



Jean-François Moreau,



citizen of the world.

**Dedicated to both friends
I was fortunate to meet around the World
who had become my brothers**

Geoffrey T Benness, Sydney, New South Wales, Australia

John R Amberg, La Jolla, California, USA

**and to all men and women, starting with my family and
my friends, who helped me to achieve a long life walk
toward the script of that book assessing why and how
this is possible for a little human born in a tiny village
of Brittany in 1938 to feel when he is 70-year-old to be a
citizen of the World, in spite of failures, pain, doubt and
distress...**

**and to all men and women who did doubt but never
resigned in spite of failures, pain and distress...**

**and to all boys and girls who would never resign before the
achievement of their projects in spite of doubt, pain,
failures and sometimes have already experienced distress...**

**and to all people in moral distress of all over the world
who would like to survive...**

**September 1st, 1986, 1pm,
Baltimore, Maryland, USA.**

**The American College
of Radiology Board
of Chancellors
Annual Meeting.**

“JF, when will you be an American citizen?”,

George R Leopold, MD, Professor & Chairman of the
Departement of Radiology, University of California, San Diego,
Chancellor of the Board of the American College of Radiology.

*“Let me just tell you this, George. I’m French but,
an American who was born in France by chance
too! But, even more, I’m a citizen of the world!”*

Jean-François Moreau, MD, Professor & Chairman of the
Department of Radiology, Hôpital Boucicaut, Paris, France,
Diplomate of the International Society of Radiology delegated to
the American College of Radiology Board of Chancellors

Annual Meeting 1986.

April 27th, 1938, Martigné-Ferchaud, Ille & Vilaine, France

I was born at 2:30 am at home in an old house termed Le Vieux Pavé. Thus I have become a French citizen regularly registered this morning at the opening of the city hall of Martigné-Ferchaud, a rural village in the eastern French Brittany. My father, Dr Jean-Paul Moreau, settled there November 1936 as a general practitioner graduated at the University of Paris. Last night he assisted my mother during my birth. He met his future wife in 1935 at the garrison of Sarrebourg, in Lorraine. He was doing his military service there as a medical lieutenant. My mother, Marie-Magdeleine Chabiron, was a nurse at the same military infirmary serving infantry troops recruited in Algeria and Morocco, French territories at that time. They truly fell in love and they decided to get married privately in Paris, under the auspices of their friends Gaston and Antoinette Cordier. I am their first child and they already adore me like a unique living jewel. They told me that just after my first breath in after I cried. When I woke up a few minutes ago I had a look at my mother who is as beautiful as a princess and I sipped her milk at her nipples voluptuously. She has dark hair and white silky skin; her body is thin and flexible like Greta Garbo or a Parisian model.

My father is a brown man with a true long nose and curly black

hair. He is proud of both his father, Dr André Moreau, a GP practicing in an outskirt of Paris, and his name. The name of Moreau originates from the province of Poitiers recalling that Charles Martel stopped the Arab invasion there in 732 AD. Thus I belong to the first generation of the so-called “beurs”, the Arabs born in France. We have an ancestor from that branch, General Tharreau, whose name is printed on the marble of the Eastern pillar of the Arc-de-Triomphe de l’Etoile in Paris; he served during the Revolution in the Republican armies; he was killed at the battle of Moskova, when Emperor Napoleon I retreated from Russia during the terrible winter of 1813; his army was entrapped and flooded into the iced Berezina River broken by the Russian bullets. My grandmother’s roots, Marie-Marguerite Mathieu, are from Lorraine. She originates from Baron Mathieu de Mauvières who was the tutor of the first official bastard of Emperor Napoleon I, so-called Comte Léon who couldn’t have a prestigious destiny after Waterloo and his father’s destitution. Her father, Médecin-Général Edouard Mathieu, was a military surgeon who died in 1913, after a very adventurous life ended as the Director of the Val-de-Grâce, the prestigious military hospital of Paris; he started his career in Algeria then he participated in the battles leading to the Independence of Italy by Garibaldi; he served as the surgeon of the Vatican’s Zouave; he headed the infirmary of the army

during the battle of Rheischoffen in 1870, the only heroic French episode of the disastrous Franco Prussian war won by Chancellor Bismarck who admired the bravery of the troop so much he rendered the territory of Belfort to the French as an homage; back to Paris, he directed the infirmary of the Val-de-Grace during the first socialist revolution in the world, the “Commune de Paris” which inspired Karl Marx and Lenin; thereafter he went back to Algeria then in Tunisia where he featured the first modern medical administration of the Bey of Tunis.

My mother’s family looks more modest but the Chabirons and the Tessons are pure natives from the city of Challans, the capital of the so-called Marais Vendéen, the salted swamp where farmers produce famous ducks and sheep. My grand-mother was a good photographer before she had become a farmer; she is a royalist like many natives of that province which was the most reluctant to accept the first French Republic in 1789; she suffers courageously from her libertine ever beloved husband, a forester, who is ruining his previously rich establishment because ever unlucky he plays poker game, he buys half a loosing horse racer and he spends more time at the single bars with hookers than at home; they were much too young teens when they got married and they quickly made alive three daughters and one boy; curiously my grand-mother never leaves her county further than the surrounding beach of Saint-

Jean-de-Mont 15 kilometers away on the Atlantic Coast; a pilgrimage at Lourdes was her single trip and she never visited Paris even when Maman got married. The Chabiron daughters grew up according to outgoing modern standards promoted by the fashioned writers André Gide and Colette. My elder aunt “Guite” is a pharmacist practicing in the village of Verdelaïs, close to the city of Bordeaux, and owns a drugstore where the numerous family of the famous writer, François Mauriac, comes and buys and gossips. My mother is the cadet daughter who was educated in a tough catholic school; like all Chabirons she is a cultivated humanist open to new philosophy and arts; she no more wants to practice nursing with my father but she has been prepared to be a performing housewife. Lucie, my second aunt, is younger than my mother; she teaches the French and Latin languages to girls at the Lycée Joachim du Bellay in the city of Angers, on the River Loire, the nest of the Kings Plantagenet cited by Shakespeare in his drama “King John”; she got married with Paul Magneron, beloved by his nephews and the young boys he teaches in a primary school; he is a marvelous even fantasistic and cultivated man who designs and paints watercolors and oil on canvas nicely; he drives a Citroen B14 cabriolet aggressively painted in apple green; my cousin, Jean-Pierre, is six years older than I; Aunt Lucie is just pregnant.

Both Uncle Léo Chabiron and Uncle André-Jacques Moreau were born after World War I; their sisters think they are spoiled by their too indulgent parents shocked by the massacres like the general population is. All stories were told to me during my fetal life when I was nested in Maman's matrix. I am a republican but nationalistic French citizen when warrior noises coexist with Charles Trenet and Maurice Chevalier's songs on the radio programs.

????, 1938, *Martigné-Ferchaud, Ille & Vilaine, France*

My religious baptism offers a day of enjoyment to all my family who is congregating save the grandmother Chabiron who never travels. My parents are uneasy financially because the challenge is difficult for a new young doctor facing two tough experienced colleagues who are supposed to get retired soon anyway; many clients pay with rabbits and chicken more often than in cash money. But they want the ceremony to be exclusive but fairly tasty. My destiny seems to be oriented to medicine. All of the invited guests are wishing me a bright career. My godfather, Antoine Roux, is still a medical student in Bordeaux. Antoinette, my outgoing godmother, is the very Parisian brunette wife of Dr Gaston Cordier, a promising young and ambitious academic surgeon; both of them are my mother's intimate friends. We are catholic. After mass

there is a fabulous “Canard à l’orange” at lunch, a meal all adults enjoy. I didn’t like the droplet of champagne rosé they put on my tongue, the corn either; I’m not a big eater, my body is pretty meager but I observe all my environment sharply through my sparkling green eyes. I hear some turmoil is emerging from Czeckoslovakia and my father is just coming back from Lorraine where he had to spend some weeks at the army. Prime Ministers Chamberlain for the UK and Daladier for France are discussing with Chancellor Adolph Hitler and Duce Mussolini. War and peace depend on their wills and diplomatic skills. To-day most of the ceremony attendees try to forget their unavoidable pessimism.

August 19th, 1939, Martigné-Ferchaud, Ille & Vilaine, France

Yesterday night my brother Thierry was born at home like I was one year ago. No complications occurred. He is browner than Papa. My mother is tired and my father is busy; he starts to be successful since his reputation is improving day after day; he is competent and psychologically close to his patients. My parents are happy but anxious. There is heavy noise on the up-coming war in Poland. Hitler has been concentrating massive troops at on their borderline. I repeat what they say: “*Pauvre Pologne!*” when comments are made on the discrepancy between the brave but weak Polish cavalry and the Nazi panzer divisions.

September 15th, 1939, Martigné-Ferchaud, Ille & Vilaine, France

On September 11th, World War 2 started. My father, Captain Moreau now, has gone to the army somewhere in Lorraine. Her two sisters-in-law assist my mother. She is courageous and I have become the leading male. I'll take care of both Maman and Thierry. The French army is strong. No doubt the conflict will be brief since the Axis forces will be severely defeated soon.

June 24th, 1940, Martigné-Ferchaud, Ille & Vilaine, France

Yesterday my Papa came back home. I did not recognize him and I cried when I looked at that unknown man embracing and kissing "my females" who were weeping as well. But Maman rectified the mistake. That man is truly my father. He is safe but highly depressed. Using his panzers Marshall Guderian applied his technique of "blitz krieg" at the Franco Belgian borderline; panicking the French infantry dismantled within a few days. Our army mixed with crowds of civilian people retreated, both rushing to the South. His group stopped in the city of Toulouse. Their mouths had been expressing one obsessional word, "humiliation". Hitler has humiliated them and they are ashamed of both the incompetent general headquarters and the disoriented government who surrendered without true resisting spirit. All of them

are depressed. On June 18th, the military staff he belongs to listened to Charles de Gaulle's speech at the BBC in London calling for resistance and desertion. Thereafter one of the infirmary officers decided to join the Free French Forces through the closed Spanish borderline. My father – a true patriot awarded with Military Cross during the conflict - hesitated to accompany that chap – similarly a patriot but in trouble with his wife! - in a “crazy” choice... until the RAF bombed and destroyed the French fleet at Mers-el-Kebir, a port in Algeria. Then he remembered he is a faithful husband in charge of two children the three of them being beloved and cherished. He decided wisely to come back home immediately. He is going to face terrible problems with his practice because most of his clients have gone to the other doctors. He has no gasoline to put in the car's tank since the administration forgot to list him in the priority ticketing; doctors are regularly allotted with a few gallons a week! A Belgian priest a few hours ago sold a bicycle to him; he can tour with his heavy stuff now; he has to become a long distance racer whatever the weather and his schedule.

The Armistice treaty divides the metropolitan territory of France into two parts. We live in Northern France occupied by the German army. A company settles in the school building located just across the street. The field beside the house has been excavated; a dozen panzers

and trucks with their artillery are parked underground and camouflaged beneath the tall oaks. The German staff uses the top floor of Le Vieux Pavé for lodging. The officers won't use the indoor staircase and they put an outdoor ladder from the ground to the balcony they climb up carefully; they remove their boots before they walk silently on the wooden floor. My mother states all German soldiers she has met until now are correct and respectful. I already like the charming orderly of the staff-command I nickname KoKo; he is ready to play with both kids even though he doesn't speak French. Aunt Guite's drugstore at Verdelaïs is just at the borderline separating the Northern Occupied France and the Southern Free Zone encompassing the colonies; the government of Pétain now administers the so-called Etat Français; to-day almost all French people acknowledge his political effort and love him respectfully. My parents guess Aunt Guite is already helping female networks passing vulnerable refugees aiming to reach Spain and Northern Africa through her office; false passports with new identities are supplied still easily; they are especially helpful to the Jews who are flying from the new persecuting laws enacted by the Nazis. The Magnerons are back to Angers with their new girl, Michelle, born last year just a few weeks before Thierry. My four grand-parents look safe whether they live in Paris or in Challans. Grand-Papa who spent all

the WWI on the Eastern Front is a full supporter of Maréchal Philippe Pétain and of the Armistice. The others are still shocked as well as neutral. Germany and Hitler look invulnerable. The French are scared and do obey.

???, 1942, *Le Perreux-sur-Marne, Seine, France*

After the disastrous defeat of the French Army in 1940 and the breakdown of the Hitler-Stalin Pact in 1941, the German army fully controls the whole territory of France. The obsequious Philippe Pétain's staff administrates the territory of France from the far city of Vichy. Yesterday Aunt Françoise Moreau, Papa's younger sister, got married with a young doctor, Dr François-Xavier Carton, working at a coalmine infirmary near Lille. My parents, Thierry and I took the train and after a very long and uncomfortable trip we are discovering my Grand Papa's real estate where he practices at the Perreux-sur-Marne, a sleepy and bourgeois suburb of Paris. Bretons like us cannot understand how severely the Parisians are starving and freezing. Foods and wood or coal are supplied by the black market only. This morning, we visited Godmother Antoinette; the Cordiers live in the fanciest Paris district; their superb condominium at the top of a haussmann-style building faces the River Seine and the Eiffel Tower; Thierry and I stood up at the

terrace and spent most of the hours watching the red and green metro wagons passing back and forth on the iron bridge of Passy and the boats floating underneath. An especially rare dessert was served to both of us: a potato tart the adults ate like it was a block of caviar! We'll be glad to go back home, our sweet home. Paris looks sad and dangerous.

Christmas 1943, Martigné-Ferchaud, Ille & Vilaine, France.

My parents get no news from Aunt Guite since they were informed she was arrested by the Gestapo and transferred to the Prison of Rennes. When partisans are trapped they are tortured then deported to Prussia or they are executed. This is the awful destiny of the rebels who resist against the occupants – Boches - and the Vichysts – Collabos. The resisting partisans are becoming more and more numerous and active since the Nazis were recently defeated in Stalingrad in Russia. Moreover, the American army disembarked in Morocco and is developing a counterattack against Rommel in Northern Africa. The French 2nd DB headed by Colonel Leclercq is coming from Tchad and Libya with the British army commanded by Montgomery. Soon those allied forces congregating in Tunisia will invade Sicily then the Italian peninsula. Some people heard at the BBC that Charles de Gaulle is taking power in Algiers despite the American reluctance against his rough character.

Once we visited the Chabirons in Challans. Grandfather was very sick because a bladder cancer and quickly he died. His son, Uncle Léo, is resisting with the partisans but this is a secret the children are not supposed to be aware of. On the way back, we had to stop the car twice because of bombings on the city of Nantes first then on a railway crossing near the city of Chateaubriant. We might have been killed during the latter but Papa's self-control saved us. Just a question of seconds and of appropriate reflexes acquired during his army stage! This is great for kids to have a heroic father. Christmas gifts are minimal and the kids dream about a true orange instead of a local apple. My mother often complains "Ah! Avant la guerre!" Before WWII she had true coffee, tropical foods, milk chocolate, silk panties and many items kids can't identify... Nowadays we have nothing fancy but we don't starve and who knows? Maybe one day war will end. Our garden provides vegetables and fruits. We've eggs from the poultry and milk and butter from friendly farmers. We can purchase some meat several times a week. Once Maman bought a full pig and we ate hams and pâtés and sausages for weeks. Farmers are reopening their grain mill and they do their own bakery; Thierry and I weekly go visiting a nearby farmer and we bring back one big loaf of white bread weighing six pounds hidden in a black bag as tall as we are. All those vital activities are supposed to be strictly

forbidden. Black market is the rule when provincials want to send foods to the Parisians. This is a business for adults. The kids play with a lot of children belonging to refugee families from Northern France. My parents are looking for a bike adapted to my size. They have time to take care of us and they try to spoil all nice people with limited tools but an unlimited love. Papa's reputation is improving each day. Heaven is here except when bullet powder explodes nearby: thereafter the German soldiers are rude. I'm just hearing that all members of a family owning a remote farm, the Miseriaux, have been recently arrested by the Gestapo because they had been rescuing allied pilots, mainly Americans, after their airplanes were destroyed by the "flack"; they hosted them before they could escape using resistance networks.

May-July 1944, La Guérivais Farm, Forges-la-Forêt, Ille & Vilaine, France.

Since the Allied Forces disembarked in Normandy on June 6th, we are submitted to daily bombing and machine-gunning all around. Even though travel is strictly prohibited, my father can't stop visiting his patients scattered in a 30km-circle. He has become wealthier (less poor, my mother says!) and he does not use his bike nor his old motorcycle. His young brother, Uncle André-Jacques, who joined us after he escaped

from Berlin where he had been deported, drives the Citroen 11 limousine on the deserted roads; since gasoline has become a luxury the engine works with charcoal burning. Papa takes advantage of an official travel pass but it is useless under Allied airplane gunfire. Both of them risk their lives daily because the car is often shot like all vehicles circulating on roads and causeways. They removed the red cross painted on the roof. The British pilots rarely respect that poster supposed to protect medical vehicles according to the Geneva Convention.

My sister Dominique was born on March 20th. My parents had become worried by the increasing local insecurity. They decided to rent La Guérivais, a farm located near Martigné-Ferchaud. My mother, pregnant Aunt Lucie and Uncle Paul, and the host of children are supposed to be safer there than in the village itself. Such a life in a farm with many animals and seasonal activities makes us nothing but happy. Even though I'm just 6-year-old, I read and write the French language fluently. Upon my own request, Uncle Paul gave me a big book of geography for scholars edited in 1937, the year of the latest prestigious Universal Exhibition in Paris. The hexagonal shaped France landmark looks small on the map of Europe; even less than the British Empire, the French Empire still exists; nobody here understands clearly how Pétain is administrating it; the few newspapers are censored

drastically and the radio broadcast stations Uncle Paul and cousin Jean-Pierre scan desperately are blurred and inaudible; listening to the BBC is strictly forbidden; if someone forgets to change the position of the index on the screen and is reported, the Gestapo can arrest and deport to Prussia all the house inhabitants. I can dream about many colonies and departments colored in red all over the world that France owns. Most of these are located in Africa and in Asia-Oceania, fewer in America. The multicolored five continents excite my imagination. I don't know why I'm already feeling I have an international future but now, I alone decide I must learn both English and Spanish languages. Using those three major idioms, I shall communicate fluently with all foreign people worldwide. Anglo-Saxon countries and populations are prestigious even though the children nowadays must be very careful when they proclaim that statement to unknown audiences. Albion's perfidy is an official statement. Gestapo and the French police have long ears and the penalties are terrible. Since our home has not been occupied by brutal German troops, I don't hate the native citizens of the nations belonging to the Berlin-Rome Axis. I already know how different civilians and warriors are according to peaceful or conflicting times.

On those merry sunny days, meanwhile farmers are harvesting and armies fight, I have become a citizen of the word. But, this

afternoon, the RAF is bombing the big German fuel tanker hidden in the surrounding wood; this is burning extensively sending us dangerous clouds of ashes and soot. Then my parents decided wisely to move the family back to Le Vieux Pavé. The German soldiers have become very nervous and none of them want to play with the children. We don't understand the reason because few adults know the American troops commanded by General Patton have been disembarking on the beaches of the Cancale Bay at the north of the department of Ille & Vilaine. May be they have already destroyed Marshall Rommel's headquarter located near Rennes at a 70-kilometer northwestern distance. But, and this is my secret, nothing can hurt me since I have become a citizen of the world!

August 4th, 1944, 3pm, Martigné-Ferchaud, Ille & Vilaine, France.

A dozen of our relatives congregate more or less permanently at Le Vieux Pavé. Life is safer here than in occupied Paris. 80km far from us, the city of Angers is daily bombed. The Magnerons were targeted on the road near Segré when they were biking to join Le Vieux Pavé. For three days the Rommel's army has been moving quickly along the road leading from Rennes and Vitré to Pouancé, Segré and Angers. The continuous convoy made of swastika-labelled green-feldgrau trucks

and tanks full of silent soldiers never stops. The few formerly nice and gentle but now nervous and rude German officers and their infantry yesterday left in a hurry in their command cars without any explanation meanwhile other soldiers removed their vehicles off the parking field; the holes only testify the German occupation. Adults are used to observe British bombing precisely near strategic targets and shooting careless humans who should stay at their farms according to the air-dropped warning leaflets we catch several times a day. Within a few days, new exciting airplanes, the American double-sided Lightning, are invading the sky. To-day Spitfires and leaflet dropping are just more numerous. Suddenly my elder cousin Jean-Pierre rushes back into the home entrance. He is highly excited and speaks with a loud voice. "*C'est les Américains!*", he repeats several times hectically before all of us suddenly astonished understand there are no more German convoy on the road. But, what about those Americans? Thus we all run toward the pathway. We discover a huge number of trucks, cannons and tanks parked straight along the houses on the right side of the pavement. A lot of neighbors are congregating around a hundred of soldiers, may be more. The American vehicles are queuing all along the main street until our front-yard where the command-Jeep has stopped. Plentiful flowers, mainly dahlias and roses, offered in the liberated villages decorate the

vehicles. Soldiers try to get information from the population excited by the sudden recovery of freedom feeling about the strength of the military column. They are stopping just at a few miles behind the last German trucks only. Four gigantic GIs stand up just aside me and talk on their talkie-walkies. I admire their Jeep. The Silver Star looks nice on the olive green color brighter than the mater brown-and-feldgrau we have been used to observe during the past four years. They wear camouflaged battle-dress and their helmets are crowned with mistletoe and oak branches. One of these expectorates a huge purple split of chewing tobacco splashing onto the used macadam. They distribute chewing gum, Virginia cigarettes and dried bananas to the youngsters around. All of us communicate with hearty feelings within a bilingual cacophony. A squadron of yet unknown airplanes invades the sky.

