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FOREWORD

TWO YEARS ago *PENDULUM* was offered as an experiment in providing a means of literary expression for Caltech students. We like to feel that this experiment has been a success in that a sufficient amount of material has been submitted and there has been adequate support to make the magazine worthwhile.

The future of *PENDULUM* is always in jeopardy. Student interest is the life-blood of the magazine. Student contributions, comments, and subscriptions are necessary for continued publication.

We ask you to take advantage of Christmas vacation to write, draw, or photograph something for *PENDULUM*. We hope that you will agree with us that our magazine is a worthwhile addition to Caltech's publications.

THE EDITORS

COMFORT OF THE AFFLICTED

By J. T. Enright

YOU may perhaps remember the recent headlines about the early-morning earthquake in San Luiso. It was big news for a day or two, with ten million dollar damages and several residents killed. The upheaval was soon a vague memory to all but those affected by it—those who had lost homes or property; those who mourned friends or relatives.

Among the list of deceased, whose deaths were part of the initial publicity, was the brief notice, "Mrs. Frances Faren, wife of insurance agent Paul C. Faren, died in the collapse of the bedroom ceiling in their home." These few terse words were the public announcement of what, to Paul Faren, was the end of his world.

Paul had not always been an insurance broker. When he was discharged from the army in 1946, his military experience with heavy equipment readily secured him a position with Jones-Franklin, a general contracting company that specialized in earth-moving. His sturdy build and easy good-nature enabled him to advance from oiler to cat skinner and, within two years, to job foreman. He knew how to handle equipment and he knew how to handle men—a fortunate combination.

Construction work is not an easy life; the strenuous labor, the usual isolation and strictly functional nature of living quarters in a construction camp—and the good wages—tend to draw a rugged, hard-working, heavy-drinking, rough-talking type of man. Among such men, Paul was outstanding; he could drink as much as the next, swear as long and loud as any, and yet do his job thoroughly and get along with nearly everyone. He liked his work, he liked his wages—and he liked his women, the few that

chanced his way during construction seasons and the occasional acquaintances met during the semi-retirement of his winters in California. Like many another, Paul worked the eight or nine months of the construction season that were open in Oregon, Washington, Montana—wherever Jones-Franklin got a job—and then retired on his savings for the winter.

Then, December of three years ago, he met Frances—Franky he always called her. She was a type of woman Paul hardly even knew existed—attractive, pleasant and yet—different. The daughter of a middle-class home, she had been raised in an atmosphere of quiet refinement, had been through three years of college at a “School for Women,” and was, when Paul met her, working in a fashionable shop for women’s apparel. Within two months they were married, and Paul had changed his entire way of life.

To Paul, Franky was a goddess. What she did was right, what she said was so; her way of life became his. Franky never was profane or vulgar; neither was Paul. Franky drank only occasionally and in moderation; so did Paul. Franky was devoutly religious; Paul, who had seldom given a second thought to his origin or purpose, became a devout, sincere Episcopalian. Such transformations never happen? To Paul Faren they did. Theirs was a union of love, to Frances, of worship of Franky to Paul.

To support them in his new way of life, Paul became an insurance salesman and was soon assigned the agency representation in San Luiso. The position offered only a moderate income, but to a couple as genuinely happy as they were, it provided a comfortable, if not extravagant, living.

And then the tragic, violent night six months ago. Awakening to the groan of shattering timbers, the deadened roar of the moving earth, the falling plaster; then a crashing and the scream of Franky as the entire roof of their aging, four-room flat collapsed; then unconsciousness. Paul awoke to the sounds of the emergency

crew lifting the timbers that pinned them. Badly bruised, but unhurt otherwise, he dazedly watched them drag what had been Franky from the wreckage, her face an ugly, bloody pulp. Paul was violently sick.

Two, perhaps three hours later, Paul managed to place a long-distance phone call to the insurance company's personnel manager who had hired him. When the cordial voice, "Barnsworth speaking," came over the line, Paul hurriedly began, "This is Faren—down at the San Luis office. Last night . . ." With what seemed a carefully calculated tone of concern, Barnsworth interrupted him.

"Paul! Am I glad to hear you're all right! You are OK aren't you? How did the office come through?"

"Yeah, I'm fine, a little bruised, maybe, but OK," began Paul in a slow dazed, unemotional tone. Then the angry, hurt words began to pour out. "But Franky's dead. Smashed to an ugly mess. The roof collapsed on her. And it's your fault—you and that cheapskate chisling, two-bit company of yours. If you'd paid me a decent salary, we wouldn't have been living in that wreck of an apartment and Franky'd be alive now. You killed her—you and that penny-pinching company. Damn all of you to hell! She was the only decent person I'd ever met—and she's dead—do you hear me? Dead! I just called to tell you you can take your goddam job and go to hell." He ended like a tightly-wound phonograph that had run down, and there was a pause of a few seconds before Barnsworth began, in a voice with a tone of understanding, "Paul, I know you must have been through a great deal. I'm terribly sorry to hear your wife is dead; it must have been a great blow. But don't burn your bridges. I understand your state of mind now, and I'm sure you don't mean a word you say, and will regret them tomorrow. Look, I'll just forget you ever called. But take it easy, will you? Now why don't you . . ."

Angrily, Paul hung up. Barnsworth understood? He couldn't have. He hadn't lost his wife. And then Paul decided to get drunk. He found a bar that had resumed normal operation—only a few vacancies in the long row of bottles behind the bar indicated any effects of the quake.

He ordered a double shot, then promptly another; the third he mused over for a few minutes. Then, as hurriedly as he had pushed the door open, to enter, he left. With steady steps Paul walked toward the church. Just outside the door, he hesitated, but only momentarily. He jerked the heavy panel door open and stepped inside, then glanced around the vast empty cathedral. For just an instant, the silence frightened him.

Then, gathering his courage, he shouted, "God, You're no good!"

Only the echoes from the high domed ceiling answered him. "No good, good, good . . ." Then the oppressive silence.

As he started to walk up the long aisle, Paul was acutely aware of the echoes of his heavy tread. He paused halfway up, and shouted again, "God, I don't believe in You!"

"In You, You, You . . ."

Then he was at the altar rail. "God, You're a fake!"

"Fake, fake, fake, fake . . ."

He glanced about. Nothing had happened. Silence. Then loudly and emphatically, Paul spat over the altar rail and onto the heavy green carpet. Once he spat straight toward the altar, then once to his right and once to his left.

"She's dead, and You can go to hell!"

"Hell, hell, hell . . ."

