

Manifestly the boys with the academic degrees had to fight
~~back~~ to stay ahead, so a few years ago they huffed and puffed
and came up with--"

"Symposium!" Maida ~~chickled~~ ^{shouted, smirking} for all the world as
though she were on one of those TV ~~am~~ shows devoted to
solving such cosmic riddles as ~~say~~ guessing the nickname
of Dwight D. Eisenhower...

"Precisely," Hugh Salter agreed, "though I suspect
that many who most avidly attend the affairs don't realize
that to the ancient Greeks ^{symposium} ~~the word~~ meant simply a drinking
party."

"Hm," Parnell mused. "Then tonight it seems I've been
guilty of attending three-quarters of a symposium. As the
lone hold out I suppose I should call my ~~fourth~~ ^{share} a seminar."

"An acceptable compromise," Hugh Salter ~~gravely~~ agreed.

"Getting back to hypnosis, Doc," I said, "do you mean

you actually practice the thing on other people?"

"Not any more, Paul, though I did for many years—but only stealthily."

"Why stealthily?"

Hugh Salter's smile seemed a little sad. "Because when I started using it ^{all} ~~most~~ of my fellow doctors ^{in these parts} frowned on hypnosis—as indeed most of them still do today—and back then they might even have tried to drum me out of the lodge had they suspected me of ~~was~~ using it."

"Who did you use it on, Doc?"

"Mostly on expectant mothers during term—I mean childbirth. Obstetrics was always my special thing, you know."

He blinked reflectively. "In fact I seem to recall that I saw you before your own mother did, though I'd have to check my old records to make sure. *Wasn't her ^{first} name Bessie?*"

"It was and
"You did," I said, "or at least I was told you did--
though I hope I had more hair," I added, ruefully rubbing
my
hand along my thinning hairline. "But tell me, Doc, how
could your hypnosis thing *possibly* help expectant mothers?"

Doc reflected a moment. "In the often grim business
of getting a child safely out of its mother's womb, Paul,
the mother often has to work harder than she ~~will~~ ever *will* have
~~to work~~ again. Conventional anesthesia may equally numb
her pain, agreed, but *the rub is that* it also numbs her ability to work.
And her ability or failure to work may all too often mean
the difference between having a normal healthy child or a
maimed or malformed one or indeed any child at all. Another
advantage is that the painlessness may be prolonged by post-
hypnotic suggestion."

"I hadn't dreamed hypnosis could do all that," I said,
shaking my head. "But tell me, how ~~does it~~ *is it able to* relieve pain?"
^

Doc waved an arm at his far bookshelves. "A good portion of those books and pamphlets are devoted to trying to explain that, ^{mystery,} Paul, and still much of the enigma remains. I could go on ~~and on~~ with a lot of impressive ~~mystifying~~ talk about blocked neurons and the like, but the basic ^{argument} cleavage is over ~~the~~ ~~question~~ of whether the patient actually fails to feel the pain or simply forgets it, ^{Or put another way,} that is, whether the lack of pain is due to true anesthesia or ^{due} ~~instead~~ simply to amnesia." He smiled. "No mother I've ^{known} ever bothered to ask ~~which~~."

"In other words, Doc, while even its users are not all agreed ^{just why or how} ~~that~~ hypnosis works, all agree that it does work?"

"True, Paul," Hugh Salter said. "Dr. Marmer of Los Angeles, a modern authority on anesthesia, has put the case for its wider medical use in a nutshell. 'Hypnotism', he ^{has} said, 'is the best way to make a person fearless before

surgery, painless during it, and comfortable after it' because unlike conventional anesthetics, as he goes on to explain, hypnosis, being non-toxic, places no extra load on the circulation or breathing or liver or kidneys. In other words the use of hypnosis not only relieves pain, improves morale, preserves appetite, and thus conserves resistance to infection, but also hastens recovery. And that, my friend, not only saves the patient time and money— not to mention possibly his life—but ^{also} more quickly frees a bed in our chronically over-crowded hospitals."

"Then why, in heavens name, aren't doctors everywhere using it?" I said.

Hugh Salter sadly shook his head. "It's too long a story to get into tonight, Paul, but the grim fact is that almost from its inception the doctors of the world have not

only failed to use hypnosis but have fought it tooth and
nail.

"But please, Doc," I begged, "~~please~~ give us a ~~few~~

~~highlights.~~

little peck."

"After I fortify ~~both~~ my drink and myself, ~~I will,~~"

he said. "It's a sad and all but incredible story."

Chapter 20

"Hypnosis is as old as human history," Hugh Salter *begins,*
~~said~~ launching his little cram course, "but Anton Mesmer,
who died in 1815, may fairly be called the father of mod-
ern hypnosis." He then told ~~us~~ how young Mesmer had
graduated from the University of Vienna in 1766 after
writing his medical thesis on the magnetic influence of
the planets on the human body—"a harmless bit of
esoteric nonsense," he added, "having quite a vogue about
then."

He told how Mesmer had early in his own medical
practice applied his pet theories of magnetism to the
treatment of his patients, for a time even employing
actual magnets, which he gradually forsook for a still
more ~~advanced~~ *dramatic* theory of direct animal magnetism flowing

from the body of the physician to his patient. This involved much laying on of hands and massage and manipulation and the elaborate execution of manual passes, all of which came to be called mesmerism. "If all this sounds too crazy," Doc added, "remember that back in those days doctors still regularly bled their patients, anesthesia and bacteria were still unknown, and the insane were still believed to be inspired by the devil."

"Trying to picture Mesmer at work sorta sounds like watching W. C. Fields do a heart transplant," Maida said.

"Almost despite his way-out theories," Doc went on, "Mesmer began making dramatic cures. Patients predictably began flocking to him, especially women. Equally predictable was the reaction of his fellow doctors, who rapidly ^{turned} ~~grew~~ green with envy. Though Mesmer wrongly attributed

his success to his obsessive theory of animal magnetism, actually he was employing a dramatic form of hypnotic suggestion, however flamboyant and primitive, although neither he nor his patients seemed to realize it."

"What happened?" I inquired.

"At length his colleagues became so envious ~~and jealous~~ of his success they began circulating stories that he was practicing black magic. Finally, in 1778 their campaign of villification worked--they hounded him out of Vienna and he moved to Paris--though fled might be a better word. There he built an enormous clinic in which he and his young assistant Aubry could each treat as many as thirty patients at a crack, all of whom squatted around a huge circular wooden vat or baquet."

~~"What's a baquet?" Haida asked. "A baquet's a vat,"~~

~~Haida answered.~~

"Vat iss a baquet?" Maida asked in a guttural German accent. "Baquet ees a vat, yes?" Maida answered in an ascending French accent.

"You can say Vatican," Parnell quickly put in with a smug smile.

"Guess I shouldn't have mentioned it," Doc said, rolling his eyes up at me.

"Please go on, Doc," I said. "The sudden midnight

ping - pong
↓

servicing of hot cross puns seems ^{*about*} ~~to have~~ ended."

