

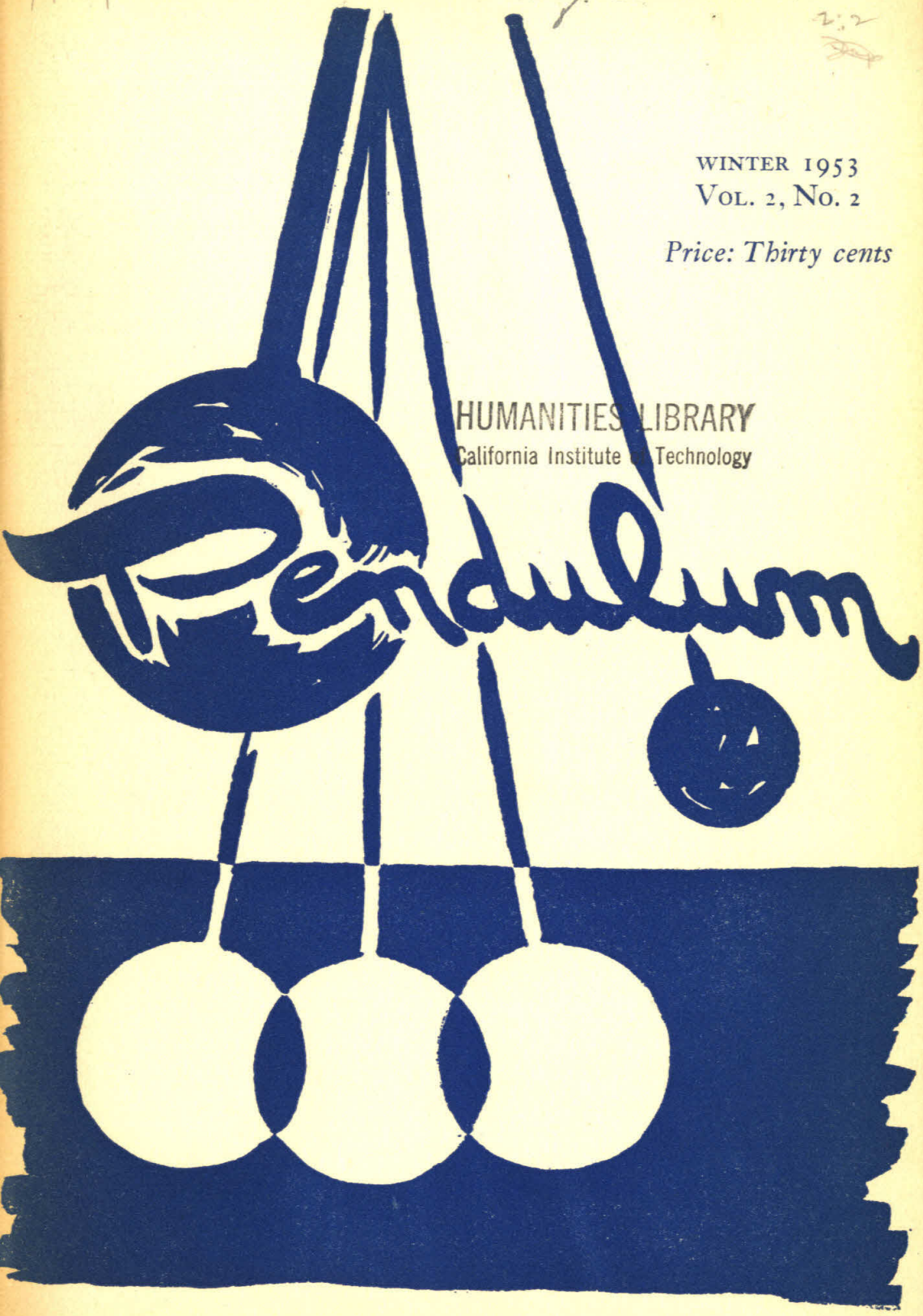
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P E N D U L U M

Winter 1953

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FOREWORD

THE character of this magazine is determined by the very nature of our possible contributors. There exists considerable interest among the students concerning the cultural application of technology, and the material submitted to *PENDULUM* reflects this interest.

We have in this issue an article on experimental cinema, and next issue will contain an article on special kinds of mobiles. We are temporarily suspending judgment on *Lettrisme* until we view their full length film, *Traité de Bave et d' Eternité*.

Material to be printed in *PENDULUM* must come from the students. We request that you take advantage of the coming vacation. Write up your ideas. Your criticism and contributions will be welcome.

It is our idea that the production of film scenarios is an excellent medium for the combination of technical and artistic creation. Interest in this field is growing on campus. This is one of our suggestions. What are your ideas?

THE EDITORS

FABLE II

By David Heilbron

IN AGES long since forgotten, there lived a people in that land which under a later star was called Persia. This was a race of great wealth and considerable accomplishment, but the most learned of its number—and to his knowledge, the wealthiest—was one called Ozor Shan. In his vast halls were the books of sages and seers, bound in fine hides and richly inscribed as befitted their merit; and he had read them all and knew their lore. In his great chest of exotic woods, gem-studded and carved with ancient runes, lay three hundred twenty-three squares of an unimaginable green-blue stone. It was called tun, but few knew of it or its name, and was more precious than life. A single piece, whose greatest dimensions were reckoned with the length of the smallest finger joint and whose thickness was thrice that of a coin, had in earlier years been covetously sought for the price of fifteen-hundred pastir-blue-fired diamonds the size of eyeballs. A pastir could claim sixty of the fiercest white stallions. Ozor could with a portion of his wealth unshackle enough white stallions to trample the later throngs of the Nile, or buy enough women to give birth to a nation, or lay his floors with gold and build his walls of sapphires. Ozor did none of these things: he had not a stallion nor a single soft-eyed slave girl nor even a golden cup. His castle rang with emptiness at his step, for it was bare but for more books than he cared to count and three hundred twenty-three squares of tun in a chest.

Ozor looked out at the young, wet, lush world before him from under thick brows of silvery white, for he was more than seven score years on earth, and his skin was as brown as the vine of the grape. But now he contemplated the naked floor with deep-

socketed eyes clouded with thought. Out of the depths of vivid memory came the image of Miir Shan, who had succumbed to the burden of his age in the one hundred fiftieth year of his life, and who was Ozor's sire. A full eleven decades had fallen by since his death, but his words rang in Ozor's brain with the clearness of a struck gong.

"My son," he had said as the paling lids of his eyes flickered under the strain of passing consciousness, "as the last of a fire's embers emits a sudden heat, so the mind surrenders inexplicable secrets under the press of approaching death. Knowledge has come to me that there is yet a piece of tun to be placed with the rest." Ozor the youth had been astonished; with the conviction of his years he had accepted his father's belief that all of that wondrous stone lay in the great chest. The lips of Miir moved again on his ghastly face.

"Long before my father's time, the Shans were prophets, philosophers, and mathematicians. They gave the world all knowledge, the reason for existence, and the reason for the reason; and out of the great love and respect of the people, they were given gifts of tun, which is more precious than life. It was a trust in the completeness of their revelations. It has been for us, the inheritants of the name and the wisdom of these ancient men, to subject their words to every test, but in vain. We have seen neither lack nor flaw, and as if in the acquiescence of nature itself, tun has not been discovered on earth since the last major work of four hundred years ago." His voice faltered, and Ozor dropped to his side with a beseeching cry for stillness, but Miir heard nothing; he caught life by the strength of his bowels and fought to rid himself of the words.

"It is *not* for the wealth, *not* for the fame that you must capture the knowledge that flees just beyond the sight; it is to fulfill at last the constant craving that has driven all the Shans since the

name began!" He sank back on his pallet, and the intensity of his being fled from him to be reborn, according to the works of a Shan sixteen generations before, in his son.

Old Ozor looked about himself, and for the first time the bareness penetrated his avid soul. He had sacrificed all for knowledge: the pleasures of the hunt, the couch, the grape, and the companionship of his kind were unknown to him. His head shook in philosophic amazement, and the rattle of a million dry pages and the echoes of a thousand dead pedantic voices crescendoed in his ear. He spat at his weakness, but a tear glistened in his beard.

