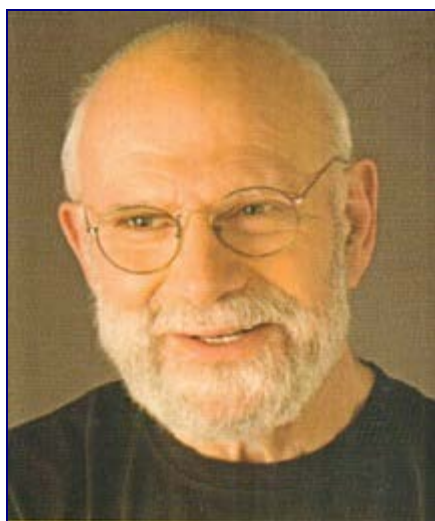


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A READER'S JOURNAL

**On the Move
A Life**
by
Oliver Sacks

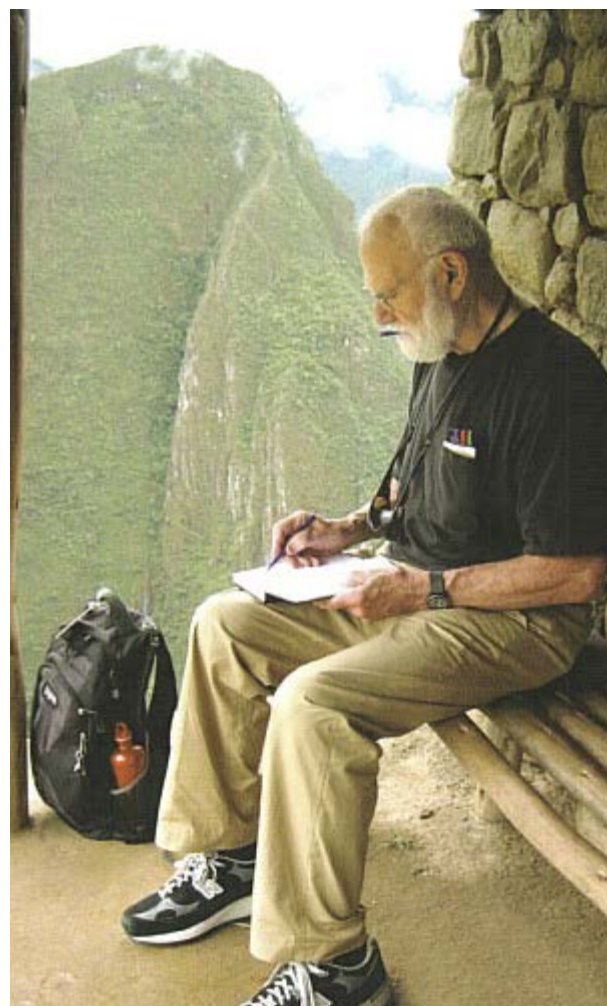
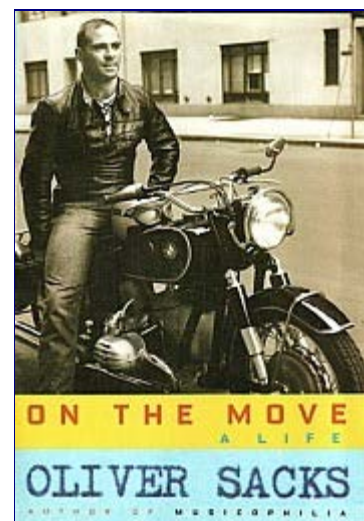
ARJ2 Chapter: Reading for Enjoyment
Published by Alfred Knopf/NY in 2015
A Book Review by Bobby Matherne ©2015

For a man whose life was constantly on the move, no title could be better. Whenever he heard of some unique neurological problem

somewhere in the world, he was on the next plane, whether it was across the Atlantic to Los Angeles or across the Pacific to the tiny island of the colorblind. With his ubiquitous journal in hand, whether sitting in a subway in New York City or sitting on a bench overlooking Machu Picchu in Peru (See Rear Jacket Cover), he was always writing down notes of his thoughts and his experiences to share with us. It is sad for me to realize that there will be no new notes for us to receive from his mind and his pen.

