

Chapter 1

Julienne Returns Home

Dusk—all was dark. Above my head, the stars. These jewels of the night were my crown. My curls were free, no one was around to tell me to cover my head, and that felt good. Born in France and now a resident of Maine, my home in the United States, I was inspired to travel from Asia to the Middle East. I made it back home in one piece. Home! My home!

A different soil welcomed me. I was home! I made my approach to the newly built driveway and garage, driving slowly—very slowly. Every four feet, dim twinkles of Malibu lights the contractor installed presented me their sparkling heads. I was not certain about his idea, but now, driving to the cadence of a moving turtle, I liked the white glow. My long, winding driveway had taken on a new character. It took a while, but now I believed Maine to be the most beautiful state in the continental United States. This place had become home!

Headlights off, slower than minutes before, with the car's windows down, my nearly motionless ride continued. Nothing disturbed the nocturnal symphony. Animals and plants in unison sang me their songs. They were all out to welcome me. I could hear them all. I was home.

The repairs to the road brought me a seamless ride, with no bumps, no holes. The contractor had done a good job while I was gone. The sea breeze of the harbor stroked my senses and awakened in me the sensation of a peaceful lover's embrace. A few deep breaths brought me various scents I had not realized I missed during my absence. The lushness of this environment was different from the parts of the Middle East I left a few days before. The route I traveled caused me to feel a deep sense of appreciation for many things. All around me the sounds of familiar refrains: night creatures chanting, waves of the Atlantic in full force to orchestrate the music. Again, I was reminded that I was home. Something elegant was happening.

There was a satisfying feeling that came with returning home. This drive was not like my first time on this driveway. I felt no apprehension about what I would find. I had no fear this time, only contentment. Frank, my deceased husband, purchased the property many years ago, and this house was now my refuge. Still missing his presence, I was no longer brought to tears every time I experienced something new. Numerous times, he told me he was complete. Finally, I knew Frank used these words to prepare me for what I would not face. His illness ravaged the distinguished American in Paris I married. Cancer took him from me before he could teach me how to speak English. I have plenty of memories to cherish, but wishing he was by my side is a continual happening. He suggested that I experience the things we did not have time to do together. This journey was one of them, and while his presence was missed, there was solace. I made it back home in one piece.

Whoosh, whoosh. Almost imperceptible, I recognized the sound of my resident owl. She must have been hunting, or she was welcoming me home. The first time I heard the faint sound of her wings, I called her Adeline, but I still did not know if my owl was female or male. In and out of the tall trees, I could almost trace her flight and then nothing else. She rested, not a sound, watching me—I was sure of it. A few more feet, at the curve, I perceived the outline of new granite boulders. I wanted the entrance to this home to feel more like the one I grew up in. Alas, it was not yet spring to smell and see the wildflowers. Anticipating my own bed was the bonus to this night. Home! I was home!

One more curve, and the new garage door's light came on—magic!—but I had no key or device to open the door. I parked the car a few feet away in front of the garage and walked toward the house. The light by the new side door came on as I approached. I did not want my garage seen from the front of the house. As prearranged,

the key was under a pot beside the new mat. The contractor had mentioned something about motion-detecting lights, and now I understood as they worked well. Once inside, I found all was in order. A note taped to the wall read, "Press button to open or close the garage door," and an arrow pointed to a small black button. I pushed and magic again! The enormous door rolled up to the ceiling, lights came on, and my new garage, now painted white, had a multitude of cabinets on both sides of it, and all looked great. When I told the contractor I needed a place to store my Christmas decorations, for some reason, my request caught him off guard, but he delivered! He did not know I had drawn plans, but I soon brought them to him. When I created the plans, I gave emphasis to the long front porch and the blue spruces on the terraced part of the yard on either side of the porch. They created a semi-circle following the drive to the stairs that led to the house. My two rocking chairs would stand centered and protected. At the middle of this, lower than porch and drive, would be a bench, one I would find sooner rather than later. All this would be done to have various levels of view of the harbor. In Maine, the winter's snow came too often and in large amounts. My colored lights on the trees would bring life to the environment. I was excited that my drawing would soon become a reality.