* * *

Sunlight fell benevolently on the world from a cloudless sky but reflected fiercely on the white road which curled like a great snake from the castle of the Shans. Ozor walked slowly through the heat which rose in quivering waves from the steaming earth, warping the rock hills stretched low across the horizon and the cool splendor of his own high mountains at his back. He gazed with half attentive eyes at the crowded emptiness of living things in the great spaces before him. . . . Could man know the full implication of his mind's whimsical directions? Arguments of assent and dissent leapt nimbly through his brain, turning thoughts like insects under stones, alternately extending and cutting short the fragile arm of conjecture. The knowledge that Miir had glimpsed in his last dreams still fled elusively beyond the sight, but if Ozor could not learn, he would teach. There was a certain rightness in disseminating the fruits of a life's patient searching, and it granted an opportunity to search for the promised tun. That was the question: was it an act of terrible greed to cast away the fact of knowledge for the symbol, or was it a moral thing at all, if one chose to call it an exchange of wisdom for a bauble whose inextricable ties with an idea, a heritage, had meaning only to himself? It was a question he could not, dared not, answer posi-

tively. Ahead, over the low grasses, lay the route of the caravan, the first step, the realization of things accomplished, the promise of things to come. He would not turn back now.

A train of covered carts rolled dustily out of nowhere, pouring into the air a weird admixture of perfumes from intriguing sources—ginger, cinnamon, delicate leaves of lotus and jasmine, incense, tea, musk—all met in the pervasive odor of sweating beasts. Ozor was lifted into the dark cluttered cavern of one of the carts. His garb attested to his poverty more eloquently than upturned palms would have (he smiled at the thought), but the drivers soon discovered the fountain of his knowledge and drank deeply of his thoughtful words—hesitant at first, then strong with a natural fullness and warmed with new-found charity. He was made welcome.

In those far off days, man's earth was an immense flatness, broken in countless upheavals, mighty and low, sprawling to the repetitious seas, and into vague wildernesses of tangle and tundra. The very distances were incomprehensible as pure dimensions, things void of emotion, for the land's vastness and the slow clop of a horse's hoof, or the complaining creak of a wheel's endless meeting with the earth, were forever opposed to time; the measure of life, the splendor of youth, and the herald of death. Ozor, then, for all his knowledge, traveled into the half-understood, and he had not the feathered wing nor the magic carpet with which to conquer it.

The years saw him pass in all directions of the wind, and he, for the first time, saw life. He saw the great thronging cities of man and the somnolent dignity of nature; he saw beauty, filth, greed, kindness, and things he could not understand in the eyes of those with whom he talked; he felt the pang of unfulfilled love when he saw the suckling babe, and knew the laughter which springs from the lips alone; he heard terror, hate, and divineness

from a million mouths; and, in all that his senses brought him, he read of man's stumbling search for the light of truth. The seed of his own wisdom he cast everywhere, but he felt a new humility in the realization that he, too, could only stumble toward the light. And then the deceptive path of fact obscured by time, and legend, and fiction willingly conjured, led him to that which he sought.

The tun lay in a swatch of silk like the living eye of some forgotten god, staring with a fire of conviction that could not long be met by mortal beings. In the power of its brilliance, as if transfixed at the sight of the summation of his toils, Ozor poured out the tale of his search for the stone to the one who possessed it. Turjan listened at first with patient skepticism to the unbelievable words of his strange guest, then suddenly, like pieces falling as though commanded into a fantastic mosaic, the details of the story linked with unnumbered fragments of fact and hearsay lodged in the depths of his brain, and resolved as a magnificent whole before him.

"Then you are a descendant of the Shans, the ancient scholars, and this, this stone, is a piece of the gem called tun which was given to them!" Ozor nodded, and the younger man nodded in return, amazed.

"Ah, sir, there are not many in this world who would call you anything but insane, for the legendary fate of the Shans and their tun is disappearance from the face of the earth, and indeed, there has been nothing to refute it! I had not dared to believe that this stone of mine was the proverbial tun, for it has been a number of centuries since the last piece is recorded to have been given to a Shan, and to the knowledge of those historians who remembered its appearance, none was ever found afterward." Ozor looked about the book-littered room, now unreal with the muted patterns of light scattering from the tun.

"None, but this one piece." The skin of his aged face wrinkled into a delicate seine of lines as he glanced with a thoughtful smile at the tun. "And like a child yearning after the clouds in the sky, or the young maiden dreaming of love, this is what I have set my heart upon. Nine years ago I left my books, my home, all the security of a peaceful old age, in search of this, and even then I pondered long over the rightness of my decision. Now, the very travels which carried me to the far corners of the earth and finally here have given me the wisdom to see that their purpose was not justifiable. Such, my friend, are the ironies of fate. Yet, this tun was the inspiration for the long succession of experiences, both wondrous and terrible, which I have undergone in these last years, and to forsake that purpose now . . . ah, my brain falters at the suggestion; I could not do it."

With a calm intensity that conveyed only desire for understanding, Turjan studied the worn face of his guest. The eyes of Ozor were clear as the limpid waters of a quiet pool, and mirrored in their depths was purity of emotion, the strength of courage, and the surpassing humility of great wisdom. At length, Turjan spoke into the quiet air, and all things stood still to hear the vibrance of his voice.

"You shall have your tun, Ozor. If my eyes could find within you the sins of pride or ego—anything but the sincerity without which all is nothing, I would not attend your words through the time of the falling of the faintest star, for the lips of a learned man speak knowingly, and they must either speak great truths or great lies. I, myself, am not blind to the remarkable beauties of this stone, but you have need for it far beyond me, and this knowledge I cannot refuse to obey."

"I hope with all my soul that your judgment is right," said Ozor simply. He stared outward, unseeing, as the mind gazed into a fathomless space of imagination. "In my home, I have books

beyond all count that are rich with the lore of all ages, the highest thoughts of man. These have fed the craving of my mind and soul since the beginning of my life, and they are to me as eyes are to the hewer of stone, but I have no need for them now. Old Ozor has seen his flame shine brightly for an hour; it must soon return to the elements from which it sprang. To perpetuate the balance of things, thus and so, the goods of this life must be forever used to a purpose, and so I must pass on that of mine which has value." At last he turned to the other man who sat watching him. "You have shown great wisdom; I offer you one source of any I may have."

Men may well wonder at the perfection of the giving of Ozor and Turjan, for their gifts transcended the purposes and intents of mere bartering. Each forsook that which meant much to him, and both gave without thought save the need of the other.

Thus it was that on the third day, as the sun poured forth its golden life into the valley of the Euphrates, Turjan and Ozor, riding at the head of forty huge horse-driven carts, set across the flat grassy plains to the river Tigris and turned northward to the indistinct shapes of the distant mountains. Each succeeding dawn saw the peaks jutting ever higher into the emptiness of space, until on the sixth day of their journey, the sky before them was filled with towering mass and form. As the sun passed over their heads, the white road on which Ozor had last walked nine years before fell below and behind them, and the castle of the Shans sprang into view high in the green forest.

For two days, the drivers labored steadily moving the countless books from the dark halls of the castle. When the last precious volume had been laid carefully away and the carts moved like great ponderous beasts down the white road, Turjan grasped Ozor by the hand.

"My poor lips could never give expression to the fullness of

my heart, for words are but ripples on the quiet waters of understanding. To say that nothing divides us is an ignoble and incomplete statement of my feeling. What is mine is freely yours, as yours is mine, and it is something far more meaningful than a sense of indebtedness which pleases me to offer you a place in my home. I beg you to accept."

Ozor was silent in thought, and time passed with the sweet singing of a bird far off. At last, as if moving a great weight in his mind, he spoke.

"You cannot know how it troubles me to so shamelessly refuse you, but I must stay here. If I were in possession of my fullest powers of mind and body, I would look forward with all imaginable pleasure to spending the rest of my days in constant communication with a powerful young mind such as yours. But my consciousness turns in and backward, and I exist ever more completely in the realm of memory. Whether I live one day or one thousand, my life is over, and I shall stay alive in great peace with the echoes of time past in this empty place. You must go alone."