Paul found his way to the sunny street and walked, no longer firmly or determinedly, in the direction he had come. "I'm gonna get drunk and stay drunk the rest of my life," he muttered.

A BOOK REVIEW

By Elsa Koch*

AMONG the fall selection of fine children's books is an excellent English translation of *Justine*, by the eminent French author, Marquis de Sade. The book is an excellently written adventure story which will have as much appeal for the 10 year old as for the adult who still remembers the pleasures of childhood, like pulling wings off of flies, tying cans to dogs tails, etc.

The heroine, a somewhat foolish, but patient and Christian young lady—because of parental disaster—must make her own way into the world. The people she meets and the adventures which she has make up the core of the exciting tale.

In addition to being a very interesting story, this book is also quite educational. Children will not only be amused, which is very fine, but will also be directed along constructive paths which build character and widen their experiences. Past-times which the average boy can easily indulge in with his school mates, like stealing, whipping, blood-letting, hanging, counterfeiting, and various types of murder are so described as to arouse his interest in these simple pleasures. Naturally tortures of various kinds are given wide play so that the child's education may be complete, or in the usual case—improved upon.

Since it is important that a young gentleman early learn how to deal most acceptably with the young ladies of his acquaintance, again this book will help in the parent's education of his child. With descriptions of rape and sundry other sexual perversions, the boy will be given a fine introduction to the proper behavior acceptable in even the most discriminating society.

For the young lady, this book has also much value—in fact

* Pseudonym of a well-known idealist and humanitarian about campus.

more to her than to the average young man. The heroine of this story, and this point is made very clear to the child by means of direct comparison and conversation, places too high a value upon her virtue and thus suffers much ill because of it. Her practical sister indicates the proper course for an intelligent young lady to follow—take a lover and require a high price for your “services.” In addition the heroine’s religious and moral laxities are so pointed up as to lead the child into the proper paths.

At the conclusion of this fine story, the heroine receives her just reward—after adventuring among various fine gentlemen with impeccable tastes in interpersonal pleasures, she is returned to her successful sister, and there is fittingly struck dead by a lightning bolt.

The only thing which mars this fine volume is the statement of the editor’s which appears at the end:

Note: The editor, an amiable old gentleman, devoted to hearth and home, living in the bosom of a happy family, highly disapproves of most of the characters in this novel; and in no way can he identify himself with their words or actions.

The irresponsible editor is to be chided for including such trivia at the end of such a fine children’s book.

WHY

By William Barlow

Why do
poets always spread
Their poems about the page as if
They'd pulled to pieces, thread by thread
A polka-dotted handkerchief?
Why do poets seem to think
e. e. cummings is the rage,
And merrily begin to ink
Half a dozen lines per page?
Why do poets so eschew
A letter with
an upper case;
i think it's so
much ballyhoo,
And definitely
out of place.
Why do poets
sweat & strain
To put a notion
in their rhymes
And then with e-
qual vigor chain
Their notions to
syntactic crimes?
Why do poets
seem to slip
on spots i
mentioned
hitherto?
I can't
answer
with a
quip
But

all
i ask
is why
they
do



ARCH by *Edward Gauss*

ENCOUNTER

By Walter W. Lee, Jr.

I FLOATED contentedly in the warm water and watched the stars. It was a calm night, and the water lapped softly at my side.

I loved the peacefulness of the vast ocean surface and the warm support of the water. I dreamed of this rest when engaged in the necessary cold, deep struggle for food.

I longed to float forever, but I knew I would not be able to ignore the vital need for food and combat.

Floating relaxed and watching the bright stars in the dark vastness above and the luminous little phosphorescent flashes in the water about me, I found it hard to remember the vicious joys of tearing and slashing at living things.

It was in times of such peace as this that I could regret and lament the nature of my being.

Something came to disturb even this brief rest. It was small and floated high on the water. In it was a creature I had never seen before.

The being evidently wanted to remain completely out of the warm restful water. The unusual appearance of this creature and the fact that it was drifting slowly towards me aroused my curiosity. It could not arouse fear. I fixed my eyes on the small being and waited for its eventual approach.

The creature was evidently not looking in my direction for his support was nearly touching me when he suddenly became aware of my existence. He was safe, but his reaction was violent.

He thrashed around and then pointed one of his appendages at me. There was a flash and a loud, sharp sound, and my eye erupted in a blinding explosion of pain.

Instinctively, I lashed my two longest tentacles out of the water

and grabbed at him. He made a high piercing sound as I pulled him apart.

I wasn't hungry, but he was very small and his fluid filled the water with an inciting flavor. I wanted to glide swiftly through bloody water grasping at living things with my tentacles and ripping them apart with my beak. I was a slave to stimulus.

Why did he harm me? I was at peace. I was only relaxing and watching the natural occurrences of the world.

He could not hope to consume me—his attack could have ended no other way than it did.

Why did he destroy my beautiful green phosphorescent eye?

TWO POEMS
By Michael Boughton

I.

To say I love is just to labor over-labored air
with one more sound whose meaning
none shall know.

Why, love is but the game contemporaries play
and such a youth as I can't dream
about a youth the like of her.

Time's chasm knows no span.

Just so I tell my dreams.

In vain.

II.

It's moments just like this
When all there is to do is jump and try to fly.

You've got to fly because you can't see under
or around
And everything just stands—and won't move over
or move out.

It's strange, you think, how different
The obstacles would look with looking down.

And so you jump.

And like as not
You break your neck.

CABIN FEVER

By J. T. Enright

EVEN when they first met, John suspected Hugh was going to be one of the few men whom he actively disliked. It wasn't so much what Hugh said, as the tone he used, "Pleased to meet you—"Shorty'"—the tone and the look of tolerant contempt he gave John, before he added that "Shorty."

John is self-admittedly a slight man; his five-foot-three, hundred and twenty pound frame had warranted the use of the nickname "Shorty" on more than one occasion, and he had accepted it before with no resentment. But from Hugh it almost sounded like an obscenity.

The two men, along with four others, had been forced, by the necessities of their government jobs, to share quarters in a five-room building, a combined office and bunk house, in the small town of Powder Valley. A week of this enforced close contact with Hugh confirmed John's initial suspicions. In all his life, which included four years in a dormitory at a university and five years in the navy, there were few—very few—men whom John could not honestly say he liked, but Hugh was one of these.

