

Part I: If I'm a monster, so are you.

Madison, WI Fall 1967

Harry Harlow trotted up the cement stairs and pushed open the glass door. He sped across the freckled squares of linoleum like a football player, head down, clipping the plant that leaned drunkenly against the big front window, past the bulletin board cluttered with announcements about the lab's bowling league and the arrival of a new baby ('Congrats Jean!'), and through the second set of doors—these ones wooden—leaving them creaking on their ancient joints. "Helen!"

Two floors beneath him, in the windowless basement of the North Charter Street lab, rows of metal cages lined the walls, each one home to one of Harlow's famous motherless monkeys, raised from birth by wire and cloth surrogates, and identified by number printed on a shaved patch of skin on its chest. Each cage stood at the exact distance required to keep a hand from touching anything but shit-scented air. The noise of the occupants only faintly reached the humans who waited above.

The human primates who waited for Harlow -- senior graduate students, faculty, and lab staff—suspended their conversations at the sound of the director's voice. Something about Harlow called a room into focus. His intelligence and ambition, yoked disarmingly to a midwestern self-effacement, drew genius from those around him. The staff, mostly schooled on Wisconsin's farms, found their boss delighted in their varied expertise, be it in rigging together a restraining device or finding the best way to get a baby monkey to accept a bottle. Each man in the room had felt Harlow's kinetic presence and surging creativity in action, had felt his attention race through them like a jolt, had seen Harlow racing down the shabby hallways of the primate lab as if about to lift off, an awkward goose running on the water before the grace of flying.

Harry strode into the room, pulling his coat off as he went. He adjusted the square horned rim glasses that slightly exaggerated the size of his eyes as he dropped his things at the head of the table. His recent weight loss sharpened his face and made him seem younger than his sixty-two years. His energy, as famous as his monkeys, barreled on uninterrupted no matter the source of his unacknowledged ailment. Few of the men had ever been at the lab without him having been there first. Harlow packed into one day

what most researchers did in two. He came to the lab at the dead of night ostensibly to check on the monkeys, but it was anyone's guess what he was up to. Every inch of the labs was his, from the custodian's bench in the basement to the fourth floor where his wife Margaret, aka the other Dr. Harlow, ran her own monkey trials. Harlow knew the lab like other men knew their baseball franchises-- what had happened, what might have happened and what still might happen. He was the king. But sometimes even a king got himself into trouble. Every man in the room had heard the story of how a younger Harlow accidentally locked himself into a cage on Christmas Eve during the war, drunk. A group of soldiers home on leave heard his shouts and extricated him. But that was the first lab, the Box Factory, the do-it-yourself primate lab that launched Harlow's career. This lab where the men sat as they watched Harlow unpack his briefcase.

Harry pulled out a stack of papers from a battered briefcase. The question that drove him from the house still hung between his eyes, making his head hurt: *are you coming with me?* He couldn't answer, suddenly flooded by waters dark with fear of the unimaginable. He left without his morning coffee. Never mind. He dropped into the chair, feet at attention beneath him. "Jim, start us off." Harry lit a cigarette. Someone pushed a clean ashtray down the long wooden table.

A senior graduate student pulled out some papers from the folder in front of him as Helen pushed open the door. Jonathon, a researcher with a cloud of hair and a grant to study the effects of chemotherapy on liver function with application for cutting human nausea during treatment, interrupted Jim before he could begin. "Feeling better, Helen?"

"None of your damn business." The men laughed, including Harry. Helen stood a bit taller than her boss, wore bell-bottoms and a knitted violet vest and her light brunette hair in an ice skater's wedge.

"She does throw a mean game of darts," Steve said. Steve worked closely with Harlow on his new tests measuring the effects of social isolation on monkeys.

"Luck of the Irish." Helen handed Harry a mug with a cartoon drawing of Disney's King Louie on it.

"Everyone's Irish at the Annex." Jonathan grinned stupidly at Helen. Everyone either loved Helen or kept score of who loved Helen. Like most of them, she made a regular appearance at the bar at the corner after work.

“Helen is always the life of the party,” Harry said without spite. “Now I need yesterday’s numbers.”

“Righto, chief.” Helen left.

Harry and Helen worked together with an easy, unspoken harmony. Harry had hired Helen when she was not even twenty and now, fifteen years later, she ran the place, knowing what Harlow wanted even before he did. Harry’s first advice to any newcomer to the lab was to never cross Helen. “I can do nothing to save you under those circumstances,” he would say with mock solemnity. Harry gave her full permission to keep all but the most important decisions out of his hair. Helen reciprocated with fierce loyalty.