Turjan clasped him for an instant, then with a helpless gesture of sadness, rode off into the fiery redness of the sunset, and was gone.

Ozor gazed at the approaching evening until the first star appeared in the west. He walked slowly into the whispering darkness of his castle and built a great fire in the cavernous hearth. Flames licked into the depths of his dazzled eyes and roared mightily in his ears. As the thunder grew, his soul wrenched within him and splintered into refracting spears of torturing emotion, and he dropped quickly at the great chest, clinging to its stark firmness as reality trembled. The lid rose blackly before him, and as the liquids of his brain frothed and flowed into his eyes, he gathered the pieces of tun with frantic

arms and fell backward into nothingness. A void of sibilant, tumultuous emptiness thrust him head over heels into world after shimmering eviscerated world after evanescent naked fleshy world and suddenly he was there. A burning red eye shot colors through him from a spectral sea and hot sands crawled in his bowels. He saw his father walking through the shuddering insane waves of shrieking hue toward him and he shouted from an echoing skull with a thousand thrusting tongues 'I know, I understand' as the fullness exploded him to the ends of space; but the voice ceased as the throbbing of a gong and the last rustle of wind in the dry grass, for he was dead.

* * *

Kadhimain the miner rode through the knots of towering trees and clutching undergrowth with the soft grace of one long accustomed to the back of a horse. Spears of sunlight sifted through the rising dust and interlacing branches overhead to reveal a face heavy with beard and the grime of many days accumulation, two brilliant careless eyes, and a dry mouth working ceaselessly, singing an inharmonious chant to the twisting file of asses stumbling under their great loads at the rear.

A glimpse of the unexpected caught his eye, and his jaw sagged in amazement. Ahead, surrounded by a garden choked with intruding grasses, stood an ancient castle such as he had never seen in all his far journeys into the mountains. An air of deathly stillness pervaded the scene, and he shivered in spite of himself as he dismounted and walked, with imagination working furiously, toward an entrance. Cautiously he edged into a huge room; and when, with many blinkings of thick eyelids, his sight adjusted to the darkness, he jumped a foot into the air and a wild cry strangled in his neck. Ozor lay on the floor ten feet in front of him, and time and nature had treated him harshly. Lips had disappeared from the clenched teeth and the eyes were pits of

hellish imagination, though the fragile skin of the face was still in place. Kadhimain fled into the outside air until the sun shining unperturbed in the sky bolstered his prostrate courage, and crept with eyes averted back into the room. The presence of the great chest penetrated his shocked mind and with much trembling he opened it. At the bottom glowed a greenish mass which seemed to exude a light of its own, and he scooped up a handful to examine outside.

Three weeks later, Kadhimain arrived at his small home beside the great lake on the eastern plateau. Eagerly, for he had quite forgotten the horror of the place in which he found it, he layed out the pieces of tun on a table and rearranged them until he had a square eighteen on a side. It was not metal—a bite with his teeth convinced him of that—and it was like no gem he had ever seen or heard of. With brow furled seriously he pondered deeply; then a light spread slowly over his face. He mixed a certain fine clay soil with water and spread it carefully on the floor before a small altar in one corner of the room, then laboriously set the pieces of tun in a careful square. Four days later he took great pleasure in feeling the smoothness of the stones under his bare feet.

POURELLE

By Myron Szold

EYES like the morning star,
Cheeks like the rose.
Laura is a pretty girl,
Everybody knows.

* * *

I am not he—but you are she
And this is what you mean
to me.

Gehoomte! And there she was.
I think
and ponder:

Pigs they are and pigs they be
but she
is
not.

Hair of gold—eyes of blue;
I think
and ponder,

It is tomorrow—it is yesterday.
Gehoomte la la and there she was.
Clang Clang

Or is it ting-a-ling.
Two nickels ring . . . eternity
it was
thinking

and pondering.
A voice! I live again.
Gehoomte ba ba ba boom

and there she was
and yes she said—I think . . .

* * *

A tie and coat

Clothes I guess.

I think

and ponder.

Veni vidi vici . . . qui sait?

For I am not he—but you are she.

[Others there are—oh no

Yes, and better by far—oh no

But try

man

try.

(Hair of gold—eyes of blue.

I think

and ponder

Who knows?

She does for

She is she.)]

Gehoomte la la

It is bliss. I

Cannot think

or ponder

Only sink

and flonder.

Blissyesbliss

For she is she. i

Swim

Sink

Soar; i am

Square

and
 round: i
 amiyamiyam.
 For she is she
 Tho' I be not he.
 There is more. Rapture.
 Today is
 Saturday and so
 is yesterday
 and tomorrow.

I live, I am, I are
 For she is she
 Tho' I be not he.
 * * *

It is now. I am here
 Only existing
 my head
 my arms

Are they there?
 I am here; I would be
 there.

I miss my dog
 My bed
 My meal
 My cat
 My house
 My snow
 My books
 My . . .
 I am dead

i arn't
 isn't

amn't

ain't

!BUT SHE IS

!ARE

!AM and

She would have me for a meal

a house

a . . .

Gehoomte ba ba ba iggle-rousse

I swim

sink

(soar, fall)

square

(round)

is

are

am yam

Not he I guess

but

* * *

She is she

And this is what she means

to me.

THE TRACK OF THE WANDERING

By Leon Vickman

CHICAGO-BORN Jean Michel Darios stood in the Trieste railway station and counted the dinars he had just received at the Exchange for his liras.

He often prided himself in having crossed the Atlantic more than a dozen times, and in having taken two round-the-world cruises. He had enjoyed spending winters in Casablanca, Seville, Majorca, and the Cote d'Azur; springtimes in Miami, Capri, and Paris; summers in Geneva and Salzburg; and autumns in New York. He had worked in government, import-export, journalism, and in various international ventures. Only recently he had completed a very promising contract with a group of film producers in Rome.

Nothing could be more pleasing, he thought, than to be boarding the *Orient Express* that morning. The ticket for his second class seat was for as far as Zagreb, Yugoslavia, where he had friends whom he had not seen for some years. He felt it was time for a vacation, and he was taking one.

Yugoslavia, he fancied, was as good a place as any. Marshal Tito may be what he may. An American could get the proper visa with no difficulty at this time, and, off-color politics or not, he argued, the standard of living there was good and low, so his money went a long way, which was to him, a primary consideration.

Yet Darios was not entirely pleased. He found he was for the moment the sole occupant of the second class compartment. He would never lower himself to ride third class which most people traveled, and then again he was not opulent enough to allow himself first class travel. But no, it was not the class or the train

... he always enjoyed riding trains, *if*, in his compartment, there were someone interesting to talk to. Now there was no one, but he was expecting two people, at least he was hoping they would come.

Jean Michel Darios sat down and relaxed his slender, middle-aged body. He put his hand under his handsome face, stared at the station, smoked his curved pipe, and thought, for just that short while, how terribly dull was the whole business of traveling.

But then he saw on the platform outside two attractive women whom he knew to be mother and daughter; they struggled with their suitcases as they entered the train and began to look for their compartment. Darios had met the older woman two days before at a cocktail party in Trieste. She was charmingly French and though he had only spoken to her for a short time he had found that she and her daughter were going to Zagreb on the *Express*, and so he arranged to be in their compartment. He had not seen the daughter before, and he wondered why.

In his polished manner he went into the corridor, greeted them, arranged their luggage, and then in his excellent French he began a most lively conversation. He found the mother quite pleasing, and the daughter equally so. He settled back, anticipating an interesting journey.

"Isn't it fortunate that we are on the same train to Zagreb," he pursued. "I shall look forward to pleasant conversation with you, and with your daughter."

"You're extremely kind," the mother replied. He watched her as she smoked a cigarette in her nervous way. Her fading skin and well preserved figure maintained a former grace and charm. Her hair, greying slightly, offset a powerful face. And much of the mother's appearance was echoed in the daughter; a girl in her early twenties, fresh, grey-eyed, blond, and alluringly French in

appearance. Darios knew that each woman offered an unusual opportunity. For the present, however, he must cultivate both, at least until Zagreb.

