

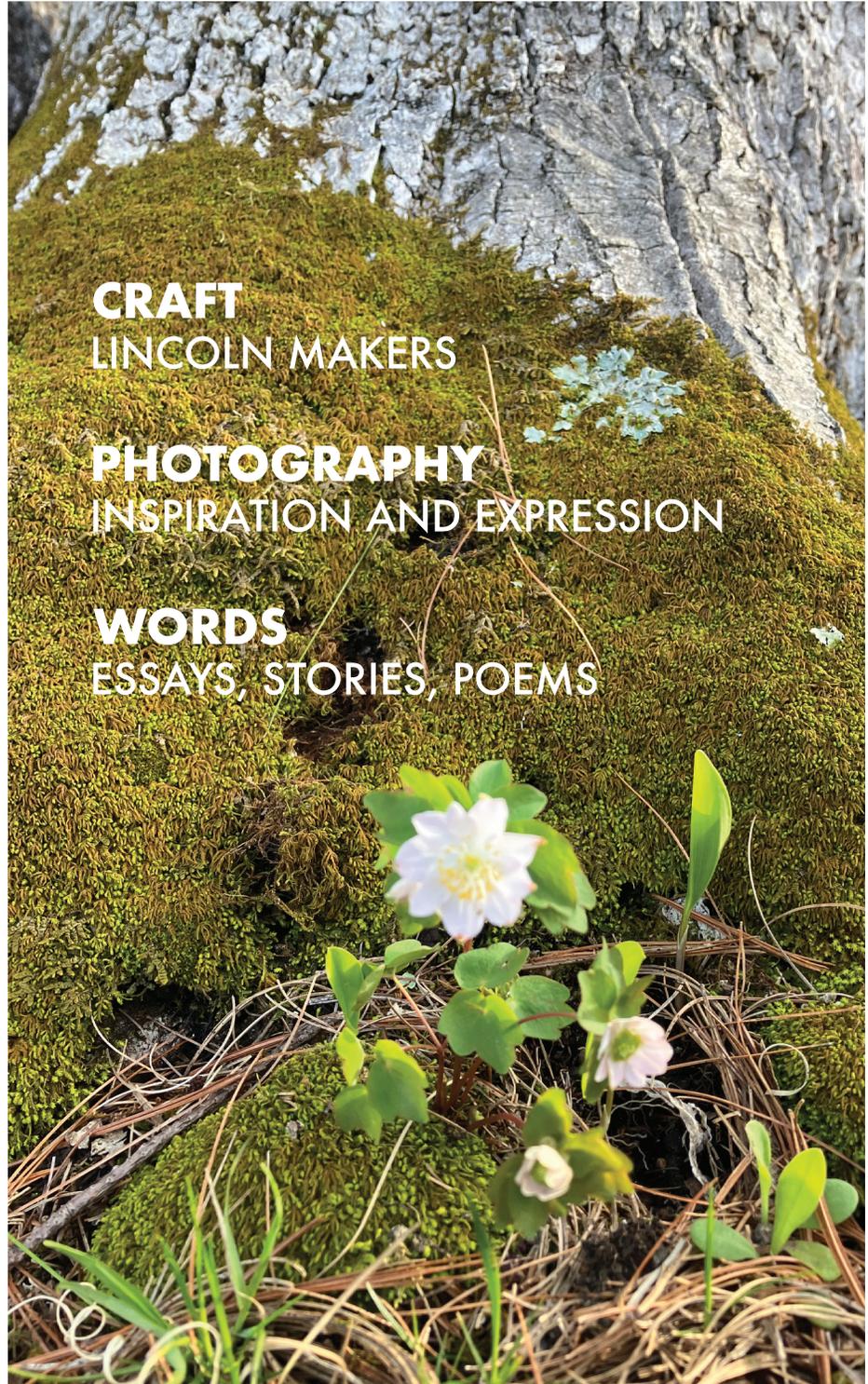
LINCOLN REVIEW

SUMMER 2024
ISSUE 1

CRAFT
LINCOLN MAKERS

PHOTOGRAPHY
INSPIRATION AND EXPRESSION

WORDS
ESSAYS, STORIES, POEMS



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Essay by Lawrence Climo, M.D.

