



## 2 Searching for Trinidad Bay, 1850

In the early spring of 1850, some 12 or 15 vessels left San Francisco with parties of Argonauts bound for the northern coast in search for the mouth of Trinity River or a feasible supply point for the mines on said river.

— John T. Young, *Facts in Connection  
with the Early History of California*<sup>1</sup>

THE LOCATION OF TRINIDAD BAY had been shown on Spanish maps of early explorers since 1775. However, communication of such information or exchange of maps was infrequent or nonexistent during this period. Fur trappers and traders finally brought explorers and businessmen to this coastal area in the early 1800s. Hans Buhne passed this way a number of times during his whaling days in the 1840s, although he did not pass very close to the north coast shoreline. Finally, in 1850, he joined the expedition of the Laura Virginia Association (LVA) to find Trinidad Bay and thus the mouth of the Trinity River. His decision to join the LVA would lead to several adventures and to a whole new life on Humboldt Bay.

## **Early Explorers of the Northern California Coast**

Early explorers visited both Trinidad Bay and Humboldt Bay. Their interests were mainly to find otters, beaver, and other fur-bearing animals or to repair or provision their ships. Information regarding this primitive region had to wait until the gold rush period of the 1850s brought numerous explorers to examine the area more carefully.

### **Trinidad Bay**

Reports of European explorers on the Pacific Coast date back to Juan Cabrillo in 1542. Cabrillo reached as far north as Bodega Bay. While trying to find a safe harbor to caulk his ship, Francis Drake, in 1579, was probably the first European explorer to discover the Humboldt coast. Sebastian Vizcaino was engaged in coastal explorations about 1603 and encountered muddy waters emptying into the ocean from a large bay. Later speculation was that it might have been the bay located at the mouth of the Eel River.

In June 1775, Captain Bruno Heceta on one ship and Captain Juan Bodega on another were assigned the task of examining the north coast to see whether English or Russian expeditions were encroaching on Spanish lands. During that voyage, they discovered and anchored in a small bay they named Puerto de la Trinidad. Their party explored the area, planted a cross on a high hill, and claimed the land for Spain. They also indicated on their maps that Trinidad Bay was located at latitude 41 degrees and 6 minutes.

With Trinidad now on the Spanish maps, and later on the maps of other countries, the bay was visited, but rather infrequently, by passers-by such as Captain George Vancouver (1793) and Captain William Shaler (1804). None of these visitors reported a river flowing directly into Trinidad harbor, and none reported sighting a body of water that might have been Humboldt Bay.<sup>2</sup>

### **Humboldt Bay**

In the early 1800s the Russians, located at Sitka, Alaska, were agitating for their government to establish a colony on the Columbia River. At that time, it was the Russians' official position that the only part of the Pacific coast that Spain owned was the lands from San Francisco southward.

With a colony at the mouth of the Columbia River, and perhaps another bay south of it, the Russians could easily control the fur trade.

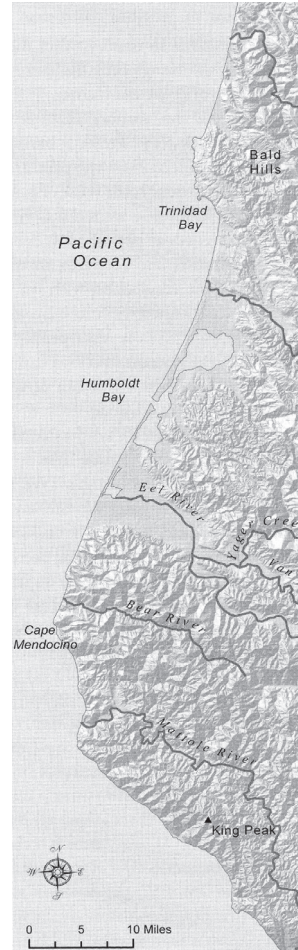
In March 1806, Court Chamberlain Rezanov sailed southward and attempted to enter the Columbia River, but because of the foul weather, he was unsuccessful. Upon his return to Sitka, he found that a Bostonian ship, the *O'Cain*, had arrived with Jonathan Winship as commander and Nathan Winship as first mate. The Winships contracted with chief manager Baranov to take over one hundred Aleutians southward on a fur-hunting expedition. It was on this expedition that Winship entered Humboldt Bay in June 1806. He charted it and named it the Bay of Rezanov. He found a few otters there, but the Indians were uncooperative.

Although Winship guided several other fur-hunting expeditions to this region, there is no record of his ever entering Humboldt Bay again. However, now that the Russians knew the latitude of Humboldt Bay, they could enter any time they wished to do so. None of this information was published until 1852, just about two years after the bay was rediscovered and entered by the *Laura Virginia* while she was being piloted by Hans Buhne.<sup>3</sup>

### Exploring in 1850

With their limited knowledge, explorers and promoters from San Francisco were searching for the point where the Trinity River exited into the Pacific Ocean. In 1850, it was generally believed that this exit point was Trinidad Bay. In addition, it was also believed that the distance traveled from this bay to the Trinity River mines would be shorter, easier, and safer than the trails from towns to the east of the mines, such as Redding or Red Bluff. Neither assumption turned out to be correct.

In February 1850, when members of the Gregg party arrived in San Francisco and verified the existence of two bays,<sup>4</sup> explorers became even



The Humboldt Bay region

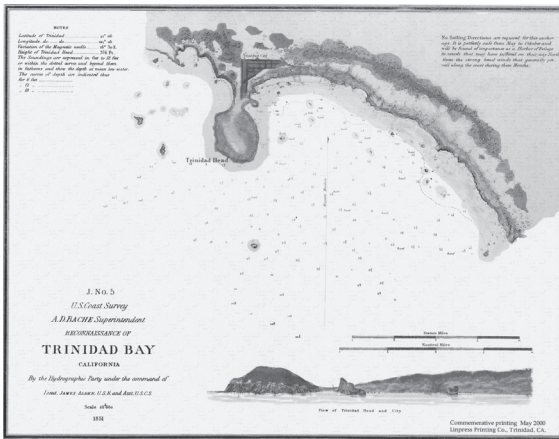
more excited about the potential business opportunities. They recognized that if they could find the other bay south of Trinidad, it might offer an even shorter path to the mines than Trinidad Bay and could present an even better settlement potential. They would know only after they had examined the two bays.

## Searching by Sea: The Expeditions Begin

The promoters in San Francisco were looking for any opportunity that would fill their pockets with gold. They knew that others were searching for these same opportunities and that they must move quickly when the opportunity presented itself. In the rush to find the mouth of the Trinity River, expeditions were hurriedly formed, ships purchased, and provisions located. Each expedition wanted to be the first out of San Francisco Bay.

### *Brig Cameo First Vessel Out of San Francisco Bay*

On March 9, while other search groups that were intending to find Trin-



Trinidad Bay

idad Bay were still forming, the brig *Cameo* was the first to sail out of San Francisco Bay on its way north to find Trinidad Bay.<sup>5</sup> It took nine days to reach the vicinity of the bay. On March 16, the *Cameo's* captain decided to anchor on the north side of a point of land that juts out into the Pacific Ocean. The captain was not aware that to the south, just on

the other side of that point, was the sought-after bay. The point was later to be named Trinidad Head.

### Other Expeditions Searching for Trinidad Bay

There were many expeditions striving to be the first to find Trinidad Bay and the Trinity River. Although the names of most of the companies

## Chapter 3

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# Be True-Blue

TRAIT: **ETHICAL**

*Always be ready to speak your mind, and a base man will avoid you.*

—WILLIAM BLAKE

IN JANUARY 2002 EVERYONE was talking about an accountant from Texas. This number cruncher never expected to be a national celebrity, but suddenly, she was. And all because of a letter.

Sherron Watkins grew up in Tomball, Texas, a suburb of Houston. She was a sorority girl at the University of Texas at Austin, where she earned two accounting degrees. After graduating, she worked first at Arthur Andersen before moving to an energy-based company in Houston—America's seventh-largest company, as a matter of fact—called Enron.

