This Guy, Fox

Lionel Tiger

For some unaccountable reason it's compelling to begin this document with the wholly irrelevant remark that one of the most perilous elements of working with Robin is his preposterous capacity to remember and worse to sing the endlessly coy and clever operettas of Gilbert and Sullivan. All of them, it was once threatened by the chap himself. And so dull association with him never was. And by way of literary gossip, when we worked together at the Harry Frank Guggenheim Foundation (more later maybe) we were fortunate to have a splendid colleague in our office of three. Karyl Roosevelt had come to New York from Chicago where she had been the secretary of Saul Bellow, who recalled her for the final preparation of his last manuscripts. Among other things, she told Bellow one of her employers could recite most of Swinburne and sing Gilbert and Sullivan by heart. Nobelist Bellow wrote her a card advising grandly "Your employer sounds like a jerk". Robin, who loved Bellow's novels, prized this above all other literary compliments.

The second much more germane datum was his description of his commute to Central London to the London School of Economics and Political Science where he taught, from the modest suburb in Surrey where he lived. He would install himself in one of the characteristic separate carriages of English trains and therein work, for one thing, on his manuscript for his fundamental and classic text *Kinship and Marriage*. The same crowd of men would ride the train and share the carriage regularly. Later he found out they all thought he was an electrical engineer because he was forever working on the charts and graphs, the same charts and graphs that permitted him to describe human kinship in the most parsimonious and accurate manner. The book was published by Penguin Books (sainted and sacred to us all at the time.) It has seen endless reprints and translations, established his reputation as an international kinship master in one precocious fell swoop, and brought him to the respectful attention of intellectual peers such as Rodney Needham and the secular Pope of kinship analysis Claude Lévi-Straus. And for a usefully oxygenated and exhilarating description of Robin's comments on the function of systems of kinship in mediating between senior and young males, read in this volume the remarks of neuro-psychiatrist Michael McGuire. For McGuire Robin's books were not only deliverers of fact but also promoters of intellectual wellbeing.

But for those of us in Robin's milieu of baffled aspirants seeking full adult status, worse even than his hard-science reputation among commuters because of his kinship charts was the appalling and depressing fact that his epically concise and far-reaching *Kinship and Marriage* took him all of six weeks to write. How on earth? The four minute mile, or three actually, and a rebuke to us all. It's clear from his body of work that he writes with dreamy clarity and with fully-justified heft and has done so with unwavering quality throughout his long career. What was and is his secret? At various times he asserted vaguely that this efficiency

was caused by nothing more noble than near penury and by the lure of the moneybags which no doubt his Penguin editor promised.

Let's consider this. Perhaps he was driven by penury and wrote quickly because of it. This even the most warm-hearted inspection of his arrangements could support. To a foreigner like me, his and his family's residence was typically cozy, well-managed, and characteristic of the lot in life, which was quite little, of English academics. What was however a clear to-me dramatic local symptom of the cashlessness to which he referred was the denty automobile he had purchased very-very-used (for forty-five pounds) from Her Majesty's Royal Mail. It was barely large enough for two adults and three ebullient little girls but had wheels and provided transport. However it boasted one compelling penury-indicator - a handcrank! The venerable vehicle on occasion (and in an English winter) required an aerobic episode in order to achieve lift-off. Nevertheless for a hazily ambitious potential book-writer such as I concede I was, his equable confession about his absurdly speedy work could not have been more functionally and appropriately demoralizing however his car sprang into life.

However when we later in fact did write a book together, it took not only not six weeks but not six months either. Two years, more like it. Surely I slowed him down. And yet let it be said that the process of working with Robin was never marked by surliness, evasion, and laziness. Perhaps we were, working together, less swift than Fox on his own. We fell into a work pattern that invariably required a warm-up of several hours of jokes, gossip, fruitless strategies about taxes, and the inevitable soap operas intrinsic to establishing a new department (in l969) in a new college in an old university in a lavishly turbulent country new to both of us. Also, duets may be more complicated than arias and take more than double the time because of this.