“Jim. We await your wisdom.”

Jim cleared his throat. “Well, we’re calling this one ‘shakin’ mamma’ because,” he paused. “Well, for obvious reasons.” The room laughed. The latest trials involved what they referred to as the monster mothers. These were variations on Harlow’s most famous contribution to American science to date, the wire and cloth covered surrogates that proved the importance of touch—of “contact comfort” in the language of attachment theory—to infant monkey development. In Harlow’s classic experiment, a baby monkey chose between two surrogates: one that provided comfort but no food and the other food but no comfort. In that study, the babies preferred contact over food-- the soft cloth covered “mother” to the lactating wire one—every time. Harry had ridden that breakthrough all the way to a new lab, to the top salary at the University of Wisconsin, to the presidency of the American Psychological Association and into all the major textbooks used in introductory psychology classes across the country. The surrogate mother tests appeared in *American Scientist* and *Life*, introducing the haunting images of Harlow’s baby monkeys to countless readers, many who found themselves caught unaware that such robust sorrow could thrive in the bosom of American science.

Jim explained that the latest iteration of the monster mother swung back and forth at a brutal clip until the monkey could no longer cling to it and was flung across the cage. To a one, each of the babies picked themselves off the floor and waited for the surrogate to stop her wild flailing, all the while crying and wringing their tiny hands, bleating for it to stop, tortured by the suspense of waiting. As soon as the mother’s fit ended, the baby

jumped on her, frantically rubbing its small face against the soft terry cloth covering, attempting to soothe itself, to calm its jangled, overstressed nerves. “Bill adjusted the gears, you might remember, after the last time when one monster mother flung an infant so hard that it lost consciousness.” That got a laugh. “This new swinging mom seems to work perfectly. We’ve had no troubles so far.” Jim passed around the numbers—the number of infants that participated in the trial, the number of babies that held on for 30 seconds, 45 seconds, 60 seconds, how many returned to the surrogate after the fit: 100%. “No surprises.” The men in the room nodded. The babies always returned; their need for contact with the surrogate always overpowered their fear of it, no matter what nefarious invention they rigged the surrogate with.

“Once again proving that even a bad mother is better than no mother at all,” Harlow added.

Jim went on. “We finished two trials and are just about done with monster mother three.”

Harry looked at the numbers and paused for a moment. A crash of a cage slamming against cement sounded from the basement. Harry’s cigarette hung in the balance between his hand and the ashtray. The ten o’clock chime of the University bell tower began. “What about spikes?” Harry said thoughtfully. “Can we get the mother to burst out with spikes, every square inch of her?”

“Wouldn’t that injure the babies?” Bill asked, almost to himself. Bill built and repaired things. He designed the stuff, the cages and machines and gears at the heart of the lab. “But, no, not if they are dulled enough. We need to make them more like sharp pencils than nails.”

“Right.” Harry noticed his cigarette and crushed it. “Okay. Bill, rig that up and get back to me. Twelve test subjects. Jim, tell Helen to assign them.” Harry turned to Steve. “Okay, what do you have for me?”

Steve shifted in his seat and cleared his throat. He had a tendency to stutter, a tic that immediately endeared him to Harry who himself had overcome a childhood lisp. It’s a psychological thing, Harry had told Steve over beers. Get a hold of it. “Getting at simian depression by separation has been shown to work but, as you know, we don’t have good

numbers on how much time is required and at what ages the depression settles in more robustly.”

“Chief? It’s the other Dr. Harlow. She’s on the line.”

Harry frowned. She should know better. “Not now.” He picked up his mug and hid his face.

“You really want me to tell her that?”

“She only bites idiots and milkmen.” His joke dissipating the tension. Harry paused before deciding to play dumb. “What’s it about?”

“Another doctor’s appointment, maybe? She said you’d know.”

Harry set down the coffee mug on the table nicked and scarred from years of morning conferences, senior seminars and late nights grinding out grant applications. The table had come with Harry from the Box Factory back in the thirties. Phillip, a hobo he had hired to help him around the place, found it abandoned on a lawn after an eviction and he and Harry had dragged it into the basement where Phillip and the first monkeys lived. He wrote his first professional paper on this table. Harry picked up the sheet Steve passed around and studied the numbers. “I don’t know, Helen. Tell her that she looks beautiful. Or anything you think she would enjoy hearing at this particular moment.”

Helen shook her head. “That’s over my pay grade.” She delivered her line expertly. The room laughed.

