

# Jonas SALK

## unfolding

by RALPH KEYES

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**“My role in life is to find out. If people do not like what I find out, it is just too bad. They should then attack Nature, not me.”**

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**I**f there were American saints, Jonas Salk surely would be high on the list. He is our archetypal scientist-healer-hero, the savior of countless lives with the discovery of his polio vaccine nearly two decades ago. Alas, his fate, as it is with all heroes, is to be buried so deeply in the layers of public fantasy that the real man has all but vanished from sight. How do we discover him? And how does he rediscover himself? The answers are as complex and fascinating as the person.

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I'd heard conflicting stories about Jonas Salk. "A real cold fish," some people said. "Stiff," they called him, and "arrogant."

"A real warm guy," others told me. "Kind. Soft."

"Oh, Jonas Salk," said a business student peering over my shoulder as I photocopied magazine articles in the library. "I met him once, at a party. Really a friendly guy. He was much warmer than I expected."

Then there were the people who

hadn't met the man but felt very involved with him nonetheless, such as my friend Jim Cravens, whose eyes glazed and went somewhere else when I mentioned Dr. Salk. "Jonas Salk," he murmured. "Jonas Salk. A great man." Jim pointed to his head, which I had noticed listed to one side, without knowing why. "Did you know I had polio?" he asked. I hadn't. "Yep, when I was a kid, before Salk discovered his vaccine. It didn't paralyze me, but it did make one muscle in my neck useless. I was in the hospital three months. All they could give us was hot flannel wraps and gamma globulin. Just a couple of years later Salk discovered the vaccine. Great man."

I waited for Jonas Salk in the huge conference room by his office, with oil abstracts on a cement wall and oak-bordered windows looking out over the Pacific. Gliders outside silently dipped and soared with the wind, after taking off from a field nearby.

Finally the big entry door slid open a bit and Dr. Salk walked in. A smaller man than I expected. If a boxer, he might go welterweight. His famous high, smooth forehead was still there, though framed by longer graying waves of hair than I'd seen in most pictures. He wore a pinkish tan turtle-neck sweater and sport slacks. The dark, flashing eyes which pierce out from behind horn-rimmed glasses are

Dr. Salk's most striking feature. That and the long delicate fingers of an artist.

Salk smiled widely as we shook hands, then quickly resumed a near-frown as we sat at the end of a long, oval conference table to begin an interview that quickly went from stiff to disastrous. I wasn't sure what I wanted to hear from Dr. Salk, nor he what he wished to tell.

Salk recently published his first book, *Man Unfolding*, and most of what he told me I later read therein.

He wishes to propose a "theoretical-experimental" model for looking at man, one which will help us "look at the familiar from an unfamiliar point of view." To do this, Dr. Salk resorts regularly to biological metaphors. He hypothesizes, for example, that the necessity for immunizing newborn children against disease is analogous to our need to educate against bigotry and improve resistance to social pathology from earliest childhood.

By the use of such metaphors, Dr. Salk hopes to provide "a basis for thinking rationally about what's going to happen anyway"—nature's plan for man.

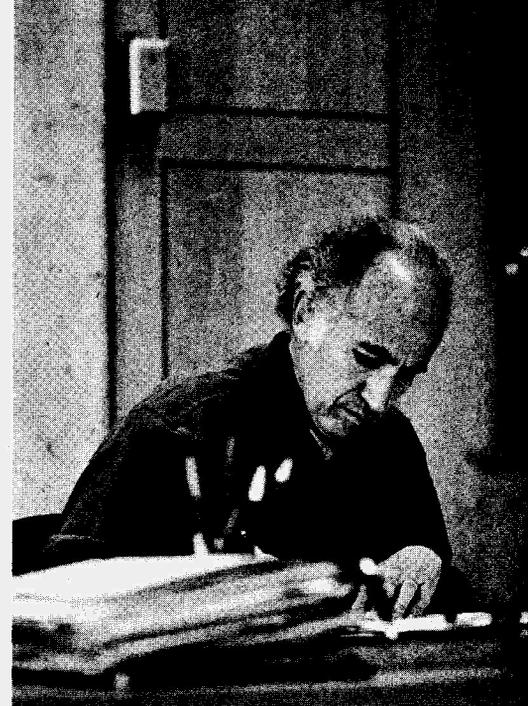
As in his writing, Salk in person rarely makes reference to himself, and I failed in fumbling attempts to elicit the personal context for his thought.

