

never laughed at his mistakes. And he'll always be grateful for the long sessions after school when she told him about the new land, coached him in the language and all unknowing made up for the pain and embarrassment and shame that only a 13-year-old can know.

"Her name was Miss MacDonald. I suppose she's long since forgotten me but I'd like to find her some day to tell her of the debt I owe her... a debt I'll never be able to repay."

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IN THE YEARS that followed Schwartzman graduated from the little school... went on to City College and Brooklyn Law School. And the book that was recently published is a mingling of many things... of an interest in history and what men have thought across the centuries, of peace and revolution and memories of the night in the little city of Vinnitza when the world came to an end.

"The philosophers and economists that I have treated in the book span five thousand years and eight thousand miles, but they all have one thing in common... all have thrown their defiance at the forces that across the centuries have sought to threaten man's freedom."

He has marked the strange ironies that have dogged the lives of the world's thinkers. He speaks of Epicurus, the Greek thinker who taught simplicity and restraint but whose name is now synonymous with excess: Paine, the tortured atheist who fought for religious freedom in three countries and was denied a home in all of them, and Tolstoy, the "father of Communism" who hated all socialistic government.

Schwartzman's little book, born of long hours in the study in Franklin Square, had its origins in that long-gone night when there was a midnight knocking at the door. And the questions that were spat out at the frightened family that stood before the policeman's desk have their answer now. The answer is in the words of the world's great thinkers... words as old as men's dream of freedom and as new as the oppressors of tomorrow.

A Love Affair to Remember

BY PAULINE JUCKES

Jack and I first met at the party for George Collins. Jack must have spotted me, looking rather lost and unfriended as I stood uncertainly on the periphery of the gathering. With his customary inclusiveness and sensitivity, he gathered me up and escorted me to a chair between him and George. We encouraged George as he prepared to set off on a new life and I was happy to find myself sitting next to a fellow soul with strong convictions and concern for others.

Before the evening ended, we had exchanged addresses and phone numbers, and it was not long before a copy of *Fragments* arrived in my mailbox. I was enchanted! From then onwards, I eagerly awaited the next arrival and the hundred ways of expressing regret for the tardiness of the issue, the consummate wit and erudite contributions from fellow Georgists. I feel the heaviness of loss and sadness at the sudden, unexpected cessation of these gifts, and the larger loss of the originator of such splendid late night perusings.

As the weeks and months passed, both our lives moved inexorably on their separate paths. More *Fragments* landed in my mailbox. I was aware of Jack being uprooted and re-rooted in Patchogue, Long Island. I wanted to visit him and plans were always afoot for such a visit. But pressures of life in New York City took their usual toll and our communication remained a telephone and e-mail connection.

Later I became aware that Fanny had been taken to a nursing home and I felt his loneliness. I asked, "Are you alone in your house?" "Never with such a lovely lady talking to me," was his gallant and spirited reply. From then onwards, we exchanged endearments and messages of interest and concern. I greeted Jack at the start of every month with the customary old English greeting, "Rabbits! Happy Month!" and he responded in kind. The greeting was sent in an e-mail on 30th November, before I knew of the loss.

One day I shared the profound experience of visiting an exhibition of photographs by the humanitarian, environmentalist and photographer, Sebastião Salgado. Jack's return e-mail arrived instantaneously asking if I would consider writing a short essay on the subject for the forthcoming issue of *Fragments*.

Although somewhat daunted by the unexpected invitation, I set to work in late August. I studied the work of Sebastião and Lélia Salgado, and it proved inspiring. I learned of Sebastião's early education as an economist, drawn towards Marxism, and the essay grew out of a haunting desire to inform him of an alternative paradigm; one that would alleviate the suffering he documented so graphically.

I felt as if I were writing for Jack. There was the problem of fitting the piece into *Fragments'* confines, but once in Jack's hands, his editing skill and sensitivity towards another writer's ideas squeezed my contribution into the required space while remaining true to the content. Finally all was set. I told Jack of my gratitude for the opportunity to write for him and *Fragments'* readers.

I said "Goodbye" to Jack at the meeting at the Henry George School. One of his last gestures was to present us with gifts: a mug bearing the inscription "This too shall pass" and a signed copy of his latest article for *Fragments*, "This too shall pass". As I was leaving the school, I popped my head into the meeting he was attending. He leaned towards me and gently kissed my hand, a gentle tribute from a caring, loving man; a man who was the epitome of life and whose fight for fairness, enlightenment and largesse of spirit for all of us will endure. Jack, you are missed! One of your last e-mails told me of your birthday on 22nd March. "I am an Aries, born on the cusp," you informed me with an invitation to share in your birthday gathering in the spring of 2002. I look forward to attending the gathering, confident in the knowledge that you will be there amongst us.