

Robert and Damon accepted this proposal and so our Foundation became involved in Cancer research. Fortunately Dr Michael McGuire of UCLA was one of our trustees so we had a well-informed medical adviser as a counsel. I also asked my friend Dr John Miller to advise us. John is the Director of the Institute of Computational Biology at Montana State University and very well connected with the medical fraternity of the United States as well as being a member of the US President's Medical Advisory Board.

(Jumping ahead to 2005) Things are starting to happen and after years of being ignored the results of the experiments are being *listened to by ears that hear*, because Carlos and Ana Soto have proved their theory to be correct and have taken the first steps towards finding the answer that will end the misery of so many. These are still early days, but a tiny *voice in the wilderness* is turning into a *shout in the city* with an article in such as the *American Journal of Pathology*.

(Returning to 2001) When the first six-month period of the experiment had been completed, Damon, Michael and John agreed to meet me in Boston for a presentation by Carlos and his associate, Ana, to hear how the experiments were going. This meeting was planned for September 11th 2001.

The horrific event that happened on that day caused me to be stuck in Boston for a week. Over the following days I wrote of *how the world was changed in a flash by the most horrendous terrorist act ever committed*. I wrote it as a day-by-day account of my trip to New York and Boston, in an attempt to show how normality had been replaced by chaos giving birth to a *New Global Era*.

Cape Cod, September 12th 2001

September 6th 2001 was a perfect autumn morning. Margie took me into Castle Cary to catch the train to London's Gatwick Airport and my flight to Boston via New York City.

My travel agent had found a really cheap return ticket for me if I was prepared to spend two nights in New York before flying up to Boston. I would then be able to fly straight home from Boston to London. It sounded too good an opportunity to pass up, because I love visiting the NY museums. I had promised to let my young Australian cousin, Charlie, know when I was next in the city, as well as a Durham University friend of son Peter who was about to be married. Alexandra had stayed with us over Christmas when she was a student and we had kept in touch with her for 18 years while she had built a career as a very successful movie-film crew organiser.

Also my dates in New York would coincide with my London-based niece Georgina being there on her *Glass Art* business, so when I boarded the plane I was looking forward to my two days in the Big Apple. The Virgin Airlines flight over could not have been better. The seat next to me was empty, the food and wine were excellent, I had a wonderful sleep and my Business Class seat cost less than an Economy ticket direct to Boston and back! I could not have been happier.

We landed on time and 20 minutes later I was sharing a taxi from the airport. When the New York City skyline came into view I thought to myself that it is a spectacle that can't be equalled in the world. My companion had travelled over on the same flight and we both marvelled at the efficient luggage handling and speed that we had passed through Customs. I arrived at Charlie's address on the west side of Central Park and paid off the cab.



World Trade Centre, 9/10

The porter gave me the key and I went up to the 10th floor of the 20-storey apartment building to find that Charlie had the perfect bachelor's pad: a long white sitting room with one glass wall that opened onto a balcony out to a magnificent view between skyscrapers of water and moored cruise ships waiting for holiday makers; one large bedroom, plus a little kitchen and bathroom made up the rest of the apartment.

I took a shower and pulled out the sofa bed, as although only four in the afternoon in New York it was nine in the evening at home and I needed a snooze if I was going to last another six hours! Before lying down I helped myself to a beer and rang my niece Georgina. She suggested that after I rested we meet and go out to dinner together, which suited perfectly as Charlie wasn't due to arrive until the following day.

The beer didn't help send me to sleep. In fact I felt so pepped up I decided to walk slowly over to Georgina across Central Park. It was a beautiful sunny late afternoon by then and the walk would get the knots out of my body from sitting all day in the aeroplane. What a breathtaking park it is! I was once here with Margie in the spring when the magnolias and daffodiles were in bloom. We both agreed it was one of the most beautiful parks in the world, the perfect place to picnic on hot dogs and listen to jazz on a sunny Sunday.

Twenty years ago Central Park had been a rather dangerous place and decidedly shabby. Not so now! It is well kept and full of happy people. The Saturday crowds were out in force enjoying a fabulous afternoon of sunshine. As it was over 80 degrees most of the roller skaters and bicycle riders were stripped down to the bare essentials. There were little groups of musicians playing away to themselves, but at the same time giving fantastic entertainment to those of us who were out for a stroll.

There was a disco arena for roller-bladers where couples were waltzing around like ice-skaters. Music and laughter filled the air as dappled sunlight filtered through the giant trees. I have never seen a happier crowd of people enjoying themselves more.



Spring in Central Park

What a beautiful world we live in and how lucky we all are!

I arrived early at my rendezvous with Georgina so walked up Fifth Avenue and down Madison to absorb the feeling of an area that I knew from the days when my brother Pat and his wife Ann had kindly lent us their

apartment next door to the Frick and only a few blocks from the Metropolitan, our most favourite museums in the world.

When my smiling vivacious niece arrived at our meeting place we went for a meal and a glass of cold white wine in a restaurant full of relaxed and contented New Yorkers enjoying their Saturday evening relaxing after a busy week of hard work. What a happy, chatty time!



Matisse's Gold Fish Bowl

In the morning I decided to visit the Museum of Modern Art and see *Gold Fish with Reclining Nude*, my favourite Matisse painting. I knew this painting extremely well as I had copied it many years before and still have the result hanging in my study. There is nothing like copying a painting to make you understand what is going on below the surface, and no more pleasurable pastime. I took a cab down to the MoMA and found a queue nearly reaching

around the block. Ouch! The shop could be visited without standing in the queue so I was able to browse through the postcards, but found none of my favourite Matisse painting!

On asking at the counter they told me that it was not on show due to lack of space and that it would not be shown until the New Modern opened across the river in two or three years' time! I jokingly told the man that I doubted if I would be alive by then as one never knew what each day would bring and, as an overseas visitor, was there no way I could get into the cellars?

This ploy has worked twice for Margie and myself and got us into closed museums, once in Athens and another time in Los Angeles, but not so in NY! As it seemed like a dead end I decided the best thing to do was walk up through Central Park to the Guggenheim Museum where I had arranged to meet Georgina.

I reached the park and started my walk north under the canopy of green leaves. There were even more people enjoying themselves this morning than on Saturday afternoon.



Children climbing on Alice's mushroom

I passed the sculpture of Hans Christian Anderson and the *Ugly Duckling* and over to the brilliant sculpture of *Alice in Wonderland* where children were climbing all over the giant bronze mushrooms having fun. What a joy to watch!

Now and then I would come across groups of jazz musicians surrounded by people lying on the lawns eating their picnics. I stopped and listened to a

black Blues singer who was as good as Nat King Cole. What a morning, what a place and what an atmosphere!

Model makers were sailing their beautiful toy yachts on the enormous pond. As there wasn't even a whisper of breeze the scene was enhanced by the reflections of the sails on the water, which brought to mind the tale of the *Flying Dutchman*, stuck in the Doldrums. It also reminded me of when Margie and I had pushed our first grandchild, Charlotte, around the Tuileries Garden in Paris and witnessed the same scene. Happy days!



Tuileries Garden, Paris

I passed the Metropolitan Museum and was tempted to go in but decided to stay out in the sunshine on such an incredibly beautiful day. I arrived at the Guggenheim and being early sat on the wall to wait for Georgina. The lines of the museum building worry me so I turned my back on it and started to *people watch*. The pavements of 5th Avenue were full of happy smiling window-shoppers sightseeing, or just lapping up the sunshine. Some were probably on their way to the World Trade Centre, because with such a sparkling blue sky the view from the top would have been breathtaking.

Couples holding hands strolled by and no one seemed to be in a hurry to go anywhere or do anything. Everyone was just enjoying the peace and quiet of the sunny day. The world was at peace.

My thoughts were a million miles away so when Georgina tapped me on the shoulder I jumped. She wanted to go to the Design Museum that is situated in Carnegie's old home and see the Glass Exhibition. We wandered around the glass display and saw some marvellous pieces before going upstairs to see an exhibition of European Scenic Wallpaper which reminded me of our favourite hotel, Clos de Sadex, as their dining room was papered with alpine scenes of peasants trekking along idyllic mountain paths, like when the family walked from Geneva to Nice.

By now it was lunchtime and as we were both hungry we decided to go to the museum café. Georgina took one look and said, "No Way! We shall go to the Carlyle Hotel for brunch." We taxied down to the hotel for a very happy meal in the most peaceful surroundings you could imagine.