In less than a decade, Watkins rapidly climbed the ranks to become vice president of corporate development. But along the way, she started noticing that something was off. She'd always had a flair for numbers, and the numbers just weren't adding up.

It took her weeks to work up the nerve, but finally, in August 2001, Watkins sent a seven-page letter to her boss, Ken Lay, telling him what he already knew: that the company was essentially a well-disguised Ponzi scheme of epic proportions. She also voiced her concerns to a friend at Arthur Andersen, the firm responsible for auditing Enron.

"I am incredibly nervous that we will implode in a wave of accounting scandals," she wrote in her letter to Lay. "My eight years of Enron work history will be worth nothing on my resume, the business world will consider the past successes as nothing but an elaborate accounting hoax."<sup>1</sup>

She went on to say: "I have heard one manager-level employee from the principal investments group say, 'I know it would be devastating to all of us, but I wish we would get caught. We're such a crooked company.'"<sup>2</sup>

A few short months later, the jig was up: Enron stock plummeted and the company collapsed, filing for what was then the largest bankruptcy in history. The letter Watkins wrote ended up on the desks of criminal and congressional investigators, along with thousands of other documents illuminating Enron's shady dealings. Watkins made national headlines and earned the moniker that made her famous: the "Enron whistleblower."

In a 2009 interview with *Human Resource Executive*, Watkins described her life today as "extremely good." She's no longer at a desk from nine to five; she now works as a professional speaker on the corporate circuit "earning a full-time living for working part-time."<sup>3</sup>

Talking about her career change, Watkins said: “The media made me a hero. I was on the cover of *Time*. But your corporate career is dead. People decide you’re more loyal to the truth than to the organization. Even those of us who [blew the whistle] internally never ended up working in the same field again.”<sup>4</sup>

Loyalty to the truth set the stage for the defining moment of Watkins’s professional career, and that loyalty is exactly what makes her a whole, integrated, and ethical individual—the third trait of self-actualizing human beings. It also catapulted her into a speaking career that she loves.

In this chapter, we’re going to look at how and why the good among the great typically exhibit high integrity. We’ll see that they have higher and more objective standards of behavior—especially for themselves. We’ll also demonstrate why immoral behavior is so costly and moral behavior is so rewarding.

### **Maslow’s Take**

Maslow wrote in his book *Motivation and Personality* that the particularly strong, healthy personalities he studied “rarely showed in their day-to-day living the chaos, the confusion, the inconsistency, or the conflict that are so common in the average person’s ethical dealings.”<sup>5</sup> Thus, while corporate America still has a conflicted view over the propriety of Watkins’s actions, she herself has and had no confusion about what was right and wrong.

In *The Farther Reaches of Human Nature*, Maslow goes on to write, “Self-actualization is an ongoing process. It means making each of the many single choices about whether to lie or be honest, whether to steal or not to steal . . . and it means to make each of these choices as a growth choice.”<sup>6</sup>

In other words, self-actualization or true psychological health is not just about morals. It’s about *growth*. The quality and clarity of your ongoing moral and ethical choices will determine

how whole and integrated you become as a human being. If you compromise your ethical choices, you not only hurt others, you fracture your personality, which results in a variety of negative consequences.

People who are unethical have to compartmentalize their choices, their thinking and behavior. The true-blue among us understand and *relax* in the habit of making each choice part of a unified life of authenticity. In other words, they have the ability to integrate all the strands of their personality so that they can be true, not just to others and themselves, but to reality—the truth. Hence, Sherron Watkins’s “loyalty to the truth” trumped the loyalty that others felt she should have had to “the organization.” In spite of the grave threat that coming forward posed to her job, her career, and her reputation, Watkins was true to the truth and in a marvelous reversal of means and ends, to herself.

Good, capable individuals unconsciously guard and nurture themselves or their spirits every day in all sorts of choices, large and small. Just as their lives are never static, they are rarely if ever fractured. Their morals and ethics are never cut off from the whole of their evolving beings.

Another way to think of yourself and your life is a trajectory. Every choice you make alters that trajectory, in a positive or negative way. Will you categorize that dinner with friends as a business expense? Will you be honest with your daughter? Will you take more credit than you’re due? These are just the small questions that we face every day, and little by little, the answers influence the trajectory of our lives and beings.

Another way to look at it is that life has a moral dimension. Not only is there often a right and wrong, but what goes around does come around, Karma exists, chickens *do* come home to roost, and as my mother, Phyllis, liked to say, “There is *always* a day of reckoning.” The good among the great understand that



## Chapter 2



### Waking Up

*We don't understand life any better at forty than at twenty,  
but we know it and admit it.*

JULES RENARD,  
French Author (1864-1910)

BY THE SUMMER OF my forty-second birthday and Jean's fortieth, we had been married for fifteen years. We had traded up to another Marin house—one with a water view in the harbor town of Tiburon. On a whim, we also had purchased an old village house in need of a great deal of *bricolage* (do-it-yourself handiwork) in the south of France, close to where Jean's paternal family had originated. Vacationing in the old villages of Provence, Jean had reconnected with his heritage and spent hours looking at the pictures of little houses in the windows of the real estate shops. "I'd love to have a little stone house here," he would comment. One day we found ourselves asking, "Why

not?" It was a magical area: close to the sea, rivers, and mountains; culturally fascinating; and boasting terrific food. The property was very affordable, the exchange rate was good, and our frequent flyer miles were piling up and would last us many years.

Escaping each summer for four to five uninterrupted weeks of Provençal sun, we felt free, like caterpillars emerging from their cocoons and spreading their wings. We managed the time off by working hard and forgoing additional income for vacation, which was worth the sacrifice. France had become our deserted island—a place that replenished our energy for the other eleven months of the year. It was becoming our creative *pied à terre* where we were able to hear ourselves talk, listen to each other, and find lost parts of ourselves.

That year, the conversation turned to the topic of babies. Up to that point, we had pretty much forgotten about having children. It just wasn't on our radar as our careers seemed to take an exorbitant amount of time, and to us, life was about working hard and playing hard.

Then, on a weekend jaunt to Las Vegas, my fun-loving and successful friend Kirsten surprised us with the news that she was pregnant at age forty-one. Meanwhile, Shelley, my feminist best friend from graduate school, who convinced me at twenty-one that it was imperative to keep my own last name, unexpectedly adopted a baby girl, Alix Li, from China and asked us to be the godparents. At forty-two, I realized it was now or never for me, and began reconsidering our decision not to have a family. Could it be possible to have a career, a child, and a balanced life? What would having a child do to us financially? Could I be a loving, patient mother? Could Jean be a good father? Could we still live the life we had known? Could we still travel with a kid? Using the well-honed left, analytical sides of our brains, we began to assess the pros and cons.

Jean was the first to admit that he liked being the most important person in my life. He was afraid that a child would take over his

world and that he would lose himself, me, and our unbridled liberty. Then he would add a few global statements, such as “The world is overpopulated anyway. Why add to the misery?”

I knew that what he said made sense, and would try to focus more on work and enjoying life as a couple. I’d listen to friends complain about how they rarely either finished a conversation or had sex with their husbands, and I would wonder whether our life was just perfect as it was. Then I would see a little girl playing on the swings, or eating an ice cream cone with chocolate all over her face. My hormones would surge and my heart would burst, seeping like a cracked egg. During one such unexpected bout of maternal longing, Jean said, “This emotion isn’t going to go away, is it?” I responded by bursting into tears. Finally, we decided we would let nature take its course with no attachment to the outcome.

Then, that summer, my boobs blossomed into melons and I was pregnant. Scared, nervous, and elated, we flew back from France and made a doctor’s appointment for one month hence. Jean had to leave for a business trip on the day of the appointment, and I naively went alone. I laid on the table and stared at the emotionless face of the doctor as he felt my tummy, glanced at the sonogram, back at the stethoscope on my stomach, and back at the monitor once again. “I’ll be back in a minute,” he said, and I knew something was horribly wrong. As the door creaked open, I bolted up off the exam table and blurted out, “What’s happening?” In slow motion, I saw him shift his glance and begin to reach his arm out to put his hand on my shoulder. “What?” I yelled, shaking him off. “What?”

