

The Mostly True Life

ADVENTURES

of

DR. LEISURE

VOL. II

**(On Second Thought, I'll Drink the Hemlock: The Decline of
Western Illinois University)**

(The second in a trilogy regarding the firing of tenured professor Dr. George R. Harker from Western Illinois University)

by George R. Harker, Ph.D.

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If I have learned one thing over the years, that is that we accomplish very little working by one's self. I want to thank all the people that played a role in bringing this book to completion.

I want to particularly thank Gordon Gill and M.G. Stern for their proofing of the document at various stages in the production. No doubt it still contains errors. I take credit for those since I probably slipped them in after they had done their work.

I found a lot of people took a great deal of satisfaction in pointing out the errors in spelling and grammar in my previously published books. I am sure many will enjoy doing the same with this one. Enjoy, I left them in with your happiness in mind.

Dr. George R. Harker
Maui 1998

DEDICATED

I rededicate this book to the same individuals as I did in my first book, **He Wouldn't Drink The Hemlock: The Firing of Dr. Leisure**, 1993.

"This book is dedicated to the faculty and staff of Western Illinois University who in spite of an anti-intellectual atmosphere fostered by many administrators dedicated to their own self-serving interests and greed, continue to selflessly teach and help students seeking to better themselves and the society in which they live. The book is also dedicated to the thousands of students who took my courses, many at their option. Students are, of course, what makes teaching worthwhile. Any teacher learns more from the students than he/she can possibly teach, and that is why teaching is so rewarding."

Dr. George R. Harker
Maui 1998

IN LOVING MEMORY

Robert A. Holm

1935-1996

Donald R. Bensen

1927-1997

intentionally left blank

PREFACE

My first book *He Wouldn't Drink the Hemlock: The Firing of Dr. Leisure* was a factual account of my being fired from Western Illinois University on June 20, 1991. In that book I recounted the circumstances surrounding the firing and what transpired in the time period from June 20, 1991, to October 1993 when the book went to press.

This book essentially takes up where the other ended and documents the events that transpired since the fall of 1993. A chapter or two does include some background and transitional material which explain how the first book came into being.

Based on how and what people reacted to in my first book I decided to give more insight into other aspects of Dr. Leisure, both real and imagined. Remember that Dr. Leisure is not the name of a real person but rather a character that is bigger than his creator. It is clear that any successful book in today's market must have its share of sex and other action which we usually characterize generically as violence. This book is intended to be successful commercially, so hopefully it will meet the criteria that has become commonplace.

As they say in movies about real people, some characters are created for dramatic effect. Such is the case here. I've done that for a couple of reasons. One is to make the book a little more interesting and also not to embarrass the real people in my life who have shared those more intimate moments we all have but usually don't get portrayed in a book. Therefore, keep in mind that all female romantic interests in this book are composite creations which have been greatly enhanced for dramatic effect. Please don't embarrass my female friends by asking if the contents of a particular passage is real or not. Their denial of any knowledge of the event portrayed is in all likelihood truthful and correct.

It was clear from the comments of many that some people portrayed in the first book would undoubtedly have preferred that the book didn't exist. I got to wondering just how far people would go in preventing a book from being published. Some of my thoughts are presented here.

George R. Harker
Maui, Hawaii

Chapter 1 Las Vegas Goddess

She looked like a Greek goddess standing there on the bed above me. Completely nude, she stroked herself knowingly watching my reactions as I lay on my back below her. I too, of course, was nude. I too was lightly stroking my aroused member. Her husband sat on a chair nearby doing the same and apparently enjoying his wife's performance and the impact it was having on me.

This wasn't quite as good as it gets, but it was as good as it was going to get under the circumstances. I had met Pam and Bill (not their real names for obvious reasons) earlier in the day at the TANR convention in Las Vegas, Nevada. TANR is the anachronism for Trade Association of Nude Recreation. It may seem strange, but the TANR people were a little self-conscious about using their full name on the hotel informational signs in the lobby. They opted to use just the anachronism which was fine. If you knew what it meant, you were at the right place and if you didn't, it didn't make any difference.

It seemed funny that in this city known for scantily clad dancers and nearby legal prostitution, those dealing in mere nudity would be looked upon with derision. But that is apparently the basis for their perception and concern. And based on my experience, it is probably an accurate one. Sex is a serious matter by anyone's standard, so what's legal and what's not has long since been pretty well worked out. Sexual behavior experts are taken as seriously as the topic. The media has found a ready market for explicit or implicit sexual materials. Indeed, it seems it is a market that can not be satiated.

Yet, be an expert on public nudity and the whole situation changes. The simple God-given nature of nudity is so low on the social hierarchy that anyone associated with it is viewed as an outcast or at least of very low status. On reflection, it does make a lot of sense in its own perverse way if one looks at our culture from a dominance point of view. We may all start out the same way, naked at birth, but it doesn't take long to realize that what we emphasize most is what we have in the moment that the other person does not. Very early on, being nude ceases to be part of the equation. Ultimately, the emphasis is on how much we end up with and not how we started out. Are we successful in life and do we have power and authority? Are we rich and famous and so forth and so on? Note that being nude and any of the other words used to describe success are not synonymous. But I digress...

I ended up in the hotel room having partially misinterpreted the comments of Pam's husband Bill. I thought he was into watching other men have sex with his wife. Given Pam's physical appearance and pleasant personality, I found the idea of being the "other man" provocative. I had never had sex with another man's wife, at least not while he was in the same room, but if it worked for him I was sure it would work for me.

Only at the room did I learn that what he had in mind was basically "look but don't touch." Actually touching was all right too, it was don't penetrate and don't exchange body fluids. Bill was a male nurse and well aware of the nature of disease transmission in a sexual context. It made sense to me, and while insertion is neat it is not necessary to achieve completion.

Bill had a theory that men need to use what they've got daily or face some rather dire consequences. It was a sort of use-it-or-lose-it concept, but based on some rather clear thinking on his part. The way he saw it, the job of the prostate gland is to produce fluids associated with sexual reproduction. A job that it does twenty-four hours a day, every day of a mature male's life. The system is set up such that once the semen is produced it moves on down the production line and into the real world. They are not produced with the idea that they will stay at the "factory" or in the body. Of course, the main method of moving sperms is ejaculation which usually occurs during intercourse or is brought on by other more mechanical means. If not ejaculated, the semen and other fluids break down within the body and must be removed by other systems.

The way Bill saw it, the breakdown within the body might produce materials that would get back to the prostate gland with the message to shut down. Or an even worst case scenario might be that toxic material might be produced which would induce cancer.

Interestingly, I had just heard a lecture by a physician suggesting much the same for females and breast cancer. He postulated that by confining the female breast within a bra, the natural ebb and flow of lymphatic fluids was reduced and restricted. The fluids would take toxic material from the region to other parts of the body for processing and elimination¹.

Needless to say, I didn't have to worry about stored-up semen. I just have always wondered if they (hotel room cleaners) figured out how a deposit got on the ceiling!

Chapter 2 This Book A Sequel?

This book is clearly and intentionally a sequel to my previous book entitled *He Wouldn't Drink the Hemlock: The Firing of Dr. Leisure*.² The purpose is to explore the events and outcomes brought about by the first book. Before examining the results of that book, it may be useful to explore briefly how and why it became a reality.

When I was fired from Western Illinois University on June 20, 1991, I wasn't thinking about writing a book so much as doing a movie. I actually had a couple of inquiries about making a film and flew to Hollywood to discuss the project with a person I thought could bring the film to fruition. As a result of that discussion, I concluded that I was in the best position to write the script since I knew what had occurred. This is not to say I envisioned a documentary, but rather I presumed even a work of fiction would want to loosely follow what had happened. In this way, one could say the movie was based upon a true incident.

While I started the script, I was also looking for some sort of employment to put money in my pocket and to keep food on the table. I knew that doing a movie was a long shot and really a side issue. My immediate concern was for some sort of employment. I thought the success of my book, *Creation and Management Guide to Public Clothing Optional Beaches and Parks*,³ published by the American Sunbathing Association (ASA), would be my entry to some sort of modest consulting arrangement with the Association. I wasn't looking for much, just a few hundred dollars a month so I could meet expenses while the union to which I belonged handled the matter through the grievance process. My initial meeting with the union suggested that we should appear before an arbitrator by the fall of 1991, and I had to hold out just until then. At the time, I believed the union when they advised me in these matters since I certainly didn't have relevant experience. Besides, I knew that none of the charges was true and I had pointed that out on more than one occasion.

In February 1992, I attended a meeting of the trustees of the ASA and attempted to put forth some ideas on possible projects involving my consulting services. While there seemed to be support from some quarters, there was obvious resistance from a few key individuals within the organization. As I drove north from that meeting, I realized that if I were looking for any support from the ASA, I was going to be disappointed. I sensed that my being fired had destroyed or at least damaged my credibility with the ASA. I was no longer the university professor with twenty years of experience studying and speaking about nude beaches. I was now some sort of reject from the university. I was a professor so unfit for the position that I had been terminated. Something that was incredibly rare in higher education, given the idea of tenure and all.

Mulling things over as I drove north, I realized that I had to

rectify my situation at the university or face a very uncertain future that in all likelihood would not involve my expertise in nude bathing. I concluded my expertise had no value if I did not have the professorial credentials that went with employment at a university, whether small or large. It also seemed to me that the potential for financial rewards was far greater if I succeeded in getting my job back and collecting the back pay due me. After all, I had not done the things of which I had been accused, and it was apparent to all that the whole affair was greatly contrived. At this time, I was still confident that the union would do its part, and all I had to do was survive in the interim.

I decided that while writing the screen play as a piece of fiction would be fun, it would not be as useful as writing a factual account about what happened. Once this had been done, it seemed to me it would be a simple matter to prepare the screenplay and add the embellishments around the basic factual framework.

I mentioned my plans to various people and, as luck would have it, I found that one of my former neighbors had just completed a book. The neighbor was Al Lindsey, a retired English professor at WIU. He had written a book on a former WIU football coach named Rock Hanson. Al had done this as a labor of love and had self-published the book. I was intrigued by his actions and asked him numerous questions about the process.

Among other things, I learned that M&D Printing in Henry, Illinois, had printed his book. Since I had done other projects utilizing the talents and skills of a printer, I knew a little about the process. I knew that I could have the printer typeset the book, and that it would be at additional cost. I was also aware that the technology was available for self-publishing or at the very least, the production of a camera-ready manuscript suitable for printing. I visited M&D Printing in September of 1992 and met with Bernie Dunn to learn what I needed to provide.

I learned that for the printed pages of the manuscript, the output of a laser printer would do fine. I also learned that the popular word processing program WordPerfect 5.1 would format the words in a manner consistent and compatible with the book format I was trying to create. Further, I learned that the size, 5 1/4 by 8 inches was standard in the industry and decided to make my book the same size. I also looked into the cost of including some of my color prints.

At the time, I did not have a computer capable of running the word processing program or even a laser jet printer. I proceeded to purchase a Tandy 3800 HD notebook computer, the very machine on which this manuscript was also prepared. Next, I purchased an Okidata 400 laser jet printer. At the time, the Okidata was the most inexpensive laser printer I could find. Initially, I was going to get one with all the bells and whistles but fortunately rethought my position and got the very basic stripped-down model. I was interested in only one thing and that was the production of camera-ready print copy. The heavy duty graphics

capabilities of the more expensive models were neither needed nor necessary for my purposes.

I purchased the WordPerfect 5.1 program and went to work writing the book. The fall of 1992 found me with about one hundred pages of material. At that time, I expected to generate a book of about three hundred pages and to deliver it to the printer by February or March 1993. At the rate I was going, it seemed at the time this was not an unrealistic schedule. But things do not always go according to plan and the actual production of the manuscript took much longer, approximately twelve full months. I lost a month from December 15, 1992, to January 15, 1993, because I was in Maui and really didn't write anything significant during that time. Perhaps a better way to put it is that I did not write much. I did some writing but nothing near the level and quantity which I could generate when working in my own home in Macomb, Illinois.

Chapter 3 Insights of a Mentor

I first met Mentor while delivering a book manuscript to M&D Printing in Henry, Illinois. I was just running down the road thinking about nothing in particular and every thing in general. Somewhere from within my unconsciousness he appeared. I guess that is where he came from. Anyway, one second nothing, then in an instant he was there! I never did quite know what to make of him. Was he a channeler? My link to the other side and to lives past? Was he just a figment of my imagination? Or was he just a useful literary construct? Someone with whom to create dialogue to make the story of a fired professor more interesting. I never really figured out what exactly he was. However, I must admit he did add a rather interesting dimension to the book. After all, Mentor could speak his mind. He could give insights into things that the author would be well advised not to get into. Mentor seemed to have a transcendental quality that let him take on the whole world. He seemed to understand the human condition and how people think and react. Whatever Mentor was, he seemed to have some real significant insights to offer and he did offer them if asked. And sometimes even when he wasn't.

As an example, take the time I had just entered Thompson Food Mart, which is a grocery store located at Wigwam Hollow Road and West Jackson, in Macomb, Illinois. It is also about a mile south of my place and is where I do most of my grocery shopping.

On this particular occasion, I ran into Chuck Neide. Chuck works at WIU as a janitor and I have known him for some time. His son and mine were in a Cub Scout pack some years ago, and we had worked together as den leaders for a year or so.

Chuck was introducing me to the new lady in his life. She explained that she had been hearing much about me from Chuck. While we talked, I noticed Nick DiGrino walk by. Nick is the department chairman primarily responsible for my firing. His lies were the basis which the university used to fire me.

Chuck and I were well aware that he was completely ignoring my presence. We commented on this and watched as he walked further into the store and engaged some others in conversation. When ever I see Nick in public, I always make it a point to say hello if he is close enough to justify that kind of greeting. I am always particularly amused when he fails to respond, but acts like he totally ignores my presence.

I never really understood what was going on with Nick DiGrino until I posed the question to Mentor one day, in a grocery store of all places.

Ah, Mentor! I didn't see you standing there. As you are probably aware, I just saw Nick come in the store and as is his usual practice he just acted like I wasn't there. Why do you suppose he does that?"

"Just what is the big deal. He did the same to me! In fact, he just

about walked through me. He would have if I hadn't stepped out of the way!" responded Mentor in a very sarcastic tone.

"Give me a break. He can't see you and didn't know you were there. Seriously, why does he act this way. None of the other people involved in firing me do. Most greet me and, indeed, we often exchange polite conversation."

"Nick doesn't know how to react to you, thus the easiest course is to ignore you. He doesn't necessarily hate you, but he doesn't really like you either. He knows that you are superior to him in just about every way. But he can't dwell on that. He has to convince himself that he is a man with some stature in the community. Becoming chairman of the department was the greatest thing that ever happened to him. And what did you do?"

"I just wrote a note to the Dean noting how his general incompetence was hurting the department."

"Exactly. You were threatening the very thing he cherished most. You were threatening his status and position in the educational community."

"But I wasn't trying to get him fired. It just would have been better for the department if we got someone in who knew a few things about the dynamics of higher education and the subject matter we were supposed to be teaching."

"Nick is well aware of how good you are. And I don't just mean in the classroom. Remember when you used to share a locker with him?"

"Yes. That was years ago. I let him use my locker in the men's faculty locker room for a few years. Why not, we very seldom were there at the same time. I don't follow you. What has sharing a locker got to do with his disdain for me?"

"It has a lot to do with it. In fact it is the key to understanding the total dynamics of the whole situation," said Mentor in a very direct and forthright manner.

"What are you talking about? A shared locker is the key?"

"Not the locker, silly. It is what was revealed about you while in that locker room."

"I still don't know what you are getting at!"

"Don't deny it. How many women have complemented you on your equipment?"

"My equipment? What are you talking about? My badminton racket? The one I used to occasionally beat Bob Vanni?"

Mentor in a very sarcastic and ridiculing manner, "Your cock, silly!"

"Oh, that equipment! Well, now that you mention it, quite a few. But I didn't really think anything about it. A woman would be smart to say complementary things about her lover's equipment."

"Give me a break. You've known for some time that the women were not just being complementary for no good reason. You have more

than most guys. Indeed, you have more than most guys ever dream of having. Remember that guy at Little Beach on Maui who complimented you on your size? And if I recall correctly, he even touched you."

Laughing, "Yeah, I remember, that was Bill. I was trying to figure him out. My friend Myrtle said he was propositioning me. But you know I never felt that way. He sounded like he really wished he were endowed as well, and it didn't really have a sexual implication for him in the context of the two of us. You know I've have generally seen Bill on the beach every year since 1990."

"That is exactly the point. Every guy that has been on the beach or in that shower room when you were moving about knows what you have got. Then to make it worse, you have that total overall tan. They know what that means! They know that you have spent a lot of time nude on some beach with other people, some of whom are no doubt women. And you don't have to be a rocket scientist to figure out what is on their minds. Whether the things other guys attribute to you have happened or not is besides the point! They believe that it has and that is all it takes. They, at least most of the guys around WIU, are extremely jealous of you, Dr. Leisure."

"Am I understanding that you are saying that the size of my cock is the root cause of all my difficulties at Western Illinois University?"

"Exactly! Every aspect of your difficulties is tied to the same thing. You are an extremely intelligent individual. You are extremely capable with tools. There is virtually nothing that you cannot do. By any standard, you should be head of the department; indeed, you should be head of the university!"

"Aren't you over-rating my abilities," asked Dr. Leisure.

"No, not in the least. You should be the top dog here. And indeed, many see you in that light. However, some people have slipped into positions of power above you. They do not understand that all they have to do is be supportive of you and they can go even further up the ladder of success. Unfortunately, the individuals above you are not very smart. They think the only way to maintain their position is to put you down."

Mentor went on, "It is the old crabs-in-a-bucket routine. All the crabs in the bucket are trying to climb out. So they climb on one another and some get closer to the top of the bucket than others. If they would work together, the ones below could climb up on those above and get closer to the top and maybe even out of the bucket. But instead, what do they do? They pull on the crab above and pull him down. Then that crab cannot get out of the bucket. It is the same idea here. Your colleagues are out to pull you down. They will do whatever they have to do to bring you down. The reason is simple enough. They don't have a clue on how to work with you or on how to do better on their own. All they have left is the satisfaction they might derive from seeing you fail. They certainly

don't gain any pleasure from watching you succeed!"

"Well, I hear what you are saying but still fail to see the relationship to the size of my cock."

"Let me see if I can say it another way. The behavior that is being manifested by these individuals is the human equivalent of the interplay in a band of horses. All the males are maneuvering and fighting to become the head stallion. The head stallion has access to all the mares. A pretty good reason to be the head stallion, wouldn't you agree? There are, of course, tremendous survival value implications to the species if the biggest and the best can produce the most offspring. Additionally, all the mares want to make it with the head stallion. I mean, why get it on with someone of lesser status if you can do it with the head honcho?"

"Next, you are going to tell me that all human behavior is really a manifestation of the same concept. We males are all vying to be the head stallion, sort of speak!"

"Exactly! Ultimately, all human behavior is a manifestation of that sexual interplay which is central to the survival of the species. Think about it! What would happen to mankind, or any species, if the reproductive component were taken away?"

"It is obvious. There would not be anymore of that species in a very short time."

"Exactly! And just like with horses, the size of one's equipment is as much a part of the equation as that person's intellect or other perceived manifestations of power and status. Indeed money, social status, and physical attributes are often interchangeable within the hierarchy we are discussing. And you, Dr. Leisure, have more attributes than most mortal men whether we are talking about intellect or the size of your dick."

"An interesting idea, I must say. Until now, I had never looked at my situation at Western Illinois University from that perspective. But you know, just in the last few moments and thinking about it from that perspective, I do see a lot of things that tend to bear out what you say!"

Chapter 4 On The Road

"Say Mentor, what is the point of the Kachina Doll?" asked Dr. Leisure as he stood in front of the collection in the Phoenix Museum of Natural History. "It says here they were a way the ancients communicated information to the children."

"Yes, that is correct. It is really quite simple if you think about it. Did you ever try and remember something that someone told you and just couldn't quite remember what was said. Or perhaps a better example, have you been going about your business not thinking about anything in particular and you do something only to remember much later when something jars your memory, that you could have done what you did in a much easier fashion if only you had remembered!"

"Yes, regrettably that happens all the time. I will be driving along and get a great idea. Something that I want to write about. If I don't write it down, I will forget it. And sometimes try as I might, I cannot remember the idea. Actually more often than not, I don't even think to realize that I had an idea. I've found it is really important to jot down an idea on a sheet of paper as soon as I get it. Then if I get back to the paper, I have the idea."

"Exactly, that is much the same idea as with the kachina doll. A kachina doll exists for ideas that are worth remembering. When a kachina doll is given to a child, it becomes part of the information system associated with that child. In the everyday course of events, the child will play with the doll and the idea associated with the doll will be reintroduced into the child's state of consciousness."

"I see. So if we give a young girl a doll symbolizing fertility and child bearing, then that youngster will come to accept that being fertile and having children is part and parcel of what it means to be a Hopi child."

"Correct, if the doll did not exist and there was not other information regarding child bearing passed on to the child, she might grow up not understanding the role she plays in the preservation of the tribe."

Petrified Forest: Somewhere in the petrified forest the spring of 1993.

"Shall we stop at the next pull-off? It says there is a loop trail with numerous petrified trees on it."

"Sounds good to me. I want to take some time and commune with them," said Virginia, smiling.

Dr. Leisure parked the truck. The next thing he knew he saw Virginia with both hands laid against the side of an ancient petrified tree trunk. Clearly, she was on the same frequency as the tree.

Later, walking together down the trail... "What is supposed to be here?"

"I am not sure. It says something about there being a bunch of petroglyphs or something. But I sure don't see any!"

"Look over here," said Virginia as she pointed to a facet of the rock in slight shadow. "See the stick figure. That must be what they were talking about."

"Yes, and here is another one. And another. They are all about if you just keep looking," said Dr. Leisure.

"This one must be Kokopelli!"

"Who?" asked the doctor.

"Kokopelli"

"And who might Kokopelli be?"

"Well, in many respects he is like you!"

"Like me? How so?"

"Well, he too was endowed with a big penis. See here in this depiction he clearly has one while most of the other petroglyphs do not."

"I agree he does have a line extending between his legs. But so what. He also has a line from his mouth. It looks like he is playing a flute."

"Exactly. He is! Kokopelli was a fertility figure to the pre-Columbian people of the Southwest. To my knowledge the subject of this particular petroglyph is the only one that represents an anthropomorphic subject which can claim both an identity and a proper name.⁴ And it is definitely male." said Virginia. "Actually the flute may be in his nose and not his mouth. Some contemporary groups play such an instrument. With some preferring the left nostril over the right. In some cultures only the male can play the instrument. It is believed by some that it is the essence of the soul that is moving in and out of the body when a person breaths. The expression of God bless you when you sneeze may be a manifestation of this belief in our own culture."

"Do you think there is any relation to Pan? You know, that character who is half human and half goat who plays the flute." asked Dr. Leisure.

"Probably, at least conceptually. Most cultures seem to recognize the importance of sex and reproduction to the welfare of the group. All have gods or goddesses associated with fertility. And most totems exaggerate the genitalia, be they male or female. Kokopelli was just another in a long standing tradition of such deities."

"So you think I am a reincarnate of Kokopelli? I don't even have a flute, much less know how to play one!" exclaimed Dr. Leisure.

"You may not have a flute. But you clearly know how to play the instrumentation that you are equipped with! The spirit of Kokopelli lives in the music that you make with your organ. Believe me! I've done my homework and checked out a few over the years," responded a smiling Virginia. "In fact, I be willing to do further experimentation right now!"

Afternoon Delight

It started out to be just another mid-afternoon encounter. The truck with the overcab camper shell was pulled under the pines. People went about their business in the camp. The couple next door was cleaning up after lunch. Another couple was walking their high-strung poodle around the loop.

"What about the people next door? Won't they know what is going on?" asked Virginia.

"Just don't scream so much," replied a smiling Dr. Leisure.

"Very funny. You know what I mean. We tend to get that old truck rockin'."

"Give me a break. These folks have been around. They know that old saw, when the camper is rockin' don't come knockin'. It is none of their business and they would expect the same privacy."

Some time later, the truck was indeed swaying back and forth with a gentle harmonic rhythm. Muted sounds drifted across the adjacent campsite. The couple completed putting away the luncheon materials and smiled at one another as they considered whether they would follow the example set by the truck campers. It was not likely that their thirty-eight foot Winnebago would reveal any sign of an amorous encounter, no matter how passionate.

The dog walkers had made the loop and were passing by the campsite with the camper from the other direction. The poodle strained at its leash to get closer to the front tire of the truck. It wanted to leave its scent over that of the previous creature that had marked the wheel as a boundary in its territory. It needed another six inches of slack, however, or it would not be able to do the job. The dog's owner, knowledgeable in the behavior of her dog and dogs in general, pressed the release on the automatic lead. She could anticipate no harm in her dog wetting the front tire of an old truck. Besides, the owners were not in sight.

As in many campers of such design, the main bunk is built over the front cab of the truck. It is essentially an enclosed shelf cantilevered forward from the box that constitutes the main portion of the camper. It is framed out in two-by-two's and faced off with aluminum sheeting on the exterior side and thin plywood on the interior. Glued and nailed together, it is quite a strong and integral unit when it leaves the factory. The main base board of the bed itself is a half-inch chip board some four feet wide and nearly eight feet in length. Chip board is a composite made of wood chips and glue. Fresh and newly produced, it is considered to be stronger than a regular slab of wood of the same dimensions.

The chip board in Dr. Leisure's camper was some fifteen years old. It had experienced the rigors of use over those fifteen years. But more importantly, it had also experienced the ravages of neglect over a period of years when the camper was not used but rather parked behind

the home of a friend. As anyone who has owned a camper most likely knows, the units are inclined to leak along roof seams. The flexing of the roof as the unit is moved about, combined with the rather insidious ability of pounded water to find the hairline cracks in a sealant coating, results in interior water damage.

In this case, the water had leaked in and dripped to pond on the chip board. Over the years, the wood chips in the board had slowly deteriorated and rotted away. Unbeknownst to our happy campers, the bed board and its wooden supports were actually composed of strands of fungus mycelium. Nutrients moved about in the web of microscopic threads. There indeed was a fungus among us!

In the scheme of things, it was not a particularly hard thrust. It was a good solid and deep one that triggered not only waves of pleasure but also waves of pressure that moved through the body of the recipient and then into the bed boards as well. It was not the single thrust but rather the cumulative effects of a series that had started out rather slow and controlled. Then as the intensity of the love-making built, so did the frequency and intensity of the strokes of pleasure.

Virginia was sure the Earth had moved! Not a particularly unusual happening under the circumstances. Yet somehow she knew it was different.

Dr. Leisure on the other hand thought the sound of the aluminum siding seam unraveling was just the muted groans of the suspension system of the old truck. Since his own release was yet to occur, he continued with increased intensity.

The front-most edge of the bed board had given way. The part that was farthest forward and beyond the windshield of the truck. The bed board was now inclined toward the front of the truck. The forces of gravity being what they are, the two lovers rolled down onto the hood of the truck in a pile of bedding, still entwined and still undulating.

Fifi the poodle jumped back and began to bark. Something was not right with this picture! No tire properly watered had ever created such a disturbance.

Release came for the doctor just as he hit the truck hood. It was incredibly good. The intensity of the experience could never be surpassed. There was an incredible rush. The feeling of movement. The feeling of an intense inner light bursting forth and illuminating the whole scene, almost like an out-of-body experience. His whole body wanted to collapse on and into that of Virginia. It was if they had merged into one being. He could even hear a dog barking quite nearby. He had never heard that before!

The barking continued. Dr. Leisure heard what sounded like commands to the dog to stop barking. Then he heard a voice gently probing into his consciousness that wanted to know, "Are you all right?" It was not that of Virginia. Indeed, it had a masculine sound to it. It was also not the same as that directed toward the dog.

Slowly Dr. Leisure opened his eyes. At first he was blinded by the sunlight. Slowly his eyes adjusted to the brightness and he could make out the blurred forms of people standing near by. It was as if he were on a pedestal and surrounded by a gallery. Without his glasses, Dr. Leisure could not quite comprehend what he was looking at. Below and under, he could feel the warm soft body of Virginia. She was looking up and smiling. The sound from her lips were, "Oh my God, that was incredible." Then her body stiffened and fear came to her eyes as she became aware of their environment. She pulled Dr. Leisure toward with a strength he was not aware she possessed.

Still not understanding what had happened, Dr. Leisure responded, "Oh, no. We are not hurt. We are fine. Isn't that right, Virginia? Are you O.K. Virginia?" To which she nodded affirmatively.

The next sound heard was that of applause from a group of about a dozen bystanders. Comments like: "Great Job", "I've never seen anything like that," and "They didn't even miss a beat," were heard wafting through the air.

Chapter 5 Sweet Revenge

Macomb, Illinois. Summer: Dr. Leisure is driving his camper truck north down the hill of Wigwam Hollow Road. A scrawny Mr. Bill, clad in only his running shorts and track shoes, jogs on the sidewalk also proceeding north.

"Don't do it!" exclaimed an apprehensive Mentor.

"Don't do what?" asked Leisure.

"You know perfectly well what I am talking about. Don't you even think of running him down!"

"It would be so easy. I couldn't help it, the truck wheel hits the curb and jerks the steering out of my hands. What could I do? Five thousand pounds of truck and camper roles over the sidewalk and with a little bit of luck the right tire runs right up his butt."

"And you think people would accept it was an accident?"

"Oh, I don't know. Most people would probably figure I did it on purpose but still wouldn't care. I gather there is a lot of resentment in this town against Mr. Bill."

"Come on! Why would anyone be unhappy with Mr. Bill?" said a very sarcastic Mentor. "You don't suppose it would have to do with his hitting on some of the high school boys."

"You don't know that to be true!"

"Yeah, I don't. But I also don't know it to be false."

"Well, Mr. Bill was one of the first to come out and let the Macomb community know he was a homosexual."

"Not exactly! Everyone that knew him was aware he was a homosexual. He was the first to effectively use it as a mechanism to get what he wanted at the university."

"That's true! It's strange that one can capitalize on his sexual preference to gain status."

"Probably the university is one of the few places where someone can gain status for something as commonplace as a sexual preference."

"Remember that guy you picked up hitchhiking on Maui?"

"Which one? I've met quite a few interesting people while picking up hitchhikers on Maui."

"That one that said he was at the beach and you asked which beach. And he said Little Beach. And for some reason you asked whether he was interested in the girls or the guys."

"Oh, yes. And he said he was more interested in the guys. There was more to look at, given the variability of the male genitalia, than the female genitalia."

"Yes that is the one, but I don't think he put it in quite those terms."

Dr. Leisure laughed, "You've got a point. He was a bit direct and did use more common language. He also is the one that told that joke about the homosexual who was so ugly he had to date women."

Remember that?"

"Yes. I was surprised with his answer when you asked him to speculate if you were a homosexual and he didn't hesitate to say you were not. Then you asked him how he could tell?"

"Yes, his response was that my beard was not neatly manicured and I didn't shave under my neck," responded Leisure.

"What do you make of this homosexual business?"

"I don't think it is really all that complex. These are individuals who have greater success in same-sex contacts than heterosexual contacts and they just go with what works. I mean, we all come into this world with an innate drive to connect and sexually interact with our own species.

"We experiment. We try to respond to the sex drive. We find it is pleasurable to rub certain parts of our body against others or ourselves. If we have a pleasurable experience once, and we do, then we want to have it again.

Look at all the circumstances that encourage the development of a same-sex encounter. We segregate the sexes early on and make cross-sex touching a taboo at an early age."

"Aren't you oversimplifying? I mean, look at all the literature that has turned up acknowledging and justifying the same-sex relationship."

"I don't think so. The writings have come from people trying to explain and understand what is going on with their lives. They formulate impressions and they reduce these to writing. Other people come along and try to understand where they are coming from and turn to what others have written. They relate to what they find and think because someone else had a similar experience, that it must be a unique human condition of a select few. They don't examine the material from the perspective that I am talking about."

"I see, so you are saying that if you look deeply enough into the background of the writer you will find people that have had early successes with same sex situations and merely capitalized on them."

"I suspect there are books out there written about same-sex experiences that if the author were found today, would be involved in heterosexual experiences. Remember Shirley, one of my friend's daughter. At one time she was married to a guy. She divorced him and went off with a female and lived with her for a few years. When that relationship ended, she went back to men. Is she a homosexual or what?"

"The 'or what' seems to pretty well catch it. She tried different things. The bottom line is that she was able to get off sexually with both male and female partners. Whom she lived with was only a matter of companionship and convenience, and not just from a sexual gratification point of view.

Life continually presents us with opportunities to make choices. She made what she perceived as the best choice for the moment. She was

happy in the choices that she made for a time. Then new opportunities and new choices came along. She made a reassessment and opted to do something different. In that respect, she is no different from the rest of us."

"Boy, you have a neat way of making seemingly very complex issues so simple. No wonder they hated you at the university," remarked a smiling Mentor.

Mentor started to laugh.

"What in the world are you laughing at?" asked Dr. Leisure.

"I just remembered the time you placed that ad in the Chicago Homosexual and Lesbian publication. What was its name?"

"Coming Out in Chicago? I don't really remember."

"What did you say? Wasn't it something like gay kicks ass, a true story of how a gay overcomes adversity at WIU. And then you mentioned your book. Whatever came of that?"

"I got a hundred or so requests for the book. I gather the homosexual community was interested in how a gay successfully kicked ass at Western Illinois University. After they read the book, they found that the gay was not exactly the hero of the piece. I gather that some of the more sophisticated members of the gay and lesbian movement felt that a certain someone had really given them all a bad name by his actions at WIU. In a word, they were steamed!"

"That ad was a piece of work! Where in the world did you ever come up with that idea?"

"I don't know! It just seemed like a good idea at the time. I never expected the level of response that I got. I mean, really!"

Chapter 6 Correcting Problems at WIU

Let us suppose for the sake of argument that you have learned that a member of the WIU faculty is seriously violating academic freedom or other basic rights of an individual. What can you do about it? It seemed like a valid question to me. I was personally well aware of numerous violations of university regulations and other transgressions by Dr. DiGrino, and furthermore I could document them. But what could I do about them? I decided to ask the president of the university, Donald S. Spencer, in a letter dated March 17, 1995.⁵

Apparently, the bureaucratic way to deal with such a request is to not acknowledge that you even got the letter. In any event, he never answered. Apparently the attitude of any entrenched bureaucrat is for the public to be damned.

"Mentor, can you explain this!" asked Dr. Leisure.

"Explain what?" responded Mentor.

"Why wouldn't President Spencer do anything about DiGrino? I sent him that list of forty specific transgressions of university policy and basic fundamental rights committed by DiGrino and he didn't respond. Look at all the stuff I dug up when I looked through the files made available under the Freedom of Information Act. I mean, the record is quite clear. They have been discriminating against women and other minorities for years. The number of black students enrolled as majors in the department is so low as to be insignificant. This, in spite of the fact that fifty percent or more of the students in the introductory courses are black. Or, at least they were when I was teaching," said Dr. Leisure flipping through the documents before him. Documents that were filed in a cardboard box.

"The answer is quite simple and I am sure you are well aware of it," said Mentor.

"Humor me, I am not well aware of it!"

"For starters, the president of the university is the top dog. He doesn't care what DiGrino does to the students or the faculty under his control. He doesn't particularly care about DiGrino. Nothing happening in that area has any particular implications for him," responded Mentor.

"Oh, come on. Clearly the president is concerned about discrimination and the welfare of the students in general."

"Why of course he is concerned! Just ask him. He will tell you that this is one of his chief concerns as university president. But look how he manifests that concern. As soon as black students brought their grievance to his attention, what did he do?"

"Well, he seemed concerned, he appointed a committee."

"And what did the committee do?"

"I don't know that it did anything. It was appointed a few months before school was out. I don't think they got a report out. Hell,

I don't know if they even met."

"OK, take a little longer look at the situation. Will those students who leveled the complaints be back next year?"

"Some will be. Some will have graduated. Others will have dropped out. Still others will transfer out. But some will be back!"

"Yes, a few will return. But a whole summer will have passed. Do you think that whatever problem was on their mind in the spring will still be on their mind in the fall?"

"You certainly have a point there. Well, if the president is not concerned about the students, he surely must be concerned about academic freedom," said Dr. Leisure.

"You have been reading your faculty handbook again. Get real. So someone steps on your academic freedom. What are you going to do? Call the ACLU?"

"Yeah, I might just do that!"

"And what are they going to do? Academic freedom is well defined and protected by the words you just cited in the faculty handbook. Case closed."

"You are right as always. The president doesn't have to give a damn about academic freedom or anything else."

"True, but with one minor exception since the Board of Governors was done away with."

"You mean the president is concerned about the new WIU board?"

"Yes, for you see the new board has the power and the authority to fire the president. The president is accountable to the board. If the board thinks the president ought to drive a different car, the president is going to listen. If the board doesn't like the way the president parts his hair, the president is going to listen. He will not be insubordinate to the board. Academic freedom, student enrollment, race relations - that can all go to hell. Those are not issues which the board is concerned about."

"Remember, the board members are professional people with little if any training in the subtleties of academia. Their biggest kick from being on the board of WIU is the prestige that it carries within the community. Imagine how a board member relates to the community. I can see it now. A group of town folk are assembled at a cocktail party out at the country club. You know one of those affairs thrown by the local realtor. Imagine the status when you are introduced to someone and you are able to say, 'Yes, I am on the governing board of WIU.' I mean, there are only seven people in the whole state of Illinois that can say that. And you are one of them!"

"I see what you mean. So how does one affect the president and get him to do something?"

"What I would suggest is that you put pressure on the board. Ask the board member to inquire why Western Illinois University has a declining enrollment when little Monmouth College down the road is

continuing to show real and significant growth. Let the president know that he can be replaced if that situation doesn't change."

"But why would I as a concerned citizen care about whether WIU grows or not?"

"Why, that depends. Certainly some citizens in the community could care less. But others such as bank presidents recognize that if WIU enrollment declines, so does the number of teachers and other support personnel. Declines in these individuals translate into declines in bank business. You don't have to be a rocket scientist to understand that Macomb with a declining university will have a very sick economy. Every time incompetence at the university blows off another student, the community loses. Remember the multiplier effect you used to talk about in tourism?"

"Yes, every dollar spent by a tourist is spent and re-spent as it moves about the community. Only when the money is spent on something that originated outside the community does it leave."

"Exactly! And the first step in the process is getting the tourists to come to Macomb. If they don't come, we don't get any of their money. Just insert student for tourist and you have exactly the same situation. I am sure there have been economic analyses done. Maybe the impact of a student on the community is equivalent to ten times what they spend in the city. If a student spends \$1,000 that is like a \$10,000 dollar influx into the coffers of the community. Multiply that by a few thousand students and we start talking some serious money."

"Remember, the beauty of this money is that it comes from outside the community. All we have to do is grab some of it as it goes by!"

"Additionally, every dollar that comes into the community for salaries at WIU comes from the state treasury. None of that money would ever come to Macomb if the university were not here! Can you imagine what Macomb would look like without that chunk of money?"

"Yes, I imagine it would look like Adair. A collection of a few houses sitting in the middle of the countryside with cornfields as back yards!"

"Exactly, and there would be no hospital or other related facilities and all the jobs that go with them."

"I certainly see your point! But will the board really exert itself and do anything?"

"Probably not! It would take something really outrageous for the board to act. Something like the president engaging in crimes of moral turpitude. It would have to be some behavior that was clearly outrageous to the sensibilities of the community. I mean a person ripping off the university for a few bucks would not even be a big deal. That sort of thing is accepted and expected. General incompetency? Not an issue. Whether the president of the university is competent or not, money is going to flow into the community."

"Remember when President Spencer had the stroke last summer?"

"Yes, he was out only for a few weeks if I understand correctly."

"Precisely, he was not out any length of time and he is back on the job as if nothing has happened. Tell me this, have you ever heard of a person who has had a stroke being able to function mentally at a hundred percent?"

"No. Now that you mention it. All the people that I know who have had a stroke have had aspects of their thinking processes messed up. Some more than others to be sure, but yet none have been able to fully function."

"Precisely, yet here we have a major university going about its business as if nothing has happened. You see it doesn't matter whether the president is functioning at one hundred percent or fifty percent. The university lumbers along. Competent faculty are let go, students are discriminated against, little of significance is really taught, and yet in the overall scheme of things it makes very little difference. The important thing is that the money from the state coffers just keeps coming," said Mentor.

Money in Real Estate

The people in the community are working very hard to determine how to get their hands on some of those dollars. One area is, of course, real estate. Let's take a look at real estate as but one example of how things work. Consider a new faculty member coming into the community. The first thing s/he usually does is buy a house. The realtors just love it! They take the faculty person around and show him houses that are low in price compared with those in other parts of the country. The faculty person cannot believe what a deal s/he thinks s/he is getting.

The realtor knows the houses are overpriced by local standards, but so do the lending institutions and everybody else who is playing the game. The faculty member buys. After a while, s/he finds out that the house is really not worth what was paid for it. No real problem if the faculty member's employment continues. The money is there to pay the mortgage and everyone is happy. While the home owner might not be quite as happy!

But take the situation where the faculty is dropped by the university. Now the house has to be sold so that faculty member can move on. All of a sudden the word is out and the house no longer has its value. At a sheriff's sale, the house changes hands for far less than the price paid by the former faculty member.

Look who has made money and who has lost on this scenario. The realtors have made money. The banks have made money. Virtually, everyone has made money except the faculty member. It was his down payment that disappeared in the process and which ended up in the pockets of the realtors, bankers, lawyers, and others all working the

housing market for a living.

Chapter 7 Mentor, Are You God?

"Mentor. Are you God?" asked Dr. Leisure.

"An interesting question. Why do you ask?" responded Mentor.

"Well, I was just sitting here working on writing this book and trying to decide what I wanted to say or have happen next in the book and it occurred to me that I was like any author or religious prophet. I mean all my ideas really stem from within. I just take them and commit them to paper or articulate them in some other way. If a prophet says God is talking through him, how is that different from my articulating some inner thought. Didn't I, in turn, get that idea from God!" said Dr. Leisure.

"Tsk, tsk now there is a thought! Every word or idea is just another manifestation of God being expressed through you. The church and other religious groups will be very disturbed to learn that you are speaking for God every time you open your mouth. But you know you do raise an interesting thought. If you are not speaking for God, whom then are you speaking for?" asked Mentor.

"That is the point. Am I speaking for myself? Am I just articulating my own view of the world as I have come to see it? Are you just a product of my mind? A literary device so that I can have someone with whom to carry on dialogues in order to bring out my own philosophy?"

"If indeed you are a creation of my mind, then who is to say that any prophet who thinks he is talking for God is not doing the same thing, i.e., creating his own literary device to make his story have greater weight. Obviously a prophet is going to know that the words of God are going to carry more weight with the people than if he suggests the words are only of his own creation."

"So I am just a literary device! Don't you think there is a thread of me that transcends your being and that is connected to the cosmos in a way you cannot possibly understand? Don't you believe that ... ," said Mentor.

"If you don't like that concept, than how about this one? I am just a manifestation of your subconscious. You know! You have your conscious mind and your subconscious mind. What you are aware of that you are thinking is in your conscious mind. What you are not aware you are thinking is in your subconscious mind. It is just that simple. Right!" said a rather cocky and sarcastic Mentor.

"I am not so sure! I have a lot of trouble with the concept of a conscious and subconscious mind. I really don't think the concept works in explaining the brain or at least explaining how my mind functions. For example, I have no conscious idea of what I am thinking or about to say as I write the next word or words of this book into the computer. I am just sitting in front of the screen, typing on the keyboard. I am pulling the words from within. I don't know where they were or what

they will be until I hear them in my mind. You know what I am saying? When the word seems to be heard in my head, it is as if someone were inside my head saying words. Until that happens, I don't have a clue as to what the word is or will be. At first there is nothing and then there is something. A word at first. Then another. And another, until finally there is a whole string written that may or may not make sense. If they don't seem to make sense, I go back and change a few so that they do seem to make sense. Then I go on. Typing in as fast as I can the words that come," said Dr. Leisure.

Now clearly the words are coming from within my head. But are they coming from a "subconscious" as opposed to a "conscious" mind? I don't know? I pause and look out the window at the meadow and the hillside outside my cabin in West Virginia where at the moment I am writing this portion of the book. I am "thinking" for lack of any better word on what I want to say next about the concept of conscious and subconscious.

I am encouraging my mind to "say" different words in my head and offer some different ideas or combinations. From what turns up, I will choose one that seems to make sense and put that in the computer and ultimately into this book.

I go off and look out the window at the leaves falling from the trees. I see the dirty dishes in the sink and decide to wash them. All the time, my brain is tossing up words which are said in my mind. None of the combinations seem to explain or adequately characterize the concept of conscious and subconscious. Then a combination comes out that suggests maybe all the brain is doing is tossing out combinations. Trying one and then another. Using those put together in past reflections on this topic and tossing them out again.

Why not? The brain tosses up combinations. I reject some and accept others. Making the decision based on some other internalized process that presumably measures the idea against some previously determined reference point. Perhaps that reference point is an earlier idea that seems to "work."

But what does that mean? If the brain is tossing up ideas or words in various combinations, where did they come from? Certainly it is fair to say they came from the collected life experiences of this writer. While that set of experiences is finite, it still includes an infinite number of ideas including the concept of God as the source of all ideas.

"So, Mentor. What does this all mean? Are you in fact just the convenient identifier/name of God being manifest through my mind? Or an identifier that I am using to identify what others might call either the subconscious or conscious portion of the brain. Something that I would rather accept as a totality which does not lend itself to such a segmentation," reflects Dr. Leisure in words spoken within his mind.

Chapter 8 Little Beach Revisited

In my first book I talked briefly about the nude beach on Maui. Little Beach, as it is called, is of course the reason that I first started going to Maui in December of 1987. It is clear now it was my involvement with nude beaches and the very exotic travel that resulted from developing an expertise in this area that led to my firing. Dr. Nick DiGrino the chairman of the Department of Recreation, Parks and Tourism Administration could not believe that my involvement with such things as nude beaches could have any validity to the recreation profession. He successfully convinced others that everything I said I was doing in this regard was nothing more than an elaborate hoax by me to justify my visiting such places as Maui, Hawaii.

Some five years since my firing and nearly six years from the publication of my book *Creation and Management Guide to Public Clothing Optional Beaches and Parks*, by the American Sunbathing Association, it is interesting to find that suggestions in the guide have been followed by the National Park Service and others. In 1990, the Park Service had nude beaches but they generally tried to ignore them. Today, they sign them and acknowledge that they exist. Indeed, they have incorporated them into the management strategies of some of the national seashores.

Be that as it may, let us take a few moments to see just what has happened to Little Beach at Makena. This world-famous nude beach has been made even more famous by its notoriety in my first book. Today you can punch it into the search engines of the world wide web and get the latest in what's happening at the beach.

Little Beach is located at the north end of Big Beach. Big Beach is on southwest Maui. The entrance to the Makena State Park is exactly one mile down the road beyond the entrance to the Maui Prince Hotel. The Prince Hotel is often referred to as the "last resort" because it is indeed the last resort in southwest Maui.

A lot has happened to this particular area of Maui since my first visit in 1987. In general and in the approximate order of things, the following has occurred: the road beyond the Prince to the park has been paved and land acquisition for the state park was virtually completed by 1994. The parking lot at the park was scraped out of the Keiave trees and surfaced in late 1992 and early 1993. A couple of self-contained rest rooms were built

at a cost of \$35,000 each that would digest solids. One burned to the ground shortly after being opened to the public. The other was vandalized to a point that it was closed some months later. Portable potties are now used instead.

Shift in Visitor Channel Presentation

The changing attitudes regarding nudity at Little Beach on Maui

can be effectively summarized by looking at how the television visitor channel describes and portrays Little Beach. Following is a verbatim report as it appeared in December of 1993:

"At the North end of the Big Beach lies Little Beach, or Puu Olai. This is not a beach for everyone, as you will see, there is sunbathing in the buff. To get there you must climb over this hill, a feat much easier said than done, believe me. But if you are determined to worship the sun au natural, be warned! The local authorities still frown on sunbathing in the altogether, no matter how far removed from civilization."

The Visitor Channel, Paradise Television, Lahina/Maui

Note the reference to "local authorities still frown on sunbathing in the altogether..." The implicit message is that the activity is illegal when, in fact, it was not at the time. But nevertheless, with the choice of words a slight scare could be given to the tourist. Perhaps that heightens the desire for some to go to the nude beach. I am sure that for others it probably was an effective deterrent.

About two years later, the same visitor channel reported the following on January 2, 1996. Again this is the entire verbatim message about Little Beach:

"Over this hill from Big Beach, like a smaller or more intimate beach is Little Beach. And the name tells more than you think. You see sun bathers at Little Beach wear very little, or well, nothing at all. If you decide to worship the sun Au-Natural. Remember what we said at the beginning of the program, wear sunscreen."

This narrative was accompanied by a brief (about ten seconds) reverse zoom of the beach. The camera pulled rapidly back from a walking nude female to show much of the beach with obviously nude sunbathers scattered about. Albeit they were very small nude sunbathers.

Note there is not even a veiled reference to the idea that there is anything wrong with nude sunbathing! The print media has also followed suit. There are numerous tourist publications on Maui. Two that I have followed over the years include *Maui Gold* and *This Week*. At one point a few years ago when both went to new maps, Little Beach was marked as nude on both. Currently only in *This Week* is that designation still carried. I have no proof but wonder if it is a matter of where the documents are published. *Maui Gold* appears to originate on the island, while *This Week* appears to be sent over from Oahu. It is clear historically that there was a time when it was not politically correct to acknowledge that Little Beach was and is a nude beach. And for some few remaining on Maui, that is still probably the case. However, things

are changing and of this there can be no doubt.

The Pristine Beach?

What is the ideal and natural state of a beach? It is a very easy matter to recognize that empty beer cans and cigarette butts are not an asset to any beach. Over the years, some users of Little Beach have made a concerted effort to get individuals to carry out their trash, including cigarette butts. It is easy for the smoker to view the sand of Little Beach as but one giant ash tray waiting to receive the smoldering snub of a spent cigarette. The users of Little Beach have even gone so far as to post a sign that looks semi-official. It is on a standard eight by ten inches or so metal slab and stencil lettered which asks smokers to keep their butts off the beach. (Not their nude butts but rather their cigarette butts.) To some degree it seems to work.

The very clean nature of Little Beach is definitely not the work of Makena Park personnel. Park personnel don't do beaches, either Little Beach or Big Beach. The reason is simple enough and relates to why the nude use at Little Beach continues unimpeded by the State Park Regulation prohibiting nudity in state parks. Little Beach and Big Beach are not within the boundary of the state parks, and the park personal have gone on record that they will not pick up trash outside the park. Thus, they will not pick up trash on the beach, either Little or Big!

While many users of Little Beach do haul out their trash and many smokers have learned to carry out their butts, there is still more to the story. As you might guess, there are many beach users that aren't all that considerate of others. Over the years, I have become aware of an individual named Dale. I believe this individual is the true caretaker of Little Beach and he deserves more credit than any other for the pristine nature of Little Beach.

On more occasions than I can remember, I have arrived early at the beach (before 9 a.m.) and found Dale scurrying around fully clothed with rubber boots and plastic gloves on, picking up trash. He will be carrying a plastic bag and works over the entire beach and much of the immediately surrounding lava rocks and vegetation (an area that is in the state park). He fills the bags and places them along the entry walkway, where they will be carried out to the trash receptacles of Makena State Park located just behind Big Beach.

Dale is so thorough and so conscientious in his pursuit of cleaning the beach that I almost feel embarrassed that I am not helping. Dale goes about his business quietly and efficiently. He systematically moves about literally scouring the vegetation and the environs, looking, finding, and bagging trash and garbage.

Having policed the beach to his satisfaction, he will strip naked and take a dip in the ocean. Dale is trim and in fine physical condition. (Another point that somewhat embarrass me as I ponder my pot belly and compare it with his muscular torso.) Dale will do handstands on

some of the lava rock. They are very controlled movements where he goes into the inverted position quite carefully and controlled. (The ramifications of hastily throwing oneself into a hand stand only to fall over should be apparent to any reader. If not, let me remind that lava rock is quite sharp and would cut anybody thrown against it.) Doing handstands is not recommended for amateurs who might lose their balance and scrape on the lava.

Over time, I have chatted briefly with Dale and learned a little about him. He has been taking care of Little Beach in the manner I described for over five years. By profession, he has been a landscape gardener for some seventeen years. He views himself as a professional, and everything I know of him bears this out. I don't know if he has the degrees or other paper credentials. I do know that his knowledge and understanding of plant ecology clearly supports the idea that he is quite competent in what he does.

He does not perceive his role as policeman. He does not like to and will not tell people what they should or should not be doing regarding polluting the beach. If asked, he will explain his picking up of organic material. His concept is so alien to the current line of thought that he is met with some skepticism. Most people believe that organic material left to rot is just another way of returning material to the natural environment. After Dale explains, most seem to understand that too much of anything where it does not belong constitutes pollution. When one realizes that sand on a beach is virtually free of organic material, it becomes apparent that introducing rotting material is indeed polluting.

I believe there is a little bit of Dale in all of us. We all want to do the right thing with the environment and with our fellow man. The difficulty is that we don't all agree on what is the right thing that must be done. I am hopeful that if we do as Dale does: explain and talk about what it is that each of us is trying to do, then we might be able to come to some consensus. If we can agree on how we want to treat the environment and ourselves, then we can get on with making the world the paradise it can be and in which we wish to live.

Beach Erosion

The ebb and flow of sand from Little Beach may be viewed negatively as beach erosion, or positively as the way a living beach breathes and maintains itself in a healthy state. In my winter visits, it was not uncommon to see the beach erode away gradually with each passing day and each visit. When I arrived in mid-December, the beach was wide and smooth. A gentle pile of sand sloped gently to the ocean from the base of the cinder cone.

Depending upon the number of winter storms and the wave action that they produced, it was not unusual to find the front of the beach noticeably lower than the day before. In fact, a very definite cut

could be seen. This break in the otherwise smooth contour of the beach could be as much as a couple of feet vertical. It was as if the waves raced crossways along the beach pulling out quantities of sand by undercutting the higher ground. Once undercut, it didn't take long for the sand above to slump into the water and be washed away as well.

The sand was not really washed very far. When it was obvious that the sand was missing from the beach, it became apparent that the ocean just off shore was getting shallower. One could walk out a much greater distance with the water only reaching to the knees or perhaps the waist.

I particularly remember the storms in the winter of 1992-93. For the first time in many years, I was actually rained off the beach repeatedly. The surf was so high and pounding that I could hear it at Myrtle's⁶ place, situated a good block from the ocean. It actually could be heard above the traffic noise on south Kihei Road.

Each day when I got to the beach, I found less sand. The cut across the beach had moved back further than I had ever seen it before and it did not appear to be stopping. At one point, the cut was approximately fifteen feet from the base of the hill and the tree-line. The next day, the cut was twelve feet. This made for some crowding of the beach even though the number of users was down. People had no choice. If they wanted to be on the beach, or more precisely what was left of it, they would have to align themselves on the narrow strip.

A few days later, the distance was reduced to six feet. Then five. Then four. People could no longer put down their towels perpendicular to the water. They now put them parallel. Obviously even fewer people could fit on the beach. Many were setting up on the higher ground at the farther end of the beach.

Another day or so and the cut was two feet from the tree-line. Now one could sit only on the edge of the beach. The next day, even that was gone. The whole beach had been scoured out! The beach was gone. Albeit, it had not gone far. It was apparent if one walked out into the ocean that the sand was just sitting there offshore waiting for the next wave set to bring it back in.

I have been trying to figure out how the waves did it. How are the waves that carry the sand away different from those that carry it in? My theory is this: The large pounding waves of the winter storms reach far up the beach, and a great deal of energy is dissipated back to the ocean from the pounding waves picking up sand and transporting it outward from shore. Net movement of sand is out from the beach.

The smaller waves of summer and much of the rest of the time carry their main energy in the forward thrust of the wave crest. Sand is picked up and carried forward to be dropped as the relatively low energy wave loses energy and the ability to carry sand. This occurs repeatedly. Sand particles are in a continual game of leap frog. The net movement is up the beach from the ocean. On shore, they just keep piling up until

the beach is restored. The beach stays in the restored mode until the next storm which starts to take it out. Usually, the storms are few and far between and any loss to the beach is quickly repaired. The frequency of storms in the winter of 1992-1993 was unique and we all saw the results.

The beach was actually laid bare to lava rock. The rock is slightly higher at the far end than at the end close to the entrance. During this time, use of the beach shifted to above the tree line. If anyone chose to make an issue of it, the users of Little Beach were in violation of state park regulations. Since they were above the high tide line, they were within the state park. Keep in mind that nudity, or indeed even the exposure of a women's breast, is a violation of Hawaiian State Park Regulations. To my knowledge, no one made or raised such an issue, although the opportunity clearly existed for anyone who would wish to.

Typical Nude Beach Day

A big part of the day at the nude beach -- or any beach -- is people watching. Not surprisingly, one aspect of the human condition is being aware of what other humans are doing. There are a number of ways to do this which range from watching others to talking with others. Give this concept a moment's thought and I am sure you will agree that we do an awful lot of "people watching" wherever we are and notwithstanding what else we may be doing. I must admit that manifestations of the human condition are one of the most fascinating aspects of what mother nature has to offer.

One day, I watched with interest as a young woman plopped down on a towel in front of where I had placed mine. She proceeded to place two towels on the ground perpendicular to the water's edge. In a moment or two, she had shed her cloths to reveal a young, well-formed and very white body. She was neither trim and nor fat, but pleasantly proportioned and extremely white. I was pleased to note that she had a container of sun screen and applied it liberally to her entire body. The application was not as sensuous as it might appear because I was sitting behind her and slightly up the beach. I wasn't all that interested in the application of sun tan lotion, but actually more curious about the reason for the two towels. The women was obviously a newcomer to the beach (very white complexion). I wondered if this were some sort of ploy to make it appear that she was with someone else when actually she was alone. After a few moments, she turned toward me and proceeded to lie down on the towel. She squirmed back and forth and wiggled her contours into the sand. After a few moments, she turned onto her back and proceeded to wiggle again, changing the sand contours to match that of her other side. I heard no resistance from the sand. I could see two hillocks of flesh rising ever so slightly above her main body contour and the pink flesh of her exposed nipples. She assumed this position for a

few moments and then proceeded to sit up. I was still pondering the idea behind the two towels.

In another moment, she rose and started moving down the beach at a brisk rate. My eyes trailed after her, thinking that she had a very well-formed and pleasant-to-watch body. Just a bit further down the beach, everything came into focus and all my questions were answered. A young man wearing a large knapsack approached. As soon as I saw him, I realized I had been watching one half of a young German couple, probably off on a trip around the world. In any event, the young man moved to the second towel and shed his backpack. A short time later, the rest of his attire was removed and the two headed off to snorkel.

Polynesian Postcard Beauty

Another woman that comes to mind when thinking about the nude beach is a gorgeous Polynesian woman. This lady had a very trim figure with elegantly defined breasts and long, dark hair that trailed down her back.

Every movement this young woman (mid-twenties, I would guess) made seemed choreographed and right out of a glamour photo session. Every movement was poised and elegant and sensual. She did not just sit on the beach. On the sand, her arms went back behind her. Her head was tossed back, throwing her long hair over her shoulders. Her back arched and her taunt breasts were noticeably thrust outward and upward. When she ran down the beach, it was not the efficient and controlled style of a marathon runner but rather something closer to that of a choreographed ballet scene.

It was as if the beach were a stage and this women were giving a performance. A performance that had the attention certainly of every male and most likely many females. Your sex or sexual persuasion didn't matter, this woman was one of God's exceptionally gorgeous and radiant individuals that all enjoy watching wherever and whenever they maybe encountered.

Chapter 9 Plane Sex

Somewhere over the Pacific on a red-eye flight from Maui to Chicago, with a stop in L.A. Most everyone on the 757 is asleep, including Dr. Leisure. The stewardesses are moving through the cabin making sure everything is just right.

"Wake up, Dr. Leisure. You're not going to believe your eyes!"

"Hugh, what's that... Is that you Mentor?"

"Check it out!"

"Check what out? What are you talking about?"

"Check out Molly our stewardess. She is coming up the aisle behind you with the drink cart."

"Yes, she is a cute girl. I believe I indicated that earlier when she came by and I learned her name."

"Damn it. Take a look!"

Dr. Leisure reluctantly turns to look toward the back the plane. Up the aisle is coming the beverage cart pulled by Molly and pushed from the other side by Janet. The only vestige of their uniform is a little cap. Both appear to be totally nude. Clearly, Molly is for her entire backside is clearly visible. Janet, on the other hand, is blocked from view by the food cart which extends slightly above the waist. However, it is clear from the gentle swaying of her unconfined breasts that she too is nude. She is wearing a lei and her long blond hair partially obscures the areola of her left breast.

"Well, look at that! I must be dreaming. Are you responsible for this, Mentor? Running this fantasy before my mind while I am a sleep. This has to be one hell of a dream!"

"Whoa, boss... I didn't and don't have anything to do with it. I just noticed it a minute before I called your attention to it! I don't have a clue as to what is going on," said an apologetic Mentor. "Maybe you should ask the stewardess. She will be here in a moment!"

"Coffee, tea or me?" said stewardess Molly. "That last part was a joke."

"I see. I think I'll have tea. Tell me am I hallucinating or are you really nude?"

Laughingly, "I was wondering how you would react. All that business about being a nude beach expert and all. I had a bet with the captain that you really didn't know anything about nude beaches and were just putting us on. Janet and I decided to work up this little surprise. It looked like everybody else was asleep so we just slipped out of our outfits and wheeled the beverage cart down the aisle to see how you would react."

"Quite a stunt, I must say. How did I do? Did I react the way you expected?"

"Well, I'm not sure. I must say your reaction was a bit more subdued than the fellow in aisle seat 72. He must have had a dozen beers

and only because he had to pee did he wake up. He started to get up and just about ran into me as he did so. He took one look. Decided he must be drunk. Reached over and grabbed his beer and took another swig and slumped back into his seat muttering something like disaster must be near at hand for he had just seen an angel," said Molly.

"Yes, I can see why he thinks he saw an angel. You have beautiful breasts, not to speak of your face and the rest of you. You certainly have an angelic quality, particularly nude."

Dr. Leisure's remarks were barely completed when the three tones usually associated with an announcement from the captain were heard. What was distinctive about the tones was that they were many decibels louder than usual. They would wake anyone unless really under the influence or dead. That condition did not seem to apply to the members of flight 16 out of Maui.

"That son of a bitch," exclaimed Janet. "He knows we are nude and apparently he is going to call that to everyone's attention who is on board! That dirty son of a bitch."

"This is the captain speaking. I just wanted to alert you to our special Polynesian mid-morning beverage service. We are offering complementary Mai Tais to anyone wishing to participate in this Polynesian ritual of renewal and purification. Your flight crew is demonstrating the proper attire for the ritual. Feel free to join in. Don't hesitate to get up and walk about the cabin if it helps. We in the flight crew are participating in the ritual but are forgoing the Mai Tai until after we are safely on the ground in L.A., Mahalo."

Janet looked at Molly. Molly looked at Janet. Both looked at Dr. Leisure. Dr. Leisure looked at both. There was a rustling and stirring about in the main cabin of flight 16. People still groggy from interrupted sleep looked about. Looking at the stewardesses and then at the person sitting nearest to themselves.

A woman about thirty-five toward the front of the plane stood up and turned to look back at the stewardesses. "You don't have a stitch on. Why you are naked!"

"It's the Polynesian way," responded Molly not knowing what else to say and too embarrassed to move.

"Yes, and very nice," said a male voice coming from somewhere in mid cabin.

"And it's a lot more comfortable," said Janet.

The woman standing in the aisle had taken off her blouse and was in the process of removing her bra. Her unconfined breasts became the focal point of attention for every male and some females within six rows of seats. Within seconds, she had pushed her dress and half slip down her body to reveal the dense dark cover of her pubic arch.

Stepping out of the garments, the lady walked down the aisle to claim her free drink. With her head held high, the woman exuded the same dignity as that inherent in the painting "Nude Descending the

Stairs." As she moved down the aisle, her breasts swayed gently back and forth. Counter balanced by the subtle offset of her hips as they moved from side to side with each step.

The muted sound of applause rippled through the cabin. Scattered throughout the plane, other individuals rose from their seats and began disrobing. It was clear that many on the flight were going to participate in the Polynesian ritual of purification.

Back at the beverage cart, Janet and Molly worked quickly to pull the makings for Mai Tai from among the various shelves and compartments.

Cockpit Flight 16

"You really started something, Captain. I've never seen anything like this in all my years of flying! And I have to say I really like what I am seeing. Particularly that woman in aisle seat 17. Is she a knockout or what? And totally nude as well! How did you do it?" asked the first flight engineer.

"Just lucky, I guess! I hope I don't lose my job over this. I never thought it would turn into anything like this! At best I thought I would just embarrass Janet and Molly," said the captain.

"Not to worry. They all appear to be pretty mellow and pretty laid back. Let me make the landing announcement and then see what happens!"

"O.K., it is in your hands! I hope your assessment of the passengers is correct. God help us if any are radical right, born again Christian fascists."

"Ladies and gentlemen, this is the first engineer speaking. The captain has asked that I share our concerns with you. We will be landing in Los Angeles in about forty five minutes. As is customary at this time, we ask that you return to your seats and fasten your seat belt. Please be sure your carry-on luggage is secured under the seat or in an overhead compartment. Place the trays in the upright position. Additionally, we ask that everyone get dressed! We are not sure how the ground crew will respond to a plane load of naked people and we ask your co-operation. Thanks for flying XXXX airline (deliberately deleted in published accounts to protect identity of carrier) and hope you will fly with us again in the near future."

Ten Minutes Later

"What do you mean that the lady in seventeen aisle seat wouldn't put her clothes on unless she gets a hug from Dr. Leisure?" asked the captain.

"That right. She insists that she be hugged!" said Molly over the intercom to the cockpit.

"Well, what did Dr. Leisure say? Surely he will give the lady a hug and help us all out," said the captain.

"Yes, Dr. Leisure is amenable, but it seems there is an additional condition and Dr. Leisure has had this sort of thing happen before. He is worried about what could happen!"

"Well, what is the condition and what is Leisure worried about?"

"The condition is that Dr. Leisure is nude at the time of the hug, and the concern is that if he hugs one lady he will have to hug others. This has happened before and it could take some time to properly hug every lady on this plane who might want one!" said Molly.

"I see. Let me check with the flight engineer," the captain turned and looked at the flight engineer who had been monitoring the conversation. "Have we got enough fuel on board for a few minutes of circling?"

"Yes, captain. We could circle for a good hour if we have too. But that lady in seventeen can't be serious. You know, I would volunteer to go back and fuck her brains out. It wouldn't take as long."

"Thanks! Just what I needed to hear!" The captain turned back to the intercom. "How serious do you think this is, Molly. Joe has made an offer to sexually fulfill her wildest sexual on-board fantasy, personally."

"If Joe were Dr. Leisure, it might work. I'm afraid it is getting more serious by the moment. The other women nearby heard what she wanted and now they want the same thing. Some who were dressed have already gotten back out of their clothes and indicate they will not dress until Dr. Leisure gives them a hug as well!"

"Is Dr. Leisure nearby? Can I talk with him?" asked the captain.

"Leisure, Doctor Leisure, here and at your service captain!"

"Doctor Leisure. Can you please help us out?"

"I don't mind. This happens all too frequently lately. Depending on the interest level, I should be able to satisfy most everyone with a quality hug in about thirty to forty-five minutes. Have we got enough fuel for that?"

"That's an affirmative, Doc. Get on with it and do your thing. And thanks. I didn't mean to cause you any embarrassment."

"Not to worry. Remember it's a pleasure with Dr. Leisure."

