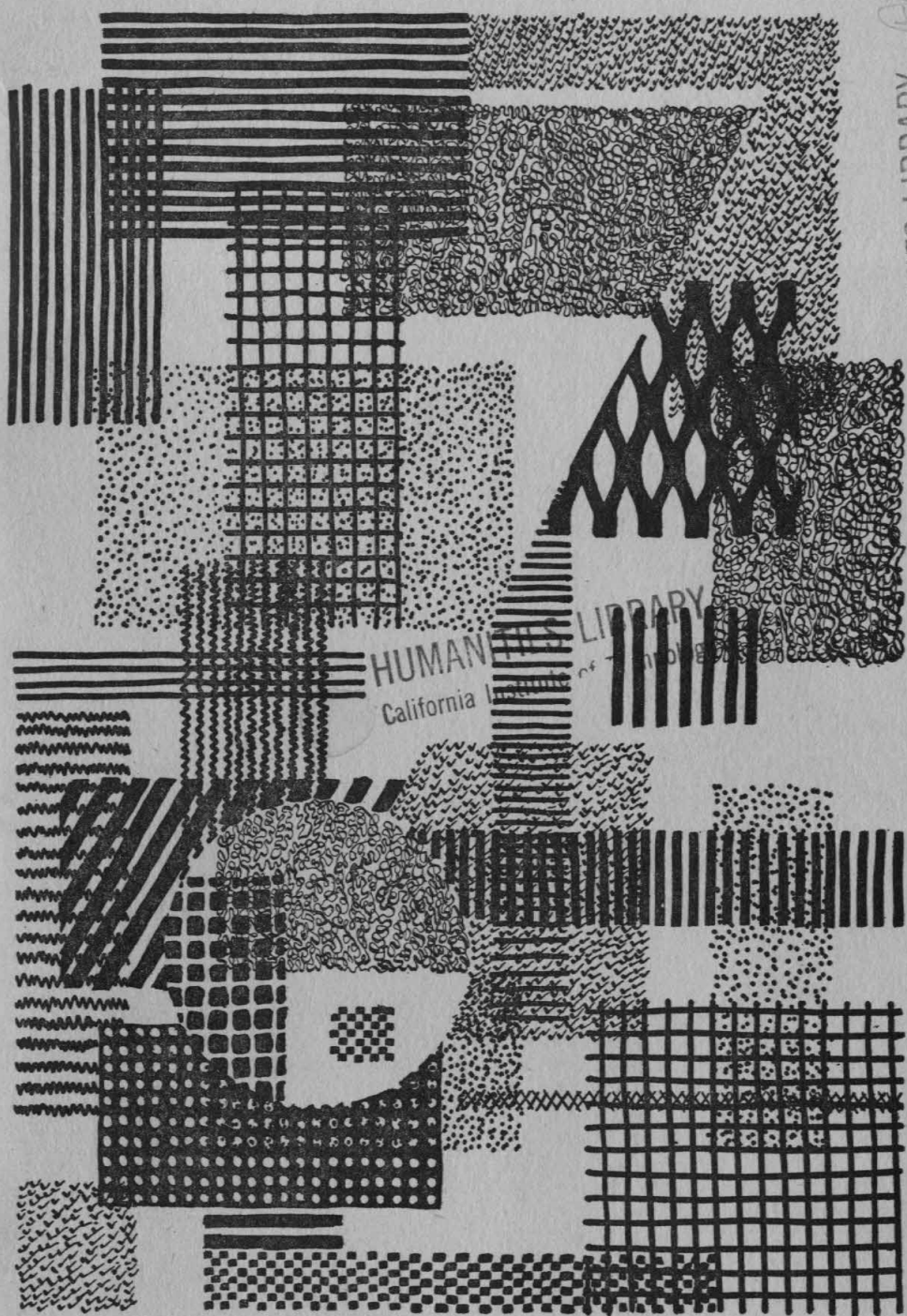


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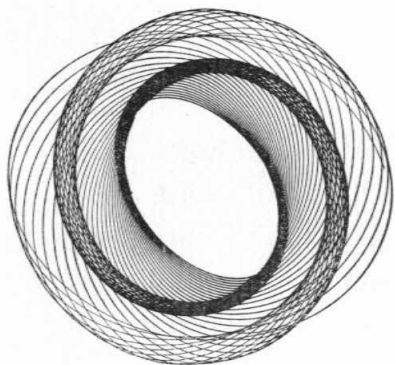
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TOYOD TOMITA

SAYONARA

To pleasure-loving Atami, pounded by the Pacific,
To Hakone, to Baien Park, with its stunted pines
And fairy-tale streams
Farewell.

Goodbye to the crowded streets of Tokyo,
Trafficked alike by limousines and dung-carrying oxcarts,
With its main concern
Confusion.

Farewell to Fuji, thou mighty cinder cone,
Your magenta dust in summer, your frosty clearness in winter,
Your one bold feature
Majesty.

Nikko and mystic Nara and artistic Kyoto
Seats of Eastern meditation and esoteric Zen
And high-souled hermit
Daruma.

These I shall remember and much more
The artifacts of daily living, from kimono to the geta
Exotic land of fancy
Goodbye.

Sayonara.

—T. L. GUNN

RAINY NIGHT

FROM evening it had been raining.
I opened the window, turning the light off.
Soft whispering of rain came into my room,
Comforting my disconsolate heart.

I saw, through the window,
That the oak tree was also weeping.
He looked so brave usually though,
Near a dim street-lamp, drooping his head.

Sitting down by the window
I listened to the music "Fantaisie" from a phonograph.
The melody rent my heart.
A somewhat hot droplet fell down along my cheek.

Beyond the ocean my thought flew,
To a small city where my home is.
The place of rain and poetry,
Cannot be compared with California.

Muddy streets, creaking street-car,
Woods and hills veiled in rain,
Sobbing temple-bell,
My dearest aunty, now deceased,—

Images of my home town came and passed
One after another in the darkness,
Like a revolving lantern.
I sighed, I sighed with the music.

All were drenched by the rain and tears.
Hearing a lullaby of the rain,
I fell into sleep.

—TOYOO TOMITA

NO SEX=SCRIPPS
F=MA



BODIES-bodies-bodies: din. Smoke-sweat-heat: Sin.

Medium smart, he danced, smothered amid the sluggish thoughts
of him and the others.

Medium tall, she thought of cigarettes, money, and poetry.

HEY, HERE'S THE HOUSE MOTHER! HOW'S THE OL' RESIDENT A.
TONIGHT?

no liquor in the student houses—He's our resident associate.

Oh

so confident, wonder if i'll ever be that old, to 69?

no: dull, be young—what should i say?

How do you like it at Scripps?

*Oh, the tuition is so frightfully high, but it has such a wonderful
atmosphere.*

dance closer they'll see you.

It must be wonderful to have such a technical brain.

neurons -protons -electrons: gin—what is a brain? technical;
different from others: out of it. do problems cool tests; cool
life? all moving, shuffling—where? stop thinking science: be
normal.

Do you like music?

Oh yes, just ask me anything about music.

ask her anything! i-know-just-as-much-anyday-they-all-think-they're-so-good: no brains (hitch a wagon to a star?)—vibrations; springs

I THINK ELIOT HAS HIS HEAD ROCKETS WILL REPLACE KINSEY? WHAT A TWITCH

small talk, can't talk with them: don't know enough, learn-time-life.

I TEND TO THINK

smart why can't i be smart confidence is all? read fast: no just don't have it; no clue, no IQ screwed by mother nature, fate.

WHAT'S YOUR STORY?

dumb glad i'm not dumb, graduate; good school, job, family, love parents; love? proud of me (no mail in two days!) something to be proud of; love? popular?

Let's go outside and dance.

Oh, I'd rather not, I catch cold quite easily.

doesn't like me; why should she? no sex=scripps F=ma: what's equals? when things are as big as each other, yes i—everyone? wonder if i'll kiss her tonite: no too early-blind date scripps: fashionable, for girls—tech: sterile, for boy

HUMANITIES

subjective: history tests—let 'em all study those old tools we're the (i'm the) new movement; science marches on—simple equations—mechanics, molecular physics, heat and sound: shapes, motor cars, smells and people.

IN THE FUTURE

lonely wonder if i'll always be alone: can't express it, hollow shapes, words-time-movement—why am i so different?

IT'S HOT IN HERE

suffocation, bodies: all moving, going where am i going? great to be smart; must do what they must—where am i? things much simpler years ago: all shapes colors impressions now all

tangled. why am i different?
Let's sit this one out.
What is your major ambition?
 live normally
 To graduate
 from where to where?
 What's yours?
To get married and raise children
 spawn, suffocation

.....
Well we're home, there's the great white wall you all talk about.
 walls everywhere; some can leap over. walls in the mind why
 am i different? wall too high; too much mind for body (pro-
 portion?) batter my heart against the wall—some leap over:
 unite. i am in two parts—fate.
Goodnight

—JAY ARTHUR GLASEL

LITTLE MAN

WHAT do you know, little man?
 How far away is a star . . . how deep is the ocean, how high is the
 sky . . .
 How many people there are . . .
 These, I grant you, you can tell;
 But prove the existence of Heaven or Hell?
 Tell me the story of Buddha's life . . . explain how to make an
 apple pie . . .
 What makes a smile? what causes a tear? (not how many are
 shed each year) . . .
 Who is our maker? And who made God? . . .
 What do you know, little man?

—FRANK ALBINI

THE ARM

THE CEILING is too high! Damn you, why is the ceiling so high! You know it is too high... why won't you tell me? You are torturing me, damn you all!

The ceiling is too high! Why do you keep me here... are you to make me confess? I have done nothing... I am not insane! Why will you look at me that way? Say something...

*Something... say
something...
please say something, so I will
He's asleep.*

Thank God. He was beginning to stir up the other inmates. We can't afford any rioting tonight, with half the guards sick with flu.

Well, I think he'll sleep through the night, now. If he starts that screaming again give him another shot. I'll leave it here for you. You can administer drugs, can't you?