"This mass hypnotherapy so ^{swiftly} caught on," Doc continued
^{with} ~~after~~ a pained look, "that the inevitable took place: in
^{1784,} ~~1874~~ at the clamorous insistence of Mesmer's increasingly
jealous rivals, the French government appointed a royal
commission to investigate Mesmer's so-called animal magnet-
ism."

"What happened?" I repeated. "Or can I guess?"

"So right, Paul. Naturally the commission could find
no physical explanation for his remarkable cures, because
there was none, so it duly reported it could find no evi-
dence of animal magnetism and concluded it did not exist.
This was tantamount to calling Mesmer a fraud, and the
report was so interpreted, and Mesmer shortly left Paris in
a mixed state of pique, humiliation and disgrace. In 1815
he died in opulent obscurity, still clinging to his ~~mistaken~~
^{childish} theory of animal magnetism."

"Who was the next victim of medical cupidity and stupidity?" Parnell put in, yawning and glancing at his watch.

"Parnell's heard most of this before," Doc explained, "though I must add that the royal commission also filed a secret report he hasn't heard yet in which it strongly implied that the reason so many ladies flocked to Mesmer, beyond any incidental therapy they got, was because they also got themselves mightily pleased, as the saying goes."

"But how could you know that if the report was ^{so} secret?" Maida asked.

"I happen to have ^{on my shelves an old} ~~the~~ English translation of the entire ^{secret} report, and in fact can recite some of its more picturesque passages by heart. Here's a fair sample, describing the ^{typically} reaction of a responsive woman patient: 'The eyelids

^e
become moist, the respiration short and interrupted, the chest
[^]
heaves rapidly, convulsion sets in, and either the limbs or
whole body is agitated by sudden movements." Doc paused.

"Need I quote further?"

"I think the message has gotten through," Maida said,
blushing prettily.

"Evidently Louis XVI did, too, my dear, because the
secret report concluded that Mesmer's brand of animal magne-
tism was strictly immoral and should be suppressed. I
should add that the commission was so afraid to face the
dynamic and immensely popular Mesmer that it instead investi-
gated one of his friendly disciples, a doctor called D'Eslon."

"That tar-one-tar-all gambit seems to have a faint
modern ring," Parnell said. "I mean the ^{gentle practice} ~~one~~ we now call
[^]
guilt by association."

"The passage I just quoted was probably composed by our own Ben Franklin," Doc added, "since it later came to light that he headed the famous secret commission."

"Sure sounds like the amorous old goat," Parnell said.

"But what in hell was he doing in Paris much less serving on a royal commission?"

"It's obviously slipped your mind," Hugh Salter said softly, "but at the time of the secret report he was not only our distinguished ambassador to France but, despite his eighty-odd years, one of the most popular and sought-after figures at the royal court."

"He was an old goat," Parnell grumbled.

"Not so old he couldn't still make the King jealous," Doc continued. "The story is told, whether true or not, that His Highness got so tired of hearing old Ben praised

by one of his court favorites, Diane de Polignac, that he finally gave her a chamber pot made of Sevres china, from the ~~inside~~ bottom of which, executed in the most delicate flesh tones, peered the benign countenance of old Ben himself."

"All of which reminds me," Maida said, abruptly rising, "I must go see a man about a dog."

"A pithy story, Hugh," Parnell murmured as Maida went on her way. "While the jury is out maybe you could beguile us younger ^{old} goats with a little more of that secret report?"

Doc smiled and shook his head. "Better read it later, Parnell, as I plan lending Paul the book containing it as well as some other books ~~for him~~ to read over the weekend. Anyway the lady is returning."

"Who was the next sacrificial lamb, Doctor?" Maida said

^{as}
~~when~~ she ~~had~~ settled herself.

"The next big milestone ⁱⁿ on the history of hypnosis was the all but incredible career in India of a young Scottish doctor called James Esdaile during the early 1800's," Doc said, glancing at his bookshelves. "Over there is a rare original copy of his book, Mesmerism in India, first published in ^{1851.} ~~1846~~. In it he tells of his phenomenal success, first in two charity hospitals in Nepal and later in Calcutta, during which he performed hundreds of operations, over three hundred of them major, losing not a single patient on the operating table and only five out of a hundred from post-operative infection."

"Wouldn't that be a remarkable record even today?" I said. "How did he work it?"

"Yes it would, Paul. And he did it solely by using hypnotic anesthesia, though back then it was still called

mesmerism. His feat is all the more remarkable when we remember that he accomplished all this before the discovery of conventional anesthesia and aseptic surgery. At the same time, back in London, if a person didn't die first of surgical shock, as so many did, he had about one chance in three of expiring later from other causes, mostly infection."

"Maybe he picked and chose his patients," Maida put in.

"No, my dear, he took them as they came--major amputations, removal of huge elephantastic tumors, cataracts, ulcers, cancerous tissue, the whole awesome gamut. Moreover his patients were mostly poor, many woefully emaciated and sick, and he performed these prodigies amidst the most primitive surroundings and in a debilitating climate."

Doc told how Esdaile, realizing he was making medical history, kept sending reports of his success to the various

medical journals back home. "Not one of them would publish them," he went on, shaking his head, "so finally in sheer desperation he wrote his book. When chloroform and ether were discovered about that time deaths from surgical shock did sharply drop ^{trues} but patients continued to die like flies [^] from post-operative infection."

"But how could Esdaile beat that last bit if the docs back home in London and Edinburgh couldn't?" I asked.

"Same reasons that sold Doctor Marmer of ^{California} ~~Los Angeles~~ and--ahem--Doctor Hugh Salter of Michigan--his use of hypnotic anesthesia conserved his patient's resistance so they were better able not only to ward off ~~the~~ infection but successfully fight it if it came."

"But the boys back home wouldn't buy Esdaile?" I said.

"They did not, Paul. Instead they tried to get him fired and when that failed ~~they~~ mounted a campaign to distort

and suppress the ~~thrilling~~ story of what he did. Even that doctor's bible, Lancet, hailed the coming of ether and chloroform by gloating editorially that their advent would hopefully rout what it called 'mesmerism and its absurdities'."

"But why, in God's name?" I asked.

"For probably the same reason most of our native medicine men so long fought socialized medicine, the thing that swiftly became their biggest bonanza since the Klondike,"

Parnell
~~Maida~~ said. "Rocks in their head."

Hugh Salter shook his head wearily. "It's really an enigma, and I've given it a lot of thought. In his book Esdaile guessed his fellow doctors had fought and rejected him because they feared they'd have to go back to school to learn about hypnosis. Actually he was wrong, as both he and I picked up our own technique mostly from our reading. I

swear if it weren't so late ^{Paul,} I could probably teach you the
rudiments of hypnotic induction before you left."

"I may still need it to use on the Kirk jury," I said.

"Sometimes I wonder whether it isn't the very ease of learning to induce hypnosis that turned my brother doctors off," Doc continued thoughtfully. "After all their years of savage study they probably can't swallow the idea of adopting a technique that can be picked up in a few hours by a moderately smart notary."