No one on the ground knew why flight 16 was forty-five minutes late to the gate. It had left Hawaii on time and there were no head winds. Indeed, a fifty-mile an hour tail wind was reported at the designated altitude. The gate attendants reported the passengers seemed to be particularly mellow and very friendly. Smiles and hugs were bestowed on many gate personnel who just happened to be near a deplaning passenger.

An employee with another airline momentarily wondered if Dr. Leisure could be aboard. She recalled witnessing a similar situation on

another flight from Maui where the good Doctor was a passenger. But that was some six months ago and it didn't seem possible then, so it was likely it wasn't the case just now either! Probably just a particularly good year for the complimentary champagne!

Chapter 10 Hawaiian Snakes!

Officer Howley cruised down the Piilani highway toward Wailea. Traffic was running pretty light for this time of day and it seemed everyone was behaving himself. He was somewhat relaxed with one eye on the road ahead and the other looking toward the ocean and the approaching sunset. The sunsets on Maui are undescribably beautiful and tonight's was no exception.

It was subtle. Extremely subtle, and it seemed hard to believe it could break into his consciousness. Yet it did. It was the sound and vibration similar to a series of rumble strips on the highway. You know, the ones encountered on approaching a stop light in some remote location. Yet in this instance, the feeling and sound was much more subtle and faint. A very slight thump, thump, thump as the car rolled over some slight ridges on the road.

Officer Howley was puzzled. The sound was slight, yet it was clearly there. What was it? He had not noticed it the day before. Perhaps he had heard it but just ignored it. I mean, this sound was subtle. Officer Howley decide to go around the block. At the next exit, Kilohana Drive he dropped down to ocean side with the intent of doubling back and returning up Keonekai Road to the Piilani highway for another pass over whatever was making the noise.

It took about fifteen minutes and the light was beginning to fade. Yet, with his eyes riveted on the roadway he saw something like a series of squiggly lines running at a slight angle across the road. It looked like a series of flattened snakes. Something he had once observed on a trip to Macomb, Illinois, during his days as a student on the mainland. Of course, it was impossible for it to be snakes, so Howley wondered what would make a design that so resembled snakes.

With his blue lights flashing, Officer Howley pulled the car to the side of the road. He took out his flashlight and walked over to the squiggles. The setting had a certain surreal look, for the clouds hugging the sides of Haleakala crater were taking on an intense pink color as they often did as the sun set to the west. Other higher clouds were tending toward a darker purple. If one looked west or down to ocean side, the play of orange and yellow light was breathtaking. Officer Howley was no longer paying any attention to the sunset. His eyes were riveted on what he was seeing that he could not or did not want to believe. The beam of his flashlight played on the squiggles on the pavement.

A car shot past and Officer Howley could hear the faint "katump, katump" of the wheels over the squiggles. The muted sound of the rumble strip that he had heard before. He stepped back, realizing that even as a police officer it was not wise to be walking on the travel lane of the Piilani highway at dusk. A person could get killed!

He returned to the police car and pulled the mike out the driver side window. "Central, this is Officer Howley."

"This is Central, go ahead Howley."

"I need help. I've never seen anything like it! It looks like a family of snakes has been squashed crossing the road!"

"Say again! Who's been squashed? Squashed? Did you say squashed?"

"That's affirmative. Snakes! Snakes squashed!"

"Officer Howley, did I hear you say snakes?"

"Affirmative. Snakes!"

"Officer Howley, there are no snakes in Hawaii!"

"There are now!"

"Officer, what are you on? You know it is against department regulations to be on duty under the influence of beer or drugs!"

"I'm not on anything! Send the animal control specialist out here, now."

An Hour Later

It was not an easy decision to make. Closing the Piilani Highway would cause inconvenience for those traveling into Wailea and particularly Maui Meadows. All traffic was routed down Keonekai Road to South Kihei Road. For those heading to Wailea, it just meant taking the low road over the high road. For those going to Maui Meadows subdivision, it was a detour that took them down the crater and then back up. No big problem, just a time delay of twenty to thirty minutes as traffic backed up at the intersection stop signs.

Some seven police cars were deployed on the Piilani. The entire fleet of Maui cop cars was there! The light wagon was also there. A van with telescoping and folding arms containing large halogen lights and reflectors. Powered by a gas generator, this rig could make it look like daylight even in the middle of a Maui night.

The flashes of electronic strobes could be seen for miles. The rumor beginning to circulate was that a flying saucer had crashed on the highway. Fortunately, the police had the good sense to suggest it was just another car crash and effectively diffused that one. The idea that snakes had been found was just too hot to reveal. Fortunately, no one of significance had heard Officer Howley on the police radio.

The residents of Maui have long known that even a minor car crash will wreak havoc with the traffic pattern on the island. Actually the rerouting in this circumstance was minor, given what has happened in the past when an accident occurred on the North Kihei Road. Closing that road caused two big loops of continuously moving cars that went round in circles for eight hours before the traffic pattern was returned to normal and the cars allowed past the accident scene.

Twenty-Four Hours Earlier

"OK, that's a good one. Let's use that one. Where is the rubber cement? There should be a whole bottle of it around in that bag

somewhere!"

"Rubber cement? What do you need that for?" asked the younger of the two males.

"If you don't use rubber cement, they will lift up and blow off the road when the first big truck comes along. I did a lot of experimenting with this back in Indiana. All of these snakes are special. You cannot use just any old road kill. It has to be really flattened, really dried out, and it is essential that they be properly stuck to the road surface."

"You sure went to a lot of trouble. Why are you doing this?"

"I've got a bone to pick with the Maui authorities. They ousted me off of my campsite on Little Beach one too many times. And for no reason! I had a fishing pole up and a line in the water. That should have been enough. It is for the locals, but they knew I wasn't one so they busted me anyway! Maybe it had something to do with my being nude with that local Hawaiian girl. Was she a beauty or what?"

"Was that the one you told me about who used to go with that officer with the DLNR?"

"Yeah, when did I tell you about that?"

"Never mind, you really don't want to know! Are these all the same species? I noticed they all look pretty much the same except for size."

"Yeah, they are. It took me all last summer. At first I just picked up any old dead snake on the road. Then I realized that would be too easy. As soon as they saw the snakes were all different kinds, they would know something wasn't right. This way they will think it was a family of snakes. They will think they have reproduced here. And that will scare the shit out of them!"

"Boy, you have thought of everything!"

"Yeah, I have. It's even better. See that little plastic bag? No, not that one. The one over there."

"Yeah. What is in that?"

"Open it and take a look."

"Not on your life!"

"Don't worry. There is nothing alive in there."

The younger male hefted the bag a few times. It didn't weigh very much and certainly it didn't feel like anything was alive and moving about. In any event he was sure there could be no live snake present to leap out and bite him. With some caution, he carefully untied the knot which kept the bag sealed. "What are these things? They look like parts of soft ping pong balls."

"They are egg shells from some real snake eggs. A herpetologist friend of mine gave those to me. He found them in the rotten stump of a tree near the museum where he works."

"What are you going to do with them?"

"I'm going to put those in a little hole just off the highway in the

bushes. It will look like the family hatched here recently and was just crossing the road when they got squashed. It should drive them crazy. There are parts for at least two dozen snake eggs and there will be only about ten snakes stuck to the highway."

"You are ornery!"

"Yeah. And when I get even. I get even!"

Unbeknown to the perpetrator of the prank, there was a totally intact egg within the bag. In it the ebb and flow of fluids attested to the viability of the embryo it contained. It would release its inhabitant within the next twenty-four hours to forty-eight hours if conditions were right. And the conditions were right.

Home of Specialist Tonaka

Animal Control Specialist Tonaka awoke in a cold sweat. It was just a dream! True, a reoccurring dream. One that he had had many times before. Yet that is exactly what bothered him so. It was a dream which was just so believable! Not the dreaming of it so much, but the content. The scenario of events in the dream was just too plausible! It could happen just that way! Just the way it happened in the dream.

Snakes could come to Hawaii⁷ just the way the mongoose⁸ and the mosquito⁹ came! Perhaps they already had!

Chapter 11 You're in the Movies Now!

Ten O'clock Sunday Morning at Little Beach, Maui.

"I would recognize those buns anywhere," exclaimed Evelyn as she moved down the beach toward Dr. Leisure. He was standing near the old Kiawe tree talking with some friends from Michigan.

"Good to see you! I was wondering if you would make it down to the beach today?"

"Hi, sweetie," said Evelyn, at the same time patting or perhaps more correctly giving Dr. Leisure a light slap on the rump. One that was audible to those nearby. And one that Dr. Leisure had not in the least anticipated. His body having flexed slightly in reaction to the pat. He might even have blushed slightly, but with tan at near max after three weeks of Maui sun it would have been impossible to tell.

"I needed that!" responded a startled Dr. Leisure. "Boy you are in feisty mood."

"Let me get naked. I've got a proposition for you!" In a couple of shakes, the beach mat was down and the pants and halter top were off. Her trim figure glistened in the sun. Ample and unaugmented breasts hung knowingly and wanting. (At least from Dr. Leisure's perspective. Perhaps the wanting was in his eyes and not innate in the breasts themselves.)

"Well, what is on your mind other than a blatant sexual encounter under the palm trees in the next fifteen seconds?"

"You know I had been talking about those photographs I was going to do for that friend of mind... fifteen seconds of sex under the palms trees? My, that does sound good!" responded Evelyn with a smile from ear to ear.

"I was just joking. It would go against the general decorum of the nude beach and upset a lot of folks."

"I'm getting wet just thinking about it! You know, it is not nice to fool with the mother goddess that way!"

"Sorry, I forgot all you ladies think you are an extension of her!"

"Well, aren't we?"

Dr. Leisure proceeded to look and study Evelyn's physique from head to toes. It was obvious to anyone nearby that he was savoring every exposed square inch of flesh both singularly and collectively in his mind. "You are a rather convincing manifestation of the goddess, I must admit."

"Maybe you had better sit down and roll over. The neighbors are getting a pretty good idea of what's on your mind! If they didn't know before, they do know now why you are referred to as "King of the Beach."

"I needed to get more sun on my back anyway," an embarrassed Dr. Leisure said as he sat down and carefully rolled over onto his stomach.

"Anyway, that is precisely what I wanted to talk to you about," said Evelyn as she too plopped herself down on the beach towel next to Leisure.

"What? Being a manifestation of the goddess!"

"No, silly. Your more than ample appendage."

"That's funny! You usually don't want to talk, although the topic is the same!"

"Very funny! Let me get serious for a moment. I was thinking that while I am here with you, I ought to get you on film. That is to say, you should do a screen test. Let's get that amazing organ on film and let me take it back to California and show it around. It might have some commercial appeal. I have no doubt it will have appeal to some of my female friends. Whether the interest is commercial or not may be another question."

Walking off the Beach

I found Evelyn to be a very interesting individual. She and her husband of some twenty years were also into "swinging" as the current term for having sexual variety in ones life.

One day walking off the beach, she suggested that there have always been arrangements and understandings that have allowed for sexual variety for both parties. In earlier times in this century, it was the affair or the mistress. Later, a popular term was "wife swapping." Whatever you called it, the real essence of the whole idea was to bring some sexual diversity into the supposedly monogamous and certainly monotonous relationship.

She told me how as a young women her husband-to-be had convinced her that properly and fully developed breasts depended on taking in a daily amount of fresh semen. According to him, the process had to continue uninterrupted for thirty days in order to be effective.

"Did you really believe him when he told you that?" I asked in disbelief.

"I wasn't really sure and I didn't want to take any chances," she responded.

"Well, I admit it must have worked! You certainly have a nice set."

She laughed, "I guess you could say I am living proof that the old wives' tale is correct. One thing for sure, even if I do say so myself. I give a good blow job!"

"I'll bet you do! I'd sure like to check that out sometime."

"Come by the house latter today and I'll give you a demonstration."

Later Off the Beach

Later, I connected up with Evelyn at a private residence she was residing in for the summer. She was interested in much more than merely

demonstrating her oral technique and taking videos. She introduced me to the concept of Tantra Sex. That is to say, a form of Hindu meditation and ritual designed to enhance the whole sexual experience. Through various routines involving periods of abstinence, diet, and ritual, one can heighten the intensity and increase the number of orgasms. It is truly amazing what one can do sexually with a little training and discipline. I would learn a great deal more about this subject some time later when I connected up with the pagans.¹⁰ In the meantime, I would just have to make do with Evelyn's fine tutelage. And believe me, her hands-on demonstrations were incredible!

Chapter 12 Deformity at Little Beach?

As told to Dr. Leisure by Harry O'

"It was a few years ago. I was hanging out with my friend Rob at the Intercontinental. One night, we met this women and her daughter at the bar. They were looking for a good time and we were willing to accommodate them," said Harry as he sipped on his Budwiser.

"Since Ron was the younger and closer to the daughter's age than the mother, he connected with the daughter. I got left with mamma. Not a bad deal; she was pleasant enough and we had some good times together.

Anyway, things were moving along nicely and the daughter indicated she would like to go to the nude beach. Ron wasn't really comfortable with the idea and suggested that the daughter ask me. I said that would be fine, but in order to get an early start I suggested that she spend the night before at my place. Somewhat to my surprise, she was amenable to that. So I ended up yankin' the daughter after yankin' the mother. I don't know what Ron did. I don't know if he ever got to yank both of them or just the daughter. Anyway we, the daughter and I, went down to the nude beach.

"While at the beach, we were approached by a guy selling tee shirts. Apparently, this fellow was known as the mayor of the beach. He had a little pot belly and was very pleasant to talk with. Suzan, that is the daughter's name, looked at the shirts and decided that she really wanted one. However, neither of us had brought any money and we had to tell him that we would have to get it the next time we visited the beach. He indicated that was no problem and went off down the beach.

A short while later, Suzan asked me if the mayor had a deformed dick. I said I didn't know. I hadn't been looking at his dick. I had been looking at his collection of shirts. But since she had brought it up, I indicated I would check it out. I noticed that the mayor had moved back down the beach and was sitting up in the Kiawe tree that hangs over the beach. A place where I had seem him sit on past occasions. I walked by and checked out his equipment without seeming to be to obvious about it. After all, I don't have any real interest in other guys' cocks!

Anyway, it appeared to me that the mayor was just not circumcised. His foreskin hung down and covered the tip of his penis. Could this be what Suzan was talking about? I couldn't quite figure how a girl that was probably yankin half the boys in Southern California wouldn't know about a foreskin. But then, stranger things happen. I gave the matter some thought. Did I want to explain to her what circumcision was or not? After a few minutes reflection, I went back to Suzan and said: "Yeah. You are right. He does have a deformed cock!"

I spent a number of days yankin' Suzan and sometimes her mother. But their vacation ended and they had to go back to southern

California. I wonder if Suzan ever learned the difference between a circumcised cock and an uncircumcised cock?

You know? Now that I think about it, I wonder if mom knew the difference?"

Chapter 13 The Friends of Little Beach

In my first book, I talked briefly about Peter Rowley and the Friends of Little Beach. If you haven't read that book and don't know who Peter is, then let me explain briefly. Peter was one of the key figures, if not the central figure, in fighting for the recognition of Little Beach as a clothing-optional beach. Friends of Little Beach was the support and activist group lead essentially by Peter. The struggle over the beach was at its heaviest from 1987 through 1990. That struggle is explained in some detail in my first book *He Wouldn't Drink the Hemlock: The Firing of Dr. Leisure* and the reader is directed there for more information if desired. Here, I shall relate what has happened to the Friends of Little Beach and Peter Rowley as I learned in early 1994.

I was on Maui for what has become my traditional visit over the years from mid-December to mid-January. I have been making this trip annually since 1987 when I was first invited to prepare a paper on the clothing-optional beach at Makena known as Little Beach.

I made a specific point of contacting Peter by telephone for I knew I would not run into him at the beach. Although during my 1993 visit I had been at Little Beach virtually every day for a month, I had not seen him at all. Peter confirmed what I had been hearing from our mutual friends, viz., that he was actively involved with pursuing his first love of weight training and nutrition. Working by appointment and using the facilities of one of Kihei's gyms, Peter would develop custom training programs for men and/or women.

The time commitments to this effort were such that Peter was working six to seven days per week. Add to this the fact that he had gotten married on November 23, 1991 and it was apparent that he just did not have the time to be at the beach. This is not to say that if some problem had developed he would not have been involved. Indeed, there was an incident of untoward behavior by two men in view of a passing cruise ship. A newsletter was prepared and gotten into the hands of individuals thought to be able to do something about the situation. The matter did not make the local media and there have been no reports of repeated incidents.

I asked Peter about the status of Friends of Little Beach. He indicated that for all intents and purposes, it had ceased to function and to exist. People still maintained relationships with one another at the beach, but there was now no one making a concerted effort to greet and welcome new users. Peter had taken this on as his responsibility and had put a lot of energy into the effort back in the late eighties. He characterized the current situation at Little Beach as "behind us now. We did what we had to do and everything is fine now."

Clearly, the efforts of Peter and all the others that were part of Friends of Little Beach had paid off. The beach is noted for its nude use in the local travel guides and on the tourism promotion channel (channel

7). In one of those paradoxes of paradise, the Polynesian cultural tradition of bathing in the ocean without clothing is practiced and preserved most often by non-Polynesians. The missionary mentality still prevails and controls the official position of the people in that the state park has made it illegal to be nude, or indeed even for a female to expose her breasts within a state park. Since the beach proper is technically not in the park, then it becomes legal to be nude or topfree on the beach proper. The key is, don't wander above the high-tide line. The tourism channel states (as of 1994) that local authorities frown on nude sunbathing. Perhaps they do, but at least now they do not arrest you for it at Little Beach or send in the commandoes as they had been doing as recently as the late 1980s. (I know this sounds unbelievable, but I'm not joking or exaggerating in any way regarding this segment of the book.)

Peter left Maui for Las Vegas in July, 1994. He wrote in his Christmas letter that the prices were much more reasonable on the mainland. He also liked the fact that he and his wife could see big name entertainment at many hotels in the city.

In Las Vegas, Peter continues to pursue his body building and nutrition program. As part of his program, he publishes a monthly newsletter¹¹ giving his insights into nutrition and its relation to body building.

Peter was so closely associated with Little Beach that I never imagined it without him. Now, it has actually been a number of years since he has been at the beach! Yet every day or so, I meet someone who asks about the Friends of Little Beach and Peter Rowley. He left his mark on literally thousands of beach visitors to Hawaii and will forever be part of the history of Little Beach.

Chapter 14 Whales: Humpback and others

Roughly corresponding to my return to the island in mid-December is the return of those behemoths of the sea, the humpback whales. The humpback return every year from their summer feeding grounds off the coast of Alaska. They come to the waters surrounding Maui to breed and bear their young.

Unsubstantiated rumor has it that they follow the contrails of the jets carrying the Vancouver snowbirds to Maui. Pods of whales form up just off Vancouver Island. When word comes from one of the captive whales in the Vancouver Sea Park that visitors' numbers are declining, the scuttlebutt is that they are off to Maui. The migration begins. The lead whale is an old male with one eye and an abnormally farsighted condition. He leads and, every now and again, roles his sixty-ton body on the surface to point what some would term his bad eye skyward. Of course, in this application, this is his good eye. He focuses on the contrails of the jets overhead and leads the pods to Maui.

On one of my first visits to Maui and the nude beach, I was told of an incredible snorkel adventure. The mayor of the beach and two female companions swam out to go eyeball to eyeball with a young male humpback. They told of approaching the behemoth and of how its eye followed them about as they approached. They even were able to touch the creature's front pectoral fin.

The three swimmers were attired in their natural garb, which is to say they wore no swimming suits since they had swum out from the nude beach. They wore only a mask, snorkel and flippers. It is part of the nude beach mythology that encounters between whales, porpoises, and other sea creatures and man are much more amicable and enjoyable when both are immersed in the environment the way the Goddess intended. Whether true or not, clearly the encounter between man and animal has to be different under these circumstances from those of the past pitting detonating harpoons against these magnificent creatures.

Ever since I heard about this rendezvous at sea involving such lovely animals, I wanted to duplicate the feat and experience the adventure. I looked forward to swimming out with nude maidens at my side, and wasn't really concerned about whether I met a whale or not. Over time, I did indeed swim out to look for whales and other exotic creatures off the shore of Little Beach. Just off shore and around to the right, the lava rock slopes to the depths. In the shallower depths, corals abound with its associated collection of fish and other creatures. It is an easy snorkel trip from the beach. On numerous occasions, I would accompany others to view the aquatic sites. Sometimes, the group consisted of one other, and on other occasions the group might involve a half dozen or more individuals of both sexes and a variety of ages.

I have always enjoyed the movement of the undraped human form, be it male or female. For reasons deeply seated in my psyche,

however, I am probably more partial to the female form.

In the buoyancy of water, breasts take on different forms as subtle tissue forms and reforms within the constraints of the skin membrane that holds things together. Light refracted through the surface plays on the contours in interesting shapes and patterns which are constantly changing.

December 23, 1993. The whale watch report indicated a surprisingly large number of pods in the area. Usually, the first to arrive are females with the previous year's offspring.

On this particular day, a small whale actually jumped out of the water completely. It appeared that the animal may have been inverted. Whatever. Whether inverted or not, the creature cut back into the water without making the large splash usually associated with the larger animals breaching. Usually, the creatures do a tail stand and then fall back into the water. This same calf, or sub-adult, was then seen smacking its tail repeatedly as it moved across the beach zone of vision toward the general direction of Lahina. Adult whales doing tail slaps are quite an incredible thing to see. The tail is held vertically in the air and then pounded down to the surface briskly. It actually sounds similar to a rifle shot over water, and I suspect it can be heard just as far. Perhaps more so below the water line than above. I have witnessed one whale do in excess of seventy of these tail slaps without significant interruption.

Chapter 15 Diving for Dollars

Usually, I find money on the beach. On any given day, if I walk the beach and look hard enough, I will detect the outline of a coin lightly covered by sand. I had been looking every day since my arrival, and with the exception of one nickel that obviously had not been in the sand more than a short time, had found nothing. It was unusual for me to spend four days seriously looking and not finding anything. I had to renew my faith in the sea fairy. The sea fairy, in case the reader is not familiar with this particular nymph, is closely related to the tooth fairy (may even be sisters for all I know). In any event, most know that it is the tooth fairy that leaves a coin under a child's pillow for a tooth. In my day, that usually was a nickel or a dime. I really don't know what the sea fairy is leaving the money for. Does it really matter? In any event, I have found there is a high correlation between the amount of money found and one's faith in the sea fairy. The greater the faith, the more coins that are found.

I was first introduced to the idea of finding coins at Little Beach by a woman who would spend a part of each day looking for them in the lava rock at either end of the main beach. She would spend time looking in the crags between the lava for coins lodged in the cracks between the rocks. It was sort of like a natural sluice. The waves would surge over the rocks and drag the sand and anything else along down to the sea. The sand would go easily between the rock in a suspended slurry. Bits of coral and other larger debris such as coins would be held back by the narrowness of the passages between the rocks. The coins would be obviously held back if on their side; therefore they would try to slip through on edge. Probably, a number would make it through the rocks and tumble into the ocean. However, many would get caught and get wedged into the crevices of the rock with bits and pieces of broken glass or fragments of sea shells.

A person with a sharp eye could study the edges of the fragments caught in the rocks and discern, with practice, the edge of coins versus the edge of shells or sea glass. It was this skill that I learned from a friend in Phoenix.

At some point, I decided to look for coins on the main beach. I would just walk along the threshold of the beach most recently washed by the ocean. Low and behold, I started finding coins. A dime here, a nickel there and a quarter or two. Of course, there were pennies in various stages of corrosion. The laminated penny seems to be more susceptible to corrosion than the other coins.

One Friday morning, I decided to abandon my coin search for the moment and check out the snorkeling. I don't use fins but do have a mask with corrective lens and a snorkel which I purchased some years ago. Many interesting creatures abound just around the bend from Little Beach, and I decided to see how they were doing. I had heard the sea turtles were around and I hoped to catch a glimpse of them. I swam

around the point and saw a variety of colorful fish but no turtles. I was in the process of swimming back when I saw a white moray eel or perhaps a white sea snake. The creature was fairly small as eels go, so I thought it might be a sea snake. The latter are a bit rarer as I understand it, so I floated above it and observed as it moved into a clump of coral and rock on the bottom, perhaps ten to fifteen feet below. (I am unable to accurately gauge the depth of the water when in the ocean beyond a few feet.)

I concluded that the creature was more likely a moray eel than a snake and watched it basically disappear within the coral clump surrounded by the sandy bottom of the ocean. Then, I noticed something moving across the sand nearby. It ebbed and flowed with the currents. It appeared to be a paper currency of some sort. Loosely folded and just an inch or so above the sand. I took a breath and did a surface pike dive and swam down and grabbed it. Before I got it to the surface I knew it was a twenty-dollar bill. It was new and had suffered no degradation from being in the sea. It apparently had not been there long. I folded the bill and tucked it under the head band of my snorkel mask. Since I don't use fins, I gain most of my swimming power from my hands and arms and needed to keep them free. I didn't want to swim in with the bill clutched in my hand. Not wearing a suit, I had no pockets in which to put it.

On the beach, I made a point of showing the bill to my friends, and they were intrigued by my good fortune. Shortly after I sat down, I learned that a fellow a little further down the beach had found a similar bill in the surf just awhile earlier.

Perhaps an hour or so later, I felt as if the Sea Fairy were calling me back to the ocean. Like a siren of Greek mythology. I acquiesced to the call and put on my mask and headed out to the spot where I had found the bill. One circle about the rock outcropping on the bottom, and I observed another bill. It was configured just like the first. Loosely folded and surging back and forth with the current just off the bottom. I did my surface dive and swam down to it. I could feel the pressure in my sinuses and wondered how deep the bill was. At the surface, I found to my delight that I had obtained another twenty. The sea fairy was in good form today. Obviously, I had regained my faith and she was providing accordingly.

Back at the beach, my friends were becoming somewhat skeptical of my claim of having found another bill virtually identical to the first. Conjecture as to the source of the bills ran wild. Some suggested a body was nearby. Others, that a case of twenties were just a bit further off shore and slowly escaping and washing in. Still others suggested I check the serial numbers. They felt they would be the same and thus counterfeit. One fellow offered to ask banking authorities if they were genuine. Part of the test he envisioned was to see if they would be accepted by a waitress at LaBahia, the local bar and watering

hole where many of the Little Beach crowd hang out on Friday and Sunday during the five o'clock happy hour. I declined the offer since he had revealed how he would test them. I figured I could do that myself!

After another hour or so, I got to thinking that if I had found two bills and the other fellow had found one, who could say whether there might be some more. I decided to swim out and do a systematic search of the area. I had virtually swum to the sight, spotted the bill, recovered the bill, and then returned to the beach without really looking over the area. I now entered the surf and swam out to the site of the rock outcropping and started to look. No sooner than I began, I noticed something adhering to a rock sticking above the sand. It was another bill!

I dove and found myself swimming very hard to get down to the bill. It seemed further down than the last. Or perhaps I was just getting tired. I felt the pressure building in my sinuses. I reached for the bill, but it was just out of grasp. The movement of my hand dislodged the bill from the rock and it started to drift off. I frantically moved my arms and kicked my legs as hard as I could to secure a few more inches of depth. I swallowed a couple of times, successfully stifling that desire to breathe. A desire that was getting stronger and stronger, but also impossible to do. For an instant, I wondered if I had been taken in by some subversive plot of the sea fairy. Had she lured me repeatedly to these depths to test my greed? Had I overextended myself in an effort to get one more piece of green paper? I made one more lunge for the bill and succeeded in grabbing it. Bill in hand, I immediately shot to the surface. I couldn't expel the water from my snorkel quickly enough to satisfy my craving for air. I gasped a couple of breaths and was most thankful I had survived this dive and need not make another try. I stuck the bill behind my head band as I had the others and swam to shore.

Clearing my mask in the surf, I noticed blood in the mucus from my nose. Obviously, I had ruptured some blood vessels in my sinuses. I was not happy to see that, but presumed it was not a serious matter. I wondered how far I had actually dived. Was it ten or fifteen feet? Could it possibly have been more? I had no idea. I did know I really didn't want to do that again, at least not for a while.

My friends on the beach were totally astonished with my revelation that I had found another bill. One person piped up that she flatly didn't believe me and wanted to see all three bills at the same time. Others joined her clarion call. I had the choice: verbally try and defend my honor or produce the three bills. Since I had a slight headache, I opted to produce the three bills.

All agreed that I would be buying drinks at LaBahia that night. I sat down to bake in the warm sun and recover some of my energy. I was getting a little more exercise than I was used to on my daily trip to Little Beach. But soon I decided that I needed to go again. The sea fairy was my friend and I must do a systematic search of the area. It is said

that the sea fairy helps those who help themselves. I swam out to take another look around. This would be my fourth trip of the day. I found the spot and started to swim in ever-expanding circles. As is my custom when swimming by myself, I would reverse direction every now and then to check and see if anything were moving up on me from behind. I try to be aware of what is in my environment, whether I am on the land or in the ocean. I saw nothing, in the water or near the bottom, that resembled either a shark or a twenty dollar bill. Actually, I was relieved that I saw neither. The shark for obvious reasons, and the twenty dollar bill because I really didn't want to dive again!

As I swam, I found myself looking harder in the more shallow water of the reef. This is where the ocean bottom slopes up to the island. The reef covers the lava flow that forms the edge of the island. Since the sea fairy can put the money anywhere, why not where I could more easily obtain it? It is a question of faith. I have faith in the sea fairy and decided to look in the shallower water where it would be easier to collect. Wouldn't you do the same if you had faith in the sea fairy? Well, wouldn't you?

On the way in, I nearly swam into a pair of females that were snorkeling. I became aware of their presence only when I felt the swirl of water off the foot fin of one of them. Apparently, my attention was directed downward and I didn't see them. It was a little disconcerting to think I could be approached by something that would interest me and not be aware of it. I watched as they swam away and found that I could not keep them in sight for more than a few minutes. The line of sight at the ocean surface is broken into short segments by the rise and fall of the surface in the waves. Perhaps if they had been swimming a few feet below the surface, I would have been able to keep them in sight longer. I tried to convince myself that in such an environment I would spot a shark before it spotted me. Perhaps I must put my trust in the Hawaiian idea that sharks are manifestations of Hawaiian spirits and do not attack Hawaiians. I must have enough faith in my Hawaiianness that I will not be attacked and eaten by a shark.

I completed my fourth trip and came in through the surf without incident. I lay in the sun to warm up and contemplate my next adventure. It had occurred to me that I was actually putting the money I had found at risk by swimming out. What if someone took a moment to pull the twenties from my pack while I was out looking for more? I decided that I was not greedy and would be quite content with the money I had found. It was comparable to five book sales and I really needed to get on with that project.

The next day, Saturday, was a new day at the beach and I could not resist the temptation to see what the sea fairy would provide. I swam out and circled the rock outcropping but could see nothing. Actually there was a little sand stirred up by the wave action and visibility was not as good as it could have been. Even so, it appeared I could see the

bottom and I wasn't seeing any twenty dollar bills floating about. I decided to look for coins on the beach and did indeed find a couple.

Sunday came and I decided to check things out again. Swimming out, I started into a circular search pattern. Not far from the original site of my earlier find, I noticed a snorkel lying in the sand on the bottom of the ocean. I continued to concentrate on the snorkel and then realized that I could see the outline of a face mask immediately adjacent to it. I dove and found a complete face mask and snorkel assembly. The rig was not damaged in any way and apparently had not been in the ocean long. Actually, I believe I would have spotted it the day before, so it may have been there only a few hours. The mask and snorkel would probably retail for about fifty bucks in the store. This was the second mask I had found off Little Beach. I had found one some years before on an earlier visit that was in good shape. Also, I had found one without the glass and of no value. I wonder if this were another manifestation of the sea fairy.

Chapter 16 The Surf Can be Harmful to Your Health

The activities at any beach on Maui are not always healthful. The ocean is a tremendous source of raw energy ebbing and flowing. It is an exhilarating feeling to be in harmony with that energy, but deadly to be out of sync with it.

On arriving on Maui on December 14, 1994, I headed across the island in my rented car¹². I was driving what could be characterized as a "beater," a car usually rented to the surfer crowd that needs something on which to carry their surfboards. The cars are a little rougher than most, since the action of moving surfboards around tends to push in sheet metal if one is not careful. Surfers apparently are very careful about their boards but not so careful about the cars that carry them. The whole idea from my perspective is to drive a car that looks like it belongs in an oceanside parking lot. Such a car is less likely to have its locks punched by the resident population who augment their living off the contents of tourists' parked cars.

Driving across island, I noticed a hitch-hiker whom I recognized from the beach. It was unusual to see this individual with his thumb out since it is against the law to hitch hike. The usual procedure is to face traffic on the side of the road and walk backward slowly. People know what this means and will usually stop and give you a lift.

Chatting with the hitchhiker, I learned what was happening at Little Beach. The main news was that the previous day an individual had been hurt in the surf. He was taken away by the paramedics who strapped him to a gurney and carried him over the lava flow separating Little Beach from Big Beach.

In the days to follow, I learned some things about the incident. For starters, it seemed that the surf was not particularly rough. The wave action was considered very slight. No one seems to know how the individual sustained his injury. What is known is that one of the Little Beach crowd noticed this individual face down in the surf and not moving. Fortunately she hollered out to others nearby in the water and they came to the individual's attention, turning him over and dragging him to the beach. Apparently, one or more of the people on the beach were medically trained and assisted in stabilizing the victim.

Days passed and no one knew the status of the victim. We understood that he had been flown to Honolulu. But there were no reports in the local paper. Some speculate that this sort of accident is so commonplace that it does not merit reporting. Others suggested that such news is not good for tourism and that the information is purposely suppressed by those in a position to do so. In some respects, both versions are somewhat credible and perhaps the truth is somewhere in between. I do not know.

I was relating this story to a fellow I had met some days before on the beach. He was visiting with his wife and had made repeated trips

to Little Beach. He and his wife were active nudists and I had enjoyed a number of conversations with them about places and people that we both knew. I was absolutely astonished when I told about the individual paralyzed in the surf and Bill responded with, "That happened to me."

"What? Are you telling me you were paralyzed from the neck down!"

"Exactly. Linda and I were visiting Maui on our first or second visit about six years ago. We were staying up on the Kaanapali coast. I was body surfing off some beach. I don't remember what happened, but one second I was standing in the surf and the next I was floating in it. Apparently, a wave got under me and picked my feet up and I was thrown down on my head right into the sand."

"Fortunately, the lifeguards were paying attention and were right on me. It didn't take long and the paramedics were there. Apparently, they were stationed nearby and they came right over. They braced me and tied me to a board and put me in the ambulance."

"They wouldn't let my wife ride along and told her she could not follow the ambulance because that was against state law. They did tell her where they were taking me and she could meet us at the hospital. That is what she did."

Bill explained how he spent some sixteen days in the hospital. The pain was intense and he was given morphine to deal with that. He described the sensation as similar to what he imagined it would feel like to have fish hooks shoved through your skin and then being pulled. He said it was two days before they could take his swimming trunks off. They were full of sand.

Apparently, there is little the practitioner can do for the patient but assist in dealing with the pain. The body must heal itself, if it can. What happens, if I understand correctly, is that the spinal column (if not broken) is jarred and it is the bruising from this jarring that causes swelling which puts pressure on the nerves. This pressure causes the pain and shorts out the nerves so that normal sensations of feelings from the extremities are not felt. The hope is that the swelling will subside and the nerves will function as they did before and the feeling will return. If the spinal column is broken, then of course the possibility of recovery is nonexistent. The damage to the nerves is irrevocable.

The state of the recovery process is monitored by the physician through the application of a key or other object to the bottom of the foot. With the key, the physician draws a shape on the sole of the foot and, asks the patient to tell him/her what shape was drawn. The patient's ability to recognize the shape so drawn is a function of the sensitivity and functioning of the nerves. As healing occurs, the recognition rate increases.

Slowly, Bill's ability to recognize the symbols increased and he ultimately recovered the use of his body. I was amazed to be talking to an individual who had undergone what I would consider something much

more severe than a near-death experience. It was clear early on that he would not die from the accident. It was not so clear whether he would recover from the paralysis, a state I believe I would find more intolerable than death.

Some suggestions, based on my own experience on how to stay out of trouble in the ocean: For starters, I would suggest not diving in unless you are quite familiar with the lay of the sand and rocks.

The suggestion frequently appearing in the newspaper is never turn your back on the ocean. What this means is that when wading in the surf, you keep facing the incoming waves. When you see one coming, you respond by diving through it or bracing yourself and letting it splash around you. The idea is not to be caught unaware as a wave sweeps up on you from behind and knocks you off your feet. This tumble can be nothing more than a quick roll or if caught wrong, you may find your head and shoulder driven into the sand. The force of this impact can be devastating to one's spinal column and is to be avoided at all costs.

People, of course, like to body surf and ride the waves into the beach. My suggestion is try and ride the wave at a slight diagonal rather than perpendicular to the wave front. The idea is that if the wave up ends you, as it might, your body is more likely to be rolled laterally. This is less likely to be harmful than if the wave throws you over, end over end.

This story reminded me of another encounter with an individual who had a go-around with the ocean. I was visiting the island of Kauai in 1987 while doing a survey of nude beaches on the islands.

Making a quick trip into a beach on the north end of the island, I was in a hurry and was basically running or at the least doing a very fast walk to the beach which was a mile from where the road ended. On the way in, I passed a woman walking out barefoot. I thought this individual must be pretty rugged to be doing so. She had the look of a tourist, but I didn't understand the significance.

Later, I reached the beach. On the trail down to the beach, signs warned about high surf. I noted the warning and knew I would not be challenging the surf in any way. The beach sand spread out before me at the base of the trail. About thirty to forty feet out, the waves were breaking onto the beach. These were big waves, maybe ten to fifteen feet high. They would smash on the threshold of the beach with a thunderous crash. The force of the wave would dissipate and some water would surge inland. Where I was walking, the water depth would be a few inches, perhaps surging around my ankles. I was not aware that I was in any danger.

Leaving the beach, I encountered some other folks on the trail who were heading out. For some reason, I mentioned the woman with the bare feet. They then explained what had happened. She too had been walking on the beach in the ankle-deep wave surge. But then it happened. A really big wave came in, the result of different waves

converging and building into a really big one. The ankle-deep surge became a wave some three feet in depth that raced inland and then surged back to sea. The force of three feet of water is considerably more than that of a few inches. Those on the beach were knocked off their feet and carried seaward. The woman and a small boy saved themselves by grappling onto rocks that just happened in their path to the ocean.

The force of the water stripped the shoes and socks off the woman. I don't know what happened to the boy's clothes, but he managed to hang onto the rock. As quickly as the rogue wave came, it went and conditions reverted to the ankle deep water I knew.

The woman was now returning to her car. I headed back down the trail in, with the same speed that I had come. I overcame the lady before she reached her car. I apologized for some comment I had made on passing her on the way in. She told me what had happened and confirmed what I had heard. Her feet were a little tender, but aside from a small scratch or two she was in good physical shape and good spirits. She had quite a tale to tell about her vacation to Hawaii.

Over the years, I have personally met a number of people who have been paralyzed in the waters off Maui or in other locations. Let me reiterate a couple of basic ideas: 1) don't dive into water where you do not know what is below the surface, 2) don't turn your back on the ocean while in the surf, and 3) use care and common sense while surfing. When swimming off a beach, be aware of possible rip tides and currents. Swim perpendicular to the current to get out of it, and then think out your approach to the beach. Stay calm and decide how you can work with currents and tides, rather than fight them with force which you do not possess. There is a thin line between a carefree day at the beach and disaster. With a little thought, that line need never be crossed or even come close to. I will take a great deal of satisfaction from thinking that I might possibly have saved one individual from a life as a paraplegic by writing this chapter and presenting the information contained herein. Perhaps that person will be you! Enjoy the beach in good health.

Chapter 17 The Sea Fairy

Many years ago, I was visiting Little Beach on Maui. Little Beach is the world-famous nude beach, a place so appealing that individuals from all over the world come to enjoy its ambiance and grandeur.

I had set my beach towel near one end of the beach in general proximity to a couple from Alaska who had three children with them. The two girls were about four and seven as I recall, and the boy was a babe in arms.

The precocious nature of the two young girls was such that they confronted a gray-haired older gentlemen walking up and down the beach obviously looking intently at the sand in that zone most recently swept by the surf.

"What are you looking for?" asked Tina, the older daughter.

"Oh just looking for coins left by the sea fairy," the gray-haired individual exclaimed with a slight laugh and a smile.

"Coins?" asked Triska, the younger of the two.

"Yes, coins like these," said the man, extending his arm in the direction of the girls and opening his hand to expose a couple of slightly corroded coins.

"Those aren't coins," exclaimed Tina. "They are much too dull and don't look like any coins I have ever seen. Besides, whoever heard of a sea fairy anyway."

"Look more closely at this large dull one. See the eagle on it and the words twenty-five cents? Or look at this smaller one. Isn't that a penny, but with a little more sand and corrosion stuck to it?"

"I guess you are right, but how did they get this way?"

"Well, I suspect the Sea Fairy placed these here some time ago and I have only just now gotten around to finding them."

"What is this about a Sea Fairy. There are no such things as fairies. I know, for my mother has told me," said the older girl.

The younger one acknowledged that, "I believe in fairies. They are like elves, aren't they?"

"Yes, that is correct. In Hawaii, they are called Menehunes or the little people. They are around during the day but very seldom seen. They usually do their work at night."

"But the sea fairy is more like the tooth fairy. Have you ever put a tooth under your pillow and found a dime or a nickel where you left the tooth the next day."

Both girls nodded that indeed they had. Tina advised, "Mother told me that there was no such thing as the tooth fairy and that she or father had put the coin under my pillow."

"That is not so," said Triska. "There is too a tooth fairy. You do not know what you are talking about."

"Can we find coins ourselves?" asked Tina.

"Yes, you can... if you have faith!" replied the silver-haired man with a twinkle in his eye. "Just walk along the beach and look in the areas most recently washed by the sea. If you pay attention and look closely and have faith, you will see them. Come, let me show you. May I take your daughters down the beach?" the old man directed his last remark to the mother standing nearby.

"Oh mother, can we?" the girls asked in unison.

Mother nodded approvingly and the girls moved slowly down the beach with the old man. They hadn't gone more than a few steps when the man pointed to something on the beach and the older girl grabbed it with a squeal of delight. On further down the beach, the younger girl was seen to be pouncing on a coin.

An hour or so later, the old man delivered the children back to mother. They had never been out of sight. They had combed the beach from one end to the other a number of times. Sometimes, they would walk the whole way and not find anything. On other occasions, they would squeal with delight as they found another coin. Mother was pleased that the girls were having such a good time. She had never seen them so engrossed in what they were doing for so long. Usually they were into something and then out of it in just a matter of minutes.

Later that day

"O.K., Triska and Tina. Get your suits on, it's time for us to go."

"Oh, dad. Do we have to?"

"Yes, today. But we will be back tomorrow. Did you have a good time with the old man?"

"Yes, look at all the coins we found!" exclaimed Triska.

Father Bill pulled his shorts out of the beach bag and prepared to pull them on. As he did so, he inadvertently tilted them such that coins in a pocket tumbled out.

Both Tina and Triska happened to look at the precise spot where the coins tumbled onto the sand. "Dad, some coins fell out of your pocket!" said the girls almost in unison.

"I must be helping the Sea Fairy," said the girl's father.

Tina looked at Triska and Triska looked at Tina. The look at first was one of perplexity, but then shortly both broke into a smile. They understood. They understood how the Sea Fairy put the coins on the beach.

As was their usual behavior, the girls ran ahead on down the beach and up to the top of the lava flow where they would wait for their mother and father to catch up.

With the girls clearly beyond hearing, dad asked mom, "Do the girls really believe in the Sea Fairy?"

"I think they do now. My sense is that they were a little skeptical at first. At least Triska was. But when they saw the coins fall

from your pants' pocket, they realized how the Sea Fairy worked. When they saw that, they became believers."

Dad laughed.

The mother said, "I don't believe I ever saw you put your shorts on while sitting on the beach. When you lifted your legs to slide them on, that is when the coins fell out. They never would have fallen out otherwise. Oh, I think I'm beginning to understand. Why, you did that intentionally."

"Me? Intentionally?" laughed the dad. "Purposely lose some good coins! Why would I do a thing like that?"

"Give me a break, you know what I mean!"

"The Sea Fairy made me do it! Honest!" Dad laughed, "And how about you, do you believe in the Sea Fairy?"

Mom answered, "Yes, I believe. You know I asked our friend Dr. Leisure about the old man. He told me that the fellow is a multimillionaire."

"You're kidding! Next, you are going to tell me that he made his millions by picking it up off the beach!"

"Just about. It's only a slight variation of the same theme. He wrote a kids' story about the Sea Fairy and it is sold all over the islands and indeed around the world. On the cover of each book is pasted a corroded coin left by the Sea Fairy and found by the old man. The book has sold so well that the old man will never have to work again. I guess he does have to spend a lot of time looking for coins on the beach to supply the needs for his book."

Dad smiled and gave his wife's hand a gentle squeeze, "I guess there must be a Sea Fairy after all."

Chapter 18 I'm a Model

I remember the day very well. It was July 1989 in the Pennsylvania Pocono mountains. I was visiting my first Naturist "gathering." A gathering in this context was a getting together of naturists from all over the country for a three-day meeting at a summer camp normally used by boys and girls. However, for this few days in June, it was scheduled for use by the naturists.

One of the programs that caught my eye was done by a fellow named Hugh Kimler. The title was "Working with the Nude Model." I was curious as to what this would be about, since I have a long standing interest in drawing the human form and working with the nude model. I wanted to learn what was to be said.

Entering the building, I saw various people milling about engaged in conversation with one another in small groups of twos and threes. One fellow looked like he was the center of attention and I presumed him to be the workshop leader. I moved in his direction to introduce myself. He in turn introduced to me those in his immediate proximity. Among those was a woman who appeared to be about my age. "Hello, my name is Virginia. I'm a model."

"I thought you might be since you are the only one not wearing clothes," I replied smiling.

"I guess it is too cool for the others. After all, this is a naturist gathering and the idea is not to wear clothes if the weather permits."

"Yes, I guess that is true," I replied contemplating her voluptuous full figure.

"I'm on the program this afternoon. Will you come to my session?"

"What is it about?"

"I'll be talking about the role of women in the naturist movement. The problems of singles... both women and men..."

"Sounds interesting. I'll try to attend. What time and where?" She proceeded to fill me in on the particulars.

Using Virginia as the model, Hugh Kimler gave some insight into his philosophy on working with the undraped female or male as a model. I had never really given the matter any thought before. Basically, Hugh was suggesting that one treat the model with courtesy and respect. One should never touch the model but by verbal direction suggest the nature of the pose. The idea was to develop a rapport between the model and the artist that would show in the final work. A model was not to be a dehumanized manikin to be moved about like a piece of furniture.

Reflecting on the message, I concluded that it certainly made sense and was an idea worth incorporating into my future work with models. Hugh offered a small book on his views for \$5 and I bought one¹³.

Later, I did go to the session and listen as Virginia extolled the

virtues of being a member of the singles SIG. (SIG stands for special interest group.) I wasn't all that concerned with the singles scene although technically I was myself single, having been divorced from my wife nearly fifteen years earlier. I had my sketch pad with me and used the opportunity to do some pencil sketches of Virginia and other draped and undraped forms lounging around on the grassy slopes.

The next day, I was walking about the grounds and heading back toward my truck. I passed by one of the cabins where people were staying and saw Virginia seated on the grass. Next to her was another woman with a small glass in one hand.

Catching my eye, Virginia called me over to meet Jill. She and Jill were sharing accommodations in the cabin. Jill was the owner of the nudist resort where Virginia lived.

Jill was pleasant and indeed offered me a drink. The glass in her hand contained a Manhattan. Upon my accepting the offer she slipped inside to prepare one for me, leaving me a few minutes with Virginia. During this interlude, I learned about the nudist resort where she lived and the nature of the relationship between her and Jill.

Jill returned with the drink and we continued our conversation about the nudist resort, which had been built by Jill and her husband Bob. Jill suggested I ought to come by and check it out, given that I was into visiting as many nudist resorts as I could to broaden my feel for my new-found area of academic interest. Virginia chimed in that I really ought to come by and see the place. I asked if she would show me around if I were to come. She assured me that she would. I sensed that there was more to the invitation than met the eye.

Jill proceeded to write out directions and I indicated I would drop by the next day after the close of the gathering. True to my word, I drove south to Harrisburg to visit the mom-and-pop nudist resort nestled on the side of a mountain just above the city. I arrived to find a modern looking and stylish wood-frame building with lots of glass and lots of sun deck. Below it sat the swimming pool.

I found Virginia living in a tiny apartment which was the ground floor of a small two-story structure adjacent to the main lodge. Her quarters were the temporary housing built for the owners while the main lodge was being built. It seems that a propane leak had led to a fire which destroyed the old farm house that had been the club headquarters building. Proceeds from the insurance company were the basis for building the new structure.

In the course of touring the grounds, I asked where I should park my truck. I was traveling with my small camper shell and assumed I would be spending the night in the back as I had done for the last few days. Virginia said I could leave the truck right where it was and further that if I wished, I could spend the night in her apartment.

I tactfully suggested we get intimate. She indicated that would be fine if we took appropriate precautions. Immediately, we moved to

the bedroom. It was mid-afternoon. Obviously, there was no reason to wait until later to check out the anticipated sleeping arrangements. Not that any sleeping in a conventional sense was undertaken. All sorts of positions were tried. Sometimes she was on top, sometimes on the bottom, sometimes draped over the edge of the bed, sometimes with a pillow or two under her, the arranging and rearranging went on for hours. Finally, with all the obvious arrangements tried it was time for supper.

Later, Virginia explained she was a monogamous polygamist.

"What the hell is a monogamous polygamist? It sounds like an oxymoron! - I know what it is to be monogamous. I know what it is to be a polygamist. But I just can't quite imagine the two going together," I asked, somewhat puzzled.

She went on to explain it was the idea that someone could be involved romantically with more than one person and yet have a deep and meaningful relation with each of the individuals involved. She pulled a book off her shelf entitled *Responsible Nonmonogamy, Love Without Limits*¹⁴ by Dr. Deborah M. Anapol.

"I see it is sort of like the idea that I have various female friends all over the world. I truly care and love each and every one of them, but because I'm traveling all the time I can't be with anyone of them for more than a few weeks or possibly just a few days. When I am not around, I just assumed they would go about their life and be involved in some other more local relationship."

"Yes, that is pretty much the idea. The main difference is that one might have two or three lovers locally and each is known to the others," she said with a smile.

"Is that possible?" I asked, wondering how a number of males could be involved with one woman without there being an intense rivalry between them. I mean, this just ran contrary to the whole precepts of most Christian religions and the pop culture of the times. It was supposed to be one guy with one gal!

Smiling with a slight giggle, "It depends on the individuals involved. It can be hard on some. But the trick, if there is one, is to be up front about it. If it is too much of a problem, you just don't get that involved with the individual. It has been my experience that those who can't handle such a relationship drop out and the problem resolves itself."

"An interesting concept, I must admit. Usually, I don't make an issue out of the other women in my life. As a practical matter, I am generally involved just with one at a time. It is no secret that I have been involved with other women, it is just that in the here and now the woman I am with is getting my full attention."

Chapter 19 The Hand of Fate

It was February 1996 and my commitments to CraftWise took me to Florida to speak. I was scheduled to do a presentation at the Radisson Maingate in Kissimmee, which is just outside Orlando. Since the meeting occurred a week before a naturist gathering at Sunsport in southern Florida, I decided to kill a number of birds with one stone, or rather more specifically -- one trip.

I called Virginia and asked if she wanted to go. She did, but she also wanted to shoot out to Arizona to visit with some other friends whom she had not seen for a few years. She had intended to fly out from an airport near her home.

No problem. I suggested that she ride down to Florida and do that part of the road trip with me, and then fly from Orlando to Phoenix. The ideal solution. We could be together for some time and she could still do her western fling!

This trip would take on some interesting dimensions never anticipated or even possibly considered at the time. Mechanical problems with the truck seemed to be in the forefront of what the trip would hold for memories. I left Macomb, Illinois, the morning after an overnight low of twenty degrees below zero. In Ohio, a broken valve spring held me up for a few hours. Later on the road with Virginia in southern North Carolina, I found I had lost the front glass of my overcab camper. In Florida, at the Radisson Hotel the front windshield of the truck developed a crack. Then later at a campground, the valve broke completely. Fortunately, I was in the campground at the time and surrounded by many friends, including the owners of the resort. If one has to have such mechanical difficulties on the road, it is hard to have a situation where a greater support group could possibly exist.

The ever-expanding and interlocking network of friends continued to blossom. Virginia and I would visit with Jill, the woman with Virginia when we first met in Pennsylvania some years earlier. Jill had sold the nudist resort near Harrisburg on the death of her husband and moved down to Florida on a permanent basis. We were, in turn, invited to dinner at Frank and Lora's. They had just purchased a home nearby that they hoped to use intermittently until Frank's retirement in a few years when they might move permanently to the area.

Frank and Lora were from the Syracuse area, and thus another strand of the web of connections which included our mutual friend Paul. At dinner, it was confirmed that Paul was on his way south and was expected to arrive in the next twenty-four hours. Another dimension of the "plan" was coming together. Frank, Lora, Marilyn and Paul were all heading down to Sunsport for the naturist gathering the next weekend. And I, of course, was going to head down as well. We talked in some anticipation of the events anticipated at the gathering.

Sure enough, Paul's big yellow truck appeared on the threshold

of Frank's driveway the next morning. Paul had arrived.

Another individual making the trek to Sunsport also arrived in town. This was a mutual friend of Frank and Lora and Paul's by the name of Sabrena. She was a very attractive woman, perhaps slightly younger than myself. A woman whom I instantly was attracted to, a woman whom I hoped I would get to know better as time went on.

The dynamics of a Dr. Leisure road trip came into full play as the week progressed. With the truck's demise on Monday morning, others took over responsibilities and commitments. Jill would take Virginia to the airport on Tuesday. Bart would take me to town to get replacement glass for the camper shell. Paul would offer to take me to Sunsport for the gathering and bring me back to the campground afterwards.

As the week unfolded, it appeared that the truck would be repaired and ready to go by Friday, making it possible that I could take it to Sunsport. Given all the logistical aspects that would be created by going without my home away from home to Sunsport, I declined Paul's offer and opted to wait for the truck.

In the days to follow, we all went about the business of living life in a first-class nudist resort. In this case, that included lounging around the swimming pool, being in the swimming pool, being in the hot tub, having dinner at the restaurant, or paddling around the lake in a canoe or on a paddle boat.

I had told Virginia that I could well fall for Sabrena. She said that was fine and wished me well in her absence. Paul was aware of my interest in Sabrena and suggested that while she was interested in me, she was waiting for the arrival of another male friend that she planned to accompany to the naturist gathering and she didn't want to send the wrong message to this new friend. No problem, I understood I would have to wait until another time and another place.

Up at the pool one afternoon, Frank asked if I wanted to come over for a "hug session" with Paul, Lora, Sabrena and himself. I said I wasn't sure exactly what a hug session was, but would be delighted to participate regardless.

He explained that the hug session was sort of a massage session, with a greater emphasis on the tactile aspect of human contact. It was a lot of caressing with some degree of erotic elements but fell short of a sexual encounter since the exchange of body fluids was excluded as well as the penetration of any body cavities by anything.

As one might guess, even if not experienced in such things, there is a lot of pleasure associated with the caressing of one human body by another. The pleasure is magnified by the application of additional hands from additional people. I was expected to visit about 7 pm.

At the appropriate time, I arrived. In the enclosed porch of the home, a few of Paul's foam mats were situated on the floor and covered by a sheet or two.

The other participants emerged from other quarters within the house and moved to the patio. None were attired in anything more than their birthday suits, given the nudist environment within the home. I asked for clarification on the ground rules, not wanting to commit any embarrassing mistakes. For example, I wanted to know if stroking or rubbing of breasts was permissible. I was assured that would be fine and that I need not worry. In the very unlikely event that I was doing anything objectionable I was advised that I would be so informed by the affected individual.

With that, we were on the mat and everyone was involved in caressing everyone else. Given the number of people, it makes some sense to focus the undivided attention of the group on one individual at a time. Although this was not mandatory or essential, it did seem to be the way things went. Lora was lying on her back while the rest of us were situated around her body. At times, I would be caressing her inner thighs while Paul was brushing his beard across the nipple of her left breast. Noting the pleasure this seemed to be giving Lora, I did the same to her right breast.

Lora revealed that she wished Frank would grow a beard so that he might do the same when we were not around. Almost in unison, Paul and I cautioned against such an action on Frank's part. "We are professionals! This should not be attempted in the home by untrained and unskilled individuals!"

Needless to say, all present found this a rather amusing comment.

At one point when I was the center of attention, I found Sabrena above me. Her long brown hair falling off her shoulders, she brushed it across my chest. I, in turn responded by caressing her breasts and watching with some satisfaction as her nipples grew taut and erect under my touch. It was easy to imagine Sabrena sitting astride me and enjoying the full pleasures of my "touch" in some future moment of pleasure. I could feel myself starting to stiffen with the thought.

I had heard other friends refer to such a pile of intertwined bodies as a "puppy pile." Somehow, the comparison seemed appropriate. It was apparent to me those puppies in a puppy pile were on to something. The tactile sensation of nude flesh on other nude flesh is quite pleasurable. Although there was not completion from a sexual point of view, the evening was a very pleasurable one. I just presumed that at another time and under slightly different circumstances, the same individuals would take their hug session to what I perceived as its logical conclusion. Perhaps I would be involved in that encounter, perhaps not. It really didn't make any difference to me if I should have an opportunity to be intimate with Sabrena in a one-on-one situation. After all she was the one that I was in love with, not Frank, Paul or Lora.

Thursday Afternoon

"I just dropped by to see if you wanted to ride down to the gathering with me," said Paul to me in my camper shell set up on blocks near the lake.

"Thanks for the offer. I am still hopeful that they will complete the truck tomorrow. If that is the case, I should be able to drive down Saturday. I may miss some of the sessions, but I'm not really interested in them. The whole point of my visit was to touch base with Shirley Mason and others to talk about upcoming litigation possibly involving my testifying as an expert witness. Without my camper, there are just too many logistical problems to deal with," commented Dr. Leisure.

"OK. I understand, but I just wanted to be sure you knew you were most welcome."

"Thanks, Paul. I know I would be welcome. I appreciate your concern. By the way, how's that cough?"

"I still cannot shake it. It is not a big thing, just a bit of an aggravation. Hope to see you at Sunsport. If not there, back in Pennsylvania."

"Hey, go for it. Catch you later."

The truck was not ready by Friday. Instead, I was advised that it would be ready Monday. Like it or not, I would be at the nudist resort through the weekend. I decided to accept that reality and figured to head back north on Tuesday with a side-trip over to see friends near Jacksonville, Florida.

Chapter 20 Time to Die?

As the astute reader has already realized Dr. Leisure has many friends in the nudist/naturist community. One of those friends is a woman named Marilyn Lovell. Marilyn is a delightful lady, someone I always enjoy being around. A lady with a quiet laugh that finds humor in many of the same things that I do.

In 1996 Marilyn was living at Avalon, a nudist resort situated near Paw Paw, West Virginia. Periodically, I would call Marilyn to see what was happening with some of my nudist friends in that part of the country. I had seen her briefly in Florida with her friend Paul on the way to the same gathering that I was planning to attend before my truck broke down.

Several weeks later and back in Macomb, I called Marilyn to see what was happening. She had returned from Florida to report that she had a great time. I asked how Paul made out at the gathering. To my surprise, she indicated that he had been chilled or in some other way impacted by the unseasonably cool weather and actually gone into the hospital near his Virginia home. There was some problem with his white blood count and the doctors were running all sorts of tests to determine what was happening.

"Is there anything to suggest AIDS?" I asked, noting the reference to the white blood cell count and the obvious relationship to a disease that is on most anyone's mind involved with an active sex life.

"No. One of the first tests they did was for HIV and it was negative. There is nothing to suggest AIDS. At the moment, they just don't know. Paul is going in to talk with a specialist next week. I'm going down to get him home from the hospital tomorrow."

"I think its great that you are helping him. Tell Paul he is going to a lot of unnecessary effort and expense to get you to move in with him and that I object to that. Also tell him I love him and to get well soon."

"I'll do that. Talk to you next week. Love you. Bye"

"Love you. Bye."

It was March 1996 and the idea of eminent death lurking among my friends was not a consideration. I was also limited in my knowledge about HIV and its relationship to AIDS. Little did I know at the time I would be learning something about both in the very near future.

It would turn out that our concern about HIV and AIDS was totally unfounded in terms of scientific fact. There was no cause and effect relationship between HIV and the various diseases that were collectively called AIDS. At least this is the position taken by Peter H. Duesberg in his book **Inventing the AIDS Virus**¹⁵. Dr. Duesberg in a very detailed and well documented account showed that there was no demonstrable and documentable relationship between HIV and AIDS. My reading of his book suggests that it all boiled down to the idea that

a virus known as HIV may or may not be present in a particular individual. If an individual had some other form of illness that was life threatening, such as pneumonia, and subsequently died from it would work this way. If HIV present, the medical community would report the death as caused by AIDS. If HIV was not present the death would be attributed to pneumonia. The reality is that in both situations the death is actually caused by pneumonia. The presence or absence of HIV has little to nothing to do with it!

Duesberg doesn't just leave us with the concept that HIV is not the causal agent regarding deaths attributed to AIDS. He goes on to suggest the nature of the true causal agent with observations and documentations regarding drug use and sexual behavior that give a pretty clear picture as to where the current epidemic of AIDS cases is coming from. At least to this writer, the material and rational presented was very compelling. I strongly recommend this book to anyone directly or even tangentially concerned about AIDS.

A Few Weeks Following

"Am I interrupting?" I asked.

"No, I'm just reading a book."

"How's Paul?"

"He is still pretty weak. They sent him home with some oxygen and that seems to help."

"Give me his phone number and I'll give him a call."

"Here it is... It tires him to talk, you may want to write instead."

"OK, I will."

Phone Dr. Leisure to Paul

"Hey Paul. What's happening?"

"Not a whole lot. This damn cough has really slowed me down. I must have gotten chilled or something at the gathering."

"I'm sorry I didn't get down and hook up with you at the gathering, but the truck wasn't ready and I had no choice. I hear the weather wasn't too great."

"Yeah, it was a bit cool and damp. You really didn't miss anything."

"What have you got?"

"I don't know. I am scheduled to meet with a specialist next week. Being in the hospital is just not my style."

"Get well soon. Love you."

Being cool and damp is certainly no big deal. And to many of us, coming down with a cold as a direct result of such an exposure is not an uncommon experience. The concept of a cough and a common cold as a fatal affliction was not on my mind.

A Few More Weeks Latter

Phone Dr. Leisure to Marilyn

"Paul met with the specialist. He says Paul has some rare blood disorder. Some sort of preleukemia condition that he predicts will develop into a full blown condition in the next couple of months."

"What does all this mean? Are you telling me he has a fatal illness?"

"That seems to be what we are being told."

"It doesn't seem possible. It cannot be so. How is Paul taking it?"

"He is in a state of denial like the rest of us. He is meeting with another specialist next week to learn more about the disease. Didn't you get the e-mail he sent out?"

"No, I haven't got any e-mail from anybody in the last week or so. I'll bet my service didn't send them on, like they are supposed to do."

Checking with my web page provider on April 12, 1996, I found that Paul had sent the following e-mail on April 4.

Subject: Health Update

Well, maybe the rumor about Mark Twain wasn't too far off the mark.

Had more tests and a meeting with one of the SWAT team of doctors that are puzzling over my carcass. Current status is as follows:

I have, according to a "go-by-the-book" hematologist, a well developed case of Myodysplasia Syndrome, which in the old days used to be called a preleukemic blood condition. There are five levels of this syndrome, ranging from chronic and long-lasting to aggressive and transitional. Dr. Su's judgment, based on a number of blood assays, a bone marrow culture, and a chromosomal assay, is that I am somewhere between level 4 and level 5 on the "hot" end of the scale, and he expects within a month or two the syndrome will develop into a transitional phase and then swiftly develop into acute myleolytic leukemia. According to the Britannica, acute leukemia is a fatal disease which is incurable and usually results in death within three weeks to six months.

Dr. Su is recommending a bone marrow transplant. A procedure involving full-body radiation which completely kills the body's existing immune system, and then the injection of a liter of bone marrow from a donor, one of whom may be hard to find and match,

with a 50% chance of rejection, which leaves one with no immune system whatever, and a fair chance of secondary concerns and other complications caused by the chemotherapy and preradiation. The entire package also costs -- roughly \$80,000 to \$100,000 dollars.

I have gone along with the game and scheduled a consultation with the bone marrow people at Johns Hopkins University Hospital, but there isn't at this point a chance in hell I would opt for such a route. I spent only one week in the hospital and it drove me nuts. To look forward to weeks and months of that shit, and then to possibly die while I was wired in and piped up to the wall of a 4-by-8 cell is absolute horseshit.

I am proceeding with a second opinion and review of the blood work, and investigating a couple of other avenues which may have produced the stress and disruption of my blood chemistry which are unrelated to leukemia. As I mentioned earlier, I had them repeat the HIV test while I was in the hospital, and that, as all times in the past, was negative.

So enough medical mumbo jumbo.

A personal note to you all. If my health situation continues in the serious track, please don't spoil my time by thinking or trying to be anything different from the loving friend you are and have been to me in the past. The most comforting and satisfying end is to have life continue as it is, in every dimension it can, until it is no more.

I sorrow for thy sorrow, and your sorrow may flow freely for a time when these days are past. But for now the sun shines and life is good. Aside from being a bit tired at times, having to be careful about bleeding from minor injuries, and having a minor throat tickle and cough, I am perfectly functional and productive. Perhaps more so, considering I have to plan on a somewhat limited time horizon.

Each of us has to deal with death in our own way, but do it on your own time.

I have all I could wish and more and I am content..

Paul Penhallow

Needless to say Paul's e-mail came as a total shock. From conversations of having a cold to discussions of how each of us must deal with death seemed a rather large transition. But obviously it was

not. The line between life and death is a very thin one. And it is one that can be easily crossed at any time. And Paul was being confronted with that happening in the not-to-distant future. The main difference for Paul from the rest of us is that he knew with some certainty that the crossing would be in the near future. All of us are aware of death, but it is usually at some unknown time and place in the distance future. Or at least that is how we perceive it.

I have to say I was struck with the courage and commitment in how Paul lived in anticipation of death. He not only dealt with the matter for himself but he also had meaningful words of wisdom for the rest of us. I agreed and supported wholeheartedly what Paul was doing. I also wondered if when my time came, if I would have the ability and the courage to pull it off as well.

Late April, a week or two later

"Am I interrupting?" asked Marilyn.

"You know better. I wouldn't answer the phone. What's happening with Paul?" said Dr. Leisure.

"He is here. We are going down to White Tail tomorrow to get some of his things from his trailer and to bring them back here. Paul is going to move in."

"Why, that rascal. He has been trying for years to move in with you! Tell him he has sure gone to an elaborate pretense to do that."

"I'll tell him you said that."

"How is it going for him?"

"Pretty well. He is doing pretty much what he wants, but he seems to get tired more easily."

"I am proud of you for taking him in. It sounds like your hospice experience will come in handy. How is it going for you? How are you coping?"

"I'm O.K. Thanks for asking."

Very Early May 1996

"Boy, we have boxes everywhere. I never knew someone could have so much stuff. Harker, do me a favor and get rid of as much stuff as you can. Your estate administrator would appreciate it!" said Marilyn on the phone.

"You know, I have been thinking about that in recent years and indeed have gotten rid of a lot. I wouldn't mind getting things reduced to just one carry-on bag. Where have you got Paul sleeping?"

"He sleeps on one of his foam mats in front of the stove in the living room. He started taking morphine the other day to help keep the cough down. It has helped and he is sleeping better."

