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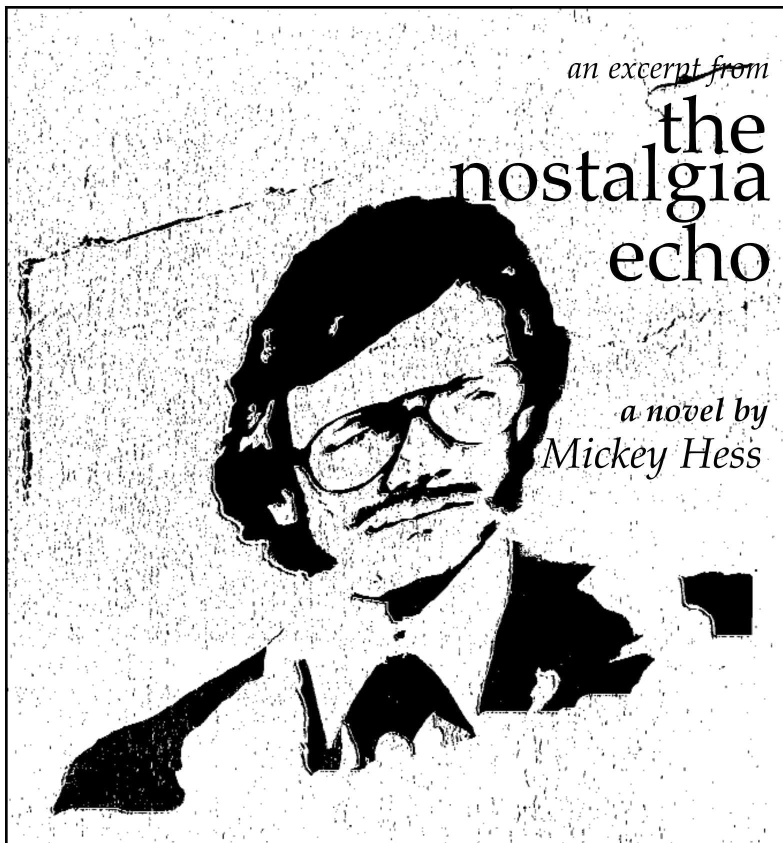

IN PRINCETON, NEW JERSEY, DR. Everett Barnes was drinking coffee in Albert Einstein's favorite restaurant. Barnes was seventy-five years old, and he found himself waking up far too early. Even after teaching a late-night graduate seminar, he was awake before sunrise. That made the day longer, but he had fewer ideas for ways he could fill his time. After so many years, it was all routine. Nothing exciting happened. Graduation was coming up, a momentous occasion for the students and families, but Barnes had seen too many graduations. It was hard to fake the excitement anymore.

For him, it was a day like every other day. Every morning he woke up and took pills from a clear plastic container that separated his pills by the day of the week, and by the a.m. and p.m. doses. In his old age, Barnes took pills to help him sleep, pills to keep him awake, pills to regulate his blood pressure, pills for his vertigo, pills for his memory loss, and pills for the headaches and nausea caused by his other pills. Every morning he ordered water and toast and coffee and read the *Daily Princetonian* and took his pills.

The corporations that made these pills housed their world headquarters in the parts of New Jersey that surrounded Princeton. New Jersey could have been renamed the Pharmaceutical State. It housed Merck, and Johnson & Johnson. Its Pharmaceutical Corridor extended down Route 206 toward Princeton, the Bristol-Myers Squibb Research Campus looming against the horizon, as if the pills Barnes took were being produced just for him. They had him surrounded.