Hugh had quickly revealed himself as an incurable braggart; his mighty deeds and conquests were his favorite topic of conversation, and conversation was, with Hugh, largely a soliloquy. He had known more women, drunk more liquor and raised more hell, to hear him tell it, than any ten other men, and his companions' feats were belittled as trivial. A big man, he shoved his six-foot frame around, implicitly demanding and expecting preference. He "borrowed" cigarettes at every opportunity—"I've just run out. You got an extra smoke?" He was one always willing to accept a proffered drink, but somehow never managed

to have his cash handy when it was his turn to stand for a round.

The aspect of his personality that John found most distasteful was Hugh's practice of meeting everyone with a "gladhand," and then, when alone with the group at the bunk house, laughing with an over-riding contempt at those whom he had so cordially greeted. You couldn't help wondering what Hugh was saying about you when you weren't there.

So for two months, John and Hugh, by tacit agreement, avoided each other as much as was possible under the circumstances. Finally the inevitable clash came, on a Sunday afternoon when the two were alone in the house. Both were in the kitchen, each preparing his own afternoon meal, which was a casual affair on Sundays, and both had been drinking—not heavily, yet neither was sober in the ultimate sense.

As John walked across the room from the refrigerator to the drainboard with the cheese in one hand, the bread in the other, Hugh brushed John, perhaps jolted him, with his elbow. It may have been accidental; certainly no harm was done.

John stopped in the middle of the floor, turned toward Hugh, and in a voice that was at the same time subdued and forceful, said, "Don't shove me around, Hugh."

"Why not? I've been shoving people around for 27 years, and nobody's stopped me yet."

"Well, I've been around for 33, and I just said, 'Don't shove me.' That's all; just don't shove me."

That could have been the end of the matter. It wasn't. While John was laying out and buttering the bread for his grilled cheese sandwich, Hugh crossed the room, empty soup pan in hand, and very deliberately threw a hard body-block into John's hip. John fell forward across the drainboard, and his right hand, instinctively grasping for support, fell around the handle of a heavy-bladed butcher knife.

Many people speak of the "urge to kill," usually in reference to some minor irritation. Here was the reality. For the first time in his mild, easy-going life, John felt an urge, an almost irrepressible urge, to lash out like an angered animal, to kill without hesitation that which irritated him. In the second or two that he stared at the butcher knife, all John could think of was how pleasant it would be to see Hugh crumpled on the floor, his intestines exposed and protruding through a bloody slash in his abdomen. A mental picture complete in every detail. Then, in a flash of equal clarity, John saw himself, twenty years hence, rotting away in a jail cell.

As he turned from the drainboard toward Hugh, not more than five seconds after Hugh's blow, John still had the butcher knife in his hand. He looked at Hugh, then down at the knife, and back to Hugh. The terrified expression on Hugh's face was vaguely satisfying.

"Now John—John—don't do anything you . . ."

With a deft motion, John slung the butcher knife off to his left. It stuck, quivering, in the ironing board cabinet. Then John turned, and walked deliberately from the room.

When he re-entered the room, a minute later, John had his pistol in hand—a .357 Magnum, the only pistol guaranteed by the makers to stop a Brown bear—a heavy weapon, to say the least. And John was noted as a crack shot—19 out of 20 shots through the pip in the ace of spades at 30 feet.

Hugh saw the gun, and jumped up from the table, thoroughly frightened again. "John—put that gun away—don't . . ." But not a forceful command—a plea. John fired two shots in rapid succession, and Hugh collapsed with a groan. One slug completely shattered his right knee-cap, and badly fragmented bones behind it; the other struck about an inch beneath the left knee-cap, again shattering bone beyond repair.

John then set the pistol on the drainboard, reached for the bottle resting in the cabinet, poured himself a couple of inches of bourbon into a waterglass, and drained it at a swallow. He then lit a cigarette, all the time closely watching the suffering man on the floor.

“They won’t get me on a murder charge, Hugh, or attempted murder. This was assault with a deadly weapon, ‘with intent to do serious bodily harm,’ I guess is the way they phrase it. I’ll no doubt spend time in the cooler, but one year’s the maximum sentence, and by God, it’s been worth it. It’ll be a long time before you can shove anyone again, and then maybe next time you’ll think twice about it.”

It is doubtful that Hugh even heard John, but it didn’t actually matter. The words were to John the equivalent of a necessary ritual, a “go forth and sin no more.” The sense of completion that Hugh’s contorted face and groans aroused, the feeling of fulfillment, was more than enough satisfaction.

DECEPTION

By William Barlow

OF his deceits,
The false and unacknowledged shroud
Of his deceits—
The little lies and subtle cheats,
The headaches feigned in boring crowd—
He cannot speak; and yet he's proud
Of his deceits.

THE PEOPLE KNOW WHAT THEY WANT

By Jon Robinson

IN continuance, therefore, of its usual policy of always doing both what is best for the people and what the people want, as much as is possible, the government will take the unprecedented step of removing all restrictions on travel across the border between the two states. This government realizes that it is taking a risk of admitting numerous saboteurs and others who plot to impose a fascist dictatorship upon us, yet because this government has an implicit faith in the loyalty of its subjects, it is confident that all such reactionaries will be justly punished should they dare to come on our soil. Should the fascist and imperialist governments persist in denouncing our peaceful intentions, there can be no further doubt of their real intentions, namely the imposition of imperialist tyrannies on the peace and freedom loving peoples of the world.

“In the great Lenin Locomotive Works in (———), comrade I. has succeeded in performing a greater number of piston overhauls in his shop than has ever been accomplished in this country before. For this feat he has received above all the undying admiration of his fellow workers. He . . .” The announcer’s voice died out and ended abruptly in a pop.

“Just as well, for I am sure that comrade I. is a very remarkable fellow. Certainly I could not drive ten thousand rivets in one hour, could you?” There was no answer. “Do you not think that things are getting better all the time? Who knows? The workers’ paradise may descend upon us any morning. Perhaps I am too impatient. Moscow was built not in one day but in ten. Or was that Rome? It does not matter really. Am I boring you with these philosophic dissertations? You look very bored.”

"It is a sign of weakness," replied the slightly emaciated young man slouched in the overstuffed chair.

"You shock me, my dear fellow. I am not weak nor do I hope that I show it. Oh, possibly an occasional knocking of the knees, but not anything else that I know of. Tell me, how did you arrive at this startling conclusion?"

"You misunderstand me, D."

"I see. You are sarcastically praising what I said."

"I mean that the government feels that its grip on the people is weakening, that they must reconsolidate their power before proceeding any further with the plans to achieve their ultimate objective, and they are doing this with attempts to pacify the people. I do not think that it is at all difficult to see that this action is completely out of context with the achievement of their ultimate objective."