I have become an American during that miraculous afternoon which highlights my youth definitely. I am a French boy who this afternoon was reborn virtually as an American kid by lucky chance! This is my secret.

July 30th, 1945, 7:30 am, Martigné-Ferchaud, Ille & Vilaine, France.

Maman woke Thierry and I up a few minutes ago. She felt seriously emotional when she told us cautiously we have to say hello

nicely to someone who is sleeping in the bedroom usually occupied by the maid. We now are facing a human body belonging to a little female we never met before. She is lying on the tiny bed, which looks large compared with her small size. She looks like the Peruvian mummy seen in Tintin comics. Such a cadaver silhouette under the sheet terrifies both of us. It is made of a grey skin covering a skeleton without any muscle. Her ugly head covered with a shortly cut dark hair lies on two pillows. She tries to smile and fails to say a few words like she fails to sit up a bit. Maman introduces her elder sister, Aunt Guite. After she was tried at the Prison of Rennes and was charged for her resistance activities, she was deported to Ravensbrück in Pomerania, near the Baltic sea. Like the other Caucasian females jailed in that camp she was submitted for hard labor and harassment and starvation especially inhuman during the local icy winter. After the fall of Berlin and Hitler's suicide WWII ended in Europe. Deportation camps located in Prussia and in some occupied Eastern countries such as Poland were liberated by the Allied Forces. A lot of her female compatriots died before the Russians liberated the camp of Ravensbrück. She and a few French women survive miraculously and they were put into a train to Paris then to Rennes. Papa drove overnight and he carried her onto Le Vieux Pavé. She is exhausted and she might die unless Papa cures her cachexia efficiently with his talented skills

now recognized in the whole county. Certainly he will. No doubt about that, his boys state. Grandmother Chabiron is expected to visit her in the evening! Two extraordinary family events on the same day! The adults say Japan is not ready to surrender yet.

August 15th, 1945, Martigné-Ferchaud, Ille & Vilaine.

Peace is definite since the Americans bombed Hiroshima and Nagasaki using atomic energy for the first time. French commando has arrived and given Hanoi and Indochina back to the legal French government. The latter is still headed by Charles de Gaulle despite many discrepancies between himself and his ministers. Some out of these are officially members of the Communist Party affiliated to Stalin. Strikes and turmoil often develop. President Truman of the USA has been assisting Europe with the Marshall's Plan in order to avoid Marxist transformation of the political system in Western democracies. "*US go home*" statement is tagged on plentiful posters covering the civic walls. France is facing a very difficult time in spite of peace but in that catholic province of Brittany the optimistic spirit develops. Myself like the other kids are learning at school how youth can participate in achieving that goal. I have become a serious pupil who loves school and knowledge in general. I read the Greek alphabet fluently. Soon I'll study the Russian alphabet.

Autumn 1948, Angers, Maine & Loire, France

There is no high school in the Martigné-Ferchaud vicinity. My parents put me onto the Magnérons' care in Angers. I am the youngest pupil of the class in the male high school, Lycée David d'Angers. My dream has become actuality. I'm learning the English language. My teacher, Mr. A., is severe but modern. He wants his pupils to speak with a good accent first. For hours we study phonetics. We will acquire a richer vocabulary and we'll make sophisticated grammar drills later. We must learn a lot of odd signs looking like stenographic ideograms expressing sounds and rhythms. I'm lucky because I have a good musical sense. I sing with a soprano voice and I am starting learning piano and sol-fa. The result is efficient and I get congratulations for my capacity to express "th", "p", "r" ... as well as a British is supposed to speak at the University of Cambridge, UK. Like many French teachers after World War II, Mr. A. is a Marxist-Leninist registered at the French Communist Party. He is fond of the English language more than of the British people, a statement he doesn't explain clearly. But, moreover, he hates the Americans, those Coca-Cola drinkers speaking a decadent slang. I am not convinced by his arguments. I admire the British because of the RAF pilots. I'm mostly fan of the Yankees like almost all French children at that time indeed. My mother loves the American music and

the American artists, like all music and artists from all over the world we listen at the radio set. My parents never practice chauvinism. The Wrigley's chewing gum and Chesterfield cigarettes are luxuries the Soviets don't provide in France and we never met any Russian soldier. I like the British culture because of Ivanhoe and Captain WC Jones' novels but I prefer the American comics and the western movies. Sooner or later I'll wear my Levi's denim jean like Gary Cooper or John Wayne do. I have an American dream in my mind. My father is feeling like to moving to Canada, a wonderful project but, my mother is definitely opposed. Both of them love each other. Divorce is a word inapplicable to my parents – like it is in all catholic families - and they have a fourth child now, my sister Catherine, born on August 8th, 1946. I belong to a truly strong united liberal family, a true masterpiece bringing both present security and desire to future undertaking.

Last July, we spent one week in Annecy, a wonderful city built around a famous Alpine lake surrounded by pikes at the summit of which one can observe the Mont-Blanc. The Tour de France passed under our balcony; the bike racers Louison Bobet previously wearing the yellow jersey and the future winner Gino Bartali have become my favorite sport idols. Once we visited Geneva; my parents bought Swiss chocolate and "Craven A" cigarettes; we crossed the borderline – the first time in my

life - after a rather flexible control but without penalties for an illegal business. Even a saint monk couldn't avoid to do after so many years of frustration. Young kids are thrilled as well as scared because of the risk of being ransacked at the customs. Fortunately this didn't happen but may-be we were somewhat disappointed too! The French boxer Marcel Cerdan knocked down Tony Zale and has become World Champion at the Madison Square Garden. My parents often evoke the loss of the luxurious French steamer "*Normandie*" flooded five years ago in the port of New York. The new one is called "*Liberté*" like the famous statue! When shall I take it to New-York City?

November 1949, 8am, Lycée David d'Angers, Angers, Maine & Loire, France.

All pupils are shocked because the boxer Marcel Cerdan who is also the lover of our national singer Edith Piaf died in an airplane crash near Shannon Airport. He was flying to New York City where he was supposed to box against Jake La Motta at the Madison Square Garden ring. This was the "match de la revanche" waited eagerly by the entire French population. A semester ago, he was defeated by La Motta but a lot of French thought the match was rigged by the Mafia.

October 1st, 1953, Angers, Maine & Loire.

Class is starting again.

The summertime was adventurous. Both André-Jacques family and ours congregated for the whole month of July on the Gulf of Gascoigne in Biscay, Northern Spain. We live in a big house facing the immense beach of Laredo, an old-fashioned seaside resort for rich Madrid people and a port for conventional fishermen. It looks like Saint-Jean-de-Mont in Vendée where I spent so many vacations close to Aunt Guite who now is developing multiple sclerosis and quadriplegia. By the way both she and Grandmother Chabiron have become communist; they argue marxism and christianity have the same philosophical bases.

Spain is still under Franco's control but he is opening a window to tourists which are not many yet. The fluency of my Spanish language was tested during that wonderful trip. The results are not bright. Scholarship doesn't prepare for current life in a foreign country. I cannot communicate with the Spaniards since they don't understand my language whether it is French or Spanish; the local population speaks a terrible patois; nobody speaks English here either. The country looks obsolete and sleepy. A few old cars and buses circulate on tiny not asphalted roads. Generale locomotives slowly move old wagons and whistle like an old-fashioned western movie. Females wear bathing

suits like in 1900 and the French fashion is not adapted to the rigidity of the catholic clergy. Mores are very conservative. The cost of living is very cheap. Teens like me are rich with a hundred of pesetas for several weeks. I'm looking at the girls more carefully than before but recently I have become shy and easily intimidated. I feel I'm a weak boy having no chance to become another Humphrey Bogart, Cary Grant either. I already know I am attracted only to girls combining beauty, elegance and smartness in equal share basis like my mother. I read in a monthly Ava Gardner and Ernest Hemingway are spending most of their time watching toros and corridas. Thierry was entranced by a performance we attended in Bilbao; he wants to be a new Manolete or Dominguin. I don't like the execution of the bulls by second choice matadors like those we watched.

On the way back to Martigné-Ferchaud, my parents dropped both of us in Bordeaux since my godfather, Dr Antoine Roux, a successful GP now, invited me to stay for a while. Unfortunately, almost immediately, the whole France had become an exploding melting pot of angry people against the socioeconomic difficulties induced by hyperinflation of the cost of living. The risk of strikes in services was increasing each day. For the first time in my life, I took the decision to take the train to Nantes then to Châteaubriant in spite of the strong reluctance of my

relatives. I didn't know it was the last train available before the general strike ordered by all unions of workers of the country starts for the whole month of August. I'll never regret that episode during when I understood I'm a voluntary male and a independent character. That was appropriate because France had been paralyzed almost totally.

Even though a French child cannot obtain a driving license before he/she is 18 years old, last year Papa taught us the fundamentals of that major and prestigious activity. Alternately Thierry and I have been driving our father's Simca Aronde during his medical touring. He sits down on the back seat and he reads our detective novels such as "The Saint" by Leslie Charteris or Agatha Christie's opus. Both of us know he is anxious but he wants us to learn how to drive a vehicle with a high sense of vigilance and prudence. The speed limit has been fixed below 40km/hour. Even though I am growing up quickly, I'm not a true adolescent yet. I feel I'm too young, too much immature. I can't understand troubles many adults feel. Until now I never experienced any failure during my scholarship. I'm too much easy going but I'm not a bright pupil at school anymore. I'm learning it is not so good to be the youngest pupil of a class. Last month, Papa stopped his car once again in the countryside and he taught us the fundamentals of the human sexuality and how to behave with girls; frankly, Thierry who

is younger than I understood better the full content of the lesson; he is already more mature and sensual than I am; I'm a pure sentimental like Knight Perceval at King Arthur's Round Table. However, because of both initiations to be a good car driver and a tender lover, Papa is raising up to the summit of the lovely scale of his children's esteem; we admire him as a hero much more modern than the other male adults we know. No doubt I'll choose the medical career provided that I gain the same level of expertise. This is not clear-cut. Unfortunately the scientific matters taught at school do not attract me and I hate mathematics and physics. I'm fond of history and geography. I'm starting to be highly interested in politics since liberal Pierre Mendès-France is emerging and seems to be the only politician able to end the catastrophic war in Indochina. I like that leftist non-Marxist leader of the radical party who has a courageous and honest character. I'm a combination of affective immaturity and advanced intellectualism, a teacher states.

April 27th, 1954, 10pm, Angers, Maine & Loire, France.

To-day, I'm sixteen years old. This a premium day. I saw a movie classified "*forbidden to the minors under 16*". There were several pretty women showing their naked breast; one of these entirely nude! Thereafter, with a few friends of mine, I tasted my first scotch whisky-

soda in the *Welcome*, the only American bar in Angers. We smoked a pack of Pall Mall cigarettes, bought at the black market with the soldiers affected at the USAF basis in Châteauroux. Now I'm fond of so-called "Série Noire" detective novels by Peter Cheyney, Raymond Chandler, James hardley Chase, Day Keen, Mickey Spillane.. as well as "Lady Chatterley"! I'm fan of the American actor Eddie Constantine, who performs in French B-movies featuring Lemmy Caution, an FBI agent. Unfortunately my natural shyness is more and more handicapping me because I'm tall (175mm) but I'm very thin and weak weighting less than 50kilos. I cannot inform Michelle Magneron's friend Marie-Laure, a pretty smart girl I love her.

November 1st, 1956, Rennes, Ille & Vilaine, France

I am a medical student at the University of Rennes, once again the youngest of the class. My desire to learn history and geography then to go to a school of journalism and to choose a political career failed to attract my parents. I'm commencing the fourth generation of Doctors Moreau. Two years ago, Prime Minister Pierre Mendès-France stopped the Indochina war meanwhile he generously gave the peaceful independence to Tunisia. For the first time since 1939, we were living in peace but for one summertime only. The Algerian

rebellion started on November 1st, 1954. France is entering a civilian war opposing both the partisans of “Algérie Française” and immediate independence of that French province. Even though I’m 18 years old and too young to get a right for voting, I am supporting the latter group since I understand the Franco-Arabs in Maghreb lost their confidence in the French governments on June 1940. Liberals were supportive of the independence of Morocco given last year peacefully as well. Unfortunately Mendès-France lost the following elections and even the new socialist government has been reluctant to offer such an opportunity to the rebellion supported by the Soviets and the Egyptian Gamal Abd-el-Nasser after King Farouk’s destitution. We are living this week in what might be the start of WWII. Allied French and British commandos are occupying the Suez Canal newly nationalized by the Egyptian Rais Nasser. Meanwhile the Israel army is invading the Sinai desert invincibly. In the mean time in Hungary the Soviet Union is facing massive rebellion of the population exhausted by the communist rule. I’m ready to participate in the next protest meeting to be held in the center of Rennes like many all over the free world. In August the status of Berlin was strongly modified unilaterally by the Soviet Union. The Soviet Union built a wall surrounding the three Western districts in order to stop the exodus of non Marxist Eastern Europeans to the West

Berlin. The Cold War has been boiling to-day. It is unlikely Presidents Eisenhower of USA and Krushev of USSR are ready to conflict in such a huge battlefield. Both camps own thermonuclear weapons and prepared the missiles to be launched overseas. The mutual dissuasion should work. I'm pessimistic on the chance of success of the Western European task force that should be urged to remove quickly out of the Middle East.

May 13th, 1958, 11pm, Rennes, Ille & Vilaine, France

The IVth French Republic is agonizing. To-day the French population supporting "Algérie Française" whether they are Caucasian (so-called Pied-noirs) or Francophile Arabs are starting a riot in Algiers. Thousands and thousands of individuals are continuously protesting and occupying the official administrative buildings. The headquarter of the French Army mainly made of parachutist and legionnaire officers has been joining the civilian population. All those people claim they want retired General Charles de Gaulle to come back to Paris and govern France again. I'm in trouble because I'm mendesist and Mendes-France is a legalist social democrat fully against such a kind of military "putsch". But, a lot of French people understand the politicians in Paris cannot solve the moral crisis induced by the failure in gaining peace

in Algeria. What shall I do since I'm not a Gaullist? But I'm highly concerned because I am listed in the group of volunteer students who have accepted to work during the upcoming summertime in an infirmary located somewhere in an Algerian remote place. I'm 20 years old thus still a minor child. Even though this is a dangerous way to spend my vacation time, my parents gave me their approval. But what do we have to expect if there is a civilian war between the metropolitans and the oversea national "fascists" as the leftist press states the Pied-noirs are?

July 20th, 1958, 1pm, Le Petit Pré, Martigné-Ferchaud.

I'm just making a quick stop at home in between two major trips. In early July both Maman and I joined her friend in a trip to Munich and Brussels. She is a smart lady driving a green Citroen DS 19 limousine, a genuine car, which attracted all people all along roads and freeways we followed in Eastern France and in West Germany. The European Common Market installed after the signature of the Treaty of Rome last year has become an actuality. Federal Republic of Germany is booming economically but it remains politically weaker than France in spite of the strong character of Chancellor Conrad Adenauer who now has to work with our new Prime Minister Charles de Gaulle. There are still visible sequels from WWII bombing in many districts. The remembrance of the

Nazi camps was acutely present in my mind during that trip since Aunt Guite now is even lucid but fully paralyzed and definitely handicapped. I'm still shocked when I remember the large blue poster on the freeway indicating we were entering the city of Dachau, a symbol of prosecution for the French even not Jew. Fortunately polite natives in all places we visited welcomed us nicely. US Forces are ubiquitous. Germans hate the foreign militaries wearing their uniforms while they have friendly relationship when they are casual. The upper floor of the famous Hoffbrau in Munich was sold out by a crowd of US officers and their wives eating chukrut and strawberry sundaes; they all were drinking gallons of draft beer served by folkloric Bavarian barmaids hanging a dozen of glasses on their hands; an orchestra was playing Tyrol music nobody but us were listening to. Well-educated people were not supposed to sit at the ground-floor level; almost all customers there were drunk and the MPs often had to go and to bring the GIs back to jail; salt and ginger were available for people to increase their thirst; the problem in such a bar is the urgent rush to the toilets to pee on time.

After we visited the Bavarian King Frantz II's castles, the city of Frankfurt and the German bank of the Rhine River, we attended the International Exhibition in Brussels symbolized by the Atomium. All hotels were sold out and we had to stay in a private bed-and-breakfast

into the outskirts located in the Flemish area; Belgium is a country divided virtually into two according to their provincial idioms; the francophone Walloons contempt the Flemish population who speaks a language supposed to be adapted to communicate to horses only; thus Flemish even if they are bilingual refuse to use the French language with foreigners like us. This little Belgian cosmogony replicates microscopically what Europe is in general, a multilingual continent made of a lot of nations whose chauvinistic feelings are easily excitable for the worst. The USSR building is the most prestigious one because the first satellites launched in the space so-called sputniks are exhibited; dog Laika, the Russian Gagarin and Titov were the first astronauts circling the planet Earth and they are starring here. Visitors find the American building less exciting despite the US way of life is illustrated by a lot of tools all Westerners are looking for. But, the most popular area of the Exhibition is the unique restaurant opened in the Czechoslovakian building where hungry people can eat excellent food and drink fresh Pils draft beer famous to be the best in Europe. There was a heat wave in Belgium, we could drink barrels of beer during those exhausting visits.

The way back to France passed though Normandy. We stopped a while at the Beaches where the Allied Forces disembarked to liberate our country fourteen years ago only. Homage to the heroic troops and to

the dead soldiers buried in the immense fields planted with thousands of wooden crosses. It was a pity to discover numerous cities destroyed by bombing not rebuilt yet or rebuilt with cheap architectural plans.

My parents own a house newly built according to modern standards including bathrooms and shower cabins. Home, sweet home for a few hours only since I'm leaving to Paris and Marseilles by overnight train. To-morrow morning I'll be embarking on the steamer "Kairouan" to Algiers.

July 30th, 10pm, Kherba, Algeria

One week ago at dawn, like all passengers standing up at the Kairouan upper deck, I was watching the horizon. The white hilly city of Algiers was appearing more and more sharply defined onto the brown cliff in between the azure sky and the dark blue Mediterranean Sea. We were a hundred multidisciplinary students excited by the idea to work in Algeria and to study the impact of the revolution which enabled within a few weeks the Charles De Gaulle's come back. Last year General Massu and the commando Bigeard destroyed the FLN networks operating in the city of Algiers; they used the lessons brought by their losing fight against Ho Chi Minh and Giap in Indochina; they include torture and psychological harassment; this is rejected by the

French leftists, the group I still belong to. The recently hectic city was quiet on that already hot morning when we were dispatched to our respective affiliations. The three of us who took the train to the West didn't see any sign of war until we cross a ferry convoy lying on the back side after a mine explosion. The officer didn't accept I follow the sexy nurse affected at the beautiful city of Miliana.

I reached a tiny village, Kherba, located in the rich plain irrigated by the Chelif River in between both Low and Mid Atlas Mountains. This is the first time I live in a place which often is scrambled by earthquakes. The wealth is provided by extensive agriculture producing mainly corn like in the US Middle West. This is the harvest season. The small infirmary is a part of an innovative entity mixing military and civilian administrators termed "Section Administrative Spéciale" (SAS). Both are working at the interface between the official French government, the active army and the Algerian population. That initiative results from the lesson given by the disastrous experience of subversive war the French lost in Indochina. The only chance to make credible the concept of "Algérie Française" is to convince the Algerian population they have a better future with the French than with the FLN nationalist rebellion promoting straight independence. Both Pied-noirs and the French army state De Gaulle is the only chance to catch that goal. A

better social welfare including medical care is the infirmary's mission. It is minimally equipped but many Arabs consult the only young Algerian nurse. The administrative staff is made of a few Europeans and three dozens Arab soldiers. The officially termed "Algerian rebellion" is a subversive guerilla more than a conventional war. The FLN strategy is based upon brief night attacks and laying mines. Fellaghas almost never fight openly against the regular army. Most of their terrorist activities are oriented toward the Arab populations. Both sides understand psychological weapons are more effective than actual casualties. The FLN rebellion is based on a secular socialist philosophy influenced by the Egyptian Nasser; Algerian Arabs are non-integrist Muslims who don't practice religious fanaticism and there is no noisy pressure from the imam clergy who behaves at a low profile of cooperation with both sides. The catholic Bishop of Algiers is leftist and the Pied-noirs don't like him. I keep secret my mendesist sensitivity because Mendès-France has become the symbol of colonial abandon; he is hated here. All native Algerians are legal French citizens. They'll be invited to vote the national referendum De Gaulle is proposing to all territories administered by the French Republic, including our African colonies. The SAS office must register all local citizens older than 21, the age of the legal majority. My life in Kherba has become quickly boring.

