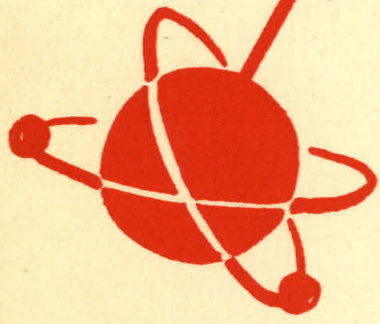


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WORKMAN

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P E N D U L U M

Spring 1952

UNDERGRADUATE AND GRADUATE
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Editorial Board

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ROY A. KEIR

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FOREWORD

THIS spring copy is the third quarterly issue of PENDULUM to be published for the Caltech campus. It is hoped that during the next school year this publication schedule may be repeated, however it only can be possible if the interest shown to this point is continued and augmented. We would like to urge all prospective undergraduate and graduate contributors to use the summer months to write for the magazine, and we would also appreciate a continuation of opinions and suggestions from all of our readers.

THE EDITORS.

THE TEACUP

By James Helmuth

THIS story, like a lot of true ones, never really happened: Happened like the battle of the bulge, or Washington crossing the—what was it he crossed?—; I mean happened like a baby's first cry, or a high school girl's first kiss, or, well, like what happened to me.

You see what I mean? Guess maybe you don't because even after all this time I still can't get quite straight on it; that makes it sort of impossible for me to explain, put it down as one plus one, because I keep getting mixed up and mixing it up with other things that have happened in my life. And the hell of it is that it's not like a love affair that can be replaced by a newer romance, like—well, guess you understand by now that I don't. So I'll just say now, once and for all, that if there is an answer to all this, if there is a basic truth not muddled by superficial teleological attempts, I don't have it and I can't give it to you. And, really, I don't think it exists.

It wasn't much of a place. The neon sign in front tried to spell out:

JIM'S BAR

But the "M'S" was flickering badly, and the "B A" had long since given up. The sign wasn't actually necessary. Anyone who knew San Francisco night life knew where Jim's Bar was. Its windows were masked by red and black paint except where a neon beer ad flickered through, and the ever present vapor of alcoholic fumes drifted like, and mixed with, the heavy night fog. The bar seemed to be a prototype of the thousands of other

small centers that served as meeting places for those who sought the unique facilities so provided.

Inside, the long bar which ran the length of the room was a dipso's thing of beauty, though the joy was usually cut short by a stubby, powerful index finger pointed by the bartender in the general direction of a curt announcement:

SORRY, NO CREDIT MOTHER

Tables were arranged over most of the floor space in an apparently random fashion; apparently, because after many long beers of patient, mathematical computation, one would still be at a loss to evolve a configuration which would allow more tables to be set up. There was, however, a cleared area at the end of the room accounted for by one small piano (with the front piece off), an incomplete set of traps (bass, snare, high-hat, sizzle cymbal), two slightly bent music stands, and four chairs (not counting the piano stool and drummer's seat). In this space measuring about six by eight feet were also six musicians. Also there was music. The blues.

And then there were the customers, drinking, talking, propositioning, barely aware of the sounds from the forty-eight square feet: The over-painted girl with the old woman face whispering to the clean-cut boy with the too-close shave—the middle-aged cigar-in-face and ashes-on-vest eyeing the well dressed I've never-done-this-before but just-one-more-little-drink; the armor-hearted bartender who drank only after hours, the sweep-up boy with open eyes and ears and quick open palm, the assembly line waitresses promising loads of reconstruction and development for the proper financial backing; the servants and the served, the life of give and take with each verb acting with its own proper noun.

But there were six who did both, were both, and only a few who listened knew this: Bars hire musicians (when the Juke Box

trade falls off) so that the patrons can find escape in the musical distraction, and voice in the covering powers of loud music. The six knew this, so it was not for this reason that they played jazz, the real jazz: Hardly anyone who hasn't heard a lot of the genuine, grass root, feet of clay jazz can tell the difference. No, they played for their own ears, for their bodies, emotions, intellects, and souls.

When you hit all four like that, it's the real thing, and that night they were doing it.

Ivory was chording the blues on the upright like he was giving artificial respiration to a drowned best friend, not in panic, but in slow, painstaking, life bringing pulses of pressure—getting the most out of each effort, but never straining, never forcing, never overdoing. The piano rocked slowly in time with the beat—beat—beat—beat as Ivory's right hand softly entered the counter-tempo, the offbeat of increasing complexity, of awakening to light from past blackness of single functioned obscurity, the diminished seventh of unfulfilled desire for new richness. Ivory, Skins on drums, and Lips on tuba were setting the pattern for this awakening thing. The three of them, the steady surge and ebb of the snare, the echoing rumble of the tuba progressions, and the full harmonic beating of the piano formed the foundation, the basic functions of the blues.

Slide, the trombone player, lifted his horn, and seven days passed until he slid off the high C sharp, down the chord to low B flat. Seven days, and the excitement of creation began. The beat was steady and stronger as Slide weaved his way through one chorus of experimentation and discovery, of success and failure; and he sat down only when his job was done, when the new mood of subtle intricacy had been established.

Reed stood up, moistened his mouthpiece, and took up the pattern that Slide had set. He started it low and basic; the common, simple feelings were the keynote as the last chorus had

expressed. The chords progressed and the clarinet's moan became an involved weaving around the simple melody line; Reed took the next chorus, and the next, the weaving became a frantic searching, stability became hysteria; the tone became a wail, a cry of eternal loss. And the end, the end of the chorus, again a moan—but now of satiation, futility, despair.

But the outraged beat kept its throb, Silver raised his trumpet: Glasses rattled somewhere, and the mighty voice of unconquerable will lashed out. Again and again the same note, the same cry of to battle to victory to death flooded the emptiness, and both joy and pain returned. On and on he played, seeking out the twists and distortions of the mood and quenching them with the razor edge of his tone. On into the final chorus were Reed and Slide joined him as comrades in arms, following the blazing trail in counter-melody and harmony, strengthening the attack with bold ideas and patterns. The end draws near, horns glisten, sweat stands out on brows, bodies weave and sway, light follows glare follows sound follows storm follows scream follows clash follows yes this is it this is the evermore everlasting ever struggle ever loose but ever win in loss struggle to fight, to fight to fight, yes to see light feel pulse want full want to fill want to want need to scream. . . .

Then, quite suddenly, it is all over. Skin damps the vibrating cymbal, Ivory lights a suspicious looking cigarette, the horn men walk towards the bar joking with each other. A waitress short-changes a drunk, the bartender casually mixes a Mickey for the B girl set-up, ashes-on-vest is sick on the table.

As I said, I can't seem to get this thing straight. Maybe you noticed the present tense towards the end: This is a true story, and every once in a while it happens again, though, of course, it never really happened. I know because I swept the place out. I saw it happen.

LUNCH AT MARTY'S

By Dan Griffin

FOR three weeks now, I had been coming here for lunch, a half-hour every day, five days a week. It was one of those clean, fresh restaurants, featuring a merchant's lunch which was devoured by a group of countless females of which I was a part, but by very few merchants. Tips were scarcer than water on the Sahara, and the waitresses served the food in the same manner that food is thrown to a dog when the garbage pail is beyond reach. Because outrageous prices were listed on the menu, and you had a choice of French or Roquefort dressing on your salad, these mid-day connoisseurs of gristle thought the restaurant to be rather elite.

Here they flocked, with their smart clothes, their affected manner, their airs of assurance, to attack last night's date and the latest office romance. To this task they applied themselves with vigor and vehemence, eating only when there was nothing to say. They made me sicker than the food, the women especially. They were so chic, so smart looking with their well tailored clothes (specials at Macy's), and their dime store jewelry. Their demure expressions and immaculate coiffures were belied by their rasping voices and the animal viciousness of their gossip. "Dora, did you see the character Betty was out with last night? He was so broken down he hardly reached her shoulder!"

