

**SARA BALDWIN:** Five states, three countries, 12 schools. In the 1970s, from ages 5 to 11, Peter Andreas followed his mother, a Mennonite turned Marxist, from the American suburbs to the slums of South America, where they ran from revolution to revolution. Told against a unique geopolitical backdrop, Andreas' riveting personal narrative shows just how personal politics can be.

From Brown University's Watson Institute for International and Public Affairs, this is *Trending Globally*. I'm Sara Baldwin. Today we're joined by political scientist Peter Andreas, an expert on illicit trade, immigration, drug control, and border policing. Prior to coming to Brown University, he was an Academy Scholar at Harvard University and a research fellow at the Brookings Institution. Thanks for being here, Peter.

**PETER ANDREAS:** Thanks for having me.

**SARA BALDWIN:** Peter, you're going to read us an excerpt from your latest book, *Rebel Mother, My Childhood Chasing the Revolution*. But before you do, could you just briefly set up the anecdote that you're about to read?

**PETER ANDREAS:** Yes, this story in the book is perhaps the most personally torturous moment, where I basically have to collude in my mother kidnapping me from my father, so that she can take me back with her to South America, because he had won custody, a long arduous custody battle over me, which she lost, but then she took things into her own hands.

The warrant for my mother's arrest was issued by the sheriff's department a few hours after my teachers at Meadowbrook Elementary School reported me missing from the playground. The official charge was enticing away child under 14 years of age. An all points bulletin with our descriptions was sent out by the police, so authorities at airports, train stations, and bus stations.

But it was too late. We'd already crossed the border. I know exactly what I was wearing that day, because it was recorded in the sheriff's incident report-- Peter was last dressed in brown cowboy boots, blue jeans, a beige turtle neck shirt, gray sweater, and a white stripe on midriff, and a green ski coat with a fur trimmed hood. These were the only clothes I would wear until we reached Peru a few weeks later. My father contacted the FBI and the State Department, but they told him that no extradition would be granted from Peru.

I had finally agreed, however reluctantly, to collude in my own kidnapping, which took place at noon on Wednesday, December 10th, 1975. When I sneaked out of the schoolyard, during the lunch recess, my mother was waiting for me outside the playground in a red VW Beetle, the engine running. She had disguised herself in oversized dark glasses and a thick black wig. I would not have recognized her if she had not waved to me from the driver's seat. I walked quickly toward the car and got in. We sped off.

Despite the cold, my mother's forehead was sweaty, and she looked pale against the heavy winter coat she'd wrapped around her slender frame. The faint odor of sweat was familiar, comforting. She'd never worn deodorant, preferring her own human smell to flowery chemicals. Everything go OK? My mother squeezed my hand as we turned the corner. No one suspects anything? I shook my head and squeezed her hand back. I didn't say anything, fearing my words would betray my ambivalence. We drove in silence.

As we approached the Detroit Windsor Tunnel, runs under the Detroit River and links the United States to Canada, tears started rolling down my cheeks. My mother pulled over to the side of the road-- do you want to go back, we're almost at the border. She was trying hard to seem calm, but I heard the wobble in her voice. No, I replied, wiping away my tears and my coat sleeve. I wanted to be in the car with my mother right then, but I also wanted to still be running around at the playground back at school.

I did not look at my mother, fearing she would see the indecision in my eyes. She did not press me. She maybe realized she'd get a different answer if she asked again. I changed the subject, teasing her-- you look really goofy with that big puffy wig and those ugly glasses. I had never seen my mother in glasses, and the wig made her head seem huge. She laughed and started the car again. Yeah, you're right, I'll take this thing off as soon as we're crossed into Canada. We made it to Toronto by evening, and checked into a downtown hotel.

Early the next day, my mother and I flew to El Paso, our gateway to Latin America. Raul, my mother's Peruvian husband, was waiting for us at the airport, waving his arms over his head as we stepped off the plane. He blended right into this gritty southwest border city where Spanish seemed to be as common as English. Raul greeted us with his signature backslapping hugs. We're all together again. I hugged rollback stiffly. My mother gave him a kiss and squeezed both of his hands. We made it.