"If your doctor pals are so dead set against hypnotism, then who's for it?" Maida put in. "How did the thing ever survive?"

^{it was saved by}
"Mostly [^]the psychologists, bless them. When near the turn of the century hypnosis fell into disrepute and was driven almost into oblivion--mostly by my own profession--

it was the psychologists, including my hero William James, who adopted this unwanted stepchild of medicine, took it in, fed it, kept it alive, and brought it to the verge of a great new flowering." He sighed. "It is not too much to say that hypnosis fled directly from the stage to the psychology departments of our schools."

"You just spoke of a new flowering," I said. "You mean you doctors are finally relenting?"

"No, Paul, I regret to say. Only recently has the American Medical Association appointed a sub-committee to consider the possible medical uses of hypnosis, and so far all is silence. To this day only a handful of medical schools give any instruction whatever in hypnosis. And with but a few notable exceptions--men like Erickson--the psychiatrists haven't been much friendlier. As William James once

bitterly said in explanation of the hostile attitude of many doctors toward faith-healing: 'It also incurs the natural enmity of medical politicians, and of the whole trades-union wing of that profession.' "

"Then who ~~does keep~~ ^{keeps} it going?" I said.

"Our psychology departments, as I just said, in places like UCLA, Stanford, Harvard, Washington State, Michigan, Chicago--to name a few of the slowly growing list. Rhine the parapsychology ^{formerly} man at Duke has ^{recently} said, 'The history of hypnosis is one of the great stories of science.' That was in an article he wrote for--"

"Vait," a female voice interrupted, and in came a smiling Amanda, Doc's old Finnish housekeeper, proudly rolling before her an old-fashioned wooden tea cart, both decks loaded with food. "Time for eat little midnight 'nacks," she said, smiling and rolling her pale blue eyes. "Time for stop dat ^{da} ^{all} ^{of} ^{time} talk, talk, talk."

Chapter 21

"Tell me, Doc," I said, absently pouring myself an after-snack drink, "why do your fellow doctors stay so mad at hypnosis? That they do hate it ~~magnificently~~ *magnificently* comes through, but I still for the life of me can't see why."

"A lot of things combined, Paul. One was when the prestigious Sigmund Freud abruptly turned against hypnosis, reputedly when one of his lady patients passionately threw her arms around him and declared her *undying* love while in a state of hypnotic trance. Another is the long pragmatic conditioning and *empirical* training we doctors get, in turn teaching us to rely only upon those symptoms and things we can calibrate, measure, see, touch, hear and smell--again making us suspicious and intolerant of all subjective things we can't. Another is the enormous pressure toward conformity in the profession."

"Pressure? What pressure?"

Doc widened his hands. "A doctor in a sense is like
a poet who can be understood only by his fellow poets.

Like poets a doctor naturally craves the fellowship and
good opinion of the only people who ^{can} really know what he's
up to--his fellow doctors. So it takes guts for one lone

doctor to buck the tiger and follow such a way out thing,

say, as hypnosis. Even I, who once ^{used} ~~liked~~ to fancy myself ^{quite}

a daring rebel, only did so secretly."

"A good try, Doc," I said, shaking my head, "but I'm
still miles away from seeing any good reason why you doc-
tors should so shun hypnosis."

"So am I, Paul," Doc conceded. "Scarcely a day passes
that I don't ponder the baffling enigma." He sighed heavily.

"Sometimes I suspect that the real reason is simple: we

doctors are so damned busy these days trying to keep up with the daily grind of our practice that we hate even to think about ^{having to add} ~~adding~~ hypnosis to our repertoires."

"What do you mean 'overworked'?" Parnell quickly put in. "With all your new miracle drugs and gadgets and computers and panhandling nurse's aides the practice of medicine should be getting easier not harder."

"Dead wrong, Parnell. Let me tick off a few reasons why. First of all there is getting to be vastly more goddam people in this country and ~~in~~ the world. Next is the ironic fact that the very ^{real} progress in modern medicine has only added to its problems--we've not only sharply prolonged the average span of life ~~of people~~ but saved the lives of millions ^{of other people} who would ~~otherwise~~ have perished. Many of these have in turn procreated children who carry various genetic

taints or hereditary weaknesses which put a further strain on our overtaxed medical resources."

"Hm..." Parnell murmured, nodding and listening.

"Why just the other day I read that a specialist on the subject predicts that in another fifty years virtually everyone on earth will have hereditary diabetes." He shook his head. "I am not saying ~~any of~~ this is ~~wrong~~, I am only suggesting that ~~this~~ increased busyness may only add to a growing tendency among us doctors to let others do our thinking for us."

"Perhaps, Hugh, this is why we seem to hear so much these days about the growing lack of confidence and trust in your profession," Parnell put in, deftly sinking the needle.

Hugh Salter pondered a moment. "Oh, I don't know about

all baby-minded, not depending for a rule of overmen!
the consequent professional

that confidence and trust thing," he said with a smile, glancing at Maida. "After all, medicine is still the only profession where a man can put his finger in a woman without risking arrest."

"And both hands in her purse," Parnell said, valiantly fighting back.

"All right, all right," I said, breaking in. "Let's stick to hypnosis--the hour grows late."

"As the ^{last} bottle mercifully grows empty," Parnell said.

"To complete my jolly line of thought," Doc continued, "there is scarcely a corner in the world today where doctors aren't rapidly getting outnumbered and overworked. In fact some pessimists feel that for all the ^{hopeful} clamor we hear concerning birth control, about all its abstentious practitioners have so far accomplished is to lower the genetic

quality of the hordes that continue to get born." He
sighed. "Some even predict that if humanity doesn't first
bomb or pollute itself to oblivion it will surely--" he
thoughtfully glanced at Maida--"*fornicate* procreate itself there."

"Hypnosis, Doc," I reminded him. "Let's get back to
the troubled romance between you doctors and it."

"Yes, Paul. Another reason I see for the reluctance
of us doctors to embrace hypnosis is the continued low
opinion about it that still exists among ~~lay~~ people in
general. I sense that many doctors are afraid of being
regarded as quacks if they ^{*ever*} dared use it. Take your own
initial reaction when I first mentioned the subject tonight:
~~All~~ it brought to ~~your~~ mind was the scornful ^{*boyhood*} memory of a
slap stick vaudeville act."

"But at least I'm trying to learn," I said.

"Good boy. But I still suspect that many if not most people continue to equate hypnosis roughly with such diverse things as spiritualism, reincarnation, faith-healing, extra-sensory perception, hallucinatory drugs, astrology and the casting of horoscopes, yogi and--let's see--gnosticism, alchemy and all the rest." He paused for breath. "I am not faintly suggesting that of these only hypnosis is good and all the others bad but I do feel that too many people ~~confuse~~ ^{lump} hypnosis with all these others without troubling to sift the good from the bad."

"I'm beginning to sift," I said.