That sadness is chased quickly away by this biography of his life which is filled with descriptions of what he was doing while he was writing the other books that we have read of his. My reading of Olive Sacks predates my reviewing books after I read them, so I have included below this review a list of the books I know that he wrote with links to my reviews, and to others as I get to them. I had already planned to go back and re-read "A Leg to Stand On" when I heard of his death, so that will likely be the first fill-in review I will write.

It surprised me to discover that Oliver enjoyed riding motorcycles; at times, even racing them at high speeds. Once he joined the Ton-up Boys by exceeding a hundred miles an hour on his Norton. He boarded a Norwegian ship heading for England with two bottles of aquavit and found that the UK would only allow him to bring in one bottle, so he endeavored to bring the second bottle ashore inside of him. He spent the sea trip reading *Ulysses* and sipping aquavit. It wasn't until he stood up to leave that he realized he was roaring drunk and he tried to walk using his ski poles for support.



[page 8] Though lurching badly and attracting (mostly amused) attention, I felt that I had beaten the system, leaving Norway with two bottles and arriving with one. I had cheated U. K. Customs of a bottle which, I imagined, they would dearly have liked for themselves.

The other surprise was that he was a weightlifter, doing it well enough to set a record in the sport. He trained with five reps of 555 pounds every fifth day. He kept this up, not realizing how exceptional it was until he found himself beating the California squat record.

[page 101] I did so, diffidently, and to my delight was able to set a new record, a squat with a 600-pound bar on my shoulder. This was to serve as my introduction to the power-lifting world; a weight-lifting record is equivalent, in these circles, to publishing a scientific paper or a book in academia.

Back in his first term at Oxford, he spent a lot of time in the Radcliffe Science Library reading about neurophysiology, not much else. Soon he wanted to write his own *Essays in Biography* like Maynard Keynes did. In a sense he did exactly that, but with essays which filled books and interested a lot more people than scientific essays would have. His goal back then was to write essays with a clinical twist, "essays presenting individuals with unusual weaknesses or strengths and showing the influence of these special features on their lives; they would, in short, be clinical biographies or case histories of a sort." (Page 14, 15)

He was expected to write essays and then read them to his tutor. One man, Theodore Hook was amazing at improvising on the piano, having "composed almost five hundred operas sitting at a piano, improvising, and singing all the parts." Sacks got so interested in Hook that he ran out of time to write his essay, so he brought a blank piece of paper and extemporized the essay for his tutor. Everything went well until the tutor asked him to repeat what he just said, and Sacks couldn't quite pull it off. Looking at the piece of paper, which was blank, the tutor said, "Remarkable, Sacks. Very remarkable. But in the future, I want you to *write* your essays." (Page 15)

In medical school Sacks was lucky to have two diametrically opposite mentors: Gilliatt was a left-brain analytical type and Kremer was an exceptional intuitive. Gilliatt followed an algorithm and Kremer knew instantly. Sacks learned a lot about the systematic diagnostic process from Gilliatt.

[page 35] Kremer, on the other hand, has intuitive in the extreme; I remember him once making a diagnosis on a newly admitted patient as soon as we entered the ward. He spotted the patient thirty yards away, clutched my arm excitedly, and whispered, "Jugular foramen syndrome!" in my ear. This is an exceedingly rare syndrome, and I was astonished that he could identify it, across the length of the ward, at a glance.

I have seen neurologists do examinations and so many of the movements they ask the patient to do could have been observed as they greeted the patient and invited them to sit down. Kremer simply began his examinations as soon as a patient came into his purview.

Be careful what you wish for . . . Sacks saw a 37-year-old man with jerking movements similar to those that drove his father to suicide at age 37 and Frank was having similar feelings. Sacks had the results of tests for Huntington's chorea, postencephalitic parkinsonism, Wilson's disease, etc, but nothing could be confirmed. Sacks was puzzled by Frank's problem and thought to himself, "What's going on inside there? I wish I could *see* your brain."

[page 105] Half an hour after Frank had left the clinic, a nurse rushed in and said, "Dr. Sacks, your patient has been killed — hit by a truck — he died instantly." An immediate autopsy was performed, and two hours later I had Frank's brain in my hands.

If this episode had been written for Dr. Mallard of NCIS, it would have been too farfetched to be true, but

it actually happened to Dr. Sacks, one of many remarkable events in his long career. Many of these undoubtedly still reside in his voluminous notes he took during his life which have yet to make their way into public knowledge.

