** Bach Morimur**

I’ve been thinking about survivors: survivors of holocaust, of genocide, survivors of terrorist attacks... and survivors of illness, of epidemic... survivors of domestic violence, of poverty, of deprivation.

My question is not – how do you survive? My question is – how do you survive your own survival?

Because it’s a blessing to live through something, to escape the body’s or the spirit’s destruction. But what about those you left behind – the ones who didn’t make it? the other patient, the war buddy, the little sister; the fireman, the rescue worker... the ones who did not survive?

You don’t forget them. You can’t.

* I’M EK. THIS TIME ON S&S – SURVIVING SURVIVAL.

What is the way to healing? Some survivors say you must forget the past, bury the loss, put it behind you as quickly as possible. Others need to mourn, to memorialize; they tell their stories over and over to anyone who will listen.

It is important to have a purpose, a goal, a reason that’s it’s all right for you to have been the one who was saved. You dedicate your life to something: to raising children, to bearing witness, to making music, to saving others...

* CAMBODIA*

Start with mood music - melancholy - for Cambodia:

*** NEW INTERNATIONAL TRIO (something sad-sounding)***

OR

*** Rak Smey Khemera: "Light From Heaven" TK. 5? 6?***

It’s almost impossible to comprehend what happened in Cambodia during Pol Pot’s regime, beginning in 1975: an entire population uprooted, deliberately murdered by the HUDNREDS of thousands in the killing fields... “In Cambodia,” says one woman, “we survived a madness above what anyone could believe possible.” [http://users.rcn.com/tskramer/resources.html](http://users.rcn.com/tskramer/resources.html)
Chat perSath is one of the survivors.

CHAT: “My childhood in Cambodia was very brief. I never had a chance to grow up like normal children because my country has always been at war. “

His father had already been killed alongside American soldiers in the Vietnam war that spilled over into Cambodia.

when I was seven years old, the day that I started school was when the Khmer Rouge came and the goal of the Khmer Rouge was to depossess you from anything you’re familiar with. My family was evacuated from our home elsewhere into the countryside, and we were taken to a different place where we were forced to work for those three years, and all the children were separated from their parents. .”

In 1981, the young Chat perSath made it to America, and went to high school & college here.

“I wouldn’t say that my tragedy is any worse than anyone else’s in the world, but the point is how does one go on and move on, and try to use these tragedies as lessons, and how can we better our world individually ...problem, corruption... ] rather than being in despair, I chose to say “What can I do now? What can I learn from this? And what kind of skills or knowledge can I share with those I come in contact with?”

Chat went back to Cambodia, to see what he could do for other survivors.

“Many Cambodians are unable to talk about the trauma; the experiences in the past. And sometimes were have to find various ways to get them to get people to talk. Because sometimes talking helps them to be reflective of what happened. Sharing with others increases their ability to cope with the past.”

So Chat asked people just to draw their lifelines.

I remember one woman, she drew her lifeline. she had x amount of brothers and sisters, and then at the end she was the only one left. And then the room was completely silent. And then she was crying, and we supported her. I felt that enabled her to put the past to rest, and then when other people shared she realized that she wasn’t the only one.

And then when we had people draw their hopes and dreams, there was a lot of laughter - Whenever we-help people talk about their past, we have to create room for hope and dream.
** Rak Smey Khemera: "Light From Heaven"  TK. 8 or 2

Dr. Richard Mollica, of the Harvard Program in Refugee Trauma, was in a Cambodian refugee camps in the late 1990s, when he saw an amazing sight. Survivors who had been frozen in grief and depression, were smiling, even laughing . . . watching as 2 1/2 foot high leather puppets cast their giant shadows on a screen.

** bump

You can’t really separate art from religion in Cambodia. Dancers are messengers of the gods. And puppets are sacred clowns who live in the shadow world between spirit and everyday life. When they speak, they have a lot of power. The traditional puppet characters make fun of everyone and everything – even joshing with the audience.

