

LINCOLN REVIEW

FALL 2024
ISSUE 2



CONTENTS

PAGE 3

COMING UP IN THE ARTS

Art-related events in Lincoln

PAGE 4

THE ARTISTIC ENERGY OF DAVID SHAPIRO

The sculptor whose work is on display all over Lincoln and beyond

PAGE 6

RECREATION IN RHYME

Revisiting a poem by Clement Sewell

PAGE 7

WEARABLE ART

Swimsuit design by Shari Solomon

PAGE 6

CHRISTMAS ORNAMENTS

Musings by Marie-Therese Marzullo

PAGE 9

FROM ACTING TO VENTING, THEN "ROAD!"

Poetry by Lawrence Climo

PAGE 10

LINCOLN FIELDS

Photos by Lincolnites

PAGE 11

A LETTER TO AN OLD FRIEND

Musings by Alice Waugh

PAGE 12

FIREWOOD ART

Created by Tom Longnecker



On the cover: a watercolor by Kate Dahmen. Kate is an artist and art educator and lives in Lincoln and works primarily in watercolors, oils, and collage. Look for her spot illustrations in future issues of the Lincoln Review. To see more of her work, go to her Instagram account: [kate.dahmen.studio](https://www.instagram.com/kate.dahmen.studio).

PAGE 2

Arts and Events

Lincoln Arts Show

Friday, November 15 through Sunday, November 17
12:00–5:00 pm, Pierce House

This popular annual community exhibition displays works by local artists, artisans, and crafters. Stop by to view or purchase local artwork, and meet the artists while enjoying light refreshments at a reception on Friday, November 15, from 5:00–7:00 p.m.



“Pierce House” by Sarah Chester (photo manipulated using the Waterlogue app) — the site of the upcoming Lincoln Arts Show.

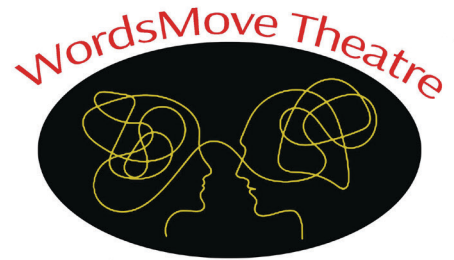
Lincoln Public Library Art Exhibition

Work by Bryn Gingrich is on display through November. In December, art by Nancy Molvig will be shown.

Staged Readings of Humorous Skits

Wednesday, November 13
7:00 p.m., Lincoln Public Library

“Surprising Encounters between Strangers, Friends and Lovers,” a staged reading of short humorous plays featuring Lincoln’s WordsMove Theater. Two additional performances in Chelmsford and Sudbury on November 16 and 23. For details, see www.wordsmove.org.



deCordova Sculture Park and Museum

“PLATFORM 33: Zohra Opoku, Self-Portraits” opened in October in the Sculpture Park and runs through September 2025. Opoku works primarily with textiles, photography, and printmaking to explore themes of identity and self-fashioning, particularly in connection to her Ghanaian culture. For more information, [click here](http://thetrustees.org/program/decordova-exhibitions) (thetrustees.org/program/decordova-exhibitions).



One of Zohra Opoku’s self-portraits.

The Lincoln Review is published four times a year as part of the Lincoln Squirrel (www.lincolnsquirrel.com). All works are copyrighted by the author or artist. For more information, email Barbara Rhines at lincolnmareview@gmail.com or Alice Waugh at lincolnsquirrelnews@gmail.com.

The Artistic Energy

By Barbara Rhines

I first discovered the art of David Shapiro when his widow, Esther, held a yard sale in preparation for her move from their long-time home in Lincoln. I walked into a wonderland of sculptures — painted metal forms of all sizes, twisted into balletic shapes and sprinkled around the property like a mini deCordova. Inside were stacks of abstract expressionist canvases.

Esther was assisted by family and friends during the sale. She told how her husband, an engineer by training, had taken up painting and metal sculpture. He was prolific. People rushed about picking out large paintings and small- and large-scale sculptures. They were priced to sell, and Esther enjoyed the enthusiasm of the buyers. I realized that this was a golden opportunity to acquire reasonably priced sculptures and paintings for my own 1946 modernist home



Top left: the Shapiro sculpture outside the stairwell at the Lincoln Public Library. Other images show his work at private residence in town.

y of David Shapiro

in Lincoln.

I bought four sculptures and two large acrylic paintings. I enjoy them every day. I particularly like when the art-loving bluebird perches on the silver sculpture on my terrace's half-wall.