"How about you? How are you getting along?"

"I'm O.K. A little tired, but I'm O.K. The hospice people came by the other day. They are trying to understand the nature of the relationship between us. I told them he was my lover, but that I couldn't stand to be around him for more than four days at a time. They didn't quite know what to make of that!"

"How is Paul doing?"

"Pretty well. He was wondering if this is dying in dignity. Lying on a foam mat surrounded by boxes full of his own stuff. Your name has been praised many times for the screen door you installed last fall. We are able to lie on the mats and look out the door into the meadow. The other day, we saw your deer."

"Is there anything I should be doing? Do you want me to come over? It looks more likely I will have to go to Florida to testify in that topless hot dog vendor case."

"No, you do not need to come over. Let me call you. Sometimes, we just turn off the phone and don't answer it. People say it's me, but I don't think Paul has too much time left."

"What do you mean? You think he may die in the next week or so?"

"Yes."

"Well, you were right about Bob and you have had more experience since then, so I suspect you are more likely to be right than the others. Are you prepared?"

"Yes, I am as ready as I can be."

"How about Paul?"

"I think he is, too. His daughter was down a few days ago. Some Florida friends are coming in a few days. He is having quality time and he is satisfied."

"Keep me posted. I won't call unless I hear from you. I'll have the cellular phone on while I am on the road to Florida. You know to leave a message on my home phone if you need me and I will get back to you. Love you. Good bye."

"Love you. Bye"

Dr. Leisure Calls Marilyn From Florida

"I got your phone message. How are things?"

"About the same. Paul is weaker, but doing pretty well," says Marilyn.

"I should be home in a few days. And I will give you a call. How are you getting along?" asks Dr. Leisure.

"Pretty well. I've taken a few days off so that I can get a little more rest."

"You're really doing well. I'm proud of you. If you need me, I will come over."

"Thanks, see you. Love you."

May 21, 1996 Dr. Leisure Calls

"Hello, Avalon Resort. Phyllis speaking."

"Hello Phyllis, this is George. Is Marilyn around?"

"She just called. Paul died this morning. Didn't you call over there?"

"No, I had called over there the other day but got only the answering machine. So I thought I would call you and see what was happening. Sounds like I had better call over there. Thank you, Bye now," said Dr. Leisure.

Minutes Latter:

"Hello"

"Marilyn, it's George."

"Paul's dead."

"Yes, I just got off the phone with Phyllis and she told me. How was it? Did he suffer?"

"No, he just slipped away this morning."

"I'm glad. It was the way he wanted? How are you? How are you holding up?"

"I'm fine. I just had forgotten how much crying there is."

"Cry as much as you want. I'll be doing some crying as well! Is there anything I can do for you? Do you want me to come over?"

"No, I'm all right. Thanks for asking. I have got to call the hospice people and have them come and take the body."

"How were his last few days. Did he have the quality time he wanted?"

"Yes, I think so. His friends came by last weekend and brought his truck up from White Tail. They must have sensed that Paul didn't have much time left. They called another friend and she flew down and they spent time together. It was good for me since I could get away and do some other things. When they left, Paul said he was happy that they had come but he also didn't think he wanted any more visitors. He was noticeably more weakened. He actually crawled to the bathroom the other day, telling me that he didn't want to worry me about possibly falling. I don't know if he did that on purpose and was kidding me or if he were that weak."

"It doesn't seem possible that he is gone. In one sense, he is not gone. He will always be part of our memory. As long as we are alive, he will live in us. I'm off to court this afternoon. I'll give you a call in a day or so to see how things are going. You are a terrific person to take Paul in and care for him these last few days. I hope when my time comes, I can find someone who will do as much for me. Take care. Love you."

Later in the day, I appeared in the McDonough District Court house to seek a continuance on the matter of the *Townhome Owners'*

Association v. George R. Harker. As is often the case, people don't readily recognize me in my black suit. I heard someone remark I looked like I was dressed for a funeral. I could have remarked that indeed a death had occurred, but decided I did not want to go into the explanations necessary for the remark to make sense.

That afternoon, I returned to my home in Macomb, Illinois to receive an e-mail message from Marilyn announcing Paul's death. Marilyn had mastered Paul's computer system to the point that she could deliver Paul's final thoughts on his own death to a select group of individuals affiliated generally with the naturist/nudist movement. Dr. Leisure was among those on the list.

Subject: Dying Nude is Even Better

Paul died this morning (Tuesday, May 21, 1996) about 8:45 AM

On Sat. 960418 he wrote on a piece of scratch paper:

- 1) It's O. K. to die.
 - 2) Dying Nude is even better.
 - 3) Screwing the system* is fun.
 - 4) Quality days are the ONLY ones that count.
- *(this time the medical system with hospitals and all that)

He suggested, though never got it to paper, the following memorial you may want to do privately for him:

"In some quiet spot, at some quiet time, you might light a candle and think a while of me as you knew me while I lived.

Extinguish the candle, and think for a bit of me as you know me now.

Relight the candle, and go on with Your Living."

Or something like that

If ya want to know about living, and dying, he was a great role model, folks.

Marilyn

Paul's death brought a lot of things into sharp focus for me. The main point being that for all the adversity brought to my life by the likes of DiGrino and others at Western Illinois University, I was the real winner for I still had my health. Paul had also been a university professor and had all the things that had been taken from me. He was able to retire with a pension, having given his whole life to the university. He had a retirement income and all the medical coverage that goes with such a program. Yet, all of that was for naught when it got

right down to it.

In retrospect, it was becoming quite clear that being rifted from the university was the greatest thing that had ever happened to me! It was literally like being born again. Only this time you hit the ground running with some forty years of experience to draw from. And such was the case here. Rather than being forced to languish in Macomb, Illinois, for the rest of my days I was able to get out and see the world. I was able to meet incredible people. I learned much from those that I met. And one of the things I learned from Paul Penhallow was how to live by understanding how to die.

Paul's death validated the concept of living in the moment. For eternity is the current instance and clearly where it is at. The future is but a glimmer of a dream that may never come.

I have relit the candle and gotten back to living life.

Chapter 21 Sally and the Boobs

Our culture, and in fact cultures through the years, have put a lot of emphasis on women's breasts. Early cavemen held the female form in high esteem. Many early people worshiped female icons with large breasts as recognition of the significance of the female in perpetuating the species. An obvious and logical thing to do in early times, which even makes sense today.

Breasts are symbolic and represent the essence of everything associated with the female. As such, they symbolize the power and magic that is the essence of being, whether that being is male or female.

It is an act of love for a woman to share her breasts with another. That sharing may take the form of a partially revealed contour under a loose blouse. It may be the press of flesh in a hug. Or it may be in the more deliberate fondling associated with sexual intimacy. Whatever or however, there is a mystical power and excitement conveyed by the sight of a woman's breasts.

"Show me your tits," may sound crass and sexist to some, but on another plane it says "share your power and magic with me!" in a very clear and direct way. As in any message, the nature of the messenger has much to do with how the content is perceived. When one of my friends on Maui was permanently paralyzed in a diving accident and confined to a wheel chair, he was obviously unable to get to the nude beach.

All this is by way of background to understand one of the more interesting projects to be executed by Sally on Little Beach. Something triggered the idea that a neat Christmas present for "John" would be a collection of breast shots of the women on Little Beach. Armed with a Polaroid, she would ask women she knew if they would mind posing for the camera. Since breasts were the focal point, heads and other portions of the body were excluded. No one need fear being embarrassed by having her whole body on display. All that would be on the record would be the boobs. Part of the idea was to see if John could recognize whose breasts were whose, based on breasts alone.

The project progressed easily. I don't believe anyone asked turned down the request. (Except perhaps Sally's daughter, just home from her first year of college. The "Oh... Mom," saying it all.) This I attribute in part to the sincerity of Sally and also to the clear understanding of where and how the photographs were to be used. In a short time, a dozen sets of breasts were collected.

Sally is fair-minded and, recognizing that she is a friend of John's wife, decided she had to do something for Liza as well. What could be more appropriate! If John were to receive a collection of breasts, then Liza ought to receive a collection of cocks!

Again with her Polaroid in hand, she approached the first male she came across other than Walley. That male happened to be Bill of

Bill and Helen (not their real names). Bill thought the idea was great, but suggested the true and best shot would be one in which his member was standing at attention.

Sally thought this a good idea, but it posed certain technical questions that had to be addressed. Taking such a photo on Little Beach would run contrary to the doctrine expounded for years that sexual activity on the beach was frowned upon. The solution was to move off the beach to a more secluded area in the lava rocks. Sally thought it best that Helen come along, so that whatever action was necessary to bring Bill up to his full glory would not create problems at home later for Sally.

Bill was really excited about the whole operation, in more ways than one. It was clearly an ego trip to have his organ the center of attention. On Little Beach he was just one among many, and like most, was just average in size. Certainly, he wasn't or hadn't been able to reveal its true capabilities to the others. Helen might know, but what good did that do!

Sally ended up with three shots. One could say they were at different angles, although the position of the camera did not change!

Time was starting to get scarce, with Christmas just a week or so away. As much as Sally enjoyed the photo shoot, she did not have the time or the film to fully engage the egos of all the other men that she had hoped to photograph. Instead, she opted to pose the remaining nine volunteers right on the beach and settled for more natural shots. They would be photographed where they lay, sort of speak. There would be no more "enhancement" or "encouragement."

I must say I found it unusual to see men reclining against a tree with Sally peering through the view finder of the camera just a matter of inches from their private parts. I couldn't help but wonder what others on the beach that day must have thought!

Chapter 22 Philosophy of Leisure Revisited -- 1994

Aristotle's Philosophy of Leisure

Aristotle viewed leisure as a state of mind, a state of inner peace and mental tranquility. He did not view leisure in and of itself as the end-all-be-all state of existence. He was not advocating that individuals or society move to a state of leisure. Instead, he was suggesting that it was a state that had to be achieved so one could contemplate what was really important. The ultimate end-all-be-all for Aristotle was "happiness." Aristotle felt that one could not give serious attention to the concept of happiness unless one were free from the tugs and pulls of everyday life. Only in this state of mind could one truly contemplate what was happiness. Aristotle considered happiness the ultimate objective of the human experience. He put no condition on what it might be for a specific individual, but did suggest that by definition it was the ultimate goal.

Interestingly, Aristotle's concerns and thoughts have carried over into our Declaration of Independence. I don't believe it is just coincidence that we find the words "life, liberty and the pursuit of happiness" in this cornerstone document of our country. I do believe that most have forgotten or never knew what this might truly mean. Clearly its relationship to leisure within the Department of Recreation and Parks at Western Illinois University was lost on Chairman DiGrino and many other supposed scholars.

When I taught the course in the early nineties, I had derived a technique for encouraging the students to give some reflection to what Aristotle was driving at. I used different words consistent with contemporary values in our contemporary society. I asked students what they would do with their lives if they won a lottery with a million dollars a year income. In effect, I was suggesting that they had all the money they could possibly want and they would not have to work. They could do anything or be anything they wanted, and I was asking them what that might be.

After the Purge of Dr. Leisure

With my purge from WIU. I could not help but wonder what had happened to the courses I had taught. Particularly the Philosophy of Leisure course which seemed to be the center of the attack by Chairman DiGrino and Dean Spencer in their efforts to get me fired. Given that the hearing committee and the president of the university concurred with the idea that their intrusion into my course and its content was not appropriate, I could not help but wonder what was going on with these courses.

In an effort to find out, I sent a letter to each of the instructors listed as teaching the course. Indeed, there were now two instructors doing what I alone had done before being fired. I had speculated that two faculty would be hired to replace me and that does seem to be what

happened.

I asked each for a copy of the course syllabus currently used. Neither instructor responded to my request. Prior to asking, I had gone to the university library to review the copy of the syllabi that are supposed to be kept on file at the reference desk. While a few outdated syllabi were there, the ones I was seeking were not. I also stopped by the student government association's office to review their holdings. Years earlier, they had passed legislation asking faculty to make copies available in their offices. I found that the health science department had done a conscientious job, but that recreation and parks was totally lacking in documentation.

One day, I called Mike McGowan in order to personally ask for the course outline that he did not supply when I requested it in writing. Mike asserted in no uncertain terms that I didn't know anything about the course Philosophy of Leisure. According to him, I was a Sophist¹⁶. And if I didn't know what that meant, it was a further indication of my general incompetence in the area of philosophy and particularly the philosophy of leisure. (I didn't have a clue at the time. The dictionary definition of the word includes "one who reasons adroitly and speciously rather than soundly" and this further suggests again that the whole basis of my firing was directly tied to my course content -- a direct violation of my supposed academic freedom.)

I asked Mike if he had read my book (which had been available for some months and which was being widely read at the university by both faculty and administrators). Mike indicated he wasn't even aware that it was out!

Asked again for a copy of the course outline, he stammered around a bit and went through a rationalization process that concluded it was not privileged and there was no reason I couldn't have one. However, he also decided he didn't want to talk any longer and hung up the phone. I have yet to receive a copy of the course outline from him.

One day, I received a call from a black female student, the sister of a friend of mind. She wanted some insight into how to deal with the recreation department. She and still another sister were taking graduate courses within the department and were becoming very aware of what they perceived as racial prejudice against them.

I really didn't know what to suggest. All I could say was that her assessment of the prejudice was correct and to try and conform her behavior to that expected by the department as best she could. I knew the department had a lot of weird requirements that, if applied to all, would make getting a recreation degree rather difficult. I also knew that few whites had any trouble meeting the same requirements.

I took the opportunity to ask her about Dr. McGowan and his course on leisure. She indicated that she thought he was an O. K. guy and seemed to be generally pleased with him as an instructor and his

course. Obviously, this is not what I expected to hear. But if that were her perception, fine. I was happy that she was doing all right, at least with this instructor.

She related how she had passed by Dr. DiGrino while apparently functioning as some sort of hall monitor outside his office during a class change. He apparently said something to the effect that "Here comes Trouble and Double Trouble," on seeing this student and her sister. While the comment was conveyed in a joking sense, it still bothered the sisters.

Months passed, and I didn't think anything further about the sisters and whatever had happened to them. Then one evening, I was invited over to the residence of the Macomb relative. It was a short time after the death of the students' father. The Chicago sister and now former WIU student just happened to be in town for the weekend. She proceeded to bring me up to date on what had happened at the university.

She explained that McGowan had personally destroyed their graduate program and future at WIU. He did this when an opportunity presented itself during events surrounding the death of the women's father. He originally told the women not to worry about papers due the weeks of the funeral and other related events. He said they could be made up on the return of the women to campus. On its face, it was a rather standard response from any caring faculty member. The women did as they were told and submitted the papers as soon as they could after returning to campus. Since the papers were received late, McGowan put them aside and did not grade them or in any way indicate how they were being received. Up to the point of the students taking a funeral leave, they had received high grades on all papers presented.

McGowan would not grade the papers during the semester. Instead, he waited until after the course was over. The women learned of their demise only with the publishing of the semester grade reports. Both received "C" in the course. The requirements of the department are such that a grade of "C" in a departmentally required course results in automatic disqualification from the program. No matter what the grades are in other courses, the student's days as a recreation major and potential graduate are over.

Apparently, McGowan was challenged by the ladies about the grades. But to no avail. He indicated that the quality of their work was just not up to department standards any longer. DiGrino was happy to support this assessment. Trouble and Double Trouble had been successfully purged from the department. Another successful act of discrimination by those same individuals that had successfully expelled Dr. Leisure from the university!

The ladies indicated they had a message for their friends back in Chicago. That message was "don't even think about WIU if you are considering a college degree in the recreation profession."

To this day, the enrollment at WIU continues to decline. I certainly don't totally attribute that decline to the efforts of the sisters or to the negative press associated with the dismissal of Dr. Leisure. I suspect that the underlying hypocrisy associated with WIU is becoming more and more widely known across the state and particularly in the Chicago area. What do you think?

Further Developments:

I wish I could report that both students went on to successful and productive careers regardless of the shabby treatment afforded them by Western Illinois University and more specifically the Department of Recreation, Parks and Tourism Administration. However the facts are different and regrettably more true to life than the Cinderella stories we are taught as children.

The trauma and stress of the ordeal took a much harsher toll on the younger sister. The extreme emotional distress induced by the actions of DiGrino and McGowan first became noticeable as weight loss. With the weight loss becoming excessive, medical attention was sought. The prognosis was cancer. Within a few months of the sisters' rejection by the Department, the result was death.

Some will argue that the woman already had the cancer and that it had been undetected. Further they will argue that the stress and other anguish caused by the likes of DiGrino and McGowan were necessary for the department to maintain "standards" becoming the recreation professional. Any "problems" for the sister were minor inconveniences necessary for the higher good of education at WIU.

Some of us, self included, see things from a more holistic perspective, a perspective that recognizes the dangers and damage that can be done to the human psyche and the *human body* by the actions of one person on another. By their actions people can induce the conditions within another that can lead to the manifestation of a general decline that the medical community labels as cancer-induced.

Chapter 23 The Road to Hana

"What say we take a run over to Hana?" asked Earl one Saturday morning when he would not have to go into work.

"What have you got in mind? Checking out Red Sand beach? I thought there hadn't been any trouble over there in years," responded Dr. Leisure on one of those early visits to Maui long before he was widely recognized as Dr. Leisure.

"Does there always have to be trouble to check out Red Sand?"

"You've got a point there. That has to be one of the prettiest beaches on the island and it's nude for many of the users most of the time. Let's see, if I can remember correctly, the sun hits that beach just until early afternoon. We have to park by the school and then walk through the Japanese cemetery to the ocean side and then along the edge to get there. I hope the lava gravel is not as slippery as last time. I just about lost it on the walk in! Or was it out?"

"Let's take the truck," said Earl. "You can drive."

The truck was Earl's trusty Nissan mini pick-up. It featured a five-speed transmission that made it fun to drive to Hana. The road starts out as a multi-lane, fairly straight high-speed corridor, but quickly turns into a winding single lane affair that hugs the cliff sides as one gets closer. The road is further characterized by rock slides. Sometimes, the road is actually blocked by material that slides down from above. On other occasions, it is the road itself which has sloughed away. In any event, even when the road is in place, it is a continuous pattern of potholes and pothole patches that makes for a rough ride.

That side of the island gets more rainfall than the others and the vegetation is succulent and spectacular. Numerous valleys cut through the hillside of the island, fed by the water flowing off the crater. Many a spectacular waterfall can be seen on the drive. More than sixty watercourses surge across and under the roadway. At each is a single lane bridge. All the bridge approaches are signed to "Yield the Right of Way." The posted speed limit is fifteen miles per hour.

"Well, so much for the good road. Now the fun begins..." the modern two-lane road with ample shoulders had narrowed to two narrow lanes as the road passed through the Eucalyptus grove and darted back up the valley from the coast. The vegetation was thick, and the road surface wet from water working its way across from one or more of the numerous "mini" streams that wound down from crater to the ocean. The narrow road on the other side of the valley could be seen, and a Paradise Lines Tour bus strained to make the grade.

The truck was rapidly closing on a white rental sedan clearly observing the posted speed limit and keeping to the right of the double yellow line that suggested this was not an ideal place to pass. Dr. Leisure down-shifted the truck to third gear. The change in forward momentum was obvious to all those in the truck.

"What are you doing?" asked Earl.

"Just trying to give the tourist a little slack. No need for me to ride his bumper all the way to Hana," said the doctor.

"Take him as soon as you can! At this rate we will never get to Red Sands before the sun leaves."

"As you like. Actually, that is what I had in mind, I just wanted to wait for the right spot. Now is as good a time as ever."

The doctor down-shifted into second gear and headed the truck across the yellow lines. With more fuel, the truck engine began to whine as the RPM's surged. In seconds, the truck was out and around the white sedan. It would be fair to say the driver of the sedan had no idea what had happened. One moment there was a truck behind him and the next there it was in front and disappearing around the bend. It would not be the last vehicle to pass the sedan. Every local would drive in a similar fashion. Most of the time, everyone was happy. The tourist would drive the speed limit and take in the sights, while the locals would drive about twice the speed and take in the town long before the tourist would arrive.

Next, the truck bore down on the bus. This time, no effort was made to reduce speed. The truck swung out over the double yellow lines without missing a beat. Almost simultaneously and as if the driver of the bus had been watching and anticipating, the bus moved as close to the cliff face as it possibly could, giving an additional two feet of roadway to the passing truck. In fact, the driver had been watching and aware. He had been driving professionally for some twenty years. What he had just done was a standard driving maneuver executed many times before.

Actually, Dr. Leisure's driving wasn't as wild as it seemed. He would study the roadway on the other side of the valley on the way inland. Seeing no traffic headed his way, he could anticipate the likelihood of meeting an oncoming vehicle with little chance of being wrong. Additionally, his truck -- or more properly Earl's truck -- had the power and was able to respond far quicker than the sedans of the car rental agencies and certainly far quicker than any tour bus. Combine the mechanical advantages of the machinery with Dr. Leisure's skill as a race car driver, and the rest came easily and naturally.

A couple of tour buses and a few sedans later...

"Earl, check out that old Chevy sedan coming up behind us."

"Where, I don't see anything."

"Not directly behind us, at least not yet... Across the valley where we just were."

"Oh yes. I've got him now. Looks like a local and it looks like he is not wasting time. He just about put those tourists up the cliff."

"He does seem to be coming on a little more aggressively than usual. I wonder what he is on."

"No telling. It could be a few beers or maybe a little pot."

The sedan was moving. It did a four-wheel slide into the approach to the bridge and shot through without so much as Mahalo or

Aloha to the approaching tourists, a young Japanese couple. Still trying to master aspects of the new Mustang, they had not entered the approach to the bridge. By rights and convention, they had the right of way. The practicality of the situation was otherwise, and the Chevy shot by at some forty miles an hour kicking cinders with the right rear wheel which had rolled over the edge of the pavement.

Dr. Leisure could see the sedan closing up on him in his side-view mirror. "Should I let him pass?"

"Of course. We are not in as much hurry as he obviously is. Let him by."

"You got it."

As the sedan closed and looked like it was preparing to go around, Dr. Leisure eased off the accelerator. The sedan headed out to pass but something was not quite right. The trajectory of the passing vehicle was such that it would not clear! The right front bumper of the sedan made contact with the left rear bumper of the truck. The doctor had seen this coming and was putting the pedal to the metal (as the truckers say) as the impact of the sedan on the truck began to take effect. As the truck was starting to slide, the torque generated by the accelerating engine hit the rear wheels and grabbed the tarmac, creating force vectors that worked to put the vehicle back on course.

"Son of a bitch!" exclaimed Earl, "What is going on?"

"I'm not sure, but I think that hit was intentional. The son of a bitch is trying to do us serious harm." This said, the truck was braked swiftly and turned sharply to the right. The road was making a hairpin turn back to the right. The sedan had fallen back and was now squarely behind the truck. It too was braking hard, for it was clear that it would be unable to make the turn if it didn't slow considerably. Since the truck was slowing more rapidly than the sedan, the back bumper rolled up over that of the sedan and punched in the grill. For a moment, the four tires of the truck locked up and slid until the sedan's momentum slowed sufficiently for it to break loose and fall back.

Around the corner, the road was clear ahead. The next bridge was in sight. The waterfall that created the need for the bridge was flowing fully. Water sprayed everywhere and a heavy mist drifted across the highway, coating the blacktop with a film making the surface treacherous at most speeds. A beautiful rainbow arched across the bridge from one end to the other. Dr. Leisure braked hard and also downshifted, forcing the truck to slow. His sensing the line between rolling friction and sliding friction allowed the truck to lose most of its speed without sliding.

At the right moment, the truck was cut hard to the left and it cut through the spray of the waterfall, barely clearing the concrete sides of the bridge abutments. The Chevy driver was not as skilled, and the car went into a slide putting it against the rock lining the side of the road. One could hear the groans of metal being tortured by the pressure of

coarse rock grating against sheet steel. The car actually bounced off the rock and into the middle of the roadway in perfect alignment to continue across the bridge. The forward momentum was more than adequate, and the car crossed the bridge at some twenty miles per hour.

Anyone watching the driver of the Chevy would see an individual that was being whipped from one side to another. Whether the driver had control of the car or the chain of events had control of the driver, might make an interesting debate. However, this was not the time for that. Time was running out. The driver pushed himself off the door where he had been thrown after just barely getting off the seat where just moments before he had been pitched by the impact of the car against the rock abutment. Now, the struggle was to get positioned such that he could turn the wheel and avoid running headlong up the side of mountain on the other side of the waterfall.

Under some circumstances, brute strength can do a lot. Apparently, now was one of those times. The Chevy driver brought the steering wheel around and the reluctant three tons of Chevy changed directions. The vehicle was back on course and heading down the valley toward the Nissan truck up ahead.

As the truck slowed to hit the curve, the Chevy again tried to knock the truck off center. This time, the Chevy driver put the center of the car's bumper against the corner of the right rear of the truck. Both vehicles started to slide sideways nearly out of control. Actually, they were out of control of the respective drivers. The laws of physics were the operative forces at work. There still was some forward momentum. However, the main force was away from the curve and toward the road edge which was also the edge of the mountain. The blue green wave crests ran in and broke on the beach some two hundred feet below. These manifestations of other forces of physics continued oblivious to the forces at work just up the hillside.

At this particular section of curve is the Keanae overlook pull-off. An area just barely large enough to accommodate a half-dozen cars is bounded by a low stone wall. At one point in the wall is a break where steps lead down to a slightly lower level and observation point. The position of this opening would have profound implications for the driver of the Chevy. But at this instant in time, only the gods knew that.

Pushed sideways over the curb, the truck was now parallel to the wall. The Chevy was at right angles to the pick-up and slowed and deflected from its original trajectory by a pothole's impact on one of the tires.

While the truck slid against the low rock wall and lost energy by grating against the rocks, the Chevy went unimpeded through the low opening. The car was airborne. The panorama to the driver must have been truly breathtaking. More so if the driver appreciated he was breathing his last!

In a perfect arch, the Chevy slowly nosed forward and dropped

into the sea below, nose first. The air time was no doubt exhilarating and harmless to the occupant. However, the abrupt encounter with the sea creatures living on the reef below was equally traumatic for some fish and the human in the car. The Maui news often runs advisories on the dangers of the sea and how to deal with them. None of the usual cautions applied to this case, and the driver was at a loss on what to do. Actually, he was about to have a far greater loss. The ultimate loss, so to speak!

Meanwhile Dr. Leisure had brought the truck to a stop just a hundred feet past the opening in the rock wall. Amazingly, the door could be opened, although it had some significant scratches and dents.

Earl and Dr. Leisure walked back up to the observation point and looked to the ocean. The rear end of the car was only partially above water. It surged back and forth with the waves. The bulk of the car was a blue shadow almost lost against the blue-black background coloring of the reef.

A tour bus pulled into the parking lot. A group of twenty Japanese tourists disembarked and immediately lined the edge of the overview, looking seaward. Cameras were conspicuously evident. And many were taking pictures of the oceanscape.

One asked what, if anything, Dr. Leisure and Earl were looking at. Dr. Leisure pointed out a pod of about seventy dolphins just a bit off shore. The sound of oh's and ah's, combined with the buzzing sound of automatic cameras filled the air.

The tour bus driver asked if Dr. Leisure had seen the guy driving the Chevy and if he seemed a bit aggressive.

Dr. Leisure responded, "Yes, so much so that we decided to pull in here and let him pass. Which he did!"

"A good idea. It is unlikely that we'll ever see him again," said the bus driver.

"Gone but not forgotten," said Dr. Leisure.

Earl directed Dr. Leisure's attention to the shirts worn by a number of the younger Japanese tourists. It showed the caricature of a rather harried driver and read "We Survived the Road to Hana."

Dr. Leisure could only smile and shake his head. "We had better be on our way. Have a good day," he said to the tour guide operator and headed to the truck.

Down the road in the truck, "Well, are you going to report that to the police?" asked Earl.

"I don't see a need. No sense involving us in just another fatality on the Hana highway. What is it? Once or twice a year either a local or a tourist misses a curve and drops into the ocean. Eventually, his friends don't see him around for a while and some observant sightseer spots the car in the water."

"What do you think? Was that an intentional effort to put Dr. Leisure in the drink?"

"I don't think so. You know Dr. Leisure doesn't have any

enemies on Maui or anywhere else for that matter." After a brief silence, both Earl and Dr. Leisure were convulsed with laughter.

A few minutes later...

"What happened?" asked Dr. Leisure.

"You must not have gotten a good night's sleep the other night. Or maybe it's that mix of sun, sand and sea. One minute you were lying on your towel and the next all I could hear were snores. You just went away. I found it particularly strange with that foursome over to our right," said Earl with a smile as he gestured discreetly toward four nude females parked on the sand just fifty feet away. They looked to be in their twenties, if that. Each had a gorgeous body. None appeared to be deeply tanned and all had the clear outlines of suit tops and bottoms. But that is all they were. They clearly were not wearing the skimpy items suggested by the tan lines. Indeed, an erotic sight to any red-blooded male.

"You know I just had the craziest dream about driving over here. It seems someone tried to run us off the road!"

"Oh? That's not the way I remember it! You did crowd the tour bus a little, but I don't seem to recall running anybody off the road. Although there was that old Chevy that seemed to go by a bit closer than he really should have!"

"Well, I've got to start visualizing whirled peas! Apparently conjuring up images of car chases and violence for my adventure novels has impacted my mental processes more than I realized."

Chapter 24 A New Lover

Some months later, Dr. Leisure gives his friend Virginia a call to see what is happening within her part of the world.

"Am I interrupting?" asked Dr. Leisure when his friend Virginia picked up the phone after a couple rings more than usual.

"Don't be silly. You know I wouldn't answer the phone if I were doing that! Actually though, you are interrupting. We did that earlier and were just sort of relaxing."

"What do you mean, we?" asked a somewhat perplexed Dr. Leisure.

"Why, Phil is here."

"Phil? Phil who?"

"Oh! That's right. You don't know about Phil. I met him last week at the Naturist gathering."

"I see. He must have a big dick!"

"Well, not as big as yours."

"Good answer. You sure know how to keep your men happy!"

"I'm not stupid. He is an interesting guy. I think you would like him. He is a professor in upstate New York. He teaches forestry or something like that. I told him about you and he would like to meet you!"

"Well, put him on the phone and let me talk with him."

"Right now?"

"Sure, why not!"

"Yeah, I guess why not. Phil, Dr. Leisure would like to talk with you."

The conversation wasn't very long, and all I basically did was encourage him to keep Virginia happy when I wasn't around. I didn't know when our paths would cross in the flesh, but I indicated a desire and hope that we would meet in person in the months ahead.

And indeed, we would eventually meet some months later. I was on a trip east for the Thanksgiving holiday and decided to drop by and visit Virginia. My visit happened to coincide with Phil's Thanksgiving break and he decided to come down as well. Virginia was a bit concerned about what she was going to do with two men in her life at one time. Actually, the problem was not that they were together in the same time but that it happened to be the same moment. She seemed to think that since I had indicated my plans first, she was obligated to me and I would get to share her bed. Phil would be welcome but would have to sleep in his truck. This was not a problem since he had modified his large panel delivery truck with a suspended bed and a microwave. All he needed to be comfortable was a place to plug in his extension cord.

On hearing that Phil was to be relegated to his truck for the weekend, I suggested to Virginia that it would be fine with me if she wanted to accommodate both of us at the same time. I wouldn't object or have any problems, but it had to be her decision and not ours. She

reflected on the idea a while and thought it was all right with her, but thought she ought to touch base with Phil and see how he felt.

I was not surprised when she called a few days later to say that Phil was amenable to the idea. For herself, she was beginning to realize that having two men at the same time was one of her fantasies and she was beginning to look forward to the idea with some heightened degree of anticipation.

Thanksgiving time came along and I headed east, wondering what sort of fellow this Phil guy was going to be. Already, I had conjured up some ideas on what he would be like, based on our phone conversations. Of course, I knew that my mental image of him could and would not be correct. Images based on voice impressions seldom have any relation to the reality of the same person in the flesh. At least, that has been my experience.

Once again, my previous experience was again born out. Virginia had just come in the door to her trailer and indicated that Phil had arrived and was in the process of plugging in the truck. I thought it might not be a bad time to meet him and headed down to the parking lot. It being November and a bit cool for my taste, I was dressed. I really didn't expect Phil, or just about any other nudist on the grounds that day, to be attired in any other way. However, such was not the case. Ahead loomed a rather tall individual clad in only a stocking cap and leather boots. This was one big and hearty nudist.

Phil is over six feet and must weigh in at close to a couple of hundred pounds. On meeting, we shook hands and embraced in a bear hug that I find more and more common among nudist friends. There is something about that total skin-to-skin contact that is invigorating to the human condition. Perhaps more so when one nude body is male and the other is female. (I am still researching this question!)

Given the size of Virginia's other boy friend, I was glad that we were meeting as friends and not as jealous lovers. I couldn't fully imagine the level of damage I would take if someone this size were down on me.

Early in the evening after a light dinner, it seemed by consensus that the time had come for some serious love-making. Not much had to be done other than move into the bedroom. Given that the temperature of the trailer was such that clothing was no longer necessary, it had long since come off the three of us. True nudists that we were, the sooner one can be in a natural state the better.

The previous owner had built a wooden platform which supported the mattress. So I had no fear that we would collapse the bed, additionally, the previous owner had placed mirrors around the room giving the bed's occupants a clear view of whatever was going on from a variety of angles. (The previous owner of the trailer was also a woman known for her taste in capable men.)

I won't go into the details of a threesome making love. The

mature reader can probably conjure up a pretty good idea about what went on. Indeed, the reader will probably find their conjuring more interesting than anything I can relate in words. Younger readers wouldn't really appreciate what is involved, and it is not my purpose to enlighten them at this time. They will enjoy the experience all the more when they can experience it first hand!

Some observations on what we did learn that might prove to be useful to others may be worth sharing, however. The bottom line is that three cannot sleep in the same bed in comfort. I'm talking about really sleeping, not the euphemistic concept of "sleeping together." Actually, we shouldn't have been too surprised. Early on, I learned that while I enjoyed the intimacy of making love, I could not continue any sort of embrace or physical contact if I truly wanted to sleep. Don't misunderstand, I still cherish the presence of a warm body in my bed and under the covers with me. I just don't want or need to be in physical contact with that warm body while actually sleeping!

We found it worked best if we spent the days together or apart as we went about the business of living life. We enjoyed being together as a threesome for romantic interludes. But when it came time to do some serious sleeping, we would go our separate ways. Phil would retire to his string bed in his truck. Virginia and I would claim our respective sides of the double bed.

Over the years, the relationship between us all grew and evolved. The ebb and flow of our daily lives and travels seemed to find a natural intertwining of our paths. There would be times when I was visiting Virginia that Phil would call, and there would be times when Phil was visiting that I would call.

Duct Taped Fix

I can still remember the time that Phil and I were visiting Virginia on a fall weekend when Phil decided to fix some of her furniture. Virginia has four or five wooden kitchen chairs. They are, for the most part, stripped down in preparation for re-varnishing. And I suspect that someday she will get around to it. Either through age and wear, or more likely due to the stripping action of the chemicals used in the cleaning process, some of the joints are loose.

Phil decided to fix this particular problem. He seems to come from the duct tape school of home repair. In his mind and in his experience, if something is broken around the home it can be fixed with an ample amount of duct tape. He applied this technique to the joints of the wooden chairs. He interlaced and ran the tape in and out and around and over and back through, securely fastening the components of the chair back together! The chair joints would still flex, but they could not move nearly as much as they did before. Certainly, they could not pull out and separate.

Each joint had the look of a massive knot of duct tape. And it

you have ever worked with duct tape, you know that little bits of goo sort of ease out along the edges of the tape. This was also the case here. That meant that anyone sitting in the chair would find their clothing or skin starting to adhere to the tape at various points.

On returning to her trailer and finding the unexpected present from Phil, it is reported that her first and only words were: "I'll kill him. I'll kill the son of a bitch." With a level of energy not often seen and probably related to the venting of a genuine hostility toward Phil, she attacked the tape job. Of course, the duct tape fought back and in an excruciating amount of time the tape was removed from the chairs. The expenditures or copious amounts of energy and hostility put into the de-taping probably was the single factor that saved Phil's life. With the duct tape removed, Virginia just didn't have the energy to kill Phil or do much else.

Chapter 25 Evening at an Orgy

It was not uncommon that I would visit Virginia and there would be some overlap with one of her other lovers, although usually she scheduled things to keep that to a minimum. It was just easier on her. She would have to focus her attentions on only one individual at a time, and this is always easier than having to worry about two, or possibly more!

My visit had run its course and I was getting ready to return to Macomb. The truck was loaded and I had turned on the refrigeration system in anticipation of leaving the next day. Initially, I had planned to leave a day earlier but readjusted my schedule on learning that Virginia's third lover and his lady were to arrive Sunday evening. I had known of Don for some time, and had even spoken to him by phone. Yet, we had never met.

Ironically, I had already met his lady and been intimate with her, thanks to Virginia. Word of mouth seems to be an effective way to meet new lovers. At least, it has worked for me.

It promised to be an interesting evening since Virginia's lover number two was also visiting and had just arrived. Perhaps I am being a bit presumptuous with the numbering. Actually, Don was known to Virginia before me, so presumably he was number one. I believe I arrived on the scene second and should thus be number two. Phil entered the equation (actually he entered Virginia) some time later (and repeatedly) and thus would logically be number three. But then, who was counting or even trying to keep track.

The anticipated couple arrived in early evening and only enough time was taken to put perishable food items into the refrigerator. I tried to get Jan to go off with me to my camper truck, but she indicated she wanted to be part of a group encounter.

I was interested to see how five could possibly fit into one bed. I soon found that it can be done! I was lying on my back on one side, with Virginia lying next to me at a slight angle. Don was in the process of mounting her as Jan tended to my aroused member. Phil on the other hand was stimulating Jan with his talented tongue.

A few minutes of this arrangement and the love knot changed shape. Don was still in Virginia, but now Jan sat astride me with her breasts cupped in my hands. Phil somehow was working across my chest on Virginia's breast. I had to move one hand from Jan's breast to cup Phil's elbow which was pressing somewhat painfully into my ribs.

Jan was having a great time rising and falling on the object of her delight. Virginia seemed to be quite happy getting the undivided attention of two men. And besides, she had enjoyed my company earlier in the day so was ready for something different.

Jan's actions brought me to completion in no time. Since there was little more that I could contribute to the satisfaction of either lady,

I slipped out of the bed and Jan took my place in readiness for Phil or Don. I eased into the shower wondering how we had succeeded in not collapsing the bed!

After the shower, I went to the living room to dry down in front of the fire in the wood stove. A few minutes later, I was joined by four happy and contented nudes. Jan commented to Don about the "magnificent machine" and stroked it lightly giving it renewed life for the benefit of Don's experienced eye.

By now, people had dispersed themselves around the living room with each having a cup of freshly brewed gourmet coffee. Don and Jan were on the couch. Virginia was in the kitchen area to my right, tending the coffee and sitting in a kitchen chair. I was sitting directly opposite Jan on another kitchen chair adjacent to the wood stove. Phil had situated himself on the throw rug directly in front of the couch occupied by the most recent arrivals.

Don made some comment about my most recent book, *The Mammoth Incident*. He had read about half of it and found it action-packed and of interest. I took this as a very definite compliment because Don is a published writer who has written a number of Westerns. Phil was bemoaning how fortunate a fellow I was.

I asked Phil what he was talking about and he indicated that I not only make the women happy but that I could write as well. I said I don't have anything special.

"Yeah, right!" said Phil, "You are just like the elephant in the story!"

"What story?" asked a quizzical Jan.

"You know, the one where the elephant is trapped in a ravine in the jungle."

"I don't know that one. Please tell me," said Jan.

"Well, this rather large elephant is trapped and he is bellowing and calling out, "Help, Help me, I am trapped in the ravine." A mouse scurrying nearby runs up to the edge of the ravine and sees the elephant.

The elephant tells the mouse, "Please help me. I can't get out of the ravine without help."

The mouse doesn't know what to do. After thinking for a moment, he gets an idea. And then he runs home and gets his Porche.

When he returns, the mouse backs the Porche to the edge of the ravine. "Here, Mr. Elephant, hook your trunk around the bumper!"

The elephant puts a wrap of his trunk around the bumper and the mouse guns the car."

Accompanying the narration, Phil is making the appropriate sounds of the various happenings. One can actually visualize the Porche taking off, given the simulated engine noise. The mouse's voice is kind of squeaky and the elephant very bass.

"The elephant thanks the mouse for pulling him out of the ravine with his car.

Time passes and the elephant is walking through the jungle and hears the plaintive cry of the mouse. "Help, help, I am stuck in a ravine, please help me!"

The elephant, recognizing the cry of that of the mouse that rescued him, heads over to the ravine. Of course, the size of the ravine in which the mouse is caught is much smaller than the one in which the elephant was caught.

The elephant thinks for a moment and then an idea strikes him. He straddles over the ravine and lets his dick hang down. The mouse scurries up the elephant's cock and out of the ravine."

"Do you know the moral of the story?"

Almost in unison, the females of the group responded with, "If you have a big dick, you don't need a Porche."

"I rest my case, that's why Dr. Leisure is so lucky with women."

"Ah, come on Phil, you mean your life has been that bad. I mean after all, didn't you just bed two women, not to speak of the other company you had a few days ago that you mentioned earlier."

"This has come about only in the last few years. Before my wife divorced me I did the usual 9-to-5 thing. I had no idea what was out there to be had."

"I see. Next, you will be telling us that you were neglected as a child and had a rotten childhood. You will probably tell us that the only way your folks could get the family dog to play with you was to tie a pork chop around your neck!"

Phil lowered his head, shaking it from side to side as everyone laughed at the imagery. As the laughter diminished, Phil looked up and said, "How did you know that, Doc?"

"I know you pretty well, big fellow!"

"No, it's true, I didn't know what fun life and sex could be until the last few years. But I still can't measure up to you. I mean you just go to an event and the next thing you know some woman is taking you home! Didn't you say that is what happened last Monday at the Volleyball Superbowl."

"True. But you sound like you have been doing all right these last few years. It seems to me you have found *the pork chop within*." The room filled with laughter as all those present tried to comprehend the profound wisdom inherent in the concept of *the pork chop within*.

Chapter 26 Just Another Groupie?

As I gained in notoriety appearing on various TV shows from "Larry King Live" to "Hardcopy," I wondered if anyone really cared. Certainly, people were aware. As I traveled about, it was apparent that many people knew of me. Indeed I walked into "La Familia" (a bar on Maui) one afternoon and two guys looked up at me as I walked by. The one looked at the other and then turned and asked if I had been on television. I said yes, but didn't know of anything recent. They explained they had just seen me on "Hardcopy" a few minutes before. I didn't know when "Hardcopy" was going to air. I had actually done the show the previous weekend in Macomb, Illinois.

Anyway, back in Macomb, I ran into some old friends at the movies. As usual, the pro forma question of how I was doing was asked. I responded in the affirmative as I usually do. Shortly thereafter, the conversation took a different twist.

"I've got a woman friend in Chicago who would really like to meet you!"

"Oh, is that right? How does she know about me?" I asked.

"She read about you in the Tribune, and last time she called down she asked if we knew you. I always see you with someone so I didn't know whether you would want to meet her or not."

"Sure, I would. I would be pleased to meet with her. I'm going to Hawaii in a few weeks and will be passing through Chicago."

"Call me at home and I'll give you her name and number."

"I'll call you tomorrow."

True to my word I did call and learned a little more about this mysterious Chicago lady. Apparently, she was a nurse and worked at one of the major hospitals in the city. I called a time or two and kept getting her answering machine. Finally, we made connections.

She indicated that it sounded like I lived an interesting life and she thought hers was not as exciting and she would just like to meet me.

The plans were made, and on my way through Chicago I would get together with her for lunch. She would meet me at the train station and have a yellow rose in her hand so I could recognize her.

On arrival, I was struck by the sight of a beautiful dark-haired woman in a beige coat just as one leaves the train platform. I knew this wasn't she because the lady was not holding a rose, or anything else for that matter. As I walked through the doors and started to make the turn, the woman said to me, "Are you Dr. Leisure?" What a surprise, the dark haired lady was indeed there to meet me. She told me her plans had changed slightly. She would have to go to work in just a couple of hours and we would be limited to that time together. "No problem," I said and we went off and had a bite of pizza. Time passed quickly and it wasn't long before we had to part. I gave her a hug and she slipped into her car and disappeared into the traffic.

Such was my first encounter with a new member of my fan club, Diane. Some things she had said in our conversation suggested that we might have a more intimate relationship if schedules permitted. I looked forward to visiting with her on my return from Hawaii in about a month. I liked her looks and her personality and thought intimacy would be just fine.

I wrote from Hawaii and gave the particulars of my scheduled arrival. I called to confirm and got no answer. No reply came to my letters and cards. I passed through Chicago wondering what had happened. Did I totally misjudge this lady? I thought the message was clear, "When our schedules permit."

Back in Macomb, my faith was somewhat shaken in my ability to read and understand people, particularly women. I called my friend and asked what she thought was going on. She didn't know and said she would check it out. She didn't think I could have been too forward. That just didn't seem to fit.

A short time later, she called to tell me my new friend had a bout with a serious illness during my time in Hawaii and was not able to work or respond to my letters. Indeed, she was still interested in me but just could not respond.

Time passed and another trip to Hawaii was planned. As usual, I would pass through Chicago and needed a place to stay. American Airlines had changed its departure time to nine in the morning, and it was impossible for me to come up on the train and run to the airport, something I used to be able to do with some success when the flight left at 11:30.

I called Diana and she said I would be welcome to stay with her. I would train up to Chicago and meet her at the hospital. There was a fair degree of anticipation on the train ride from Macomb, and I was looking forward to seeing Diana and spending the night with her in my arms. I called the hospital on my arrival in Chicago and, to my surprise, found that she was not in and was not to be in that day. I called her home and got her answering machine. I left a message and was really puzzled. "Had she forgotten about my visit? Was Diana someone that was so disorganized that she couldn't keep such simple matters straight? Or was there something else going on and perhaps she didn't want to be with me at all, but didn't know how to say so?"

I spent the day at the Art Institute and checked back with my friends who had received a message from Diana. She was at a conference that had come up and would pick me up at the hospital at the time we had previously discussed. Everything was back on track. At least, so it appeared.

We went out to dinner and returned home to her apartment for some wine and cheese. It was getting late and we had much to do if we were going to get intimate and still get a reasonable amount of sleep. I held her in my arms on the couch, but we did not seem to be moving

toward anything more intimate. I asked her if we ought to retire to the bedroom. She responded that would be fine, and she indicated I could sleep in her bed and she would sleep on the couch. Somewhat dumfounded, I asked if she wouldn't rather sleep in her own bed and that I could sleep on the couch. After all, it was her apartment. She assured me that she often and in fact usually slept on the couch. At some point I asked if she had wanted to get intimate. She answered that she felt she hardly knew me and was not comfortable with the idea because this was only the second time I had been with her.

I assured her that was just fine. I didn't want to initiate anything if it were not fully and mutually acceptable.

Continuing Relationship

My relationship with Diana continued for some time. I would give her a call on occasions to see how her love life was progressing and to see how things in general were going. No matter what we would talk about, it seems we always came back to sex. She would tell me how horny she got on dropping me at the airport. And how she would caress herself on the way home from dropping me off. I told her that I was thankful she had not told me this at the time. I would have been truly frustrated.

Ultimately, our phone conversations would lead to her sexual release (and sometimes mine).

On more than one occasion we would talk about getting together. Either I would be passing through Chicago or she would be coming down to Macomb. No matter what the plan, something would go awry and we never would get together.

All in all, it was a pretty neat arrangement! I (actually both of us) had access to phone sex without the cost of the 900 number. And certainly it is not possible to have safer sex! Miles of phone line is a far more effective barrier than a condom ever could be!

Chapter 27 *Passion* -- June/July 1992 off the coast of California

As a result of my appearance on Larry King Live, my friend Chuck who lives in Sacramento got hold of me. Chuck lives in Sacramento, California, and sells insurance. Actually, he manages a regional office of an insurance firm.

It was Chuck who had introduced me to sailing while living in Macomb, Illinois, some twenty years earlier. In fact, I still own Chuck's first sail boat which I bought from him some years ago.

In any event, Chuck had invited me out to California to see his latest boat, a 38-footer built by Swan and named "Passion." I first spent ten days on the boat in 1991. As a result of that visit, I agreed to accompany Chuck on a sailing trip that would take in the coastal islands the following summer.

The summer of 1992 saw the airlines competing heavily for passengers, and I was able to book a round trip ticket to San Francisco for about \$150. To make matters even better, I was able to upgrade with my American Airline upgrade coupons and fly first class. Such a deal!

Arriving at the airport, I knew there was a bus that would take me to Sausalito where Chuck kept the boat. One gets off the bus at the first or second stop just across the Golden Gate bridge. As always, I am traveling light with one carry on bag. I hopped off the bus and, since no cabs were readily in sight, decided to hike down the hill to Sausalito. This little community sits at sea level at the base of the mountains which line the California coast. The walk downhill is no problem. Coming back, however, I would definitely take a cab.

I found the boat in a different position than it had been the previous season. Chuck had told me that it was a few slips further down and on the opposite side. I don't know if there were a particular reason for this or not. On seeing the boat, I was reminded of pleasant memories of the previous year.

I particularly remember sailing about San Francisco Bay with Chuck and his girlfriend Suzie and her friend Jan. It was an exceptional September day with a warm, mild wind. It was a wind that sufficiently filled the sail to move the craft about while not being particularly taxing to the casual sailor. Chuck let me tend the wheel most of the time when we were on open water. Skilled and competent sailor that he was, I think he let me sail more out of boredom rather than as a courtesy to me. No matter. I certainly enjoyed being at the helm of this very elegant lady.

Temperatures were such that once we were reasonably distanced from the restaurant that juts out on the Sausalito waterfront, all aboard shed their clothes. Chuck had explained that nudity was not unknown in the sailing community and, indeed, was generally accepted when weather conditions permitted. Obviously, he was aware of my nude beach background and was trying to make me feel at home. The ladies didn't

seem to mind, and we sipped champagne as we sailed about.

At one point, a destroyer came within a few hundred feet of us and the women climbed up on deck using the mast for balance to wave at the men on board. I don't know if the destroyer's crew were fully aware of what was being presented to them for inspection. But those of us on board were certainly well aware, and I must say I found the view quite delightful. Perhaps that is one of the main reasons that I enjoy sailing so much.

Chuck and Suzie had to return to Sacramento, but Jan decided that she would like to spend a night on a sailing boat, even if it weren't going out again. I spent the evening maneuvering Jan below decks. She gave new meaning to the idea of "first mate."

But I digress. The plan at hand was for Chuck to show up in the next twenty-four hours with his new lady. She was not going to do the initial sail, but would be joining us later down the coast. I would stay with the boat while Chuck went back to work during the week. I would do this for a month. Our initial destination was Santa Barbara harbor. A forty-eight hour sail down the coast. Between the two of us, we would take turns of four hours on and four off to get through the nights.

As planned, Chuck arrived with Eli and we started moving some provisions on board. Eli wasn't into drinking beer, so the liquor supply included a number of bottles of champagne. There was also plenty of food. Since Chuck had installed a refrigerator during my previous visit, there was room for a number of frozen entries. For some reason, I particularly remember the veal Parmesan.

At one point, Chuck turned to Eli and asked if we should give Mo a call. Mo, I pondered. Who could that be? I had never heard the name before, and no mention was made of anyone else going on the trip. Eli used the cellular phone on board and reported that Mo was not answering, but that she had left word with his service for him to get in touch with us. A few minutes later a call came in on the cellular and it was Mo.

Arrangements were made for Mo to come to the boat. He would be there in about an hour. Chuck and I continued to transport provisions from Chuck's Jeep Cherokee utility vehicle to the boat.

The three of us were below decks when Mo arrived. My first view of him was as he descended the stairway into the main section of the boat. He was not dressed for a sailing excursion, but rather wore a three-piece suit and hard sole shoes, considered verboten on most boats, sailing or otherwise. His descent down the stairways seemed a bit awkward. He was obviously being careful in his movements and, given the slick nature of his leather-soled shoes, it was probably most appropriate that he take his time and place each foot carefully. Mo was obviously not a seaman, but who exactly was he and what was he doing here? I could describe the actions by Chuck and Eli only as strange. They obviously were not letting me in on what was going on. Not that

it was any of my business, but one would think that a common courtesy would have been to give some indication of what was happening.

He had the look of the middle east, dark skinned, but not black. His manner and general appearance suggested a man of culture.

I wondered if he were a drug dealer and that Chuck was getting some provisions for later in our trip. This didn't seem to quite fit, since Chuck had indicated on the previous visit that he didn't do cocaine and hadn't for some time. But that was last year and a lot of things had obviously happened since my visit, the new girlfriend being but one of the most obvious changes.

Chuck asked Mo if he would join us for dinner. Mo agreed, and then Chuck turned to Eli and asked if she wanted to do business first or eat first and then do business. Eli indicated that she wanted to do business first and that we could party later.

By now, we were seated on either side of the table that separates the two bunks/couches which comprise the central main cabin of the craft. Mo reached inside his suit coat jacket and removed a small, zippered leather case. Opening the case, he removed a number of glassine envelopes.

Seeing the envelopes, I surmised that I had been on target all along regarding drugs. I thought I was going to see some serious transaction for quality product, a product that one would not transact openly above deck.

Opening one, then another of the glassine envelopes, Mo released onto the table what looked to be a gold ring. Then another and still another. Finally, out of the last envelope emerged a diamond. One that was bigger than any that I had ever seen.

My "drug dealer" was actually a Persian diamond dealer. The business that had to be discussed was the choice of setting for the multicarat diamond which was Chuck's engagement gift to Eli.

I must say I was relieved that I wasn't going to be a witness to some drug deal. I personally don't consume drugs but do not have problems with people who do. My contention is that we are all free to do what we wish with our bodies, including ingesting drugs.

Eli selected the setting for the ring that she wanted. The diamond and the other various rings were returned to the glassine envelopes and returned to the zipper pouch. It was now time to go to dinner.

I would learn that Mo was short for Mohammed. Mo was actually from Iran, but given the nature of U.S. relations with that country, it made for better public relations if he said he was Persian. Most people don't quite know where Persia is, or its significance or relation to such countries as Iraq and Iran. Besides, it has a very mysterious and romantic sound to it. What better place for a diamond merchant to be from?

Departure: The plan was simple enough. We would depart on the outgoing tide at two in the morning. Chuck and I went to bed at ten. Perhaps, I slept a little. I do not remember. It wasn't long before I heard the alarm clock and it was time to go.

In anticipation of the cool evening air, we were both equipped in special jackets that combined a wind break raincoat with built-in flotation vests. The vests were filled by activating a carbon dioxide cartridge, or one could blow them up through a tube. Additionally, the jacket had a safety harness sewn into it. All that was necessary to make sure that one would stay on the boat and not accidentally fall overboard was to snap the nylon life line to the jacket ring. Of course, this assumes the other end of the life line was securely connected to some part of the boat, which it was.

Chuck and I had spent some time equipping the boat in preparation for most conceivable difficulties. We didn't view the trip as particularly risky, but at the same time we wanted to be prepared for any possible problem. We had moved the inflatable life raft to the top deck and lashed it into place. Chuck had replaced a battery or two that didn't seem to be holding a charge to his satisfaction. Additionally, we had a variety of the best electronics available including Global Positioning Systems and radar. With this particular set of instruments, we could actually sail in fog and know exactly where we were and where the other boats were as well!

While I had faith in Chuck's ability as a seaman, I also knew that something could conceivably happen to him and I would have to handle the situation on my own. With that thought in mind, I had Chuck familiarize me with various aspects of the boat. For example, how did one operate the rudder if the linkage between the wheel and the rudder failed. Answer: the access to the rudder control is through the seat cover behind the wheel.

Chuck let me take the wheel as we set sail out of the bay and under the Golden Gate Bridge. There is something exhilarating about being at the helm of a 38-foot sailing boat and sailing under the bridge at two in the morning.

The night was clear and, looking seaward, I wondered what the significance was of the red light I saw near the horizon between us and open ocean. Chuck saw the light at about the same time and suggested I steer to the north of the channel. I adjusted course accordingly. As I did so, I noticed that I could see a green light as well as a red light. What I was seeing was the running lights of a large freighter coming in from the open ocean. The fact that I could see both lights at once meant just one thing! I was essentially directly in front of the vessel! Now, technically, one could argue I had the right of way, given that I was a sailing vessel. But the reality of the situation was that the freighter could do little to maneuver. It was my responsibility if I valued my life to get out of the way.

With the course correction, I was shifting off to the port side of the approaching vessel and would pass by with room to spare. About this time, the freighter sounded a blast of its horn and also directed a large spotlight on us. I guess the whole point of the flood light was to let us know they were there and that they knew we were there. No problem. I looked in fascination as a giant container ship moved by us noiselessly with what seemed like an incredible speed. We were, indeed, two ships passing in the night. The freighter would make port shortly, and our journey was just beginning!

On the far horizon, I could see the lights of another ship moving toward the open ocean. It was interesting to see the shift in the speed of the boat as it got beyond the controlled speed limits. Chuck had told me that the freighters were limited to about 12 knots when they got close to shore and the entrance to San Francisco Bay. What struck me was the perceived change in relative velocity. It seemed so great when, in reality, the boat shifted only from about 12 knots to 24. The row of exterior lights made the boat look like a spaceship, and if I had looked back and seen the craft go straight up, I would not have been surprised.

The first leg of the trip would take us out into the Pacific far enough that we could then turn south to clear the coast as it juts out. The plan was to sail for approximately forty-eight hours down to Santa Barbara. We would take shifts through the night.

We had been in the Santa Barbara harbor only a few days when some interesting events started to unfold.

The boat moored next to us was a fishing trawler, the Suzie D. It was captained by a fellow named John with a dog that looked like an Australian Dingo. John apparently made his living by fishing. Shortly after first meeting him, he gave Chuck and me some fresh sea bass. As most anyone knows, there is nothing finer than fresh fish properly prepared.

One of John's friends was a fellow named Alex who was a Seminole Indian by birth. He would come by in a rubberized boat, which was rather unique in that it had a cane chair lashed in the center as the place to sit.

Alex had lots of interesting stories to tell, not the least of which was that he had spent five years in an Australian prison for smuggling drugs. I also particularly remember him telling about being in the merchant marine and approaching a large oil freighter in mid ocean. What made the encounter unusual was what he observed caught in the anchor chain of the vessel. From his perspective, it looked like the mast and rigging of a large sail boat. The main portion of the boat was missing.

Not wanting to make anything out of the matter, Alex contacted the captain of the freighter by radio and suggested that he might want to check and clear his anchor chain. No mention was made of the nature of

the material that seemed to be fouling it. Alex doesn't know what the captain of the freighter did, but it is a safe bet that no record of an encounter between a particular sailboat and an oil freighter was ever made.

Alex was living on a friend's schooner moored outside the Santa Barbara Harbor. The boat was placed there to avoid the cost associated with being in the harbor (boaters pay a daily mooring fee). The friend and owner of the boat was away working on another fishing trawler to make a few bucks.

One day, Alex came by to tell me that his friend was coming into town and that a party was planned on the Suzie D. Since the friend worked on a fishing boat, a potpourri of various fresh sea foods was anticipated. There would be ample beer and other forms of intoxicants (some legal and some not). It happened that Chuck and his lady were expected in town that same Friday evening. Of course, they were invited if they wanted to participate.

Alex was looking for a suitable pot to cook the food in. It turned out that I had one in the galley and offered that as our contribution to the gala that was clearly shaping up.

Chuck and Eli arrived dockside by cab. I was impressed by the amount of luggage brought on board, considering I thought we were already set for a trans-Pacific cruise if we wanted to go. But I guess Eli didn't want to be out without the full comforts of home. I can't say that I blamed her.

Alex's friend Tom and a couple of others arrived. The party was underway. Alex tended to the cooking. I talked with Tom about aspects of seamanship, including a question I had about the depth of a fathom in feet. I had believed that a fathom was six feet, but my friend Chuck had assured me it was eight. I was really bothered by this. I looked at Chuck as the more experienced sailor than myself and here he was telling me a fathom was eight feet. I pondered the implications if I were correct and he were wrong. Would this get us into any trouble? I concluded that in all likelihood, it probably wouldn't. After all, the charts were in fathoms and it didn't make any real difference to us if we were in twenty-fathom water, whether that was another forty feet or not, one way or the other. Nevertheless, I had been wanting to ask someone just for clarification. Tom seemed like the one. He assured me that six feet was the operational unit of measure.

Tom wondered why I was asking such a question, and I briefly explained the reason for my query. The most interesting story of the evening involved what had happened the previous week on Tom's fishing boat. It was an unusual catch at best and had made most of the local papers. They had caught a nuclear submarine!

"One moment we were moving forward... and the next we were going backward at four knots. All our cables were taut. I had no idea what happened. Our nets were not on the bottom and we did not think

we could snag anything."

"We had a hundred fathom of cable out." Turning to Chuck, Tom said, "that's about 600 feet. You know that a fathom is six feet."

Chuck nodded, "Yes, I know that."

"The next thing that happened was that the boat stopped. The cables were still taut. Then a bunch of bubbles started coming up from below the boat and the cables went slack.

"A few minutes latter a green rocket shot up off our stern. Then the water started to boil and the conning tower of a nuclear sub appeared."

"The captain called over... <Do you need divers? Do you need a surgeon?"

"The captain told us we could say what had happened... We just couldn't say where it happened!" said Tom concluding the main part of the story.

Of course, there was a whole bunch of jokes associated with the idea of why didn't you keep it. Couldn't get enough for it so we threw it back. And on and on.

Later, back on *Passion* Chuck turned to me and said, "Thanks for not mentioning to Tom about the length of a fathom. I appreciated that."

At first I didn't understand what Chuck meant. Then I smiled to myself and said, "No, Problem."

Chapter 28 Shirt Purchases

I had created the Dr. Leisure Shirt in late 1993. Little did I realize how it would be received. Some of the tales...

It was the last night I would be spending on Maui, and I had made arrangements to go out to dinner with Craig and Ellen from Vancouver. We would meet at LaBahia for margaritas and then move into the dining portion of the establishment for a Mexican dinner.

I had gotten to know Craig over the years after first meeting him on Little Beach. Since he was based in Vancouver and my travels took me there in quest of further information about nude beaches, I had actually stayed at his apartment for a few days. In the course of events, I had met Ellen, a delightful woman who shared Craig's love of nude beaches, either Wreck Beach in Vancouver or Little Beach on Maui. In any event, we were closing out our time together on Maui by having dinner. I had intended to treat, but Craig wasn't having any part of that. He knew I didn't have any income, given the university's action against me. He said that a gift to him and Ellen of Dr. Leisure Sweatshirts was most thoughtful, and the least he could do was pick up the cost of dinner. I didn't argue the arrangement and was amused when they actually put on their Dr. Leisure sweatshirts right there in the restaurant just as we started to leave.

As I moved toward the door, I heard a very slight commotion and I asked Craig what was happening. He indicated that the woman at the next table was very interested in the shirt.

The restaurant area of LaBahia is surrounded by a low wall with windows usually opened to the breeze. In fact, I do not know if there is glass in them or if they can actually be closed. I have never seen them other than opened.

As I walked around the perimeter, I came to the woman sitting near the open window. I leaned in and asked about her interest in the shirt. She said she liked it and wanted to know how much it was.

"I can't sell you this shirt - I've been wearing it for two weeks! However, if you buy my book, I'll give you the shirt!"

I just happened to have a couple of my Hemlock books along and I explained what it was about and how much it cost. She didn't take but a second to say yes and produce the twelve dollars. I signed the book over to her and took off my shirt and gave it to her. I shook hands with the two fellows who were with her and headed home minus a shirt, but still with my shorts on. Actually, not particularly unusual attire on Maui.

I couldn't help thinking about the year earlier when I had exchanged an "Attention" tee shirt for a LaBahia shirt with one of the ladies from Vancouver. That had caused a minor sensation because everyone thought they would see some bare breasts in the process of the

exchange. Indeed they did but the two exposed breasts were mine, and that didn't seem to excite the other males nearly as much as if she had exposed hers. They were contained in a narrow band of material that wrapped around the body breast-high.

The next evening I boarded my United flight for Los Angeles. The routing was such that I would be on the ground about an hour in LA before continuing on to Chicago. I would miss the earthquake by about an hour, slipping out before the runway was closed.

As seems to be my custom, I struck up a conversation with one of the flight attendants. She offered to give me the ear phones so I could listen as well as watch the killer whale escape out of the aquarium. Since I had seen *Free Willy* in the theater, it wasn't a big deal and, besides, I intended to sleep on the plane. Nevertheless, I appreciated the thoughtfulness and decided to give her a copy of my book. I was not going to mention the idea of champagne. It didn't make any difference. Shortly after giving her the book, she indicated that she was off to first class. A few minutes later, she returned with a bottle of champagne which I proceeded to stuff into my flight bag under my seat.

The bottle put away, I decided to return to the galley where we continued to shoot the breeze. I looked up to see another flight attendant coming around the corner of the galley. As soon as she saw me, she said, "Do you remember me?"

"Yes, I sure do!"

"I'm the one that got the shirt from you last night."

As they say, truth is stranger than fiction. Here was the woman to whom I had sold the shirt, and she was on the very plane I was flying. The two guys she was with the night before were the pilot and the flight engineer!

I couldn't make up a scenario such as this! No one would believe it. It would seem much too contrived. But, this is exactly what happened. Later when the plane landed, I ran into the stewardess on the ramp heading off with the rest of the flight attendants. I asked her why she had wanted the shirt. Her answer was simply that she thought it was neat.

She also told me the flight engineer had come back into the cabin to talk with me but that somehow we didn't connect. I wondered about that. How could one not make connections on an airplane. Perhaps in retrospect, I was asleep and he choose not to awaken me.

Chapter 29 The Year in Review - 1993

March 1993 Book Finishing?

The February/March time frame slipped by, and it was apparent there would not be a manuscript for some time to come. Events were stretching out with the union, and it didn't really seem to make much difference whether the book (*He Wouldn't Drink the Hemlock: The Firing of Dr. Leisure*) were written or not. Summer came, and I set off to travel for two months in my truck camper. I went out west to gather information on other aspects of nude recreation which included visiting a number of hot springs and a few nude beaches. While on the road, I visited a number of nudist resorts as well. I figured I was not likely to be out this way again for a while, and I would do well to gather as much information on the management of public nudity as I could. As the reader may recall, this is an area where I have one book published and have been working on a second for some time.

Returning in July from my trip, I realized that I dare not leave Macomb again until and unless the book on my firing were finished. I began to write in earnest and continued to do so through August and September. It looked like the book was coming to closure. I felt certain I would have a completed manuscript by mid-September or early October at the latest. I started working virtually around the clock dealing with the minutia of completing the manuscript. One problem was finding the references and the citations for materials I knew I had but did not know where the documents were located. It appeared the book was going to run nearly six hundred pages and I put this information to the printer requesting prices, given that my earlier tentative price was based on three hundred pages.

Bernie Dunn (Salesman at M&D Printing) suggested that to reduce some of the thickness, we use a special high-opacity paper. The book was going to be a little more costly because of the special paper and its increased length. But this was a necessary trade-off if the book were not to be excessively fat.

Union Meeting, April 27, 1993

My contact with the union during 1993 was limited to a single meeting in April 27, 1993,¹⁷ and a letter from me to them in May.

The April meeting resulted from receiving the decision from the arbitrator on the supposed impasse between the union and the university on the interpretation of the contract. At the April meeting, I was advised that the arbitrator's decision bode ill for me and my likelihood of success of getting my job back. I didn't exactly understand this since I understood the arbitrator was basically interpreting the contract and, regardless of how it was interpreted, I presumed I would have an opportunity to complete my testimony and point out that none of the eleven charges were valid.