He did a great job. All was clean around this giant garage. On a counter by the door, I noticed a screwdriver and a small hammer tied with a bright red ribbon. Nice man—he could not know that I already had a screwdriver and a hammer. Once more, I walked toward my car, feeling pleased about lighting in all the right places and the fact that this old car delivered me to my door. I continued my inspection. On what I gathered was a workbench empty of tools, I found two garage door openers and an invoice. I smiled. I was one driver, had one car, and now a two-car garage and two openers were all mine. The universe may have been playing with me.

All looked almost in order. I closed the door. The poor car that was stored for two months in a parking garage at the airport in Bangor, Maine, was covered with dust. Now tucked away in her new home, the car would wait a few more days to be washed. As I looked at what was once my shiny, black car, I was reminded of the dusty black burkas I saw not such a long time ago. I made a mental note to find other arrangements next time: washing this car was going to take me hours. There were no car washing businesses in my little town. Now, an experienced globetrotter, I traveled only with essentials. I removed my small suitcase from the trunk and went inside the house.

Taking this trip and exploring a world I knew nothing about had been both exhilarating and frightening, and it had been many years in the making. My aunt Ursula said it took a certain gumption. Suzannah, her younger sister, who taught me about the gentle side of my Jewish roots, would have chosen a different word. She was subtle in her teaching, but the resonance of her words was permanently etched in my mind. I will remember Suzannah always. She was my nanny when I was a youngster and my friend later on, as I grew into adulthood. Before her death, I found out she was my mother. Life circumstances did not permit her to inform me before she was gone. Ursula was different in character but looked just like Suzannah. I did not know her prior to my arrival in Maine. The way she spoke was more a staccato, and I often wondered why they were so enormously different. Ursula was blunt; Suzannah was softness itself. Regardless of their differences, it felt good to have a relative around.

My husband, Frank, dreamed of exploring other than the Judeo-Christian societies we came from. His life was cut short. I was not yet fully recovered from his death, when the time to travel and explore came upon me. When going through a series of pictures Frank had of Iran and Afghanistan, I was not expecting anything of the kind. Compelled, I had to fulfill not only his dream but my own. Taking a trip to regions of the world I did not know turned out to invigorate and have a profound effect on me.

The trip began in North Africa. I had to visit Morocco one more time. My excuse was that I needed some saffron from the market in Fez. At one point in my life, I must have decided that I needed reasons for what I did—possibly because, when I acted without a reason, the results were always disastrous. The call of the pyramids was strong. I had to stand in front of the great giants. This time, I felt small, with a deeper feeling of awe. Somehow, as if they talked to me, the Pyramids gave me the permission to continue on with my journey.

Frank often told me, when opportunity knocked, and I had the means to do something, I was to do all that

I could and seize those openings. Thanking my father and also Frank for the fortune left me, I had no excuse, once fear was set aside.

During this voyage, I not only discovered new places but also was particularly touched by some. I fell in love with Afghanistan. Its topography seemed to sing to me; yet, looking back, my feelings did not come from the beauty of great buildings and various museums. The place was mostly destroyed—desolate in many areas, with the rubble of past wars scattered everywhere I looked. Bits and pieces of various war machines littered the landscape. In the rural areas, a sort of awakening and transformation came upon me. The jagged stones mixed with sand had a pink tint and, at times, all looked menacing. Often, the colors changed. The pink took on deep brown and red tones. I felt as if I were looking at dried blood. I was sure it would be many years before I could assimilate all that I observed. The farther landscape was not pink but almost a pale yellow, and I was sure that, too, would present me with some speculation. When I went to their marketplace, I felt sadness in many eyes—too many to make it comfortable to stay long, and too many to ignore. The women did not wear western clothes. A land of sharp despair and rugged beauty was all around me.

Regrettably, like all things, this phase of my travel had to end, and this time I again crossed the same countries I had been in, but the route was different.

The well-tended gardens of Iran and those of Turkey will stay with me always. Some I sketched, with the idea of duplicating them somewhere on my own property. The finished product would have a different effect, because Maine is so green, but that did not matter. If not in a garden, my sketches would make it to some of my paintings. The scents of the flowers were still all around me, yet looking at snow-covered mountains made the feeling almost supernatural.

The trees, the parks, the fragrances of flowers I could not name, the spices, and the fresh-brewed tea—I knew would carry the people of Teheran with me for a long while. It was in and around this capital city that I saw a marriage of parallel civilizations. In Teheran, I saw women in western clothes walking the streets and women with their heads covered. I was surprised. Numbers of women wore traditional Islamic clothes, yet most men in the capital wore western suits. I never saw a Middle Eastern or Arab man in shorts, and none looked like Omar Sharif. Overall, varieties of traditional clothes were apparent. I assumed the financial status of a person dictated the attire.