Sacks met many famous people, but he was face-blind, and needed non-visible clues for complete recognition. Like when Mae West told him, in effect, "Why don't you come up and see me sometime?"

[page 121] There were occasional weekends when I was on call at UCLA and others when I supplemented my meager income by moonlighting at the Doctor's Hospital in Beverly Hills. On one occasion there, I met Mae West, who was in for some small operation. (I did not recognize her face, for I am face-blind, but I recognized her voice — how could one not?) We chatted a good deal. When I came to say good-bye to her, she invited me to visit her mansion in Malibu; she liked to have young musclemen around her. I regret that I never took up her invitation.

Mae West had noticed his muscles which he had developed during his weight-lifting training. Those very muscles allowed him to save the life of a man who had to be instantly turned upside down and Sacks was able to both know what had to be done and to do it.

[page 121] We were testing visual fields in a patient unlucky enough to have developed a coccidiomyces meningitis and some hydrocephalus. While we were testing him, his eyes suddenly rolled up into his head and he started to collapse. He was "coning", this is the rather mild term used for a terrifying event in which, with excessive pressure in the head, the cerebellar tonsils and brain stem get pushed through the foramen magnum at the base of the skull. Coning can be fatal within seconds, and with the speed of reflex I grabbed our patient and held him upside down; his cerebellar tonsils and brain stem went back into the skull, and I felt that I had snatched him from the very jaws of death.

Sacks wanted to be an experimental researcher in the field of neurological diseases and got on the track of lipids in the myelin sheath which he spent ten months accumulating from earthworms to get a decent size sample. He wrote, "I felt like Marie Curie processing her tons of pitchblende to obtain a decigram of pure radium." (Page 116) His bosses could overlook the crumbs on his workbench and even in one of the centrifuges, but when he lost all his collected myelin sample, he was done for, or rather destined for becoming a clinical physician instead of a researcher.

[page 137] A meeting was convened: no one denied my talents, but no one could gainsay my defects. In a kindly but firm way, my bosses said to me, "Sacks, you are a menace in the lab. Why don't you go and see patients — you'll do less harm." Such was the ignoble beginning of a clinical career."

Eventually Sacks found his own unique way of doing what he loved most: "talking, reading, and writing." (Footnote Page 137).

One time Sacks had a landlady with a case of a rare disease, scleroderma, which is a very slowly progressing illness. When his skin began changing color and spots began forming Sacks called Carol, a fellow intern with him back at UCLA, in a panic thinking he had come down with a case of *acute* scleroderma. She came with her black bag in hand and diagnosed him immediately, saying, "Oliver, you idiot, you've got chicken pox." Oliver apparently never had chicken pox before and it was not likely he had just been exposed to it as an adult, so Carol probed him.

[page 144] "Have you examined anyone with shingles lately?" she continued. Yes, I told her. I had examined an old chap at Beth Abraham with shingles just fourteen days earlier. "Experientia docet," Carol said. "Now you know, not just because the textbooks say so, that shingles and chicken pox come from one and the same virus."

In doyletics, we posit that a case of shingles is a recurrence of the healing states of chicken pox, a doylic memory, which means the chicken pox happened before the age of 5. Since the latency period after exposure to the chicken pox virus is 14 to 16 days, it seems likely that Sacks got a case of chicken pox from being exposed to person with shingles. This provides evidence that the chicken pox virus does indeed lie dormant and then becomes active when its healing states return during a case of shingles. We can safely add that Sacks did not get shingles later in his life, because, while chicken pox is highly contagious, shingles is not, in the sense that no one gets shingles from a person with shingles(1). Sacks' case shows, however, that the latent chicken pox virus becomes active in a bout of shingles and thus is contagious to those who have not had chicken pox before, like Sacks. Since doctors are more likely to touch the shingles of a patient than other people and most adults have had chicken pox, it seems likely such cases as Sacks would be rare occurrences. Keeping babies and children under five years old away from someone suffering chicken pox *or* shingles seems a prudent course of action.

Sacks gives two cases of migraine headaches which happened only on Sunday. The first man he gave a pill to no longer had migraines, but within a week he had developed severe asthma the next Sunday. He asked Sacks, "Do you think I *need* to be ill on Sundays?" (Page 149) Clearly there was some secondary benefit to his being ill on Sunday which a good NLP practitioner could suss out and fix with a short six-step reframing procedure. The other migraine case involved a mathematician who was unable to do mathematics after Sacks' pill cured his migraine headaches. Cases like these led Sacks to write his book *Migraine*.