Beside any point as both these vignettes may be, nonetheless they each reflect an element of the unusually productive and entertaining pleasure it's been to endure association with Professor Fox. The first vignette reveals the ongoing skill and intricacy of Fox's inner/outer life of mirth, fun, and irony. The second shows his intellectual athleticism which enabled him and enables him to grab large subjects, master their weight, and then parse the complexity of human action. He has done this in a series of sentences and books which can and have ranged from the reveries of primates, to what was on the minds of writers and talkers of them Greek myths. He moves from the evolution of the brain to the mindlessness of the post-modern spasm about nothing much other than reveries of post-sabbatical scholars about their Left Bank longings. Perhaps his intellectual breadth and his control of widespread allusion derives from his here-and-there education mainly in church schools because of his father's military career, rather than to the firm curricula of most schools of the time. Robin's father was posted to Afghanistan, where he took a photo with a Brownie box camera of the King of Afghanistan being flown to safety (from a Russian inspired rebellion) in the first flight ever in and out of the country. When he told his then retired father that the Russians were in Afghanistan, the old soldier asked: “When were they ever out?” And Fox Sr. also predicted that the world would end in Afghanistan!

The challenge in writing about Fox's professional life is that the only person who can with proper perspective and adequate breadth account for it is Fox himself. Furthermore, despite my close association with him which at the time I realized was a privilege and a hoot and which I know now even more keenly, I am technically unable to replicate and often comprehend the intellectual management which governed production of so much of his work. I hope it's clearly humble not boastful to recall what T. S. Eliot wrote in a dedication to Ezra Pound "Il miglior fabbro". The better worker. Yup.

However no room for coyness here. Robin and I were aware from the very outset of our connection that it was not floated on weak beer. This was baldly stated in the absurdly and now-charmingly grand title of our initial paper "The Zoological Perspective in Social Science". It extended for all of 9 printed pages in *Man: The Journal of the Royal Anthropological Institute*. Evidently some readers thought it was so bizarre and impolite that it had to have been written by the gringo, me, and that Robin had used his local connections to help me out. Others thought it was a gross mishap caused by Robin, which the addition of my name was supposed to mitigate.

No, it was neither. Robin and I had both been at a 1965 seminar of the Zoological Society of London organized by Julian Huxley and held at the London Zoo. It turned out to be sharply consequential in the development of a biology of behavior. During the seminar Fox and I were introduced to each other by Anthony Forge who had been a fellow student of mine at the London School of Economics and was now a colleague of Robin's there. He decided we had some common interests even if they were strange and in the movie version of this tale we were supposed to have met outside, not in, the gibbon cage. As I recall, we had a brief chat, appeared to size each other up agreeably, and Robin suggested we meet at his office at the School the following week.

We did. My recollection about what specifically happened is somewhat unclear except for its intensity. In essence we were scouting out an intello-military terrain and evaluating our forces. After a while it seemed clear we were in the war or as qualified at least as fresh reserve troops with a new gimmick-knack perhaps. Then as we talked it got even better in the esprit de corps department. Suddenly it seemed appropriate to begin to write down what we were talking up And it was appropriate too that our adventure began at the London School of Economics which was at the time a boisterous haven for intellectual aspiration of the highest and most acerbic order. A recent biography of our mutual teacher and colleague Ernest Gellner who was a mainstay of the joint, is remarkably redolent of the rah-rah non-campus spirit of that special urban haven. In fact when there was a student strike, which utterly perplexed the administrators of a school boasting special (bourgeois) proletarian status, Fox, Gellner, and anthropologist Raymond Firth (a man of almost preposterous grace and intellectual skill) formed a committee to represent the students' issue at considerable cost to their reputations in the councils of faculty in the Senior Uncommon Room. They even wrote a letter to the *Times* which was then

regarded as a gargantuan act of social concern if not a hubristic reach for national status.

The first words of that paper clearly assert what we had in mind: “The relevance of new data to a discipline is not always immediately appreciated...” It's appealing to cite much of the text because of its impact and quality - in our view. Instead we will make it available on our respective websites. But our implacable intent was to change the rules of what social scientists should know about biology but more aggressively, what we all had to know. The law of parsimony had to be obeyed throughout social science land. We worked at the LSE building on Aldwych, near Fleet Street where Steven Sondheim's barber wielded his razor. We were immensely fond of Mr Ockham's very own blade and it was our favorite work tool too.

Of course much of especially primatology was already doing this. But we had a new concern: to establish that not only had social scientists to know about evolution and the inner squishy bits such as the brain of the human animal that they studied, but also biologists should learn about sophisticated social science which would reveal the important ways in which their subjects conformed to some of the same regularities sociologists knew so well.