We made it to Lima by Christmas, some two weeks after we fled Michigan. I was back in Peru,

but in my mind, I was still straddling two worlds. I imagined the little red and white checkered birdhouse ornament I had made just a month earlier in the fourth grade at class, hanging on a Christmas tree in my father's living room. The brightly decorated tree would have many carefully wrapped presents underneath it, spread neatly on the tightly woven gray wool carpet. But none would bear my name. My wool stocking, if it hung above the fireplace, would be empty, and our color TV would be turned on to my father's ABC Evening News.

We spent that Christmas dancing and lighting fireworks with Raul's family, his mother Berta, his sister, Victoria, and his three brothers, Lutro, Carlos, and Juan, at their small home on the outer edge of Via, El Salvador, a sprawling shantytown of several hundred thousand inhabitants on the southern outskirts of Lima. My mother and I were warmly welcomed. Their home had no Christmas decorations or trees with presents underneath, but this did not dampen the family's festive mood, lubricated by beer and aguardiente.

A few years earlier, Via, El Salvador had been nothing more than an empty desert, when squatters from Lima's overcrowded slums organized a nighttime takeover in bold defiance of the government. When the police came to try to evict them and tear down their makeshift shacks, the squatters refused to move. Wishing to avoid a potentially bloody confrontation, the government eventually relented and the trickle of new squatters turned into a flood, as thousands of people rushed to stake out plots of land. Though the sandy, harsh terrain was not exactly welcoming, squatters were attracted to the prospect of open land not far from the capital.

Via, El Salvador had no electricity or running water. Tanker trucks came by once a week to fill up the two rusting 50-gallon metal barrels in front of Berta's straw mat shack. The toilet was a hole in the sand and a screened off area, with old newspapers for toilet paper and a can of lime powder to dissolve the shit. With no streetlights to illuminate the sand streets and keep the muggers at bay, it was dangerous to go out at night. We all slept together on straw filled mattresses and woke up with our legs covered in itchy flea bites.

I intensely missed my flea-free bed, Saturday morning cartoons, and Frosted Flakes, but I resisted saying that to my mother. And this time, unlike our first arrival in South America more than three years earlier, I knew what to expect and adapted without complaint.

**SARA BALDWIN:** That was Peter Andreas, reading from his latest book, *Rebel Mother*. Thank you, Peter. Peter, you and I are exactly the same age, give or take six months. So as I read your book, I couldn't

obviously help but compare our two very different childhoods, right? We both started out in sort of white, solidly middle class, suburban families, intact nuclear families. And then, while I was climbing trees and reading *Little House on the Prairie*, you were being dragged off to South America to live among socialists, and flying cockroaches, and wander the shantytowns alone.

And I wondered, I was thinking what's the most adventurous thing that I did or that happened to me. And it was probably like taking a nighttime bus from Pittsburgh to Chicago at the same time of our lives. So I wonder what did all that adventure, and all that danger, and all that risk, and edge, let's say, how did that affect you in your later life, in the years that maybe the rest of us rebel? Did you get it out of your system?

**PETER ANDREAS:** That's an interesting question. When you said the rest of us rebelled, in an ironic sense, my rebellion was to not be a rebel like my mother. So, I also rebelled, but it was ultimately to take a different path than her sort of high flying, politically rebellious one. I'm still trying to figure out how this whole experience shaped me. Part of writing the book was trying to figure that out. And I don't know if I'll ever totally have it solved. But it did help enormously.

As I explain in the book, the book was made possible when I discovered my mother's diaries that she had been accumulating for decades. When she suddenly died unexpectedly, I discovered her diaries and started reading back in time. And it helped me piece together my childhood story in a way that I'd never done before. It helped me fill in the blanks. It helped me-- it jarred my memory. And enabled me to write this book. For the first time, it made me actually realize that there may even be a connection between my particular childhood experiences and the kind of academic writing I do today, in terms of subjects, of borders, and border policing, and illicit trade, and clandestine crossings, and so on.

More broadly, though, it's hard to deny that an intensely political childhood had to have something to do with the fact that I ended up teaching politics, being a political science professor. Even though my politics are very different than my mother's, the very fact that I've made it my career, I don't think it's entirely coincidental that I had this intensely political childhood.

**SARA BALDWIN:** Let's talk about the writing a little bit. Did you read memoir, did anyone influence you?

**PETER ANDREAS:** I did. It was a steep learning curve. My standard reading before taking on this project was not reading memoirs. Though, I did actually sometimes read memoirs of key actors if I was trying

to reconstruct a historical event or time period. But that was very instrumental reading of memoirs. Now, I specifically was looking at childhood memoirs. And specifically looking at childhood memoirs by not famous people. I figured famous people already have it made. They write a memoir and people are going to be interested because they're famous. So my model was look at really high quality memoirs by people who are otherwise not necessarily famous. People are going to read their book because it's an interesting story.