I met shopkeepers, and they offered me tea. This was a custom that left me smiling often. The cultural richness of many of these places captured my soul. Many of my experiences would take a long time to digest. Through the exchange of friendship, I was invited to a wedding—the marriage of the daughter of the innkeeper. She looked particularly young to be getting married. They felt I must be their guest at the party since I was already a guest at their inn. At the last minute, I decided to claim an illness and did not attend the celebration.

While in each country, many times I held my breath. The sites I saw demanded no motion at all and complete silence. I missed Frank a great deal every time. My feet conquered no mountains of Pakistan. It was explained to me that a woman alone could not do such a thing. For reasons made clear to me, I could not ignore the advice. To look at the mountains from my hotel room window would have to satisfy any curiosity I had. Surprised and somewhat angry, I knew enough to keep my feelings to myself. I was in a foreign country, and with its patriarchal rules, the gauge I often used to judge or evaluate a place did not apply in such settings. I was not inspired to take chances. The people I met in Pakistan were distantly polite to me. Their food, however, enraptured my palate. It was the thought of Frank that caused this reaction, I was sure of it, for when he was alive, we shared flavors of India and Pakistan.

The innkeeper in Pakistan made it clear that I could not walk the busy streets of Islamabad by myself. Too many things I could not do alone made it necessary to hire a porter to escort me around town. I did not feel comfortable with him. I felt something ominous in the air I breathed. My stay in Pakistan did not take me to Karachi, which had been my ultimate destination in that country, and the Arabian Sea would not touch my feet. Disappointed, still I felt right about going elsewhere.

Chapter 2

The Crossing

As I traveled these regions of the globe, something I could not describe haunted me. The people, their foods, and their music felt vibrant. Colors, textures, and sounds touched my soul—yet accompanying these feelings too often were eyes that told me stories I did not understand or want to know. Beautiful, wide eyes of young girls, too young to have experienced life, gazed at me without wonder. The women I saw had eyes filled with sadness and no sparks of hope. They looked at me without giving a sense of seeing me. Something I could not grasp, something caustic, collided with a part of me I had not recognized, and the feeling was uneasy.

As I was reconstructing my trip, a cup of tea from my own kitchen brought back the memories of being in Pakistan. Wanting to see Afghanistan, the crossing to Peshawar was the most logical place from my location. I had seen picturesque sites of the place on posters, and these preoccupied me as much as the eyes that penetrated my soul. There were some flights from Islamabad to Kabul, but I wanted something more exotic, more dangerous! If we drove, I would see the mountains I hoped to experience at close range. My travel agent and advisor regarding the cultures and their differences from my own arranged the crossing. My silk scarf had a way of rolling off my head, and he explained to me more than once that it was culturally unacceptable to show off my curls. I was being disrespectful to my host country and its people.

He had the good grace to plan and arrange the journey from one country to the next. My strong feeling was that he wanted to get rid of me. I was to be with a guide and his wife and a guard hired to protect me. None of them spoke English. One sip of tea, and I remembered the road, if it could be called that. Covered with dust, we trucked on in a Toyota pickup that had lost its outer color and any remnant of shock absorbers it may have had. When the door opened for me to get in between the man and his wife, I discovered the Toyota was once green.

Though there were only three of us in the pickup, between my traveling companions, I felt like a sardine in a can. The man was small in stature, I am a medium size woman, and his wife made up for the weight we both carried. She was huge. He must have been about my age, or perhaps slightly older. He spoke nonstop in a tongue I did not understand. He wore a traditional costume, but I could not tell from which country, as the men from Pakistan and Afghanistan wore similar clothing. If there were differences, I could not see them. The trousers were not made with the same cut as western pants. Most were white or gray and in need of cleaning. On all counts, they were covered with a long shirt I believe was called a shalwar kameez.

My driver wore a vest with magnificent and colorful embroidery. His teeth were almost brown, and when he stood next to me, we looked eye to eye—his were green and mine are brown. As he drove, he pointed toward beautiful and rugged mountains, but his wife never spoke. At best, it was a difficult crossing, and I did not know when we left one country and entered another. There had been tattered signs, but none were international, so, again, there was nothing to understand.