To put it succinctly, we saw no reason for the (boringly persistent) division of the traditional university into faculties of natural and of social science. First of all, this coerced the extraordinary conclusion that social behavior was not natural. It reified the nature-culture boundary, wheel-spinning adumbration of which had been a thriving industry in academe for nearly ever. And it condemned social scientists to formal and usually belligerent avoidance of precisely the kind of transformative bioscience represented in the conquest of DNA and the literally thrilling discoveries about human evolution and primatology. Much of it derived from Africa as we discovered how ancient was our species and where it came from and perhaps why it succeeded so.

O for the good days of Aristotle who announced "Man is by nature a political animal". While troops of political scientists pondered "political", the important phrase "by nature" was almost completely ignored. All this seemed so obvious and vital to us that we felt a clear call to find a rooftop from which to advertise our better mousetrap.

How? Write a book of course. But Fox was in London and I at The University of British Columbia. I had had a year's research leave when I first encountered Robin. How to get another? Fox wrote a cleverly dramatic letter to my departmental Chairman revealing we were about to do great things, had book projects and contracts, and could I please be released for yet more time. As luck would have it, the wonderful Canada Council and the new Killam Foundation awarded me the first ever fellowship for frankly-interdisciplinary work which provided more time in London.

Rutgers University was the State University of New Jersey and it had no formal anthropology department in part because Ashley Montagu, who became a

friend, had a one-year appointment that he continued to claim for years after he was off the payroll. The University President, Mason Gross, was angrily reluctant to allow in any other of that academic tribe.

But in 1966 a new college focusing on social science was to be established, surely anthropology was to be part of it, and to their enormous credit, the leaders of the college asked Robin (who was barely thirty) to chair and establish the department. He'd be delighted to be admitted, if I would join him as his wingman during our revolution. To make a not-long story really short, I moved to Rutgers at the end of l968 in fact fortified and well-launched with one of them hot John Simon Guggenheim Fellowships. We were in business, and in pleasure.

In our introduction to the Transaction Publishers new edition of *The Imperial Animal* we described our collaborative process in response to many questions about it, such as did we fight, who wrote what, why did we bother. Our rule was that every sentence had to be written in the physical presence of the other. We were playing jazz and everyone had to be in tune. Almost immediately, our respective native intellectual arrogances surfaced and we were both completely unfazed by the other who deemed a paragraph farcical and rewrote it to his face. We knew different things and we each could bring to the project a different array of data, general principles, and experiences in the field: Robin among Celtic fishermen and Pueblo Indians and me among Canadian scientific bureaucrats and Ghanaian officials and politicians during Ghana's movement to independence.

But what we shared most and best was the obligation to subject everything to the lens of evolutionary biology such as it was at the time. Robin, because of his training in linguistics at Harvard, was one of the few people I knew who fully understood the technical complexities of Noam Chomsky's new work on linguistic nature and its connection to evolutionary preparedness of infants to learn skills adults later on cannot master easily. (Fox had heard Chomsky’s early lectures at MIT.) We adapted the notion of universal grammar to behavior and defined the "behavioral biogrammar". We sent the relevant chapter to Chomsky lest we be traducing him. He replied to say that there was "no other way of doing serious social science" than the way we were proposing. We kept in touch with him and while we remained very friendly, my belief is that he could see that we were potential and fundamental critics of the political correctness then marinating in the USA and decided to include us out.

We shared Chomsky's view about the only way to write a serious book. We created one that divided forms and structures of society in a manner that permitted the use of the biological lens. Our chapter titles give the flavor: Beginning Biogrammar (on the basics); Political Nature; Bond Issue One – Women and Children First; Bond Issue Two – Man to Man; Give and Take (on exchange and economics); The Benign Oppression (on initiation and education); Good Grooming (on physical and emotional health); The Noble Savage (on aggression and war); The City of Man.

Meanwhile, in the discipline we were evidently disturbing the natives, especially the calorie-counting protein-drives-behavior theorists at Columbia Anthropology. They called us "The Rutgers Zoo" - which I learned just recently from Scott Atran, a student there at the time. Morton Fried of that Department wrote a gravelly false review of my *Men in Groups* in *Science*, in which he compared it to conjuring up phlogiston. (For her part, Margaret Mead also of that department wrote a very favorable review of the same book, however in *Redbook*.) A Columbia graduate, Judith Shapiro wrote a review for *Natural History* which was not only gracelessly untutored but also accused us of writing our book mainly for the money - end of intellectual story. We were going to sue the magazine for libel but were informed they had only one extra nickel and not to waste our time. In England *The Imperial Animal* encouraged the uninterestingly boisterous Sir Edmund Leach to fill a page of *New Society* with a bafflingly critical and self-righteous review, which among other things accused us of not knowing the work on Australian kinship written by Warren Shapiro. Warren, surprise surprise, was already a member of our department, chosen on the basis of that outstanding work.