"My God, Nancy, didn't you see his car? I'd walk down Fifth Avenue with a midget if he had a roll like that guy has."

There was one of these typewriter sophisticates that made me especially ill. She was a long, lean, blond creature with a walk that would make a panther look like a polio victim. Her hair was the only part of her body that didn't sway as she moved. The

clearness of her skin accentuated the sea-green of her eyes and the red voluptuousness of her lips. When she walked into a room in which there were men, it was like dropping a magnet into a nail keg. So it was in the restaurant. Every pair of male eyes would undress her a thousand times before she reached her seat. She was sex personified and the call of the wild to all the males present, and as smugly conscious of this as she was of the polish on her nails. Each day when she would pass my table I would feel the urge to stand and smash her in the mouth, a longing to feel her lips splitting and shredding under my knuckles. I would hunger to see, when she fell, the naked terror in her eyes as I kicked her symmetrical body into a shapeless mass of broken bones. I desired, more than gold, the sight of her poise, ego and assurance drowning in the mess of her torn, bleeding face.

Today as she moved by my table, so aloof from the men about her yet beckoning to them all, one of the untipped and hurried servants of the place carrying a large tray of food collided with her knocking her down. As she fell her forehead smashed into the corner of my table. The waitress screamed, and was just able to set the tray on my table before dropping it altogether. I jumped up to help and in so doing upset the tray. Boiling hot soup spewed over the table and poured off the edges. I looked down to see the once beautiful face a mass of scalding soup and blood from the gash in her forehead. I sat back down appearing overcome. I reached into my purse for some powder, dusted the scar on my cheek, smoothed my skirt, arose and walked out. I felt cheated.

FOOTBALL UNMASKED

By Frank Capra, Jr.

ABOUT the time that the leaves begin to turn red and fall, all over the United States alumni begin to think about their school's football team. They begin to wonder if, with the addition of a new coach and a raise of \$2.00 in dues, the team will again regain the championship form that it had many years ago when they themselves went to school there.

Many of these fine fellows are not able to attend the games in person and so arises the indoor sport of football by teletype.

The scene is usually a big room full of graduates and smoke. There is a score-board at one end and with it, a miniature gridiron on which a little red ball moves up and down as the plays come off the ticker-tape. Not only that, there is an announcer, who, to clarify the message shown on the board, reads the wrong telegram.

At the same time that the crowd in the near blizzard weather is hunching over in their seats better to avoid seeing their team fumble the kickoff, the announcer steps up and loudly and clearly states that Harvard has won the toss and has chosen to defend the west goal. As those who are Harvard alumni know, their stadium runs north and south. However this is overlooked.

The announcer, very slightly perturbed, acknowledges his mistake and rectifies it with, "That was wrong, Harvard is actually defending the south goal."

The machine begins to tick ominously.

"The kickoff was caught by Sneedby and run back to the five."

This is greeted with a mixed reaction of cheers and groans. One man at the back asks for an aspirin. This fails to gain him

anything but "Sssshhhh" as the instrument begins to tick again.

"The next play was an end run by Gulderiskovitch which netted a -15 yards. . . ."

"There was a forward pass from Minsk to Pinsk which gave—"

The message ends—tense excitement.

Then the little ball quivers on the board and starts hell-bent for election down the field. A shout arises. Whoa! The ball stops, looks, listens, and reverses its field and goes back to mid-field.

The more intelligent insist upon an intercepted pass. The Harvard graduates, however, maintain only an incomplection. Neither is likely to be right.

"O'Roarke punts to Rumble on the 10, Rumble fumbles."

Silence. The more faint-hearted faint. Gripping tension.

The announcer steps up and reads, "How about a cool, refreshing glass of Blutz Beer, the beer that made Paduca famous."

"The fumble, what about the fumble?" comes as one from the gathered multitude.

The announcer returns, smiling.

"In that play Rumble fumbled and the ball was picked up by Giannini and run back for a touchdown."

The crowd goes wild. Cheers heard on all sides. "Excuse me, how silly, instead of touchdown read touchback. Thank you."

A few choice remarks are passed, just the ones you would expect.

Thus goes the game, the last three quarters being much like the first with the announcer calling out the gains, usually losses; and the "Time for Beany" affair recording the losses, usually gains.

And if you happen to be one of the unlucky few who brave arctic conditions to see the game in person, you can be sure that your shouts, as a long gain is made, will be echoed a few seconds later as the news comes over the teletype.

TUBA MIRUM . . .

By Robert Deverill

THERE is a vast arena in a distant land
Where we all go, an expanse of infinite extent.
We look at our reflections in the floors,
Where they are crystal, and see the death of Water.
We look at our reflections in the pools
When they are opal, and see the death of Fire.
Come, then, you who live and enter here with me
For your door is opened and my door is opened.
The eyes of the soul are cavernous doors onto this plain
Where the sand swirls without the wind;
Here some men hang their bodies on the thorns of trees
And are free for the narcissistic pleasures.
But then the trumpet sounds, and all are in amazed confusion.
The birds in the trees call and say:
—Let no man tell you that there is no Hell
For these branches on which you impale your bodies
With joy shall impale your souls.
The windlessness shall toss the limbs,
And you shall be torn.
You shall look at your reflections in the sky,
When it is onyx, and discern the vitality of Air.—
And then we go, downcast, crawling painfully
Through the doors of iron, squeezing tight,
and condescend once more to live the life of Earth.

PENTECOST

By Robert Deverill

LET us go and consult the Sibyl
For she has a hundred mouths.
Surely there is a mouth for you.
Watch her breathe the fumes (they rise
From the burning of men) and start.
She jerks, she pounds in frenzy on
A brazen gong and dances an ecstatic dance.
The epilepsy of communication.
The idea of agony, the idea of love,
The idea of the dead god dance also in her mouths,
Lewdly.

Why do you shake with joy
While I chew the dirt and grass in pain?
You must be mad. But look, she stops,
Her features freeze, her liquid eyes congeal.
She crouches, an ugly mass of rock upon the dirty floor,
Defaced, eyeless, untouchable—Niobe without tears,
Jerked to life only when men burn.

ORE BOAT

By John Llewelyn Howell

THE boat pushes steadily through the dark black water, its prow repeatedly breaking up the endless charging waves into showers of fine white spray which the wind carries a short distance and drops back into the lake. No one can be seen on deck except the lone deck watch, wearing a large warm work jacket with the collar pulled up to keep the chill air from blowing down his neck. He walks back and forth, systematically sounding the ballast tanks. The smokestack shoots a thin, continuous flow of smoke up into the air but the wind persistently dissipates it. Miles away, on either side of the boat, the shores of Minnesota and Wisconsin can be seen, outlined against the grey overcast evening sky.

Now the color of the lake as the boat nears port changes to a noticeable muddy brown, because of the tons of ore that have been spilled into it during the last half century. The grain elevator by the Superior harbor is in sight, and far off to the right Duluth lies sprawled by the water's edge. On deck a work crew is busy with cables and dolly bars, pulling the hatch leaves back and exposing the three cavernous holds soon to be filled with iron ore from the fabulous iron range of Northern Minnesota. As the fires are pulled in the boiler room, the smokestack belches forth thick dense clouds of smoke which the wind can no longer dispel, and a long, low, black trail of soot is left in the air. As the boat approaches the entrance of the harbor she meets a sister ship coming out. Their steam whistles cut through the air with powerful, deep, throaty roars as they salute each other. In the pilot house, the helmsman spins the wheel in response to the captain's orders and maneuvers the P.D. Block slowly through the break-

water. It is dusk now, and ahead loom the monstrous bulks of the ore docks.