"Moreover I will be the first to admit that the persistent aura of sensationalism that has surrounded hypnosis, coupled with the relative ease with which one can pick ^{up} at least a crude smattering of the inductive technique, has

attracted more than its share of kooks, charlatans,
fakers, ^{sensation-} plain seekers ~~after sensation~~ and ^{plain} ~~cravers~~ ^{after} of the
fast buck." He sighed. "Sometimes I think hypnosis has
suffered more from its so-called friends than from its
staunchest foes."

" 'An open enemy is better than a false friend',"
Parnell piously quoted. "That's ^{there's} from an old ~~Hindu~~ ^{Irish} proverb
I just made up, in case the source escaped you."

"But Mesmer and Esdaile were not alone in the ridi-
cule and hostility they got from their fellow doctors,"
Doc continued. "The best short account I've read of
Esdaile's lifelong rebuffs appears in the collected essays
of ~~Aldo's~~ ^{Aldo's} Huxley, in the one called 'A Case of Voluntary
Ignorance'. If I seem ~~a trifle~~ hard on my fellow doctors,
Huxley really lowers the boom, opening his assault with
this ~~initial~~ blast: 'That men do not learn much from the

Lessons of history is the most important of all
lessons history has to teach'. After that he really pours
it on."

"Huxley for President," Maida said.

"Such pioneers as Liebault and Bernheim in France and
Elliotson and Braid on the British Isles--Braid invented
the modern term hypnotism--were equally scorned and humili-
ated." He yawned and looked at his watch. "Well, I've
pretty well covered the checkered background of hypnosis."
He looked at Parnell. "I'll now go get those books, Paul,
if lucky Parnell will please get out the cribbage weapons."

"Thank you, Doc," I said, rising. "It's been an
enlightening cram course, and I don't want to prolong it,
but did you ever tackle this memory stimulation thing before?"

Doc was up on a ladder removing books from his shelves
and he paused to answer. "No, but I've read a lot about it
and watched it done clinically and think I can give it an

honest try."

"But what if you fail?"

"We'll face that when we come to it. At least you'll be no worse off than you are now."

"But if Kirk has such a high IQ as the Clinic says mightn't that make him hard to hypnotize?"

"Quite the contrary, Paul. The subject is controversial and still shrouded in doubt, but many authorities now agree that the more sensitive, aware and intelligent a person is the better a hypnotic subject he is apt to be."

He came down the ladder and walked up to me with an arm load of books. "But enough for tonight, Paul. Read these when you can and also make that date for me to go to work on Kirk as fast as you can. Even if I can't stimulate his recall I should be able to tell if he's lying." //

"Thanks, Doc," I said.

"But first--and this is very important, Paul--I want you to go over carefully with Kirk just what we plan to do. I don't want to risk going in there cold to try and hypnotize him."

"Right," I said.

"Then I want you to ask him if he's ever been hypnotized or ever had it tried on him."

"Will do, Doc."

"And then I particularly want you to warn him not to discuss our plans with any living soul."

"Right, Doc," I repeated. "It shall be done."

Doc wagged his finger at me. "Now, what did I just tell you, Paul?"

"To clue Kirk on our hypnosis plans, ask him whether it's ever happened to or been tried on him before, and

finally tell him to keep his ~~bloody~~ trap shut," I dutifully repeated.

"To any living soul."

"To any cotton-picking living soul," I repeated, holding up my right hand. "Amen."

"Good," Doc said, glancing at Parnell and delightedly rubbing his hands. "Ah, I see both the weapons and the enemy are ready and panting." He gestured grandly. "Parnell, as my guest ^{please,} you cut first for the deal."

By the time I'd stashed Doc's books away and Maida had got herself together the two old boys were so engrossed in their game they barely looked up when we said our goodnights and wended our way uncertainly out to the car.

Chapter 22

Maida and I drove in silence through the deserted
tree-lined streets, only an occasional corner street light
with its ghostly column of dancing insects breaking the
recurring summer illusion I'd had since ~~a boy that these~~
I was a boy that these ~~that on some nights that~~
prosaic mid-Western streets were really lonely jungle
~~lanes...~~ *trails...*

I swerved sharply to avoid striking a stray dog--or
~~slumped~~ ~~feared~~ ~~himself~~
was it a lion?--and Maida ~~fell~~ against me and remained
there, sighing and clasping my arm, as ever onward pushed
her intrepid ~~jungle~~ guide, *courageously* groping his way along these
fearsome green tunnels carved through virtually solid
~~forest...~~ *jungle...*

Rounding a corner I suddenly saw a straw-hatted native
bracing himself against a tree and intently relieving himself.

~~As our~~
As our headlights lit up this ancient rite he reared back
and almost fell--blindly turning our way, wildly tossing
his head, grabbing for his hat--all in classic pantomime
of the startled, indignant, bladder-bursting drunk dis-
turbed during a pressing affair of state.

"When you gotta go..." Maida murmured sleepily,
snuggling even closer.

As we neared her apartment I glanced down to inquire
whether she still wanted to go find that promised nightcap
and was relieved to see she had fallen ~~fast~~ asleep. After
all, I thought, neither of us really needs another drink, *Heaven knows,*
and by now all the joints ~~were~~ ^{are} probably closed anyway.
Then there ~~was~~ ^{were} Doc's intriguing books ~~just~~ waiting to be
read, including that titillating secret report by old Ben
Franklin, ~~the~~ ^{that benign} face on the chamber pot floor...So I headed

for her apartment and parked in front waiting for her to
come awake.

"Hello there," she said brightly, still nestled close.

"Hello yourself," I said.

"How about coming up for a little drink?"

"Nope, too late," I said piously, virtuously wagging
my head. "Anyway it sweeps over me I'm already a little
drunk. And when I'm that way I must warn you I can't be
trusted with any woman under ninety."

"I'd risk that," she said drily. "Anyway my mother
once told me never to trust any man who didn't smoke, drink
^{and} swear—and you win all the way. *How about ~~that~~ ^{will} one night ~~up~~?*"

"Nope, Maida, too late, too bushed."

She leaned closer, pouting. "Aren't you at least going
to give poor shy divorced little me a goodnight kiss? Aren't
you?"

"No chore at all," I said, leaning over and giving her a fatherly kiss. As I drew away she clung to me closer and it rapidly swept over me that our prolonged kiss was growing less paternal by the moment.

"Just one little drink?" Maida said in a low husky voice as we broke apart.

"Well?" I said, virtue now in full retreat, and then we were together again, kissing and plucking away at each other like a couple of parked teenagers after their first prom.

"You know something, boss?" she murmured as we came up for air. "You're magnetizing me ~~awfully bad~~ *something awful.*"

"Just one drink," I managed to say, ~~myself reciprocally~~ *counted myself* magnetized *into total surrender,* and so we disentangled ourselves and groped our way up to her apartment where all thoughts of nightcaps ~~flew~~ *glided* away on gilded wings.