Barnes had no idea that today, thirty years after he published *The Good Old Days Never Happened*, his book on nostalgia was beginning to see some attention. The book's appearance on the History Channel series *History's Worst-Selling Books* led sev-

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pig sweatin'

by Jacob S. Knabb

for James Tadd Adcox, as per his rules and all at once

Me and Dawn Ray was out in the garage pig sweatin' Pete Ramsey's fat ass for pills while Harold and his band was practicin' when Mindy Jefferson and Cancerdog Adkins come barrelin' right up the driveway in his F-150 and got out and walked straight over to Harold and Cancerdog took to beatin' him down into the ground never sayin' word one with Mindy over 'em screamin' you just better hope I ain't pregnant cuz I'll own your ass you barrelchested son of a bitch and that just went all through me 'cause everybody knows Harold wouldn't fuck that skanky hollerbitch with Pete Ramsey's dick so I walked right up and blacked her eye and that's when Cancerdog turned on me yellin' you best mind your own fucken business Nichole you purplehaired bitch and I screamed this is my fucken business because I just made it my fucken business and I shoved Cancerdog and told him you're free lunch motherfucker and your whole family'll die wearin' wellstained churchclothes and then I grabbed Harold off the ground which is somthin' considerin' I only weigh a-hundred-and-five-pounds with my Oxblood steeltoe Doc Martens on thank you very much but that's just how pissed I was because me and Harold ain't like the rest of Boone County since he's gonna be a famous country singer and I'm gonna be his photographer and document everything we do and show the world just what they're missin' while they sit in the bleachers at Skyhawk football games spittin Copenhagen into popbottles stuffed with napkins and most of 'em either laid off or on worker's comp while their sons get their asses kicked and not a one of them will say a goddamn thing about the fact that the principal and the math teacher just got busted smokin' meth on school property cuz they're too fucken busy puttin' stickers of Calvin pissin' all over some NASCAR number on their freshwaxed 4x4s and callin' in to vote for some TV dance show on Sunday nights fresh from church and full up with the spirit and clappin' their guts out when their boys don't fuck up against the Sherman Tide and their asses numb from bleacher metal and they make me want to puke and that's exactly what I did I puked up big hunks of hamburger and strawberry milkshake and halfchewed nervepills right onto Mindy Jefferson and Cancerdog Adkins and Harold started laughin' blood pourin' from his mouth and Mindy and Cancerdog turned right around and got into that truck without even wipin' any of that vomit off and they laid ten feet of tire gettin' outta here so fast and I could feel Dawn Ray and them lookin' at me and Harold like holy fucken shit did that really just happen as I turned to 'em with them halfdigested purple klonopins burnin' my throat all to shit and fuck you if it wouldn't of made a perfect picture.

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THE2NDHAND is **editors** Todd Dills, C.T. Ballentine, **FAQ editor** Mickey Hess, and **janitor** R. Beady, when Harold Ray's on another of his benders. Visit the2ndhand.com for submissions guidelines, issue back orders, book orders and our online magazine.

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eral people to seek out his 1976 treatise on nostalgia's role in our lives.

The author photo took up the entire back cover—it was a close-up of Barnes at his most intense, looking somehow both stern and startled, graying eyebrows going every which way, and graying sideburns extending down to his jaw line. His wide lapels and wider tie made him look like he was caught between being a hippie and a disco dancer, but already too old and too serious to be either. He looked like he came from the past to warn us about something.

A local graffiti artist created a silhouette of this photo, then a stencil, and spray-painted it onto underpasses and vacant houses around Philadelphia.

Soon, the image became an icon of its own. Nobody knew what it meant, but everyone loved how it looked. T-shirt designers silk-screened it onto t-shirts and messenger bags. *Philadelphia Weekly* featured the image on its front page, under the headline WHO ARE YOU WEARING? A 75-YEAR-OLD NOSTALGIA THEORIST IS THE HOTTEST ICON YOU'VE NEVER HEARD OF.

After the paper revealed the identity behind the stenciled faces, the people who were wearing the t-shirts began to seek out the books. They typed "Everett Barnes" into Internet search engines. They called used bookstores around the country. This is how Barnes' book became rare, and sought-after, and expensive. This was the logic of supply and demand.

So few of the original printing had sold since 1976 that the book was already hard to find. After Barnes' miserable publicity tour, most of the books had been stored in a warehouse rented out by the publisher. The books suffered from water damage, and mildew, and book weevils. Eventually the publisher contacted Barnes to inform him that they were about to pulp his book, which meant turn it back into the raw materials of paper. It would be like it had never existed.

