

“A body in motion must remain in motion,” said Albert. He stood before the mirror in the public restroom, slicked back his wild, gray hair with one hand, and planted his black, wide-brimmed hat firmly over it with the other. He managed to hide the bulk of his hair except where it stuck out in the back. He muttered softly to himself, “Now Einstein is in motion and through the confines of time.”

Albert Einstein was dead, his ashes scattered to the wind more than nine long years ago in the spring of 1955. His death had been a simple affair. Natural. No pomp and hardly any ceremony. No grand memorial of steel or stone. It had all happened exactly as he had wanted, and for that, he was pleased.

Albert now stepped back from the mirror, reached for the oversized sunglasses in his coat pocket, and put them on. His heart was racing, and he was hardly able to contain a thin smile as he gleefully thought, *Today, I am a schoolboy again!*

Satisfied with his appearance, Albert picked up his camera and left the restroom. His eyes quickly adjusted to the sunglass-dimmed morning sun as he stood for a moment within the ebb and flow of people walking along the Grand Pavilion, the avenue in the vast complex of buildings and wonders of the 1964 World’s Fair in Queens, New York. Men as old or older than he walked by as if he were not there at all. Mothers pushing strollers meandered around him. Albert resisted the urge to speak to some passersby, especially one distinguished-looking gentleman locked arm in arm with an attractive woman. He instead turned and walked behind a group of singing school children.

Up ahead, the crowds streamed toward the giant steel globe of the Earth, the Unisphere. This was the Fair’s center of gravity, the exact spot to which the great masses of people were drawn. Excitement rose as he walked. Laughter. Everywhere laughter. The sound of birds emanated from the row of young trees that lined the Pavilion to his left. Behind him, there came the joyous sound of violins. Vivaldi’s Spring. The tempo of the music quickened and broadened his steps.

Within full view of the Unisphere and the falling mist of the fountains surrounding it, Albert now stood. He removed his sunglasses and turned in a slow, full circle as the crowd flowed past. He looked into their faces, so many joyful faces, different faces, the young, the old, men, women, the river of children, so many children, and so many colors. There was no fear, no anger, no hatred. Not one person in fear of another. Not one in shadow or disguise. Not one.

*Except me!* He flinched and quickly put the sunglasses back on.

Albert needed a moment to find his bearings. He spied an open souvenir shop manned by a friendly looking, bald vendor standing bullishly behind a rack of newspapers and sundries.

He walked over and picked up The New York Times. “May 27, 1964,” he muttered.

Albert lowered the newspaper and removed the sunglasses again. He looked up at the blue sky and again down at the paper.

*I left in 1943. 1943. It’s been twenty-one short years since the War. How can this be? These people, they are not the same. They are so different from people I know.*

“I am a stranger in a strange land,” he whispered.

Still, there was the music and the flow of people, which caught him again, carrying him on toward the Fair’s majestic center.

He stopped in the shadow of the enormous metallic structure of the Unisphere, dumbstruck by the gray metal bands of various thicknesses creating latitude and longitude to

support gun gray depictions of the earth's land masses. "Albert," he said, "behold the planet. The future!"

As he stood before the massive steel symbol of Planet Earth, he knew that the minuteness and awe he felt at that moment was something he could never aptly describe to anyone. It was as if the separate gravity that had pulled his heart ever downward over the course of his sixty-four years had suddenly been replaced by an elation, a pure and true joy that he could only imagine was the feeling a child had when discovering something completely new and wonderful about the world.

*Was it over? Was his deeply intense and tearing search for truth and meaning over? This question stood with him alongside the Unisphere. Was it in front of me all that time? How could I have not seen it? The future of humanity is to know joy, peace, and prosperity. That is the truth I longed for. We will not destroy ourselves in a shower of atomic weapons or anything else for that matter. It is simply written on the faces of these children in a language more powerful than science.*

He removed his camera from his coat pocket and prepared to take a picture of the Unisphere, carefully folding out the accordion lens to capture the moment. This was a moment he must take back through time with him to 1943 to carry him through the War, to work harder, to become a greater part of the past that would bring all of this into fruition.

He brought the camera to his eye and pointed it upward. The image of the Unisphere was there; the detail of the steel plates and girders came into focus. But there was something not right with the image or, perhaps, the lenses. Puzzled, he lowered the camera.

"Is that an old Welta Folder?"

Startled, Albert turned to see a well-groomed, middle-aged man in a business suit, pointing to the camera in his hands.

"My grandfather had one of those in Germany," the man said. "May I?" Albert hesitated only for a second. "Of course." He handed it to the man. "It is a work of mechanical art, no?"

The man began to thoroughly examine it, awe etched on his face. When he looked up, his expression turned serious. "You wouldn't be interested in selling this gem, would you? I work with Eastman Kodak. We've got an exhibit right down there."

"Thank you for your interest, young man, but I am afraid this camera is not for sale. I'm rather attached to it."

"I see, I see," the man said. "Well, would you mind if I took your picture in front of the Unisphere here? I'd love to try it out. These old timers fascinate me."

"Of course, you may, young man!"

"Great, stand right there." The man took a step back and looked down into the viewfinder. The viewing window sat atop a bulky square housing that allowed the lens to accordion outward. The man obviously knew the camera, fine-tuning the focus with a minute turn of the lens.

Albert adjusted his hat and coat and stood ready.

The man clicked the shutter. "There." He handed the camera back to Albert, a look of longing on his face. "Damn shame. That's a great camera.

Be sure to visit us at the Eastman Kodak Exhibit. Right across from Pepsi-Cola—you can't miss us."

Albert looked where the man was pointing and nodded.

“The world’s in color now,” the man said, walking away. “Kodachrome is the future. No more black and white. We’ve entered a golden age—a golden age, my friend. We are all going to a very wonderful place, and it’s going to be in color!”

Albert’s eyes suddenly widened. He turned back to stare up at the colorless globe. *Colorless! If this Unisphere is the symbol of Earth, the future, then where are the colors? Even from space, one would see the blue of the seas, the greens and browns that are the continents.*

He removed his sunglasses again.

*For all our glory and peace and technological wonders that are the future, he thought, would we forget nature herself?*