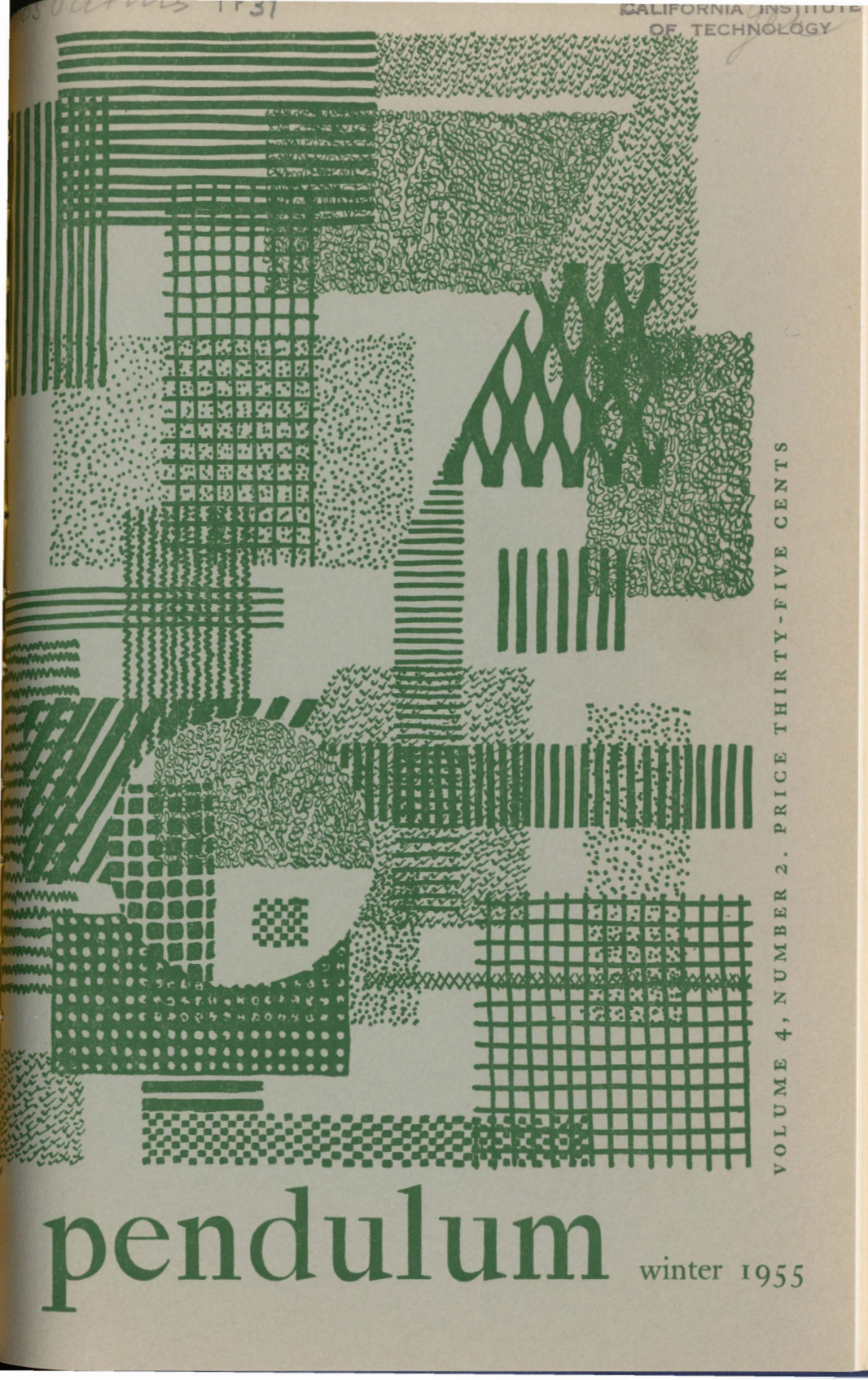




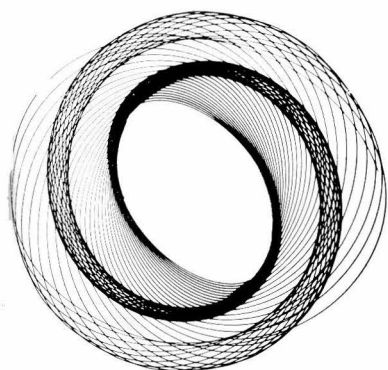
VOLUME 4, NUMBER 2. PRICE THIRTY-FIVE CENTS