"Excellent! Let us then take advantage of this weakness. Eat, drink, and be merry, and insult the party for tomorrow we shall inevitably be in Siberia."

"I do not need to emphasize that more profitable advantage can be taken of the government."

"Aha, my sallow young friend! You have the right idea there also. Join the revolution! Overthrow the oppressed! Let the spirit of the fatherland once more arise in our breasts!" D. shouted as he leaped to his feet, whipped the table cloth from the table, and waved the dusty piece of material in the air like a battle flag.

The young man also rose to his feet. "Good heavens, D., sit down! The people next door might hear you." He wore an expression irreconcilable between pain and shock.

"You will never be a successful revolutionary. You are much too high strung. Won't you take my advice and reconsider?" D. asked, a broad smile spreading over his face. He carefully replaced the table cover, smoothing its folds meticulously. "Excuse me if I startled you," he added.

"This is serious business, D. I am certain that our chance has come, and we shall have to take it before the time is too late."

"Relax and think a little bit longer. You are not old yet, and already you have become a fanatic. . . ."

"Fanaticism brings results," the young man snapped. He paused a moment, then calmly added, "Can't you understand? What the government has done is of no benefit to them directly. I doubt very much if they intend to let the people across the border as freely as they have promised. Those who try to cross the border will be turned back on the grounds that they have not been immunized against certain diseases, that they have left their jobs or family responsibilities without sufficient cause, that the government on the other side of the border will molest them and it is the duty of this government to protect the lives and welfare of its citizens, not to mention the numerous other loopholes that this government always finds to its advantage in its own directives. Of course, there will be some who will be allowed to take advantage of the new ruling, but they will be in the minority. And I might add that those who try to recross the border will risk being imprisoned as spies or at least find that they have been blacklisted for being disloyal. Ever since the riots, I have felt that our people are completely disillusioned with this government, and that they will risk a great deal to go back to the old days. The government is slowly squeezing the life from us, and it will not be too long before they have killed us as the nation we once were. Just as they have killed the nations over there who have been under the rule of the party for thirty or more years. Can you think of any reason why we should not gamble now when the chances are so much in our favor? We might fail, but everything will eventually be lost in due course. Do you understand my viewpoint now?"

"I sympathize with you completely, my dear fellow, but I

will also be as blunt as to ask how you expect to have this grandiose upheaval to come about. There is no organization of any magnitude either in the underground or, better yet, among officials in the government. You are aware of that fact as much as am I. Or have you never told me the truth? No. I know. You will rely on the spontaneity of the masses to arise and throw out the wretched of the earth."

"No, there is no organization of the kind that you envisage. But there is the feeling of the people of which I am certain. And there are many high officials in the government who though loyal to the party highly resent the interference of the government 'over there.' They also are aware of the resentment of the people, but I am also confident that they will not resort to any drastic measures such as will those loyal to the government 'over there.' If any large scale uprising should result, they will simply side with the people rather than destroy the people. They are the ones who would want to follow the example of the dictator in the south who broke with our would-be benefactors some years ago. If the two factions can be pitted against each other, the government would break up and there would be no difficulty in having the people take up the reins of government, as they have always been meant to." The young man paused a short while, but D. had no reply to offer. "D., I know that you share my political beliefs, even though you do not feel so strongly about them as I do. Your father was a brilliant and able military man, who knew what freedom meant better than most people. I should think that . . ." He hesitated as he noticed D. stiffen. "I apologize for mentioning it for I know how you and your mother felt about his disappearance. I know there is no need to pressure you into an undertaking like this."

"But go on," D. said clearing his throat.

"If the people were to be convinced of the feasibility of taking

advantage of the government's directive, the border towns would become flooded with a large influx of people. For obvious reasons this government will not allow any large scale exodus or interchange between the two countries to take place. If the government does not live up to its promises and tries to disperse the people they will find themselves with a touchy situation and a police force that cannot be relied upon to carry out orders to the letter. The tension in the government will increase, and whether they try to rescind the order or let the people across the border, the government will find itself with no group of persons on which it can any longer rely. Those already in the government will realize that and will be tempted to flee, for they know that they will receive retribution if they stay and the government collapses. The only instrument of order left would be the army of the dictatorship 'over there' and recent occurrences in other parts of the world indicate that they would not interfere."

"Very idyllic. But are you, all by yourself, intending to go out and convince people that they should take advantage of the government's order, and then lead them on in the successful revolution? If people are such pawns, is there any reason to think that they would not follow one group as much as they would another? Unless the people are convinced that they will not be faced with drastic retributions, they will certainly follow the easier course, that which assures them of their safety, temporarily, until a better chance comes their way. If such a chance does not come, they will shrug their collective shoulders and murmur that it was fate or the will of God."

"You are trying to complicate a relatively simple problem. We do not need a large or even a small well organized clique. We do not need to spark the people's spontaneity. The free government across the border will do that for us. They are in position to give

considerable impetus to the feelings and desires of the people, which no government agency can suppress effectively. It is only necessary to give an assurance of the instability of this country." The young man looked pleased; he felt that he must have convinced D. of the feasibility of the plan, for the entire thing was so very logical.

"There should not be any need to tell the free government of what they are already aware," D. replied.

"We will only be giving them assurances that their suspicions are correct. If a recognized authority within this country were to give them this assurance. . . ."

"Good God! You are again talking in terms of impossibilities." D. very nearly choked his last word, then added, "I hope that you do not think that I have given up the hope that there shall one day be a counter-revolution. I just have lived so long under this regime that I simply cannot see how such a thing could come about without help from outside in the form of armed intervention. But perhaps you are right."

The young man felt that he was at last beginning to make some headway. He continued, "A certain professor at the university has been in regular contact with one of the representatives from their embassy for over two years. However, I would like to ask you if you would be willing to join us once the revolt is under way. Can I trust you in that capacity?"

"Why not? To become a nonentitic martyr and to end a promising career has always been the desire of my life. But in reality I do not know if that will be possible, for I am certain that the police have watched me closely since they arrested my father."

The young man started to explain further, but halted after the first few words, and added, "I do not think the police will cause you too much trouble when we call on you."

"Then you have convinced me. If only for the excitement, I

shall be with you. This existence can become so dull, and it is getting on my nerves," D. replied. He was secretly happy that he had after all been offered a place in the revolt even if he still felt that the organizers were grasping at straws in the wind. Yet he did not know enough of the situation and they might well be right.