Perhaps your home is graced with a Shapiro or two? And I invite those driving through Lincoln to keep an eye out for Shapiros, which can be seen at several properties throughout town. Two sculptures were donated to the Lincoln Library by Esther Shapiro. They bear brass plaques commemorating her husband's work. And a 17" Shapiro sculpture was sold recently on Facebook Marketplace by the Boston Bridges Initiative to support METCO in Lincoln.

If you personally knew Mr. Shapiro, I would be interested in hearing about



his artistic efforts. If you own a Shapiro, let me know. Such creative energy is a legacy and an inspiration. I can be reached at lincolnmareview@gmail.com.



Recreation in Rhyme

By Clement Sawtell

You can put on skis when the ground is white
And ski cross country in the bright moonlight.

Lincoln's got scouting for girls and boys
With hikes and camping and all its joys.



If you don't like scouting, you can try your hand
At a bit of farming on the Codman land.

You can ride your bike down a good bike path
Out of the way of the auto's wrath.

We've got birds and we've got bird walks
And Audubon folks that give bird talks.

If you want to march and play the fife,
The Minute Men offer the best in life.

You can throw your leg across a horse
And show your skill, in the ring of course.

We've got tennis on our own town courts
Where there are sights and skills of many sorts.

The ball field's there for all kinds of ball
Played by players both great and small.

There's also a pool where we go in swimming,
Boys and girls and men and women.

We've got fish, in case you're wishing
To practice Izaak Walton's fishing.*

In green Pierce Park on a nice warm day
Dogs and horses and kids make hay.

On a well-known road there's a rock for the
spooner
Who by instinct finds it, not later but sooner.

For the lucky ones who are able to read
We've a library filling every need.

There's the Garden Club that makes things
grow
Indoors and out in the absence of snow.

Schools for tumbling, skating and ballet,
Judo and gymnastics most every day.

De Cordova art and free Bemis Lectures
And education beyond conjectures.

Grey hair parties, thanks to our friend Joe,
And other nice folks whom of course you
know.

They're other things we've failed to mention
But not with malice or evil intention!

** Izaak Walton (1593–1683) was an English writer
best known as the author of The Compleat Angler.*

~ ~ ~

*Clement Sawtell wrote several books
including [Across the North Atlantic: In
Sailing Packet Days](#) and [The Ship Ann
Alexander of New Bedford, 1805-1851](#).
"Recreation in Rhyme" appeared in the first
issue of the original Lincoln Review published
in April 1977. You can browse and search the
first three years of the publication [here](#).*

Wearable Art



Shari Solomon drew a single rosebud with colored pencils, scanned it, and manipulated the image to create a repeating pattern. Using Printful, a print-on-demand company, she selected a white swimsuit on which to print her pattern. Voila! Her custom-designed suit arrived at her doorstep and is now her go-to swim apparel. The photo shows her finished swimsuit with coordinating towel and flipflops. Print-on-demand services are a great way to bring art into your everyday life.



Christmas Ornaments

By Marie-Therese Marzullo

It's time to unpack the Christmas ornaments. Each year I threaten it will be the last time, and each year I am seduced by memory and sentiment. Each ornament is a person, an experience, a place, a particular time. Each ornament is a story; I tell and retell the stories like a medieval bard, weaving my own version of history, singing my own song.

The heart of the tree is a bird's nest. It is placed on an inner branch where no one can see it. I know it's there. Also hidden are two stained glass ornaments: a heart that is tucked above the bird's nest, and an apple reminding me of the Eden that was lost and still longed for.

The angel at the top of the tree is named "Moroni" because I bought it in Salt Lake City. It represents a wonderful year of living in Utah, traveling from Utah to California, exploring the mountains and the national parks, learning that there are people who are as passionate about the desert as I am about the ocean. It was also an extraordinary opportunity to learn about the Mormon culture. My favorite story was told to me by an elderly professor whose grandmother had been a polygamous wife. When the federal agents came looking for polygamous families, the extra wives would scatter to the mountains. It was a bitter winter and his grandmother had been hiding during the day and walking through the night. Exhausted, cold and hungry, she saw smoke from a cabin in the distance. The kind woman who lived there took her in, asked no questions, and put her to bed with a hot drink. That, his grandmother told him, that was when she knew that God wanted her to drink tea.

Large ornaments each have a place and there is an order to their placement. After Moroni, the next ornament is an oversized blown glass heart with stars and stripes. Originally, it commemorated the attack on the twin towers and the lost and changed lives. Now, it marks the years of war and a world too familiar with violence. Just above

is the painted metal figure of the Madonna of Guadalupe — just because I love the story of Juan Diego and the beautiful woman with the roses.