Barnes persuaded them to let him have one hundred copies, which now lined the shelves of Barnes' office at Princeton, where a sudden book-weevil infestation had puzzled administrators.

People began stealing the book from university libraries. They razored out the little magnetic strip and walked straight out the front doors. Sometimes they spat into the book drops on the way out.

BARNES SAW ALBERT EINSTEIN IN THIS RESTAURANT once, when Einstein was already Einstein and Barnes was a lowly graduate student, a few months before the great scientist died. He was drinking coffee, alone at a table, grey and white hair in every direction, and the young Barnes watched him swallow a handful of pills. Everyone in the restaurant was looking at him, although he ate there all the time. Barnes was afraid to speak to him, even though he was a doctoral student at the same university where Einstein was a professor. How does somebody get to be so revered? Barnes thought. And then: nuclear weapons were created because of the influence of an idea this

man had and wrote down on paper. He had an idea that created all that. Barnes ordered coffee. And he'd been drinking it ever since.

In 2006, Barnes washed down his last pill of the morning and picked up the notes he'd been taking on the latest issue of *Nostalgics: An International Journal of Nostalgia Theory*, and he headed back to his office. He was ready to write.

When Barnes walked across Princeton's campus, the most common question for him to be asked was, "When are you going to retire?" Barnes was tired of hearing this question. It was an awful question, really, like walking up to someone and saying, "My God, you're old." Barnes didn't like to think about retirement because he didn't know what else he had to do with his life—he already suffered from the unbearable boredom of old age. So he avoided most conversations by smiling broadly at his colleagues and faking deafness. His advanced age made this routine believable. Sometimes he'd answer as if they'd asked a different question entirely.

"So when are you going to get away from these books and students and spend your days fishing and watching soap operas?"

"Yes, it is nice. Not nearly as humid as yesterday."

This tactic had led to a lot of people avoiding talking to Barnes. They smiled and he smiled back, and that was the extent of their communication. Barnes liked it that way. The less attention he drew to himself, the better.

DR. BARNES SPENT HIS TIME RESEARCHING and writing a new book of nostalgia theory. Some days, it was all that kept him going. It was all he wanted to do. He wanted to revise and revisit his old theories, the ones nobody paid any attention to, and he wanted to produce a new and definitive work that challenged even his own older ideas. All he wanted to do was to finish this book before he died.

order Hess' 2012 collection,
the novelist and the rapper

If Barnes spent more time on the Internet, he would have seen that a stenciled image of his face was circulating on a t-shirt, and the price of his 30-year-old book was doing what they call skyrocketing.

It was hard for people to tell if the t-shirts were a joke or a tribute. By 2006, these lines had been thoroughly blurred. People wore t-shirts bearing

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slogans like "Virginia is for Lovers," and no one knew anymore if they really loved Virginia or were somehow making fun of that state. In 2006, people even grew moustaches without knowing if they meant it or not.

The people who wore the Dr. Barnes t-shirts often carried them to the cash register laughing at the intensity of the old man's expression. But the same people sought out his book on the Internet and underlined certain passages as they rode SEPTA to work. They came away from the book with a new perspective on life and their place within history. Which made the old man's expression and sideburns no less funny.

Walking across Princeton's campus, Barnes didn't know anyone in Philly was wearing a t-shirt with his face on it. He was trying to remember if he'd taken all his pills. He couldn't tell anymore which pills worked and which didn't. As many pills as he swallowed, Barnes knew that medicine was not an exact science. In a past era, white doctors had studied the naturally inferior intellect of black people. Homosexuality was considered a psychological disorder. Outspoken women were diagnosed with hysteria. Things could change.

In the 18th century, after all, doctors couldn't tell the early stages of cholera or tuberculosis from the symptoms of nostalgia. The other two outbreaks got controlled, but nostalgia spread further and further. The discovery of nostalgia coincided with expansion and colonialism. As people left their homelands to take over parts of the rest of the world, they found themselves feeling homesick. To get something new, we had to give up something we already had.

