

You are Bob Kosinski, ABLE host, from Clemson University

As a dedicated ABLE member, you have been to every conference since 1989. Your favorite location – but one that you recall with a certain degree of chagrin – was Las Vegas in 1992. For your last night in town, you moved from the UNLV dorm to the Sahara hotel. It was a memorable night, at least, what you remember of it was -- you went a few drinks beyond your usual “optimum.” In the casino, you met one of your heroes in science, James Watson, who was in town for another conference. You and he clicked immediately and spent the evening together. At one point you extended a “y’all come visit us sometime” invitation to your new best friend. Since you’d had no contact since then, you were somewhat taken aback to get a letter from him recently, offering to give a workshop and speech at the ABLE conference in Clemson.

Watson had also asked to meet with certain ABLE officers before the Monday board meeting, so you arranged this. The meeting was worse than anything you could imagine. On top of all of the stress and effort of hosting the ABLE conference, this had to happen! Watson laid out his plans to take over ABLE. Clearly everyone in the room was blaming you for this turn of events, but there was nothing you could do about it. “Well,” you thought bitterly, “let him host the next conference then.”

Watson’s final words to the group were definitely threatening, and surprisingly, they seemed threatening to others as well as to you. But as Watson left, he leaned over and whispered “I look forward to meeting your wife, Bob...she’s been kind enough to invite me to dinner Wednesday after my workshop.”

On Tuesday you stayed at the welcome reception until all of the guests had left at 9:30.

You are Ruthann Pitkin, from Shippensburg State University

You had never met James Watson before, although you were familiar with both the book and movie versions of *The Double Helix*. You knew that Bob Kosinski had arranged for Watson to speak at the ABLE banquet, but did he have to arrange a meeting with some of the officers, too? And why just these few? What a disaster it was! Incredibly, Watson sounded like a corporate raider. He said that he had been following ABLE's activities since meeting Bob Kosinski in Las Vegas in 1992. Everyone glanced at Bob, who had turned white as a sheet and was uncharacteristically silent. ABLE, Watson had decided, could benefit from more publicity. Who better to raise ABLE's profile than himself, the famous James Watson! In return, ABLE would "stop wasting time on nonsense" and devote itself entirely to the development of laboratory exercises in molecular genetics, with a view to recruiting students into what he called "real biology." Well! you'd heard enough right then. Your blood was boiling. He finished by putting up a transparency of the "new" logo – the organization would be re-named The James Watson Association for Molecular Laboratory Education. JWAMLE – it wasn't even pronounceable! You stood up and said "Thank you, Dr. Watson. The Board will consider your request." "It's not a request," he replied. He looked around the room "I have reason to believe that each of you will come to realize your personal stake in this." After he left, there was a long silence as all present reflected on his words. You looked around covertly. Mike O'Donnell appeared to be on the verge of a stroke. Bob was still pale as a ghost. You mentally reviewed CPR techniques – it looked like they might be needed any second. Your eyes met Anna Wilson's. Although tears stood in her eyes, you could see that her fierce pride in ABLE and determination to protect it matched your own, and a silent understanding passed between you. Watson would not succeed! But a moment later it hit you. Watching us since Las Vegas, 1992! Your heart lurched. Las Vegas, 1992.....

On Tuesday evening you put in only a brief appearance at the welcome reception. Anna Wilson gave you a ride back to campus.

You are Anna Wilson from Purdue University.