“All right, I know. Wish her Godspeed. And tell her to come by when she’s done. But tell her it has to be before my defense at 3:30 or 4, whenever it is.” One of his students—Abe—had come back to defend his thesis, a matter of crossing t’s and dotting i’s since Maslow had already been hired and had worked as a junior professor for nearly two years. Harry always got his protoges jobs, the very best positions in the country. Under his breath, “She knows the rules.” Helen shut the door behind her.

Harry took command of the room again, his thin face urgent. “Where are we?”

Steve continued. “I have two in there now, in the vertical chamber, as a preliminary trial.” The vertical chamber mimicked solitary confinement for the animal. It was large and square, not unlike the other home cages, but with removable metal walls to keep out all visual stimulation. Harry had recently begun experimenting with isolation as a way to induce depression.

“I want to tinker with that cage,” Harry interrupted. “Its too big.”

“I didn’t like the look of that cage, no matter the size,” Chuck was a senior researcher with the reproductive studies team at the National lab across the street. He and Harry had worked together since the second lab opened in 1962. Harry trusted him as a bridge partner more than as a scientist. “What is that going to show you?” Chuck continued. “How is that an improvement on partial isolation in terms of *actual* outcomes? Can’t you get the same stress from keeping the animal in the home cage?” he said, referring to a diagram Harry included in the most recent grant application he and Steve submitted.

“Chuck, we went over this when I applied. It’s a *trial*. Get to where we need to get to faster. You want depression, I guarantee you this will get you depression.”

“But what does speed have to do with it? Why is faster better? It’s cruel. Its obviously out of all established ethical bounds.”

“There are no established ethical bounds and you know it. You and I disagree and that’s what makes a horse race. Men of good will can disagree, Charles. We’ll let the sages at the National Institutes decide. Steve and I will be ready when they bestow the funds.”

Chuck snorted. “Right. The NIS in their great wisdom will lead us to the promise land of enlightenment. We’re doomed.”

“You have nothing to worry about. Your monies are good for another year. Go bother someone else.”

Steve resumed. “The two in there have been in for four days, out for three, and are due back in tomorrow for four.”

“Keep me posted.” Harry turned to the man to his left. “Carl, what about testing?” Harry referred to the major intelligence testing he was running at the lab, requiring all animals, even those in isolation, to participate.

“Yes, we test them twice a day.” Carl handed Harry a set of numbers.

A lengthy discussion on the scores ensued, followed by updates on the other trials underway at the labs. After twenty minutes, Harry stood up and gathered his papers.

“Duty calls.” The room followed suit, suddenly noisy with the sounds of papers

reshuffling and chairs sliding back and chatter. A few men went over to talk to the director as the rest took their leave. Steve stopped at the door. "Annex at four?"

"Make it 5:00. I want you to meet Abe. I told him all about you." Harry pivoted to the young man at the head of the line forming by his side. "What's all this, now?"

Helen put her head back in the room. "She's going without you. That's what she told me to tell you."

Harry waved her off.

Below the conference room, a baby monkey looked around the test cage he had just been shoved into. He screeched, the blood against his ears deafening him to all but his fear and thudding heart, and sprang on to the terry cloth covered cylinder. He rubbed his face on its soft stained cloth, panting slightly. He cooed to it, his comfort, and held it close, as if his life depended on it.

Without warning, a full assault launched. Under his clutching body the cylinder erupted into tiny geysers of compressed air, sharp as needles. The sky above roared. The baby monkey's hair flattened under the biting force of the air. He murmured and hissed, holding tight to his comfort. His lips blew back against the pinpricking assault, exposing his clenched teeth. And then, against his will, his body slowly lifted off his comfort. He fought against the terrible wind. And then his legs, first one and then another, lost their grip. The baby cried out as his fingers lost contact and he spun, airborne for a split second.

The baby picked himself up off the cage floor and sobbed as his comfort released its pent up rage. He shoved his fingers into his mouth and bit them. He edged forward towards his comfort but the sharp air surrounding it repelled him. He cried, wrapping his thin arms around his head, and rocked. Just as abruptly as it had begun, it stopped. In an instant the baby monkey jumped back and rubbed his face against the surrogate, chattering his dismay, pouring his heart out as his heart slammed against the bones of his small chest.

A man pulled the baby off the surrogate who fought him, shrieking and clinging to the cloth-covered cylinder and dropped the baby in to a transport cage. "Stop your

crying, little fellow. Don't you want a nice mamma?" The man wheeled the cage out of the test area and into the dim hallway.