WHITE SPACE
↑
↓

It was broad daylight when I drove home, cold sober
and exhausted, and instead of sensibly going to bed ~~as all~~ ^{like ~~every~~ a}

beaten magnetizers ~~should~~, I made the mistake of dipping
into one of Doc's books on hypnosis. ^{From the first page} I was hooked ~~at~~

^{and} ~~once~~. When my phone rang around noon I had already dipped

deeply into several ^{of them} ~~of the books~~ and ~~had~~ ^{was} just started ~~on~~

~~the~~ ^{starting on}
another...

"Hello?" I said.

"This is Parnell," my partner said. "How about our
getting together this afternoon and deciding whether to
try for that preliminary examination ~~we discussed~~ in you
know what case?"

"Fine with me," I said. "You name it--when and where?"

"How about at our office in an hour?"

"Great," I said brightly, stifling a yawn. "I'll meet you there," and I hung up and wearily shuffled off to the bathroom, all the while ^{bracing} ~~steeling~~ myself for the shock of meeting the ^{in my mirror (woefully)} demagnetized Paul Biegler face to face.

Parnell was ^a ~~aw~~iting me at the office and following our greetings I asked him how he had made out in his grudge cribbage match at Doc's.

"Fine, fine," he said, briskly rubbing his hands.

"We played till three and if we'd stuck any later I swear I might have had to draw up a mortgage today on Hugh's house. Since I'm spared that chore, let's decide this pesky preliminary examination thing."

"Righto, pard."

→ police court

what seemed

After [^] hours of palaver, pro and con, Parnell and I finally concluded not to attempt to reopen proceedings so that the ~~examination~~ ^{examination} I'd earlier waived on behalf of Kirk might now be held. In the first place there was no assurance that our request would be granted, ~~now~~ ^{now} that Walt Farrow was dead, and all we might accomplish ^{would be} ~~was~~ gratuitously to alert the prosecution to a possible defense ace in the hole. Then there was the unpredictable Viola Axholm.

(swook down)

"The old gal knows what she knows," Parnell said, ^{(probably ~~to~~ to count on her broom and} "and when the time comes she'll tell what she will tell.

Meanwhile we'd better not risk clamming her up before the actual trial."

"Agreed," I said.

"Then Hugh might very well pull off this memory stimu-

lation thing," he went on, "and, whatever happens, we'd better await the results of that."

"True," I said. "And as a former prosecutor ~~myself~~ I distinctly recall that ^{no} prosecutors ~~do not~~ ^a get bonuses for the number of prosecutions ^{he} they file and moreover, they ^{contrary to} ~~they~~ ^{most of them} have quite enough to do prosecuting the guilty without framing cases against the innocent."

"You mean you guess Eugene Canda must surely have something definite on Kirk to have filed the prosecution at all?"

"That's right, Parn. And since by far most prosecutors are politically on the make, not excepting our own Eugene, and want desperately to avoid creating any image as a loser, I'm morally certain the People ^{must} have ~~got~~ something pretty solid linking Kirk with Connie's death."

"Hm," Parnell mused.

"Of course once in a blue moon you run across a strange bird like that down-South DA a few years back who vainly tried to pin a conspiracy rap on an apparently guiltless man for the death of John Kennedy. What motivated him continues to baffle me--maybe he wanted to be President. But all any garden-run DA seems to want is to build a decent enough record so he can get kicked upstairs to Congress. In fact I'll bet you five to one our own Eugene Canda will be looking for a free ride to Washington the next election. Am I covered?"

"No takers," Parnell said. "Mainly because I'm inclined to agree with you." He shook his head. "I forget how many lawyers I read somewhere recently are now serving in both chambers of the national Congress, and how many of

110

them were once public prosecutors. Very depressing, ~~and~~
on fact
I can almost forgive your rejecting politics for fishing.

Though a trout may ignore you he never double crosses."

He glanced at his watch. "Well, it's decided then--no examination for Kirk. Now I must run along for early supper and more cribbage at Hugh's."

"I'll drop you off," I said. "Maybe you'll win Doc's garden tonight. If so I'd like to bid on his sundial."

"You'll get first crack," Parnell gravely promised, and as I let him off in front of Doc's, added: "Now I suppose you're off and away to your first love--fishing?"

"No, Parn, got to keep hitting those *hypnotic* books of Doc's and then early to bed," I said, elaborately yawning. As I drove away I wondered what the old boy's reaction would have been had I ~~also~~ *also* told him I had a magnetizing date later with the firm's lone jury lady.

Chapter 23

The following Wednesday morning, shortly after eight, I called at Hugh Salter's house to drive him to the county jail for his first attempt to stimulate the memory of Randall Kirk by hypnosis. I had not seen the old boy since our long Saturday night session and Maida had phoned him for me the day before to make the date to pick him up.

"Sure you got everything, Doc?" I said after our greetings, somehow, despite my recent extensive reading, half expecting him to emerge carrying at least a couple of manuals on hypnotic induction if scarcely swinging a smoking incense lamp. "Didn't forget anything, did you?"

"Let's see," Doc said, wedging himself beside me and suddenly patting his pockets like a man frisking himself, finally sheepishly producing a briar pipe and a tobacco

a crystal ball or possibly even

pouch. "Hell to get old," he said, wagging his head. "Poor Amanda has to keep reminding me to take my pipe and pouch-- and occasionally even to more decorously button and zip myself."

"Lovely morning anyway," I said as we reached the main highway and gathered speed, some of the leaves still dew-drenched and glistening where the sun hadn't yet hit.

"When did you first broach the subject to young Kirk?"

Doc asked as we purred along.

"Monday morning early."

"And you explained to him that I proposed to use hypnosis to try to stimulate his recall?"

"Yes, Doc, just like you told me."

"How did he take it?"

"With surprising calm, really," I said. "I doubt if I'd have been half as cool if someone had popped such a thing on me."

"And did you remember to ask him if he'd ever been hypnotized before?"

"Oh yes, and though he said he had never been hypnotized or ever had it tried on him, he also said he'd once heard or read something about its use in the stimulation of memory, so I guess my suggestion was not too great a surprise."

"Good. Then he seems to accept the notion?"

"Very much, Doc. He appeared desperately anxious to recall what really happened that night and ready to try anything that might unlock the enigma. In fact," I added, *trotting out*
~~flashing~~ a bit of my newly-acquired erudition, "I gather
^

from my recent reading he should prove to be a willing and cooperative subject for the induction of deep hypnosis."

"Ah," Doc said, "^{all} ~~then I gather~~ you did find a few moments to glance over some of those books I lent you the other night?"

"Glanced? I devoured 'em, Doc. Started reading the first one the moment I got home the other night. Couldn't put it down, as the saying goes. Have since read all of them and plan to again."

"That's funny," Doc said, pausing in the relighting of his pipe. "I phoned you within an hour after you and Maida left to point out a particularly good passage on memory recall, but no answer. Possibly ~~by then~~ ^{already} you were too hypnotized by what you were reading to hear your phone ring."

"Possibly, Doc," I said, studying the road ahead. "But I don't believe I told you the precise moment I got home."