You had never met James Watson before, although you were familiar with both the book and movie versions of *The Double Helix*. You knew that Bob Kosinski had arranged for Watson to speak at the ABLE banquet, but did he have to arrange a meeting with some of the officers, too? And why just these few? What a disaster it was! Incredibly, Watson sounded like a corporate raider. He said that he had been following ABLE's activities since meeting Bob Kosinski in 1992. Everyone glanced at Bob, who had turned white as a sheet and was uncharacteristically silent. ABLE, Watson had decided, could benefit from more publicity. Who better to raise ABLE's profile than himself, the famous James Watson! In return, ABLE would "stop wasting time on nonsense" and devote itself entirely to the development of laboratory exercises in molecular genetics, with a view to recruiting students into what he called "real biology." More biochemistry – that was all right by you. But when he finished by putting up a transparency of the "new" logo – the organization would be re-named The James Watson Association for Molecular Laboratory Education – angry tears came to your eyes. After all these years of ABLE, the people, the memories associated with it...the tornado scare in Illinois, the awful humidity of South Carolina, the beauty of western Canada, the lobster dinner in New Brunswick, the wild times in Las Vegas...you blushed, your mind returning abruptly to the present. Ruthann was dismissing Watson. "Thank you, Dr. Watson. The Board will consider your request." "It's not a request," he replied. He looked around the room "I have reason to believe that each of you will come to realize your personal stake in this." In the silence that followed his departure, you reflected miserably on what this might mean. Then you caught Ruthann's eye. The flinty glare of anger raised your spirits – between the two of you, you'd find a way....

On Tuesday evening stayed only a short time at the welcome reception. You gave Ruthann Pitkin a ride back to campus.

You are Bill Surver, from Clemson University.

The new President of Clemson University has announced that among his goals for Clemson in the next ten years is to win national championships in football and in two Olympic sports, and to make it to the Final Four twice in basketball. When you learned that the famous James Watson would be coming to Clemson for ABLE, you hatched a plan. You had heard that Watson's latest research interest is genetic modification of adult humans. If he could be persuaded to turn his new techniques to building better athletes.....Clemson's goals would be achieved and you would receive personal honor and glory, maybe even a skybox for the football games! The super-secret research could be hidden under the wing of Clemson's Genomics Institute, and private funding could be obtained from IPTAY, the filthy-rich booster organization.

After hearing that IPTAY is putting significant funding into a football museum for Clemson, you decided to contact ABLE members at other institutions with famous athletic programs to see if their booster organizations might kick in. You arranged for them all to come to Nick's Tavern Monday evening before the beginning of the ABLE conference.

The conversation at Nick's did not go well. Watson found your proposal intellectually interesting, but was enraged at the idea that he should help your teams, which he characterized as "amply endowed with talent already...it's the coaching that needs improvement." He suggested that if he didn't just flat out report you to the NCAA, he might take the idea down the road and see what The University of Georgia would offer him.

On Tuesday evening you went to the welcome reception, but left around 8. You gave Bill Glider a ride back to campus but didn't see him after that.

You are Roberta Williams from the University of Nevada-Las Vegas.

Ever since Jerry Tarkanian left, the excitement has gone out of Runnin' Rebel basketball. Sure, the team looks good in the W column, but how many ranked opponents were there? What about the NCAA – seeded tenth, and routed by Tulsa in the first round! Can't get The Shark back, but maybe with some better players things would perk up a bit. When Bill Surver phoned you about a top-secret program to genetically engineer athletes, you eagerly agreed that UNLV boosters might be willing to participate with big money. You suggested that Bill also contact Ann Lumsden at Florida State. This suggestion was met by a long, uncomfortable silence. Finally Bill told you that there would be a meeting with Watson at Nick's Tavern in Clemson on Monday, June 5 and ended the call. Later, you contacted Ann. Although you didn't come right out and ask her if she had been invited to participate in the scheme, your hinting around drew no response and you assumed she had been left out.

The conversation at Nick's did not go well. First Watson asked Bill how many secretaries he needed for this meeting, anyway. When he found out why you were there, Watson was particularly enraged at the idea that someone from UNLV might be involved. In addition to impugning your school, your city, the former coach, and you personally, he baldly threatened to go to the NCAA about this “continued desire for UNLV to cheat its way to the top,” as he put it.

You skipped the welcome reception on Tuesday evening.

You are Ruth Beattie from the University of Kentucky.