*** NEW INTERNATIONAL TRIO  TK. 9 “In the Mood”

Rich Mollica has always believed in puppets. Almost every culture has them, he says, and they have a special magic. He saw it in Bosnia, too – traumatized kids in the siege of Sarajevo telling the puppets what they couldn’t tell adults about their losses and fears.

Trauma victims are just trying to survive, Mollica says – “and then this special person comes into their world and offers them something. . . defrosting people who’ve been frozen in trauma.”

*** NEW INTERNATIONAL TRIO  TK. 9
Cambodian, or Khmer, survivors of the killing fields not only watched the puppets, they helped to create new puppets, new scripts; some learned to play traditional music, taught dance to their children... (When Khmer musician Bun Loeung came to America, he taught his friends his music – and, as you can hear, picked up some of theirs!) It's one of the great survival stories of all time: survivors as rescuers of tradition, and renewers of culture.

**Chat pierSath:**

“The arts have a very important role in healing, because it connects ourselves with ourselves and our humanity. The arts and dance are elements of our identity as Khmer. When people hear our music or dance, they feel a sense of cultural pride in themselves.”

**bump & fade out under:**

At the most basic level, “survival” is: are you alive or dead? But there’s also survival of the spirit, survival of the self. Some people go under, and some dream of escape.

**Fast Car  TK. 2  (:20 instr. under this:)

Michelle works for a Hollywood film studio. But, she writes, “I was born in South Central LA.” One certain circumstance of life in the ghetto is that one meets Trauma early, and he becomes one of your closest companions throughout life. “Michelle “escaped” to college, but her older brother stayed behind on the streets... painful, she says, because “he was the very one to stand guard, trigger cocked, as I made my mad dash across the front.”

**Fast Car  TK. 2  (tt. 4:58) vox in at :20 Play to 1:06

(:20) You got a fast car
I want a ticket to anywhere Maybe we make a deal
Maybe together we can get somewhere Anyplace is better
Starting from zero got nothing to lose Maybe we’ll make something
But me myself I got nothing to prove (:43)

(:53) You got a fast car And I got a plan to get us out of here
I been working at the convenience store Managed to save just a little bit of money
We won’t have to drive too far Just 'cross the border and into the city
You and I can both get jobs And finally see what it means to be living (1:06)

“Sometimes,” Michelle writes, “my brother seems to think life is easy for me now that I have ‘survived.’” Sometimes, those who remain behind do not fully
understand that survival is not a destination, but an embarkation. I am still
dodging the same spiritual, emotional and psychic minefields that erupt in his
own existence. *This is survival."

** bump

“What helps me to go on?” she asks. “Fear. I know how precarious is my
escape. So I keep running, hope to one day create an underground escape for
my brothers.”

** Fast Car BUMP (1:44 – 1:53?)

If you’re very lucky, you can go back for some of the ones you’ve left behind –
like journalist Rick Bragg, raised in rural Alabama by a mother who was reduced
to picking cotton to buy food for her children. “The only thing poverty does,”
Bragg writes, “is grind down your nerve endings to a point that you can work
harder and stoop lower than most people are willing to.” (p.25). Bragg was the
son who got away, became a prizewinning journalist. When he went to collect
his Pulitzer, he brought his mother with him to the ceremony in New York. It
was the first time she had been on an airplane, seen a dessert buffet, an
escalator. (p. 296)

The moment, he says, was a matter “of space between two points. On
one end is the tall woman dragging that cotton sack with a tow-headed little boy
on back. On the other end is Times Square at night, and a room service
cheeseburger, and the Pulitzer Prize.

“We had to get on a jet plane, Momma,” Bragg says, “to fly so far.” (p.
307)

** fast car I remember we were driving in your car
The speed so fast I felt like I was drunk City lights lay out before us
And your arm felt nice wrapped ’round my shoulder And I had a feeling that I
belonged
And I had a feeling I could be someone, be someone, be someone

INTO NEXT VERSE & DUCK TO FADE or CROSS INTO:

Tracy Chapman. Fast Car.

