. Damn, it was good to see them. A cold beer showed up. Maybe several.

In mid-swig I thought of that guy out where I'd just been. The sun hadn't yet set on the day he'd been killed by some of the same munitions that had randomly sought all of us. Who was he? What had he been doing just before he died? Who was the last person he spoke to? What had he done with his suddenly-ended life? What would he have done with the rest of it? Had his tour of duty just started, or was he about to go home? Who were his buddies here? Who were his friends and family, a hemisphere away back in the World, who wouldn't yet know that he was dead? Who would be grieving for him?

Even though I was acutely hungry, I never made it to supper. I remember sitting on my rack for a minute, before heading for the mess tent. The adrenaline must have abruptly run out. That sharp focus quickly blurred. Industrial-strength exhaustion, tightly packed and patiently waiting, decided it couldn't wait any longer. I woke up next morning with my boots still on.

FIXES

The 4th Infantry Division had been operating from its Central Highlands base camp for about 6 months when I joined it in January 1967. Its area of operations (basically three provinces, comprising the vast open plateau around Pleiku city, and the largely uninhabited mountainous forests extending north to Kontum, south to Ban Me Thuot and west to the Cambodian border) sat astride a natural invasion route. If the North Vietnamese Army (NVA) could successfully attack from its safe havens in Cambodia down Route 19 to the coast, they could cut the country in two. In fact, that's essentially what they did 8 years later after the Americans had left.

Other units had operated in the area before us. Fourteen months earlier, the 1st Cavalry Division had come up from An Khe to fight the first large scale battle of the war in the Ia Drang Valley. They were reinforced by the 25th Division's 3rd Brigade, which had flown directly from Hawaii into Pleiku Airfield, and were later

joined by a task force from the 101st Airborne.

The division's job was to search out and destroy the North Vietnamese units in the area and prevent them from assembling for a large scale attack down that invasion route. To do that, we had to "find them, fix them, fight them and finish them", tasks for which accurate and timely intelligence were always needed.

Often the best sources we had were communications intelligence (COMINT) and electronic intelligence (ELINT). The providers were the crews of Army and Air Force aircraft specially fitted with sensitive gear, and the division's assigned Army Security Agency (ASA) detachment. Through various electronic measures, these remarkably skilled men could locate enemy radio transmitters and, through various methods of analysis, both "fix" their position and associate them with particular units. It was no big secret that such sources existed, but the particular methods used and the degree of success achieved was (and still is) highly classified. At any one time, we usually pretty much knew where the opposing regiments, divisions and their control group (the "B-3 Front") were located. Usually, they were in Cambodia, where we were forbidden to go after them. Often, at times of their choosing, they would cross the border into Vietnam to attack.

I was part of a 6-man group from the Special Security Detachment supporting the division. We were co-located with the ASA unit in a limited-access, barbed-wire-enclosed compound in the middle of the division base camp. We were privy to the ASA guys' information, but they were not privy to all of ours since it often carried a higher level of classification. Our job, besides messengering highly classified stuff to the select few officers who were cleared for it, included a general directive to "provide such other intelligence support as may be appropriate within your capabilities", or something like that. I tried to take that directive seriously and do what I could to help out.

The frequent turnovers of units in the 4th Division's AO provided scant opportunity for continuity. As in many areas of Viet Nam, there was little "history" available meaning replacements often had to re-learn what others had already learned but hadn't been able to pass on. Having been a history major in college, I took on the project of assembling a usable history of what had happened in our AO, and how that history might provide some useful clues to future events.

I went through boxes and files of various classified stuff left by various predecessors. Mostly, it was a lot of raw data, together with a few processed reports. Part of my job was to cull out what wasn't useful (which was most of it) so

that we would keep only what we absolutely needed. If we were ever in danger of being overrun, we had orders to destroy it all. A rack of thermite grenades was a constant reminder of that possibility.

I was surprised to find a 10 months-old document reporting the locations then held by the same enemy units that still opposed us. Those positions, I noticed, were much closer to us than their present positions. It occurred to me that those would have been the positions occupied during the past year's rainy season, and that this year's rainy season was just about to start again.

It's hard for one who hasn't been there to imagine how much difference the weather makes in the Central Highlands. In the dry season, it's one big dust bowl, with brooks and rivers pretty much dried up and rapid cross-country movement very possible. By contrast, when the rains come, mud is everywhere and dry creek beds and rivers soon became swollen torrents, all severely restricting any movement. If those same enemy units had taken up positions closer to the attack routes last year, they might well decide to do so again this year.

I went to brief the division G-2 on this report. He thought it was important enough to share with the division commander, who in turn directed me to helicopter it out to the two brigade commanders. The idea was that if we knew ahead of time where they were going, we had a better chance of preparing to attack them either while they were on the move and most vulnerable, or at their new locations before they could fortify them.