The UK men's basketball program is looking good despite a rollercoaster 1999-2000 season, but oh dear, the women's b-ball team is consistently mediocre. What chance do they have anyway in a league with Tennessee and Georgia? When Bill Surver phoned you about a top-secret program to genetically engineer athletes, you eagerly agreed that UK boosters might be willing to participate with big money to bring the women's b-ball team up to speed in the prestigious SEC. What an opportunity for you! Once the President and Trustees hear about your role in this athletic success, they'll give you anything you want! Grad students to grade papers, smaller classes, the very latest equipment, anything! You suggested that Bill also contact Ann Lumsden at Florida State. This suggestion was met by a long, uncomfortable silence. Finally Bill told you that there would be a meeting with Watson at Nick's Tavern in Clemson on Monday, June 5, and ended the call. Later, you contacted Ann. Although you didn't come right out and ask her if she had been invited to participate in the scheme, your hinting around drew no response and you assumed she had not been invited to participate.

But the conversation at Nick's did not go well. Watson said that if he were going to apply his expertise to genetically enhancing women, it wouldn't be to make them better basketball players! As you angrily got up to leave, Watson sneered "don't forget, sweetie, I know your name....and so will the NCAA." Not only were your dreams of Easy Street crushed, now you could actually lose your job!

On Tuesday afternoon you went on the tour of the Genomics Institute, but Watson was there also so you left. No one saw you the rest of Tuesday.

You are Bill Glider from the University of Nebraska-Lincoln

You have never met James Watson before, but of course are familiar with his famous work. You hadn't heard anything about him in years, until Bill Surver called you up with a proposal about getting the Huskers booster fund to sponsor some new, top-secret research. Apparently Surver had learned that Watson's new interest was in re-engineering human adults to improve characteristics such as rapidity of healing injuries and strengthening tissues, induce further skeletal growth, and even reconfigure areas of the brain. Surver planned to propose that Watson apply his new techniques to student(ha!)-athletes. He was arranging a consortium of big-time athletic programs to support the research (and reap the benefits of its results). He asked you to meet with him at Nick's Tavern on June 5. You eagerly agreed, not that Cornhusker athletics needed any extra help on the field. But if Watson could make them smarter so that you didn't have to battle the athletic advisors every time grades are issued, now that would be something! Not only would the boosters pay big bucks for that, you would be a hero to the faculty. You'd probably get an Endowed Chair out of the deal!

The conversation at Nick's couldn't have gone worse. Watson not only turned down the proposal, he threatened to expose the whole plot. He'd do it, too – the pre-Board meeting with Watson had left everyone looking green around the gills, though you weren't sure just why. The guy just seemed to have a toxic effect. And just when you were ready to relax and enjoy someone else's work as ABLE host – this would wreck the whole meeting for you. Not to mention your career! You were glad to see Mike O'Donnell take a swing at Watson on his way out.

On Tuesday evening you went to the welcome reception, but left around 8. Bill Surver gave you a ride back to campus, but you didn't see him after that.

You are Dr. Revis-Wagner from Clemson University.

Your wife owns Nick's Tavern and you were there tending bar on the evening of June 5. Mike O'Donnell came in and struck up a conversation about venomous and non-venomous snakes (okay, maybe he didn't start off talking about snakes, but it never takes you long to turn the conversation that way), and then Ann Lumsden joined you. It was fun to be around ABLE people again! After a while, some others came in that Ann and Mike seem to recognize, but you didn't ... but wait, wasn't that Roberta Williams? The new arrivals headed for a back booth, and you sensed some tension from Ann. In a minute, Bill Surver arrived, with James Watson in tow. He didn't even introduce you, the crumb, and he knows you're a big fan of The Double Helix.

From behind the bar, you could see Surver doing a lot of talking while the others listened, but you couldn't catch what it was about. Then Watson made a few remarks, and then it looked like all hell broke loose. As the argument heated up, you cranked the stereo to cover the angry voices. Ann left. Mike started on another beer and glared in the direction of the back booth where the Watson group was. Watson got up to leave abruptly, brushing against Mike as he headed for the door and whooo! Mike just flew at him. What was that all about? You were ticked -- you've had enough trouble with frat boys in Nick's, and now you've got brawling biologists? You dragged Watson, who was getting the best of it, off O'Donnell and shoved him out the door. Double Helix or not, you didn't need to have Nick's liquor license jeopardized! After tending to his cuts and bruises, Mike left too, still angry.