The average temperature is over 40°Celsius until midnight. The nights are dry and clear and the sky exhibits a much huger number of stars than in Brittany. I understand why the Arabs have become excellent astronomers and developed astrology.

August 15th, 1958, El-Aneb Peak, Algeria

In the 1880ies, my ancestor Médecin-General Mathieu was awarded with the Nickam Niftikar Medal and a spiritual grant by the Bey of Tunis: the seven following generations of children are supposed to be protected from all kinds of dangers by a dedicated lucky chance, so-called “baraka”. This may explain why until now none of the males were wounded or killed during the wars they participated in actively. I never considered that vital warranty before I was operational at the 2nd Battery of the 30th Artillery. This is a military camp located at the summit of El-Aneb peak at the altitude of 1000 meters in the Low Atlas. A few days ago I was urged to join immediately such a position because the regular Médecin-Aspirant B... was allowed to visit his wife in France for two weeks after one year of military entrapment. Both of us met briefly and he concluded the interview with an optimistic statement “*I won’t be back to that shitty camp except between two MPs*”.

I am subject to two kinds of contradictory feelings. All locations

and jobs couldn't be worse than what I found in Kherba; there are 200 soldiers and several officers from France, a large Arab people harkis, the Francophile Algerian soldiers attracted by the myth of "Algérie Française", and their families. I socialize easily with those people. On the other hand I am an inexperienced medical student much too young to accept true responsibilities even though I'm assisted by two good medical orderlies. This is a unique genuine experience that could inspire a modern Stendhal. By the way I am not legally a military surgeon but I am under the regular military hierarchy with a full medical proxy. I feel quickly comfortable for two reasons. I have been adapted to rural medicine by my Papa who trains me since I'm a student. During my vacation time in Martigné-Ferchaud I'm used to work at the drugstore with the friendly pharmacist, Jean-Marie Huguenin. I know many techniques and most of the drugs used in general practice. I shouldn't be disoriented since my assistants know the basics of military traumatology. There is a huge number of sick patients and a lot of diseases induced by starvation and poverty.

I've already gained the confidence of the whole battery because though young I'm here while there is a permanent danger for my life. They say I'm both courageous and crazy. Curiously I feel safe and I enjoy everything I'm discovering. However that war is a predictable

mess which is much more complex than the French imagine in Paris. The local battery is ready to perform like in 1940; artillery is useless to face an enemy behaving like terrorist ghosts mining the only road. The captain says the day belongs to the French army but our patrols are not effective in daylight; fellegha snipers work on night; once I followed a patrol on the mountains and we didn't see any in spite of "credible" information provided by the local population. The district is not secure but there is no actual risk when one stays within the area bordered by the barbed-wire entanglement surrounding the square camp; the no man's land is large enough to be protected by four machine guns already used during WWI. This is different when a convoy travels in the road; in spite of the preliminary passage of a half-track, mines explode several times a month; in Easter, a booby-trapped 50kg-bomb killed a barrack roomful; its hole is still visible on the earth. Twice a week I use that convoy to visit the only bookstore where I can buy the Parisian press in the city of Duperré. I cannot survive if I am not fed by fresh news from the metropolis. Even the hated, "Le Monde" daily newspaper is available; most often it is censored in Algiers but informative.

Most of the warrant officers acted in Indochina; they miss painfully the country and their sweet Vietnamese girlfriends so-called congais; they still admire the victorious Vietminh soldiers while they

contempt the Algerian fellaghas, true vicious cowards they say; they don't forgive the French Republic who betrayed both the Indochinese people and the French Army. The French leftists are horrified by what they hear on tortures performed by the commandos during the Battle of Algiers General Massu won last year. Just on my arrival I was warned that the Convention of Geneva is a trivial paper; I have to forget it if I want to keep alive. I inherited from Medecin-Aspirant his Mat 49, an excellent machine pistol I've to study if I have to leave the camp with a convoy; walking outside alone is suicide.

This is the first time in my life I belong to a pure male community. Sex obsesses everybody; many men satisfy their frustrations by homosexual relationship; some others prefer goats or asses if any; only desperate people can act with the miserable hookers at the Duperré's brothel, the latter hell being the most inhuman mew I ever had a glance at in my short life; I masturbate when Knight Perceval is exhausted. To-day is a fairy day for Christians; a delegation of officers came from the headquarter to visit the camp; they brought their excited wives with them! No comment!

August 28th, 1958, 4pm, El-Aneb, Algeria

For the first time of my life a boy was born under my assistance.

This was the toughest challenge I ever had to attempt in my life. Three days ago a harki came to my office. He said his wife is pregnant but for an unknown reason the fetus doesn't come out while she is suffering a lot. I never experienced that emotional test all medical students worry about. It is useless to have a glance at the encyclopedic booklet I brought with me; the images are terrifying. I know the Arab female skeleton is chronically decalcified because of a D-vitamin carence; their pelvic bone is softened and flexible; the fetus usually is delivered without casualties. When time to parturition begins the Arab pregnant woman sits down and add to abdominal pressure with their hands shaking a solid branch of the low roof; only neighboring women help her. All harkis' families live in shanty so-called mechtas congregating into an informal village downhill. I visit it by jeep. On daylight, visitors must be careful mostly because of the numerous dogs endemically infested with rabies virus. Their nose is offended by a repulsive odor made of sweat and henna in the heated air trapped in the narrow room; epidemics develop quickly in such an oven; at the moment measles kill infants by dozen.

The lady I discovered is a young primipare and her pelvic floor should be still strong. I required she lies down on the carpet and I was prepared to perform a vaginal examination. Immediately all vociferating women hit me and fired me out of the mechta. I didn't insist despite the

husband's regrets. To-day after lunch, the harki came back and informed me his wife has not delivered yet; he was highly upset and he wanted me to go back to the mechta. I accepted but required that he excludes all neighboring out of the room and he stays with me as an interpreter. This was a première because an Arab husband never participates in such an operation. The lady had become cooperative when I introduced my index in the vagina. Immediately she contracted her abdomen and strongly cried; once again the other women irrupted and forced me out; but a few seconds later they exhibited the living newborn, a normal boy the father called Djelloul. The three males of us drunk a hot Gauloise beer like it was champagne meanwhile the excited women cut the umbilical cord with a bad knife. I put a droplet of silver nitrate in each baby's eyes and injected antitetanic serum in both the mother and the son's buttocks. Frankly I'm proud of myself.

I'm happy too because I like that active medical life I'm spending here successfully. I truly believe I am useful and the population acknowledges that nicely. The misery is terrible and the infantile mortality is catastrophic but miracles may happen such a severe septicemia recovering after an injection of a single dose of 100,000 units of penicillin. All Arabs trust in injections only; they are disappointed when I prescribe pills instead of a "lebra". A lot of people suffer from

acute streptococcic rheumatism complicated with cardiac valvulopathies. Contrary to what the Europeans state, the Arabs are not naturally dirty; water and soap are rare in the djebel; shoes are luxury. Moka powder is the usual antiseptic. Boys are circumcised when they are 10 years old; after they are operated on with a razor the imam puts moka powder on the wound; they consult when their penis severely inflamed with a risk of gangrene. Girl's puberty is earlier than in Europe; teens are pretty and vamp easily but they must be a virgin when they get married; men buy their wives and pay with pet animals such as ass or goat or sheep; married women must hid their face with a voile; only doctors can look at a naked woman if medical reason requires such an examination but someone must witness he/she did not try to abuse. Arabs are machos and conservative. Plenty of males love their wives and their children like the Europeans do but they don't demonstrate any feeling out of their home intimacy. Frankaouis are shocked when they meet a couple traveling in a path with the wife walking behind the husband seated on the ass. To liberating women has become an Algérie Française slogan; while it looks feasible in the main cities is an awful provocation in the djebel.

September 10th, 1958, 10pm, El-Aneb, Algeria

FLN terrorists are more and more active since the idea of the

upcoming referendum is exciting the Algerian people. A few days ago the famous Colonel Bigeard and his parachutist commandos operated to quickly “clean” our district. He’s the hero of Dien-Bien-Phu, hated by the leftist but a true effective warrior scaring the rebels. For the first time in Algeria I met a true modern army set for subversive war. On each Thursday mountaineers are used to descent to the market place at Kherba where they sale their meager goods (aneb means grapes). To day is Thursday. At dawn downhill two mines exploded under a GMC truck and hit our patrol. The soldier sitting at my right side in the jeep was the gentle teacher who yesterday opened peacefully the new school for the harki’s children; now he was both scared and furious; when the command-car was passing along the Arabs installed on their ass back he was willing to hit their heads like in a baseball game using his heavy Garant gun’s cross as a bat; fortunately I could stop him doing that crime. Truckers drive their vehicles very quickly on the road in order mines if any explode at their back by chance. This morning incompetent fellagha artificers managed both booby-trapped 101mm-shell; the exploding effect was mild; the GMC truck was marginally damaged; I detected only slight corporeal damage on our soldiers. But the whole battery is suffering from the psychological trouble expected by the rebels.

October 2nd, 1958, Paquebot Kairouan, on board

Soon I'll watch at the famous Notre-Dame de la Garde Cathedral of Marseilles from the Kairouan upper desk. The weather was stormy during an uncomfortable trip inducing sea-sickness; yesterday night we were no more than a dozen hungry passengers all dining at the captain table. I'm happy to go back to France after such an adventure in Algeria. I participated in the management of the referendum at El-Aneb. I know now how frustrating it is to be a soldier old enough to kill but too young to vote; I couldn't vote myself but some teen harkis were similarly shocked. As expected the referendum has become a plebiscite putting De Gaulle's government in a more comfortable position than the Algerians can imagine. Before I depart from Algiers I wrote a short report describing what I observed during my stay in Kherba and El-Aneb. First of all I understand the Arabs intuitively because of my ancestors genes. Pied-Noirs are more attractive than I expected; they are emotional; they sentimentally state they feel more French than the Frankaouis are. For the first time in my life I have discovered there is a big Jewish community in Algeria made of sepharades while I never met any Jew in the Western France I has lived in. Muslims and Jews apply the retaliation law, Christians do not. Muslims trust in predestination and they sing of their destiny like a singsong. Ambivalence tops all French

political and administrative projects. I spent three days solely in Algiers. The city is quiet but most of the rich families have moved to France permanently. Only the middle and low class workers and employees are still living in the country. The ultranationalist French press is pushing the population dishonestly into big troubles because Algérie Française in an obvious utopia. A worthwhile Franco-Algerian federation is not credible even though this is the best theoretical solution at a human viewpoint but this is too late. The leftist press in Paris is dishonest too and Mendès-France is getting to be a has-been leader. I'm not Gaullist. I know I'm opening a period of my life during I'll be unable to choose a political party. I just have to become a good doctor and to build a family. I have to explore the other provinces of France mainly the Alps and the Azure Coast I never visited before.

.../...

June 1st, 1964, 8 am, Paris, France

To-day in the afternoon, I'm getting married...

June 1st, 1964, 8 am, Paris, France

To-day in the afternoon, I'm getting married...

**Sunday, October 21st, 2007,
6pm, 15 Kikarra Avenue,
Hawks Nest, New South
Wales, Australia**

“But JF, why that silent gap between 1958 and 1964?” my host in Australia, Geoffrey T Benness, asked me at lunch. He reads carefully the pages I'm editing. We know each other since almost three decades. He is like an elder brother for me. I expect from him an objective critic of the content and of the grammar of that manuscript.

“Geoff, those six years were a kind of Golgotha. I still do not understand why I wasn't successful in Rennes during my studentship. Since the French medical programs have drastically changed during the XXth century, this is not worthwhile to describe the reasons of my failures. May be I'll write a novel on that stage of my life but this will be written in French for the French readers who can understand the obsolete fundamentals. Let just tell you I was so desperate I sometimes thought

to suicide. The comparison with a ruined banker is not appropriate because I never had the possibility to build my bank. I felt that I was a racer who missed the start and left his shoes in the starting-blocks. I often reacted depressingly like Job lying on the mud. 1961 was a crucial year. Meanwhile the terrorist activity was increasing both in France and in Algeria, I was ready to enroll in the army. But, perhaps because of my proud character and of some encouragements from some friends saddened by my bad fortune, I couldn't behave like I was a definite looser. This was crucial to cure my father's distress as well. I decided to start another academic program in the hospitals of Paris. I went to a Freudian psychanalyst during several months; the fit was not so good but I could improve my mental forces. I was ready to register for a very difficult selective examination opening academic careers or lucrative positions in private practice. I just had to work harder and harder to reach the goal. Whatever the result, I missed my adolescence definitely. My first love affairs did not turned to my advantage. Sexual impotence results from such a moral castration induced by a series of failures within a period when the ego of a male needs to be fed by rewarding successes providing confidence and undertaking spirit. Women are the only providence in such cases of absurd desireless melancholy!"

June 1st, 1964, 8 am, Paris, France

To-day in the afternoon I'm getting married. Michèle is a pediatric nurse I met two years ago at the Hôpital des Enfants Malades of Paris. She saved me from a severe psychological breakdown I developed during my studentship in Rennes. After my Algerian experience I experienced an understandable series of failures in my university training. I lost my self-confidence progressively. The sanguinary end of the Algerian war saddened me too. How many harkis I knew died because of another French mess De Gaulle could not avoid? An unsuccessful love affair didn't help either. I decided to move to Paris but I was desperately melancholic. I'm catholic but I was feeling I had no way except suicide. Then Michèle appeared as a salvation angel. I read in a novel – *"The green grass of Wyoming"* by Mary O'Hara – that God helps when a desperate human feels impotent to solve a vital problem by himself; I was no more trusting on Him but providence came generously on rescue. The first glance Michèle and I exchanged the first time we met convinced me immediately she was the woman of my life forever. The French poet Louis Aragon wrote : *"Elle vint au cœur du désarroi me tirer des mauvaises fièvres"* (she went at the core of the distress and withdrew me out of the feverish swamps). Writers Montaigne and Aragon also helped me rebuild my character on stronger bases. Montaigne has been earnestly guiding me towards a long lasting achievement in my life;

Aragon's poetry is the good medicine when I feel hopeless.

Michèle had become my lover during a trip we made last year in Spain. We traveled in my new Dauphine Renault Gordini with another nurse. I don't believe her parents who are more conservative than my mine would have been happy to know we lost our respective virginities in a fancy hotel located in the city of Calatayud on the way to Madrid. Speaking foreign languages no more motivates me; my Spanish is minimal. Caudillo Franco still governs Spain but the country is starting to boom since new generations are forgetting the civil war. Unlike my first trip to Laredo, youngsters and even adults openly express their opposition to the military dictatorship. There are many asphalted roads and modern cars; the cost of living is improving but the inflation rate is high like in France after WWII; however, for the French, touring still remains a good deal. Michèle had already visited Spain several times and both of us are fond of Spanish culture. We admired the treasures exhibited in Madrid and Toledo. We discovered the newly opened "Memorial de la Valle de los Caidos" recalling the civil war victims on both sides. We spent two weeks on the Mediterranean Coast from Alicante to Barcelona. In the latter city, the corrida we attended was somewhat better than that of Bilbao but not enough to make me a fan of that sport. I saw enough human blood uselessly expended in Algeria. I hate violence by I know a state must have a working defensive army. Next year I'll have to be a

regular military doctor. I'm just happy to know France is not fighting using her children against enemies on open battlefields. I support the French atomic force Charles de Gaulle is building actively. I'm not naive even though I'm a determined pacifist.

Back in Paris I understood I had become more mature. I was feeling more skeptical than stoical too. Michèle daily told me I'm a good doctor despite my persisting doubts. I just have to try harder in internal medicine. To-morrow, after the wedding party following the mass, we'll leave Paris for Yugoslavia through Switzerland, Liechtenstein and Austria. Papa loaned me his Renault 4L, a car more adapted to the terrible Balkan roads than my Dauphine.

September 1st, 1964, Paris, France

The trip to the Balkans opened my eyes toward the originality of the self-management communism revisited by Tito after he signed the Bandoeng's Pact with other nonaligned countries. Yugoslavian economy looks like that of Spain in 1953. The population is friendly but careful when political topics are discussed. Asphalt road serpents along the Dalmatian Coast until Split. There is a small number of tourists most of these from Germany. Westerners say the cities look sad because there is no car traffic. Furthermore the roads are not asphalt and the car tyres suffer. We loved the city of Dubrovnik, a perfect symbol of the

past prosperity of the Venice Republic. In June Club Med offers a third week for free to all tourists spending two weeks at its village of Kotor, Montenegro, located on a private island inside a beautiful fjord opening to the Adriatic sea. The institution is known to be a sexual paradise for young bachelors; it is not supposed to welcome married guests on a honeymoon. This is quite wrong since there are several Belgian couples with whom we can go sailing and touring in Montenegro mountains. Montenegro looks like the district of El-Aneb, gorgeous landscape but miserable people. Curiously the young artists prefer to sing rock-and-roll than folkloric songs; many tourists are disappointed! We come back through Bosnia stopping in Mostar with its famous bridge, in Sarajevo and its beautiful muslim cemetery. All these places witness the long occupation of the Balkans by the Turks until the end of WWI. The most northern mosques were built in BanjaLuka at the latitude of Venice. Slovenia and its capital Ljubljana look Italian and less poor than the five other Yugoslavian republics. Michele was sad because we had no time to visit Venice but we stopped in Verona, the city of Romeo and Juliet. We had a dark suntan so we looked like Turks when we glanced at the mirror.

We spent the very hot summertime settling in our first home, a large studio in the XIXth district of Paris. Shall we be happy together over life?

April 15th, 1965, Paris, France

After years of troubles, my destiny is changing since there is evidence I'm performing at a higher potential, at least intellectually. Glorious day for me who has become a winner again, for my Papa and Maman who suffered acutely from my failures, for my wife who supported me earnestly... I passed successfully the so-called "CONCOURS DE L'INTERNAT DES HÔPITAUX DE PARIS", the most prestigious examination selecting the future Parisian medical elites. Flabbergasted I saw my name listed in antepenultimate position. "*At least, my mentor told me, you'll never starve!*"

July 1st, 1965, 11pm, Paris, France

I'm 27-year old. Two months ago I started my legal military service. I'm back in poverty since my salary is ridiculously low. I earn 30 francs a month! Fortunately the administration of the "Assistance publique à Paris" where Michèle and I work owns buildings and apartments the employees can rent at a low fee. If Michèle gets one of these she will keep going in her job. Otherwise both of us are ready to move to the French Caribbean where military doctors can be assigned. Michele is an outstanding nurse; after several procedures we agree to rent a cheap apartment located in Montparnasse. This is an old painter atelier that has to be fully refurbished at our own expense. We'll do that ourselves with

a couple of friends during the summertime. Michèle doesn't appreciate her solitude during the time I have to spend at the garrison. After those years of stress, frustration and work, I appreciate that military life is like a sabbatical leave. Both of us would like to have babies; but this doesn't happen although we don't practice any contraception.

January 1st, 1966, Le Petit Pré, Martigné-Ferchaud, France

Happy New Year everybody! All Moreau's children are spending the holyday evening in our native nest. We're all happy even though the Chabiron ladies died recently. I had an opportunity to introduce Michele to both of them when Aunt Guite was awarded the Légion d'Honneur Officer Medal after Papa's friend who joined De Gaulle in June 1940 nominated her. My sister Dominique has become a nurse at the Curie Foundation of Paris. Catherine will be a secretary in a Parisian business office. Thierry has become a lawyer like his girlfriend. Both brothers are in the army. He is a GI without any military ambition : I don't blame him..

