

“There are a great many people, but there are a great many more faces, for every person has several” –Rilke

The faces of the person pictured below evoke verbal descriptions that masquerade as reports of events which actually took place when one of them was “mine.” Were it not for these faces, the verbal descriptions they evoke might never have surfaced. Insofar as descriptions consist of words, however, they are as likely to distort as to embellish the base line narrative of anyone: his or her age, place, daily activities, and so on.

There was no camera in my life during my Ohio Wesleyan University years. So who knows what memories of that period, which I otherwise might have formulated, will always be latent. But, of course, I have memories from that period!

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In the summer of '66 I worked for International Paper in Whippany N.J., and made enough money to buy a 1957 Triumph, TR3. Dad helped me tune up the engine and paint the body white. I called her the albatross. (All my cars had names back then. My 1956 Karman Ghia was the Lively



Lemon, and my 1954 red and white Oldsmobile Convertible was Red Rider.) I



have a vivid memory of driving in the albatross with the top down on a crisp October morning to my 9 o'clock Psychological Systems class taught by Dr. Harry Bahrick. Harry was a researcher, an experimentalist, an expert on long-term memory, and on ways of studying it. He kindled in me a lifelong interest in the history of ideas, and impressed on me the importance of taking a critical analytical stance toward whatever you study.



The next period of my life captured by the magic of the photographic image was when I was a graduate student in philosophy at Ohio State (1970-76). Notably: I got married in August of 1970 to Dottie. I'm still in contact with her from time to time. But the marriage lasted less than 5 years. That's my dad and mom on the left, my father and mother-in-law, John and Marge, Dottie my wife, some guy claiming to be me, and check this out! All the way over to the right is my grandfather Mell. He



came from Rotterdam with his family (including my mom) sometime in the late teens or early 1920s. He was a sailor, a merchant marine, and had an anchor tattooed on his left hand.

After the divorce Dottie took up residence on 30 acres of land on the north shore of Nova Scotia. I'd purchased it in the summer of 1971, thinking that it would be a good place to escape to when ... when ... who knows what I was thinking. I was probably smoking too much weed. Anyway, I soon discovered the truth of the adage, "You can take the boy out of the city, but you can't take the city out of the boy." Life in the north woods was NOT for me, but Dottie took to it like a loon takes to water! Here's a picture of "Maple Leaf Mamma" and the shack that she lived in for the first several years she was there. Eventually, she and her husband, Lee, built the house pictured below for her. She was one of the most creative and practical minded artists I've ever known. That's a picture of her from three summers ago when we visited the Bay of Fundy together.