Oh, yes. Thank you for coming over, Dr. Stone.

That's all right... goodnight Mr. Harris.

Goodnight.

Aiiiiiiiiiiiiiiii! NO! NO! The arm! THE ARM! NO. GO AWAY... PLEASE go... away. Not the ... arm.

I hated to call you so early in the morning, Dr. Stone, but I simply don't know what to do with him. He's been carrying on like that, screaming himself hysterical and then passing out... for about an hour now. Mr. Harris told me when I came on this morning to give him that shot if he woke up, but it didn't seem to phase him in the...

That's all right, Miss Woodruff. I'm afraid you're going to have to give him up, though. He's too violent for a private rest home... we'll have to send him to Napa until he is better.

I'll have to call Mr. Harris... you know they are very in-

fluent people; I'd not like to see . . . well, I'll call Mr. Harris.

Where are you taking me? Where are you taking me? ANSWER, WILL YOU? ARE YOU ALL DUMB? Where are . . .

We're taking you to Napa. You are going to the asylum where you can be treated. Lie back, you will be more comfortable in a lying . . .

AIEEEEEEE! THE ARM! THE ARM! TAKE IT AWAY . . . TAKE IT AWAY!

Jesus!

Put the jacket on him.

Stop the car! Here, give me a hand . . . he's gone clean out . . .

TAKE IT AWAY! THE ARM, THE ARM, THE ARM!

Give him a shot.

There . . . hold him down till the shot takes effect. Hold him.

The arm . . . the arm . . . not

the

arm . . .

Hello, Sam. Here's a real package for you.

Is he out? Damnation he looks white. How long has he been in?

Bout a week. We had to drug him on the way up. He let out a yell that damn near broke my ear and then started screaming about an arm.

I thought he was going to tear a hand off on the screen there.

How's the kids, Sam?

Fine. You and Sue ever decide to have any? As if you could.

Sam, you bastard, some day I'll show up here with two dozen tow-headed little Charlies, and I'll leave 'em every one for you to take care of while I raise hell in Reno!

Ha ha ha! Well, let's get your package inside where it's warm.

Yeah . . . let's use your stretcher.

Oh, Mr. Harris! Mr. Harris, here's a letter for you from Napa about our Mr. Wiley. I thought you'd like to see it first thing,

so I brought it. . . .

Thank you, Miss Woodruff. Hmm, from the superintendent . . .

Mr. Samuel Harris
Director, Sunny Glen Rest Home
Berenda, California

Dear Mr. Harris:

It is my unfortunate duty to inform you that your patient, Mr. Clyde Wiley has died in our custody. The somewhat strange circumstances surrounding his death I believe warrant some detail, if not explanation on our part. For that purpose I have enclosed a copy of the report signed by the night superintendent who was with the man most of the night of the death. . . .

Let me see, where does the report start. Ah, here it is. Let me see:

. . . The patient had been hysterical most of the evening, screaming about an arm and begging me to take the arm away. I administered 2 cc of morphine in the left arm with the help of two attendants. He became less violent, but he did not go to sleep. He became quite calm, and began talking in a near-normal voice. (I would recommend an autopsy for the investigation of the patient's strange immunity to the effects of the drug.)

The patient then told me this story:

I was about to get in bed. It was dark, very dark. I was sleepy, and I had just pulled back the covers to get into bed when I saw it.

The arm.

It was lying in my bed . . . just an arm, from the elbow

down. The fingers on the hand were slowly curling up and relaxing, like a spider lying on its back. I screamed and jumped back.

When I jumped I slipped and fell to the floor, hitting my head against a chair. I was not unconscious, but I was dazed. I had no control over my body; I felt tingling sensations all over me.

I lay there in the dark, in mortal terror. I could see it on the bed still, when the light flashed outside the window. I could see the fingers curling up and relaxing . . . I knew it was waiting for me.

I tried to move, but I couldn't. I tried to scream, but no sound came from my lips . . . I tried to roll over, but I couldn't move . . . and then, the arm started moving. It rolled over, and the hand pulled it along, bumping and gliding, bumping and gliding . . . like a worm will move.

I will never forget the sound it made dragging itself across the sheets of the bed. A slow, rubbing sound. I saw it come over the edge of the bed, the fingers curling up and relaxing, curling up and relaxing.

I was petrified. The arm dropped to the floor, and started slowly across the room towards me. I couldn't turn my head to look at it, but I could hear it moving. Rub . . . rub . . . rub . . . It moved a little bit at a time. I tried to scream again, and I thought my lungs would burst.

And then, the hand touched my neck.

That's the last I remember. But I keep seeing this arm. When I go to sleep at night . . . I don't like to look at the bed. One time I saw it on a chair in the doctor's office, lying there curling its fingers. One time, I don't remember too clearly, but I saw it in a car. It seems as though there were two men with me . . .

You will protect me, won't you?

The arm . . . it will kill me if you let it. I know it will.

YOU WILL PROTECT ME. WON'T YOU! WON'T YOU?

At this point the patient became hysterical again, and had to be restrained with a strait jacket. I was called to his padded cell later that night by his screaming. He was screaming that he could not move, that the arm was about to get him.

As per regulations, I waited until the screaming subsided, and then entered the room with Guard Thomas. We found him on the floor, dead.

Death certificate cause of death: strangulation. Marks on the throat indicate the grip of a powerful hand.

Thomas M. Karen,
Night superintendent.

—FRANK ALBINI

GOOD MORNING

THE DEW is squinting on the grass,
The bird dung issues from the trees,
That bright red sun is up at last:
Too soon for bleary me.

Cold blue mountains
Bloodshot sky
You say "Good Morning,"
Show me why.

I had a bit of fun last night,
And didn't really get quite tight.
But lord, this hollow pounding head—
Go 'way! I wanna stay in bed.

—JOE SWINDT

SOGGY TIME

HEAVEN'S artillery rends the air. Torrents drain from the overturned bucket of the atmosphere and splash with splats into the brick court outside. Book laden students, with up-zipped jackets and down-turned hats dash across the open space.

Seen from the window, the big drops strike the ground like miniature meteorites and spout water inches back into the air.

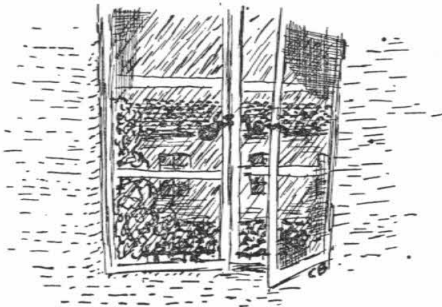
Sheet water turns to streams between the tiles on the roof. Water drains off the eaves in cataracts and drenches those who stop too soon in their spurt through the courtyard.

When the falls hit the ground they sound like the first glops of liquid dropping into a bathtub. With the soprano drip of directly falling rain and the tenor swirl of water in the drain pipes, they combine into a fugue for water arranged by the supreme of composers. A phonograph somewhere puts out Debussy's "La Mer" to serve as background. The only other sounds are those of an occasional page being flipped or a person going by outside.

There is very little wind; the only motion visible in nature is a slow waving as a gentle stir of air catches in the water-logged leaves of the many-branched jacaranda tree in front of the window. The drum rolls and cymbals of light have stopped long since and it is beginning to lighten. The barometer, which had dropped three tenths of an inch through the morning, has stopped its mad tumble and, with the light, is beginning to climb.

The court is still wet and a drizzle has set in, but the mood of the afternoon has shifted. The record has changed to "Jealousy," a door bangs and in the hall a vacuum cleaner starts. In the room the book is clapped shut and footsteps go to look for the sports page.

—DAVE TANSEY



ON THE TRIAL OF ERNEST PONTIFEX

*Byron's Don Juan suggested the question:
Would parents' arrangement of their
children's first love affair be a desirable
addition to social custom?*

Prologue

CLERGYMAN Ernest Pontifex's conversion to manhood was as sudden and final as the kick he gave his cherished Bible sending it caroming into the corner of his austere hovel in Mrs. Jupp's flophouse. The motives of his too recent visit to Miss Snow's neatly furnished room were now quite clear to him. Mounting the stairs to her room a few moments before, he was undecided whether he wanted to save her soul or ravish her body. He had been admitted to her room and had just opened a timid conversation when one of her many men friends burst into the room. Inwardly furious at having been interrupted—the more so that he recognized the intruder as an old college friend—Ernest, after hurried explanations between the three, slunk off to his room. Knowing now what he wanted, he reasoned that if he could not have Miss Snow there was still Miss Maitland across the hall who was also suspected of being a prostitute.

A few minutes after we last saw Ernest and his reverberating epistle of God, a trembling, excited and extremely insulted young lady was seen running from Mrs. Jupp's house, and in another few minutes a confused Ernest was seen half stumbling, half walking between two husky policemen.

* * *

The magistrate's thoughts were deep in humanity that fateful morning as he walked from the club to his chambers. There had not been a man-hunt for over three months, and he was getting

impatient over this lack of diversion. Whenever a criminal escaped from Old Bailey, he immediately obtained a leave of absence from his duties and along with his old friend, retired Judge Hooker, joined the police in the search. No one could doubt the bravery and ability of these two civic-minded gentlemen as they repeatedly risked their lives to track down dangerous criminals, but no one ever questioned the fact that their quarryies were never captured alive.

As the only son of wealthy, doting parents, the magistrate had a happy boyhood to remember until the vacation following his last year at prep school. He had looked forward to spending the summer with his parents and was overjoyed with his rousing reception when he arrived home. A few changes had been made during his absence, one of which was a new maid—a youthful dark-eyed beauty—who had already caused great consternation among the male members of the household staff and who was as wanton as she was beautiful. She immediately marked the young man as fair prey, and one night shortly thereafter stole to his room while the rest of the members of the household were deep in sleep. When made aware of her intentions, the boy was eagerly willing, yet unbeknownst to him his sensitive mind rebelled against this rude seduction which left him impotent and unable to satisfy their natural desires. At first amused, she teased. Then aware that pleasure was slipping from her, she raved at his seeming lack of manhood.