Nostalgia was defined as a disease of the black bile. It produced "much waking, much wit, and heaviness of the heart." Nostalgia's symptoms were: melancholy, insomnia, loss of appetite, physical weakness, heart palpitations, obsessive thoughts about home, and shortness of breath. People died from it.

Autopsies on Napoleanic soldiers revealed that many of them died from brain inflammation characteristic of nostalgia.

The cures back then, among the Swiss, were the following: leeches, warm hypnotic emulsions, opium, and most effective of all these, a return to the Alps.

According to the French, the cure was "inciting pain and terror." According to Russian generals, it was the threat of being buried alive.

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long lost pals: / here's how they roll.

they will call you up right / out of the blue, on a Tuesday / morning at 5 a.m., and / before you can breathe, / they'll have / oodles of exciting / developments to report.

all they required was a little / time and distance away / from you, and their lives / transformed from uneventful, / at best, into / underwear parties with / fine young girls and in-ground / pools and 10-lb. bass in / sprawling new reservoirs of / crystalline supremacy on / acres of land.

although you're terribly skeptical, a / trip will be arranged as to / witness for yourself the / newfound paradise of / long lost pals, these / grandiose lives assembled / like swing sets or timeless / sculptures while / no one is looking, and / here's the reality:

one overweight girlfriend, one / rug rat from wedlock; / an above-ground pool inflated with / air – / it's rubber and intriguing since / you never really knew / such pools existed; one / doublewide trailer, and a catfish / mudhole drying in the / yard with frogs and turtles and / billions of neurotic and soon-to-be / homeless water skimmers. —*Brad King*

American military doctors saw nostalgia as a sign of weakness and unmanliness. During the Civil War, there was DeWitt C. Peters' "Remarks on the Evils of Youthful Enlistments and Nostalgia," (1863) in *American Medical Times*. Theodore Calhoun's "Nostalgia as a Disease of Field Service" (1864) claimed that nostalgia led to daydreaming and onanism. The more soldiers these doctors caught jerking off, the more they were convinced that a nostalgia epidemic had spread through the barracks. Some doctors tried to cure it with megadoses of opium, but Calhoun found that the best cures were bullying and public ridicule. Despite these advances in medical science, at least thirteen soldiers died of nostalgia in 1863 alone.

And then, by the late 1800s, doctors stopped writing about nostalgia. Psychiatrists studied it through the 1970s or so, but it wasn't considered a serious condition. Eventually, what had been a disease was now demoted to the realm of the sentimental. This was progress.

But with progress comes the loss of something we had before. In the case of nostalgia, what we lost was the capacity to cure it. Back when it was a disease, we designed ways to treat it.

No Civil War doctor could have predicted that one hundred and forty-one years later, in 2006, nostalgia and medicine would be reuniting. Nostalgia was making a comeback.

The sudden popularity of Barnes' author photo led to a pharmaceutical engineer finding his teenage daughter's Dr. Barnes t-shirt and believing her to be involved in drugs or perhaps some kind of gang. "I may be in the drug business," he told her, "but that's no excuse for my daughter to go tramping around on street corners for crystal meth." After listening to his daughter explain the old man on her t-shirt, the pharmaceutical engineer bought *The Good Old Days Never Happened* from an online bookstore and promised to stop looking through her things and stay out of her room while she was at school.

The pharmaceutical engineer found the book fascinating. He knew some things about the history of medicine, but nostalgia had never come up in his pharmaceutical training. Nostalgia was not listed in the indexes of his prescription manuals. No nostalgia experts had been flown in to lecture when he was in medical school. As far as pharmaceuticals go, nostalgia was unexplored territory. So he got to work.

The pharmaceutical engineer's specialty was finding new uses for existing drugs. Five days a week, he worked on identifying other disorders that an existing drug might treat. An antidepressant, for instance, might also treat migraines. An anti-seizure medication might also treat depression, or nicotine addiction. He worked in conjunction with psychiatrists and neurologists to design clinical trials to test new uses for old medicines. The drug companies funded these studies to find new uses for the drugs they sold, but nobody seemed to have a problem with this.