Our book did well. It had first been with Random House, the publisher of *Men in Groups*, but it turned out their editorial team couldn't deal with the book. So we brought it to Holt, Rinehart and Winston to an editor and friend there, Steven Aronson, who performed an exquisitely detailed and brilliant edition of the manuscript. The book was on the short list as a Book of the Month Selection but became a Featured Alternate instead. It was acquired for translation in about ten languages. For the German edition we were unusually fortunate that the publisher asked Konrad Lorenz to write an introduction to the book. And then he won the Nobel Prize!

One vignette. Before the book came out in German we were invited to the Max Planck Institute in Sieweisen to give a talk about our work. Lorenz who directed the Institute was there. We each talked for 30 minutes, and evidently, for the first time in the history of the Institute, without an interruption from Lorenz.

Overall, publication of *The Imperial Animal* was a pleasure. It infuriated many anthropologists and other social scientists to say nothing of worthy concernocrats who accused us of being politically Paleolithic. Our commitment to human nature as an idea meant to them that implicitly or outright we restricted options for social betterment and the fundamental improvement of mankind. We stood squarely in the way, for example, of creating New Soviet or New Chinese Man. Somehow, the connection between human nature and human rights completely eluded these confidently thoughtful ideologues and they tried to make our collegial lives miserable. Let it be said while they did in some minor ways, Fox and I luxuriated in a cool breeze of analytical confidence. Still, some collegial aggression hurt, such as when the American Anthropological Association (from which both of us resigned because of its outrageous treatment of Napoleon Chagnon) created an award for anthropologists communicating well with the public and made its first presentation to Steven Jay Gould. Gould was of course not an anthropologist but a contentious charter member of the pc

claque which negatively reviewed books such as ours for the *New York Review of Books*. At the same time Clifford Geertz told Robin he could only attend the Social Science seminar at the Princeton Institute for Advanced Study as long as he did not mention biology. Geertz had perhaps the best and certainly the most prestigious job in the social sciences and motivated a bilious billow of self-righteous post-modernism which sharply limited his and the discipline's impact. On his death after a painful illness I was asked to write an obituary which I called "Fuzz, Everything was Fuzz."

Then our yacht came in. Mason Gross had retired as President of Rutgers and had been asked to preside over the Harry Frank Guggenheim Foundation which had been delivered some $18 million dollars to study what Guggenheim thought were the pan-human bases of human aggression and inequality. Gross was uncertain he could deal with this material but when he went to a bookstore to buy B.F. Skinner's *Beyond Freedom and Dignity* which he'd been recommended he also noticed *The Imperial Animal* (S, T. both bottom of bookstore shelves). He knew and liked Robin and bought both books. Skinner sharply offended his Oxford philosopher's soul but he admired *The Imperial Animal*. That evening he called Robin to ask if we would help out creating and directing a program for the foundation. Robin called me on a very cheap long distance call, because it was so short, and soon we were co-Research Directors of the HFG Foundation and stayed for 12 years. The foundation bought half our time from the University so we could advance the its work and our own and we were able to fund some of the founding figures of what is now familiar and accepted science. We provided Daniel Kahnemann and Amos Tversky their first grant, supported William Hamilton, Jane Goodall, Richard Dawkins, E.O. Wilson, Michael McGuire, David Hamburg, Robert Trivers, Gordon Orians, Robert Sapolsky, Mildred Dickeman, Napoleon Chagnon, the Canadian Peace Research Institute, and an extensive list of others.

It was all beyond exciting. We decided to cap grants at $35,000 to provide scholars the precious free time difficult to get from agencies accustomed to large complex projects. We refused to pay "overheads" which we thought was a kind of racket designed for military researchers. Once I had a Stanford Vice-President fly to see me to argue for overheads on a modest grant, on incandescent principle. But we repeated our position and suggested that his office tell Professor X that a valued grant was unavailable to him because Stanford wanted its customary 45%. Of course X got the grant.

