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The 17th  
Sol Feinstone Lecture

on

**THE  
MEANING OF FREEDOM**

*by*

Dr. Richard Selzer

20 September 1989

The United States Military Academy is pleased to sponsor an annual lecture series on the Meaning of Freedom. It is significant that this lecture program has been made possible by the generosity of the late Mr. Sol Feinstone, a dedicated American patriot whose commitment to the ideals of the American Revolution led him to devote many years of effort, as well as considerable personal resources to the collection of important letters, manuscripts, and books dealing with our heritage of freedom. His donation of these items to libraries and educational institutions ensures that the message which they proclaim will be preserved and transmitted to future generations of Americans.

Mr. Feinstone's abiding faith in a brotherhood of free nations of men has found further expression in several lecture series which he has endowed in order to permit prominent Americans to interpret The Meaning of Freedom.

The U.S. Corps of Cadets and the staff and faculty of the Military Academy are pleased to recognize the generosity and loyalty of this great American for providing a living endowment in the defense of freedom.

## AN EDUCATION FOR FREEDOM

Dr. Richard Selzer

Thank you so very much, General Flint. I am delighted to be here, for I know very well that everything in my life that I have been able to enjoy is directly due to the existence of this academy. Without you I should not have lived free, and it is my pleasure to thank you for that tonight. As you heard, I was born just up the river at Troy. I can't believe this is the first time I have ever visited West Point. It was just dumb or provincial of me, one or the other. Why didn't I just build a raft like Huckleberry Finn and come on down and see it earlier? But I have seen it today, and it is beautiful.

At first glance, it might appear that a surgeon is ill suited to speak to an audience of men and women whose training proposes toward the military life. The charge laid upon the surgeon is the preservation of life. The charge laid upon the soldier is to wage war in such a way as to persuade the enemy that it is in his best interest to surrender. Implicit in the soldier's conduct is the use of weapons, whose reason for existence is the taking of life. And yet any history of the two, medicine and the military, will convince you that we have always been intimately related.

It is in wartime that surgeons have learned how best to treat wounds, experiences that we have later used to benefit the sick and wounded in peacetime ever after. It is also true that no army can wage war without the presence of doctors and nurses. It is the sick army that loses the war. More battles have been lost to frostbite, diarrhea, and measles than to the bombs and bullets of the enemy.

Surgeons are rather like soldiers, in a way. Both of these fields are fueled by technology. Both depend entirely upon competence in the field, and the work of each is a matter of life and death. The surgeon is the warrior of medicine. He takes up his weapon--scalpel, saw, hemostat, whatever--and charges into the battle against disease, flailing away, chopping, healing, until either the disease is conquered or the patient is dead. In this he is entirely unlike the internist, who is the statesman of medicine. The internist has learned to deal diplomatically with disease. A little more insulin, a little less digitalis and so the disease agrees to take a step or two backward for a time.

I should like to tell you a little bit about the father of modern surgery, who lived in the 16th Century in France. His name was Ambroise Paré. He was trained as a barber- surgeon, which was the lowest form of health-care provider,

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and it was scrupulously distinguished from real doctors because of a church law that forbade a physician to shed blood. After three or four years spent dressing wounds at a hospital in Paris, Paré spent the next thirty years as an army surgeon following the armies of France around Europe. The armies at that time were not equipped with a medical service. The great nobles were accompanied by their private doctors, and the common soldiers doctored themselves or used the services of these barber-surgeons or quacks who accompanied the army as adventurers.

Paré received no regular payment for his services, nor was he given any rank or official recognition. When he was an old man of seventy, he wrote an account of his military experience called Journeys in Diverse Places, and it gives a vivid picture not merely of the condition of surgery in the 16th century but of the military life of the time as well. He was a very modest man. He refused to take credit for his astonishing success in saving lives. His constant disclaimer was: "I dressed him, and God healed him." Among the fees he did receive were a cask of wine, a horse, a little bag of gold, and, once, a diamond straight from the finger of a duchess for having saved the life of a nobleman.

The list of Paré's earnings causes me no little nostalgia. My father was a general practitioner during that Great Depression in Troy. More often than not he was paid with such things as a freshly slaughtered chicken, a pail of eels caught in the river, a bushel of apples, and a dozen ears of corn. I remember we ate what we could and handed out the rest--a kind of impromptu soup kitchen that my mother ran out of the back yard. She referred to it as "her" dispensary to distinguish it from "his" up at the front of the house.