On Tuesday evening, you attended the welcome reception and stayed until most people had left. You said you'd be down at Nick's later, but several ABLE members were there and didn't see you.

You are Ann Lumsden from Florida State University.

You were anxious to get to the ABLE meeting and find out what was up with Bill Surver. Both Ruth Beattie and Roberta Williams had called before the meeting and hinted around about some mysterious deal going down, but shut up quickly when they realized you didn't know about it. There was definitely something fishy going on.

You arrived in Clemson late Monday evening. Tired from your drive, you headed for Nick's, knowing that you'd run into some ABLE friends there. Sure enough, there was Mike O'Donnell perched at the bar talking with the bartender. You joined the discussion. Soon after, Ruth Beattie and Roberta Williams came in. Maybe you could finally find out what was going on! But they just nodded and headed for a booth in the back. How rude! In a few minutes, Bill Surver came in. You could tell he saw you, but he wouldn't make eye contact. And James Watson was with him! They headed to the back booth, too. A few minutes later, Bill Glider joined them. What could this be about? Your back was towards them so you couldn't see, but you strained to listen. You caught a few phrases...football...tissue engineering...superior athletes...genetic enhancement... Then the music was turned up, and you couldn't hear anymore. Your head was spinning -- what could this mean? You left, seeking a quiet place to think.

Back in the dorm, you figured it out. That weasel Surver was putting together a consortium to engineer better football players and beat Florida State! Why, Clemson would just stoop to any means to be back on top in the ACC, wouldn't they? Well, two could play at that game. You'd just talk to Watson yourself. He was giving a workshop Wednesday and he would probably be checking on the prep the night before. Maybe you could catch him then. Florida State has plenty to offer him. And it was a good idea, too! Maybe Watson could figure a way to add some moral sense as well as improving athletic prowess...

You went to the reception Tuesday evening, but declined invitations to go out with friends afterwards.

You are Mike O'Donnell, from Trinity College.

You arrived in Clemson for the board meeting Monday. Wow, that was quite a scene. What a jerk that James Watson was! He was trying for a hostile takeover of ABLE. Scary thing was, he might pull it off. That last crack he made seemed to take the starch right out of everybody. Not you, though – it just made you mad, what he was doing. Las Vegas, 1992...how dare he threaten to use that! How did he know, anyway?

Monday evening you wandered down to Nick's Tavern for some company. You were chatting with the bartender when Ann Lumsden came in, and you invited her to join you. Several other ABLE people came in later, including Bill Glider, Ruth Beattie, Roberta Williams, and Bill Surver, but they acted very unsociable and sat in the back. Maybe that was because they had Mr. Big Shot James Watson with them and they didn't want to share. Well, they weren't at the meeting earlier – they wouldn't know to steer clear of the creep. After a while you noticed with annoyance that Ann's mind seemed to be elsewhere. You noticed, over her shoulder, that the group with Watson seemed to be debating the ethics of using genetics to improve athletes, as you could catch a few phrases and lip read a bit too. When the bartender turned the music up, you gave up trying to have much of a conversation with Ann and she left. You could see that the debate in the back booth was getting very heated. You felt like going and giving the guy a piece of your mind. Then Watson got up to leave, and sort of shouldered you aside as he went by. You shoved him back, and well, the old Irish temper took over and things went a bit too far. He turned out to be in pretty good shape for an old guy. Man, were you sorry the next morning. What had you done? More important, what would Watson do?

Tuesday evening you went to the reception, but you felt like people were whispering about you (the black eye, maybe?) so you left early. No one saw you the rest of the evening.

You are Corey Goldman, from the University of Toronto.