Studies, he replied, "That's hard to say because of the lack of strict controls."

Overall, in this first discussion, Dr. Salk was precise, abstract and wary—every inch the scientist. I left unsure that we'd ever talk face to face again.

Jonas Salk is understandably hard to reach. He's one of the occasional human beings who gets vaulted by our fantasies and our media into a saintly stratosphere where actual human beings don't flourish. After the effectiveness of his polio vaccine was announced nearly two decades ago, Dr. Salk was the object of church bell ringing, siren wailing, carloads of correspondence, unceasing telephone calls, swarms of reporters, Hollywood agents and the gift of a car from Amarillo, Texas. A nation terrified by polio and starved for heroes found one in Jonas Salk. One congressman proposed casting a Jonas Salk dime. Another suggested \$10,000 yearly for life. The mayor of New York hoped he'd take part in a tickertape parade.

Even today, nearly two decades later, strangers—mothers usually—still approach Jonas Salk in public to tug at him, kiss his hand or just mumble "Thank you, oh, thank you." A poll taken six years ago found Salk ranked fourth among recent heroes in the public mind, following Winston Chur-



*Writing is now Salk's favorite means of expression—the only one with no limits.*

ing his life "out of the ashes of success."

Dr. Peter Salk, 29, Jonas's oldest son, remembers the postvaccine period as "horrendous." Life thereafter meant having not only a hero for a father, but a cause. As his younger brother Darrell does today, Peter felt compelled to defend his father's killed-virus approach to polio immunology against the live-virus alternative taught by the orthodox faculty of the Johns Hopkins Medical School.

Peter Salk's perception of his father is different from that of the public's. The long hours Dr. Salk spent in his Pittsburgh lab helping the world's children were time spent away from him. When at home, his father was usually distracted, someplace else, still working on problems of the lab. "We never had a really comfortable feeling," the son recalls, adding that he missed it.

Peter Salk was worried about talking with me for fear he might sound too negative, as sons can be about their fathers. But the word which kept recurring in Peter Salk's portrait of his father was "guts." Not just his courage in developing a polio vaccine against such odds, but the time as an intern when he broke rules to save a man's life with a cardiac injection; or in Pittsburgh when, out of practice for years, he'd reversed the treatment of a barbiturate overdose case and again saved a life.

Most recently, while his institute was being built in 1963, Dr. Salk intervened in the case of a construction worker who had been severely mauled by a rabid coyote while



*Salk's office is austere, tranquil and seclusive. Paintings by his wife adorn the walls. A window to the left brings in the expanse of the Pacific Ocean.*

Questions about such things as the influence of 12 years of living in California got responses like, "What is going on inside of me as well as outside is very much determined by surroundings." Asked about the impact of his Salk Institute for Biological

chill, Franklin Roosevelt and John Kennedy, but ahead of Gandhi, Einstein and Pope John.

Being a hero is hard work. It inhibits normal human intercourse, and puts a strain on the facial muscles. Jonas Salk has talked about rebuild-

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camping in Mexico. After consultation with some colleagues out of state, Dr. Salk prescribed a stronger treatment than conventional anti-rabies shots, one involving transfusions of immunized blood. The approach proved successful.

“He's got a flair that most people don't have,” says Peter Salk. “I know from my own experience as a physician how much guts that kind of intervention takes.”

The younger Salk reflects for a moment, then chuckles. “It's funny, I'm coming up with more positive things than I realized.”

Jonas Salk doesn't think of himself as gutsy. Rather he sees himself as a seeker of “the natural order of things,” who wants to stand fast once this has revealed itself. “I decided long ago,” he told biographer Richard Carter, “that my role in life is to find out. If people do not like what I find out it is just too bad. They should then attack nature, not me.”

His killed-virus vaccine was never accepted by a medical-scientific fraternity committed to live-virus immunology and, in the process, Salk himself was reviled from many quarters as a glory seeker, a flawed researcher and even a “quack.” From his perch at the center of this controversy, Salk watched the contending parties and wondered. “From that vantage point,” he says today, “I was able to see how people behaved, not only in relation to me but also in relation to each other. . . . That people

didn't respond, the American Medical Association behaved one way, the Federal authorities and commercial interests another way, and the scientists still another way. None of this made very good sense and caused me to sit back and wonder, and come to the conclusion that all of man's problems are not going to be solved in the laboratory or with laboratory methods.”