Paré was the most tenderhearted of surgeons. He recalls entering a city after a long and bitter siege and passing over the dead bodies and some not yet dead, hearing them cry out under the horses' hooves. They made his heart ache. This pitiful spectacle. He found a stable and thought to lodge his horse in that stable. Once inside, he saw four dead soldiers and three more propped up against the wall, their features all contorted with pain. They neither saw, nor heard, nor spoke. Their clothes still smoldered where the gun powder had burned them. And, as he was looking at them with pity, an old soldier came in and asked Paré if there was any way to cure these men, and he told him, no, there was not. So the old soldier went up to them one by one and cut their throats gently and efficiently without the least ill will toward them. Paré watched this and thought it was an example of immense cruelty, and he told the man, "You're a villain." But the old soldier said, "I pray God when I should be in such a plight I might find someone to do the same for me, that I should not linger in misery." Today, such an old angel would be tried and convicted of murder.

Like all military doctors before him, Paré learned to treat wounds not from books but by immediate experience. Year in and year out he fished for bullets in the bodies of the wounded and splinted their fractured bones, often under a hail

of bullets and on the field of battle itself. Nor did he refuse his treatment to the enemy wounded, but treated them with equal care. Such is the role of an army doctor, whose allegiance to his vow as a doctor supercedes his allegiance to the political posture of his government. It must be so.

I shall leave the memory of Ambroise Paré with just one further little story. Because of their pain and terror and the noises of the battle, the wounded had great difficulty in sleeping. Knowing well the healing powers of sleep, Paré invented a cure for this insomnia, which, were I the surgeon general of the United States, I would make standard operating procedure in every hospital. He induced sleep by making artificial rain. This he did by causing water to be poured from some high place into a metal cauldron so that the wounded might hear the sound of the falling water, by which means sleep will have been produced. And everybody in this room knows the peacefulness and depth of sleep which takes place when it is accompanied by the sound of rain on the roof.

I must say that I agree with Paré, who claimed that he dressed the wounds and God healed them. It will always be that way. The doctor is just an instrument in the hands of nature or some higher power. Nature is the great healer.

Last October, I visited the Revolutionary War battlefield in Saratoga, New York. It's a vast acreage of hill and valley, sheeted over at that time with purple thistle and smelling of the wild thyme that is crushed with every footstep. There are no flowers so vivid as those that bloom where the blood of young men has been spilled. Over the scene a stillness had settled, punctuated only by the far-off rumble of thunder as of a distant cannon. My dreaming mind dispatched itself to that time of glory when a ragtag militia of farmers and tradesmen wrested our independence from the redcoats.

And all at once, as I walked there, rapt and transported, the battle was upon me. There was a crashing of branches, an explosive rush through leaves, the clatter of musket fire. To arms! To arms! The redcoats are coming! From the corner of my eye something round lofted by. All right. It wasn't a cannon ball. It was a pheasant. I had startled it with my trampling. Pheasants make a lot of noise getting airborne. Just before I left that wooded battlefield, as if to prove that there, if nowhere else, the ancient gods have sanctuary, a great stag stepped into a clearing, wearing scarlet maple leaves in its antlers. To visit an old battlefield is not to glory in war but to marvel once again at the beauty and wisdom of nature and her healing ways.

In 1955, I was drafted into the army and sent to Korea for thirteen months. Unlike Ambroise Paré, I was but a mute, inglorious intern, just a year out of medical school. I suddenly found myself a first lieutenant placed in command of the medical company whose charge was to treat the officers and men of the 7th Division Artillery and the indigenous population of farmers and refugees who lived in our part of Korea. It was a baptism of fire. Not a day passed without a farmer being blown up by one of the land mines with which the country had

been sown. There were babies to be delivered and worms to be scooped out of bile ducts. The water had to be purified, and one had to cut and drain and stitch away at all the ills that flesh is heir to.

I remember getting into one of those small, bubble helicopters one midnight to evacuate a Korean farmer to a MASH unit. He had been too badly injured by a land mine for me to care for. The patient had been strapped to a stretcher just outside the bubble. The pilot was the only other human being present. Halfway to our destination, it became apparent to me that the patient's pulse was weakening. A check of his blood pressure showed it to have fallen precipitously. A glance at the intravenous that I had started before we set out told me that it was no longer working. "You have to set us down," I told the pilot. "The needle has come out of the vein. I've got to restart the I.V."