He was certain that his insistent questioning would leave the mother, Olga Kempinsky, no choice but to expose to him a good part of her past. He often wondered if there were some weakness in his character. He did not want to think he was the sort of person who took what he could from people and then left them. This fine woman would be a friend for him. He would not be unkind or tactless. He assured himself he would try to be understanding.

"What year did you escape from Russia . . . did you say you came from near Kiev?"

"We lived near there, but we left our home when the war began . . . when we got into Romania it was 1921. . . ."

"What happened during the war years must have been interesting," and he faintly smiled.

"But far from pleasant, Monsieur Darios. . . ."

"I should enjoy your telling me more about all that. The Soviet Union is one place I know very little about. I was only there a few days in 1937, but only in Moscow . . . never in the Ukraine. . . ."

"I'm afraid I would give only a prejudiced accounting, and it was quite long ago. . . ."

"Mother usually doesn't want to talk about all of that, Monsieur Darios." Youthful Marceline Kempinsky presented a different problem to Darios. She had sufficient poise yet tended to over-emphasize her sophisticated manner. And she was wary of Darios; this he realized and disliked, still he was confident of being able to overcome any resistance. He thought as he surveyed her slim body that he might well desire to do so before too long. Oh, he had no base motives, he noted to himself. He was

confident that he was an honest, successful man, and one who saw the good and bad in people. If he had any selfish motives . . . but then, he had no more than anyone else.

He brought the conversation back to the mother's remembrances of Bolshevik days . . . the whole business would make good conversation for a while.

Madame Kempinsky softly continued. "When I was young, before the war and the revolution, we lived in our home on a small plot of land, and there my family worked hard in their merchant trade, and though times were difficult we had good food of all kinds . . . from what little I remember it was a good life . . . but I was very young when all that ended and the war began."

"How did you manage to leave, and why?" he asked.

She attempted a smile. "Your questions are much too difficult . . ." but after a moment she continued. Darios had spoken to her at the party in Trieste long enough to gain her confidence, at least, he thought, a good part of it. "The reasons for most of what happened during the war are unknown to me, but our reasons for leaving were obvious. There were always groups of bandits, part of a vicious peasant tribe, who came to the homes of the Jews in the Ukraine . . . they robbed and murdered . . . this went on before the war as well . . . we never knew when we would be in danger . . . and in 1914, when the war began, there was no government, no order. We were forced to flee from the race riots, the pogroms . . . my family scattered . . . we traveled about on the overcrowded trains from city to city . . . we searched for a place which was more tolerant toward the Jews . . . it was very difficult . . . very terrible . . . we slept anywhere . . . it snowed . . . we stayed no more than days or weeks in one place . . . all classes suffered . . . and we moved about for five years." She paused, and the train's noise on the rails filled the

silence. "I was the youngest in my family and so they thought I should be given the chance to live my life outside of the terror . . . our relatives in America had sent only enough money to bring one of us out. . . ."

As the train moved along the wooded Slovenian Alps Darios saw the countryside dotted every few miles with small villages and little churches. He was pleased as Olga Kempinsky began again to talk. She smoked her cigarette, and paused often in the middle of thoughts as she looked out of the window. For Darios she was no ordinary story teller, but rather, one who took pleasure in having a story to tell, and then again, one who disliked most of her memories, but clung tenaciously to a certain few. He admitted that she was indeed a rare find . . . the hours would drift by in her company . . . the prospect was pleasing.

She continued to talk. "We remained in Bessarabia for I suppose two months . . . then one night about fifty of us refugees were told we could get across the river bordering Romania, and once across we would be safe . . . but before the boat came the Bolsheviks found us . . . they killed all but eight or nine of us who hid in the woods . . . we were finally smuggled across. . . . We stopped first in Kishnev where I met my cousin . . . he took me to Bucharest . . . I was in each city for I guess nearly three months . . . I very quickly learned the language, and I enjoyed being with the people . . . they were healthy and happy . . . here Jews were not bothered . . . we went next by train, after we got our papers from America . . . as we traveled we met people like us who had left the Ukraine. . . . We arrived at last in Antwerp and attempted to sail to America . . . but somehow our relatives didn't get us the papers we needed, and so my cousin decided to take me to Paris. I'm not certain of what happened to him." Darios strained to hear her last words. She had dropped her eyes in what he thought was dejection. Strange. Of course, he reasoned, she must have had

hardships, but had she reacted properly to all of that traveling? He would have seen it in a different way. He was positive of this. But then, would she have seen his travels as he did? He doubted it.

"Most certainly you enjoy living in Paris," he inserted hopefully.

"There the people have freedom... we have been very happy." She looked up again, and gazed out of the window.

"You married a Parisian?"

"Yes, he was living in Paris, but was born in Yugoslavia... we are going to meet him in Zagreb... he is visiting his family there."

"Ah... I see... I see." Darios suddenly shifted his attention to Marceline. She would be more receptive, he thought. "And you have lived in Paris all your life?"

"Most of the time," the young woman answered. Darios knew he must apply himself more meticulously, but he faltered, just momentarily. The daughter was young, seemingly innocent. He wondered if his sudden desire for her was the proper thing. But then, what was he doing that was wrong? Why nothing. He assured himself he was simply being friendly.

"You study at *La Sorbonne*?" he said.

"No, at *L'Ecole des Beaux Arts*," and her grey eyes directly met his for the first time. Her soft, warm features were lovely, youthful.

"Ah, you're interested in the arts... I must tell you of what I've done recently... you are interested in the cinema, I'm certain."

"Yes," Marceline replied.

"Why it was only several days ago that I completed a very excellent arrangement with several talented friends of mine in Rome..." Darios knew he was progressing. The charming young woman posed an occasional question, a smile, a direct

glance. The deep sigh of the mother, who was looking out of the window, came to him as an unwanted interruption.

As the train moved slowly up the mountain grade a small railway station came into view. On the several flag poles on the front of the small building flew brilliant red flags.

"I have not been in a Communist country since my last days in the Ukraine," said the mother, "nor did I wish to return to any of these places . . . my memories are not very pleasant."

"Ah, but this is not the Soviet Union," Darios insisted. "The flags may be almost the same, and both Tito and Stalin may claim to be Communists, but, you know, each says the other has taken the wrong path . . . quite amusing isn't it?" He paused for breath. "And, you know, what difference does it make, really? As long as we get our visa to come here, it's as good a place as any to visit . . . why money goes a long way here . . . that's the main thing. . . ."

"Perhaps," Madame Kempinsky continued, "But I didn't go with my husband when he left to visit his family."

"Why are you going now?"

"I have never met his family. . . his father is dying . . . I have a basic obligation." All the while she spoke he watched her deep somber eyes.

"Ah yes . . . I see . . . I see."

"But you must understand, Monsieur Darios, that I have never forgiven the methods of the revolution . . . the horror of the pogroms . . . flags such as those we have seen are not lovely to anyone who has known those days. . . ."

Oh, yes, yes . . . they all react this way Darios supposed, but she's only traveling here. Why the extreme violence? He would never, and he doubted if he ever wanted to go further into it.

"Do you hear from your family in Russia?" he countered.

"I never heard."

The train stopped a short time in Ljubljana, and then con-

tinued on into Croatia, toward Zagreb. Olga Kempinsky was very occupied by the appearance of the countryside. She spoke to her daughter as the train moved through field after field.

"See how blond and beautiful all the children are. . . ." People in the fields close to the train raised their eyes and watched it move by. "They are much like the people we knew when we were children. . . I never expected to see this sort of thing again. . . ." She looked at the land before them. Her fine face suddenly had a more youthful quality, and he listened with interest as she continued. "There were happy moments on our small farm, before the trouble came. . . oh! see the clothes those peasants are wearing. . . the bright colors and patterns. . . the double braided hair of the women there. . . they have not changed for so many years. . . they are happy if they are given peace. . . what we so often wished for in the Ukraine."

"But mother, these people live under Communism now."

"Yes, it's difficult to say what they are or feel. . . they don't know our freedom. . . only oppression. . . we should say no more about it. . . we are guests in their country." And the nervous woman crushed her cigarette as she continued to gaze out of the window at the quiet fields.

