

5. Text Wrap Panel

The Text Frame box must be **selected** for the text wrap to apply.

The 5 Icons:

No Text Wrap: Makes transparent text frames show through each other if they overlap.

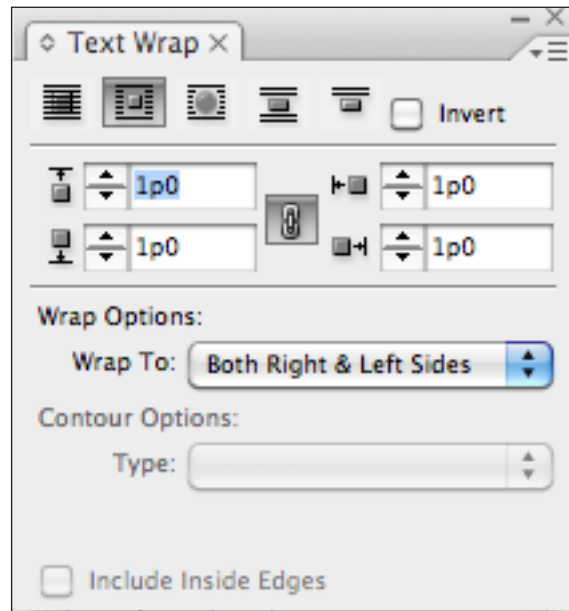
Wrap Around Text: Text wraps around the selected box, and you can choose the margin size (the amount of **offset**).

The Offset: You can choose for the offset to be locked, the same on all sides, or a different amount on each side. Just **click the chain icon** to unlock it.

You can experiment with **Wrap Around Object Shape**. It works the same as **Wrap Around Text**.

Jump Object: The box with this attribute will interrupt the text on the page, then the text-flow will resume under the box.

The last icon means “Jump to the next column”. Useful with columns.



Text Wrap. Examples

The Fashionable **LIFE**

The first time Eikon Guggenheim walked through the doors of the 12th-century Tuscan farmhouse that would become her dream home, the atmosphere didn't exactly suggest a domestic idyll. "Animals used to live on the first floor," recalls Guggenheim, chairwoman of the New York Academy of Art's Board of Trustees. "It was all dirt, and there were troughs in the living room."

But the gods did have great bones, even views of the surrounding countryside, and endless acres of unkempt gardens that were begging to be resurrected. So Guggenheim and her husband, retired gallery director Willemus—who first fell for the verdant green spoils of Tuscany while visiting the nearby home of artist friends Shepard Fairey and Frances Lamang—decided to snap it up. Together they spent three and a half years faithfully restoring the property, and now divide their time between the horn-banking metropolis of New York City and this meditative paradise on the outskirts of an ancient hill town. "Russell always says that this is really his home," Guggenheim explains. "I feel the same way. You really appreciate the little things, knowing people. It's a sweet life."

Although the house was in clear need of an overhaul, its baroque origins gave it a sense of depth and rustic character. Guggenheim chose to keep the charming original open-lattice brickwork as the master bedroom—once a hayloft—but rebuild many of the stone walls and brick arches. Old wooden ceiling beams were sourced from neighboring farmhouses, slabs of marble were cut from local quarries, and quaint painted furniture was acquired in nearby towns—"the kind you would have found in a Tuscan home 100 years ago," she says. Terra-cotta-painted rooms now serve as backdrops for vibrant embroidered tapestries, rug by Jules Leleux, and the couple's collection of Italian pottery, which includes everything from pieces that Marcello Fantoni created for Raynor in the 1960s to a gold-and-white lacquer vase by Ulisse Castagnoli, considered the Last Comfort Tiffany of Italy. "I tried to respect the house," Guggenheim says. "Around here you don't really decorate."

Outside the juncos-covered main house, an emerald swimming pool glimmers at the top of a wily lawn. Rosebushes border the hedges of a formal garden, while manicured shrubby mingles with century-old olive trees, giant clay vases, and some peaco wells. The lush surrounding landscape, which is dominated by wild tuffs of rosemary and lavender that fall off into a field of orange

never has entrapment) and completely dark. DUMAND did not have it so easy. Although the water off the Hawaiian coast is exceptionally clear and deep, Leame's group had to contend with waves, storms, background light from bioluminescent organisms and the radioactive decay of sea salt. Most important, NSF was already operating a research station at the geographical South Pole, with an infrastructure to rival that of a national particle physics laboratory. AMANDA, in other words, would be much cheaper and easier to build than DUMAND.