Jet lag was catching up with me so I headed back to Charlie's apartment. Georgina wanted to go jogging in the park so we hugged and went our own ways. Charlie had thought that he would get back to town around six in the evening and had booked a table for our dinner with Alexandra at eight. This meant that I could have a good two-hour nap and did! However, before sleeping and as it was right there around the corner I just had to do my obligatory pilgrimage to the Frick Museum. It would be unthinkable to be in New York and miss visiting that haven of peace. I walked down Park Avenue and entered a building as close to Paradise as you can get.

The art in the museum is a catalogue of Man's highest achievement. The paintings and sculptures are a lesson in artistry as no where else in the world. I ambled around looking at the superb paintings, feeling the power that emanates from it and thinking about the artists who executed these sublime images and the struggle they would all have had to keep bread on the table for their families. Leo Tolstoy defined Art as, *the highest manifestation of power in man*, and yet artists are discarded by society like old clothes. Maybe Hippocrates should have said, *Art is long, Artists' lives are short*, instead of *Art is long, life is brief*. From Frans Hals to Rembrandt many died in poverty! The extraordinary thing is that artists never seem to complain. Why? Perhaps it is because they know they have been among the most fortunate of beings, and would have it no other way, and accept poverty and neglect as the price of the gift of creativity.

The Frick Museum collection includes Hans Holbein the Younger's 1532 portrait of my ancestor Sir Thomas More, author of the great book *Utopia*. I have a postcard copy from the Frick of the painting on my study wall, so he is constantly in view. The poor man's head was struck off in 1535 by the tyrant Henry VIII when he ruled England as a totalitarian state. It amazes me to think that when this happened Agecroft had already been built and I sleep in a house that existed when the *Man for All Seasons* lived!



Sir Thomas More, 1532

Then there is the Conservatory with its dripping fountain and spitting frogs, one at each end of the pool. This room is the essence of tranquillity. It is the only place in the world that comes close to matching our goldfish pond at Agecroft! Before leaving the museum I sat on one of the marble seats beside

the pool and felt as though I had slipped into a deep still void as when one is meditating. Down and down into Epicurus's world of *Peace and Tranquility*.



Conservatory at the Frick Museum

I thought of how lucky I had been in love and work. My parents, my wife, her parents, our three healthy boys and their own happiness with their wives, our seven healthy grandchildren, my friends Damon and Robert and many others, and my great fortune in being an artist and how none of us had been touched by the horrors of war. *Peace and Tranquillity*. It is at such moments that one gives thanks to the Fates and their gift of good fortune. I felt totally content and at peace with the world.



Ingres, 1780–1867

I woke to hear the key turning in the lock and on opening my eyes saw all six foot six inches of Charlie coming through the door. Charlie is built like a runner bean and has one of the nicest smiling faces you could ever wish to see. Big welcomes followed by his, "Let's have a cold beer on the balcony." We sat outside watching the sun go down in a canyon between two skyscrapers. It was a truly beautiful sight.

The last time we had met was about two years before when he stayed with us for the weekend. We had a lot of catching up to do and I wanted to hear all about how he was finding life in New York after Melbourne and London. The answer was, "Magnificent!" He loved his job with the law firm Freshfields, and his bachelor apartment. He had many single friends of similar age and a mixed twelve-strong group of them rented a house in the Hamptons where they spent the weekends. He loved New York and everything about it. I told him about the city that I had known 30 years ago when it was unwise to walk after dark on Fifth Avenue, let alone in the Bronx, and asked him about the present crime rate. He told me that New York had fallen to number 167th on the list of *Most Dangerous Places* to live in the USA.

It was seven o'clock and we were due to meet Alexandra 'Down Town' in the old 'meat packers' area at the restaurant called Pastis. Thirty years ago one would not have dared to go to such an area without an armed guard! It is amazing how the city has changed for the good. We took a cab and walked into a setting that could have been in Paris.

Alexandra bounced in and we were shown to the table Charlie had booked on the sidewalk for our dinner. Her fiancé was not due to join us for a couple of hours as he was away in the Boondocks putting the roof on a summer home they were building for themselves beside a lake in the mountains. The house could best be reached by boat and they had designed and built the whole place with their own hands and *Guest Labour*, which means you ask your friends for the weekend and make them work!

So began a very happy evening of reminiscing of her days with Peter at Durham University. The best story was about Peter and a group of geologists going to Nepal to study a village on Lake Ra Ra in the 'back of beyond' in the Himalayas. When the group got there they found that the government had evacuated the inhabitants they had come to study to a village in the lowlands, and turned the area into a national park. *So much for caring politicians!* Alexandra had decided to visit the group although her studies had no connection with anthropology. She knew where they were, somehow hired a guide and set off into the Himalayas to find them. Anything crazier is hard to imagine!

As Alexandra was *walking in* with her guide, Peter was *walking out* in advance to make arrangements for the bus journey back out of the mountains for his friends. Imagine yourself as an eagle looking down from several thousand feet on a thin track snaking through the mountain valleys and seeing Alexandra with her guide walking one way and Peter the other!

Alexandra tells that she had seen a lone figure coming towards her and sensed that it was Peter. He in turn tells the story that Alexandra's first words were, "Keep him talking, I'm busting for a pee!" On returning from behind a rock the poor girl told him that the man had not left her side all day and that she had been too frightened to drop her pants in all that time! She then told Peter that she was 'damned' if she had come all that way not to at least see Lake Ra Ra, so they kissed and each continued on their way.

As we were finishing our meal Alexandra's fiancé arrived. He had got the roof on their cottage and everything had gone according to plan. We ordered him some food, which he wolfed down, while we drank our coffee. Charlie hailed a cab and we headed for his apartment, dropping the engaged couple off on the way. As I stepped out of the cab the sole of my shoe fell off! I know I have had this particular pair for a long time but it really upset me as they were very comfortable! Charlie decided that we should have one last beer to cheer me up, although he had to be up at six o'clock to go to work.

Good to his word Charlie was off to the office at seven. After saying goodbye and thanking him for having me to stay and for organising our dinner I turned over and promptly went back to sleep. I woke an hour later and while waiting for my toast to pop up rang Betty Rauch whom I first met 25 years before when I was passing through New York. At that time she was the director of a gallery and my brother Pat thought that as I was trying to become a sculptor, I should meet someone who knew about selling art.

He had met Betty because her husband Michael was a lawyer he had been involved with over some mining business in Australia and had become friends during the negotiations. Betty had been very kind to me then and shown me around her gallery and had looked at what I was doing and made all the right encouraging sounds and because of this I have always called her when passing through the city.

On one of these occasions Betty and Michael had joined Margie and me for dinner and when they asked me if I was doing anything new, I showed them tiny photographs of my first Symbolic Sculptures. When I think back on events like that it amazes me just how much water has flowed under the bridge over the past 30 years!

Betty answered the telephone and from a background sound of slurping water I guessed she was floating in the bath! We talked for quite a while, in fact probably for too long, as she suddenly realised she was going to be late for her appointment. We covered every topic under the sun, her actor son, married daughter, husband being made senior partner of the law firm, Internet companies, as well as sculpture. The Internet bit covered the Bradshaw Foundation and later that day she found time to look at the site and sent me a very complimentary email saying that she was putting it on her list of Favourites! We also talked about New York, the improvements during our lifetimes, Central Park, and what a wonderful city it was to live in.

After she hung up I ate my toast and then walked to the Natural History Museum, which was just around the corner from Charlie's apartment. The museum is one of the finest of its kind in the world. I had managed to get a superb photograph for our Migration page on the Bradshaw website the year before and hoped that I could get another for the Neolithic one I was planning. I wandered around being distracted by exhibit after fascinating exhibit, including a 60-foot long boat cut from a single giant log by the native Indians in British Colombia. I also touched a huge meteor brought back by Admiral Perry from Magnetic Island north of Baffin Island, that the Eskimos had used as a source of iron! Suddenly it was time to return to the apartment, pack, and meet the car that Charlie had arranged to take me to the airport for my flight up to Boston for our meeting the following day at the Medical School to hear the presentation on the Cancer project.

The car was on time and, after a very quick trip out to the airport, I booked in and strolled through Security with my carry-on luggage. I had an

International Business ticket so thought I was allowed to use the President's lounge, which turned out to be incorrect, but the kind stewardess said that it was all right as the lounge was empty. Soon my flight was called and half an hour later I was in the air on the forty-minute flight up to Boston.