I'm Médecin-Aspirant still spoiled by the "baraka". In October, I was appointed to a boring infirmary on the outskirts of Paris and ready to beg for a move to the Caribbean when I got a phone call from an anonymous General. He was looking for an aspirant like me to apply for a position offered at the "Département des Affaires Militaires" of

the “Commissariat à l’Energie Atomique” (CEA). All the benefit he was enumerating were looking fabulous but for an obscure reason he was beating around the bush. I tried to communicate my enthusiasm. Suddenly he said something painful to him: “*Some day you’d have to perform a few temporary missions in the French Sahara atomic center near Tamanrasset in the Ahoggar!*” When he understood I was ready to kiss him, he relaxed and told me I was the tenth aspirant he had contacted; all previous guys refused immediately after the word “Sahara” was pronounced. I always supported the French atomic research whether the projects are pacific or military, why refuse such a proposal for idealistic reason? I’m just requesting I don’t have to participate in atomic experimental medical projects. I just have to assess the medical follow-up of the human resources according to the national social welfare rules and regulations, the General said.

The CEA center where I’m working is located in another Paris outer suburb. It is dedicated to pure high-tech computer research thus there is neither radiation risk nor true ethic concerns. The infirmary looks like a civil dispensary where there are no military employees. I earn much more money. I’ve plenty of time to cultivate my intellect with bright scientists who plan at a stratospheric level of philosophy and sciences. I observe defense secrets but I don’t understand any. Daniel RG, my best friend there is a specialist of plasma and ionized media;

he is putting the pressure on me to develop a biological project both of us could manage together but I don't have the requisite knowledge. I don't refuse the idea but I urge him postpone the application for the present. Later, when I know no more biology, we'll study the anatomic changes just at the marging of the cut made by a strong laser ray hitting an animal body. I'm trying to learn the Fortran and the Cobol computer languages! I'm afraid the task is hopeless.

July 1st, 1966, Sahara CEA Base, In-Amguel, Algeria.

The so-called CEMO center is closing definitely in September. The French atomic military base is moving to Polynesia. This is my second mission at this center built in Ahoggar, the southern part of the formerly French Sahara belonging nowadays to Algeria. The place is located near the city of Tamanrasset at a 3000-km-distance far from Algiers, as long as New York City to Denver. The airport is served with a Super Constellation airplane flying at 6000 feet; all flight long my eyes are widely screening the landscape through the window; the air is so dry the details are as precise as on the maps and this is pleasure to recall the lessons of geography given at school. I use a Citroen 2CV - the ugliest car in the world, the Americans say ! It circulates quite easily in the sand and it is not affected by vaporlock. Ahoggar is a magnificent wild mountainous desert submitted for constant erosion; the landscape

is made of strange old volcanic mountains scattered on a basaltic plateau which provides stones more often than sand on the earth. The earth colors range from light beige to black; those of the sky look as often light blue or even pink as dark blue. I visited the city of Tamanrasset twice. The ascetic spirit of Charles de Foucault is still alive at both the “bordj” - his typical fort made of a sandy plaster cubic wall with a shadowed court inside - in the city and at the monastery at the Assekrem peak. Touareg people are not Arab; their roots are Caucasian and the legend of Atlantis is still inspiring many writers and screen plays; nowadays there are more and more Targui-Nigerian Metis; out of intimacy and contrary to the Northern Algerians, Touareg males wear sophisticated 10m-long “chechs” enveloping the head and the neck down to the shoulders with a narrow split at the level of the eyes while females have open faces. Touaregs have become wealthier with the atomic center but the way of life remains genuine; long camel caravans are still traveling back and forth from Niger to Libya and Mali for salt trade and arms traffic; they never use the Colonial road Alger-Agades built by the French foreign legion; the traffic consists of a few trucks and some adventurers driving Land-Rovers or Citroen.

The Evian's Treaty and NATO have protected the safety of the French atomic center. The Algerian army and administration look absent. In winter the temperature is mild at noon but on night it falls icy in a few

minutes; in summer it is torrid but dry. Once I explored the surrounding area in helicopter. Yes, Ahoggar desert is alive like that of California Walt Disney exhibited in a dreamingful movie. Gazelles moving freely among eucalyptus and colocynt fields on a dry canyon give an idea of terrestrial heaven; however since there is no noise in the deserted country and the mountain shapes are gothic under moonshine, humans often hallucinate; there is an actual risk of mystic madness for those who feel affected by the desert's God.

Meanwhile the temperature at noon may arise 50° Celsius or more, July is the rainy season in Ahoggar. Yesterday I joined a group of officers to visit Tamanrasset to bargain for some Saharian handicrafts, such as swords and camel seats. We left In-Amguel at dawn under a blue sky and the road was dry. On the way back in the evening the sky was darkened by huge purple clouds and impressive thunderbolts were blasting the peaks. A suddenly violent storm was bringing a lot of cold heavy rain falling on the montain flank. The water was flooding down the basaltic desert plateau. The Land-Rover had to cross a newly made 500-meter torrent that was not deep but the stream was strong enough to carry trees and rocks dangerous for the car wheels... and the legs of careless humans. To-day, the sky is blue and the road is dry again, thousands of colocynts are booming in the vanished torrent bed.

October 1st, 1966, Tangier, Morocco

With the money earned at the CEA I could offer a new honeymoon to Michele who is nostalgic for the Spanish province of Andalusia I never visited before. I drove the Dauphine to the gorgeous cities of Cordoba, Granada and Seville where there are so many works recalling the splendor of the Arab Kingdom. At the end of the fifteenth century both Castilian Catholic Kings forced the Arabs out of Spain to Morocco; then they gave Cristopher Colombus three caravels to discover actually India but he found Santo Domingo. Nowadays Spain and the UK are fighting because the British own Gibraltar; boycott is imminent. Our Dauphine was the last car allowed to pass the borderline; all traffic was closed definitely behind us. This was fun to see the suntanned policemen wearing British uniforms. Except for playing with the famous monkeys and bargaining cashmeres at duty free shops the city in itself is not so attractive. The British will abandon Gibraltar only when those animals have disappeared . We took a ferry to Tangier then we drove to Casablanca and the so-called imperial cities of Marrakech, Meekness and Fez under a torrid temperature. The final destination was the Club Med village at Alhuceima, once again because of a discount offered in September. This is a port located on the Mediterranean Coast of the Rif Atlas owned until recently by Spain. Mainly because of both the independence France then Spain gave to Morocco peacefully and the end of the Franco Algerian

war Moroccans are friendly with the French visitors. Even in the most remote places we passed through in the Middle Atlas we always felt safe. Travelers from everywhere are sacred guests according to the general Arab rule respected at least all along our trip. Guides show proudly the Jewish district of the cities they call Mellah; anti-Semitism is not included in the Moroccan Islamic tradition.

To-morrow we'll go back to France through the rude provinces of the Western Spain along Portugal. We'll stop at the city of Valladolid where the ancient Spanish royal justice had to comment on the cruel behavior of the Spanish Conquistadores in Peru; the Inquisition led by Torquemada argued and supported the unfair theory stating the Indians are not human beings; Missionary Padre de Las Cases defended their cause with a superb plea; since that justice enacted a thoughtful statement, Indians has belonged officially to the Homo sapiens sapiens race. I cannot understand why humans can be racist and I cannot develop easy relationship with racists.

I don't understand how to manage my medical career yet while my military service is ending. Wasting a bit of time is the only clue to a problem my immaturity still prolongs. I postpone the definite choice of a specialty and by a week I'll at work for another semester at the CEA. This includes a third trip to In-Amguel. Now my body weight is 56 kilograms! With the Beatles and the French singers, to be thin and

flexible has become a must for the youngsters.

October 31st, 1967, 6pm, Paris, France

I'm directing my career to both internal medicine and radiology. Both specialties are complementary and both accreditations can be validated during my ongoing four-year residency program. The first semester I'm ending to-day was dedicated to radiology in a department located in the closest hospital to my apartment. Most of my colleagues choose surgery or an organ medical specialty such as cardiology and gastroenterology. They have contempt for radiology and radiologists. They state it is discipline for lazy photographers having no clinical competence, no desire of charismatic contact with patients; moreover they are supposed to looking for a highly lucrative job. I don't share that negative opinion even though wealth is a strong motivation for all residents; we're all belonging to the elite promised to be rich whatever our specialty. Radiology has been becoming a medically interesting specialty; it is a promising field of clinical research ready to expand. Because of the advances mainly stimulated by the Scandinavian school, vascular radiology and neuroradiology are revolutionizing many medical specialties. American radiologists are taking over successfully. Many positions are already available in France both in private practice and in academics. But there is an actual risk of radiation exposures

and the investments required for equipment purchase are expansive. There are not enough good departments from an educational viewpoint nor a clear definition of the best way to proceed. On the other hand, internal medicine official recognition is still pending; our main leaders are inspired by the German philosophy: the discipline encompasses all medical knowledge including radiology the internist must practice and control. Radiology appeals me very much for two reasons: I like photography and opportunities opened to new horizons and innovations. I will dedicate the next semester to other radiological departments where I should find excellent mentors. I'm going to spend six months at the Hôpital de la Salpêtrière, a temple for neurologists since Charcot introduced the concept of neuropsychiatry and inspired Sigmund Freud's first approach of hysteria using psychoanalysis.

May 11th, 1968, 6pm, Paris, France

For a few months, the ambiance has been socially troublesome in Paris first, in the whole country within a couple of weeks. Once again the French people are revolting against the central republican power presided over by Charles de Gaulle reelected in 1965 but nowadays opposed. According to Le Monde editorial "*The French people are being bored*". McLuhan's philosophy is fashioned and many students admire what hippies do at UC Berkeley. The new University of Nanterre has become the

laboratory of a new subversion based on the philosophical obsolescence of the official Marxist-Leninist communist party. The rumor of a general strike is developing in the unions leaders' speeches. Students are under pressure. Main streets are invaded by more and more numerous crowds of angry people influenced by several subversive movements. Some ultraleftists are Maoist; they dispatch the "Small Red Book" containing the fundamentals of Great Timoneer Mao Zedong promoting the "*Grand Bond en avant*". Others protesters are Trotskyite or influenced by the violent German anarchist Rudy Dutchke and the Franco-German Daniel Cohn-Bendit. Curiously the excitation came from a conflict involving the controversial future of the famous Cinémathèque of Paris where Henri Langlois has recollected his huge number of cinematographic masterpieces; movie directors of the Nouvelle Vague such as Jean-Luc Godard and François Truffaud are supporting those who want to protect the creator hit by predators. De Gaulle and his government are panicking because they don't understand what it is happening in France as well as in the World.

May 13th, 1968, 12 midnight, Paris, France

This evening I was reaching the building where I train a group of young medical students when a huge file of protesting demonstrators were going to invade the Sorbonne University and the Latin Quarter of Paris

stopped me. I heard one million of Parisians participated in the protest. Half my student group had joined them; the others worked normally but they are interrogative on their future. Students and police are fighting in the Latin District. The pacific protest has become a riot, the radio speaker says.

May 16th, 1968, 8am, Paris, France

Yesterday morning I worked normally at the Hôpital des Enfants Malades where I study pediatric radiology. In the early afternoon, I drove my new Renault R8 to the Hôpital Lariboisière on the right bank of Paris. The strike is general but the traffic was easy despite the barricades under construction in the Latin District which I avoided. Students and their teachers are occupying the Universities. Each Wednesday since 1965 I teach youngsters at the Nursery School for five hours. I discovered there how much I like teaching and education. After I parked my car half a dozen of students came to me. They said half of the class wanted to go on strike. The others were reluctant. The students would follow my decision either to teach or to stop it. My immediate reaction amazed me. Not only was I supportive of their strike but I also developed the speech they could use to argue their cause. Nowadays there is no good teaching programs at the school of nursery adapted to modern requirements; plenty of teachers are not professionals and few are actually motivated; there is no good

relationship between doctors and nurses for the patient's care. Because of the ideal cooperation Papa and Maman established in their infirmary, I'm supportive of a charismatic and respectful relationship between doctors and nurses provided there is no sexual harassment on both sides. Too many doctors have contempt for nurses, too many nurses choose that job because they look for a husband. All young nurses listening to my speech had become so much enthusiastic that they all decided to get on strike and to spread the pressure to other schools. A few hours later I was speaking to a Parisian audience with the same result. Spontaneously I have become a heroic revolutionary. I am discovering I have become a tribunal expert. I am a good orator with my strong voice tested during hours and hours of teaching sensitive audiences in uncomfortable rooms and amphitheatres without notes or microphones.

May 18th, 1968, 8 am, Paris, France

The "ordre bourgeois" is rejected by more and more protesters. The strike and revolutionary speeches have been exploding all administrative and industrial entities in all over the country like an epidemic influenza. All people everywhere work on programs reforming everything. France has become a brainstorming people. The hospitals of Paris are in severe trouble. Young doctors and student are targeting the conservative medical academic staff. The shocked rightists accuse the leftist will to create soviets

in the University hospitals. In fact Paris looks like an autoclave where a kilogram of spaghetti is boiling under pressure. Involvements of the individuals are contradictory and their argumentations are heterogeneous. I am facing once again my ambivalence when I defend the student revolt against the so-called mandarins but I cannot accept demagoguery proposed by most of the leftists. Half of my mind is revolutionary the other half is influenced by Hippocrates and reacts conservatively when clinical medicine is injured. Under my advice Michele who now is a supervisor in a pediatric unit has become a member of the “soviet” created by twin Hôpitals Necker and Enfants Malades. I’m still supporting the striking nurses and technologists whose headquarter is elsewhere.

There is an increasing sexual component in the uninhibited French population during that riot. I’m quite often vamped by young female students. Last night I slept a couple of hours only. I don’t feel tired anyway.

May 23rd, 1968, Paris, France

Persons who initiated the revolution are often overwhelmed by new waves of protesters. I have no influence on the nurses anymore. Michèle does a good job in her “soviet” but she worries about my excessive excitation. I don’t sleep and eat enough. I walk a lot in Paris without precise goals and sometimes I lose my way. Car traffic is minimal

since there is no gasoline in the stations. I should leave Paris and relax in the green grass at Martigné-Ferchaud, my chairman says but the means of transportation are very limited in number and in reliability. I participate within the group aiming to reform the radiological residency program. The heavy content in mathematics and physics does not motivate most of us while the clinical program is low and obsolete. Radiology is being divided into two autonomous disciplines: radiodiagnosis and radiotherapy.

September 1st, 1968, Le Petit Pré, Martigné-Ferchaud

A couple of intimate friends of ours took care of me during the weeks I developed a transient hypomania episode related with an excessive excitation followed by depression. A lot of people did that too. Thus I did not participate in the convulsive political events, which put Charles de Gaulle in an uncomfortable position before Prime Minister Georges Pompidou finds the clue: gasoline in the pumps, negotiation with the unions and dissolution of the Chamber of Deputies. A strong conservative wave is replacing the revolutionary hope of the leftists who are dispersing now. Michele's soviet didn't survive to the summer vacation time. Papa could pick us up in Paris and we are still relaxing at Le Petit Pré for a week. Nothing better than my sweet parents' home. "Deep France" countrymen here express their hate toward the Parisian

revolt initiated by intellectuals ignoring the wisdom that earth culturing provide. Mendès-France now is contemptued even by the leftists since in June he tried to fire President de Gaulle unhandsomely. I'm giving up all ideas of personal political involvement. I have to go back to clinical medicine as close to the patient care as possible. I'll study pneumology during the next semester.

July 1st, 1969, ferry Patrai-Bari, on board, Adriatic Sea.

Michele and I wanted to visit Greece in June. We left France to Munich first. The US army was no more monopolizing the Hoffbrau's first floor. Germany has become opulent. WWII sequels are far behind both the French and the German. We're happy to feel we are Europeans. We passed the Austro Croatian borderline through a tunnel excavated in the mountain shortcutting the rusty 34%-path we used in 1964. Yugoslavia is still a communist country governed by Tito but it is following Spain in the way to modern prosperity. Our daily budget is twenty US dollars a day. Using this currency the inflation rate doesn't hamper our comfort but we can't sleep in palaces anyway. We no more want to stay at a Club Med. We are interested in gallivanting here and there. Independant tourists can discover remote areas such as the seven suspended lakes of Plitvice, Croatia. Roads are asphalt to Dubrovnik. The ancient Venitian city remains a pearl because car traffic is still forbidden but ugly outskirts

are expanding. We decide to reach Macedonia through Montenegro along the borderline of forbidden Albania. That Balkans republic is the poorest province I ever visited in Europe. The land is empty but the landscape is just beautiful until the city of Titograd. Next is Kosovo. The Renault R8 suffered on the road under construction; no workers are on the way during the whole trip to Pristine and Pec. The weather was cloudy and dark. We met only one young shepherd leading a few tens of sheep and goats in the deserted hostile mountain; he hit the back window with a stone but the glass was not broken; in spite of the lack of asphalt I put the pressure on the engine and one tubeless tyre got quite severely damaged. Nonetheless we could reach Skopje safely; a recent earthquake has destroyed that city and it is not rebuilt yet.

We were glad to pass the Greek borderline, an emotional event in itself for both of us who were trained in both Latin and Greek cultures at school. Greece recently has become a military dictatorship governed by “Colonels” installed by the CIA to stop the communist subversion. Leftists hate that political régime. Michele and I don’t share the opinion based on boycotting non-democratic countries. There were a few tourists in the country even when we explored the Parthenon and the Erechteion which I prefer. Selfishly we are delighted to visit the empty ancient vestiges of the Greek Empire. Just before sunset we were fortunate to stop at the Epidaureus amphitheater where nobody was sitting upstairs;

we observed the artists playing the preliminary performance of a tragedy of Aristophanes. Such an event put us at that point where only the sky is a limit.

We were so happy in Greece we decided to take a ferry to Crete the long and thin island where King Minos initiated a bright civilization. Nobody was visiting the temple of Heraklion when we saw the fresques decorating the walls featuring the “Parisienne” and corridas; Lord Evans and his rough renovation of the ruins are controversial; average visitors can dream on the prestigious past without referring to academic lectures. We spent one week in a deserted resort on the front sea at the Port of Haghios Nicolaos; we had the benefit of the whole rocky beach we shared with the spiky urchins only. Back on the way to the Port of Patrai we had a look at the Isthmus of Corinth and at the Thessaly coast where a few Spartans lead by Leonidas once defeated Xerxes’ massive navy.

During such a trip, I could reflect on my life. I’m thirty years old - the official age of the end of adolescence and the beginning of the adulthood during the Roman Empire - and I have gained several certainties. Even though I’m still doubtful of my medical skills, I know I am on the right way to acquire the knowledge standards my ethics superimposes to me if I don’t want to be ashamed of me when I look at my face on the mirror. I don’t know whether my practice will be oriented to internal medicine or to radiology yet. However I feel that if I choose the latter this will not

because I chicken when I have to afford the patient's cares. Since the so-called "May 68" revolution, I behave differently. I am less stiff at both physical and mental viewpoint. During such an acute maniac depressive episode I was submitted to a kind of catharsis weakening many infantile complexes. Some negative inhibitions are vanishing. However Michele and I have to understand why we don't have a baby yet. Is this possible to remain faithful if none? This is undermining all our minds. She has become a beauty and she is even more attractive for men than when we got married. I don't know why females are looking after me so intensely but I understand both of us are "targetted" meanwhile free sex is invading mores. Our generation still is reluctant about divorce when couples have children, but for how long?

June 29th, 1970, Brighton, England

We're stopping during the weekend in Brighton because all ferries to France are sold out until next Tuesday. Michele and I no more like hot climates. Ads promoting Ireland attracted us; moreover this is an opportunity to visit the UK we did before... and to test my English. I own a pretty metallic grey Simca-Chrysler 1200S Coupé just adapted to a single couple. Our initial plans were disturbed by a general British strike involving all ferries serving the Anglo-Irish ports. We drove to Rooslaere in Wales then to Liverpool and Glasgow in

Scotland unsuccessfully. We are discovering the UK is facing a terrible economical crisis. Nothing reminds me of the prestigious British Empire I admired when I was at school. Britannia no more rules again since the independence of the colonies. France is much more prosperous since European Common Market develops effectively. Moreover the cost of living in Britain is very expensive; tourists like us are not as easy as we were in the Mediterranean countries. We were starting to visit Scotland extensively instead of Ireland when by chance we found a working new ferry line joining the small port of ???? to Belfast in Ulster.

Ulster is facing a civil war induced by a catholic revolt led by Bernadette Devlin against the protestant power represented by Reverend Ian Paisley. Tourists are not supposed to visit such an insecure land. Belfast looks like Algiers was in 1958 with a perverse combination of peace and war; the life looks quiet and busy but military patrols circulate in Land Rovers with big machine-guns on the backside. The only restaurant still opened at 3pm served Chinese food consisting of usual Asian meals with potatoes in all of them. We visited the famous Giants' Causeway, a natural volcanic phenomenon featuring high basaltic pillars made of pentagonal pavements merging from the sea; pseudo scientists practicing esotericism states it is an extraterrestrial construction. We had a glance at Londonderry one of the poorest cities I ever visited; it is a hot point IRA controls more efficiently than Belfast; the sadness here

contrasts with the serenity we feel in the country.