*** STEVE REICH: Different Trains TK. 1

From 1938-1945, millions of Jews, Rom (or gypsies), deviants and dissidents
were crammed into trains rolling across Europe, headed for Nazi death camps.
Few survived the camps – the torture, the starvation, the forced labor, the gas
chambers.

** bump train whistle
From 1939-1942, a little boy in America was riding a very different sort of train. Composer Steve Reich was a child then, riding back and forth from New York to Los Angeles, visiting his divorced parents... “different trains every time,” his governess remembers, “from Chicago to New York.”

* bump

Many American Jews who did not experience the Holocaust firsthand are still keenly aware that they would have been Nazi targets. The composer says, “I now look back and think that, if I had been in Europe during this period, as a Jew I would have had to ride very different trains.”

** bump some of Track 1

Survival can be played out on a huge scale – armies marching, cities burning... but it can also be a tiny giant personal thing. Each of us in our lives will be a survivor - of the death of a friend, a parent, a dear one... In the end, of course, no one survives forever - but while we live, we also grapple with a universe that has left us here alive while they are gone.

What do we do with those feelings, not only of sorrow, but of guilt? We may construct some kind of memorial: a quilt, a poem, a scrapbook, a web page... For some, the combination of art and faith is the anchor.

*** JS Bach: MORIMUR TK. 2 (:26) + TK. 3 to :19? & duck

"We are born of God, We die in Christ, We are reborn through the Holy Spirit" Much of JS Bach’s work is focused on these central articles of the Christian faith. In chorale after chorale Bach set the words of redemption and resurrection.

And he must have found comfort in them when he returned from a summer away to discover that his dear wife was buried and gone – “although,” wrote Bach’s contemporary, “he had left her in the full bloom of health. The first report that she had fallen ill and died only reached him as he entered his house.”

(linernotes p. 50)

** bump

Bach sat down to write, not another sacred chorale, but an austere, sweetly beautiful Ciaccona for violin - a single instrument, solo, alone. But in it, he buried musical references to the words of every chorale of resurrection that he loved best. And he did not forget the joy he had with his wife: her name, Maria
Barbara, is encoded like a secret message to the angels - and to the ages - at the beginning of the Ciaccona’s opening dance.

** Final :30 + of TK. 3

In September, 2001, violinist Christoph Poppen and the Hilliard Ensemble released a recording that joined these sacred chorales with the mysterious Ciaccona.

That same month, tragedy struck America – a tragedy as huge for the nation as the death of Bach’s wife was for him. Sept. 11, 2001 – a beautiful morning, and then - thousands of people gone. Where was the comfort for the survivors? In the days that followed, one man in New York City took this recording to Ground Zero and played it on a boom box . . . and people stopped and listened to a memorial written nearly 300 years earlier, and found comfort there. *(personal corr., Tina Pelikan)*

** Bach TK. 21 play out as much as ...

Music of JS Bach, from an album called: MORIMUR.

*** Trojan Women (TK. 1-6 are instr.)

Some survivors long to tell their stories to anyone who will listen – others are silent for years, maybe for a lifetime. Some live to bear witness – others only want to bury the past and go on with their lives. Some make beautiful, searing music, write poetry . . . others are silenced.

Helen Bamber was in Europe in 1945 when survivors began coming out of the concentration camps. “People would hold to you and they would dig their fingers into your arms . . . in an effort to try somehow to get to you the horror of what had happened to them,” she remembers. “[S]lowly over time I began to realize that what I could do was to ... receive, not to recoil, not to give the sense that you were contaminated by what you had heard but rather that you were there to receive it all, horrible as it was and to hold it with them.

“Often you would just sit there rocking with somebody on the ground while they told their story and you would receive it.”