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Cover photo by Barbara Rhines

A New Chapter

The Lincoln Chipmunk will be returning to its original name, the Lincoln Review, and will continue to be posted on the Lincoln Squirrel website for subscribers of the Squirrel. The new /old name, Lincoln Review, honors the rich history of this long-standing cultural resource, which has a nearly 50-year history as a venue for artwork and writing by Lincolnites.

The Lincoln Review was founded in 1977 by Ruth Hapgood, Nancy Bower, and Margaret Marsh “to provide residents and friends of the town of Lincoln with a small magazine or newsletter, which will contain material of informational, education, and literary interest.”

Until spring 2019, the Lincoln Review was produced and printed by longtime Lincoln residents Betty Smith and the late Harold Smith, assisted by friends and family. In 2020, it was rebranded as the Lincoln Chipmunk, an online-only publication produced by Alice Waugh, who is also editor and publisher of the Lincoln Squirrel. Subscribers to the Squirrel have access to the new Lincoln Review as well as archived issues of the [Lincoln Chipmunk](#) (nonsubscribers can still enjoy three free articles per month).

A broadened editorial plan and a new graphic layout to better relate art and word are the main features of this latest iteration of the Lincoln Review. Just a few of the pieces you’ll find in this issue: original photography by Barbara Peskin, poetry by Ron Chester and Sarah Cannon Holden, and fiction by Mary Ann Hales.

An important new section for “makers” is now part of this journal. Craft is an equally important aspect of creative living. In this issue you’ll see hand weaving by Delaine Reiter and a lovely holiday table arrangement by Betty Green.

In future issues, we would also like to include a spread showcasing the creative endeavors of Lincoln high school students. And to further honor the “storied” history of this town and prior contributors, we

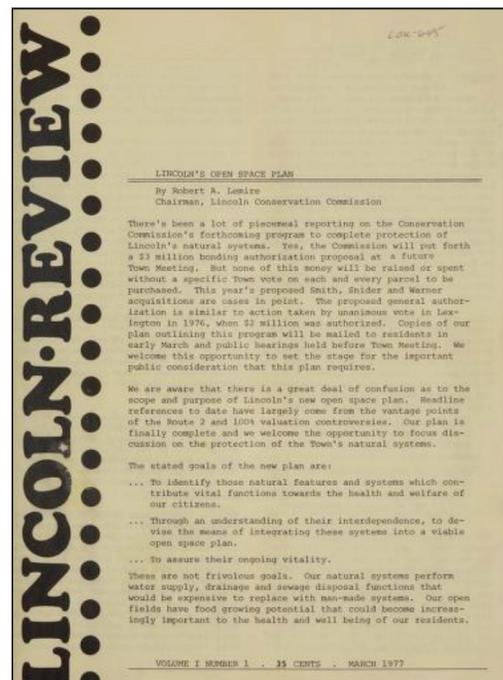
will feature a vintage submission selected from the past issues of the Lincoln Review / Lincoln Chipmunk.

Be creative and send us your stuff! Check out the [Lincoln Review submission guidelines](#) for details on what we’re looking for and how to submit. Anyone with a Lincoln connection is welcome to send material. The next deadline for content submission is October 11, 2024.

And please tell your friends about this vital new journal of literature, art, and craft. It is our hope that the Lincoln Review will reflect the “art that is life” within this wonderful town.

Barbara Rhines
Editor, Lincoln Review

Alice Waugh
Editor, Lincoln Squirrel
Publisher, Lincoln Squirrel and
Lincoln Review



The first issue of the Lincoln Review published in March 1977. To browse or search the issues from 1977–1980, [click here](#).