After three days spent in Ulster we drove the car to the Republic of Ireland. Amazingly, while Ulster is facing a guerilla war and Ireland supports the IRA, a simple thin iron chain bars the borderline separating both countries on; the light was dark on that rainy evening and the tiny road was slipping; suddenly I saw the chain at a few meters before my car; I had to puts the brakes carefully on; my car zigzagged but stopped just on time; a frontier crash was just avoided; however there was no custom agents in the cabin and I removed the chain myself! Ireland is a marvelous country for individuals who like rain; there is no green vegetation without water; Ireland is green! The climate is mild because of the Gulf Stream; in springtime the flowers, mainly huge rhododendrons and fuchsias in June, are gorgeously blossoming. After Mayo County we drove to Donegal and Connemara whose population is minimal, the landscapes are wild; the coast is highlighted by very long sunsets. We felt so quiet we often camped in the car. Nobody can visit Western Ireland without a stop in Galway, the place where John Ford conducted a genius movie, "*The Quiet Man*", starring John Wayne and Maureen O'Hara playing a romantic love affair. Visiting Ireland like we did informally is an excellent opportunity to understand why so large a diaspora led Irish population to America. Not only Cromwell ruined the country with a full destruction of the Celtic civilization, but also even potatoes planted

in the lowly fertile earth couldn't feed the starving population enough. Irishmen are friendly but often sad and silent. We met them mostly in the numerous singing lounges during the restricted hours of opening in the evening. All people like to sing. I'm fond of "*Will rover no more*". I prefer lager on tap than Guinness dark beer. If I'm a student in economics, I would start a PHD on the causes and the consequences of the severe strike closing the Irish banks for months. Nobody in Ireland knows nor accepts the new credit card so-called Carte Bleue I bought just before we departed from France. We couldn't get cash money except at Shannon Airport. The Irish people are currently living like their ancestors before the invention of banknotes. Nobody knows how many Irish commercials will be ruined or wealthy at the unpredictable end of that incredible event in the capitalist Free World.

What about my English? Disappointing! I can read the newspapers but I understand neither the British nor the Irish speaking their own idiom. We stayed at a bed-and-breakfast in Killarney for a week. The place located in the hilliest part of Ireland is close to the Rings; that of Dingle is our favorite. Once the day was sunny; I took a bath in the sea; I felt chilly afterwards. The eastern Coast did not seduce us when we arrived in the city of Dublin from Cork. Dublin looks old-fashioned like Rennes twenty years ago.

Ferries work again. In spite of the Beatles prosperity Liverpool

looks desperate. We wanted to see Stratford-upon-Avon and to have a thought at genius Shakespeare's memory. I hate the English roads where cars circulate slowly while trucks rush monstrously fast while the path usually is narrow. Freeways are rare. I adapted quite easily to driving on the left side but once I failed to use the correct side. We stayed for three days in London meanwhile there was a heat wave. We behaved like all tourists discovering such a prestigious capital for the first time. I ate Argentinean beef grilled rare for the first time during that trip which was not gastronomic except for the fresh salmon served in Scotland and in Ireland. We enjoyed the American movie "*Woodstock*" not distributed in France yet.

Both Michèle and I are investigating on the reason why we still don't have any baby. She suffers from painful endometriosis but the gynecologist doesn't make a causal relationship between both complains. She was submitted for several ineffective postcoital transvaginal insufflations. My spermogram is normal. Her gynecologist stated, "*Yes, for sure one day, that lady will make a baby! I don't know when! I don't know with whom! But she will!*" Then looking at my face and suddenly understanding the trouble he was introducing, he apologized! "*Sorry! This wasn't what I wanna say! Excuse me, dear!*" Even male gynecologists often are roughly husband-phobic!

Christmas 1970, Paris, France,

The ending year brought more rewards than pain, except a sad news at the end of the summer. Once in the evening I got a phone call from Daniel RG's girlfriend. He died while he was scuba diving in the Gulf of Gabon, in Africa. Both Michele and I shared her sorrow and wept because he was an loyal intimate friend and he was supposed to be our first child's godfather. Moreover this is unlikely apart from now I will find a so skilled and motivated complementary associate in fundamental medical research.

June 1st, 1971, Paris, France

Hurrah! Michele is pregnant for sure! A child is expected to be born at Christmas. She told me I'm the father. This gift is hopefully saving our marriage when both of us were almost ready to get divorced. I am a graduate Medical Doctor after a jury accepted my thesis at the University of Rennes. I got official radiological accreditation at the University of Paris. I'm giving up the idea to practice internal medicine after other semesters spent in rheumatology, gastroenterology and cardiology departments. I'm fond of clinical care but of education and research too. Catching that triple goal is easier in radiology than in internal medicine.

I am applying for a full-time position of assistant professor of

genitouroradiology (GU) at the Hôpital Necker of Paris. The chairman is famous as a workaholic academic radiologist exhausting his staff members who are resigning. This is good for me. I am a racer who spent a too long time glued in the starting blocks. I'm 33-year-old and my colleagues state I am a promising scientist since I wrote an original report on the risk of acute renal insufficiency complicating angiography. I hope so but I don't trust them. I'll try to give my best but how can I be both a good father and a good professor.

We're going to spend our vacation time at Le Vieux Pavé where the future grandparents are enthusiastic. Michele is officially out of work until the birth of her baby.

Christmas, 1971, noontime, Paris, France

Yesterday at 11:20 am our son Pierre-Arthur was born at the Hôpital Notre-Dame du Bon Secours, Paris, XIVth arrondissement, where both his mother and his grandmother were born too. He is a normal boy but his face was hit during the process. Woouaf! Like all parents we were anxious during all along the time of the pregnancy although the obstetrician didn't detect any clinical fetal trouble. The heart was beating good; feet hurt roughly his mother's abdomen. But, what about genetic malformations? Anxiety involves all future parents but, we had some extra reasons most young couples don't have to take into

account during their first pregnancies. Michele, the mother, is an “old” primigravidian female and both she and I have been submitted during a decade for multiple professional high-dose X-Ray exposures. Parturition was quite difficult but an episiotomy helped the midwife; the obstetrician occupied by another pregnant woman was absent. I supported Michele psychologically during the birth procedure. I didn’t practice any obstetrics since Djelloul’s birth at El-Aneb. I’m impressed by the intensive efforts delivery requires. She was courageous and strong as usual, but she got ecchymoses on her skin. To-day our son’s face has become pretty. Like all pregnant women she is tired but she is fine and her breast produces enough milk to feed him. All grandparents are so happy. Maman says Papa is starting a new life with such a welcome grandson.

I was affiliated at the Necker Hospital since October 1st. I work almost fourteen hours a day including Saturdays. Frankly I understand how frustrated I was before I knew such a fabulous place so-called “*Le Palais du Rein*” (The Kidney Palace). This is a new U-shaped building opened three years ago upon a revolutionary concept combining urology and nephrology. It is bigger than the “*Peter Bent Brigham Hospital*” at Boston, Harvard University, which is the reference in nephrology. Professor Jean Hamburger is the founding President of the International Society of Nephrology and he pioneered renal transplantation and hemodialysis. The famous Professor Felix Guyon one century ago

created the first urology chair in the world there. Both specialties are practiced in two similar big building encompassing eight floors dedicated to clinical care and four laboratories for biological research. The uroradiology department chaired by Professor Jean-René Michel is located in between. Professor of urology Roger Couvelaire has based his practice upon intravenous urography (IVU) while his Parisian colleagues influenced by the German still use mainly cystoscopy and retrograde ureteropyelography. We are likely to perform fifty IVUs and half a dozen of renal arteriographies per day, likely a world record! It gives our little staff a huge deal of skill and expertise. The nephrologists practice evidence-based medicine. They are exacting and they are interested in radiologists investing a lot in patient care. All emergency cases must be treated in real-time without any delay. Interactive discussions are daily required without any restriction, even during the weekend. I'm exhausted when I come back home late in the evening but Michele knows how eager I'm to upgrade my knowledge at an academic level of expertise. I already do a lot of formal and informal teaching to the medical students and to the future radiologists. I participate to two half-day sessions in postgraduate education. After May'68, the huge University of Paris has been divided into ten autonomous universities. I belong to the new School of Medicine Necker-Enfants Malades at René Descartes, a branch of the University of Paris 5. The dean has put the pressure on both teaching

and research. Research is already at an international standard in French medicine except in new disciplines like radiology. However radiology has featured the best teaching programs especially in pediatric radiology and in genitouroradiology (GU).

I have to find some room in my agenda for devoting enough time to Pierre-Arthur's education. Why does he come so late? I was so much more available and rich in love potential to invest in such a beautiful child who already looks outgoing. Fortunately his mother is on sabbatical leave for the full year. She will take care of him nicely but may be too much! All of us felt so frustrated during the past eight years ! She will not be salaried but I earn enough income to afford that vacancy. Pierre-Arthur has become priority #1. But most of my colleagues' wives with children complain on the absence of the husband-father at home.

March 20th, 1972, Le Petit Pré, Martigné-Ferchaud, France

Both Michele and I have developed acute hepatitis. I contracted the B-virus at the Necker Hospital where it is endemic in the whole hospital. My form is not severe but I have to remain on my bed for one month. I'm ordered a 3-month-rest. The prognosis is good. Pierre-Arthur has not been infected but, Michele has developed a severe form and she had to be hospitalized for one full month. I was shocked when the hepatologists were considering a diagnosis of malignant hepatitis and

an immunosuppressive therapy. Fortunately soon after that pessimistic discussion she started to recover spontaneously. The three of us are nested in my parents home and under their care we shall enjoy the springtime with our son.

December 24th, 1972, noontime, Paris, France

To-day is Pierre-Arthur's first anniversary. Yesterday evening he was admitted in emergency to the department of pediatric surgery because of a hernia strangulation. Michele, the expert nurse, could interpret some discrete symptoms indicating he was not in good shape. The surgeon made a difficult diagnosis but he could treat the hernia externally and postpone a surgical operation. Our jewel and his parents this morning are doing fine but all the family are frustrated. That boy is amazingly strongly healthy and intellectually advanced. Should he be listed in the future MEMSA membership? I am pleased to spend much more time with him than I was expecting one year ago. Michele has been a wonderful mother.

I feel very happy at the Necker Hospital. Urology which exists since mid-XIXth century drains a huge number of patients from all over the country and many foreign countries, including our past colonies. Nephrology is a booming discipline and I have listed several topics in my research program. The most original one results from the new diagnostic

use of high-dose iodinated contrast media injections in patients with renal insufficiency. Within a few hours we can detect urological causes that can be treated surgically or by nonaggressive catheterism of the urinary ducts. This strategy saves a lot of kidneys. We observe too many tragedies resulting from post-abortion septicemia destroying the kidneys by non reversible cortical necrosis. Unfortunately too many people still develop oligoanuria after an IVU or an arteriography; the prognosis is good but the functional impairment often lasts long.

My colleagues accuse the radiologists of “killing” too many kidneys by our contrast media injections. Even though I don’t have to feel guilty, I’m truly stressed by that accusation and I reacted quickly. I’m studying why this damage occurs and how to prevent the complications. I’m preparing a scientific abstract on a specific histological lesion observed by an American team on renal biopsies performed after IVUs in infants and reproduced experimentally in piglets. I have collected fifty cases in adults I’m studying with a nephrologist and a pathologist with a complementary experimentation in rats. My background in internal medicine gives me the legitimate investigative motivation radiologists usually don’t feel. Such “boring” topics are selected because appropriate research improves the clinical care; but those research programs are never awarded with Nobel Prizes; then they are not adopted by the brilliant biologists. I have already solved a large part of the problem and the rate

of complications is decreasing. I work on other topics related with the frequent immunosuppressive complications in renal transplantation. One of these is based on pharmacodynamics according to new methods my colleague Jean-Pierre Grünfeld studied at the Peter Bent Brigham before he returned to the Necker. Doctors refer their patients to us for precise diagnoses and the best therapy at a low risk of failures and complications. I participate in such a rewarding objective. I'm respected now and the residents in radiology are more and more motivated to be involved in ambitious research projects under my mentorship. My boss is an amazingly strong man who mimics the Musqueteer Porthos character in Dumas' novels. He knows a lot and likes to teach but he makes too many statements like the conservative "Mandarins" denounced during May'68. Our personalities are complementary. I'm happy. I stopped smoking abruptly a few weeks ago. I just eat more!

October 15th, 1973, Madrid, Spain

A young resident of mine and I drove the Simca-Chrysler coupé from Paris to Madrid. I participate actively in the XIIIth International Congress of Radiology in Madrid. The Scientific Committee selected my abstract on contrast media-induced osmotic nephrosis. That was a very emotional news when I read the letter. I gave my paper in French during the last session dedicated to contrast media in radiology. The famous

professor Elliott C Lasser, chairman of the Department of Radiology at the University of California, San Diego, chaired the session. Unfortunately there was no extemporaneous translation into English language and he couldn't understand the content of the paper although my bilingual slides were double projected; he expressed his regret with a mimick of impotence and frustration. The audience was minimal but most of the pharmaceutical research staff were represented there.

Caudillo Franco opened the convention. He is so little nobody could see him passing in between two straight lines of guards. The chairman of the department of pediatric radiology at the Hôpital des Enfants Malades refused to fly to Madrid because he is socialist and he supported the Spanish Republicans during the Civil War; then he boycotts Spain. The Congress was excellent but the two best papers were not enhanced within the huge scientific program and the extensive technical exhibition. An obscure Scandinavian chemist introduced a genuine nonionic molecule of iodinated contrast medium called Metrizamide; it is supposed to improve neuroradiological techniques. An unknown Mr. Geoffrey Hounsfield, a British engineer working at EMI presented with a bizarre apparatus combining X-ray tubes and computers he terms CAT-scanner, e.g. Computer Assisted Tomography-scanner. All French radiologists were attracted by a luxurious sophisticated telecommanded tomograph at the "Compagnie Générale de Radiologie" (CGR) booth; this is an equipment

produced by a Italian firm our prestigious national manufacture bought recently; CGR makes the only dedicated mammography in the world. I'm proud of the French clinical and technical radiology exhibited in Madrid.

The bid for the next ICR'77 presented by the French delegate to the International Society of Radiology included the choice of Paris was refused; unfortunately this was not an appropriate location since Spain is in Europe; it would have been presided by my boss. The Australians and their excellent presentation impressed the jury while Brazil won mostly because of the tourist interest of a closer country located out of Europe. I speak a better Spanish than English. Spain has become a modern country; the cost of living remains affordable but the inflation rate is increasing. I could visit Toledo and view the Greco paintings during a day-off.

However the international political life is being impaired by a new conflict between the Arabs and Israel and by what specialists in economy term an "oil shock". We should pay more for our gasoline and perharps decrease our consumption. I brought a nice book to Pierre-Arthur who reads now and likes to learn everything. What a wonderful son and grandson!

January 1st, 1974, noontime, Le Petit Pré, Martigné-Ferchaud, Ille & Vilaine, France.

No disease and no trouble during Christmas in Paris and we are wishing a very happy New Year to all members of the family congregating here. I'm submitted to a big pressure since I decided to compete for a tenure nomination in academics. The ongoing year will be tough. If I fail I have a future in private practice. USA is brain draining actively in Europe and I wonder sometimes whether I could apply for a position there. But a friend of mine warned me that getting tenured in the USA is an uneasy and risky bet. He is a bright Parisian pathologist who a few years ago discovered a new disease; he was recruited by the UCLA on a 2-year assistant professorship position; before he left France he caricatured his French colleagues who didn't appreciate it; two years later he was thinking of an associate professorship there; since he was doing a fruitful job in LA he imagined the process was easy; on the contrary his appointment was rejected; back in France he had to face his colleagues with the success one can imagine. I should try to get tenured in Paris first, he advised me. Then if I'm not successful in Northern America I'll not have to face academic problems when I return.

April 27th, 1974, Davos, Switzerland

To-day I'm 36 year old. I'm in Davos at the end of a postgraduate educational program, which has become a fashionable program for European academic radiologists. The official language is English. Some

prestigious American speakers were invited to join the Faculty. I did not understand those orators but one. His presentation looked somewhat Latin. He told me he speaks Spanglish. He is a Cuban who settled in Miami after Castro took the power in La Havana. Another distinguished radiologist from Harvard stated, “*Your best computer is your brain*”.

A multiple myeloma killed President Pompidou of France. A new vote is electing Valéry Giscard d’Estaing who should open France more widely to the New World. At the second turn, I won’t vote for the socialist François Mitterrand who competed with Mendes-France. After May’68, a strong wave of conservatism involved the formerly neutral University. Most of the leftist medical assistant professors were fired at the end of their contracts. I don’t have any time to devote to politics. I’m no more stoical but I remain skeptic.

June 10th, 1974, 8pm, Montbazon, Indre & Loire, France

I’m spending a weekend alone in a castle transformed into a fancy hotel located near Tours, in the River Loire Valley. This is the next stage of a one-week round trip to the West I started with a stop at Le Petit Pré. I needed to talk to my parents and to revisit my youth’s mentors and companions.

I am exhausted because of the pressure on my brain by the many painfully stressful manipulations required by the promotion of academic

tenure. In France, a national jury must accredit all applicants after the Minister of the Universities creates new positions. Three candidates are bidding for the position allotted to the Necker Department of Uroradiology. The first step of the process is to eliminate two candidates. Even the most disgusting arguments are usable. I was submitted for a “mild” psychological harassment from Professor Jacques Lefebvre, chairman of the Department of Pediatric Radiology at the Enfants-Malades; but he is also the powerful president of the national jury. He informs me there is a true competition between several candidates but he doesn’t want to support my bid. The three challengers were residents in his department. *“I’ve a moral problem! You’re the youngest! You’re suspect of mental weakness, aren’t you? Blab! Blab! Blab!”* I was nothing but angry when I left his office. My boss was hesitating because others argue I’m one of those dangerous communists the important Dean of the Faculty hates. His wife, fortunately supportive of my bid, called Michele up informally; the latter had to certify I’m not a political partisan! Both ladies are good friends and they are positively thinking I am featured to be that tenure. But, she still argued because another rumor was emerging: she heard perhaps I would prefer to move to a large private group in a rich provincial town? My boss afterwards convinced the Dean I’m his favorite.

Who am I in fact? Pride is a piece of my character but I’m not

vain! I always cultivated an exacting sense of self-criticism. For years I doubted on my capacity to be a good physician, a good scientist, a good teacher. Now I know I'm achieving an almost perfect assistant professorship. All non-radiologist colleagues locally confirm I'm the best applicant. I told my boss I'd leave the department definitely within the minute after he tells me he has selected another associate professor than myself. I've already sacrificed too many private and family sources of enjoyment to that exacting academic project. I'm proud of myself, yeah! God, forgive me please, I'm just a human sinner.

During the dinner at Le Petit Pré, both Papa and Maman understood my trouble but they encouraged me to remain earnest in my effort. Thereafter I visited my best friend from Rennes, Yves P., who is now working in radiological private practice in a rural town; he's happy but he has many children and he never had any more ambition than to be a good clinical practitioner; he doubts my new academic standards are compatible with the "humble" job he manages. I consulted huguenot Aunt Lucie in Angers; she was not amazed by my trouble since she knows so much on my anxious narcissism inherited from my "princess" mother; she knows how selfish I may be; when I was her boarder she often complained of my impulsive potential for destruction but she never could understand the cause. She recalled the poetry from Louis Aragon *"Et quand il croit tenir son bonheur, il le broie"* (And he trusts he's

handling his good fate, he wrecks it.).

Now, to-night, in this restaurant in Montbazou where I'm the only guest, I'm facing my pike perfectly cooked and sipping my glass of Bourgueil red wine, a warm wave of happiness is invading my body and soul. I'm suddenly convinced I have to give up all ideas of French career. I'm fed up with all those hypocrite people without true rewarding returns. I must emigrate to the USA with Michele and Pierre-Arthur. I've become one of the best European GU radiologists. No doubt my expertise is worthwhile. Nobody can destroy me any longer. Leaving France like this will benefit to the department because I am starting to challenge that statement I found in a biography of a famous politician: "*I admired him, I esteemed him, I hate him now!*". I don't want to hate my boss. To-morrow morning I'll go back to Paris with a recovered serenity and a new moral strength. I'm ready to write a decisional letter to my boss.

June 13th, 1974, Paris, France

For two days our most intimate couple of friends and Michele argued against my idea to abandon both my academic project and an application for an American university. They disapproved the content of the emotional letter to my boss I wrote before I left Montbazou. It was still on my desk. They say the only result would be the victory of

my enemies. I have become desperate again because I understand they are likely to be right at a technical viewpoint because Michele doesn't speak English at all. Our families would not accept such a departure of both Pierre-Arthur and her to an overseas destination. I'm backing onto a hidden form of ambivalence sustained by a father-son Freudian conflict with my boss, they say. More and more couples are getting divorced because of such a discrepancy between two divergent destinies.