“I am so sorry,” he replied. “The fetus died. Can I call your husband?”

Sobbing, I left a voicemail for Jean and called Kirsten to come meet me at home. We’d barely had time to absorb the idea of being pregnant, and now the gift had been grabbed out of our hands. How could I even sleep with a dead baby in my stomach? All I wanted to

do was get it out of me.

Kirsten walked in my door an hour later armed with a basket of avocados, honey, and cucumbers. She announced. "You can cry for 20 minutes; then it is time for pampering. I'm here to give you my homemade avocado and honey facial." What could I do but smile? She was there to take care of me when Jean was traveling.

Four months later, as we fit intensive therapy sessions in between Jean's work trips to Malaysia, Singapore, and Hong Kong (places he'd only dreamed of traveling ten years earlier), Jean's mother was diagnosed with a rare uterine cancer, and within the year her longtime companion died of kidney cancer. Through her resilience and the grace of God, she went into remission. Though this was no less heart-wrenching, tragedy and death were familiar to Jean since the sudden shocking death of his father years earlier, but it was altogether new to me. All of a sudden, life took on a new sense of urgency. We had crossed the forty-year threshold, and come to the shocking realization that our lives were almost half over.

*The Lord God called out to the man and  
said to him, “Where are you?”*

—GENESIS 3:9, THE FIRST QUESTION IN THE TORAH

## CHAPTER TWO

# Discover Yourself

“When I die and face the heavenly court,” the Hassidic Rabbi Zusha famously said, “if they ask me why I was not more like Abraham, I will say that I didn’t have Abraham’s intellectual abilities. If they say, ‘Why weren’t you more like Moses?’ then I will explain that I did not have Moses’s talent for leadership. For every such question I will have an answer, but if they say, ‘Zusha, why were you not Zusha?’ for that I will have no answer.”

It can take a lifetime to discover what exactly it is that you were born to do. Yet the story of Zusha tells us that we should not measure our lives by comparing ourselves to other people who have different strengths and weaknesses. The question is, are you making the most of the life *you* ought to be living?

This is precisely what motivates many people to become entrepreneurs rather than spending their lives toiling in other people's businesses, answering to somebody else's whims, and being measured by somebody else's standards. The question for an entrepreneur isn't how you're doing compared to Bill Gates or Warren Buffett—or compared to the guy in the next cubicle. The question is, are you fulfilling your own mission?

Of course, figuring out your mission isn't always a conscious, purposeful process. It takes place over years, through a variety of experiences, as we gradually come to realize what we're passionate about, where our talents lie, what excites us, and where we can make a difference.

### **What's in Your Blood?**

I didn't understand exactly what my father did for a living when I was young. Dad was a food broker, running a business he had started with his own father. Originally it was a commodities business, selling rice, flour, and sugar to mom-and-pop grocers and restaurants. Later, as the packaged food industry developed, he represented national lines like Skippy peanut butter, selling to the new breed of supermarkets across New England. (Dad wanted to name me Skippy. I'm glad my mother prevailed!)

At home, Dad didn't talk about his work. I knew his employer wasn't a grocery store, nor was it a company that made food. The details eluded me.

A rare chance to watch him work came when my mother would issue a warning that Dad would be bringing home an important guest.

“Be on your best behavior tonight,” she would tell me. “The Bumblebee Man is coming to dinner!”

The Bumblebee Man? I pictured a fellow with antennae, protruding from his skull and a body covered in yellow and black stripes. Why did that require good behavior? Then my father would arrive, accompanied by a middle-aged gentleman in a dark suit. This was the Bumblebee Man? I didn’t understand that it was the sales manager from Bumblebee Tuna.

Another time, I was told “the Green Giant Man is coming.” It was a leap in scale from the Bumblebee Man. How would the man even fit through the front door?

What I did perceive very clearly was how my father’s demeanor changed when these men were around our table. He was the one on his best behavior, engaging these men in conversation, listening to them intently. I came to appreciate that having the Bumblebee Man or the Green Giant Man over for dinner was not to be taken lightly.

My first venture into the adult world of work was the lemonade stand I opened at age nine in front of our house, on a corner lot of a totally Jewish neighborhood in a heavily Jewish town, Brookline, Massachusetts. I had a solid strategy for keeping costs down: my mother donated all of the materials. I had no idea how much lemons, sugar, or cups cost, so I priced the lemonade to sell—for probably half the

price the store charged! That certainly made me popular among the local gardeners and even some adult neighbors but probably not very popular with Cousin Donny, who ran his own lemonade stand and whose parents made him buy his own ingredients.

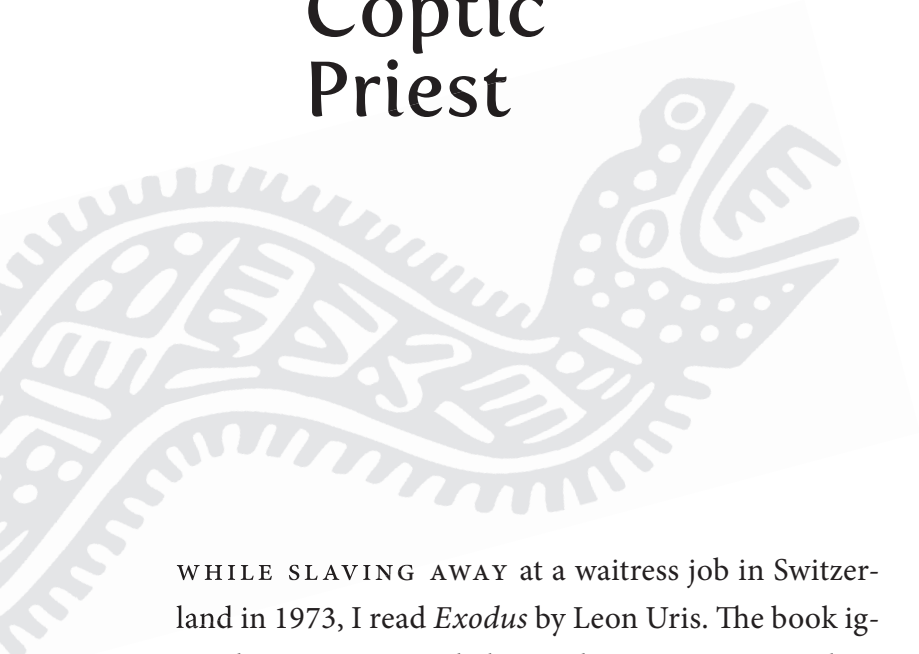
I loved it from the start: the constant flow of transactions, the thrill of making a sale, the figuring out of the display and which products would appeal to customers alongside their lemonade—gum? Hershey bars? I loved putting the coins in rolls at the end of the week and delivering them to the bank.

Some actions I wasn't proud of. I had a rule at the lemonade stand: no clipping. That was the word for stealing in those days, and I had a sign: "No Clipping." Once I asked my friend Jeffrey to plant a Hershey bar in another kid's jacket pocket. Then I confronted the boy and demanded that he pay for it. I even levied a fine of two dollars. I came from a very principled family, but somehow I developed a slippery side, what Jewish tradition would call my *yetzer hara*, my evil inclination—which I always fight to keep in check as an adult.