The union took the position that I would be wise to accept some sort of buy-out offer well below a year's pay and get on with my life. In a discussion with Barbara Hillman (attorney supposedly representing me provided by the union), it was suggested I needed to put in writing what I wanted to testify to and to indicate how this would change anything. It was Barbara's position that I had admitted to two or three of the charges in public, and there was nothing the union could or should do to challenge my termination.

Letter to the Union and the Board, May 1993

I prepared the material I thought would be useful to the union. It was a multi page letter¹⁸ that reiterated that none of the charges were valid and cited the documents or testimony that clearly demonstrated this position. I sent Ms. Hillman and every member of the Board of Governors a copy of this document and related correspondence. Little did I know in May 1993 that I would not hear from either the union or the board for the duration of 1993. Yet that is precisely what happened. Nothing. With the exception of Maurine Magliocco¹⁹ (WIU union president), there was not even an acknowledgement of the letter.

I had thought with clarification from the arbitrator that we would know how to proceed in the grievance process and that we would get on with it. In May of 1993, it had been virtually two years since the board had fired me on June 20, 1991. Yet now a decision had been made by the arbitrator and I thought we would get on with it.

The material I had prepared for the union and the board regarding the eleven charges became the central basis for the chapter in my book documenting my position that none of the charges were valid. With some relatively minor changes and the addition of some additional documentation I finalized the material for my book. The book had been on hold for the months of June and July since I was involved in gathering material for my other book on the management of nude recreation. However, when I returned to Macomb in July of 1993 I knew that I could not leave again until I had finished the book on my firing. I had hoped to have the material to the printer by September.

September came and went and still the book was not finished. I ran into some technical problems (detailed subsequently herein) and my time frame slipped into October. On October 15, 1993 I drove the final copy to the printer in Henry, Illinois. It would be a few weeks but finally in November the book was in hand and available.

Finalizing the Document, September 1993

In the process of finalizing the document, I realized I needed some more help in proofing the manuscript. I wanted some assistance in checking the grammar. One of the things I did was to check on available computer programs. I learned that a grammar checker existed in the form of Grammatic 5. I proceeded to ask the local computer store to

obtain the program. After about a week's delay, the sales representative at the store advised that the new version of the word processing program I was already using contained Grammatic 5 as part of the package. I acquired WordPerfect 6.0.

As a result of acquiring and utilizing WordPerfect 6.0 a number of interesting things happened, among which I had some problems with running out of memory in the computer. I had to get a two megabyte increase to properly run the program. I had fits initially as I would spend hours making changes and corrections using the Grammatic program, only to lose the results as the machine locked up. It took the computer hours to do the compilation of the table of contents and the index, something that it could do in minutes when I used WordPerfect 5.1. It was extremely frustrating as I watched my timetable slip away. Yet that was not as bad as watching hours of work disappear when the machine locked up. Conversations with a variety of people including the representatives of WordPerfect suggested that I needed more memory in the machine. I found that Radio Shack offered an expansion chip and I ordered one in. Expanding the memory resolved the problems, and I was back on track but still dealing with the minutiae of finalizing the document.

In transferring to 6.0 from 5.1, I found that the font I had been using did not transfer. Rather than attempt to figure out what had happened, I just opted for one of the existing fonts available in the 6.0 version. To my surprise, I found that the new font used proportioned spacing and produced a printed page that appeared more book like than what I had been using. Since it compressed the space needed for words, it resulted in a savings of nearly twenty percent. In other words, the book length went from six hundred pages to five hundred pages. I conveyed this information to Bernie. It was decided we could go with the standard fifty pound paper and I would not need the more costly high opacity stuff. This change combined with the lesser number pages meant the book unit cost decreased significantly. The shift to 6.0 was becoming worth the aggravation.

Finalization, October 15, 1993

By mid October I finally overcame my technical problems and drove the completed manuscript to Henry, Illinois and M&D Printing. The last few weeks had been rather hectic as I worked to incorporate the final changes into the document. On the drive to Henry in the forty-eight Ford, I had mixed feelings about the trip. On the one hand I was happy to be delivering the manuscript while on the other I was anxious because whatever errors and the content were destined to history. I would have to live with my decisions and what I had written. I hoped that I would not regret what I had done. I knew I had been very careful in presenting information about individuals that was based on facts. I also knew I had dropped out a lot of information about individuals that I knew to be

factual but concluded didn't contribute directly to my story and may put the individual in a less than favorable light for reasons not related to my situation.

At M&D Printing, I met Ruby Mills in person. She was the lady to whom my printing job had been passed for processing. I had talked with her over the last month as technical aspects of the manuscript changed and her job was to interface with me over the financing of the job. Given that I didn't have any perceived source of employment and the fact that I had not done any prior business with M&D, they decided they wanted the money for the printing up front. I was disappointed to hear this since I was in the process of trying to arrange financing with a local bank and/or a consortium of investors interested in assisting small businesses but had not yet completed the process. Nevertheless, I advised Ruby I had no difficulties with the request for payment in advance. I could appreciate and understand M&D's concerns. I renewed my effort to secure financing from the consortium.

Interestingly, the consortium would reject my request, stating that I was just seeking money to print a book and they didn't see how that was helping a small business or contributing to the local employment opportunities within the community! This was in spite of the fact that I presented my request for funds in the context of my creating a publishing firm which had already utilized the services of a number of individuals and firms within the community. The consortium did not wish to acknowledge the time and effort and other money that had gone into the production of the manuscript and bringing the project to the point where all that had to be done was the actual printing of the book. I would never get funding for the book printing from the consortium. Ultimately, I would not get funding from a local bank, although the president of the bank indicated that he was sure I would be able to pay back a loan secured with a mortgage on one of my properties. It was just that I did not fit the cash flow requirements apparently demanded by current federal regulators.

I could go on at greater length and discuss aspects of the incongruity with the consortium and the bank and their ability to assist in my project, but I will not. The bottom line turned out to be that I would finance the book printing myself, using the lines of credit developed against a collection of credit cards. Ultimately, I would finance the entire book and the rest of my personal debt with the relatively expensive money available from credit cards. The high cost of the money became just another aspect of the cost of doing business. Interestingly, I would increase the number of books printed which would drive down the unit cost of the books significantly at the same time run up my credit card debt to rather unbelievable limits.

Although I initially worked with Ruby, once financing was completed she turned the job over to Sue Smith who would take over the execution of the job in its entirety.

Chapter 30 Dr. Leisure Publishing

Dr. Leisure publishing really began with the filling out of the form to get an ISBN number (International Standard Book Number). Actually, it began in filling out the form for the second time. I had filled out the form once and was getting ready to send it in. Before I put it in the envelope, I had the good fortune to talk with Al Lindsey about how the book was progressing and my intention to get an ISBN number. I didn't realize at the time that I might not be able to get one. Al explained that the reason his book did not have a number is because the number-granting agency does not necessarily like to issue numbers to every self-published book. Since most are one-shot deals it does not appear prudent to issue an ISBN to each and every one.

Al suggested that if I could get a number, it would be most helpful to the book, since the whole idea of the number was to put this information about the book into the hands of book sellers throughout the world. Based on Al's comments, I went home and reread and refilled out the information form. I realized that I had better indicate that I was planning to publish a number of books rather than just one. I had no problems with this since I had a number of other book ideas in the works. It was just at the moment that I was totally focused on the book I was working on and did not think in terms of additional books at the time I was filling out the form. The form also wanted to know if I had other books out with ISBN numbers. I had answered "No" to this question, but on reflection realized that my book published by the American Sunbathing Association did have an ISBN number and I was indeed already listed under an ISBN number as an author. I made the appropriate change in the form and reported the number.

My conversation with Al and my thinking as I filled out the form for the ISBN number made me realize that for all intents and purposes I was becoming a true publisher. I was now seriously thinking beyond the one book and realized I could put out a number of books, not the least of which would be one on the management of public nudity that would be the follow-up to the ASA publication.

I dropped the form in the mail a bit more confident that I would get the ISBN number I sought but still not certain. Weeks passed and I still did not hear. I wasn't overly concerned but had found in the interim that local printers and M&D Printing did not or could not produce the bar codes associated with the numbers. I wondered how that was supposed to work and decided to call the ISBN people for information. A phone call found that my form had been processed and that the information I needed regarding the bar codes would be included with the material that was to be sent with my numbers. I was relieved.

A week or so later, I had the numbers and the information I needed to get the bar codes prepared. I made the contact with the bar code company in Chicago and had this aspect of the production process

well in hand. Essentially, the way it works is that specialized companies have prospered doing nothing but producing of bar codes. For about twenty-five dollars, the company produces the film negative from which the printing plate is produced that is the bar code on the book.

Dr. Leisure Publications

With the ISBN numbers in hand, Dr. Leisure publisher was well on its way to having its first book. Little did I know that within a very short time Dr. Leisure would have a second book in production and available.

Since the firing, I had been in contact with another fellow at the university who was also the focus of attack by the administration. Dr. Abdi A. Sheik-Abdi was the head of the Black Studies Program. Since he was not considered faculty, by some administrative finesse the university could fire him at will. After his eighth year on the faculty, they decided to exercise this option. Dr. Sheik-Abdi was reassigned to another position which, however, would cease to exist the following year. The technique was accepted as perfectly legitimate at WIU and there was nothing one could do about it. Once again, the importance of the academic safeguard of tenure was shown to be of no importance by virtue of the fact that it did not exist for this category of faculty member.

Dr. Sheik-Abdi was a true scholar. He was a recognized authority on Somalia; his most recent book was published by an English Publisher, Zed Books Ltd. The book, entitled *Divine Madness, Mohammed Abdulle Hassan (1856-1920)*²⁰ gave anyone who choose to read it significant insight into the conditions existing in Somalia today. One wondered if the slogan of the WIU administration was, "**Fire the Best and Keep the Rest.**"

One day I was chatting with Sheik-Abdi about his new book and I learned among other things that he was working on a collection of Somali folk tales. He had been working on this collection for some seventeen years, sort of a parallel project with his recently published book. Somewhere in the course of the conversation the idea of publishing these came up. The logical progression was that he should self-publish the tales. But it did not take long to see that Dr. Leisure publications could be the publisher. Everything was already in place! The only thing that had to be done was to place the manuscript onto a computer disk where it could interface with a word processing program. The rest would follow quickly and easily since I had been through the entire process from start to finish. At least the manuscript was at the printers and the final product would be available very soon.

Dr. Sheik-Abdi, October 1993

Sheik-Abdi prepared the initial manuscript on his computer. (He had bought one identical to mine after seeing how I was able to use it.) Working with the computer file, I made the format changes desired and

printed the document with the laser printer. The result was a hundred and thirty page document ready for production as a book. Just before Thanksgiving of 1993, Dr. Leisure had two completed books available for distribution. In addition to *He Wouldn't Drink the Hemlock: The Firing of Dr. Leisure* there was also *Tales of Punt: Somali Folktales*.²¹ Dr. Leisure was beyond being a one-shot, one-book publisher. Additionally, other books were coming. Sheik-Abdi was finishing a novel entitled *When the Hyena Laughs*.²² It too only had to be entered into a computer and then massaged slightly to a desired format. Funding had to be found to print the document but that would follow. The publication schedule for Dr. Leisure and 1994 was shaping up.

Two more books were published by Dr. Leisure in 1995. *The Mammoth Incident*,²³ written by Dr. Harker was an adventure novel based on the premise that forty tourists had been trapped in Mammoth Cave National Park by terrorists. A clever park service ranger with rather special credentials was on the scene trying to achieve their release.

Gordon Gill, Recreational Nudity and the Law

Later Dr. Leisure would publish, *Recreational Nudity and the Law*,²⁴ compiled and edited by Gordon Gill. The 198 page book contained the abstracts of 101 cases dealing with recreational nudity and how it was perceived within the legal system. The book clearly documented the shift in the perception of the legal system regarding nudity. Anyone with an interest in the legal underpinnings of the nudist movement or nude beaches would find this book significant and valuable.

Chapter 31 The Books Arrive

On Thursday November 18, 1993, I received a call from Doug, a driver for M&D Printing. Doug was at a gas station on the edge of town and he wanted directions on how to get to my house. He had three pallets containing some eighty-two boxes of books. Each box contained fifty-three books.

Doug arrived shortly after the phone call and was not totally surprised that the plan was to move the books to my basement where I had cleared a spot there. Initially, I had thought to store them on the main floor but various people suggested the weight might be a problem. The vision of my townhouse slipping into the basement was so vivid that I decided I would move the books to the basement directly, leaving the first floor intact. Doug told me I was lucky it was not the other driver who was seventy. Doug had been driving for M&D for some nineteen years and this would not be the first load of books he had off-loaded by hand.

I had hoped there would be at least two people with the truck and that I could just assist by holding the doors open and play supervisor. With just Doug, I felt obligated to assist. I had earlier determined that a full box of books weighed approximately fifty-six pounds. (Later, I found the actual weight was closer to sixty.) I had brought back four boxes the previous day from Henry. I weighed a box to determine what I would tell the postman when inquiring about shipping them to Hawaii and other locations.

Doug was a big guy and apparently had little difficulty in carrying two boxes (120 pounds) to the basement on each trip. It was all I could do to carry one box. Having carried boxes for an hour or so I thought I was going to have a seizure, the coronary type, like in heart attack. I thought the irony of it all. Dr. Leisure, who's slogan is "don't have a seizure, listen to Dr. Leisure," collapsing from overworking carrying his book with the slogan to the basement. What a way to end the story of Dr. Leisure and his "don't have a seizure" slogan. The foes at the university would clearly have the last laugh under such circumstances.

A couple of statistics were called to my attention with regard to the books being placed in my basement. One was that my holdings, which would ultimately be six thousand books (one thousand hard cover on the way), was equal to one tenth of the total holdings of the Macomb Community Library. Someone else pointed out that the eighty or so cartoons represented about four tons. Interestingly, this figure was the same as that of the concrete used in my outdoor hot tub. I had mixed fifty-eighty pound sacks of concrete to make my hot tub. Now I had just moved eighty sixty-pound cartons into the basement. A strange coincidence to be sure!

Book Store Placement November 93

Placement of the book into local and other book stores proved to be more interesting than I expected. I thought the local book seller would be happy to get a local author. I was surprised to find that was not necessarily the case.

Kathy Marion of Copperfield Books wanted to review the book before deciding whether to accept it. I left town shortly after talking with her and leaving ten books. I assured her she was under no obligation to stock it but that in the event she decided to and people came in and asked for it, she might wish to have it. Reluctantly she accepted the books. When I returned a few weeks later, she actually had sold some and was pleased to take a few more. She indicated she had not gotten around to reading the book. Obviously something had changed. I don't have any idea what it was but was relieved that she would be carrying the book. At this point it actually made little difference since Newsland, the book store at the other end of the block, was carrying the book and anyone wanting it would likely go there if Copperfield did not have it.

The place I figured I would sell the most books immediately in Macomb was, of course, Western Illinois University. One day I set off to determine the ins and outs of book selling on the WIU campus. I wanted to know what was allowed and what was not before the fact and not after having committed some transgression of university policy or state law. I talked with the head of university security and basically learned that I could not sell on campus without working through the office of Jim Keany in the University Union. I next met with Jim and he reviewed the rules regarding solicitation on campus. He suggested I should talk with Mel, manager of the university book store about selling there. I had intended earlier to have such a chat but had not gotten around to it. I met with Mel and was genuinely surprised by the warmth of the meeting. In short, the book store would be happy to sell my book. I was also advised that the book of Dr. Donald Spencer, new president of WIU was also being featured at the book store and was displayed on the main counter.

Book to Elaine Hopkins November 1993

I sent a copy to Elaine Hopkins, reporter with the Peoria Journal Star who had covered my story from the beginning. She gave me a call and we discussed aspects of the book. She indicated she would be calling the union to determine how they felt about the book and what they were doing with regard to the processing of my grievance. I was looking forward to hearing what they would have to say.

The rest of November passed and no article appeared in the Peoria paper. I just assumed it would appear any day and besides, the Macomb Journal gave me front page coverage on November 26, 1993. Nikki Hemen, Journal staff writer mentioned my "hopes the book will encourage the Teachers Union at WIU to complete whatever action

they're going to take'."²⁵

On the Way to Maui, December 1993

My annual winter trip to Maui was scheduled for December 14, 1993, and I wondered if I would hear from the union at all in 1993. I hadn't heard anything since I wrote them in May. At the time, my expectation was that I would hear from them shortly. But the days passed and nothing happened. Since I had the book to complete and that was taking all my efforts and energy, I let the union matter slide. Besides my letter made it quite clear what the course of action should be, and the ball was clearly in the union's court.

On Friday December 10, 1993, I returned to my home to find a message on my answering machine from Dick Brewer.²⁶ Brewer indicated that the union was now ready to go to arbitration and wanted to know whom I wanted as the arbitrator. I found the message very puzzling for two reasons. First, why were they calling me now? I had not heard one word from these people since I had seen them in April, some eight months before! Second, why was I being asked about my choice for the arbitrator? I had not previously been consulted about my preference in an arbitrator and I certainly didn't have any insight into this part of the process. Also, if I understood the union and the contract, it was clear that to go to arbitration meant I would lose and preclude any other means of dealing with the issue. Nothing was said by Brewer or anyone else indicating that anything had changed since I had met with Barbara Hillman and the other union people back in April of 1993.

I did not return the call since I was on my way to Maui in another day and it was apparent any decision of this type could easily wait until my return in another month. I presumed the motivation for the call stemmed from the press coverage. I assumed that local members of the union made copies of the Macomb Journal article available to the Chicago based union. Or perhaps it derived from Elaine Hopkins making a call in preparation of her article.

Sunday morning December 12, 1993, I headed up to Chicago on the Amtrak to catch my flight to Maui scheduled for Tuesday. On the train I found John Maguire, university relations, and Bob Slater, vice president of WIU heading to Chicago to attend an annual conference for university types involved in public relations. This was not the first time I had encountered university officials heading to Chicago on my way to Maui. In the years, past I actually had encountered university president Ralph Wagoner destined to the very same conference.

Vice President Slater advised that there was an article about me in the day's Peoria Journal Star. I walked the length of the train hoping to find a copy. As luck would have it, I found a lady from Macomb reading a copy of the paper. She permitted me to take the article by Elaine Hopkins.²⁷

Elaine had noted that the position I attributed to the union was

that I should move on. The union denied this was the case and suggested that they were putting a lot of resources and energy into finding a solution. Having not heard anything substantial from them in the last eight months, I found the union's position incredulous. I wondered what they were actually going to do and when they were going to do it.

I got to Maui and set up shop, sort of speak, at my friends home in Maui Meadows. My routine generally consisted of going to the beach every day. Either before or after, and indeed often at both times, I would write on one or more of my literary projects. My friends had a fax machine. I had given this number out to my answering service in Macomb and to members of the media who I thought might want to contact me.

Brewer fax Maui, December 1993

I had not been on Maui but two days before receiving a fax from Richard Brewer, Grievance Officer for the union. He advised that the union was now ready to go to arbitration and wanted to know when I wanted to do so.²⁸ For the preceding eight months, there had been no correspondence or any other communication from the union with regard to pursuing arbitration. In fact, the last indication from the union suggested at the April 27, 1993, meeting was that I take a settlement of less than a year's salary and be happy with that. I declined and indicated a desire to get on with the contractually provided process.

"I wondered if the book being published the previous month had anything to do with it? What do you think Mentor?"

"Absolutely, without the book there was no reason for the union to do anything. You weren't making any noise and the media were quiet. You were a nonissue," said Mentor. "Remember, the union is obligated to represent you. They will indeed represent you. They have in fact all ready represented you to the university as expendable. All they expected or required from the university was that they give the appearance of following the contract procedure. That done, they had no particular concerns," explained Mentor.

Elaborating further, Mentor said, "Keep in mind that the union had already eliminated the concept of tenure in the contract. Faculty could be laid off in numbers if the university chose to do it and the union would not object. Why would they be the least concerned with the demise of a single faculty member like yourself."

"You know you are right! I never really thought of it in that way. I thought the concept of tenure and academic freedom were really important issues, yet it is clear that to the University Professionals of Illinois such concepts are of no consequence what so ever," said Harker.

On January 6, 1994, I sent Brewer a letter encouraging the union to go through the contract provisions of the grievance process. It seemed quite clear that they had to be followed. It was premature to go

to arbitration until the contract-provided procedures had been observed.²⁹

Union president Mitch Vogel would respond with a letter dated January 25, 1994, indicating it was his decision that we move immediately to arbitration.³⁰ I found this exceedingly strange since I had made it quite clear in April 1993 that I wanted to go to arbitration and get on with the whole matter as soon as possible. Why had I been ignored for eight months?

New University President

January of 1994 saw the university take on a new president, Donald S. Spencer (not to be confused with Charles Spencer, Dean of the College of Health, Physical Education and Recreation). I thought it might be appropriate to welcome him to his new job with a copy of my book. Back from Maui, I sent him a copy of *Hemlock* on February 8, 1994.³¹

It was also a good time to send Dr. Maurine Magliocco, President of the Western Illinois Chapter of the UPI a copy of the book. With it, I also asked that she be the presenter in the grievance hearing at the university.³²

Dr. Magliocco will never respond to this request for her representation, nor will she do anything with regard to the matter. She did send a letter acknowledging that she received the book and thanking me for it.³³

I also apprised Mitchell Vogel of my availability to participate in a grievance hearing and of the need to have representation at that hearing by and from the union.³⁴

Elephant Dominance

I had an opportunity to hear Dr. Magliocco speak at the Unitarian Universalist Fellowship one Sunday morning. I don't remember what she discussed and could not find my notes on her presentation. I suspect it had to do with some aspect of the women's movement since it seemed this was the prevailing theme of the fellowship as a group of women had achieved key positions in the structure of the organization.

Personally, I'm always interested in what new twist and even possible insight into the human condition the speaker will bring to the subject matter. I'm particularly amazed how many issues are taken by feminists to be female issues and not larger issues dealing with underlying concerns that could appropriately be called human issues. Apparently to believe that such universal issues pervade the condition of man is to preclude the appropriate recognition of females. Apparently the recognition of females is more important than working to find solutions to the perceived problems!

Anyway, I do remember one comment made by Dr. Magliocco

during her talk which stayed with me. She related having difficulty getting her son to pick up on the idea that the female elephant in a herd was the key individual in the group portrayed by the National Geographic Special on elephants. Apparently, he just couldn't dismiss that the bull elephant was significantly bigger in size and seemed to be clearly in charge when it came to the movement of the elephant group to and from the waterhole. Apparently, there were a number of females and other males that seemed to be subservient to the bull elephant. Nevertheless, Dr. Magliocco persisted in suggesting that the female elephant was in charge!

Somehow, I thought these remarks seemed to say it all for how Dr. Magliocco perceived herself in the union hierarchy. She obviously thought she was a significant elephant in the scheme of things. She was, after all, the president of the WIU chapter. At the same time she also marched in step behind lead elephant Mitch Vogel who was head of the state local division of the union.

Numerous times I tried to get Dr. Magliocco to be involved in my situation and to be active in representing me. No matter what I would suggest, she would quietly ignore my request. She apparently was telling her constituents that the female elephant was the head honcho just like she was telling her son. But it was clear to anyone even partially familiar with the situation that Dr. Magliocco had the same status within the "herd" as the female elephant in the documentary.

Women's rights were seemingly up a peg at WIU, while the larger issue of human rights and academic freedom slipped significantly.

Chapter 32 Reactions to the Book

The story of what happened and what did not happen after the book was published becomes an interesting story in itself.

December 1993 -John Maguire

It was interesting to see how the university would respond to a formal request for information on the status of things regarding my firing after the book came out. I noted in an article by Elaine Hopkins in the Peoria Journal Star that the university stood by its position that I should be fired. I wondered how this worked given that the spokesman for the university, John Maguire, had a copy of my book and knew from reading it that the university had no basis on which to fire.

I had an opportunity to call John for some other information that I was seeking and decided to ask him how the university could make such a statement. Actually, I asked who was his source when such a statement was made. He indicated he was the person who made the statement but only after consulting with the Chancellor's office who in turn directed him to the board attorney, Mark Dunn.

I wondered how long John would feel comfortable putting out such statements since he had a copy of my book and knew the truth. Later I would receive a letter from Mark Dunn in which he was supposedly responding to a letter I had sent the new university president, Donald Spencer. Apparently the new president was not about to become involved in any aspect of my situation. Although he was the only one with the authority on campus to do so, he apparently opted to send letters regarding my situation to the Chancellor's office for response. Mark Dunn would responded to the particular query I had directed to the president with a two-page letter in which he referenced my book in about a half dozen footnotes. It was now apparent that Dunn had actually read my book. I wondered how he felt about what I had said and whether he now understood that the university did not have any basis on which to fire me.

While a number of people had my book, not everyone was reading it. I contacted my attorney John Bisbee in early March to discuss the next round of events and options that appeared available from a legal point of view. Up to this point, I was expecting the union to take some action. I also figured with the book out the union might become more serious in their efforts to support me for the book made it clear that it had not assisted in any significant way, and it was clear that none of the eleven charges against me were true. Under such circumstances, one would think it would have been an easy matter for the union to negotiate some sort of settlement. The obvious alternative was a messy law suit, and I would have thought all parties would want to stay out of that if possible.

The Maui Response

The response to the book on Maui is an interesting story in itself. I set off for Maui on December 14, 1993, as I have at about this time of year since my first visit in 1987. The plan was to stay for five weeks. One of the main purposes was to establish a distribution program for the book on the islands.

Two weeks before I left, I mailed four cases of books by book rate. A case of 53 books weighs about sixty pounds and costs about \$17 to mail. The big question was of course when would they arrive in Hawaii. Hopefully, they would arrive fairly soon after my arrival.

It was about a week and a half into my visit before the first case arrived. I was relieved. I had been hearing stories suggesting I might be lucky if they arrived before I left in mid-January. About a week later, the second case arrived. The condition of the first book box was essentially the same as I sent it. The condition of the second raised some new concerns. One edge seam of the top of the book box was open! If the box were tilted the contents could tumble out. I could just imagine a pile of yellow and purple books on the floor of an ocean freighter somewhere in the Pacific. What if the crew tossed them overboard just to get rid of the mess. Imagine my surprise to see a Humpback whale surfacing of the coast of Maui with a copy of my book stuck to its snout.

With books in hand, I could start my efforts to establish a distribution program. Naturally I took copies to the beach. I decided simply to give copies to the various individuals whom I have come to know on the beach over the years. I figured this was the easiest way to get the exposure and enhance the word-of-mouth awareness of the book. Some individuals would want to give me money for the book, and I suggested they could or were in effect contributing to my legal defense. Other people whom I met on the beach who were interested in the history of Little Beach and my story bought the book. Word was getting around and book sales began to blossom. It was most gratifying.

Maui book reviews December 1993 - January 1994

As you might expect, I have many friends on Maui. The largest number is associated with my affiliation with Little Beach. With the arrival of the books I shipped over I started giving everyone I met a copy.

One of the first to actually read the book was Don Jensen. He resides on Maui with his wife Shell and I have spent many delightful times in conversation about different things on and off the beach.

The previous day, I gave Don a copy of the book. When I spoke to him at the beach the next day he reported that he had read the whole thing! He indicated he had read straight through from 1:30 p.m. to 9:30 p.m.

He indicated he had not read the book in order. Rather, that he had read about the charges and the hearing last. He indicated he had only

one serious question and that was: "Do you still have the forty-eight Ford?"

He went on to say: "You obviously didn't play the politics of the situation. You should have spent the early years kissing up." He went on to say that I didn't do an adequate job of building a power base.

All in all, I thought Don's comments and observations were quite insightful. In general I had to agree with what he had to say.

One of my newer friends on the beach was a fellow who actually lived in Chicago. He traveled the world working for a communications company and spent a great deal of time in the Orient. With his trips through Hawaii, he had learned about Little Beach and spent time there when ever he could.

Bruce characterized the book as containing a lot of violence and sex. Or as he put it... "they were screwing you every chance they got, but there were no kisses..."

Bruce saw the solution as my personal size. He indicated: "You should have been bigger. If you had been six foot, four you wouldn't have any problem. You are not big enough and you embarrassed them...."

Other comments included: "That business with the recording machine was something else."

The best advise from Bruce concerned marketing the book: "Cut a deal with a drug company. Free book with a bottle of Prozac. After I read a few pages my blood pressure started to rise... I took a couple of aspirins and went to bed..." The way Bruce told it, he found the book so disturbing that he could only deal with a small amount of material at one time!

Another friend on the beach summarized the situation as follows: "It is the small town mentality. The place is too conservative for your views and values. You were swimming in a pool of fascism and Nazism... You didn't know it... Finally, it turned on you and you were overwhelmed by the wave..."

Jim (of Jim and Lori of San Jose, California) commented "I am about two-thirds through the book. I particularly liked the portion about the race car driving. . . I think that shows how diverse you are, and I understand why your colleagues were jealous." He went on to say, "Obviously, you were having too much fun. I have that problem where I work. People get very jealous over my coming to Maui every year. They could do it if they wanted too but they don't, and they want to put me down for it."

I could certainly relate to what Jim was indicating. It was clear to me that many people can deal only with other peoples success by trying to put the other person down. Getting me fired was the ultimate putdown. It was the only thing that could effectively tarnish my image and success. Well at least it seemed that way at the time.

Chapter 33 The Barber Shop Tales

As one might expect, a lot of local gossip is passed about at the barber shop. In Macomb I get my hair cut at a number of different shops. The following tales are true and based on information from one or more individuals who would prefer that their true identities not be known. The person I have called "John" is a composite character and should not be confused with any real individual currently residing in Macomb, Illinois.

I left copies of my book at a number of different places in Macomb including John's Barber Shop. Given the nature of my firing and that a number of the people portrayed in the book were customers of one or more of the various barbers, we all wondered how the book would be generally received. Would some of the customers go elsewhere since they were not exactly portrayed as saints or what? I was concerned because I did not want to be responsible for hurting any of my friends' businesses.

On more than one occasion, we talked about the contract that was out on my life. Of course, we all thought that it was a joke. But I will never forget the day I was getting a trim when two characters with wide hats and double-breasted suit coats walked in carrying Thompson Machine Guns. Yes, you got it. Those old guns with the round canister just like in the old gangster movies. Without so much as a howdy do, they stepped back into the corner of the room and leveled their guns and opened up.

The sound of the muzzle report was deafening. I could smell the burnt powder as bullets whizzed by my ear. I just sat there totally petrified. I don't know if I could have moved or not. I just didn't even try. It was obvious that it was over and I just accepted the inevitable.

Bullets turned bottles of hair tonic on the wall into smithereens. The glass mirrors shattered into thin silver slivers. John's collection of Santa Claus mugs became nothing more than a colorful collection of broken shards of clay.

It was over as quickly as it had begun. The sound was deafeningly quiet. Smoke filled the room and wafted about. The two men lowered their weapons and quietly left the barber shop the way they had come in. A 1930's vintage sedan was waiting outside. The two got in and I could hear the sound of squealing tires as the car sped west.

My ears ringing from the sound of the gunshots, I lifted the cloth apron off my shoulders and pushed it to one side. Pieces of glass tumbled from it as I got up. I saw John lying on the floor behind the chair his scissors and comb still in his hand. It was obvious that he would never cut hair again. At least three holes in his chest poured forth the last ounces of blood from his body. The floor surrounding the chair was a mass of blood and hair.

I picked up my glasses from the counter and returned to my

original position of sitting in the barber chair. At first I thought I was having an out-of-body experience as I watched myself die. Then I realized that I was not looking at myself from across the room but actually from the perspective of my own body. The apparent fussiness the result of not having my glasses on rather than some ethereal haze.

For the first time, I realized that I had not been hit. I checked my entire body for any signs of discomfort. None. I looked down the front of my chest. No holes! How could this be? The place had been shot to smithereens and John was deader than a mackerel and I didn't have a scratch on me! How could this be? I was deep in thought trying to figure out what had happened. At first I didn't even hear it. Then it slowly wormed its way into my consciousness. I could hear someone calling my name. It sounded like John. But how could that be? I tried to ignore it. Next, I felt a hand on my shoulder and I nearly jumped out of my skin as a cold chill shot through my entire body.

My body recognized that a dead man was pulling on my shoulder and calling out my name. This time there was more and my conscious mind picked up the following: "Dr. Leisure, how does that look? Should I take some more off the sides?"

"What? Oh! No! That's fine. I'm sorry. I must have dozed off."

"Are you all right?" asked John.

"You will not believe the dream I just had," said one slightly groggy Dr. Leisure.

John laughed when the content of the dream was retold. He thought it would make a great action scene in the inevitable Dr. Leisure movie. He was really disappointed that he would not live through the scene. But that was "show biz."

John then related that the scenario was not implausible. He told me that Nick DiGrino had been in checking out the shop right after the book had come out. At the time, John did not know who Nick was. He told about a customer who had come in with a male child needing a haircut. The kid would get the haircut while dad perused the establishment. Not an unusual circumstance when fathers bring their children.

Prior to giving the child a haircut, John remembers talking with a WIU student. Somehow the topic of Dr. Leisure and the firing came up. What struck John as unusual was that the student seemed to be very careful and deliberate in what he had to say. In many respects, his remarks were very non-committal. John didn't understand or think anything further about it.

Later that day, John closed out his cash drawer and prepared his bank deposit statement. Flipping through the checks, he noted that one was from Bernard & Suzie DiGrino. John paused and could not figure out where this check had come from. He recognized the name but could not place it with any of his regular and known customers. Then he realized that it was the guy with the child. John smiled and placed the

check in the bag for deposit, thinking that explained the guy's intense interest in the Hemlock book.

Days passed and John got a notice from the bank. A check was being returned for insufficient funds. The check returned was from Bernard and Suzie DiGrino! John made a mental note to give Nick a call and ask for payment. Before he could do so he received a call from Suzie DiGrino. A very apologetic Suzie explained that Nick occasionally messed up the checking account and this was one of those times. She told John she would be down shortly to recover the check with cash. A short time later she did indeed appear and present John with the cash for the haircut. Again she apologized profusely. Nearly on the verge of tears she blurted out some things that John found most unintelligible. Something about his ability to mess up the simplest of things.

Hardly a day had past when John found himself cutting the hair of the college student who had been there when DiGrino had visited. The student initiated the conversation by asking John if he knew who was present in the barber shop the last time when he got his hair cut. John responded he had no idea. And he didn't. He can hardly remember who had been in the shop that day, let alone a week or two ago.

The college student went on to explain that it was Nick DiGrino and son. That it was the same Nick DiGrino who had been responsible for the demise of Dr. Leisure. As soon as these words were uttered, the memories of that day came back to John. The student went on to say: "I had to be very careful what I said to you about the firing of Dr. Harker. Of course I support Harker. Most people at the university know the truth and know the firing was a total farce. They also know that the same could happen to themselves and they are scared."

"Do you really think DiGrino could cause you problems at the university," asked John.

"I'm certain of it. That department has a reputation for destroying students who do not fit in with the 'politically correct' attitudes of the department. Harker was the only professor who was concerned with the welfare of all the students. He didn't play favorites. He just tried to see that everybody got a fair shake. He treated students like equals. He didn't put you down if you didn't agree with him or some other professor. That is why they fired him!"

Chapter 34 Maui's Watering Holes

Part of the Maui scene during the early 90's was LaBahia, a bar and restaurant located across from Kamaole Beach Park #2, or Kam II to the locals in Kihei. It was the favorite watering hole of the Little Beach crowd. That is to say, it was the favorite of those who were inclined to seek out "watering holes." I never saw Peter (the mayor of the beach) there because he did not drink alcohol. That ran contrary to his physical fitness philosophy which put the emphasis on red meat and vitamins.

Be that as it may, there were many other members of the Little Beach crowd who frequented the place. LaBahia was the name of the bar from 1992 on. Before then, it was known as La Familia. It featured a happy hour special of \$3 margaritas in a carafe. This was approximately a liter of intoxication. The special prices were in effect on Tuesdays, Fridays and Sundays from 5 to 6 p.m. The Little Beach crowd was not prone to excesses, at least when it came to spending money, so it was the nights of the special that naturally appealed to all.

The format of the bar was an open balcony to the south and west. In this area were round high tables that were the right height for bar stools. The trick was to capture the table just inside the corner from the main entryway. The first to arrive on the designated days would pounce on this table if and when it became available, knowing that sooner or later the rest of the crowd would arrive.

This was a personal challenge for Walley. If he and Sally should arrive and the table were not empty, he would position himself such that he could readily move on it if the opportunity arose. Depending on who was utilizing the table, the strategy might also be to engage the users in conversation and inevitably be invited to join the group. This was actually a very delightful way to meet new people and to procure the table as well. I remember arriving one evening to find Sally and Walley in conversation with two women. Both were Canadians by citizenship, but one was originally from Sri Lanka and the other was doing graduate work at Cambridge. They were visiting the islands for the winter break and would be returning to Canada and England, respectively, in a few days.

Commandeering the table was utmost on Walley's mind and he could not function the way he normally might until this objective were achieved. He would actually turn his back to the main contingency of Little Beachers if that were necessary to keep an eye on his objective. He would be very non-attentive to his wife and anyone else because his sole interest and the focus of his attention was the objective of securing the table.

In the history of the establishment and its successors, interesting things were attempted with the one-liter Margarita. Initially, they were served in a glass carafe. Then someone got the idea that plastic would

be better and it eliminated the replacement cost of broken glasses. Before long, the next logical evolution of this idea found the drinks served in paper cups. When this occurred, members of the Little Beach crowd put their collective foot down. They would specifically request plastic or glass and would not accept a drink in a paper cup, even if it meant waiting a few minutes to be served. Management apparently got the message and paper cups have not been seen in LaBahia for some time.

I have lots of fond memories of LaBahia and its predecessor establishments. I recall a conversation with Keith (of Keith and Linda). I had suggested that my presence at LaBahia would become legendary, much like Hemingway's patronage of particular bars in Key West. Keith advised that I was not a Hemingway, just as someone had said Al Gore was not John Kennedy. Of course, it was Texas Senator Bentsen who had made the comment about vice president contender Dan Quayle, but then who keeps track of these things. I had got Keith's point.

It was at La Familia where I met some swingers who would give me some insight into the swinging side of life. I recognized a red-haired woman and her male companion from the beach as they walked through the bar. I remember the woman because she seemed to exude a certain sexuality that seemed to draw the attention of every red-blooded male on the beach. It was not because she was a particularly stunning woman, for she was not. She certainly wasn't ordinary in her appearance, but she also was not extraordinary by any standard. It also seemed apparent that her breasts were not entirely her own, but had received the assistance of a plastic surgeon who knew how to defy gravity to some degree. It wasn't the gold chain around her waist, either. I don't really know what it was, but she clearly exuded a certain magnetism like I have seldom seen on the beach.

Striking up a conversation with her and her friend, I asked if she were a member of the ASA. Most nudists, but not all, are affiliated with or are at least aware of the ASA (American Sunbathing Association) and will acknowledge that affiliation when just the letters are mentioned. You know you are part of the elite group if you recognize the letters. This woman responded with a no and another set of letters that I cannot remember and did not recognize, but ended with the revelation that they were "swingers" and proud of it.

The next day at the beach, I posed a number of questions to my new friends. I asked how they felt about the open nudity. They said it was a new experience for them but that they liked it. I was not really all that surprised, because I had a girlfriend once who was a swinger and who told me that nudity per se did not necessarily go with the concept. Two couples might be in the same room having sexual intercourse with their own partners, but that would be the extent of the nudity if indeed all were nude and in the open. This couple had first experienced social nudity in a hot tub in Europe. It was unusual for them, but they found it interesting and decided to experience the nude beach.

My next question dealt with the question of how one protected oneself from the various diseases going around. The answer was that you sized up the other couple and made your decision based on your perception of general hygiene and lifestyle. If the couple seemed to come across as clean, they were probably not a problem.

Chapter 35 A Nude New Years Eve Party

"Bob and Sandy are having a New Year's Eve party and we're invited," said Marilyn in her characteristically warm and smiling demeanor.

"Sounds like fun. Who all is going to be there?"

"It's the Little Beach crowd. Pretty much the main gang of Little Beach people. I expect you will know them all."

The day before New Year's rolled around as days do on Maui, with the gentleness of a warm sea breeze. Bob and Sandy live in a pole house (the basic structure is situated above grade on poles, thus the name) in Maui Meadows.

Arriving about eight o'clock, we found some already present and others starting to trickle in. As at any Little Beach function, and this was no exception, food and drink were abundant. Sandy had really put herself into the preparation of an impressive spread, and the kitchen counter was full of exotic dishes including her famous lemon pie. The other party animals also brought goodies to be added to the collection on the counter. This was a crowd that could easily drink any regular party hostess dry. It was a simple matter of courtesy and the desire not to run out of booze that compelled everyone to bring his personal stock of favorite alcoholic beverage. An ample supply of beverage was already on hand, but the refrigerator space was soon totally consumed with additional supplies. In anticipation, an ice chest or two appeared and contained the overflow that would not fit in the "fridge."

By eight o'clock, a sufficient number had arrived that general conversation started to give way to small groups of party-goers scattered in various places throughout the home. Some on the balcony, with others gathered in the living room.

Bob demonstrated his CD player, and a collection of oldies-but-goodies from the late sixties and early seventies filled the air. By this time, some two dozen people were in attendance. Indeed, they were all "regulars" from Little Beach. Many lived on the island with a few, self included, part of the annual visiting contingent that was linked to this core group in one way or another.

By nine o'clock, the activity on the dance floor (the wood floor of the living room) was starting to pick up dramatically. Couples and some pairs of women started to rock with the music. It was basically unnoticed, but some of the females had released the constraints restricting the movement of their breasts. And the undulation of bodies took on a slightly more sensuous demeanor as they bounced and swayed with the music.

Dwayne encouraged his wife to dance and duplicate the actions of the others regarding unclad breasts. She consented and went a step further, removing her entire outfit. Her trim body and firm breasts gave a new dimension to the ambiance of the party. Dwayne quickly joined in

suit, birthday suit that is, and the party continued.

Walley always likes to be nude when he can and took this as the cue to do likewise. No one seemed to take notice or make anything out of events, although Marilyn would suggest to me that what was really going on was an effort to embarrass Tennessee Dave who was present with his teenage son. She suggested that there was an undertone of resentment among some of the others because he brought the son to the "adult gatherings" at LaBahia (local bar and watering hole of the Little Beach crowd). The others who had similar-age children quite purposely left theirs at home. After all, the whole point of the get-togethers was to escape for a while from the kids. To be sure, the nature of conversation was a little more "adult" when the kids weren't around.

By ten o'clock, the place was really hopping. Nobody else was totally nude with the exception of Walley and Dwayne. Pamela was wearing a thong type of panty that accented her behind and pubic arch. The number of unfettered breasts had increased.

Ten o'clock came and I couldn't quite figure out what happened. In a very short time, at least half of the group said good-bye to the host and hostess and departed. I realized later that it was just the crush of holiday parties. The ones who departed had other bashes to go to. For whatever reason, this was not the place they would see the new year in.

After the dust cleared (or perhaps more correctly the splitters split), there were twelve people left, six men and six women. With the exception of Marilyn and myself, all those remaining were couples.

People continued to chat in small groups. While others danced, I spoke to Sandy and asked about the nudity. "Is this a common experience at a Little Beach party?"

"No, I've never seen this before. It is very unusual. I don't understand what is going on." It was apparent by the tone of Sandy's voice that she was not totally at ease with the situation. I didn't quite understand why, but assumed that since it was her party maybe she thought she ought to have more control over the general decorum.

I noticed Marilyn across the room talking with Dwayne. She was nude. I could see her clothes piled in a small heap on the kitchen counter to her right. Her white flesh contrasted with Dwayne's brown skin. Marilyn was without doubt the lightest-skinned individual present. Her days at Little Beach were few and far between. And when she did come, she enjoyed being in the ocean so much that she didn't get much sun. This was fine with her, since she had become particularly concerned about skin cancer of late and didn't want to burn or even turn pink. With the exception that both were totally nude, it looked like any other conversation at a cocktail party. And they both were enjoying a beer.

Dave was sitting on the couch and taking in the sights. He remarked to Walley how he had always wanted to have a party like this but didn't know how to go about it with the kids around the house. Walley suggested he would help Dave organize such a party in the

future. He suggested that getting the kids out of the house would not be a big problem. Dave slipped out of his clothes either just before or just after this conversation. His wife, Gywen, didn't quite know what to make of things and decided to stay clothed for the moment.

Sally had slipped out of her shorts and her lean form undulated in rhythm with Walley's as they danced to rock and roll favorites of their youth. Garth and Karen stripped for action and really started jumping to the music. Garth's ample form contrasted with the Karen's petite shape as they danced.

Marilyn set down her drink and came over and asked me to dance. Totally nude, her pure off-white form gyrated within inches of my body, her breasts swaying with the music and bouncing with the dips. Fortunately, given what happened next I was still dressed. She turned away from me. Then bent over and proceeded to back into me, with her bottom twisting back and forth like she was trying to burrow onto my lap.

I could feel a tension in my loins, restrained only by the thin layer of fabric that made up my shorts. I glanced around to see if anyone were taking notice. All were engaged in their own actions and seemed oblivious to our new dance step. And the party continued.

Later, sitting on a couch still fully attired, I noticed that Gywen had slipped away from the group. She was returning from a bedroom and she was nude. She seemed hesitant to join her husband and the main group. Her hands and arms were somewhat postured in that classic defense position of a nude female. Her breasts and pubic area slightly covered by her hands. She seemed very uncomfortable. At the moment, I could not understand this for she was always nude at the beach and showed no signs of any self consciousness under those circumstances. She had a trim figure, distinctive small breasts and a very dark overall tan.

Others sensed her discomfort and offered words of encouragement, including the host who was also nude by this time. He suggested that she just think of the wood floor as the ocean with the throw rugs the beach. I interjected that she could think of me as a gawker sitting up on the hillside watching the activities at Little Beach. She forced a smile and embraced her husband. Within moments, I could detect no apprehension in her as she cavorted with the other nudes and non-nudes as the party continued.

On reflection, I realized that she was uncomfortable because of the context of the nudity. She was used to being nude on the nude beach, but in someone else's home in the living room? Even though it was her friend's place and the people that were present were all known to her, the precise situation and circumstances were new and unusual. She had never been nude under such circumstances and was uncomfortable for this reason. But time and experience are effective teachers and she adapted quickly. The circumstances of the party were strictly social and

not sexual. It was clear where sexual boundaries began and ended, even though most were nude.

The party continued. I chatted with the hostess again about the nudity. By now, she and I were the only ones attired. I couldn't quite figure out the hostess's true feelings. She was obviously surprised with the nudity, which now included her husband. Yet she didn't seem offended. Certainly, she was totally familiar with it, albeit in the context of the beach where she too would usually be nude, at least part of the time. Her level of sun exposure was very low compared to most of the rest.

It was clear that the dynamics of the party were such that if you weren't nude, you weren't really with it. I slipped out of my clothes and joined with the majority. The hostess was the only one still attired and she remained so for the course of the party. It was still her party and she didn't want to be nude. No one had any problems with that.

Midnight was approaching, and the group assembled on the balcony which looked down toward the ocean and the Prince Hotel. The hotel would be shooting off a series of fireworks at midnight.

Along the rail were eleven nudes in something less than classic stances. So much so that a better description might be to say eleven naked people, five women and six men, were standing about. All sizes and shapes were represented. Only a select few might compare favorably with a classic Greek statue. Even so, the ambiance of the moment was terrific.

I saw a flash and thought the fireworks had started. Not so, it was the hostess taking pictures of the assembled group. Certainly, this was a noteworthy event that deserved to be recorded for posterity! And it was.

I turned back toward the ocean in anticipation of the show. Next, I felt a hand or two on my back side and turned my head slightly to find Dwayne in the process of bending over and kissing my behind. Before I could react, he had moved to the next person in the line and repeated the same behavior.

I stepped back and said, "Jesus, Dwayne, I should have taken lessons from you! If I had done this back at the university, I wouldn't have been fired."

Some of the others who knew what had transpired laughed, while others still slightly perplexed smiled when they realized they had just had their ass kissed and now knew what I was talking about.

The fireworks display was interesting, as skyrocket after skyrocket shot into the night sky. The view from the porch took in the whole shoreline, and the lights of the west coast of Maui contrasted with the ocean. Sometime after the fireworks concluded, various individuals departed and not necessarily with their own spouses. It was not likely the beginning of a sexual liaison, however, but rather actions taken out of concern for one's fellow man. Some of the party-goers were far too

drunk to drive and were driven home by others only slightly less drunk.

In reflecting on the evening at the next regularly scheduled gathering at LaBahia, many would admit that they couldn't remember how they got home. Marilyn, for one thought she had driven when, in fact, I drove her home.

Chapter 36 People Don't Read Books!

In many respects, Don was the exception. That is to say, he actually read the book! Oh, to be sure lots of people did read the book, but I was astounded by the number of those who didn't. And I am not talking about people who didn't know me or who had no interest in my situation or the politics of university. Actually, in a larger sense, it is surprising that anyone read the book. But be that as it may, there are many people who one would think would have a very vested interest in reading the book, those people principally being my colleagues at the university who thought they were tenured and should have been concerned about what happened to me and whether it could happen to them.

Many of my friends and colleagues did read the book and their comments were quite positive. However, I have concluded that for the most part my general colleagues at the university are very much like the larger population and, as such, they do not read. They may read material directly related to their field of expertise, but beyond that they do not read.

Some people who I thought would surely read my book, or at least certainly ought to read my book, included members of the union. I sent a copy of the book to Maurine Magliocco, president of the campus branch of the union, and I sent one to Mitch Vogel, president of the state local. Both replied with nice thank you notes. Mitch indicated that he doubted he would have time to read the book. Obviously, he had no real concern for what was happening to me.

In retrospect, this is not surprising. I have concluded that people function within the framework of their own little group of acquaintances and associates. As such, they make decisions on what they will or will not do based upon their assessment of how their actions will affect their standing in the group. One would think that since Mitch was president of the union, he would be concerned about how his constituents, the membership, viewed him. And indeed, Mitch was concerned about this. But the reality was that what was happening to me was not getting out to the general membership. To the extent that they might be concerned about my situation, they didn't know what was occurring. To be sure, an occasional statement was made by the union which put them in a favorable light. But for the most part, no information was being disseminated about me. Instead, the usual union paper would have pictures of Mitch at some or another union function. The reader of the paper would conclude that this man had his constituents' concerns at heart.

Books to Board - February 1994

The union and the president of the university were not the only ones aware of what had and had not happened during the termination. I

had sent copies of my book to all members of the Board of Governors.³⁵ I did this in early February 1994. Not a single one of the board has ever formally acknowledged receipt of the book. I did run into Loraine Epperson, local member of the board, at a house party, and her husband acknowledged that parts of it were read around the office. (A member of her realty business was the wife of a person mentioned favorably in the book.) Other than that, there was really no reference to what the book was about.

I had contacted Tom Layzell regarding the home addresses of the board members and also for information on how to proceed to make an appearance before the board. A week or so after I made the request, I did receive the information. I was intrigued by the procedure that had to be followed in order to speak before the board. I not only had to make my desires known at least ten days in advance, but I had to have the content of my presentation reviewed by the chancellor before I made it, assuming I was given permission at all.

We (the citizens of Illinois) may think we have access to our government, but clearly in this case and in this situation, that access was severely limited and controlled. One might think he could address the board, but actually doing so was a different matter.

This was not the first time that the board was nonresponsive. I had sent them copies of the material which outlined about forty situations involving Dr. DiGrino and his failure to properly perform his duties or other situations where he had failed to preform in a legal or ethical manner. In all situations in dealing with the board, the members have consistently failed to act or to even acknowledge my correspondence. Apparently, this must be the standard bureaucratic trick. Ignore and stonewall anything that raises serious questions about the agency you oversee. Perhaps if you keep your head in the sand, the issue at hand will go away. If you can stretch this out long enough, your own tenure on the board will be over and you can glory in the satisfaction that nothing of any consequence happened during your watch. Whatever problems exist have nothing whatsoever to do with you! Indeed, that appeared to be the procedure being followed in my own case. I could write letters to the board until I was blue in the face. It did not matter, for they would not be acknowledged or answered in any way. The dominion of the board, as manifested by the decisions of Dr. Thomas Layzell, would go unchallenged for many more years to come.

Books to the Legislature

Early in 1994, I decided to send copies of *Hemlock* to each member of the state legislature. I had already sent a copy of the book to the governor and did not receive an acknowledgment of any kind. I don't know why I expected anything different from the state legislature, but I did.

There are one hundred and fifty-two legislators. Their names

and home addresses are published by the state and available on request. I made the appropriate request and sent a softbound copy of *Hemlock* to each legislator by special fourth class mail (book rate).

Packaging and mailing out some hundred and fifty books takes a lot of doing. The sheer volume and weight is significant. There was a definite sense of accomplishment as I passed the last box of books across the counter of the post office and sent them on their way.

Imagine my surprise when a few days latter the postman appeared at my door with a copy or two being returned because the address had been changed and the forwarding order had expired. The nature of the special fourth class postage is that on such a return the same amount of postage is now due from the sender. I had spent one dollar and seventy-four cents to put the books in the mail, and now I was having to put out another one dollar and seventy-four cents into the post office to get them back! No problem. I figured what is a few books returned? How many would I possibly get back? A half dozen? Maybe a dozen? No problem.

All in all, some forty books were returned! Imagine that! Your state representative is basically someone that is here today and gone tomorrow. No wonder we don't have much continuity or common sense in state government. We turn the elected officials over every couple of years and then even those who do get elected seem to disappear!

Ultimately, I would receive three responses to the book. One was a letter advising me of a change of address. The second was from a woman running for the State Treasurer office who indicated I needed to work with my union to resolve the problem. And the third was from XXXX who returned the book and indicated she didn't wish to get involved.

I couldn't help thinking that we were dealing with the same sort of mentality as that of many Germans during the thirties and forties as Hitler rose in power by targeting the Jews and others as scapegoats. It is a tried-and-true strategy that works today just as it did then. I was the scapegoat and nobody was about to put any aspect of themselves on the line to stand up for such basic concepts as academic freedom, freedom of speech, or personal liberty. It might be the American way to send the boys off to Vietnam or Saudi Arabia and Desert Storm to fight and die for such things, but those of us at home had other things to worry about. The real issues at hand were, and still are, what can I wear to the governor's ball and can I get a good deal on that new car I don't really need but want to have!

Chapter 37 Union Activity/Non Activity January -- September 1994

Union Request Grievance Hearing

"What do you make of this, Mentor? Is the union coming to its senses by agreeing to have the level-one hearing that I have suggested. At least, that is what I make of Mitch Vogel's letter³⁶ of February 14, 1994."

"I really don't know what to make of it. Why are they only now agreeing to the hearing when you were fired nearly three years ago?" responded Mentor.

"It looks to me that I better contact President Spencer and get him to provide the documents I need for the hearing."

"That sounds like a good idea. According to the contract, the university is obligated to provide all relevant documents for your use in the grievance hearing. Isn't that right?"

"That is the way I read the contract. This letter³⁷ requesting documents should do it."

"Mentor, what is going on now? Spencer does not respond to my letter of February 23, 1994, regarding the documents request. Instead, Mark T. Dunn responds and he doesn't supply the documents. He suggests that I am representing myself in the grievance procedure."³⁸

A few days later, in early March, I would receive a copy of a letter between Brewer and Provines which formally requests the Step I hearing for a grievance to be held on the WIU campus³⁹.

Within a day or so, I received a letter from Barbara Hillman suggesting that in her view the grievance hearing was unnecessary, but she agreed that the union should have it anyway just to placate me.⁴⁰

Grievance Hearing Sham

With the benefit of hindsight, it appears that the union and the university knew the grievance hearing was a sham. In retrospect, this letter suggests that the union has structured the Step 1 and 2 hearings as shams. Hillman agrees to defer the arbitration until the hearings are held. If the contract procedures are followed, the arbitration hearing should not be necessary and need not occur. However, it is now clear in retrospect that the decision has already been made to undercut the Step 1 hearing. It will be undercut by the union by not representing at the hearing and by the Board of Governors imposing other limitations on the hearing that should not be applicable, *i.e.* indicating that testimony regarding the validity of the charges will be ignored. When it is pointed out by Dr. Harker that the hearing did not follow standard Step I procedures (and therefore a Step II hearing was needed), the union and the Board of Governors agreed not to have such a hearing and to proceed directly to arbitration. It would be learned later that the material presented during the Step I hearing would not be presented to

the arbitrator (at least it would not be mentioned in the Stipulation prepared for the arbitration scheduled for 1995).

Scheduling the Grievance Hearing

One would think that scheduling a grievance hearing would not be particularly difficult. One would think that the three years it took to agree that a hearing should be held would be sufficient delay and that the hearing could be held in a matter of a few weeks since all the parties agreed to it. That might be what one thinks, but that is clearly not the case in this situation.

The funny business begins with correspondence from Richard Brewer. A letter dated April 19, 1994, suggest there is some reluctance on the part of the Board to have a hearing.⁴¹ Yet, this was supposed to have already been worked out according to another letter⁴² of the same date.

The Set Up Continues May - August 1994

Another month slips away and Brewer is back indicating there should be a hearing shortly and wants to know when I will be available.⁴³ Remember, I have indicated I am available basically anytime, yet this will become misstated in the future. I am also advised that Robert Holton will *assist*. Note that the word is assist, there is no indication that the union will be representing.

Noting this obvious sidestep in the procedure, I notify Brewer to clarify to the Board and others that the union will be presenting my case at the Step I hearing.⁴⁴ This is, of course, what I have suggested and requested all along. Indeed, this is what the union told me early on was the only occasion when they could represent me in the termination process. Watch what is in the process of developing!

To my surprise, not really, Mitchell Vogel responds in a letter dated May 19, 1994, indicating I should be prepared to present my case. Further he advises that the union has never provided attorneys at the Step 1 hearing and will not do so now. Clearly, the intent is to put the burden back on me!⁴⁵

Another month or so slips by with no word from the union, which is supposed to be scheduling the Step 1 hearing. Then in early July, I get a letter from Brewer that states: "The UPI has not heard from you since President Mitchell Vogel wrote to you on May 19, 1994... **YOU WILL HAVE TO PRESENT YOUR CASE AT SUCH A HEARING.**"⁴⁶ Note, that I did not underline and add the emphasis. This is the way the letter from Brewer was presented.

On July 12, 1994, I received another letter from Richard H. Brewer which read: "As we have informed you on several occasions, the UPI is interested in expediting the processing of your grievance regarding your dismissal..."⁴⁷

This letter is clearly a set-up. After three years of nonresponse,

the union is trying to posture that they are attempting to expedite things. At its face, this statement is absolutely ludicrous. Yet to someone reading merely this letter and none of the other correspondence, it would appear that any problems must be with Harker and not the union.

Recognizing the deceptive nature of the Brewer communication, I immediately contacted the university to check on the scheduling of the grievance hearing. I also advised the union that I had made an inquiry.⁴⁸ It is apparent that the union is not keeping me advised of what is happening. It is also becoming clear that they will not be representing me in any way, shape or form.

Finding that things are moving toward a hearing on August 1, 3 & 4, 1994, I advise the union those dates are workable.⁴⁹ It is becoming rather apparent that if there is to be any meaningful presentation at the Step 1 hearing, I will have to make it. With that in mind, I again request the documents from the university that are necessary to do the job with a letter to Donald S. Spencer, dated July 16, 1994.

On February 23, 1994 I sent you a letter requesting documents for use in a Step I hearing (copy enclosed). Apparently you passed the letter to Mark T. Dunn... (he) did not address the request but rather suggested that a Step I hearing would not be occurring. The Step I hearing has now been scheduled for the first week of August 1994.

I am finalizing my preparation for that hearing and the documents I requested will all clearly substantiate my position that the charges are groundless and that the real issue is academic freedom...⁵⁰

The university will never respond to my request for documents within the context of the Step 1 hearing with the documents I seek. Instead, they will suggest that I am merely harassing the university by requesting the documents!⁵¹

The union is apparently concerned that I may not properly understand that they will not be representing me, and that I must represent myself or have no representation whatsoever. This is made clear in a letter from Richard Brewer dated July 19, 1994. "In your July 13 letter you said you "... will be available to participate in the hearing at that time." Let us be clear: "participation" means that you will be the presenter of your case."⁵²

Reviewing the contract and what was supposed to happen within the context of a Step 1 hearing, I became aware that certain things had to be introduced if they were to be reviewed by the arbitrator. With that knowledge in mind, I contacted the union to be sure I possessed the information regarding the issues that they were planning to pursue in the arbitration process. The entire contents of that letter to Mitchell Vogel

on July 28, 1994, is as follows: "Please supply me with the union's list of acts and omissions committed in my termination that the union had been intending to take to the arbitrator. I note in the Faculty Agreement 1991-1995 that this information must be presented during the Step One hearing to be considered at subsequent steps. Since I am now handling the Step One hearing at your behest, it is obviously necessary that I have that material quite soon. The hearing is scheduled for August 3, 1994."⁵³

The following day, I sent another letter to Vogel essentially requesting the materials that I had asked the union to obtain back in July 1991 pertaining to the dismissal action. I also reminded him that I had requested the union to represent me back then and that they did not seem to be doing that!⁵⁴

I also responded to the letter from Michael L. Provines which was trying to limit my actions at the Step 1 hearing.⁵⁵ I indicated as follows:

Thank you for your letter of July 25, 1994. It clarifies a number of points but raises other issues that must be addressed...

I have reviewed Mr. Berman's ruling and clearly what can be covered at the Step One hearing is not addressed in any way. In fact, the Step One hearing is not mentioned!

...I note that the contract states (page 58) that "the grievant shall have *the right upon request to a copy of any existing identifiable documents relevant to the grievance*" (emphasis added).⁵⁶

Provines responds with a letter dated August 2, 1994, which suggest: "... you continue to ignore the significance of Arbitrator Berman's decision. He held that the situs of your termination was the termination hearing. You cannot and the University will not relitigate the merits of the hearing committee's recommendation or the decision of the President."⁵⁷ Note how Provines twists the nature and significance of the arbitrator's decision. Clearly, there is no intent to relitigate the hearing but to focus on those aspects of the hearing that were not done, *i.e.*, unable to complete testimony, exclusion of witnesses, failure of the university to provide relevant documents, etc. The contract outlines a grievance procedure to follow in rectifying those departures from the contract. Provines's (an agent of the Board) interpretation is preventing and interfering with my rights to due process an issue which I believe constitutes a violation of the Illinois Educational Labor Relations Act or an unfair labor practice.

Additionally, I hear from Mitchell Vogel. He seems to believe that my pointing out that the union has basically failed to represent me at every junction in the process is not indicative of the union failing to represent me at all. He notes that the union has never said that *it will not represent* me and therefore it is really immaterial if they have actually

represented me or not!⁵⁸

Note that the Grievance Step 1 hearing is coming up on August 3, 1994, and there is still no mention of the union doing anything other than observing! Representation at its finest? I don't think so!

Summer 1994 & Illinois Freedom of Information Act

Being totally unsuccessful in obtaining the documents I sought in support of my grievance with the university, I became aware of another mechanism, the Illinois Freedom of Information Act. The premise is quite simple. Information regarding the operation of a state institution (with some exceptions) is intended to be public information and available to anyone who requests it. With this law on my side, I wrote WIU president Donald S. Spencer on August 25, 1994, for the documents I had been trying to get since 1991.⁵⁹

The deception that would be undertaken to sidestep this law would be most interesting. It would begin subtly enough. John C. Maguire would respond as information officer and indicate: "With the exception of the records noted below, all of the records which you requested... either (1) have already been provided to you; (2) will be provided for your inspection and copying, in the manner described below; or (3) do not exist as University records."⁶⁰

At its face, everything seems quite reasonable. On closer examination, things fall apart. First of all, a number of the areas where it is claimed that documents have been provided is not correct. I don't have the documents and never did. That is why they were requested. In the category where the university states it is to supply documents, a review of the materials will reveal that it is not providing the material requested. Either erroneous material is presented or none at all! Note what is happening. A paper trail is created that superficially suggests the university is cooperating. The reality is something else entirely different. The university is actively engaged in a deception.

The Step 1 Hearing -- August 3, 1994

The Step 1 Hearing is held by Eric Stiffler, Assistant Academic Vice President, on August 3, 1994. Robert Holton will be in attendance representing the union but clearly not representing me. Stiffler will begin the hearing by reading a letter from Provines dated July 25, 1994 (previously cited above and presented as an end note), which limits the hearing in such a way that it is no longer a grievance hearing at all but rather a variation of what is supposed to be the arbitration hearing.

My presentation is four single-spaced pages. I specifically refer to passages within the contract describing the grievance procedure which were not followed. I touch on issues that include adequate cause, procedural due process and the issue of pretext. To support my position on each issue I cite specific pages of my book, *He Wouldn't Drink The Hemlock: The Firing of Dr. Leisure*. The book is presented as exhibit

I. It is my primary source of evidence. The intent is quite clear: Force the university to look at the evidence that demonstrates that the charges are not true and give a true picture of the circumstances surrounding the discharge.⁶¹

After the hearing and before the decision:

After the Step One hearing, I write Eric Stiffler August 11, 1994, suggesting the significance of what he is about to do: "Just a quick note to comment on the significance of the document that you are preparing with regard to the Step One hearing. As you are probably aware you will be essentially writing a critique of the book and its content to properly deal with the allegations and evidence presented during the hearing..."⁶²

I also suggest why he should give serious consideration to the response in his decision: "Unlike most such grievance reports this one will be different! It will be published either in full or in part in my next book regarding my termination from WIU. Your words and actions will define your character and contribution at WIU for posterity just have Nick DiGrino and others have done so by their own deeds and efforts as presented in *He Wouldn't Drink the Hemlock*. I will attempt to portray your involvement in this matter as objectively as I can."⁶³

Implications of the Grievance Hearing Decision

As a practical matter, it made no difference what happened to me. This was also true of people like Eric Stiffler. Eric was now an assistant provost of the university. Among his duties was handling the grievance hearing that I had requested in accord with the contract. At a so-called Step One hearing where the union again failed to represent me after earlier saying that it would, I presented my case. As a part thereof, I introduced my book *He Wouldn't Drink the Hemlock: The Firing of Dr. Leisure*, because it dealt with all the substantive issues. It became clear on reading Eric's decision regarding this particular hearing that he did not read the book either. Again, it is now apparent that it was not in his interest to do so. In order for Eric to continue in his position as Associate Provost, he had to sustain my firing at any cost. To do otherwise would have offended a bunch of bureaucrats to which he was beholden to for his status, position and very nice salary. If it were a question of personal integrity and standing up for academic freedom and my reinstatement or keeping his position, it was clearly no contest. Although I could threaten to write about his actions in my next book (which I am, of course, doing right now), there would be very little of substance that I could do. And so what if I wrote about him in my next book? That would be a few months or more likely a few years down the road, and as I have already indicated, not many would read about it. Any sane individual would do whatever was necessary to maintain his standing within the hierarchy of the university. And that is exactly what

Eric did.

Just think about it. Most people don't have to make an impression to their local group of friends regarding what happened to me and what the book might contain. So why should they read it? And that is exactly what happened. They had no reason to read it and they choose not to even bother.

At one point, I had some degree of hope that Eric would do the right thing. After all, he did send me the transcript of the grievance hearing for my review and for me to make corrections if necessary.⁶⁴ I appreciated the gesture and did return the document on August 18, 1994, with the necessary corrections.⁶⁵

Step One Decision, August 22, 1994

Eric Stiffler issues the Step One Decision W63 on August 22, 1994.⁶⁶ The STEP ONE DECISION W63 is a very interesting document for it totally ignores the content of the material that was presented by Dr. Harker. In addition to the hearing being done in a procedurally incorrect manner, Stiffler will generate a document that is totally inconsistent with the facts as they were presented. The union is present at the hearing, but is basically mute. This document is evidence that neither the union nor the Board is going to follow the ruling of the arbitrator. Additionally, the union, by its nonrepresentation, affirms that its earlier statements about representation were intentionally misleading. The Board effectively interferes with the process through the actions of Provines. Each of these incidents is an example of an unfair labor practice.