"You make a good point, Paul," Doc said, slowly puffing away. "In fact a point so sharp it's one on which I uneasily sit corrected. But tell me, what did you think of your week-end reading? What impressed you most?"

"That's hard to say, Doc," I said. "I ran into so much that's new and strange it's hard to sort my impressions. One thing that struck me was that hypnosis, for all the modern research being done on it, seems still in many ways a little-known phenomenon on the precise nature of which few people completely agree."

"Tell me more," Doc said, adroitly pumping.

"Well, for one thing I hadn't dreamed there were so many different theories attempting to explain the ~~best~~ nature of hypnosis."

"Such as?" the old boy casually pressed me, like a suave old cross-examiner. *pressed me.*

"Well, there's what is known as the Russian physiologi-
cal theory, first sponsored I believe by Pavlov, that
regards hypnosis a little more than a form of partial sleep."

"Yes?"

band theory
"Then there's the ~~school~~ of suggestion, however many
its ramifications, that seems to have had its brightest
flare of notoriety during the 1920's when a shrewd little
French pharmacist named *Coué* ~~Gene~~ had half the world chanting
'Every day in every way I feel better and better.' "

"A little oversimplified, Paul, but go on."

"Then Hull's learning theory of repetitive trained
response, then Freud's early parental theory, *before he abandoned hypnosis,*
then the theory
that hypnosis is mostly a form of play-acting in which the
compliant subject adopts the role he feels is expected of
him."

"Yes?"

"Then there's the theory of personality domination,
some versions with definite
with erotic overtones, that reminded me oddly of your recent
description of Mesmer's old animal magnetism. Then--let's
see--there are the theories of hypnosis as primarily a
sort of regression or again largely a matter of personality
dissociation. Finally there are those hardy skeptics who
continue to question whether hypnosis exists at all. Have
I skipped any pet theories, Doc."

"You've at least labelled the main ones, Paul, if
scarcely described them, for, as you *now* also know, many books
have been written either extending, disputing or further
refining most of these various theories. Anything else?"

"Yes. I also gathered that for all the various theories
more and more modern researchers agree that, however one may
define hypnosis, it is a genuine psychological state."

"Good, Paul. As Furneaux not long ago put it, summing up its ambiguities, 'Hypnotism will never properly be understood until people are understood.' "

"Wasn't he the Englishman quoted in Marcuse's book?"

I said, making a guess.

"Exactly, Paul. And I must say you seem to have done your home work. Any other impressions?"

"Yes, Doc," I ran on like the beaming winner of a *fifth-grade* spelling bee, "I was also struck by Dr. Hilgard's recent statement that modern psychoanalysis itself grew out of hypnosis, and that the survival of the well-known psychoanalytic couch is not an accident but a legitimate inheritance from the recognized common need in both for preserving a sort of 'analytic incognito'--to use her phrase--in order to avoid distraction and stimulate free association."

"I recall her interesting statement, Paul, and was equally struck by what the two disciplines seem to share in common. You also read, of course, of how important psychoanalysis itself is in stimulating memory recall? In fact its use in this realm probably far overshadows that of hypnosis."

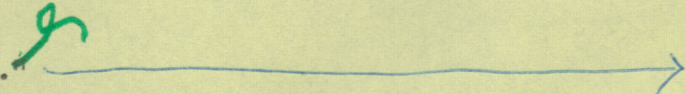
"Yes, indeed."

"So if my try at hypnosis fails we may still come to that."

"Don't even mention the possibility of failure, Doc,"

I said, wagging my head.

"Very well, so I'll change the subject. What else impressed you in your reading?"

"The role hypnosis is playing in new modes of physical and mental therapy." 

In the latter realm I was especially fascinated to learn of its growing importance in the relief and cure of psychosomatic illnesses," I ran on, "where a person can suffer from symptoms that can disable and even kill but for which no organic cause can be found. Real exciting stuff."

"Isn't it?" Doc said.

"And as an old music buff I was especially fascinated by the account in Rhoades's book about the time ^{the brooding} Rachmaninoff got stalled while composing his second piano concerto, - ^{the same man whom Stravinsky once called "the six-and-a-half-foot frown."} Anyway, ^{he} called in a Dr. Dahl to unblock him with hypnotic treatments, and shortly began composing so furiously that out of ~~sheer~~ ^{soon} gratitude he dedicated the finished concerto to Dahl."

"That was dramatic, wasn't it?" Doc said. "Anything else?"

how
I told him I was impressed to learn of the many distinguished minds and talents all over the world that were being drawn to the serious scientific study and use of modern hypnosis. "But there ~~is~~ ^{is} one thing that continues to throw me," I ran on. "I mean the proper distinction between delusion, hallucination and illusion that your books keep talking about. Could you straighten me out or do they mean the same thing?"

"No, Paul, they don't," Doc said. "At the risk of oversimplifying one might say that when a person possesses a false idea or notion about a person or thing which persists in the face of indisputable evidence to the contrary, that is a delusion."

"I see."

"While if he sees what isn't there, that is an hallucination."

"Yes?"

"While if he fails to see what is there, or badly misinterprets what he does see, that is an illusion.

Frequently the three get mixed and some of the most bizarre effects in hypnosis are got by their mixture."

"That's probably what threw me, Doc."

"I have just spoken of seeing what isn't there or failing to see what is there, but the thing ^{also} applies ~~equally~~ [^] to all the other senses. Thus if I bite a clove of garlic and swear it tastes like a pear I am experiencing an illusion, just as that poor old mayor you saw when you were a boy cavorting on the stage of the old Opera House had been made to fancy himself a belly dancer."

"I particularly liked the almost unbelievable illustrations given by Estabrook of the strange things people

can be made to believe and do while in a state of hypnosis.

The sky seems to be the limit."

"Or the human imagination," Doc said. "What did you think of the parts about the growing use of hypnosis by the military and in fighting crime?"

I smiled ruefully. "As an old devil defense lawyer it scared hell out of me to learn how easily a real smoothie with hypnosis can get a guy to confess a crime or squeal on his pals or locate loot or other evidence—and not even know he's done it, thus at a wink erasing all the ~~fancy~~ ^{possible} objections about admissible confessions and the like guys like I so ~~love~~ ^{that} to make. Some of your books ought to be banned not by the cops but from them."

"And the military?"

"A real eye-opener, Doc," I said, and like a ^{brand} star pupil

~~on parental display~~ I went on to tell him that however ignorant or hostile most citizens might be about hypnosis, their governments certainly weren't. "I simply had no idea the time and money most nations, including ~~ours~~ ^{our own,} are pouring into research on the possible use of hypnosis," I ran on, "in such diverse fields as espionage, military intelligence, propaganda, code breaking, brainwashing the enemy and inspiring true grit in the home boys." I shook my head. "Your fellow doctors may spurn hypnosis, Doc, but I was charmed by the number of articles and discussions I ran across that boldly bear the name and ^{very} contract number of the government agency sponsoring the research. One such, as I recall, was in a footnote to Orne of Harvard's deep discussion of whether antisocial behavior can be induced by hypnosis. I gather he thought it can't."

that article about a highly controversial subject

"Yes, Paul, ~~and it~~ was in the book edited by George Estabrooks, an old hypnosis hand. And what did you think about the discussions and case histories on hypnotically stimulating memory recall?"