My first real lessons in customer service came with my second business, hauling trash barrels for our neighbors. My older brother had run the barrel business, serving some fifteen houses, and when he was leaving for college he tried to sell me his business. I wasn't that dumb. I knew that he was leaving anyway, so I just took over the route. Suddenly, people depended on me. Many times I would wake up late



# The Coptic Priest



WHILE SLAVING AWAY at a waitress job in Switzerland in 1973, I read *Exodus* by Leon Uris. The book ignited in me an overwhelming desire to go to Israel, so I saved my money and flew to Tel Aviv. Did I pay attention to the fact that the country had just been at war? No. Did I consider the impact of the recent terrorist massacre of the Israeli Olympic team in Munich? No. Did I worry when I arrived in Tel Aviv in the middle of the night and slept on the linoleum floor at the airport that the bullet holes strafing the wall above my head had been made within the last two weeks? No. I was

nineteen years old, blissfully ignorant, and heading for the Promised Land.

As the warm, caramel-colored Middle Eastern sun rose and bathed Israel in morning light, I hitchhiked to Jerusalem. I stayed at the Methodist hostel in the Old City and spent weeks wandering the alleyways, befriending Palestinian children, old Jewish guards, and Hassidic women at the hammam (public steam bath).

I wanted to explore the rest of the country and chose Jericho on the West Bank in the Jordan Valley as my first stop; it is considered by many to be both the oldest city in the world (dating from 7,000 BC) and the lowest city on earth (250 meters below sea level). I hitched a ride south with an Israeli in a noisy tin can of a car. He was horrified that I wanted to go to Jericho and adamantly refused to drive me from the highway into town. He said the Palestinians would rape and rob me and I would never make it out of there alive.

I had him drop me off at the junction and walked into the town of Jericho anyway. I bought plump dates and succulent oranges and sat on a bench, watching dilapidated produce trucks clunk by and short dark women in black dresses zigzag across the plaza, stop-

ping to talk to one another. Jericho was bathed in amber light and warm sun. It felt good on that bench.

I found a guesthouse and rented a room. Then I went for a walk—still no raping or robbing. I walked to the end of a dusty road that led to a tall, mud-brick wall worn down by eons of wind and history. The air caressed my skin; a luscious scent wafted on the whispering silken breeze. The wall surrounded an orange grove and the trees were in full waxy white bloom. The hum of hundreds of bees called me. I scaled the wall, dropped down onto the blossom-covered ground and wandered amid the aisles of trees. The drone of the bees pulled me into a hypnotic state. I lay down, closed my eyes.

When I awoke, a dark-skinned man was sitting directly in front of me. He wore a keffiyeh, the traditional Palestinian checked scarf, white and black like Arafat's, and his eyes were bloodshot. He was squatting, arms crossed over his knees. He just stared. I was startled but felt calm. He was calm. He spoke in soft, guttural Arabic, lit up a big newspaper-wrapped spliff and offered it to me. I didn't smoke pot and shook my head. He puffed away and conversed. I had no idea what he was saying but understood he was the orchard guardian. He left me there and I daydreamed as the

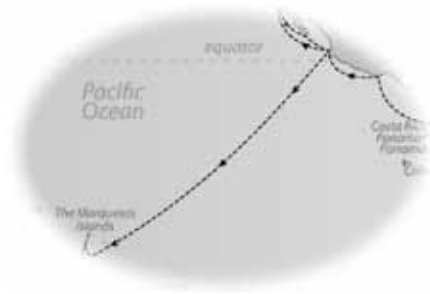
hills wavered in the heat. It was a timeless, peaceful place.

This became my daily pattern. I wandered the dirt roads leading out of town to the encircling orchard walls of times gone by. I could smell the ancientness, sense the spirits of long-dead residents' robes brushing by me, feel the splendor of great cities bordering the Jordan River. I was a captive of my imagination and I couldn't get enough of that orange-blossom smell.

One day, as I peeked through a gate keyhole in wonder at a particularly fragrant orchard, a man peeked back. The gate opened and there stood the tallest man in Jericho with the biggest ears! He smiled at me and spoke French. Finally, someone I could talk to.

With a grand sweep of his arm, he invited me into his garden. The black robe he wore was frayed and dusty around the edges as it dragged on the ground after him. His orange grove had a unique feature—in the center was an ornate whitewashed church. I had been befriended by a Coptic priest and this was his residence.

We sat in the shade, drinking mint tea, discussing worldly affairs. He had been born in Egypt, where Coptic Christianity originated, and in the course of many exploits he traveled through the Sinai to Israel.



## Crossing the Pacific: It's Only Water, Right?

*"Man cannot discover new oceans unless he has  
the courage to lose sight of the shore."*

ANDRE GIDE



### **Personal Journal** / April 1, 2002

Without fanfare, we departed Punta Mita, today at noon, and headed across the Pacific. The boat felt heavy, full of fuel, water, people, and enough food for five of us to last at least 45 days. I have to say, it was kind of strange to be sailing *away* from land and heading out into such a vast body of water. We watched in silence as the last bit of terra firma disappeared behind us; we heard the “whoosh” of the water going by—we were sailing. We were going!

For so long, I have dreamed of crossing the Pacific again, but this time as skipper of my own boat. Now here I am. I feel proud and happy yet have great trepidation about leaving home. At the same time, I’m keyed up at the prospects of new adventure. That’s a lot of feelings for one day.

*The Boy Behind the Gate*

Mexico was a challenge; finding spare parts for the outboard motor, buying oil, or the food we wanted seems more difficult than in the States. However, I have a feeling much of that fault was due to our own misunderstanding of the local way of doing things. I'm sure we'll get better at adjusting as this is only our first country out of many more to come. It's our responsibility to adapt to different cultures, not the other way around. Still, after less than three months, we were all ready to leave Mexico. While we enjoyed the relaxed and easygoing atmosphere, the frustrations drove us crazy:

"*Hola*, we would like to buy these rivets, *por favor*," I said to the shopkeeper.

"*Uno momento, señor*. The cashier must count them," said the small man behind the weathered wooden table.

"Count them? They're already in sealed bags, and there must be over 200 here," I countered.

"*Sí señor*. She will count them for you, *no problema*," he said with a smile.

"Why? It says right here on each bag there are 10 rivets inside," I said.

"*Sí, no problema*. She will do it for you," the shopkeeper repeated, still smiling.

"That could take a very long time," I said.

"What is the hurry, *señor*?" The shopkeeper really meant it.

"*Sí, no problema*," I gave in. What *was* the hurry?

We have more new friends with John and Lynette Flynn aboard *White Hawk*. As with Brad and Laura, we gravitated toward both of these upbeat and energetic young couples. From Southern California, John and Lynette are blond, tan, have toned physiques, and certainly know how to keep a party lively. Over many pitchers of margaritas, we found comfort in sharing our fears and excitement as we all prepared to cross the Pacific at the same time.

While anchored at Punta Mita alongside *Pura Vida* and having our farewell dinner, there was nervous laughter aboard and everybody was busying themselves with little tasks. By now, while everyone on both boats had some cruising experience, I was the only one who had actually crossed an ocean. Laura asked, "What's it like out there?"

I replied, "My strongest memory is there's nothing out there, absolutely nothing. It's just you and the boat. I remember liking that part."

Laura raised her eyebrows, "Gee, I don't know if we should be doing this."

"I'm sure we shouldn't be doing this," added Brad. "Are we nuts?"

"Yeah, we're all nuts. If you really think about it, nobody should be doing this, but we're going to love it. Besides, what could happen out there...?" Oops, that was the wrong thing to say. A chill quiet settled over us, as each person was alone with thoughts of what actually might happen. I was trying to lighten up the conversation, but it didn't really work. After a couple of minutes, I had to break the silence and get the conversation going again. "Come on Brad, let's look over the ITCZ again. I'm thinking we should shoot for crossing the equator about here, somewhere between 125° and 130° West." It snapped us back to the moment.

"I was thinking the same and it's what everyone says to do. We're going to wait one more day and then we'll be right behind you," Brad said. "You know, we were originally only sailing down here to Mexico. And now because of you guys, we're going to cross the Pacific Ocean."

"So it's our fault?" I asked.

"Yep, sure is," Brad said as he smiled.

"I'll take full credit then. Guilty as charged."

"Come on guys, one more cocktail together. The next one will be in the Marquesas Islands," Patrik said.