Summer vacations might be helpful to get less stressed. The three of us are going to a remote village in Corsica with my parents.

October 10th, 1974, Hotel Danieli, Venice, Italy.

Michèle is happy. She has joined me in Venice during the Latin European Congress of Radiology. Is this the third honeymoon trip we are doing? Yes it is! Venice is a jewel known all over the world since Marco Polo developed the connection between the Orient and Europe. I couldn't be as good as the many writers who were inspired by such a prestigious town. The only original idea I may put is the cold days we had since the wind coming from the Frioul was blowing. Even under a grey sky, humid Venice is gorgeous.

The young wave of French academic radiologists I belong to is mostly welcome in Italy. We have our room within the scientific program and we're congratulated by many registrants we even can't identify.

December 24th, 1974, 11:20 am, Martigné-Ferchaud, France

All of us are wishing a happy birthday to Pierre-Arthur at Le Petit Pré. My nomination at the Necker associate professorship has been officially confirmed. My scientific work is highly appreciated. The paper on osmotic nephrosis has been accepted for publication in the best American journal "Radiology". Under my mentorship several pupils are writing excellent original theses. I feel exhausted and I behave like an automate. Pierre-Arthur suffers because I withdraw too often out of his games. I visited a friend who practices good internal medicine. He recalled an old joke: "*Il est arrivé mais dans quel état!*" (*he has achieved but has been executed on too*). Not funny at all! I'd like to be coached like a champion. Someone who could order me to do this or not to do that! I'm thinking on Marilyn Monroe's end of life. Papa looks tense; his patients bother him; this is hard to believe since he is 64 only.

May 10th, 1975, Berlin, Germany

The major manufacture Schering AG is hosting the new promotion of associate professors of radiology in West Berlin for a few days. They make iodinated contrast media since 1928 in Berlin! The distinguished urologist von Lichtenberg performed the first IVU using a molecule synthesized by an American chemist, Moses Swick. Nowadays radiologists use water-soluble triiodinated benzenic salts such

as diatrizoate (Schering, Germany) iothalamate (Mallinckrodt, USA) ioxithalamate (Guerbet, France). Cations are sodium or methylglucamine that is a sugar inducing hyperosmolality and dehydration. According to the literature, Professor Lasser (UCSD) and Professor GT Benness (Adelaide, Australia) believe hyperosmolality explains the general toxicity of the iodinated contrast media used for uro-radiology and angiography. Pharmaceutical companies promoting their compounds try to find scientific arguments to assess their supremacy in one country or another. I'm not convinced there is a significant clinical evidence of a difference between the three molecules. Such a trip finally has no scientific interest.

Berlin was destroyed during WWII. The city is flat. A spectacular UNO project consisted of a construction of several buildings in a full new district; famous international architects designed them. I'm quite disappointed by the result : the buildings are low and are hidden by too many trees. Mrs. Beate Uhse's sex shop is the must of the year 1975; the "gynecological" German hard-core pornography doesn't attract me. We visited East Berlin after the bus passed Check-Point Charlie beyond the sinister wall; the police control was long and tedious. The city in itself is boringly made of endless series of buildings bordering wide alleys and boulevards; the car traffic is minimal. The visit of the Pergama Museum is the true exclusive must of our stay in Berlin with the exhibition of the

Mesopotamians temples and the Hanging Gardens of Babylon. Yugoslavia was much more attractive as a symbol of a communist country.

August 1st, 1975, 11:30 am, Paris, France

I give Professor Jean Hamburger an issue of my booklet referencing my CV and my scientific works. He congratulates me for the excellent paper he revised himself before it has been published in *Radiology*. He doesn't understand why a radiologist performs nephrological research projects. I'm afraid he is angry because that year he couldn't tenure genius Jean-Pierre Grünfeld with whom I work at best. He concludes the interview by a nice statement "*Sabbatical leaves were created for people like you*". I suppose I look like a ghost. Recovery would take a long time.

September 30th, 1975, 6pm, Obernay, Alsace, France

All new Parisian associate professors have been invited to participate actively to a multidisciplinary symposium dedicated to a revolutionary topic: "*How to control the health care economy?*" It is held by the administrative staff of the Assistance publique à Paris in a fancy resort hotel located in the province of Alsace. The place is magnificent during that warm and shiny early fall. Former Directors were doctors. Our new Director comes from the Bank. He would like to establish a

collaboration between the administration and the doctors. Top expert orators are invited to teach us during the workshop. Mrs. Simone Veil, the beautiful and popular ongoing Minister of Health, spent one hour with us replying gently to our questions. She is Jewish and was deported at the camp of Auschwitz during the Shoah. She is on track to enact the law permitting abortion that more and more doctors practice safely but illegally in their offices. I sat down at dinner beside the Directeur General of the French Social Security System. During our friendly discussion he agreed upon my favorite statement : *“The best means to control health care expenditures is based on the professional competence of all kinds of human resources working in health care systems”*. He doesn't know how to validate that requirement politically. Many conservative chairmen think May'68 caused a decreasing sense of responsibility of those human resources. I disagree mainly because the French radiologists have put fruitful emphasis on education earlier than on research. The radiologists are much in advance for educational continuing programs dedicated to specialized physicians. A lot of older colleagues think the new administration is cheating us with a kind of Trojan horse, because it wants in fact to destroy the mandarin “medical power”. To me, I rely on “Patient's care first” but I can't disagree on the statement “To publish or to perish”. This has become a mandatory requirement for Academic doctors whatever their specialties. However, some scientists are rejecting

teaching and clinical cares because they are afraid by the patients and they don't like to share their knowledge with the students. Until now I could apply all those requirements to my program.

December 24th, 1975, Paris, France

Pierre-Arthur has become a pupil at school. He complains because he *"learns nothing at school!"* But he needs to socialize with other children. Both families spoil him since he is still the only son and grandson. There are no young kids in our building! Papa complains of a back pain persisting after a car crash. He feels more and more tired. Maman informs me he has become rude with his clients. This happens for the first time since she met him forty years ago. I'm opening a private practice at the Necker. During two afternoon sessions I receive outpatients who want to consult me personally at a reasonable fee. I earn honestly the money I need. Michele manages a comfortable budget. We have become a model of social success, people say.

January 5rd, 1976, Rabat, Morocco

I am starting a visiting professorship at the University of Rabat. Five days ago Michèle, Pierre-Arthur and I took the ferry-boat leaving the port of Sète to Tangiers. I drive a used Simca Chrysler 1100 car my brother sold to me because this trip is supposed to be uncomfortable.

Morocco is preparing a war against Algeria. Bilateral agreement were signed between Morocco and Spain that is ceding its part of Sahara, so-called Rio del Oro. UNO recognized that agreement but the Algerians are protesting because they want that land which could give them a gate at the Atlantic Ocean shore. Algerians support the so-called Sahraouis, the rebel aborigenes ready to open a guerilla war. King Hassan II of Morocco has been motivating his people to move massively to Dahklah, the former Spanish capital of "*Our Sahara*", he says in his long speeches the media broadcast day and night. Meanwhile the "*Green Walk*" has started enthusiastically. A huge number of trucks bonded with vociferating crowds are leaving the North to Agadir then they still have to achieve a 1000km drive to TanTan at the borderline. The goal is the pacific but irresistible invasion of the strategic key points before the Algerian army occupies the place.

I'm coming with a teaching program both French and Moroccan governments support financially. Curiously in such an absolute monarchy, all medical students are on strike because they have not received their grants yet. They refuse I give my first lecture. A long discussion starts but I refuse to be intimidated by such a "chicaya", the Arab word meaning a noisy dispute. The French professor I am can't intervene in a purely national conflict. Hundreds of students are vociferating in the ferroconcrete amphitheater. I give them fifteen minutes to decide whether

they accept my arguments they obviously don't understand. They refuse to stop their strike. Then I switch on the microphone at the maximum of intensity and I start my lecture. My voice is very strong and the students understand I will NOT cede. All students move to the exit door less and less quickly. Finally a twenty people stay on their seats. They all wear a military uniform. They belong to the royal army and they can't legally be on strike. I delivered my teaching. I met the Dean thereafter because I'm ready to go back to France if he doesn't support my obstinate independent will. He agrees with me. The students are disappointed but I dictate my will firmly. They shouldn't forget I have an Arab genetic heritage enhanced by both my parents and my experience in Algeria. Never before or in the future an audience can superimpose its diktat to me. If I teach correctly students have to respect me but this must be natural. I am a good professional and I have my credentials in education. If not I resigned and no more belong to the university. Until now I never had conflict with any kind of students. Fortunately I never contempt the students. Here in Morocco like everywhere I have taught I met young people always looking for increasing and improving their knowledge. A good educator knows more or less intuitively how to adapt his teaching to the audience he has to feed. A teacher is an actor. Definitely!

February 1st, 1976, Marrakech, Morocco.

We're spending one relaxing week in Marrakech at the fancy Club Med village near the Koutoubia Tower. Michèle and Pierre-Arthur appreciate that marvelous stay in Morocco. Each weekend we discover the marvels created during the Roman and the Almohades Empires. Winter is a rainy season. The temperature is mild by day but cold overnight. The Green Walk has been developing successfully and the population is happy. Tourists avoid traveling to Morocco and we are welcome everywhere in deserted hotels. The French Embassy disapproves tourist trips to the South. We don't care and we visited Ouarzazate and the southern oases until Mhamid. In a quite recent time there was a bright civilization under the Empire of Timbuktu unifying Morocco to Guinea and Mali. King Mohamed V and President Edgar Faure managed handsomely the peaceful process leading to the independence of the French Protectorate. Both countries avoided breaking a gentle relationship and take benefit of now.

The chairman of the department of Radiology at the Avicenna Hospital of Rabat is French. He has an excellent reputation and brings a lot of good residents to radiology. I spend a long time with them. I teach new techniques and I mentor the future native Professor of Radiology, Dr Farida Imani. Both of us study hydatidosis and schistosomiasis, two diseases infesting the Arab countries. Our colleagues often invite us to

dine. The genuine sophisticated Moroccan gastronomy is famous in the whole Arab subcontinent.

By two weeks we'll be back through Spain to France.

May 1st, 1976, 3pm, Paris, France

To-day is a hot fairy day. I'm doing something doctors usually hide. I'm consulting an excellent psychiatrist. I'm fed up with a hectic egotic conflict opposing both natural trends of my outgoing character: previously hurt pride versus persisting inopportune humility. I don't have any logical reason to cultivate masochist behaviors, which too often turn abruptly to sadist reactions fortunately transient but sometimes negative for my reputation as well as my comfort. This is hampering both family and professional lives. I want to enjoy myself and to make as many people as possible happy. I love my child and my wife but I don't feel mentally free enough to be available. The psychiatrist states I'm a typical victim of the infantilizing effect of the French academic system he never wanted to have for himself in spite of his great talent. He was born in 1917 at Saint Petersburg, Russia, on the October Revolution Day! He advises me I should be submitted for a soft psychoanalytic therapy. He gives me the address of a wise Freudian psychoanalyst who was born in Georgia, USSR! I'll start that therapy in October.

June 1st, 1976, Paris, France

My boss and I are participating in a confidential workshop at the Laboratoire Guerbet. Happy fews are informed of a new molecule of iodinated contrast medium. Ioxitalamic acid is a low osmolar ionic hexaiodinated dimer injectable intravascularly. The animal experiments are promising at the level of hypotoxicity. It cannot be used for subarachnoid injection. We'll have to screen the applications for IVUs and angiography. Neuroradiology will not take benefit of that compound.

October 1st, 1976, Paris, France

The four grandparents live in Versailles now. My parents want to live close to their four children all living in Paris. Papa retired without any warning sold his house and his practise. We helped them to select a nice condominium. I bought an apartment in the same place. My family in law is invited to live here. Pierre-Arthur is enjoying this extent of charismatic relationship. Frequent trains linking Montparnasse and Versailles-Chantiers railway stations serve both locations. He can travel safely in half an hour. The summer was the hottest since 1947 and the heat wave is prolonging into the fall. The clinical experiment of ioxaglate has been even more exciting than expected. Intravenous urograms are as dense as when the urologist injects iodine directly in the ureters under cystoscopy. The interpretation of such a difficult imaging technique is

improving drastically. But, even more marvelous, intra-arterial injections are painless. The discomfort induced by the high osmolar compounds vanishes totally. I wrote a letter to the editor to La Presse Médicale after I performed an arteriography of an arteriovenous shunt in a patient treated by chronic hemodialysis without any trouble. Until now such an angiography was the most uncomfortable examination a patient could be submitted for when high osmolar contrast media are injected.

December 20th, 1976, Oslo, Norway

A few weeks ago, I received a letter from a Dr Klaes Golman working in Oslo. He introduces a reprint of his paper on metrizamide pharmacology delivered in Madrid. Does metrizamide – commercially termed Amipaque - induce osmotic nephrosis? I am visiting the scientific staff of Nyegaard Company, a Norwegian pharmaceutical company, who developed the metrizamide, that low-osmolar monomer triiodinated compound which is revolutionizing neuroradiology even though the gram costs a fortune. There are no more indications for terrible examinations such as gaseous encephalography or lipiodol-fat myelography. We are discussing a protocol requiring intravenous injection of high-dose IVU performed before a renal biopsy. In Christmas time when night is everlasting, Norwegian buffets are offered in each home. This is an opportunity to taste a bizarre meal: Norwegians like autolyzed trout

because of its dietetic properties is a terrible poison even high-dose of aquavit doesn't cure.

February 15th, 1977, Bab Sebta, Spanish Port on the Morocco Coast.

I like Bab Sebta (Ceuta) which is a small Spanish port inserted in Morocco less known than Tangiers. We'll leave to-morrow for Spain with the ferry to Algeciras since Gibraltar is still boycotted. My second visiting professorship in Morocco was even more successful than last year. We used the ferry train from Paris to Madrid. Then we visited Andalusia. Pierre-Arthur loved Granada where he played in the deserted Generalife Garden for two hours. He hates Seville where a thief robbed a few toys and my camera from the car. Then we arrived in Rabat where our friends Gillet welcomed us as warmly as last year. The Green Walk was so successful King Hassan II now reigns without noisy opposition. I have become a popular teacher and the students were receptive. I participated in the jury which tenured Professor Farida Imani and several full time assistants. She was nothing but bright. I love this kind of VIPs who own all trumps e.g. money, power, elegance... but refuse all kinds of corruption which unfortunately too many mediocre candidates use in emerging countries. She passed the most difficult challenges she was submitted to without any desire to cheat.

We spent one week at the small Club Med village of Ouarzazate.

I tried to practice horse riding but I'm too stiff to sit on the horseback. I discovered archery with much more pleasure.

April 27th, 1977, Paris, France

I'm receiving an awful anniversary gift, which knocked me down in the afternoon. A few days ago Maman requested me to take care of Papa's health that has become more and more worrisome. Since he often complained on frequent acute pyelonephrites, I performed first an IVU. His urinary tract is normal. But on the chest X-ray there are two lung nodules, which look like cancerous metastases. No doubt about that. I can predict such a special man has to tolerate such the terrible end to his life. This is injustice. Catherine, his youngest daughter who got married to a professor of economics, is pregnant and the end of December is the expected baby's birth date. I refer him to the best internist I know who practices the same kind of medical art Papa was used to do.

August 1st, 1977, Paris, France

We'll never know exactly in what organ Papa's primary cancer developed. Pancreas is the most likely but all biopsies were negative. He has multiple metastases mainly in the lungs and in the vertebral spine. Until the recent past doctors were not supposed to inform their patients of a proved diagnosis of cancer. Hiding the medical truth is a conventional

practice they learn early. Time is changing but many patients react badly when doctors inform them of such a diagnoses bluntly. After numerous painful deliberations the medical panel to which I belong at a consultative role has decided to keep secret the stressful diagnostic of cancer. Neither papa nor maman know it officially. Why? For many reasons one of these relates with his natural anxiously hypochondriac personality recalling that of Woody Allen. Because there is no curative therapy too. The palliative radiation therapy on the vertebral lesions had disastrous side effects. All doctors refused chemotherapy for the same reasons. We believe that our parents must behave as if Papa is still “normally” tired. I guess Papa is aware enough of his actual disease himself. He is free to choose whether he prefers to feel ignorant or to go further on obvious information. Thierry and his wife, Dominique, Michele and I agreed on hiding the truth to Catherine and her husband. We wouldn't like an emotional shock to induce a spontaneous abortion or a severe nervous breakdown. I feel terrible responsibility since perhaps I am stealing his agony. My psychoanalyst is actually helpful. He says I don't have to feel guilty. Papa wants me to take him fully in my charge. That is true. He's confident in myself only.

September 1st, 1977, Notre-Dame de Mont, Vendée, France

Our summer vacations are ending in that beach close to Challans.

Something bizarre is happening in my biological life. During those weeks although I don't use any drugs or bodybuilding gymnastic, I've been feeling a huge sexual impulse. I need to make love ten times a day meanwhile my muscles have become athletic. We don't use contraceptive methods. Will Michele have another baby? We'd like it but Michele feels she is too old now. Our destiny is in God's hands.

October 1st, 1977, Paris, France

I'm visiting the technical exhibition at the National Congress of Radiology. Medical ultrasound technology has become mature. GU radiology requires such equipments. I want to invest one part of my clinical research program in echography. Both chairmen of the radiology departments at the Necker-Enfants Malades decided CT-scanner would be installed in the pediatric radiology department and echography in urology. The administration has validated that split. The cost ranges between 100 to 500,000 French francs (1\$US = 3.5FF). The French administration remains opposed to prohibitively expensive CT-scanners. CGR's technology is late and produces brain scanners only. I understand more clearly I don't belong to the category of the inventors. I'm an early applicant for any kind of technology provided that clinical examinations on advanced apparatus are accurate. Until now echography sounded to me to be ineffective. I admire the pioneers who were masochists enough

to use the first basic sonographs. But they are responsible for a huge number of failures and the reliability has been assessed negatively by initially enthusiastic referring physicians. Nowadays there are good equipments with at least 8 shades of the analogous scale of gray and high frequency probes giving a good resolution of the echoic structures. Moreover I like sonography because it is a handicraft. The operator must be sitting beside the patient and to act manually. I'm competing with my colleagues who think I'll lose because they state it is a new job for young students. I'm not young but I don't feel I'm old either. All I'm doing at the moment at the Necker is successful even when I perform investigative radiological interventional procedures. I didn't imagine I could be successful manually.

January 1st, 1978, 0:01 am, Versailles, France

Happy New Year! All Moreaus congregate in Versailles around my parents. Papa is very courageous. He doesn't want to lose his face and he participates actively in the festivities because of Catherine's pregnancy. The second grandson – we know he is a sonographically normal boy – will be born within a few days. Maman prepared an excellent dinner but she looks quite absent. She replies to the questions unusually. Pierre-Arthur understands something is worrying the family but he's always happily positive.

January 8th, 1978, 11:30 am, Versailles, France

Maman and I are going to visit Catherine at the Clinic where her son Vincent was born yesterday. I don't know the way. Maman is supposed to guide me. She hesitates all the time and it takes us half an hour to find the place we should have reach by ten minutes. No complications developed and Catherine is OK.

January 20th, 1978, 11:45 am, Hôpital Ambroise Paré, Boulogne-Billancourt, France

The verdict is clear. Maman is developing a brain tumor detected by the internist who treats Papa. This has been confirmed by a CT-scan performed by one former resident at the Hôpital de la Pitié. We're contacting a neurosurgeon. Papa looks like a knocked-down boxer. He feels guilty because he didn't make the diagnosis himself.

February 25th, 1978, La Reunion Island, Indian Ocean

I couldn't tolerate the pressure put on my mind by my parents' simultaneous cancers. I can't do anything to make an improvement in their health. Papa is depressed but he tries to enjoy his new grandson Vincent. Maman is being operated on at the Fondation Rothschild. I know both parents are on good hands. After I have discussed with several authorities the ethics of my ongoing project, I bought a 2-week ticket to the intimate

Club Med village of La Réunion (Bourbon Island). I am looking for warm sea and beautiful youngsters having no intellectual concerns. It is isolated on the Indian Ocean by a lagoon. I wonder when I look for the fishes in the warm and clear sea water. I'm a faithful husband who is facing a couple of contradictory impulses. Death provokes sex but I want to respect my wife's confide when she is taking over my responsibilities in Paris. My desire to have sex with ladies is huge but under control, although there are gorgeous young females ready to mate with me. Sexual freedom is one thing easily supported by contraceptive pills; sexually transmitted diseases are another topic a doctor can't ignore. I find the solution in sport games and long sleeps. I meet with the hippy Austrian monitor who teaches bow-and-arrow I practice all day long under the filaos trees; they protect me to the sunshine against terrible burning in the summertime. He thinks that I should practice archery regularly when I am back to Paris. I communicate with Michele by phone. I admire my wife who is the most supportive of the pain all of us are suffering. She has an incredible potential for compassion. I must be as loyal to her as she is when my compassion reserve wanes.