The boy did not sleep well that night, and the next morning he could sense—or thought he could—the snickers of the staff, for our beauty had informed all of the state of the young master. One might wonder how such a seemingly trivial incident could have such a profound effect upon the boy, yet when one's manhood is doubted, one also begins to doubt, and if the fear of further experimentation is as great as the original fear, all hope is lost.

So it was with the future magistrate. As the days passed he withdrew more and more within himself. The change did not go unnoticed by his parents, but they, like most, attributed it to growing pains. They were surprised, however, when he requested to leave early that summer giving the excuse that he needed the time to register and take care of his affairs at law school.

His fear accompanied him to school causing him to feel that even the harmless discussions among the students he did not know were conspiracies against him and to suspect that his seeming lack of manhood hung like an advertisement about him. His imagined fear soon grew too real—his cocoon too tightly wrapped—until it smothered him. He shunned all social contacts and repulsed all overtures of friendship since in his warped mind these advances were but ruses meant to position him for further pain.

There he stayed until graduation at the head of his class (he had taken refuge among his books) established him with a reputable law firm where he soon gained a reputation as a brilliant trial lawyer. His successes did not go unnoticed by a senior member of the court who decided to take a hand in shaping the career of this young genius.

Thus it was that Judge Hooker offered the young man his friendship which was strangely not repulsed. They became fast friends, and the future magistrate was soon invited on one of the man-hunts in which the Judge always found time to participate.

As the court house came into view, the magistrate mulled over the memory of his first capture. The convict had broken out of a clump of trees and had approached him with his hands high in the air as if desiring to surrender. After only a moment's hesitation the magistrate had lined the man's head in the gunsight and pulled the trigger. The actual shooting, thought he, was not much different from killing an animal, but watching the convulsive

death throes—the violent body distortions—was sheer ecstasy. The Judge had been delighted by his performance, but it was the day the Judge came upon him gleefully trampling an ant-hill that his advancement to magistrate had been firmly fixed.

* * *

Calypso can't say even now what was on her mind that morning when she skipped the ambrosia harvest and went tripping up the slopes of Mount Olympus. It wasn't her virginity, for she had lost that the previous summer in the shadow of a chariot. Yet little did she know she would lose even its faintest memory during the course of the next three days.

Passing the stables she heard many voices and, stopping to investigate, found Hermes, her current paramour, shooting craps with thirty or so of the gods. Motioning him to one side, she suggested that they go lie together in the manger. He would have none of it since he was winning heavily and didn't want to anger the rest of the gods by leaving at this time. However, he hinted that he might be willing if she would agree to lie with the others. She refused at first, but after Hermes broke the chill with a few kisses and well placed caresses, she laughingly agreed and retired to the manger.

The game lasted three days and three nights, and there were many trips made to the manger. By the third night, Hermes had won all the loot, and Calypso had established a new record on the mount.

The goddesses were very angry when they heard of this. They appointed Aphrodite as their spokesman who asked Zeus and the others what they intended to do about this new threat to their security: "Father Zeus, and all you lustful and everlasting gods, I suppose you all know about the shameful performance of our sister Calypso?"

"Bless my soul," Zeus Almighty answered, "this is the best

thing that ever happened on the mountain, but I suppose I must do something to keep peace among you."

Then calling to his son Hermes, he said, "Hermes, my good messenger, go and declare to Calypso our unchangeable will. Tell her she is henceforth banished to the island of Ogygia. She may take as many servants as she needs, but she must never return to Olympus."

Thus was Calypso banished to the island of Ogygia where you all know how she found Odysseus half dead upon the beach and how she nourished him back to health only to keep him prisoner and force him to sleep with her at night.

Several hundreds of years passed with Calypso occupying the island of Ogygia. Athena would drop by occasionally to discuss old times. They were both in love with the memory of Odysseus—each in her own way—and for this reason became inseparable friends. Whenever their discussion settled on Odysseus, great tears as large as raindrops would form in their eyes, and one or the other would say:

"Sister, will there ever be another man like Odysseus upon this earth? Here we have searched for such another for centuries, and not one we have seen could even approach his good qualities. For myself, I would prefer one man like Odysseus to all the gods on Olympus."

And the gods, hearing this and many similar utterances, became extremely vexed. Poseidon, whose son you remember was blinded by Odysseus, finally asked Zeus what he intended to do:

"Father Zeus, how can we ever expect to command respect among the mortals when we haven't any amongst ourselves? The seditious conversations between those two lovesick bitches on the island of Ogygia are hard to bear."

"'Pon my soul," answered Zeus Cloudgatherer, "I have been aware of this for some time now, and in order to kill two birds, my mind thinks the best solution to be this: The new toy mortals

call justice is quite out of hand and you all know that they are lousy lovers. Hermes, my son, go now and declare to Athena and Calypso our unchangeable will. Inform them that henceforth Athena will be known as goddess of Justice and Calypso as goddess of Love. Command them to consort only with mortals and to try to bring order into the mortals' chaotic lives."

* * *

The Story

As I closed the last page of Samuel Butler's novel, *The Way of All Flesh*, my mind roamed back through the pages of the strange tale wondering if such a situation had really occurred on earth. I was especially displeased with Mr. Overton's report on the trial of Ernest for his assault on Miss Maitland. Deciding to give up an afternoon of pool to thoroughly investigate this matter, I crawled into my time machine, set the dials and took off. As I arrived, the magistrate was passing sentence on Ernest. I had just taken my seat when the ancient courtroom was electrified by the sudden appearance of two beautiful young women.

"Hold! Hold!" a clear, steady voice rang out as Athena, the goddess of Justice, accompanied by her sister Calypso, the goddess of Love, glided across the courtroom. "How can an intellectual snob pass judgment on this innocent child?"

The confusion wrought by the tumultuous arrival of the dignified visitors was soon put in order, and the magistrate, when he had calmed his shocked senses, roared out, "Do you dare disrupt the proceedings of his Majesty's court?"

"I dare," replied Athena, "and I shall use all the powers vested in me to see that justice is done in this case."

The magistrate, humbled by his belated recognition of his superior, sputtered, "But your highness, I am only doing my duty."

"Your duty!" countered Athena. "Duty to whom? Your

brethren who hide in the shadows of the universities, afraid to approach the sun lest they wither and die? It is a shame that so many of your kind are guided by duty rather than justice!"

"And truth!" added Calypso.

"You have made the punishment fit the crime," continued Athena, "but you have not considered the welfare of this young man. If you recognize the truth of your judgment, why then have you not sentenced his parents and all the others who had a hand in forming him?"

"I love beauty," whimpered the magistrate. "How can you expect me to condone such disgusting advances to our young women?"

"You say you love beauty," cried Athena, "but beauty without truth is the vilest poison. Today in your judgment you have denied Ernest the common sense to distinguish a respectable woman from a prostitute, yet you have not the power to grasp the truth of your own words—the naked beauty of this young man's innocence.

"It is you who are disgustingly educated," continued Athena, "yet you understand nothing. All the literary knowledge in the world will not make a man of you. Experience will; life will. To understand life, man must experiment, and only the uncalledous, intellectual fools, like yourself and your kind, who fear to touch life with their hands, can dare to play God. Look you at poor Ernest—saturated with education—without knowledge of life whatsoever, except for this brief unfortunate encounter. What a pity that his first spark was extinguished before reaching a flame."

"B-B-But," stuttered the numbed magistrate, badly shaken by his first encounter with truth, "life is obscene and v-v-vulgar. I w-w-would rather touch a g-g-great mass of r-r-r-writhing snakes than s-soil my hands w-w-w-with life!"

"You poor fool," soothed Athena, visibly softened by the magistrate's condition, "if approached with truth, life cannot be vulgar or obscene. What an empty life you must have led. What

a shame that by your silly notions of life you and your kind continue to condemn our youth to the same meager existence.”

Calypso, her eyes filled with tears, now approached the prisoner's dock. Filled with compassion over the tragedy of young Ernest's life, she spoke out—her voice barely audible: “I love this young man for all those who have failed to love him, who had the opportunity and chose not. I love him deeply for all the intolerable restrictions he has encountered throughout his life. His tragic life should above all teach us the necessity of being kind to our youth. Through lack of experience youth itself is violent and intolerant. His elders have no excuse. An iota of kindness and generosity on the part of Ernest's parents would have saved him this day.”

At the beginning of Calypso's declaration, the magistrate had slipped to the floor, and his quivering body was removed by the bailiff. Athena arose to the bench and presided over the court as Calypso, speaking directly to Ernest, continued:

“I shall plead for your cause, young man, and I shall request that the sentence imposed by that educated fool be approved. To turn you loose in the world in your present state would be utter folly. Your prison term should leave the stigma which will forever separate you from your past unpleasanties.”

Signalling to Athena that she was finished, Calypso leaned over the barrier of the prisoner's dock and whispered to Ernest. Their hearty laughter—his first in twenty years—reverberated through the courtroom.

Rapping her mallet to restore order, Athena commanded Ernest to rise and declared: “I am approving the plea for the reasons already stated. You are hereby sentenced to confinement with hard labor for six months in the custody of Calypso. Court is adjourned.”

As the last of the spectators cleared the portals, the two beautiful sisters linked arms with Ernest and strode majestically from the courtroom.

—ALBERT GAEDE

THE ACCIDENT

THE SWIRLING acrid dust whirled up into his face, seemingly intent on choking and blinding him. He was pleased, musing half aloud, to note that he had on his dark safety glasses to keep particles of it out of his eyes.

The scooter putt-putted along between the loading docks from which gusts intermittently blew spilled product into the air. Two weeks of summer remained before he could quit his sampling job and go back to school. Lost in thoughts of classes starting and money earned he failed to see the railroad tracks alongside his vehicle. The Cushman lurched and zigged. A short battle for control between the steering system and the steel below was won by Southern Pacific and he dove headlong for safety as the wheels went out from under.

Picking himself up, he examined the one damage to the scooter or its driver, a small scratch on his left elbow. The putt-putt started with no trouble and after picking up his sample, he returned to the lab.