When you heard that James Watson was scheduled to give a workshop and speak at the ABLE banquet, you were surprised and not a bit pleased. You and Ed Andrews from Newfoundland have been involved with a Canadian team of scientists and educators who have been secretly negotiating with Watson to locate his new Human Genomics Institute in Canada. Other top American geneticists would also be part of the Institute, but the decision is Watson's. It would be a significant coup for Canada to lure these scientific stars away from their homeland. That would show the U.S. that Canada has more to offer than...uh...snow?...Molsons?...bilingual street signs?...well, plenty to offer, anyway! And you did offer him plenty, making sure that he was well entertained according to his tastes (and who would've thought that of Watson?). But the last time you met with Watson, he seemed set on a location in the United States.

You and Ed and Elizabeth Godrick ran into Watson after lunch on Tuesday. He did an exaggerated double-take when he saw you and Ed. "Canadians? here?" he said mockingly. "Well, I guess if I lived in a second-rate country I'd take every chance I could get for some real culture, too." Real culture! He thought you came from Toronto to Clemson, South Carolina for real culture??!! You were so angry ...and then he went on "but it was nice to feel so wanted. Why, when I tell this to The National Inquirer, it'll make the Monica Lewinsky scandal look tame."

On Tuesday evening you went to the welcome reception, where Jim Bader approached you and Ed Andrews. He revealed that Watson has decided to locate his new research institute at Case Western Reserve. But he expressed concern about some hints that Watson has dropped about a scandal involving the Canadian bid for his institute. You and Ed congratulated Jim, hastily changed the subject, and left the reception as soon as possible. Neither of you appeared at any of the post-reception gatherings in Clemson watering holes.

You are Ed Andrews from Sir Wilfred Grenfell College, Newfoundland.

When you heard that James Watson was scheduled to give a workshop and speak at the ABLE banquet, you were surprised and not a bit pleased. You and Corey Goldman from the University of Toronto have been involved with a Canadian team of scientists and educators who have been secretly negotiating with Watson to locate his new Human Genomics Institute in Canada. Other top American geneticists would also be part of the Institute, but the decision is Watson's. It would be a significant coup for Canada to lure these scientific stars away from their homeland. That would show the U.S. that Canada has more to offer than...uh...snow?...Molsons?...bilingual street signs?...well, plenty to offer, anyway! And you did offer him plenty, making sure he was well entertained according to his tastes (and who would've thought that of Watson?). But the last time you met with Watson, he seemed set on a location in the United States.

You and Corey and Elizabeth Godrick ran into Watson after lunch on Tuesday. He did an exaggerated double-take when he saw you and Corey. "Canadians? here?" he said mockingly. "Well, I guess if I lived in a second-rate country I'd take every chance I could get for some real culture, too." Real culture! He thought you came from Newfoundland to Clemson, South Carolina for real culture??!! Temperatures above the freezing mark, maybe, but who would come to Clemson for culture? The man was besmirching the honor of Canada! You were so angry ...and then he went on "but it was nice to feel so wanted. Why, when I tell this to The National Inquirer, it'll make the Monica Lewinsky scandal look tame."

On Tuesday evening you went to the welcome reception, where Jim Bader approached you and Corey Goldman. He revealed that Watson has decided to locate his new research institute at Case Western Reserve. But he expressed concern about some hints that Watson has dropped about a scandal involving the Canadian bid for his institute. You and Ed congratulated Jim, hastily changed the subject, and left the reception as soon as possible. Neither of you appeared at any of the post-reception gatherings in Clemson watering holes.

You are Elizabeth Godrick from Boston University.

You were walking across campus on Tuesday afternoon with Corey Goldman and Ed Andrews when you ran into James Watson. The James Watson, but this was no big thrill for you. You'd met him numerous times when he worked at Woods Hole and were impressed mainly by the size of his ego. Not wishing to engage in any more conversation with him than absolutely necessary, you feigned intense interest in a towering water oak nearby and sidled away from the group. You heard raised voices and saw that the men appeared to be angry, but could not hear what was being discussed. Later, you were embarrassed when Ed asked you to explain who Monica Lewinsky is.