John Miller and Michael McGuire were both arriving around the same time as me so we had agreed to meet at the *Cheers Pub* in Terminal A. I walked out of the Gate and immediately saw John sitting outside the bar and Michael arrived before we had time to finish our beers! We found the Limo that Carlos had arranged to take us to the hotel and after booking in, I took a shower while the others used their cellphones to call home. Carlos arrived as we were sipping our Dry Martinis and I introduced him to Michael and John.

We drove to a restaurant where Carlos's associate Ana was waiting and we had a happy relaxed dinner over a couple of bottles of superb wine. The three of us were tired as John had come from Montana and Michael from Texas and although their trips had been easy, smooth and free of delays, both were long flights. I went to bed wondering what Carlos had to tell us next day as none of us had mentioned the experiment over dinner, keeping the conversation general. Would we hear of Success or Failure? I confess I was excited as I had a gut feeling that it was not only going to be good, but very good. I am sure I had a smile on my face as I dropped off to sleep.

I woke up at six o'clock on 9/11 feeling refreshed and, as we were not meeting until eight for breakfast, took myself off for a fast walk around the Boston Common which was only a couple of blocks from the hotel. Before leaving the room I rang Margie to tell her that all was well and it was a beautiful day in America. It really was a glorious morning with not a cloud in the sky, so obviously would turn into a very hot day. It felt good to be alive. The Common is not over large but as it is crisscrossed with many paths it is easy to just keep going. I was back in the hotel an hour later and needed a shower as my shirt was dripping wet.

When I came downstairs my friends were already in the hotel café. The smell of fried eggs and crispy bacon was irresistible! We finished breakfast and agreed to meet in the lobby in ten minutes to check out as we were all due to go straight to the airport after the Cancer presentation. I was to fly to London, John to Montana, Michael to Baltimore, and Damon (due to fly in that morning from New York) was heading for Chicago.

I returned from my room and saw John sitting in the lobby. I started to walk towards him when suddenly he leapt to his feet and pointed at the TV set over the bar. I heard him gasp, "A plane has just flown into the Trade Centre."

I swung round and looked across at the TV and couldn't believe my eyes as there on the screen I saw smoke billowing out of one of the towers and heard the announcer say, "At eight forty-five a commercial airliner hit one of the World Trade Centre Buildings," and then on the screen we saw another airliner flying towards the second tower.

Unbelievably, as we watched, we saw a great orange blast erupt from the side of the building as the second airliner ploughed into it.

Now both towers looked like giant chimney stacks pumping out vast plumes of black smoke. It was totally surreal and it was happening live in front of us all. I felt completely paralysed. All around me I heard repeated cries of, "Oh my God!" as we watched the screen in utter disbelief.

The most heinous terrorist attack that the world has seen had happened in front of our eyes.



9/11

Our well-laid plans of a moment ago had been literally blasted to smithereens! My mind went back to the morning that I heard that Jack Kennedy had been assassinated, and then to the cowardly Japanese attack on Pearl Harbour on December 7th 1941, killing 3,500 sailors and soldiers in an hour. In my mind what I had just witnessed was a mixture of the two horrible tragedies.

The announcer had said that all airports had been closed right across the country. I returned to the desk and booked the three of us back into our rooms as obviously none of us was going anywhere that day. We left the hotel and crossed the street to the university feeling numb. On the way I heard a man yell, "The tower has collapsed. The tower has collapsed."

On the way back to the hotel we heard about the two other hijackings. One plane had crashed in Pennsylvania killing all the passengers, but not before they had courageously fought with the hijackers causing them to lose control and crash prematurely in a field rather than the White House. The fourth plane crashed into the side of the Pentagon.

Looking at the devastation and thinking of the carnage, I could not help but think of the blitzing of London in the Second German War that killed 50,000 civilians in 1940. The bombing attacks on London and Coventry had

left large areas of both cities as burnt-out shells. The Allied Forces had retaliated by bombing Berlin, Dresden, and then Japan to end the war begun by the Fascists that were trying to destroy Democracy. Now, for the first time, the mainland of the United States of America had been bombed!

We had witnessed an unprecedented act of terrorism executed by despicable people. On 9/11 the Terrorist declared war against the Free World. America now faced a similar situation as exists in Northern Ireland, Israel and Palestine. The peace we have all enjoyed for the last 60 years has come to an end. Retaliation will fuel hatred and nothing will ever be the same again, as Democracy has no other choice but to survive. We have fought evil before and won and we shall do so again. Good always conquers over evil in the end, but unfortunately the price is always astronomically high in lives.

At the meeting we had heard fantastic news from Carlos and Ana of the positive results from the pilot experiments of the Cancer Research Project. Their report indicated that they were making a breakthrough in the struggle against understanding cancer. How ironical, that on the very day that we first heard that the beginning of the understanding of how cancer cells occur, which will lead eventually to its being curable, or even preventable, we should witness this unprecedented expansion of the *Cancer of Terrorism*.

We returned to the hotel and started to rearrange our lives over the telephone while watching the news unfold on the TV. It was utterly heartbreaking to see the scale of the human tragedy. So many lives shattered. Young men and women, mothers, fathers and children, with everything to live for, all wasted by a tiny group of suicidal Islamic fanatics. There was no logic in their cowardly actions and senseless destruction.

John Miller rang me from his room and asked if I would walk with him. I immediately agreed as I also needed to escape into the sunlight from the black horror on the screen. We walked up to the Common and started to crisscross the same paths that I had walked that very morning feeling at peace with the world while making plans for the future. How things had changed!

The sun was still shining and there was not a cloud in the sky. The trees looked exactly the same and the grass was the same colour of fresh green. It was hard to believe that as I was walking these same paths before breakfast the terrorists had been boarding planes at the city's airport! The only difference about the Common now were the people as everyone's life had been changed in some way for ever. Between my two visits to the park the whole population of the world had been touched by a black madness. There was not one single person on the planet who would not feel the knock-on repercussions of this heinous act. The ramifications are unbelievably vast.

To attack Poland and Pearl Harbour must count as the most stupid acts of aggression ever committed as it signed the death warrant of Germany and Japan. The bombing of the Twin Towers was bound to have the same reaction and set fire to the Middle East.

John and I avoided talking about the tragedy and concentrated on the Cancer experiment, its success and possible future. He was excited as Michael and I had been about what we had heard at the meeting. I had only understood the essence and not the science, but they had followed the details of the experiment and were deeply impressed.

We also talked about how John was going to get home! As soon as we heard that all the airports were closed he reserved a hire car for the 12th so he would be able to drive, although it would take three days to get to Montana. Michael also booked a car and was going to drive to Baltimore. Virgin Airlines had told me that I would be able to fly out on the 13th so I decided to wait in Boston. We walked back to the hotel feeling better and saner from an energetic hour-long walk. We made a plan to meet in the lobby after a shower and then try and find somewhere to have dinner as the hotel had no restaurant.

Damon had rung from the New York airport to tell me that he had been waiting to take off when the first airliner hit and had seen the smoke pouring from the Twin Towers. There was no way he was going to get to Boston.

When I arrived downstairs to join my friends imagine my surprise to find Damon sitting with them. I couldn't believe my eyes! He then told me that he and several other passengers, all heading for Boston, had decided to hire a limousine. The drive had taken four hours but here he was, hoping to fly to Chicago as planned the next day.

We walked out into the deserted streets to look for a restaurant. We eventually found one open and the seven of us sat down to a well-earned drink. The head waiter suggested the best thing to do was follow the restaurant's set menu as they were very busy, so for quickness and ease I ordered for everyone. Luckily nobody objected and we soon had several plates of delicious food in front of us and a couple of bottles of red wine.

The meal and drink did us all good and gradually a certain amount of normality crept back into our surface behaviour. The dinner conversation was a therapy for us all after the day's horrors. We went home early and agreed to meet in the morning and talk over breakfast.

John rang at eight o'clock to tell me that Michael had already left and he had definitely decided to drive to Montana. We walked round to the car pool together and said *goodbye*. I wished him a safe journey and thanked him for coming and giving his support to our project.

Back at the hotel I rang the airlines to confirm my flight for the 13th and was told that it was now going to be the 19th before I could leave Boston! I rang Damon who told me he hoped to get to Chicago the next day as possibly the Domestic flights would start up before the International ones and suggested I came to his hotel for lunch.

The driver of my cab had the radio on and was listening to a 'newsflash' about the hijacking. When it ended he asked me for the meaning of the word *hijack*, and it took quite a bit of explaining before I managed to make him understand. I was staggered that someone who could get a licence to drive a taxi in the USA was so ignorant of the English language!

Damon gave me a delicious hamburger lunch and then we went for a long walk along the Boston's Charles River talking about what had happened and what would happen from now on.