On another front, I respond to Provines's denial of access to university documents relevant to the grievance hearing, a hearing that has already taken place without the benefit of the documents. Nevertheless, I still want the documents and I tell Provines as much in my letter of August 23, 1994. "...You indicated, <if you can establish how this information is relevant to what the Arbitrator has held, I will reconsider the denial and authorize the University to allow you access to relevant documentation if such documents are available.' While I don't believe it is necessary or required that I establish how this information is relevant, I have provided that rationale for each of the sets of documents that I have previously requested."⁶⁷

Reaction to Step One Decision

After reviewing the Step One Grievance decision by Dr. Stiffler, I feel compelled to drop him a line. In my letter of September 2, 1994, I state: "The Step One hearing as I understood it was an opportunity for an internal review by the university of my termination. It was an opportunity to make corrections or adjustments to the process that might be necessary to correct procedural or other errors. Your finding that no errors were made belies the weight of evidence and rational thought.

Nevertheless your analysis provides some further insight into the process and the university's total disregard for due process and academic freedom."⁶⁸

I believe this letter basically and properly characterizes the nature of Stiffler's deceit. As one might expect, he does not respond. And now, true to my word, I publish to the world and anyone interested, portions of the documents which he prepared. Readers are encouraged to make their own assessment and draw their own conclusions about the actions of Dr. Eric Stiffler.

Reflections on the Gross Incompetency of the Union

The level of gross incompetency manifested by those in the hierarchy of the union never ceased to amaze me. Routine and seemingly minor matters were so totally botched up that there is no doubt that I was dealing with people devoid of any reasonable degree of intelligence. The union was the classic example of the Peter Principle. As I recall the concept, is something to the effect that people rise in an organization to their level of incompetence, and then to a step or two above. Clearly the people at the top were the most incompetent that could be found!

One of the situations I found most amusing was when I asked the union to provide the documents I had suggested they obtain from the university back in July of 1991. I made my request to the union on July 28, 1994 in anticipation of the Step 1 hearing on August 3rd of that year. Brewer would answer with a letter dated August 4, 1994. In other words he doesn't make any effort to communicate that the documents will not be forthcoming until after they will presumably not be useful. This is an interesting delay in itself. In this day of telephones and faxes, it would be a simple matter for one Dr. Richard H. Brewer to contact one Dr. George R. Harker and advise the documents can not be forthcoming in time!

But Brewer will go a number of steps further. First, he will suggest that my request was so late he couldn't respond. Then he will indicate that I already have the material since I supplied the union with the documents from the hearing!⁶⁹

"What do you think, Mentor? Is Brewer just totally incompetent or what?"

"That is a good question. He is probably in a very awkward spot. He has to know that the union has not done a single thing with regard to your request back in July of 1991. If he admits that the union hasn't done anything, the union doesn't look too good. So he is trying to find a reason to shift the blame to you. Namely, that you waited until the last moment to contact him! In his mind it makes perfectly rational sense."

"Does he not realize I will be back to him seeking the verification and the documents again?"

"He hopes that you will go away. He obviously has a very short

memory. He should realize that whatever he does will end up in a book documenting his incompetence."

"You got that right! He will be one of the central characters in the legal proceedings to come out of this as well!"

"But, of course, you realize that means nothing to him. Remember the escape clause in the Illinois Labor Relations Act. Is it not something to the effect that if the union officers screw up because they are incompetent, that is not a violation of the act. It is only if they are intentional in what they do. Anyway, Brewer will have retired from the union by the time you get through the court process. His close circle of friends will pat him on the back and tell him he did a great job as union grievance officer. They wouldn't have a clue or a concern that his inaction and incompetence were responsible for the damage done to you and every other faculty member in the five BGU schools."

"Look at this letter from Mitch Vogel questioning my criticism of the union last month. Note that he too waited until after the hearing to respond. He could have been of assistance if he had responded before the hearing."

"You know the answer to that. He has no intention of assisting you in any way, shape or form. Your letter of July 12, 1994, pretty well spells it out. It was truthful and the fact of the matter is that the union did not represent or provide representation at the grievance Step 1 hearing as it had indicated they would do. You made it quite clear that you desired and needed that representation. Yet it was not there."⁷⁰

"You know Mentor, if these boys would put just half of the energy into processing my grievance as they have in writing these nonsense letters, we would have won this three years ago!"

"It is worse than that! If these guys had any smarts, the whole thing would have been nipped on the campus before it began and the Intent to Seek Termination Notice was served. Your letter to Brewer again requesting the documents which you know he did not get, and more importantly requesting the basis of their case for presentation to the arbitrator sums up what the union is about.⁷¹ Nothing. They have done nothing. They don't have a clue as to what will be argued to the arbitrator. In fact, I bet they will write back that they don't want to reveal their position!"

Request for Step 2 Hearing

With the Step 1 decision going against me, the next step provided for by contract was the Step 2 hearing involving the union and the Board of Governors. It was rather apparent from the way the Step 1 hearing was handled that there was lots to be discussed at the Step 2 hearing prior to any arbitration decision. The evidence was rather cut and dry that none of the charges were valid and that the few that were supported by the hearing committee were based on inaccurate information which could have been rectified if evidence and relevant

testimony had been allowed. In accord with the procedures of the contract, I filled out the appropriate forms.⁷²

To my astonishment, Vogel will write on August 24, 1994, that my "obvious lack of trust in the one organization... that has been trying to assist ..." is actually the basis of any problems.⁷³

"Why are you so astonished by Vogel's letter?" asked Mentor. "He is just reiterating what you have said in your book: The contract eliminates tenure and gives the president of the university the authority to make academic judgement. As soon as the president concocted his eleven charges against you, it did not make any difference if the charges were valid in any factual sense. He would simply exercise his academic judgment and decide that they were. And that is precisely what he did if I recall correctly. He found for ten of the eleven charges."

"True, Vogel is agreeing with what I have said in my book. What becomes so irritating is that he still talks of protecting basic academic integrity of our institutions and our institutions accepted structures, such as tenure' and then he and Brewer sit idly by and do virtually nothing. There is a lot of good verbiage within the contract. If even a half-hearted attempt were made to follow the grievance procedure, we would not be in this predicament," said Harker.

"I think it is much more fundamental. Vogel is like most human beings. He is ultimately interested in his own welfare. He has achieved some degree of success and status in his life by being the president of the union. He has had to make decisions. He is not about to take a position on issues such as tenure that are contrary to his perception of the public's desire. The public-at-large would just as soon see the concept of tenure eliminated. He has acquiesced to that view," said a contemplative Mentor.

Chapter 38 Back to the Arbitrator!

With the sham of the Step 1 hearing out of the way, the union people quickly capitulated my rights to a Step 2 hearing and indicated they were preparing to go back to the Arbitrator. They would suggest that they wanted my input and that I should meet with them to discuss the upcoming arbitration hearing. Once again, it was clear that I had little choice. Either I would meet with them or they would go on without me. Again, I would advise Vogel of my willingness and desire to meet with him and to get on with the process.⁷⁴

The circumstances surrounding the meeting between me and the union regarding the arbitration would boggle the mind. For starters, the meeting is scheduled a good month into the future -- building in a further delay -- one that will be stretched ultimately to some six months.⁷⁵

In my effort to facilitate things, I readily agree to the meeting at the time and place of their choosing.⁷⁶ Additionally, I indicate that I will be available to review any outline of the proposed defense presentation prior to the meeting.⁷⁷

While I am pleased we are preparing to talk about the arbitration process, I have not heard anything about my formal request for a Step 2 hearing. In a letter dated September 13, 1994, I ask for that information from Mitchell Vogel.⁷⁸

Richard Brewer will respond September 13, 1994, indicating the union is seeking to bypass the Step 2 hearing. Brewer also indicates that he disagrees with my assessment of his non-action. Saying that he will do whatever the attorney asks, and to this point they have not asked for anything!⁷⁹

Shortly, I will receive a copy of a letter that confirms the union and the university have agreed to bypass a Step Two hearing, locking in all the procedural flaws of the Step One hearing.⁸⁰

I finally realize that the union officials are doing only what they view as legally necessary to represent me! That is to say, they will do absolutely nothing unless instructed by their attorney. It is now apparent that they have done nothing and intend to do nothing. The role of the union is to posture that they are representing, but in fact they are just observers standing on the sideline watching the world go by. They don't seem to realize that by their presence, they are endorsing whatever goes on or doesn't go on in the hearing.⁸¹ They are legitimizing an illegitimate process! All at my expense.

Vogel will tell me in a letter dated September 23 that they have succeeded in convincing the BGU to go directly to arbitration. Furthermore, Vogel indicates this is good since they wouldn't have to tip their hand as to their strategy!⁸²

Another interpretation is that the union has no strategy and has never intended to take a supporting position in my case. The reader can take his pick. Is the union out to support me or out to see that I stay

fired?

I pointed out to Brewer and Vogel that if the union accepts the Step One hearing as meeting the terms of the contract, they have capitulated the case. It is clear that the hearing was not held in accordance with the procedures of the contract and could not be perceived as a legitimate hearing by any standard, a hearing that -- if accepted -- will be used by the arbitrator to support the firing.⁸³

This point and request will be ignored. And this will be part of the reason why the arbitrator eventually rules against me. Since the union is not arguing to the arbitrator that the university did not follow its own procedure, the arbitrator must assume that the union is satisfied that the contract is being followed. If the union is not arguing that the contract was not being followed, far be it that the arbitrator can make that decision! Under such circumstances, it will be hard for the union to argue that the termination should be reversed.

The BGU continues to deny access to documents that would show that the charges are false. In one of those Alice-in-Wonderland interpretations, Michael L. Provines suggests that the documents I have been requesting are irrelevant. It is his position that since the arbitrator cannot look at the underlying facts regarding the decisions made by the hearing committee or the president, it is irrelevant that the information sought might show that the charges are false. It is clear that the BGU does not want to know that the charges are false. The old cliché says it best, "My mind is made up. Don't confuse me with the facts."⁸⁴

In the fall of 1994, I was circulating a newsletter to other faculty in the five schools of the BGU system. I was trying to gain some financial support for the battle that I was undertaking. I also wanted the faculty to know exactly what sort of union support I was getting. Union president Vogel would again attack me for telling it like it was. He insinuated that my comments were "...not only wrong, but malicious and potentially libelous. For the record, I have to question your statements, motives and intent..."⁸⁵ Additionally, he also advised that the meeting scheduled for October 7, 1994, regarding the arbitration had to be cancelled (attorney Hillman had some family problem to deal with).

I advised Vogel I had no problem with the meeting being cancelled. Things happen. I also advised that if the documents and outline of what the strategy was going to be, were drafted I could be working on that. Nothing, however, was sent regarding what the union had in mind for the arbitration hearing. There never would be any material prepared for the arbitration hearing at any time, either now or in the future.⁸⁶

In what has become typical, total UPI incompetent procedure, I was contacted by Brewer by phone regarding the rescheduling of the October 7 meeting. I told him that I hoped we would have the meeting as soon as possible, perhaps in the next week or so. Additionally, I explained that with the exceptions of Fridays I could come up to

Chicago most anytime. (I was scheduled to substitute teach at the high school for a couple of Fridays later in the month.) Given that I thought Brewer understood the spoken language and that I had his assurance that he understood what I said, I was very surprised when I got the following letter from Mitchell Vogel dated October 13, 1994. It reads in part: "The next available Friday for a meeting is on November 11, 1994. If that date is not acceptable, please contact this office immediately..."⁸⁷

What is the union doing? Are they total idiots? Or are they purposely trying to schedule a meeting at a time that they know I cannot come. Then it will look like I am the problem, when I advise that I can not make the meeting.

I advise Vogel I have a speaking commitment on the East Coast on November 11, 1994.⁸⁸

Learning again that I cannot meet on the date suggested, Brewer again asks in a letter when I can meet. Additionally, he suggests that it doesn't matter whether I meet or not, that they will carry on without me and do the best they can!⁸⁹

A day or so later, I get a letter from Vogel stating that he thinks it is important that I testify. Additionally, he also suggests:

In preparing for any arbitration UPI has some guiding principles that motivate its strategy in defending grievants. Among those principles are:

1.) We seek to utilize the input and resources of the grievant as much as possible. The formal written outlines of the UPI position and strategy should be developed with the grievant.

2.) It is our desire to expedite and move the process forward as rapidly as possible.

Please contact this office as soon as possible regarding dates before December 11, 1994 that you can meet. If we don't hear from you we will be forced to make decisions without your input.⁹⁰

I immediately remind Vogel in a letter dated October 17, 1994:

... I encourage UPI to get on with the matter. As the contract dictates the next crucial action is the Step Two hearing. Associated with the Step Two hearing are certain time constraints. If things are done in accord with these time constraints the matter should move to arbitration fairly quickly...

Brewer suggests the union will "in my absence do the best we can." My ability or inability to schedule a meeting has nothing to do with the merits of this case. I strongly recommend that the union get its act together,

follow the contractually defined procedures, and insist that the board do the same. The party that refuses to follow the contract procedures will lose in the arbitration process. The university and the board have consistently demonstrated they will not follow the contractual procedures. Unfortunately, the union apparently does not wish to follow the procedures either. This of course negates the issues that could be taken to arbitration.

Please make an effort to get this matter back on course. Demand the Step Two hearing required by contract. Send me the outline of the union's position and strategy for that hearing and I will evaluate and respond with comments as soon as I possibly can.⁹¹

On October 22, 1994, I send another letter to Vogel detailing the procedures that should be followed if one takes the contract as meaning anything.⁹²

Also on the same day I write to Provines of the Board of Governors. I also try to point out to Provines why it is important that the arbitrator look at evidence dealing with the charges. One would think that it seems obvious that if one can show evidence that a charge is not valid and that this evidence was not allowed to be presented at the hearing, then the decision rendered by the hearing committee must be suspect. A fundamental aspect of due process has been violated. The hearing is demonstrably not fair. The arbitrator may not rule on the validity of the decision, but he can recognize that fundamental elements of due process did not occur and can overturn on this basis. Clearly, a new hearing is in order if relevant information were kept away from the hearing committee.⁹³

This letter pretty well sums up how the BGU has totally screwed up. It is so to the point that Provines will never respond to it. Instead, he passes the letter on to Mark T. Dunn who suggests: "...You had a full, complete and fair hearing pursuant to the provisions of the collective bargaining agreement between the Board of Governors... and the University Professionals of Illinois. You have been discharged."⁹⁴

Dunn may be able to say with a clear conscience that I had a fair hearing in the context of the contract. However, beyond that he knows that the hearing was not fair by any other standard. I find it amusing that my letter to Provines cannot be answered by Provines himself. I suggest to Dunn that it would be appropriate for Provines to let me know what he disagrees with, rather than for Dunn to speak in unspecified generalities.⁹⁵ Neither Provines or Dunn will ever respond to that challenge and request!

Meanwhile, I hear from Barbara Hillman that she wants to get on with the arbitration hearing. She suggests that it is important that I testify.⁹⁶

It appears to me that Hillman has not been made aware of my correspondence with Vogel as to my availability. I write on December 2, 1994, "Regards your letter of November 28, 1994. Apparently Mitch Vogel did not pass on to you my letter to him of October 22, 1994 (copy enclosed). It addresses the questions you raise in your letter." (entire letter content)⁹⁷

Next, I receive a letter from Hillman requesting permission from me that the union represent me in the arbitration.⁹⁸ I could not understand why my permission was supposedly being sought, particularly at this time some three and one-half years after being fired!

I suspect it was a very direct ploy to get me to give up my request that the union have the Step 2 hearing that was necessary. Since it was obvious that the union would drag this matter out indefinitely, no matter what I did, I agreed to Hillman's request in a letter dated December 29, 1994.⁹⁹

Union-initiated delays force events into 1995. The union is well aware of my travel plans, including my annual trip to Maui from mid-December to mid-January. Either intentionally, or through sheer incompetency, the soonest a meeting to discuss arbitration can be scheduled is early 1995. Once again, the union will again delay, with the meeting finally scheduled for February 28, 1995.

In the meantime and in anticipation of the arbitration hearing, I write Mark Dunn and encourage him to be the forthright and honest individual that I want to believe he is. I believe he knows that I have not been fairly dealt with by the university and hope he will do what he is professionally obligated to do, i.e., be truthful.¹⁰⁰ I will find that Dunn may be truthful, but that he has to yield to his own vested interest of presenting to the arbitrator and the BGU that he did his job properly. In retrospect, it is apparent that he cannot admit that he screwed up or in anyway suggest that the procedures were not followed properly because that was what his job was supposed to be, i.e., be sure and see that the university complied fully with the procedures!

Once again, I take the initiative in trying to prepare for the arbitration hearing. I send Barbara Hillman a seven-page letter with 17 pages of attached documents suggesting the matters that should be testified to at the arbitration hearing.¹⁰¹ A list of witnesses is also included.

Talking with various individuals about the case, it seems to be a consensus that the union totally screwed up by not representing me at the termination hearing. To many, this seems to be the central issue that must be dealt with. The arbitrator is the logical one to address it. In a letter of February 10, 1995 I make this position clear to Barbara Hillman.¹⁰²

In a fax dated February 15, 1995, Barbara Hillman effectively blows off the materials and information put to her as how to proceed.¹⁰³ Not only does she dismiss the idea of documents, testimony, and

witnesses, but she also suggests that I really want to have someone else represent me. And she encourages me to get someone else.

Of course, I would like someone else to represent me. Indeed, I would simply like to be represented! Once again, it is clear that the union is only giving lip service to the concept of representation. They will not provide the funds for me to make my own selection and insist that Hillman is one of the best attorneys available.

It is obvious to me that the union is trying to side-step out of the matter in its entirety. Look at the realities of the situation. If I bring in an attorney at this point, some three and one-half years later, how could he ever come up to speed? The hearing is scheduled in a matter of weeks.

It is obvious that the union would like me to bring in my own attorney. The situation is so messed up that no one could straighten it out. When the attorney of my choice loses, the union could simply say: "Sorry, you should have let us handle it! After all, we offered to represent you. You really didn't need an outside attorney."

I advised Hillman in a letter/fax on February 21, 1995, "You're the pro. Carry on!"¹⁰⁴ My intent was clear. Let the union do their representation the way it wanted. Obviously, it was going to do that anyway! After it had given its best shot, I would seek damages for however much they fell short of getting my job back or properly compensated. As prepared as I was for a less than adequate job in representation, I was not prepared for the gross incompetence that lay ahead and the virtual failure of the union to do anything!

Chapter 39 Chicago Meeting With Union

The day finally came that I was to go to Chicago to meet with Barbara Hillman about my testimony at the arbitration hearing. I had set the alarm for 6:15 a.m. I had to catch the Amtrak that goes through town at 7 a.m. if I wanted to ride the train and not drive.

Hopping out of bed I put on my power suit. It is a black double-breasted suit that I had gotten the previous summer for my son's wedding. I had gone into Herbert's Men's Store on the west side of the square about a month beforehand. I told Tom Herbert I wanted a suit that would do two things. One was to be suitable for the wedding of my son, and the other to be worn in federal court. I wanted a suit that would make me look as officious as the president of the United States.

I tried to tell Tom the size I wore. He just politely ignored my suggestions and handed me a suit that he had chosen off the rack. It fit very well and I recognized that this man knew his business and that it would behoove me to listen to his advice. I tried on a number of suits of various color combinations and different styles. I had anticipated a dark blue or possibly black suit, but did not really understand that double-breasted suits were the order of the day.

Tom assured me that the double-breasted suit was definitely in, and that most attorneys on the O.J. Simpson case were wearing them. I checked TV that evening and, sure enough, that was the case. I also found that most of the commentators were wearing them as well.

With my black suit on, I headed out the door for the train. The ride to Chicago was uneventful and it got into Union Station at 10:30, just about on schedule. In one hand, I had my valise with a couple of copies of my book.

Stepping down from the train, I caught the eye of a scruffy-looking man on the platform. When our eyes made contact, he seemed to look away very quickly and act like he had not seen me at all. I didn't know what to make of it. I have found that people tend to be embarrassed if they make eye contact with a stranger, but most people don't react as abruptly.

I just assumed this was another of the homeless people who live in the Chicago area and didn't think any more about it. I headed into the terminal and walked up the ramp that leads around to the Canal Street exit. Up the escalator and out the door and I was on the street. Crossing the Chicago River, I headed east toward Lake Michigan. The union office is located at 323 South Dearborn Street, just a few blocks from the station. The distance is not great, and since I didn't have to be there until closer to 11:00, I choose to walk as I usually do.

As I walked, I took in the sights of Chicago. I watched a group of four young people moving toward me. The group consisted of two men and two women. The attire of motorcycle jackets and leather made this foursome rather distinctive in appearance. What seemed really

incongruous was that one of the young men was holding a small video camera to his face and filming as he walked along.

As I passed, I smiled and wondered about the life style of these cyclists. Did they even have cycles or were they just dressed for the part?

I couldn't put my finger on it, but I had a strange feeling as I walked along. I sort of felt like I was being watched. Do you ever have the feeling that someone is watching you? I seldom do, but on this occasion the feeling sent a cold chill up my back. At one point, I actually stopped and turned around to see if anyone were following me! Seeing no one. . . Wait a minute, was that someone ducking into a side street? On further observation, I concluded that I was just watching a homeless person taking a leak in the alley. I felt rather embarrassed and diverted my eyes. Even a homeless person is entitled to some privacy, I thought.

Reaching Dearborn, I made the right turn and headed down the street, checking to see the numbers. Numbers in the 100 range indicated I had a couple more blocks to go. Down the street, I could see the facade of an older building that I thought was the office building I had visited in 1993. The union was still at the same place, and I had been there before. Although it had been a while, I thought I recognized it.

Out of the corner of my eye, I thought I saw some movement up ahead. Someone stepped out of a doorway and then stepped back in on seeing me approach.

In another instant, I started to turn to see what caused the noise that was coming from just behind and off to my right. Before I could focus, I was hit. Someone hit me on the side of the head with a fist or a club or I don't know what. The shock to my body was such that my knees collapsed and I slumped into a heap on the ground. I could feel the grip on my valise weaken. It had gotten very heavy all of a sudden. Actually, I realized a moment later that someone had pulled it out of my hand. The next thing I knew, I was being kicked. Over and over again, I was being kicked. Just as I started to loose consciousness, I heard someone say, "That's him. That's Dr. Leisure. It says so on his pin just like they said it would. Finish him and let's get out of here."

Some Time Later

At first, my left eye did not want to open. It was as if something held the eyelid to the eye. Trying to ease it open, there was a slight pain. I rubbed my fingers over the eye and slowly eased it open. The room was very bright. I couldn't tell if the light were natural or man-made.

Ahead of me, I thought I could make out the blurred forms of women bathing. One woman in the pond was splashing those sitting near the edge. I thought, how wonderful. Obviously, I was in heaven, with dark-haired maidens around an oasis, just like the Koran says.

The maidens were nude, as one might expect since they were bathing. To my surprise, I found that I too was naked. What's more, I

didn't have any pain, with the exception of my eye. And that had passed with a few blinks.

However, my vision was still blurred. The naked women were fuzzy shapes and I could not fully contemplate their voluptuous forms. Here I was in heaven and I still needed my glasses! What a bummer!

As I contemplated the irony of the situation, my consciousness was intruded upon by the sound of National Public Radio emanating from behind me. I thought, that is funny. All the possible choices for radio stations in heaven and they have to choose NPR. There must be more to its popularity than I had thought possible.

Then it occurred to me! I wasn't in heaven at all. I was in my own bedroom! I had just awakened. I had been dreaming! The maidens were indeed there. They are the ones in the mural on the wall. A copy of Pierre Auguste Renoir's *The Bathers*, a painting I had reproduced in 1976 on the wall of my bedroom. The painting was full-size and painted right on the wallboard. I had often said I would sell the copy of the Renoir for \$50,000 and throw in the townhouse.

It was morning and the radio had gone off as part of a back-up alarm system to assure that I awoke early enough to catch the 6:55 a.m. train to Chicago. I was remembering. Today, I was off to meet with the union regarding my termination. I needed to get moving. The cab would be by in a few minutes to pick me up and I was not even ready.

I jumped out of bed and started to reach for the trousers of my black suit. Elements of the dream came back to me. I decided that I wouldn't wear my black suit and opted for blue jeans instead. It was slightly cool, so I grabbed my army field jacket as I left the house. I looked more like a homeless street person than a fired university professor when I hit Chicago. Somehow, my selection of attire was more in keeping with what I had become as a direct result of the incompetence of the University Professionals of Illinois.

Here it was some three and one-half years since my termination and the union and I were going to discuss the arbitration hearing scheduled to occur in another month.

The union had volunteered that they would pay for my train ticket to Chicago and pay for lunch. I couldn't help but think that the expenditure of \$65 was hardly worth the trouble, given that they had failed to provide any other sort of financial assistance in the last three and one-half years. Besides, they had stiffed me for the cost of the last train ticket to Chicago to meet with them! As it would turn out, this trip would cost me a hundred bucks or more. Lunch at the art museum was closer to thirty than the ten they would provide. Additionally, I renewed my membership in the museum so I could get in and see the latest exhibit of works by Matisse.

Ironically, the exhibit was recommended by Mitch Vogel as something to do after our meeting. As a show of support for a union, he discouraged me from going to the aquarium since it was being picketed.

He didn't think I would want to cross the picket lines. Actually, I generally agreed with the concept. Furthermore, I didn't want any further hassle or involvement with any union if I could avoid it!

The exhibit was worth the cost, however. I was particularly impressed with a reclining female nude done bigger than life. The panel must have been some fifteen by twenty feet. I don't know if the model were the painter's mistress or not. In any event, she was attractive and the painting presented her in a very favorable light.

Chapter 40 Union Meeting Prior to Arbitration Hearing

The union meeting of February 28, 1995, will consist of George R. Harker, Barbara Hillman, Richard Brewer, Howard Silver, and Robert Holton. Mitch Vogel is in the office but does not directly meet with or participate in the meeting.

At the meeting which is supposed to assist Dr. Harker in preparing his testimony, it is found that Barbara Hillman has prepared nothing in writing. She does seem to be very conversant with the hearing transcript and suggests that the key points to be made to the arbitrator are contained therein. Further, it is suggested that there is little if any need for Dr. Harker to testify.

Believing that Barbara Hillman is a competent attorney and more conversant in these matters than he is, Dr. Harker agrees not to testify. Within minutes, the attorney has contacted the arbitrator and cancelled the scheduled arbitration meeting. Other aspects of the arbitration are not discussed except to say that it will be done with written briefs and that a stipulation has been agreed to. Hillman suggests that only the material involved in the termination hearing will be argued to the arbitrator.

Going back to Macomb, I run into Bob Holton on the train. I join him and we discuss aspects of the meeting and where things are going from here. I am having some misgivings about not testifying in front of the arbitrator.

Bob suggests that if I have changed my mind, I had better let Hillman know. I decide that I will raise the matter with her as soon as I can.

We arrive back in Macomb about 9:15 p.m. The Amtrak is running on time.

Back at my home I am surprised to find a fax from Hillman indicating that she concurs with my decision not to testify.¹⁰⁵ I am really troubled by this, particularly since earlier correspondence from both Vogel and her indicated that both agreed I ought to testify.

It occurs to me that regardless of whether I testify or not, it would be useful to hold an actual hearing rather than just doing things by writing. I submit a letter/fax to Vogel in the early morning hours of March 1, 1995.¹⁰⁶ Vogel does not respond or ever acknowledge the letter.

On reflecting further on the matter, it seemed that the appropriate way to proceed might include a hearing at which I was present. Whether I testified or not would depend on what was put forward by the two sides in the dispute, the union and the university. If I were not happy with the presentation or if the need were to arise that I could supply relevant information then, the arbitrator could bring me into the proceedings.¹⁰⁷

Barbara J. Hillman will respond to me later in the day of March

1, 1995. She is not interested in alleviating my concerns but rather in keeping me in my place with "You clearly acknowledged and understood this procedure..."¹⁰⁸ Somehow I get the idea that once again the union is not really telling me what it is about.

I decide to accede to Hillman and notify her accordingly on March 2, 1995, "Please proceed in the manner we agreed on February 28, 1995..."¹⁰⁹

Many months will pass before I will hear from Barbara Hillman again. By May 11, 1995, I still had not hear from her or the union. Accordingly I initiate an unfair labor practice charge against the union and the university. The documentation for that presentation consist of 323 pages of material in a two volume set.

Keep in mind that when we met on February 28, 1995 the arbitration hearing was scheduled to be heard within a few days. Apparently the union was not prepared and did not intend to get prepared to handle that hearing. Once again they were setting me up to handle the entire matter. Once again I would not have any representation worth noting. When I accepted the notion that I not testify, the whole game plan had to change. Attorney Hillman would have to do something! But when she would have to do that something would be anybody's guess. Now it was two and one-half months later and still nothing has happened.

Chapter 41 Isn't This Strange?

Steven Rittenmeyer v. Robert Reinertsen

"Mentor, what do you think of this? Remember back a few years ago when Steven Rittenmeyer, a faculty member in the Department of Law Enforcement Administration, took his colleague Robert Reinertsen to court with a charge of slander.

"Yes, I have a vague recollection about the matter happening. Something about some comments made by Bob in his class back in September or October of 1988, if I recall correctly. I don't believe I ever heard how it turned out," said Mentor.

"Well according to this article in the Macomb Daily Journal, the matter was settled out of court with the university paying Rittenmeyer \$17,000 and Reinertsen \$35,000. Apparently the settlement was reached in 1993," said Harker.

"Run that by me again! You say the university paid both parties in that suit. I don't understand how or why the university was even involved. The suit was initiated by Rittenmeyer, a citizen, against Reinertsen, another citizen. What does the university have to do with the matter?"

"The article is not quite clear on that, but it may be that they had to step in because Reinertsen was being sued for things he said while doing his job at WIU. Apparently the Board is self-insured and obligated to protect faculty or other employees who suffer personal injury on the job."

"Well, if the university had to assist Reinertsen by paying his legal cost it certainly seems it could have assisted you in your termination hearing by being sure that you were represented. I think I would ask the university why they didn't tell you that such a program existed. If you had known that you could be reimbursed for representation, you certainly could have had representation. And with representation this whole matter might have worked out a bit differently," said Mentor.

In a letter dated March 15, 1995, I requested information from Thomas D. Layzell regarding the self-insurance program of the Board. While I would request the information from Layzell, it would be attorney Mark Dunn who would answer. In Dunn's view, the self-insurance program of the Board had nothing to offer with regard my situation. Nothing about my termination related to the concept of "personal injury" as defined within the meaning of the program.

Dunn went on further to suggest that even if something did fall within this category, the Board's program would apply only when other coverage was not available. While not specifically stated, I took Dunn's comments to mean that in my case "coverage" was provided by another party. That party presumably was the union. By contract they were

obligated to protect me and provide the representation that I might need.¹¹⁰

There was something very fishy with Dunn's response. It appeared from reading his letter that there was no way that Rittenmeyer and Reinertsen could be compensated. After all, what personal injury had they sustained? I decided to pursue the matter further by requesting additional information from Thomas D. Layzell under the Illinois Freedom of Information Act.¹¹¹

Once again, Layzell did not respond but Patricia K. Rea would answer. According to Rea, "The records which you request concerning to payments of money to Steven Rittenmeyer and Robert Reinertsen are not in the possession of or under the control of the Chancellor's Office."¹¹²

Well if Chancellor's Office didn't have the records, then the only other place to ask was the university. I sent John C. Maguire a letter on March 22, 1995, asking for the same information which I had requested from Layzell.¹¹³

John Maguire will respond March 29, 1995, with "... I have enclosed a memo which lists payments that were made by WIU to the legal firm representing Robert Reinertsen in a case involving Steven Rittenmeyer and Robert Reinertsen." The attached Memo notes that \$17,710.76 was paid to Claudon Lloyd Barnhart & Beal Ltd.¹¹⁴

Maguire's response is totally inadequate, given the nature of the request. It is clearly another example of the university side-stepping issues raised by me. Nevertheless, I am beginning to learn what has happened regarding Reinertsen. It is apparent that the university has paid his legal fees. What is not apparent is who has paid off Rittenmeyer.

The answer to that question will surface a day or two latter when Patricia K. Rea writes March 30, 1995, "... I have recently discovered that that response was partially in error. That is, \$17,500 was paid to Steven Rittenmeyer out of the BGU Self-Insurance Program in January of 1994..."¹¹⁵

The second Rea response is the first that appears to be truly professional. Not only does she correct herself but sends the materials that truly document what has occurred. A memorandum dated January 10, 1994, from Jack M. Bleicher to the Board of Governors Universities Self-Insurance Review Committee documents the rationale that was developed and the steps taken to settle the dispute between Rittenmeyer and Reinertsen.

The Bleicher memorandum will explain that the fees paid Reinertsen's attorney will not come from the BGU self-insurance fund but will be paid by Western Illinois University. This amount will be \$17,710.76.¹¹⁶ The interesting thing to me is that the payments begin the month after I have been fired. The university is providing representation to Reinertsen, who is defending himself against Rittenmeyer who claims

slander. DiGrino is claiming I have slandered him and other things and yet I have no representation of any kind in the termination process.

Slowly, the university is making me aware of what has actually transpired with regard to Reinertsen and Rittenmeyer. Yet in my own case they will not be so helpful. In fact they will be downright evasive.

University Evasive

The records supplied by the university regarding my termination and requested under the Freedom of Information Act are incomplete in two respects. First, the university does not supply all the documents requested sighting bogus excuses as to why this is so. Second, they misrepresent the documents that they do supply, indicating that they are complete when I have personal knowledge that other documents exist which they have not provided. I indicate this in a letter of March 16, 1995 to President Spencer.

Maguire will respond to this letter with a denial that the records supplied were not complete and that my advising the university of this "was not a proper appeal of a denial under the Freedom of Information Act."¹¹⁷

To my surprise, Dr. Spencer will also respond to my request for information that I know has been held back. In a letter dated March 30, 1995, "This is a response to your letter of March 16, 1995 appealing the September 16, 1994 decision of Western Illinois University...

In the case of several of the items under your original request which either were or had been earlier supplied to you by the university, your appeals states your belief that the records to which you were given access were either not complete or that you suspect that a great deal of material has been held back, misplaced or destroyed.' There is no basis in fact for your belief that the university is denying you access to any non-exempt public records. We do not believe, however, that the Freedom of Information Act is intended to require the repeated production of records which have already been supplied to an individual, and which are requested, (in a slightly variant format), over and over again.

... the university will also make available to you copies of the request forms for travel for business purposes which it has for faculty in the Department of Recreation, Parks and Tourism Administration for the period of 1988 through 1994."¹¹⁸

Interestingly, Spencer will suggest that certain documents will now be made available to me. However, what the letter doesn't say and most will never know is that these documents were never presented or made available to me. While assuring that documents are not being held back, President Spencer sets up another situation where what is being charged and denied is done again. Clearly the deception continues.

It occurred to me that the way to get to the bottom of this was to ask the university to tell me what documents they thought they had

turned over to me. Then I could point to specific documents and say "Yes, I received that one." or "No, I have not received that one." I put my request to President Spencer in a letter dated April 5, 1995.¹¹⁹

Once again John Maguire would answer for the university stating: "...the university does not believe that creating these records, (which you are in a position to create for yourself), would be an appropriate use of public resources."¹²⁰

It was clear that the university did not want to know what documents it had or had not turned over. The stone-walling and cover-up would continue.

Back on the Reinertsen Matter

With better clarification from Rea, I am prompted to ask for better clarification from Maguire regarding the Reinertsen matter. I do that in a letter dated April 3, 1995.¹²¹

Maguire would respond and I would learn that there was a whole lot more information available than I thought. It would now cost me \$32.40 to get that information.¹²²

This is the first instance where John Maguire actually complies with the thrust of the Illinois Freedom of Information Act, rather than blatantly trying to circumvent it. In so doing, he uncovers a rather extensive collection of material. The shift from a two-page memo to three hundred and twenty-four pages of documents clearly demonstrates that past actions were designed and intended to interfere with my rights, rights that I believe are protected under the Illinois Educational Labor Relations Act. Needless to say, I send the check.¹²³

Chapter 42 Unfair Labor Practice

"As of May 11, 1995, there has been no further correspondence from the union of any kind. Is Dr. Harker being jerked around or what?" says the closing statement in my unfair labor charge filed against the union on May 12, 1995.

Not hearing anything from the union since the February 28th, 1995, meeting, I was beginning to think that it was business as usual. This means no business and total inaction. It had been nearly nine weeks and not a single word from the union. All I knew for certain is that the arbitration hearing scheduled for March 6&7, 1995, had been cancelled. Supposedly, briefs were being prepared and would be submitted by the union to the arbitrator. My clear understanding with Barbara Hillman was that I would see such a brief in its draft form before it was submitted. If I hadn't seen a draft in nine weeks, when was it going to happen? Was it even going to happen at all? All I had to go on was my past experience, and that clearly suggested that indeed I might not hear anything for six months. Already, the half-way point was looming in that possible scenario.

Weeks earlier, I had pulled together all the correspondence and other documentation that I had accumulated from April 1993 to the current time. I prepared a master document consisting of all the documentation presented in chronological order. Next, I started excerpting from the various documents into another document which would be the basis of my unfair labor practice charge.

As I got into the documents, I was astounded to see the contradictions between what was supposed to happen and what actually did happen. I was also amazed at the number of months in which nothing at all had happened, the most glaring period being the ten months from April 1993 to January 1994.

I also reviewed the material I had obtained from the Illinois Educational Labor Relations Board. Based upon my examination, I thought I had the basis for charges against both the board and the union.

It is an unfair labor practice for the union to intentionally misrepresent me. Note that I could not be critical or file a charge of misrepresentation based on stupidity or incompetence. The law was apparently set up to protect the laymen taking the position of union leadership. It was expected that they would not know the in and outs of labor law, and you could not hold that against them if they happened to screw up.

But I noticed in reviewing my documents that I clearly laid out the scenario that I thought was coming if they did not act. It was becoming apparent to me that my prognostications were right on target and the union was still going off on a tangent. They could not plead ignorance, they had been informed of the implications of their actions

and/or inactions, yet they still went ahead. It seemed self-evident that they were being intentional in their efforts to misrepresent me.

The most glaring example of this was the supposed Step I hearing held on the campus in August 1994. The union apparently was well aware of the fact that this hearing had no legal standing. The ensuing results would not be taken to the arbitrator or anywhere else. The union knew this before the hearing, and did not bother to tell me, or in any way explain, that I was just wasting my time. The union even suggested what I should present during the hearing.¹²⁴

I spent untold hours preparing for the hearing, believing that the union had again betrayed me by not representing me at the hearing or providing any assistance whatsoever. I did not realize that the actual betrayal went even further and that nothing related to the hearing would be used for anything.

Chapter 43 The Hillman Brief

"Hey Mentor. Look at this!" I am holding a large white envelope approximately 8 1/2 by 11 inches with a return address of Cornfield and Feldman. The address is the law firm of Barbara Hillman, the union attorney that is supposed to be representing me. On opening the package, I find a twenty-five page brief in the matter of *University Professionals of Illinois v. Board of Governors* regarding my termination. The document is not dated and there is no cover letter explaining what the document is supposed to be or what I am supposed to do with it.

"This looks like the draft brief that Barbara said she would provide back at our February 28, 1995, meeting. It must be the draft because it is not dated, and already I've found two very obvious typographical errors. Obviously, she has not taken the time to make the corrections on this draft."

Mentor, "Well, you had better read it and get those corrections and your comments back so we can get this thing back on track. Am I wrong or has it been a couple of months since you met with her in Chicago?"

"No, you are correct. She did say she was a procrastinator. But it does seem strange that I get the brief now. You know that I filed an unfair labor practice charge with the Illinois Educational Labor Relations Board last week."

"Of course, I knew that! I know everything that you do, and then some!" responded a somewhat amused Mentor. "Don't keep me in suspense! Read the damn thing and let me know what you think! Is she really defending you or has she set you up to be smashed into the ground?"

Chapter 44 Arbitrator's Decision

It would be September 1995 when the arbitrator's decision would finally come down on the termination of Dr. George R. Harker. It had taken over four years to get to this point. A tortuous path I must say. Made so by a union determined to mislead and deceive me at every turn. A union devoid of any moral integrity whatsoever.

Herbert M. Berman was the arbitrator in this decision. He was the same individual asked to interpret the contract in the earlier arbitration that had occurred in 1993.

His decision was based on the materials submitted in writing by both the university and the union in May 1995. Material that was supposed to have been sent months earlier when the hearing scheduled in front of the arbitrator was cancelled back in March. It had taken the filing of an unfair labor practice charge to move the matter forward.

The arbitrator's decision was an interesting document to behold. The way the arbitrator saw it, the legal arguments of Hillman had nothing to do with the process. This was education. Higher education at that. The contract acknowledged that this was a matter of following the rules. This was academia. If the president didn't like your style of academia, you were history.

The arbitrator noted that he could not look at the facts regarding whether the charges were true or not. He had ruled in an earlier arbitration that this was the case. Since President Wagoner had found that ten of the eleven charges were true, then it must be so. It made no difference that the faculty committee had agreed unanimously that a couple of the charges were true or that a number of them were simply not true. It made no difference that the evidence showed that errors had been made regarding the few charges where there was unanimous support for the charge since relevant information never made it to the committee.

The arbitrator could review the charges to see if they were in themselves adequate to support the concept of being the basis to fire someone. In this regard there was no doubt. Each and every charge was significant in and of itself to support and justify a firing.

"Mentor, what do you make of this?" asked Dr. Leisure. "Here, arbitrator Berman has done an analysis of the spelling errors in my course syllabus. You know the one I worked up during the summer of 1990 in an effort to satisfy their demands for a new and different course outline."

"You dummy. That is why Berman supports your firing. You come across as totally incompetent. You cannot even spell!" said a very sarcastic Mentor.

"Give me a break! I didn't have a spell checker on that computer in those days. In any event, I gave them the new content that they

wanted. I used an outline based on the text that they seemed to favor. Any spelling errors would have been addressed in the preparation process long before it made its way into the classroom," said Dr. Leisure.

"You are missing the point. In Berman's eyes you are totally incompetent!" said Mentor.

"Totally incompetent? How do you come up with that? I am knowledgeable on the philosophy of leisure. Being able to spell has nothing to do with that! I know the course content material forward and backward. Berman doesn't know that!" said Dr. Leisure.

"That is precisely the point. There is no way Berman can evaluate your course content if he is not an authority in that area. That is also why the Dean and even DiGrino can not adequately assess your course content. That is why academic freedom comes into the picture. Essentially, no one can realistically evaluate another instructor's approach to a course for each instructor brings his own knowledge and interpretation to the material. Who is to say that one interpretation is better than another?"

But spelling, that is a different matter! Berman knows how to spell and he obviously knows how to spell better than you do! Since he can spell better than you, he must by definition be smarter and more competent than you. Since you don't measure up to his level and degree of competence. Or at least to that which he has in his head as the minimum competency of a university professor, he views you as someone who should be fired! With that in mind, he will review all the material from the perspective of how can I rule such that this termination will be supported," explained Mentor.

"Having developed that perspective on the matter, the rest was easy. The nature of the contract makes the whole procedure a charade. Particularly when you have the union going along and not doing anything meaningful to represent you. Your book **He Wouldn't Drink the Hemlock: The Firing of Dr. Leisure** puts things rather nicely into a true perspective as to what is going on. As I recall, you presented that as part of your evidence in the grievance process. Nevertheless, the material was never brought forward to the arbitrator. It is pretty apparent that information could and should have made a difference if the arbitrator had been as consciences as he makes himself out to be," said Mentor.

"So you agree that the information in the book would have helped," said Dr. Leisure.

"Not necessarily, but it would have been a very useful step in the right direction. It is apparent that neither side wanted that book to appear for both sides look equally bad. You are dealing with some truly incompetent people Dr. Leisure. Furthermore, they are not your friends," said a smiling Mentor.

"Any suggestions on what I should do now?" asked Dr. Leisure.

"I would continue with your Unfair Labor Practice Charge. Your allegations in that are just as valid now as they were when you started. You filed that in May so presumably we ought to be getting a decision in the very near future," said Mentor.

"I am not so sure about getting it in the near future. The Labor Relations Board has a history of stringing things out. At least that has been the situation with my charges in the past," said Dr. Leisure.

And indeed, that would be the case again. The IELRB would not release its decision until January 1996. I would appeal that decision and events would move at a snail's pace into 1996. In April of 1996 I wrote Susan Donnelly, Acting General Counsel for the IELRB.¹²⁵

I advised that I would assume a negative decision if I didn't hear from them by the end of the month. I was trying to clear the deck so that I might go into Federal Court.

Since they did not respond, I did file in the Federal District Court in June 1996.

I would never hear from the IELRB again. Oh yes, they did finally rule on my appeal. They just never bothered to advise me of it. I only learned of their decision when I was at a hearing with the Federal District Court Judge reviewing my effort to get into Federal Court. Mark T. Dunn even brought a copy with him and gave it to the court. Later I would request a copy from the IELRB and yet they would not respond. To this day I have yet to read and determine the basis for their decision to deny my appeal.

Chapter 45 Packing a Piece

"Tell me, Mentor. Should I start carrying a weapon?" asked Dr. Leisure.

"A weapon?" questioned Mentor.

"Yes, more specifically a 9 mm double-action Smith and Wesson automatic."

"Why in heaven's name do you need to carry a gun? You make it sound as if someone were out to kill you. You don't really believe that? Do you?" asked Mentor.

"I'm not sure. I mean, I didn't really believe people were out to get me fired from WIU. I mean, just because one disagrees with the academic point of view of another, it should not be the basis for firing! After all, I thought that was what a good university was about. The interchange of different points of view.

Yet, here I am fired. And it is not as if one can merely pull up roots and shift to another job. Additionally, the efforts to get me fired went beyond the university and into the larger academic community. I mean that the memo circulated by DiGrino was designed to prevent me from getting work anywhere else. And it has been effective.

Taking away my livelihood is very much on the same level as having me killed. Except this way, I slowly starve to death," said Dr. Leisure.

"I see what you mean. But perhaps these people didn't think it through and were just out to dislodge you from the university?" said Mentor.

"I'm sure many didn't think it through. Yet they didn't stop once they had succeeded. After all, they effectively blocked my teaching as a substitute at the local high school. I mean, it wasn't much but at least I was able to make a living!" responded Dr. Leisure.

"True. And apparently, they didn't want to see that! Heaven forbid that you would be able to make a living in this town! I do see what you mean."

"The part that really worries me is that people seem to live life as they perceive it expressed in a simple cliché. You know, 'a tooth for a tooth' or 'an eye for an eye.' Or, simply put by school children, 'my father can beat up your father.' Furthermore, look at Nick's heritage. What does a name like 'DiGrino' say to you? Be it right or wrong, there is a belief system associated with people of such ancestry that force makes right and elimination of your rival by violent means is quite acceptable. For all I know, Nick may have a contract out on my life as we speak. It has to be apparent to him that I am not going to wither up and leave town as things stand now."

"I certainly see where you are coming from. After all, it was his animosity over your comments to Dean Spencer that seemed to be the beginning of his actions against you. What sort of gun are you

considering?"

"I was looking at the 9 mm automatic. Just like what the police seem to be moving toward in this country. For a couple of hundred bucks, I can get one at Farm King. The only part that bothers me is that you have to cock the thing by moving the slide back. It takes two hands to do that."

"You want a continual double action."

"I didn't know you knew anything about guns! Besides, what is a continual double action?"

"I know more about guns than you think. Besides, what I don't know I learn from talking with those who do. Remember that fellow Preston whom we met when we were speaking at that nudist convention in Tennessee last summer?"

"Yes, now that you mention it, I do. I believe he said that in Tennessee you can legally carry a concealed weapon if you have a permit and are bonded."

"Correct. He also explained the difference between single and double action. The single action is where you have to pull back the slide to cock the gun, then pull the trigger to fire. The double action is when you just pull the trigger and it takes you through the same process. Naturally, the pressure it takes to pull the trigger is greater. Twelve pounds, rather than the three, if the gun is already cocked."

"The continuing double action requires the same amount of pressure to pull the trigger on the second pull as the first, even though the gun has automatically reset... thus the idea of a continuing double action."

"It is against the law in Illinois to carry a concealed weapon, is it not?"

"Yes, you are right about that!"

"Well, what are you going to do?"

"What choice do I have? If I really believe my life is in danger and I need to carry a gun to protect myself, I'll have to break the law. If I am correct, the penalties for carrying will be more than offset by the consequences to me if I am not carrying."

"Of course, and I assume you will carry your gun in your valise. No one has ever looked in that valise and no one can unless you give your permission. But you are not that experienced with a handgun. How will you be able to be effective?"

"Good question! I'm looking at the model with the laser. You squeeze the grip of the pistol and that turns on a laser which illuminates the target with a red dot. If the dot is on the target, the bullet will end up where the red dot is placed. At least theoretically!"

Chapter 46 Current Issues on Maui

Nudity and Sovereignty

I once wrote an article about nude bathing entitled "Paradox in Paradise." Little did I know that the issue of nudity was closely intertwined with the issue of sovereignty in the Hawaiian Islands both geographically and mentally.

Little Beach, the nude beach, is located across the channel from the island of Koolaweai. Koolaweai is an island taken over by the government at the start of WWII for use as a gunnery range and bombing target. When I first visited Maui and Little Beach in 1987, I remember sitting on the beach and watching flares falling over the island. I could also see clouds of dust raised I assume by shells hitting the island.

Over time, I would become aware that the current issue of sovereignty was probably propelled furthest by the actions of those involved in regaining Koolaweai.

For those who have no understanding of what happened in Hawaii, about a hundred years ago, let me give the brief account as I understand it. (Bear in mind I am not a historian and have not gone to great lengths to check these facts, but I don't think anyone knowledgeable will disagree.) Back in 1893, a small group of armed U.S. Marines put the Queen under house arrest in her own palace. Local U.S. business interests brought the Hawaiian Islands under U.S. control by force.

This was yet another manifestation of the idea that the missionary-knows-best attitude brought to the islands by zealous missionaries in the 1870's. The way the missionaries saw it, it was appropriate that the Hawaiian Islands be under the control of the United States. It was appropriate that the Hawaiian people accept western religions to the exclusion of local endemic religions deemed as heathen.

When you objectively look at what is happening to Hawaii, you see that it is like any community either small or large. Different groups of individuals are trying to do what is right for the island, as seen from their perspective. Often they do not see or choose not to see the implications of their actions beyond those of their own special interest group.

From the missionaries' point of view, taking over the government of Hawaii was clearly in their best interest. They knew that their interest and God's were basically the same. And with a lot of decision making, it doesn't matter whether you have the morally defensible position but rather if you have the force to back up your position. The armed Marines were all the force that was necessary. Might does indeed make right.

We might think that things have changed as humankind becomes

more enlightened. But have they? Take a look at the concept of building bigger and longer runways at Maui International Airport. From the perspective of those operating the airport, longer runways would mean a safer airport. The size and weight of aircraft landing on Maui could be increased.

Resort operators see bigger planes as meaning more visitors. And more visitors mean more revenue. Certainly from this perspective, the bigger airport is the right decision. So the people associated with this segment of the society lobby hard for the expansion.

Others see different problems. More visitors mean greater pressure on limited resources. The infrastructure of Maui is slightly overloaded. At certain times of the day, traffic can be impossible. If there is an accident involving a fatality the road involved is shut down and the traffic is diverted into what becomes virtually a gridlock.

Quality of life suffers, at least from some people's perspective. But what is quality of life? Isn't the concept associated with the paradise of a tropical island supposed to be lounging around on the seashore drinking Mai Tai till they come out your ears? Or is it relaxing and watching a sunset with friends at the beach?

Chapter 47 The Intelligence Book

My book on intelligence¹²⁶ ultimately derived from the confluence of a bunch of independent efforts that seemed to serendipitously merge together. One of the areas I had been studying was the idea of intelligence in dolphins. I was curious about the question, "Are dolphins intelligent?" As I got into this exploration, I needed some understanding as to what is meant by the word "intelligent" or I could not make the determination for the dolphin.

Going through the process of being fired from the university and other seemingly unrelated questions puzzled me. I couldn't understand how this was even happening. As I began to gain some insight into the mechanism of what had transpired, I began to see a connection between my seemingly unrelated study of dolphins and the question of intelligence. I was becoming curious about how people made decisions. How did people know the right thing to do in a situation? I was continually faced with that very question as I was drawn through the termination process. I had never been terminated before and did not know what the procedure consisted of or whom to turn to for information about it. It soon became apparent that everyone had a different idea.

I was also curious about how information was being processed. I could not understand how certain individuals could say some of the things they said when I knew first-hand what had transpired with these same individuals. How could they present the information they did when it was so contrary to what they had been told or knew to be the case? Individuals would be flat-out lying, yet doing so with what appeared to be a genuine conviction that what they were saying was the truth and nothing more. This puzzled me greatly. Eventually, I developed some significant insights into how the human mind works and processes information so that I think I can clearly and adequately explain what has happened. It's these insights that have become the basis for my book on intelligence.

Insights into events seemed to serendipitously interrelate and bring a continuity to what I previously thought had been unrelated events. The interplay of the individuals at the university could be described with the same terminology used to describe the behavior of dolphins, and vice versa.

Additionally, elements of Aristotle's belief system seemed to evolve and fit nicely with certain aspects of what I was discovering about myself and the events to which I was a party.

Ultimately I realize that intelligence by definition is explained or defined by humans. We define it the way we want! Or course then, the question is who does the defining?

Chapter 48 Groupie's Are Where You Find Them!

It started out as just another gathering of the Little Beach crowd at one of our favorite watering holes. Sitting around drinking, I was struck by the two attractive women sitting at the next table.

I wasn't the only one observing. My friend Dave went up to them and introduced himself. The next thing I know, he is pointing in my direction and I can hear faint references to Dr. Leisure. A moment or so later, he motions for me to come over and I am introduced as Dr. Leisure.

I would have been surprised by Dave's behavior if he had not done this a number of times before. At first, I was a little embarrassed and annoyed that Dave was using my fame and notoriety as a way to pick up women. But what the heck? There were two women and only one of him so it might be appropriate I get an opportunity based on my own fame.

On being told that I am Dr. Leisure, the usual response is, "That's cute. I like it. How did you come by that name? It isn't your real name, is it?"

My response is pretty standard, and I related the story of how I was fired from Western Illinois University for being an expert on nude beaches. The women were impressed. Apparently, the red haired one more so than the blond. In any event it appeared that Dave was moving rather successfully on the blond. She wanted to get physical with Dave, the only problem being that she had driven and if she spirited Dave away her friend Deloris would not have a ride home. (Dave's Harley was in the shop and he had ridden with friends.)

No problem. I was planning to stay a little longer and I would be happy to take Deloris home when ever she was ready.

It wasn't too much longer before Deloris was ready to go. In retrospect, I realize now she had been ready to leave with me for some time but I wasn't picking up on that part of her message. At least not for a while. When I did catch on, we made a very rapid departure.

I asked her where she lived and she directed me to a condominium complex along the South Kihei Road in the vicinity of Sugar Beach.

I asked if she wanted to be just dropped off. She replied that I should park the car, for she had something that she wanted to show me. I did as I was told, wondering what it was she might want to show me. We had been talking about my art. She had indicated she also was an artist, so perhaps I was going to see her etchings!

She took me upstairs to see the master bedroom. I sat on the bed as she when into the bathroom to relieve herself of some of the margarita.

I sensed that something was about to happen and was stiff with anticipation. She returned from the bathroom minus the shirt she had

been wearing, her ample breasts gently swaying as she approached me. She asked, "Do you fool around?"

My answer was a smile, as I removed my shirt and kicked off my sandals. She slid down her shorts and then assisted me in removing mine, taking care not to snag the clothing on any wayward protrusions. She took me into her mouth and began to stoke and caress me with her fingers, her tongue and, oh yes, those lips. The touches sent a quiver through my body.

I ran my hand along the inside of her thighs and felt the moisture of one excited lady. In a moment or two, she was astride me and then she leaned down and pressed her breasts against my body. Intertwined, we rolled around on the bed for a few moments, lost in the ecstasy of the moment.

Our love-making continued into the night and, indeed, I never made it back to the rooming house where I was staying on Maui. Her husband was to be off-island for another week or so on business. He sold some type of refrigerators used in the commercial restaurant business.

In the morning, we made love again and again, interrupted by a phone call from her husband. I caressed her breasts gently as she carried on a conversation with the man she was married to somewhere in New York. I wondered if he had been as successful in his endeavors as we had been in ours. I left before breakfast, with the understanding that I would return that evening.

I planned to borrow my friend's motorcycle to use on the visit. It could more easily be parked within the parking garage, and my presence would not be as obvious to the neighbors.

That evening, I arrived just before sunset and, with the cycle safely tucked behind a Rolls Royce in the garage, we decided "to do sunset." We did sunset in a style and manner unlike any other sunset I had ever done. From her bedroom balcony, we had a very good view of the ocean.

I entered her from behind as she leaned against the balcony rail, my hands caressing her breasts and her back. I would lightly stroke her nipples and then take my hands and pull them lightly over her head and down her back until they rested on the outside of her hips. Grasping her, I would slip gently in and almost out. Sometimes, if I weren't paying close enough attention, I would slip completely out and have to take a moment to reenter. The brief exposure to the evening air would lower the surface temperature of my organ ever so slightly. On reinsertion, her warmth was all the more apparent. I could feel the warm envelope of her flesh as it wrapped around me.

I could tell by her sighs that she was closely monitoring the depth of penetration with her own internal measurements of heat and pressure. The sensor's signals were well received.

This particular night, the sounds of a stereo from the next house

drifted across the yard. The music was from the movie "Rawhide," and the vocal refrain went something like "roll 'em roll 'em out. . . rawhide." Needless to say, the ride was incredible.

An added measure of excitement to the whole affair was that our actions would be clearly visible to anyone outside who should happen to look in our direction. The beach appeared to be deserted as far as we could tell, but we could not be certain. And someone could walk up the beach at any time. She was concerned for a moment that we might be observed. But the heat and passion of the activity was only heightened by this prospect, and the thoughts of fear quickly passed from our minds. When we see each other and recall the Rawhide theme, both our faces light up with warm smiles of memories stirred deep within our hearts of that very special sunset on Maui many years ago.

Chapter 49 The Beauty in the Hot Tub

The way nudists tell it, there is no such thing as sexual arousal in a nudist resort. This may not actually be so. I think a more accurate statement is that there is no more such arousal than one encounters in the society at large. That is, of course, to say there is a lot!

The beauty of a nudist resort is that there are fewer secrets. Gratification, in a sense, is instant. If one can achieve gratification by looking! That is to say, you don't have to wonder what a gorgeous female looks like without her clothes for she is already without them.

I recall going to the hot tub at a Florida nudist resort and finding another couple already there. I was particularly taken by the female. She appeared to be in her late twenties or early thirties. She had firm uplifted breasts and wore a gold chain around her middle. The face was very pleasant to look at and she had her hair tied up in a very sensual manner. I pondered her for a while and let my mind wonder as to what it would be like to have sex with this beautiful and provocative young thing.

I didn't want to dwell on the matter too long, for fear that I might develop an erection. Actually, the extent of my experience with nude women and the high temperatures of the hot tub would make the likelihood of this happening rather remote, but I didn't want to take any chances.

That night back at my camper, I did make passionate love to the young and beautiful woman. She was everything I hoped she would be and more! The reader is probably wondering about the details in between. How did I get rid of her escort and what did I tell Virginia. The answer is actually quite simple: I didn't do anything. Since sex is mostly in the mind, I just let my head take over and do all the work. That night, Virginia thought she was having sex with me and indeed she was. She just didn't know I wasn't having sex with her, at least not in a metaphysical sense. The beauty of this arrangement is that no one lost a thing. Virginia had a delightful time, as she almost always does when I do my thing. But additionally, I too had a great experience. For all intents and purposes, I had made it with the beautiful girl in the hot tub!

Chapter 50 The Hot Springs Cinderella

It started out as another routine but enjoyable trip to Jerry Johnson Hot Springs, the local hot spring for Jayson Lomax, a computer programmer most weekdays. Before long it would become much more than just routine. It would also become much more enjoyable, at least at first.

Jayson parked his car in the parking area shortly past mile marker 152 on US 12. Just ahead was the trailhead for Warm Springs Creek. He grabbed his bag from the back seat and then made sure all doors were properly closed and locked. There had been an occasional breaking in of cars parked at the parking area. Usually the cars hit were from out of state and much newer than the '79 Honda Citation that he was driving. Actually, it would be the rangers of the Forest Service that would be more apt to vandalize your car than those who would break in. Actually, "vandalize" was a bit too strong to describe what the Forest Service was doing to cars. It was just not any car but rather those left overnight for whatever reason. These would be spray painted with a water soluble paint on the driver's side glass with big orange letters which said "Day Use Only." The Forest Service was trying to convince locals that they were not welcome in the national forest overnight. In their view, the use of the hot springs by locals was getting out of hand. Too many locals were having too many fun evenings camping in and around the hot spring area. Never mind that the locals were very good about picking up and packing out their trash and the trash of others. The Forest Service had decided to exercise its power over the locals and in the name of the public good was going to severely limit access to the hot springs.

Jayson crossed the highway and headed down the grade for the threshold of the swinging bridge that made crossing the fast flowing arm of the Lochsa River possible. On the other side, he made the turn to the right and followed up along Warm Springs Creek the mile or so it took to get to the first pool. Actually, pool it really was not but rather a small section of the main stream surrounded by a small border of rocks and gravel used to catch the hot water in a confined area where it could be mixed with amounts of the main stream flow to achieve the desired temperature.

Today this pool or impoundment was submerged by the fast-flowing stream and it surged with the spring runoff slightly higher than normal for this early in the summer. Jayson knew that just another five hundred feet or more further up he would find another such impoundment and in all likelihood it would not be underwater. Indeed, as he walked around the bend he caught a glimpse of a number of naked bodies lounging about on the rocks and in the water of the soaking pools. Although he had seen the sight many times before, he was still taken by the beauty of the place. The natural beauty of the rocks, the stream, and

the forest seemed to be enhanced by the presence of the nude human form. It wasn't necessarily that the humans present were particularly beautiful with perfect bodies, but rather some more transcendental quality that he could not explain. Clothed figures would have seemed out of place in this forest glade. But nude figures seemed to be part and parcel of a larger picture that was meant to be.

Jayson approached the clearing and glanced around to see if he recognized anyone. Indeed, he did note one gentlemen and his wife whom he had frequently seen on previous visits to the site. The man was a bit more massive than Jayson's one hundred and sixty pounds, probably surpassing him by an easy hundred or so. No matter the man was as mellow as most of the regulars, except of course when he was involved in a go-round with some belligerent visitor who thought everyone should put clothes on so she and her children wouldn't be offended by the sight of a naked human being. In the situation that had come to Jayson's mind, the "offended" person was quick to round up the two young children, one boy and one girl who had already shucked their clothing and were well into having fun, unaware they were supposed to be offended by the nudity of those around them as well as their own. Mother insisted and assisted in dressing the children. It took far longer than she would have liked, partly because she was angry but partly because dry clothing doesn't slip over wet bodies quite as quickly as off of dry bodies.

After the woman left, the topic of conversation for a while was whether a representative of the Forest Service or the Sheriff's office would come to pay a visit. Following some discussion the consensus was that it was unlikely that anyone would come. Nude use, or more correctly clothing optional use of the springs, had been occurring for so many years the legal aspect had ceased to exist some time ago. But it was noted that one of the new Forest Service rangers, a female, had taken some personal disdain with the bathers and their nudity. There had been a round of water testing to determine if harmful chemicals or bacteria might be in the water. To the ranger's dismay, none were found and there was no basis to close the springs for health reasons.

Jayson walked up to the main pond and as a courtesy asked if he could join those already present. The response was as he had expected, and in another moment or two he had removed his clothes and placed them on his pack on one of the rocks where they would stay dry. He eased into the pond slowly for this one was a little hotter than some of the others. This stemmed in part from its being partially fed by a stream of hot water that entered from below the main rock and also because the flow of cold water was slightly diverted in deference to the temperature preference of those in the pool. This source of cold water could be adjusted to make the pool virtually any temperature and as they say, "Some like it hot."

Now fully submerged, Jayson laid his body back against a rock and closed his eyes. His mind drifted away and then slowly came back

to center. Just as Jayson closed his eyes, he noticed a particularly striking woman starting to dress and preparing to leave the clearing. Whether the woman was particularly striking in terms of physical beauty would be a point of debate among those who remembered seeing her. Some would say her form and face were exceedingly beautiful, while others would say her face and figure were rather plain. Obviously her beauty was in the eye of the beholder and Jayson had picked up on something, perhaps nothing more than the radiance of her smile. Whatever it was, it made an impression on his unconscious that at the moment he was not even aware as he slipped into a trance not unlike a Zen Buddhist meditation.

During the eternity of meditation, his mind's eye zoomed in on the face of the young woman. Not unlike the zoom lens of a Camcorder video camera. Jayson went with the zoom which got closer and closer, or perhaps a better way to explain it was that the essence of her smile got bigger and bigger until it filled the whole screen of his mind. As his mind's eye zoomed in, he felt like he had crossed to the other side of the image and was now within the mind of the woman. He knew her name was Ursala or Angelena. Why these two names, he did not know but knew one was correct in this time and place and the other was also correct but in some other time and place. What seemed like an eternity was actually only a matter of a few minutes. But in those few minutes Ursala or Angelena, the young woman, had completed enough of her dressing to depart. She carried the rest of her clothes under her arm and moved down the trail toward the parking lot.

Jayson returned to a level of consciousness that included the clearing and the pool in which he was sitting. His eyes moved in and out of focus as he slowly absorbed the sights around him and came back to physical reality of the glade. He looked in the direction where he had last seen the young woman, a woman he now did not know. How could he, he had never seen her before, at least as far as he could recall. He wondered when she had left and assumed it had been some time ago. He assumed he had just dozed off for a few minutes while sitting in the hot springs. This happened often with him. The hot water and the serenity of the place removed the stress from his mind and body, and he achieved a state of such total relaxation that he could not tell where it ended and sleep began or vice versa. This is what Jayson sought most from his trek to the Jerry Johnson hot springs and once again he was not disappointed.

A few more minutes and Jayson decided he needed to cool down. He climbed from the pool and let the water evaporate from his skin, bringing his body temperature down from that of the hot water in the pool to something starting to approach normal body temperature. The cooling process was invigorating and Jayson moved in the direction of the second pool farther up the trail. He encountered a young couple in shorts and hiking boots obviously coming down from the upper pool, for neither had on any upper body covering and were covered with flecks of

water. Perhaps they were perspiring from a good cross country hike, but more likely they had just finished a soak and were on their way out. A brief conversation confirmed Jayson's speculation and added a new dimension. The young couple had just seen a moose wander by the pond and head down toward the river, perhaps to drink. Jayson made a mental note and expressed his hope that he too would catch a glimpse of the moose. On saying goodbye to the couple, he happened to glance in the direction of the rock where the young woman had been pulling on her shorts a few minutes before. He thought he saw something on the ground. From his perspective he thought it was blue. He walked over to investigate.... To his surprise he found a Fredericks of Hollywood bra, blue in color. He just assumed that the young woman had dropped it and he figured he would give it to her the next time he saw her. He assumed she was long gone by now having left the area some time before. It was no big deal, people often leave, overlooking some element of clothing on the way out. The next time they come back, they usually recover it. Jayson placed the bra in his pack and forgot about it. He went to the upper pool and soaked and conversed with regulars and newcomers alike for a couple of hours. Time went by rapidly, and the hours were over in what seemed like minutes and it was time for Jayson to put his clothes on and head back to the city. As much as he wanted to stay, he was trying to go along with the Forest Service's wishes and did not stay overnight.