Salk decided his next task should be to investigate the human condition —“the nature of man's relationships—both the individual to himself and among people—the question of why people did what they did.” He dreamed of an institute which, like himself, would consider biological phenomena in its broadest context—“from cell to society”—and use insights from the laboratory to better understand man.

The massive presence of concrete hovers overhead as you approach the Salk Institute for Biological Studies, La Jolla, California. Concrete, slab after slab of naked concrete, dotted by windows set in bleached wooden frames. Upon mounting the few steps to the iron-gated entrance, one's eyes are swept down a wide courtyard, then over an expanse of brush-covered mesa and out to the Pacific Ocean. The constant sound of rushing water comes from a rectangular waterfall at the courtyard's end.

Like its namesake, the building's impact is both stiff and impressive. It's an unquestionable work of art, a

place I like to visit for the tranquility and aesthetic delights—especially that first glimpse down the courtyard, out to the ocean. But the building is also cold. The concrete inspires respect without involvement. Human beings rarely interrupt the sweep of one's eyes down the courtyard. A lawn adjacent to the institute is more manicured than a golf course, inviting admiration but not feet. Restrooms are neatly tucked away and hard to find. Everything seems to be just where it belongs, with nothing out of place.

What I liked best about the institute is that the window frames leak. In Salk's conference room on a day of driving rain, dozens of soaked paper towels neatly lined the bottom window channels. Something, at least, didn't work as anticipated. Nature had another plan.

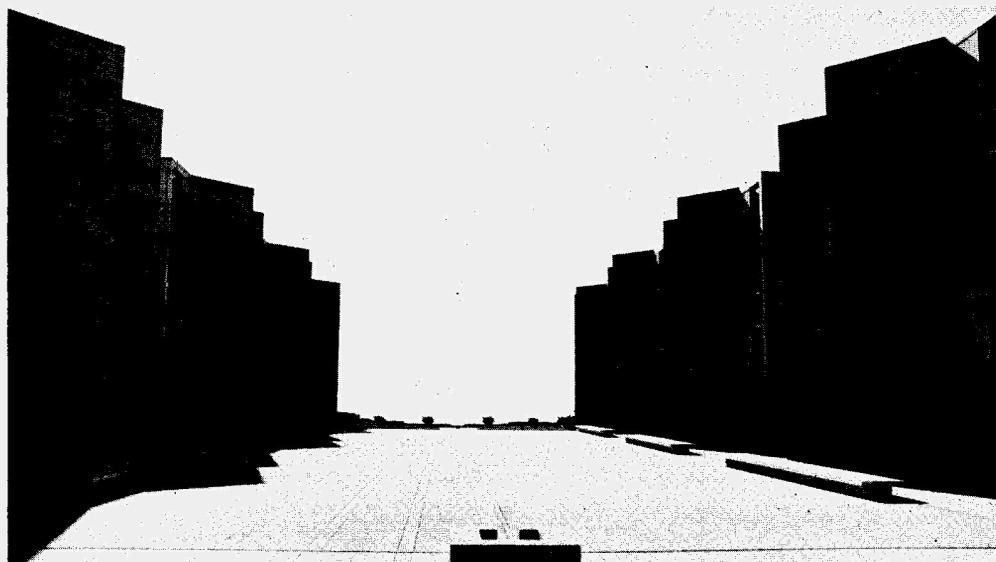
Dr. Salk came there to fetch me for our second chat, three weeks after the first. He wore an ascot this time, and seemed more relaxed after two weeks in Paris with his wife, the painter Françoise Gilot.

We went back to his office, large and wood paneled with the inevitable ocean view, paintings on the walls by Mme. Gilot, and a few books on the shelves behind him, including *The Psychology of Emotions*, *The Dying Patient* and Anne Morrow Lindbergh's *Bring Me a Unicorn*. There, late in the afternoon, we talked for a couple of hours, more comfortable this time—especially as the sun went down.

“I saw this as a place where one could imagine a future,” he told me, “where one could live a contemplative as well as an active life. The setting, the architecture and the ambience give one a sense of being removed from noise, and allow one to reflect, to develop more perspective.”

Salk uses a metaphor to describe the institute's dozen years of life, saying they've dealt with “all of the problems of infancy, childhood and maybe of adolescence.” He's circumspect about specifics, calling the experience “a whole long story, that's a book—and probably will be some day. I thought of the institute as an experiment. I was going to learn the value of this kind of setting, with this variety of people.”

