

**The Final Farewell  
or  
The Last Ode From Building 6**

Like a reciprocating engine  
Or perhaps better likened to a yoyo  
He comes and Goes  
Unable to say No  
Why, one must query  
Does NIH have such an elastic Hold  
or  
*Are you wary  
That there's again another story to be  
told?*

Well mes amis, Surprise!  
His plastic behavior is not because of what  
you  
May surmise.

Benevolent administration, it is quipped  
or perhaps salary overblown  
No, No, No  
That's simply a DEVINE pitch.

Perhaps it's because of all that laboratory  
space  
That appears on tops of centrifuges  
Or on the Floor  
And with Amazing Grace  
Even behind the Doors.

Then too, of course  
There are all those available positions  
Called FTE's  
That appear so frequently with ease  
Only to be withdrawn at Christmastide  
At the whim of Stockman's army of  
OMBese.

Some would argue with merit  
That it's all because of the TCO\*  
That seemingly bottomless pot of gold  
Which our university friends in envy  
Shout  
Let's SHARE IT.

Ha,Ha  
Now you think of the Ultimate power  
selector  
The joys and pleasures of being lab chief  
Or Director  
With all those wonderful privileges  
Of being treated by colleagues  
Both above and below  
As if anything you do positive is  
Nothing but sacrilegious  
Or worse.  
Surely you must know that

**POWER IS A CURSE!**

Well, none of the above "assets"  
Said with enclosed quotes  
Can explain the numerous facets  
of why  
He cannot bolt.

The real reasons reside  
With people,with ideas and their  
exchange  
With the freedom to be wrong without  
fear  
The ability to conjure theories as if a seer  
Without the constant overbearing reviews  
by so-called Peers.  
The philosophy of Science,  
That seedbed of Truth and Beauty  
Survives in our midst  
Not because of our administrators  
I insist  
But because of our overwhelming passion  
To know and understand in individual  
fashion,  
And, with insatiable curiosity,  
To reach for the unattainable goal  
In the face of the Public's  
Unceasing desire to have cures for AIDS,  
common colds,  
And the unrelieved fear of cholesterol.

And now,  
A special toast to my close friends  
and associates of many years  
Whose camaraderie was so necessary  
In face of constant failure

Or even successes so rare as to be  
pyrrhic-  
Those miracles that cleanse the spirit.  
I thank you all, those here, or out there  
Or who have gone to the Elysian Fields,  
For sharing those glorious moments  
When GTP and Transduction  
We made Into a JBC production.

Finally, dear friends, Barbara and I  
Leave this hallowed, formerly convent-  
bounded place  
And our beloved house in Chevy Chase,  
With fond, even loving memories of three  
decades.  
Our only solace  
Other than your more than kind accolades  
Is the certain knowledge  
That, like the Yoyo, the reciprocating  
engine,  
And the rubber band  
We shall-as sayeth that old soldier-  
Return  
Frequently from the Southland.

\*telephone call order

Delivered before a special group of friends and  
colleagues in the assembly hall  
of Building 1, June 1985