So I read Tobias Wolff's, *This Boy's Life*. It was one of the first I read. It left a lasting impression. Janet Walls, *The Glass Castle*, perhaps my favorite memoir of all. I was thrilled that one of the early reviews of my book compared my book to her book, and said-- I'm paraphrasing-- so those who enjoyed *The Glass Castle* will find much of value here. Just those are music to my ears to hear that comparison. Because prior to this book, I never dabbled in the sort of writing. Maybe in a creative writing class in college or something like that, but I never really ventured out of my academic comfort zone, so to speak.

**SARA BALDWIN:** Speaking of comfort zones, or discomfort zones, in the creative nonfiction writing world, some of us, when we try to explain what it is we do, we say, well, we write about our fathers and cry, which pretty much sums it up for a lot of us. But I was interested to hear you say that a lot of the early drafts were very safe and only descriptive. And it's at the urging of some of your early readers that you went back and injected some of-- a lot more subjectivity, and emotion, and dialogue. And I feel like there's a lot of emotional honesty in this book, but it still seems like there's a lot of control. It's not dispassionate, but it's very controlled. And I wonder if during the writing of the book, were there moments that were overwhelmingly emotional for you?

**PETER ANDREAS:** I would say the moments that were overwhelmingly emotional were more of the roller coaster ride of reading my mother's diaries, which was a prerequisite to writing the book, because that served us so much of the raw material to actually even think I had a book there to put together. But when I actually got to the point of writing the chapters and telling the story, it was for the most part, just incredibly fun and enjoyable writing. It was kind of liberating, because not my standard fare of footnotes, and making an argument, and so on, or reviewing the relevant literature on a particular topic.

This was just sheer fun storytelling. Having said that, there were moments where-- there was, for example, a letter I wrote to my mother when I was a teenager, just about her.

**SARA BALDWIN:** That's an amazing letter.

**PETER ANDREAS:** I put in the book. But when I discovered that letter in her belongings, after she died, it brought tears to my eyes. But then going back and using it in the book, it hit me again. So it's almost like I don't even-- for readings of the book, I have to select things to read, like I just did now, I probably won't even choose that one, because it's just--

**SARA BALDWIN:** It's still too hard.

**PETER ANDREAS:** It's too risky, yeah.

**SARA BALDWIN:** Well, let's stay with the diaries for a second. Did you have any ethical qualms about using your mother's diaries? I think in her diary, doesn't she muse at one point about destroying them?

**PETER ANDREAS:** Yes.

**SARA BALDWIN:** But it would be such a shame.

**PETER ANDREAS:** No, it's an ethical qualm. She wrote in her diaries about her diaries. She, towards the end of her life, she would once in a while say, what the heck am I going to do with these diaries. And she couldn't bear destroying them, but she was very nervous about them just being out there and anybody have access to them. So she kind of-- she wrote a line in her diary which would say, I should just have a note on my diary saying, no one can read these, except for my children. And then she wrote a note to herself, but they wouldn't want to read them anyway.

And so that line, she got that wrong. I wanted to read them. My brothers actually didn't want to read them. But that line made me feel OK about reading them. Because she basically made it clear that she thought that if anybody should have access to her diaries, it would be her children. She just wrongly assumed that none of her children would actually want to read them. But I-- it's the first thing I started doing when I discovered the diaries, was start reading them.

In fact, next to her bed where she died was her diary. And the last line in her diary is I think I'm having a heart attack. So she was writing in her diary to literally the last moment of her life. And I basically, a way of catching up with her life, and saying goodbye, since it was all very sudden and unexpected, was to keep her alive in a sense through those diaries.