The Salk Institute courtyard—“a place where one could imagine a future.”



With a sigh: "I've learned so much in a dozen years, mainly human. . ."

The institute has suffered agonizing growing pains, characterized by funding problems from without and fierce jockeying for position by the researchers within. Dr. Salk originally called his dream institute a place where Picasso could feel welcome, but no artist save his wife has had a studio there. A Council for Biology in Human Affairs, chaired by mathematician-philosopher Jacob Bronowski, is the only official group on the premises studying a problem outside the hard sciences. A lack of funding frustrates the institute's diversification, but so does a lack of consensus among those there now. Though Salk still hopes that novelists, poets and artists will grace the premises some day, he admits that "for others that's not necessarily so. But as long as I'm here I'll express those ideas. Whether those ideas live beyond my lifetime remains to be seen."

Salk left direct administration of the institute in 1966, resigning the presidency while retaining the directorship. Many changes were taking place in his life during this period. Salk's mother, a dominant figure in his life, ambitious for her son, had died in 1964. His 27-year marriage to Donna Lindsay Salk was foundering. His sons were struggling for direction while dropping in and out of college.

Russell Forester, a local architect, recalls meeting Dr. Salk at this time as they both walked beside the sea wall of La Jolla Shores. Forester had met the sainted doctor at parties and found him aloof. But now they shared something—both their marriages were breaking up—so the two walked by the beach for some time, and talked.

"I found him incredibly different from what I had thought," recalls Forester today. "I realize now I had labeled him as the man in a white smock with pipettes in his hand. I realized that I didn't know him at all."

Salk separated from his wife (they divorced in 1968), and eventually rented a house by himself just a mile south of the institute on a hill overlooking the Pacific. He began to date and spend more time around town socially.

On June 29, 1970, Salk reappeared in the public eye when he married Françoise Gilot, who had been introduced to him the year before by a mutual friend.

Since his marriage to Mme. Gilot, Salk has entered a new phase of his career, his unfolding. Unable to find in work the artistic stimulation he craves, Salk has increasingly met that

need in his personal life—with La Jolla artist-intellectuals and those passing through, among his wife's circle in Paris, on a ship carrying a cross-disciplinary seminar sponsored by Greek planner C. A. Doxiadis. And in this process he's changed.

External signs can't be missed. The suit and tie always worn to work and the khakis donned at home have been replaced by dapper, almost mod outfits—ascots, turtlenecks, flared pants, bright ties under dark sport jackets. His hair has grown out in attractive waves. Salk is seen more often around La Jolla when not in Paris with Françoise—who divides her time between the two locales.

And people around him have felt a difference. Russell Forester, who, with his second wife Christina, is among Salk's closest friends, today calls him "livelier, happier, 1000 percent happier."



Still primarily a biologist and a physician, Salk confers with a researcher in the Armand Hammer Laboratory where the search for a cure for cancer is underway.

"He always could have been a freer man," adds Christina Forester, "but Françoise gave him the security, the security from someone who really loves him, tells him its okay."

Although noticeably looser now, Dr. Salk can still be shy and reserved socially, especially when a lot of strangers are present. The Foresters remember particularly the time Jonas Salk and Andrés Segovia met at a party and couldn't find a word to share—each perhaps in awe of the other's status.

But in the company of those who know him, as a diverse human being and not just a scientist, Salk can be a

nonstop talker with a ranging, daring mind. Sometimes, among friends, he takes huge pieces of paper and diagrams for them his elaborate theories of human relations. Or he tries out ideas for a new book. Or he debates social issues.

"He's able to express himself more," says Mrs. Forester. "He's more relaxed and more accepting of himself. He's less afraid to express his feelings, to express his caring."

"Now, he's a kid!"

Both the Foresters describe with relish the time Jonas Salk and his new bride danced into the morning after a dinner party, long after everyone else caved in. Before that evening no one could remember him doing more than an occasional waltz.

Christina Forester last year joined Jonas and Françoise with some other friends in learning Hatha Yoga. This is one among many social probes Dr.

Salk has experienced since coming to California. Before Yoga, he underwent several hours of a deep massage treatment known as "structural integration," or "Rolfing" (after its developer, Dr. Ida Rolf). Prior to that he participated in a sensitivity group led by Carl Rogers.

Salk calls such activities "experiments," adding, "I dare say there will be more. It's just part of my experimental nature. When I hear of things I like to feel them. I don't go into them all the way, but I at least like to have the experience."