In the pharmaceutical engineer's mind, the money was secondary. He believed he was doing people a service by providing a cure for something that was no longer considered a disease.

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DR. BARNES SAT IN HIS OFFICE, STARING AT A newspaper clipping he had pulled from a drawer. It was himself, younger, and a tiny, frowning figure in pigtails, standing in front of the marble stairs of Philadelphia's Memorial Hall, which were smeared with chocolate.

Dr. Barnes remembered the exact moment the picture was taken, during the Bicentennial celebration and one of the worst moments of his life. The young girl in pigtails was Barnes' daughter Abigail, six years old and experiencing her first true betrayal by her father. The chocolate and crumbs were the remnants of America's birthday cake, which Barnes had caused his daughter to miss.

In celebration of America's Bicentennial, the good people at the Sarah Lee Corporation had baked a 50,000-pound birthday cake and transported it from Deerfield, Illinois to Philadelphia. It took five trucks, one for each level of the cake. America's birthday cake was five stories high and depicted momentous events in US history: the signing of the Declaration of Independence, the first game of baseball. But there was a bigger cake. Baltimore tried to upstage Philadelphia. Philly built a 50,000-pound cake, so theirs had to be 78,000 pounds.

78,000 pounds.

One July morning a 78,000-pound cake floated on a barge down Baltimore's Inner Harbor. This was America's birthday cake. Baltimore was winning. But they did not plan for the rain and the wind.

Or the birds.

Seeing the cake was Abigail's idea. She was in the middle of an intensive first-grade unit on American history. She knew who shot Alexander Hamilton. She despised the traitor Benedict Arnold. Barnes himself found that he had forgotten much of what he used to know about the facts of American history, and the facts of a lot of things. He knew a lot about nostalgia, but it seemed like the more specialized his knowledge became, the less useful it was. He was starting to worry that it kept him from seeing anything different.

And that day, what he couldn't see was his daughter's excitement for something as new as a five-story birthday cake. Abigail was dancing in the doorway of her father's office, chanting cakecakecake and singing songs about America's founding. She knew they were running late. They were delayed by the prospect of a telephone interview about *The Good Old Days Never Happened*. Since the book's debut at the Philadelphia Free Public Library, Dr. Barnes had given five more ill-attended readings, and received one slim review in a local weekly, which called his prose "impenetrable." On July Fourth, more than anything, Barnes wanted to be interviewed. He sat waiting for the promised one o'clock phone call, while Abigail danced in his office doorway, shaking with excitement about the enormous birthday cake that awaited them in Philadelphia. One o'clock passed, then two, then two-thirty, Abigail shaking more fervently with each passing moment until her father finally gave up and set out for Philadelphia.

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Barnes was a single parent. Abigail's mother died not long after she was born. She was fifteen years' Barnes' junior. Barnes met her at an academic conference held at the University of Chicago, where he watched her give a paper in which she cited his theories and refuted them so well that she made him feel embarrassed for having published them. Everything he was certain about, she made him question again. He was hooked. She made everything feel new again.

It hurt Dr. Barnes to look at Abigail because she looked so much like her mother. She had her same mannerisms, although she knew her for less than a year. It was written into her DNA. When she waved, she waved just like her mother.

Barnes didn't understand the pure joy Abigail could find in something like seeing a giant cake. There wasn't a lot of joy left in his life, but he wasn't concerned with himself. With so much tragedy so early in Abigail's life, he wanted her to grow up to have as many happy memories as possible.

Abigail's mother died in a diving accident off the coast of Peru. She went down and she never came up. Barnes took Abigail with him to the Philadelphia Airport to welcome her home, but there was only her ponytailed diving instructor, Jeff, shaking his head.

There was no funeral. She hadn't wanted one. She didn't want a wedding and she didn't want a funeral. She did not like being the center of attention. It was like she didn't want anyone to acknowledge that she'd walked the earth. So she disappeared into the sea.

Dr. Barnes believed that, even if this memory could not be erased, that enough happy memories might balance it out, so that an adult Abigail would not dread the mention of her childhood. For Barnes himself, the impact of losing his wife so suddenly was profound. He was scheduled to go diving with her, but he canceled, at the last minute, so that he could work on his research. Before his young wife died, Barnes' research focused on concepts of time and memory across different cultures. Since she died, he's been writing about the worthlessness of thinking about the past.