Hours later, Harry hurdled down the hallway, ignoring Helen who yelled at him as he passed. "Yes, yes, yes, whatever you say, Helen." He turned left and threw down his brief case in the cluttered office. Stacks of paper leaned against the wall and under the single curtain-less window, plies of books and university bound theses crowded in along disorganized bookshelves. A half drunk bottle of bourbon with a stack of paper cups on its top stood on the edge of the desk along side a desk lamp sporting a pair of paper monkey ears. Harry stood behind his desk when Helen cornered him.

"You will want to hear this." She stood among the papers, oblivious to the mess, her reading glasses hanging on a chain against her purple sweater vest.

"Are you sure, Helen, because if you are not absolutely sure that I need to hear this at this exact moment I do have some pressing matters to attend to, such as a dissertation defense I am already late for . . ." Harry still hadn't looked at her. He riffled through a pile of papers on his desk.

"Chief."

He looked up.

"I just got a call from Washington, from the NIS, to be exact." Her Wisconsin accent stressed the vowel.

"What have we done now? Steve went over that last funding request himself." Harry could feel the anger rise. The lab received hundreds of thousands of federal research dollars for their activities in the form of grants targeted to specific outcomes or diseases deemed useful for human health and well-being. Vaccines, medication, treatment for major illnesses relied on primate bodies for testing, making labs like the ones Harry oversaw fundamental to all biomedical research and the government recognized it. There was no way to measure harm to humans without testing monkeys. The easy consensus remained that benefit to humans far outweighed the cost to animals. Ideally someone other than Harry supervised grants through the thorny bureaucratic process.

“Its not that,” Helen interrupted. “Listen. It was from some *other* office, wanting to know when you would be available.” She shifted back and forth on her low heels.

“For what?”

“I have no idea.” Helen drew out the words. “Like I said, I don’t know the guy who called and he was extremely tight-lipped. Gave nothing away.”

Harry blinked, paused as if pinned in place, eyes locked on Helen’s. “He resisted you, I gather. Must not be human.”

Helen shook her head. “You are not catching my drift, boss.”

The phone rang. Helen nodded. “I told them you would be free at 4.”

Harry picked up the phone. “Yes, this is Harry Harlow.” As he listened, he pivoted toward the lone window where the afternoon light traveled on, not bothering to linger, having already once passed through the barred windows and doors. It was a light too busy for primates. Harry reached out to touch the head of Hanuman, the Hindu monkey god statue given to him by his friend John Bowlby after his trip to India. Hanuman, the god of devotion, with his golden crown and burnt tail, Hanuman the simian face of the power bestowed on those who loved without mercy, loved without doubt, loved all the way through, without holding back. Harry turned and closed his office door.

“Dr. Harlow, are you in here?” Steve stepped into the noisy florescent-lit basement room lined with cages and screeching monkeys, the floor still damp from the afternoon hosing. He stepped around the shallow puddle over the drain at the center of the room.

“Over here.”

Steve walked past the double row of cages, each ordered and built to Harlow’s specifications, now a standard size for all primate labs thanks to Harry’s early work on best practices for housing primates. A hand with nearly human fingers reached out as Steve walked by. Harry stood in a fog of cigarette smoke at the back of the room.

“You found me.” Harry looked vulnerable to Steve, the way a man in oversized clothes looks overwhelmed by unseen circumstances.

“I figured you’d be here. I heard Helen say that your brother called. The phone hasn’t stopped ringing since the news broke.” Steve stood uneasily in front of Harry. “She’s holding down the fort up there. It took us awhile to notice you’d escaped.”

Harry put out his cigarette against the wall. “All that fuss. Just because I’m going to meet LBJ.” He snorted, shaking his head. Harry stumbled slightly as he pushed off the wall toward Steve. “Frank brought out his good scotch, you know, the stuff he keeps for *special* occasions. I guess this qualifies since he’s not what you’d call the sharing type. It was good, I’ll give him that.” Harry looked around and rubbed his head for a moment. “I’d best be getting up there. There are hands to shake, after all.” Harry walked unsteadily towards the door.

“Mrs. Harlow asked me to drive you home. She left. Pammy had a test.” Pammy, fresh from field hockey practice, had stood quietly near her mother, looking uncomfortable in the din of the impromptu party until Helen wrapped her arm over the teenager’s shoulders and whispered something that made her laugh. Steve had joined them, offering plastic cups of champagne, mumbling something about congratulations no one could hear. Peggy, known for her unreadable Mona Lisa smile, nodded at Pammy who shyly took the glass.