Many times during this trip, I questioned my sanity. My apprehension about these places and some of the people was not entirely unfounded. I had the distinct feeling of being with a greater part of humanity I knew nothing about. Not understanding their words, many feelings remained unspoken, with only a hint of clarity. With a gaze or a movement of the head, we began to understand one another. The wife wore a long, black, chemise-type dress, and her head was covered with a black cover I cannot exactly describe. It was not a scarf, but it managed to envelop her head, making her face look like an egg. The travel agent told me this type of head cover was called a hijab. Her eyes were amber; her hands looked worn out. During this trip, she made sure that my head was always covered. At every stop, she made us some tea. She was a magician at finding the smallest sticks of wood to make her fire. Her husband never helped. I attempted to pick up small dried branches. She

smiled but made it clear that I did not have the knack of finding the right twig. I did not speak any of the languages of the region, yet I communicated with signs, pointing a lot, and smiles. Most of the time, I was able to get all that I needed. Given more time with this particular family, I would have learned enough to be able connect with my new acquaintances.

During one of our tea breaks, I decided to show them pictures of my home that I had with me. Based on the sounds they made, I trusted they approved. The lady liked my trees and my flowers. With their body language and their fingers pointing, they asked about my rocking chairs. They became hysterical when, with my body movement, I gave them descriptions of a chair that could rock. It was good to see that it was fine to be made fun of. Over tea, we laughed a lot.

The approach to Kabul came with something serious in the air. Making certain that my head was covered at all times, the lady tightened the scarf around my neck, nearly choking me. We were in a different country, and the protocol had changed. Men loitering in various places gave me the appearance of quiet desperation. They all had very long beards and did not give the appearance of being clean. They had large firearms, and some had goods to sell. It was clear to me that women were banned from the scene.

My driver/husband/guide stopped many times to speak to roadside merchants. They spoke to him, ignoring the lady and me always. We were insignificant. The feeling was distinct, but we were not threatened in any way. A while later, on less tattered roads, my driver friend pointed for the last time as he parked in front of my hotel. Compliments of various wars, during this drive I saw walls with holes larger than the Toyota. Again, I questioned my sanity: my plan was to spend two nights there.

Once the Toyota stopped, my guard took my suitcase and headed to the entrance. Some luxurious items were in the lobby, including incredibly beautiful handmade rugs of wool and silk. There was an uneasy feeling because, prior to entering the hotel, I had seen the signature of war all around me. I felt uneasy. I pointed to the lobby so my friends would come with me. I wanted to buy them dinner, but they did not accept my offer. I wanted to hug them, and I knew that, too, would not be acceptable. Tears of gratitude fell freely on my face. The lady, whose name I never knew, took my hands and pressed them against her heart, and that I understood. She appreciated and accepted my gesture when my one extra scarf, tucked away in my bag, became hers. I took her hands and pressed them against my heart.

Chapter 3

The Invitation

After the long and sometimes difficult trip from the Middle East, arriving at the New York airport to find a plane in disrepair was not part of my plans. At least this arrival did not turn me into a panic-stricken young woman unable to understand the language. Although Frank spoke French to me when we were married, I was delighted by the fact that I had now learned English. This time, I knew where I was and where I was going: HOME! No map was needed, nor did I need to look for names of streets or numbers of houses. Something penetrating told me I had taken the changes in my life for granted.

Owl's Head had become my home while I must not have been looking. I took all of its oddities as normal and charming. They were part of me now, a very new me. Thanks to the new heating system in the house, I handled the winters almost like a native. No longer missing Paris or the opera, which for a long time was my second home, I recalled the lecture halls at the Sorbonne as vague memories.

Suzannah would have liked this place, but not my mother.

There is something soothing about this home that Frank purchased for us. I still miss him after so many years. My life here is good, but I miss talking to him, I miss his voice. I miss his embraces. The feelings when he sang songs I had never heard have not left me. His singing voice became weak as he lay dying, but the intensity of his love never faltered. The few dinner parties of today bring me some joy, but there is always something missing. New friends depart; satisfied with food and company, they go to their homes. My bed remains cold.

My mind traveled to and fro the entire night.