Darios talked with Marceline. He realized he did not agree with the mother's attitude toward so many things. . . So he told Marceline how he enjoyed spending time along the Mediterranean. He told her of certain fashionable parties in the palaces along the Venetian Grand Canal, of his overwhelming winnings at Monaco's Casino, of his chatting with Picasso's charming daughter on the Cote d'Azur, and he was beginning to describe each of the ports of call on his last round-the-world cruise as the *Orient Express* pulled into the large station in Zagreb.

Darios helped the two women with their luggage. In the station he carefully wrote down their address. In the meanwhile

Madame Kempinsky stood nearby, lost completely in distant thought. She was attractive, but now, pathetic as well.

He planned to entertain Marceline in Zagreb, but he had hardly put the girl's address safely in his pocket when he saw a former woman friend of his walking toward him, her hands loaded down with luggage.

"Why Frieda, of all people! What in the world are you doing here?" He turned and walked over to assist the former woman friend. And as he began talking to her he saw in the future pleasant hours slipping by while he sipped Turkish coffee and told Frieda, the graceful, young, vacationing, Polish-born English-woman, of the splendid winter and autumn he had spent since he saw her last.

But he suddenly realized he had left his two French friends standing in the station. He didn't want to appear opportunistic. He would see that they were getting along. He searched for them in the crowd, but they were not where he had left them a minute ago. Could they have left so quickly? That was rude of them he thought. But never mind. He would tell his new companion of his trip to Spain. He would take her to her hotel. He would see that she was perfectly at home.

"My dear Frieda. You can't imagine the immense beauty of Majorca . . . I'm very surprised you haven't been there. The standard of living is dreadfully low . . . the rate of exchange is favorable . . . you know Chopin and George Sand found it quite pleasant . . . yes, perhaps I'll meet you there sometime . . . and did you say you often go to Salzburg in the summer? And, yes, of course, you'll find Zagreb charming . . . charming. . . ."

WHAT IS A SLUM?

By Marvin Bienstock

ANY SLUM is all slums and every slum. It is a mass of tenements crowded so close together that a telephone is not necessary. You can talk to anybody just by opening your window and yelling.

"Mrs. Pasqual, have you gotten your big fat daughter married yet?"

You have no secrets in a slum. The walls are made of paper and look like swiss cheese. A whisper carries up and down four floors and a block in length.

"That Mr. Uzzle was complaining about his breakfast again."

When you live in a slum you try to forget it. You try to forget the commonplace and surround yourself with the fancy trimmings of those people who you can never be.

"Lafayette, Lafayette O'Sullivan! You get right in here and eat your supper!"

By day the slum is filth. The beer cans and the gin bottles lie in heaps with the milk containers and the waste from a thousand meager dinners. The air, already polluted by smoke and soot, is filled with the smell of a thousand more meager dinners, whose remains will soon be added to the thousands past. Chile con carne, spaghetti and meatballs, mulligan stew, borscht, and pickled herring mingle in the breeze, which doesn't exist, just as the people who create them mingle in the slum which, all too undeniably, does exist.

"No, Mrs. Cohen. Do you know somebody who would marry her?"

The food isn't much either, but it fills your belly and relieves the gnawing there which is due to much more than hunger.

"What has Uzzle got to complain about? He had eggs, even if they were overdone."

It is the kids whom the slum hurts most. It isn't good to grow up with a bitter taste in your mouth. The street is their home and the rubbish heap their sandpile. They play jump-rope with one end of the rope tied around an ash can, and baseball with a broom handle for a bat and sewer covers for bases. Nature is a myth. A tree is a dream come true, and a flower is heaven personified.

"I'll be up in a minute, Ma; Jimmy has a picture of a cow, a real cow!"

At night, merciful darkness covers the tenements and hides their ugliness. Then the people pour out of their dens and congregate on the crumbling steps to suck in the night air, the clean air not dirtied by smoke but only by the decay of buildings. The people talk easily between Negro and white, Jew and gentile for poverty is a powerful equalizer. They talk to forget, or often they forget to talk; and they just sit and think and gaze up at nothing, for starlight cannot be strained through chimneys.

Yes, this is their time to forget, but later at night comes their time to remember, and a mother's soft weeping carries up and down four floors and a block in length. It entwines with a dreaming child asking for things he can never receive, and the prayers of a father begging for strength to continue.

This then is a slum. This then is life in a slum; and God weeps with the weeper.

VIRTUE

By William Barlow

VIRTUE is a something that
Parallels a thermostat,
Regulating ev'ry deed,
Never failing to succeed.

Virtue is a quality
Coupled with maturity
Guiding ev'ry moral act
Putting forward grace and tact.

This, at least, is what I'm *told*
If but once, a thousandfold;
This, at least, is what I'm *told*
If but once, a thousandfold.

Faith and Hope and Charity
Virtues of theology;
We are told to try to find
These three virtues in our mind.

Faith and Hope and Charity,
Moral singularity,
Always should we eulogize
Never acting otherwise.

This, at least, is what I'm *told*
If but once, a thousandfold;
This, at least is what I'm *told*
If but once, a thousandfold.

Justice, Prudence, Temperance,
 Fortitude and all at once
 Card'nal virtues are defined
 Written, sealed, and countersigned.

Justice, Prudence, Temperance,
 Lead one to insouciance,
 Prudence, Temp'rance, Fortitude
 Soft'ning each vicissitude.

This, at least, is what I'm *told*
 If but once, a thousandfold;
 This, at least, is what *I'm* told
 If but once, a thousandfold.

"Goodness," "Goodness," goodness me,
 This is all we hear and see;
 "Evil," "Evil," even now
 Everything they disallow.

Murder, rape, uxoricide,
 All are called undignified;
 Ardent arson, larceny,
 Never tend t'ward clemency.

Anger, pride, and gluttony
 Lead at once to enmity;
 Greed and envy, sloth and lust,
 Deadly Sins—aren't they just?

This, at least, is what I'm *told*
 If but once, a thousandfold;

This, at least, is what *I'm* told
If but once, a thousandfold.

Virtue—moral excellence
Lauded by grandiloquence
Claimed by all and held by none
Save for use as jetison.

Virtue—unrequiting good,
Creditable brotherhood;
Solemnness—exemplary,
Just a dash of *jeu d'esprit*.

All of this is hard to find
In any one of humankind;
Tow'ring like a pinnacle—
God, now wouldn't that be dull!

But luckily he'll never be
This vertebrate monotony;
A human foible always sticks—
Don't get me wrong, that's 'sticks,' not 'Styx.'

This, at last, is what I *know*
No one had to tell me so;
This, at last, is what I know:
Virtue's traded *quid pro quo*.

* * *

Defining was my purpose here;
So here's my meaning brief and clear—
Virtue is, I've always thought,
That that's bad that ain't been caught.

ORPHAN

By Walter W. Lee, Jr.

THE ALARM jangled in an uninhibited manner for about five seconds and then its plunger was soundly slapped down. Today was the day. It had to be; not only was everything set, but the young man whose hand still covered the upper part of the alarm clock would soon be required by federal law to register with the selective service system.

He was tempted to smash the clock—he wouldn't use it again; but the clock received a temporary reprieve, and the window claimed his attention.

It looked as though it would be cold until about noon when the sun, bright through the clear air, would warm things up. He looked down at the bank where he had worked for the two years since his high school graduation. It was soft, this job his guardian had been so instrumental in obtaining for him. He chuckled.

Turning away from the cold Monday morning he approached his mirror and looked into his grey eyes. Again he laughed. His "loving uncle" hadn't even noticed that when he started work after graduation his eyes had become brown. Now everyone knew his eyes were brown; he'd made sure of that, just as he'd made sure they knew he needed glasses. Hadn't he missed a day's work when they were broken? He applied a cup of wash to his eyes and then slipped in his brown contacts, shaved, patted shaving lotion onto his face and liquid deodorant under his arms.

He put some lanolin in his left palm and spread it around with his right hand until it was nearly a liquid; then he rubbed it into his already dark, greasy hair and combed the long but recently trimmed hair very neatly into his usual wavy style.