“My brother. Which one, I wonder.” Harry stopped and looked into a cage. A full-grown rhesus monkey cowering in a corner, pulled his lips up tight and barred his teeth in a display of aggression, canines large like a dog’s. Harry ignored the hissing. “Probably Hugh,” Harry said vaguely. “Hugh is the most thoughtful. God knows it wouldn’t be Robert. And Delmer’s in Germany, I think. At a conference.” Harry liked to joke that he had been raised as a pack animal, which made him understand aggression and status-seeking behavior. “Is the Provost still up there?”

“Not sure. It’s been a zoo since the news you won got out. I think the whole staff of the National Lab ran over once they heard the dean sent over a case of champagne.” The two men moved slowly towards the door and stepped over the pea green hose curled on the floor at their feet.

“I guess a free drink is worth crossing the street for.” Harry ran his lab and the newer, federally funded National lab, the only one of the eight regional primate labs where a director managed two labs, two budgets and two staffs. He had fought hard to

bring the National to Madison, arguing that two labs in the same small university neighborhood would build on the strengths of each and transform Madison into the hub, the veritable Paris of primate research. If they could lessen human suffering by studying monkeys get sick and then healed, doubling the number of monkeys and research would only bring more breakthroughs. Size, in this case, mattered.

Steve corrected his mentor. “No. It has nothing to do with drinks. It’s not every day someone around here wins the Medal of Science.” His voice sounded loud in the cement room.

Harry stopped abruptly and turned, causing Steve to bump into him. “I still have work to do, you know.” Steve reached out to steady Harry. “This doesn’t mean it’s over. Who cares what the NIS says. They don’t know shit. They just give the money away. Any fool can do that.” Harry looked at Steve and then at the monkeys surrounding them. “Don’t count me out.” He pointed his finger at the animals. “Not yet.” And then he turned and headed to the door, barely missing a hand that reached out as he passed.

“Of course. No one doubts that at all.” Steve turned out the lights as they left. “You’re still the king around here.”

Phoenix, AZ December 1980

Harry remembered Steve at the party, how the afternoon seemed to stop dead in its tracks after the conversation with the NIS, how he felt when the words entered him, like a pinball hitting levers, tripping off flashing lights and buzzers across his chest and innards. “Let me be the first to offer you congratulations, Dr. Harlow.” Harry could hardly take it in.

He still couldn’t. Everything and nothing had changed since that afternoon. He still suffered from a primary disbelief of earned recognition, from some refusal to absorb the enough-ness of his success. Laying in his old bed far from Madison, far from the lab, far from the man he had been when he heard the words “you won” (the phrase repeated in his head for days), Harry still recalled the odd detail: the heaviness of the hand piece when he hung up the phone that day, the lightness of his head when he stood up, moving as if in a dream down the hall to where Helen waited, a napkin falling from her lap when

she stood up, the burnt smell of overcooking coffee in her office. He remembered thinking of Peggy, the only person he wanted to tell immediately, the only person whose face ordered his insides, the only person he would let convince him that he had done a great thing.

“You’re going to have to cancel that defense,” he had said to Helen.

Thirteen years ago, he thought, lying in bed. What a party that phone call had unleashed. He lay in bed and watched the pale curtains turning in the air-conditioned breeze and did the math. 1905. 1980, so I am seventy-five. And in '67 I was sixty-two. Harry recalled Helen’s shriek that brought the guys up from the basement, how she picked up the phone to call the dean, how fast the news spread. The lounge and hallway filled up and then spilled over with people, with students, with staff, with Peggy, harboring the news he hadn’t yet learned, news that would bring his world crashing down, and Pammy wearing her athletic skirt and cleats. The blur of it all still registered. The dean slapping him on the back, the call from the university Provost, and through it all his body buzzing with a joy so deep he thought he might pass out. Maybe it was the last good day, he thought. Maybe it was the day I pivoted from one life to another. Memory is a brutal teacher, Harry thought.

Helen had made the arrangements for them to go to Washington in February, to the ceremony on February 13th, 1968.

“Is that a bad sign,” he remembered asking Peggy as they stood in the wide hallway at the White House, before he and the other twelve recipients were asked to line up near the podium. “I was born under the sign of Halloween, so attending a ceremony on Friday the 13th can’t be good. Should I be worried?”

“Yes, absolutely,” Peggy nodded solemnly and adjusted his necktie. “A piano will crash down on your head any moment now. Keep very alert.” She kissed him.

And then he was gone, swept on stage, standing in a line, twelve white men in dark suits. Harry remembered what President Johnson had said as Harry stood beside him all those years ago: “For original and ingenious contributions to comparative and experimental psychology, particularly in the controlled study of learning and motivations, the determinants of animal behavior and development of affectional behavior.” Johnson had not even made eye contact with Harry before the camera snapped their shot, both

men holding a velvet box, both men looking into the lens of history, the moment unspooling too quickly for Harry to find Peggy in the crowd before an usher nudged him along, across the stage, to stand and wait until the photographer could take another round of pictures.