April 27th, 1978, Hôpital Ambroise Paré, Boulogne-Billancourt, France

To-day I'm 40 years old. Papa often told me "*life starts at the forties*". The first four decades are preliminary requests for a happy

second age only. Both parents are hospitalized in the internal medicine department where they receive major treatments. Doctors and nurses who know me since I spent a one-year residency there are taking good care of them. After a brief stage of postoperative improvement, Maman is developing new metastases widespread in her body. The pathologist made a diagnosis of hyperacute anaplastic carcinoma, the worst form a human can get. She recovers from psychotic symptoms when she is submitted to a steroid therapy suppressing the cerebral edema; then we can talk together normally. Papa's health is declining faster and faster. We believe he will die very soon.

The famous archery Avia-Club at the city of Issy-les-Moulineaux accepts to list me in its exclusive membership made of many national champions. Members must compete at least several times a year. Maman was nothing but glad and proud to hear she has an athletic son, a dream she couldn't complete when I was a meager intellectual child.

May 1st, 1978, Tours, France

A few weeks ago my boss informed me the purchase of our sonograph has been budgeted definitely. There is enough money to buy good analogue equipment. The unit must open in next July. I'll manage the administrative and technical procedures. There is no convenient unit in Paris where I can learn the fundamentals of echography fruitfully.

I must leave the department for a provincial place for one month. Professor Francis Weill's department in Besançon is the most prestigious radiological place for ultrasound but the city is close to Switzerland and too far away. I must be able to move quickly to Paris if my parents' health poses acute problems, that means agony. After long discussions the chairwoman Professor Thérèse Planiol agreed to welcome me at the Hôpital Bretonneau in Tours, a closer city located in the River Loire Valley served by faster trains. She was highly reluctant at the beginning because she is biophysicist. Both radiologist and biophysicist sonographers hate each other. I don't understand why doctors conflict while the need is enormous and good specialists are rare. I'm working hard in that full-time department where sonograms are compared with isotopic examinations. Dr. Léandre Pourcelot is a famous acoustic engineer who has invented a high-resolution real-time sonograph the Japanese industry admires while the French CGR owns the patent but is not eager to launch it commercially. The prototype is promising but still immature. Most applications are oriented to obstetrics a discipline out of my field. Once he came to me with a radiant smile. He showed the sexual organs of a male fetus obviously neatly designed on the sonogram. I immediately thought this was a terrible finding able to become a war-inducing weapon because of the risk of sexual discrimination in misogynic communities. Léandre is courageously preparing for his medical graduation. His wife

performs interesting sonographic examinations of the female breast and of the thyroid gland. Those organs belong to a block made of “soft tissues” explorable with high-frequency probes only. She is assisted with two excellent non-medical sonographers; they are very happy to work with their excellent Picker analogue sonograph. Yesterday the representative of the commercial branch came with a new digital Picker unit. Since it gives superb results this is the equipment I want. Unfortunately it costs twice as much as the analogue.

June 1st, 1978, Paris, France

The administrator of the technological department gave me his okay. I have to select the equipment I desire. He is not convinced digital technology has a future. Moreover those technocrats complain about the expanding medical technology which runs faster than the budgets and the health care politics made of financial cuts. Now advanced people lead by Dr. Barbara McNeil at Harvard University are promoting the concept of “Medical Imaging Department” instead of radiology department. Her papers on cost-effectiveness of the radiological examinations is bringing a lot of trouble in both doctors and administrators. Imaging entity encompasses X-rays but also ultrasound, infrared, nuclear medicine and, they are much more expensive, the new cat-scanner, digital angiography and magnetic resonance.

During the summertime I'll experiment with all sonographic equipments available on the French market and bidding for that huge purchase of almost twenty sonographs. Commercial will lend me their sonographs and I'll test them during three weeks each. At the end of the procedure I'll finalize an official report for the final decision. That is a big honorary responsibility I have to accept. Jealousy is growing up in many minds. Several colleagues wounded in their pride argue I'm incompetent. This is right and I agree officially on that pertinent statement. The administrator trusted me when I argued all negative arguments with a sincere humility. I have to become trustworthy in a subdiscipline that has to prove its reliability itself.

June 16th, 1978, Hôpital Ambroise Paré, Boulogne-Billancourt, France

I got a call at dawn. Maman died last night. I'll never know what message she wanted to deliver yesterday evening in emergency to me. Nobody transmitted it on time. She was better looking those past days. Papa left the hospital with me; he looks serene now. He'll stay at our apartment in Montparnasse. There is a twin vertical bed in Pierre-Arthur's bedroom. Papa lies on the lower bed. Both of them can exchange tender dialogues. The Moreaus are disoriented because nobody knows where Maman wished to be buried. All of us always thought Maman had to decide where her husband had to be buried. Nobody ever imagined she

might be the first to die. Papa states she would like to lie in the Challans cemetery beside Aunt Guite and her mother, into the warm sandy earth of her natal land. I don't want to close my patient afternoon consultation.

June 18th, 1978, Challans, France

Maman, covered with a Dior robe and a fur jacket, was buried in the afternoon in the family grave at the cemetery of Challans. A lot of friends came from Brittany to offer a last homage to a lady other women admired for her princess elegance and her gracious simplicity. After the end of the war, many farmers' daughters have wanted to have a better welfare including a smarter way of life. My mother was a model who inspired many disciples.

July 1st, 1978, Paris, France

I'm aware an extraordinary prototype of a CGR digital compound B-mode sonograph is exhibited at the opening of the Latin European Congress of Radiology at the newly built Palais des Congrès at Porte Maillot in Paris. The unit is termed "Sonia". Who will the manufacture select for the clinical testing? There are plentiful candidates. The congress is a flop. There are much less attendees than expected. Latin languages are out-fashioned. Radiology advances in English, no longer in Scandinavia but in Northern America, mainly the USA. A symposium

concelebrating the 50th Anniversary of IVU is my genuine participation.

July 20th, 1978, Paris, France

Papa died this morning while I was embracing him. I wept for several minutes. For the first time in my life I heard the noise of holey tyre announcing the end of the agony. During the past few weeks our intimacy gave us an opportunity to screen both lives. “ *I spent the life I wanted to; I practiced the job I wanted to; I got married with the woman I wanted to; I desired to have one with pretty legs: so Marie-Magdeleine had!*”, he stated. I evoked my adolescent failures and further unexpected successes in academics. I know he was proud of his children and his grandsons. He had a so good fit with Michèle. He understands I’ll not put the pressure on Pierre-Arthur to enter medicine. A few days ago, he smoked a cigarette for the first time since twenty years and he said, “*I’m playing with Satan!*” Was he sincere or bluffing? May be he never accepted a cancerous hypothesis during the course of his disease? He drew an image of the cat Tom he offered to Pierre-Arthur who asked him “*You’re not ready to die, Grandpère, are you?*” He’ll be buried beside his wife at Challans. I don’t want to cancel my afternoon session at the Necker. Rules life and medical care too! I understand during those part sad part happy last days Papa spent with us had been liberating me of his heritage constraints. Thank you Sir Papa! We’ll miss those marvelous

parents. If Heaven exists like I have always thought both of them are already sitting on their cloud watching to us tenderly. Pierre-Arthur needs their virtual assistance.

August 1978, Paris, France

No vacation during this summertime. I'm so sad I prefer to work on sonographic experiments. I'm assisted with a charming Moroccan resident Dr Gillet recommended to me for a six-months residencyship. Dr Sabah Iraqi practices beautifully. Both of us are becoming skilled in ultrasonography. In order to minimize the risk of pitfalls related with misinterpretation of anatomical data, I have submitted the examinations to severe preliminary requirements. X-ray films must be performed before the body is scanned sonographically. I require an IVU before all renal echographies or, if the patient is renal insufficient, a plain film of the abdomen. This avoids ridiculous and dangerous mistakes such as looking for an absent kidney in patient having congenitally only one instead of two in the lumbar fossae.

September 30th, 1978, Vittel, Lorraine, France

Club Med owns a several hotels - formerly sanatoriums - in that rich thermal city famous for its casino and its golf course too. I'm spending one week dedicated to an intensive archery training under the auspices of

the French Federation. Monitors put an emphasis on a major mistake for many beginners do : shooting with too strong a bow. A future archer like me should use a light bow. The bow I bought at the Avia Club is a 38-pound-Yamaha I can't bend. Since federal competition for beginners are limited to 50-meters-distances, they state I have to use a 29-pound-bow and longer more flexible arches. When I'm back to Paris I'll buy a 70" Hoyt. Machos will laugh at me but I know I can perform quite nice shots. I like archery. This is a sport, which requires both physical strength and mental concentration. Archers must be consistent whatever the weather even under storms; competitions never stop lasting three hours or more. I'll be ready to compete next year. Archery develops spine and shoulders muscles. This is good for scanning with compound sonographs during long sessions.

November 15th, 1978, Paris, France

My research in contrast media nephrotoxicity is advancing very successfully. I could demonstrate metrizamide induces osmotic nephrosis. I'm solicited to experiment with another nonionic molecule synthesized by the Italian chemist Felder for Bracco. Contrary to metrizamide which is unstable after the powder has been dissolved, the water-soluble Iopamidol is stable. Ioxaglate induces osmotic nephrosis too. That lesion described by the Belgian Nobel Prize Christian de Duve doesn't rely

either on hyperosmolality or on the ionic vs. nonionic molecular structure. I wrote a letter to the editor to the famous British medical journal *The Lancet*. Nyegaard is disappointed but understands I stop the experiment. I summarize my conclusions during a telephone call to Jean Lautrou, the pharmacist working at Guerbet. He is worried by a negative reply Professor Lasser gave him to his request dealing with the participation of a French radiologist in an exclusive symposium on contrast media research to be held in Colorado Spring. Shouldn't I submit an abstract in such an original topic? He's ready to sponsor my trip. Why not?

December 31st, 1978, La Reunion Island, Indian Ocean

Michèle, Pierre-Arthur and I are spending rewarding vacation at the Club Med village. This is heaven. While both of them enjoy the facilities offered by the Indian Ocean, I am improving my archery game. We had dinner with four Australians. One of these practices radiology in Perth, Western Australia. He is inviting me to join the Australasian College of Radiology annual congress to be held in Perth on October 1980. He's a member of the Organizing Committee. Why not? Since my parents are no more alive I have to accept the idea I'm free to manage my professional life at my own convenience. I feel I have to compare my expertise to that of prestigious colleagues working all over the world, mainly in the USA naturally. But, my English language is so poor!

Australians and South Africans speak bizarre dialects.

April 27th, 1979, Paris, France

I received two scientific gifts for my birthday.

First of all, CGR invited me to perform the clinical experimentation of the digital sonograph Sonia. The specifications are exacting. The medical economist Barbara McNeil, Professor of nuclear medicine at Harvard University, is conducting a study of health care expenditures. For the French docotrs this is a kind of war against free medical care, a new attack against the medical power. Ultrasonography has become a cost-effective tool but does the expensive digital equipment have to replace the cheaper analogue? I have to face a tough responsibility whatever the opinion I'll give at the end of the year. Not only the purchase of twenty sonographs is a big amount of money but this is also a change in philosophy if the administration turns its mind to digital imaging. Until now, administrators prefer low prices even though such equipments are questionably diagnostic as well as fragile and the cost of maintenance is ruinous. I expect digital equipment would be reliable and its maintenance would be cheaper while the quality of the examinations would be improved.

The positive letter I got from Dr. Lee B. Talner, Dr. Lasser's associate, is the second gift. I just have enough time to prepare my trip to

Colorado Springs.

June 1st, 1979, Los Angeles Int'l Airport, USA

I'm writing that page in the Air France First Class lounge at LA airport. I'm ready to leave the USA for Paris after a fabulous trip. However it started difficultly because of a severe strike involving many transatlantic and domestic American airlines. At the last moment Guerbet's travel agent could purchase a first class ticket to Denver via Miami by National Airlines and Continental airlines. National owns a terrible airplane served by ancestor hostesses giving bad food. I couldn't understand any information delivered by the speakers at the Miami Airport. I enjoyed the Continental flight in a new airplane that took off with everlasting sunset everlasted on our way West over the southern states and their magnificent rivers and swamps. The hostess offered cocktails, a kind of bevertage I never drink in France. I remembered one from The Saint novels. I ordered a Manhattan cocktail but my neighbor had to explain the hostess how to make it since she never heard on that old-fashioned drink.

Like all passengers traveling with stops I was anxious to have my luggage on time at Denver airport. It was there. Then I selected a Hilton Hotel downtown on a telephone plot. The tiny room given to looked like a U-boat cabin with plentiful locks. The hotel is close to a hospital and at

night a lot of ambulances whistled like in a B-movie. No jetlag hampered my early wake-up. After an American breakfast I left my key at the front desk like the French are used to do in France and I wandered in Denver until I entered a Museum where I watched the ancient newspapers published in Swedish. What I know about Colorado State is fed with the recent Michener's bestseller "*Colorado Saga*". Then I came back to the hotel but it took me half an hour to convince the receptionist I was a Hilton's guest. During the day I wrote my paper in my personal English assisted by my thick Harraps' dictionary.

The symposium started in the afternoon following a morning flight departing with the Guerbet's staff. We stayed at the Broadmore Hotel in Colorado Spring; a fancy palace built according several kinds of architecture surrounded by a beautiful golf course. The weather was stormy and the swimming pool was closed since thunderbolts flashed. Dr Lee Talner welcomed me generously. In spite of Dr Lasser's reluctance he accepted my paper because the urinary session is thin and he knew of my former research on renal cortical necrosis and osmotic nephrosis. His speaks beautiful English slowly because, he said with his bass voice, he was trained at Yale University under a rule "*one minute – one slide*". I gave my lecture successfully within the 20 minutes allotted. The international 40-people audience laughed at my joke suggesting that osmotic nephrosis is not a French specialty like Burgundy snails, Bordeaux wines and the

actress Brigitte Bardot. I couldn't understand the four questions coming from the floor. My intuition inspired the responses. At the end of the session several scientists congratulated me. Two of these were tall men who said laughing, "*He made a joke... Eh! Eh! Eh!*", Dr Amberg from the UCSD said. I didn't understand anything else and I felt immediately tired. Both jetlag and emotion were breaking me down. The symposium in itself was friendly but its scientific content sounded to me rather obsolete compared with what the French GUs know in contrast media uses and side effects. Too many industrial interests biased the program. Professor Lasser was impressed by my participation in further discussion but one of his assistants, Milos Sovak, a Czech chemist, obviously was negative to my information on ioxaglate which is not available in the USA. This is the first time in my life I learnt Europeans may be more advanced in medical fields than Americans. This is a cultural shock for me but this confirms I'm mature enough now to afford a confrontation on equal terms.

Once I was lying on a chair at the swimming pool. Mrs. Phyllis Lasser joined me for her favorite investigative game. She is quite francophobic. She is here to test me. I like that kind of woman typically American looking but smart enough to fight like fencers do. Looking severely at me through her butterfly glasses I had to justify why I was traveling alone without my wife. Who is she? I showed the picture I

have in my wallet where she looks like a movie star and Pierre-Arthur smiles. She states the picture is much too old. Why do I want to travel to California? Where will I stay in San Diego? Blab! Blab! Blab!

Later on I was invited to have a drink with three young American researchers and their mentor, Dr Amberg. They wanted to know more precisely who I am. In such a small friendly meeting I explained what kind of job I'm doing at the Necker. I got compliments on my athletic body. It took a long time before they understood I want to purchase some tools for my archery, an obscure word for them. When I mimicked the positioning of Hercules sculptured by Rodin, they laughed. *"Oh! Bow and arrow! But this is a game for boy scouts and Indian hunters! We play golf!"* When I told them that after the meeting I'll travel to California, Dr Robert Brasch of San Francisco gave me his phone number.

I was ready to leave the Broadmore in a Yellow Cab I shared with Lautrou when suddenly the mentor rushed onto the back seat from of me. *"Where do I expect to stay in San Diego?"*, he asked. *"At the La Jolla Sea Lodge Hotel, according to Mrs. Phyllis Lasser's advice"*, I replied. He was horrified. *"This is a very expansive hotel! Let's me welcome you at home! I've free rooms since my wife is traveling in Minnesota and most of my children study at the Universities in other States"*. *"But Professor Amberg, a well-educated Frenchman cannot accept such a kind of invitation! I'd bother you!"* He was disappointed but I promised

I'll call him up later on.

In Denver Lautrou and I stayed at the Brown Palace Hotel, a wonderful hotel where the whole lobby is made of acajou and looks like in a Western Movie. I was ready to see Joan Crawford welcoming Johnny Guitar downstairs. In the evening I took the elevator to the restaurant when it stopped at a level where a huge number of clergymen were drinking in a ballroom. My dress was a black-velvet 2-pieces suit made by NewMan. The ladies thought I am a clergyman too and they invited me to stay with them! I introduced myself as a secular individual. I regret now I didn't accept such an invitation to an unexpected social event since there were truly fair woman.

In San Francisco I stayed at the Fisherman's Warf Sheraton Hotel. I was calling Dr. Robert Brasch up with difficulty when the steward delivered a club sandwich in my room. He was extremely angry because I wasn't in a rush to give him something he was expecting; he bothered me until I understood he was requiring his tip! I visited the district where Steve McQueen played Bullitt with a French cab driver helé by chance. The cable cars were not functioning. In the next morning I bought some junk in China Town and visited an exhibition of contemporary paintings from the People's Republic of China.

In the afternoon Dr. Brasch picked me up in an old Karmann Ghia VW convertible for a visit to the prestigious Radiology Department at the

Moffitt Hospital. This is the reference for the international radiologists and I could meet two former residents of mine studying there. The world-known Professor Alexander Margulis was out of town; he is a Serbian who had become the youngest American chairman when he was 30 years old. The French doctors wear a white blouse. Here the radiologists I met were looking at my dress disapprovingly. They all wear ties on a simple skirt. Bob explained contrary to what the French think San Franciscans don't copy Starsky and Hutch! He convinced me I should go and stay at the Amberg's home without any reluctance and he called him up for the appointment. I also gave a call to my urologist friend in Sacramento, Dr David Colbert, who took time to remember he had dinner with me in Paris two years ago. Bob invited me for dinner in his home at Mill Valley, a fashionable village for intellectuals at the north of Sausalito. Passing on the Golden Gate Bridge was impressively emotional. I played soccer football with his sons and I taught them some feints I learnt at school. After dinner Bob drove his wife Mimi, his sons and I on the Pacific Coast and we admired the huge golden sun setting into the horizon.

On a sunny morning I left San Francisco to Sacramento in a Greyhound bus. Uphill I saw the fog invading the bay for as far as Alcatraz Island. In a couple of days I discovered the dreamiest town French tourists want to admire with all seductive trumps exhibited. Dr Colbert showed me the quite provincial capital of California. In Denver

and in San Francisco I couldn't find any Hoyt bow except compounds used for hunting. He drove me to the unique federal archery wholesale shop in the State where I could buy 70"- 40pounds branches and a set of Easton arrows. With such equipment for long-distance shooting I'm ready to compete on the one-day long FITA Olympic formula starting with a 90-meter-shot series.

I flew PSA on Saturday to the dangerous San Diego Airport built in the center of the city along the harbour. Lee Talner welcomed me and introduced his family to me. His wife was swimming at Cove Beach. I couldn't afford to stay more than one minute in the water iced by the current from Alaska. His elder son is a teen drummer; the cadet is out of town. Lee drove me to the Ambergs' home uphill in La Jolla Hidden Valley. John R Amberg truly is a typical American man expressing goodness and simplicity. His language is less academic than Lee's english but I understand my American friends with less and less difficulty. He has both Irish and German roots and he was born in Minnesota. I told him how much I enjoyed the Jan Troll's movie "*The Emigrants*" on the settlement of poor Scandinavian farmers in such a fertile new wonderland. His future daughter in law is Irish too. They liked the description I made on the trip in Ireland, a country they never visited. The girl found the Geant's Causeway in an Irish book. JR was pleased to show me the luxurious Scripps Clinic - "*don't you imagine*

this is an average American hospital,” he said - then La Jolla downtown on night. San Diego is the coldest of the tropical cities I ever visited in the Northern Hemisphere in the springtime. I was starving. He did not accept my recurrent invitation to share a \$20 lobster - two to three times cheaper than in Paris - with me in a “tourist trap” facing the sea shore. I had to save my money! Then we ate peanut-butter on toast. I’m understanding why so many Northern Americans are obese and why Californians react with an opposite hypocaloric diet. On that Sunday morning, Lee picked me up before I could have breakfast! He wanted to show me Balboa Park and Moreley Fields where archers compete; they were all shooting with bear-bows, a device I never experienced before because it is not accepted in FITA’s challenges; I tried once and my arrow hit the target center! Then he drove me to the place where a few years ago an American and a new wingsurf prototype took off successfully for the first time from the high cliff located in the Salk Institute area at La Jolla. This was the beginning of an accomplishment of the Icarus’ dream after an ancestrous worldwide series of dead pioneers. My starvation stopped after brunching a Mexican restaurant.