pendulum

winter 1955

WINTER 1955

pendulum



*Published by
Humanities Division
California
Institute
of
Technology*

Editorial Board

CHARLES BODEEN

MICHAEL BOUGHTON

RUSS HUNTER

JAMES SHORT

Circulation Manager

ED PARK

Single copies of PENDULUM are for sale at thirty-five cents and the subscription rate is one dollar for the three quarterly issues of the academic year. Copies can be obtained by writing to Ed Park, PENDULUM, Blacker House, California Institute of Technology, Pasadena 4, California.

Contents

	<i>Page</i>
Charles Bodeen <i>Cover Design</i>	
Bob Deffeyes <i>Illustration</i>	
S. T. Demetriades <i>Revolt at the Crossroads</i>	1
Ray Hefferlin <i>Poem</i>	17
Kim Cranney <i>English Theme</i>	18
Ed Park <i>Are Elephants Real?</i>	21
Bill Lapson <i>Freud With Coffee</i>	25
Barrett Miller <i>Persuasion</i>	31
Ed Park <i>Time</i>	34
Ray Hefferlin <i>Sketch</i>	35
Jay Arthur Glasel <i>The Telltale Heart</i>	36
Bob Deffeyes <i>A Trilogy</i>	38
Frank Albini <i>Stradivarius</i>	40
Our Graduate Students, The Case For, Against, and In-between	43
Clarke Rees <i>Illustration</i>	49



BOB DEFFEYES

REVOLT AT THE CROSSROADS

"SHUT UP! We've got to hear them if they come," said father.

I stopped quarreling with my sister, and ignoring the general din I strained for the expected footsteps.

The loud clicking of grandfather's pendulum made me nervous. The only light in the living room came from a candle. It was improvised by dipping a wad of cotton in a shallow saucer filled with olive oil. An end was pulled up, twisted and lighted. The temperamental flame produced a dim glow which shifted capriciously and stained everything a smudgy yellow. The heavy drapes were drawn to keep the light in and the glass splinters out. Behind them the window was tightly shut to keep out the December cold. Beyond that, thick shutters were closed and locked to make the house less available to stray missiles and prowlers.

Outside the revolution raged.

The family were gathered in mother's little living room. The candle was set on a low table in the center, so that it cast its light upward. The stained glass doors leading to the big living room, the dining room and the hall, were all shut and covered with blankets to insulate the room against cold and flying glass.

We sat in armchairs and on the sofa around the light. Our pale faces stood out mistily at the fringes of its pulsating sphere. The inconstant glow rendered them fluid—almost ectoplasmic. Beyond were diffuse dancing shadows and unexplored dark corners.

I was certain that the air was heavy with burned olive oil, even though I could not actually smell it. Dusk had come more than an hour ago and I had grown used to our sealed atmosphere. City water had been cut off for a month; there was no fuel, and my skin felt sticky. Even behind the barred windows I was aware of the freezing freshness of the night outdoors.

I thought resentfully of the constant sniping and joy-shooting of the trigger-conscious young communists and of the incessant

shelling of the British which kept us indoors and away from windows. I tried to busy myself recalling the image of our house as seen from the outside, sitting in the northern suburbs of Athens, alone in the midst of vineyards. For the millionth time I caught myself wishing I had never known the disappointment of a liberation-turned-revolution.

"I'm still hungry," said father, not raising his squinting eyes from his cards.

"You ate the last of the peas today," answered mother, shifting on the rough yellowish dust-covers spread over everything.

"How much oil have we left?"

"Enough for a week, if we don't squander it all playing solitaire."

Father snuffed out the candle without a word.

Time passed in silent darkness.