When the boat is a few hundred yards from its berth, the propeller is thrown into reverse. The entire ship vibrates violently for a minute as the buckets churn and bite into the water in their attempt to slow its motion. As soon as the bow is close enough, two deckhands are swung out and lowered in the bosun's chair. Mooring cables are led out to them and they run them over the spiles. Donkey engines on deck take up the slack and the Block crunches against the dock. Water spews out from the splashers and the stern slowly rises as the ballast tanks are emptied. The night air is growing colder, and it is pitch dark except for the weird, unreal glare from the dim deck lights and the dock spotlights. Two short blasts following one long on a ship's whistle far out on the lake indicate that fog has formed. In the middle of the turning basin, a tug boat glides swiftly and silently towards the elevator docks to help a large grain carrier ease out into the harbor.

A whirr of electric motors comes from overhead and suddenly a chute is lowered into the after open hatch. Then there is a whish and swoosh as tons of ore slide swiftly into the hold. A second and third chute are let down, and then a fourth, fifth, and sixth. Before long, twenty-one chutes have discharged the ore in their respective hoppers, and all are pulled up to permit the boat to shift farther up the dock and receive the ore from twenty-one more hoppers. Signals are flashed by the first mate and there is the noise of escaping steam as the deck winches are bled. Cables are taken in, slacked off, run out, and taken in again as the boat pulls itself along the dock and spots itself under the proper bank of chutes. The cycle is repeated again, and the boat settles appreciably into the water as more ore slides into the hold. Finally the last chute is pulled up and the P.D. Block lies low in the water

with an even keel. One short blast is blown on the whistle; deckhands throw the cables off the spiles and jump on board; the heavily laden ship backs slowly away from the dock, and an energetic little tug helps to turn it around in the turning basin. The steamboat acknowledges the help with two short whistle blasts, and heads out into Lake Superior, bound for the steel mills in Indiana with eighteen thousand tons of iron ore—the life blood of American Industry.

The hatches are closed and pinned now, and everyone but the four to eight watch is asleep. The fog whistle blows steadily, and the radar antenna turns continually as the boat pushes steadily through the dark black water and the thick fog.

A MODEST PROPOSAL—

FOR SOLVING THE MAIN PROBLEMS OF OUR PRESENT
CIVILIZATION, SUCH AS WARS, BIRTH CONTROL,
UNIVERSAL EDUCATION, THE DIGNITY OF MAN, ETC.

By Al Haber

IT is a melancholy future which this world of our holds for our children and grandchildren. Except for a privileged few, they shall become nothing more than dull sluggards, turning their magnificently designed brains and God-shapen bodies to the vulgar tasks of running lathes, adding columns of figures, and driving busses. The tragedy is that we give them a few brief years of schooling, almost enough to give them an idea of what education really is, and then we cast them out into a cruel society which forces would-be actors and artists either to abandon their chosen professions for the factories and businesses which will feed them, or else pander their talents to the whims of the gluttonous mob. And scientists and other thinkers must shackle their thoughts to the mundane demands of our materialistic society.

The important imperfections in our present civilization can be limited, for the present, to the categories of war, poverty, lack of birth control, racial and religious prejudice, lack of general education, and a lack of awareness of the true dignity of man. After spending my long lifetime in the pursuit of what is denied the vast majority of my fellow human beings, namely knowledge and wisdom, I have arrived at a plan which will not only solve the above problems, but will also bring additional benefits of inconceivable value to mankind. This plan, which is sound both biologically and economically, will be presented in the following paragraphs.

Dr. Calvert Smiler, noted embryologist at a well known institute of technology in this area, has perfected a drug which, after many years of patient testing on sea urchins (*Strongylocentrotus purpuratus*), is now ready to be used upon humans without any undesirable effects. This remarkable chemical, known as SMILER'S SERUM, has the property of dissolving the membrane of the fertilized egg when it is in the two-cell stage. The significance of this discovery is that its application will invariably cause the birth of identical twins.

My ideal society is one in which all births will produce identical twins. Let us designate the twins produced by such a birth by A and A'. Now the first twin to be born, we shall designate Citizen A, and the second, Slave A'. A' shall be a slave in this state, receiving none of the benefits of our present day civilization, save the food, clothing, and shelter adequate to meet the needs demanded by the tasks assigned him by the state. Slave A' will be owned jointly by the state and by his twin, Citizen A.

During his first five years, Slave A', along with all the other slaves in his age group, will be taught to perform simple operations, such as can be considered part of his training to be a slave. At the age of eight, he will begin his productive years as a slave. He will be taught to perform routine jobs as a file clerk or bus boy. At the age of eleven, he will be graduated to such jobs as typing, reading a slide rule, operating an adding machine, and other such more involved yet not demanding tasks.

When our slave reaches the age of sixteen, he will be transferred to tasks involving more physical labor, with much consideration given to his sex and general physical capacities. At the age of twenty-one he will begin to operate blast furnaces and shovel coal in steamers. When it is observed that the slave begins to lose the physical vigor of youth, he will be transferred to less demanding tasks, such as sweeping factories and cleaning toilets.

When his utility to society approaches zero, he will be used for biological investigations, or he will be killed.

I should make it clear at once that these slaves will in no way realize the significance of their work. They will, in fact, usually have a mental age no greater than a five year old citizen, except for the particular abilities for which the state has trained them. Their abilities to type and use a slide rule will be nothing more than the remarkable results of the patient training best exemplified in our present civilization by the performing chimpanzees of the St. Louis Zoo, or by the various talking horses and numerous dog and seal acts seen on television. I should remind the reader that the human is capable of learning far more tricks than the average chimpanzee.

As for the physical well being of these slaves, they will be given physical check-ups by competent doctors once every three months, and more often, when deemed necessary. The slaves will be trained to work anywhere from twelve to sixteen hours per day, although this will depend greatly upon the nature of the work and the inherent capacities of each slave.

There will be some among my compatriots in this present day and age who will say that such treatment is inhuman. It is, in reality, no more inhuman to treat a slave with the mentality of a horse as we treat a horse than it is to treat the horse as we do. The greatest inhumanity is to treat sentient human beings, who have been endowed with citizenship, as we treat the workhorse.

The citizens in this state will have privileges enjoyed only by a select few in our present civilization. Because of the efficiency with which their slave counterparts will perform the common tasks required of any civilization, the citizens will be enabled to pursue their education as far as the twenty-seventh year, at which time the brightest third will continue for advanced degrees. The general plan of education in this state will be very similar to that described in *THE REPUBLIC* by Plato.

The average work week for a citizen will vary from fifteen to twenty-five hours per week, but he will accomplish much, because his work will be challenging, since all the menial tasks will be performed by slaves. This will allow much opportunity for the advancement of science and art.

The most dramatically urgent problem faced by our present civilization is war. This problem will be easily solved by my proposed civilization. First, the various economic causes of war will be eliminated, and second, the citizens will be too educated to be duped into hating what they don't understand. But I realize that in the first few transition centuries, when this plan is being put into effect, the natural inertia of the peoples of the world will be such that they will continue to foment wars. In such cases, whenever a citizen is chosen to defend his country, his service will be only nominal, for he will send his slave away to serve for him. The armies of slaves will then be taken to some of the more remote parts of the world, such as Siberia, where they will be taught to kill each other with all the vigor and relish of our present day civilization.

Under such circumstances, war will soon cease to be an instrument of foreign policy—first, because the whole idea will eventually appear ridiculous to the citizens; and second, because each citizen will be required to work as much as fifteen hours per week at the menial slave tasks left open by the slaves at the war-front. Thus this strain upon their economy will be enough to convince these well educated citizens that war is really foolish.

