



Rockland Buzz

Independent Minds in Community

Issue 205, February 26, 2021, Rockland, Maine



The Old School
Fellowship Education



February 28th 5-6 pm: Strand on the Air gives the internet the business

Quit doomscrolling and start laughing – with the Strand On The Air’s “Don’t Let The Internet Get You Down!” Edition, broadcasting over WRFR on Sunday February 28th at 5 PM! Join your house manager Liz McLeod, musical director Brittany Parker, announcer Dan Bookham, those ever-popular bytes of fun the Strand Family Players, and our special musical guests Freya, for a full hour of laughs and tunes! You’ll hear a special “All Things Rescinded” examination of the Internet’s impact on a pandemic-weary public, featuring an exclusive first-time-ever interview with the actual Internet itself! And down in Abysmal Point, listen in as Mrs. Grunden and Lilita intervene to convince Gertie Crummett not to believe everything she sees on You Tube!

Guest stars Freya are vocalist Gretchen Haggard and guitarist Catherine Smith, both of whom followed a childhood fascination with music into adulthood, along a path that eventually led them to the Midcoast Music Academy, where they first worked together in MCMA’s adult band “Better Late.” They began working as a duo in 2020, entertaining at outdoor venues around the area and branch now into the broadcast medium with their Strand On The Air performance. They can’t wait for the warmer weather so they can again bring their upbeat melodies to outdoor audiences!

The Strand On The Air, presented by the Strand Theatre in Rockland, Maine is written and directed by Liz McLeod.

Check it out on WRFR: 93.3 fm in Rockland, 99.3 fm in Camden, and streaming worldwide at wrfrr.org

Downtown Traffic Pattern

Tune in to WRFR, or watch on MCTV, this **Wednesday, 5 to 6 pm**, for the Rockland Metro Show and a discussion with members of the new Downtown Traffic Pattern Committee and others interested in helping Main Street businesses next summer with a practical plan for improved traffic flow and space for outdoor dining.

You are invited to Zoom in and **join us on air for the conversation:**

Meeting ID: 587 980 7193
Passcode: eT60TP



Down Main Street with Phil Groce 360 Degree Vision

Having immigrant parents and coming from a long line of ancestors who made their living as craftsmen, Joseph Corrado, after an unilluminating high school career, chose to enroll at the Fashion Institute of Technology in Manhattan. After 3 years and a degree in Menswear Design and Marketing, he spent the next 20 in Manhattan mostly designing leather outerwear and accessories for men. That vocation took him all over the world sourcing and developing design and overseeing manufacturing, including an entire year in Chennai, India. “Parts of that experience still haunt my dreams,” Joe says, “Overall, it changed me for the better.”

Did your Indian experience have any relationship to your leaving fashion? “I felt that fashion was too disposable and I wanted to do something to leave a longer lasting legacy. At that point, graphic design made more sense to me. I started creating advertising for some local businesses, including for my cousin who owned a restaurant. One day I mentioned to him that he needed better images of his food for the ads. His immediate response was, ‘Okay, what are you waiting for? Take them!’ That was the beginning for me in professional photography, and I went headlong into food photography.

“You wouldn’t think it, but food photography is the most difficult kind of photography. You need to develop a particular eye. I had no understanding of that. It happened that I had friends in the food photography business in New York and in Hoboken, where I lived. They were kind enough to help me learn. It turned out to be an ongoing master class in light and composition.

“Food photography requires shooting at correct angles from the observer’s viewpoint, called Hero angles in the profession. With proper composition, it creates a chemical reaction in the viewer and hunger follows. That’s the goal. If I accomplish that, then my client is happy!

“I expanded into photographing restaurants, then to hospitality, architecture and real estate. The creativity of it all drove me forward. I am inspired by the Masters like Ansel Adams. Incidentally, he and I share a birthday. I like to look at my photography in similar fashion as Michelangelo when he said that the block of stone contains the statue, and all you have to do is bring it out. I want to bring out the natural beauty of my subject.” A big jump from clothing design?

“Not so much. I use the same creative vision that runs through all the work I do. How I present the plate, a house, or an inn, uses the same focus, but only after understanding my client’s vision. After that, I can put my creative stamp on it and hopefully bring out something in addition to what the client realized.”