He couldn't show his cut to the Supervisor, who might be sore about the accident, but he could show it to the woman who washed the glassware. She would be properly sympathetic and, moreover, impressed with his presence of mind.

He entered the lab grime-covered from his encounter with the ground; he had been careful not to wipe off any perspiration. The assistant analyst walked toward him immediately, horror and shock in his look and stride.

Pleasure crossed his mind, the left arm started to come into exhibit position. "Got a dollar, son?"

Startled, he had expected, "You look like hell, kid!" He stammered, "Huh, uh, why?"

"The analyst's kid just got killed and we wanted to buy some flowers." He dropped the arm to his hip pocket, handed over the dollar and went to wash up.

—DAVE TANSEY

BARNEY

BARNEY put his big hands in the pockets of his battered foul weather jacket, and shuffled along the sidewalk next to the gutter. Barney was a big man, over six feet, with powerful long arms. He walked with a slight limp that was ill-concealed by the fact that he was very drunk. He stooped now and again to examine cigarettes left on the sidewalk, bending over with some difficulty.

He narrowly missed a lamp post, so intent was his scrutiny of the ground, and in the process of getting around it, he knocked off his hat. He pulled one great hand out of his pocket, and aimed it at the hat. After a few tries, the elusive thing was in his grasp, and he plopped it on his head; if slightly askew, at least it covered his need for a haircut.

The sound of bad piano playing drifted out to him across the sidewalk. It came from a poorly-lit bar with a sawdust floor, a place labeled Tony's. Barney shuffled over to the swinging doors and peered into the smoke. He caught the eye of the fat barman, and shook one of his fists at him. "I get you!" he called in a deep bass, "I get you, you sonofabitch!" The barman's mustache curled up as he smiled at Barney. He wiped at a puddle of beer with his apron.

Barney was in the process of putting his hand away in his pocket when he was buffeted out of the doorway by a sailor and a laughing blonde. He looked at the door and walked away. "I get him, fat dago bastard. You see, I get him one of these days. Nigger cain't take no chainces. Get him some time at night when there no one else around. Nigger cain't take no chainces." His red-rimmed eyes protruded from his head, "Specially a old nigger what need a haircut and a shave. . . ."

The sounds of the night and the city were about him. Tires whispering on the pavement and leather soles sluf-sluffing on the sidewalk . . . women laughing and the bad piano playing going

on and on, never changing tune, just going on . . . the sound of a loud voice reached him from across the street. It broke in oddly on the other sounds, piercing through the other noises. It was a man's voice, speaking fast and excited. Barney aimed his feet across the street, and presently stood before the voice.

A young man, dressed in black, stood on a high wooden box and shouted to the street, "Take a breath, you out there! Take a deep breath and smell the sulfur and brimstone! You're on the very brink of hellfire, and in the grasp of eternal damnation . . . you're running downhill to the kingdom of hell, and when you get there you'll fall at the feet of the devil and cry out for mercy from the torment you deserve!"

Barney looked up at the man. His head was outlined against the sky by a neon sign. It said, "Acme . . . Acme . . . Acme . . ."

"A bed of anguish and a pillow of torment will be your comforts in the fires of hell! Repent! Repent and accept the love of God and the spirit of Jesus Christ into your hearts, and know the Christian feeling. Repent or suffer your fate in the agony of fire!"

He took a deep breath, "I come to tell you of a Saviour; I come to tell you of a man who died on a wooden cross with blood in His eyes and the love of man in His heart that you might be saved from eternal torture in the flames of hell. Do you know this man?"

"Hallelujah!" an old colored woman cried from the back of the crowd.

"Hallelujah!" shouted the crowd.

"Do you accept the love he died to offer you? Do you so glory in your life of sin that you reject the everlasting life He offers you? Do you so crave the life of stupor and drunkenness that you cannot see the light? Do you not see the hope that streams forth from Heaven . . . streams forth for the likes of you! There is a Saviour, and He loves you all; He offers you His love and protection, and the guidance into the Kingdom of Heaven.

Tell me, what do you do in return? You pursue the bitter fruit of carnal lust, and worship a bottle of beer!"

A bottle of beer. Barney looked up at the man and wet his lips. The sign was still flashing, "Acme . . . Acme . . ."

"Are you too good to bear your cross? Are you too weak? Speak up, you out there, for He offers you strength!"

A Negro sailor cupped his hands and shouted, "I ain't too weak, preacher, I too tired!" He jostled his companion, and they went away laughing.

"The soldiers of the Lord are never tired! Oh, open up your eyes, and look upon the Lord Jesus Christ as your hope and your salvation. It's not too late to escape the fire and horror of eternal hell; open up your eyes and open up your hearts and let your Saviour in!"

Barney was still looking at him. "Yo' God don't love Niggers," Barney said. His eyes stuck out from his head, and he looked intently at the man.

"He loves you all! God is good. He wants you all in His Kingdom! Just open up your hearts to Him, and let Him in. . ."

Barney put his hands even farther in his pockets.

"If God so good, how come he kilt ma kid? Answer me dat, white man! Yo' God no good, white man; he kilt ma kid and left my wife run off with anotha man! Yo' God don' love Niggers!" Tears streamed out of his red eyes, and he turned away.

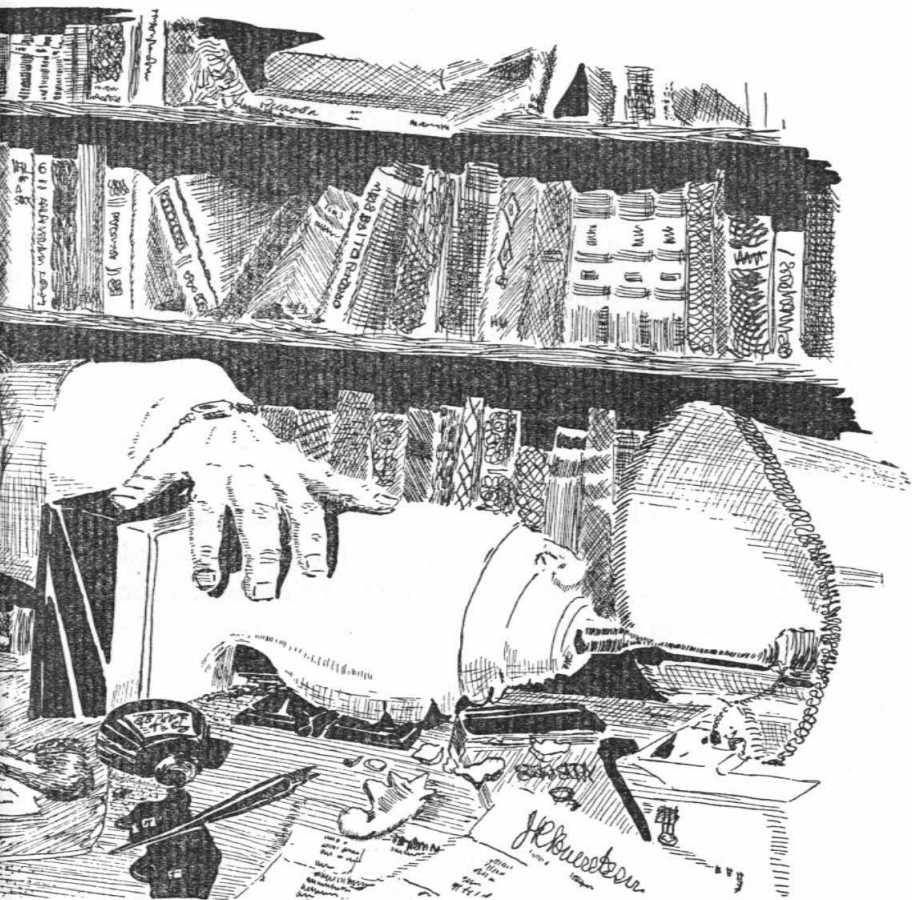
"He loves you men out there! Come forth and let the Lord know his own. . ."

Barney shuffled away, his hands deep in his pockets. The tears still marked his cheeks, sparkling red and gold in the flashing of the sign that whispered, "Acme . . . Acme . . . Acme . . ."

—FRANK ALBINI



...IT WAS HER FATHER WITH THE .44...



THE NIGHT ON HAMPTON ROAD

ALOYSIUS "Bozo" Knoxson-Smith came to see me on the fourth day of April (a Saturday) at nine-thirty in the morning. The man wore a horrible look of dejection and was so pale that I nearly reached for the Sea-Breeze mix which lay hidden in an undisclosed recess.

"Hello," I said.

"Grrh," said Bozo and sat gingerly at the edge of a chair.

"What," I inquired, "has been happening to you?"

"Glump," said Bozo.

"Clearer. And louder."

"Bernice," came a hoarse reply, "It's Bernice."

"Oh."

Quickly I reached under the desk, fished out the rejuvenating fluid and poured myself a little alcohol. The relief was immense. This Bernice was, in a solid and unmistakable sense, Bozo's girl friend. To make things worse, she was not much more than a shrimp with an intellectual look and a formidable mother, who lived in the no-man's-land between South Pasadena and San Marino—the area where you like to think of yourself in the sacred Upper Bracket till time comes to declare annual incomes. She had been on the Smith roster for the past month or two and the opinion of Those Who Knew was that, at this pace, poor Bozo should be deluged under the lady's cataclysmic advances in a matter of weeks; the rumor flew, as a matter of fact, that in Bozo's circle of acquaintances, the betting was already heavy and that the odds were nine-to-one in favor of the girl netting the poor fellow before the spring was out. This latter individual had been, in the meantime, and very flatteringly for him, growing progressively uneasy since he himself had reportedly sparked the fury of book-making by having upheld his anti-marital convictions in public at a local tavern, long before Bernice had appeared.

"She invited me over for dinner twice so far," moaned the sufferer. "I had to meet all her blasted relatives—her aunts, uncles, distant cousins and what-nots." He closed his eyes and shuddered. "I had to play canasta with her mother for a whole two hours the same night. It is getting frightening. Corky, what can I do?"