Reproduction and family life in my proposed civilization will be left to the particular customs and moral codes of each nation, as is done today. But women will never be bothered with the pains and inconveniences of childbirth, for when made Citizen A and female Citizen B decide they want a child, Slave A' and Slave B' will be induced to have intercourse resulting in childbirth. It is a well known genetic fact that identical twins, since

they both originate from the same fertilized egg, have the identically same genetic constitution. And hence, the probability of having any particular quality or hereditary trait in the offspring from the mating $A \times B$ is the same as for the matings $A \times B'$, $A' \times B$, and $A' \times B'$, the last of which will be used in this proposed society. This mating will, by the application of SMILER'S SERUM, produce identical twins, one of which will become a citizen, the other a slave.

As for the joys of marital and extramarital intercourse, these can be left to the discretion of the individual citizens, as it is today, except that the possibility of childbirth will have been eliminated by a simple operation performed upon all female citizens. Because women citizens will not undergo childbirth, this feature of the society will solve both the problems of birth control and true social and economic equality of women with men.

The various problems facing medical doctors, especially surgeons, can be solved easily in this proposed civilization. Suppose a doctor wants to know whether or not Citizen A can take a certain drug: he then solves the problem by testing the drug upon Slave A', who will give the same reactions.

And lastly, the problem of racial prejudice will be solved. Today we think of combatting prejudice in terms of education. Since our citizens will be educated, it is easy to see that prejudice will cease to be a major social problem. But in addition to this consideration, each of the races of man will have the same proportion of slaves and citizens, namely 1:1.

I hereby submit this plan to a weary world, with all the humility obtained from the realization that I have been one of the few privileged to enjoy the advantages of an education from one of the world's leading intellectual centers, and from the desire that more of my fellow men will some day also be in a position to experience the subtle delectations of wisdom.

PRINCE MICHAEL OF REPNEEN

By A. K. Tolstoy

Translated from the Russian by AL HABER and JACOB CHAITKIN

COUNT A. K. TOLSTOY (1817-1875), a distant relative of Leo Tolstoy, was one of the greatest poets and dramatists of his period. He was particularly interested in the reign of Ivan the Terrible (1530-1584), and wrote a celebrated dramatic trilogy on this subject.

The Russian poetry of Tolstoy's period was characterized by a regularity of form in which one misplaced syllable was considered an unforgivable error. This translation maintains this same regularity of form, having the same meter and rhyme scheme as the original.

The "Oprichniks" in the poem were a large group of military men with whom the Czar surrounded himself in the second half of his reign. They had virtually unlimited power, and abused it so grossly that the word "oprichniki" came to have an opprobrious meaning in the Russian language.

For a fine discussion of the fascinating personality of Ivan and a better understanding of the background of this poem, the reader is referred to the article on Ivan the Terrible in the *ENCYCLOPAEDIA BRITANNICA*.

THE TRANSLATORS.

UNTIRINGLY in revel Czar Ivan and his throng
Of followers are feasting in bacchanal and song.
With golden pitchers glisten the tables in a row;
Along them sit Oprichniks, their wine-soaked eyes aglow.
Since Vespers wines are spilling upon the royal floor;
Since midnight dashing minstrels chant martial deeds of yore.
They sing the joys of battle, of wars against the Khan,
Of how Czar Ivan captured Kazan and Astrakhan.
But in his former glory he would no longer bask;
The Czar commands a courtier to fetch for him a mask.
"Long live my brave Oprichniks, my heroes of proud tales!
And pluck your strings more fiercely, my minstrel-nightingales!
My friends, choose your disguises. With masks we now shall
prance.

This night your Czar in person shall lead the festive dance!
So follow me, Oprichniks, my heroes of proud tales,
And pluck your strings more fiercely, my minstrel-nightingales!"
Then all but one were lifted the cups of golden sheen—
One man held low his goblet—Prince Michael of Repneen.
"Oh, Czar, thou hast forgotten what's greater yet than thou,
For God has been forgotten in this disgraceful row.
Oh, Czar, disperse these devils with thy supreme command.
These pranks disgrace thy station as Czar of this great land."
The Czar's face grimly darkened: "If madness makes thee rave,
Or if thou art but drunken—Be still, rebellious slave!
Do not protest my order; put on thy mask, I say,
Or, as I'm Czar of Russia, this is thy final day!"
Now rose with cup uplifted Repneen, and faced his host.
"To the Oprichniks' downfall!" in anguish did he toast.
"God bless now and forever our Czar of great renown,
With justice and tradition to sanctify his crown.
May he despise as treason the flatterer's sweet lie;
As for this mask, I never shall don it, though I die!"
His mask he trampled wildly, as in a frenzied spell,
And from his trembling fingers, his ringing goblet fell.
"Then die, audacious rascal!" the Czar's voice fiercely swelled.
The truthful Prince fell earthward, by royal scepter felled.
Once more the cups are lifted, again the pitchers ring;
Along the rows of tables Oprichniks shout and sing.
Their laughter swells resounding; once more the feast is gay.
But from the Czar's expression, the rage has gone away.
"I slew a loyal servant, I killed him wantonly—
No longer can I relish this night of revelry."
In vain the wines are spilling upon the royal floor;
In vain the dashing minstrels chant martial deeds of yore.
They sing the joys of battle, of wars against the Khan,
Of how Czar Ivan captured Kazan and Astrakhan.

the starving i
By Leon Vickman

I

IN the center of the oldest part of the city there are dirty stairs leading down to the basement room which is known by the name spelled in thin rope on a shingle swinging in the sharp cold of the fogged evening . . . the name of 'the starving i.' Down the uneven, dirty, basement stairs under a seventy-five year old hotel is the room, and inside the door the noise at late evening grows friendly in its chatter of voices . . . young voices coming from lips covered with beer and the smell of the last three cigarettes . . . older voices from behind the lined and wrinkled faces of middle-aged men of narrow delicate frame and repulsive heavy women, their hair chopped close behind their moist neck skin . . . sweet voices from out of the worn lips of young and gayly laughing girls whose soft complexion has not changed to coarseness, and a few melancholy voices are drowned near the bar in narrow glasses filled with cold ice. The lights are candles and the air is smoke . . . the floor is damp concrete.

The breath of a cheap piano winds among the sounds and cries and shallow laughs of the forms, some sitting, some singing on the high stools. The piano player is in his regal point of vantage overlooking the moving, hair-covered heads, and some of the people dance to the banging music the player beats into the heavy, noninsipid air. The candle on the piano top throws splinters of light through a half empty glass and through the thin smoke from the cigarette in the player's mouth.

"Play something different for a change, Armand." Armand threw the cigarette on the floor and began singing to the new tune.

"It's Autumn in New York . . ."

"Something cheerful, Armand . . . something cheerful." Armand didn't look up. He stopped playing, lit another cigarette, finished the drink on the piano top, closed his eyelids a little more, and continued the new tune . . . and soon his fingers progressed into the usual sequence of music he played every night except Tuesday. He looked up at the heavy, short-haired woman leaning against the piano . . . she weakly sang some of the words to the songs while the people sitting around the small tables laughed at her meager attempts.

"Get me another drink, honey," Armand asked.

"Sure lover." She moved her clumsy limbs to the bar.

"What a bull," he muttered as he watched her shuffle toward him with a full glass. "Thanks." He swallowed half the drink and continued playing; his lined face hung in the smoke and smell, his eyelids almost closed, his shoulders stooped. The cigarette bounced precariously in his dry lips as he groaned out the words to the torch songs.

"I wish you'd talk more, Armand," the heavy, short-haired woman said. "Your accent's kind of nice . . . damn but you're morbid. . . ."