**SARA BALDWIN:** You know, just talking to you know, it occurs to me, just on the most basic level, she was leading a pretty peripatetic, chaotic life, and yet she, somehow, never lost track of decades worth of journals. Like when you were fleeing and running from Denver to--

**PETER ANDREAS:** She would send batches of them by mail to her relatives in the United States. So she would accumulate, accumulate, accumulate and then do a mailing--

**SARA BALDWIN:** That makes sense.

**PETER ANDREAS:** --for safekeeping. And so later, when we do, in fact, settle down in Denver for an extended period of time, she then gets her diaries back from her relatives. So, yeah, that's a good--

**SARA BALDWIN:** So she was very organized in her chaos.

**PETER ANDREAS:** It's a logistical challenge, right? You're living out of a duffel bag.

**SARA BALDWIN:** Yeah.

**PETER ANDREAS:** And you're running around, and you're accumulating all this stuff. No, you just mail it.

**SARA BALDWIN:** That's pretty--

**PETER ANDREAS:** Every once in a while, you just do a mailing. You know, she even had a little tiny, tiny, portable manual typewriter.

**SARA BALDWIN:** Oh.

**PETER ANDREAS:** Though her diary was almost exclusively handwritten. But the point is that she, herself, was doing writing. And it mattered to her to have that tiny typewriter along the way too.

**SARA BALDWIN:** Well didn't she lose an entire manuscript?

**PETER ANDREAS:** Yes, she was-- we were in Chile from October of 1972 until October of 1973. And she was there with me by her side to research and write a book on women in Chile, under the Allende socialist government. And there was a military coup on September 11th, 1973. And in the mad scramble to get rid of any evidence of radical politics, the family that she had entrusted her manuscript to while she was traveling burned it.

**SARA BALDWIN:** Wow, so that probably intensified her awareness of maybe the fragility or the risk of just sort of not taking care of her diaries. And she never wanted to lose anything.

**PETER ANDREAS:** Sure, and in that case, that was a good example of how smart it was that she had been mailing diaries back home.

**SARA BALDWIN:** You say that your brothers did not want to read the diaries, but for you they were kind of primary sources, right?

**PETER ANDREAS:** Right.

**SARA BALDWIN:** And I've also heard you say that you don't know how people write memoir without such primary sources. But memory is deeply subjective. And Tobias Wolff, since you brought him up, said, memory has its own story to tell.

**PETER ANDREAS:** Right.

**SARA BALDWIN:** And you don't have to tell your family story, you have to tell your story in your family. And I wonder, do your brothers-- how have your brothers reacted to the book?

**PETER ANDREAS:** It's not that they actively pushed the diaries away and said they didn't want to read them, it's just that they showed no interest in them, whereas I was intensely interested in them from the moment I found them.

**SARA BALDWIN:** Well, probably because you shared a very close relationship with your mother--

**PETER ANDREAS:** Yes, though--

**SARA BALDWIN:** That they didn't.

**PETER ANDREAS:** Yeah, we had a different reaction to the diaries and different life experiences. And I remember, I verbalized to them, I think I might do a book someday out of this. And one of my brothers turned to me and says, really? You think you might do that? And I said, yeah. But I put that aside for a while. I didn't turn to it until years later. But it quickly hit me when I discovered those diaries and started looking through them, that I now have the materials to actually write a full blown book.

**SARA BALDWIN:** Your parents fought over you pretty openly and acrimoniously. And each of them used you as his or her interlocutor in a way.

**PETER ANDREAS:** Right.

**SARA BALDWIN:** And also as a way of sending messages to the other, right? Your father wrote letters to you that kind of might have been addressed to your mother in a way. And in some ways they used you as a bargaining chip. And some people, today, might find that emotionally abusive. Do you

agree? Was it? Did you feel like it was? Or was it just bewildering?

**PETER ANDREAS:** Early on, age 5, it's purely bewildering. It's just disorienting. Don't really know what's going on. Can't quite figure out why these people can't get along. Why can't you live with both of them, what's the problem here. As I grew older, I became much more aware of what was involved and the substance of the disagreements and so on. And I was with my mother most of the time.

And for her, it wasn't-- this is where personal is political. To her, it would have been politically the wrong thing to do to let my father have me. So he was--

**SARA BALDWIN:** Can you explain that?

**PETER ANDREAS:** My father was a of very decent mainstream man from middle America, 1950s, the definition of conventional in many ways. A very decent fellow, simple needs, simple life ambitions. Have a family, provide for your family, save money, retire, send your kids to college, familiar, right? My mother wanted to make a revolution. And she thought that replicating, following in my father's footsteps, would just-- her children would become conformist and reformists, rather than radicals or revolutionaries.