Glasses full, everybody chimed in: "To the Marquesas!"



**Email** / April 8, 2002 / One Week at Sea

While we are in radio contact with our friends on other boats, we realize we are truly alone and all we have is our boat and ourselves. At times we're all rendered speechless by heavy doses of fear and exhilaration.

It's 2230, clear, lots of stars, and balmy enough for just a T-shirt. I am on watch but have taken a short break to pee and write a quick email. There is a strict "no peeing overboard" rule on *Julia* because it's a common cause of people falling overboard; plenty of people have been plucked out of the water with their flies open. The wind is blowing a gentle 12 knots, and *Julia* is leaping along at 6 knots south and west toward the Marquesas Islands. We are making about 135-150 miles a day and that should steadily

*The Boy Behind the Gate*

increase as we pick up the trade winds over the next couple of days.  
N 18°51'W 107°46.6'



**Email** / April 14, 2002 / Fourteen Days at Sea

This morning, while on watch in the early hours, I heard the familiar breathing sound of my dolphin friends. I stealthily made my way forward to the bow, and there they were, a pod of them, playing and surfing in our bow wave. As they streaked back and forth, their trails glowed green and white in the dark waters. Some places in the ocean have a high concentration of phosphorescence in the water, caused by dense pockets of plankton. When stirred up by our boat, dolphins, schools of tuna, or other sea life, that disturbance lights up the plankton. It's magical, almost alien, and the dolphin trails make it dazzling because of their speed.

We've been at sea for two weeks and as we are clocking more than 150 miles per day, one contemplates how immense the ocean really is. We have seen waves the size of two-story houses rolling along under us. They're not very steep, just big rollers that remind me of the low foothills of the Sierra Nevada. While more steady now, the winds have increased in strength, and there have been plenty of rainsqualls. From first light until sunset, we see schools of flying fish leaping out of the water trying to escape the predators.

I spend my days routing and navigating according to weather forecasts we receive via the SSB radio. I make my best attempt at interpreting the information and am becoming a student of weather forecasting. I'm also busy fixing rigging in need of attention, attaching leather chafe gear to protect lines from wearing as they rub against any hard surface, assisting on other people's watches, standing my own watches, and, of course, sleeping. With five people onboard, we have the luxury of three-hour watches, followed by nine hours off. The crew, except me, rotates as cook every fourth day. I stand the extra watches and am always available to assist with anything, anytime. Seems like I'm never caught up with all of the tasks needing attention. And while I take my turn in the sack, I really don't sleep much, constantly aware of the goings-on aboard.

While the seas aren't rough, the boat is in a relentless motion and we awake from sleep feeling as though we have had an isometric workout. We have almost lost track of time except now we're all fairly ready to be



## Your Massively Networked Self

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*You now have the opportunity to begin creating a quality of life that reaches beyond the constraints of what you may currently perceive as your body's physical limitations.*

Imagine that you are working out at the gym after work. Your weight, exercise routine, and body's response are transmitted wirelessly to the Internet. As you head for the locker room, your workout app automatically sends a tweet announcing that you've completed 35 minutes on the elliptical with an average heart rate of 60 beats per minute and you currently weigh 190 pounds. The same information is archived on your remote server with a time and date stamp.

Your partner sees the tweet, responds with a direct message asking where you would like for dinner. You start to reply "pizza" when the app pops up a message, "2 slices pizza est avg 580 cal = 1.25 hrs" reminding you how long it will take to burn off those calories on the elliptical based on your average workout intensity. You end up tweeting

“salad” to your partner instead. “Could you pick up a couple of Mediterranean Salads up from the Café on your way home?” she asks you. Getting in the car, you tell the GPS “Café Organic.” You are tempted to take a route you think is quicker, but experience tells you that ignoring the GPS will likely leave you stuck in traffic. You follow the GPS instructions even though you are unfamiliar with this route, and quickly arrive at the café.

Your genetic information has been analyzed, indexed, and stored with a service along with your health stats, real-time activity, and consumption data. You tweet a snapshot of your mediterranean salad to the service. Image recognition identifies its ingredients and automatically estimates the calories, nutrition, and ratio of fat, protein, and carbohydrates. You can adjust the estimates based on actual values for meals you eat frequently to improve accuracy of how the system as a whole estimates calories and nutrition for yourself and others.

A pedometer transmits how much you move versus sit throughout each day. A sleep pattern monitor transmits how long you sleep and how much of that sleep time is spent in the REM stage. The service cross-references all this data with comparable data others provide: it recognizes optimal patterns and suggests how you might optimize your daily wake time and sleeping routines.

After a few years of collecting and archiving data you learn that technology has become available to monitor your health from the inside. You wear contact lenses that monitor components of your eye fluid and body chemistry. The lenses have a chip that transmits status and any anomalies wirelessly to the server for further analysis. You can now get an injection of nanobots that circulate through your body

identifying cells that seem to be multiplying more quickly than average to provide an early cancer warning.

You discover that despite your current commitment to health and fitness, your less-healthy past has had an irreversible impact. You will need a new liver. The long wait lists are a thing of the past. Your doctor orders a new liver to be grown from stem cells and within a few months you are back on the road toward optimum health.

In the intervening years, genes for longevity have been identified and researchers have figured out how to use these to reverse the aging process. You now have the option to live a much longer, healthier life. Choosing how long you would like to live is becoming a question you may have to answer in the near future. You now look and feel great, but will you reach a point where even that gets old? The answer is probably very different for different people.

## **Building self-awareness**

If you are like most people, you do not think about the repetitive patterns that comprise your daily life. Such patterns are made up of mundane habits like brushing your teeth and driving to work that do not seem to warrant much consideration. They are also aspects of life that reside outside of normal awareness, like blood pressure and sleep cycles. Religiously monitoring and archiving data about food intake, exercise routines, sleep and activity patterns currently appeal to a small number of pioneers. The available self-monitoring tools still require time and attention to get the most out of them, and with relatively few participants at present, the data sets available to analyze are limited.

Gary Wolf and Kevin Kelly, both *Wired* alumni, coordinate a group attracting early adopters interested in building

systems to improve self-awareness. Their blog at Quantified Self.com covers topics from mood regulation, sleep optimization, thought mapping, nutrition, energy consumption, genetic testing, brain enhancement supplements, and monitoring gadgets to tools and standards for making sense of all this data. Participants have personal goals from simple health optimization to creating a living portrait of themselves that can be ported into a robotic replicant or a virtual self housed online.



*Bina Rothblatt's  
Bina48 video*

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Bina Rothblatt has a robotic avatar named Bina48 whose repertoire of knowledge includes everything Rothblatt has mapped and uploaded to Bina48's system.

Wolf says that while the tools and tactics for self-monitoring get the most attention, for him “the part that is the most interesting is the ‘self’ part. From the beginning what we were trying to investigate is how self-quantification generates changes in our inner experience.” Much of what we believe to be true, he acknowledges, is influenced by everything from media messages to beliefs passed down through the generations. Collecting data about our behaviors can shine a light on aspects of our inner experience, such as unquestioned beliefs, which may turn out to be less accurate than we thought.

“Here’s something that I just learned at a recent Quantified Self meeting,” Wolf elaborates, “one guy created a metafilter called Fuely ([www.fuely.com](http://www.fuely.com)) that helps people track their gas mileage and how they drive. After collecting driving behavior data from fifty thousand people, he learned that even by becoming massively aware of your driving behavior and changing it to drive more efficiently, it actually saves trivial amounts of money. There is another

## CHAPTER 2



# *Music, the Universal Language*

*Music is the universal language of all  
mankind.*

—American poet Henry Wadsworth Longfellow (1807–1882)

No matter how we describe it, music can connect and unite, crossing all boundaries, cultures and countries. Listening to or performing the same music is a way of getting in sync with each other. The same music can be recognized and sometimes enjoyed no matter what language someone speaks. We may not love the same style, but music is the one passion almost all of us share.