Part of the fun of reading this book is learning what Sacks was doing, what he was thinking of, what led him to write each of his books that I had already read. I read his *Awakenings* long before Robin Williams appeared as Sacks and Robert DeNiro as Leonard in the movie based on one of the stories in that book. I was amazed to learn that one of Sacks' actual patients had a bit part in that movie. Will be fun to watch the movie again to pick out that patient. I wonder if she got a speaking part and was therefore given a SAG card (Screen Actors Guild).

The story of Arnold P. Friedman who ran the migraine clinic where Sacks did a lot of work is interesting on several levels. He was very friendly and paid Sacks more for his work there than other places did, even introducing him to his daughter, as a potential suitor. Suddenly Friedman grew very angry when Sacks showed him the book on migraines that he had written, even threatening him if he ever published his book. Sacks saw his manuscript being photocopied by Friedman's clerk, and didn't think much of it, until after Sacks' *Migraine* was published and Sacks got letters from his colleagues asking if he had published earlier versions of the manuscript under the pseudonym, A. P. Friedman. Clearly Friedman was a primary thief who thought because Sacks did work at his clinic, that gave him the right to all of Sacks' thoughts and writings about migraine(2)

Sacks recognized the deadly aspect of Friedman's primary theft and Friedman's lesser talent. Primary thieves, like secondary thieves, are rarely innovative, using time-honored methods of taking what is not theirs from its proper owner. "Delusions of ownership" affects both primary and secondary thieves, does it not? It is their very unoriginal justification for taking as their own property something which clearly does not belong to them.

[page 158] I think Friedman had delusions of ownership, a feeling that not only did he own the whole subject of migraine but that he owned the clinic and everyone who worked there and was therefore entitled to appropriate their thoughts and their work. This painful story — painful on both sides — is not an uncommon one: an older man, a father figure, and his youthful son-in-science find their roles reversed when the son starts to outshine the father. This happened with Humphry Davy and Michael Faraday — Davy first giving every encouragement to Faraday then trying to block his career. I am no Faraday, and Friedman was no Davy, but I think the same deadly dynamic was at work, at a much humbler level.

What a moral man does is this: he gives unabashed credit and shows gratitude to a person whose ideas helped shape his own original work. Sacks does exactly that in this next passage.

[page 179] In 1968, I read Luria's *Mind of a Mnemonist*. I read the first thirty pages thinking it was a novel. But then I realized that it was in fact a case history — the deepest and most detailed case history I had ever read, a case history with the dramatic power, the feeling, and the structure of a novel.

Luria had achieved international renown as the founder of neuropsychology. But he believed his richly human case histories were no less important than his great neuropsychological treatises. Luria's endeavor — to combine the classical and the romantic, science and storytelling — became my own, and his "little book" as he always called it (*The Mind of a Mnemonist* is only a hundred and sixty small pages), altered the focus and direction of my life, by serving as an exemplar not only for *Awakenings* but for everything else I was to write.

Another way Sacks showed respect and gratitude for the innovators in his field is that he recommended their works to his students. One such student from forty years earlier, Jonathan Kurtis, visited Sacks recently and told him "the only thing he remembered from his medical student days was the three-month period he spent" with him. Sacks would have Jonathan visit a patient with the illness being studied, spend hours in the room, and give him a full report when he returned to Sacks. (Page 182)

[page 182] We would discuss the patient and the "condition" in more general terms, and then I would suggest further reading; Jonathan was struck by the fact that I would often recommend original (often nineteenth century) accounts. No one else in medical school, Jonathan said, ever suggested that he read such accounts; they were dismissed, if mentioned at all, as "old stuff," obsolete, irrelevant, of no use or interest to anyone but a historian.

To a respecter of primary property, those original accounts are pure gold because reading them allows one access to the originator's thoughts which often provides invaluable insights. Besides that it give one the opportunity to show *gratitude* to the originators and give them *credit* for their great works, two essentials that are often glossed-over in the rush of modern day life. Sacks even gives credit to the Ibsen play, *When We Dead Awaken*, for inspiring the title of his own book, *Awakenings*. It appears in a footnote on page 194. Footnotes are the way people credit the source of their inspirations, and people who don't write or read footnotes often reveal themselves to have "delusions of ownership" which they prefer, like A. P. Friedman, to keep to themselves.