Still, convincing donors of the soundness of our idea was no simple matter: I was only a theorist, after all, with no experience building anything, and my collaborators, at least in the beginning, were very talented but very junior physicists at the University of California, Berkeley. Nevertheless, NSF was willing to give in the benefit of the doubt, and within a few years we had joined forces with eight other universities and three research laboratories in Belgium, Germany, Sweden and the United States. In 1990, as proof of principle, one of our teams sank a 200-meter-long strand of three photomultiplier tubes into the packed snow of Greenland. The test experiment detected muons. Then, in the Antarctic summer of 1992, our work began in earnest.

AS I WRITE, IT IS TEN DEGREES BELOW ZERO Fahrenheit outside my office in Madison, and I am dressed just warmly enough to be slightly cold. In most places, I think, people have made an art of underdressing in winter. But not in Antarctica. Faced with temperatures that regularly dip to negative fifty degrees Fahrenheit, even on a summer's day, our drillers and engineers wear outfits akin to the space suits worn by astronauts on the moon. They live in a comfortable base camp with a wonderful professional chef, and the few times they expose themselves to the elements are when they relax in the pools of hot water created by the AMANDA drills.

In the heroic early days of AMANDA, before a heated, portable but was built for each drilling site, there were some tough stretches. Teams of ten people sometimes worked up to twenty-four hours without a break—often without gloves when assembling delicate components. But on the whole, the work has been astonishingly unadventurous. The time challenges have been technical and logistical. Typically we fly 100,000 pounds of cargo and ferry people to each summer—enough to fill twenty Hercules C-130 transport planes. It is a massive undertaking, but one accomplished with the utmost efficiency: where Antarctic research is concerned, there is no margin for excess baggage of any kind—be it fiber-optic cable, canisters of fuel or theorists with no real business on the ice.

Once in Antarctica, the operation is orchestrated by Bruce K. Koci, our mechanical engineer and drillmaster. Much of the project is entirely novel, making improvisation the rule, and Koci is a genius at it. Early on, for instance,

we found that our hot-water drill was inadequate: it needed eleven days to drill to a depth of 800 meters. So Koci and his colleagues designed a new one. As slick as a rock-etc, it dives into the ice gouging 190-degree water from its nose. In its first incarnation, it traveled a thousand meters in four days. These days it goes twice that fast. Mapping AMANDA's geometry is like manufacturing an optical telescope in a dark room. Yet Koci's drill, guided by gravity alone, deviates from the vertical by less than a meter over a depth of two kilometers.

As the drill descends, it leaves a hole about fifty centimeters in diameter, filled with hot water. (Because the hot water is continuously circulated in the hole, and because the ice around it acts like a giant thermos bottle, the water remains liquid for a few days.) Once the drill is removed, the AMANDA crew,

often assisted by drillers and volunteers from other scientific missions, attaches a 600-pound weight to a fiber-optic matter cable and then drops it into the hole. For the next ten to twenty hours, photomultipliers are attached to the sinking cable with carabiners of the kind used by rock climbers and plugged in at predetermined positions like beads on a rosary. Pressure and temperature meters, lasers, radio receivers, pulsing or steady light-emitting devices and other devices are also attached. (On one occasion a pair of television cameras was sent into the hole; their images can be viewed on our home page at amanda.berkeley.edu.)

THEN THE WAITING BEGINS. IT TAKES THREE TO four days for the hole to refreeze completely. Just before the ice turns solid the pressure spikes dramatically—at a depth of a kilometer, for instance, it rises suddenly from 100 to more than 500 atmospheres. So far, the crib death rate, when the holes freeze, has hovered around 2 percent. The survivors, encased within their half-inch-thick glass spheres, should live forever—or at least until I die.

As one of the supposition theorists mentioned above, I have never been invited to Antarctica. But even now, on the nights when drilling goes on there, I can never sleep. To have your career on the line half a world away is hard enough. But to know that you have embroiled so many others in the same improbable adventure, that your funders and colleagues expect results, and that you are totally powerless to affect the outcome, is a form of exquisite torture. And so I keep a laptop at my bedside and check it all through the night for e-mail dispatches. On December 24, 1993, when the first of four strings of photomultipliers was deployed and ready for testing, I was at my family's home in Tienen, Belgium, sitting down to a late Christmas Eve dinner. As usual in a Belgian home, the spread was magnificent, but I hardly paid attention. When the news finally arrived, however, it was "First string deployed," the e-mail message read. The sender was too tired to write anything more.