The words “Music is the universal language”

have become a standard phrase, almost a cliché. A more fitting description may be, “Music is the universal energy or vibration.” Some disagree, saying that instrumental music is not really a language because it doesn’t have grammar or vocabulary. However, instrumental music seems to evoke the same feelings, thoughts and energy everywhere. I’ve had people tell me they felt like I was telling a story, even though there were no words, when I played the harp or organ. Others say that music from a different culture or country is irritating. Either way, music can paint a picture of people’s customs and preferences. You can get a feeling for habits and states of mind just by listening to music.

Classical music is more likely to be known and enjoyed around the world than other styles of music. People everywhere can communicate through their music, which acts as a messenger that carries history and experience across time and space. We understand the message and get to know others, whether we can speak their language or not. You can often identify and connect with people from other cultures by their style of music. Music defines us as human beings.

Do you sometimes listen to, or make music with, lyrics from a language other than your own—even

if you don't speak that language? When the music is powerful and beautiful, it doesn't matter. Opera is often sung in Italian. Chanting may be in Hebrew or in languages spoken in India.

Often musicians unite people worldwide with a musical concert to benefit a charitable cause or victims of a catastrophe. Even if the language isn't understood, people share emotions, feelings, memories, joy or sadness. As the music reverberates through our bodies, the shared feelings allow us to know that we are not alone but are connected.

The popular song "Let There Be Peace on Earth" has been translated into many languages. Those who are familiar with the song only have to hear the melody to feel that there is hope for peace. Great classical music is known everywhere. The music composed by masters like Beethoven, Mozart, Bach, Brahms and Tchaikovsky knows no boundaries. Yes, music is a universal (and powerful) language, and it may yet bring peace on earth.

### **Music Connects Generations**

Open your mind to different styles of music. If you always listen only to classical music, try some country-and-western or new age music. If you think the younger generation's music is trash, ask

a young person what his or her favorite song is, then listen to it together. Discuss what it means with him or her, and maybe you'll understand his or her frustrations, needs and dreams a little better. Music can be the universal language if we allow ourselves to listen without judgment.

A good example of music connecting generations as well as cultures is Bhagwan Mirchandani, a father and grandfather who likes rap music. He grew up in India. After exploring other countries and cultures, he and his wife, Martha, decided to become permanent residents of the United States, settling in San Rafael, California. Bhagwan observed his children and grandchildren listening to rap music. They kept telling him it was great music, so he eventually decided to try it. He discovered that after listening to the rap music, choosing songs with positive, clean language, he actually enjoyed this “teenagers” music. He now occasionally makes up his own rap music from a conversation, and his grandchildren are happy to have such an open-minded grandfather. What a great way to bridge the gap between generations!

Emotions are expressed and brought out through music no matter what your age, background or experience. All ages, from 2 to 102, sing “Happy Birthday to You” and experience love, friendship



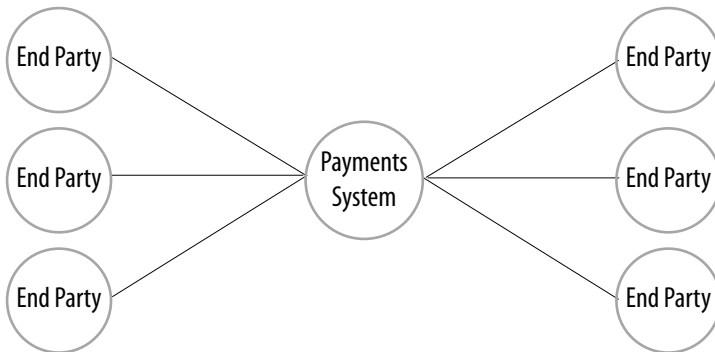
# 2

## Payments Systems Overview

PAYMENTS TRANSFER VALUE from one end party to another. A payments system, as shown in Figure 2-1, defines how such value transfers are done and provides a framework of rules for users of the system.

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A payment system may be centralized, decentralized, or “virtual.” A payment system connects large numbers of end parties, formalizes processes for transfer of value, and plays some role in managing risks for the participants.



*Figure 2-1.  
What Is A Payment  
System?*

There are many types of payments systems. Most share these common characteristics:

- They operate within a single country, but on a national basis within that country.
- They are denominated in the currency of that country.
- They are subject, directly or indirectly, to regulation by the government of that country.
- They enable multiple parties to transact with each other.

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## Payments Systems in the United States

There are six core payments systems in the United States:

- Cash
- The checking system
- The credit card and charge card systems
- The debit card systems
- The ACH (Automated Clearing House) system
- The wire transfer systems

As we will see in Chapter 10, there are many additional ways of making payments, including methods such as online banking/bill payment and products such as email and mobile telephone payments services. Almost all of these methods rely on one or more of the core payments systems to actually transfer value between parties.

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## The Domains of Payment

Payments are used, of course, for multiple purposes. We categorize these uses into six domains of payment, each of which exhibits unique characteristics and requirements:

- **POS.** Payments made at the physical point of sale. Includes store and restaurant payments, but also unattended environments such as vending machines and transit kiosks.
- **eCommerce.** Payments made online for purchases of goods and services. Includes eRetailing but also online travel, online subscriptions, and the purchase of digital content.
- **Bill payments.** Payments made by individuals or businesses based on receipt of what is typically a monthly bill.
- **P2P payments.** Person-to-person payments. Includes domestic payments among friends and families, but also cross-border remittances (e.g., migrant worker payments to relatives in home countries), and account-to-account transfers by individuals (referred to as “A2A” or, sometimes, “me to me” payments).
- **B2B payments.** Business-to-business payments. Includes payments from buyer to supplier, but also intracompany payments and, significantly, financial market payments (bank-to-bank payments, securities purchases, foreign exchange transactions, etc.). For the purposes of this

**Terminology** Throughout this book, we use the term “end party” to refer to both the receiver and the sender of funds. An end party may be a consumer, or may be a merchant or other enterprise—for example, a biller, small business, government, or non-profit. In any payment transaction, one end party is the payer, and one the receiver, of funds; as we will see, either the payer or the receiver may initiate the payment, depending on payments system and type.

We will use the term “provider” to refer to parties who are providing access to the payments systems to end users and/or other providers. Banks, networks, clearing houses, processors and service providers are all types of providers. Finally, we use the term “bank,” unless otherwise noted, to refer to all depository financial institutions in the United States, including credit unions, thrifts, and savings banks.

framework, governments, nonprofits, and other types of enterprises are included as “businesses.”

- **Income payments.** Payments to individuals for salary, benefits, and expense reimbursements.

The payments systems support activity across these payments domains, and, in fact, compete with each other at a systems level. A good example of this occurs in the B2B payments domain where checking, the traditional payments system used, is in decline. All of the electronic payments systems are competing for volumes shifting away from check. The ACH system has specialized transaction codes for B2B payments, and carries remittance data along with the payments. The card networks have business purchasing cards and small-business credit and debit card products. The wire transfer systems are enhancing their networks to carry remittance data to meet the requirements of this domain. Meanwhile, the checking system itself, through imaging, remote deposit capture, and other advances, is competing to maintain volume.

## Payments System Volumes

Payments system volumes are measured in two ways: by **count** and **amount**. “Count” refers to the number of transactions made, and “amount” to the Total dollar value of those transactions. In the card systems in particular, the term “volume” refers to the amount, or the dollar value of the transactions.

Some systems do a better job of measuring themselves than others. The card and wire transfer systems, for example, have quite precise measures. But checking, and especially cash, have no formal mechanisms for national measurement, and are therefore simply estimated.