Having combed his hair and shaved, he put on his dark rimmed glasses and dressed in the white shirt, blue suit, and yellow tie that were hung in readiness. He gave his black shoes a quick brushing and stepped again to the window. It was nearly time for his uncle to arrive at the bank. Uncle was a little late.

Stepping away from the window, he put on his top coat and the white gloves he'd been wearing the last few days. The gloves were important now because he had removed the lacquer that had been on his finger tips. His motel key rattled comfortably in his left pocket.

The young veteran in the apartment above had given him the choice between the Luger he now slipped into his right top coat pocket and a P-38. The man's wife had wanted both souvenirs removed—permanently. She wouldn't have to worry about the gun; he smiled.

The pocket containing the Luger received an affectionate pat—a gun in very good condition.

Passing his lunch pail sitting on the table, an acknowledged eccentricity, he opened the door and walked over to the phone. He called the fire department's emergency number and excitedly but quickly and precisely gave them a false alarm at an address several miles away.

Back to the room.

There were two large cans of gasoline and he systematically drenched the room. Then he lit a small blue birthday candle. Appropriate, he smiled imagining that the room would nearly explode and that the old frame construction of the apartment house with its oiled floors would almost do the same.

Empty lunch pail in hand he stepped out and locked the door. Down the stairs and across to the bank.

As he walked across the street he heard fire sirens as two trucks speeded away into the cold morning. Inside the bank it was

warmer, but he didn't remove his coat and gloves. He nodded to several of the early arrivers and walked through the front part of the bank. At the control box he switched off three circuit breakers in the correct order.

Then he heard it.

"Fire!" "The apartments are burning!" People evidently were excited, he thought. Probably the only engine left at the station was the old Stutz. He managed to control his mirth as his uncle went rapidly by.

O. K. now was the time. The money for three payrolls had come in Saturday. Lists of the larger bill's serial numbers had not been made. Neatly into the lunch pail went the money from the vault's main safe, mostly twenties but many larger bills—and very little of it new. He ignored tens. The lunch pail was packed—several rolls went in his pockets.

"Clifford, your apartment—it's burning; it . . . Clifford—what are you doing . . . ?" Shocked disbelief.

Clifford turned, fumbled an instant for his Luger, and shot his guardian once—high in the center of the chest.

There exists an interesting sensation. You feel it—then you play a brilliant adlib trumpet solo, sink a long swisher in basketball, make a successful river draw in poker, or see in an instant the solution to a rough physics problem. As he brought up the gun he felt it—and as the Luger reacted violently in his hand the nervousness he had felt was gone.

He threw the small bills on top of the body and closed the vault. Uncle covered with ones, fives, and tens. . . .

Chuckling inwardly he went out through the nearly deserted front part of the bank. People were very excited and confused. No one stopped him.

Apparently the people on the two floors above his room were trapped. Very sad. He smiled as he turned and walked away from

the screams of the veteran's wife coming from the window above his. Flames were all around her.

Just a couple blocks around the corner he let himself into his paid-in-advance motel. Coat, gun, glasses, and contacts went into an open suitcase.

In the kitchenette papers were laid out on the table and a pair of clippers were there. He quickly gave himself a crude butch. A good barber could turn it into a presentable crew cut later.

Newspaper, hair, and clippers went into the waiting suitcase. They were soon followed by his clothes as he stripped to his gloves and stepped into the shower. He washed out the lanolin and short clippings making sure they went down the drain. He dried himself thoroughly giving especially good attention to his hair. It was now its natural color, light brown.

He threw the damp white gloves in the suitcase and closed it. This operation was a little difficult as the packing had not been carefully done.

As he dressed in a green plaid shirt, jeans, and brown shoes, he heard a siren in the distance. The fire department had wasted more time than he'd thought they would.

He reached for the wallet in the jeans and checked its contents: five-hundred-fifty dollars, temporary driver's license—no description and glasses not required, and the title to the '40 Chevrolet just outside. He'd bought the car for three-hundred just the day before from a family who was buying a new one.

Now he loaded the suitcase and lunch pail into the blue two-door sedan leaving the motel door unlocked and the key on the table. In the backseat was another suitcase full of clothes similar to those he had on.

He had told the owners he was leaving early and had prepared the motel Sunday night. He had even made the bed appear slept in.

With a little coaxing and choking he got the car started and drove deliberately to a rather unkept park. As usual no one was around on Monday morning. He took the suitcase and lunch pail about fifty yards from the regular trail to a previously prepared hole, put the top back on and covered it with decaying leaves. He left no obvious trail.

Now he felt considerable relief. If he had been caught with the money . . .

He drove the car around in a turning circle noticing how clear and blue was the sky. The grass was very green and drops of moisture were sending out bursts of multicolored brightness. He rolled his window down and breathed deeply the clean smelling air with its trace of pine and cedar. Already the air was beginning to warm.

He turned south on 101 and headed for San Francisco. He did not pass near, but he noticed that the apartment was reduced to black rubble. Smoke was rising from a good many smoldering piles. The fire department had evidently managed to prevent all but slight damage to adjacent buildings.

Very good. Things had gone as he had hoped. Now as he drove on he considered what he must do in San Francisco. Most important would be his registering with some local board under a new name. He would also get a social security card and a driver's license. When the time came he would enroll at the University of California at Berkeley. Thanksgiving he would return. . . .

He drove on watching the Pacific when he had a chance and marveling at the redwoods when the huge trees crowded the highway. He expected to be stopped at a road block before reaching San Francisco and was mildly surprised when he was not.

PHILOSOPHICAL BAGATELLE No. 3

By Al Haber

YOUR LIFE has been lived. You are a dead soul.

You are a geometric point outside of space, with cold winds of nothingness howling their silence around you.

You have only a soulful awareness of life, viewed from the empty void of timeless eternity.

When you were alive and eighteen years old, just beginning to realize the crass indifference of the world around you, you wished that you could have returned to the security of childhood. When you were thirty-five, you longed for the warm blood and passions which surged through your body when you were eighteen. And as you painfully lay on your deathbed, you knew your happiest days were really those of middle age and parenthood. . . . But the insecurity of youth, the boredom of middle age, and the senescence of old age are nothing when compared with the infinite longing of a dead soul for the solid fullness of matter and the pulsating warmth of life.

If only you could live again . . . If only you could turn time back . . . When would you want it to be? . . . Your first kiss . . . Your wedding? No. Strangely enough, a dead soul has more longing for the "little things" in life—the things which living people take for granted. Dead souls long to walk in the country, to carry on a simple conversation, to read a book or magazine. How you long for a simple pleasure like sitting in a chair and reading . . .

. . . But you *are* reading—You *are alive* again! Remember this instant when you lived it before? Perhaps not, for it is one of those "little things."

Lift your eyes from the print. Look at the colors around you,

cascading through the air like fine droplets of spray over an illuminated fountain. Take a deep breath and feel the sensuous rush of air fill your lungs. Feel your heart pounding within your breast and the hot blood in your cheek.

You can speak—you can exchange ideas and emotions with other living souls!

A miracle? Perhaps not, for you will be just as indifferent as before to your greatest possession, life . . . Or will you?

VEREINSAMT
Friedrich Nietzsche

DIE Krähen schrein
Und ziehen schwirren Flugs zur Stadt:
Bald wird es schnein—
Wohl dem, der jetzt noch Heimat hat!

Nun stehst du starr,
Schaust rückwärts, ach, wie lange schon!
Was bist du, Narr,
Vor Winters in die Welt entflohn?

Die Welt—ein Tor
Zu tausend Wüsten stumm und kalt!
Wer das verlor,
Was du verlorst, macht nirgends halt.

Nun stehst du bleich,
Zur Winter-Wanderschaft verflucht,
Dem Rauche gleich,
Der stets nach kältern Himmeln sucht.

Flieg, Vogel, schnarr'
Dein Lied im Wüstenvogelton!—
Versteck', du Narr,
Dein blutend Herz in Eis und Hohn!

Die Krähen schrein
Und ziehen schwirren Flugs zur Stadt:
Bald wird es schnein,
Weh dem, der keine Heimat hat!