A greasy-faced half-breed male danced in front of the piano holding a joyous girl with a smiling voice . . . people behind the large concrete column in the center of the room shouted loudly . . . someone in the far corner blew out a candle . . . the warmth and heaviness of the air increased as the piano sounds climbed slowly about the almost dark room. . . .

"Armand, Armand, wake up, sleepy." He looked to the newly arrived young woman's face.

"Fancy you . . . long time huh?" Armand said.

"Ya jerk . . . still in the same rut, aren't you?"

"Guess so," he replied to her as he looked down at the keys again.

"Been lonesome, sonny?"

"Take off, Jan, I'm working." He threw his cigarette on the floor. Jan stepped up on the platform and sat down on the piano bench. The eyelids closed entirely.

"I'd like to see you again, Armand," she said.

"You're tone's changed since last time."

"I'm still living in the same place."

"Take off, huh?"

"See you later," Jan said. She stood, straightened her attractive figure, stepped down to the floor, and walked across to a tall, white skinned, boyish male who grabbed her under the arms and lifted until her face was to his eye level.

"Let's get out of here," he shouted, and the two stumbled across a few of the awkward chairs to the door, and climbed the dirty stairs leading up to the heavy-fogged street lying in early morning.

II

AT TWO A.M. Armand brushed the ashes from the piano keys and walked up onto the sidewalk, which was sprinkled with dead dust and covered with fog. There was nothing in his reality but the remains of the smoke-filled night-spot, the taste of the drinks, the smell of the cigarettes in his mouth and in his clothes, the sound of the different voices, and the bodies that owned them. But now Armand's reality changed and shifted into the heavy, moving, fog-smothered streets he walked slowly along. Warmth attempted to creep over his skin as he pulled the overcoat closer to his unshaven face. Cold struck his lips and dampness crept down to tired lungs.

The heavy fog, driven by its sole ambition for opacity, swirled at the street corners and rushed against his match flame as he stood in a doorway lighting a cigarette. The sharp wind blew the

cottony fog against steamed windows and his breath whitened. He stepped into a lighted doorway and through the entrance of an all-morning be-bop dive. He walked past the crowded tables and dropped into a single chair near the seven-piece Negro band which played the endless and tuneless bop with sleepy determinism throughout the dark part of the morning. He ordered a coke . . . the place had no liquor license. He took the glass the plump waitress brought him and filled it to the top from a flat bottle out of his inside coat pocket. He drank to the ice cubes, and refilled.

The sound of the music from the band a few feet away filled his sensation with the screaming, drumming, hypnotic rhythm which allowed nothing but submission to its pulsing sound. He stretched his feet out fully under the table not caring about the two Negro men and one Chinese woman at the same table . . . he was one of the few whites in the smoky, narrow, wood-paneled room. After intermission the band, with two of its members replaced, continued its throbbing. Armand began to drop from half perception into complete sleep. He was still wrapped in the heavy overcoat and its warmth brought sweat to his face . . . his reality spun into the ceiling and drifted away with the music. The voices hummed pleasantly and the lighted butt fell from his mouth onto the floor. Someone dropped a glass against a table. He shuddered, shifted slightly in the hard chair, and swam again into heavy laxness . . . the music pulsed . . . the girls laughed and the coarse skinned Negroes nodded their heads to the beat . . . the same cadenced beat . . . the plump waitress stood over him, shook his shoulders, and talked into his ear to avoid shouting over the music.

"If you're going to sleep, pal, you'd better do it somewhere else. . . ."

"Give me another coke," he said, speaking into her ear. He emptied the flat bottle into the icecube-filled glass and drank

until he felt the hard coldness . . . he grabbed the edge of the table and pulled himself to his feet, opened the eyelids, and walked back into the fog.

Another doorway and another cigarette. He walked three blocks past many wooden frame structures to a drab four-story apartment house. He looked up at the dark windows and then at the rows of mailboxes flush to the entrance-way wall. The door leading into the lobby was locked. He pushed the button under one of the mailboxes. He pushed again. He leaned against the glass in the door. Another push. The lock in the door buzzed. He turned the knob and walked up three flights of carpeted stairs to the dark, narrow hall of the fourth floor. He stopped in front of one door, groped his way to another, stopped, and loudly knocked.

Jan was dressed in a blue robe. Her hair was pin-curled.

"Just drop in any old time," she said.

"Do you want me to go?" She took him by the arm into the small room and closed the door. "How about some coffee?" he asked.

"Sure. Let me help you take off your overcoat."

"I'm not helpless. Go make the coffee." He stood and watched her walk to the kitchen, then took off his coat and threw it on the sofa. . . .

"The coffee will be ready in a minute . . . you want it black don't you? Armand? Where the hell did he go?" She looked around the small living room, then walked quickly into the entry. "Oh you're in there." The light came from under the crack at the bottom of the door. She walked back to the kitchen and brought the coffee in a few moment later. "Come on out and drink some of this . . . you could at least answer . . . hey, are you in there or not? . . ." She knocked on the door of the bathroom. There was no answer. She turned the doorknob and went in.

The small room was empty. "For Christ's sake, where are you?" She walked quickly into the bedroom. He was in her bed, breathing heavily in sleep. . . .

Early afternoon. Jan was dressed . . . her hair was fully combed out. She walked into the bedroom and sat on the edge of the bed.

"Come on . . . wake up . . . don't you want to eat breakfast?"

"For God's sake, can't a guy sleep . . . what time is it?"

"Almost one . . . it's beautiful outside . . . what do you want to eat?" He took Jan's arm and pulled her until he felt her weight press against him. The lips were moist, warm, firm in motion . . . soft skin pressed against his unshaven face . . . the breath fell fully against his eyes as she pulled herself away for a moment, but he brought her body completely against his again, and the smell of the perfume mingled with worn lips . . . reality shifted fully into the sensual . . . there was nothing such as importance . . . dimension . . . time. . . . Jan put her arms around his bare shoulders . . . the sunlight filtered in narrow beams through the Venetian blinds of the bedroom . . . the fog of before swirled into the soft flesh . . . the smoke became perfume . . . the warmth, her mouth . . . there was only the touch, and the breath, and the absence of content and form. Value was possessed only by the sensual.

Later in the afternoon. Armand was sitting on the roof of the apartment . . . the sun embraced his nude upper body . . . the welcomed, rayed heat fused into his white skin . . . his feet were propped up on another small chair. Jan walked across the roof and smiled at him.

"Once you get out in the fresh air away from the smoke you're a rather goodlooking guy . . . even though you're not the young piano pounder you used to be. Are you relaxed?"

"Very."

"Want anything?"

"Just the sun and quietness." She took his hand after she lay down on a lounge chair. The eyes looked across the rooftops of the city . . . at the low hills covered with small houses and tall buildings . . . the white splashings of sunlight went under the closing lids and he spiraled into a near sleep lost in the pleasantness of the approaching summer. The breeze fanned the face. When the sun went lower and threw harsh reflections from the windows below, he turned to her.

"Have anything to eat?"

"How about a sandwich?"

"Good." Later they ate, closing the eyes and feeling the food and the sun and someone somewhere played soft violin music that rose to them, and they submerged in a waking dream.

The day ended. He left her early in the evening.

III

A WEEK LATER 'the starving i' seemed the same as it was any other night, with the same noise and voices of the various lips. And it was, almost. Armand pounded the tunes into the air and he smoked with the usual frequency . . . the glass was empty . . . the eyelids were closed and his stooped shoulders heaved to the rhythm. The first hours of morning. . . The lines in his skin showed his avoidance of rest. The air was heavy . . . his senses knew the throb of voices more strongly.

"I'm going to take a break," he muttered.

"O.K. lover," the clumsy-limbed woman replied. "I'll sing for them while you're gone." He walked five steps from the platform, and fell backwards, to the floor, unconscious.