And now, Harry thought, sitting up in his crumpled bed sheets, now I am no one. I am a former person. How would his obituary read? *Harlow, father of the maternal deprivation experiments, National Science Medal recipient, long-standing director of the University of Wisconsin Primate Lab, leader in the establishment of the eight Regional National Primate Centers, author of hundreds of articles, director of countless dissertations, dead in the American desert of Parkinson's Disease and forty-three years of hard labor in a primate lab.* He pulled on his bathrobe and headed towards the kitchen.

“Laid to rest somewhere in the American desert. That’s what my obituary is going to say,” he announced to his wife, Clara.

“You’re so dramatic.” Clara set his toast on the table. Dressed in a pale yellow dress that fell just below her knee, Clara looked the picture of vibrant health. Her steel grey hair curled behind her ears, her aqua colored eyes soft in her smile-lined face. Theirs had always been a charged, crackling kind of connection, attraction spliced through with sparring. “You’re not dead yet. Eat your breakfast.” She headed to her typewriter, the sound of her low-heeled shoes sounding against the kitchen tiles before disappearing into the living room carpet where she worked at the card table pushed against the far wall. “I’ll have something for you to look at this afternoon,” she called out.

“I don’t care about that,” Harry said.

“Well, you should. It’s your life’s work here that I’m trying to preserve. You’d think a man might care about that.” Clara worked daily, or nearly every day, editing a collection of Harry’s articles, a task she had assigned herself in 1977 after they retired to Phoenix. Over the years she had added an introduction and now, as the manuscript slowly edged toward completion, she expertly massaged it to read like a single book and not a set of articles written over the last forty plus years, co-authored by other men and other wives. He remembered asking her one night soon after they first arrived in their new condominium and over a bottle of Champaign saved from his retirement party why she cared so much about this book. At the time it felt like a form of flirtation, brainy foreplay

for their second honeymoon. She, as dewy-eyed as when he married her the first time nearly fifty years ago, had answered with characteristic enthusiasm. “This will be the ultimate account of your legacy, Harry. You never had a big book and a man like you ought to. This will be it,” she had said. His answer, then: “Well, kitten, if it makes you happy, then by all means, work away.” Now he couldn’t make himself care, no matter how much Clara cajoled or scolded. He had lost all interest in monkeys.

Harry walked passed the toast on the kitchen table and struggled to pull the heavy glass sliding patio door across its track. He managed to get it opened enough to squeeze through. The flat gray stones of the back patio held on to a hint of cool despite the bright heat of the desert morning. Winters in Phoenix seemed like spring to him after all the cold years in Madison. He hadn’t minded the cold. Peggy kept him armed with scarves and gloves and ear muffs for his morning walk to the lab. And Pammy loved to skate at nearby Villas Park. They all embraced the winter with native enthusiasm. Clara hated the cold so once she had returned, drawn back at the news from Helen that Harry was adrift and lost without a wife, she began lobbying for the southwest. Harry never could resist a strong woman. He plopped into a lounge chair and pulled a pack of cigarettes out of his pajama pocket.

Their condominium had a small back patio surrounded on three sides by a high fence that abutted other small back yards, leading to quiet streets where no one drove. How sad, he thought. Not a tree in sight. No grass either. Or anything green for that matter, only the dull browns of dehydrated plants. He lit a cigarette, noting the slight tremor in his hand.

“I hope you are not smoking out there. You’re going to kill yourself doing that, Harry,” Clara called from the kitchen where she searched for a new pen.

“That would be the point,” he called out to nobody. Harry put his head back against the cushion and squeezed his toes like the doctor said to. For all the good it does, he thought. I used to be quick on my feet. Could get across the tennis court as fast as a man half my age. Even won the Madison city championship four years in a row. He watched his slippered feet in the sun. Getting old is a curse.

He heard the mailman come and go as his mind drifted and the languorous feeling of surrendering to a nap crept over him. Since the Parkinson’s had worsened, his sleep

had gone strange. Last week he woke up swatting the curtains in his bedroom, surprised to find Clara holding him back. He even found himself lying on the floor once. He had no memory of what he was doing, only that his dreams had become so vivid that they pulled him out of bed and dragged him in their wake like an inner tube behind a boat. Last night a yellow Spider monkey named Grandma whom he hadn't thought of her for years came to him in a dream, chattering in her queer way, pulling at his ears, picking at his cheeks with her pointy fingers. He had knocked his lamp over pushing her away.