I was rather pleased with myself, feeling that I had at last contributed something to the war effort. I gave little thought to the logical next step that the division operations people would take, which would be to select and send certain rifle companies after the enemy forces that would be moving back into the locations I had "found".

The rains started on schedule, and the resulting mud was like nothing I'd ever seen. Strangely, I have no recollection of whether that report provided any useful prediction of enemy movements. I don't recall if those units went back to their old sites, or stayed away from them. It seems logical that I would have been comparing the by-then year-old 1966 fixes with the comparable 1967 fixes, but I can't remember. I don't know if units of the 4th Division reacted to that intelligence.

Maybe I blocked it all out because of the incident that is described next in "Snapshots". I will never know if the troops I saw carried off medevac helicopters

with grievous wounds were reacting to "my" report, and if those wounds were connected with me.

SNAPSHOTS

It had been raining earlier. Random puddles littered the firebase, soon to be replenished by the dark clouds off to the West. The rainy season had come to the Central Highlands.

I don't recall exactly what I was doing. My intelligence officer chores with the brigade staff were done. I might have been reading a paperback novel or writing a letter while waiting for a flight back to the division base camp. Or maybe hanging out in the air operations tent where some guys had fashioned some plywood into a replica of a stateside airlines ticket counter, complete with a big red TWA sign (for "Teeny Weenie Airlines") and garishly festooned with foul witticisms.

I'd been with the 4th Division in the Highlands for several months and had made scores of helicopter flights around its Area of Operations. Helicopter sounds were now so commonplace as to be hardly noticeable. I thought I'd heard all the variations.

But a new sound suddenly registered. Different. Off the scale. I could swear I actually felt it before I heard it. A deep rumble. Urgent. Demanding. I looked for the source, but didn't see it. The approaching noise seemed louder than necessary. The wop-wop tighter, harder. The Huey that soon appeared came in faster than any I had ever seen. The pilot was really driving this bird, foot to the floor. He banked it hard, his rotors almost perpendicular to the ground, then straightened out, flared like a cowboy on a horse and eased down into some open space, engine still roaring. A few men ran toward it, but what I noticed more were those who weren't. They were briskly but unexcitedly getting ready for tasks at hand.

I found myself moving toward the roaring helicopter. I knew instinctively what its cargo was. I felt I had to do something, but I didn't know what.

The memories of what followed didn't return until about 19 years later. Never completely out of mind. Just unfocused, hidden, put away in the attic.

Then one day they unexpectedly came tumbling out.

July 4, 1986, was an exceptionally bright, warm, summer day. I was alone in a cottage in Honolulu, drinking coffee and watching “Today” on NBC. Bryant Gumbel and Jane Pauley were broadcasting from an outside location somewhere looking out on New York harbor, chatting amiably about the rededication of the recently-restored Statue of Liberty. The harbor was full of anchored warships and a parade of tall sailing ships from many nations.

After a station break, they cut to Willard Scott who was standing by at the Marine Barracks in Washington, D.C. The U.S. Marine Corps silent drill team was in formation and set to perform. Splendid young troops in their crisp dress uniforms. Red, white and blue-clad Marines, marching and performing an impossibly precise manual of arms with shining rifles, fairly bursting with pride and professionalism. I watched with rapt approval, marveling at their skill and savoring the surge of patriotic feelings.

America’s finest on parade. Always a moving sight.

But this time I began to notice a counter-surge. An unexpected emotional cross-current. There was something about watching these parading young warriors that was bothering me. Something felt dimly wrong here, as if someone had forgotten the real reason why such young men are put in uniform and given weapons. Not for parades. Uh uh. That’s not it.

My stomach was going tight on me. Maybe it was the coffee.

And some long-stored stuff was starting to stir in my attic.

I went into the bathroom, sat down, closed my eyes, and unexpectedly clicked into a long-impacted, suddenly-vivid memory. I started crying. Not just soft weeping, but spring-loaded, unhinged, free-fall sobbing. I was suddenly back in a far away, un-sunny place. A helicopter was roaring. I was with a different group of young troops, without any bright weapons or colorful uniforms. They wore muddy, tattered, gray-green jungle fatigues. There was nothing precise about them as they came off that helicopter. Some were on stretchers. Several were carried individually. None could walk. Most were barely conscious. All of them had been recently punctured by one or more pieces of high-velocity metal.

They each had tags attached, as if they were on consignment. The tags would have been filled out by the field medics, alerting the triagers to the not-always-obvious

wounds and the doses of morphine already applied. They were pale from loss of blood. Three of them were laid out on stretchers, just above the mud, while the helpers tried to shield them from all the scuzzy little stuff being blown out by the helicopter's prop wash. One had a chaplain for a shielder, giving him last rites.