My heart bled for the boy. I murmured something sympathetic.

"Then, last Sunday, she asked me to go to church with her. At nine in the morning. Can you imagine that? At nine in the

morning. And," he continued, with a low, trembling voice, "would you believe it? She is knitting me a pair of socks!"

"No!"

"Yes. A pair of the best. The great danger signal itself."

"Better leave town," I said. "Drive, fly, walk or crawl."

"Don't drivel, Corky," cried Bozo with much pathos, "give me advice, man!"

I got up and walked to the open window. The sun-lit spectacle of springtime blazed before my eyes like something glorious out of Velasquez. Birds twittered and sang and flew, the bees and the flowers went about their business with enthusiasm, and a slight breeze brought to me the youthful smell of morning and newly-cut grass. I mused. A rare opportunity, indeed, to do some good for Mankind.

"Advice thou shall not have, old man," I replied. "An illustrative little story, however, you shall."

"Spare me," moaned Knoxson-Smith.

"Sit down," I said.

* * *

The true-life experience I am about to relate (I explained) is by no means foreign to your present predicament and may, I hope, serve to illustrate that with a bit of perseverance and an admittedly sizeable chunk of good fortune a great many people can get out of a great many tight places.

A certain April not so long ago I found myself occupied with one of those problems which springtime showers upon the young-at-heart Californians. The item in question went under the name of Daphne and lived in one of the better mansions which abound on Hampton Road. Under the same roof lived the usual complement of relatives. There was, as there always is in most of these cases, the mother; she was a handsome middle-aged lady with the unmistakably matriarchal air and with a look which, at the slightest indication of a social faux-pas on your part, riveted itself

upon you and made you want to go back among the less formidable sabre-tooth tigers of days bygone. Then there was the son of the family, an unbearable brat with freckles who was always there and who had an awe-inspiring ability to tell how much cash you would be carrying on your person. Next in line came the dog, a suspicious-looking canine who would constantly look at one's ankles and smack his fleshy lips longingly. And finally there came the father, a pleasant, timid gentleman small in size but big at heart with grey temples, bald head and a scholarly pathos in the History of the American Indian. Their house was beautiful. It stood over a huge lawn which adorned the front and it had been built after the elegant Spanish style of earlier days, with decorative grilles and balconies and over-hanging plants and flowers. The sides and back of the building were shaded by huge oak trees in which myriads of birds would flutter and sing their song; and in the evenings the setting sun would seem to light the red tiles of the roof with an intense fire which would stand apart from the purple of the mountains of the background and would furnish the objet-d'-art with a final touch of beauty.

Such were the surroundings which, coupled with the serene influence of Californian weather, had caused the momentary weakening of my defensive system. I mean, it is a little hard to think thoughts of engineering in an atmosphere which would have sent Keats, Longfellow and the rest of the boys scurrying for pen and paper. You take a deep breath and relax a little, and before you can blink here is a Daphne tagging at your sleeve, telling you that your shirt-collar is wrinkled and demanding to be taken to the Playhouse that same evening. Not that one would normally complain about Daphne. She mounted an impressive array of aristocratic features, had been honed at Scripps and educated in the arts and letters. The trouble with her was that she operated on the telle-mere-telle-fille principle; she had a cunning way of making her wishes known and then staring you down

into an ant-hole till you gasped "Granted." In fact such was the similarity of her countenance with that of her mother's on such occasions that I could not restrain a cold chill from spreading south through my spine. I really started looking upon the father in the family as a fellow-sufferer; the trouble was that the man was never to be found around except when he was talked into a stiff shirt and bolted onto a chair by the dinner table. The rest of the time he preferred to lock himself in his study and think of the Western prairie.

Spring was going along merrily when, little by little, I started feeling the tightness of the situation. The girl had been clipping along at a good pace. I started wearing out the cushions on the living-room chairs, took her to movies, plays, churches, parks—every conceivable place but the lumberyards. I was presented with a dazzling yellow sweater, a real winner with the right sleeve about three inches longer than the left one. But it was not till I had been introduced to Aunt Polly, Aunt Frances and Aunt Alexandra, all in one sitting, that I decided it was time to rally. I had already started losing a disconcerting fraction of my regular eight hours of nightly slumber; and, in place of the gay camaraderie which prevailed when I used to join the boys for a foaming glass or two in the past, my now-rare seances at the local bar brought me before a sadly reverent crowd of old friends who came up, patted me on the back in silence and ordered a beer in a low tone. After a while I started having that eerie feeling of alternately struggling on an imaginary patch of quicksand and drifting away from a life-boat in mid-ocean. Each time I attempted to react to the situation I sank deeper. An attempt to spread the rumor that I was sick in bed, a stratagem which could have been good for two or three weeks of freedom, brought about a fusillade of people and things discharged on my head within the hour: reading in alphabetical order, there came the doctor, Aunt Frances and Aunt Polly each loaded with personal

questions and bushels of advice, medicines, medications and the assorted nonsense. Alternative B, which called for Telegram Urging Me To Side Of Ailing Relative in Cheshire, Conn., met with the same sort of over-whelming failure. Here, the works were bungled up by a friend who had been chosen as accomplice; in an outburst of excessive zeal the poor fellow, having been instructed to make things impressive, not only sent the cable directly to Daphne's home but went on to sign it "General U. Grant, Ret.". And so on.

Help, I felt, was badly needed.

And help came from unexpected quarters.

There is one point which I should make before I proceed. I have been endowed with a memory to which epithets such as "rotten" are admirably suited. I forget things. It is not that I merely forget details, individual words, individual persons or places. With me it's all or nothing. When I forget, for example, what I did last Thursday night, it is not a point of being unable to account for my movements between the hours of 8:56 and 9:34. I just up and forget where I was the whole blasted night. And spring with all its diversions does nothing to help the situation, of course. I could not imagine how it would ever become any worse, but it does become worse. In any way, you can see that the moment I was faced with the task of setting out to serenade Daphne under her window one eve in the spring, the memory defect of mine arose before my eyes like a ghost.

The serenade, sunning as it may sound, was exactly what was suggested to me by the woman's mother. One sultry afternoon, as we were sitting on the verandah waiting for Daphne to come back from her piano lesson, her mother chanced to reach for a flower sticking out of one of the pots there, cut it, smell it and sink into a lady-like coma inspired, as she said, by thoughts of her bygone youth. Then, in-between spasms, she managed to suggest that I exhibit to her daughter my finesse of character and artistic

savoir-faire by singing under her window in the moonlight. This, I admit, immediately produced a colorful variety of reactions on my part. That I, a more-or-less self-respecting person would actually and really sing songs under feminine windows in the moonlight, was a thought outside and well beyond the reach of all imagination. I remember I just stood there for a few seconds observing the universe rotate and doing nothing in particular except feel my lower jaw sink to the ground. Immediately afterwards I was struck by panic and a burning desire to run for the open spaces. It took some time for my vocal chords to become operational again, and I promptly embarked upon a violent protest whose most eloquent parts, however, did not get beyond the "er—", "ah . . ." and "but—" stage. By that time the mother, having sensed the uneasiness on my part projected upon me a glance which made me stop dead; it reminded me of a certain Pasadena policeman I had chanced to meet under very unfavorable circumstances and to whom, early one Sunday morning, I had explained at length my views on traffic regulations. So I stopped and shut my mouth and said no more.

By the time I went back home the world looked black. Nevertheless, I cannot but admit, in the best interests of truth, that when I sat down to think out the details of the assignment, I felt that tiny trace of enthusiasm which resides in all those confronted with Challenge. Song it would be? I would sing it. Guitar was needed? I would play it. Moonlight was necessary? I would stand it. There were, of course, some clouds in the horizon. First and foremost stood my personal relationship with that great muse, Music. The one song I was really proficient in was entitled "Eighteen-Forty-Nine," my old fraternity ballad which I could sing by instinct the moment somebody placed a beer-mug in my right hand—just like a dog responding to the famous saliva test. The first stanza of "Eighteen-Forty-Nine" took after the innocence of the title and dwelt on the glory, spirit and other adorn-

ments of the brotherhood. From the second stanza on, however, the song expanded liberally, and by the time the third had been enunciated, conscientious mothers hustled their little ones out of earshot. Leaving this song reluctantly aside, I dipped into my repertory once more. The only other item, however, which I could possibly excavate was a zippy one called "Anna, Bring Me a Banana" and which, although replete with good points in itself, had a major drawback. For, in spite of the state of despair and indifference to which I seemed driven, there still remained a few things which I refused to do, and one of those would be to set out to serenade a girl under the bright moon and the clear sky and the other accessories of nocturnal Pasadena, and burst out with a song called "Anna, Bring Me a Banana." This, I knew, was out of the question.

How I finally settled on the Spanish song is still, in my opinion, a matter of wild conjecture. The idea must have blossomed out of the attraction which the days of old, Spanish California cast on tourist-minded individuals. Whatever the case I came to look upon that decision as one of Herculean fortitude. It was not merely because I did not know a word of Spanish. It was also because I did not know beans about how to play the guitar. You could almost say that the path of an average guitar and that of mine had never crossed and were not, if I could have it my way, to cross. After much deliberation, however, I concluded that what was needed, after all, was a token performance and that if I could stand there and strum it a little bit, I could get by nicely. The problem of learning and memorizing the lyrics was another headache. My mind went to my unique ability to forget things fast, without warning. Much hard work was necessary, I concluded. So I dug up what passed for an old Spanish song, picked out a couple of the less formidable stanzas, pushed the rest of my daily work aside and sat down to memorize them. After a day or two of zestful toil I felt that the thing was under complete con-

trol. As a matter of fact I felt I could rip through it at a moment's notice. I supposed I would really sound more like an ulcerous Zulu than like a Spaniard, but I could still rip through it, and that was what mattered.

The scene now was, as they say, all set.