Faces and voices, and different faces with voices circled above him as he wiped the cold water from his eyes and looked up. He had felt a strong twist and a pleasant void as he walked the five

steps, and then sensation and reality ended. It began again now.

"You'd better go home and rest, Armand. You look pretty damn beat."

"Prop me up in a chair and I'll be all right in a few minutes . . . this isn't the first time it's happened." He sat in a chair while they gave him coffee and asked him how he felt, but the warmth moving down his throat was all he realized as existing. In half an hour he walked back to the piano, put the cigarette in his mouth, struck the match, watched the smoke rise into the air, and breathed the whiteness into his lungs. Someone put a drink on the piano. His hand pressed the glass to his lips; the cool liquid moved downward and he began playing and weakly singing the songs. . . . A group of loud-voiced young men and women walked into the room. They walked through the standing and sitting faces, and to the piano . . .

"Play a bunch of the old songs, Armand . . . the whole damned bunch of them." And he played and they sang loudly and everyone else in the room either watched the happy group around the piano, or they walked up into the circle of voices and began singing themselves.

When someone brings Armand a new drink he looks up at the faces and their smiling open lips and at the smoke rising and he feels a remembrance of softness and warmth mingled with the noise and laughing and beat of his fingers against the slick surface, and he closes his eyelids and heaves his shoulders to reach the climax in the song . . . and there is another joyous song, and another, and then to Armand there is just 'the starving i'.

DREAMS OF EROS

By Leon Vickman

THE dream had in it high, narrow, steep stairs
which wound softly, carpeted, to above the stage;
and the stairs cascaded into small waterfalls
and the water froze, and the water juxtaposed,
leaving long rows of figures
held by strings.

The dream breathed into itself,
looking at the maze it had created . . .
it breathed a vapor that condensed
as an image from the cold,
and the dream so transformed from
abstraction to reality.

And the figure which was the dream
began to move across the carpets,
its tiny shoes just touching the floor.
Two strings moved its cape, three its head,
twelve its arms and hands, twenty its emotions,
and an undetermined number its mind.

And the dream so propelled held its
arms about its clothes to prevent the
cold from chilling its wooden-framed body.
Uncertainly it moved, to near the figures,
and in the rows he saw creatures,
similar to himself . . . companions in void.

The first he closely saw would have splintered the fragile wood which was its neck had its arms threads not been severed.

She was the nocturnal sleep of a jealous lover, listening to echoing music giving tears, painful, sickly sweet, neverendingly.

The next that he saw had fallen to the floor in pleasurable laughter from the optimism and sunlight of its gay-clothed composition. The wooden frame of body, arms, and legs was the daydream of a young man, freshly in a love, felt in its initiality.

The third figure seen by the dream had been found in the tomb of King Tutankhamen. She was propelled by stern rods . . . no fragile strings . . . she was a remembrance of a Princess, unfaithful, and devoid of the passion her beauty deserved; her head moved by a gilded rod.

The fourth lavishly held forth his garments, finely fitted by an expert hand; many strings went to his handsome face. His body, muscular in stature, had held the most senuous. He was smiling—
he, the reminiscence of a lover with no memory.

The fifth and the sixth scampered away
on uncertain shoes and leg joints of
small screws and washers, and the
seventh vanished in darkness.

Yet the dream searched out more of the figures,
hanging by their strings from the ceiling.

The eighth he looked at closely, and he saw that it had been the
inspiration of a concerto, youthful and harsh.
She was dressed in a broad, bell-shaped gown
and danced spritely when wind rustled her strings.
She imaged the young wife of the composer,
the beauty of his consciousness.

The next had no strings. He lay
unfinished. None had completed the cloth and
wooden hand puppet that could have been
desire, the repeated single softness and
warmth . . . beginning of a love . . .
a cold unpainted thing—an unfelt kiss.

In the foremost of a back row was the tenth,
once found in the rutted streets of old Firenze,
and once admired by a Medici.
His face of clay, his eyes of sea shell, had withered and dried.
His body had been broken by the wheel
of a perfumed phantasm—the flesh of a face.

The heavily painted papier mâché face of the next
had a touch of red streaked from its eyes . . .
his fingers were broken . . . his clothes faded silver.
He had only the basic strings,
and had seen no use after a single revue;
the lost surrealism of a love only sexual.

Others were similar to the past eleven.
Others were identically the same,
standing in straight rows,
as lines of minstrel performers.

The twelfth had magenta hair, a scented sash;
his too feminine body attracted small animals
and exquisite things.
He was the subconscious being of a sensitive boy
who had done passionate creations in splashed oils,
and never felt male love for woman.

Far in the corner were covered the fifth and sixth,
drab in the mist and pale light,
until black light casts upon them
a transient gaiety of kaleidoscopic color.

The fifth was a Platonic love,
dressed in unharmonious tones
visible only under the ghostly lamp;
in daylight it was a grey ungraceful bundle of wooden limbs.
It stumbled as a silent wind
rustled its few strings.

From the court of King Louis XIV came the sixth,
dressed with powdered wig, countless petticoats;
daylight did no injustice, yet gave her no beauty.
She was the unrequited love of someone impressionable.
Later her strings grew old, decayed, severed, and she
fell to the floor—her face shattered.

The seventh and the thirteenth met,
fastened on the same holder;
a single thread brought their clay lips together,
another embraced their wooden frames.
The masculine puppet felt attraction
for more than form, simply clothed,
and she for him.
They watched rain drops fall in
quiet pools of blue.
They felt the same wind move their threads.
Time for them had no meaning . . .
the morning was their evening.

From a dusty ceiling
by silken threads
hang the Dreams of Eros
now seen by the lone puppet.

And he walks to where he had begun . . .
the maze he created tangled and knotted—
transfigured to small fires—
which assumed levels of
flickering torchlight,
near extinction.

SHAKESPEARE ON THE ASHLAND STAGE

By Jim Collins

UNFORTUNATELY, to most people Shakespeare is just another curiosity from the past, like King Tut or Marco Polo—people have heard of him, they know he was a famous playwright—and that ends that.

This was the general situation in the little town of Ashland, Oregon, in 1935 until someone decided to do something about it. The someone was Professor Angus Bowmer, a drama professor at Southern Oregon College. He claimed that the plays of Shakespeare, if put on the stage would be as successful today as they were in Shakespeare's time. Bowmer had noticed that a shell built for a festival resembled the Globe Theater in London where the playwright had presented many of his plays, and would make an ideal theater for what he had in mind. He got a group of interested citizens together and an Elizabethan stage was built within the shell. Professor Bowmer brought down his production of "Merchant of Venice" from the college and added "Twelfth Night" as a companion piece. For those skeptical of Shakespeare's drawing power, he agreed to add a boxing match as well. Receipts from the plays paid the deficit on the boxing, and no one has questioned Shakespeare's appeal in Ashland since.

However, all has not been a bed of roses. Once the stage was destroyed by fire, and once the costume wardrobe was burned, but the Shakespearian Festival has survived. At the present time people come from all parts of the country to see these plays given.