The week went by uneventfully. He met his deadline on a major computer programming job and his boss was happy about that. He was relieved too. The pressure had been pretty intense. He had made the commitment some eighteen months before to deliver the software, and as always you never know just how it is going to go. Will you run into unforeseen delays? Will the information supplied on the computer by its manufacture be correct? Did they truly have the bugs out of the new machines? Some little and some not-so-little concerns such as these would come into play. But the problems were neither unexpected nor insurmountable. Jayson had prevailed, and within the expected time frame. Everyone from the client to the contractor was happy. Jayson could now truly relax. Since his favorite form of relaxation was at the hot springs, he left the office early and headed there directly from work.

As he anticipated, there were only one or two other people at the spring. Although it was Friday, the weekend crowd -- if you could call it that -- would not be there until late Friday afternoon at the earliest. They had jobs to do and schedules to meet just as Jayson normally did. Since he had completed the project on schedule, his early arrival at the hot spring was an exception and not the rule, even for him.

As he started to place his shirt and pants into his bag, he was surprised to see the blue bra. He had totally forgotten that he had put it there the weekend before. As soon as he saw the blue his mind flashed the imagery of the young women donning on her shorts and tucking in

her blouse.

Jayson took the bra out of the bag and draped it over the large boulder immediately adjacent to the pond. This was the very boulder where some of the hot spring water flowed in underneath. With the bra in place and his belongings secured in his pack, he slipped into the hot pool and closed his eyes. As if his mind were a video tape player, the images of the young woman began again to play. Once again, the camera seemed to zoom in and Jayson found his mind seemingly connecting with that of the woman on the tape. His mental concentration or meditation was broken by a voice clearly outside his head and slightly to the left.

"Jayson, what's with the bra? Are you getting kinky in your old age or is the stress of the job getting to you?" asked a buxom blond standing nude besides him.

Jayson reacted with a slight jerk as his mind quickly repressed its initial reaction to the external voice. The mind had initially interpreted the sound as an alarm signal, something that it had been programmed to do for many millennium. But as soon as additional data or information became present, it recognized not an alarm signal but rather a conversational greeting by a friend of Jayson. The friend was Rebecca, a well endowed women of Swedish extraction who visited the hot springs with enough frequency to be termed a "regular." She had a slight crush on Jayson but had only succeeded in getting intimate with him the previous summer after a very full day of soaking, drinking and other festivities associated with a celebration of the Summer solstice. She had been the initiator, for Jayson was much to shy and very reserved with regard women he met at the hot springs. He was concerned that some people perceived the nude users of hot springs as immoral degenerates interested in only sex and continual orgies. He was determined that his behavior and that of others with whom he was associated would not contribute in any way to this totally erroneous and negative stereotype. Of course there was an occasional user of the hot spring who left something to be desired in terms of behavior, but these individuals were the exception and certainly not the rule. It seemed to Jayson that of the few instances he was aware, it was most apt to be some teenager getting a little too much into the beer and using that as an excuse to make advances that were quickly rebuffed by the lady or sometimes more forcefully rebuked by the ladies companion if the youth were not astute enough to realize the lady was not alone.

"Yea, I've gotten tired of just wearing it around the house and forgot I had it on when I came out," said Jayson in his most sarcastic manner. "What do you think of the color? It is one of my favorites. Perhaps second to the pink one with the lace."

"I'd like to see you in the pink one with the lace. What is the story? Did someone just leave it there? I didn't see anyone else around that it might belong to!"

"Yes, actually it was left last weekend. I found it after the girl who owned it left so I just picked it up and put it in my bag. I forgot about it until I found it just a little while ago when I got here. I put it out with the idea that the girl, or perhaps more correctly the young woman, might just come back and see it and claim it."

"Mind if I try it on?"

"It doesn't matter to me..."

"If it fits, will you marry me?"

"I don't think it worked that way... I mean I know whom it belongs to... Now if I didn't and it did fit, maybe you could be Cinderella."

"I like it... I could be the 'Cinderella of the hot springs'... sounds like a great idea for a story."

Rebecca held the bra up in front of her alabaster breasts the size of small melons. It was immediately apparent that the bra cups would or could contain only about a third of the pliant tissue that composed her breasts. She made no effort to fasten the strap, for that was clearly physically impossible. Both she and Jayson laughed as she turned to model the latest from Fredericks of Hollywood to the forest creatures within viewing distance. A doe took an instant away from its browsing to cast a glance in the direction of the hot pool, but just as quickly turned back to its meal. Not particularly impressed with the latest mammillary containment device from Hollywood.

Rebecca had started something! Women that Jayson wasn't aware existed before, starting coming up to him with the idea of trying on the bra. All suggested that they were available, if the bra fit!

Jayson didn't know how to react to that and decided to just smile. The women took that as a favorable acknowledgment of what they had offered.

After some weeks of this, Jayson realized that he was becoming more and more infatuated with concept of a romantic relationship with the owner of the bra. It was totally absurd but Jayson wanted to find the bra owner and marry her.

It wasn't enough that women were coming for miles around to try on the bra. Jayson decided to advertise. He placed a small personal ad in the local singles newspaper. He put small posters on the entryway to the hot spring. "Wanted: owner of blue Fredericks of Hollywood bra, must demonstrate it is correct size to establish ownership." He was determined that he was going to find the owner of the bra and that when he did he was going to marry her!

Jayson and his bra were becoming legendary. All of a sudden, Naturist groups from as far away as two hundred miles were inviting Jayson to make an appearance at their group. Of course, he was expected to bring the bra. After all, it was the center of attention, not

Jayson. The concept of Cinderella at the hot springs had taken on a life of its own. In some circles, the idea of a glass bra was viewed as a technological wonder. With others, there was extreme skepticism that such a garment could ever be comfortable.

"Excuse me! Excuse me? That's my bra!" the soft voice of a young woman filtered through the meditative haze of Jayson's subconsciousness as he lay submerged in his favorite spot in the hot spring.

Slowly, when he realized that the remarks were addressed to him, he opened his eyes. At first, he thought he was dreaming. There she was. The woman he had spent months looking for! The woman of his dreams.

She was even more gorgeous than he had remembered. She was standing on the side of the hot spring. She was nude. A fine covering of small water droplets covered her body from head to toe. The angle of the sun was such that an aura seemed to surround her form. Intermittently, a rainbow of light would glisten from the water droplets.

"The bra is yours?" he asked. Jayson couldn't comprehend what was happening. On the one hand he was sure he recognized her as the woman of his dreams, but on the other it was apparent that the owner of the bra was considerably more endowed than that of the nymphet currently before him. "Would you try it on?" he asked without thinking.

"Sure I can try it on," so saying she stepped into the hot spring and moved toward the bra. "But of course it will not fit." By this time she had the bra around her and was fastening the last clasp. It was obvious when she pulled it around that there was ample room to spare.

"I don't understand! If the bra is yours, then why doesn't it fit?"

"Well, the answer is simple enough. I am the one who lost it here a few months ago. But actually it belongs to my sister. Somehow it got into my backpack by mistake. And somehow I managed to leave it behind when I set it aside to search for mine."

"What is your sister's name?"

"Angelena."

Angelena, repeated Jayson within his own mind. He could hardly believe it. "Are you kidding? That is your sister's name!"

"No I am not kidding, why would I do that?"

"No, I didn't mean it the way it sounded. It is just that I had a vision that your name was Angelena or Ursala. I wasn't sure which. Anyway I am sure surprised that your sister's name is one that I had in my mind," said Jayson. "What is your name? Are you Ursala?"

"Yes. My name is Ursala," said the young woman laughingly.

Jayson was astounded. Both names captured in his subconsciousness were correct. The goddess must be smiling on him for sure!

"Such a deal. I have been searching for you for months. You

can't imagine how many woman have tried on the bra. It seemed like some sort of Cinderella story. Many women came forward and asked to try it on with the caveat that if it fit I would marry them. But it didn't fit."

"What if the bra fit? Did you want to marry the owner?" asked Ursala.

"It was a rather provocative idea. I had come to be like the prince in the story and was actually thinking along those lines myself. But of course that is the fairy tale. Not the way it would be in the twenty-first century. I mean women's rights and all."

Ursala laughed. "True. Marriage doesn't necessarily follow in this day and age. What is your name?"

"My name is Jayson Lomax. I am sorry. I didn't realize that I hadn't introduced myself. It is just that I feel that I know you so well that no introduction is necessary."

"Well, Jayson. May I call you Jayson?"

"Yes, Why of course you can call me Jayson."

"Well, Jayson, do you want to fuck?"

Jayson was dumbstruck, "did he want to fuck." Of course, he wanted to fuck! But that is not quite how he would have put it and it certainly took much, if not all, of the romantic luster off of the proposition.

"Jayson. Jayson? Did you hear me?" asked Ursala as she bent over to look into his eyes which seemed to have glazed over and were staring unfocussed off into space.

Slowly Jayson came back to the moment. His eyes began to focus. At first, he couldn't understand what he was looking at. And then the two hillocks of pink flesh came into focus. Her breasts were about a foot from his face. He was taken by the fact that both nipples were obviously erect. The one to his left carried a gold nipple ring. The one to his right was adorned with a tattoo of a rose.

Chapter 51 State Politics

Earlier in 1993, when Governor Edgar was trying to eliminate the Board of Governors, I found that our local legislator Bill Edley was not in support of the Governor. This in spite of the fact that many from the university had tried to convince him that it was in the best interest of the university, the community, and the state that the board be eliminated. Apparently, Bill's political sense was that he needed to support the union and others who were in opposition to the efforts by the Governor to eliminate the board. They obviously recognized that eliminating the board would in all likelihood effectively eliminate the union bureaucracy as well.

When I saw what was happening, I seriously considered announcing my intent to run for the state legislature. I felt that it was quite clear where the people stood on the issue, and Bill Edley was not in agreement. At the time, my book was not completed and the general elections were some months away. Any announcement at the time would be a bit premature. However, the fall of 1993 found Bill Edley announcing his plans to run for reelection. Bill had become a seasoned politician. He had built the necessary organization and knew how to get the votes. In a political sense, he knew what to do. Yet in a real sense, I felt that Bill was making decisions on the public good just from a dollar-and-cents point of view. The perceived solution to any problem was throw money at it and it would be resolved. The fun of the political process was the debate and bickering over how to allocate a limited supply of money. Everyone had fun, yet the problems were never resolved and still continued.

Chapter 52 Discrimination!

How to discriminate against blacks (or any other group or individual) and get away with it.

Imagine this, you have been having an evening out with friends. You have really tied one on. You are so drunk you are lucky you could drive home. Indeed you do not know how you got home. Maybe you drove, maybe you didn't. No matter, you are home. No hassle from the police or anyone else and you are in the confines and safety of your own home. You are not so drunk that you are going to get sick but indeed it is time to sleep it off.

You crash on your couch in your living room and proceed to do just that. The next morning wake up with a hangover and wonder why you still have on your best suit. You also wonder why your wife likes that god awful flower print wallpaper that makes the living room look like the middle of the jungle.

Slowly, bits and pieces start coming back. You remember a snippet about a great party. You remember the punch line of a joke. But it makes no sense because you can't remember the rest. You are sure it's funny. You know you laughed. You are not sure, but you believe that you may have even told it!

An all too familiar scenario to many of use who have had an evening of revelry or just been on a good drunk. Or if you prefer a bad drunk. No big deal, right! In Macomb, Illinois, if you are white you're right. No big deal! But if you happen to be black, a Moslem, and your wife is worried about you, the situation is radically different.

The police will gladly come to your house. (Wife called, concerned that her husband had passed out.) Enter your house (with wife's permission) and poke you until you wake up. Too bad you don't understand why you are being awakened and react unpleasantly to the source of the aggravation. Too bad you suggest in no uncertain terms that the police are invading your space. Too bad you are black and Moslem in Macomb.

Police don't like to take lip from anyone. You are arrested and spend the night in jail.

What is wrong with this picture? I've heard how the police will deliver a drunk home so that he doesn't hurt anyone and encourage him to sleep it off. Here the person is at home sleeping it off and he is awakened, provoked and arrested. Imagine how you would feel if this happened to you?

If that were the end of the story, perhaps it still wouldn't be that big of deal. Not right you say, but still not a big deal. But this man is black and a Muslim. The story continues...

A short time later, he is fired from his university position as head of black studies. A position that he has held for some eight years.

He is told that he is an administrator and has no tenure rights. He is assigned to a make-work job and told that when it expires, he will no longer have a position at WIU.

Chapter 53 The Women Had Their Way

Based on a Journal Entry of Dr. Leisure

It had been awhile since I had attended a naturist gathering. (A gathering as used here describes a group of like-minded people getting together to spend a weekend. The occasion is packed with seminars and other sorts of entertainment. In short, it is a fun time where old friends meet and new friends are made.)

Reptile Lake Nudist Resort is the mythical name I have given to an actual resort. Naturists from all over the country and beyond would commune together for a few days.

As I was understanding things, Reptile Lake Resort had been a recreational vehicle camp which was part of a small chain. One in which people could buy a portion of the campground and be assured of a place to keep their recreation vehicles. Like so many campgrounds of this sort, it had gotten overextended financially and gone bankrupt. The fairly new and modern facility was bought during the bankruptcy for just pennies on the dollar by a group of investors who saw an opportunity in the nude recreation market.

It was a mutually attractive situation to both parties. The nudist groups were always looking for facilities adequate to hold their functions. And the owners of Reptile Lake wanted the influx of potential users to their facility. Besides, the publicity wouldn't hurt.

Since I hadn't attended a gathering in a while and since this one was fairly close to home, I decided to go for the weekend. Much to my surprise, I found that my faithful friend Virginia would be coming over to the gathering from Pennsylvania. She was on the program and was also affiliated with the singles group of the nudists. Upon hearing that I was planning to attend, she suggested that her friend Jan from New York ought to come and get to meet me in the flesh, sort of speak. Jan was the lover of Virginia's other lover who lived in New York City. Recently, the two had gotten directly acquainted when it was determined that the man in the middle would not be in trouble for keeping the knowledge of one from the other for some five years.

Virginia had always assumed that any encounter with one of her lover's other lover would result in someone having her eyes scratched out. She was amazed and pleased to find this was not to be the case. Since Virginia is inclined to brag about the nature and equipment of the men in her life, it was natural that my name came up. Jan was fascinated by what she had heard and wanted to see and more importantly, experience first hand what Virginia had claimed.

Virginia had shared this with me, so I was looking forward to going to Reptile Lake Resort for a variety of reasons. The opportunity to live one of my fantasies of experiencing two women at one time was probably at the top of the list.

I rolled into Reptile Lake on a Thursday afternoon and was

pleasantly surprised to find Virginia appearing at the office as I checked in. She had come in the day before with a fellow from Pennsylvania and was sharing the ride. She directed me to where she had set up her tent, and I parked my truck with camper right next door.

She explained that Jan would be arriving later that day. I was looking forward to the evening with great anticipation. Some sort of summer weather phenomena decided to mess with my fate. Jan's plane could not get into the local airport, and now it was anticipated that she would arrive the next day.

No problem. It was good to be with Virginia and, as they say, distance makes the heart grow fonder. I hadn't seen her for some time so we had some catching up to do, and we did that. We have lots of fond memories associated with the truck camper and we worked on creating some more.

The next day, Virginia was off early to do her program or whatever. About midday, I wandered up to the main area of the camp where various vendors and exhibitors had set up. I said hello to numerous people and asked if Virginia was about or if Jan had come in. Virginia was off somewhere and I had just missed Jan. It was suggested that Jan had headed in the opposite direction, possibly going into the snack bar. I asked what she had on and what she looked like. I headed off in the direction, not really sure I would know her if I did see her but, what the heck. I had nothing better to do.

I spotted a woman seated in the snack bar that fit the description. Blond hair and an open, light wind breaker and nothing else. I said hello and asked if she were Jan. Her English accent, coupled with an affirmative response, assured me I had met the right lady. We spent the next few hours walking around the grounds of the camp which include the small lake named Reptile. I found that I enjoyed the perspective that my new English friend brought to our conversations.

The day progressed. Jan and I and others interacted at lunch and supper, and somehow the day wore on. I was looking forward to a quiet rendezvous of the three of us. The time was drawing near for the fulfillment of my fantasy. I circled around the common area, looking for Jan and Virginia. I found Jan with the fellow whom Virginia had ridden up with, watching a video tape in the club house. I asked if she had seen Virginia. She said she had, and that she had headed off in the direction of the truck looking for me. I thanked her and indicated that I would be off to the truck. I didn't want to be more specific in my comments since I didn't know what sort of relationship existed between Jan and the fellow she was now with.

Back at the truck, I found no one. Virginia was not about. I decided to read for a while, expecting Virginia and then Jan to materialize. Time passed and nothing happened. I didn't know what to think. I just assumed that Jan had something going with the fellow she was with and had made other plans. Virginia was certainly not obligated

to me, and perhaps she had gotten lucky and found someone else she wanted to experience. Or, I assumed she would show up momentarily. It was just a matter of time.

I had left the door of the truck ajar but was too tired to stay awake. I lay down and turned off the lights. About two or three in the morning, I awoke to a need to add another blanket. The night before, the two of us had been quite comfortable with the shared body heat trapped by a single blanket. However, with only one body and a bit colder outside temperature, it was time for additional layers. I looked around at the time and cursed Virginia for not being there contributing her warmth. I was sure that nothing untoward had happened, but didn't really have any idea what had become of her. Jan clearly must have gotten lucky, and I was certain she was off making somebody happy, probably the fellow I last saw her with.

So much for living my fantasy of two women at one time. How ironic, I didn't have my two but I didn't even have one. I had none! This was not in any of my wildest dreams of how I was going to spend my weekend at Reptile Lake!

The next morning, I awoke to find that my condition had not improved. I was still alone. Poking around outside the truck, I realized that Virginia's tent was nearby. I called out to see if anyone were at home. To my surprise, Virginia answered. I asked if she were alone. She said that she was.

To my astonishment, she explained that she had returned the previous evening looking for me. Seeing the tent, she lay down for a moment and was so tired from the day's activities that she basically collapsed.

About this time, I noticed that Jan was emerging from her tent slightly further up the hill. She too was alone. Apparently on her return to the campsite, she observed no sign of life at the camper truck and opted to sleep in her own tent.

I invited the two for breakfast, my standard fare of bagels with cream cheese and honey along with a cup of tea was prepared for all.

I don't quite know what happened next. Virginia indicated she had plans to take a nature hike and suggested that this might be a good time for Jan to check out the "equipment" first hand. Before I could say anything, I found Jan savoring what I couldn't give away the previous evening. It was a couple of hours before we joined the other naturists at the lodge for lunch. The air shocks on the truck were subjected to static and dynamic tests unlike any they had experienced before!

The rest of the day went by readily enough. I spent more time with Jan, walking around the lake and taking in the scenery. Evening came, and the organizers of the gathering presented a dance with a Reggae motif. The dance floor was packed. For this activity, the facility was slightly inadequate and there weren't enough seats. Many people were standing around the perimeter of the room.

While I personally like the Jamaican sound, not everyone in my party did. Perhaps they had other things on their minds. At any rate, about 9:30 the three of us headed to my camper truck to more fully fulfill my fantasy.

Without going into details, I must say that it was fun. I would bring one lady up to near orgasmic release and then withdraw to excite the other. I did this from every conceivable position I could imagine, front, back, on top, on bottom, sideways, you name it. After a few hours of such carrying on, it was getting late and I was getting tired. I won't go so far as saying I had too much of a good thing, but it was apparent that all good things must come to an end. Virginia opted to return to her tent for the duration of the night, giving Jan the opportunity to share the overcab camper bunk with the remarkable Dr. Leisure.

With Jan snuggled up against me, I dozed off with a definite smile on my face. I was certainly at peace with myself and the universe. Or so I thought.

It must have been about 4 o'clock in the morning when I first heard the commotion and felt the vibrations of something being hit against the side of the camper. I got up to see what was the matter. Climbing down from the bunk, I looked out the side window to see what I could see. I couldn't believe my eyes! There was a crowd of men carrying torches standing in a semi-circle around the back of the truck.

I went to the rear (and only) door and opened it to see what was going on. "What do you want?" I asked of the crowd in general and, perhaps more specifically, of a fellow standing fairly near the truck who seemed to be in a leadership position.

"We want to have a word with you, Dr. Leisure!" said the apparent spokesman.

"What? At four o'clock in the morning and you want to have a philosophical discussion? Can't this wait until morning?"

"No, we want to talk now," came the reply virtually in unison of a half-dozen of the men in the crowd.

"Well, all right then, what is the pressing issue that can't wait until morning?"

"Its you. We are upset that you have all the women and we don't."

"What do you mean, I have all the women?"

"Don't act like we don't know what is going on. You've got two women in there and the rest of us have none. Is that fair?"

"What are you talking about? This is a naturist gathering and we are all here because we like to run around naked. Being with a woman or even looking at women has nothing to do with it."

I was not prepared for what happened next. The crowd got very angry and shouts of "Bullshit!" and "That's a bunch of crap!" could be distinctly heard emulating from various segments of the crowd.

The spokesman turned to me and said, "Do you know what the

ratio of men to women is at this gathering."

"I have no idea! I never gave it a thought!"

"Well, there are five hundred and fifty people here. Of that, about a hundred and fifty are females. Dropping out the youngsters under eighteen leaves about three hundred and fifty men to about one hundred women. Of those hundred women, approximately sixty are with their husbands or boyfriends. Subtract another twenty that are more inclined to be interested in their own sex, and that leaves about twenty that might be considered available. Now some of the men are married and don't want to get involved, so that reduces the three hundred and fifty to about three hundred. About fifty are really quite happy with the number of males present because they have a taste for males rather than females. So when you sort it all out, it works out to about 250 males to 20 females. The ratio is approximately 12.5 males to one female."

"If that isn't bad enough, then we have guys like you who are not satisfied with one woman but have to have one or two more! If everyone were like you and took three women, that would change the ratio to something like forty men to one set of women, and that is something we just cannot tolerate." The spokesman for the group then started to cry. At first, it was a muffled cry but quickly gave way to large crocodile tears with lots of sighing and moaning. It wasn't long before those in proximity also started to cry. Then there was a domino effect as the emotion swept through the crowd. Obviously, the men were deeply moved by the revelation of the ratios. Although they suspected, none were quite aware of just how bad the numbers were.

They could no longer reconcile their respect for the cockmanship of Dr. Leisure with their own deprivation which was exaggerated by the very ability of Dr. Leisure that they so respected. It was a classic case of penis envy. The crowd was working itself into a frenzy being torn in two directions simultaneously. One group wanted to see Dr. Leisure leave the camp and leave his women behind. The others wanted to string Dr. Leisure up to the nearest tree by his dick.

The crowd became more agitated and started to come forward, pinning Dr. Leisure against the back of his camper.

"No, No don't, don't," I yelled into the blackness as I started to move forward, only to find that the ceiling of the camper was blocking my path. I slowly realized that I was lying on my back in my bed. Jan was caressing my arm and asking what was the matter.

It had been just a nightmare. The men at Reptile Lake were not really jealous of me after all. I was just dreaming.

The next day as I walked around the lake and saw the faces of many I had seen in the crowd the night before, I could not be sure. Was I dreaming? Or did the men of Reptile Lake really have a serious problem with the successes of Dr. Leisure?

Chapter 54 Sally, A Chairman's Wife

"Boy, Mentor, I sure had an interesting dream about the department's chairman's wife. What do you think it meant."

"How would I know? You've not told me what happened."

"I thought you knew all my thoughts, no matter where or when I had them!"

"You've got to be kidding. There are a lot more interesting things going on in the world than in your mind. Even if there were not, I have other things to attend to... Like that cute redhead over there."

"Precisely, that redhead is why I thought you would be interested in this. The department chairman's wife is a redhead."

"O.K., so tell me what happened!"

"Well, the other day I went up to Thompson Food Market to get some bagels and a candy bar. Walking across the parking lot, I just happened to notice Sally getting out of a car in the next lane. I said 'Hi' and she responded with a weak smile and said 'Hello' back. I didn't think any more about it and was pleased she even responded at all. As you know, her husband will not respond when I say 'Hello' to him."

"Wait a minute! Whom are you talking about? Are you talking about your old department chairman's wife?"

"No. Give me a break. Do you think I would want to get sued. Sally is the wife of the chairman of the chemistry department. She has nothing to do with anybody in the Recreation and Parks Department."

Walking into the store, I stopped and picked up a shopping basket. Just as I turned to go in, I found Sally standing there looking at me in what I thought was a strange way."

"Dr. Leisure, is it true?" asked Sally.

"Is what true?" I responded.

"Are you as good as they say? I know my husband doesn't think so, but I've asked around and it is clear he is in the minority," she said.

"As good as they say? What do you mean? I am a pretty good researcher and most students tell me I am a good teacher. I really hadn't given it any thought. Whether I am good or not is all a matter of opinion. Some people think I am, while others - like your husband - think I am not. Everyone is entitled to his or her opinion."

"True, but your teaching and research is not what I am referring to!"

"Well then, what are we talking about?"

"Can we talk somewhere else? This is too public for what I want to ask you about."

"Sure, my camper truck is out in the lot. We could talk in the back. In fact I could make you a cup of tea if you like."

Sally accompanied me to the truck and we went inside. I fastened the outside door open relying on the inner screen door to keep the few flies out that were in the air.

"Make yourself at home while I fix some tea," I said gesturing toward the built in sofa that runs along one side of the camper interior. "It will take just a couple of minutes."

"You have an interesting collection of memorabilia in here."

"Yes, I guess so. One of my friends gave me that batman plate since she knew I drove around in the batmobile. This is a Christmas tree ornament that another friend said reminded her of me. I am not sure just why. I am not sure exactly what the thing is. I guess it is a hand-carved ghost. Perhaps the idea was that I was a kindred spirit. The bumper stickers come from the various travel information centers that I've stopped at.

"Is Virginia for Lovers?"

"I guess so. "

"What about the peace symbol hanging there. Where did you get that?"

"I picked that up in Mexico a summer or so ago. I was driving around the West Coast and I got down to San Diego to see Blacks Beach. I figured I was so close to Mexico I ought to spin down and take a peek at Tijuana. So I did. The peace symbol was offered by a street vendor and I thought it would make a great souvenir. Besides, it will go with my flare pants and embroidered shirt that I wear when I dress up as a sixties person at car shows."

"How about the brassiere? Is that one of your conquests?"

"Conquests? No actually I found that near a hot spring."

"You are kidding me?"

"No, I am not. I was with my friend Virginia a summer or two ago and we were looking for this hot spring just outside Yellowstone National Park. On the walk in, I saw the bra and picked it up. It makes an interesting conversation piece. I even wrote a story about it. Cinderella of the Hot Springs. You can guess what was the counterpart of the glass slipper."

"A glass bra?"

"Actually, a blue bra made out of more conventional materials. Just like this one from Frederick's of Hollywood."

"Who is Virginia? Is she from around here? Do I know her."

"No, I doubt that you do. She is from out east. I met her a few years ago. She is one of many women who mean a lot to me."

"See, that is what I am curious about? You have a lot of lovers?"

"No, not really. A few is not necessarily a lot. I do have more than one."

"My husband says you have had lots of women."

"That's funny... how would he even know how many women I have had?"

"Its not just him. Women at the university, some students and some faculty say the same thing."

"Oh, is that right. Tell me more about it. I'd like to learn of this interesting sex life that you describe. It sounds like fun."

"One women said you made her friend very happy... very happy indeed."

"Well, whoever that might have been, I'm glad I could have been of service," remarked a smiling Dr. Leisure.

"Close the door."

"I'm sorry... what did you say?"

"Close the door... Please close the door. I've got to know. I've got to see for myself. You're a nudist. Surely you wouldn't mind if I had a look for myself."

"What could I say? I closed the door as she requested."

"Yes, and then what happened?" asked Mentor with a smile of anticipation.

"Oh, I thought you were more interested in what was happening in other parts of the world and not in my mind."

"True, I did say that but I didn't know it was going to get so interesting. Are you going to tell me or do I have to read your mind?" said a somewhat annoyed Mentor.

"Actually, you are going to get it both ways. I'll tell you enough to get you started, but then you will have to read brain waves for yourself. That shouldn't be a problem, and I am sure you will find them pleasurable.

"After I closed the door, she asked me to disrobe. I started to take off my shirt. Apparently I wasn't going fast enough and she asked if she could help. The next thing I knew, she had my pants down and was all over me. Kissing and caressing and saying things like: "Oh my God, its so wonderful. The women were right! You're tremendous!"

"The next thing I know, she starts to disrobe and within seconds she is totally naked or, perhaps more erotically, nude. In any event, you will have to read brain waves to get the full subtleties of what happened next. I can only wonder what the other shoppers must have thought as they returned to the parking lot and saw the camper swaying from side to side. No telling how the moans and gasps were interpreted. That Sally was one hungry woman. I gather from her remarks that her husband wasn't capable of a whole lot, if and when he was even capable of getting it up!"

"A great story, Dr. Leisure. I must say you sure can conjure up some dillies," said a smiling Mentor.

"What do you think it means?" asked Dr. Leisure.

"Well, for starters I think you are really fantasizing about what I believe is the real crux of the situation... Sexual dominance is what makes the world go around. To the degree that we remove the sexual component from events, we move toward pure dominance."

"I'm a little unclear about something?" asked Mentor in a

puzzled manner.

"What is that?" asked Dr. Leisure.

"Did this happen for real or not? A brain wave reading suggests that there is an awful lot of detail. So much so that you either have a very good imagination or you actually did have intercourse with Sally."

"Surely, you jest. It was like I told you, just a dream! I wouldn't have sex with her under such circumstances. In fact, I am not sure I could even get it up."

"Give me a break. You are capable of having sex with about anything. Besides, think about it. To have sex with your department chairman's wife after what he has done to you would be the ultimate act of revenge and retribution."

"Do you really think that?"

"Yes. In fact, I know it to be a fact of nature and the human condition. He may not understand a lot of things but he will understand quite clearly the implications regarding his status and dominance if he ever finds out you slept with his wife. The only thing that could be more degrading would be for her to have your child."

"Well, at least with the vasectomy we do not have to worry about that!"

"So you did sleep with her. It is more than a dream?"

"You know, I am not really sure! On the one hand, I was quite certain that it was a dream and yet, on the other hand, I am not quite sure. I distinctly remember running into Sally in the parking lot at Thompson's Food Mart a few years ago. I gave her a hug since I had not seen her for a while and she had been having a hard time of it with the recent loss of her father."

"Those memories are just as vivid as those I have of her in the back of my pickup."

"Yes I came across those brain waves myself. They are of equal intensity. But of course that is the way of the mind. The recollection of a moment ago is no different than that of twenty-five minutes ago or even twenty-five years ago. Once in the framework of the mind, there is no difference," observed Mentor.

Chapter 55 Whatever Happened To...?

Whatever Happened to Charles Spencer - Spring 1994

To those who haven't read the first book or don't remember who Charles Spencer was, a quick and brief introduction and review: Charles Spencer was Dean of the College of Health, Physical Education and Recreation (HPER). He was /is a short, gullible man. He was new to WIU when I was fired and didn't really know what he was getting into. He was told some rather outrageous lies by department chairman Nick DiGrino and apparently bought into every one!

Unfortunately for Dean Spencer, he didn't learn from his experience with my termination. If he read my book, he would have known that the people he confided in were rather incompetent jerks. Charles Spencer should have read the book. He had one! At least his brother had bought one from me and asked that I personally autograph it. I was pleased to do so and did. I personally like Chuck Spencer. He is a pleasant enough individual in any context other than as a university administrator. I remember walking around the interior of Western Hall looking at cars during the first annual car show at the university. (It was the first and last annual car show.)

Anyway, somewhere along the line the previous president of the university, Ralph Wagoner, had entered into an agreement with various deans to eliminate certain colleges in the university. This was one of those grandiose plans that was supposed to save the taxpayer money. It would appear that by downsizing the university and laying off some of the excess administrators, significant monies could be saved! Right? Wrong!

But things are not as they appear. The real trick was to reshuffle the university in a manner that no administrator lost his position or had his income cut in any way. The bureaucrats know how to do this! In fact, they are quite good at it. The university would be reshuffled, but not downsized in any way. The public and the legislature would love this and act like they knew nothing of what was really going on. Actually, probably most didn't have a clue.

Dean Spencer's college of HPER was one of the colleges chosen to disappear. Various parts would be spun off to other existing colleges. However, the dean would have a new position. I don't know exactly what it was, but it would involve a twelve-month contract and he could keep his dean's salary and the key to his own locker in the faculty dressing room.

However, Dean Spencer blew it! He listened to his advisors who suggested that he write a letter to the alumni of the college and suggest to them that they write the new president. In one of those ironies, the new president of WIU was now named Spencer as well.

Anyway, the Dean suggested that alumni tell President Spencer that they would withhold any future donations of money to WIU if the

college went away. The Dean sent this information out as part of the alumni mailing, using university funds to do so.

For some unknown reason, President Spencer was not particularly happy with the proposal. My guess is that one Spencer at WIU was enough, and the President decided that the second Spencer had to go.

The Dean was called in and given the boot. He would no longer be Dean, even though the college had not yet disappeared! And he would no longer have his twelve-month contract. He would be regular faculty with a nine-month contract, a demotion of 25% in salary right off the top. I don't know if he had to give up his key to the locker room. I suspect it would be so humiliating to use it that the dean, I mean ex-dean, probably turned it in himself!

Whatever Happened to Gordon Kirk?

Gordon Kirk was the Associate Provost that played a significant role in my firing. He advised DiGrino and Witthuhn on just what had to be done to get rid of me. It is apparent from the record that he assisted DiGrino in making up the false information that became the driving force in the termination. I understand he was essentially demoted from his position as Associate Provost. I doubt if that demotion had anything to do with his role in having me fired. I am sure that the administration was totally in support of that action. I suspect they just thought he was getting a little too big for his britches and besides, there were others vying for the financial wherewithal associated with being an Associate Provost and Vice President of Western Illinois University.

I got the most insight on what had happened to Gordon Kirk from a student whom I happened to run into at the Community Theatre one evening. I was watching a play and it was either just prior or during an intermission that I got engaged in a conversation with someone nearby. I think it was a woman who complimented me on one of my radio commentaries. Anyhow, I find people speaking to me whom I have never met. It seems a young man just in front of me spoke up and said he also wanted to compliment me. He said he was somehow affiliated with the history department and was well aware of me and my book. He thought the title was particularly good! He indicated that Gordon Kirk had "a warm fuzzy spot in his heart" for me. I'm not sure I understand what a "warm fuzzy spot" is exactly. I suspect that it might be similar to heartburn. Or actually, maybe it is closer to a "pain in the ass!" In any event, I gather I am still talked about at the university, at least in the history department.

Whatever Happened to Frank Lupton?

The last I heard of Frank Lupton, he had retired from the university and was traveling around the country in his motor home, apparently accompanied by his wife Evon. Lest you have forgotten or

never knew about Frank Lupton, he was the former chairman and full professor in the Department of Recreation and Park Administration who preferred that students and faculty address him as "Doc." At first glance, one would think it was a term of casual endearment. In Frank's mind, it was actually an attempt to command a degree of the respect associated with such an advanced degree. Most people who have the earned doctorate degree have made some sort of contribution and are recognized by their colleagues for that contribution, some by being called Doctor in formal settings.

Lupton unfortunately was not capable of anything approaching the usual basis for such recognition. In his entire professional teaching career, he never published a single paper. This is probably consistent with the idea that the man never had an original thought. He was the antithesis of the competent teacher. Yet he apparently was just what Western Illinois University was used to and that which they wanted to perpetuate.

Whatever Happened to Ralph Wagoner?

The last I heard, Ralph Wagoner went to be president at a university in South Dakota. Apparently they were pleased to have a president that had stood up to the moral decay occurring at WIU because someone was an authority on public nudity.

Whatever Happened to the Board of Governors of State Colleges and Universities (BGU)?

The Board of Governors of State Colleges and Universities was disbanded by the state legislature in the mid nineties (April 1995). Instead of five universities under one board, separate boards were created for each. The result was individual autonomy for each of the universities and a savings to the Illinois tax payers of millions of dollars that had gone to support the bureaucrats that composed the BGU.

Whatever happened to Thomas Layzell?

Thomas Layzell was the head of the Board of Governors. He had given himself the title chancellor. He was considered the head of a multi-faceted university system involving five campuses. He received compensation in excess of one hundred and twenty thousand dollars a year. His bureaucratic domain was responsible for skimming and spending some three million dollars a year in the "management" of the five campuses. In 1995, the governor of the state was successful in getting the legislature to eliminate this rather blatant waste of resources. Even before the BGU could be eliminated, I understand Thomas Layzell had jumped ship and moved to Mississippi. I wonder why the likes of Layzell don't retire. While in Illinois, he had personally taken home something in excess of a million dollars! The cost of living in Springfield, Illinois, is not excessive and there should have been money

left over to buy a nice condo in Florida or wherever.

Whatever happened to Michael Provines?

Michael Provines was another bureaucrat with the BGU. After the elimination of the BGU, it appears that he drifted around Springfield in various education related bureaucratic positions. When I finally caught up with him I found he was affiliated with the Educational Labor Relations Board. It is no wonder that the IELRB was not about to do anything in support of my charge against the BGU. For now I was actually attacking one of their employees.

Whatever happened to the University Professionals of Illinois (UPI)?

I had hoped with the dissolution of the BGU that the UPI would be forced to reform. However, that does not seem to be the case. To this day they impose themselves between the faculty and the administration at the five separate universities formally affiliated as one under the BGU.

Whatever happened to Mitch Vogel?

Mitch Vogel was and still is the president of the University Professionals of Illinois. He took great satisfaction in the fact that his bureaucracy survived when the BGU did not. Vogel continues to deny the integrity of my first book. He asserts that it includes many misstatements and misrepresentations but fails to identify what those might be. I am sure he will find many such misstatement in this book as well. Again he won't bother to identify them. He knows that any thing I have attributed to him is an accurate representation.

Whatever happened to Steve Yokich?

Steve Yokich was the union lawyer supposedly representing me in the early stages of the termination proceedings back in 1991. The last I heard he went off to Washington D.C. Beyond that I have heard nothing.

Whatever happened to Richard Brewer?

As far as I know, Richard Brewer (the UPI grievance officer) still continues in that position. To this day I do not know of a single grievance which he has ever seen through to completion.

Whatever happened to Barbara Hillman?

Barbara Hillman continues to represent the UPI. Most recently, she appeared in the Seventh Appellate Court on behalf of herself and a number of members of the UPI.

Whatever happened to Nick DiGrino?

Bernard N. DiGrino still continues as chairman of the

Department of Recreation, Parks, and Tourism Administration at Western Illinois University. He has quite a reputation in the recreation movement. Interestingly, that reputation is based on my account of his actions in my book *He Wouldn't Drink the Hemlock: The Firing of Dr. Leisure*. From time to time, I meet other recreation professionals on the beach at Maui. They and their students are quite familiar with Dr. Leisure and the events at WIU. One wonders if that knowledge comes from Dr. Leisure's web site, [www:drleisure.com](http://www.drleisure.com), or the copy of **Hemlock** in the school library of every college with an approved curriculum in recreation and parks.

Chapter 56 Dr. Leisure Meets the Pagans

Over the years, I had developed an awareness of those religious groups that believed in the forces of nature as the spiritual bases for their value system. During the early seventies, I attended a guest lecture on witches and witchcraft. I don't remember the speaker's name or much about the content of the talk. I do remember that the presentation was accompanied by slides showing the witch priestess doing her incantations in the nude. She was trim in figure and pleasant to look at.

During the summer of 1995, I had agreed to be the keynote speaker at what was billed as The Heartland Gathering of the Naturist Society. The event was the second of its type held at Cherokee Nudist Resort located near Crossville, Tennessee. Bill Pennington and Camile VanSicle were the organizers of the event. I had met Bill and Camile the previous fall at a nudist resort in South Carolina. They asked me to speak the following summer at their naturist gathering. I had tentatively agreed.

At the gathering, I happened to meet Gavin and Yvonne Frost. In the course of our conversation, I learned that they were the founders of the Church and School of Wicca. A church of and for witches! I was intrigued by the whole concept but particularly with the legal tax implications of such an organization. Gavin and Yvonne were very open with me in sharing their technical know-how on how to establish a church.

They were interested in the nudist movement and looking for possible sites to run workshops dealing with the craft (the term used by witches to include the whole general area of witchcraft and related aspects of the movement). In the course of answering my numerous questions, Gavin mentioned that hundreds of pagan events are held throughout the year and throughout the United States. He also indicated that "clothing optional" was the usual state at these events. If I were knowledgeable on such form of recreation, it would behoove me to attend and experience first-hand this aspect of nudity. Furthermore, there was to be a very large gathering in about three weeks in New York. It would be the biggest and best such happening the entire year. Gavin said he was a speaker and knew all the main participants and the campground owner. He suggested I would be most welcome and should come up for the event if at all possible. I couldn't refute the logic of his invitation and decided that, indeed, I would go if possible.

Starwood 1995 ran from Tuesday, July 18th to Sunday, July 23rd. The site is a farm owned and operated by Darlene and Frank Lee Barney near Sherman, NY. They have named the place Brushwood Folklore Center, with an emphasis on camping and special events.

I rolled my truck down the hill from the east, heading in a westerly direction. Up ahead, I could see cars parked in a field to the

north of the gravel road. A large sign to the south said Brushwood. It corresponded to the directions in my guide and I knew I had arrived.

The entry drive was lined by parked cars everywhere. The road turned to the left and a sign indicated one should pull off and register within the rustic-looking farm building to the right. I looked for the most level spot and stopped.

Inside, I found a couple of tables manned by young people in tie-dyed attire who asked my name to check against their preregistration form. I explained I would not be so found and intended to pay at the door. They indicated that would be fine, but I would have to pay one hundred and twenty dollars in cash. My personal check or my credit card would not be accepted. This created a minor problem since I had only a hundred in cash.

I asked if they knew whether my friend Gavin Frost was about. I was told he was in a meeting at the house a few hundred feet away. Taken to the house, I was introduced to Darlene Barney, the group's general trouble shooter. I explained I was a friend of the Frosts and needed twenty in cash to make my admission fee. She handed me a twenty-dollar bill and said I could pay her back later. She returned to the meeting and I went back to pay my fee.

During the sign-in process, I learned it was expected that I would work for two hours as part of the admittance. I thought that sounded like a good idea, since everyone involved would be more knowledgeable as to the actual operation of the festival. I opted to get my time in early so I wouldn't be obligated later on when I might want to be otherwise committed. I signed up for "general," not wanting to be specific in an area such as first aid where my skills might be less than desired. I noted that the festival had a work admittance component. A pagan low on funds could get in for sixty dollars if he or she would consent to work for a more substantial time.

I rolled past a couple of rustic buildings that I would learn later contained gang showers segregated by sexes. Down the hill, I noticed a sign that said "you may be skyclad beyond this point." Believe it or not, it took me a minute or two to figure out what it meant to be "skyclad." (Substitute nude.)

At the base of the hill, the road entered into an open area bounded by woods. I drove past another structure that I would learn contains the swimming pool and the hot tub. I observed rows of various canvas structures bigger than your usual camping tent. These tents were the shelters of the merchants. There were actually a few rows of these transient structures running in a southerly direction away from the central focus of the pool house and a major food concession building. Over the next few days, the already sizable merchant compound would continue to expand to the south.

I drove around the perimeter of the general area, trying to get the lay of the land and to determine where I wanted to park the truck.

Although many people came in and off-loaded their tents and took their cars out off-site, you could keep your vehicle on site if you lived in it. Since I obviously did I had obtained the prerequisite permit to display in the windshield.

I pulled the truck off the road and got it reasonably level. I noticed some other people camped in tents a few hundred feet away and went over. Introducing myself to one couple, I asked if I were situated in an appropriate manner. They suggested that I was. I would run into this same couple throughout the event.

In the days to come, other tents and vehicles sprang up around my truck. At one point, a station wagon slipped in between the next tent and my camper. Initially, I wondered if I would be able to open my door. When I found I could, I was relieved but still felt the car was a little closer than it really ought to have been. But since I still could get in and out, it made no real difference to me and I went about my business.

The Handfastening (Marriage Ceremony)

During the festival, I had the good fortune to be invited to witness and participate in a Handfastening Ceremony. In the non-pagan community, the event would be referred to as a marriage ceremony.

About a half-dozen individuals went to the campsite of the couple. Arriving there, I met Paul who was in the process of building a fire. I was told that he was demonstrating his basic skill as a provider by making a symbolic fire. It was apparent that he had gone to great pains to carefully pile split kindling wood in the traditional tepee format.

He added a burning splint lit with his child-proof lighter. The fire started to go, but apparently neither he nor Dana (another pagan whom I had recently met) thought the fire was progressing fast enough. Dana suggested there was a need to blow on the fire. This accelerated the fire for a time, but resulted in all the fine kindling being consumed. Further blowing then actually resulted in extinguishing the fire.

Paul was obviously a bit apprehensive. His symbolic fire had failed. Fortunately, he was able to overcome his anxieties and turned again to the task of the fire, stacking fresh kindling and inserting another burning splint. This time without the blowing, the heat generated set off the larger pieces of kindling and the fire progressed in accord with the usual laws of nature.

All the principal participants had arrived, and I was introduced to the fifteen to twenty people in attendance. The service was to be led by Rev. Omi Zaleski of the Church of Iron Oak in Florida. The participants formed a circle around the site designated as the spot for the wedding. A tree section served as the altar and contained flowers, a cup of wine, and other items associated with the ritual that would unfold in the next few minutes.

Starting with all individuals facing the east, incantations were made to the spirits and the goddess to come and participate in the

ceremony. Arms were outstretched and the goddess was welcomed. Next, the focus of the circle was directed to the south and a similar request was made to the spirits. Then again, the direction was changed to the west and finally to the north. At each compass point, spirits were asked to come and participate in the ceremony. Different spirits are generally associated with the different directions of the compass.

In the course of the ceremony which followed the couple actually had their right hands tied together with a piece of string to symbolize their bonding. Apparently, a pagan hand fastening can be for most any length of time. Unlike a typical Christian marriage the marriage has an end. At the end of the time period, in this case five years, the couple can either renew or go their separate ways. Seems like a very realistic approach to things from my perspective.

At the end of the ceremony the gods and goddesses were again invoked. They were encouraged to stay if they wanted or to leave if they had to. And then bid well.

"Stay if you can, leave if you must. Hale and farewell."

St. Louis, Missouri

While at Starwood I was introduced to Cate and Frank Dalton, the founders of CraftWise, a mail order operation specializing in jewelry and books of interest to the pagan community. The Daltons had put together a very successful gathering of pagans in the Connecticut area earlier in the year. They had invited in a group of key speakers and presented what amounted to a mini, urban-oriented Starwood. Based on the success of the event, with over four hundred in attendance, they decided to do the same thing in the St. Louis area.

Gavin suggested to Cate that I would be a desirable speaker for the conference scheduled in late August. I thought it would be fun, and we agreed I would talk on two areas. One would be my impressions of paganism, based on my first intimate look at many aspects of the process while at Starwood. The second topic would be nudism, nudity and paganism. I was developing some impressions and observations on how people looked at nudity within the context of two different "isms" and I wanted to share those views with others to learn if my perceptions were correct.

I met Oberon Zell, one of the founders of A Church of All Worlds. This church is based in part on the fictional character, Michael Valentine created by Robert Heinlein in his book *Stranger in a Strange Land*.

Friday night, the opening circle was planned to begin the conference. It was held within the building near the inside swimming pool. I am not certain, but the area had the look of an enclosure built over what may have been an external pool at one time. In any event,

there were overhead ducts for the air conditioning system which one could hear pushing out air. The adjacent hotel rooms had window air conditioners running in many of the rooms. In short, there was a background hum of machinery that made it difficult to hear some of the incantations and other comments by the participants. The messages of some of the children were totally lost.

Just prior to the circle, I was talking to individuals congregating about in anticipation of the event. One young woman had just introduced herself to Gavin as one of his students. Judy had been taking a number of courses from the Church and School of Wicca and had recognized Gavin and Yvonne from their images in their video tapes. Prior to this conference, she had never met either. Needless to say, it was an exciting moment for her to meet the very people with whom she had been corresponding over the years.

Judy had a very pleasant face, one that was more than easy to look at. That, combined with a pleasant easy-going manner, made it easy to strike up and carry on a conversation. Aspects of that human chemistry that develops between two individuals were apparently underway.

The next day, I would again encounter Judy at a session on witches done by the Frosts. It was a session I had heard before at Starwood, but decided to sit in on it again since nothing else on the program particularly struck my fancy. Because I had a presentation later in the day, I decided to dress consistent with my position as a conference speaker. This meant that I had on my double-breasted black suit. Aply referred to as my power suit by all who knew me, the image conveyed of power and authority was assumed to be an attribute of the person who wore it.

Time came for my mid-afternoon session and no one came. I had mixed feelings. I was relieved on the one hand, since I had backed away from further preparation based on my observation of other speakers and the level of turnout. (The conference attendance level did not materialize as planned or anticipated.) On the other hand, I was generally ready to give a presentation and would have enjoyed the interaction. I had spent a number of hours in preparation and anticipation. Accordingly I was slightly let down, but not so much that I couldn't deal with it. In any event, I no longer needed to have my suit on and immediately returned to my camper truck to change into something a little less intimidating.

An even later afternoon session by the Frosts was on Astral Travel. I had missed this talk at Starwood and wanted to know what they had to say. Also in attendance was Judy and her daughter and male companion.

Gavin attempted to put us into an astral travel mode, basically taking us into a state of consciousness resembling sleep to a degree. In some respects, we were being hypnotized. One subject actually dozed off during the program. Keep in mind we were all lying on the floor trying

to achieve a state of consciousness similar to a deep meditative trance.

I achieved some degree of meditation and recalled images of unicorns and raccoons in my trance-like state. I could also see the force of winds working on tropical palm trees. Was I at the sight of a Caribbean storm on some atoll in my astral travel, or was I just remembering the weather channel coverage of the latest hurricane?

The session broke up.

The Frosts would do another presentation later that evening. It, too, was one they had given at Starwood on "Sex in a Ritual Situation." I had heard just snippets of this talk and was really curious about the actual content. (My friend Morly Schloss had been so impressed with the presentation at Starwood that he had invited the Frosts to be speakers at a Nativist gathering which had occurred the week before.)

The essence of Gavin's remarks was a summary of a technique used by some to enhance their sexual experience. Apparently by paying attention to timing, diet, and with practice, the sexual experience can be significantly enhanced. Some witch covens are able to compress elements of the procedure practiced over a month's time period in India into a few hours and achieve significant results in the context of their rituals.

One comment that particularly struck me concerned the release of endorphin with the sex act. It was the release of this natural narcotic by the body which assisted the individual in achieving the meditative state that for many was nirvana.

I had previously heard about endorphin in the context of the runner's high. Studies have found that joggers generate endorphin, explaining why running can be so addictive and rewarding. Prior to Gavin's remarks, I do not believe I have ever heard the term used in this context. It was so logical! The body releases endorphin during the sexual act and this was the basis for the intense pleasure of the act. Of course it was so obvious!

Judy was at the session, which by the standards of this conference was well attended. Some eight to ten people were present. Gavin then posed questions to the group to be answered by members of one sex at a time. For example, he asked the females if they would have a preference for a new sexual partner in the context of ritual sex or would they prefer their regular partner. All answered they would prefer new. He then posed the same question to the men. All answered the same as the women.

He talked about the men and women meeting prior to the sexual component to get acquainted. It was the experience of his coven that this approach enhanced the experience for everyone.

After the session, I walked with Gavin and Yvonne back to the hospitality suite since they were going to retire and depart early the next day. On the way, I noted Judy talking with some people in the corridor near the exhibitor's showroom. I made a mental note to look for her later

after I had said goodbye to Gavin and Yvonne.

Circling around the hallways, I could not find Judy. Finally, I decided that I would make one more pass and call it an evening.

Meanwhile in room 216. "Mother, you have been in and out of here a half-dozen times in the last hour," said Judy's daughter Laura. "What are you trying to do?"

"I have a question for Dr. Leisure and it just cannot wait until morning."

"I'll bet I know the question. You just want someone to share your bed this night. I saw how you looked at him all day. He certainly looked awesome in that suit! But I must admit the bulge in his brown shorts did catch my attention. He appears to have a lot to offer."

"Hush, child. Let your mother have a few secrets."

Not finding Judy in the hallways, I returned to my camper truck parked in the front of the hotel. I could have shared a room with one of the other speakers but decided that since I had all the conveniences of home with me, I might as well enjoy them! I was tired and fell off to sleep quickly, pondering the idea of sharing my bed with Judy.

Meanwhile back in room 216 in the old wing.

"You're back again! No luck, or did you find him and he wasn't interested?" asked Laura

"I didn't find him. He was not in the hospitality suite and I checked the hallways on both floors and he has disappeared."

"You know his truck is parked right out front. Why don't you go down and knock on the door?"

"He might have somebody with him, and I don't want to intrude. That does sound like a good idea. But I'll just have to get along without him. He will be in my dreams."

Meanwhile in the camper. Dr. Leisure cranked the top vent of the truck up to full open and cracked the side vent. Eventually, the heat would bleed out and it would be comfortable enough to sleep in the truck.

Leisure could imagine how the warm body of Judy would feel pressed against his and he smiled with the thought. Maybe in the future, but it was not to be this night.

Morning came and Dr. Leisure went off to do his nine o'clock presentation. In one of those ironies of the internal air-conditioned environment, it was particularly cool in the proposed conference room. It seems all such rooms are clustered in the interior of the building and have no access to outside air. The rooms, having been shut for the night,

were probably close to 60 degrees or lower. This was particularly cool to someone entering from the outside where the temperature approached 80 in the common areas of the building and even higher temperatures outside.

Dr. Leisure was propping the door open, trying to get some heat into the room. It was just about time for the presentation when who should appear? The physical presences of the apparition that had been on Leisure's mind much of the night before. "Good morning, Judy. Did you come for my presentation?"

"Yes, I wanted to hear what Dr. Leisure had to say about nudity and the pagan movement."

"You're very kind. I wonder if anyone else is going to come? It doesn't appear to me that this is a big topic area. That and the fact that this conference seems to be rather lightly attended. Does it seem cold to you in here?" asked Leisure.

"Yes, its freezing!"

"Let's stand out in the hall and see if anyone else is coming."

A few minutes later and after the scheduled beginning time of the session, "Well it doesn't appear to me that anyone else is coming. I don't see any reason why we need to freeze in this conference room. Why don't we go down in the lobby or somewhere else and I can fill you in on what I was going to say."

"Sounds good to me."

"You know I have my truck outside. I could make you a cup of coffee or tea if you like."

"That would be fine. I would like to see your camper. I saw it parked in front of the hotel."

A few minutes later in the interior of the camper truck. "What was that? You were looking for me last night?" asked Dr. Leisure. "Would you believe I was looking for you last night? After Yvonne and Gavin left, I went back around the hallway where I had last seen you and was looking for you! Can you believe that?"

"Laura said I should have come down here and knocked on your door."

"I wish you had! Do I sense that you are interested in something more than what I have to say about nudity in paganism. Should I close the door."

"I think that would be a good idea!" said Judy.

Dr. Leisure took some ribbing from the other speakers when he arrived late at a general session where all of them were expected to attend. It seems that the entire morning disappeared as the passions of a new relationship were allowed to run to their natural conclusion. Apparently those involved in the pagan movement are quite familiar and open to the idea of enjoying the moment, particularly between

individuals whose chemistry works!

The Bonfire

For many at Starwood, the Bonfire represents the high point of the event. For others it is the beginning, a refocusing of self to face the year ahead.

Hundreds of dancers and spectators milling about a huge bonfire create special concerns of their own. A few years earlier, an individual reportedly under the influence of LSD thought he could dance through the fire. He jumped in. A quick response by others saved him from all but serious burns on the feet and legs. On another occasion, the central core of the fire -- made of long poles tied at the top by rope -- started to topple as the ropes burned through. Only action by the campground owner and members of his staff saved all from injury. By moving quickly onto the field, they were able to push the dancers back and clear of the path of the falling poles.

Based on these and other experiences, the Brushwood management had developed a rather elaborate procedure to insure that the fire comes off as a major event with no incidents. On this particular Starwood, the safety preparations began with rebuilding the fire the morning of the intended bonfire. I had been down the day before and noted with interest that a whole truck load of logs had been brought in for the fire. Men with chain saws set about notching and moving the logs into the shape of a log cabin. I was a bit puzzled to see some of the logs braced from the outside with other logs. Clearly, the intent was to keep the logs from rolling out and off the log framework. But I wondered how this was to work if the bracing logs burned? And they were smaller than the logs they were supposed to brace!

Fortunately, one of Frank Barney's friends and assistants, visiting with the sole purpose of helping, had the same question. After a brief consultation with Frank, the log truck returned on mid morning of the day of the fire to assist in rebuilding it. All the logs were taken down and then reerected without the use of bracing logs. Instead, a log retaining wall was built around the perimeter of the main core. Logs were laid in toward the center. The bottoms braced against the perimeter logs, with the tops leaning against the interior framework. As these logs would burn, they would fall toward the center of the fire and work against any log tending to roll outward.

The interior core of the fire was made of slabs of wood in the shape of a giant tepee that rose skyward in the interior of the framework. To my untrained eye, it appeared that this wood would burn rapidly and the boards would crumble onto themselves and fall into the center of the fire. The slabs were not of the length and size that had resulted in the toppling of the earlier fire.

I visited the prepared bonfire later in the day to see how it was shaping up. By this time, a guard was in place. A young woman named

Majica challenged any that approached the fire and cautioned against climbing on it or having an open lighter around. Apparently in past years, individuals had come up with the idea it might be good for a laugh to have the fire at a time other than when it was scheduled. The ACE people also learn from their experiences and responded accordingly.

Behind the Scenes

Other behind-the-scenes activities included a run-through of the dancers who would lead the procession down the hill and actually light the fire. Magician Ron had been hired specifically to manage the crowd. Among other things, he met with the dancers, drummers, and other support people at the base of the log pile that would constitute the bonfire later in the day.

He suggested that those dancers forming the inner ring, which would separate the revelers from the fire, tie bits of ribbon on their arms. This, combined with hand movements and appropriate chant such as "stay back, stay back," would be the way the dancers could control the crowd.

Evening of the Bonfire

A concert of various groups was scheduled for the evening of the bonfire, beginning about 8:00. The groups included Earth Rhythm and Mariana. Fine groups whom I have had the pleasure of seeing perform a number of times, including the previous week at Sirius Rising (another workshop put on by the Brushwood Folklore Center).

But having seen the various groups already, my interest was in the bonfire. With the concert in the main pavilion, the crowds began to form. Easily filling the pavilion, which could probably accommodate a couple of hundred without difficulty, the number of people exceeded that by many fold. They milled about the pavilion like worker bees just returned to the hive. They were continually joined by others, each new reveler bringing his or her bit of energy to the happening.

I was observing things from the pool house located parallel to and slightly higher than the pavilion. To my surprise, I found that I had been joined by Darlene Barney, who was using a portable radio to advise the rest of the Brushwood staff, the status of the event.

Time for me was dragging because I was interested in the main event. It was obvious that things were running on Eastern Pagan Time, which is to say things were one to two hours behind schedule.

Finally, the magician took the stage and bid farewell to the last scheduled group of singers and dancers. He asked for and received the attention of the crowd. He revved them up and then brought them down. He asked them to kneel to the ground and touch it, a process known as "grounding." The idea is that energy flows and needs to have a ground, much as electrical energy does.

He asks the group to remember why they came to Starwood. He

acknowledges the energy in the air and in this place and time. He suggests that each individual capture a bit of that energy and place it within his heart and hold it there as the ceremonial Bonfire continues.

Working with a set of steel rings, the magician links and unlinks the chain. Ultimately, he spins the rings into a hollow sphere. (Visualize four steel rings held at top and bottom and at right angles to each other.)

The magician leads the group into the chant, "We are a circle, within a circle. Without a beginning, and never ending." The crowd picks up the chant and it is said over and over as the magician moves from the platform to the head of the procession. Torches are lit and the drummers start to drum. A rhythm and cadence settles on the crowd and the procession starts to move. It falls in behind an individual attired in what appears to be a white buffalo headdress. I am uncertain, but believe it is the magician. After what seems like a false start, the procession cuts back on itself and heads down the path closest to the tree line. (Probably another safety consideration. For this path is wider and free from encroaching tents which could be ignited by a careless torch carrier.)

On a parallel path, I encounter Darlene heading down the hill with a walkie-talkie in hand. I ask if the procession is on the right path. Her response is she doesn't know.

At the base of the hill, a corridor of greeters awaits. By this time, I have moved to the corner of the main field containing the fire circle. Parked in the corner is a jeep placed for use if the need for emergency transportation arises.

The night is exceptionally cool, in fact cold might be a better characterization. The temperature must be close to fifty. There is a dense mist settling in the low area surrounding the fire circle. The whole lower valley is full of mist and fog. The sky is somewhat obscured by the haze, yet I see a shooting star drop to the horizon.

The procession has entered the corridor and is now moving down and around the fire. The dancers continue to circle the pyre and go through what looks like a very well choreographed routine. In unison, the dancer/torch bearers run forward and feign lighting the fire. At the last second, they stop and pull back. This is done a number of times. In between, the torches are whirled about above their heads.

Finally, they move forward and it is not a feint. The torches are inserted into the base perimeter of the wood pile. The flames slowly move from the torches to the kindling. The latter in turn starts to take off. Flames move skyward, traveling up the thin slabs constituting the central core. It is but a few minutes and the flames are leaping up to the very top. Sparklers and other incendiaries placed within the core start to ignite. Bright flashes of light sparkle and glisten through the night.

The center of the area is clearing as the heat drives the moisture up and away. The fast-burning nature of the central core produces a lot of light which illuminates everyone in the immediate area. It appears to

my untrained eye that the fire is burning as intended. The central core is totally engulfed in flames. In a matter of minutes, perhaps ten or twenty, or maybe more, the central core starts to fall in on itself. As the fire collapses and it is clear that it is well contained within the log barriers, the crowd is permitted to close in.

Literally, hundreds of festive pagans start dancing and moving about the fire. The central core is composed of dancers with ribbons on their arms. They form a barrier to the fire. With their arms and hands gesturing combining with the chant "Stay back, Stay back," they effectively keep the dancers a respectful distance from the fire.

The dancers are arrayed in a variety of costumes. Some have shed their clothes entirely and are frolicking barefoot around the fire. Others are wearing colorful costumes or are but scantily clad. The crowd is having fun, but seems to be doing so in a relatively constrained and safe manner.

As the fire consolidates and begins to consume the main logs, the dancing continues. Revelers that clearly have done this before are taking breaks and visiting water jugs secreted with their friends in the crowd. Some actually are carrying them around as they dance. There is a great deal of energy in the air. Yet the revelers seem to have taken the magician's words to heart and it seems the energy is positively and safely directed.

I enter the perimeter of the spectators and move toward the dancers of the inner circle. The whole group has moved closer to the fire. I circle around, stopping and talking briefly with many of the people I have come to know in the last week. Everyone seems to agree that the bonfire has been a success.

I move back to the jeep and join up with other friends who are working as safety personnel. They are monitoring their radios, but no problems seem to be surfacing. A paramedic wearing a fireman's coat moves to our location. He had been circulating close to the fire in the event he were needed. Apparently, he was close enough to the fire that his jacket was starting to heat up. He says this indicates that the temperature was particularly hot. He needs a drink of water which is quickly provided by one of the others.

A report comes in on the radio indicating that someone has been detained by ACE security with an illicit camera. Reports indicate a woman had some thirty rolls of film and a professional camera. Also, a black Porche has been blocked in at the parking lot by a suspicious security person. The fellow in the car is asking about the woman. She is denying that she knows the individual. ACE will keep the film and process it. They will return what they see fit. Cameras and photography are prohibited at the festival.

It is well after midnight and not withstanding how much I am interested in what will transpire around the fire as the night progresses, I yield to my body's desire for sleep. I turn in to the sound of the

constant drumming, a sound that I truly like. It is hypnotic and helps me fall asleep.

On rising at dawn, I walk down to the fire. Perhaps twenty or so individuals are still moving about. A remaining drummer or two still drums.

I am offered mead by one dancer and special Brushwood water by another. I drink the mead and am suspicious of the "special water." The offerer, sensing my skepticism, assures me it is straight Brushwood well water and that in itself is its "special" quality. While I am sure her comments are valid, I still decline, not really needing any water, either plain or special at the moment.

I am told that passions run high at the bonfire. As at many pagan festivals, women outnumber men. Quite often, the provocative dance of the female pagan is for the benefit or enticement of a particular male. I talked with one male who admitted to making love in the grass the night of the fire under the influence of the moment and the inducement of a particular lady. Before it happened, he had never thought he would be up to sex under such circumstances. After the fact, he found it was much easier and more enjoyable than he could possibly have imagined prior to the event.

Some Observations on Sex and Ritual

An altered state of consciousness characterizes every pagan ritual. Indeed, I suspect that any Christian service also seeks an altered state of consciousness as well. Many devices and aids are incorporated into the service or ritual to assist in bringing that state about.

Let me suggest that a shift in the state of consciousness may be nothing more than focusing the mind of the individual upon the words of the speaker. If one thinks about it, this is a shift in the state of consciousness of the individual. Prior to the moment, the mind is processing information from many different sources. When the individual focuses his or her attention on the speaker, the number of different sources to which the mind is attuned is greatly reduced. Perhaps for some, the speaker will be the sole source.

Music is also used. Again, by being involved in the production of sound and singing, the mind becomes focused. Prayer and/or meditation is another aid in focusing the energy of the mind.

So when we think of attempting to produce a state of altered consciousness, it may not be significantly different from what we often do on numerous occasions but never give a second thought.

The energy and altered state of consciousness associated with the sex act has never been known to be lost on any group in human history. Indeed, it is such a powerful force that many religious groups make very concerted efforts to control and regulate it for their members and others, particularly those not members of their group but whom are subservient for one reason or another.

My friends Gavin and Yvonne Frost often give a workshop on how they incorporate sex into their worship ceremony. It was at a CraftWise workshop in Connecticut where I had an opportunity to more fully participate in one of their programs.

I had attended their workshop earlier in the day entitled "How to Raise Energy in Ritual." They had explained the purpose behind different aspects of the ritual. For example, the shape of the circle was slightly ellipsoid to give two focal points within. Reference was made to seven different directions, thus going beyond the four cardinal points to include the sky above and the earth below, as well as the spirit within the individual.

The Frosts teach a form of Wicca derived from teachings they have studied in England and Europe. Sex has always been part of pagan rituals in one form or another. Unlike some contemporary versions of the craft, the Frosts have recognized and maintained elements of this aspect of the human condition as part of their teachings. In some circles, they are respected for this; in others, they are disdained for the practice.

Albeit, there are some definite modern overtones. For example, the main aspects of the sexual component are worked out in advance by the women. They decide who will pair with whom. Any potential frictions over sex are essentially worked out in advance. No woman has to submit to a man if she does not choose to do so. [Note: the men have little choice, if any. I presume if they do have reservations, they will make this known through their female spokesperson.] Additionally, the woman is on top. She is also expected to guide and initiate the actual penetration, the whole idea being to empower the woman and remove from the affair any suggestion of sexual assault.

The midnight hour of the ritual approached. I went to the designated conference room with a woman I had met at an earlier pagan festival, one to whom I was attracted and who I thought was attracted to me. She was married. However, her husband had no interest in the pagan thing and did not attend. Whether he knew the ins and outs of what went on, I do not know. I do know that he did what he could to be supportive of his wife's interest. For the earlier event, he had paid her air fare of \$1,000 so that she might attend.

It appeared that there were present some dozen participants; six men and six women. Before the ritual began, the women caucused. With pairing decided, the ritual began.