VEREINSAMT (*The Solitary One*)

Friedrich Nietzsche
Translated by Al Haber

THE screaming crows
Soar toward the town, and cease to roam:
Soon come the snows—
How lucky—those who have a home!

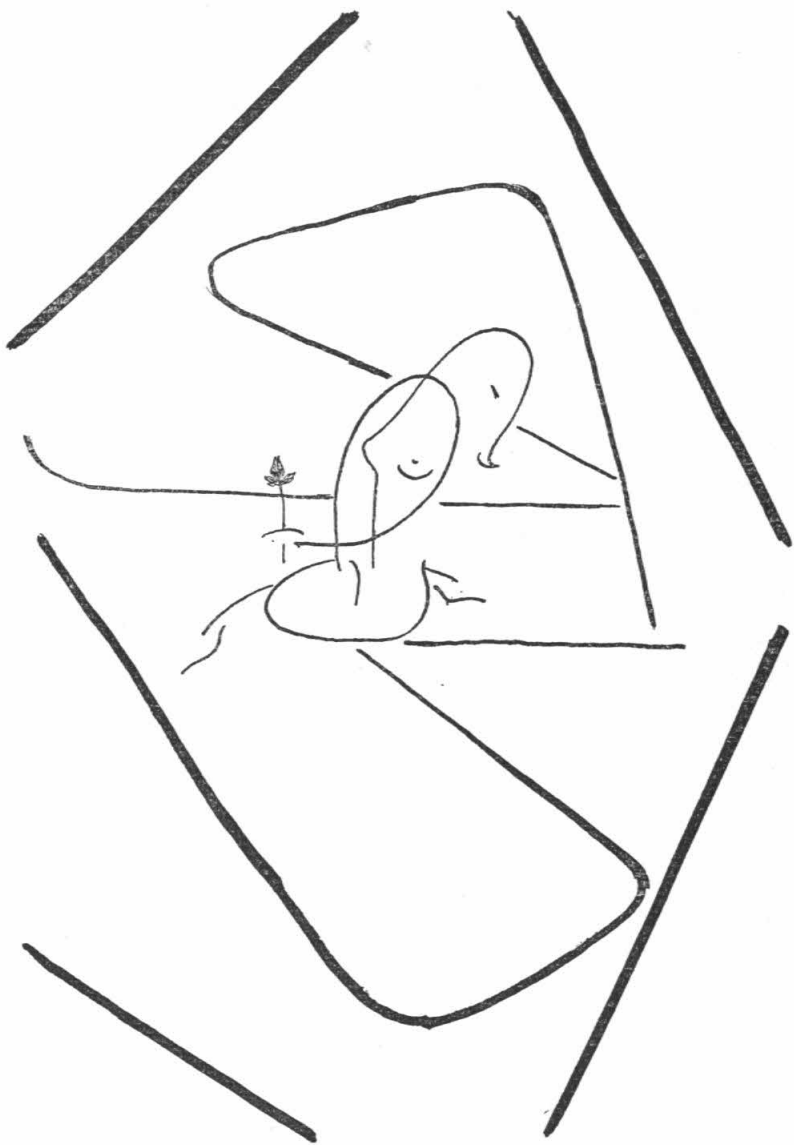
How stiff you stand
As you look back—How far away!
You left your land
Ere winter, fool—No time to stray!

The world's a door
To frozen deserts, cold and still—
Forevermore
You'll wander with this biting chill.

You now look bleak,
Resigned to winter-wandering.
Like smoke you'll seek
What only colder skies will bring.

Fly, bird, and crow
Your song of desert loneliness,
And hide, fool, so
Your bleeding heart in cold distress.

The screaming crows
Soar toward the town, and cease to roam:
Soon come the snows—
Oh pity those who have no home!



By Charles Bodeen

TWO VENTURES IN THE EXPERIMENTAL FILM

SINCE the motion picture strongly depends upon the proper combination of technology and artistic ideas it is often spoken of as being the only art form which is a product of our technological age. We feel it will be of interest to our readers, therefore, to discuss briefly two ventures by Caltech students in the field of the experimental film.

Echoes, the first film, was produced during this past Autumn, and the second film, *The Two Nymphs of the Well*, was shot in December. The showing time of each is approximately ten minutes. Since a good part of the technical and creative work was done without salary by Caltech students the expenses of production came primarily from the costs of film stock and developing.

Sixteen millimeter fine grain positive film was employed in *Echoes*. This stock appears in *negative* when projected; thus a fantastic, almost unreal appearance is given to the ordinary.

Echoes is an impressionistic approach to the subjective remembrances a young man has of his lost love. The unusual effects of the projected negative are very appropriate for this story. The camera takes the young man's point of view. The image on the screen in scene I shows two hands part, and then the girl turns and walks into the distance. Time is turned back to four scenes which are surrealistic remembrances seen through the eyes of the young man. In scene II his lover is among the surroundings of the surf, its waves and the rocks and sand. In scene III is a close-up of the girl's lips, her face, and then scenes representing a region of chilled endlessness into which the young man has fallen. In scene IV symbols of religion, success, and black forgetfulness

show the loss of his last contacts with the conventional world he knew before. Scene V shows a strangely lighted close-up of the girl's face which is followed by a spiral that is lost in the ripple of a pool, symbolizing the transient quality of the young man's emotion of hatred and jealousy resulting from the loss of his love. The last scene shows a close-up of the young man's hands tearing paper into narrow shreds. He sets the paper on fire and the flames reach up and then die as his mind feels a loneliness and realizes that what he has known is gone.

The sound track in both films is very important. Both tracks include narration by a male voice, which in *Echoes* describes the relations between the images on the screen and the moods of the memories of the young man. The musical score in *Echoes* is continuous throughout the film and is performed by a chamber orchestra.

The personnel connected with the film, except where noted, were from Caltech. They are: narrator, Robert Kasold; player, Barbara Bates (Pasadena Playhouse); flute, Eugene Engels; bassoon and clarinet, William Purves; harp, Jo Ann Dickinson (Pomona College); sopranos, Anita Egnew and Cynthia Corzine (Scripps College); technical advice and facilities, John Scott Campbell; music composed and conducted by Richard Jaffe; art work, Michael Anderson; co-direction, Frank Capra, Jr.; co-direction, production and scenario, Leon Vickman.

The second motion picture, *The Two Nymphs of the Well*, is a modern dance interpretation of an old Italian legend. This work was done in conventional sixteen millimeter black and white film under artificial light which gave a highly contrasted effect and so contributed to the myth-like atmosphere of the story. The two nymphs, whose dwelling place is an old well, perform a miracle which saves the life of the Italian prince who

believes in their mystic powers. The camera does not see the actual surroundings of old Florence where the story takes place, but rather it sees the unreal world of the nymphs. Through the means of the narration the legend is related.

Arrangements are now being made to record a continuous musical sound track using two French horns, three trumpets, four sopranos, four violins, two celli, one bass, one bassoon, one oboe, one clarinet, two flutes, one harp, and one timpani. Improvement over the first sound track will be made possible by replacing the one-quarter inch magnetic tape recorded on one channel, which was used in *Echoes*, by two sixteen millimeter magnetic tapes, one for narration and one for music. The two tracks will be mixed and dubbed in by the laboratory when the final composite print is made.

The personnel of the film are: the two nymphs, Tomasina Fiore and Olive Anthony Mull, Jr. (Scripps College); narrator, Robert Kasold; technical assistants, Michael Anderson, Marvin Bienstock, Charles Bodeen, James Helmuth, and James Kliegel; technical advice and facilities, John Scott Campbell; musical composition and direction, Richard Jaffe; production, direction, and scenario, Leon Vickman.

The next film this group tentatively plans to produce will express the feelings of a man and women found in the story of a strange sexual love. The adaptation for this film of the literary techniques of *periphery of consciousness* developed by Henry James, and *stream of consciousness* developed by James Joyce will provide a new dimension for the narrated and musical sound and visual images.

