

**The Best Mind Since Einstein**  
**1993 PBS Documentary about Feynman**  
<http://www.youtube.com/watch?v=UlhInhfF3cc>

**Dirac at Florida State University**  
**1997 FSU Documentary about Dirac**  
<http://www.youtube.com/watch?v=fWo010EsiYk>

**Feynman's analogy between chess and physics**  
<http://www.youtube.com/watch?v=Onz-H4NBILY>

**Freeman Dyson's version of their road trip:**  
<http://www.feynmanphysicslectures.com/remembering-richard-feynman/freeman-dyson-road-trip>

**Richard Feynman's version of their road trip:**

At the Physical Society meeting my good friend Bob Bacher said to me, "Listen: it's going to be hard to get a room when that Atoms for Peace Conference is going on. Why don't you have the State Department arrange a room for you, if you haven't already made a reservation?"

"Naw!" I said. "I'm not gonna have the State Department do a damn thing for me! I'll do it myself."

When I returned to my hotel I told them that I would be leaving in a week, but I'd be coming back at the end of summer: "Could I make a reservation now for that time?"

"Certainly! When will you be returning?"

"The second week in September..."

"Oh, we're terribly sorry, Professor Feynman; we are already completely booked for that time."

So I wandered off, from one hotel to another, and found they were all booked solid, six weeks ahead of time!

Then I remembered a trick I used once when I was with a physicist friend of mine, a quiet and dignified English fellow.

We were going across the United States by car, and when we got just beyond Tulsa, Oklahoma, there were supposed to be big floods up ahead. We came into this little town and we saw cars parked everywhere, with people and families in them, trying to sleep. He says, "We had better stop here. It's clear we can go no further."

"Aw, come on!" I say. "How do you know? Let's see if we {45} can do it: maybe by the time we get there, the water will be down."

"We shouldn't waste time," he replies. "Perhaps we can find a room in a hotel if we look for it now."

"Aw, don't worry about it!" I say. "Let's go!"

We drive out of town about ten or twelve miles and come to an arroyo. Yes, even for me, there's too much water. There's no question: we aren't going to try to get through that.

We turn around: my friend's muttering about how we'll have no chance of finding a room in a hotel now, and I tell him not to worry.

Back in town, it's absolutely blocked with people sleeping in their cars, obviously because there are no more rooms. All the hotels must be packed. I see a small sign over a door: it says "HOTEL." It was the

kind of hotel I was familiar with in Albuquerque, when I would wander around town looking at things, waiting to see my wife at the hospital: you have to go up a flight of stairs and the office is on the first landing.

We go up the stairs to the office and I say to the manager, "We'd like a room."

"Certainly, sir. We have one with two beds on the third floor."

My friend is amazed: The town is packed with people sleeping in cars, and here's a hotel that has room!

We go up to our room, and gradually it becomes clear to him: there's no door on the room, only a hanging cloth in the doorway. The room was fairly clean, it had a sink; it wasn't so bad. We get ready for bed.

He says, "I've got to pee."

"The bathroom is down the hall."

We hear girls giggling and walking back and forth in the hall outside, and he's nervous. He doesn't want to go out there.

"That's all right; just pee in the sink," I say.

"But that's unsanitary."

"Naw, it's okay; you just turn the water on."

"I can't pee in the sink," he says.

We're both tired, so we lie down. It's so hot that we don't use any covers, and my friend can't get to sleep because of the noises in the place. I kind of fall asleep a little bit.

A little later I hear a creaking of the floor nearby, and I open one eye slightly. There he is, in the dark, quietly stepping over to the sink.