"I can't set it down," he said. "There is no place to land."

"No matter," I said, "you've got to. He isn't going to make it."

"Look," said the pilot, "you just slide open the bubble and lean out and start it again. You can hold the flashlight in your mouth."

Open the bubble? Lean out? I looked at the horrid little gap--that yawn between the stretcher and the cockpit. "That won't do," I told him.

"Why not?"

"Because," I replied, "I am unusually vulnerable to the force of gravity."

One look at the blend of pity and contempt on his face told me that my fate had been sealed. And so, my teeth clacking around the flashlight, I slid open the bubble, leaned out, and restarted the most terrifying intravenous of my life. Once back inside, I noted that the pulse of the patient was slower and stronger. His blood pressure was rising.

At the military hospital, the patient having been turned over to a waiting team of real doctors, I was free to dissolve into what Edgar Allen Poe would have called a "loathsome mass of detestable putridity." Nor would I get back in that helicopter to go home until the pilot fed me oatmeal with a long wooden spoon.

I also played the organ in church on Sundays in Korea. It came to pass that the GI who had performed this duty had just completed his rotation and was sent home. As the only esthete for miles around, I was commanded to play the organ from then on. This, despite that I have only the most rudimentary acquaintance with music and had never sat down at an organ before. However, I learned with immense difficulty to play three hymns which I committed to memory. They were "Bless Be the Ties that Bind," "Abide with Me," and "Fairest Lord Jesus." And, that's what the 7th Division Artillery got for the next thirteen months in the way of sacred music. Only once, during the rainy season, when forty days and forty nights of it had turned Korea into a sea of mud, only once did I make a pathetic

attempt to cheer up the congregation by playing a new hymn. For weeks I had practiced it in secret and committed it to memory. It was called "How Firm the Foundation." It was a huge success. You would have thought I had written one of the gospels.

About two hours after services that very afternoon, the quonset hut, which was our church, gave a sickening lurch and slid all the way down the hill to end up down at the road. Had I had any doubts about the existence of divine retribution, they were dispelled. Heaven had all it could take of me at the organ. But, ever since, I have regretted the timing of that act of God. Had he chosen to push the church down during the services, I could have won for myself a kind of immortality by continuing to play "How Firm the Foundation" all the way down.

We are going to talk a little bit about freedom tonight in various disguises. Freedom of the imagination is really the last great freedom. After all other freedoms have been taken away, you will still have that. It's a freedom that endures in the Gulag Archipelago, in Auschwitz, in Japanese prison camps, wherever the imagination remains free. At the age of forty I myself began to exercise that freedom.

After a lifetime of practicing and teaching surgery, I stepped off into my imagination and began to write. All of a sudden the narrow confines in which I had lived became as vast as interstellar space. There were no bounds. It was freedom at its purest. But if the imagination is as vast as the universe, it is also as small as an attic room in your mind--a room that only you can enter and only by climbing a ladder and pushing open a trap door. Once inside, you see that this room is filled with objects of unimagined beauty and strangeness. One by one you pick them up to touch, see, smell, and listen to, and you turn them over and over to study them from every angle until you know them in a way that no one else ever has. Now it is your task to present them in all their originality to the waiting world.

I am going to read you a small excerpt from my diary. Shortly after I retired from surgery, the phone rang. A man said, "Is this Richard Selzer?"

"Yes."

He said that he was the chief ranger at the Ranger School at Yellowstone National Park and that he wanted me to come out and teach at this school for a week.

"Oh," I said, "there must be some mistake. I know nothing about the wilderness. My feet have always walked on pavement. I'm afraid of snakes. All of that."

He said, "Aren't you the one who wrote those books about the human body in literary and metaphoric terms?" I admitted that I had done that. He said, "Well you're the one we want."

And so, early in June of that year, I found myself at Yellowstone National Park. Every day I was picked up in the morning by one of the rangers and taken out to see what I could see with my notebook and pencil. Then I would tell the rangerettes what it was I had seen.