"Simply great, Doc," I said, and I ran on *glibly* ~~glibly~~ flashing my weekend smattering of erudition like a pawnbroker's diamond. "In fact," I concluded, "I discovered so many amazing things hypnosis has done and can do with age regression and the recapture of long-buried childhood memories that Kirk's case ought to be a breeze."

"One never knows, Paul," Doc said thoughtfully as I swung the car into the parking area between the courthouse and jail. "One really never knows."

"Here we are, Doc," I said, turning off the motor. "Do you want me to tag along or would you prefer solitude when you try your stuff on Kirk?"

"By all means come along, Paul," Doc said. "First I'll need to meet the young man, and again make perfectly clear to him what I propose to do and why." He smiled. "Old doctor-patient hangover, I suppose."

"Sure thing, Doc," I said, leading the way to the jail. "And don't forget to take one ^{last} deep breath before entering this ^{sylvan} bower of roses."

Chapter 24

I reached for the metal-clad outer jail door and it

suddenly ~~burst~~^{flew} open in my face and I said "wups!" and ^{quickly} withdrew my ~~smarting~~ hand ^{and flexed my smarting fingers as} and a stocky bustling man wear-

ing a blue beret came rapidly out of the jail and said

"Ah, good morning, gentlemen" ^{and} ~~and, as we stood waiting~~

~~as he~~ ^{he} strode purposefully across the area way and got into

a ~~large shiny~~^{low-slung} foreign car and started it up with a roar

and rushed away.

"Who's the character?" Doc murmured, staring after him.

"Damned if I know," I said, shrugging and again reaching out for the jail door, but this time as gingerly as if I feared a static shock.

We found
Sheriff Matt Wallenstein himself was holding the fort,
plumped down behind the jailer's desk with ~~one of his plush~~
inevitable cowboy hats pushed back on his forehead.

"Good morning, Sheriff," I greeted him. "How come
you're minding the store? Doc Salter here tells me ~~you've~~
you two have
already met."

"Well, hi, Paul and hi there, Doc," the sheriff said,
turning on ~~a little of his instant~~ *the* political charm as I
thought ~~vaguely~~ that for real Western versimilitude his

'hi' ought really to have been 'howdy'. "Long time no see,
Doc, *he ran on.* "My, you're looking fit. What's the ole recipe?"

"I ascribe my good health, Sheriff, to resolutely
confining my drinking to but two periods *in the* a day—only during
and between meals," Doc replied, playing the little game.

"As for my day man," the sheriff ran on, turning to

me, "I'm relieving him so he can keep a date with ^{the} dentist. What can I do for you, Polly?" The phone rang.

"Excuse me, gents...County jail, Sheriff Wallenstein speaking..."

Polly he had ^{just} called me, I thought, ^{with a very bang} pondering what subtle emanation of the psyche it was that branded and ^{separated} divided the Pollys and Johnnys and Willys of ^{this} the world from its Pauls and Jacks and Bills. // Though I had been raised to believe that Polly was the name of ~~either~~ a girl or a

parrot, since boyhood some of the strangest characters had ^{started} called me Polly on sight, and ^{calling} Polly I ^{to them forever} remained. As the sheriff rumbled on and on, ^{over the phone} it occurred to me that someone

^{should really} ought to write a book on the revealing chemistry of nicknames. ^{When had} As he ^{again} hung up and faced me it also occurred to me

that doubtless someone already had... ^H "What can I do for you, Polly?" he repeated.

"Just down to see my man, Kirk, Sheriff," I said,

~~answering his last question.~~ "But ^{first} tell me," I went on,

~~nodding~~ ^{we had} toward the door [^] we'd just entered. "Who's the ~~also that~~ fellow with the blue beret that just barreled out of here?"

"That's Jason Spurrier, Polly."

"You mean the husband of the dead woman?" I asked,

knowing.

"It's the bereaved husband himself," the sheriff answered, ^{giving that bee-reaved} ~~this time~~ with the true ^{sustained} accent of an old Western ^{authentic}

howdy hand. "He's just been here to see your client."

"Well, well," I said, glancing at Hugh Salter and then

back at the sheriff. "Guess there's no law against that

and it might even help if the news ^{got} ~~gets~~ around. Does he

visit Kirk ~~very~~ often?"

"Plenty often, Polly, according to ~~what~~ my boys say. ^{tell me}

Between him and that Axholm dame ~~with her endless jars of~~
~~comp~~ ^{it} seems your man maybe ought to ~~have~~ ^{hire himself} one of them social secretaries."

Hugh Salter spoke up. "Sheriff," he said, "where do you let Jason Spurrier and Mrs. Axholm visit with Kirk during their calls on him? Is it ~~right~~ out here in the presence of the officer ~~in charge~~ ^{on duty} or where?"

The sheriff gestured with his thumb toward the closed door of the adjoining conference room. "As a courtesy we

let ~~him~~ ^{Kirk's callers} visit ~~with his callers~~ ^{him} alone in there." He smiled. "In the interests

^{of sobriety} ~~Common~~ drunks have to ~~do~~ ^{visit} their ~~visitin'~~ ^{pals} ~~right~~ ^{out} here. ~~Only~~ ^{But}

^{Only} Polly here is allowed to see Kirk up in his cell--as a ^{real} special courtesy."

^{to you,} "Oh, thanks, Sheriff," I said.

"Well," ~~said~~ ^{said,} the sheriff shooting the elaborate four-

buttoned cuff of his ~~dress~~ ^{gabardine} cowboy shirt to read his wrist watch, "what can I do for you men?"

"Doc and I'd like to see Randall Kirk?" I said.

"Preferably alone ^{//} in his cell. I suppose he's still up there ^{alone} ~~alone~~ ^{isn't he?}"

The sheriff slowly stroked his chin, ~~heavily~~ pondering.

"^{Yup,} He's still alone, ^{Polly,} ~~yup,~~ 'cause all the other felony boys so far this term has already posted bond. What'd you men want to see him about?"

"Doc wants to conduct a little examination," I said.

"What kind of an examination?" the sheriff pressed.

"Doc simply wants to look over Kirk a little to maybe

help prepare his defense?" I answered, ^{mildly perplexed by this}

~~minute at his examination.~~
"How prepare for his defense?" the sheriff persisted.

#91 ↑

→ cross-examination

~~byedly~~
I looked at Hugh Salter, who stood staring out the narrow lone jail window. "He wants to examine Kirk to see if he can help bring back Kirk's memory so that he can intelligently help us with his ~~own~~ defense."

"Why all these examinations anyway?" the sheriff came back. "You've just had a passel of doctors pawing him out at the Clinic mosta last week? Isn't that enough?"