A good friend of Oliver was Wystan H. Auden and when Auden headed back to England for the last time, Oliver and Orlan Fox went to help him pack up his stuff and drive him to the airport. It was a poignant goodbye to the USA for Auden and for Oliver and Orlan to their friend and colleague.

[page 199] We arrived early, then, and whiled away the hours in a meandering conversation; it was only later, when he left, that I realized that all the amblings and meanderings returned to one point: that the focus of the conversation was farewell — to us, to those thirty-three years, half of his life, which he had spent in the United States (he used to call himself a transatlantic Goethe, only half-jokingly). Just before the call for the plane, a complete stranger came up and stuttered, "You must be Mr. Auden. . . . We have been honored to have you in our country, sir. You'll always be welcome back here as an honored guest — and a friend." He stuck out his hand, saying, "Good-bye, Mr. Auden, God bless you for everything!" and Wystan shook it with great cordiality. He was much moved; there were tears in his eyes. I turned to Wystan and asked whether such encounters were common.

"Common," he said, "but never common. There is a genuine love in these casual encounters." As the decorous stranger discreetly retired, I asked Wystan how he

experienced the world, whether he thought of it as being a very small or very large place.

"Neither," he replied. "Neither large nor small. Cozy, cozy." He added in an undertone, "Like home."

He said nothing more; there was no more to be said. The loud impersonal call blared out, and he hurried to the boarding gate. At the gate, he turned and kissed us both — the kiss of a godfather embracing his godsons, a kiss of benediction and farewell. He suddenly looked terribly old and frail but as nobly formal as a Gothic cathedral.

On his fortieth birthday Oliver met a man who was a student at Harvard on this way home shortly after his first visit to England. He was to be what Oliver called a "perfect present". Oliver had been set up on arranged dates with women, but never had sex with them. It took him getting falling down drunk to have his first sexual encounter with a man who lifted the zonked out Sacks up off the street and carried him to a nearby flat and had sex with him while he was unconscious. Over two decades he had several love affairs, but always discreetly. He did not want to be alone on his birthday this year. So when this new friend invited him a nearby apartment, he accepted.

[page 203] I did so, happily, without my usual cargo of inhibitions and fears — happy that he was so nice looking, that he had taken the initiative, that he was so direct and straightforward, happy, too, that it was my birthday and that I could regard him, our meeting, as the perfect birthday present.

We went to his flat, made love, lunched, went to the Tate in the afternoon, to the Wigmore Hall in the evening, and then back to bed.

We had a joyous week together — the days full, the nights intimate, a happy, festive, loving week — before he had to return to the States. There were no deep or agonized feelings; we liked each other, we enjoyed ourselves, and we parted without pain or promises when our week was up.

It was just as well that I had no foreknowledge of the future, for after that sweet birthday fling I was to have no sex for the next thirty-five years.

He relates this detail from his fall off a cliff while running away from a bull on a remote mountain trail in Norway. Note how he becomes a doctor examining himself as if he were a patient.

[page 215] One can have dissociations in times of extremity. My first thought was that someone, someone I knew, had had an accident, a bad accident, and only then did I realize that I was that someone. I tried to stand up, but the leg gave way like a strand of spaghetti, completely limp. I examined the leg — very professionally, imagining that I was an orthopedist demonstrating an injury to a class of students: "You see the quadriceps tendon has torn off completely, the patella can be flipped to and fro, the knee can be dislocated backwards: so." With that, I yelled. "This causes the patient to yell," I added, and then again came back to the realization that I was not a professor demonstrating an injured patient; I was the injured person. I had been using an umbrella as a walking stick, and now, snapping off the handle, I splinted the stem of the umbrella to my leg using strips of cloth I tore from my anorak and started my descent, levering myself down with my arms. At first I did so very quietly, because I thought the bull might still be in the vicinity.

Oliver Sacks was a doctor without a formal job, but he visited patients in nursing homes all over the boroughs of New York City as a "peripatetic neurologist" which allowed him to do his three favorite things, "talking, reading, and writing".