Tuesday evening you went to the welcome reception and left on the last shuttle back to campus.

You are Rod Wing, head of the Genomics Institute at Clemson University

You have never met James Watson before, but you are familiar -- very familiar -- with his work.

From 3-5 p.m. on Tuesday, you gave a tour of your lab facilities to the ABLE group. You almost had a heart attack when you saw Watson in the group! He watched and listened with interest but said nothing, only occasionally looked at you with a raised eyebrow. After the tour, he asked if you would like to join him and Jim Bader for dinner. He mentioned that he had also invited Bill Wehrenberg, Dean of the College of Agriculture, Forestry, and Life Sciences at Clemson, since he thought the Dean would be interested in what he had to say.

Dinner was a nightmare. Bader was gloating over Watson's decision to locate his new Human Genomics Institute at Case Western Reserve. In Cleveland, for heaven's sake! Surely Watson couldn't be serious! Wehrenberg seemed distracted and distant, but became involved in an animated discussion with Bader over the relative merits of draft vs. bottled beer (which they agreed to settle then and there by scientific experiment). While they were busy with that, Watson pulled a copy of your latest Nature article and a copy of data from his laboratory from his briefcase. You knew that the two were identical and that your goose was cooked. You quickly checked to see if Wehrenberg had heard, but he was busy with his experiment. Watson said nothing further about it, except to murmur quietly to you "come to my workshop tomorrow and you'll see what happens next."

After dinner Tuesday, you spent the rest of the evening in your lab in Jordan Hall, adjacent to Long Hall. Bill Wehrenberg dropped by about 8:30 and left at 9.

You are Jim Bader from Case Western Reserve University in Cleveland, Ohio.

You have met James Watson before and have a mutually beneficial professional relationship. Case Western Reserve has agreed to provide a home for Watson's new Human Genomics Institute. Many were surprised, because the competition to get him was fierce. There are all sorts of rumors, and talk of a federal investigation, but you're sure that there was nothing any more illegal than what Atlanta did to get the Olympics. Personally, you believe the reasons Watson gave as the deciding factors: access to fine arts and great baseball, and The Drew Carey Show. Cleveland rocks!

As major workshop chair, you pushed through Watson's workshop even though it is clearly not suitable for the ABLE audience. But, he's a Nobel laureate and he wanted to give a workshop! Who could say no? You wondered, though, why he insisted.

You had dinner with Watson Tuesday evening and were grateful to find that Rod Wing and Bill Wehrenberg would be there as well. Watson may be a famous scientist but he certainly could be irritating close up. Wehrenberg turned out to be a nice fellow and dinner was enjoyable. Wing seemed a bit stiff, though, and at one point you noticed an intense exchange between him and Watson. Wing seemed shaken by this and said little through the remainder of dinner.

After dinner Bill Wehrenberg gave you a ride out to the welcome reception. You returned on the shuttle, however, as Wehrenberg left early, saying he had some business to attend to.

You are Bill Wehrenberg, Dean of the College of Agriculture, Forestry, and Life Sciences at Clemson University

You just survived a tough year in the College of Cannibalism...uh, CAFLS...and were glad for the arrival of the congenial ABLE group. And then that James Watson called and invited you to dinner. The guy was known to be an egotistical pita, but sometimes a Dean's gotta do what a Dean's gotta do. Rod Wing was there, and you'd never seen him act so nervous. Whenever the subject of genetic research came up, he just abruptly started talking about something else. You'd never heard him so reluctant to hold forth on his favorite topic! Thank goodness the party included Jim Bader, who was much better company than either Watson or Wing. In fact, when you and Jim left the table for a few minutes to speak to the bartender, those two had an intense tête-à-tête and Wing barely spoke a word afterwards.