"He still can't remember, Sheriff," I said evenly, trying to keep my cool. "And your so freely permitting those examinations ^{at the Clinic} last week makes it all the harder for me to understand why you should be giving us a hard time now over conducting one examination ^{here} by a single doctor ^{right here} in your ~~own~~ jail. What the hell's eating you, Sheriff?"

"Don't get riled, Polly," the sheriff said, briefly holding up both hands and nodding toward the courthouse

across the way. "Trouble is, Gene over there is a little teed off over my permitting them examinations last week without his knowin' about it. Real teed."

"You mean," I said, a light dawning as I felt my temperature ^{rising} ~~rise~~, "Eugene Canda the prosecuting attorney is pissed off because you didn't ~~first~~ let him know about those Clinic exams?"

"Yes, Polly, real burned up."

"Sheriff," I said, "are you telling me that Doc and I can't see my client Kirk today unless the prosecutor first knows about it?"

"Knows ~~it~~ and agrees," the sheriff corrected me--and for the first time I ^{saw} ~~realized that~~ real trouble ~~lay~~ ahead. I also knew from our recent Saturday night huddle that if we could not timely stimulate Kirk's memory we might nevertheless be forced to trial at the next term despite his

continued amnesia. I further knew that even if we successfully wangled a continuance our man would still ^{have to} remain in jail since ~~in the state~~ murder was unobtainable. Knowing all this, I manfully fought the luxury of losing my temper.

"Do tell me, Sheriff," I began, trying to keep my voice down, "since when has Gene Canda started running your jail?"

I may have kept my temper, but I'd ^{lost} ~~churned~~ his. "He ain't runnin' my goddam jail!" he came back hotly, suddenly rising, "an' I resent your makin' that there crack."

"Who, then?" I said, as we stood ^{facing each other} ~~there~~ eye to eye.

"Matthew P. Wallenstein," he said in a ringing voice, and then he looked away and I could almost hear him ticking off the votes he might be losing. "Look, Polly," he went ^{more placatingly,} on, "all I'm trying to do is keep peace and harmony with my DA."

"And all I'm trying to do, Sheriff, is a decent job
for my ^{sailed} client. Moreover," I added, "I'm not going to let
you or anyone else play political footsie with that."

He sat down suddenly, red faced, ^{obviously torn between} and plumped both hands
down on his desk in a gesture of ultimatum delivered and
conversation ended. ^{hard} we glared at each other, my mind
racing over the dilemma I faced.

First I felt I just couldn't and wouldn't stand for
running to the prosecutor every time I wanted to visit my
client, not only because I ~~know~~ ^{felt} I legally didn't need to,
since by law the sheriff was sole custodian of the county
jail, but ^{also} because I saw no reason and some harm in arming
the DA with detailed knowledge of my every ^{move.} movement. Most
vitaly important, however, regardless of the legal niceties
of the situation, was the pressing need to get to Kirk and

*losing
willingly
to feel his timber and not losing votes*

prod his memory. I glanced at Hugh Salter and his ^{glowing} glowing eyes and ^{burning} burning cheeks plainly told me to ~~go ahead and~~ shoot the works.

"Sheriff," I began, "let me spell this thing out as plainly as I can. My man Kirk has told me he has no memory of what happened the night Constance Spurrier met her death. As his lawyer I tell you that that is his claim. I further tell you that I have advised him that the outcome of his trial could not only be doubtful but ^{outright} disastrous if he is forced to trial without the aid of recall." I paused.

"Are you listening, Sheriff?"

"I'm listenin', but what's all that got to do with you and Doc gettin' ⁱⁿ to see him right now, this very minute?"

"To help ~~get~~ him to recall what happened, Sheriff, so I can in turn help intelligently ^{in preparing} to ~~prepare~~ his defense."

I paused and decided to run out a little bait. "Or else

~~maybe~~
help me conclude he hasn't got any defense."

"I got that picture, Polly, but what I can't figure out is how Doc here ~~can~~^{maybe} get your guy to remember when all them docs out at the Clinic can't."

I again looked at Hugh Salter. How far did he want to go? How much did he want to reveal? Should I excuse ourselves so we might go out to the car and talk things over?

"I'll answer that question, Paul," Hugh Salter said ^{quietly,} looking down at the sheriff. "I propose, Mister Sheriff," ^{seated} he went on, his voice suddenly grown vibrant, "to try to stimulate the recall of ~~the~~ ⁱⁿ memory ~~of~~ ^{the} Randall Kirk by use of hypnosis."

"Hypnotism!" shrilled the horrified sheriff, much as ^{I sheepishly} ~~I~~ ^{remembered I} had responded only a few nights before. "How can that phony stage stuff make a guy remember what he's already said he can't?"

Hugh Salter stood looking down at the sheriff with an expression of mingled sadness, weariness, dismay over ~~absolute~~ ignorance, and plain contempt ~~but mostly~~ ~~of~~ ~~sadness.~~ "It's a long story, Sheriff," he finally said, "and one which I don't ~~today~~ propose to go into ^{today.} But the burning question ^{still} remains: do we or don't we get to see Randall Kirk?"

"The answer is no," the sheriff said. "And though I just told Polly here he'd have to clear your visit with the DA I'm not so sure now I'll stand for it whatever ^{the DA} ~~he~~ says. No ~~any~~ hypnotists is going to run wild in Matt Wallenstein's jail."

"Good day, Sheriff," Hugh Salter ^{abruptly} said and then ^{he} looked ~~at~~ at me. "Does the fate of Anton Mesmer and James Esdaile ^{now} become a little more credible?" he inquired softly. I ^{turned and} nodded glumly as we two left the jail and headed toward my car.

"Doc," I said when we were seated, "while I must congratulate you on your candor and courage, tell me, why did you so suddenly reveal your long-kept secret? The hypnosis thing, I mean?"

"A lot of reasons," Doc said, drawing a forefinger across his throat. "One, because I'm fed up to here with the assorted ignoramuses and ~~prejudiced~~ knuckleheads who continue to scorn and slander hypnosis. ^{Also} Because I saw we were headed for a fight and I wanted to get it out in the open. ^{anyway} Because I'm not going to let ^{any} two-bit politician ^{block} the one way justice might prevail in this case."

He sighed. "Finally because I'll be goddamned if I'm any longer going to furtive and sneaky about a thing in which I so much believe."

"I admire your guts, Doc," I said, "because if I know Matt Wallenstein he'll have the word all over the county by ~~dark~~ ^{spread} ~~sun~~ ^{sun} ~~down~~ ^{down}."

"Good," Doc said, grinning like a boy. "I feel ^{like} ~~a boy~~ again, suddenly freed of a secret burden I've carried ^{far too long.} ~~for years.~~" He smote his open palm with his ^{huge} fist. "When and where do we start fightin' the bastards, Paul? ^{Im rarin'} ~~to go.~~"

"That," I said as I started ^{up} the car, "will take a ^{bit of} ~~little~~ pondering."

unlocked and released for the first time in years,