“For real estate, I have to put myself into the eyes of the buyer. For instance, shooting a room, I want it uncluttered. A person has to imagine putting his or her stuff in the space. Everybody has stuff. When I look at a house I visualize where I’d place a Christmas tree. That’s how I start. I celebrate that space in my head, and then the rest of the house is easy.”

I met you at the office of Rockland Main Street, and you were about to give a presentation to David Gogel, the Executive Director. We just happened to meet, and you showed me a video. “That’s augmented reality. I am on the board of Rockland Main Street and the chair of the Promotions Committee. We are planning projects to help businesses in Rockland, mostly prompted by Covid.”

There are aerial photos of real estate on your site. “I use a couple of drones that are different in that their cameras are extended off the nose. This gives them a 180-degree field of vision, and I can create aerial spherical 360-degree video with it. With a phone or VR goggles, prospective buyers can see from the air the entire neighborhood surrounding the property and how far it actually is, say, to the ocean, or downtown. It gives them a sense of place that they cannot get otherwise. I am able to shoot commercially only with a FAA certification. I have to take 2-hour exam every 3 years to renew it.

Where is your home? “I live in the south end [of Rockland], happily, with my dog, Lucy. I came to Maine in 2005 on vacation, then returned in 2007 to stay, first in Lincolnville then in 2016 to Rockland. I wanted a Maine cell number, and I went to the cell store in Belfast. They offered me a number and the last 4 digits are 0000. My friends at home asked me if I was the first person to get a cell phone in Maine? I always laugh. It figures they would think that.

“Gordon Page, the previous ED of Rockland Main Street, became a friend, and when I moved here, he showed me around. Through him I met people in Rockland. They were welcoming and helpful. I found that they were interested in my work. I’m thankful for all the business they’ve giving me. Lincolnville was nice country, but a little more city was what I needed, and this suits me fine.”

Somewhere along the line you have developed the courage to continually change courses within your art and expand your vision of service. “My father was dedicated to his work in the insurance business, but he was equally dedicated to his community. Both of my parents were always there to help me. It is helpful that I am able to recognize possibilities in life. So many projects have come my way through being an active part of my community.

“It has taken a while to get from fashion design to photography but I was given a good foundation. I don’t know where it all ends, but the journey has been amazing. I still think of India everyday.” jcorrado.net.



Say you're sorry!

by Glen Birbeck

I want to start off this week by apologizing for my race, which is insensitive to the point of dividing humanity into two groups, white and non white. This would be bad enough if there were a "white" race. When you're reducing complexity to a binary you tend to make things one or the other, up or down, one or zero, black or white. In this case, "us and them". Now that I have that apology out of the way I can apologize for being "white" and the privilege it brings. This privilege isn't what it used to be. In the bad old days we had our own drinking fountains. We could enter a building via the front door. The "colored," a polite way of saying, non-white, had to use the "colored" entrance around back. That might be where they could get a drink of water from the colored water fountain on a hot day. The "colored" sat in the back of the bus and in a theater's peanut gallery. The euphemism "colored" was itself an apology before white privilege was even heard of. The liberal, humanist, white person, was offering an apology on behalf of the colored person. Something like, "I'm sorry you were born colored, bad luck, not your fault". This helped assuage the white person's feeling of guilt. It also preserved the colored person's dignity in that they didn't need to apologize for their non whiteness directly. Very few white persons felt guilty about their privilege back then. When those few felt growing remorse they'd send a check off to the United Negro College fund, or the NAACP or give a bigger tip to the doorman at the Ritz. If the privileged white person were also a socialist, stirring dissent among the "darkies," their check was sent to the W.E.B. DuBois Society, a radical organization according to J. Edgar Hoover, himself a minority group member. The closeted cross dressing head of the FBI didn't feel guilty about white privilege. No, as he straightened the seam in his stockings and powdered the stubble on his chin he thought about commie labor organizers and racial agitators. White privilege, if the concept had existed, would have been an aspect of reality, like gravity or blue sky. Back then, in the depression, even white privilege couldn't guarantee a job!, and seamless nylons hadn't been invented. I'm running out of space and I've only produced two apologies. Implicit in apologizing for the binary invention "white/colored" is a need to apologize to each and every racial group and subgroup referenced by the now discounted term, "colored". Asians are non-white of course but not colored, which in the late 60's became, "Black". White is a lack of color. Asians were once called, "the yellow races" that had to change when we allied with the Chinese to fight the Japanese in the 1930's. But the list of needed apologies grows when it's realized how many different Asian racial groups there are. Thousands probably. Just offering one blanket apology to all Asians, or worse, to all non-whites, would appear the callous, unthinking, "Tone Deaf" (not just a musical term anymore) gesture it surely would be. So like the old school hand written thank you notes kids were required to produce after an especially lucrative Christmas morning, we'll need to be thorough. It's still the white man's burden, but now it's sending boatloads of apologies instead of taking boatloads of gold and diamonds. At the rate of one apology a day we can clear the backlog in just a couple of years. If one of the finest