Most recently, Dr. Salk has been reading about transcendental meditation, though it's not something he

## **“Salk dreamed of an institute which, like himself, would consider biological phenomena in its broadest context, and use insights from the laboratory to better understand Man.”**

feels a need to learn. “I have little difficulty meditating,” he explains. “I think it’s because as a child I spent a great deal of time alone—an enormous amount of time alone, having been an overprotected child.”

Most mornings, before others are awake, Dr. Salk wheels the chair from his study into the living room, into a corner made by adjoining panes of glass looking out on 60 degrees or so of ocean horizon. He says this setting makes him feel like an artist facing a blank canvas, or as if he were in the prow of a ship—moving always into the unknown, into the future, always forward, going towards something.

At this vantage point, Dr. Salk spends half an hour, an hour, two hours, meditating, reflecting, sketching and dictating, dictating, dictating into a small, hand-held Sony cassette recorder.

“I do some of my best work that way,” he explains, “when I have a great deal of very clear thoughts which express themselves by dictating. I’m able to relate thought and feeling, to feel consciously, to be aware of what is operating in my mind, which is a continuous process—tap into it, so to speak.”

Salk finds the process half-unconscious:—“almost like sleepwalking—as if many of these things have almost written themselves. They come into my consciousness and onto tape. Much of this process goes on by itself. I simply allow it to emerge.

“I rather look forward to what comes out each day.”

The process is not a new one for Dr. Salk. Even in Pittsburgh, at night when he couldn’t sleep or soon after waking, he would spend long periods of time alone in his third-floor study pouring himself out—first onto paper, then into a dictaphone. But it was different then. For one thing, the view wasn’t as good. Salk finds the infinite horizon of the Pacific more enlarging to his perspective. Also, after long years of using the morning period to cope with negative aspects of his life, “I now look forward to seeing what comes out on the positive side. I feel as if I’ve reached and passed zero and I’m curious to see what will happen in the next few years.”

From his morning’s dictation, Dr. Salk’s books have grown, first *Man*

*Unfolding*, then *Survival of the Wisest*, dedicated, “For Françoise.”

*Survival of the Wisest*, scheduled for May publication, is a more relaxed, more thematic work than his earlier anthology, and includes many ideas first presented in the earlier work in tighter form. In it, Dr. Salk argues that man is now entering “Epoch B” of his history, in which the liability to act wisely may be as basic to our survival as physical fitness has been in “Epoch A” preceding. Man is now being tested for his capacity to invent social responses to his own excesses, and not just for his ability to endure physically. Our old value systems not only don’t contribute to this process, they may actually be harmful. A list of value changes Dr. Salk sees necessary includes:

Epoch A	Epoch B
Anti-Death	Pro-Life
Anti-Disease	Pro-Health
Death Control	Birth Control
Self-Repression	Self-Expression
External Restraint	Self Restraint

We can’t afford the luxury of seeking to “conquer” nature as we have

*Peter Salk joins his father in research projects that mix precision and daring.*



in the past, and must join nature in coauthorship of our own evolution. In so doing, we must constantly be seeking to better understand nature’s plan, for the partnership is not equal. Nature will be the final arbiter of all decisions. Should our choices fail to help us survive, especially if they don’t help us limit population growth, then nature will step in with her “simple ways.”

For this reason, we must develop wisdom about nature’s ways as an absolute prerequisite to survival of the species. In the past, man’s natural being has been too dominated by his ego, with which he has set up arbitrary moral systems without relevance to nature’s laws. Now we must correct the balance, become more sensitive to the state of our beings, and not let them become too circumscribed by our own or other egos.

Man, according to Salk, is essentially dualistic. He exists in a constant balance of opposites—between health and disease, life and death, being and ego. Rather than seek to eliminate what seems negative, we need to seek a better balance between seeming opposites such as morality-reality, competition-cooperation, objective-subjective, reason-feeling. “Man’s and Nature’s agenda,” he writes, “will become apparent to those able to link feeling and reason and other pairs.”

In a bit of biological hedonism, Dr. Salk says this linkage, this restoration of balance, is signaled in the individual by a feeling of satisfaction, even pleasure. “Wise fulfillment of cultural evolution can be very pleasurable,” he writes.

Though his writing is never personal, Dr. Salk says it does very clearly reflect what’s going on in his own life, and that this is an example. Since he is enjoying life more, “one would be able to see in the things I write or write about an understanding of pleasure, its importance as part of human life.”