High-pitched submachine-gun bursts faintly tickled my ears, individual shots muffled into a continuous tearing sound by distance, wood, glass and cloth. Sudden rifle reports, near and far, plucked at my nerves. A heavy machine gun opened up a sustained burst somewhere and a light one answered it in short, irregular passages. The British twenty-five pounder guns coughed heavily in the distance. In the background I could feel rather than hear dull roars as the communists dynamited more buildings of non-sympathizers. Building barricades, they explained to the people.

With a snarl and a crash some twenty-five pounder shells burst at the intersection close to our house. The British kept it under irregular fire, as they shelled all open crossroads to prevent communist movements. I felt glad and vaguely proud of their decision not to shell houses under any circumstances. They justified our expectations of them as liberators. Angrily I thought of the days and nights spent discussing and anticipating our freedom and its joys—nights filled with the tramping of German boots

outside—nights made bearable by hopes of avenging allied soldiers. Dreams of joy shattered by the communist revolt.

“They came to free us and we shot them in the back,” said father. “The shame of it! These communists will kill us all next! Nothing is beyond them!”

“Nothing is beyond us when we’re hungry,” said mother.

“They carried Phillip away the other night, and nobody has heard of him since!” continued father indignantly.

“He talked too much,” observed mother.

I laughed at the involuntary pun. The others joined briefly before they could check themselves. I thought of Phillip, the tall, anemic, suburb barber, guilty only of plucking an occasional hair; and his loud criticism of everybody except the allies. I tried to remember his features.

The crash of shells at the intersection interrupted me.

“Maybe they will come to take us all hostages before we die from starvation,” complained father impatiently.

“Don’t talk that way, please!” implored mother, her voice pitched high.

I thought of the hostages the communists had taken from our community, and how the rumors came that they paraded them as collaborationists in the towns to the north, and then shot them farther up in the mountains. There was some talk of dirty work with rusty, jagged cans on some outspoken victims, but I did not want to believe it.

I closed my eyes in the dark and made faces in the direction of my sister. Ashamed, I resolutely tried to think of last spring and summer, when there was a long spell of dry, sunny weather and the Germans were packing up and leaving, and there was gaiety and freedom in the air. As the summer melted and fall came, there were wet nights pierced with the shrill megaphone voices of the communists filling Attica with revengeful cries, slandering, distorting, inciting, provoking; scaring the owls.

I was thankful when the next crash at the intersection broke this train of thought. To guard against slipping back into it, I said:

"I wish Mike Makris had come to stay the night."

"We couldn't possibly feed him," said father.

"He would have brought his own food; besides, he's good company. Also, it's my birthday tomorrow."

"Happy birthday to you, happy birthday to you, happy birthday—" started sister, who is older, in a mocking voice, and was joined in derision by my younger brother.

"All right, all right, all right!" I threatened.

"Shshsh. Quiet, everybody!" hissed father. "How can we hear if anyone approaches with this racket going on!"

"Your sixteenth birthday, and I don't even have a candle to light for you," she whispered, and tried to kiss me. But for the darkness, I would have persisted in avoiding her.

I felt embarrassed, but pacified. Mike was my best friend. He lived four hundred yards down the road which cut straight through the gently rolling vineyards. Now, flying steel rendered the trip a great adventure.

Halfway, this road was cut by the main highway from Athens to the North. This was the intersection the British had been shelling irregularly. Both our houses were isolated. The next cluster of buildings stood a quarter of a mile down the highway towards Athens.

That crossing had always been associated with war in mind. When we were kids, the highway had marked the boundary of our respective territories during our quarrels. I reflected how the intersection with its bus-stop, which lay exactly two hundred yards from each house, used to be neutral ground so that he could cross over to my side to get the bus for Athens and the movies, and I could cross over to his side to get the bus for school. It was usually then and there that our quarrels ended. It was there, on

his side, that one day we rolled the big section of thick concrete sewer pipe some workers had left behind in the highway ditch. We used to crawl into it on all fours as it lay flat on the ground, to wait for the school bus on rainy days. It was long and wide enough for the two of us, and we would not let anyone else in, except my small brother, who just fitted in at one end. It was snug and secure. I wondered if it had survived the shelling. The flimsy waiting kiosk where I had later waited for the city bus, the very picture of the proper young man, was by now completely obliterated. I felt a little amused at the thought of using my sewer pipe again when the revolution would be over. Then Mike would have to stay out and get soaked as I lay down snugly in it, since it would not now accommodate both of us. Better still, I could let Mike get in first, and then I could strut up and down in the rain teasing him and feeling very much a man and quite superior.