* * *

Bulletin issued by the Internal Affairs Ministry of the People's Republic of (——) on May 26:

The large concentrations of people at the four border towns have begun to present a major health hazard. The facilities present are inadequate to handle such a large number of people over an extended period of time such as the situation is fast becoming. These people have been uprooted from their homes by agitators and by the spurious promises of the oppressive government on our border which seeks to create confusion and dissent by offering these otherwise happy people large quantities of goods for nothing. It is obvious that the fascists cannot live up to their promises for their own people are considerably poorer and more oppressed than even they have accused our own people of being. The People's Government has continuously protested at this flagrant attempt to interfere in the internal affairs of this state.

But not only have the fascists been content to violate our sovereignty from outside our borders, they have also sent spies who seek to undermine this government's efforts to urge the people to return to their homes. Many of these people have forcefully been prevented from carrying out their wishes to return by the lackeys of the fascist government. The police of this country have already arrested several of these provocateurs, but unfortunately there are others still terrorizing the people. Two authenticated examples of the methods of these hooligans may be evidenced in the case in which an old woman and her young grandson were so severely beaten that it is doubtful if either of them will ever regain their eyesight.

This government is well in control of the situation, but it may be weeks before the damage already inflicted in hours of useful labor lost and property destroyed can be restored. Only by the order of the imperialist government to stop its lackeys from inflicting further injury and damage and spreading further confusion may the suffering and misery be alleviated at once.

* * *

The lieutenant pulled the shade down over the window overlooking the square.

The Avenue of the Pines and the Avenue of the Cedars inter-

sected diagonally to produce the large square upon which most of the government offices fronted. Before the liberation it had idyllically been named the Square of the Swallows because of the large numbers of swallows which nested in the eaves and on the parapets of the surrounding buildings. The provisional government unfortunately took a dim view of this situation, denounced the name as being trivial and typically bourgeois, and with much fanfare, marked by long military parades and longer speeches had renamed the square the Plaza of the Revolution to commemorate that blessed event.

"If you will show the colonel in?" The lieutenant moved toward the door, and General Bukachiarev opened the lower drawer of his desk and opened the switch on his tape recorder lodged there. It started with a soft hiss that disappeared as he closed the drawer.

"Comrade H. Won't you have a seat?" The general did not rise as he motioned toward a chair flanking his desk. The colonel, whom he had referred to as comrade H., sat down. The general began to speak again.

"Now, I have heard that you are experiencing some difficulties in maintaining order at the border. Your police do not seem to be capable of completely carrying out the orders that are given to them. Is that correct?"

"Comrade general, there have been isolated instances of desertions and disobedience of orders. But we have dealt with the offenders summarily. We executed two such deserters to set an example for the others."

The general smiled in amusement. "As chief of police, you must be more familiar with the situation than I, yet I cannot call fifty desertions per day nor such rank disobedience of orders that a hundred thousand people have been able to cross the border illegally, trivial. Furthermore, executions which seek to teach by

example such as your police have been carrying out are not going to cure the disease which afflicts these people. If you must execute, it is better to execute offenders en masse. You are trying to maintain order, not create martyrs."

The chief of police paled noticeably and wrung his hands. "Yes, comrade general, what you have said is perfectly true, but I did not make myself clear in that I meant to say the situation is under control, but that it may get worse."

"Are you now inferring that the situation will get out of control?"

"I am confident that my police are capable of handling anything which might happen. But there may be instances in which the police will become greatly outnumbered, and much damage could be inflicted before the mobs could be brought under control."

"Surely the police have been properly stationed, trained in the use of riot equipment, and in case it becomes necessary to use arms, those in strategic control are adequately armed."

The chief of police avoided the stare of the general. He swallowed before replying. "Yes, all that has been done comrade general. But we have received evidence that subversives have infiltrated among the people and that these subversives are heavily armed."

"With what? Stones? Knives? Pistols? Shotguns? Some of your police have automatic weapons and mortars at their disposal. I think those weapons would offer sufficient deterrent to any disturbance. I will remind you that my time cannot be taken and wasted with meaningless speculations on your part. I might have thought that your years of training in Moscow had taught you differently. Now, if you will tell me the urgency of your visit?"

"On behalf of my ministry and its forces, I think that much

damage would be averted if your government would agree to a show of strength on our borders such that any revolutionaries would become convinced of the futility of a revolt."

The general took a deep breath, and pushed his chair back from the desk. "Your government has an army of its own."

"I have already seen General Doniet and he has given me his assurances that our armed forces will come to the aid of my police at any time should they ever have occasion to need it. . . . I am talking in terms of prevention, comrade general. It is useless to tell the people that if they revolt, the army will intervene. It will only serve to alienate them further."

The general said nothing.

"Perhaps I should elaborate a little more on the situation so that you may obtain a better and clearer view of the situation, and of what I am saying."

"Not at the moment, comrade H. I have another important appointment in a few minutes. You may return tomorrow at nine o'clock in the morning."

Comrade H. hesitated to get up.

"That time will be at your convenience?"

"Yes, yes thank you, comrade general."

"Good afternoon then, comrade H."

"Good afternoon, comrade general."

General Bukachiarev did not move until the door of his office had closed, then reached slowly for the lower drawer on his desk and switched off the recorder. He had known that comrade H. was slightly too nationalistic, but not until the moment had he realized that the chief of police would be such an incompetent.

He rose from his desk, and went over and pulled up the shade over the window, letting the rays of sunlight stream into the room, illuminating the dust that hung in the air. He paused before the file of drawers set against the wall, and removed a file

of papers from one of the drawers. He opened the file and under an alphabetical listing, he listed the name of comrade H., noting that comrade H. was both nationalistic and incompetent.

* * *

Reuters News Agency dispatch, London, June 6:

Confirmation has been received that the government of the People's Republic of (.....) is having serious difficulty in quelling the disturbances originating from the refusal of the government to allow unrestricted travel across its borders to the large numbers of people who had gathered to do so in response to an earlier directive issued by the government. A large percentage of the police sent to enforce the counter directive have either refused to do so by not restraining the angry mobs which have at times formed and have freely passed back and forth over the border, or have deserted to the West.

Rumors, yet subject to confirmation, have been heard that the police in the capital city have mutinied under the leadership of their police chief, and are presently in control of the environs and suburbs of the city. Government forces are still in control of the center of the city about the government enclaves. Most of the staffs of the Western embassies evacuated the city some days ago, so that no confirmation may be received from this quarter. However, an effort to make contact with a liaison group of British and Americans that elected to remain, and is now reportedly in one of the suburbs, has been made.