And so we were part of her political cause and campaign. And she would have felt politically devastated if I had stayed with my father, or taken his side, or what not. And so, it was impossible to disentangle for her the personal and the political. And she, unlike most American families, she did not place value on the things that we typically prioritize-- stability, safety, routine, comfort, and so on. She actually prided herself in openness to risk, and chaos, and high uncertainty, with a kind of extraordinary faith that it'll all work out.

And it did work out. But I'll be the first to admit that things could have derailed dramatically along the way. And I feel lucky that it didn't. So this isn't exactly the parenting style that I'm following or would necessarily advise others.

**SARA BALDWIN:** But you understand.

**PETER ANDREAS:** But reflecting on my own experience, I have to acknowledge that there's no one right way of parenting. And that some things that look particularly extreme and maybe even abusive from today's perspective, back then, was less so. It was still extreme, but the times were very different. And the political context was one in which people felt very passionately about social-- coming social revolution. And she thought she was on the front lines and wanted her children

to be on the front lines with her.

**SARA BALDWIN:** Well, and she had three children, but you were the one they fought over.

**PETER ANDREAS:** Yeah, they fought over me because of the age difference. She had three boys. I can't imagine having three boys. They were 8 and 9 years older than me. And so by the time the divorce came, my older brothers were already young teenagers. And back then, they were rather advanced teenagers, so they were already highly independent and highly politicized, so very much took my mother's side.

And so for my father to even contemplate keeping them was a non-starter. It was an impossibility. Whereas I was only five. And I was kind of an open project. I would have been happy with my father. I would have been happy with my mother. It was fluid. Whereas my brothers had chosen sides, there's nothing my father could have done about that. And so, he held on to me as his kind of last hope for keeping his family together. But my mother was insistent that that would be personally and politically the wrong thing.

**SARA BALDWIN:** Your parents argued a lot in letters, in person, through you. And then your mother and her true love, Raul, argued a lot in front of you, as a young child, about politics, pretty intensely. How did you learn ways of being in a relationship that were not acrimonious and contentious?

**PETER ANDREAS:** No, my mother married a Peruvian half her age. And one thing they had in common was passion for politics. But that doesn't mean they agreed on a whole lot, other than the need for revolution. The actual details of that and who would lead it, and how, and when, and what issues matter more, they fought fiercely over. She from a much more kind of feminist perspective. So I yeah, I grew up with a kind of intense ring of politics in my ear continuously.

And I think part of my rebellion from my childhood was to not have those kind of arguments so much. Maybe early on in my life, I dabbled in that, actually with her. Once I went to college, and then early years after college, she and I had some very intense political disagreements, which created a schism for us. And in retrospect, it's unfortunate. But I kind of ultimately just said time out, let's not let's not talk about-- let's not argue about politics. Let's not even really talk much about politics. And she reluctantly went along with that.

I didn't realize until I read her diaries, though, how hurt she was, that I wasn't willing and interested in really intensely engaging political debates with her anymore. Because to her, that was-- to do so is a sign of intimacy and closeness, is to work things out, political differences.

And I just, I shut down. I said no, let's not do that.

**SARA BALDWIN:** Is there anything that you wrote in the diaries-- this strikes me, just hearing you say that now-- that you wish you hadn't read?

**PETER ANDREAS:** Oh, that's a good question. I don't think so. There were things that I read which were painful, awkward, strange, fun, funny, lighthearted, super serious, depressing. But stepping back from it, no, there's not something that I said, oh, I wish I hadn't read that.

**SARA BALDWIN:** You study illicit border crossing and smuggling. And you've written in your book about two early experiences that you say may have planted the seeds for that interest. And you refer to them later. Can you just briefly describe?

**PETER ANDREAS:** The stories you're referring to, the first one was when we were fleeing Chile, after the military coup. We took a bus across the Andes to Buenos Aires, Argentina. And at the border crossing, the Chilean guards were having everybody get off the buses, and frisking them, and going through their luggage systematically. And my mother was determined to sneak out of Chile a few political mementos. And one was a political poster that sort of clearly signaled political commitment to the recently overthrown socialist government. And so, she purposely, strategically, hid that poster in my belongings. Because she--

**SARA BALDWIN:** Did you know?

**PETER ANDREAS:** I do, because she calculated, took some gamble, that the soldiers and checkers of our luggage, and friskers would mostly ignore me, because I was this little eight-year-old gringo boy. And so sure enough, they patted her down and looked through her stuff carefully, but they waved me through. Because they were kind of bored, and had a lot of people to deal, and as a little eight-year-old gringo, I didn't look particularly problematic or threatening. So I was kind of a smuggling accomplice, in a sense. So that was the beginning of my early career as a smuggler.