He suggested that we have dinner that night with a cousin who had invited him to dine at their Country Club. I must say the dinner was excellent and the wine chosen quite superb, but I found the conversation hard, as my thoughts were still in New York. It was all a bit bizarre as everyone was trying to behave as though nothing had happened, but it had!

The morning of the 13th arrived and I turned on the TV. The first thing the newsreader told me was that Boston Airport had not reopened. Damon rang and said that he was going to drive down to New York as he felt he had a better chance of leaving from JFK than getting a plane out of Boston.

Carlos arrived at the hotel and I told him that I was stuck until the 19th and had decided to escape from the city. On a tourist map I had seen that there was a ferry to Provincetown on Cape Cod and asked him if he had been there. He highly recommended the place saying it was a typical early settlers' town with white weatherboard houses and was a popular artist colony.

I immediately took a cab to Commonwealth Pier and booked myself on the ferry that was due to leave in an hour. I sat in the sun and rang Margie while I waited to tell her what I was going to do. The trip over the bay only took ninety minutes and during the crossing I ate my first *hot dog* of the trip washed down with a beer.

The catamaran ferry sped across the sea and arrived at the quaintest white-cottage fishing port you have ever seen. The lady behind the bar on the ferry had given me a tourist booklet about Provincetown's history that told me all about what to do, and see, and where to stay.

I walked down the jetty and hailed a cruising cab, climbed in and asked the lady driver to take me to the West End of the town, just because it sounded so Londonish. I gave her the names of a couple of B&Bs from the booklet, but asked if she knew of any places that she could recommend. Chloe said that she would drive me to the ones I had mentioned but also show me one that she had heard good things about.

My choices were not on the sea front so we crossed them off the list. Chloe's recommendation was called the Masthead and was made up of a collection of cottages along the beach. It looked fantastic from the outside so I went in to see if they had a room available while she kindly waited.

I asked Bob the receptionist if he could put me up until the 19th in a quiet room with a view out over the bay. After examining his chart he said he could if I didn't mind being shifted around every two days. He showed me the rooms which were all perfect. Each had its own character, each looked out to sea and they all had bathrooms. What more could one ask for?

I thanked Chloe for suggesting the Masthead and asked her to come and collect me on the morning of the 19th in time to catch the ferry. Bob by then had sorted out the paperwork so I asked him if the hotel took in laundry, as my shirt supply was definitely under a strain. He replied that he was afraid they didn't, but then added that he would be delighted to do it for me. "You're having a hard time and I would like to help." This is what America is all about! The people really are by far the most polite, friendly and generous I have ever come across anywhere in the world.

My first room had two adjoining windows in the corner overlooking the bay and beach. I set up a small table, booted up the laptop, and looking out over this incredible view I began to write down the story of the last few days while it was still fresh in my mind.

I felt a strong need to record this turning point in the history of the world. *The cards are on the table*. We have to fight for the survival of Democracy or the world will fall back into another Dark Age and remember, the previous one lasted for eight centuries! I honestly believe that I am not overstating the case. Everyone should be prepared to tighten their belts, we are at war.

Come six o'clock I needed to stretch my legs, so set off to explore and find the eating places Bob had recommended. I walked along the beach and found to my horror that it was covered with broken glass! Having once had to have five stitches in my foot to close a cut caused by a fragment of glass from a broken bottle on a beach, seeing this example of how some people treat our precious environment upset me terribly.

My walk ended up in the bar of the Lobster Pot that served hot oysters on their shells with pesto followed by clam chowder! I watched the TV and felt my heart break for the American people. The numbness had gone, but was replaced by a feeling of desolation and grieving for mankind.

A sleeping pill cheated a disturbed night and on waking I felt completely refreshed. At the end of a long walk I collected a bottle of fruit juice and a large mug of coffee from a breakfast shop and returned to my bedroom to work at my laptop in front of the windows looking out over Provincetown Bay and the beach below me where the Pilgrims had landed in 1620. *This is the Birthplace of the United States of America!* I wonder what America will be like on its 400th birthday in 2020? For certain, it will never be the same again after 9/11.

By sheer coincidence I was reading *The Great Siege of Malta* on the flight over to New York from London. It is the story of the Ottoman Sultan Soleyman's attack in 1564 on the Crusader Knights of Saint John and the incredible defence by the Grand Master La Valette of Grand Harbour. Amazingly only 56 years separated this battle and the landing of the Pilgrim Fathers in 1620!

The Great Siege was in fact the second battle between Christianity and Islam, the first having been won by Charlemagne grandfather Peppin in 759 when he defeated the Arab at Narbonne when they invaded France, a feat that eventually led to their removal from Spain and dispatch back to Africa. If the Ottoman army had defeated La Valette in 1564 it would have gone on to conquer first Sicily and then Italy, as Malta, once captured, was the perfect base for an invasion. If they had won, which they were convinced they would do, the subsequent history of Europe would have been totally different.

Right from the days when the Knights of Saint John established their headquarters on the island of Rhodes, off the coast of Turkey, after being driven from Palestine, the only income they had was derived from piracy. The Knights possessed a fleet of oared galleys that plundered the Ottoman trading vessels the length and breadth of the Mediterranean. The oarsmen who rowed these galleys were Moslem slaves who the Knights captured when they took the Ottoman trading vessels. Six to nine slaves were chained to each oar and flogged until they dropped dead! The largest galleys had 1,000 slaves chained to the oars who would be forced to row for 12 hours at a stretch while they were fed bread dipped in vinegar to keep them from fainting. Not surprisingly Soleyman took this as an insult to Islam and vowed to drive the infidel Knights from the Mediterranean. Of course the fact that his Moslem galleys were manned by Christian slaves wasn't taken into account. The Great Siege of Malta was a Jihad, a Holy War. The distrust between Arab and European that exists today was born at the time of the European Crusades when the Knights' captured Jerusalem and evicted the Arabs for several years. The betrayal of the Arab cause by the English and French after the First German War and the defeat of the Ottomans, has helped keep the distrust alive until present times. Looking out on the birthplace of the United States of America, I couldn't help but think that on 9/11 in New York City a new world era had begun. The

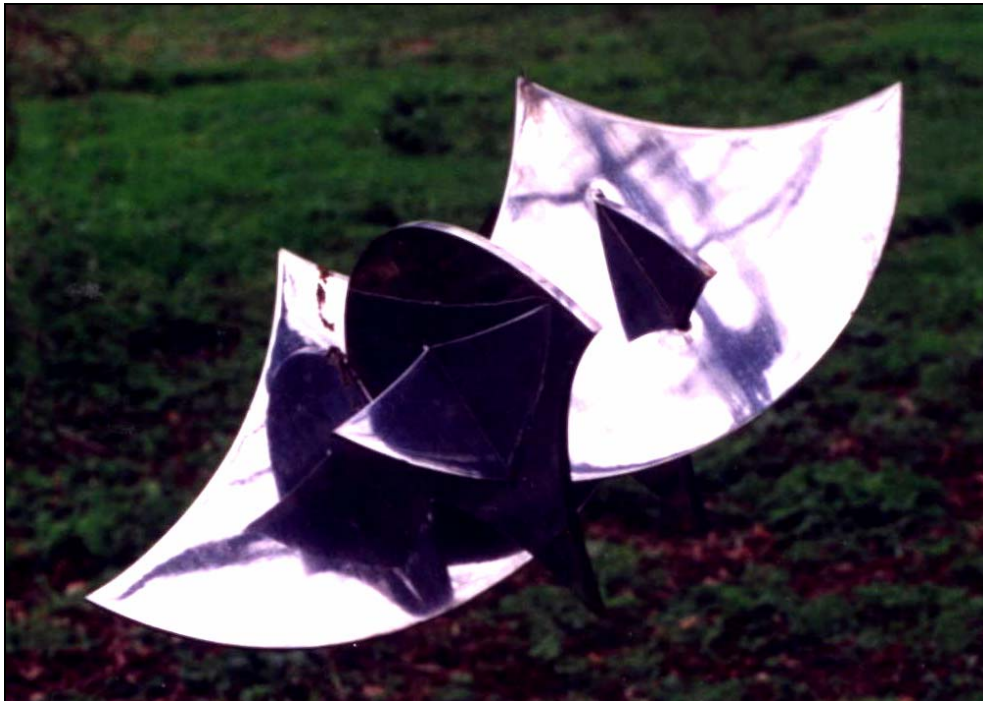
interests of the Islamic fundamentalists and the democratic West are polarised to the extreme, poised at opposite ends of a political spectrum, in a similar way to Soleyman and La Valette. Many Moslems see bin Laden as a religious leader, a new Islamic hero, who will defeat the hated West.