Weaving a Web of Color

Delaine Reiter, a full-time seismologist, searched for a creative outlet seven years ago and discovered a passion for hand weaving. She learned the craft from Beth Guertin and frequents A Place to Weave, Guertin's studio in Leominster.

"I now have a small loom at home but also have access to room-sized looms at the studio," Delaine explains. She completes about 10 projects per year.

The scarf pictured here is made with a bamboo weft (the cross thread) and incorporates linen, silk wool, and blue cotton thread that Delaine dyed.



More weaving was on display at the library in June — see below.

Library Exhibits, Past and Future



Perhaps you were able to catch the recent "Patterns + Colors!" exhibition with hand weaving and snow-dyed fabrics by Lincoln Public Library employee Tory

Black, which was featured in the library's main gallery in June. The July exhibition featured Chinese brush paintings by Susan Wu, who studied at the DeCordova



"Misty Mountain" by Susan Wu

Museum School. The August showcase features work by John Rizzo. [Click here](#) for information on the library art gallery.



An Artistic Setting

Betty Green set a beautiful Passover table, bringing an artistic eye to the seder arrangement. With Passover falling later than usual this year, Betty was able to use cuttings from her yard's flowering trees in her centerpiece.



Moments in Nature



Photos by Barbara Peskin

On the Porch

By *Mary Ann Hales*

With a good hot cup of breakfast tea in hand, I am sitting on the front porch in my rocking chair. Got my jacket on and cane beside me. There's a clear sky, no clouds and cool. Those beautiful mountains are standing up behind the Print Works and the foot traffic on the River Road is light 'cause everyone's at work by now. But it surprises me that a couple of those noisy new automobiles went by. Nobody else out here... just this old grandmother, rocking and enjoying the morning.

I'm too old to work over there no more and just taking a break after breakfast, before I go back upstairs to tackle my chores. "A place for everything, and everything in its place." That's what Ma used to tell me when I was about to leave something out instead of putting it away like I should. Now I tell my own kids and grandkids the same thing.

Well, maybe it's time to wash the curtains since spring is here and it's going to be warmer today. There'll be full sun and air enough that they'll be done and ironed before the whistle blows tonight. I'll hang them out to dry on the back porch—and by the by, that will let Mrs. Carelli know that I've gotten ahead of her again on this spring cleaning chore.

She's so proud of what a great housekeeper she is. But I know for sure when the right day comes for me to shake out the winter dust and black soot we get from that darn mill—an April day, but not too far into it. When I begin to see the yellow slips of the forsythia show a bit, it's time to take the curtains down for washing, even if they're just plain old white muslin.

It will be a bit embarrassing to let my neighbors see how plain our curtains are, but Jimmy and Janie and I talked last night after dinner and decided it was more important to get new shoes for my grandchildren instead of some flouncy, fancy curtains with butterflies and such. So Mrs. Carelli can

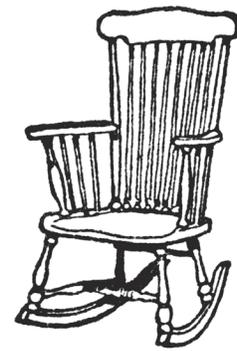
just gloat. I know that by lunchtime she'll lean out her window and say "Doris, I see you still like those same old window coverings. Didn't you get them last year, or was it the year before?"

As busy as she is minding my business, it'll be summer by the time she gets hers washed and hung out. So then, when she does, I'll just say, "Well, I see now, dearie, that you've washed the curtains up. And I see you've got some fancy new ones." She'll puff up and be proud of herself like always.

Well, my teacup is empty now, so it's time to climb back upstairs and get to work. An' you know what, dearie? Mrs. Carelli doesn't have a helpful family like I do. Her bunch don't do nothing but whine and complain. So give her a break, Doris. I think she means well.

But always keep pointing straight ahead, old girl. For sure, we Ryans do know what's more important. Now that the snow's gone and the winter boots are cleaned and put away, our young ones will walk to school in sturdy new shoes. After today, our plain old curtains will be washed and hung out to dry for another spring.