We all disrobed and assembled outside the circle. Each entered and embraced each of those who had entered earlier and then took a position further around the circle to greet and embrace those who would follow.

Some centering. Some incantations. Some singing and dancing and we moved toward the sexual component of the event. During the dancing, I had been advised that I would not be paired with the woman I had anticipated because some other woman indicated she wanted me

so the first woman yielded, not wanting to create any tension in the group.

Dancing with Yvonne, I was told about my upcoming liaison and that I should "Like it or lump it!" It was clear that from the women's perspective I was to do my male thing and my wants or concerns were of no consequence. (Imagine how that could affect the old male ego!) Anyway, things were moving, although not the way I had anticipated!

The time came to pair off. I found myself standing in the circle wondering which of the remaining five women was to be my partner. To my left, a woman approached asking if I were George. To my right, another woman approached with outstretched hand clearly looking to me as her soon-to-be companion. I was somewhat puzzled. Clearly I was being approached by two women. Before I could ponder the full implications of this situation, another woman known to me stepped forward to the woman to my left and said, "No, honey, you are paired with Dennis... there!" I think the woman was gently pointed toward Dennis who was also off to my left. By now, I was being lead out of the circle by the woman who had apparently got first choice.

She took me aside and said, "There is a sexual component to the ritual which happens now."

I responded, "Yes, I know. I'm up for that. Or rather, I will be up for that when the time comes. Your place or mine?"

"It doesn't make any difference."

"Do you have condoms?" I asked. She said no, and I suggested we go to my room since I had some available. We had all agreed to be back in about twenty minutes. We dressed and went off to my room in the hotel to carry out the initiation and build energy.

Returning at the appropriate time, we sat within the circle to continue the ritual. Gavin led us through a meditation. We were instructed to create in our mind our own safe place, a place where we could go and be totally secure. Once there, we could move into the white light that filled the space seeking our guardian spirit. For many, the guardian is in the form of an animal. For some, a large black cat. For myself that evening, I was remembering the magnificence of a wild turkey I had seen on the shoulder of the road somewhere in New York State. The sun was low on the horizon and beams of light cut through openings in the trees behind me. Some portions of the landscape were brightly lit while others were in deep shadow. This magnificent turkey was standing in a lit portion of the roadside. He took on an iridescent quality as the light glistened on his dark black feathers and off the flecks of color within. It was a stunning sight.

Chapter 57 Naked Volleyball

Nude volleyball seems to be synonymous with nudism in the popular culture. The character Hawkeye mentions it in the television series MASH. And, indeed, I have seen a volleyball court on most every nudist resort and even on some nude beaches. During one winter, a volleyball net was in place on Little Beach in Maui. I even played a game or two until I fell and found that sand can be pretty hard. I decided I didn't care for the idea of going home from the nude beach with a bruised leg.

The ultimate volleyball experience from most any perspective has to be the annual gathering at White Thorn Nudist Resort, located near Pittsburgh, Pennsylvania. The weekend after Labor Day is the traditional time for the nudists' "Superbowl."

I had heard about this event for years and decided I needed to experience first hand the sight of fourteen naked volleyball players. With these numbers and the sort of exposure the event was getting in the press, I assumed it would be a good place to see the interaction between the seasoned nudist and the non-nudist public drawn to the event from sheer curiosity.

It was a day and a half drive from Macomb, and I took my camper truck. The first night, I spent outside Columbus, Ohio, in a 76 gas station truck stop. I parked in a corner of the lot behind some barricades intended to keep a fire lane open, a great location because my rig was protected from the big trucks.

About noon the next day I found myself maneuvering down the backwoods lane that I have come to associate with nudist resorts in Pennsylvania and other parts of the East Coast. The resorts seem to be set back in secluded valleys or hollows away from the general population. They are generally not in places one would stumble upon in the course of traveling about on the super highways. White Thorn was no exception. It was originally a co-op camp established in 1962. Some one hundred and sixty acres of ground was bought from a coal company for \$5,000. The "high wall" remnants of the strip mining action was on the property. A coal stripping shovel was also on the property. No one knew it was operational until the mortgage was paid off and the coal company came in and started up the shovel and moved it away.

I arrived at the entrance to the park and encountered a crew of two on a golf cart dragging some sort of implement down the gravel road. I believe they were spreading calcium carbonate. This white powder draws moisture out of the air and combines with dust particles to create a little less dusty environment.

Two or three vehicles were stopped in the roadway. I stopped mine and ran up to the entry booth. I was asked to sign the roster in a manner that was legible and to indicate my club affiliation. The charge would be \$25 for me and \$10 for the camper. If someone else had been

with me, there would be an additional charge of \$25. If I had just a car, the charge was \$5 for the vehicle. The admittance fees covered the rest of the week through Monday. A real bargain for those nudists used to paying a grounds fee which may be on the order of twenty dollars a day per person in addition to a camping or accommodation fee.

As I drove down the lane, I noticed literally hundreds of people congregating around the volleyball courts. Some were playing; many were spectators. Not all the courts were in use. On one, a young man tossed a basketball at a hoop in the corner. In all, there were seven courts available for play. Three were hard surfaced and used as tennis courts on other occasions. Three others were grass, and the remaining one was apparently a basketball court when the tournament was not in session.

As one might expect, many of the individuals I observed were nude. Those attired might be wearing sweat suits, sometimes in complete outfits while others wore either the tops or bottoms.

I drove down the path following a golf cart driven by Laura who was going to show me where I could put my truck. Just a few hundred feet past the volleyball players, she indicated an open area surrounded by campers and tents. I asked the occupants of a small motor home how they felt about my pulling in behind them. They had no objections, and it was made clear to me by Laura that there would be a lot of people squeezed onto the site before the event was over. I need not be so concerned about intruding on others. She was so right. Later that afternoon, a fifth-wheel rig was placed perpendicular and behind me. A small van pulled in on one side and a mess fly tent was set up immediately adjacent to my truck. The next morning I awoke, to find a pop-up camper behind my truck and the pick-up that pulled it in parked between my truck and the path, a space I didn't believe was wide enough to permit another vehicle. Or at least, so I thought when I pulled in!

In the days to follow, I would get acquainted with many of the people nearby. The couple in the van beyond the pop-up were Bill and Martha. They apparently were in some sort of antique business, moving about buying and selling antiques to make a living. The fellow in the pop-up was Jim. He had arrived about two in the morning, as one of the brakes on his fairly late model truck kept locking up. He had recently had the front brakes replaced and the rear ones had just been adjusted, apparently to their detriment.

Another couple actually behind the fifth wheel were in tents. I would learn Fred and Pam were hearing-impaired. I suspected as much when I saw the hearing aid and the nature of voice inflection which I had encountered before in such individuals. I was surprised to learn that the hearing aid did very little and that Pam utilized lip reading to a large degree to assist her in understanding what I was saying. I have met many people with some type of impairment in the nudist environment. While I suspect many would like to believe the nudist environment is more

supportive of accepting people as they are, I believe it simply demonstrates that nudists are drawn from all segments of society.

After making sure my truck was situated as I wanted it, I headed out to find Kay. She is one of the key people for the co-op and usually answers the phone. I had met her a few years ago at a meeting of the Eastern Sunbathing Association. I wasn't sure I would recognize her, so I sought her out by asking various people I met. I was advised that she lived in the house immediately adjacent to the volleyball courts, and I went over to find her.

Kay did remember me. I had given her a couple of my Maui watercolor prints and I had also called the year before. Among the many things I learned about her and the co-op is that her name is simply "K" as in the single letter and not as I had thought.

One thing I learned from K was that the public is not necessarily invited to the Superbowl. The event is really for nudists. However, if someone is interested and wishes to come he will not be turned away. Just how many "general public" people come I do not know and forgot to ask. Apparently, it is not very many. Since the volleyball teams may be assembled at the conference and it is not necessary that members be from the home club, almost anyone can play. Indeed, some of the non-nudists in attendance are volleyball players recruited by others wishing to win the competition. It is always interesting to note the stark white behinds of those volleyball players that obviously have very seldom, if ever, played in the nude. (Judging from the pinkness of some, a few will have warm memories for at least the days immediately following the event.)

I was surprised at the number of people I ran into whom I knew! There was Pam and her husband, Dan, from the national headquarters in Kissimmee, Florida. There was a couple I had met at Turtle Lake Resort the previous summer. Before long, Phyllis and Patrick Gaffnee, the owners of Avalon Nudist Resort, arrived.

On Thursday and Friday, various groups formed and reformed into different combinations. Informal alliances were established which eventually were coalesced into formal teams registered to play.

In all, there were seven courts in action. The court closest to the main pavilion and clearly the one of main attention was where the women played.

It has to be every man's fantasy to see twelve nude women moving about a court. Tournament rules require that all play nude. And most do. True, one might wear a shirt but, in practice, nearly all played nude.

I admit to being enthralled by the naked female form. I was struck by the variability in how the Goddess manifested herself. There were tall women, short women, women with short legs and long torsos, women with long legs and short firm bellies. Women with small breasts and women with large pendulous breasts. Some bore a full tan, while

others had the white triangular patches that suggested normal attire in the sun was a bikini.

At one point, I decided to seriously study the display of women before me. I was sitting to one side and slightly below the playing surface, essentially looking up the backside of all the players on one team. I tried to ponder the full sexual significance of the panorama before me. Lest my fantasy get the better of me, I had an extra towel draped over my lap.

The reality was that I didn't need the towel. While I could fantasize having sex from the rear with each and every female in sight, it just didn't work. I didn't know the person. I didn't feel the desire or the passion that is there when you have feelings toward someone. I had to admit that watching a nude volleyball game is not a sexual turn-on for me. To be sure, it was pleasant enough. But the reality is that people are people. When you have met as many nude people as I have, the emphasis is on the intangible qualities of the individual, not on the shape of their body.

The comment of the ambulance driver and paramedic posted above the court said it all. When I asked what his other friends said when he told them that his job was to watch a bunch of nude women play volleyball all day, he said, "They just don't understand. They don't understand that after a few minutes it's just people playing volleyball. Being nude has nothing to do with it." He was so right. People are people and being nude has nothing to do with it. Sometimes if I even think about it, it is hard to believe that I find it unusual to be around a group of people all clothed. Particularly in a beach or pool setting. It is amazing to me how clothes tend to dehumanize humankind. But, of course, that is one message that nudists have been putting out for a long time!

Other aspects of the weekend event included "Bob's Dogs." The latter is not a group of trained four-legged creatures, but rather the hot dog concession just off court-side. For a dollar, one can get a plain hot dog and add all the desired condiments. For a quarter more, one can get sauerkraut or chili with and on the dog. Every now and then, an announcement will come on the camp public address system that Bob's is open for business. A poster thermometer-drawing on the side of the building notes the number of hot dogs sold during the course of the event. Totals in excess of a thousand seem to be the rule.

The Volleyball Superbowl was designed as a means to make money for the co-op club. All concessions are under the direct control of the club, and outside vendors are prohibited. One apparently very lucrative concession is the sale of shirts and other items with the Superbowl logo. People queue up to pay their fifteen to thirty-five dollars for a garment that they will wear declaring their involvement with the current Superbowl.

A common part of any conversation is the number of

Superbowls one has attended. For many, it is their first or second. For others, it is their tenth or fifteen. And on occasions you meet the individual who goes back to the very first and has made every single one.

Vehicles with more nudists continue to roll in through the weekend. Every nook and cranny is packed with tent, camper or vehicle. The density of people is twice what you think the place could possibly hold. The energy builds as the games begin. Teams win and teams lose as the play proceeds on Saturday. Excitement builds through the day Sunday, as the final eliminations begin.

Late afternoon Sunday, the competition ends with the best team in various categories determined. Trophies are awarded with much fanfare. Both winners and losers are excited, and everyone seems happy to have been a part of the event. The crowd that has assembled about the courts and the main pavilion starts to dissipate. People cluster in small groups and are seen embracing and saying good-bye to people they will likely not see until the following year at the next Superbowl.

There starts a steady flow of vehicles and campers as people break site and leave for home. More people are moving about dressed than nude as the reality of returning to the clothed world manifests itself. The community of nudists will disperse into the greater community. With their clothes on, the golden tan line-less bodies will go unnoticed by others (unless of course revealed in the locker room of the local country club or exercise facility).

By Sunday evening, a surprisingly large number of campers has departed. By Monday noon, only a very, very few remain.

Much of the unraveling of tents and campers I have missed. A woman I had met earlier in the week has decided to take me home for the night. I spend the night wrapped in her arms and dissipate whatever thoughts of love and passion that have built within because of the sight of so many nude females. Perhaps the passion buildup is greater than I had thought. In any event, the love-making is delightful and contributes to my fond memories of Superbowl 25.

Volleyball Nudity

Watching the nude female forms moving about before me, I couldn't help but notice the variations. That there is considerable difference in women's breasts is pretty well known in our culture, the variation in size being a popular reference point for many a male fantasy. But there is a lot more variation associated with the female form than just breast size and shape.

Watching the ladies bend over in anticipation of the serve, I became aware of differences in the structure and shape of rather intimate portions of their anatomy. On some, the view from behind revealed little as one looked between the legs. A hint of a crease or perhaps a line indicating an entryway. On others, obvious folds of flesh descended (presumably the labia lips guarding the entrance to the vagina). On

some, these lips were shrouded by hair. On others, there was little if any covering, and skin tones were apparent.

Since the ladies had their knees bent and were also slightly squatting, there was no opening visible between the lips. I have noticed that when women bend over at the waist and slightly bend their legs, the labia lips spread open like the mouth of a coin purse squeezed at the ends. A flash of pink that I've occasionally seen as women dive into the club pool or if they bend at the waist to pick something off the floor in front of them.

On reflection, I realized this was all consistent with my past experience of mounting women from behind. To be successful in such an encounter, it helped greatly if the woman would bend over at the waist and place her hands on some object such as a chair for support. A slight spreading of the legs also helped. A slight twisting of the behind by her as I entered moved the whole act to completion in a very short order.

Superbowl

The Superbowl Volleyball games were initiated in 1970 some twenty-five years ago. Teams come from all over to play in the two-day tournament.

Even the remnants of a hurricane do not seem to dampen enthusiasm. In 1996, the rains came Friday afternoon and continued through the night. In the morning, the rain lightened and ranged from intermittent periods of mist to more concentrated downpours. Nevertheless, the games went on. The number of courts was reduced from seven to four, with the recently planted grass courts taken out of action until they could dry a little. The hard-surface courts were rolled or squeegeed intermittently to take off the larger puddles of standing water.

The "Everyone to play nude, weather permitting" rule seemed to be interpreted by the different teams in different manners. The Avalon women's team was totally nude with the exception of gym shoes. Their opposition sported shorts on most of the women, with one or two even wearing a shirt. There appeared to be no ringers on the Avalon team. Most all of the women sported rather even and dark overall tans. The one exception appeared to be uniformly light in color, suggesting to me that she might be a sun-avoiding nudist. This conclusion was based on the absence of the sharp tan lines usually associated with some female athletes who get a lot of sun exposure but do so in a non-nudist environment where they must stay covered.

"The tee shirt stand will be open for only another ten minutes today. Thank you." So said the female voice over the camp public address system. Souvenir shirts, hats, towels and other memorabilia were sold for top dollar at the club office building. Usually, club operations were handled from the office. But during Superbowl, the

office was packed with merchandise. Periodically at pre-arranged times, it was moved out onto display tables for those needing something tangible to remember the event of Superbowl Twenty-Five.

About three thirty, I made another trek up to the playing fields to see how the games were progressing. From my truck camper, I could still hear the cheers of the crowd and the referee's whistle. This, in spite of the fact that I could see the mess tarp nearby whipping in the wind and more than a gentle mist of rain blowing against the windows of my camper. The outside temperature was 68 according to my indoor-outdoor thermometer.

I arrived at the playing field to find the spectators looking more like those at the weekend fall football game. Many were dressed. And many more were covered from head to toe in rain gear. I particularly like the rain suits of my friends Pam and Dan from Florida. One was bright orange and the other was bright yellow. There was an occasional spectator sporting nothing more than a towel on his head. But nudes off the playing courts were few and far between.

On court, many were nude but clearly the all-play-nude rule was not in effect. The women's teams seemed for the most part to be wearing shorts, with the totally nude player in the minority.

I stopped by the emergency vehicle to chat with paramedic Vicky with whom I had talked earlier. We agreed that the environment was somewhat hostile to nudists. Earlier, there was some hope that the foul weather would dissipate. The continuing mist/rain, mixed with the gusts of wind and lower temperatures, made for an environment less than ideal for a nude volleyball tournament. Nevertheless, my sense was still that the enthusiasm was there! People were really into the event and appeared to be having a good time in spite of the weather.

On my way back to the camper, I made a point to get the name of the local fire department that had just an hour or so earlier brought out two of their trucks. The group is known as the South Beaver Township Volunteer Firemen. The logo of the firemen was a beaver wearing a fire cap. I wondered if many comments were made about the name of the fire company and the numerous beavers present on the grounds of the resort. (For those readers uncertain of the analogy, a "beaver" is a common slang term for the covering of the female pubic arch.)

I thought the fireman brought their trucks out just for the public relations aspect. Later, someone mentioned to me that with the density of campers that an out-of-control fire could have rather significant implications on the campground if not dealt with immediately. The presence of the fire crew on site would significantly cut response time in the event its services were needed. Besides, firemen are human and must tire of looking at their beaver mascot when the real McCoy were available for the perusing!

Of course it may be just me and there may be no sexual

connotation associated with the South Beaver Township Volunteer Firemen. The same could probably be said for the bumper sticker for Ted's Tackle Shop which reads: "It's not how deep you fish, it's how you wiggle your worm." Put-in-Bay, Ohio. Obviously this is fisherman talk. Who else would be concerned about worms and their wiggles?

You never know whom you will run into at any nudist event that you have met at some other event. I turned the corner at the hot dog stand and found T.A. Wyner staffing the information/first aid booth. T. A. is a woman who has been active in Florida fighting for the rights of those wanting to enjoy the beaches in a natural attire. I had last seen her a few years ago prior to her success in a suit against Florida state park personnel. Back then, I had already given a deposition over the phone and had expected to testify in court. In one of those quirks of the judicial process that are more common than I could have imagined, the case had been thrown out by one judge and eventually reinstated by the appellate court with the ultimate outcome in favor of T.A., albeit the results were some four or five years down the line.

We reminisced about the ins and outs of that case and our dealing with the American Sunbathing Association. She noted that it was interesting that the Association would not support her in her efforts to challenge the park personnel in court, yet would claim her as a member when she won! Further, she told me of other incidents where the ASA would contact her or her attorney to develop ideas and strategies and then throw the money to a big name Washington law firm that could do nothing more than compile a few cases on the topic.

Obviously, I wasn't surprised since this was totally consistent with my experience in trying to work with the bureaucracy of the group that was now known as the American Association of Nude Recreation (AANR). A new name that from my perspective enhanced the concept of a sexual component as part of the nudist movement. To this day, I am uncertain if that was intentional or inadvertent on the part of the association. The group would continue to muddle along with some 40,000 paid members, an annual operating budget of a million dollars a year and yet would be always short of funds or support for persons needing assistance in a legal context. As I bounced about the nudist community, I found more and more disenchanted members. Those who weren't tied to a club with mandatory association requirements often indicated they had recently dropped their membership. Even some club owner members began looking for an alternative to the association.

Sunday the Rains Depart

Sunday was in sharp contrast to the preceding days. The rains abated and the sun shone. The courts were dry and the daytime temperature rose to the low eighties. It was a super day for super volleyball.

By chance, I happen to ease up behind a row of women sitting

just inside the fence surrounding the playing field farthest from the main pavilion. The women were very intent on watching a top-flight men's team. I had observed the warm-up a few minutes before. When the ball was hit to the player in the row closest to the net, he would lightly tap it into the air. As it slowly tumbled downward, another player would run forward and leap into the air and bat the ball with the full force of an extended forearm. The ball would travel downward over the net at an extreme velocity and at an extreme angle. The term for this sort of offensive play is the "spike." There is little the opposing team can do. The ball must be deflected head-on. Anything less, and the ball glances off the defending players' hands and off the field of play.

Watching this maneuver reminded me why I no longer enjoy playing the game. When the objective of the game became that of making the other player eat the ball, I decided it was not for me. I enjoy a more subtle form of volleyball; one that depends on finesse and thinking, not the contemporary game which seems to involve a lot more of what I would term brute force.

I don't think the ladies had any idea I was seated directly behind them. If they did, perhaps they were trying to embarrass me. If that were their intent they certainly succeeded.

"Did you see that?" asked a woman I would guess to be in her early forties.

"See what?" responded another lady of perhaps mid-twenties with a very gorgeous physique.

"The way it snapped."

"The way the ball snapped when he hit it? Yes, pretty impressive!"

"No, Not that! The way his dick snapped when he came down."

"No, I missed that!"

"God, that must hurt. That must be a disadvantage of a long cock."

"Oh, now I see what you mean. He is long. He could snap that in me anytime."

"Me, too," chimed in another woman sitting off to the far right of the other two.

"That fellow sure has nice buns!"

"I don't know? I think the one on the far side in the back row has nicer buns, if you ask me."

"They both have nice buns! Let's be honest. I would sure like to wrap my hands about that ass. Not to mention what's in front."

"I want that in my mouth. Not my hands. I could just suck on that all night."

"Don't you wish!"

"I thought this was an all men's team!"

"Why do you say that, Melody?"

"See that woman over there. There is no cock and those breasts are larger than mine."

"It's a man. Look closer. Its small. Maybe an inch. Just a little nubbin' that is peaking out from under that role of stomach fat. But you are right about those breasts; they are bigger than yours."

"Oh, yes I see it now. Can he really fuck with that? I mean I can't imagine him on me, much less in me with something that small."

Obviously the women were enjoying the games. I wasn't sure if they knew I was there or not. In any event some of their critique was a little too close to home. I sucked in my stomach and sort of slipped away hoping none of the ladies would see me. And if they did I would be far enough away not to hear their criticism of my humble physique.

I was relieved to be in the company of individuals deciding what to put on their hot dogs.

Chapter 58 Macomb Revisited, Tourist Trap

One day I awoke from a curious dream. I had been dreaming that I had returned to Macomb from Maui and found the city billing itself as the home of Dr. Leisure.

I could hear the sounds of a diesel engine outside my window. I wasn't overly concerned, for it was not uncommon for my neighbor to bring his tractor-trailer rig home for the weekend. Sometimes, he had just a truck, but on other occasions he had the whole rig. He would basically jack-knife the trailer into the turning circle that connects Pollock Drive with Cedar. I just assumed that was what I was hearing.

Imagine my astonishment when I looked out to see a tour bus parked on Pollack drive outside my townhouse. A group of tourists who appeared to be mostly Japanese were walking toward my house, following a guide with a green flag. They were moving up alongside a group that was already assembled at the curb behind a guide with a red flag. Out of the corner of my eye, I noticed another bus parked about 500 feet down Cedar Drive.

Fortunately, I had not stepped directly up to the window and was pretty much concealed behind the open drapes. I never close the drapes, but instead have wood-slatted shutters on the bottom portion of the window to obscure the view of those on the outside. This allows the sun and moonlight to shine into the bedroom. It also allows for the window to be open at night and lets the cross ventilation occur from having the rear window open as well.

But apparently I wasn't totally concealed, or somebody thought they saw something. A gentle commotion ran through the crowd and many put cameras to their eyes. Electronic flashes sparkled from one end of the line to the other.

I grabbed my clothes and quickly dressed. I didn't really know what was going on and I wasn't sure I wanted to find out. Macomb had been capitalizing on my reputation for years. I certainly didn't mind that they changed East Jackson Street into Dr. Leisure Drive East and West Jackson into Dr. Leisure Drive West, but I thought I had an understanding that my personal residence was to be kept secret. My published address was actually that of the Dr. Leisure museum on the corner of Calhoun and Johnson. This was an appropriate place for the museum since it was a house I had bought back in 1970 when I was first married. After the divorce, I rented it out to students. Still later in the early years of Dr. Leisure, I used the building as a place to store books and a shipping center. Just about every house within the immediate neighborhood sported some sort of curio shop. One could get little China plates with my logo on them or one of my trademark sayings.

I certainly didn't mind that the shops had all sorts of junk (and I do mean junk) with "Dr. Leisure" emblazoned on it. After all, "Dr. Leisure" was my registered trademark and just about all the items sold

were done under a licensing agreement. True, there were a few counterfeit items, but all in all, most of the merchants were honest and pleased to be able to make a buck off the notoriety of Dr. Leisure. It was a win-win situation that had also become synonymous with the Dr. Leisure concept.

I particularly liked the interactive CD Rom where one could check out the various nude beaches of the world merely by clicking the nude beach icon which consisted of a rather voluptuous nude woman with her bikini suit held in one hand and her sunglasses in the other. Anyway, touching that icon would make the computer emit a low giggle that was supposed to be the woman responding to being tickled. Then, a list of names of popular beaches would appear. Each listing would allow you to select the type of information you wanted. For example, you could pull up a written description with maps or you could bring up an actual guided tour. Your guide would be male or female, depending on your desires. Additionally, the guide would be clothed or nude, depending on the mode selected. The guide would show you the physical layout of the beach and actually introduce you to beach users who would describe what they liked about the beach. It was up to you whether you wanted to be introduced to males or females. Also, you could decide if you just wanted to look them in the eye or take in their whole persona. If you know what I mean. A very clever CD, I thought, when I was first shown it. I was particularly pleased they wanted to title it "Dr. Leisure's Interactive Guide to the Nude Beaches of the World." Of course, I get a percentage on every one sold since my registered trademark appears.

I am told that someone has a bootleg version of this CD with a component intended for swingers. I am also informed it gets rather explicit. They not only use the Dr. Leisure logo but also one of my slogans, "It's a pleasure with Dr. Leisure." In some segments, they even suggest that it is Dr. Leisure in the clip performing. Such a deal. If they had asked, I might have even agreed to do it. The fact of the matter is I've never even seen the thing, much less participated in its creation. Hell, I don't even get royalties since it is a rip-off of a licensed product. Oh well, it is not worth having a seizure over.

Slipping out the back gate, I made my way down Briarwood Drive to Riverview with the intention of coming around to the front of my building from behind the tour group standing in front. As I turned to go up Riverview, I was surprised to see another six. Yes, that is right, another six tour buses disgorging people onto Riverview. The occupants of each bus were queuing up behind a flag-carrying leader.

I moved up to the closest leader and asked if she could tell me what was going on. She said that her group was there to see Dr. Leisure's house. Then she asked, "Do you live around here?"

"Yes," I replied.

"Do you ever see Dr. Leisure?" Before I could answer, she said, "We hope that our group will be lucky and get to see him in person. It

would be a great honor."

"Yes, I am sure it would be an honor. He is a nice guy," I said with a slight smile.

"You really know him?" she said in a way that actually caused me concern for I thought that she was going to swoon into a faint right there. And she hadn't even met Dr. Leisure, but had met somebody who had. I couldn't help but wonder what would happen if she ever learned that she had actually talked to Dr. Leisure face-to-face.

Chapter 59 Hawaii/Maui Tourism

An interesting topic in its own right is what has happened to tourism on Maui over the period of my involvement with nude beaches. And what is the relation, if any?

I predict that nudity will once again be reestablished as normative on the island when the people who control the tourism industry and the money realize that the only way to stay competitive is to attract the sophisticated European and mainland U.S. visitor. When it is realized that a significant number of these visitors expect to go nude at the beach, then I predict that hotels catering to this desire will prosper. When it is seen that one segment of the industry is prospering while others are not, then I predict that there will be a change in an interpretation of the "rule." Currently, it is not against the law to bathe nude, but it is clearly viewed as against the rules of the powers that be.

Staying on Maui

People wonder how I can afford to stay on Maui and, indeed, if I had to stay like a typical tourist I doubt if I could have afforded it even when I had a job. The basic condo unit goes for approximately \$150 a night during the winter season. As I explained in my first book, I was put up by the Friends of Little Beach in a private residence. This basically was the pattern that I have followed over the years.

On many visits, I would stay with Myrtle in her one-bedroom apartment. Myrtle is a woman who I guess to be about seventy (she won't tell me her age). I met her through Earl of the Little Beach crowd. Myrtle heard that I was looking for a place to stay, since it was clear that I would not be able to stay at Earl's during an upcoming visit. She suggested I might wish to stay with her. I accepted her invitation.

The sleeping arrangement is simple enough. She has two twin-size beds and I sleep in one and she in the other. Nudity is not an issue or a concern. She is not inclined to be nude in the presence of others, but does not object to others being nude in her presence. Indeed, it would not be unfair or unkind to suggest that she enjoys the nude male form. Myrtle has survived two husbands and has some knowledge of the pleasures of life.

My routine at Myrtle's or anyplace else when on Maui is generally predictable and something like this: I would wake up about 7 a.m. and have a bagel and a cup of coffee. By 8:30 to 9, I would be on the road to the beach. By 10, I would be on the beach, where I would spend the next four or five hours. During that time, I would dialogue with any number of people I either already knew or whom I would meet. I would also snorkel and look at the various sea creatures. Also, I would look for coins on the beach or among the lava. I might read a little or do a watercolor painting. In short, the hours would pass quickly as I enjoyed the ambiance of the beach and the many people who visit it.

About 3 p.m., I would head back to the apartment for a shower and preparation for sunset. Generally, I would then head down to Kam III, but on other occasions I might make it down to LaBahia to join up with the drinking component of the Little Beach crowd for a Margarita.

Later back at Myrtle's place, I would settle in to watching the latest movie being taped by Myrtle for possible inclusion in her extensive collection of videos. Myrtle is quite particular about the movies in her collection. They must measure up to her standard of gratuitous violence. A little violence is not enough, and she will stop the taping if it appears that there are not going to be killings from one end of the tape to the other. Her heroes include Chuck Norris, Charles Bronson, Sylvester Stallone, and Steven Seagal. I knew it would be a good taping when the early portion of the movie featured a gang of terrorists shooting up a funeral in a church with automatic weapons. People were dying like flies and the chase scene featuring the escaping terrorists involved a number of car crashes and an explosion.

Myrtle believes that if the volume is turned up on the TV, it will help the fidelity of the video tape. I suspect Myrtle may also be slightly hard of hearing. But I have to admit that with the louder volume it is almost like being in the center of the action, and perhaps that is the whole point. Being surrounded by terrorists with automatic pistols has to be an invigorating experience.

I don't have any problem with the volume, for I learned long ago to travel with ear plugs in my travel kit. If I want to sleep or block out sounds, I just grab the plugs and shove them in my ears. They have paid for themselves on more than one occasion. Ironically, as much as they cut the noise, I can still hear Myrtle's TV at about the same level as if I were in my own home.

Chapter 60 I'll Drink the Hemlock

As a result of what I have been through, I can readily see why Socrates drank the Hemlock. He had lived a full life. He was probably as satisfied with his existence as one could be, keeping in mind that the nature of his being was such that he was never satisfied. He was always asking questions and wanting to know the reasons why. He also wanted to know how things worked. I suspect he felt the same way about death. Is not the ultimate question for any individual, "What is death like?" What does it mean to die? What are the sensations experienced by the body and the mind when one dies? Only when one can control the circumstances surrounding death can one hope to gain insights into these questions. A person snuffed out in the crash of a car never knows what happened.

On the other hand, a person who chooses the time, place, and manner of his or her own death is in as full of control of one's own existence as a mortal can ever hope to be. There is no greater control. By controlling the circumstances surrounding one's death, one is actually enhancing one's life.

On second thought, and serious reflection, I have concluded that I will take the Hemlock. Oh, I am not going to drink it this afternoon. Or for that matter I will not likely drink it next year. Indeed, I may never actually drink Hemlock. But I am taking that decision onto myself. I am going to continue to live life to the fullest. I am going to experience what I can. If and when I reach the point that life ceases to amuse and intrigue me, I will take the initiative and end the mortal component of it myself.

The rest I cannot control or even influence any longer. By my actions while in this mortal shell, I have achieved immortality. Future generations will know my name and perhaps more importantly know my philosophy. In so knowing, perhaps they too will be able to enjoy life to the fullest as well and achieve their own immortality. Hopefully they, as well as the reader, will recognize that the moment is our eternity. Enjoy, eternity is a long time.

The Legend Lives

Legend has it that Dr. Leisure lived to be one hundred and four. He died making love to a beautiful woman half his age. Actually, he was involved with two, thus cancelling out the age factor to a significant degree.

But the reality is that no matter what happens to Dr. Harker, the legend of Dr. Leisure lives on. It is said on a quiet June night that you can see the reflection of his '48 Ford Coupe in the glass windows of the Student Union at Western Illinois University. Some have reported the faint refrain of Dixie gently wafting through on a night breeze. Most reports indicate that more than the first eleven notes can be heard, which suggests to some that the spirit of Dr. Harker is being mischievous. To

others, the authenticity of the report is questioned since it is well known that Dr. Leisure's 48 Ford played only the first eleven notes.

Appendix

Endnotes

1. See the book *Dressed to Kill* by Sydney Ross Singer and Soma Grismaijer. They can be contacted at the Bra Impact Study, P.O. Box 1950, Nevada City, CA 95959. Drainage of lymph from breast tissues is impaired by brassieres. Wearing a bra more than 12 hours a day increases the likelihood of breast cancer, say the authors of *Dressed to Kill*, owing to toxins accumulated in the lymph nodes. And women who wear a bra even to bed (some do) run the highest risk.

2. Harker, George R., **He Wouldn't Drink the Hemlock: The Firing of Dr. Leisure**, 464 pages, Dr. Leisure 1993.

3. Harker, George R., **Creation and Management Guide to Public Clothing Optional Beaches and Parks**, American Sunbathing Association, 1990.

4. Information on Kokopelli based in part on the book KOKOPELLI, Casanova of the Cliff Dwellers, The hunchbacked flute player by John V. Young, Filter Press, Palmer Lake, Colorado 1990. 29 pages.

5. **Letter George R. Harker to Donald S. Spencer, March 17, 1995.**

Dear President Spencer:

One aspect of my recent request for information under the Illinois Freedom of Information act was to determine how to properly request that actions be taken against an individual within the university that I believe has made serious transgressions of university policy...

Sincerely
George R. Harker
Page 269, Appendix DULP

6. Myrtle is the one of the people whom I have stayed with while on Maui. She has a one bedroom apartment in Kihei.

7. According to a radio news report about the brown tree snake of Guam and efforts to keep it out of Hawaii, there are some 30,000 snakes per square mile on Guam. They have caused over 300 electrical outages a year. The big fear in Hawaii is that they will come in on the landing gear of a plane from Guam. Apparently this has already happened on more than one occasion but the snakes apparently have been caught and killed for the most part.

8. Most people have heard the story of the mongoose. It was originally brought in to take down the rat population. The rats had come in earlier on the sailing vessels and are now well established all over the world. The only problem with the mongoose is that it moves about during the day while the rat is nocturnal. Not finding rats, the mongoose turned to prey on the many ground nesting birds that inhabited the islands. Today, many of those species are extinct or extremely rare. It is not uncommon to see a mongoose run across the road as one drives about the island of Maui. The road-killed mongoose is not an uncommon sight.

9. One story I heard that I found particularly interesting regarding how the mosquito came to Maui involves the whalers and the missionaries. It seems the missionaries decided to intercede in the sexual liaisons between the whaler seamen and the Hawaiian women. To get even for this interference, the sailors brought in the mosquito and introduced it to a pond near the missionaries' home. I do not know if the story is true but have to admit it does tend to sound quite plausible.

10. Frost, Gavin and Yvonne, **Tantric Yoga**, The Royal Path to Raising Kundalini Power, Samuel Weiser, Inc. York Beach, Maine, 1989.

11. Peter Rowley can be contacted at 5015 West Sahara Avenue, #212, Las Vegas, Nevada, 89102, for further information on his health/weight training program.

12. **Dr. Leisure usually rents from Word of Mouth Rent a Used Car** located on Maui at 150 Hana Hwy 808-877-2436. Their mainland toll free number is 1-800-533-5929.

13. Information on Hugh Kimler and his book.

14. Dr. Deborah M. Anapol, *Responsible Nonmonogamy Love Without Limits*, 1992. Inti Net Resource Center, P.O. Box 4322-L, San Rafael, CA 94913-4322.

15. Dr. Peter Duesberg, **INVENTING THE AIDS VIRUS**, Regnery Publishing, Inc. Washington, D.C. 1996, 722 p.

16. Sophist 1.a. any of a class of professional teachers in ancient Greece who gave instruction in various fields, as in general culture, rhetoric, politics, or disputation. b. any member of a portion of this class at a later period who, while professing to teach skill in reasoning, concerned himself with ingenuity and specious effectiveness rather than soundness of argument. 2. one who reasons adroitly and speciously rather than soundly. 3. a man of learning. The American College Dictionary.

17. Meeting, April 27, 1993, between Mitch Vogel, Richard Brewer, Barbara Hillman, and Howard Silver. Described in greater detail in *Hemlock* page 284.

18. Letter George R. Harker to Barbara Hillman, May 24, 1993.

Dear Ms. Hillman:

Enclosed is the material I indicated I would provide regarding aspects of my testimony that I did not get to complete during the termination hearing. I have sent the same material to all members of the Board.

I hope the information is helpful in developing your strategy. Perhaps we should request the level 1 hearing as a basis to present relevant evidence on the issues.

Please let me know what will be happening next and how I will be involved the process.

Sincerely,
George R. Harker

[Ed. Note: In eight pages of material the eleven charges against me were reviewed.]
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19. Letter Marine Magliocco to George R. Harker, May 27, 1993.

Dear George,

This is to notify you that I have received your packet of materials, have discussed them with Dick Brewer, UPI Grievance Chair, and have sent copies to the UPI office in Chicago.

Thank you for keeping me informed.

Sincerely,

Maurine Magliocco,
WIU/UIP President
Page 39, Appendix DULP

20. **Dr. Abdi Sheik-Abdi**, *Divine Madness*, Mohammed Abdulle Hassan (1856-1920), Zed Books Ltd., Hb ISBN 0 86232 443 2, Sb ISBN 0 86232 444 0, 226 pages.

21. **Dr. Abdi A. Sheik-Abdi**, *Tales of Punt: Somali Folktales*, Sb ISBN 0 9638802 2 5, 135 pages, Dr. Leisure.

22. **Dr. Abdi Abdulkadir Sheik-Abdi**, *When A Hyena Laughs*, Sb ISBN 0-9638802-6-8, Hb ISBN 0-9638802-5-X, 286 pages, Dr. Leisure 1994.

23. **Dr. George R. Harker**, *The Mammoth Incident*, Sb ISBN 0-9638802-7-6, Hb ISBN 0-9638802-8-4, 132 pages, Dr. Leisure 1995.

24. **Gordon Gill**, *Recreational Nudity and the Law*, Hb ISBN 1-887471-00-6, 198 pages, Dr. Leisure 1995.

25. Nikki Hemen, *Harker finishes book*, Macomb Journal, November 26, 1993, page 1.

26. **Transcription of Richard Brewer's phone message of December 10, 1993.** This was received the Friday before the Sunday I left for Maui on December 13, 1993. This is the entire message: "Ah, George this Dick Brewer from the UPI calling. Mitch has asked me to tell you that we are going to proceed to arbitration and I would like to know if you have any preference for an arbitrator or anyone you would just as soon not have because I am going to talk over with the board select an arbitration. For example do you want Berman again or would you just as soon not have Berman. Ah. . . He was the one who gave the decision the last time. There are both advantages and disadvantages of having one . . ."

27. **Elaine Hopkins, Former WIU professor details version of firing in book, Journal Star, page A 16, December 12, 1993.**

28. **Fax Richard H. Brewer to George R. Harker, December 16, 1993.**

Dear Dr. Harker:

Mitchell Vogel, President of the UPI has notified me that the UPI is now ready to proceed to arbitration in the above matter. He has asked me to set dates and select an arbitrator. Barbara Hillman the UPI Attorney will present the case.

One possible selection for the arbitrator is Herbert Berman. He is considered an excellent choice and has a fine reputation. He is also most likely familiar with the facts of your case, since he was the arbitrator in the first arbitration hearing. However, he also gave a negative decision in this arbitration and in effect ruled against you on the procedural aspects. I personally have no problem with him being the arbitrator a second time, but if you would rather he not be, I will accede to your wishes and a different arbitrator will be chosen.

Please let me know your feelings and preferences in this matter as soon as you can.

Sincerely

Richard H. Brewer, Ph.D.
Chief UPI Grievance Officer
Page 20, Appendix DULP

29. **Letter George R. Harker to Richard H. Brewer, January 6, 1994.**

Dear Dr. Brewer:

It is premature to move to arbitration regarding my dismissal from WIU at this time. Herbert Berman's "negative decision," which you interpret as "in effect ruled against you on the procedural aspects," is actually an interpretation of the contract procedure in a manner that mandates the actions be taken through the grievance process at each level. It is clear that only within the process at the various levels can the relevant material be brought into the process.

For example the rest of my testimony should be presented to the university at level one including that of the other witnesses I intended to call. It is also at this level that witnesses can be called to testify that the procedure was not followed. People such as Dick Vick and Paul Nollen can be brought in to show how the procedure was not followed, ie. not being able to complete my testimony, not being able to call my witnesses, not being represented by anyone, premature ending of hearing, no release time or assistance in material preparation etc. That the procedure was not followed is rather clear cut and I am sure the university will respond appropriately if given an opportunity. (I am assuming Gordon Kirk is no longer functioning in the capacity as the university grievance person.)

If the university chooses not to rectify its position during this phase of the grievance process then the matter should be taken to the level two hearing with the representatives of the board....

It is clear to me that to move to arbitration without going through the steps of the grievance process would assure that the arbitrator would have no other option than to uphold the procedure as followed to this point. By abrogating its rights at level one and level two, the union is basically suggesting that the procedure was followed and that it is not contesting the process in any meaningful and serious way. Berman did not rule against me in any way. He merely interpreted the process. If you do not agree with his interpretation of the process then the contract must be viewed as in error and in need of change. While I think the contract is seriously flawed I think we have to go through the procedures as defined by the arbitrator until the appropriate changes are made in the contract or interpretation.

Remember there are a certain number of basic facts that cannot be denied regardless of the union's efforts to overlook and minimize them. Those facts succinctly put are these: 1) I have not committed any of the eleven charges, 2) I was not allowed to complete my testimony, 3) I was not allowed to call my witnesses, 4) I was not represented by counsel of an kind during the

hearing, and 5) the remediation process was ended by the university when I did not change the content of my course to the satisfaction of Dr. DiGrino and Dr. Spencer (President Wagoner makes this quite clear in his presentation to the Board of Governors). This last issue is clearly a transgression of academic freedom and my first amendment right of free speech.

Sincerely,
George R. Harker
Page 41, Appendix DULP

30. Letter Mitchell Vogel to George R. Harker, January 25, 1994.

Dear Dr. Harker:

I am in receipt of your letter of January 6, 1994 to Dr. Richard Brewer. It was my recommendation that we immediately move the issue of your discharge to arbitration. Arbitrating would result in your receiving a final decision more expeditiously. Further the issue of your discharge, both factually and legally, has been reviewed numerous times, and therefore it does not appear probable that your grievance will be decided favorably other than through arbitration.

However, given your strong belief that a Step I and a Step II process will further amplify your position, the Union will attempt to process your grievance starting at Step I. As always the UPI is desirous of serving your needs. You should realize, however, that the University may take the position that the only step of the grievance procedure not yet exhausted is arbitration. ...

Given your familiarity and research regarding the facts of your case---and the complexity of the facts as you view them---I believe it would be most advantageous for you to be the presenter of the case and for you to introduce such facts and arguments at the Step I meeting.

Either Dr. Brewer or some other Union representative will be present to amplify if necessary with respect to the collective bargaining contract issues and to serve as your advisor. But I believe the best presentation will be made if you "take the ball" regarding facts and legal arguments.

Please indicate when you are available.

Sincerely,
Mitchell Vogel
Page 44, Appendix DULP

31. Letter George R. Harker to Donald Spencer, February 8, 1994.

Dear President Spencer:

Welcome to Western Illinois University and Macomb, Illinois. As a faculty member for some twenty-one years I think I can objectively and unequivocally say that you have been selected to head an institution with a very fine faculty.

Enclosed is a copy of my most recent book, *He Wouldn't Drink the Hemlock: The Firing of Dr. Leisure*. No doubt you have been advised about it and may indeed already have a copy.

The facts in the book are undisputed. The deeds of some individuals have adversely affected the image of higher education but they need not have a long term impact on WIU if the appropriate actions are taken in the grievance process.

The union is proceeding with the grievance process and will be scheduling a Step I hearing on campus shortly. Procedural errors are self-evident and they are noted and documented in my book.

However, the issue is not just the procedure, it is the total falseness of the eleven charges. The evidence shows that all of the charges are false. Further the events leading up to the manifestation of these gross misrepresentations of events are documented. The book clearly shows the circumstance that brought many people to an erroneous conclusion that must be rectified.

As the administrative head of the institution you are empowered to correct the obvious injustice that has occurred. Your timely actions could save the university a substantial amount of money.

Sincerely,
George R. Harker
Page 45, Appendix DULP

32. Letter George R. Harker to Maurine Magliocco, February 8, 1994.

Dear Dr. Magliocco:

Enclosed is a copy of my book. I think it will give you some insight into the circumstances surrounding recent events at WIU that you may not now have.

I understand the union is getting ready to proceed with the Step 1 hearing on the WIU campus in the next few months. I have asked that you be the presenter during the grievance hearing.

I don't seem to be receiving union mailings and would hope you could resolve this and get me back on the distribution list.

Sincerely,
George R. Harker
Page 46, Appendix DULP

33. Letter Maurine Magliocco to George R. Harker, February 19, 1994.

Dear George,

Thanks very much for the copy of your book. I'm sure I'll find it interesting reading.

Sincerely,
Maurine Magliocco
Page 50, Appendix DULP

34. Letter George R. Harker to Mitchell Vogel, February 8, 1994.

Dear Dr. Vogel:

I am available for the Step I hearing most anytime this semester. I will be happy to and indeed expect to assist regarding facts and aspects of the legal arguments but the full force of the union must be brought to bear in the process. I would suggest WIU President Maurine Magliocco as the appropriate individual to represent the union under the circumstances. Legal counsel from the national would be helpful...

Let us get on with the process. Under separate cover I have sent you a copy of my book that may help clear up a number of misconceptions you seem to have regarding this case. It will also make you aware of how the world has been presented with the situation at WIU. Additional copies can be obtained in Chicago...

Sincerely,
George R. Harker
Page 47, Appendix DULP

35. Letter George R. Harker to Members of the Board of Governors Universities, February 12, 1994.

(Dominick J. Bufalino, Lorraine Epperson, Nancy H. Froelich, Daniel L. Goodwin, Mack W. Hollowell, Roger Roberson, Luz Maria B. Solis, Wilma J. Sutton, Willie J. Taylor)

Dear Member of the Board (Board of Governors Universities):

Enclosed is a copy of my book, *He Wouldn't Drink the Hemlock: The Firing of Dr. Leisure*. I believe this book will give you some significant insights into just what is happening within the Board of Governors Universities and specifically at Western Illinois University.

The arrangement created and administered by Chancellor Thomas Layzell does not serve the interest of the students, faculty or the taxpayer/citizens of Illinois. I encourage you to seek answers as to why the matter of my firing has been allowed to stretch out this long. The firing of an incompetent professor should be a simple matter. The firing of a competent professor should not occur except for very significant reasons.

Sincerely,
George R. Harker
Page 48, Appendix DULP

36. Letter Mitch Vogel to George R. Harker, February 14, 1994.

Dear Professor Harker:

Again thank you for the copy of The Naked Truth. I have directed UPI Grievance Chair Richard Brewer to inform the Board of Governors of our desire to begin Step I hearings for your grievance. He has also been asked to appoint Professor Robert Holton of Western Illinois University as UPI's representative on this case at the Step I level.

As I indicated to you in my previous letter, you will take the lead in the preparation of this case at Step I. I also have informed Professor Brewer that he should be prepared to file an unfair labor practice charge against the Board if they do not grant us this Step I hearing.

You will be informed of meeting dates by either Professor Brewer or Holton shortly.

If I could be of any further assistance feel free to contact me.

In solidarity,

Mitch Vogel
Page 49, Appendix DULP

37. Letter George R. Harker to Donald S. Spencer, February 23, 1994.

Dear President Spencer:

The Step 1 hearing in my grievance over my termination is or will be scheduled in the near future according to Mitch Vogel, President of the UPI. In preparation for that hearing I request copies of the following documents for use in that hearing.

1. Copies of all the letters listed in the President Wagoner's report to the board dated June 10, 1991 including copies of the response cards on all certified letters.
2. Copies of all the grievance material for those grievances listed in the President's report to the board.

[Ed. Note: In all some 26 specific documents were requested.]

In a letter dated February 24, 1993 I advised Ralph Wagoner of forty transgressions of university policy and procedures by Nick DiGrino. Many of the allegations were similar to those made against me. The significant difference being that the allegations against DiGrino can be proven and the number is nearly four times as great. Presumably these were handled in accord with university policy and I would like to see a status report as to their disposition.

Thank you for your attention to this matter. If you have read the book you will appreciate the nature and significance of the materials that I have requested. If you have not read the book I encourage you to do so. The infringement of basic constitutionally provided rights cannot and will not go unchallenged in a free society. As I have stated on more than one occasion, fascism is unacceptable at WIU.

Sincerely,
George R. Harker
cc. Mitch Vogel & Maurine Magliocco
Page 51, Appendix DULP

38. Letter Mark T. Dunn to George R. Harker, March 2, 1994.

Dear Dr. Harker:

Your letter of February 23, 1994 to Dr. Donald S. Spencer, President, Western Illinois University has been referred to me for response. Since you are now apparently acting on your own behalf, I am responding directly to you but providing a copy to the University professionals of Illinois, B.O.G. council Local 4100 (the "UPI").

In 1991, you filed a grievance relating to your termination from employment by the Board of Governors...

In a letter of August 6, 1991, Dr. Brewer advised the Board in writing that "[t]he UPI also believes that it is in the best interest of all that the grievance be handled with dispatch and that we bypass the Step One hearing and proceed Step Two." In October 1991, Dr. Brewer advised the Board that the UPI wanted to skip Step Two and proceed to arbitration. In November 1991, I wrote to the UPI's attorney asking the UPI to schedule a Step Two proceeding....

In March 1992, I advised the UPI's attorney that "[a]ssuming the issue is properly framed, then the Board would arbitrate the issue [raised by the UPI with respect to the scope of a Step Two hearing or arbitration]." ...

Your grievance is not at Step One. We are not going to go backward. We are prepared to arbitrate and we have been prepared to arbitrate for many months.

In the future, would you please have your exclusive representative communicate with me directly.

Very truly yours,
Mark T. Dunn
Page 54, Appendix DULP

39. Letter Richard H. Brewer to Michael L. Provines, March 3, 1994.

Dear Mr. Provines:

This is a formal request for a Step I hearing for the above grievance to be held on the Western Illinois University Campus as soon as practicable.

As you recall there was an arbitration decision (April 8, 1993) issued by Mr. Herbert Berman outlining the issues which may be properly considered. This decision was in response to a dispute between the Board and the UPI as to what burden of proof is to be carried by which party as well as what issues would be relevant in any further processing of this grievance. The UPI is prepared to proceed and argue this grievance within the parameters set forth by Mr. Berman in his decision of April 8, 1993.

Please let me know when the Step I hearing can be held at WIU.

Sincerely,
Richard H. Brewer, Ph.D.
Page 56, Appendix DULP

40. Letter Barbara J. Hillman to George R. Harker, March 4, 1994.

Dear Professor Harker:

I have reviewed the recent correspondence between President Vogel concerning the continuation of the grievance arbitration over your discharge. As I indicated to you during our meeting last spring, it is my opinion, based upon Arbitrator Berman's opinion as to the items and nature of the items relative to your discharge which are subject to review, that there is neither a necessity nor any positive purpose to holding Step 1 or Step 2 Grievance hearings. Despite my advice, you have persisted in insisting that such hearings be held.

In deference to your position, President Vogel asked that I accede to your request that arbitration be deferred pending the attempt by UPI, Local 4100 to have the matter heard at Steps 1 and 2 of the grievance procedure. While my advise is that neither a Step 1 or 2 hearing is necessary, or would be helpful, UPI wishes to grant you all rights to which you believe you are due and to permit you the fullest possible exposition of those facts and theories you believe are relevant, despite my having informed them of that which I believe are irrelevancies or inappropriate theories. That said, UPI, Local 4100 has requested that a Step 1 hearing be scheduled.

The Board of Governors has not as yet agreed to meet at Step 1. It is not yet clear whether the Board of Governors will do so or, whether it has, given Arbitrator Berman's opinion and the prior history of this grievance, a legal obligation to do so....

In any event, as noted above, UPI is seeking a Step 1 hearing. In accordance with its practice and its procedures in handling Step 1 and 2 grievance hearings, UPI has appointed Robert Holton as its representative for these hearings. Given the complexity of your case... it is to be understood that you will prepare and present your case. Professor Holton will be present and is prepared to assist you....

Very truly yours,
Barbara J. Hillman
Page 57, Appendix DULP

41. Letter Richard H. Brewer to George R. Harker, April 19, 1994.

Dear Dr. Harker

As per your request, the UPI is trying to set up a time and place for a step one hearing on your termination grievance. As you know the Board does not believe that a hearing is in order. Enclosed is a letter I have sent to the Board...

Should you continue to want a step one hearing, the Union will continue to press the issue and try and secure one...

If you wish to go straight to step two or step three, the Board would probably agree to do so. If in fact you have changed your mind and want now to go directly to an advanced step, please so notify me.

Sincerely,
Richard H. Brewer, Ph.D.
Page 59, Appendix DULP

42. Letter Richard H. Brewer to Michael L. Provines, April 19, 1994.

Dear Mr. Provines:

This letter is in response to your letter to me dated March 8, 1994, in which you stated that the Board was willing to have a step two hearing or proceed directly to arbitration on the above grievance....

The posture of the UPI is that the grievance of the present is very different than it was when I wrote the August 6, 1991 letter. As you recall the UPI and the BGU's attorneys disagreed as to who carried the burden of proof in a grievance hearing, be it at step one, step two or at step three arbitration. Before the facts of the case could be presented, this procedural question had to be resolved. As you further recall, both sides presented its arguments to arbitration by brief, and Mr. Herbert Berman, the arbitrator, clarified and resolved this dispute.

As the matter now stands, there has yet to be a hearing on the substantive and factual issues of the case...

Sincerely,
Richard H. Brewer Ph.D.
Page 60, Appendix DULP

43. Letter Richard H. Brewer to George R. Harker, May 10, 1994.

Dear Dr. Harker:

I sent you a letter on April 19, 1994 indicating that the UPI was trying to arrange with the BGU a Step One hearing... I asked you to indicate to me when you are available should it be possible to have a hearing in the near future.

Since I last corresponded with you, the Board has agreed to having a step one hearing. As a result I need to know very soon when you will be ready to present your case at step one. As indicated earlier Robert Holton will be available to assist you.

The Board has further indicated that if the UPI is still willing, it is likewise willing to skip the step one process and go directly to step two as the UPI has continually suggested to you. As we have indicated the Union will abide by your wishes in this regard. However, if you continue to want a Step One hearing it must be very soon. It should take place before the end of June 1994.

I look forward to your early response.

Sincerely,
Richard H. Brewer, Ph.D.
Page 62, Appendix DULP

44. Letter George R. Harker to Richard H. Brewer, May 16, 1994.

Dear Dr. Brewer:

Please clarify to the board and or anyone else that the union will be presenting my case at the Step I hearing and that I will only be a witness and assisting as indicated in my letter of January 6, 1994. You may find it useful to review that letter regarding the strategy and reasons

for the union going through the process...

I have also enclosed a copy of my letter to Barbara Hillman and the BGU board members of May 24, 1993 regarding materials that needed to be presented...

Please get on with the Step One hearing. Feel free to schedule the hearing consistent with the availability of the personnel that will be representing the union, i.e. legal counsel etc. With reasonable notification I am sure I can accommodate most any June hearing.

Sincerely,
George R. Harker
Page 63, Appendix DULP

45. Letter Mitchell Vogel to George R. Harker, May 19, 1994.

Dear Dr. Harker:

I have just received a copy of a letter written by you to UPI Grievance Officer Richard Brewer....

This clarification began as early as January 25, 1994, when I informed you that UPI would accede to your wishes regarding Step I, despite our belief that arbitration at Step III offered us the best chance of victory....

Even though that letter is not in your recently sent packet of back correspondence, I know you received this letter...

In a subsequent letter to you dated February 1, 1994, I indicated that "you will take the lead in the preparation ...

Later Attorney Hillman stated much the same matter on March 4, 1994....

UPI has been clear concerning this matter. Please re-read our previous correspondence.

You have stated a number of times that your letter to the BGU of May 24, 1993 with "Eleven Charges Reviewed" should be the basis of your defense. I would suggest that you be prepared to make that case at your Step I hearing. Dr. Robert Holton will be there to assist you in this defense. UPI has never supplied attorneys at its Step I or Step II hearings and we will not change that precedent in your case. George Harker knows his case better than anyone else and will lead the presentation at Step I.

Hopefully you will respond with specific dates to Dr. Brewer so we can proceed as expeditiously as possible. ...

Please allow me to add that, UPI agrees with your desire to expedite this matter. I suspect that if we would have proceeded directly to Step III as suggested we would now be awaiting an arbitrator's decision.

I am sincerely,
Mitchell Vogel
Page 37, Appendix DULP

46. Letter Richard H. Brewer to George R. Harker, July 1, 1994.

Dear Dr. Harker:

The UPI has not heard from you since President Mitchell Vogel wrote to you on May 19, 1994...

The Union firmly believed that it would be more expeditious to proceed directly to step two or even to step three rather than begin with step one. Nevertheless, at your urging and in our desire to accommodate... .. **YOU WILL HAVE TO PRESENT YOUR CASE AT SUCH A HEARING.**

Since the Union has not heard from you regarding your availability, and since the Union desires to expedite this matter, I will set a date for a step one hearing when I meet with the Board representative, Mr. Michael Provines, on July 7. I will inform you of the date, ...

Should you decide that you would prefer instead to proceed directly to a step two hearing, or to step three, binding arbitration, let me assure you that the Union remains willing to do so and will represent you at these steps.

Sincerely,
Richard H. Brewer, Ph.D.
Page 81, Appendix DULP

47. Letter from Richard H. Brewer to George R. Harker, July 12, 1994.

Dear Dr. Harker:

As we have informed you on several occasions, the UPI is interested in expediting the processing of your grievance regarding your dismissal... I have met with Mr. Provinces of the Board to set possible dates....

Please select from the following the date you wish to present your case at Step One:

1. Monday, August 1, 1994 in the morning
2. Wednesday, August 3, 1994 in the afternoon
3. Thursday, August 4, 1994 in the morning

Let us know right away which date you prefer. If you reject these dates or if we fail to hear from you, the UPI will assume you agree with us about the necessity of expediting your case by proceeding to a higher level. Of course, the UPI will represent you at that level.

Sincerely,
Richard H. Brewer, Ph.D.
Page 82, Appendix DULP

48. Letter George R. Harker to Richard H. Brewer, July 13, 1994.

Dear Dr. Brewer:

Not hearing from you regarding the dates of the Step I hearing I contacted the university to determine what was happening. (As you are aware I held the month of June open as per your letter of May 10, 1994....

Sincerely,
George R. Harker
Page 83, Appendix DULP

49. Letter George R. Harker to Richard H. Brewer, July 15, 1994.

Dear Dr. Brewer, Ph.D.:

Reference your (certified mail) letter of July 12, 1994 received July 15, 1994 regarding schedule of Step One Hearing.

As I indicated (uncertified mail) letter of July 13, 1994 the dates of August 1,3&4, 1994 are workable and reserved.

I will be pleased to present my case on Wednesday, August 3, 1994 in the afternoon. I believe that the amount of material to be covered is such that the following day will be needed as well. I presume that if additional time is needed we can make such arrangements at that time.

Please advise as to location of meeting. Location should be such as to accommodate media.

Sincerely,
George R. Harker
Page 84, Appendix DULP

50. Letter George R. Harker to Donald S. Spencer, July 16, 1994.

Dear President Spencer:

On February 23, 1994 I sent you a letter requesting documents for use in a Step I hearing (copy enclosed). Apparently you passed the letter to Mark T. Dunn...

Mr. Dunn did not address the request but rather suggested that a Step I hearing would

not be occurring. The Step I hearing has now been scheduled for the first week of August 1994.

I am finalizing my preparation for that hearing and the documents I requested will all clearly substantiate my position that the charges are groundless and that the real issue is academic freedom..."

Thank you for your attention to this matter.

Sincerely,
George R. Harker
Page 85, Appendix DULP

51. Letter Michael L. Provines to George R. Harker, July 25, 1994

Dear Dr. Harker:

This letter is in response to your letter dated July 16, 1994 to President Donald Spencer...

The issue of what can be heard at the step one meeting scheduled for August 3, 1994 has been determined. Arbitrator Herbert Berman held on April 8, 1993, that you are not entitled to another hearing in which you may put on evidence to disprove the specific charges that eventually resulted in your termination. Further, he stated that an arbitrator may not review the underlying proof in support of the charge...

You already have in your possession the 1,300+ pages of transcript of your hearing... ..you are merely attempting to harass the University by making irrelevant and burdensome document requests...

Finally, since you are limited by the Arbitrator's decision to what may be challenged I do not believe that you will need any more time than the three and one-half hours allotted to you at the August 3rd hearing....

Sincerely,
Michael L. Provines
Page 92, Appendix DULP

52. Letter Richard Brewer to George R. Harker, July 19, 1994.

Dear Dr. Harker:

Your letter of July 13, 1994... is confusing....

On July 12 I informed you by letter [certified] that we had decided upon three dates...

In your July 13 letter you said you "... will be available to participate in the hearing at that time." Let us be clear: "participation" means that you will be the presenter of your case."

As we have indicated in our previous correspondence, if you are unable to present your case on one of these dates, or if you now wish to bypass a Step One hearing, the UPI will proceed directly to a higher level and will represent you.

Direct your response to President Mitchell Vogel.

Sincerely,
Richard Brewer, Ph.D.
Page 91, Appendix DULP

53. Letter George R. Harker to Mitchell Vogel, July 28, 1994.

Dear President Vogel:

Please supply me with the union's list of acts and omissions committed in my termination that the union had been intending to take to the arbitrator. I note in the Faculty Agreement 1991-1995 that this information must be presented during the Step One hearing to be considered at subsequent steps. Since I am now handling the Step One hearing at your behest it is obviously necessary that I have that material quite soon. The hearing is scheduled for August 3, 1994.

Sincerely,
George R. Harker
[Ed. Note: entire contents of letter]
Page 94, Appendix DULP

54. Letter George R. Harker to Mitchell Vogel, July 29, 1994.

Dear President Vogel:

When the grievance regarding my termination was filed on June 21, 1991 I requested that the union represent me. Later in a July 1 conversation with Dr. McKinney I understood that the union would be representing me. This information was conveyed to you in a letter dated July 5, 1991 (copy enclosed) where I also reiterated that request for representation.

In that letter I also indicated the materials that counsel needed to obtain from the university to pursue this grievance. Please provide me with copies of the materials that were obtained from the university as a result of that letter or any other request resulting from the union's representation of me during the handling of this grievance from June 21, 1991 to this point.

Thank you for your assistance in this matter.

Sincerely,
George R. Harker
[Ed. Note: entire content of letter]
Page 95, Appendix DULP

55. Letter Michael Provines to George R. Harker, July 25, 1994.

Dear Dr. Harker:

This letter is in response to your letter dated July 16, 1994 to President Donald Spencer and your letter dated July 15, 1994 to Dr. Richard Brewer with carbon copy to me. First, in accordance with the contract, the President's designee, Eric Stiffler, will hold a step one meeting with yourself and a union representative(s). Dr. Stiffler will contact the UPI Chapter President at WIU to determine who will be present on behalf of the Union. The University and the Union may also appoint someone to be present and take notes at the meeting. The meeting will be held in the Provost's conference room... No other parties may attend this meeting.

The issues of what can be heard at the step one meeting scheduled for August 3, 1994 has been determined. Arbitrator Herbert Berman held on April 8, 1993, that you are not entitled to another hearing in which you may put on evidence to disprove the specific charges that eventually resulted in your termination. Further, he stated that an arbitrator may not review the underlying proof in support of the charge. A review of your letter dated February 23, 1994 to President Donald Spencer for a plethora of documents and your letter dated July 6, 1994 in which you renewed this request for this information, combined with your statement that your requested documents will substantiate that the charges are groundless appears to me to be an attempt to accomplish what the arbitrator has found to be beyond review.

You already have in your possession the 1,300 pages of transcript of your hearing. You also have the 130+ exhibits put into evidence by the University. Finally I presume that you have maintained the volumes of exhibits that you introduced. While I am uncertain of the exact number of exhibits, a reading of your book lists at least 239 exhibits introduced by you at the hearing.

Dr. Harker, Arbitrator Berman has determined that you may raise the issue of how the Board violated the procedural guidelines contained in Article 14 and the protocol, and whether the specific charges against you constituted adequate cause. It is apparent that you either do not understand what can be brought forth at this stage of the proceeding, or, you are merely attempting to harass the University by making irrelevant and burdensome document requests. I would like to believe that your request for this information is due to the former. Because of this fact, if you can establish how this information is relevant to what the Arbitrator has held, I will reconsider the denial and authorize the University to allow you access to relevant documentation if such documents are available.

Finally, since you are limited by the Arbitrator's decision to what may be challenged I do not believe that you will need any more time than the three and one-half hours allotted to you at the August 3rd hearing. At the present time, the university does not intend to schedule any additional time or dates if you are unable to complete your presentation during the step one meeting. I believe it is unlikely that you will not be able to complete your argument during this meeting. To my knowledge there have been few instances, if any, during the life of the Collective Bargaining

Agreement where an aggrieved party has ever taken longer than two hours to identify contractual violations.

Sincerely,
Michael L. Provines
[Ed. Note: entire contents letter]
Page 92, Appendix DULP

56. Letter George R. Harker to Michael L. Provines, July 29, 1994.

Dear Mr. Provines:

Thank you for your letter of July 25, 1994. It clarifies a number of points but raises other issues that must be addressed...

I have reviewed Mr. Berman's ruling and clearly what can be covered at the Step One hearing is not addressed in any way. In fact, the Step One hearing is not mentioned!

Berman says the "The Board does not have the burden of presenting an evidentiary case and to proceed de novo with the testimony of witnesses...."

Later the arbitrator indicates as you have stated what can and can not be reviewed by the arbitrator. Your interpretation of this is consistent with mine and this is precisely why the Step One hearing must be held. The Step One hearing is the first step in the internal appeal process and is the appropriate place to present the evidence that shows the charges are not valid.

In fact later the arbitrator states "The burden is on the Grievant to proceed with the testimony of witnesses and the introduction of documentary evidence." (page 16 of the ruling) ...

Am I to understand from you comments Mr. Provines, that you and the Board are fully aware that none of the charges are sustainable by the evidence...

Material that can be presented at the Step One hearing is defined by contract in the following manner: "At the Step One meeting, the grievant shall have the right to present *any evidence in support of the grievance.*" (emphasis added).

I note that the contract states (page 58) that "the grievant shall have *the right upon request to a copy of any existing identifiable documents relevant to the grievance*" (emphasis added). In addition to the materials I have already requested... ..I request the following:

1) All documents in my personnel file;

[Ed. Note: There are 2 through 16 entries in original letter.]

Let me call you attention to the grievance procedure as stated on page 55 of the contract...

At the grievance hearing I request an opportunity to present the testimony of witnesses that I was unable to present during the termination hearing due to time constraints and my inability competently and professionally to conduct my defense.

I must be permitted to develop a complete record during the level one grievance hearing. This record can then be used in the arbitration process should such be necessary.

Thank you for your assistance in this matter.