The productions are not what you would call really elaborate affairs. The stage is bare—no sets and a minimum of props. The lighting is generally devoid of spectacular effects; but the cos-

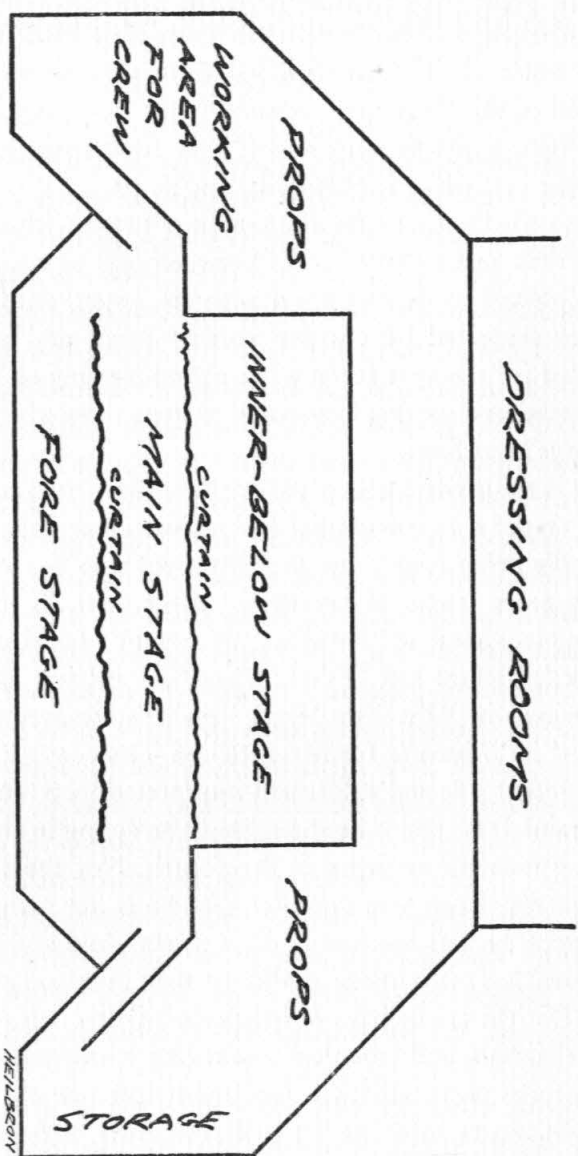
tumes are brilliant. The ladies of the valley make up the costumes for the plays to be given each year; they make these elaborate and colorful. The colors worn by each man seem to give the mood of the character—reds and blues for young, gay men such as Pains: grays for Justice Sly and Justice Shallow; purple for King Lear, white for Cordelia, and so on.

In order to save time the plays are given with no intermission and only momentary breaks between acts or scenes. This is accomplished by having three separate stages, one in back of another separated by curtains so that props and people may be placed for the next scene while action is going on out front.

Speed in changing is essential to keep some of the plays within a three hour limit.

It is the general policy to give four plays each summer, usually one tragedy, two comedies and an historical play. However, this doesn't mean four times as many people as for one play, since each actor learns an average of three roles. A man might, for example, appear as "Pistol" in "Henry IV" on Monday, as Gloucester's bastard son "Edmund" in "King Lear" on Tuesday, as "Orsino" in "Twelfth Night" on Wednesday, and then as a guard in "Measure for Measure" on Thursday—each calling for a different role and a different interpretation. Sounds like a bit of a strain? It is—and if he should only be acting in three, he will be doing makeup or props in the fourth. Not the easiest of lives, especially when you consider that he is not being paid for his services; he acts because he likes to act. And still, each year the Festival has many more applicants than there are parts.

After the actors have been selected, then come the hectic days of rehearsals, and technical work. Many, many hours of behind-the-scenes preparation are required before one of these plays can go on. Parts must be learned; costumes designed and fitted; proper makeup secured, lights positioned and then the whole



THE ASHLAND STAGE —

thing done over because the director has a new idea, or Falstaff has broken his leg and can't go on. There are arguments between the director and the crew because some particular effect cannot be gotten with six Ellipsoids on an Elizabethan stage. Arguments because clothes don't fit—lines aren't being interpreted right—actors with two parts are being called to rehearse in two places at the same time.

Malvolio strutting across the stage with his nose in the air falls through a trapdoor someone had left open. Saws backstage make so much noise lines can't be heard. Lighting equipment doesn't arrive until the day before opening night. There is always something left to do and no time to do it in. Since it is an open air theater there is even the danger of rain (yes, rain, up north it even falls in the summer).

But in spite of all these things, when the first week in August rolls around the shows are ready to go on.

Opening night for the Shakespearean plays is a big event. The governor of the state and other notables are there and the house is sold out. Everybody back-stage is wondering if he knows what he is to do, and if he can remember his cues. People aren't speaking to each other during the half hour preceding curtain time.

And then finally it is 8:15. The houselights go down, the stagelights go on, the curtain parts, and Rumor speaks:

“Open your ears, for which of you will stop
The vent of hearing when loud Rumor speaks?
I, from the Orient to the drooping West,
Making the wind my post horse, still unfold
The acts commenced on the ball of earth.”

Once again it is England, and Prince Hal moves to become Henry V while Falstaff, Pistol, Poins, Lord Chief Justice and others go through their lines and actions as they did in Shakespeare's day.

When the final curtain falls, everybody wants to know: "How did it go?"

According to the audience; loggers, housewives, businessmen, it went over big. It was a great show; a good play—pretty funny in spots, too. The people are still clapping when the actors have taken their bows. Shakespeare is no longer somebody they had to study in school—he is a man who wrote a good play; something people can enjoy. Now they have an idea why he was famous.

The next day you can walk into a dime store in Ashland and quote a line by Shakespeare to the clerk. He will probably smile and say, "Oh, you saw the Festival." Shakespeare still has drawing power.



PARANOIAC

By Walter W. Lee, Jr.

THERE was something there, something in the room.

He knew there was something there by the closet waiting; feeling it, he could almost see it.

He must turn on the light.

Sweating, and with rigid body, he realized he must throw back the protecting blankets and pass next to *it* to reach the switch.

Hardly conscious of the too-warm closeness of the room he slowly got out of bed, stood there caught in fear like an insect in amber, then as the fear of inaction exceeded the fear of action he lurched at the switch. He threw the room into brightness and was temporarily blinded.

Finally, breathing quickly, he observed—as he subconsciously expected—nothing unusual.

He put on his glasses. They were cold.

Something small and brown jerked away at the edge of his range of vision!

Nothing under the bed nor in the closet.

The tree outside of his window made a noise. No wind. Something was coming after him.

He dressed quickly, left the room—down the hall and out of the building.

There were trees and a few shrubs and it was dark. He started walking. Faintly from behind came the sound of Pete Daily's "Careless Love." He didn't listen; he knew it was but a matter of a few minutes until he would be followed. It was only a few hundred yards to the street.

All right. There it was; back in the darkness and shrubs it was following him. He must accept fact. He could always accept fact; even if others couldn't.

As he headed for the street a drop of water hit him in the face. The drops made little craters in the dust, then circles on the sidewalk. His feet made too much noise.

There was a man and a motorcycle. He hit the man in the face. His knuckles felt the face alter between skull and fist. The man's head went *kush* on the cement.

He touched the controls and manipulated the kick starter. Machine and man went towards the city. They accelerated.

Rain hit his waxy features. It was like having nails driven into his face. His glasses blurred and he threw them off.

His room had been too warm; now the night air and rain were against him, and he was cold.

A siren sounded somewhere behind him—far behind in the darkness and rain. A twist-neck glance revealed only the periodic telephone poles, parked cars, and the rain-speckled cones of street lights that were also ahead of him. The rain water gurgled in the gutters and swirled down into drains.

For the petty organizations of normal man to prevent him from escaping was absurd. He turned the cycle onto the sidewalk. As it hit the curb he jumped free and rolled on concrete; the cycle crashed into the hedge surrounding the large building and hid itself.

He entered the building and looked down the long hall. Nearly a block away there were people. He tried the next floor—there too were people down the hall coming and going from the various rooms.

Eventually there was a floor with no one in evidence. It was not well lighted. He walked down the hall. . . .

Things looked indistinct and angular; his glasses were lying in the street—broken. Somehow the hall seemed alien—as though he were an intruder from another existence.

He walked on—passed a screened-glass door that buzzed. An

elevator was coming! . . .