War is also cruel for its soldiers. They, too, have their stories – of surviving atrocities some won’t ever speak about.

Science fiction writer Joe Haldeman is a Vietnam veteran rescued over and over again by being able to write about what happened over there. He told me, “I
wrote a poem, "DX," dealing with being the only survivor of my squad in Vietnam."

“DX” means destroy; the poem says a DX pile is a collection of explosives that are no longer trustworthy. When you leave the camp finally, you put a long fuse on the DX pile, and blow it up.

** Tinh: ACOUSTIC RAIN TK. 10 or TK. 11 Star Spangled Banner or TK. 8 or TK. 1 ......

“We were demolition engineers,” Joe explains, “ordered to stand guard over a pile of enemy munitions in a base we’d just overrun. It blew up, boobytrapped, and killed all the others.”

Two days later / I woke up in a dirty hospital [BOOK P. 286 – 287]

TO PAGE 7A

.... In these worlds I am dead and at peace

** bump tune

From the poem “DX,” by Joe Haldeman.

“It’s hard for me to separate my feelings about that incident from my general feelings of horror and grief associated with my year in Vietnam,” Joe wrote me. “When I got back I dealt with it in the usual manly American way -- drinking heavily and clamming up. But being a science fiction writer and fan [and member of the sf community] rescued me. I could deal with my feelings by writing about them -- specifically in the three novels 1968, WAR YEAR, and THE FOREVER WAR.”

* end tune

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** Bach Morimur (tk. 3?)
We like to say it’s in your dreams that you can escape – but survivors know it’s your dreams that can pull your back.

People I know who grew up poor or underprivileged, who made a life for themselves in the arts or academia, all talk about That Dream they have on bad nights – that they’re back in the bitter houses of their childhood being told, “What do you mean you have another life? You belong here, this is where you really live…”

And Italian chemist Primo Levi came home from Auschwitz unable to shake his terrible dream that he had never left: a dream within a dream, that always began with the sweetness of being home… and ended with everything collapsing around him: “the scenery, the walls, the people . . .” until once again he is back in the camp. (REAWAKENING p. 207)

** CAROL NOONAN: BIG IRON TK. 11 “Unknown Thing” (3:03)
“There’s a break in the storm and we’re finally warm But the chill won’t go away. There’s a silence broke, and we’ve finally spoke, but your voice is far away. And we won’t be right again…” could cut second verse for time

Carol Noonan.

For the special airing:
(A) I’m Ellen Kushner, with “Surviving Survival”. You’ll find a playlist and more information up on our website, at wgbh.org/pri/spirit; that’s wgbh.org/pri/spirit. Surviving Survival is a special presentation from Sound & Spirit, and PRI, Public Radio International.

For the regular airing:
(B) I’m EK with Surviving Survival this time on Sound & Spirit. You’ll find a playlist and more information up on our website, at wgbh.org/pri/spirit; that’s wgbh.org/pri/spirit. S&S comes to you each week at this time from PRI, public radio int’l.

>>>>> BREAK
*** SUZANNE VEGA: LUKA (1 verse?)

Surv Surv this time on S&S – I’m EK.

When I first heard the song Luka back in 1987, immediately thought of my friend Terri, the stories that were starting to come out of her about her terrible childhood.

Vox in at :25

Terri was the one who escaped – the one who got away. She went to college, she studied art and literature….I met her when we were both working in publishing. At first, like Luka, she didn’t want to talk about her family – the brothers now in and out of jail, or working in factories...

TW: there usually is someone you’ve left behind. Mother and brothers in a violent home, probably why I stayed as long as I did…for years, I felt terribly guilty about that act of leaving.

Today, TW is a noted editor and writer of books that celebrate the power of myth, the power of fairy tale, the power of healing and redemption through art and beauty and community.

Stories had helped me so much as a child: fairy tales, fantasy tales about struggle between good and evil… I needed to turn around and write those kind of tales for the children who came after me.

