

An ongoing Diary

By **Pedro Meyer**
Day 17



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Today was dedicated to dealing with memory.

Trisha my wife, her brother Max, our son Julio, and I, all spent the better part of the day at the grave site of my father in law, Neville, who passed away just a few months ago.

We brought some plants and spent some good time thinking of him as we tended after the grave. Julio had written a little note for his grandpa which he wanted to place there so that he could read it. An uncle of mine once told me that we never really die until the day no one remembers us anymore. In that sense Neville was very much among us.

It intrigued me that I would be able to photograph this cemetery from an angle were it was impossible to determine the faith of those buried there. I was not clear what that all meant, but it happened never-the-less.

How to be in London without going to the theater. We were very excited to go that evening to see a play by Harold Pinter one of Briton's most famous playwrights, "One for the Road" in which he also plays the main role. Unfortunately the play turned out to be simply bad. A 45 minute, one act, play, which in itself would not have been a problem were it not for the banality in which Mr. Pinter dealt with the issue of torture, the topic of the play. It would have been an OK show if the audience would have been a group of high school children to whom one was teaching issues such as torture.

As we entered the theater hall, one received a little brochure published by Amnesty International (AI), with the following headings in the text. What is torture?, What is the extent of torture? Why is torture still happening? How can torture be stopped? What are we doing about torture? I think the good intentions of all this should not be dismissed on the part of AI, it is just that in combination with this play, it became an exercise not very appropriate for adults.

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