"It's another one," Clara said as she pulled the heavy sliding door open. "It just arrived." She handed him a letter. "You're not cold out here?"

"No." Harry opened the letter, the second one he had received addressed to *Monster Harry Harlow*. The letter, on paper torn from a lined notebook, had been written with a red crayon. He read it out loud. "HARRY HARLOW TORTURES MONKEYS. BAN PRIMATE LABS. STOP FUNDING THE HURTING OF BABY MONKEYS FOR DRUG PROFITS. HARLOW, YOU ARE A MONSTER. IT IS YOU WHO SHOULD BE LOCKED UP."

Harry turned the letter over. Nothing more. "Well, the red crayon is a definite improvement." The first had arrived in the mail last month, scrawled in purple with the same kind of venom. "You have to expect this sort of thing. Just ignore it." He handed the letter back to Clara.

"But maybe I should call the police, you know, alert them. What if this person comes here? He obviously knows where we live."

"He's not coming here, he probably doesn't live anywhere near here. People like that are blowhards, all talk and no action. If he wanted me dead he'd have killed me already."

"Maybe we should get an alarm installed."

"Maybe we shouldn't over react."

"I don't like this." Clara's brow creased in long lines over her eyes, punctuated by a pile up of crumpled skin over her nose. "Why does someone do such a thing? It's medical research. These are research animals. Scientists breed them to be tested. And they are treated extremely well. I'm sure that whomever this person is he or his family benefit from drugs tested on primates. People just don't see the whole picture. They see

only what they want to. Maybe we should send a list of medical breakthroughs derived from primate studies to anyone who bothers you.”

“Just ignore it, Clara. There’s no return address. And idiots like this don’t respond to facts, only to emotion. Boo hoo, poor little monkeys. I’ve heard it my whole life. Did you hear from Pammy yet?”

“No. Not a word. Well, if that’s how you feel about it, then so be it. I’m going back to work.” Clara went back into the house and Harry looked at the pile of mail in his lab.

My little girl, my only daughter, is turning thirty in a few weeks, Harry thought. He couldn’t imagine why she hadn’t returned his calls. Pammy, all grown up and working in Paris. Once Peggy died Pammy chose a school as far away from Madison that she could find. That was one thing but after she finished school, she stayed in Paris. That was not part of the plan. She was supposed to come back and if not live in Madison, live somewhere nearby. Chicago maybe. But once Clara had come back into his life, that was it. Pammy didn’t even come home for their wedding. The two boys he had had with Clara managed but that was to be expected since for them Harry marrying Clara was repairing their family. Not so for Pammy. She took Harry’s remarriage to Clara as a betrayal, as if he chose Clara over Peggy. But that wasn’t fair or accurate. “It wasn’t my fault,” he said out loud. “I was the one left all alone, not her. She left me.” He lost everything when Peggy died. She was the one real, flesh and blood person who managed to take hold of his heart. He loved everything about Peggy, even the way her skin smelled when she woke up. Crackers. She smelled like warm crackers. He sat sourly in the hot sun.

“Clara! Clara, bring me some paper and a pen, will you? I want to write a letter.” He’d make Pammy understand.

“Are you sure you can write?” Clara asked a few minutes later, pad and pen in her hand. “Are you sure you wouldn’t prefer the typewriter?”

“My hands are fine. Just give it here.” Harry walked over to the round glass table and cranked open the umbrella. It stalled midway. Clara took over.

“Who are you writing to, the police?” she asked.

“No.”

She waited a few seconds. “Fine. Don’t tell me.”

Harry sat in the circle of shade and picked up the pen. If she won't be in touch then I will be. "December 6, 1980. Dear Pamela Ann." He looked at his letters, oversized and tilted, not at all like his old script with its former looping elegance. The Parkinson's steady creep into his hands made his penmanship and other fine motor skills uneven if not outright rebellious. The medications he took worked for a stretch of time and then stopped, requiring visits to doctors and new pills. It did not escape his notice that the medical science behind his pills came from primate studies done at the labs in Wisconsin, most likely done on the offspring of the famous Harlow monkeys. He continued, concentrating on his letters. "I want to talk to you. Please call immediately." His hand bounced unexpectedly, as if under a spell, and left a splotch on the letter. His stomach clenched. He had so much he wanted to tell her. *I want to talk to you. I am not well. Don't be cruel to your old dad. Let me see you. Come visit me.* He looked up. Clara's typing chattered on, each tap making a letter and then a word, each word amassing like an army to do battle against his irrelevancy. He turned back to the letter and wrote slowly, "Your Father." He tore the letter off the pad and folded it three times, three equal portions, and tucked it under the ashtray.