When a former mentor in neurology at UCLA visited in New York, he asked Oliver about his work and exclaimed, "But you have no position!"

[page 222] I said I *did* have a position.

"What? What sort of position do you have?" he asked (he himself had recently ascended to chair of neurology at UCLA).

"At the heart of medicine," I answered him. "That's where I am."

Oliver was a doctor of the brain and the heart, and he brought heart into everything he did and wrote his heart out upon the pages he gave to the world to read. The conditions he encountered in the nursing homes, the so-called *manors*, in New York City, tore at his heart.

[page 223] In some of these places, generically referred to as "the manors," I saw the complete subjugation of the human to medical arrogance and technology. In some cases, the negligence was willful and criminal — patients left unattended for hours or even abused physically or mentally. In one "manor," I found a patient with a broken hip, in intense pain, ignored by the staff and lying in a pool of urine. I worked in other nursing homes where there was no negligence but nothing beyond basic medical care. That those who entered such nursing homes needed meaning — a life, an identity, dignity, self-respect, a degree of autonomy — was ignored or bypassed; "care" was purely mechanical and medical.

But he found hope in the places run by the Little Sisters of the Poor. He knew of their places as a boy in London, as his parents consulted in them. His Auntie Len would tell him, "If I get a stroke, Oliver, or get disabled, get me to the Little Sisters; they have the best care in the world." (Page 224)

[page 225] Though I was dispirited by the "manors" and soon stopped going to them, the Little Sisters inspire me, and I love going to their residences, I have been going to some of them, now, for over forty years.

While working on the final stages of *A Leg to Stand On*, Oliver got out of his car, slipped on some black ice and laid flat on his back. The attendant came up to him and asked what he was doing. "Sunbathing", Oliver replied. The attendant asked again, and this time he said, "I've broken an arm and a leg." When Colin, to whom he had finally turned over the job of publishing the book, heard he was in the hospital, he came to him and said, "Oliver! You'd do anything for a footnote." (Pages 239, 240) Here was the accident he had been fearing he would have if he didn't get his book completed.

In the science of doyletics we postulate that doylic memories aka procedural memories are created primarily during the pre-five-year-old stage of human development. During this phase the hippocampus and cortex are reaching critical mass, and after that stage, all events are transmitted to the cortex by the hippocampus as cognitive memory aka declarative memory. Speech and gestures both require storage in doylic memory for rapid recall. Language learned after five years old is difficult, especially the unique phonemes of a new language. For me, the T-sound at the beginning of *Zeit* or *Zauber*, e.g., in German is difficult as I learned the language at age 18 in college and didn't hear it as a child, even though my Matherne ancestors came here from Germany speaking it several centuries before I was born. I can say *Zauber* fine if I prepare for it, but it requires a tad of my consciousness, some cortical processing for me to speak a phoneme that a native German acquires unconsciously by age five in doylic memory. Sacks explains how critical this pre-five period is in development.

[page 269] Deaf, signing parents will "babble" to their infants in sign, just as hearing parents do orally; this is how the child learns language, in a dialogic fashion. The infant's brain is especially attuned to learning language in the first three or four years, whether this is an oral language or a signed one. But if a child learns no language at all during the critical period, language acquisition may be extremely difficult later. Thus a deaf child of deaf parents will grow up "speaking" sign, but a deaf child of hearing parents often grows up with no real language at all, unless he is exposed early to a signing community.

For many of the children I saw with Isabelle at a school for the deaf in the Bronx, learning lip-reading and spoken language had demanded a huge cognitive effort, a labor

of many years; even then, their language comprehension and use was often far below normal. I saw how disastrous the cognitive and social effects of not achieving competent, fluent language could be (Isabelle had published a detailed study of this).

After a visit to him, Oliver's friend in San Francisco wrote him in a letter, "I have thought about what you said of anecdote and narrative. I think we all live in a swirl of anecdotes." That wonderful phonological ambiguous phrase "live in a swirl of anecdotes" inspired me to write this poem:

Inspired by Thom Gunn's "swirl of anecdotes" on page 272, and Sack's comments on 273.

This World of Anecdotes

The swirl of anecdotes
within which we compose ourselves —

A digital selfie machine
we use to capture ourselves
as this world photo-bombs us.

For what are we
without this world,
without the swirl of anecdotes
we find ourselves within?