THE THIRTY-YEAR-OLD NEWSPAPER CLIPPING preserved the moment that Dr. Barnes had failed Abigail. He could not push this thought from his mind. He had caused her to miss seeing America's birthday cake, and there was no making up for it. She had knocked on his office door. She had tapped the wall from her bedroom next door, and shouted updates on the time of day that was displayed by the hands of her grandfather clock "It's 1:30." "It's 1:47!" She would never forgive him.

When Barnes and Abigail finally arrived at Memorial Hall, the party was over. The panels of icing depicting momentous occasions had been stripped away one by one. George Washington was propped against a column inside Memorial Hall. Betsy Ross was still sewing the first flag, but she was laid flat on a cart, next to the Moon landing. Workers were shoveling the cake into wheelbarrows and then into the dumpsters outside.

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Chocolate and crumbs smeared the marble steps of Memorial Hall.

Barnes could see it in Abigail's face. She would always remember this. This was the kind of thing she could not forget.

BARNES' PHONE RANG. IT WAS A WORK-STUDY student calling from the department office. "Someone is here to see Dr. Barnes. Do I tell him you're here?" Normally, Barnes would have shut his door and turned off his light, but the work-study receptionist said it was "someone holding your book." So Barnes shoved the newspaper clipping back into the drawer, opened his office door, and stared down the hallway. Barnes had never had an eye exam, but he kept a pair of reading glasses on a string around his neck. Anytime he put them on, he'd tug them down and peer over the top of them, and move whatever he was reading closer, then further away, before taking off the glasses and letting them go back to dangling around his neck. He licked his fingers before he turned pages.

When he saw someone coming down the hall, toward his office, he'd put his hands on his hips, hunch forward even more than usual, and squint hard. His scrunched-up face made him look mean and intense, as if he were drawing a line in the sand and daring the person to keep walking toward him.

IT WAS ACTUALLY TWO VISITORS, TWO MEN FROM the pharmaceutical company that made some of the pills Barnes took every morning. One man was a pharmaceutical engineer, and the other was in pharmaceutical marketing. They wanted to talk to him about nostalgia. Barnes thought he was hearing things.

"I'm a Ph.D, you know, not any kind of medical doctor. I'm in the humanities."

"Of course. That makes you even more valuable to our project," said the pharmaceutical engineer.

His partner nodded enthusiastically. "Let me ask you something, Dr. Barnes. Are you familiar with the term A&R man?"

"Artist and Repertoire? They're the talent scouts for the record companies. An image maker."

"Well, think of me as the drug company version of an A&R man."

Barnes tried to think about him this way. He wasn't seeing the connection.

The drug company A&R man handed him a glossy brochure. "These are from the graphic designer," he said. "These pills you're looking at are called antinostalgics—they were invented by my partner here."

Barnes looked to the pharmaceutical engineer, who winked back at him and sat down on the windowsill.

"The design is phenomenal," the A&R Man continued. "Antinostalgics are red and white striped, like candy canes, or like an old-fashioned barber pole. We couldn't make them look any more like candy and not get sued."

“What does all this have to do with me?” Barnes asked.

“We want to make you the face of nostalgia,” the A&R man said.

In Barnes’ mind, the two men might as well have been aliens, come to take him away to rule their home planet. “Why me?” asked Barnes. “Nobody’s even read my book.”

“You haven’t seen the t-shirts?” The pharmaceutical A&R man pulled his daughter’s t-shirt from his briefcase. It smelled like fabric softener. It was the first time Barnes had witnessed the wildly popular stenciled version of himself. Barnes stared at himself, confused.

“You’re hot right now, Dr. Barnes. Your face has been stenciled onto overpasses and underneath bridges. Street vendors are selling t-shirts with your face on them.”

Barnes tried to process what the A&R man was telling him.

“You’ve become synonymous with nostalgia. You are the world’s foremost nostalgia expert. I understand from your book that nostalgia was once regarded as a medical condition?”