On the way out, Watson said to you "I didn't want to talk business over dinner, but there's something I need to discuss with you. How about 11:30 tomorrow?" Wing had a wild look, like he couldn't get out of there fast enough. You agreed to meet Watson the next day, and gave Bader a ride out to the reception. On reflection, you thought perhaps you should have a chat with Wing before talking to Watson, so you left the reception early and stopped by Wing's lab. You left there at 9.

You are Kathryn Tucker, laboratory manager for the department of Biology Instruction at Clemson University.

You are responsible for prepping the ABLE workshops. Good grief, what a job! Twenty-seven different workshops, and none of the presenters had ever been to Clemson before. Every tiny detail had to be explored, and then there were the endless changes, corrections, and last-minute requests. The worst was that blowhard Watson. Five, six e-mails a day with increasingly impossible demands. And such a condescending attitude, like he was doing you a favor to let you prep his precious workshop. Then he appeared in person on Monday, and things only got worse. At least it would be over soon, since he had a Wednesday workshop.

Tuesday night, unable to sleep because you were anxious about having everything right for Watson's workshop, you went back to Long Hall around midnight to check his materials one last time. To your horror, you found the lab room in a shambles, and Watson dead on the floor! At least...that's your story, and you're sticking to it.

You are Rosemary Franklin, a student at Clemson University. You are the great-niece of Rosalind Franklin and bear a striking resemblance to her.

You drove to the airport to pick up James Watson. You arrived late. Watson first berated you for your tardiness. Then he noticed the similarity to your great-aunt and commented "Genetics has been unkind to you, child. You are as slow and plain as the original." You were offended at the insult to yourself and to the memory of your great-aunt. You flew off in a rage, leaving Watson at the airport. When you returned to campus without him, Dr. Kosinski was unsympathetic. In fact, he was extremely -- irrationally, it seemed to you -- upset that you had offended Watson.

On Tuesday evening, you drove airport shuttles until 9 p.m. No one saw you after that.

You are Sam Student, a Clemson student.

You were at the airport on June 5 trying to file a lost luggage claim when James Watson arrived. You recognized him because you had read *The Double Helix* in Biology 101. He appeared to be waiting for someone in the baggage claim area, and grew more and more impatient. Later you saw him talking to a young woman. She walked past where you were waiting in line as she left, and you could see that she was cryingand that she looked furious. A few minutes later Watson approached you and asked if you could tell him how to find transportation to Clemson. You offered him a ride. He said nothing during the trip. Although you felt somewhat intimidated by him, you ventured to ask for an autograph as he got out of your jeep. Watson haughtily refused. As he shut the door, you muttered "pompous ass." Watson, overhearing, rammmed his briefcase into the side of your jeep -- your brand-new jeep! -- making a big dent.

On Tuesday you ran into Watson again, while you were working for ARA catering the welcome reception. You stayed at Owens Pavilion working until 10 p.m.

You are Regina Franklin, editor of the Tiger (Clemson's student newspaper) and Rosemary Franklin's identical twin sister.

On the morning of June 5 you interviewed Watson for a special "Great Moments in Biology" edition of the Tiger that was published in honor of the ABLE conference. You expected him to be gracious about the contributions of your deceased great-aunt Rosalind to his famous work on DNA structure. Instead, you are devastated by the comments he makes about her, and infuriated by his remarks on women in general. As a biology major, you had hoped that he would be useful to your career. Instead, he sneered "You'll amount to just what Rosalind did -- nothing!"

After the Tiger article appeared with your photo and by-line, you received a call from Raymond Gosling. He said that he had seen your article and asked if you were related to Rosalind Franklin. When you affirmed this, he introduced himself as a former associate of hers. He asked if you would join him for drinks on Tuesday evening, but insisted that it be at The Alley in Anderson, where you wouldn't be seen. Well, Brits are eccentric, you thought, but it could be an interesting evening, hearing about the old days at Kings College, so you agreed.