A number of ornaments honor Prudence Island, a tiny island in the middle of Narragansett Bay. The silver-grey glass whale underlines the island's affectionate nickname, "The Whale in the Bay." When I first visited friends on the island, I noticed that every place seemed to have a minimum of at least three whales displayed — tables, pottery, door knockers, anything and everything that could be fabricated. I thought there was a rule: live here, display whales. After I moved to the island, the ornaments became biography. The hand-crafted deer leaping across the branches and the large Santa cradling a fawn reflect a bias against hunting for sport. The small bouquets of wild sea-lavender commemorate a time already lost: commercial gatherers have made the plant extinct on the island. Naturally, there are lighthouses in every size, but particularly the Prudence Islanders lighthouse. Every islander knows the story of the 1938 hurricane that swept the family and their guests into the sea to their deaths.

Other places, other adventures, other ornaments. Small handmade works of art made of patchwork and carved wood mark six years in Georgia. Sixty years later, friends scattered to Virginia, Florida, Tennessee, Missouri, and friendships endure. We meet for reunions, call for holidays, birthdays and just because days. Their faces and those of their children and grandchildren are reflected in the large blown glass peach ornament.

Our pets claim a major role in decoration. The china teddy bear and unicorn are for our beautiful Lhasa Apso brother and sister who ruled our lives for sixteen years. When they died, I thought my heart couldn't afford another dog. Two years later, two other dogs, more ornaments and another sixteen years. The dog that healed our hearts that time

(continued on next page)

Christmas Ornaments

(continued from previous page)

actually adopted us and stays with us in the fox ornament. The present dog in residence is a deer-head Chihuahua who came to us from a rescue group yes, there are more deer ornaments. Other pets also have a place. The ornament for Tubbo, our beloved goldfish is easy. We were so attached to him that we had his care written into our wills. The tree is studded with ornaments of mice in all their cute transformations. This is not to honor the night before Christmas when no mouse is stirring. It marks the fact that I was convinced that the house in upstate New York was on every mouse's winter guide, marked as a five-star accommodation.

Dear places, dearer friends populate the branches. Humpty Dumpty was added to the tree by a friend after he recovered from a breakdown. The Red Sox figure arrived after the first World Series victory and keeps company with a miniature Patriots football. Delicate birds and Cupids from the 1930s were salvaged from my parents' bakery. It is a glorious melange of angels and horns trumpeting the good news, vying with ornaments that have meaning to no one outside our house.

I knew The Commons was home when Marion Meenan, one of our new friends, gave us a needlepoint ornament with our zip code, 01773. It put an elegant period to our collection.

Up and down the ladder, I am caught between memory and delight in the present pleasure of touching the past. I will complain that it is too much work (because my complaint is expected and I don't want to disappoint). But really, this is the last time.

From Acting to Venting, then "Road!"

By Lawrence H. Climo

There's a film scene that draws my attention.
It's common. It's not something new.
It's a scene that always upsets me.
It's something that no one should do.

There's a behavior that we're getting used to.
Quite common in films being made.
But each time it's right there before me
Can't help feeling tense and afraid.

So, frustrated but also irate.
And ready to vent and unload.
I do what I must and what's easy.
I glare at the screen and shout, "ROAD!"

What that movie is showing us viewers,
What I see and what makes me explode,
Is a car going fast on a highway
Its driver with eyes off the road.

But we know he can show his expressions,
Just driving and looking ahead.
So why does he turn to a passenger there,
And risk crashing with somebody dead.

I shout, "ROAD!" at those moments
It's instinct.
My venting makes clear what I mean
With eyes off the road seen by millions by now.
It presumes there's no risk in that scene.

So, if you don't think this matters.
If this warning, my venting, falls flat,
Then stop reading poems like this one.
Think of teenagers driving. Just that.



Lincoln fields



*Top photo: Alice Waugh
Middle photo: Katrina Doucette
Bottom photo: Barb Rhines*



A letter to an old friend

By Alice Waugh

Dear Peter,

I hope this letter finds you well in whatever realm you may now occupy. I wanted to belatedly write and thank you for the pleasure your movies gave me over the decades and my admiration for your talent. One of my all-time favorites is “Return of the Pink Panther,” which my father and I used to watch over and over. Dad liked to quote bits from it, such as [this hotel lobby scene](#):

Inspector Clouseau *[standing next to dog]:*
“Does your dog bite?”