“It was a disease in the 17th century,” Barnes replied. “But doctors stopped looking at it that way over a hundred years ago.”

“The old ailments are coming back, Dr. Barnes,” said the pharmaceutical engineer. “The old afflictions, and the old cures. Diseases we thought we had beaten are popping up in new variations. Some doctors are even returning to bloodletting and leeches. We’ve spent too many years viewing scientific progress as a forward motion.” He paused. “Medicine,” he said, “is more cyclical than we realized.”

He handed Barnes a necktie with the logo of his drug company on it. “We’re going to bring back nostalgia. Bring it back to medicine. The new DSM—the *Diagnostic and Statistical Manual of Mental Disorders*—is being compiled as we speak. This is the DSM V, the manual that all professionals in the field of psychology will be turning to for a decade or more.”

“Yes sir,” said the A&R Man. “We got social anxiety into it last time, and this time it’s going to be nostalgia disorder.”

Barnes tossed the drug company necktie onto his desk. “So you want to classify nostalgia as a psychological problem?”

“It isn’t just simple nostalgia. We have identified a nostalgia disorder, which can be treated only with anti-nostalgic pills. Nostalgia comes naturally. We are wired for it. But whether or not it is a disorder depends on how the body and mind react to nostalgia, that is, whether the psychological mechanisms that produce nostalgia fail to regulate it and minimize it, so it becomes debilitating.”

Dr. Barnes traced the outline of his stenciled face on the t-shirt the man had handed him. “You’re talking about pathological nostalgia.”

“Are we?”

“Yes. The 19th-century French psychoanalyst Geahchan described nostalgia as a stand-in for mourning. Rather than experience the loss of someone, we protect ourselves from losing them

by dwelling on them and idealizing them. It looks like we're mourning, but we're not, really—we're holding onto them in this fantasy version of who they were. It's a defense mechanism, the same as when we occupy our minds with nostalgia in order to avoid dealing with the problems of the present."

"Interesting."

"Geahchan also believed that nostalgic people had pronounced anal sadism."

"Think about shyness," said the pharmaceutical engineer. "Feeling nervous or embarrassed in social situations is a psychological response, but social anxiety *disorder* is diagnosed as an unnatural level of fear of these reactions. Shy people experience nervousness and embarrassment, but people with social anxiety disorder sit at home worried that they're *going* to be nervous and embarrassed."

"That was ours, by the way," said the A&R Man. "Our company took shyness from being a personality trait to a disorder that requires medication. It's a disease of our times—it's too easy to separate yourself from the world, do your shopping online, and never leave the house. It's something we all feel, but it's hard to know if we have a disorder or not."

"Which is where we come in," said the pharmaceutical engineer. "We define the disorder, put the word out to doctors, and design a drug to treat the disorder. Attention Deficit Disorder may very well be a symptom of too much media and too-quick cuts from one image to another on television. I don't know. I'm not a doctor. But what I do know is that we make some fine products that take care of the symptoms of ADD, no matter what causes it."

"So you're asking me to help manufacture a nostalgia disorder?"

"No, no, no. Not manufacture it. *Manage* it. Nostalgia was already out there in the world—all we're doing is helping people recognize that they have a problem with it and need medication."

"That's right," said the pharmaceutical engineer. "We just identified it and gave it a name—the disorder already existed. What about nostalgia for a pre-911 feeling of well-being and safety? Is that manufactured?"

"Absolutely," said Dr. Barnes. "It's just as manufactured as the fear and nationalism we're supposed to feel now. They go hand in hand."

"Well, I'll be direct: we want your endorsement. We want you to publish new books about nostalgia and mention our product. Think of the money you could make off this. It would make for a happier retirement." The drug company A&R man handed Barnes his business card. "Say you'll think about it."

Barnes said he would not think about it.

This shocked the drug company A&R man. It wasn't usually this hard to get a doctor or a professor to agree to an endorsement deal. No matter how prestigious their research, all most professors really wanted was to be invited onto TV.

He was going to have to try harder.

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