Dr. Salk made these comments while lounging on the nearly circular couch of his living room, watching the sun turn red over the ocean through floor-to-ceiling windows. In the garage outside, twin silver Citroëns are parked next to each other, one with red French plates beneath those of California.

The walls of the Salk home are lined primarily with the paintings of Françoise Gilot, who pattered with tea and cookies in the kitchen as we talked. Her husband's greeting to me as we began our third and final meeting was infinitely warmer and more open than before.

"What have you been finding out about me?" Salk asked as we settled onto the couch.

"That you're a complex man."

He looked interested, smiled partly, then thought for a moment while

process *rationaly*, one would come to that conclusion. So that, in a sense, one comes to a rational conclusion by an irrational process. Which makes me think often that what we call irrational or nonrational is more rational than what we call rational."

In a recent poem called "New Renaissance," Dr. Salk wrote:

Man and woman  
together reborn  
Each nourished  
nourishing the other  
Lover as child  
loves self and another  
All now one  
together and apart

Jonas Salk painted his first picture not long ago, an abstract of yellow becoming a brown cone on red. After it was completed he stepped back, and without thinking knew what the picture was: "Birth," or "Creation."

He says the process of painting that picture felt little different from his research, starting the institute or writing a book. "I think I'm always painting pictures," he explained, "with words, with images, and I see nothing foreign, I see no fundamental difference between myself and an artist. When people always call me scientist I often think to myself, 'Well, all right, we'll just have to go ahead and call me that.' But I think of myself as practicing the art of science. . . . Experiments are designed in the same way you design a picture. And then you go ahead and do the experiment and it will come out however it will. But it's set up in such a way to allow it to come out however it will."

In the same sense, he continued, "in what I deal with in the morning I often make discoveries. So that these moments of revelation all take place as a result of a process, the basic nature of which I don't understand in detail, but I'm beginning to comprehend phenomenologically, which is as much as one can do.

"I approach questions in an exploratory sense, in the same way that an artist will go to a canvas—tentatively. I play with ideas, I play with words and in that way these play back to me, and I respond in the same way an artist will relate to a canvas. . . . I like to deal with ideas as if they were substantive material. They're very real to me in the same sense that color and form are to Françoise."

The photographer arrived midst our conversation, and we toured the Salk house examining picture possibilities. As we did this, he showed me his painting, framed in steel and discreetly displayed in a corner of his study, usually hidden by a door. I examined the work, and was about to open my mouth to suggest—when Dr. Salk

said "No." Then he laughed.

"What?" I asked.

"Just no." He laughed harder, and went to find Françoise, telling her, "They were about to ask whether I'd be photographed by my painting but before the words were even out I said no."

I'd heard before about Jonas Salk's powers of intuition. Christina Forester told of the time that 12 guests showed up for a dinner prepared for ten. She was fretting about in the kitchen, trying to figure how to divide the individually prepared portions without embarrassment when Dr. Salk walked in and asked what was wrong. Nothing, she told him, but he persisted. So she told the truth. "Why not just say I'm on a diet and serve me something else?" he volunteered. Even more than by his generosity she'd been struck that he alone among the guests sensed her discomfort and commented on it.

Peter Salk, who now works on his father's research team investigating tumor immunology, says the elder Salk is ever ready to try new directions experimentally, but in a free-wheeling way that maddens his more precise mind, his preference to go slow and consolidate. "But the combination could be powerful," he decides after reflection.

On the night before his father's second wedding, Peter got a haircut from his father in Mme. Gilot's studio. Since earliest childhood, he and his two brothers have been given haircuts by their father because they didn't like barbers and because he wanted their hair left longer than any barber would permit. Eventually Dr. Salk grew so skilled at the art that Peter Salk says he's never gotten a better haircut than at his father's hands. "He did it with the same philosophy as anything else," says Dr. Peter Salk, "—revealing the shape underneath." He knew how the shape should be, whether I agree to it or not.

"What's it like working with him now? I'm not sure if he's 100 percent right or 100 percent wrong or that it can be anything in between. I know that I do continue to put my life in his hands."

In a sense, the ironic thing about Jonas Salk is that although he's one of our most prominent men of science, he seems to function best by intuition and a daring thought process. This may be the source of his power as a physician, his successful heresy in research, and his will to dare the foundations of an unconventional research institute. It's almost as if his devotion to science has been an effort to harness his intuition and unite it with the machinery of reason.