Again the thunder at the crossroads. I wondered where the guns were positioned in the perimeter the British and loyal troops held around the center of Athens. The main line was five miles to the south, but their patrols would come up constantly to within a mile or two from our house and then withdraw.

Great numbers of refugees would risk following them back into the safety of the city. Then the local communists would break in and loot their empty houses and cart the furniture away up the main highway. And RAF fighters would strafe them, mistaking them for rebel munition trains. This looting had started only recently though, and it was the first sign that communist discipline was beginning to break.

I mulled over the wild rumors we had heard earlier in the day from our neighbors about how the British had at last started their drive north. But the leaflets the planes dropped spoke only of the arrival of additional reinforcements, and the clearing of the southern suburbs. I wished we were South instead of North from

the city. I wished Mike had come. We would have compared our news. Irritating, this lack of news about a fight that had been going on for a month five miles away. Infernally slow, as always, these British. Would they be first to come?

Another burst at the intersection. The big crash of random-timed shells on the open fields around the city was becoming the dominant noise in the night.

"We'd be safer in town," said mother.

"Who insisted on fresh country air?" said father.

"At least we don't have to eat mice and cats, and we can gather some twigs. And then there's the well," she countered.

Our garden well was a particular boon, even though we had to pull up water in a bucket tied to the end of the clothes line, because of lack of power. I thought that Mike would have to come tomorrow anyway, because ours was the only place his family could get water. The level of the well was too low, and the thirsty, bullet-defying neighbors too many, but the news they brought was always welcome, and our yard was rapidly assuming the role of the watering place of the rural past. I wondered if life really ever was as simple as ours had become.

"How is the potato situation?" said father.

"There are enough left for a week, but there is no wood to cook them with," said mother, and I tried to remember what the countryside looked like before the war, when there were trees in the fields. Except for fruit trees in private gardens, the nearest trees now were on the mountains ten miles to the north. They looked silly, those mountains, with their sharply defined green forest caps pushed back every year. They reminded me of those funny dogs fashionable women had in the advertisements of mother's prewar American magazines. Again I felt irritated, so I tried to think of nothing.

"I wish we had more peas. We can soften them in salt water and eat them without cooking," mother said.

"God, what are we going to eat next week?" said father.

"I wish you'd all stop thinking of next week and help me tomorrow gather some vine roots for fuel," added sister.

"You'll stay where you are. You will not leave this house with those people around," said mother.

"They're too wet to burn, anyway" asserted brother knowingly.

"We'll break up a few doors if this thing lasts," said father.

"You'll do no such thing. Better burn up some of your mystery books." Mother was angry.

"What next!" bellowed father. "Burn my books to cook my potato! Bah!"

"Our potato, dear," she corrected.

On "potato" days they shared one potato, as big as a fist, twice a day, so that we children could twice have one apiece. Mother had carefully divided our rations as soon as the revolution began. The excitement and devil-may-care attitude of liberation, when plentiful food was in sight for the first time since the war started, had relaxed every household's strict diet rules, and everybody was caught with an empty cellar by the revolt. Now that the peas were gone, next week appeared to consist of seven "potato" days.

"You should have given us fewer peas to stretch them out!" said father angrily.

"I counted mine today, and there were two hundred-ten" chimed in my brother.

"I only had one hundred-ninety!" protested sister.

"Shut up, who asked you anyway!" barked father. "The fact remains we have to find food to eat. I'm sick of four weeks of a handful of water-soaked peas and half-cooked potatoes. Tomorrow I'll go to the city through the lines!"

Mother started to sob quietly, but quickly stopped. I felt uneasy.

"Maybe we can draw lots and eat one of us," I tried to produce a change.

Father started yelling at me, while sister giggled nervously and brother laughed hysterically.

"Hush, children, somebody is coming," said mother calmly.