Carl Jung said that it was inevitable that the German people's nature would create a tyrant like Adolf Hitler, who would then convert virtually the entire country's population into Fascists! The West may have the ability to rid the world of tyrants and eliminate people like Hitler and Saddam, but I am sure that it will be impossible to convert the Islamic peoples of the Middle East to accept democratic tolerance for all races and creeds for a long time to come.

The Arab's nature is based on a primitive tribal structure affiliated to totalitarian dictatorship supported by a strong belief in a supernatural faith. The people are indoctrinated by this *ideology* from birth in the same way as the Americans are to their own *National Pledge* or the British to their *Parliament*. (Grandchildren: The definition of the word 'ideology' is: the body of ideas that reflects the beliefs, political system and interests of a nation.)

Many years ago I created a paper sculpture from an Arabic tile used at Granada that fills a flat surface in the same way that a square bathroom tile does, the difference being that it has curved sides. When I collected the steel sculpture from the foundry I realised it depicted *Conflict* as each tile was shaped like an executioner's axe! The four axes met with such violence I imagined I could hear the sound of clashing steel! As I hate all forms of violence the sculpture was hidden under the stairs.

However, as Carl Jung said, *Life is a battleground, it always has been, and always will be; and if it was not so, existence would come to an end.*



Conflict

The Arab world of the Levant has been torn apart by bloody conflict ever since the Fertile Crescent gave birth to agriculture and urban civilisation. It was here in 1299 BC that Ramesses II fought the Hittites in the famous

battle of Kadesh. In a relief carving on the wall of the Karnak Temple Ramesses II shows himself as the victor, but in fact both sides were decimated and had to withdraw, and then forced to sign the first recorded Peace Treaty in history. Of course the Hittites also claimed Victory!

I worked all day in my hotel room. Luckily they had given me a complimentary bottle of beer and a couple of packets of crisps so lunch was taken care of, but by three o'clock a good walk was needed. I had seen that the Whale-Watch boat would leave at five o'clock so I walked down to the jetty in the hope of going out to sea. On enquiring at the ticket booth the lady told me that all sailings had been cancelled because of heavy seas, but that the forecast for tomorrow was better and she suggested trying the 'noon' voyage.

My walk took me past an Italian restaurant called 'Sal's Place'. Feeling tired for the first time on the Cape I decided to have an early dinner and read my fascinating book about John Law, the inventor of paper money during Louis XIV's reign. In fact Law didn't invent paper money, the Chinese did long before this, as reported by Marco Polo's book written in 1295.

The 'whale lady' was right and at noon I was standing by the *Dolphin* ready for my trip out for the 'guaranteed spectacle' of seeing my first live whale. Sitting next to me was a passenger in need of reassurance as when we were some way off shore and hit the Atlantic swell, she confessed that she had never been to sea before! For someone awaiting the arrival of her first grandchild any day soon, this confession really surprised me.

After an hour's cruise we arrived at the Stellwagen Bank feeding grounds, a giant gravel bed off the north tip of Cape Cod. The whale guide gave us a lecture on how the gravel had been laid down after the last Ice Age as a vast moraine left by a retreating glacier of immense size. The whales feed on the colossal shoals of six-inch long fish called *sand eels* that were carried down by the ocean currents from the north and forced up over this gravel bar.

After giving birth in the Caribbean the Humpback whales bring their calves up to this feeding ground to gorge on the eels and rebuild their blubber reserves. When they arrive they are quite skinny as they would not have eaten for six months, on top of which the females were still suckling their babies. We were told that over the summer months the whales would have doubled their weight and were now getting ready to leave again for the Caribbean maternity ward at the beginning of October.

The guide spotted a whale spouting and the captain headed towards it. What a relief! Suddenly, some 50 yards out on the starboard side of the boat, two great backs broke the surface, spouted water and air with a gigantic *whoosh*, arched their enormous shiny black bodies before diving again.

As though they were saying goodbye, they waved their great tail flukes so we could see the white underside as they disappeared. These markings are all slightly different so the scientists have been able to identify over 12,000 individual animals over the years when they returned to the feeding grounds. They know of mothers, daughters and granddaughters!

Suddenly there was a sighting on the port side so we all rushed over to look. This was a single whale and only 20 yards away. Cameras were clicking, videos whirring, people *ooooohing*. I have never seen such a sight in my life. This performance went on for half an hour; one moment we would be on the starboard, and then back to the port, then aft. A whale came up only 10 yards astern of the boat and spouted, sounding more like an old-fashioned steam

engine blowing off its pressure valve than an animal. I was soon out of film so I took to the binoculars, which was actually more fun.

The guide warned us that our time was up and after one more sighting we would have to head back to Provincetown. Suddenly, as though by arrangement, right beside me a gigantic animal breached, arched his great glistening black back, and dived showing us the most magnificent fluke. It was not only simply amazing it was utterly awe-inspiring.



A humpback breaching

On the way home to celebrate I couldn't resist having a toasted-cheese and ham sandwich and a glass of chilled white wine from the on-board café, much to the horror of my friendly pea-green about-to-be grandmother!

We arrived back at the quay just as the *Bay Lady*, an elegant 62-foot schooner, was about to set sail on a sunset cruise. It was a beautiful evening and such an elegant looking boat I could not resist the temptation. There was just time to leap aboard before they left with a few passengers. I called Margie on my cellphone and told her about the whale spotting success and then made her green with envy by telling her that I was sipping a cold beer on a schooner as we headed out into the bay under sail, watching the sun go down.

I walked back towards the Masthead Hotel along streets full of happy Saturday-night revellers. What a day to remember and what an escape from the reality of the last few days! It was like being in a different world. Excitement and relaxation all rolled into one.



Sailing in the sunset off Provincetown, Cape Cod

I woke to another glorious day and went for a walk before starting work. At four o'clock I wandered down town and climbed aboard the open trolley for a tour of Provincetown and the ocean beach. The driver pointed out some houses that had originally been built on the sand bar across the bay. They all have little blue pottery plaques showing a Noah's Ark, indicating that they had been rafted across the bay when the water supply failed! We trolleyed around to the east side of the Cape to visit the Nature Park Museum and watched a fascinating film about how the whole of Cape Cod and the Stellwagen Bank had been formed at the end of the last Ice Age 15,000 years ago.

I noticed a cycle track followed the road so I decided to hire a bicycle the following day and explore the dunes, although not having ridden a two-wheeler since my accident at Marwood 30 years ago, the experience might prove testing! The bicycle was a handsome red machine with 12 gears, four on the left grip and eight on the right! My instructor advised me to stay in 'left 2' and 'right 2' until I got the hang of it! The bicycle world has certainly changed since my first one 58 years ago which only had one gear, *direct-pedal-power!* The man very kindly looked the other way on my first attempt at mounting the saddle. Wobbling down the hill I tested the brakes to make sure I could stop!

The first job of each day at nine o'clock was to try and make contact with Virgin Airlines in Boston. After listening to a recorded message for three days I rang my friend Denise in England and asked her to call Virgin. She rang back to say that I had a guaranteed seat on the 19th but I had to be at the airport four hours ahead of scheduled departure! After confirming the ferry timetable I settled down to do some more writing. It had been the hottest day so far, but as there was a slight breeze the dinghies were out and sailing past my window. What a place, so beautiful and so peaceful! What a contrast to the grief and suffering in New York.

It soon came round to four o'clock and time to set out for my first long bicycle ride. On leaving the hotel I headed out along the main road to where the scenic bike-trail started. The first part was easy and I thought things were going fairly well for a 66-year-old! However, suddenly the six-foot wide bitumen cycle trail branched off from the main road and headed into the sand dunes quickly turning it into a switchback roller-coaster ride, very hard work on the way up followed by wild downhill rushes! *Danger Steep Descent* signs were painted on the crests. My knees soon told me that it was preferable to walk up

the hills pushing the bike and freewheel down the other side. The trail snaked through low scrub and sand grass giving me plenty of time to appreciate it all by walking up the hills, although missing most of the downhill scenery as concentrating on staying on the trail was paramount. This didn't bother me as on the return journey the view would be in reverse!

I walked down to the beach to get a seashell for Margie, but couldn't find one! It was completely bare of shells, not one in the 500 yards! The home journey was just as enjoyable, walking and freewheeling, then on the flat main road. On the way home I rode past another beach and decided to visit it first thing next morning and see if I could find a shell there.