Harry stood stiffly and headed over to the lounge chair, scratchy with its striped water repellent cushion for a city where it never rained. He took a seat and stretched out his feet, the pull of sleep, the only activity he seemed to regularly enjoy these days. When had the world stop making sense, he wondered? Harry leaned back and shut his eyes against the sun. In my day monkeys were big science, the cutting edge of biomedical research, he thought. He had never imagined the activism around animal rights would reach him and his labs. He recalled his shock when someone flung dog shit at him as he entered the lab, how he had turned to face his accusers and saw a poster with one of his baby monkeys staring back at him, the primate's eyes wide with fear, an image rife for misinterpretation. "I'm not the only one," he had yelled. He remembered how he had slammed shut the glass door behind him and threw the lock, something he had never done before, had never needed to have done before. He turned to see Helen and Steve and a janitor clustered in the lobby, brought out of their respective haunts by the noise. That was only the beginning. Now, here in Phoenix, the threats seemed more like an afterthought than the leading edge of some twisted rights movement. Harry shut his eyes

and let go of the raspy angry breath he hadn't known he was holding. "I wasn't the only one doing primate research. I might have been the best but I wasn't the only one. We did—I did—legitimate, federally sanctioned and funded applicable research, not some kind of sick Nazi science experiment. If I'm a monster, so are you."

His mind drifted. The pause in his monkey mind, a mind that stubbornly and famously resisted rest, felt like a cool breeze. And then he was in a dream, a shady place, a forest. The air felt round as a pearl with moisture and fragrance. He always loved the cool dampness that lingered under a canopy of trees. As a boy walking through the oak woods behind his Iowa home, he had imagined the canopy as a nest, inverted, woven from branches and leaves-- unless laid bare in the winter—a shelter without walls, filling him with a sensation of security, of safety. How illusive. He always felt at home under trees. He walked, as he had as a boy, along a path. Harry snorted and woke himself for an instant, glancing around the patio before shifting back into his nap.

He stood and looked down at what appeared to be a dugout or an abandoned root cellar, so old that the stairs had fallen into decay. Without understanding why, Harry dropped down into the dark earthen cave. Once on the ground, he found he could stand. But before his eyes could adjust, hands pulled him to down and he saw that he was not alone, that there were others sitting in a circle, their backs against the uneven surface of roughly packed dirt. A rhythmic sound filled the room like water filling a well. He couldn't make out words, just the repetitive beat of a pattern. He let the vibrations fill him, making him drowsy. He let himself drift along in the sound, as if on a raft moving along a slow river.

A new sound, a low humming, started in, riding on top of the rhythmic pattern. Harry's breath caught in his throat and he felt wind against his face. He felt or heard something move near him, then behind him, then back again, around and around, each time moving faster against a backdrop of droning sound that grew more intense. Harry felt the wind blowing around the dark cave lift his hair from his face and toss it around like grass in a storm. Suddenly a huge sound filled the chamber, vibrating the blood inside him. His sense of himself in a body, rooted in this strange cave, dropped away. For

a few seconds the noisy vibration dissolved all lines between himself and the world. They were the same, for an instant, inside and outside, dirt and blood, air and water.

And then he had a body again. Harry saw spots in his eyes against the black. He held his breath against the noisy vibration until his exhale forced its way out. As abruptly as it had begun, the sound stopped. Harry could now see figures sitting against the walls. He couldn't tell what kind of primates they were, he could see only shadowy figures against the dark walls. Whatever light existed in the room now seemed to draw around whatever stood at the center of the space. Harry squinted. A bearded, large lipped, flat nosed, orangutan looked back at him. Harry could see long arms draped in shaggy fringes, a full round torso covered in a plush velvet of fur, blood orange, huge squatting at the center of the dark circle.

A new sound began inside Harry's head. "I am the divine messenger, the embodiment of truth, of morality, the ideal son, the ideal husband, and above all, the ideal king. I am the repository of immeasurable strength, the Son of the wind, born of the monkey princess. With limbs as sturdy as a thunderbolt, I am valiant and brave. On me attends good sense and wisdom. I speak for the pure, untainted glory of devotion, which bestows the four fruits of life-- fate, purpose, affection, transcendence. I dispel the darkness of evil thoughts. I am Hanuman, the servant of the great force, the one that connects each of us and binds us together to the same world as much as the earth and sky and air binds us as one. What, human, have you done?"

He woke with a start.