There are no indications yet of the sympathies of the armed forces. No active part has been taken by the armed forces in the disturbances which

appear to have broadened into a general revolt. General Doniet, the chief of staff, made a statement four days ago that the situation was under control and that he did not think it at all necessary that the armed forces intervene in any way. It is thought that since then, the chief of staff has been assassinated or is being held prisoner by the mutineers.

The Soviet Union has made no comment on these disturbances, nor has she given any indication that she will take any active part to suppress the revolt. In opposition, the NATO supreme council today agreed to alert all existing army and air units and to cancel all leaves in Western Europe to prevent the spread of hostilities. Speculations in this light are generally concurrent in that the Soviet Union believes the country lost to Communism just as she conceded the cause of the Loyalists in Spain in 1938.

Meanwhile, in London, former President Perdoniv, living in exile, received the news of the revolt with enthusiasm, but announced that he would not return until he received confirmation of the success of the revolt. He expressed confidence that the revolt would ultimately succeed and said that peoples once free would not tolerate living under Communism. He also expressed the hope that the other satellite countries would follow his country's example.

* * *

The official replaced the 'phone on its stand. "No, Mr. G. the security police tell me that the president is not in the building at the present time. He may still be at the police barracks, or if not he is probably on his way in now."

"At the police barracks? We were informed that he was staying at the former premier's residence," Mr. G. replied.

"Yes. We felt, however, that it would be more comfortable out at the barracks. They have their own power plant you know, and since our own power supply to the city was cut in a number of places, we thought the president would find it more convenient not to have to worry about a power failure. Also we have not had the chance to completely restore order and the barracks could be more easily guarded. There must still be some adherents of the old regime about who would like very much to assassinate the president. I am sorry that the general directive handed out last night that the president would be staying in the premier's residence also reached your representative. We should have thought to tell you otherwise but we are still a little bit disorganized. Things have happened so fast. I am sorry about the mixup."

"Yes, I can understand your reasoning. But could I ask if the president has left the barracks yet?"

"I am not at all sure Mr. G. I suppose that he has for he should be here within the next hour. I don't think he will be very long in coming. Won't you and Mr. R. make yourselves comfortable in the diplomatic reception room while you wait? I appreciate your concern for the president, but I can assure you that he has adequate protection and will arrive here without mishap." The official turned his back upon Mr. G. and walked behind his desk. He looked up and seeing that the American official was still standing before the desk, added, "I do not think there is much else I can do to help you at the moment."

"No, there probably isn't. Thank you very much and good afternoon."

"Good afternoon, Mr. G."

Mr. G. and Mr. R. walked out of the office past the two sentries stationed outside the door before Mr. G. turned to his companion and remarked, "Well, I am afraid that he was not of much help. What do you make of it?"

"To tell you the truth, Bob, I frankly don't know for sure, but it doesn't look too good. With both the former police chief and the president nowhere to be found I could make a damn good guess."

"Yes. Unfortunately I don't feel that our guesses are yet good enough to qualify as facts. Anyway I am hoping that I am wrong. After all the new government would be pretty security conscious." They had already come opposite the staircase so that Mr. G. added, "Look, I think I'll scoot back to the embassy before the crowds get too bad and see where we go from here. You stick around and keep your eyes open. I'll see you later Roy." Mr. G. started down the stairs and was gone with barely enough time for Mr. R. to call out a hurried goodbye.

The sergeant was waiting down on the main floor, with an apparent look of boredom on his face induced largely by the fact that he was unable to speak the local language and found himself in a completely alien surrounding. He appeared relieved to see Mr. G. striding rapidly toward him.

"Mr. G. . . ." he started to say but was interrupted.

"Let's go sergeant before the crowds get too bad. Is the corporal out there with the other jeep?"

"I suppose so. I haven't told him to leave."

"Good."

The square had already become filled with people, the foremost of them beginning to strain against the police cordons lining the front steps of the building. A long line of automobiles and

trucks was filing past and stopping at the front steps, disgorging a wide variety of formally dressed diplomats and officials, other officials in military uniforms, and squads of steel helmeted police and troops. Two tanks were in the process of posting themselves on either side of the steps while the harried police tried to hold back the crowds and the traffic to give the two machines room in which to maneuver.

"I may be wrong, sir, but I don't think we can get out of here in any short order," the sergeant remarked. He pointed to the opposite side of the street entering the square on their right where the jeeps had been parked. Mr. G. made out someone whom he thought must be the corporal, standing on the hood of one of the jeeps unsuccessfully attempting to keep people off the two cars. Mr. G. became exasperated.

"Why the hell didn't that silly fool move the jeeps? He must have known that the crowds were going to get bad." He started down the steps of the building and forced his way through the front of the crowd, and wound his way forcefully over toward the jeeps, and receiving no help from those of the crowd who wanted to congratulate him when the word went around that he was an American. Halfway through he lost sight of the sergeant as it were. After an interminable time, actually only a few minutes, he was able to reach the jeeps. The corporal was wearing a pained expression which did not change when he caught sight of Mr. G.

"Corporal, what the blazes . . ." he started to say.

"I'm sorry about this mess, sir, but the cops gave me their word they would keep the way clear for us to get out. I've been trying to find them ever since but I didn't want to leave the jeeps with this damned crowd around here."

"Okay, corporal, okay. Is the radio working?" Mr. G. climbed into the jeep and switched on the receiver.

"Yes it is. I got a message for you from the embassy. They

said the 'phones were out and couldn't get hold of you that way."

"What's the message?"

"The former deputy minister of defense took sanctuary in the embassy and informed the ambassador that he and the troops who surrendered to the police at the premier's residence thought they were surrendering to government forces. I know. It sounds silly."

"Government forces?"

"That's what they told me to tell you. I don't get it. Those troops fought like hell to keep that place from falling into the hands of the police. Who's fighting who?"

"Are you sure that message was from the embassy?"

"Yes sir. It was in our code."

"Look, corporal, can you get them now? I have a message to send."

"I think so, certainly in a couple of minutes. It might take me a little longer to code it, though."

"Forget about the code, and just tell them that G. has not been able to find any trace of either the president or the chief of police. Do you have that?"

"G. has not been able to find any trace of the police chief or the president."

"That's right."

* * *

The figure of a small man emerged from the doorway and stepped on to the balcony in full view of the enormous crowd spread out below him. He wore a light colored suit and it made him stand out clearly against the somber colors of the uniforms of the officials standing on either side of him. Someone in the front ranks of the crowd started a cheer, the military band on the front steps of the building broke uncertainly, then swelled into the old national anthem, and the cheering pulsed into a

roar. The slight figure raised its hands over its head, acknowledging the cheers which became even louder.