I woke to another glorious day so set off to visit the second beach but found it was made up of millions of little round pebbles of every colour under the sun and realised that the Stellwagen Banks must look exactly the same. The whale guide had told us that the sand eels had a survival trick of burying themselves in the gravel when they were attacked. The whales had learnt about this and would rake up mouthfuls of gravel to get at them but in the process give themselves gravel rash along the underside of their jaws! Walking for an hour along the beach produced only one shell, a land snail!

On my arrival back at the hotel I found a sheet of foolscap with URGENT written across it stuck on my bedroom door. I hate getting such messages. What had gone wrong now? Not another delay! I read the message from Denise saying she had managed to get me on the Virgin plane that left this evening! Ouch!

The ten o'clock ferry had already left and the next was not until three. A ninety minute crossing meant a half-past-four arrival in Boston. Half an hour to the airport meant five at the earliest! Take-off was at eight twenty! Check-in was four hours before departure! If nothing went wrong...

The bicycle needed to be returned so I hopped on and rode it up the hill without getting off, my leg muscles were responding to the emergency! When I walked back to the hotel the ice cream parlour tempted me to the most delicious double mix of chocolate and pistachio nut hard scoop that I have ever had. Fortunately I only asked for a 'medium' as it was gigantic and lasted all the way home. America certainly is a *land of milk and honey*.

I typed a final email before going to the reception to send it to my family, just in case I didn't make it home! None of us will ever get on to a public transport system again without thinking that the arrival at our destinations is not necessarily guaranteed, which is something else we shall all have to live with, Suicide Bombers!

If anything untoward did happen I was content with the knowledge of having shared with a loving family the most unbelievably fortunate and privileged life that anyone could wish for. I have loved and been loved by a companion beyond compare, who has not only encouraged my chosen way of life but also forgiven me my sins along the way. We have three wonderful sons, lovely daughters-in-law, and seven perfect grandchildren. On top of all that are my friends and my art. What more can anyone ask for? If the end came unexpectedly I would have nothing to complain about.

Of course a few more years would not go amiss, but I am determined not to hang on in there to the bitter end. Enough is enough when the time is right. Existing is an extraordinary and beautiful miracle and we are all privileged to be a part of it. Why end such pleasure in pain?

When I reached the desk and asked the receptionist for a taxi she told me there were none to be had, however, she was just knocking off and heading into town and would give me a lift. Another helpful American! Tina dropped me off and I walked down to the end of the quay. No boat! The office in Boston said that they had no idea if the boat was running *on time* or not! Fifteen minutes went by before round the point of Cape Cod came the ferry. Boy was I glad to see it! The captain manoeuvred the boat alongside the quay with the deft expertise that one marvels at. The passengers walked off and I jumped on.

The ferry sailed on schedule at three o'clock and a bottle of Harpoon, appropriately named local beer for an old whaling town where for centuries the main industry was hunting the giant animals, helped steady the nerves and pass the time it took to reach Boston. Was my luck changing? If you are going to be stranded anywhere in the world, Provincetown should definitely be on the list of acceptable places as no one could wish for a better 'desert island'.

I sat up at the bow in the afternoon sunshine and gazed across the water at the skyline of the great city. Boston's Logan Airport was across to my right and a continuous stream of airliners was coming in to land, while on my left another queue was streaming out up into the sky. I looked at the giant buildings and thought; *Surely no human power could bring down Western Civilisation as only Nature could achieve such destruction.* Hopefully that is right!

Of course the tragedy of the World Trade Centre cannot be diminished, but if you look at the overall picture of the United States of America, it was a tiny scratch on the mighty giant. Yes, the colossus has shed a drop of blood, but the wound will heal, although the scar would remain for ever. This mighty nation is at present the bulwark of Democratic Freedom in the Western World and it is unthinkable that it should not survive.

A cab was standing at the exit of the quay. Could he take me to Logan? "Sure," he said, hopped out and helped me with my tiny case. The driver had a Eastern-European accent and when he answered his cellphone he spoke in Russian. When he had finished I asked him where he originally came from and he answered "Tashkent", which brought back memories of Damon and me stopping on the wrong floor of the best hotel in town and discovering it was the local brothel!

He told me that he had been in the USA for 15 years and that he had come because there was no future for his children in Uzbekistan. He had given up his prosperous business of selling tractor tyres to come to America and drive a taxi for the sake of his children! In the September 2001 issue of the *National Geographic Magazine* there was an article on American immigrants. Over 10,000 people come each year from Uzbekistan and Pakistan, all of them Muslims, all fleeing oppression in search of Democracy and Freedom.

Apart from it now looking like Heathrow with armed police very much in evidence, nothing had changed at the terminal check-in. I was allowed to keep my wheelee case after it had been searched and all the same questions received the same answers. Nothing seemed to have changed and heightened security was not obvious.

Michael McGuire told me that on his flight from Baltimore to LA after 9/11 they allowed him to fly with his pocket knife! I saw some policemen take a man away, but the lounge was still dotted with rubbish bins, something that had disappeared years ago in Europe from airports, train stations, and shopping centres, because of the IRA terrorist bombs.

The shoeshine man, another great symbol of the American work ethic, was happy and talkative and I noticed that he had a Christian cross on the lapel of his shirt. He soon told me that he was training to be a priest and hoping to visit Oxford University next year. The vigour and strength of some people continually amazes me. By the time he had finished polishing my boots they literally sparkled.

At last the flight was called and we started to board. Business Class was allowed on first so I was sitting comfortably in my incredibly cheap seat when there was an announcement from the captain. "Security has ordered us to leave the terminal because of a bomb alert!" The doors were immediately sealed and we were pulled away to the middle of the runway, where we sat while I wondered if *we had been dragged out to blow-up away from the terminal*. The steward handed me a glass of champagne and I continued to read *The Times*, pretending to be at ease while listening to my heart thump! It was a bit hard to believe it was all happening again!

Eventually the captain announced that the emergency was over, as the bomb had turned out to be an ordinary alarm clock in someone's luggage, and he had been ordered back to board the remaining passengers!

We were rolled back to a gate, continued loading and were soon in the air. While consuming the filthy dinner I thought about the delicious scallops at Sal's Place, but would not have changed places for anything in the world. My ordeal was over and I was anxious to get home to Margie and the family, Agecroft, our beautiful Springer spaniel Holly and normality.

On landing I rang Margie and told her I would be home for lunch! As the train rolled through the beautiful English countryside in the rain I thought about my time on sunny Cape Cod. Not having talked to anyone for six days, had given me plenty of time to think about the future and reflect on the past. It had been an enlightening and rewarding process. In retrospect, it seems that *I had been to the Moon and had studied the Earth from Space*.

As stated at the beginning of the story about my time over the period of 9/11, I have written it as an hour-by-hour, day-by-day account to show how normality was replaced by chaos through the insanity of terrorism. In reality it was as though the axis of the Earth had shifted and the climate had changed.

While on Cape Cod I had tried to think through what had happened in an effort to come to terms with the birth of a New Global Era. Each and every one of us is going to be affected and we shall have to cope with the changes in our own way. What has the West done to cause this? How are the West and Islamic worlds going to work out a way whereby we can all live in peace? The human race faces many terrible problems, Population explosion, Global Warming and diminishing resources of oil, gas and water. Hopefully there are solutions, but if we don't have peace it will be impossible to find them.

The image of the giant World Trade Centre on the skyline of Manhattan will be a lasting memorial to the 3,021 people who lost their lives on 9/11, including 67 British citizens. It is a miracle that more people were not killed. The Twin Towers, when they were at their busiest, have had up to 30,000 workers, visitors and tourists within their walls at one time. It is a miracle that more people weren't killed. The dead and the date will never be forgotten; neither will the cowardly act perpetrated by the Islamic fundamentalists.

The son of one of our friends was an employee of a company with offices in the World Trade Center. A week before the bombing he was moved to a new building, ironically, to start a department for Insurance against Terrorism. He lost 298 close friends and colleagues in the attack on 9/11.



Force of Freedom
'In memory of all those who have died for Democracy'

Bali 2002

On October 14th 2002 Kuta, on the Indonesian island of Bali, was viciously targeted by the Moslem terrorist as locals and tourists were relaxing in the bars during the evening, killing 202 and wounding 209 innocent people.

Madrid 2004

On March 12th 2004 Madrid was attacked when the commuters were viciously targeted by the Moslem terrorist as they travelled by train in the morning rush hour. Over 200 innocent people lost their lives and another 1,500 people were injured. If the trains had been running on schedule, instead of two minutes late, and had arrived in the main terminal on time...!