Salk and wife, painter Françoise Gilot, divide their time between their La Jolla home and the artists' circles of Paris.

touching his fingertips together and looking off beyond the sea. "I know I'm a very complex man to myself," he finally replied. "If I didn't appear that way to others, it would be strange."

This was our easiest session, at his home, with Françoise nearby, joining us occasionally, more often occupied by her own work. Mme. Gilot is a strikingly handsome woman whom I liked instantly because she asked me about myself.

"I think I have achieved in terms of personal relationships as much with Françoise as I could possibly fantasize," Dr. Salk told me that afternoon. "Having achieved that kind of harmonious relationship has led me to realize that it is so desirable a state as to want to try to achieve it to whatever extent is possible with others . . . to achieve as much harmony as possible.

"Now this is both the result of a human experience, and it also is very logical. If one thought about that

Claude Pissano

**“Salk’s intuition may be the source of his power as a physician, his successful heresy in research and his daring to found an unconventional research institute.”**

Once, after a mellow evening at the Foresters', Jonas Salk wrote in brown felt pen in their birthday book: “Art before science—and dreams become reality. For all this we respect feelings and thought is meant to serve the cause for which we were born.”

Though his focus is now on writing, Jonas Salk has not abandoned either research or the institute. He sees all three as different facets of his self-expression, in which writing is now ascendant. It's not inconceivable that Jonas Salk will make another great research contribution to medicine, but it does not seem likely. While continuing to oversee research teams in tumor immunology and multiple sclerosis, he speaks of his laboratory work in terms of maintaining credibility as a scientist, for it is still “a biologist and physician” that Jonas Salk con-

Salk plans his next book to be on immunology, one which will be partially autobiographical and will include “flashbacks, imaginings and other thoughts,” including observations on the polio vaccine period.

The repercussions of that period are still with Dr. Salk, and he recently issued a rare public statement on the 20th anniversary of his first vaccine announcement. In this he said that cases of polio associated with use of the Sabin (live virus) vaccine were still occurring. His own vaccine can no longer be purchased in this country, and Salk pleaded in his statement for an option, at least, like that offered in Canada and France, to use one vaccine or the other. “In the absence of any other voices,” he concluded, “I feel a responsibility to inform the public that they can justifiably demand that



*Salk astern on the balcony that juts from his home like the prow of a ship.*



*Most mornings, Salk studies alone in his livingroom, hours before others awake. His writing there goes easily, almost half-consciously, “like sleepwalking.”*

siders himself primarily to be. And, while planning to be involved with the institute bearing his name for the rest of his life, Dr. Salk feels it stable enough not to require his constant presence. In both the lab and institute, he says, “I have to work with other people. This is both a help and a limitation.” Now, Dr. Salk feels the need “to express myself in other ways where there are no restrictions, which I can now do in writing. So I think that that will be the way I will be more expressive.”

the killed-virus vaccine be made available—even if not manufactured in the U.S.A., it could at least be obtained elsewhere—so as to allow them the alternative of a vaccine which is not only effective, but completely safe.”

Jonas Salk is a complex man. In some sense he is saintly, less perhaps for the drive which helped conquer polio than the details people report about him. The consideration that guards and cleaning women at the institute have come to expect from him is renowned, as is the fact that he

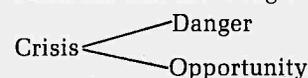
alone among male guests gets up to help do the dishes after a dinner party.

But there's another side, too: a tongue known to be caustic, and the undeniable desire for recognition, not always with sensitivity to colleagues. Jonas Salk clearly has an ego, knows to take off his glasses for picture-taking and enjoys fame even as he's repelled by it.

Perhaps it's as he writes, that dualism is the key, and he's dualistic—cold-warm, stiff-loose, closed-open, rational-irrational.

“This is the irrational part,” he says, pulling down two black-bound notebooks from a shelf in his study. The unlined pages within are filled with carefully lettered results from his mornings' dictations, his quest for understanding. As he ruffles through these pages, words, phrases, diagrams pop out—some of which made their way into *Survival of the Wisest*, many of which didn't:

From the Chinese ideogram:



How Do We Look to Others?

Let Me Show You What I Mean  
 Let Me Show You What I Mean  
 Let Me Show You What I Mean  
 Let Me Show You What I Mean

I must love me more.

A complex man.

HB