I am going to read you one excerpt from the diary that I kept there:

At 8 A.M., Jim Halfpenny, a research fellow, appears at the lodge. We set out across the park. He is thirty-eight, weathered, with hooded eyes and straight, black, shiny hair that he combs forward into broad sideburns. I think he must be an Indian. No, he says, the name is English. As in ha'penny. He is no taller than I--five feet, eight inches-- perhaps even shorter, but gives the appearance of stature. Reliability makes one taller. Walking ahead of me, his compact, solid body gives off a dry odor, like that of mice. No, something wilder. This is a body that has scrambled over rocks, bushwhacked, forded streams, and, over its lifetime, taken on the look and smell, doubtless the feel, of rock, forest, river, animal. He seems made of bark and leaf and oiled fur.

Today we will study tracks and scat. "Fox," says Jim as he points to prints in the earth. "Four toes with nails. The palm had a single lobe. A looper." We walk on.

"Bear. No space between the toes. They're all cramped in. Hind foot looks human. A heel slows you down. Got to go up and down on it." He demonstrates.

"A hopper. Indistinct. They're light on their feet. He's running away from something."

Just so does Jim Halfpenny gather evidence, populating the empty wilderness with invisible creatures, divining presences. Each time we pause at a mound of stool, he makes a diagnosis.

"Rabbit. It's dry and round."

"Porcupine...a long pellet with a hook at the end."

"White in it? The bear's been eating bone."

"Blue? He's been at the berries." He bends to sniff. "Smells nice and sweet."

"Cat covers it up. Coyote wants you to see it."

About feces, Jim is as clinical as a gastroenterologist.

"The diameter of scat is controlled by the circumference of the anus." He says this without the least irony, then kneels to pick something up.

"Lady-slipper," he says, and holds up a yellow flower.

We have been trekking for several hours when, by a hand held out, palm directed backward, one finger shushing, I am commanded to halt and be still. Jim points to a gentle slope of grassland from which we are separated by a body of water.

The wooden marker names it "Floating Island Lake." A misnomer, as there is no island, floating or anchored, and the "lake" is no more than 50 yards across and a like number in length. I should think it more a pond than a lake. The countryside of Yellowstone is anything but modest.

Directly across the water, arranged in classic pose: an elk, her calf, and three coyotes; two with black-tipped tails, black again across the shoulders. The tail of the third coyote has been stripped so that it is little more than bone and ligament, no fur. For a long time, the animals stand immobile as though waiting to begin the performance of a play. All at

once, they are touched into motion. One of the coyotes makes a low slink toward the calf. The elk dashes to drive it off. As she does, the coyote with the stripped tail lunges, upending the calf. We see four small hooves waving, an impossibly twisted neck, then nothing but a rumpled brown blanket on the grass. The elk charges the killer. Too late. And stands guard over the body of the calf.

For the next two hours, she will careen back and forth, first in one direction, then in another, as the coyotes feint and dodge. They are low and silver; I can see through them. Only their jaws are substantial. They give her no rest, take turns inviting her gallop, swerving out of reach of her hooves just in time. All this while, the calf shows not the least sign of life. From time to time, the elk bends to sniff the carcass, even gives it a healing lick. But then she must return to fend them off. Clearly, the calf is dead. But she will not let them have it. Again and again, she interposes herself between fangs and calf, rearing, prancing.

But now her mouth is open, her tongue hangs out, light flakes from her heaving flanks. She is afire. Her eyes, too, burn with a preternatural glare, like those of a war horse in the clamor of battle. She tires. But she will not let them have it! Now and then, in the very heat of the fight, she bends to rip a mouthful of grass and chew, so strong is the habit of grazing. That is, after all, her work. But the body of the calf is her passion. Has she not yet accepted the fact of death? Or does she act out of some maternal frenzy? Whatever, the coyotes are of equal resolve. They will have the calf. And their effort is shared; they are three. The battle is fought in absolute silence. None of them cry out, growl; nothing, only the thudding of her pistons on the ground. The tawny coat of the elk is repeated in the golden grass that bends and straightens in the wind as though the earth itself were panting. In the foothills, the sagebrush, frothing. At our feet, the cool unblinking heartless gaze of the lake.

Now the battle enters a second phase. Somehow the coyotes know she has reached her limit. Twice, the skinny-tailed one holds a thigh in his jaw. Twice the elk repels, dislodges. As though a bugle has sounded, one of the tricksters darts towards the calf, asking for pursuit. The elk obliges, and as she does, the other two seize the carcass and drag it to within a few feet of a solitary aspen tree in the center of the clearing. There they relinquish it. But now there are four against her: the three coyotes and the tree, about which she cannot circle and turn with their agility. Round and round the aspen, first in one direction, then the other, she runs, flailing.