The evening I chose for my expedition did full justice to both geography and occasion. The air was clear and crisp, and though the hour was not advanced Pasadena lay quiet and serene. As I swung into Hampton road I came into full view of a scene of beauty and tranquility which made me want to walk on tiptoe and talk in whispers. The night cast deep blue colors on all forms and structures around; stars shone above and the brilliant disk of the moon lined tree-leaves and roof-tops with dazzling silver. On each side of the street stood the dark masses of houses and the darker, larger forms of oak trees. The impressive, slenderly-arched palm trees raised their graceful bodies towards the sky like giant banners and their tops shone softly against the dark blue of the world around them. Far away the mountain ranges bore their jagged peaks to titanic heights and stood like immobile sentinels watching silently and benevolently the valley below them. Here and there a light gleamed. Closer to me, invisible in the bushes and under the trees, a million flowers seemed to fill the air with indescribable fragrance. Now and then a dog would bay in the distance; and the sound, mixed with the aroma of the trees and the flowers would momentarily fill the night with a throb of life and would then diffuse away in the darkness.

Soon I had reached my destination and stood watching the house from a distance. The front of the edifice presented a broad, stuccoed face whose every detail showed with admirable clarity under the moonlight. The lights in the living-room were on and the big French windows stood wide open to admit the warmth and freshness of the night. Not a thing stirred. I walked on the lawn silently towards the left wing of the house; around the

corner the oak trees were already casting so vast a shadow that I suddenly found myself in a pool of complete darkness. This, coupled with my ignorance of the lay of the land in that particular territory, baffled me. For a moment I paused and tried to reassure myself that the abode of Cicero, the dog in the family, was on the other side of the house. This done I took a couple of brave steps forward which, on the discovery that I was actually trampling on the family's choice flower beds, were hastily retraced. Again I stood, silently cursing myself for not having found more about these things before starting out. Obviously, this sort of thing could not go on; I therefore trotted forward for a second time, totally obliterating the mother's chances, as I eventually heard, of winning the coveted "Category C: Roses" prize in the annual San Gabriel Flower and Plant Show. In a little while I stepped into the open again at the back of the house where much to my relief I spotted, framed in fancy iron-work, the girl's window. And the window was lighted.

Moving very carefully on the lawn, for I had long since finished my day's work among the roses, I came to stand under the lighted aperture, barely few yards away from it, experience having taught me that nothing smaller than a cow can be hit at that distance by a girl throwing things. Quickly I ran through my lines in a low murmur. Memory, I realized to my satisfaction, had not failed me this time. After all, I reflected bending my ear towards the guitar and touching the strings lightly, I might have exaggerated my faults of memory a little. Nothing really wrong with the old head.

At that very moment I heard a slight rustle and the window curtains up above separated allowing a familiar outline to show against the lighted background of the room. Festivities were about to begin.

"Oh, Corky!" whispered the voice from above with throaty feeling.

"Oh,—oh . . . er—ah . . ." I said.

For an instant I stood there dumfounded, not knowing what was wrong. And then, with the lack of gentleness which characterizes it, lightning struck me on the middle of the head.

I had forgotten the girl's name.

People say that there is just so much that haute Pasadena can take. In this occasion much was more than enough. I mean, here you have fellow A courting girl B, and after weeks and weeks of ecstatic dilly-dallying, does fellow A know girl B's name? The answer is no. He forgot it. This is the sort of thing which causes much social upheaval in southern California. The word travels to afternoon teas, around garden parties, even to the choice boxes of Santa Anita. Eyebrows go up, voices go down, matronly leaders of Aid Societies inflate and deflate like asthmatic bullfrogs. Conceivably, I could have made my false move under circumstances even less favorable. But things were bad enough as it was; I could not complain. And if the illusion persists in the mind of the public, that Daphne was not becoming increasingly aware of my default in the present case, I would like to dispel that illusion immediately. She had once, upon my firmly refusing to sweat out a chamber music concert given at her house, given me one of those frozen, disintegrating looks which left me with a nervous twitch lasting two weeks. As I now stood, guitar in hand, under her window I could feel, and almost see in the bright moonlight, the same sort of murderous stare impinge on me and freeze me to the bone. There was no doubt about it. She knew.

"Yes?" she said in a cold and defiant tone.

"Er—" I said.

A vague feeling descended on me that proceedings were not as smooth as originally planned. Apart from feeling like a perfect fool, I had a strong and unpleasant hunch that the desired "effect" had already been wiped out and that my efforts to make a praise-

worthy comeback were being repelled by the galleries. I admit that I had sung no songs and that I had played no guitars and that I could not even clear my throat at the right pitch; we amateurs, however, should be prompted and encouraged by the audience and not stared at coldly, as if we strangled somebody's cat. Sympathy, I saw, was lacking. Instead of the friendly, not to say tropical, sentiment which should have been joining the two of us at that moment, there seemed to separate us a couple hundred miles of cold and windy tundra. On that basis, of course, business cannot be transacted.

Good men have found that in occasions like the one at hand a choice is required between bravery and soundness of strategy. I do not recall that I paused long enough to weigh the issue, but I very vividly remember that all at once I wanted to withdraw. The going was getting thick. I therefore bade adieu to songs of Spain, new and old alike, shouldered the guitar ingloriously and turning around I made a quick exit towards the end of the house from where I had come.

Or, let's say, I attempted to make an exit. I had just gone around the corner of the house, out of sight of the pillar of salt at the window, and was about ready to swallow my sour feelings and start trampling again through the rose beds, when a frightening noise made me stop. From somewhere in the darkness under the oak trees, directly ahead of me, a ferocious growl arose. It was a growl full of spirit and of unmistakable origin. More than that, in the plain and unsophisticated language which man's best friend reserves for similar occasions, it was a growl which told me all in one breath. It said that unless I refrained from taking another step forward he, the source of the growl, would chew off my trousers and leg-bones in the order mentioned.

Cicero, the dog, had cometh.

Some clarification is required at this point. Never, in the history of our brief acquaintance, had Cicero and I been sworn

enemies. At times there had been between us, as a matter of argument, a feeling of good-natured mischief. He would occasionally dash and snap at me, playfully carrying off bits of my socks and ankles in the process; upon which I would laugh lightly and kick him on the ribs with all the power I could muster and then watch him shoot away howling like all devils. I had not imagined that pranks like that would ever breed real enmity. As it was, however, the situation spoke for itself. Here I am, trying to beat it from an unwanted situation only to find, dead ahead, Cicero growling apologetically and speaking of detours. Detours! And why not? Cicero I could not and I would not risk meeting in the dark. The darned hound could smell my feet from a distance (Frosty Parkinson once said this was no major task) and get at them in the darkness, while my own retaliatory activities would necessarily restrict themselves to groping around blindly; and groping around blindly would be no substitute to imparting a gratifying kick on the animal's ribs. So I chose withdrawal. I checked the various possibilities. On the left there stood the house, on my right there stood a very tall and very thorny fence; Cicero lurked ahead. Once again I turned around and walked toward the rear of the house.

Walking rapidly I looked stealthily at the fateful window and saw it vacant. I had half-started to brood about it when suddenly I heard a hair-raising sound behind me. Cicero, apparently having definite ideas about Mohamet and the Mountain, had decided to liven things up. I cursed loudly and started running. But it was hopeless. I had barely reached the other side of the house when I heard the canine puff at my heels like a locomotive. I looked around in despair. All eligible trees were too far away to be of immediate assistance. The bright idea of stopping and attempting to stroke the hound's head while murmuring "Here, doggy-doggy-doggy" was conceived in my mind in a flash and was rejected in another. I was at the point of surrendering my remains

to the hands of Fate when, on swerving around the corner of the house like a madman I perceived the broad outline of a first-floor window on its surface. It was a warm, inviting, darkened window. And it stood open.

Just in time I took two quick steps and, clutching the guitar faithfully, I sailed through the air; at the same instant I heard the metallic noise of snapping jaws and realized that Cicero was now richer by half a sock and the cuff of my left trouser-leg.

The next moment I landed with a thud on a polished floor. "Thud" is, of course, a rather inadequate description since the racket I made also included a sharp cry of pain in F major coming from the guitar and what I decided should be a rattle of bones breaking all over me. Pain there was, but also consolation. The Cicero threat was no more. For a little while I sat in deep thought, having evil notions about dogs: Man, I reflected bitterly, ought to have thought twice before he went about making up social registers of Best Friends.

As soon as my head cleared a little and stars and other unidentifiable objects stopped chasing around it, I surveyed, in a manner of speech, my new quarters. There was nothing to see: the room was in absolute darkness and perfectly still. Hesitant groping within few feet from where I was disclosed massive, well-polished furniture and thick rugs. The ground was not familiar. I looked longingly back at the window through which a patch of the star-lit sky could be seen and set to massaging my ill-handled limbs and weighing the over-all situation. The serenade had failed in the worst manner. My pants were torn, my nose was bleeding and here I lay, on the cold floor of a dark and deserted room, a man of future unknown. What the dickens was the girl's name, after all? Cynthia? Alice? Barbara? Corinne? Why couldn't they, I reflected nervously, stop giving women all sorts of outlandish names? But feelings of revolution were of no avail in the present predicament. What was needed now was

action—action of any type and magnitude. One possibility would be to make myself at home and announce my presence in the house by hollering and demanding that somebody turn some lights on. This I turned in my mind for some time and then rejected unanimously. I could tell with certainty that somewhere in the silent house my latest and grossest social crime was discussed in a huddle and that my name was being shoved in the gutter; to face the triple battery of mother, daughter and Aunt Polly and, what is more, to ask for their unsolicited aid in this occasion, was a task requiring the stomach of a wild boar. An alternative course of action I could pursue would be to crawl back to the window, take a reading on the Cicero situation and then fly away if things were favorable. This scheme appealed to me to no end, and I was just beginning to move in the direction of the only visible exit when once more I was compelled to stop. From somewhere in the room a very faint sound of something moving had caught my ear.