Who knows... maybe my Jimmy will get promoted and then we can get new curtains too.



The Swamp Monster Succumbs at the 40th

By Channing Wagg

R. Harold “App” Appleton’s impatience had increased during the drive to O’Hare, and it finally broke out with “Can’t you hurry it up a bit, Etta?”

“For heaven’s sake, Hal, there’s plenty of time. We’re here.” Etta stopped at the curb, but before her husband could get out, of the car, she put her hand on his arm.

“Don’t forget to take your meds, Hal.”

He nodded. “I’ll be watching it, Etta, don’t worry.” He put his hand on the door handle.

But Henrietta wasn’t through. “Enjoy reminiscing with your high school friends, but no dancing up a storm. I don’t imagine anyone will be up to doing the Watusi, but I don’t want you to be the one who comes home on crutches.”

“You want me to stick with Motown?”

“The Supremes are a good idea. We don’t want to strain that knee again, do we?” She fumbled in her purse. “Here, take these anyway,” she said as she slipped a pack of Tylenol into his blazer pocket and then gave her husband a kiss. To reinforce what she really wanted him to keep in mind while all the reminiscing was going on, she let it linger. “Love you.” She patted him on the shoulder. “Better get going. Come home in one piece.”

“Love you, too,” Hal said, pushing on the car door. “Oh, I almost forgot. Be sure to take a couple of pictures at Nicki’s game, for my album.”

“Yes, I will.”

“Great, Hon, thanks. Enjoy dinner with the kids.”

Hal tugged his suitcase out of the back, waved and was off to his reunion and re-living old times with the old “movers and shakers” gang but he wasn’t sure what she meant by coming home in one piece.

Etta waved back and blew him a kiss, but driving home, she wondered what

exactly was on her husband’s mind. A high school sweetheart, probably. His nose had been stuck in his yearbook for a week. Was he living in the past or the present?

The question lasted, more or less, until she arrived at her son-in-law and daughter’s house. As she pulled into the driveway, her granddaughter ran out to greet her with a welcoming hug. That reminded Etta that she, at least, was in the present.



Above the Brookton Hotel’s ballroom entrance, there was a forest green banner, on which trim white lettering spelled “Welcome Back for Your 40th, Class of ’66” — a neat prologue, Hal thought, to the intriguing line that followed: “Then – Now – Always!”

Always? He wondered. The summer after graduation, the movers and shakers had decided to transform the largest stump in the marshy area across the lake into a Swamp Monster. But they had no sooner arrived than the threat of rain sent the others dipping their canoe paddles in a hustle back to the dock. That left him and Ellen Farnsworth with a decision.

“Are you game, App?”

“You bet, Ellie. We can do it.”

They were adding the hugely red eyes (once brake-light covers) to the stump when Ellie leaned too far and the canoe, already off-kilter on a root, overturned. They righted the canoe, struggled to solid ground, built a fire, and...

Afterward, he told her he thought their adventure would stick in their minds forever. She said forever was a long time — like, always. How did forty years match up with that?



His glance at the banner became a closer look. The numerals were attached with Vel-

cro. It was with a hesitant step that Hal went under the banner and through the entrance into the ballroom. Classmates were milling around, but he heard Ellie's voice from the far side of the room, saw her, and walked over.

"Hello, El," he said. "You look terrific." He meant it. She did. Her green eyes and creamy skin were set off by her hair, now sprinkled with silver but still softly auburn.

"Well, hello yourself, App. You look terrific, too — not a day older than when we graduated." Smiling, she took a sip of her drink and opened her arms to accept his hug and a kiss on her lips. A fellow whom App took to be her husband was nearby but deep in conversation about the stock market and not paying attention. It wasn't difficult to take El's arm and move her aside. She raised an eyebrow, but moved along with him.

"I've been thinking about you, El."