At once there was silence. The yard door squeaked and banged shut. Heavy feet could be heard on the gravel outside. We heard them mount the front steps.

Father sprang into action. He lit the candle and went through the echoing hall to hide behind an open door pulled back against a deep niche in the wall.

Mother hustled sister upstairs. Brother got up and walked nervously about, while I cast down the blanket from my legs and looked doubtfully at my shorts, my only defense against being taken as hostage.

Somebody knocked. Mother went to the front door. Somebody knocked again. Mother asked who it was.

"It's only Mr. Drakos," said mother, unbolting and opening, as father emerged from behind the door.

Mr. Drakos, in a dark overcoat and a dark misshapen hat, came in, breathless.

"The vermin are falling back and they are collecting hostages," he announced.

"Theodore," Mr. Drakos addressed father, "you should not have stayed here. Everyone else has already exchanged houses with friends. Nobody is at home!"

We all looked expectantly at father.

"I've done nothing to make them mad," he said, "I've always been a liberal. They have no reason to touch me. They have no reason to touch any of us. They will, though, because they don't act with reason. They will carry off anybody they happen to find inside the house they happen to enter. Therefore, I run the same risk of being carried off from here as from any other place.

They are looking for hostages. They will carry off anybody, I know. It was the same with the Bulgarians in the North, in the first war."

Father was from Macedonia.

Mother made approving sounds.

Mr. Drakos, who had not sat down, moved hurriedly out to the hall. Mother followed him halfway with the candle.

"Well, all right, I've warned you," he said, making an effort to speak nonchalantly. In the dimness I caught sight of his upheld forefinger wagging didactically. I opened the door for him and bolted it as soon as he crossed the threshold.

"What do you make of that?" demanded mother. "How innocent does he think we are?"

"You can't blame him for changing sides again. He's always managed to ride on the crest. Remember the German quartermaster sergeants and the margarine? Remember his wife, their car, and the Italian major? He probably has other things to atone for as well. I wonder what was the communists' price?"

"But only last week he was denouncing Demosthenes! He may be the reason they picked him up! Please, Theodore, remember how he dropped in at the Phils' the night they carried them off! Let's leave the house, let's go out and sleep in the fields!"

"Nonsense! His visit was accidental. And remember, he sang a different tune then. Now we can be sure the tide is turning. There's no reason to panic. Besides, I run less risk here, where at least I have a hiding place—the more obvious, the more secure." He laughed and went on with his solitaire.

"Let's leave the candle on," said mother. "It will be good for our morale," she apologized.

The flame shuddered on.

I tried to picture what was happening in the night around us. Was the shooting getting closer? I held my breath and strained my ears. I could not tell any difference.

Sister went on trying to teach brother some French songs. They kept their voices low because father looked annoyed. Mother knitted on, occasionally lifting her work up to the light close to her eyes, every time she dropped a stitch. Resentfully I thought of her ban on reading for fear we would spoil our eyes.

I jumped when the clock chimed eight. At the last stroke the familiar shells landed at the intersection and something rattled upstairs.

I wished I felt really sleepy, instead of just lethargic. Furtively I tried to read, hoping to tire my eyes to sleep.

In the dim light they tired fast. I lifted them from the jumbled page and noticed mother looking at me. Before she could decide to scold me, I let the book slip to the floor and forced my eyes to wander. The smoothly coiling and weaving flame finally held them. There was something obscene and sensuous about its contortions. I became conscious of the lassitude of my body and its need for warmth. The flame made like a belly-dancer against the muted vibrations of battle. It wiggled, content, well nourished. Back and forth. Back and forth and sideways. I felt my prisoner eyes widen and grow bigger until the pain helped me shake off fascination.

Next in brightness was a bead of perspiration sliding slowly down father's shiny, bent forehead. I wondered if the nearness and heat of the candle was its cause. Thinking about it sliding into his eyes made mine smart and water. Finally I shifted my gaze to the cool, round, benign face of the clock as it stood out unflinching and whitish in the gloom.

Shells fell on the intersection. It was four minutes past eight. I remembered the previous blast at eight, exactly four minutes ago. Again I was aware of the importance of sound; atrophied vision had become a subservient sense. I decided to listen for the roar of guns and to time the shell's flight.