The roots of totalitarianism lie deep within the evolution of all mammal packs, including primates. The alpha-male plays an essential role in Darwin's evolutionary theories of Natural Selection and the Survival of the Fittest.

The Celts, who through agriculture changed us from *hunter gatherers* into *farmers*, lived under totalitarian rule. It is impossible to organise labour in a primitive society without having an alpha-male ruler. Organisation is required to sustain farming and construct defences against aggressive neighbours.

The battle between Xerxes the King of Persia and the citizens of Athens was a battle between Totalitarianism and Democracy, but ironically the most famous member of the Greek alliance, the defenders of Athenian democracy, was Sparta, one of the most Fascist states that has ever existed. Athens, where only male citizens had the right to vote, was herself a state dependant on slave labour and ruled by an oligarchy!

England was a totalitarian state until the Reform Bills of 1832 and 1867 established the *Right to Vote* for all males. Europe was ruled by totalitarian monarchs right into the 20th century. The Constitution of the United States of America marked the birth of today's modern Democracy. China was formed as a totalitarian state and will possibly remain one for decades, possibly for ever.

Before the Celtic agricultural revolution the average life span of a hunter gatherer was 25 years, the latter half of which he was considered to be an adult. With the introduction of Celtic 'totalitarian rule' and organised 'work forces' the adult lifespan of the farmer was extended from 25 to around 45 years.

The establishment of permanent farming settlements led to a quick spread of the knowledge of technological innovations. Sophisticated religions evolved, like the one in Malta of 5,000 BC, and precise timekeeping monolithic monuments were built, such as Stonehenge in 2,000 BC. All this was achieved under totalitarian rule and the organisation of labour, which, although entailing harder work for the individual, resulted in an extension of people's lifespan!

I believe democratic states have to accept the existence of totalitarian states, but only on the condition that they are *just to their citizens*. We champion 'tolerance' within our own societies and must be 'tolerant' to others as only through example and education can we hope to influence other peoples.

I think that the average human is not greatly troubled by whether he lives under a democratic or totalitarian state *as long as the rule is just* and they are allowed to get on with *their own lives, in their own homes, in their own way*.

London 2005

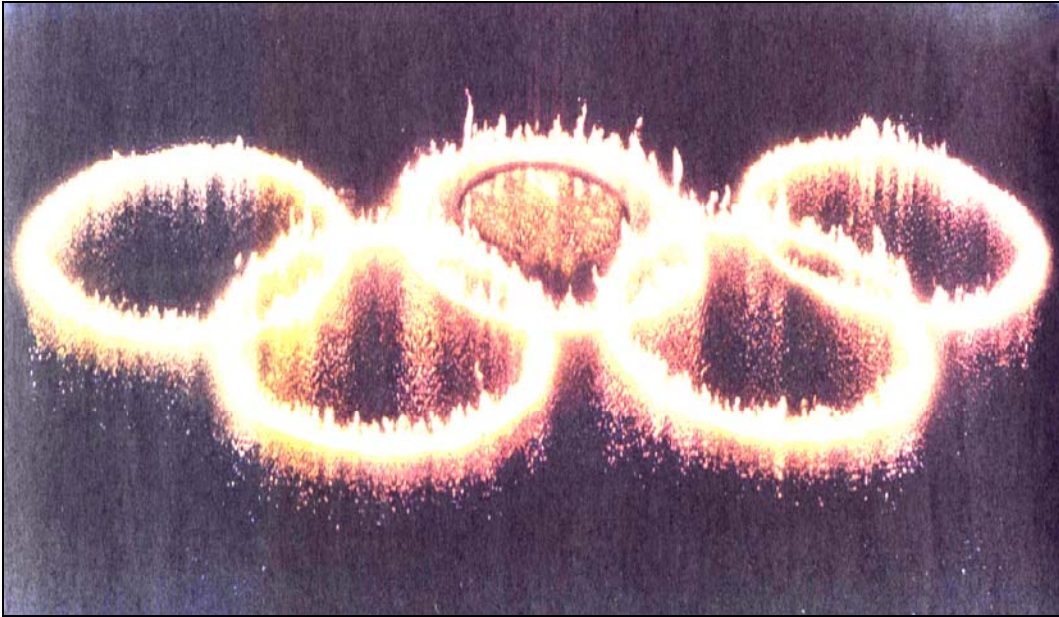
On July 7th 2005. At the height of this morning's Rush Hour four bombs ripped through the commuters on their way to work in the City. Three bombs in the Underground and one on a Double Decker bus. Thirty-seven people died instantly and 700 have were wounded, many critically. 7/7.

Three weeks later a second attempt was made to repeat this horror in the Underground and on a bus. Fortunately the four bombs failed to go off properly and the men were captured.

July 6th, the day before the London bombings the British rejoiced when it was announced that the city was chosen to host the 2012 Olympic Games!

Athens Olympic Games 2004

Margie and I were reminded of how we met in 1956 at the Melbourne Olympics when we watched the spectacular opening ceremony of the 2004 Games. The lights in the Athens stadium were turned off and a bolt of lightning shot from the sky like a thunderbolt from Zeus to ignite the five Olympic rings that floated in a lake that filled the centre of the arena.



The five rings of the modern Olympics

A vessel shaped as a paper boat left the shore carrying a little boy with a tiny Greek flag, symbolic of the small country that gave birth to Democracy.



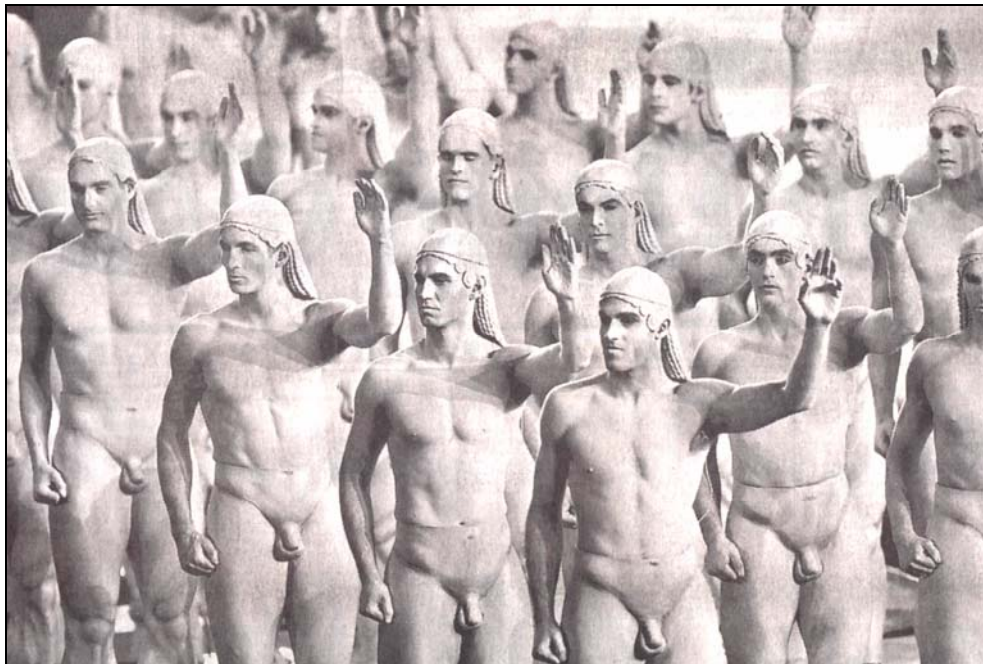
Athletes in the Athens Olympic Opening Parade



Cycladic sculpture, circa 2,500 BC

The opening ceremony symbolised the Birth of Culture that took place in ancient Greece, depicted through sculpture, starting with the Cycladic representation of the human form, through to the classical figurative athlete carved in pure white marble.