"Let me have those binoculars will you please, sergeant?"

Mr. G. raised the binoculars to his eyes, and focused them on the balcony. He became dimly aware of someone elbowing his way through the crowd toward the jeep, but he ignored whoever it might be, concentrating instead on the group in the balcony. A few seconds later the man broke out of the crowd and knocked the binoculars from Mr. G.'s hands, splintering one of the lenses on the pavement. The corporal threw himself at the man and knocked him back against the crowd, some of whom turned around in astonishment. The man said nothing as he picked himself up, glared at Mr. G. and the two American noncoms, then disappeared back into the crowd.

"Are you all right," the sergeant asked, while still restraining the corporal.

"Yes, I'm all right," he said as he nodded thanks to one of the bystanders who had handed him the broken pair of binoculars. The sergeant reached to open the glove compartment.

"Shall I get the other pair for you? The corporal and I can probably keep these birds off your neck."

"No thanks. Corporal contact the embassy, and give them confirmation of what they have been expecting to hear from us."

The corporal slipped the earphones over his head and took the microphone in his hand. The crowd was still wildly cheering, and through the noise an occasional note could be heard from the military band.

"At least I can give them credit for being damn clever," the sergeant remarked. "I sure hate to see these people disappointed though, when they find out," he added.

"I wish I could find some way to tell them myself, but if they knew, what could they do about it in any case?" Mr. G. said.

A SIGH OF LIFE UNFULFILLED

By Melvin Goldberg

A SIGH of life unfulfilled issues from me
dumb and heavy
I stand before the rack and ruin of
my life
A shell of empty strivings
A life of butterfly goals

I have dreamed out my life too long
I who would storm the peaks
And rip the clouds from Parnassian heights.
I can not even walk.
I could never walk.
But only now, stumbling through my world
Half dream
Half mire
Am I aware.

My goals, successes, my what
Is why and for
Is only now in stand and wait for my corpse's
Death.

WORD, FORM, POEM

By Charles Bodeen

ALTHOUGH it has long been known that placement of the elements of a composition in symmetrical horizontal and vertical relationships leads to smooth visual perception and functional emphasis on the message, only recently have poets and typographers begun to use other fundamental principles of design in their work. Conventional, everyday poetry depends entirely upon clever, well constructed phrases for the transmission of the author's ideas and moods. Little thought is given to how the reader will react to the printed page, and, indeed, his reactions are not important so long as the type presents the work in a clear and precise manner. In short, the only problem in printing the common poem is to make the type readable.

What factors contribute to the readability of type?

The most apparent to the typographer is the style of type face, although this is perhaps least evident to the reader. Tests have been made which show that all type faces in common use are equally legible. Readers, when asked, said they preferred a modern type edging on bold-face. *American Typewriter* and *Old English* actually retard the speed of reading and are used only for special effects.

Type form (i.e. upper and lower cases, italics, bold-face, etc.) is also very important. *While italics read just as easily as lower case, they are conventionally used for emphasis and the reader actually slows down when he comes to them.* PRINTING IN UPPER CASE DEFINITELY READS SLOWER AND IS, AS A RESULT, SELDOM USED OUTSIDE OF ADVERTISING. Bold-face type is found to be far more legible at a distance, but the reader of the printed page believes it to be far more illegible than ordinary type.

The width of the line and the size of the type are very closely related. In general, type sizes between 10 and 12 point are most desirable. A line of 10 point may be as short as 14 picas or as long as 40 picas and still be legible. (Twelve points equal one pica; six picas equal one inch.) PENDULUM is set in 11 point type with lines 25 picas long.

In ordinary printed material legibility is not found to be dependent upon a wide margin, but it is obvious that the margins around a page of poetry can play a large part in the effect upon the reader. It was at one time suggested that general legibility would be increased if alternate lines were indented. Although this fact has been disproved, indentions are used in some traditional forms of poetry and in more recent works for rhythmical effects.

Black on white seems to be the most legible arrangement for colors of type and background, whereas white on black is very definitely the poorest choice. In using color, it is found that the dark on light principle should be followed.

The principles of legibility are referred to general printed matter only, for quite obviously, poetry commands exceptions to many of these rules. In fact, contemporary experimental poetry has very little to do with them except for special effects in which case they are often broken purposely. Poetry generally goes along with the rest of printed literature by taking a type style which is easily readable, for if the reader is forced to labor over queer-looking, unfamiliar type, he is very apt to lose the meaning of the poem.

One seldom finds in poetry deviations from standard type form. Italics are often used for borrowed or foreign material and at times for special emphasis upon a single word. Whitman (like many others) uses italics to indicate song. We find this in "Out of the Cradle Endlessly Rocking" and "When Lilacs Last in the

Dooryard Bloomed." This practice is very effective, for the italics set the song apart from the rest of the poem.

Convention says, capitalize the first word in each new line of poetry. We find this rule adhered to up to the time of poets like William Carlos Williams, H. D., and Cummings, who have taken liberties with tradition in order to secure more natural and striking effects. In the free style of verse they use it seems rather pointless to follow any such meaningless practice. Their lines are broken by thoughts, not by metronomic rhythms. A reader who is not familiar with this style will at first be set back by the amazingly different appearance of the poems, but he will soon grow used to it, and will usually find it enjoyable. It might be thought that the eye would come to rest at the beginning of each line of a conventional poem. Perhaps this thought is correct, but the inexperienced reader of modern poetry seems to be bothered more by the lack of the capital.

Standard type sizes are used in the printing of poems, for, again, if the reader cannot read the poem with comparative ease, he will lose the sense of it. The width of the line is a point which is usually left entirely to the poet, but some publishers take great liberty with a poet's line structure. The editors of anthologies, which are usually crowded for space, will sometimes use a double column page. Very few poems are written with lines as short as half the width of a page, and the effect of crowding is indeed evident. Perhaps the most crowded and cluttered-up poetry to be found is in common printings of the *Bible*. The pages are filled with subscripts and superscripts with references given between the sections of the two-column construction. Italics seemingly are used without warrant. Fragments of explanatory sentences ramble across the tops of the pages. The pronunciation guides for words such as Da'vid and Se'lah add even more to the confusion.

Indentation usually depends on the rhyme scheme, especially in straight a, b, a, b, c, d, c, d, etc., although this is not always true. Complicated rhyme patterns and blank verse generally are not indented. Many poets indent to indicate a change in direction of thought or approach (viz. some aspect of nature may be described and then, in an indented portion the lesson or moral is stated).