Clerk: “No.”

[Clouseau bends down to pat dog, who snarls and snaps at him]

Clouseau: “I thought you said your dog does not bite!”

Clerk: “That is not my dog.”

Or the very brief but hilarious moment when he [accosts another man](#) walking in the other direction way on a street in Gstaad, Switzerland, both looking down at the sidewalk as they walk:

Clouseau: “Excuse me. Do you know the way to the Palace Hotel?”

Man: “Yes.”

[They both quickly continue walking in opposite directions, never having made eye contact]

As you know, the script does not do justice — you have to see it on screen. According to a biography of you I once read, that last scene required several takes because you kept cracking up. I remember them not because they were the funniest thing ever, but because they formed a bond between me and my father, just like Monty Python did in later years.

My personal favorite, though (and Dad loved it too) is “Dr. Strangelove, Or How I Learned to Stop Worrying and Love the Bomb” — maybe the blackest comedy ever made in that time of nuclear terror, and one of the all-time great movies, if you ask me. I first saw it as a kid and didn’t realize until later that you played three different roles in the movie, and you would have played a fourth (Major “King” Kong”) if you hadn’t reportedly sprained your ankle and been unable to get into the B-52 cockpit set. What a chameleon!

But your talent came at a cost — something you see with lots of other famous artists. You were so good at completely immersing yourself in movie characters that you felt you had no actual personality in real life, and you were so insecure, neurotic and impulsive and ultimately self-destructive that you were a total jerk to your four wives and three kids. But creative types are often not very well-adjusted people, right? Would we have gotten “Starry Night” or “Wheatfield with Crows” if Van Gogh hadn’t been mentally ill? (This is the man who reportedly said, “I put my heart and my soul into my work, and lost my mind in the process.”) Then you have Vivien Leigh, Sylvia Plath, Brian Wilson, Kurt Cobain... the list goes on.

Your penultimate and arguably greatest movie, of course, was “Being There,” for which you should have won an Oscar. No side-splitting laughs, to be sure, but you found the perfect role for yourself: a blank slate who can only mimic others. After his elderly benefactor dies, Chance the Gardener ventures out into the world from the mansion where he’s always lived and begins to meet real people for the first time (he’s only been exposed to human behavior through TV). Everyone takes him to be what they want him to be, from a sexual inspiration to Shirley MacLaine (now there’s a weirdly hot scene!) to presidential material,

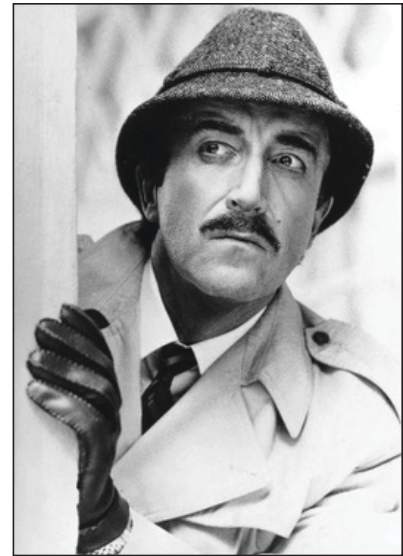
(continued on next page)

A letter to an old friend from the movies

(continued from previous page)

since he's so naïve and easily manipulated by scheming politicians. You purposely gained a lot of weight for the role, which probably didn't help your heart disease (after your first heart attack at 38, the booze, cigarettes and copious amounts of weed probably weren't a good idea, either). I still remember hearing about your death at age 54 while I was driving on Old Sudbury Road in Lincoln (I was 18 at the time) and having to pull over to compose myself. I remember the song that was playing on the radio: the cheesy-but-seemingly-perfect-at-the-time "Shining Star" by the Manhattans.

My father the scientist didn't have much use for movie stars, but he enjoyed watching me pursue this odd interest in the arts. He did share one generational trait with you, however (keeping in mind that he was three years younger than you): a fondness for cigarettes and cocktails. I know a lot of heart disease is hereditary — after all, your father died at 62 of a heart attack, as did your son Michael at age 52. My father had a good long life, but I just wish you'd stuck around a little longer and made more movies. If you get reincarnated, maybe this time take statins and get some therapy, OK?



Peter Sellers in "Return of the Pink Panther."

Love,

Alice

Firewood art

Norwegians have raised [wood-stacking](#) to an art. Lincoln's Tom Longnecker embraces the aesthetic with this nod to his firewood's original form.

