

with something rather special. Usually folded neatly, and a little care-worn, the life map is hard to anticipate as it may be stored anywhere. Sometimes for example, this priceless document is concealed in a locked vessel, and we happen upon it together. Despite the weariness of time, hearing of the travels people have taken continues to delight. For map bearers, the quality of the journey may be most important, or the destination with promise of hidden treasure. I used to presume a solution would inevitably be sought; I have since learned an appreciative audience can be all that is desired. If invited, I may assist to orientate relative to the coordinates of the map, or give opinion on a particular route according to the hopes and fears of the traveller.

The role of general solutionist does not accommodate complete mastery; it is a craft fusing science and artistry, with endless opportunities for new skills and experience. The ill-defined borders, and borrowing from disciplines has called into question our worth. Outsiders of authority have examined the Profession with their measuring tools, and believe the component parts can be managed by others with different skills. We are not adverse to new ideas, and would not call ourselves general solutionists if adaptation and innovation were not part of our repertoire. We wait with rueful interest the outcome. In the meantime, I am proud to say I work in the space between things, wherein lies the immeasurable and misunderstood.

**Adrian Lamb**

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## RECIPE FOR MADNESS

*Inherit a base of genetic tendency  
Dust with ill-informed hedonism  
Add a veneer of invincibility  
Whip into a frenzy*

*Reduce to a gibbering wreck  
Drop into a sea of uncertainty  
Stew with a fog of insomnia  
Breathe in broken dreams*

*Embellish with whispered insecurities  
Abandon all hope  
Ignore past achievements  
Drizzle a broken heart over it all*

*Serve bitter and lonely  
Unkempt in torn clothes  
In an atmosphere of mistrust  
With a draught of ice-cold fear*

**Samir Dawlatly**

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**Loch Eport** is a magnificent sea loch on the east side of North Uist, 57° 33'N 07° 10'W, where Back Pages columnists retire to contemplate at midsummer. The hill to the south is Heaval, the highest point on the island, nomenclature routinely Viking. For one member of the crew the name of the loch kept morphing into Eportfolio, for which some members of RCGP UK Council bear a direct responsibility and they should be ashamed. Note exquisite pink wildflowers in the foreground, on the salty foreshore. What are they? Where is Richard Lehman when you need him? As we left at 0520 on a June morning, through the narrow but deep entrance channel, two eagles soared above us. It really doesn't get any better!

**Alec Logan**