families in Virginia can accept Sally Hemming's descendants the rest of us can say how sorry we are. And now, in this enlightened age, Sally's great great grandkids use the front door! indeed!, "The wind done gone."



Last March I ordered all manner of masks, face shields, protective glasses and latex gloves. When I "armored-up" to go out to forage for food, all that protective gear was quite inhibiting. The protective glasses and face shield fogged up so much I couldn't safely navigate a trial run in the house, never mind a grocery store. All the gear made me look like I was posing as a health care worker. I might as well have donned a HAZMAT suit, too. So, I reverted to Plan B: Wear a mask, keep more than 6' distance, get in and out of the store quickly and wash hands frequently. Plan B has been my mode ever since. Except now I wear two masks. It's hard to breathe but beats quarantine, hospitalization, oxygen, ventilators and dying. CDC guidelines are recommended for many months to come – likely into 2022. It's a wait-and-see if the Three V's: virulent virus variants can be walled off with vaccines.

I think I'm the happiest I've been since sheltering in place since last March 2020.

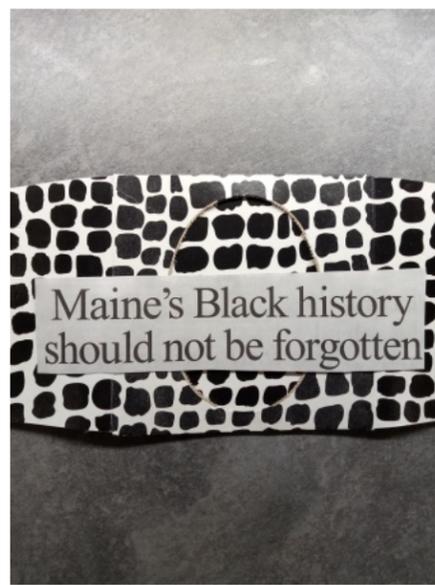
I received my second Pfizer vaccine and feel elated. I've had no side effects whatsoever. Hubby has had arm pain, headaches and fatigue from second Moderna. Tylenol has helped. By day three the side effects have resolved.

Sunday's bright crisp day has brought out Trekkers, sliders and dog lovers in Snow Marine Park. All manner of strollers walk the Harbor Trail with most masked-up. Our snowy yard reveals prints from squirrels, birds and something bigger.

500,000 Americans have now died from the coronavirus. I think out of fear most Americans are unable to grasp the enormity of fellow Americans' deaths. I know I have difficulty absorbing this information. Not stats – they were children, parents, spouses, relatives, friends, co-workers, and complete strangers. Flags will be at half-mast for the next five days. What do we do after that to remember?

I finally decided to get a Rolser shopping cart to make transferring groceries from the car into the house to save multiple trips schlepping bags from the car, to the porch, to the entryway to the kitchen. The cart holds so much that only two trips are needed to bring in a big load of groceries. It is constructed to easily go up stair flights. What a relief.

In picking up a prescription at Hannaford, I noticed that in recognition of Black History Month, the pharmacy displayed the photo and history of one of America's first female African-American pharmacists. Anna Louise James, born in 1886, was the daughter of a Virginia plantation enslaved father who escaped to Connecticut. She was the first African-American woman to graduate from Brooklyn College of Pharmacy. She ran her brother-in-law's Old Saybrook, Connecticut pharmacy during his WWI service and thereafter for 50 years until her retirement in 1967.



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Get The Buzz at these Rockand locations: Good Tern Co-op • Dunkin' Donuts • Jensen's Pharmacy • Rock City Cafe • Southend Grocery

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