Working with Fox was always vivacious and efficient. We had two deadlines a year for applications but more often that not we would be in informal discussion with potential grantees for long before they produced any paper. We had no magisterial forms and simply asked applicants to say what they wanted to do, why, how, and what it would cost a thrifty foundation. While we each might become informally responsible for one or other of the applications, we made all the decisions together about which grants to recommend to the Foundation's Board of Directors. The Board included at various times Generals Jimmy Doolittle and James Gavin, the director of the spectacular Bell Labs, the Governor of North Carolina, and several of Guggenheim's business associates and a few

relatives. These included Roger Straus the publisher who was never our fan and who routinely sought funds for his distinguished friend Susan Sontag who endlessly and fruitlessly proposed film work on Palestinians. Overall, the Board and its Chairman Peter Lawson Johnson appeared to approve of what we did and saw it as appropriate to the donor's intent. Our later years with HFG were bolstered by work with Karen Colvard who had tired of carrying priceless paintings around the European masters department of Sotheby's and applied for the far less glamorous job we offered. Hers was the last interview of the day; she was completely promising. When we announced it was time for a post-work drink and what did she want, a double bourbon, Fox and I glanced at each other and told her she had the job. Which she has still, having ennobled it in a major way.

But again, the main impulse was scientific, and there was nothing more exhilarating than receiving or working with applications which wielded Ockham's Razor like a sushi master.

I suspect Fox humored me in some of my well-meaning initiatives such as with the Canadian Peace Institute and a few other similar adventures. Perhaps he thought I merely suffered from Canadian foibles. But again, the discussions about our ranking were always cordial, swift, and without reference to the status folderol so central to so much big science. Robin, I should note, was far less sympathetic to left-wingy causes than I was. Some of this stemmed from his self-described “innate conservatism” and admiration for Burke and Popper. But at the same time partly, I suspect, because he had worked in summers for British Railways and observed the ticket-fiddling, coal stealing, gambling and other reflections of labour ethics. This did not compel him to support the political party of their choice, or to believe with George Orwell (whom he greatly admired) that salvation lay with the proles. Nevertheless this fastidiousness never prevented him when he functioned as department chairman concerned with salaries from muttering firmly like Aneurin Bevan about the need to "preserve differentials". Fox could and can mesh two seemingly contradictory positions with a whoop of gleeful synthesis that reveals unexpectedly common elements to both sides. I'm sure this underlies an overview of the human condition that enables him, despite his often being a hard-hitting critic, to survive under the radar of conventional thinking without ever appearing aggressive. Come to think of it, I am hard-pressed to identify an incident that prompted his full anger, unless it was the easy target of metastacising university administrations.

Not to say he is without angularity and a raucous sense of personal recklessness, despite spending much of his life in disabling pain as a result of hereditary arthritis. Once, in California, he elected to parachute out of an airplane because he had never done it. He went deep-sea fishing with the Tory Islanders, in the North Atlantic in a small open boat. He could not swim, but then, he liked to point out, neither could they. It was considered useless: if you fell overboard in the freezing Atlantic, swimming only delayed the inevitable. Another time we were lecturing at the Universidad de Los Andes in Bogota and were staying with its founding president. Mario Laserna had founded the university at the age of 26 and had on his board Johnny von Neumann, David Rockefeller, and Albert

Einstein! Not only that, but he raised bulls for fighting and just happened to have a bull ring on his farm outside Calí in the south, and of course Robin had to fight one. Mario (a Kantian trained in philosophy in Heidelberg) provided him about 20 minutes of largely theoretical and attitudinal instruction about how to do this thing. With élan vital that was simply nuts, Robin (fortified, he insists, with coca and aguardiente) went ahead with the show, despite having to substitute for a professional matador who had been gored in the leg. After some terrifying (to me anyway) moments he managed to complete his task and come out alive.

Robin is always knitting. There's always an article or book or comment or poem or song or painting on the hop. He was involved with a co-author in developing a script for "Hanging George Washington Was Our Worst Mistake" which re-viewed the major American founding event on the assumption the other side won. (Excerpts from this were eventually published in *The Passionate Mind*.) His story of his half-life, *Participant Observer*, ran to a trim 575 pages. It follows there's a whole equivalent other life to come should he decide to break away long enough from his intricate studies of myth, literature, and biology.