The next explosions at the crossroads came at eight minutes

past eight. Before them, the heavy cough of gunfire had been almost continuous. I failed to associate any of it to the particular shells bursting at the intersection. I was considering whether to go on with my game or let my attention wander, when I realized that again the blast had come after a four-minute interval. There had been some shells at eight, just after the chimes. Then at four minutes past, and again at eight minutes past eight. I wondered if the British were as methodical in such matters as the Germans in war stories were supposed to be.

I decided to pay attention and find out.

I noticed for the first time that the minute hand of the old pendulum moved jerkily, a minute at a time. I watched while the long arm jumped to another minute-mark, then waited, then jumped to another. Monotonously, it skipped on. It dropped to the eight-fifteen mark, and still no shells came. Finally at exactly seventeen minutes past eight, the shells landed at the intersection. It was nine minutes since the last blast.

"Not so methodical, these British," I stated, but nobody disputed.

I reviewed the situation: four minutes, again four minutes, then a nine minute interval. I still wondered if the barrage followed a definite time pattern. The next burst disappointed me, since it came after seven minutes, at eight twenty-four.

"Maybe they will not come tonight," said father.

"Maybe," said mother.

"Maybe the guns are fired completely at random," I thought.

As soon as the minute hand moved to thirty-one minutes past eight, the shells snarled above and thundered at the intersection. Fascinated, I realized that seven minutes had passed again since the previous salvo. I felt hopeful.

The next burst disappointed me since it came after nine minutes, at eight-forty. Then I remembered the previous nine-minute interval and I pondered about it.

"Four-four, nine, seven-seven, nine," I said aloud.

"Is that her phone number?" sneered sister.

"Are you quite all right?" Mother was anxious.

For a few moments I was busy feeling embarrassed and being indignant and reassuring. Then I felt the numbers slipping from my memory and rapidly repeated them under my breath many times: "Four-four, nine, seven-seven, nine." I was glad they rhymed and kept repeating them as if my life depended on them.

At eight-forty-four there were more shells. It was exactly four minutes after the last salvo. I was aware of some regularity and decided to solve the puzzle.

I found a pencil and wrote down the sequence of time intervals in minutes that I could remember: 4-4-9-7-7-9-4. The next shells came at eight-forty-eight. I wrote 4-4-9-7-7-9-4-4. Then at eight-fifty-seven I added a nine.

Now I had the sequence: 4-4-9-7-7-9-4-4-9. I hesitated for a second. Next to the last nine I added a seven, not pressing hard on the pencil.

Punctually at four minutes past nine, exactly seven minutes after the previous blast, the shells exploded at the cross-roads. I felt good for the first time in days. Automatically I added a seven and a nine. I estimated that shells would land at nine-eleven and nine-twenty. I was right both times.

There was method behind the madness of the British. Their shells followed a tune: Four-four nine, seven-seven, nine.

I checked my numbers again thinking to startle everyone by announcing, in a matter-of-fact voice, that the next shells would arrive at nine-twenty-four, in something less than four minutes. I was sure of it.

As I raised my eyes from my figures, I saw their tense faces and father's uplifted hand.

Multiple steps crunched out on the gravel.

We all held our breath for a second and the candle flame stood

still. Noiselessly father moved into his hiding place, sister glided out and streaked upstairs, and mother went to the front door.

Sitting on the sofa, I strained to see through the quadrangle of darkness of the hall doorway.

I heard mother open the front door.

Nailed boots scratched on the floor mosaic and mother's voice demanded what they wanted.

"We want the males in the house," stated a thick voice.

"In the name of the people," added a high pitched one.

"Why?"

Somebody cleared his throat.

"For our safety," said the thick voice.

"My husband is not here. You can search the house. My boys are too young. Come into the light, you will see them."

Heavily they filed into the trembling light of the living room. One of them stumbled into some furniture. They stood still and stolid. Their eyes moved searchingly. They did not sit down. They did not speak. I kept my seat, conscious of my height and of their critical eyes on my hairy bare legs.

Mother followed and sat down and looked calmly at them.