Sincerely,
George R. Harker
Page 103, Appendix DULP

57. Letter Michael L. Provines to George R. Harker, August 2, 1994.

Dear Dr. Harker:

This letter is in response to your letter of July 29, 1994. It is apparent that you continue to ignore the significance of Arbitrator Berman's decision. He held that the situs of your termination was the termination hearing. You cannot and the University will not relitigate the merits of the hearing committee's recommendation or the decision of the President....

Let us be clear that you may present whatever evidence you choose to present at the step one hearing. If you choose to continue to argue that the charges are groundless, you may do that. However, I hold a very different understanding of Arbitrator Berman's decision about what may be argued. It probably would be fair to say that I disagree totally with your interpretation.

You seem to have a fundamental misunderstanding of what is required of you at the step one hearing. This is not a formal procedure where you will need to put on witnesses to prove your case. You need only to identify the basics of who, what, when, where and how. Attached are the last five pages of Arbitrator Berman's decision. It would be in your best interest to confine your

inquiry to these areas.

Sincerely,
Michael L. Provines
Page 107, Appendix DULP

58. Letter Mitchell Vogel to George R. Harker, August 2, 1994.

Dear Dr. Harker:

... The UPI has never at any time said it would not represent you. Nor is there any reasonable interpretation of any of our lengthy correspondence to you which would even infer that we would not. You seem continually unable or unwilling to understand the UPI's position or evidently the English language.

The UPI has continually felt that... .. we should proceed directly to a level beyond Step One of the grievance process...

However, for whatever reason, you continually want to prolong this process and have a Step One hearing despite the UPI's and its attorney's belief that it would not be prudent to do so....

Your claim in your letter of July 23 that you have been denied legal counsel is more than inaccurate, it is simply untrue. The UPI has continually consulted with the attorneys from the Cornfield and Feldman Law Firm on this grievance...

Your final claim in your July 23 letter that "The union has repeatedly assured me [Harker] of representation in a future action but has always reneged when the future becomes the moment." is likewise not at all true. The UPI has never refused to represent you in the grievance process...

Despite your generally uncooperative actions, which have included public denunciations and threats of lawsuits against us, the UPI will represent you at the higher levels of the grievance process.

Sincerely,
Mitchell Vogel
[Ed. Note: errors are in original]
Page 114-115, Appendix DULP

59. Letter George R. Harker to Donald S. Spencer, August 25, 1994.

Dear President Spencer:

This is a request for information made pursuant to the Illinois Freedom of Information Act.

I hereby request copies of all records, notes, electronic information, or other information described as follows:

1. Copies of all the letters listed in President Wagoner's report to the board dated June 10, 1991 including copies of the response cards on all certified letters.

[Ed. Note: 2 through 39 listed additional materials sought]

40. All documents referring or relating to the destruction of any of the above documents.

I am requesting this information for my individual use.

Please obtain approval from me before incurring any expenses in excess of \$100.

However, I request a waiver of fees. My interest in the records is not a commercial interest, and disclosure of the information to me will contribute significantly to public understanding of the operations and activities of our state system of higher education particularly the Board of Governors Universities.

I would appreciate a response within the 7 working days prescribed by Illinois law. If for any reason your decision is to deny me any of the requested information, I request precise information as to why the requested information has been denied, as well as an explanation of my appeal procedure.

Thank you for your assistance.

Sincerely,
George R. Harker
Page 189, Appendix DULP

60. Letter John C. Maguire to George R. Harker, September 16, 1994.

Dear Dr. Harker:

With the exception of the records noted below, all of the records which you requested in your letter dated August 25, 1994, to President Spencer either (1) have already been provided to you; (2) will be provided for your inspection and copying, in the manner described below; or (3) do not exist as University records. The lists that appear below, which track your numbered requests, indicate which of the above three categories each of your numbered requests which have not been denied falls.

The method under which those records which fall under (1) above have already been made available for your inspections is as follows:

[Ed. Note: There are 9 pages of categorized material.]

You may appeal the denial of your request for access to these records by sending written notice to President Donald S. Spencer, Western Illinois University, Macomb, Illinois 61455.

Sincerely,
John C. Maguire
Page 203, Appendix DULP

61. Presentation of George R. Harker at Step One Hearing: Termination Grievance delivered on August 3, 1994.

Step One Hearing: Termination Grievance

Thank you for the opportunity to be heard. I will be brief and to the point.

I am a teacher and a philosopher, not a lawyer.

Under the collective bargaining agreement there is a procedure to process a grievance. *The term "Grievance" shall mean a dispute concerning the interpretation or application of a specific term or provision of this Agreement, subject to those exclusions appearing in other Articles of this agreement.* (Emphasis added, page 5, 1991-1995 Faculty Agreement.)

I appear before you today regarding such a dispute over my termination from Western Illinois University in 1991. do not believe the provisions of Article 14.1 Termination were properly interpreted or applied in my situation. The deviations from the proper application of this provision are blatant and self-evident. In the evidence I will present I have listed just a few of those that are well documented and proven. In themselves they are more than sufficient to require a revocation of my termination.

Material that can be presented at the Step On hearing is defined by contract in the following manner: "At the Step One meeting, the grievant shall have *the right to present any evidence in support of the grievance.*" (Emphasis added, page 57 of 1991-95 Faculty Agreement.) With that statement in mind I submit as evidence marked as exhibit 1 a copy of the book *He Wouldn't Drink the Hemlock: The Firing of Dr. Leisure* (including as part of the exhibit all material referenced within the body of the book or in the endnotes). Library of Congress #93-86241, ISBN 0-9638802-1-7, First 1993 edition Dr. Leisure. Future references to "Hemlock" should be understood to reference this exhibit.

I note that the contract states (page 58) that "In advance of the Step One meeting the grievant shall

have *the right upon request to a copy of any existing identifiable documents relevant to the grievance*" (emphasis added). All materials requested in this regard were withheld by the university and not available for this hearing in apparent violation of the contract. (Letter of July 25, 1994 Provines to Harker attached as exhibit 2) The materials requested would have substantially supported the assertion that none of the charges are valid and that the charges are presented as a pretext for the firing. I note for the record a continuing effort on the part of the university to not comply with the contract and intentionally suppressing information that is competent, material and relevant evidence that should be available in these proceedings. (Letter of July 29, 1994 Harker to Provines exhibit 3.)

Let me also note for the record that my request for a postponement made August 1, 1994 of thirty days was denied. That request was made in an attempt to obtain legal counsel on properly understanding that the union would not be representing me contrary to my understanding when this grievance was filed on June 21, 1994. Also witnesses I intended to call are out of town and could not be reached.

Adequate Cause

Article 14.1 Termination b. (4) "The burden of proof that adequate cause exists rests with the University and shall be satisfied only by clear and convincing evidence in the record considered as a whole. The employee will be afforded the opportunity to present witnesses and to confront and cross-examine all witnesses."

1) The evidence shows that none of the eleven charges are valid, thus there are no charges to support the concept of adequate case.

See Hemlock pages 289-321.

Procedural Due Process

Article 14.1 b. (4) The employee will be afforded the opportunity to present witnesses and to confront and cross-examine all witnesses.

2) The evidence shows I was not allowed to complete my testimony and this precluded the admission of competent, material and relevant evidence.

see Hemlock pages 23-38, 71-169, 85-100, 101-170

3) The evidence shows that I was not allowed to call any of the eighteen witnesses that I wished to present and this precluded the admission of competent, material and relevant evidence.

see Hemlock pages 321-331

Article 14.1.b.(3) During the proceedings, the employee will be permitted to have a counselor or an advisor of her/his choice.

4) The evidence shows I was not represented by counsel of any kind during the hearing although I repeatedly requested representation. The lack of representation created a situation that precluded the admission of competent, material and relevant evidence as well a situation that allowed prejudicial, incompetent, immaterial or irrelevant evidence to be introduced against me without objection.

see Hemlock pages 252-258, 277-283

14.11 b.(5) The findings and recommendations of the hearing committee shall be reduced to writing and served on the employee and the University President within 20 work days after the conclusion of the hearing. If the hearing committee concludes that adequate cause for dismissal has been established, it will so recommend in writing, with supporting reason to the University President.

5) The basis for adequate cause was not found by the committee in the charges presented by the university, indeed only four charges were supported by the committee and those clearly in contradiction to the evidence.

see Hemlock pages 261-263

6) The remediation process was ended by the university when I did not change the content of my course to the satisfaction of DiGrino and Spencer. This was the basis for the university to break off remediation efforts and this is contrary to the contract.

see Hemlock pages 248-250

7) Report by majority hearing committee does not clearly address whether a charge was considered proven or not. This is a significant departure from the hearing protocol.

see Hemlock pages 250-252

8) Wagoner utilizes "academic judgment" as his basis to support ten of the eleven charges. This in spite of the fact that he knows all of the charges are shown by evidence to be not valid.

see Hemlock pages 373-379, 392-396

9) Material in report to the board was prejudicial and incompetent.

see Hemlock pages 373-382

Issue of Pretext

10) The charges are part of an elaborate pretext to bring about my firing. My involvement with nude beach research is a significant reason for firing not any alleged charge.

see Hemlock pages 171-225

11) It is well known in the academic community that other faculty committed offenses similar to those alleged and were not terminated.

see Hemlock pages 247, 330

Transcending Basic Constitutional Issues

First Amendment Rights

12) Academic freedom and free speech. President Wagoner makes clear that the substantive basis for my firing was actually my failure to properly change the content of my course Philosophy of Leisure.

see Hemlock pages 376-379,379,1-463

Conclusion

As members of the academic community it behooves you to fight for this constitutionally provided rights. Not for my benefit but for yourself and your academic colleagues and the citizens of Illinois. You are a state employee and have a special and perhaps even sacred obligation to support the constitution of the U.S.

What we are witnessing in this situation is precisely the same thought process and patterns of human behavior that brought about the Holocaust. Many people have convinced themselves that a professor of leisure is a member of a class with no social standing in the academic community or much less the larger community of the whole. This is not unlike how a Jew was portrayed in Nazi Germany.

Mankind does not change. We are all basically the same as our ancestors of ten thousand years ago. We are driven by a desire to dominate others and become the head of the group. We are challenged by the rivalry between different factions of our species be they groups categorized by sex, race, religion or intellect. The struggle for dominance and control pervades our daily lives. This wrongful termination is yet another manifestation of that struggle.

I had intended to call witnesses but all they would do is substantiate what I have presented in my evidence. In summary note that the eleven charges are not supported by the evidence and there is no basis to fire under Article 14 with regard to adequate cause. Substantial procedural due process issues exist and have been identified which accounts for the process continuing to this point unhampered. Clearly the charges were intended as a pretext since it is well known that most university professors have committed one or more of the acts alleged without any action against them much less a termination action.

Recommendations

It is time to bring this sordid chapter in the history of WIU to a close. The untoward actions of a few must be rectified. I must be returned to my position with the university and made whole

immediately.

I leave you with one parting thought. Don't have a seizure, listen to Dr. Leisure!

[Ed. Note: This is the complete written presentation presented to Eric Stiffler at the Step One hearing.]

Page 116, Appendix DULP

62. Letter George R. Harker to Eric Stiffler, August 11, 1994.

Dear Dr. Stiffler:

Just a quick note to comment on the significance of the document that you are preparing with regard to the Step One hearing. As you are probably aware you will be essentially writing a critique of the book and its content to properly deal with the allegations and evidence presented during the hearing...

Unlike most such grievance reports this one will be different! It will be published either in full or in part in my next book regarding my termination from WIU. Your words and actions will define your character and contribution at WIU for posterity just have Nick DiGrino and others have done so by their own deeds and efforts as presented in *He Wouldn't Drink the Hemlock*. I will attempt to portray your involvement in this matter as objectively as I can.

I encourage you to consider the historical ramifications of your decision and how it will be perceived by future generations. I look forward to reading your response to the Step One hearing in the near future.

I have been in contact with the Illinois Educational Labor Relations Board regarding Provines' efforts to limit my testimony and his failure to provide the documents I requested prior to the hearing. I believe I have the basis for an unfair labor practices charge. I will withhold processing of this in the hope that we can move toward resolution of the larger issue in his matter in the next thirty days. Again I reiterate my offer to work with you and the board in an effort to resolve this matter in a manner consistent with the best interest of the taxpayers and citizens of Illinois.

Sincerely,
George R. Harker
Page 121, Appendix DULP

63. See previous endnote.

64. Letter Eric Stiffler to George R. Harker, August 11, 1994.

Dear George:

Enclosed is a copy of the transcript of the Step One hearing... please return... with any corrections..."

One correction that I believe should be made at several places in your remarks is the reference to provisions in Article 14.1. The correct reference is Article 14.2 if I am not mistaken.

Sincerely,
Eric M. Stiffler
Assistant Academic Vice President
Page 125, Appendix DULP

65. Letter George R. Harker to Eric Stiffler, August 18, 1994.

Dear Eric:

Enclosed is the transcript of the Step One hearing with suggested corrections. Regarding whether Article 14.1 or 14.2. In current contract it is 14.2. In previous contract, the one in effect when I was terminated it is 14.1.

I found I made an error in my presentation. The grievance was filed on June 21, 1991 not 1994.

Some thoughts on pretext: As I have stated in my initial motion to dismiss the termination hearing the whole action derives from DiGrino's retaliation effort when I suggested to Dean Spencer that he was incompetent and needed to be replaced.

The pretext issue that is raised in the book that was new and not known to me during

the initial hearing regards not properly changing the course content of my Philosophy of Leisure course. The full information on this only became apparent with the release of the President' report to the Board. In retrospect there is significant documentation within the hearing transcript and in the evidence submitted by the university that this was the real and primary reason for the termination action against me. Note that this is a clear breach of academic freedom and that this was acknowledged by the hearing committee and the university president.

Obviously there are a number of pretext and other issues that are closely intertwined in this whole affair. Unfortunately the complexity of this situation is such that things can not be dropped easily (if at all) into little boxes with labels such as "academic judgment", "adequate cause", or "procedural due process." There are many strands running through this situation that jump from one box to another without any clear categorization as to exactly what they are. ...

Compliment Sharon on doing a great job on the transcription. I am glad I didn't have to do it. Thanks for sending me the copy for my review.

Sincerely,
George R. Harker
Page 126, Appendix DULP

66. Letter Eric Stiffler to George R. Harker, August 22, 1994.

STEP ONE DECISION W63.

[Ed. Note: The Step One Decision is reported in a nine-page document. It is self-evident that Dr. Stiffler did not read or consider any of the evidence presented by Dr. Harker. The excerpt regarding alleged violation (1) effectively demonstrates how this was accomplished and justified. The interested reader can review the entire document in Appendix Documentation Unfair Labor Practice pages 128-136.]

... My findings concerning each of the 12 alleged violations are stated below.

(1) You claim that Article 14.2.b.(4) was violated because none of the charges brought against you at the termination hearing is valid. It is beyond the scope of the Step One hearing to reconsider the conclusions reached by the hearing committee concerning the evidence for the charges at issue in the termination hearing. In his April 8, 1993, decision regarding your earlier grievance of discharge procedures, arbitrator Herbert M. Berman concluded:

"An arbitrator's authority is thus limited to determining whether an accused employee was denied procedural and substantive due process and whether the Employer followed the procedures prescribed by Article 14. An arbitrator does not have the authority to conduct a hearing de novo on the "statement of reasons" made by the President, make independent factual findings or set aside factual findings made by the hearing committee. (Berman Decision, page 14.)"

To review at this point the evidence for the specific charges presented at the termination hearing would mean setting aside the factual findings of the hearing committee. Therefore, I do not find the violation you claim.

Page 128, Appendix DULP

67. Letter George R. Harker to Michael L. Provines, August 23, 1994.

Dear Mr. Provines:

...You indicated, "if you can establish how this information is relevant to what the Arbitrator has held, I will reconsider the denial and authorize the University to allow you access to relevant documentation if such documents are available." While I don't believe it is necessary or required that I establish how this information is relevant I have provided that rationale for each of the sets of documents that I have previously requested....

Sincerely,
George R. Harker
Page 166, Appendix DULP

68. Letter George R. Harker to Eric M. Stiffler, September 2, 1994.

Dear Dr. Stiffler:

The Step One hearing as I understood it was an opportunity for an internal review by the university of my termination. It was an opportunity to make corrections or adjustments to the process that might be necessary to correct procedural or other errors. Your finding that no errors were made belies the weight of evidence and rational thought. Nevertheless your analysis provides some further insight into the process and the university's total disregard for due process and academic freedom.

I note that you did not and apparently will not review my assertion that none of the eleven charges are valid. Apparently you recognize that such a review would clearly and unequivocally substantiate that the allegation is true - none of the charges are valid. Furthermore it is apparent and well documented that considerable effort was expended to fabricate them in the first place which is rather unusual to say the least.

If the charges are not valid then the factual findings made by the hearing committee are suspect and must be set aside. This in turn would mean that the concept of adequate cause was not met and the termination is not valid under the contract. (I note that just doing a review does not necessitate discarding the findings of the hearing committee as you would suggest. It is only if the allegation is correct. This hearing was the legitimate place to conduct that review and make that determination. Yet it was not done.)

I also note that you did not dispute or refute so much as a single word, statement or characterization in my book, *He Wouldn't Drink the Hemlock: The Firing of Dr. Leisure*.

The astute reader of my presentation and your response, read in conjunction with the appropriate passages of *Hemlock* will quickly realize that there is a sharp difference between what you presented and quoted at length from university documents and the material in *Hemlock* which you did not quote at all. The result is that the material presented by you is often fully explained and properly categorized in *Hemlock* but the reader of only your document is kept totally in the dark by what you have presented.

In a sixteen-page letter to Provines dated August 23, 1994 I have explained the relevance of the materials previously requested prior to the hearing. I look forward to receiving those documents in the immediate near future even though they now have no utility to the Step One hearing. Their timely receipt and incorporation into the Step One hearing should have precluded the need for any subsequent hearing. The delay in making those documents available coupled with other actions by Provines are further documentation of the BGU's effort to deny my due process rights.

The way the purpose of the Step One hearing was circumvented is indicative of a public-be-damned policy that has become synonymous with the BGU and its approach to administering a select group of higher education institutions. The relative success of this approach is manifest in the continued declining enrollments at WIU. The public may not fully understand what is happening at WIU but they know enough to be wary.

Sincerely,
George R. Harker
Page 195, Appendix DULP

69. Letter Richard H. Brewer to George R. Harker, August 4, 1994.

Dear Dr. Harker:

President Vogel has asked me to respond to your letters of July 28 and 29, 1994. They reached the UPI Office on August 1, 1994, less than two days before your scheduled Step One Hearing at WIU.

1. Because of the fact that your request for documents arrived extremely late, it was impossible to honor your request.

2. The material you requested you have anyway, since it comes from the exhibits and other evidence presented at your termination hearing by you and the Board, which was given to you. The materials, which the UPI has, came from you. Presumably you have made the necessary copies and retained them for yourself before sending them.

Sincerely,
Richard H. Brewer, Ph.D.
[Ed. Note: entire content of letter]
Page 120, Appendix DULP

70. Letter George R. Harker to Mitchell Vogel, August 12, 1994.

Dear President Vogel:

For the sake of clarification... I don't believe any of my statements in the July 23, 1994 letter are false.

To paragraph one, the short response is simply that the union did not represent me at the Step One hearing August 3, 1994 after being requested to do so on June 21, 1991 on the grievance form and in subsequent correspondence. Do you disagree with this statement of fact?

In response to paragraph two: You are correct in advising that the union has intended to skip One and Step Two hearings. However, you fail to note that the Berman decision suggested that was not the correct procedure or interpretation of the contract and thus a need for the Step One hearing.

In response to paragraph three: I am not the one prolonging the process. I followed the advise of Hillman and submitted material to her in May of 1993. I heard nothing from the union until January of 1994 (a period of seven months) when the union proposed going to arbitration. I recall that the advice from you and Hillman in May 1993 was seek a settlement of less than a year's pay and drop the matter. Hillman advised I would lose at arbitration. Remember, the facts show that none of the charges are valid and this was presented in material to Hillman and the Board of Governors in May 1993. The material is also within my book. There was no correspondence from Hillman or the union suggesting that anything had changed with regard to going to arbitration and losing. Thus my last understanding of union advise and counsel was that I would lose at arbitration. I have no doubt that the union is interested in facilitating that loss and the finalization of my termination. I on the other had would like to have the termination overturned since it is clear that I did not commit any of the acts charged.

Check and reread my letter of May 19, 1994 (actually May 16, 1994) I believe you will find that the actual interpretation of what I said ("With reasonable notification I am sure I can accommodate most any June hearing.") is that I will be available anytime during the month of June for a hearing.

Regards legal counsel. Once again at the Step One hearing I was not represented by the union and I did not have access to legal counsel of any kind. This is precisely the way the termination hearing was held. If this constitutes representation by the union, perhaps I do misunderstand the term. The availability of Bob Holton to assist is not exactly competent legal counsel. Bob's concept of what the contract means seems to have little relation to what the arbitrator or other knowledgeable in contract law seem to think the contract means. This disparity of views on the interpretation of the contract is of course the crux of the problem.

Representation by the union will mean little at the Step Two hearing or at the arbitration hearing without the proper foundation being laid at the Step One hearing. ...

I hope this clarifies to you and those who will be reading this record some of the misinformation conveyed in your letter of August 2, 1994. Hopefully I have laid the appropriate and necessary groundwork for a successful appeal to the arbitrator. If university personnel are competent, we might even get the termination reversed as a result of the Step One hearing. Clearly the role of the union in this effort was not what it should have been and I will be seeking appropriate redress in the courts for the losses I have experienced and the damage to my reputation. That is not a threat but merely the logical consequence of events. I will be seeking reasonable compensation for all the damage I have sustained in this matter either from the union or the board or in all likelihood, both.

Sincerely,
George R. Harker
Page 122, Appendix DULP

71. Letter George R. Harker to Richard H. Brewer, August 12, 1994.

Dear Dr. Brewer, Ph.D.:

...The materials requested in the July 28, 1994 letter namely the "union's list of acts and omissions committed in my termination that the union had been intending to take to the arbitrator" was not addressed at all. Presumably the listing would be only a few pages if it existed at all and could be easily faxed. In any event I would still like to have a copy of/or any information regarding the issues the union will raise at level two or at arbitration. President Vogel continues to assert that the union is representing me and I would think some tangible evidence of that would exist. Please advise.

Your response to my letter of July 29, 1994 regarding documents which needed to be obtained from the university prior to pursuing this grievance suggest that no effort was made by the union to obtain any documents whatsoever. It should be quite obvious that the documents I have requested were not among those in my possession or I would not have requested them. It

appears the union is working in concert with the board to prevent me from obtaining the documents that I am entitled to by virtue of the contract. Note page 58, "In advance of the Step One meeting, the grievant shall have the right upon request to a copy of any existing identifiable documents relevant to the grievance."

I suspect that if those documents were requested and obtained from the university back in July 1991 this entire matter would have been quickly and quietly resolved without ever the need for further action.

I look forward to your response.

Sincerely,
George R. Harker
Page 124, Appendix DULP

72. Letter George R. Harker to Mitchell Vogel, August 24, 1994.

Dear President Vogel:

Enclosed is a REQUEST FOR REVIEW OF STEP ONE GRIEVANCE DECISION signed by me and ready for Richard Brewer's signature.

Please see that it is signed and filed with the BGU in accord with the grievance procedures. If it needs to be changed in any way please advise.

I am assuming that you have copies of the grievance and the decision that apparently must accompany the REQUEST to the BGU.

Thank you.

Sincerely,
George R. Harker
Page 183, Appendix DULP

73. Letter Mitchell Vogel to George R. Harker, August 24, 1994.

Dear Dr. Harker

Allow me to express some astonishment at the hostile tone of your correspondence and public pronouncements. I am primarily astonished at your obvious lack of trust in the one organization or in the case of Robert Holton an individual that has been trying to assist you. For the sake of your case, **this hostility must stop**. UPI can not defend someone whose actions can only undermine its chances for success.

I can only assume your hostility is based on a non-understanding of UPI's assessment of your case and our strategy for a successful conclusion. I mistakenly thought we previously achieved an agreement on this assessment and a strategy. It is clear based upon your correspondence, publications and public pronouncements that agreement had not been achieved.

It does not serve UPI or George Harker any real purpose to rebut erroneous statements in your... letter or your ... book. I must for the record state that **there are obvious misunderstandings, misinterpretations and/or misspeakings of the truth.**

The most practical and expeditious thing I can accomplish in this letter is to once again state our assessment of your case and outline the basic strategy undertaken or projected to be undertaken.

1.) UPI has consistently taken the position that since Western Illinois University and the Board of Governors have had ample opportunity to review the facts of your case, there is little likelihood they will change their decision... **We need an outside arbitrator....**

2) If arbitration is necessary, UPI will hire legal counsel to present your case. In your case, **we will hire the most knowledgeable, experienced, competent attorney to make the presentation.** As you know, UPI counsel has previously provided assistance to you as well as having met with you to discuss the strategy of settling your grievance.

3) You are correct in stating that I am not overly optimistic about winning your arbitration case. Our contract is somewhat constrictive about overturning the academic judgment of a University President. Quite often justice and arbitration decisions are not synonymous. If you re-read Arbitrator Berman's decision in your previous arbitration case, you will notice his warning that **we can not re-litigate whether the reasons for your dismissal were true or false.**

Also allow me to state that at no time did I suggest you accept a small payout for dropping the case. It has consistently been our strategy that we give arbitration its best opportunity. If however you choose not to gamble and directed us to seek a settlement, UPI would make inquiries with the Board of Governors. You indicated that you were not interested in that approach and we have not pursued a settlement.

4) A new piece of strategy concerns your recent writings. Our strategy is based upon protecting our contract, protecting the rights of our members and protecting the basic academic integrity of our institutions and our institutions' accepted structures, such as tenure.... **If you desire to continue to use our services, I suggest you discuss with us any questions you might have regarding your defense. These discussions will go a long way to curtailing any misunderstandings that might develop.**

Professor Brewer will discuss with you the ramifications of the future step one decision.

If there are any further questions feel free to contact me.

I am sincerely,
Mitchell Vogel
Page 186, Appendix DULP

74. Letter George R. Harker to Mitchell Vogel, September 1, 1994.

Dear Dr. Vogel:

Your letter of August 24, 1994 (received August 31, 1994) was informative and appreciated.

I suggest we... meet as soon as possible to discuss arbitration proceeding.

I assume my coming to Chicago would facilitate things and would be happy to do so.

I expect to be out of town from September 10-24, 1994. A faxed exchange on this matter might be a bit quicker than the mail. (Seven days on a letter from Chicago to Macomb?)

Sincerely,
George R. Harker
Page 194, Appendix DULP

75. Fax Mitch Vogel to George R. Harker, September 2, 1994.

to: George Harker
from: Mitch Vogel
re: Scheduled Meeting

It seems Friday morning October 7, 1994 would be the best time to meet, according to Barbara Hillman, Dick Brewer and myself.

Please confirm, if that date is ok. Of course, UPI will pay for your train fare.

Page 197, Appendix DULP

76. Letter/Fax George R. Harker to Mitch Vogel, September 6, 1994.

Dear Dr. Vogel:

Friday morning October 7, 1994 is fine. I expect to be available from 11 a.m. on, at your office.

I am assuming that Ms. Hillman is the person who will be handling the matter for the UPI...

I am assuming the main purpose of this meeting is to determine where we are in the process...

I would suggest that prior to this meeting an outline be prepared regarding the anticipated presentation to the arbitrator. I am unclear as to the union's strategy in this regard.

I have offered my views on possible strategies in my book and in the Step One hearing.

I would like to know the union's current thinking as to what the anticipated strategy to the arbitrator is at this time.

Even if I am not in, my fax will be accepting transmissions.

Sincerely,
George R. Harker
Page 198, Appendix DULP

77. Letter/Fax George R. Harker to Mitchell Vogel, September 9, 1994.

Dear Dr. Vogel:

My travel plans for September have been cancelled.

I will be available to review the union's outline of proposed defense presentation to arbitrator as soon as it becomes available. I am seeking a very initial draft. Something a competent attorney familiar with my case could produce in an afternoon.

Hope to hear from you soon.

Sincerely,
George R. Harker
Page 199, Appendix DULP

78. Letter George R. Harker to Mitchell Vogel, September 13, 1994.

Dear Dr. Vogel:

What is the status of the REQUEST FOR REVIEW OF STEP ONE GRIEVANCE DECISION that was routed to the BGU via your office for signature of Richard Brewer? My records show that document was received by your office on August 29, 1994. I have no further information.

Sincerely,
George R. Harker
Page 200, Appendix DULP

79. Letter Richard Brewer to George R. Harker, September 13, 1994.

Dear Dr. Harker:

Two items:

1. We have received the step one decision on your grievance (W63), which was negative. I also received your request for a step two review. As has been stated as a distinct possibility, the UPI is going to seek to by-pass a step two hearing and proceed directly to binding arbitration. Of course, the Board must agree to this. We will employ the services of the Cornfield and Feldman firm to represent the UPI on your behalf.

2. I disagree with your assessment of my letter to you of August 4, 1994 as an "inadequate" response to previous correspondence. I regret that you feel this way. For the record, I know of no listing that you refer to in your letter or any other written correspondence in this regard. If the UPI attorneys wish me to compile a listing or to perform any other tasks relating to this arbitration, I will be prepared to do so when and if they so request.

Sincerely,
Richard H. Brewer, Ph.D.
Page 201, Appendix DULP

80. Letter Richard H. Brewer to Michael L. Provines, September 15, 1994.

Dear Mr. Provines:

This letter is to make a record of our telephone conversation this morning in which you, representing the Board, and I, representing the Union, agreed to by-pass a Step Two hearing on the above... proceed directly... binding arbitration....

If you are in agreement with these statements, please sign below and return a copy to me at the

UPI Office.

Sincerely,
Richard H. Brewer, Ph.D.
Page 202, Appendix DULP

81. Letter/Fax George R. Harker to Richard H. Brewer, September 20, 1994.

Dear Dr. Brewer:

1) I gather from your letter of September 13, 1994 that my letter of August 12, 1994 was correct in my interpretation of union actions. There has been no effort by you or anyone else associated with the union to prepare anything for presentation to the arbitrator. Apparently the role of the union is to do only that which might be construed as legally necessary to meet the minimum requirements of representing someone. I think I am now beginning to understand this minimalist approach being taken by the union..."

2) The key and central single issue on which the whole hearing pivots is Paul Nollen's actions on November 29, 1990....

Nevertheless it could not change what had happened. The issue was not equal time as Nollen had suggested but rather that Nollen had made his mind up and had decided that I was expendable and should be fired....

3) I believe that if this single issue is properly presented to the board by the union, the board will have no other choice but to overturn the termination. Most every other action and irregularity with the proceedings can be interpreted and understood against this key pivotal incident.

4) I respectfully suggest that the union focus its efforts on this issue in the Step Two hearing. If properly done, I believe there will be no need to go to arbitration....

My comments are intended to be compatible with what I perceive as the union's minimalist approach. (I am not intending the term minimalist as pejorative but rather as a description of a decision-making strategy and a style of management.) As a management strategy for dealing with this situation I can understand the rationale but I do not think it is in the best interest of either myself or other faculty served by the union. My style is somewhat different. I put my total energies into resolving a problem and will ultimately go to the Supreme Court if necessary. It is my hope that we can integrate the central points of our different views into a focused cohesive effort to reestablish the concept of tenure and academic freedom at WIU.

Let me reiterate my view on the Step Two hearing. The Step Two hearing must be conducted. The Step One hearing was not done according to contractual guidelines and needs to be properly held as part of the Step Two process. If the BGU will not have this hearing or if after having a proper hearing refuses to rectify their position, then we can move confidently on to arbitration.

Sincerely,
George R. Harker
Page 212, Appendix DULP

82. Letter/Fax Mitchell Vogel to George R. Harker, September 23, 1994.

Dear Dr. Harker

I have directed Dr. Brewer to allow me to respond to your various memos questioning UPI's strategy...

1.) We have successfully convinced the BGU that it would be best to by-pass Step II and proceed directly to Arbitration or Step III. We did this for two reasons. One, which was discussed earlier with you, it is not in your best interest to present our strategy concerning your case before the arbitration hearing. Why should we show the BGU our strategy before we appear before an impartial arbitrator?

The second reason for skipping Step II is based on the simple fact that the BGU has had plenty of opportunities to reverse the termination decision and has repeatedly chosen not to do so. ...

2.) Your case can only be argued at arbitration utilizing the guidelines promulgated by Arbitrator Berman in your previous case. Please come to the meeting on the 7th with your thoughts on this matter. Unfortunately, our contract and labor law does not allow us to argue the case with other criteria, and we do not have the luxury of being distracted by potentially interesting and provocative topics. Our goal is to win a reversal of the decision to terminate your employment with a favorable opinion ...

If there are any further questions feel free to contact me.

I am sincerely,
Mitchell Vogel
Page 214, Appendix DULP

83. Letter George R. Harker to Richard H. Brewer, September 26, 1994.

Dear Dr. Brewer:

As I made clear in my request for a Step Two hearing the Step One hearing as held on August 3, 1994 was not held in accord with the usual protocols of the Step One hearing.

Please process my request for the Step Two hearing in accord with the procedures outlined in the contract...

To circumvent the Step Two hearing in light of how the Step One hearing was handled puts us precisely where we were in January 1994. The way the Step One hearing was handled becomes a basis for contention at Arbitration if the errors are not corrected at the Step Two hearing. For the union to waive the Step Two hearing is to accept the procedural errors of the Step One hearing. To accept the procedural errors of the Step One hearing is to accept the procedural errors of the Termination Hearing. As you must be aware, once the union has accepted the procedural errors there is nothing any arbitrator can do about it.

Please confer with Provines to schedule a legitimate Step Two hearing If the union or the board chooses not to do that than advise so that I might file an Unfair Labor Practice Charge against the appropriate party or parties.

Sincerely,
George R. Harker
Page 216, Appendix DULP

84. Letter Michael L. Provines to George R. Harker, September 29, 1994.

Dear Dr. Harker:

Your request for documents dated August 23, 1994 was received in this office on August 29, 1994.....

Your request to review your personnel file was not part of your Freedom of Information Act request but was a request you addressed to me. You may contact Eric Stiffler to schedule a time to review that file.

I have written to you on a number of occasions to inform you that you must establish that the documents you are seeking are relevant to these proceedings before the university would consider your request. Your August 23, 1994 letter expressed your belief that the documents were relevant to establish that your termination was not supported by the facts. What is important for you to understand is that Arbitrator Berman issued a binding arbitration decision that held you cannot relitigate the facts of your termination. Your request for documents to establish the truth or the falsity of the basis of your discharge therefore lacks the necessary requirement to prove relevancy because that matter cannot be reheard nor may you augment the record.

Your document request is in some respects a moot point because the university has provided you with, or allowed you access to, a majority of the documents you have requested under the Freedom of Information Act. However, do not be misled that your receipt of these documents under the Freedom of Information Act means that you have demonstrated that your request is relevant according to the contract and the Arbitrator's decision. In light of the final and binding Arbitrator's decision, you have not demonstrated the documents' relevancy.

Sincerely,
Michael L. Provines
Page 218, Appendix DULP

85. Fax/Letter Mitchell Vogel to George R. Harker, October 5, 1994.

Dear Dr. Harker:

Please allow me to once again apologize for the postponement of our meeting on October 7, 1994. The postponement occurred because of an emergency hospitalization in our attorney's immediate family. We will contact you as soon as we can regarding a new date. Rest assured it will happen as soon as possible.

On another matter... your letter regarding Step II.

Another agenda item for our meeting will be your continuous questioning of UPI's strategy regarding your case. I am constantly mystified as to why you feel it necessary to question not only our tactics, but our motives as well. I had hoped that we could all save our energies and resources for winning your case in arbitration....You have begun to distribute a letter concerning UPI's handling of your grievances, that is not only wrong, but malicious and potentially libelous. For the record, I have to question your statements, motives and intent...

To state that UPI has taken a minimalist position doing only what we have to is pure fabrication. UPI is taking your case to binding arbitration (which is where you will have the best chance at overturning the BGU's decision) because we think a violation of our contract has been created. In short, UPI is defending, to the maximum level...

If there are any further questions it would be most appropriate to contact UPI's Grievance officer Richard Brewer or me.

I am sincerely,
Mitchell Vogel
Page 220, Appendix DULP

86. Letter/fax George R. Harker to Mitchell Vogel, October 6, 1994.

Dear President Vogel:

If the material I requested regarding the union's anticipated strategy with the arbitrator had been provided, the rescheduling of our October 7, 1994 meeting would be a non issue...

You continually suggest that taking my situation to binding arbitration is the best chance for overturning the BGU's decision....

As you are aware, I have been involved in a number of legal challenges both in state and federal court. In all cases, the lawyers I have been involved with were able to articulate their strategy and indicate how they felt the law had been violated or misapplied. As an expert witness, my expertise has been used by these attorneys to further their cases...

The questions that I have posed to you and Richard Brewer in a variety of forms is quite simple: 1) What is the violation of contract? and 2) What is the strategy as to how this violation will be presented to the arbitrator for consideration? If this is done in the same manner as was done in the previous arbitration, the results will not be favorable to our side for obvious reasons....

While I will attempt to meet with you at a rescheduled meeting, I see little utility in such a meeting unless and until I am advised of the union strategy in some written format....

Sincerely,
George R. Harker
Page 222, Appendix DULP

87. Fax/Letter Mitchell Vogel to George R. Harker, October 13, 1994.

Dear Dr. Harker:

The next available Friday for a meeting is on November 11, 1994. If that date is not acceptable, please contact this office immediately. (I tried to stay with a Friday meeting in order to accommodate your preferences.) As previously arranged...

It is our hope that at this meeting a strategy will be developed which will allow us to make the best

possible case in your defense. Your participation in that development will be of extreme importance. It is also our hope that your continuing attacks upon UPI will cease, ...

Again if the November 11th date is inappropriate, contact me. ...

I am sincerely,
Mitchell Vogel
Page 224, Appendix DULP

88. Letter/fax George R. Harker to Mitchell Vogel, October 13, 1994.

Dear President Vogel:

Sorry, I have a speaking commitment on November 11, 1994 on the east coast.
I really don't understand the rest of your letter...

Sincerely,
George R. Harker
Page 225, Appendix DULP

89. Letter/fax Richard H. Brewer to George R. Harker, October 14, 1994.

Dear Dr. Harker:

President Vogel has asked me to respond to your letter...

Since you are unable to meet with him and our attorney on November 11, would you please send him as soon as you can some alternate dates...

Although President Vogel would very much like to have you present to discuss your case, if it looks as though there is no convenient time soon, in the interest of expediting your case, we will nevertheless proceed in your absence and do the best we can. It continues to be important to the UPI that this matter be resolved with dispatch.

Sincerely,
Richard H. Brewer
Page 226, Appendix DULP

90. Letter/fax Mitch Vogel to George R. Harker, October 17, 1994.

To: George Harker
From: Mitch Vogel
RE: Meeting schedule

I am sorry you are unavailable on November 11... We must meet to discuss the up-coming arbitration. Topics for discussion will include selection of the arbitrator, the arbitration date, your possible testimony (I assume you agree that your testimony would be appropriate) and other questions of strategy. In preparing for any arbitration UPI has some guiding principles that motivate its strategy in defending grievants. Among those principles are:

- 1.) We seek to utilize the input and resources of the grievant as much as possible. The formal written outlines of the UPI position and strategy should be developed with the grievant.
- 2.) It is our desire to expedite and move the process forward as rapidly as possible.

Please contact this office as soon as possible regarding dates before December 11, 1994 that you can meet. If we don't hear from you we will be forced to make decisions without your input."

Page 226-A Appendix DULP

91. Letter/fax George R. Harker to Mitchell Vogel, October 17, 1994.

Dear President Vogel:

I had indicated to Brewer I could meet most any day in October with the exception of

certain Fridays. My schedule for November, December and January is such that I cannot suggest possible dates....

I encourage UPI to get on with the matter. As the contract dictates, the next crucial action is the Step Two hearing. Associated with the Step Two hearing are certain time constraints. If things are done in accord with these time constraints, the matter should move to arbitration fairly quickly...

If you seriously want my input, I suggest you review the materials I have sent you over the last year (include book). ... As you are aware, I have not seen any outline or any other indication of what the union is proposing to do in behalf of my grievance.

Brewer suggests the union will in my absence "do the best we can." My ability or inability to schedule a meeting has nothing to do with the merits of this case. I strongly recommend that the union get its act together, follow the contractually defined procedures, and insist that the board do the same. The party that refuses to follow the contract procedures will lose in the arbitration process. The university and the board have consistently demonstrated they will not follow the contractual procedures. Unfortunately, the union apparently does not wish to follow the procedures either. This of course negates the issues that could be taken to arbitration.

Please make an effort to get this matter back on course. Demand the Step Two hearing required by contract. Send me the outline of the union's position and strategy for that hearing and I will evaluate and respond with comments as soon as I possibly can.

Sincerely,
George R. Harker
Page 227, Appendix DULP

92. Letter George R. Harker to Mitchell Vogel, October 22, 1994.

Dear President Vogel:

I am sorry that I am unavailable to meet with you before January 16, 1995.

I had thought in January 1994 that the union would follow the procedures for processing a grievance as presented in the Faculty Agreement 1991-1995....

At the Step One hearing held on August 3, 1994 the union was present but did not represent or contribute anything to the hearing....

At the Step One hearing my testimony was limited by a directive from Michael Provines and I was not allowed to have adequate time to present my testimony or call my witnesses contrary to contract....

Needless to say, with the limitations imposed and the departure from usual procedures the grievance could not be satisfactorily resolved... and a Step Two hearing was requested...

It is my understanding that the Step Two hearing was to be scheduled within thirty days of the filed request. I have yet to hear from the Chancellor regarding the conclusion of that review conference....

I have prepared numerous documents to assist the Union in the development of the formal written outlines of the UPI's position and strategy noted in your statement of guiding principles. I have yet to see the utilization of that material in any document prepared by the Union...

If the procedures are followed in the contract I am sure this matter will be resolved in the near future....

When I see the Chancellor's written decision I will make a determination as to whether I wish to proceed with the Step Three hearing. I will do that within the 30 day period allowed by contract....

There may be delays of up to a few weeks in response to queries (during October 15 to January 15) but I can ultimately be contacted by phone, mail or fax.

Sincerely,
George R. Harker
Page 229, Appendix DULP

93. Letter George R. Harker to Michael L. Provines, October 22, 1994.

Dear Mr. Provines:

Let me see if I understand your position as reflected in your letter of September 29, 1994... Apparently you believe that the arbitrator has ruled that he cannot look at the underlying evidence regarding the truth or validity of the eleven charges. As I have previously indicated, I concur...

Contrary to your statement, the material I have repeatedly requested is quite relevant

to the process and what the arbitrator can assess. The arbitrator may, as indicated, not assess the underlying evidence on the charges. However he can assess whether due process was accorded in the proceedings. If the evidence shows that information was withheld or prevented from being introduced at the hearing, that materially affects the committee's ability to make a correct determination on a charge than documentation of a failure in the due process procedure has been demonstrated. Arbitrator Berman has indicated he may reverse on this basis...

Note that some of the material requested of you is not included in my Freedom of Information request. I think it goes beyond my personnel file and I still want that information. Additionally, I have reviewed the material that was recently supplied by the university...

Think about it and apply a little common sense to the matter. If I am not guilty of any of the eleven charges and the information available supports that position, what does the Board gain by preventing me from making this position known?...

I would think it would be in the Board's interest to rectify this problem before the arbitrator does. An even worse scenario is that for technical reasons the arbitrator will uphold the firing even though it is well known and well documented that the basis for the firing is nonexistent, at least in regard to the eleven charges. The Board's failure to act when it knows that the eleven charges are not valid suggests that the Board is acting for other reasons that have nothing to do with the charges. ...

Any one who reads my book can ascertain what happened and why. The facts are undisputable. (Not one single fact or even allegation with my book has been challenged by anyone to my knowledge!)....

What authority is vested in you to make a determination as to the relevancy of the documents I am seeking for the grievance proceedings?...

I have copies of some specific documents that support my position in this matter. I believe there are others which I do not have. Let me advise you that I will seek these documents under subpoena at some future time and they should not be "lost" or destroyed in the meantime....

Why was a charade of a Step One hearing held if it were not required by contract? If it were held because it was required by contract, why were not the usual protocols as defined by contract followed?...

In spite of the stonewalling on the part of the university, I have learned some interesting things in the documents that I have gained access to. I found that a gay activist group processed \$3,000 through the recreation and parks department under the guise of a grant to purchase over six hundred dollars worth of books for the WIU and Macomb Libraries. To the public at large, it would appear that the university was buying these books advocating homosexual rights when it was actually Gil Belles working as a functionary for the gay activist group. There is no reason that Belles or the group could not have made the contribution to the library directly. Instead, they chose to structure the situation to give the appearance of it being sanctioned by the university and the taxpayers of Illinois.

Interestingly I found that a recurring theme in the accreditation review documents was the poor library holdings of the department of recreation and parks. Also repeatedly mentioned was the lack of women and minorities within the department. Internal documents make clear that those responses from the accreditation agency were no surprise and of no concern to the department administration...

I also found that arrangements were made to put people on the summer payroll in anticipation of retirement, a policy that is contrary to the intent of the contract. Given the amount of material that was not made available to me, I was astonished by the number of "irregularities" that I have encountered already...

In my judgment all the documents I requested are relevant. Please provide them within the next thirty days...

Sincerely,
George R. Harker
Page 231, Appendix DULP

94. Letter Mark T. Dunn to George R. Harker, November 2, 1994.

Dear Dr. Harker:

I have received a copy of your letter... to Michael L. Provines. You had a full, complete and fair hearing pursuant to the provisions of the collective bargaining agreement between the Board of Governors... and the University Professionals of Illinois. You have been discharged. An arbitration has been held defining the procedures applicable to the grievances you filed concerning your discharge. You have had a Step One grievance hearing and the Union has moved your grievance to arbitration. I expect an arbitration to be scheduled in the near future.

My client does not agree with most of the statements in the balance of your October 22, 1994 letter. If you intend to pursue this matter, would you please correspond directly with me

in the future?

Thank you for your consideration in this regard.

Very truly yours,
Mark T. Dunn
Page 235, Appendix DULP

95. Letter George R. Harker to Mark T. Dunn, December 2, 1994.

Dear Mark:

Thanks for your letter... telling me that Mr. Provines does not agree with much of what I've said. Under the circumstances I think it would be more appropriate if he responded and indicated what it is that he disagrees with.

When relevant I will direct correspondence to you....

Aloha,
George R. Harker
Page 239, Appendix DULP

96. Letter Barbara Hillman to George R. Harker, November 28, 1994.

Dear Dr. Harker:

The purpose of this letter is to attempt to finalize steps necessary to ready your case for arbitration...

As the enclosed letter from the attorney for the Board of Governors notes, both parties are prepared to select an arbitrator...

As the enclosed letter notes, I have already informed the BOG that I believe your attendance and testimony is necessary at any hearing. Accordingly, please advise the date of your return to Macomb... the preparation for the arbitration and your testimony may be set.

Very truly yours,
CORNFIELD AND FELDMAN
Barbara J. Hillman
Page 236, Appendix DULP

97. Letter George R. Harker to Barbara Hillman, December 2, 1994.

Dear Barbara:

Regards your letter of November 28, 1994. Apparently Mitch Vogel did not pass on to you my letter to him of October 22, 1994 (copy enclosed). It addresses the questions you raise in your letter.

Sincerely,
George R. Harker
Page 240, Appendix DULP

98. Letter Barbara Hillman to George R. Harker, December 9, 1994.

Dear Dr. Harker:

I am in receipt of your December 2, 1994 response...

The course of action delineated in my letter of November 28, 1994, i.e., ...I await your positive response assenting to arbitration and advising of your availability for the arbitration hearing and pre-arbitration preparation."

Very truly yours,
CORNFIELD AND FELDMAN
Barbara J. Hillman
Page 243, Appendix DULP

99. Letter George R. Harker to Barbara J. Hillman, December 29, 1994.

Dear Barbara:

Regards your letter of December 9, 1994. Apparently you understand and discount my concerns regarding going to arbitration without utilizing the benefits of the process outlined by the contract. I gather I have no choice but must proceed with the arbitration at this time or not at all since the union did not represent me at the Step One hearing and apparently will not represent me at the Step Two hearing as I requested.

Accordingly, please proceed and schedule the arbitration hearing at your earliest convenience.

I will be available for the arbitration hearing and pre-arbitration preparation from January 16, 1995 to April 1, 1995. After April 1, 1995 my plans are indefinite and I may or may not be available.

Sincerely,
George R. Harker
Page 244, Appendix DULP

100. Letter George R. Harker to Mark T. Dunn, February 8, 1995.

Dear Mark:

As you are aware an arbitration hearing has been scheduled...

In my dealings with you during the course of this action against me by selected individuals at the university I have believed you to be a person of integrity. I have believed that you were doing your job in a manner consistent with the ethics of the legal profession.

I also believe that you were substantially misled by the actions of some of the individuals involved. My book clearly documents some examples of which I speak. It is my understanding that you have read the book.

Apparently there is no desire on the part of the bureaucrats which compose the BGU to resolve this matter informally even through it is well known that the actions against me are without foundation. I understand the closure of the bureaucratic mind. So be it.

What I am asking of you is to be forthright in the presentation to the arbitrator. In the same manner in which you advised the university and the union regarding Dr. Nollen's apparent transgression of my due process rights by attempting to limit my testimony early on in the termination hearing I ask that you indicate to the arbitrator where there are other disputes as to whether my due process rights were violated. It may be the administration's view that my rights were not violated but clearly this an issue for the arbitrator to ultimately decide. Area which are disputed include but are not limited to:

- 1) I was not represented by counsel of any kind although I repeatedly asked for it.
- 2) I was not able to complete my testimony.
- 3) I was not able to call any of my witnesses.
- 4) I was not able to properly cross examine the witnesses.
- 5) I was not knowledgeable on the proper procedure to level objections to material that should have been objected to.

It is my belief that in representing the university in these proceedings you are also of necessity representing me. I was a university employee entitled to all the rights and protection that the procedures of the university entail.

I am asking you to do essentially what you did regarding the incident of my testifying in Hawaii in November of 1989. As I said at the time this is the essence of what this whole matter has been about. You were misled by DiGrino. If what you had understood from him to be the case were true, then I should have been fired. However, as you learned, what he asserted was not the case. When you learned this, you made this information known to the hearing committee. Since you have read my book you now know a great deal more about the case than you did before. You know that there are numerous situations where the true facts and circumstances did not come out during the termination hearing for a variety of reasons including not having counsel or representation by the union.

I am confident that if the true facts of how this termination were handled by the university is made known to the arbitrator, the action will be reversed and I will be vindicated.

While I want to assume competency of the union attorneys, some of their actions suggest otherwise. Additionally, I also believe that the information being passed to them by union personnel is woefully inadequate and often not correct. Clearly the rights of an individual are of no particular consequence to the union officials. Their concern is with the preservation of their entity and its survival and not the individual. Not surprisingly the same view of the bureaucrats that compose the BGU!

If additional information or documentation is needed on any aspects of this matter, please do not hesitate to contact me. In short, all I am seeking is a fair hearing with a fair representation of the facts as they exist. I believe that if a fair hearing is held, then justice will prevail. Helping me have that fair hearing is totally consistent with your responsibility as legal counsel for the BGU. Thank you for your assistance in this matter.

Sincerely,
George R. Harker
Page 245, Appendix DULP

101. Letter George R. Harker to Barbara Hillman, February 8, 1995.

[Ed. Note: Document indicates who Dr. Harker would like to have testify and why and the documents that he is still trying to obtain or have obtained from the university. Seven page letter in all with 17 page attachment of Provines letter of August 23, 1994.]

Page 247, Appendix DULP

102. Letter George R. Harker to Barbara Hillman, February 10, 1995.

Dear Barbara:

The consensus among those familiar with my case is that the union totally screwed up when it did not provide counsel or representation during the termination hearing. All other problems derive from this failure of the union to represent me.

This would seem to create an interesting situation for the arbitration hearing. To be successful, the attorney representing me must demonstrate to the arbitrator that the union did not properly represent me at this crucial hearing which in turn created a number of procedural due process issues.

Does this situation raise a conflict of interest situation that must be addressed? Whom do you represent in this proceedings? Are you representing me? Are you representing the union? Or are you representing both? If you are representing both the union's interest and mine, how do you argue vigorously for a position supportive of me which would have negative implications for the union?

Please respond within ten days of the date of this letter. (I can be reached by fax.) If you do not respond I will assume that you are not representing my interest in the arbitration proceedings.

Sincerely,
George R. Harker
Page 254, Appendix DULP

103. Letter/fax Barbara Hillman to George R. Harker, February 15, 1995.

Dear George:

I received and read with interest your letters of February 8, 1995 and February 10, 1995. As we have previously discussed, on more than one occasion, the matters to be determined in the upcoming arbitration hearing are limited by the prior award of Arbitrator Berman...

In accordance with the foregoing, the witnesses and materials proposed by you in your letter of February 8, 1995 and attachments thereto to be presented at the arbitration hearing would be inappropriate...

The administrative personnel whose presence you suggest I compel would also have no relevant information...

Attorney testimony by Mr. Dunn would be precluded by attorney/client privilege...

Finally, my review of the voluminous record in this matter, as well as my discussions with various personnel involved, demonstrates that the Union at all times afforded you appropriate and proper representation. My position is the same with respect to Mr. Yokich and his representation of you. At all times you were properly and fully represented by the UPI and by the attorney that organization provided. It is my opinion that the Union has acted appropriately in all respects and has fully represented you in the necessary and appropriate manner in all phases of this long proceeding.

Given the foregoing -- and given further that I am employed to represent you, as I intend to fully and vigorously do, by UPI -- I do not intend and will not arbitrate your case on the basis of improper representation by UPI or Mr. Yokich. I do not intend to present any evidence or

argue that either UPI or Mr. Yokich, or both, did not properly represent you at the University level hearing or at any other time.

I am prepared to represent you and if you desire that I do so, I will do so fully and vigorously in accord with the parameters previously set forth by Arbitrator Berman and in accord with my professional analysis and my professional responsibilities as set forth above. Accordingly, I will not present evidence or argue that you were not properly represented by UPI or that UPI or its attorneys acted in any way detrimental to your interests.

Given the foregoing, from the content and tone of your letters, I must presume that you no longer wish me to represent you at the arbitration hearing scheduled for March 6-7, 1995... I assume that you no longer desire my representation... will, in fact, obtain other counsel to represent you at the arbitration hearing. I will then so notify the arbitrator and the attorney for the University.

Very truly yours,
CORNFIELD AND FELDMAN
Barbara J. Hillman
Page 255, Appendix DULP

104. Letter/fax George R. Harker to Barbara Hillman, February 21, 1995.

Dear Barbara:

You're the pro. Carry on!

Sincerely,
George R. Harker
Page 258, Appendix DULP

105. Letter/fax Barbara J. Hillman to George R. Harker, February 28, 1995.

Dear Professor Harker:

I write to confirm your decision, in which I fully concur, that your testimony is unnecessary,...."

Very truly yours,
CORNFIELD AND FELDMAN
Barbara J. Hillman
Page 259, Appendix DULP

106. Letter/fax George R. Harker to Mitchell Vogel, March 1, 1995

Dear President Vogel:

I gather from Barbara's comments that she is a procrastinator and only responds to hard deadlines. Therefore I suggest and insist that the arbitration hearing proceed as scheduled for March 6 & 7, 1995. Whether I testify or not, should have no bearing on the occurrence of this hearing.

She indicated that my testimony would contribute little if anything and was not necessary. Therefore her preparation for the March 6 & 7 hearing would presumably reflect that view and I must assume she has or will do what is required to be ready to proceed on Monday as scheduled.

I will be in attendance on Monday and will make a final determination as to whether I will or will not testify based on my assessment of the materials and arguments made to the arbitrator by the parties involved. Based on my initial reaction to the nature and thrust of Barbara's comments, I am hopeful that I will not need to testify. In any event, I will be available to answer questions either on or off the record as needed.

Please advise as to the time and place of this arbitration hearing.

Sincerely,
George R. Harker
Page 262, Appendix DULP

107. Letter/fax George R. Harker to Barbara J. Hillman, March 1, 1995.

Dear Barbara:

Reflecting on our meeting of February 28, 1995 I realize now that my decision to testify or not can only be made after I see and hear the presentation to the arbitrator by both sides.

Let us proceed with the arbitration hearing as scheduled.

Sincerely,
George R. Harker
Page 263, Appendix DULP

108. Letter/fax Barbara J. Hillman to George R. Harker March 1, 1995

Dear George:

During our meeting of February 28, 1994, we discussed the procedure for the upcoming arbitration hearing over your discharge. As I told you, absent your testimony, no in-person hearing would occur before the arbitrator; rather, as I told you, the matter would be submitted to the arbitrator on the basis of a joint stipulation plus written argument or briefs. Unless you were to testify, there was to be no hearing.

You clearly acknowledged and understood this procedure. Your understanding manifested itself by, among other items, your statement that -- in the absence of your testimony -- there would be no need for you to be in Macomb next week and that you would begin your anticipated trip to the State of Texas immediately. With respect to the hearing, your only request was to review the post-hearing brief I intended to submit to the arbitrator on your behalf.

In light of the foregoing, you reached your decision not to testify. In accordance with your wishes, the arbitrator was so notified and the hearing dates cancelled. The only presentation by the parties will be -- as I explained to you and as you clearly understood -- post-hearing briefs.

As you are aware, there is no legal possibility of delaying your testimony until after you see and hear the presentation to the arbitrator by both sides as you suggest in your letter of March 1, 1995. Absent your testimony, the only presentation to the arbitrator will be post-hearing briefs. Such written argument can only be presented after all testimony, if any is to be presented, has been presented.

I can only assume that your decision not to testify stands and the presentation to the arbitrator will be made as you agreed yesterday it ought to be made.

Very truly yours,
CORNFIELD AND FELDMAN
Barbara J. Hillman
Page 264, Appendix DULP

109. Letter/fax George R. Harker to Barbara J. Hillman, March 2, 1995.

Dear Barbara:

Please proceed in the manner we agreed on February 28, 1995...

I was having some second thoughts on aspects of this matter. I have now resolved those to my satisfaction. Please carry on and forgive me for any disruption in the process that I may have caused for you while I dealt with my concerns.

Sincerely,
George R. Harker
Page 266, Appendix DULP

110. Letter Mark T. Dunn to George R. Harker, March 15, 1995.

Dear Dr. Harker:

Your letter of March 15, 1995 addressed to Thomas D. Layzell has been referred to me for a response.

In 1986, the Board's enabling legislation was amended to allow the Board to establish a self-insurance program...

In addition, the self-insurance program's "Coverage Statement" provides that:

The Board, ... will pay on behalf of the covered person all damages to which this Program applies... because of personal injury caused by an occurrence taking place while this Program is in effect and arising out of the discharge of the covered person's duties to the Board.

The Program also provides:

The Board shall have the right and duty to defend any suits seeking such damages against the covered person, ...

"Personal Injury" means bodily injury, sickness, disease,, and any injury unclassified herein which arises out of [certain enumerated causes].

Under the Program, the Board has a duty to defend its employees because of personal injuries falling within an enumerated category. None of the matters relating to your discharge involve a "personal injury" as defined under the Program or its coverage statement.

In addition, even if the matters involved with your discharge involved a "personal injury" within the meaning of the Program, the Program does not apply where an insured has other valid and collectible insurance, unless such insurance is purchased by the insured specifically as excess. For all the foregoing reasons, it is my opinion that you are not in a position to "take advantage of this insurance program and recover attorney fees, damages, losses and expenses...

Very truly yours,
Mark T. Dunn
Page 267, Appendix DULP

111. Letter George R. Harker to Thomas D. Layzell, March 18, 1995.

Dear Dr. Layzell:

This is a request for information made pursuant to the Illinois Freedom of Information Act...

Relating to the payment of money by the Board of Governors to Steven Rittenmeyer and Robert Reinertsen. Newspaper accounts put the amount at \$17,000 to Rittenmeyer and \$35,000 to Reinertsen. The settlement apparently occurred in 1993. My request is inclusive and I would like all information that relates directly or indirectly to this matter within the control of the BGU (minutes of BGU board meetings and materials on the WIU campus as examples.)...

Sincerely,
George R. Harker
Page 276, Appendix DULP

112. Letter Patricia K. Rea to George R. Harker, March 20, 1995.

Dear Dr. Harker:

...The records which you request concerning to payments of money to Steven Rittenmeyer and Robert Reinertsen are not in the possession of or under the control of the Chancellor's Office...

Sincerely,
Patricia K. Rea
Page 278, Appendix DULP

113. Letter George R. Harker to John C. Maguire, March 22, 1995.

Dear Mr. Maguire:

This is a request for information made pursuant to the Illinois Freedom of Information Act...

Relating to the payment of money by the Board of Governors to Steven Rittenmeyer and Robert Reinertsen. Newspaper accounts put the amount at \$17,000 to Rittenmeyer and \$35,000 to Reinertsen. The settlement apparently occurred in 1993. My request is inclusive and I would like all information that relates directly or indirectly to this matter within the control of the BGU (minutes of BGU board meetings and materials on the WIU campus as examples.)...

Sincerely,
George R. Harker
Page 279, Appendix DULP

114. Letter John C. Maguire to George R. Harker, March 29, 1995.

Dear Dr. Harker

... I have enclosed a memo which lists payments that were made by WIU to the legal firm representing Robert Reinertsen in a case involving Steven Rittenmeyer and Robert Reinertsen....
The attached Memo notes that \$17,710.76 paid to Claudon Lloyd Barnhart & Beal Ltd....

Sincerely,
John C. Maguire
Page 282, Appendix DULP

115. Letter Patricia K. Rea to George R. Harker, March 30, 1995.

Dear Dr Harker:

... I have recently discovered that that response was partially in error. That is, \$17,500 was paid to Steven Rittenmeyer out of the BGU Self- Insurance Program in January of 1994..."

Sincerely,
Patricia K. Rea
Page 285, Appendix DULP

116. Office Memorandum, Barbara Mason to John Maguire, March 23, 1995.

RE: YOUR REQUEST FOR TOTAL EXPENSES INVOLVED WITH THE REPRESENTATION OF ROBERT REINERTSEN IN THE SUIT FILED BY STEVE RITTENMEYER

Listed below by month are the total expenses paid TO THE LAW FIRM of Claudon, Lloyd, Barnhart & Beal, Ltd (which represented Reinertsen) by Western Illinois University beginning with July, 1991 and stopping with final payment in January, 1994.

\$ 409.35 - July, 1991

[Ed. Note: the listing concludes with \$134.29 on January 1994]

\$17,710.76 - Total paid to Claudon Lloyd Barnhart & Beal Ltd.

If you have any questions, let me know.

Barbara
cc: President Spencer
Page 283, Appendix DULP

117. Letter John Maguire to George R. Harker, March 24, 1995.

Dear Dr. Harker:

Your letter of March 16, 1995 to President Spencer was received... it appears that it is in fact: (1) an effort on your part to dispute whether or not records which you requested and which were made available to your were complete; and, (2) a revisited request for certain records which were earlier denied.

In regards to those items falling under (2) above, and ...

In regards to those items falling under (1) above, your expression of concern that the records which were made available to you were not complete, and that the university is withholding records that it informed you it does not have is not a proper appeal of a denial under the Freedom of Information Act, and is without any basis in fact.

Sincerely,
John Maguire

118. Letter Donald S. Spencer to George R. Harker, March 30, 1995.

Dear Dr. Harker:

This is a response to your letter of March 16, 1995 appealing the September 16, 1994 decision of Western Illinois University...

In the case of several of the items under your original request which either were or had been earlier supplied to you by the university, your appeal states your belief that the records to which you were given access were either not complete or that you suspect that "a great deal of material has been held back, misplaced or destroyed." There is no basis in fact for your belief that the university is denying you access to any non-exempt public records. We do not believe, however, that the Freedom of Information Act is intended to require the repeated production of records which have already been supplied to an individual, and which are requested, (in a slightly variant format), over and over again.

... the university will also make available to you copies of the request forms for travel for business purposes which it has for faculty in the Department of Recreation, Parks and Tourism Administration for the period of 1988 through 1994.

Under section 11 of the Illinois Freedom of Information Act, you have a right to seek judicial review of the above denial of your appeal.

Sincerely,
Donald S. Spencer
Page 295, Appendix DULP

119. Letter George R. Harker to Donald S. Spencer, April 5, 1995.

Dear President Spencer:

This is a request for information made pursuant to the Illinois Freedom of Information Act....

In your letter of March 30, 1995 you indicate, "We do not believe, however, that the Freedom of Information Act is intended to require the repeated production of records which have already been supplied..." I concur and know that such repeated production of records is not the case.

Please provide a listing of the documents that the university has turned over to me since 1990....

Sincerely,
George R. Harker
Page 300, Appendix DULP

120. Letter John C. Maguire to George R. Harker, April 10, 1995.

Dear Dr. Harker:

...the university does not believe that creating these records, (which you are in a position to create for yourself), would be an appropriate use of public resources.

Sincerely,
John C. Maguire
Page 302, Appendix DULP

121. Letter George R. Harker to John C. Maguire, April 3, 1995.

Dear Mr. Maguire:

Thank you for your letter of March 29, 1995 regarding information on the Reinertsen matter. May I suggest that you use the Rea letter of March 30, 1995 on the Rittenmeyer aspect of this request as the prototype response regarding the nature of documents that I am looking for.

I need the complete paper trail...

Sincerely,
George R. Harker
Page 299, Appendix DULP

122. Letter John C. Maguire to George R. Harker, April 10, 1995.

Dear Dr. Harker:

"In response to your April 3, 1995 letter we have utilized the format for response that was established by Patricia Rea...

There are 324 pages of documentation...
... please return a payment of \$32.40 to Printing Services..."

Sincerely,
John C. Maguire
Page 303, Appendix DULP

123. Letter George R. Harker to John C. Maguire, April 14, 1995.

Dear John:

Per our letter of April 10, 1995 please send the documents described. A check for \$32.40 payable to WIU-Printing Services is included.

Thank you for your attention to this matter.

Sincerely,
George R. Harker
Page 304, Appendix DULP

124. Letter Mitchell Vogel to George R. Harker, January 25, 1994

Dear Dr. Harker

I am in receipt of your letter...

However, given your strong belief...

Given your familiarity and research regarding the facts of your case---and the complexity of the facts as you view them---I believe it would be most advantageous for you to be the presenter of the case and for you to introduce such facts and arguments at the step I meeting.

Either Dr. Brewer or some other Union representative will be present to amplify if necessary with respect to the collective bargaining contract issues and to serve as your advisor. But I believe the best presentation will be made if you "take the ball" regarding facts and legal arguments.

Please indicate when you are available.

Sincerely,
Mitchell Vogel
Page 44, Appendix DULP

125. Letter George R. Harker to Susan Donnelly, April 1 1996.

Dear Ms. Donnelly:

I need to hear from you regarding my appeal of the Executive Director's Recommended Decision and Order in the matter of...

I realize know that IELRB is part of the problem and not part of the solution. I am preparing to go into federal court and I need to have exhausted all possible administrative remedies to the situation at hand.

It is common knowledge and well documented that the hearings and actions against me at WIU were not in accord with accepted standards of due process. I note that neither the union or the university dispute the factual nature of my unfair labor practice charge that material presented during the grievance process was not presented to the arbitrator.

The IELRB delay of eight months is unconscionable in processing my charge. It has been two months since my appeal of the Executive Director's decision. It is time to get on with this and get it into the federal courts. I will presume a negative decision on my appeal of January 24, 1996 if I have not heard to the contrary by the end of the month...

Sincerely,

George R. Harker

126. Harker, George R., **The Intelligent Decision: How We Think!**, 120 pages, Dr. Leisure
1998.

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