Before Lee dropped me at the airport, we had time to discuss my involvement in GU radiology in an American society. He will sponsor my candidacy to be a corresponding member of the Society of Uroradiology (SUR) which he is presiding. He is in charge of the next SUR congress

to be held in January 1981 at the Del Coronado Hotel, famous since the exhilarating movie featuring Marilyn Monroe, Jack Lemmon and Tony Curtis. I'll give the lecture on "contrast media renal toxicity" after Elliott Lasser on "general toxicity". Next year, Lee and his child will visit Paris in the springtime.

All these people met within a two-week trip were so friendly I'm emotional when I'm writing those lines. The USA has become truly my second patria.

June 14th, 1979, Paris, France

I'm living the most rewarding day I ever dreamt on. I detected a parathyroid adenoma in a patient treated by chronic hemodialysis developing secondary hyperparathyroidism. This scoop....

**October 30th, 2007, 8am,
OceansideMotel,HawksNest,
New South Wales, Australia.**

She's Looma, the owner of a surf shop in the commercial center where I bought several beach clothes. She's an attractive lady I appreciate because of her beautiful maturity and her willingness to select the best items I need. Meanwhile bargaining I explained what I'm doing in Australia. She said she likes to read books combining actuality and fiction with a shade of esotericism. I requested from her courtesy if she would be pleased to have a look at the sixteen pages I've already edited with Geoffrey Benness. I told her *"Just tell me whether the manuscript – this is mostly a biography not a novel - is interesting or boring; I won't be shocked if you say you don't like it or it doesn't appeal you, specially if the content and/or the style are too much technical, too much academic, too much frenglish or so; let me know at what page number you fell asleep if you really tried to go beyond your reluctance, if any..."*

When a few days later I went back to her shop, she stated my manuscript is not dealing with what she is used to read. *"The script is not hearty enough for me. For whom do you write such a book?"*

I answered with another question: *“Is this boring or not?” “No, not really! But, you know, English a so stupid language that a word may have four significations or more. I’m not sure I interpret correctly what you write and I’m certainly not the reader you’re looking for!”* she said. I liked that response and I offered. *“So, Looma, here there are the 130 pages Geoffrey and I have already edited in Hawks Nest. Would you accept to read them; so you’ll understand better why I’m starting that work from my own; I write it because I feel intensely I must write it but I don’t know whether it will be published; I’m not linked with a publisher yet. Then I’ll appreciate your comments, whether they are positive or not because I’ll know more on the width of the focus I have to target if I want to take off the medical audience. Take your time, I’m going to stay here in Hawks Nest for a longer while than I planned in Paris; I have to postpone my departure to California because of the fires developing harshly in the San Diego County where I’ll end my trip around the world and hopefully the last chapters of that book. However let me just tell you how much helpful your question on the people who might be interested in my book is to me. I’m ready to take into account your remarks because, that’s true, I’m coming from academic medicine then my goal is partly influenced by educational goals, but this not a valuable reason to bore anyone.”*

One week later I had a glance at her shop in a rush time. She

expressed another kind of feelings on my book. *“I didn’t know you are so clever man! Your book deserves a second look I’m ready to talk about.”* *“Thank you, gracious lady, even though I was quite optimistic, I couldn’t imagine you’re so positive”,* I said, *“Take care of your customers and I’ll call you up later on; we’ll make an appointment for a friendly dinner with a frank discussion on my book’s content.”*

**November 2nd, 2007, 4pm,
Oceanside Motel, Hawks Nest,
New South Wales, Australia**

This a letter to Looma.

Dear Looma,

Yesterday, after the heat wave, I fell sick. Then I couldn’t visit you. Today, it rains cats and dogs. I don’t drive a car in the left-sided Australian roads. I write that letter to you instead of a coffee-break I can’t offer.

Why am I submitted for an irresistible force superimposing me to tell both the story of my life and the history of radiology in the same book? I’m not a famous genius man awarded with a Nobel Prize. Radiology is not the most prestigious medical discipline at a scientific

viewpoint. I'm not a celebrity and I'm not proud of me or vain enough to imagine I'm a hero looking for a consistent room in the people press. I'm not George Clooney. However I belong to that category of individuals who act on the shadow side of the "power" that sometimes changes the destiny and/or the behavior of a crowd of people more drastically than politicians or military forces do. Who are they? Who are we? Some of us are doctors in medicine and we act for improving health of the individuals; we all expect a better welfare of the humanity will result of it. Who are they? Who are we? First of all, we are human beings. A new century is starting, the first of a new millennium. Even though this means nothing for the physicist who knows the past, the present and the future have no scientific support, modern civilizations require new standards open to a better understanding of the hypotheses of living for themselves, their children and the following generations. Why not to exhibit the tale of the life of a genuine individual who had an opportunity to influence the world of medical imaging during the second part of the XXth century? Who is he? What did he do? Was he useful or dangerous for the patients, for his students, for his family, for himself?

Nowadays, a lot of people are disoriented but they search how to improve their view of the future. When a couple makes a child, parents usually hope he/she will be successful both privately and professionally.

Young people claim for examples at a higher standard than that of reality shows at the TV. Reality shows are symptomatic of a population's basic needs but often fail because they look too much like games influenced by many kinds of biased scenarios having just extemporaneous effects. Parents often fail to give their children enough reasons to make rewarding long distance efforts whilst they all wish their destinies will be better than their owns. But, once you gave them Robinson Crusoe, Ivanhoe, Captain Cook, Henry Ford and Albert Einstein's biographies, where will they find the examples of the less prestigious but successfully productive lives while he/she reads Elvis Priestley and Marilyn Monroe; they're more appropriate to help because they are more or less reproducible at a large range of intelligence and education. Most of the humans are neither genius nor stupid.

Youngsters as well as adults and elders know all lives are made of positive and negative trends expressed by short and long distance activities. Why not to screen the physical, moral and social components of the character and the activity of a radiologist? Modern biographies do not help if they don't take them into account from the beginning to the end of a true story that is more informative than a novel. A radiologist is a human being like Marie Curie was, wasn't she? She was the Honorary President of the IIIrd International Congress of Radiology in 1931. You have a daughter, haven't you? Does she feel she could be similarly a

Nobel Prize in 2040? There will not be more than three in medicine or physiology. You've a son, haven't you? Will he be a satisfied efficient radiologist without any frustration because he is not a new Geoffrey Hounsfield, who was awarded Nobel Prize because he invented the CT-scanner? There are at least one million radiologists practicing in 2007 worldwide. The prestigious references are useful for outstanding brains; for instance, Rosalyn Yalow awarded Nobel Prize because she invented radioimmunoassay went to biochemistry because she was a teen, she had become sensitive to Marie Curie's biography by her daughter Eve. At a lower level of success, medical characters are mostly found in novels, movies and TV series featuring Robert Mitchum or George Clooney. I'm offering another kind of profile and this is a must if you accept to give me your worthwhile opinion.

Yours sincerely,

JF Moreau

PS : May we have a dinner on next Tuesday evening before I leave Hawks Nest to Sydney then to California?

**November 3rd, 2007, 9pm,
Oceanside Motel, Hawks Nest,
New South Wales, Australia.**

She's Shirley, the skilled supervisor of the personel at the motel. On that busy evening, she left the crowdy non-smoking restaurant to relax a few minutes; she was smoking a cigarettes outside. "*Do you know what I am understanding after decades of such a business?*" she asked me spontaneously. *All human lives are interesting!*" "*They are all complementary*", I added.

September 30th, 1980, British Airways flight, London to Perth via Bombay, on board.

A new dream started at Heathrow Airport in London when the hostess seated me on the window side of the Boeing 747 airplane, the perfect achievement of a modern cathedral, which is flying to Perth. CGR sponsors the airplane ticket around the world, a kind of honorarium paying the Sonia trial. A few weeks ago, I visited the dean of the academic radiologists in order to check with him whether such a sponsorship is ethically acceptable or not. I never accepted before any penny from the industry for my own business. He told me the deal is respectable and the discipline will take advantage of it since I'm improving the international relationship with new groups of foreign colleagues. Until now, the French uroradiology is unknown beyond the Latin Europe countries. This will enhance my scientific reputation without any risk of misinterpretation of the worthwhile financial agreement made with CGR. Nobody should accuse me to be a compromised commercial agent of the manufacture. Except for the airfare, I pay my 3-month-trip expenditures with the money I earn from my private practice. This gives me a total freedom during that sabbatical leave during when I am fully salaried by the University Paris V; a very few French academic people are aware of that legal privilege and even the administration tried to stop the procedure until I showed the rules and regulations of my official position.

Apart from now, I'm not supposed to speak my native language with anyone I meet. During the whole summertime I studied the English language using a fashioned audiotape program edited by Adrienne, an American linguist living in France. In a first class flight, the aircraft is used to speak cautiously and I understand what the hostess says when she serves the meals and the beverages I taste delightfully. My neighbor is a Dutch engineer working in Indonesian oil fields with some prospect into offshore Western Australia potential; he informs me on the regional actualities and mores; France and Australia are in turmoil because of the future of Vanuatu, a former Franco-British condominium; shall I have to face some francophobe shades? "*Don't worry about that*", he says, "*they even don't know what Vanuatu is!*" A few hours ago, the airplane landed at Bombay airport; a crowd of poor people are camping all along the tarmac, making two lateral living lines added to the regular traffic signs.

The challenge has started emotionally with a big stress in Paris during last week. Now I feel serene. I contract and stretch my athletic muscles ready to carry my huge luggage. I'm taking a nap before the last breakfast is served.

October 1st, 1980, 6pm, Sheraton Hotel, Perth, Western Australia.

Spring is starting in the Austral hemisphere. The port of Perth

actively open to the Indian Ocean is nested within a safe large rade (?) and tall cliffs and hills. The weather is cold, rainy and windy; my new Burberry raincoat is appropriate when I walk. This recalls me the port of Brest in the nose of the French Brittany. Downtown Perth is made of a few buildings one of these is the Sheraton, English-style houses and shops. The city looks sleepy. I have two days free before the meeting opens, just enough time to cure the jetlag and to prepare my paper that is not written yet.

October 2nd, 1980, 11pm, Sheraton Hotel, Perth, Western Australia.

From the early wake-up call until I go to sleep, the TV set works non-stop on my back. I was told this is the best mean to learn quicker the English language on place with less efforts. A couple of hours ago, I was selecting my slides after I had a club sandwich for dinner in my room. I was feeling more and more anxious because my paper on “acute infectious disease of the kidney” is much too long for a 10-minute presentation. The case material is so rich this is a pain to withdraw many interesting images while I have to reduce the content to a half. I didn’t take care of the movie passing on a national channel until I heard at a peculiar voice speaking a genuine English that I understood easily; the popular French actor Maurice Chevalier was featuring a French character in that old American pirate movie! This gave me more confidence in myself but

not the skill to make the requested shortening. Good night!

October 3rd, 1980, Sheraton Hotel, Perth, Western Australia

I registered in the early morning at the Royal Australasian Congress of Radiology counter. All sessions are hosted at the Sheraton. The fee encompasses continental breakfast served in a dedicated room where half-a-dozen radiologists ate at a long table where I took a seat. Immediately I was submitted to a deluge of questions I couldn't understand. Then they laughed at me and started a series of likely nasty jokes I didn't understand either. Only one distinguished radiologist spoke a rather conventional English and even though he wasn't the less aggressive I imagine he was a typical British emigrant with whom I could exchange some thoughts. Fortunately a tall man irruped into the room and his load voice said, "*Do you know at whom you're laughing?*" "???" Professor Geoffrey Benness introduced himself to me and introduced me to the suddenly silent other radiologists. The name of Professor Benness is known from all over the world because of his work on iodinated contrast media osmolality. Since we never met before I don't know how he could be aware of my attendance then to save me from an uncomfortable situation but, immediately, we had become friends. Later on I met with a charming radiologist from the Alfred Hospital of Melbourne where the nephrologist Joseph Sabto works after he left the Necker Hospital

where both of us co-authored the renal cortical necrosis study; Nina Sacharias was born in Estonia and belongs to the emigrant wave from Europe resulting from WW2; she speaks a nice English rocking the “r” delightfully and the word “funny” appears in all her sentences; Jo Sabto is in sabbatical in London but she invites me to stay in her family home for a few days instead. I study the program. The honorary guest is an American sonographer from the Moffitt Hospital I met the year before. My paper is the last of the tomorrow morning session just before lunchtime. I met with the chairman of the session who practices in Tasmania; I didn’t understand one word he said but I tried to give him some information on my curriculum vitae he was requesting. I’m truly submitted for a cultural shock mainly related with the Aussie English language.

October 4th, 1980, 3pm, Sheraton Hotel, Perth, Western Australia

I’m exhausted. This morning I gave my paper. I came with my tape-recorder and now I listen to the presentation. The chairman introduced me with a bizarre speech encompassing a joke; all people laughed long. I spoke during 20 minutes concentrated in my text reading and my slides. Nobody stopped me because the content of the paper is outstanding but the cooker was unhappy since I was delaying the lunchtime and he expressed his upset by some silent irruptions at the main door. The American sonographer expressed his congratulations

and asked a few questions I answered minimally. Then we went at lunch and Nina told me ironically I wasn't invited to give a lecture and there is a difference between "pus" and "puss".

October 7th, 1980, 6pm, Sheraton Hotel, Perth, Western Australia

I'm back from a drive to the bush where there is a farm exhibiting the fauna and the flora of Western Australia. I wanted to meet with kangaroos and snakes. I hired a car, an experience I'll never repeat in the countries practicing left-sided driving; something has evolved in my brain negatively since I drove in the UK ten years ago. The sky was cloudy and windy when I stopped in a long and desert beach looking hostile at the opposite of coconut beaches exhibited on the travel catalogues.

On Saturday evening we had an official dinner. I sat down at Geoff's table and he introduced me to his wife, Pamela. I participated in a toast to the Queen. The Bennesses invite me to visit them in the city of Adelaide. I accept provided they make an agreement with Nina who has invited me too. I could manage a change in my itinerary with Cathay Pacific. I'll make two stops in Adelaide then in Melbourne at the expense of my stay in Sydney I'll by-pass. I confirmed my registration for the Cathay Pacific flight to Hong-Kong; the agent asked me whether I've already booked a reservation for a hotel; the CGR representative was supposed to do it for me; she was doubtful and said something I couldn't

understand.

On Sunday morning the 200 participants and attendees plus the accompanying persons entered several buses to a garden party to be held in the countryside. The majority of them live in the Eastern Australia and visit Perth for the first time. The distance between Sydney and Perth is as long as London to Moskow or New York City to Los Angeles. Both coasts are separated on by a huge desert as large as the Sahara. The population is less than 20 millions. The weather was fine and a light sun provided fresh colors on the just blossoming flowers. We walked during one hour before we sat down on the grass in a square field. A dozen of musicians wearing kilts were playing Celtic music and dancing. A buffet made of plentiful cold and hot meals was installed on several long tables under huge tents. All people queued selecting theirs menus then moved to join smaller groups. Australia is a young country peopled with continuous waves of emigrants. One may meet an Australian born in the country; less frequently his/her parents were born here, exceptionally their grandparents. I went to the most recent emigrant staff, all of them including Nina coming from Eastern Europe, plus a couple of Filipinos and their beautiful daughter well called Luz; she's an elegant thin teen, her brown hairs and her white silky skin protected from the sun by a large hat like it was fashioned before WW2. On the way back to the hotel I sat down close to a bright renown sonographist of Sydney with

whom I discuss of breast imaging; since the ingeneer George Kossof has invented a sophisticated automate echotomograph, Australia is in advance on breast ultrasound.

October 9th, 1980, Ansett flight Adelaide to Melbourne, on board.

“Welcome to the Fourth World!” Geoffrey Benness said when he picked me up at the airport. He drove me to his lovely cottage in his Mercedes 180 topless convertible. Adelaide looks softer than Perth. There is a little Manhattan downtown then a British wide city. The beautifully blond Angela, the younger daughter, learns French at school. South Australia is developing a vineyard plant. I tasted several vintages not truly convincing yet, reds are too strong, whites are acid. I prefer their beer. Greeks are settling massively in the place; at the Flinders Hospital where Geoff chairs the department of radiology, all posters and signs are subtitled in both English and greek characters, a new kind of Rosette’s stone for the future anthropology! The hospital is new. Alexander Margulis inspired Geoff when he featured the architectural plan of his department. He has nice fellows who work in research programs; he is in advance compared with his Australasian colleagues.

October 12th, 1980, 7am, Melbourne Airport, Victoria, Australia

Each day, I write a letter to Pierre-Arthur. This is good for him

to know a Frenchman can travel in Australia and find many new friends whom hospitality is pushed to outstanding standards. Australia is so far from the Boreal hemisphere that all visitor is welcome. Within a few hours I've been inserted in Nina and Rennie Rippert family and home. I'm discovering how strong the nature is in Australia. The weather was superb when I visited the botanic garden. I always loved rhododendrons, the most beautiful flower at Le Vieux Pavé; until now the hugest ones I found were those of Killarney, in Ireland; those of Melbourne are gigantic and their blossoms are just exploding. The second marvel was the many black swan natural performance; the bird is less majestic than the white but it looks like a gentle pet; this is the period of the year the mature eggs provide half a dozen of baby swans in the mean time; babies put themselves on a perfectly rectilinear line behind the mother which directs the walk; guards don't do better at West Point or at Buckingham Palace. In my hosts' garden I observed koalas and parrots. I felt I'm breathing in an air blended with strength and wildness combined with a pioneering spirit. Once we had dinner in Melbourne Chinatown; I never imagined such a district exists out of San Francisco. Australia and Northern America are similar melting pots.

Nina invited me to join the monthly radiological meeting at the Royal Hospital. All radiologists of the city discuss medical cases informally. I recognized Dr George Klempfner, the radiologist who tried

to destabilize me at the Perth breakfast. “*Would you accept to have a look at one case?*” This is a drill French academic radiologists are not used to practice publicly: they don’t like to lose their face if they make a wrong diagnosis. I accepted provided that it’s a uroradiological file. The quality of the radiogram was terrible but the diagnosis was easy : a diverticulum of a female urethra, a rare lesion I observed many times at the Necker. Nina and I exchanged smiles when she tried to blow me the solution I did not need. I requested a piece of chalk and I drew the figure at the blackboard; then I made a brief speech on the different causes that may be congenital or acquired. Good deal for me.

October 12th, 1980, 1pm, Cathay Pacific Lounge, Sydney Airport, New South Wales, Australia.

After I checked in at the Cathay Pacific counter, I spent four hours visiting the city of Sydney. I bargained a 40\$-sightseeing with a Greek taxi driver. He started with the visit of a new suburb termed Bougainville, acknowledging a French explorer who was less successful than Captain Cook in the official discovery of Australia. Sydney is a widespread city expanding all along a complicated but gorgeous bay. The city deserves a much more long look but I could satisfy my eager wish to see the new Opera that is intriguing the Western world and the fans of modern architecture. I wonder. When the Greek dropped me at

the airport, he advised me to be careful during the next stages of my long trip: *“a faithful husband must avoid the Asian females”*, he said while he was trying to cheat me on the fare.

Good by farewell! Australia! You’re a great country, the most difficult one for a start in the English-speaking world. I’ll come back anyway!

October 13th, 11am, The HongKong Hotel, Hong-Kong

Yesterday night, he CGR representative was waiting for me at the Kai-Tak airport. He was worried because all hotels are fully booked and he couldn’t find a solution to host me somewhere. We were discussing on the platform when a Chinese came to us with a list on his hands. *“Ah! You’re Mr Moreau! Welcome to Hong Kong! You’ve a room at the HongKong Hotel! I was upset because I didn’t see you at the arrival gate. Please take place in that cab!”* When I checked-in the receptionist told me the room was booked for me by the Cathay Pacific agent in Perth! This is a tiny room usually occupied by an hostess of the crew. The hotel is well situated at the tip of the Peninsula. The air is hot and humid but the sun shines. This is Brittain in China. In the early morning I walked on the busy streets. I stopped in a barber shop where a Chinese cut my long hairs and now I look like an Eton scholar. But there is a small achromic tumor juste before the right ear tragus in a skin zone

exhibited after the haircut.