This, obviously, was one of those nights when faint sounds keep being heard in the darkness. I held my breath and listened more carefully. Very slightly, almost inaudibly, the floorboard creaked again. Somebody was there, watching, stalking, moving about in the darkness. The thought of burglars and other evil-doing agents came to my mind and my own personal problems seemed to draw aside and make room for the newcomer in their midst. A burglar! The sound of a footstep slowly sinking in Persian carpet, few feet away from me, cast away my last doubts.

And then an amazing, a splendid idea hit me.

Early in this narrative I laid forth my views on bravery, strategy and allied items. My first reaction to finding that I had a companion in the neighborhood had been, admittedly, the urgent desire to flee from Scylla, even at the risk of running into Charybdis who was presumably still lurking outside. But now things were taking on a different aspect. Now I could compen-

sate for my grave default with Daphne and show her the Inner Self. I could almost see the headlines in the Independent and the other local newspapers: "Bandit Succumbs to Brave Youth in Living-Room Brawl" or "Beau Captures Thug, Belle Swoons, Forgives." But deeper into my delirium of glory I did not sink; all I wanted to do now was to go to work. And to work I went.

For the next few seconds life moved at a somewhat faster and livelier pace. As an opening gesture I chose to get rid of the guitar, and jumping on my feet I dispatched the make-shift boomerang in the general direction from which the sounds had been coming. I don't know whether the general public indulges in indoor sports such as throwing guitars blindly across thickly furnished rooms. For your information, however, I will say that the average home on Hampton road is infested with all kinds of fragile objects adorning its interior premises. Table lamps, flower vases and assorted statuettes are only samples of the brief acquaintances which a guitar, thrown indiscriminately about, will make in the course of its trajectory. The one I threw did a marvelous job. And it was only after the din subsided and I was convinced that in all that catastrophe of breaking pottery not a flea could have survived that a voice shot out from the darkness:

"Aha!" It said. "A Comanche!"

Then lights flooded the place and I saw I was in the old gentleman's study. And next I saw the old g. in person standing by the door and excitedly aiming an old army Colt at me.

Funny how people are sometimes impressed with the less urgent items on the agenda. What impressed me at that moment, as I stood there, was not the square yardage of debris which my projectile had strewn on its path of destruction, or the difficulties which I would sooner or later have in offering plausible excuses. What struck me most clearly was the expression of joy and anticipation on the face of the old fellow. I could further see that, having been obviously awakened by people tumbling into

his study through open windows and marring his peaceful sleep, he was neither very capable nor very willing to recognize said people as his daughter's suitors.

"What? Why all this? Who are you? What did you throw?" he demanded.

I felt obligated to quench all that thirst for knowledge.

"That was a guitar," I said.

"A what?"

"A guitar. I threw it in self-defense."

"Well, don't throw guitars in self-defense again, fella. As a matter of fact, don't throw guitars at all. Nasty habit, that. But why," he mused in a confused tone, "why a guitar?"

"Because that's all I had with me."

"Is that so? Do you always carry guitars?"

"N-no. Only when—well, you see, I had to serenade your daughter."

Confusion was now becoming the order of the day. I could see a thick blanket of fog descend on my host's face.

"Is that so? Well, for the luva Mike. You know my daughter?"

"Yes."

"Is that so? Well," he said with authority, "if you do, what's her name, hey?"

Another impasse had been arrived at. I wanted some fresh air.

"Aha! Just as I thought," he continued. "I'll tell you what I'll do, fella. Do you know what Cochise, the great Apache chief did when—"

But if the great Cochise had done anything eventful I was not destined to find out. For at that moment footsteps sounded outside and somebody started knocking furiously at the door.

"Lawrence!" cried a familiar voice. "Lawrence, are you all-right? What is going on in there?"

This produced a magic effect upon my host. Instantly, instead of the hunter he became the hunted. The wild gleam of the brave

Apache warrior left his eyes, he clutched the weapon with both hands and looked with alarm at the doings of my guitar-pitching. "What will She say?" was written on his forehead in big black letters. With a heavy sigh, the downtrodden little man turned to open the door. The end I did not stay to see. I shot through the window like an arrow and raced away like another. On the driveway I encountered Cicero at whom I threw both my shoes and had the satisfaction to see at least one of them catch him square in the eye. Soon I had left the grounds and was on my way home.

While walking back I did much thinking. At first I indulged in self-criticism for fouling up the works to such an extent. I knew exactly how I stood now; for apart from the serenade scandal, I had messed up the flower beds, I had destroyed a big amount of the family's ornamental porcelain and I had probably jarred Cicero's head enough to reduce him to a state of total imbecility for the rest of his earthly existence. Not a single one of these things would Daphne, for I had at long last remembered her name, forgive. The Daphne case, I realized, was now stamped "Closed" and stored away in moldy files.

And then, little by little, a strange and wonderful feeling started creeping over me. I could not tell from where and how it came, but there it was. I thought about the slow agony of the past few weeks, the sleep I had been losing, the sorry glances and sympathetic words of friends, the tightness of the whole situation. I realized that I could now stop being prompt and proper and socially correct if I didn't feel like it, that I would not have to sweat through chamber music concerts or wear dazzling yellow sweaters with one sleeve longer than the other. Hadn't this been, after all, what I had been trying to accomplish with less imaginative methods all the time? Hadn't I been trying to evade aunts and uncles, dogs and younger brothers? Freedom I had wished for? I had it. Independence I had been looking for? Here it was.

And so, all of a breath-taking sudden the night seemed to light up in brilliant colors and heavenly voices seemed to burst out with songs of triumph. I had a splendid sensation of lightness and well-being. I took a good look around. The beauty of the night overwhelmed me. I took a deep breath. The aroma of young flowers intoxicated me. Crickets chirped around; I felt a passionate affection for crickets and made a mental note to write a poem about them soon. The stars were twinkling their approval. I winked at the moon and the moon winked back. I felt exceptional, privileged, satisfied. I felt at peace with the world and its wonderful inhabitants. And as the giant sentinels on the Sierra Madre looked on grinning from a distance and an imperceptible breeze murmured, now and then, among the oak trees I started whistling a merry tune.

* * *

I paused and started filling my favorite corn-cob pipe. The Knoxson-Smith prodigy was silent. I struck a match and watched a column of blue smoke rise gently toward the ceiling. For a long time we sat saying nothing.

"The rest of it is anti-climax," I continued. "Events followed their natural course. The next day Daphne sent me a note saying that her cousin Bertha had sprained her neck while surf-bathing in the Bahamas and that she, Daphne, was flying to her, Bertha's, side to comfort her; whereupon I repaired to Shultz's Bar and Grill the same evening and I had a riotous time auctioning off the yellow sweater. It went to "Horse" Caplowski who had been drinking martinis and did not know what the whole tumult was about anyhow. He paid, as I recall, five-thirty-five."

Again silence reigned. Then Bozo started making gurgling noises.

"Corky, old fellow," he whispered at long last, "mind if I borrow your guitar?"

—TONY DEMETRIADES

TRUTH

*Poem attributed to Robert Browning, with explanatory notes
by Prof. Ossip Schmalzpfiffle.*

WHEN OFT at eve¹ bright Freon's² chariot
Across the sky doth wandering wend hish³ way
And all the denizens of Altec's⁴ realm
Pause in their labors to wipe away a tear
And wiping, yet another soon to form.
Cool as the dew; ah, yes to do or die
As each man, listing to his soul
Must his own counsel take⁵ nor yet he seems
Destined at last that long dark road to tread⁶
Whose end nor Zeus yet nor Psychohlycs⁷ ne'er seen.
Indeed, what bodes it, what 't is not when not 't is,
Yet being not, 't is?⁸
Until we too shall stand at that dark door⁹
Wherever out we came wherein we went.
But stay, perchance we are mayhap gone round
And sit with him who said, "Methinks
That here it is that I came in."¹⁰
Ah, Truth!¹¹

¹ Evening.

² Dichlorodifluoromethane (C Cl₂F₂).

³ This is considered proof that Browning suffered from a slight speech impediment.

⁴ Corruption of Caltech.

⁵ Opinion is divided as to whether it was put back.

⁶ Probably the steam tunnel.

⁷ Third century Greek character, sometimes pronounced Sacroilliac.

⁸ 'Taint.

⁹ According to evidence recently uncovered at the Scripps College library, this was because the porch light had burned out.

¹⁰ Overheard at a double feature.

¹¹ Here for the first time the poet mentions his subject.

SPRING SHOWER



THE DROPLET runs from leaf to leaf
And then jumps down my back;
Another sees my cigarettes
And saturates the pack.



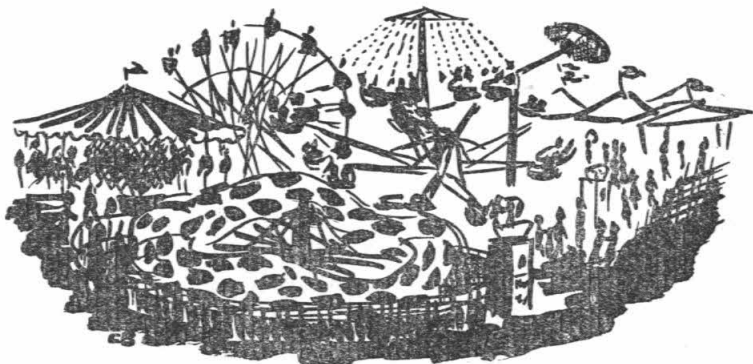
So gently down my cheek they glide
To dribble on my books;
Everywhere they seem to hide
Till I pass by their nooks.



But just catch me expecting them,
In waterproof warm clothes,
And sunning on the walk they stay,
A'winking at my toes.



—JOE SWINDT



CARNEY STORY

AHEAD, on the side of the road, barely visible through the driving rain, was another one of those sheds which dot the Arizona roadside. But, to me, it was a good shelter from this cloudburst which had suddenly caught me. I pulled in under the open end and asked the fellow there if I could wait until the rain let up. "Sure," he said, "Come on in here out of the wet."

I followed him into the long shed and saw he was painting Indian blanket designs on signs. "Setting up a blanket joint here, kid." We started talking, since he was only too glad to have an excuse to stop work, and when he asked me where I was going, I told him I was returning to college after working in a carnival over the summer. Then it came out he had been a carney too.