**SARA BALDWIN:** And what about the toilet paper later?

**PETER ANDREAS:** That came later. But the next episode was part of the kidnapping story that I read earlier. First, we cross into Canada. And that was in a sense, she smuggled me out of the country. But then we went to El Paso, Texas to connect, to reunite with Raul. And there, she had in cash with her, the settlement money from the divorce with my father. And we were carrying this cash

across the border on our bodies. And so she had sewn extra pockets inside our pants.

**SARA BALDWIN:** How much was it?

**PETER ANDREAS:** \$40,000, which is a lot. And so between the three of us-

**SARA BALDWIN:** That's a lot of bills.

**PETER ANDREAS:** We had our pants stuffed with green--

**SARA BALDWIN:** Were you scared?

**PETER ANDREAS:** --including me. I wasn't scared, but I was a little nervous. Because I was kind of walking awkwardly. But if anyone knows, crossing into Mexico, certainly back then, there's no checks. Coming from Mexico into the US, there's a lot more scrutiny than there is going from the US into Mexico. So we literally just crossed. And sure, there's some Mexican police and guards standing by, but they didn't pay much attention. But that was technically cash smuggling.

And then after graduating from college, I wanted to revisit some of these places that I had spent as a child and also just travel around the region a bit. So I took four months, shortly after college, and crossing into Bolivia by bus-- my girlfriend and I, we were the only foreigners on the bus, but all these other people were carrying on their laps big loads of toilet paper. And I was like this is a little strange, but it seems pretty benign to me. But the old lady sitting next to us pleaded with me to put her big roll of toilet paper under my seat for her. Which I did. Didn't think anything about it. Until the guards at the border came on the bus and start started confiscating toilet paper. I was like this is strange.

So I realized, OK, this is toilet paper smuggling. So I basically smuggled this in for her. She used me for her toilet smuggling scheme, the way my mother had used me Argentina. I was the less suspicious looking person. But it turned out that there was a toilet paper shortage in high demand in Bolivia, because it was used to help dry coca paste for the booming cocaine industry. So anyway, so that was--

**SARA BALDWIN:** Then you wrote a book called *Smuggler Nation*.

**PETER ANDREAS:** Yeah, then I wrote, later, much later, wrote a book about the history of smuggling in America. And I tell that story at the beginning of the book, the toilet paper story. But now, having written this memoir about my early childhood, I have to think the roots of my interest go back

obviously earlier.

**SARA BALDWIN:** Yeah. Quick question, if someone asks you what you do, do you say you're a scholar or a writer?

**PETER ANDREAS:** Oh, I'm a scholar. It's interesting you ask that, because I've never used the writer word.

**SARA BALDWIN:** Not even now?

**PETER ANDREAS:** I suppose now I can claim some ownership of that term. But that's a good question. I've never said what do you do, and say, oh, I'm a writer. No, I'm a professor. I'm an academic. I'm a scholar. But I am a writer. But is that my professional identity, as someone who's a writer? I suppose it is. I just don't use that term.

**SARA BALDWIN:** Well, try it on.

**PETER ANDREAS:** Right, try it on, see how comfortable it fits now. Right.

**SARA BALDWIN:** Peter, you had this incredible relationship with your mother, just intense and complicated. All relationships are complicated in some ways, but yours was especially complicated. And you described later in your adulthood how you maybe had trouble, the two of you had trouble finding ways to talk to each other or really connect. But as I was finishing the reading of this book, I thought, you wrote this book together. Does it feel like that?

**PETER ANDREAS:** It partly does. As I explain-- there's an author's-- short author's note at the very beginning of the book, where I explain that I couldn't have written this book without the diaries. And I couldn't have written this book while she was alive, because I didn't have access to the diaries. And I speculate-- I think what would she think of this book. And I conclude that she would have loved to have to have argued with me about it, because I think she would have found something, inevitably, to intensely disagree with and argue about. But that she'd be glad that I wrote it. And ultimately, it is not my story or her story, but it is our story, even if told from my perspective.

**SARA BALDWIN:** Well, thank you, Peter, so much for coming in to talk to us today. I really enjoyed reading your book. And I'm sure other people will too.

**PETER ANDREAS:** Thanks for having me.

**SARA BALDWIN:** Thanks.

