

poser Jesse Fuller says that he would gladly climb up a 150-foot ladder, but he has driven across the U.S. nine times rather than fly. Los Angeles Psychiatrist Martin Grotjahn also notes that for many flying has a sexual connotation; one patient he treated was frightened only of coming in for a landing, a fear that Grotjahn found closely connected with fear of detumescence. Comedian Don Adams, Secret Agent 86 in TV's *Get Smart*, grounded himself for eight years after the jet plane carrying him and his bride back from their Mexican honeymoon crash-landed in a blizzard when its four motors conked out. Finally, when a psychiatrist suggested to Adams that it might take five years on the couch to get at the root of his fears, he decided that some self-therapy was called for. "I figured I had to fly to prove to my wife I was O.K.," says Adams. "So now I'm scared to death. But I fly."

Others seek to conquer their fear of the unknown by learning how to pilot a plane. Former Heavyweight Champ Floyd Patterson cured himself in this fashion. On the other hand, Producer Stanley Kubrick (*2001, A Space Odyssey*), while learning to be a pilot, became so dismayed at what he felt were haphazard traffic-control procedures that he has never flown since. Sometimes hypnosis works. Don Newcombe, the former Dodger pitching great, spent a dozen sessions with a hypnotist, now flies regularly and says: "My feeling is that these pilots have just as great a desire to live as I do."

Some people, of course, simply cannot be moved to fly. Says Miami Psychiatrist Sanford Jacobson: "When I was in the military, I saw men leaving Viet Nam who, despite their eagerness to get home, requested the 24-day boat trip to California rather than the 21-hour flight." Even in such company, Italian Tenor Giuseppe di Stefano is a special case. Trying to get up the nerve to fly to Europe, he locked himself and his wife into a hotel room at New

York's Kennedy International Airport for three days. A Pan Am executive finally persuaded him to take off, but when the plane touched down in Boston on the way to Italy, Di Stefano fled from it. He rented a car and drove it back to Manhattan. There, he boarded the next boat to Genoa.

YOUTH

Spock's Museum

Barry Greenfield, 3, climbed onto a huge scale and discovered that he weighs as much as 47 cans of Campbell's chicken-with-rice soup. Yvonne Younis, 7, lay down on a broodingnagian desk top, twelve times normal size, beside a ruler in the same scale and found that she is 4 in. tall. Mark Stanton, 10, crawled under the flap of an Indian hut, looked around and then popped a bit of pemmican into his mouth.

The children were having fun in what all too often presents a forbidding atmosphere: a museum. But the private, nonprofit Children's Museum in Jamaica Plain, outside Boston, is a very different kind of museum. It has no collections behind glass, no bored guards, no admonitions to be quiet or keep hands off. In fact, the staff is frankly put out when a child is reluctant to try on an Indian sari, scrape the stretched deerhide with an Algonquin stone tool, or try on the Boston Celtics' Tom Sanders' size 17 basketball shoes.

The man in charge of this permissive atmosphere is Michael Spock, 35, eldest son of the famed baby doctor and himself the father of three. "Children get enough instruction in school," he says. "We're trying to make the world where a child grows up understandable to him—that part of the world you have to reach out with your hand and touch to really know about."

Grandfather's Cellar. Michael Spock recalls that his father was reasonably strict ("I knew exactly what the limits were and how he felt about things") and ingenious about rigging a staircase

for children to climb up on the examining table by themselves ("The kids loved it"). But Michael feels that the main thrust for his career came from his own youthful enthusiasm for art and science museums. When he became director of his museum six years ago, he staged the kind of exhibit that would have fascinated him as a boy. Called "What's Inside," it featured a cross section of a city street. Children entered through a sewer pipe, hunched past a maze of utility lines, climbed out through a manhole and examined the topside, with its parking meters, trolley tracks and working Volkswagen. Planned as a six-month exhibit, "What's Inside" was so popular that it ran for five years.

For his current exhibit, Spock has remodeled an old auditorium. One result is "Grandfather's Cellar," a nook that introduces children to the world their grandparents knew. It contains a wash-tub with hand wringer, a coffee grinder, butter churn, mechanical apple peeler and a 1927 Atwater-Kent radio—all in working order. In the Algonquin Indian exhibit, children who once learned about Indians by watching a movie and looking at artifacts now grind maize in stone mortars, chip arrowheads and munch dried berries.

Snug Burrows. For nature study, the museum has taken birds and butterflies out of glass boxes and installed them in a simulated forest that the children can observe from overhead platforms. There is also a tunnel tour below the forest floor, where they can see woodchucks, weasels and chipmunks all snug in their burrows.

"Superficially, it looks like we're the place where we let kids handle things," admits Spock. "But that's only a by-product." The real aim, he points out, is to "bring kids together with three-dimensional materials in such a way that real communication occurs between the child and the object." There is no question that the kids respond: attendance has nearly tripled since Spock took over, reaching 2,000 a day.

DAN BERNSTEIN



MUSEUM DIRECTOR SPOCK



CHILDREN STUDYING GIANT EYEGLASSES

Wear the sari, scrape the deerhide, reach out and touch the world.