"You have? How nice, App. I'm flattered. In what way have you been thinking about me?" Her face angled toward her glass, but she was looking at him through her lashes.

"In all kinds of ways."

She turned her face full to him. "Tell me, App."

He almost stammered it out, "Do you remember the swamp monster, El?"

"Let me see," she raised her glass for a sip that was a little too long. "The canoe — it tipped over, didn't it, App? You built a fire and then... we built a fire, too." Smiling she took another sip. "And that dried us off."

App took her by the shoulders. "Yes, I remember all that, but I've been thinking, El. Perhaps there's more to it." He dropped his hands and took a step back.

The lift of her shoulders could have been a shrug. He wasn't sure.

She said, "I think that you said we'd remember it forever. And I think I said, 'Forever is like... always, isn't it?' Always is a long time, App. Maybe I don't have all the details now. Is that what you mean?"

He studied her eyes. "Perhaps, I'm not sure."

"And details, they can get, you know, fuzzy." With a finger, she swirled the ice in her glass. "Oh wait, not all of them. I asked

you about the cedars. Did you ever find out about the cedars?"

"You mean whether they have leaves or needles?"

"Yes, see, we both remember that. You said you didn't know."

"I still don't. I'm afraid I forgot to look it up."

"Well, I think they have needles."

"Why do you think so?"

She took a long sip and regarded her glass. "This is decent Scotch, App, try it." She put the glass to his lips. "Not bad, huh? I'll have to find out the brand from the bartender."

"But why do you think needles?"

"Oh... Well, they were awfully scratchy on my ass. That's a detail I haven't forgotten."

App ran a hand through his hair. "I guess that's not the kind of thing I meant. I guess we remember differently, El."

"Oh, App, I'm teasing. You didn't let me finish. I was going to say that it was worth it." She touched his cheek. Her fingertips were cold, but her smile was warm enough to make up for it.

"There was some danger. You saved me. It was exciting, but fun, too, App, and then..."

"And then?"

"We went our separate ways."

"Until today."

"Yup, until today — and today, forty years later, that's how I remember our adventure."

He gently squeezed her shoulder, dropped his arm, and stepped back. "I suppose you're right, El, our adventure is back a ways now."

Her eyelashes lowered and she took another sip of her drink before looking up with a smile to say, "Well, our swamp monster is a shared life experience, App."

She studied his expression, and he smiled, too.

"Yes, you're right, a life experience we shared, but can't we share it again?"

Ellie looked carefully at him, "We are sharing it again, the only way we can, but I think we should be generous and include the swamp monster, too, right?"

Hal ran fingers through his hair, but he said, "I suppose we should, yes, but how do we do that?"

"We'll drink to it, App." El raised her glass. "To you and me and the swamp

monster and our life experience, together one more time, at our fortieth reunion. Cheers." Sipping half of what was in her glass, El offered App the remainder.

He took the glass but hesitated.

"Cheers, App. Cheers at the fortieth, right?"

"Yes, I suppose so." He raised the glass.

"Cheers, at the fortieth," App said, and finished what was left.



"Flight 405, got it," Etta said. "I'll be there to pick you up, Hal, but I thought you would stay another day at least."

"I decided not to."

"Aren't you having fun?"

"Ah, well, let's say an attendee made an early exit."

"Oh, Harold, my God. You don't mean someone died at your reunion? How awful..."

"No, not exactly. You see it was... the swamp monster."

"What?"

"Well, it's a kind of metaphysical thing."

"Oh, really? And after thirty-four years, why should I be surprised to hear you say something like that? I guess I don't have to be sorry, then?"

"No need. It just went, well, back to where it lives."

"I suppose you mean to the swamp?"

"Well, actually, to 1966."

"Harold, have you had too much of that applejack you say they drink back there in Maine? I don't know what you're talking about."

"I'll explain it all, Etta, sometime. Did Nicki's team win their game?"

"I'll bring her with me. She can tell you all about it."