Estimated Volumes by Payments Systems as a Percent of Total - 2009		
System	Count	Amount
Cash	31.5%	0.2%
ACH	11.8%	3.5%
Check	16.7%	2.6%
Credit	14.9%	0.2%
Debit	25.0%	0.1%
Wire	0.1%	93.4%
Totals in Billions	154.13	\$1,065,666.8

Table 2-1.  
Payments Systems  
Volumes  
Source: Glenbrook. Cash  
figures are for consumer use  
only

Table 2-1 shows Glenbrook’s estimates for U.S. payments systems volumes as a percent of total payments systems transactions for the year 2009. Note the dominance of wire transfer transactions in the total amount column—those

payments represent less than 1% of the total count, but more than 93% of the total amount. The totals shown are large—much larger than GNP, for instance. This is because a single economic transaction (such as a consumer purchase) can result in multiple payments system transactions, as the various parties in the value chain move funds to effect payment, settlement, etc.

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## Payments System Models

Payments systems can operate on a variety of models.

### Open Loop Systems

Open loop systems operate on a hub-and-spoke model. Almost all large-scale payments systems use this model. An open loop system requires intermediaries (almost always banks or depository financial institutions) to join the payments system. These intermediaries then form business relationships with end parties (consumers, for example, or merchants).

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An open loop payments system relies on intermediaries, usually banks, to connect end parties.

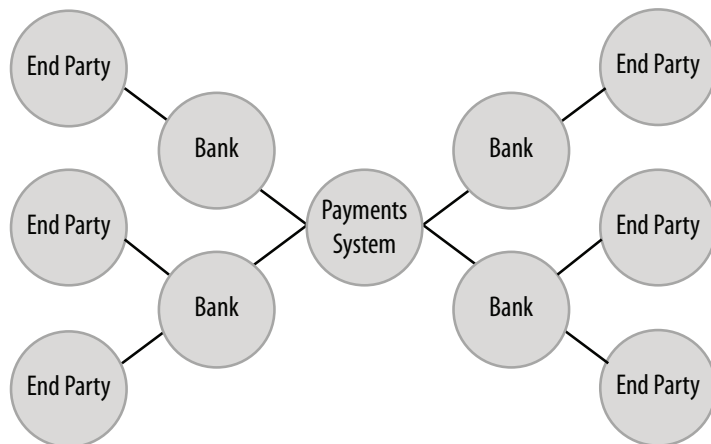


Figure 2-2.  
Open Loop Systems

A transaction is passed from one end party to his or her bank, on to the network, on to the other end party's bank, and on to that end party. This structure allows the two end parties to transact with each other without having direct relationships with each other's banks. The banks, similarly, can transact with each other without a direct relationship.

Today, most electronic payments systems—both paper-based and electronic (cards, ACH, wire transfers and even check images)—operate on this model. This is true despite the fact that current technology would quite easily

# 1 The Surface Layer of Meaning

*How Mrs. Meyer's Choices about Voice, Plot, and Genre Engage Us*

WHEN I GIVE TALKS at libraries, bookstores, churches, and schools about the layers of meaning in *Harry Potter*, the senses of the text, I find almost invariably a certain resistance to the idea that there are multiple meanings to the stories occurring simultaneously. This is a natural problem because every reader experiences consciously only one layer of meaning, the surface narrative, at least on first reading, through which layer all the other meanings filter in via the writer's artistry with character, plot, and symbols. Though it is the easiest sense of the story to get, consequently, and the only one each reader has in common with every other reader, it is easily the most important.

To risk a food analogy, if the novel is a cake, the surface layer of meaning is the icing of that cake. If we find the icing inviting and it brings up in us the desire to eat a piece of the cake, the odds are very good that we will eat at least a piece and enjoy it. Even though the icing is not the cake, however, if we do not enjoy it, even finding the sight of it repugnant, it is unlikely that we will make it through a whole piece of the cake or even try it.

The narrative line is, like the cake icing, the most important layer of artistry and meaning because the surface story is our point of entry and engagement with the story. All the other layers have to come through the surface story, so, if we're hooked by the narrative line and suspend our disbelief and skeptical faculties, the deeper meanings and artistry have a chance of reaching us.

The plot, character, and drama we share with friends who ask what the story we're reading is about is the surface layer of meaning or "narrative line." The artistry of the surface layer is how the writer chooses to tell this story. Unwrapping the meaning of the narrative line, then, is essentially just a review of the choices an author made in constructing his or her story and the effects of those choices, individually and collectively, on the reader.

The three surface story choices Mrs. Meyer made that I will lay out in this chapter for your reflection are about:

- "narratological voice," who tells the story,
- "plot," the pace, facts, and rhythm of the story, and
- "genre," the kind of story we're reading with the attendant conventions of such stories and our expectations for it as readers.

The specific choices Mrs. Meyer made and how the combinations work together are the ingredients of her story-cake's icing. If right, the story is devoured and reader begs for second and third helpings. If wrong, the reader will claim, if polite, that he or she is dieting and skipping desserts. Nothing but the compulsion of a school assignment will get the repulsed reader to try it or finish it (and most students today, I think, will read the Wikipedia synopsis of the story instead, the nutritional equivalent of taking a vitamin rather than eating real food).

Let's start with what may be the most important decision an author makes because it is the person we meet when we open the door of a book's cover: the "voice" in which the story is told.

### Finding Our Voice: An Author's Choices for Who Narrates the Story

Because we get the book we read as a finished product, it's easy to overlook that it came into existence as only one of an indefinite number of possibilities and as the specific product of a series of choices made by the author. Of these choices, none affects our experience of the book more than the

decision about “who” will be telling the story. This “who,” in geek-speak the “narratological voice” or just “voice,” is the greater part of our listening or hearing the tale being told because this voice, disembodied or personal, is our relationship or interface with the text. Almost everything about the sequence and manner of the storytelling, and, consequently, if we listen attentively, depends on who narrates the story.

An author has three basic choices for the voice he or she can frame the story to be told. *Moby Dick*, for example, is told from the perspective of Ishmael the survivor, not from the perspective of Herman Melville the author per se. Ishmael speaks for himself straight to the reader as “I” or “me,” so this perspective is called “First person narration” (because in grammar “I” and “We” are first person, “you” singular and plural are second person, and “he/she/it” and “they” are third person).

Melville’s Chase-the-Divine-White-Whale story would be completely different if another person told the story (Ahab? Queequeg?) from their equally limited first person perspective or if the story were told from high above the top sail from which God-like height everything can be seen. This God-perspective is called “Third Person, omniscient” because it is a “see all” perspective not restricted to any person’s isolated view.

These are the two big options an author has when writing a novel. “Do I tell it from a narrator’s experience of the tale a la Dr. Watson in the Sherlock Holmes cases? Or do I tell it as God sees it unfolding in time?” Open up any anthology of detective fiction and quickly check to see whether a story is told either by a fictional narrator in the “I saw this” and “then we did that” perspective or if the story comes from the author in the role of an all-seeing god. It’s usually one or the other.

There are a few variants on these two options, the one readers today almost certainly know is the storytelling perspective Joanne Rowling borrowed from her favorite author and book, Jane Austen’s *Emma*. This “narratological voice” is called “third person, limited omniscient view” which is a half-way point between one person telling the story as an ‘I’ and the author telling the story as an omniscient ‘eye.’ In *Emma* and the Potter Saga, the story is told from the view just above Emma’s and Harry’s heads. Neither one is telling the story but we never get to see what characters outside of his or her sight are doing. The surprise endings in each of Harry’s adventures, as I explain in *Unlocking Harry Potter*, depends on how our attention is misdirected from important things because of what Harry sees, ignores, or never sees.

Mrs. Meyer's three possible voice choices, then, are:

- **First person:** Is it one person relating their experience?
- **Third person:** Is it an omniscient God with a view of everything happening that he shares?
- **Third person limited omniscience:** Or is it a view with a specific character focus but not in his or her voice?

The voices of *Twilight* are all one voice, albeit from different people. Bella Swan, our heroine, is the narrator for *Twilight*, *New Moon*, *Eclipse*, and three fourths of *Breaking Dawn*. Jacob Black, her furry friend, picks up the story-telling burden in that part of *Breaking Dawn* during which Bella is locked down in the Cullen household because of her difficult pregnancy. Edward Cullen is the narrator of *Midnight Sun*, Mrs. Meyer's aborted re-telling of *Twilight* from Edward's perspective.