*** SUZANNE VEGA: TK. 2 LUKA

1:50 Yes I think I’m okay
I walked into the door again
If you ask that’s what I’ll say
And it’s not your business anyway
I guess I’d like to be alone
With nothing broken, nothing thrown
Just don’t ask me how I am (x3) 2:22

TW: *I personally can’t run into every household where a child is at risk and take them out of there, much as I want to. But what I can do is tell stories that show how one survives.

TW: Going from a traumatic past…when you go past that into survival, into the happily ever after part, it’s like going to a foreign country. I think that one reason I found reading a lot of books about Holocaust survivors, about survivors of other great global tragedies like Hiroshima. I needed to know the stories of people who had made this crossing from world of trauma into safer
world. Something I try to do in my books as well, so that people who come after me...will have tales of that journey to guide them on their way.

What I experienced as a kid in a violent and ugly situation was daily acts of destruction and so it’s important for me to counter that with daily acts of creation – not only large acts: creating a book, a painting, but the small acts: creating family, a garden, of enjoying the beauty of the world after coming out of so much ugliness.

** I think one of the Problems of coming out of trauma is: one of the ways you get through it is by cutting off your emotions, making yourself numb. It’s really important to open yourself up again, means opening yourself up to pain as well as to joy. Which is why a lot of people never do it. They’re the people I think of who haven’t survived survival. But opening yourself up to riches of the world again is so important, and music is one way of doing that. Anything that opens you up again is a healing thing. “

IM Ek..this time...

Faith is a powerful force in survival, and in healing from the pains of survival. “Cause me to hear thy lovingkindness in the morning; for in thee do I trust: cause me to know the way wherein I should walk; for I lift up my soul unto thee.” (Ps. 143 v.8).... For hundreds of years, people have drawn strength from that psalm and others like it. A Buddhist nun who survived the Khmer Rouge regime prays for the spirits of her murdered family. At the height of the slaughter she told her mocking captors, “Buddhism has ended for bad people, but it is still alive in good people.” (SOUL SURVIVORS Carol Wagner p. 130)

*** SWEET HONEY: 25 TK. 13 (tt. 2:35)
“If we want hope to survive in this world today/then everyday we’ve got to pray on/work on/teach on/fight on/sing on...”

------------------------------------------
Another way to survive survival is by accepting that even survival is only temporary: realizing that death is a part of nature. Buddhists meditate on the nature of impermanence; Tibetan Buddhists in particular may meditate in graveyards, or around the dead. After his mother died, Loudon Wainwright III found himself doing the same thing . . . .

** Loudon Wainwright III LAST MAN ON EARTH TK. 10 Graveyard (TT 2:10)

Graveyard - Loudon Wainwright III, from his album, LAST MAN ON EARTH.
They say: When a child survives a parent, the child weeps – but when a parent survives a child, it is tragedy, and the whole world weeps.

Nan Watkins lost her son Peter in 1989, when he was 22. She tells of her grief and her repair in her book, EAST TOWARD DAWN.

[NAN ON TAPE?]

"After Peter was gone, [she says.] I realized I had been privileged to see the full arc of his life, from birth to death. Normally a mother does not see the end of her child's life. The child's arc is left open, unfinished, a question, when she dies.... Yet I had glimpsed the full arc of my son's life and felt comfort in that. Burying this ashes was a ritual not unlike the evening rite of tucking him in bed as a child, only this time, it was for eternity...." (p. 130-131)

** Cindy Bullens – TK. 9 to 1:45? 

Singer Cindy Bullens made the album SOMEWHERE BETWEEN HEAVEN AND EARTH for her 11-yr-old daughter Jessie, who died of cancer.

Like many survivors, parents who lose children struggle with the sense that they shouldn’t be here at all [that to go back to any kind of normal life is a betrayal of a child who has died].