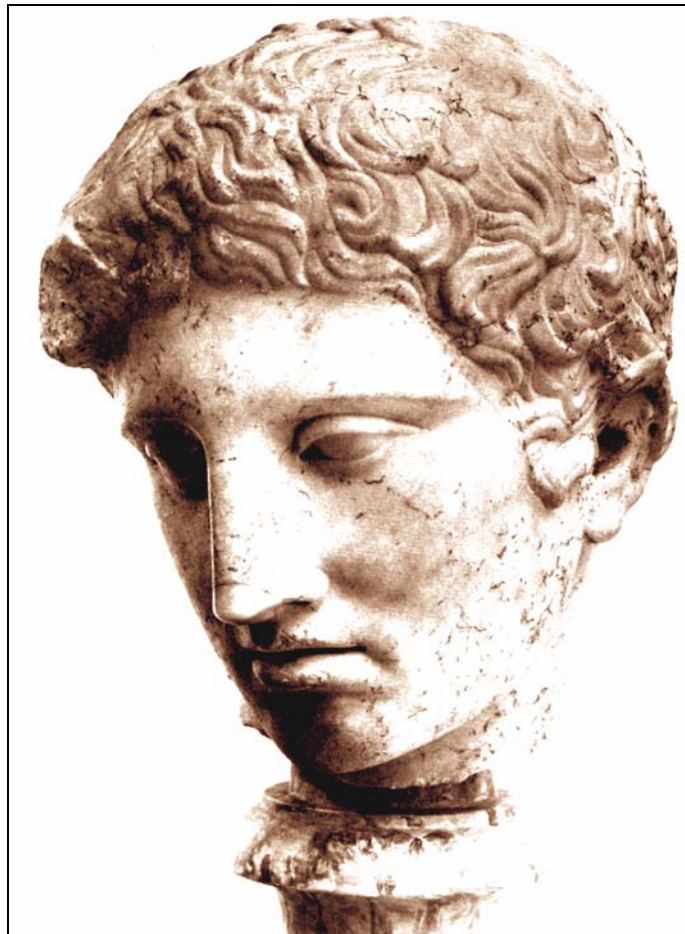
The show continued with scenes of mathematics, architecture, and theatre. It was by far the best and most meaningful opening parade of any Olympic Games we had yet seen.



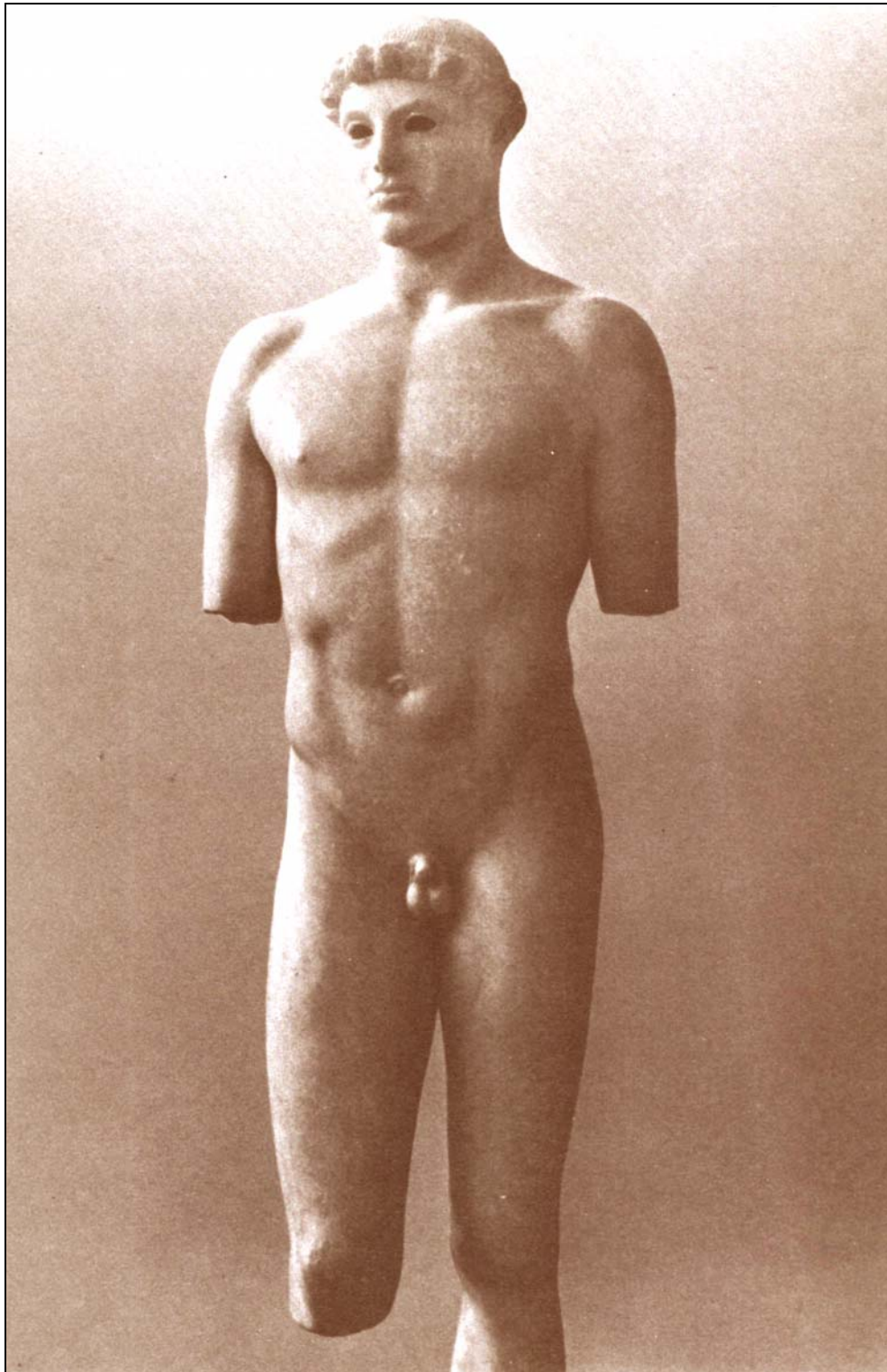
Athletes on parade at the Athens Olympic opening



Acropolis



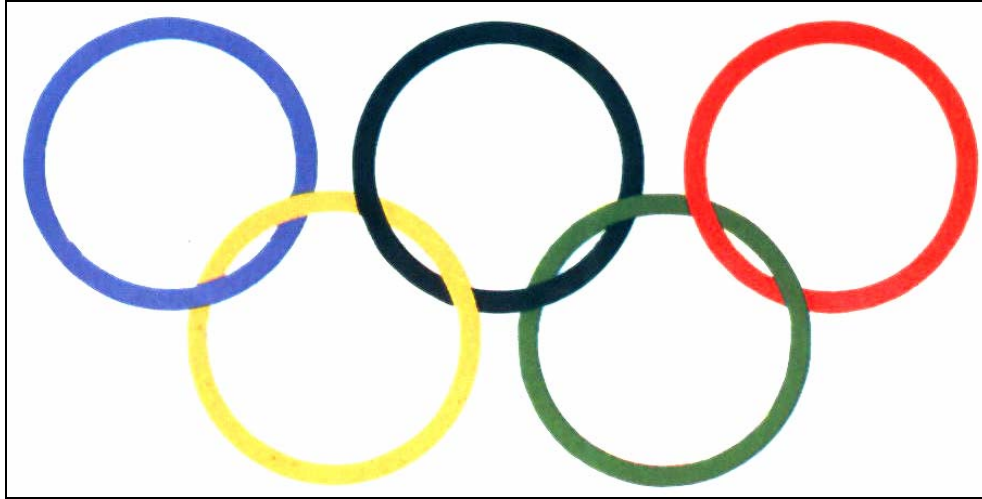
Head of a victorious young athlete, by Polykleitus



The sculpture of an athlete found on the Acropolis

The parade was followed by the entrance of the competitors. The athletes of each Nation were welcomed by the cheers of the 70,000 spectators. The atmosphere was that of a carnival.

Then, carried by eight athletes, came the Olympic flag composed of the four colours plus black and white that make up every national flag in the world. It was marched around the stadium and raised as a children's choir sang the Olympic hymn.



Holding the flag in his hand, an athlete took the oath on behalf of all the competitors, promising to participate with *fair play in a spirit of friendship*. An umpire then did the same for his colleagues.

By the end of the Opening Ceremony Margie and I felt really uplifted, and exalted by the display of peace and harmony. I am sure the other 400 million TV viewers around the world felt the same way.

George Washington said, *Liberty is the luxury of self-discipline*. We all should take note of this axiom or we will run the risk of losing the *liberty* our forefather won in past wars by sacrificing their lives defending it. I fear we are all guilty of a lack of self-discipline in the West today.

Carved over the doorway of the Treasury at Delphi are these words, *MAN, KNOW YOURSELF*. The *Olympic Spirit* shows that *if* we have the *Will* we can overcome the problems that now engulf the Human Race. Surely this can only be achieved if we all impose *self-discipline* upon ourselves. The critical question is, *Do we have the Will to do so?*



Bird of Spring

Consoled at one with nature living
How can I to God complain
Who gave to me the joy of giving
Its freedom to this bird again.

Pushkin