What is the general effect of seeing the poem and its parts as a grey mass on a white ground? Most poems are written and published without as much as a thought in this direction. Modern experimenters like Cummings, however, apparently give this matter considerable contemplation. The arrangement of the lines of a poem gives rise to a rhythm of its own. Let us look at Cummings' "Chansons Innocentes" presented on the next page. Generally speaking, relative closeness of the elements of a composition make the reader feel close to the scene; conversely, when the elements are spread out, the reader feels the distance or vastness of the work. Notice how the spacing of the words seems to indicate the changing proximity of the balloonman. So well is the poem constructed that the man doesn't merely walk along, rather, he limps. Observe also the feeling of nearness created by the words "eddieandbill" and "bettyandisbel." We are forced to be close to them by having to stop and examine the strangelookingruntogether words.

A poem can create a feeling of similarity or equality by repeating a definite pattern of lines, as in figure 1a. Continuity can be created very simply by having one or both ends of the lines form a smooth curve. Figure 1b gives us not only a feeling of continuity, but a sense of solidity and truth. The continuity remains in figure 1c, but we also have a reversed and backward sensation. Parts of it are difficult to read because the eyes want to proceed from left to right and having to go further to the left for the

in Just-
 spring when the world is mud-
 luscious the little
 lame balloonman

whistles far and wee
 and eddieandbill come
 running from marbles and
 piracies and it's
 spring

when the world is puddle-wonderful

the queer
 old balloonman whistles
 far and wee

and bettyandisbel come dancing
 from hop-scotch and jump-rope and

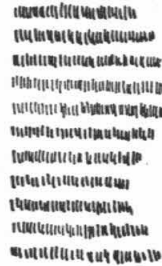
it's
 spring
 and
 the
 goat-footed

balloonman whistles
 far
 and
 wee

PENDULUM



d.



b.



c.



d.

Figure 1

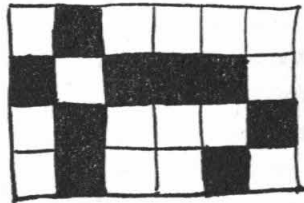


Figure 2

beginning of each line tires them and gives the reader a peculiar sense of lack of beauty. Figure 1d could very well be used for a poem about a river—continuous, rhythmical flow with no mechanical straight lines on the edges.

The eye has a very limited field of clear vision surrounded by a vast area of blurred perception. A reader sees a sharp image of only a part of a line of poetry, but he can sense the whole page of the book and even objects in the room in which he is reading. Also, the eye can rest itself on a single element only so long without tiring. The more continuous the field, the longer attention may be focused upon its individual parts. A discontinuous system indicates change, and change implies motion or a variety of location. (See figure 2.)

Conventional poetry was all written in continuous form whether it was about a pasture or a speeding clippership. Modern poets are able to use the physiological and psychological implications of spatial organization to create special and interesting effects. Again note the implicit movement in "Chansons Innocentes" and note also the construction of another of Cummings' poems, "next to of course god"

The solid grey block which represents the speech shows the motionless position of the speaker and the stillness of the audience. The last line tells of action and at the same time implies it by its detached position. To the reader, the capital letter signifies the beginning of something. Cummings undoubtedly realizes this and therefore uses capitals only when he really wants something to begin. The speech in the poem does not begin for us: we come in after it started, or at least start paying attention after it started. The lack of capitals and punctuation and the mass of run-on sentences indicates the speed with which the speech was delivered. Movement is emphasized in the last line by deliberately breaking it.

"next to of course god america i
 love you land of the pilgrims' and so forth oh
 say can you see by the dawn's early my
 country 'tis of centuries come and go
 and are no more what of it we should worry
 in every language even deafanddumb
 thy sons acclaim your glorious name by gorry
 by jingo by gee by gosh by gum
 why talk of beauty what could be more beau-
 tiful than these heroic happy dead
 who rushed like lions to the roaring slaughter
 they did not stop to think they died instead
 then shall the voice of liberty be mute?"

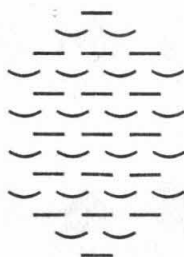
He spoke. And drank rapidly a glass of water.

Christian Morgenstern is a very active participant in a move-
 ment to put into the poem more than words and implicit con-
 structional devices. Indeed, his work has very explicit meaning
 in its form. Two of his poems are given below. The first repre-
 sents the ideogram, a poem in which the body of type repre-
 sents the subject of the text. The second shows how far Morgen-
 stern has gone to make the poem entirely dependent upon vision.

Die Trichter

Zwei Trichter wandeln durch die Nacht
 Durch ihres Rumpfs verengten Schlacht
 fließt weißes Mondlicht
 still und heiter
 auf ihren
 Waldweg
 u. s.
 w.

Fisches
Nachtgesang



We normally think of poetry as a collection of words, which are arbitrary symbols representing sounds, which represent the actions and feelings we observe and have. The Chinese language is different from all others in that words as we know them are not used. Ideas, moods, and actions are communicated by means of pictures which are really poems in themselves. Consider for example the Chinese verb "is" (see figure 3). The symbol not only shows an active sense of having, it also expresses something even more concrete: "to snatch from the moon with the hand." "Speech" shows a mouth with two words and fire coming out. "See" shows an eye with running legs (i.e. the eye moving through space). A combination of rain (a cloud roof over falling drops) and broom serve to show the sweeping motion of "snow." "Dog" shows a man with a little dot beside him. Perhaps the most interesting Chinese character is the one with two women under a single roof—"trouble."

月 媚 如 晴 雲

梅 花 似 照 晷

可 憐 金 鏡 轉

塵 上 玉 箸 箸

有 言 見

is

speech

see

雪 人 笑

snow

dog

trouble

Figure 3

The Chinese poem on page 44 is given the following literal and paraphrased translations:

moon	rays	like	pure	snow
plum	flowers	resemble	bright	stars
can	admire	gold	disc	turn
garden	high above	jewel	weeds	fragrant

The moon's rays fall like snow on the plum tree;
 Its boughs are full of bright stars.
 We can admire the bright turning disc;
 The garden high above casts its pearls to our weeds.

When the whole of a Chinese poem is considered, we get very little of the psychological effect of spatial arrangement other than the feeling of nearness which is due to the bold form of the characters. Some day, perhaps, a wise Chinese poet will initiate the practice of abbreviating symbols and of scattering them about the page in a more interesting way.



HARLEQUIN *by Edward Gauss*

Louis Logan