He tried the next door.

Locked.

He tried several others rapidly; then one pushed in. . . .

Darkness.

He pushed back on the door—pushed hard.

He tried to see—see what he knew was there.

He searched frantically for the light switch.

Panic.

He could see the vague outline now—and hear the claws scrape the tile floor.

Stark terror, hysteria, and convulsion.

Bleeding and with pieces of frosted glass still in his hands and face and in the air about him, he fell through the night rain eight stories to the concrete.

WHAT DREAMS MAY COME

By Melvin Goldberg

*To die, to sleep;
To sleep: perchance to dream: ay, there's the rub;
For in that sleep of death what dreams may come . . .*

SHAKESPEARE

IT was cold on the roadside, bitterly cold. So cold that it made him ache. The wind that bit through his torn clothing was cold. He wanted to sleep and sleep. He barely heard the screams of his baby sister, whose blood covered face opened and closed in gasping cries of anguish and terror. He did so much want to sleep. The cement didn't feel cold at all; it felt like his bed at home. He could see his mother tucking him in and hear his father coming up the stairs to kiss him good night. His mother? His father? Those half snow-covered lumps lying beside the crumpled door of the new sedan, where they—? No, he must be dreaming. Here were Mommy and Daddy beside his bed.

"Yes, Mommy, I said my prayers. Uh, huh, I blessed you and Daddy and sistie and aunty. What Daddy? Bless the football team. Of course I didn't forget we're going to the game at Rich-ton tomorrow. Mommy, please make sistie stop crying. Good night, Mommy. Good night, Daddy.

"The bed is so nice and warm. I never felt so sleepy before . . . Mommy, Mommy, where are you? Mommy! Mommy! Oh, there you are. Gee, Mommy, I just had the most awfulest dream. I dreamed you and Daddy were all—all dead a—and the car a—and sistie and—Oh, Mommy. Yes, Daddy, I know I'm a big boy and shouldn't cry but—what Mommy? 'Don't get mad at the child.' Daddy, you're not mad, are you? Gee, I'm glad. I wouldn't want you to be mad. No, I won't be afraid. Yes, Mom-

my, I know you and Daddy are watching over me. Boy, it'll be swell when we go to the game in the new car, won't it, Daddy? Good night. Good night, Mommy.

"The bed is so warm and I'm so sleepy, so very sleepy. Look at the bed, red. Red? Sistie's still screaming. Sleepy . . . I must have played too hard. I wish sistie would stop crying. My leg hurts and it's all red, but Mommy will take care of it tomorrow. Mommy always takes care of everything. Sleepy . . . I wish sistie wouldn't cry . . ."

Sistie was not crying when the highway patrol found her.

THE LAWN

By John Bryant

WHY are you home early, George? Is anything wrong?" Mr. Harven smiled,—a vague kind of a smile,—and put the evening paper down on the marble-topped hall table. As he did this he looked out the window and saw the next-door neighbor's children still playing hop-scotch on the front walk.

"Mister Harven is home early!" they had yelled, "Hello, Mister Harven! Hello, Mister Harven!"

George Harven turned and faced his wife. He knew she had been playing bridge all afternoon, because it was Wednesday. He smiled, this time to himself. "She is usually tired on bridge days," he thought. "No, Martha, nothing is wrong. It's such a beautiful day and I wanted to come home early to do a little work on the lawn."

"We're eating late tonight," remarked Mrs. Harven, "My cousin, Nadine, is coming tonight instead of tomorrow. Oh, I did forget to tell you, didn't I? Nadine is going to stay with us for two weeks while her parents are at the Cape. You remember Lew and Elizabeth d'Latierre; of course you do. Imagine; a girl almost nineteen, living not more than forty miles from here without once seeing the city." Mrs. Harven was still talking as she hurried into the kitchen.

Mr. Harven was a little surprised to hear of the visitor. He was surprised, but not displeased. Any guest in the house, even a girl, was a pleasant break in the routine. He thought of Lew and Elizabeth, and of the little blonde girl he had seen playing in their living room just a few years ago.

The young, fresh grass in the front yard needed watering. Mr.

Harven had three automatic sprinklers in his garage, but he enjoyed watering the lawn with a hose. Mr. Harven was proud of his lawn. He liked to sweep the silver stream of water back and forth across it. The timid, thin leaves rippled under the force of the water;—millions of little stalks which needed his care and protection. Prancer, the next-door neighbor's Boxer, watched with a skeptical frown on his forehead, as Mr. Harven carefully watered the lawn.

A taxi stopped in front of the house and someone got out. The cab driver did not hold the door for his passenger. A girl walked up the path and smiled timidly at Mr. Harven, who put down his hose, introduced himself, and walked with her toward the front door. The Boxer trotted up to the hose and nipped playfully at the silver stream of water.

The Harven's ate dinner with their guest promptly at seven. Nadine was quiet, and she didn't seem to like the sweet potatoes or the grapefruit. Maybe she wasn't hungry. Mrs. Harven was pleasant even though she was tired. "She is always tired on bridge nights," thought Mr. Harven.

"George, why don't you tell Nadine all about Buffalo while I start washing the dishes?" Mr. Harven, who liked to talk to guests, even girls, about his city, told Nadine about the new Civic Center, the apartment houses which were always being built, and about the Ford assembly plant which made cars right in the city. He told her of the night-life—the theaters, hotels, and clubs. Mr. Harven knew his city better than most people did. Nadine listened carefully and Mr. Harven knew she was interested in what he had to say. Nadine had large green eyes, and they watched Mr. Harven as he told her about his city. He wished that she wouldn't stare at him. Mr. Harven told her about the beautiful homes that lined the Niagara river. He told her about the way the falls looked in the winter, lit at night with a

rainbow of colored arclights. "She looks like a blonde Indian girl," thought Mr. Harven.

Mrs. Harven came back into the dining room. "I'm going to bed now. I'm very tired. George, don't keep Nadine up too late. Good night, Nadine." Mrs. Harven put some letters to be mailed on the marble-topped hall table and turned out the porch light. "Leave one of the living room lights on when you come up." Mr. Harven listened to the slow footsteps as his wife went up the stairs.

Nadine was still watching Mr. Harven with her large green eyes. "Do you really like living in Buffalo?" she suddenly asked him.

"Do I like living in Buffalo? Of course I do. Do you think that I would stay here if I didn't like it?" Nadine did not answer. Mr. Harven paused to light a cigarette. He had been, for some reason, startled by the question which had just been asked. He wondered why she had asked it. She had emphasized the word "really" in a way such that he knew exactly what she was thinking.

"I have always lived in a small town," Nadine said softly. "We have five stores, two gas stations, and a grange hall. There is nothing around our town but green fields." Mr. Harven thought of his lawn. It was funny, he thought, that he should think of the green, fresh grass in the front of his house. "I think I'd better go to bed now," said Nadine. She got up from the table and walked toward the stairs. "Good night, Mr. Harven."

Mr. Harven had some work to do on his checking account, so he went into the living room and sat down at a small desk in the corner. Nothing seemed to come out right for Mr. Harven as he tried to work. He made mistake after mistake, and not even once did his total come out the way he wanted it to. Finally he got discouraged. He put his papers away, turned out the living room lights, and went upstairs.

As he walked through the upstairs hall, he saw Nadine. She was standing on her toes, reaching as high as she could, to pull the light cord in her closet. Mr. Harven watched. He watched for just a few seconds, and then walked quickly to his room.

The next morning as Mr. Harven walked down his front path on the way to the office, he looked at his lawn. "I didn't notice those weeds before," he remarked to himself. He saw a few ugly, broad leaves spreading above the surrounding grass. There were just a few, but he hadn't seen them before. "No one likes weeds," he thought, "They have no right to be there."

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