[One father wrote movingly online, 10 days after his boy’s death, “I feel so guilty doing normal everyday things. Shouldn’t I be sitting all day and crying for Yossi to come back to us? ... I go through life in a daze, I noticed that I don't walk anymore, I shuffle  like an old man.”](http://www.geocities.com/Heartland/9071/yossichaimNIFTER.html)

“I had to concentrate on the basics of getting out of bed in the morning,” NW writes, “and putting one foot in front of the other to move forward.” (132) What she calls her “small epiphany” came one bright summer’s morning when all the beauty of the earth “joined to rekindle a spark at the core of [her] being. . . . I knew,” she writes, “I had to regain my balance and make the most of the time I had yet to live. This seems to have been the turning point, the moment when I was able to begin discarding the extreme sorrow of loss the anger, the disbelief, the hopelessness, and start rebuilding my life.” (133)

** INDIRA SHRESTHA (cassette) start instr.

> How have I lived this life without you?
> The further I go the deeper it gets.

** vox starts & ducks
This singer from Nepal lost her husband when both were very young. She has dedicated her life to perpetuating the music and unique spirit of her people... and has written this song for him....  *[SHORT BUMP!]*

** play out some & fade

In the 1980’s, a health crisis in America produced a new generation of survivors. Like the young men who returned from the trenches of World War I with more than half the friends they’d grown up with dead in the European mud, so AIDS was suddenly taking out huge chunks of a corner of the population. In New York City, we went to funeral after funeral ... People I’d gone to high school with were never going to grow old!

---------------

My friend Max lost count of the number of friends he’d buried. But Max wasn’t dying, he wasn’t even sick. What could he do - for them, for the lost ones he’d survived? Year after year he wondered.

In 1997, he took his flabby old middle-aged body out to the park and got on a bicycle. For almost a year he trained, until this man, more used to gracing an opera seat than a cross-country racer, was fit to ride. And he did it – 350 miles in 4 days. Sure, he raised money for AIDS research– but that wasn’t it. He offered up his survival to a physical task that asked everything he had in him . . . and he gave it gladly. And so does my friend Peg, who strides along each year in the Breast Cancer Walk in memory of her sister, and all the others who march and ride because they have survived.

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You don’t have to have been at the heart of the AIDS epidemic to know what it is to lose someone you love to an illness that cannot be stopped . . .
*** BOB FRANKE: PREDICTIONS TK. 3 (tt. 4:37) on “In This Night”
(“One day soon you’ll get a phone call/from a childhood special friend/reminder of a love that never ends... every now and then you’ll call them... You’ll catch a plane and run to catch them as they fall/ Every meeting will be precious/ until your own life calls you on... Then you’ll get another phone call/then you’ll catch another flight/just to tell your special friend/a last good night...In a room so strangely empty/ you will look for something bright Just a thing to cling to in the night...Death is part of being human/ loving humans has a cost/ nothing that we do for love is ever lost/this is how our lives are ordered / these are strange but simple facts / Love itself cannot protect us/ til it acts. (4:16)
Love itself can’t kill a virus/ Heed your heart but use your mind/or one day soon you’ll get a phone call...”

Bob Franke wrote “Predictions” – a song that so perfectly expresses the pain of losing someone you love. What do you do with that pain of survival? How do you reconcile it with a future that includes you being alive, maybe even being happy, when your friend is not?

Franke wrote another song – “Thanksgiving Eve” – that in some ways answers that question:

** BOB FRANKE: TK. 4 “Thanksgiving Eve” (to first chorus?)

“...What’s life if not doing things for other people?” The words of Martin Gray, a Polish-born survivor of the Warsaw Ghetto, of Treblinka concentration camp... he was barely 20 when the war ended. Martin Gray made a new life in America. At the age of 35 he met the love of his life. “Before Dina,” he wrote, “I’d been a loner. I lived through a time when to misread a face / meant death.” (p.325) But now the couple shared everything, including the birth of 4 children. “I wanted those children,” Martin Gray wrote – they would be revenge for his father, his mother, his brothers all killed by the Nazis. (327) Martin Gray was a survivor who’d found new reason to survive. Then, in the fall of 1970, his wife and all 4 children died in a freak fire.