Once I parked the car, I carried my small suitcase to the kitchen. The first time I entered this room, tears swelled and dropped uncontrollably, but on this occasion, they stayed where memories are meant to stay.

I sat by the window, still too dark to see the harbor across the street, although my mind traveled of its own volition, tracing a route I wanted to take, but not alone. Not absent-minded, yet not focusing on what I was doing, I sifted through the mountain of mail I carried from the mailbox by the street. One more day away, and there would not have been room for a hair.

My mind continued to jump from one subject to the next, something that drove Suzannah and Frank nuts. As I looked through the mail, the cup of tea I made like an automaton flavored my senses.

My two rocking chairs were safe in the living room to be taken out when I woke up, whenever that would be, but not now.

My comfortable shoes were still on my feet. I walked to go to my bedroom, smiling as I saw my reflection in the mirror in the hallway. My stance was much like that of Suzannah. My clothes looked a lot like what she often wore. Smiling, I thought of that incredible woman who kept her promise and did not tell me she was my mother until her death. My heart felt warm. I went back to the kitchen for more tea.

HOME! I was tired, but I needed to unwind, so I continued to look at the mail. Before I realized it, the sun was bright. The best thing to do was to take a walk. Another seashell would find its way to my growing collection. Under my cold bare feet as I walked the beach, every grain of sand held me in a sort of love lost. Soon I felt I had become part of the ocean's voice.

Shoes back on, the morning walk on my long driveway reminded me that life, as I had left it, had not changed at all and had returned to the pace I left only two months ago. I returned home, dusted every piece of

furniture, and brought my two rocking chairs onto my long porch. I sat and burst into laughter, as I remembered my traveling companion laughing at my explanation of the motion of a rocking chair. All my plants had been taken care of by my new neighbors on the next property, south of me. The fragrance of wet soil, mixed with a breeze from the sea, brought a smile. All was in order.

Since I had not dealt with all the mail, I began to separate the envelopes containing bills. Too many advertisements for things I did not need or use began a pile on the floor next me. A few envelopes from France, two from Germany, and one from an address nearby; curious, I opened that one first. It was a handwritten invitation.

How odd that an invitation to meet a group of women from a global symposium would be awaiting my arrival. The mail, the mail—it never goes on vacation!

My trip was symbolic enough, but now the air I breathed felt pleasant. Perhaps a change of season was in the air, or perhaps it was simply that I was home. How did these people know of me? I did not recognize the name on the return address. The few friends I had made in Owl's Head never mentioned belonging to any group. What drove a person to send me an invitation? To what, was more the question? Nevertheless, my curiosity was on full alert as I examined the envelope that had no particular markings. When I opened it, I found a note attached, signed by Mr. Rand, the French teacher at the local school. The letter to me was from a woman.

Dear Mrs. Fairchild,

Your aunt gave me your name and address. She told me of a trip you were taking in the Middle East and parts of Asia. I think you will be interested in being part of our group.

At that point I decided a cup of tea was in order.

I am Zelda Swartz and I wish to extend an invitation to you. We are a group of women, though there are some men in our organization. We have been looking into the wrongful sexual abuse of young girls and women, primarily in the regions you visited. We are aware that this abuse happens in the capitals or large cities, but the vast majority of these abuses happen in the immense rural areas. I grew up in these regions, and after going back to what once was home, I became an advocate for a cause.

I pray that you will be able to join us.

The note continued with the time, address, and a telephone number. There was not much about the true purpose of this meeting. I held the note a while, recapturing something I noticed when traveling the region. I had sensed something ominous in many pairs of eyes that looked at me. As I read this woman's note, that feeling was inescapable—I was back there, attempting to understand what was behind the beautiful yet sad eyes that looked my way. I got up and went to the telephone.

After a long conversation, I went back to the porch. The temperature was perfect. My newly planted blue spruces sang with the winds, and songbirds joined the chorus. The sea breeze caressed my neck and, unpreventable as it was, I thought of Frank. I met him purely by accident, yet it was not—it felt more like a meeting orchestrated by forces beyond our understanding or control, and in an instant we became inseparable. We did not wonder what awaited us along the route we would take. An awareness of something greater could not explain something palpable. When I read the note, and during the telephone conversation with Zelda, I had a type of premonition, I could sense something I could not explain.