Do you want chocolate or vanilla?

"Give me the swirl!
What is life without the swirl?"

Do you write books or poems?

"To me books are vanilla,
poems are chocolate.
I like the swirl —
I find myself in the swirl."

Do you write continuously?

"I write in fits and starts —
of light and dark,
Vanilla and chocolate,
I like the swirl."

Oh, like the Quick and the Dead?

"Yes, smooth like Breyer's 'Vanilla Bean'
or with chunks and cherries
like Ben & Jerry's
'Cherry Garcia'."

Those two make a luscious world, don't they?

"A luscious swirl, in deed!"

~^~

Oliver wrote that Thom Gunn rarely reviewed what he didn't like, something that I have found true of

myself. Any book which has a scintilla of insight or delight will get a review from me. Others, the occasional book foisted on me by a well-meaning friend, will be so outside my range of enjoyment that I will throw the book away rather than say something bad about it which might trigger someone else to want to read the book, thinking, "Oh, it can't be that bad!"

Thom Gunn's poem "On the Move" must have inspired the author or his publisher to use the phrase to describe a book on Oliver Sacks' life. The words below Oliver wrote about Thom undoubtedly equally well apply to himself.

[page 278, 279] In "On the Move," which Thom wrote in his twenties, are the lines

**At worst, one is in motion; and at best,
Reaching no absolute, in which to rest,
One is always nearer by not keeping still.**

Thom was still on the move, still full of energy, in his seventies. When I last saw him, in November of 2003, he seemed more intense, not less intense, than the young man of forty years earlier. . . . He had, so far as I could judge, no thoughts of slowing down or stopping. I think he was moving forward, on the move, till the very minute he died.

Oliver had some famous relatives, among them two cousins, Abba Eban of Israel fame, and Al Capp of Dogpatch fame. I read Li'l Abner in the comics daily for decades and wondered what happened to Al Capp to cause him to stop drawing the cartoon. Rumors about sexscapades with college girls did him in, apparently. Oliver writes about his cousin Capp.

[page 292] There was a scandal, and Al was fired by the hundreds of syndicated papers that he had worked for all his life. Suddenly the beloved cartoonist who had created Dogpatch and the Schmoo, who was in some ways the graphic Dickens of America, found himself reviled and out of a job. . . . He remained depressed, and in declining health, until his death in 1979.

In a story about his cousin Aubrey aka Abba Eban, Oliver writes of Aubrey's visit to Einstein in his home in Princeton. Asked by Albert if he'd like some coffee, Aubrey said yes, and Albert proceeded to make coffee for him. "This showed the human and endearing side of the world's greatest genius," Abba related to Oliver.

Carl Jung once wrote that "nothing so drives a man in his career than what his father almost, but never quite did in his own life." Oliver experienced that drive from his father who had considered a career in neurology.

[page 313] At one time, my father had thought of a career in neurology but then decided that general practice would be "more real," "more fun," because it would bring him into deeper contact with people and their lives.

In the last years of his life Oliver Sacks had a melanoma in the back of an eye, which was controlled by radiation, and he experienced intense pain from knee surgery which required him to stand up for reading and for writing. He said, "The concentration involved in writing, I found, was almost as good as the morphine and had no side effects. I hated lying in bed, in a hell of pain, and spent as many hours as I could writing at my improvised standing desk." We can choose to remember the man who was always on the move spending his last years standing, writing his way into the future and into our hearts.

----- *Footnotes* -----

Footnote 1.

Since a child under five can catch chicken pox from a person with shingles and later in life have

shingles as a mature adult, we can posit that shingles *is* contagious, but only over a long period of time. While an adult can catch chicken pox from someone with shingles, that adult will not ever have shingles after the bout of chicken pox because the healing states are *not* stored as a doylic memory if the person is over five years old. The science of doyletics explains why adults cannot catch shingles from someone with shingles.

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**Footnote 2.**

In the 1960s Andrew J. Galambos showed his rocket engine invention which his boss scoffed at and then submitted to Aerospace company as his own invention. That act led Galambos to quite work there and devote the rest of his life to building a society in which such thievery would never happen in *any* industry. See [Sic Itu Ad Astra](#). His definitions of primary property: a person's thoughts and ideas; of secondary property: all the things derived from primary property (things).

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