"Love you, Etta. See you tomorrow."

R. Harold Appleton slept well and arrived at the Portland International Jetport the next morning with time to spare. He bought a tee-shirt with lobsters on it for Nicki, a pin he was sure Etta would like, and, for himself, a copy of USA Today.

What I Ask of History

By Ron Chester

Though my mind propels me forward
Pulling back, I imagine
How my ancestors filled
Their allotted time.
Surely the sky at morning
Looked the same to them.
As it does to me now, and yet....
Since death loomed closer then,
Did they search more urgently
For the embrace of a mighty God?

In Search of Calm

By Sarah Cannon Holden

West and East, Us and Them
Where is the WE?
The pressures build, the listening stops.
The anger rises, the senses are fooled.
The WE has long been lost to distrust
and history and difference and fear.
Where is the WE?
Hate breeds hate and never peace.

Spray the anger with calming words.
Let the leaders arise to show the way.
The way to listen and to hear,
the way to try to understand, to empathize.
Do WE really want to eliminate the other?
But who goes — Us or Them?
Do WE not all seek the same thing?
The same intangible yet palpable thing?
West and East — together they meet, always.
Is it not there where we can find the WE?

Wild Lincoln



A coyote leaps after prey in the deep grass.
[Click here](#) to see a video of a similar hunt.

Photo by Carol Roede



A bald eagle seen near the Trapelo Road bridge over the Cambridge Reservoir.

Photo by Jason Kass



A pair of barred owls, one suspiciously eyed by a dragon sculpture and the other perched near a koi pond.

Photos by Joanna Schmergel



When We're Behind a Mask: Is it a Pretense or is it Being One's Self? (I Think I Have My Answer)

By *Lawrence H. Climo, M.D.*

In my retirement in Lincoln I have found myself looking back at life. Those memories brought me smiles but that isn't what I want to share now. It's the memories that didn't bring smiles. It's the memories of guilt and remorse after regretful behavior that I want to discuss. Since I couldn't make those memories disappear, I took a risk and went back and looked again more closely.

It wasn't a reassuring excuse for what I did or didn't do that I hoped to find here. It was the purpose of that behavior that I felt so badly about afterwards. Reminding myself that I wasn't that child any more and then putting myself in that child's shoes, I recognized that it was a feeling, not a thought, that prompted that behavior. But it wasn't just those feelings that drove me to those behaviors. And they weren't expressions of who I was back then, either. Those were expressions of who I thought I was, and who I wanted to be, and who I was trying to be, and maybe who I had to be but was afraid to be. I'd forgotten... or never thought it through. Those motives were a trial and test.

What I learned — and I don't think it's just me — was that instead of blocking out memories of what we did or didn't do that invite remorse and shame, we might look again more closely. That's because a part of us had been testing or excusing life while in another, living it. Did we not feel more fulfilled and more whole... and relieved, when what we tried worked? My point is that those behaviors that we'd like to forget must have had a meaningful and reasonable purpose that we felt rather than mentally examined. Isn't life a continuous "shape-shifting" and filled with growing, testing, trying, and becoming?

I remember Brian Andreas, the American writer-artist who gently plays with this reality in a character who says: "I've always liked the time before dawn because there's no one around to remind me who I'm supposed to be, so it's easier to remember who I am." I also recall reading Oscar Wilde's remark that "Man is least himself when he talks in his own person. Give him a mask and he will tell you the truth." And, of course, there was that statement anchored in psychology and applied by David Brooks in his New York Times piece published on [Feb. 9, 2024](#): "If you wear a mask long enough, eventually the mask becomes who you are."

But it was really the story told by a colleague that nailed this decision that answered that question. He wrote personally about the severe and upsetting ups and downs of a foreign student he took in when she unexpectedly became seriously ill. She recovered, but those ups and downs that impacted his family, too, this colleague could only write a total truth using a pseudonym. When I'd read what he'd written, I fully understood that being oneself "behind a mask" is being one's Self.