On the given day, and for the formality of it all, I arrived on time with a bouquet of flowers for the hostess I did not know and to a meeting that would change the course of my life. There were seven women already there. One of them was my Aunt Ursula and also two men. One was Mr. Rand, a teacher at the local school,

whom I had met some years back when I was invited to speak to the children about languages. An American woman spoke with two very young women in a dialect I did not recognize. Her name was Gale, and she was from Connecticut. At first glance, I guessed one of the girls was from Iran, the other from Afghanistan. They appeared scared, with their heads covered and their eyes cast downward.

The meeting took place around a long rustic table. I pulled out a chair, sat, and introduced myself, but they already knew who I was. The two young girls smiled at me but did not say anything. Their eyes went downward again. Timid, I surmised, but feeling something more, I could tell they were not comfortable around this table.

“Julienne, this is Saadia. She is from Afghanistan, and this is Leila from Iran.”

I smiled, wondering how I had known where they came from.

We talked and socialized, but nothing of great importance was said. The girls never uttered a sound. They drank tea, and so did I.

As the afternoon ended, a suggestion was made to find a home for the next meeting, and I offered mine. We agreed on a time and date. Soon after, we got into our cars and drove off. The two young women left with Gale, who was their temporary host.

Puzzled by the meeting, but satisfied to have met new people, I waited until evening and called Ursula. I asked her what the meeting was really all about.

“My dear, we wanted to meet and greet you, so all of us of the same mind could get to know one another on a social basis first.”

“Are you helping to organize whatever this is, or are you like me—a guest who shows up when invited?”

“Julienne, I am one of the organizers. I am passionate about women, girls, and female children being abused by men who are not able to understand the damage they do. I feel all women who are free to think for themselves should find conscience, sympathy, or the will to help those who cannot help themselves because they do not know anything different. That is why I am involved. Like the two girls you met, they do not know how to stand up against abuse and develop their full potential as human beings.”

I was surprised by her remarks. I had never seen Ursula so animated. “You are so passionate. I did not expect to see this side of you, I like it. There is so much I must learn about you and you about me. Being my mother’s sister does not make up for all that we missed when we did not know the existence of the other. But this may not be the right time. We will have to spend time together, to get to know one another.”

“Yes, that is a good idea, but you’re right: now is not the time. Since you offered your home for the next meeting, I am hoping you will join the group. We need help. The people being abused need voices to tell their stories, the children such as the two girls you met today need attention.”

Across the telephone line, I could almost feel Ursula patting my head, as she had done many times before.

“I have a very early day tomorrow. Let’s talk more about this in the late afternoon. We have a lot to talk about. I love you very much, Julienne. You remind me so much my sister. But do me a favor: don’t take trips to any more war zones. No one needs that in their lives.”

I smiled. “I know you are busy right now, so call me when you are free. I cannot say why, but I have more than a passing interest in the welfare of these gals. I want to know more about all this—like who decided to bring these girls into the U.S.A.? Are they some kind of war trophy?” I had a lot of unanswered questions. I sat back in my chair and wondered what I was getting into. “Ursula, this is the way my life has always been. I feel with heart while my head gets tangled in details and logistics. My gut tells me to listen to the whole story. I can’t say why I am interested, but I am.”

“You’re a woman, aren’t you? That should be reason enough! I’ll talk to you tomorrow.”

As a true German, she was done with the conversation and the phone went dead. Pondering what possibly lay ahead and still puzzled, I looked for something Frank had written years before he met me. He had read it to

me, and I vaguely remembered the paper was yellow, so it would not be too hard to find among the thousands of pages of his notes. Soon enough, I found what I was looking for. It was one of Frank's many such papers, never published. Remembering that Frank wanted to know more about the laws regulating the growth patterns and the movements of women in the Middle East, I felt compelled to read on.

As was my custom, I made myself yet another cup of tea. These days, my numerous cups came from the various countries I had visited. A friend once told me tea was the language of my thoughts.

I found Frank's note and on the first page, hand written with various pens. My eyes fell upon, "They need our help and understanding, so they can learn to understand themselves and find the courage to free themselves from their oppressors. This may take centuries." Based on these words alone, I knew whatever discovery I was to make would not be digested in one day.

Frank had been deceased over three years, but he was still very much part of my life. There was so much we did not have time to explore. A few tears could not be held. They escaped and fell onto the paper I had been reading, Frank's variety of inks formed a psychedelic rainbow.