

Osler would likely have recommended), this is probably not the course of action most readers will take.

But it is possible that lengthier footnotes would not remedy the more fundamental problem of our lack of a common classical education. Where an allusion is familiar, the passage resonates with a meaning that can't be conveyed by the few spare words that make up an annotation. It is at these moments that one realizes what Osler has lost in the translation across time: the subtle richness arising from a wealth of knowledge that comes only by delving into the great works of civilization. The annotations in this book help to open the door to the intellectual world Osler inhabited — to enter it fully is another, more challenging, step.

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Lifeworks

Bravest face forward

When speaking with New Yorkers, one realizes that there exists a time *before* and a time *since* September 11th. The event that caused ripples of consequence across the planet has changed the face and heart of a city that is perhaps the greatest icon of America. As many of us who were geographically removed from the site slip back into normal consciousness, New Yorkers are faced daily with reminders. References continue to appear in every conversation. It is no surprise, then, that *Faces of Ground Zero*, an exhibition of photographs of New Yorkers involved in the September 11th disaster (shown at the Vanderbilt Hall of Grand Central Station in New York from January 7–20, 2002) was a source of renewed emotion.

This project, conceived by photo-journalist Joe McNally, is intended to celebrate courage and humanity. The images pay homage to those who were the common heroes of a tragedy and

provide a vehicle for many to navigate through their grief.

The photos are giant Polaroids taken in the weeks after the disaster. Made using a room-sized Polaroid camera (the world's largest), each picture measures about 40 × 90 inches, creating a larger-than-life size image of a wide range of people involved in the tragedy, from firefighters and clergymen to volunteers and window washers. Taken in the studio using powerful flash lighting, each image is a sharp colour portrait against a stark white background.

I had seen tiny reproductions of these prints before entering the public exhibition space at Grand Central. They had reminded me in a certain way of the glamorous still-life photos of Irving Penn in *Vogue* or the crisp fashion images of Richard Avedon in *Harper's Bazaar*. I didn't understand how they could represent the humanity of such a horrible day. But when I walked into the striking Van-

derbilt Hall, with its creamy marble walls and golden lighting, the aim of this exhibition truly came into focus.

The giant Polaroids were placed back to back between glass and mounted on bases that allowed them to be free-standing. As a result, rather than hanging on a wall, they were scattered throughout the room, integrated into the large crowd of people viewing them. Elevated slightly, the portraits stood head and shoulders above the crowds, like the larger-than-life sized heroes they'd become. The stark white of the backgrounds took on a creamy appearance with the available light and seemed to disappear, leaving only a series of staring, almost three-dimensional figures attempting to convey what they had experienced. In fact, their faces do convey the breadth of emotion that many of us felt that day — some of them saddened, some shocked, some strong, some angry.

To Sadie, from her sister Emily

And from love we will remember you,
but that I cannot say.
Because miracles do happen.
Let's hope it happens today.
And if it doesn't then you will always be an angel
in every way.
From godliness to family we love you Sadie,
And with that I can truly say.
I love You!

Love, Emily XOX

The author of this poem is 11 years old. Sadie, her 2-year-old sister, was well before this past summer, when she developed progressive and intractable seizures due to a rare form of chronic encephalitis (Rasmussen's encephalitis). Sadie is being cared for at home by her family with the support of the neurology and palliative care teams of the Montreal Children's Hospital. This poem was submitted by Dr. Stephen Liben with the permission of Emily and her family.