Since there are major financial difficulties involved in the production of experimental films the group is now in the process of gathering necessary finances. Nevertheless, in the future it is

planned to use sixteen millimeter commercial kodachrome color film since the difference in cost between this and good black and white is almost negligible, and since color provides many more possibilities for the creation of an interesting image on the screen.

THE WOODEN HORSE

By Charles Davies

IT IS not a long way down the rustling and scuttling Rambla de las Flores before you reach the screeching, smelling market of the Boqueria, and it is not far through this maze of men, vegetables and fish, before you reach the meat section. Here you turn left and, after weaving in and out for twenty yards, come upon the steps leading down to one of the best restaurants in Barcelona. As you can see, it is well hidden, and far from the haunts of the tourists, and it is here that the people of Barcelona, whether they be rich or poor come for the finest meal either a fat or flat purse affords. The restaurant itself is narrow and consists of three floors joined by some rickety old stairs that tend to limit the size of the patrons. The multi-smelling kitchen is downstairs and is open for those coming in, to see and hear the rattling of the highly polished copper pots and pans used in the production of the items soon to be consumed above. On the landing of the second floor, the owner is waiting to accommodate you, and depending upon your state of fatigue, will either find you a table on that floor, or take you up the last flight to the third. For those of you that know Sr. Martin Gallero, there is no question of any other floor but the third, for it is here that aside from food, friends are to be found. It is here that my good friend Luis and I always go on Saturdays, because it is here that we get the chance to sit with some of the men that are to be in the corrida, or bull-

fight on Sunday, and it gives us a chance to appraise beforehand, what is in store on the morrow. There was no wait today for a table, because as we puffed up the last flight of stairs, two men were starting to come down. The one in front, because of his size, was forced to give way and back up in order to allow us to pass, and it was perhaps because of this that I looked a little more closely at him. He was tall and broad-shouldered, with greying hair and thick bushy moustache predominating his square cut features. His clothes were well cut but fitted differently, and when he turned to say something to his companion, I was assured that he was an American. However, this was all in passing, and it was not so much the strangeness of himself, as the fact that he should have ever found out about this place. These thoughts soon passed however, as they disappeared down the steps and we moved towards the table that had been vacated by them, save for one person whom I felt I had seen somewhere before.

Luis and I sat down after the preliminary 'buenos dias' and perused the battered menu, while waiting for Martin to come up. From the corner of my eye, I could see that our companion was busy looking us over, and I suppose that unconsciously, we were appraising him too. He was a rather short and stout man in a very conservative dark grey suit, complete with waist-coat and platinum watch-chain extending from one pocket to the other. His round, moon-faced features, despite the olive tint and dark eyes and hair, seemed to reflect an inner joviality that he was loath to suppress. It was not long before he spoke to us and that was in the form of an introduction. His name was Antonio Manuel Buenafuente de Roca, but for the purposes of the story, I shall call him Anton. With this opening for conversation, we introduced ourselves, and thus began what was to prove a very enlightening aperitif.

Luis was the first to recognize the name and exclaimed, "Of course, I should have known sooner. You were in the *corrida* here last month in the *cuadrilla*—team of the great matador Luis Miguel Domingin. That was truly an exciting experience. I have never seen a braver nor more skillful man with the cape and the sword, since the days of *Manolete!*"

"How right you are *señorito*. To me, as a humble and often ridiculed *picador*, there can be no greater compensation than to work with such a man. True, he is very proud and arrogant and often treats us 'a la *baketa*'—like so much dirt under his feet—but then this is part of the matador's temperament, and we bear with it, as such."

"Tell me Anton," I interposed, "was it not he, that saved you from the horns of the bull in that last *corrida*? If I recollect correctly, the force of bull's charge threw you off the horse, and would have pinned you to the side of the *barrera*, had it not been for Domingin and his skillful handling of the cape to distract the bull."

"That is correct, to the last frightening detail. Death had never seemed so close as at that moment. You cannot imagine the terror that fleets through one's mind when helpless on the ground, without even a cape, and looking straight into the fiery eyes of the *toro*. It is not without cause that I, at forty years of age, owe more than gratitude to my patron and all of his twenty-one years. After the cape had deflected the charge and the *mozos* helped me mount my horse, my worries went to other things. You know, Emilia, she is my horse . . . she is very sensitive now. She has only been with me for a few months, but I have become very attached to her, and I always worry over her, because she is getting very old, and it hurts me to think that one day she will have to go. Either the force of the charge will break her ribs, and make it necessary to have her destroyed, or she will simply be-

come too old to stand on her feet, and will have to be sent to the slaughter-house. Whichever the case, I shall lose a very good and old friend. Poor Emilia.”

“Anton, do the horses that you have had get gored to death very often?” questioned Luis.

“Gored, señorito? No, this only happens very seldom, and nowadays is really inexcusable. When my father was a picador, things were different. In the first place, the horse carried no padding, and it was only those horses that had been destined for the slaughter-house that day, that were used. It was truly a sad sight to see, and even to me, who am used to the sight of blood now, the memory is still repugnant. Today, the padding offers protection against the horns, but not against the force of the blow. When a horse is gored, it is because the other members of the cuadrilla have not been able to maneuver the bull into the correct position for its charge. This is directly at the right stirrup, where the padding is thickest, where there is the armour of the stirrup itself, and where the force of the charge can also be taken by the picador and his short-pointed stout spike—the garrocha. Then too, the horse is gored because the picador is careless, does not position his horse correctly and does not apply the garrocha at the correct moment and exactly between the shoulder muscles of the toro. You see, señoritos, there is more to being a picador than meets the eye. We do not wear the traditional Andalusian hat, yellow embroidered costume and leather covered armour on our legs, simply to ride the horse. There is skill needed to go with all this, and when my companion Jose and I ride out into the arena, there is understanding between us. There is a team, just as much with the ones with the cape and the matador, as there is between me and my poor old Emilia. I am very much afraid that tomorrow will be her last corrida. Since the time I was knocked down, she has become very restless and the blind-

fold over her right eye bothers her more because now, she wants to see what is coming, so as to be able to protect me. She has been truly a great friend and companion, and I shall miss her very much. You must come to the corrida tomorrow, to see her last performance, I am sure she will be very pleased to know that she is famous."

"Rest assured, Anton," I said, "we shall be there tomorrow, together with thousands of others, to see Emilia's last performance and to cheer for her. You can tell her from us, that we feel she is famous, and that her part in the corrida is truly appreciated. Her role is small, but she is one of the team, and without her contribution, the whole would be little."

"Thank you, señoritos, I shall tell Emilia that, and more. I shall tell her not to be nervous, to be steady and brave to take the force of the charge, I shall tell her to keep her footing and to lean into the charge. I shall tell her many things that are between us, when she has to go away, but above all, to be strong, so that you and the other gentlemen that were sitting here may carry away a good opinion of the humble picador and his old horse. I want her to give such a good impression, that the other gentlemen will write well of her in their stories, for nothing hurts more than to find out that after you have told them the truth of what happens to horses like my Emilia, they turn around and exaggerate for the sake of sensationalism and hysteria, and create out of the picador and his horse, a ruffian and a martyr. It is like the story of the Trojan Horse, señoritos, for you can accept them as token banners to carry the truth, and instead they turn into brushes that paint you with dirt. It is, I am afraid, a lost cause, but someday, will be heard from the other side of the page."

At this point, curiosity compelled me to ask him, "Anton, what were the names of those gentlemen, for I should be curious to read their book, should it ever be published?"

"Their names? I cannot remember, but the tall grey-haired man I think was Mr. Hem . . . I am not certain any more. But it is of no consequence, they have done it before, and will continue . . . Now, if you gentlemen will excuse me, I must go to prepare everything for the corrida and speak to my Emilia. It has been a pleasure to have been privileged to engage in such interesting conversation, and I hope that the reunion may be repeated in the near future. Adios, señoritos, and buena suerte—good luck."

"Adios, Anton," we chorused, "hasta mañana—!"

It was not long after the rotund form of Anton had disappeared down the creaking, rickety old stairs, that the cheerful unshaven face of Martin appeared and we again glanced hurriedly at the menu, in preparation as I mentioned earlier, for the finest meal served in Barcelona.



Clown—by *Dave Workman*

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