But it turned out that Gosling brought Maurice Wilkins, Jr., with him. In the first place, why would you have any interest in discussing Rosalind Franklin with any member of the Wilkins family? And in the second place, all Gosling and Wilkins wanted to do was have a gripe session about Watson. In the dark atmosphere of the bar they actually seemed rather sinister and creepy in a Vincent Price-ish sort of way, and they kept insinuating that "something" needed to be done about "the Watson problem." You couldn't have agreed more, but you had your own straightforward American way of dealing with problems. None of this hole-and-corner business.

You left at 8 p.m., pleading an early class the next day. Wilkins and Gosling were still in the bar when you left.

You are Raymond Gosling, assistant to Rosalind Franklin during the time she was working on DNA.

Despite the friction between Maurice Wilkins and Rosalind Franklin when you all worked at King's College, you have maintained a good relationship with Wilkins over the years. You now work with his son, Maurice Wilkins, Jr., at the University of Abertay in Scotland. You offered to stay with Maurice, Sr., while Maurice, Jr. visited friends in the United States. Monday you heard Maurice, Sr. on the phone with his son. The conversation was heated and you heard him declare, "I can't believe Watson will be at Clemson University, of all places. He must be up to something."

After the phone call you and Maurice, Sr. had a long, bitter conversation about all of the wrongs done to you both by James Watson. Although you had had many similar conversations over the years, this one brought you to a new understanding of the depth of Watson's treachery. With fresh resentment, you decided to phone Maurice, Jr.

The next morning, Maurice, Sr. found a note indicating that you had been called away on an emergency. The note included a phone number at which you could be reached. Maurice, Sr. quickly realized that it was the same number his son had left.

You are Maurice Wilkins, Jr., son of the famous Maurice Wilkins.

You are an old grad school friend of Chris Minor and are visiting her in Clemson while on vacation from the University of Abertay in Scotland. On Monday June 5, she showed you a special edition of the school newspaper that featured an interview with James Watson. You were shocked – Watson here, in Clemson?! The interview itself was less shocking – same old Watson, you thought with a chuckle. Then the thumbnail photo of the interviewer caught your eye. Peering closer, you thought “why, that could almost be...” and then you noticed the by-line.

Overwhelmed by these coincidences, you called your father. “It’s almost an omen, Father...maybe it’s time...” And then another coincidence – Raymond Gosling called that same night, seething over what he called “the Watson problem” again. It was no trouble to persuade him Raymond to grab the next flight for Greenville-Spartanburg. Then you called the Franklin girl, who wrote the newspaper piece.

Tuesday evening you went out for drinks with Regina Franklin and Raymond Gosling. Regina left at about 8. You and Raymond played a few games of darts, and then you drove back to Clemson and dropped him off.

You are, president of the Clemson student body.

You are present at the Tiger interview. It was apparent that Regina Franklin, who conducted the interview, was upset by Watson's statements.

On November 22, you got out of your last class at 2 p.m.

You are, president of the Panhellenic Council.

You and ... came to the Tiger office with (...rally cat) to prepare for a photo shoot on "Leading Clemson women." You saw Regina stalk out of the room in a cold fury. When you go in, you find Watson pacing and murmuring agitatedly "damn, damn, always some damn woman making trouble." When you asked him what was going on, he launched into a tirade on the place of women. Since you plan a career as a politician, you eagerly joined him in debate on the issue.. Watson, however, does not observe the normal rules of conduct and stoops to making personal remarks.

On November 22, you got out of your last class at 2 p.m.

You are ..., captain of the Rally Cats and friend of ...(pan-hell)

On Nov. 21 you came to the Tiger office with ... for a photo shoot on leading Clemson women. You saw Regina stalk out of the room in a cold fury. When you go in, you find Watson pacing and murmuring agitatedly "damn, damn, always some damn woman making trouble." ... engaged Watson in debate over the role of women in society. You stayed out of the discussion until Watson started getting personal. Once you jumped in with personal remarks of your own, the battle got pretty hot. It ended with you slugging Watson in the eye when he said that the Rally Cats are nothing but sex objects. He got up off the floor and left, shouting that he was headed straight to the police and "you're in big trouble, young lady."

On November 22, you got out of your last class at 2 p.m.