"Look at that," says Jim. "Ring-around-the-rosy." The sound of human speech is shocking.

The coyotes grow bolder; there are whole moments when one has its snout buried in the crumpled brown thing. A great red rip appears in the flank of the carcass. One by one, the coyotes dip their muzzles in it, lifting them like Russian flags. And still the mother tries. One coyote turns to nip at

her heels, but she is fearless and fights on. A pair of ravens, like black rags, shakes into the low branches of the aspen and settles there, lengthening the odds against her. But this elk says, "No!" And, all but spent, continues to pound the air, the ground, with all her might, wheeling into the saliva that hangs from her lip. Once more she achieves the body of the calf, gives it an exploratory nudge, bends to nuzzle with the ferocity of resuscitation. I wish for her arms, fists, talons. Oh, I think, had she fists and talons, she would keep them from it. I want her to keep them from it. It is not any longer the matter of a calf, which I understand is dead. It is she. I am caught up in her mad purpose.

Then, all at once, as if a signal has been given, a handkerchief thrown, she knows. And, high, nude, sleek, she steps away to the edge of the clearing. The coyotes barge in. In a moment they are deep imbrued in gore. Their tails twitch, their soft growls of pleasure come across the water. From where she stands apart, the elk turns to cast a single lingering backward glance, then slips into the forest. The last of her is her bright rump, like a small sun. In the tree, the ravens wait their turn. Jim is silent, satisfied. He turns to see that I am full of her defeat.

"You're wrong," he says. "It was beautiful. All energy and grace. To choose sides would be to stop all nature in its tracks. A calf dies, three coyotes live another day. There is no good, no bad."

"Yes," I say. "I see." But I do not see. Is pity a less natural emotion than lust? Or hunger? Save us all from the mercy of the disinterested, the fair, to whom it is all the same--elk or coyote. The heart knows better.

I would just like to say that the operating room is not your basic nest of nightingales. But somehow or other I learned to sing there. Songs of terror and bravado such as befit the work of a surgeon. I found that it was my responsibility to report back the events of the operating room to the waiting world. But four years ago I retired. Not without some trepidation. First of all, one does not give a cheery wave of farewell to the workbench of one's life. Beloved workbench. But I had begun to write. And I wanted to try to explore the potential of that. I was also concerned that when I left doctoring, I would have nothing left to say, that I would be punished by being rendered impotent as a writer. I need not have worried because there is always the sharpened, aching tooth of memory.

I just want to finish by telling you that doctors are always making up words. There is that ancient Greek doctor who heard a man's noisy respirations from across the room. He called what he heard asthma. A word that sounds like what it is. And from that has come down the more expressive word gasp. The word hiccough too is what it sounds like. And cough as well. Just so has our language grown and enriched itself out

of the need to describe. Many is the non-medical writer who has yielded to the urge to invent words.

For instance, Samuel Taylor Coleridge, the poet, wrote to one of his chums. "Would you try to find a servant for us, someone expert in vaccimulgence?" Don't bother looking it up in the dictionary. Vaccimulgence. Coleridge made it up. Nor has it to my knowledge ever been used since. It comes from the Latin word vacca meaning cow--as in vaccination. And the verb mulgere--meaning to milk--as in emulsify. Ergo, vaccimulgence, the milking of cows.

It is my fondest hope to be the second person ever to use that word in a sentence. But for those of you who would race me to the desk to try to do it first, I'll tell you that it is no easy thing to use vaccimulgence in a sentence. I am referring to its artful use. Not such as: "I came upon a pretty girl drowsy at her vaccimulgence." No, that won't do. But after hithering and thithering, I have finally found a way to use it in a small 300-word short story entitled "Vaccimulgence." Here it is, all 300 words of it:

Even before she opened the barn door, Audrey knew from the sound of rhythmic pissing into a zinc pail exactly what she would see: her husband, Roger, sitting on a three-legged stool, his forehead pressed into the flank of a cow absorbed in the tactile mysteries of vaccimulgence. It occurred to her that it had been years since he had touched her with anything near that tenderness. Either he had not heard her footsteps behind him or he had and chose to ignore. Whatever. Roger remained as he was and gave no sign. From where she stood Audrey could see his elbows working, working. The metallic whine of the milk hitting the side of the pail was the most hateful sound of her life. At that moment, she could not have drifted from her purpose even had reason returned. No, she had come to the barn to kill, and kill she would. She was no more than twenty feet from where Roger sat when she raised the barrel of the shotgun and fired. At the blast, the body of the man was flung from the stool, then lifted into a crouching position. The sudden movement overturned the pail. In a moment, the floor of the barn at his feet was running with blood and milk. And slowly, as in a dream, he turned to gaze down at the lifeless body of his beloved cow. "Elsie," he sobbed. "Why? Why?" "She had it coming," said Audrey. "But I could never expect you to understand that."

Thank you very much.

## ABOUT THE SPEAKER ...

Dr. Richard Selzer is one of America's great talents: a versatile and gifted teacher, medical doctor, and writer. He shares our love of the Hudson River, grew up in Troy and was educated at Union College, Albany Medical College, and Yale University. For two years he served as an Army doctor in Japan and Korea. Since 1960 he has lived in New Haven, Connecticut, where in addition to maintaining a private practice as a surgeon, he was both a professor of surgery at Yale Medical School and a teacher of writing at the university.

At age 40, he says a "psychic energy for writing inexplicably appeared," and for sixteen years he sutured words and medical experiences together in striking, poignant ways. His essays, short stories, and articles are found in leading publications such as Harper's, Esquire, Vanity Fair, the London Times, The New York Times, and others too numerous to list. His books include Rituals of Surgery, Mortal Lessons, Confessions of a Knife, Letters to a Young Doctor, and Diary of an Infidel.

Like his seemingly unending flow of published works, the list of his awards is remarkable, from an honorary degree from Georgetown University, one of five such degrees, to a recent National Endowment for the Arts Fellowship.

Today he devotes his full time to writing, continuing to perfect that craft as he had earlier perfected the art of surgery. Yet, he says both his passions have more in common than one might suspect. In each you hold a slender instrument that leaves a trail. One carves the flesh to repair the body, and the other inscribes words on a page "to replenish the soul." In fact, he compares a surgical operation and a short story this way: "You make the incision, rummage around inside for a bit, then stitch up. It has a beginning, a middle, and an end."

Yet, through his precise, poetic use of scientific language he both expresses his thoughts and finds his sense of self, while at the same time, he develops a kinship with the reader. His writing as he explores his world of medicine and the human body can be evocative, amusing, and informative.

He credits the linguistic precision and skill he has achieved to reading. Essayists like William Hazlitt and fiction writers like Edgar Allen Poe sparked his artistic passion and imagination.

PAST FEINSTONE LECTURES

- 1971 - General Harold K. Johnson
- 1975 - Rear Admiral Jeremiah A. Denton, Jr.
- 1976 - Herman Wouk
- 1977 - Sidney Hook
- 1978 - Vernon E. Jordan, Jr.
- 1979 - Barbara W. Tuchman
- 1980 - Alistair Cook
- 1980 - Isaac Bashevis Singer
- 1981 - Carl Sagan
- 1982 - George F. Will
- 1983 - Hanna H. Gray
- 1984 - Milton Friedman
- 1985 - Daniel Patrick Moynihan
- 1986 - Tom Wolfe
- 1987 - Elie Wiesel
- 1988 - A. Bartlett Giamatti

*1989 - Richard Selzer*



Dr. Sol Feinstein, (1888-1980), Founder and First Director of the David Library of the American Revolution, Washington Crossing, Pennsylvania, presenting to Major General J.B. Lampert, Superintendent, USMA, a gift of an original George Washington Letter (24 February 1965).

SOL FEINSTONE'S CREDO

DEDICATED TO

The Judeo-Christian commitment of self-sacrifice for peace  
on earth, and the brotherhood of free nations of free men;

The Spirit of '76, a struggle of free men to remain free;

The immigrants who came after the revolution and helped  
build our country in freedom;

The underprivileged of all races who, by uplifting  
themselves, will raise all mankind to a higher humanity.

MY DEFINITION OF FREEDOM

In the beginning there was the void of sameness; the spark  
of life made everything different.

The stamp of sameness is the stamp of death.

Freedom to me means a social order based on individual  
freedom to live differently and to dream differently. I  
dream of a Brotherhood of Free Nations of Free Men.

Sol Feinstone