You cannot get much more different than Bella, Edward, and Jacob (at least not in Forks) but *all* the stories are told in the same voice, namely, first-person narration. Bella and her two boyfriends each tell their part of the *Twilight* story exactly as they are experiencing it and we relate to it, consequently, exactly as much as we accept and begin to care about the story-teller.

I'll go so far, in fact, as to say that the test of a successful "voice choice" is the degree to which we readers identify with the hero or heroine. What does that mean for *Twilight*?

Bella is the narrator for the whole series except for the part of *Breaking Dawn* mentioned above, in which she is idle, and *Midnight Sun*. She is *the* character who tells us her story in the first person a la Ishmael, Dr. Watson, and Holden Caulfield. Does this voice choice work?

Oh, yeah, you wouldn't be reading this if it didn't. If readers for the most part didn't love Miss Swan, the series would have been deep-sixed after the first novel instead of becoming the international publishing phenomenon it has.

Face it, she's a likeable person. Bella Swan is a modest, self-conscious, sacrificial young woman with a self-deprecating sense of humor. Her conversation with the reader, her telling of the story, works as a narrative device because we like her and we want to hear her story and learn what happens to her. We enjoy her observations and company.

What's not to like? She's a good girl whose several moral and intelligence failings don't make reading her stories painful and yet these idiosyn-



## 3 **Remorseless Killers: Military Training**

**M**ost new military recruits are not seasoned macho men or super-masculine women when they join the military. Although some, as we saw after the September 11, 2001, attack on the United States, just want to “kickass,” revenge being their excuse, most are naïve seventeen or eighteen or nineteen-year-olds who enlisted either because they could not find a job or their unemployment benefits ran out or because they thought they could earn enough money for college by joining the military. Two weeks before the 2003 invasion of Iraq, one soldier who joined the U.S. Army to get money for college remembers seeing the sign at the recruiting station that told him of the \$40,000 he could earn if he enlisted. He said to himself “That could be mine. I’ll be a man. I’ll earn the money myself.” A recruiter told him that he would not be deployed. None of it was true. “I was 19. I knew nothing of the world. I believed everything everyone told me.”<sup>1</sup>

One marine veteran who enlisted at seventeen to get money for college admitted that “I didn’t understand the world, politics, foreign policy. I was oblivious.” He found the conditioning in boot camp training to be “ruthless and merciless.” He learned the repetitive U.S. Marine chant “Kill! Kill! Kill! Kill without mercy!” It was as if it chilled him to the bone to speak of discovering that in order to be a Marine,

“violence had to be motivated.” When he was sent into combat, that conditioning to violence drove his actions. “It didn’t occur to me that it was wrong. I didn’t think about it.” He didn’t until he got home and the deconditioning began.<sup>2</sup>

New military recruits learn that they are “government issue,” “GIs,” property of the United States just like the uniforms issued to them. Steve Hassna, a former U.S. Army drill sergeant who put young men through basic training, explained that it is all about “how strac (strategic, tactical and ready for action in combat or strategic, tough, and ready around the clock) you are, how sharp you look. You have a button line that comes right down your shirt, and that button line should line up with the button on your fly, your belt buckle centered. You have a foot locker. The foot locker has a display. Every single display is exactly the same in the barracks. If I come into the barracks and find one single display out of sorts, then every single footlocker goes out onto the middle of the floor. Till you get it right. You will get it right over and over and over again because I’m in charge and you’re not.”<sup>3</sup>

The marines are known for being tougher on new recruits than the army. Long after returning home as a veteran, one marine colonel with the U.S. Marines anti-terrorism unit was still unable to shake off the fear that began his first day in boot camp when some marines strapped him to his bed with duct tape, beat him severely, and forced a bottle of liquor into this throat.<sup>4</sup> This hazing, called “beat downs,” where marines beat up on each other just for the hell of it, is not only their way of having fun, but for them, it becomes synonymous with being a marine. Trying to prove they are manly men, they do not even see the cowardice inherent in their behavior.

Consider what is happening in basic training: New recruits, isolated on a base, are separated from their families and friends. They are not allowed to use their first names—their own or anyone else’s. Anything that formerly defined them, including their clothes, is taken from them to “strip them of their old civilian identities before building new Marines.” This is just one of the calculated strategies to disorient them.<sup>5</sup> From the beginning, they are subjected to extended periods of sleep deprivation, the most basic tactic of torture. They must

meet new and often impossibly extreme standards and are humiliated at the slightest infraction or the possibility of the slightest infraction.

The purpose of military training is to wipe out the recruits' identities, to disconnect them from how they knew themselves before joining the military, and to diminish their sense of their own agency until their wills are subordinated to military command. The recruits' identities are standardized as they are stripped of the notion that they can make their own decisions or even have their own intentions.<sup>6</sup> And they are rewarded for this loss of self. In their degradation, soldiers learn that they are superior to civilians who are not as neatly organized as they are in the military and who do not have the power of life and death over others. They are told that they are "professional," a status elevated beyond what many young working class and poor recruits could have hoped for in civilian life.

Under any other analogous conditions such as induction into a sect, prisoner of war brainwashing, or fraternity hazing, the treatment that recruits are subjected to in military training would, by the standards of our societies, be considered inhuman, cruel, and most often criminal. Brainwashing involves:

- Intensive, forcible indoctrination, usually political or religious, aimed at destroying a person's basic convictions and attitudes and replacing them with an alternative set of fixed beliefs
- The application of a concentrated means of persuasion, such as an advertising campaign or repeated suggestion, in order to develop a specific belief or motivation<sup>7</sup>

In the military, having stripped down recruits' sense of self and disengaged them from our shared human consciousness, their human agency is replaced with a singular loyalty to the others in their unit. This loyalty is exclusionary. It does not extend to those outside of the military. Then they are ready to commit themselves to follow the U.S. Army values which include loyalty, duty, respect, selfless service, honor, integrity, and personal courage.<sup>8</sup>

Selfless service is to "put the welfare of the Nation, the Army, and your subordinates before your own."<sup>9</sup> But "selfless" means absence of your own self. Brainwashing is complete. As a soldier of the U.S. military you do not bear true faith and allegiance to your own self as a

healthy ego requires. These military values look very much like the loss of self that psychologists find characterizes women who lose their identities to the men they love. They describe the selflessness of women who value their lovers or husbands by devaluing themselves and in the process lose their own identities. Selflessness is how women's subordination to men is secured in their psyche, and it is how men are subordinated to the military.

In basic training "you have to get everybody to understand that this is a complete team effort. When you come into the barracks for inspection, you get down and you should be able to see one set of foot lockers, one set of beds, one set of books," according to Steve Hassna. If anything is out of line—one shoe, one bed—the drill sergeant dumps everything onto the floor. Hassna told his men to "check your buddy, check your bunk mate, you are working together. You have to be able to do your thing and cover your friend."<sup>10</sup> You learn not to let others down. The cost of doing so is too high.

You are separated from your friends, family, and all you have known. You can count on no one else, it's you and the others in your barracks. Commanding officers scream orders and belittle the recruits in front of their units, reminding them that they are "expendable," "worthless." These scenes, always taking place in front of their buddies, are public displays of moral indignation that sociologist Harold Garfinkle refers to as "degradation ceremonies."<sup>11</sup>

If you are in the military, your total identity has been reduced to something lower than most of you have ever known and that degradation makes you reliant on and bound to the others around you. That is how you become a unit, one in your degradation. You fear being belittled, ridiculed, humiliated if you do not hold up your part. But you are even more concerned about letting down others in your unit. In effect, your empathy and connection to shared human consciousness are being reconfigured to serve military needs—to make remorseless killers.

Normally, outside of the military, most of us want our friends, those we choose to bring close into our lives, to come alive in positive, caring environments that will elevate and not degrade us. But when your identity is reduced and degraded, the loyalty of friendship is made from humiliation and out of fear. These men already share