Final Grades

How did the same old story - the fight for love and glory - turn out for that guy Fox? Love is not my business except to comment that he is relentlessly thrilled with his three daughters and performs the requisite deep fret and bubbling joy about all their doings. Two of his daughters, Kate and Anne, are represented in this book, while a third, Ellie, copes with four alarmingly tall and aspiring grandsons. His warm and rock solid marriage to Lin Fox is its own message about his glad skill at domesticity and connection.

And glory? Not many young anthropologists are invited to drinks with Claude Lévi-Straus to celebrate inclusion in the prestigious series “Les Essais.” Few are invited to be a visiting professor at Oxford *and* Cambridge, Paris *and* California. He was the youngest English anthropologist to deliver the Malinowski Memorial Lecture and be promoted to Professor and Chair of a Department at whatever age he was. Few have enjoyed such steady publication over decades by major houses. Few have such an unstoppable and fertile brain and - coming guardedly back to Messrs Gilbert, Sullivan, and Swinburne - few can boast such useful and coherently integrated memory of the acres of pages he has read and reviewed. The Rutgers Zoo he established in 1969 has grown to a major contributor to the discipline. A panel of peers identified it in 2009 as one of the 10 best of America's anthropology departments - and this in a state with the second lowest per capita expenditure on higher education in the country.

But apart from his departmental work and our shared gig at the HFG foundation, Fox has stimulated no movement, produced no "school" of automatic acolytes supported by giant grants and earnestly supporting a particular flavor of social science. Too boring for him; inadequately vulnerable to startling new research plans; no unexpected melding of hitherto disparate stuff. Fox never said "credo". And he has had to endure reading about the proud rediscovery of the biosocial wheel from its new adepts who fail to know the often prominently

published existing work (boringly often ours) on which they base their surprised new findings, their delighted rediscovery of the obvious we had articulated so much earlier.

Has this guy Fox no faults? He admits to many, including an over abundance of self-pity with an exaggerated sense of injustice, a running internal struggle between ambition and laziness, chronic impulsiveness, and impatience. When bored with a conversation or lecture he sings Gilbert and Sullivan in his head, and he has a tendency to put what's happening there above what is going on in his immediate world. His daughters used to jerk him back to reality with "Earth to daddy! Earth calling daddy!" He was, they said, on Tralfamadore again. (Kurt Vonnegut fans will get the reference.) Is Fox a "public intellectual"? That semi-celebrated rarity? He has certainly supported his share of lost-and-won public (and mostly unpopular) causes: single mothers, nursing mothers, surrogate mothers (Baby "M"), Mormon polygamists, the rights of homosexuals and the right to a dignified death of one's own choosing. He also supports the truly hopeless cause of the Earl of Oxford as the real author of Shakespeare's plays, which he knows almost as well as G & S. His most public of stands was his opposition to the so-called "Seville Declaration on Violence" which was endorsed by several disciplinary associations – anthropology, psychology, sociology and the gaseously pompous UNESCO of the 70's and 80's. He saw it as both wrong and as a pure piece of academic McCarthyism, and more or less single handedly demolished it – beginning with his observation that this modern Sevilliana recalled nothing better than the earlier Inquisition so bloodily resident there.

But if anything, he is a private intellectual, able to convulse a small party with his anthropological evisceration of Star Trek as a tribe, and Dr. Spock as of course a rendition of perfect rationality - no emotion, just the facts, the facts. He can become a firework at an academic meeting riffing broadly and deliriously about arcane philosophical points. Once at a meeting sponsored by Le Maison Des Sciences de L'Homme in Paris he improvised an unforgettable song (which I have forgotten) about kinship systems. I think it was called "The Cross-cousin Rag." I know it had a verse in French dedicated to Lévi-Strauss and sung in the manner of Charles Asnavour. I haven't dared since then to ask him to repeat it, with equal fear that he would or wouldn't. Private intellectual at an antic salon. Incisive tutored hilarity but never mean.

When I retired formally from Rutgers there was a gracious departmental dinner. He was ill and unable to attend but contributed to the embarrassingly warm event a high-protein high-glucose account of our "great adventure". Which it was, and still is. We have been self-condemned to revise the courtroom in which social science is evaluated while the trial is on, and having a larky brilliant buddy made all the difference. Am I proud and overjoyed because of my so far endless association with this mirthful skeptic? All I can think of to conclude this Whatever is to cite what Isaac Bashevis Singer said during the inevitable *New York Times* interview when he won the Nobel Prize for Literature. "Mr Singer, do you believe in Free Will?" "Do I believe in Free Will? Of course. I have no choice."