“Why aren’t you dead, too, like them?” Gray imagined everyone saying; “Aren’t you ashamed of still being alive?” (p.4)

Gray says he did want to die – but instead he established a foundation in his wife’s name, dedicated to “the protection of human life” - and he finally decided to tell his whole story – in a book called FOR THOSE I LOVED. “I’m nothing,” he writes, “except what they made me, what they gave me; I exist only by what I’ve given them. ... What’s life if not doing things for other people?” (P.
351, FOR THOSE I LOVED, Martin Gray with Max Gallo, Little Brown, 1972) -----
-----------------

*** final chorus of Franke
On the morning of Sept. 11, 2001, we all became survivors.

The first response to the Sept. 11th attacks wasn’t really to make music. Many artists and musicians wrote about how meaningless their art and music suddenly seemed.

Slowly the music started to come back – music for the survivors, for all of us.

*** ZERO CHURCH TK. 13 “New York City” (3:19)

One Juilliard student took his violin down to the Armory to play for soldiers returning from digging at Ground Zero.

“Never have I played for a more grateful audience,” he wrote. “Somehow it didn’t matter that, by the end, my intonation was shot and I had no bow control. …The men would come up the stairs in full gear, remove their helmets, look at me, and smile.” [http://www.juilliard.edu/journal/harvey_1001.html](http://www.juilliard.edu/journal/harvey_1001.html)

** MORIMUR has come up under this – BUMP & duck for credits:

CREDITS

I’m EK; you’ve been listening to “Surviving Survival,” on S&S, featuring music of Maggie and Suzzy Roche from their album, Zero Church; from the J.S. Bach album MORIMUR, and more.

People have asked me about my own personal response to the events of Sept. 11th. The essay that I wrote that week is up on our website at [wgbh.org/pri/spirit](http://wgbh.org/pri/spirit) – just click on Programs for a link to that as well as a complete playlist of the music you heard in this hour, plus a bibliography and weblinks. Tapes of this program are not available, but you can purchase a written transcript at [wgbh.org/pri/spirit](http://wgbh.org/pri/spirit) – write to us for more information there, or to S&S c/o WGBH radio, 125 w.av.boston, ma 02134.

Our very deep thanks this week go to Nan Watkins, Chat pierSaht, Joe Haldeman, and Richard Mollica of the Harvard Program in Refugee Trauma. Thanks also to In-dir'-a Shres'-ta, Ray'-noo-ka Goo'-roong and Ruby Ban'-er-jee; to Tina Pelikan, Bill Larsen, Kris McDermott & Ari Berk, Deborah Manning, Nick Azzaretti, Kimber Smith, Jeff Nelson, and the Angkor Dance Troupe of Lowell, MA

We had technical help from Wayne Kirby and Bruce Frazier & AlexKosorich from KUAT in Tuscon.

Our engineers were Alan Mattes and Jane Pipik.
S&S is produced by Gary Mott, with the help of Joellen Easton. The coexec prod JS & HB.

I’m EK.

Credits for Surviving Survival Special for PRI 5/20/02

TOP:
From PRI, Public Radio International, and WGBH Radio Boston, this is Sound & Spirit with Ellen Kushner.

Tail:
Excerpts from Primo Levi’s book THE REAWAKENING, were read by permission of The Bodley Head. The Reawakening was published by Touchstone Books.

Excerpts from FOR THOSE I LOVED, by Martin Gray, with Max Gallo, read by permission of Editions Robert Laffont. For Those I loved was published by Little, Brown and Company in 1971.

Thanks also to International Creative Management for permission to read excerpts from Rick Bragg's book ALL OVER BUT THE SHOUTIN’, published by Pantheon Books in 1997.

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Credits for Surviving Survival FOR REGULAR AIRING

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