



*The Marconi* 15x3.5x10" assemblage

One clear autumn night when I was eight years old, my father took me to a neighbor's house. He was going to sample some of Mr. Rodman's homemade liqueurs and my mother wasn't feeling well so I had to come along with him. I didn't really want to but my Dad said that I might be able to play with the boats if I asked nicely.

"What boats?" I asked.

"Do you know the boats down in the workshop? They were a gift from Mr. Rodman."

I put on my jacket and went with my father.

The boats my father was referring to were the ones that sat above my dad's workbench, sometimes half buried beneath my Dad's own wonderful carvings and tools. I always thought it was my Dad who made those boats, but when I think back I always wondered why he never made anything in that style again.

"Did Mr. Rodman make the boats?"

"No", my father said. "He's not really good with his hands. He's got lots of them though. I did some work for him once; made him a clothesline stand and he gave me the boats in return. It was either the boats or some booze."

The booze was the reason for the visit that night. Once a year Dad was invited to Mr. Rodman's to try his new batch of liqueurs and wines. Except for the odd family party, it was the only time I saw my father come home a little tipsy. Luckily for me there were a few more neighbors invited to the tasting party and Mr. Rodman was