Instinctively, I had started taking pictures. Just four snapshots, before a shame wave hit me. What was I doing being a recorder instead of some sort of participant? I jammed the camera into a pocket. I was stunned, frozen. I was there, but not there. With them, but unconnected. What could I do? There's gotta be something I can do, I thought. But there really wasn't. The medics and the docs had evidently done this before, and were efficiently doing all that could be done for these men.

I remember going to one of the wounded who was sitting silently against the surgeon's bunker. He'd taken a single round through the leg. Dazed and medicated, he'd been triaged and left to wait while the more seriously wounded were treated. I tried to converse with him, seeking elusive words of comfort and support. Whatever it was, it came out lame and useless. He didn't seem to want any of it. He just slumped there, holding his head in his hand, trying to wish away the pain and be somewhere else. I backed off, and stepped back.

And there the flashback ends. The rest of the memory tape is gone. Erased, broken, zapped. Nothing else follows. I have no knowledge of what happened to those men. The guy who was receiving last rites, did he make it? Or is his name on the Wall? Did I have any direct connection with him? Had he and his company gone out into the danger zone because of the information I had provided the Division G-2?

I must have flown out on another helicopter, but I have no memory of how I left that place. In a way, I never did. It took me years to realize that a part of me will always be out there at that firebase with those guys, still looking for some way to be of help.

W Scott Thompson

“US Politics Will Never Be the Same”

IT was not a moment to forget in the US presidential race. A bad speech by John McCain, a spiteful and ungracious one by Hillary Clinton, and then the Democratic nominee-presumptive strode into the room radiant and luminous, the uncertainty gone from his face, and stirred the crowd as no one has done in a political speech since John F. Kennedy almost a half century ago.

Hillary made it easy for Barack Obama. She said she would make no decision on Wednesday, but there is no decision for her to make, except as to how much she wishes to tarnish her legacy by her attempts to steal the moment from the victorious candidate.

Her list of campaign accomplishments made it clear she still thinks she won -- and was asking Obama his qualifications to be her running mate. At the very least, she thinks she is leveraging the vice-presidency, when she is just aggravating the winner. This was his day, and she did everything she could to hog it. That isn't how you treat the new leader of the party.

The New York Times' intrepid Maureen Dowd caught her in the act. "As he was reaching the magic number of delegates, she was devilishly stealing the spotlight. First, her camp vociferously denied an Associated Press report that she would concede and then, in a conference call with the New York delegation, she gave a green light to supporters to push for her to be on the ticket."

It's now official: she is trying to force him to give her a moving van from her mansion off Embassy Row a few hundred metres to the (smaller) vice-presidential house at the Observatory. She wants a roll-call vote on the first ballot at the convention. She just doesn't know how quickly power shifts in political parties to the winner.

And what a winner! His victory speech showed humility in not even letting his 30,000 supporters in St Paul hear the words "We won" to a five-minute ovation. Instead they got something for all the world. We were caught off guard as his eyes fired up and with an authenticity that cannot be forgotten, welled up with his parting words that "This is our moment, this is our time." It was said with a Shakespearian passion that was contagious, and an integrity for anyone to try to belie.

For one who started working in the civil rights movement 50 years ago as a kid, when schools were still segregated and despite a Supreme Court edict, I for one could hardly believe my eyes. Despite all my shared conviction with you readers that he would win, it was still hard to believe. In 1960 even in Kentucky where I was trying to enroll black

voters, whites would say "there will never be a nigger" in whatever office you wish to name. The White House? They'd have declared you insane.

An educated black woman told me African-Americans wouldn't be able to go to Harvard in her lifetime: "We're not ready for that." But just a generation later one was elected to the highest job at the highest institution of the most powerful university in the universe -- Barack Obama, editor of the Harvard Law Review. And now is the favourite to be president of the United States.

This is a sea change. Sea changes sweep away a lot of what was there before, and the politics of America will never be the same. The change is so great that everyone has to accommodate to the new power. People still clinging to sinking life rafts, like the junior senator from New York, and who are only "praised" (if fulsomely and undeservedly) because of what Filipinos call delicadeza while a safety net is thrown out to her, will soon realise how they have thrown away their credibility.

It could have been a storybook ending. The politics of old blessing the politics of new, a symbolic kissing of his ring, the passing of the torch. Well, Obama has had worse obstacles than waiting for the Clintons to get real and realise they lost and they're history. As another reporter put it, "Bill and Hillary just don't get it. They think they're still in the White House."

He can afford to be magnanimous -- for a few days. But keep watch. As the nominee presumptive, he will start placing the new order of battle. He has many advantages over McCain, not least in the way the Electoral College works, but in the daily growth of his party and diminution of the Republican. Both McCain and Hillary tried to steal the "change" theme he started, but copycats seldom win. Watch how he can now afford to select his priorities for the future, playing an adroit chess game to rearrange America's place in the world.

I think the doubters, including all over Asia, are in for some surprises as they grasp the new American reality. "This is our moment" wasn't a celebration of a day's political reality, it was a statement about a new American relevance for the world.

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