"I thought so," I said, "There's only one bunch of people in the world who call everything a joint." When he asked how a college punk like me had gotten mixed up in a racket like that, I started in on my story.

"I was working in a cannery in Illinois, living in a POW camp at the plant, and it was between seasons. I was getting pretty tired of the long hours and monotonous work there, so, looking

through the classified section, I saw this ad: Wanted, men to work and travel with a carnival in Wisconsin. Apply. . . .

"A couple of hours later I was standing by a trailer on a fairgrounds in Wisconsin, waiting for the boss. A burly, tired-looking man came up. 'You looking for a job? Drive a semi? No? How about a straight job? Okay, you're on. Come on over here to the Caterpillar, and we'll put you to work.'

"A guy with a blond beard and dressed in an old sweater and levis crawled out from under the huge mass of machinery under the brightly lighted sign, 'Caterpillar—Thrills and Spills.' 'Here's Duwayne. He's foreman of this ride and your boss.' Duwayne, apparently recovering from a paycheck's worth of bar tabs, muttered something about me getting up on the catwalk and helping to herd the people in. There was another guy up there, a fellow about my own age, and he showed me what to do.

(The Caterpillar is a fast, roaring ride, a central hub with spokes radiating out to tubs which ride on a circular track which waves up and down. After the ride gets up to speed, the operator can raise a gaudily striped canopy over the ring of tubs, and this striped ring waving round and round at very high speed gives the ride its name.)

"I was hired on Sunday, which is the end of a stand, so that night came the real work of teardown. We closed down about nine, changed into dirty clothes, and as large trucks appeared at the ride we began taking it apart. I never thought I could get so tired. Duwayne put me inside a semi with a four and a half foot ceiling, and, bending over all the time, I had to stow the parts of the ride, which were not only numerous but heavy and mostly covered with grease. There were the heavy wooden catwalks, railings, pipe framework, rails, spokes, the hub, motor and transmission, and the 400 pound tubs which had to be hoisted to the top of the truck, on the second level. It was amazingly systematic, and in four hours (it seemed like a week) there were only

depressed places in the grass. Then we let go the extra men hired for the night and went around clearing up the wiring and helping with the other rides. About four I finally got to sack out—under a semi on very wet grass, but it was great—until seven the next morning, when one of the carneys shook me awake. ‘Let’s put the show on the road, kid.’ I was so beat I couldn’t even smile.”

“Yeah, it was like that when I first started,” the blanket man said, “I guess it’ll never change. What else did you do, and how did you like it?”

“Well, after breakfast, and finishing loading the wire, I was given a slip of paper with highway directions and told to drive a Jeep station wagon towing a cotton candy wagon to the next town. We drove in a sort of loose convoy. My trailer swayed from side to side, since we really moved. It was odd, driving by route slip, since I really had no idea where we were heading. I knew the names of the towns, but that was all. After no sleep and an all-day drive, we came to the next fair, except then it was just an empty field.

“Tuesday we started laying out the lot and setting up, with the aid of local labor. The carnival owner rented the ground from the fair board, set up our rides, and sublet the rest to the jointmen, who ran the various concessions and con games. That night was pay night, so we hit the local tavern to spend all our pay, so we could be in debt the next week.

“By Thursday, we were ready to open. Fortunately, in Wisconsin, most of the fairgrounds are permanent and have places to take showers, so we had our weekly bath and change of clothes. We would get up about ten, work on the ride till twelve, open, and run till one or two the next morning. Duwayne, Lee (the other man on the ride), and I would spell each other running the ‘Cat,’ while the rest of the time, we loaded the people

in, got them out, and repaired the ride when it broke down, which was frequently. During slack periods, we would alternate between yelling insults at the girls that went by, slipping the better-looking ones in to give them free rides, and giving the kids a rough time: 'Hey, kid, come over here! Want a free ride? We're all out of steam here. Go over to the man in the green shirt running the wheel and ask him for a bucket of steam (or a left-handed monkey wrench, sky hook, stake holes, light-bulb paint, pail of amps, key to the midway, etc.), and I'll let you on free.' By the time the kid had gone from carney to carney five or six times, he would usually have caught on, or come back empty-handed, when we'd usually let him on anyway. Then, to kids trying to sneak on the ride, 'Hey punk! Off the ride' in best carney fashion.

"Sometimes we'd take rides ourselves or go over to the wrestling tent, where they were challenging all comers, who had usually been contacted before and would put on a good show. On cold nights, we'd huddle over the exhaust pipe to keep warm and swear at the people for not going home. Our light towers kept giving out from vibration, so about twice an evening we'd show off by climbing the swaying poles with light bulbs in our teeth and (very) casually replace them, straining to be completely oblivious to the ride roaring around twenty feet below and the people staring up. It was exciting for me, all the lights and noises, the come-ons of the shills and jointmen, 'Step right up! Hey! Look, looky, look high! It's rassling time tonight down here at the athletic arena! It's all free here (in time to a drum)! Mrs. Wilhelm Schultz come to the carnival office to get your son. Buy your bratwurst here!'

"Although I was the only one on the lot who had even been near a college, I was able to get along all right, especially after I wrote a letter for Duwayne (see? education is good for something!), and I moved into the merry-go-round van with some of the other guys. When I first came with the show, not knowing

what to expect, I had thoughtfully taken a .38 along in my bag, but after I got to know the guys and learned how they stick together, I saw what a good outfit it was. After work, we would get some beer at the stand, or, if the boss wasn't looking, take some to the van for a small blast. One of the boys had a marvelous system. He would spot a good-looking girl wandering around the lot, give her a few free rides, and then ask her up to his place for a drink. This cosmopolitan offer usually would be refused, but sometimes the girl would be either daring or stupid and assume he had a room in town, and then, after we had closed down, he would take her out to the truck park. She would assume he was going to take a tractor into town until he took her around to the back of a van, opened it up revealing five or six guys snoring away on their cots, lift her in, take her to the front of the van, sit down on a cot, open a bottle, and say, 'This is my place. Have a drink.' Sometimes she would.

"We were always conscious of being carneys—never in one place for long. Before the cook tent had been set up, about eight large men would pile into the station wagon, flamboyantly painted with the name of the show, and head for town to eat. When we piled out, eight big men from that midget car, the people would really know the show was in town. We gave the waitresses a hard time, made much noise, and generally acted as if we owned the town, but then we were only there for a week, so there were no lynchings. At one spot, it rained for a solid week, so we spent most of our waking hours either in a bar or the local hash house, teasing the diminutive waitress known as Hey You.

"Some of the things we did were a little hair-raising, such as sleeping in the snake truck, complete with twelve foot python, driving twenty thousand dollars' worth of searchlight truck with no driver's license (but then, no one on the show had a truck license), kicking drunk Legionnaires off the ride. I had just refused tickets from a couple of particularly stoned ones, when I

felt a tug on my pants leg as I stood on the elevated platform running the ride one night. 'Hey, don't you like this town?' I looked down at them, weaving as they stood. 'Not particularly. As a matter of fact I think it stinks.' 'Well you'd better not see the sun come up here tomorrow morning.' I was pretty scared, because a gang of marks had caught a carney alone the night before and beaten him pretty badly, but I just happened to have a large crescent wrench in my pocket, so I laid it on the rail and said I didn't think I would be gone by then. This rational explanation seemed to satisfy them, and they went staggering off. Later, when I told Duwayne about it, he said that all I had to do was yell 'Hey, Rube!' and every carney and jointman on the lot would have been there.

"These carneys were tough. One night there was a small hey rube when a couple of drunks kept trying to tell Gordy how to run his ride and constantly climbed over the fence so that Gordy would have to put them outside again. Then one of them pushed Gordy, and suddenly the drunk was sprawled over the controls, bleeding. 'He fell over the controls,' Gordy said, and no one had seen otherwise, including the drunk's companion. I asked Gordy about it later and wondered if he really had fallen. 'No, I hit him.' He not only had hit him fast, he had hit him twice, and no one had seen him do it. They were good men to have on my side in a fight.

"I really knew I had arrived after I had been made second foreman on the ride and was getting a truck loaded one night. One of our extra laborers had challenged the wrestlers and done (legitimately) very well. I got him into our low-ceilinged semi to help me stack braces, which were quite heavy, but after six weeks I was used to them. He lasted thirty seconds, and I really felt like Hercules after that.

"The last thing I remember about the carnival was the time we were paid off at the end of the season, and I saw *Filipino Jimmy* (alias *The Australian Whip-Cracker* and *Marko the*

Magician) driving off to Texas with his near-cretin wife. The odd thing was that, completely unable to drive, he had bought a car, hired a chauffeur, and headed for Texas with an uncaged python as a gift from the boss!"

"Well, kid, looks like the rain has stopped," the blanket man said, and I was again on my way to California.

—SAMUEL R. PHILLIPS

REFLECTIONS

ONCE I was lost on the ocean . . .

I had a lot of time to think. About things I had never considered before. I thought of a girl I once knew . . . I don't remember her name . . . but her hair was soft and brown . . . funny, I remembered the way it felt on my fingers; I remember her eyes were dark and deep, and she always had a sort of serious expression . . . I think her name was Kathy.

I remember the way a cup of coffee felt against the palm of my hand, and how I'd turn it slowly by the handle, looking at the steam and smelling the warmth condensing on my nose.

I remembered the color of a sunset I once saw . . . when I was a kid . . . I could see exactly how the clouds spread out on the horizon, and I could see the sun streaming through the mist of rain somewhere in the distance. I remembered the smell of hot apple pie with cheese on it, and the sound of bacon frying in the next room, early in the morning.

I remembered the way Dad held his pipe when he was getting ready to tell one of his tall stories . . .

I remembered the grip of a handshake, and the sight of a tear on Mom's cheek as she waved goodbye . . .

I looked up at the black night sky, right straight at the brightest star there . . . until I saw the hole in a thin film of oil close tightly over my head. . . .

—FRANK ALBINI

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