One was tall and consumptive, the next short and fat. The last held a net bag with a huge loaf of bread and a ten-pound can of English corned beef.

They kept standing. They held their guns self-consciously, keeping them to the fore; showing off, as if they were posing for guerilla pictures. The tall one became restless first.

"We want to take at least two males. An old man and a young one." He looked at me and then at my brother.

"I'm sorry for the children; they are too young and unhealthy, and have been without food for days. They will die before you liberate us," said mother.

In the silence of the room I heard the whine of the approaching shells. Instinctively I looked at grandfather's pendulum. The

minute hand slid to nine-twenty-four when they burst at the intersection. They were on time. I felt pleased. The men looked at each other and shifted uneasily. The next would be a four-minute interval and then a nine-minute interval. Nine-twenty-eight and nine-thirty-seven, I estimated.

The man with the bag swung it to his shoulder and in doing so knocked down a vase. It smashed on the floor. In one motion he stooped to gather the pieces and immediately straightened up from the shadows, his mouth open.

I heard father start at the noise, and suddenly I tensed up.

"I'm sorry, ma'am," the culprit broke the silence.

"You blundering oaf!" the tall one shouted. Then at mother: "I'm in a hurry. They told us we'd find the three-storied villa of the traitor Makris around here. At 58 Daphne Road. But all have taken their street signs and street numbers down and our local comrades are elsewhere, and we are strangers. Either you direct me to his house or I dynamite yours!"

I remembered how Mike's father had a government post before the war, and was glad ours was a two-story building. Then I thought of father behind the door, and how if they forced us out of the house, to dynamite it, he would have to come out too, and then they would no longer have to search for an old man and a young one.

"I give you one minute to decide," said the tall one, and I looked at the clock. It was nine-twenty-five and unexplainably I thought of the taste of bread and corned beef and my mouth watered.

The tall one seemed to move toward the shadowed space behind the open door.

"It is not far," I panicked and spoke before I intended, and my throat felt suddenly dry and my mind was working faster than during a geometry exam. For a moment the clock beats were amplified in my brain and the candle flame stabbed wildly up

and down through my eyes and both reverberated in phase with my pulse.

They all looked at me expectantly and under their white eyes their mouths opened as if to speak.

"I'll take you there." I stood up. It was still nine-twenty-five.

"Come on then."

Mother tried to protest and I started speaking to her fast and loud, telling her I had no use for traitors, not letting her put in a single word.

"Come on, come on," urged the leader.

"I'll have to put a coat on," I said as the minute hand jerked to nine-twenty-six.

I fumbled in the dark hallway closet for a coat, counting the seconds, sudden doubts causing faintness.

"The devil take you! Are you coming?"

We hurried out.

"Follow me," I said between counts, concentrating on rapid arithmetic and deciding on two steps per second.

The cold air in my face chased away my faintness and I became aware that the room had smelled. I made a mental note to tell them on my return.

The din became louder.

There were shots and flashes in the distance. A stray bullet whistled close.

"Hurry, hurry, faster!" prodded the leader.

I felt they would break into a run so I stopped, coughed fiercely and spat on the ground.

"Come on!" he said.

We reached the gouged crossroads as I finished my count of one hundred and twenty. I became aware that I had not listened for any gun reports. I cursed myself. I swallowed hard and, panting convincingly, stopped at the mouth of my old concrete sewer pipe. "Counted too fast, must have counted too fast." I thought.

"Now what?" barked the leader as they stopped.

"My shoelace."

I stooped and pretended to tie it.

The whine of shells was upon us and I flung myself into the sewer pipe, and the earth exploded and shook tremendously and when I could hear again there were no screams around me.

I crawled out fast and two of them were incomplete and spread all over the ground and the one with the net sack was in front of me, on his knees, straightening up slowly, his rifle flung on the ground.

I siezed the rifle and stabbed its muzzle in the back of his head, pushing with it the net out of the way, and fired. Then I fired into the heap again, though it was needless.

Then I grabbed the net with the corned beef and the bread.

I looked all around, although the dust still hung thick and it was too dark to see far.

I filled my lungs once and sprinted all the way home.

Mother was waiting at the open door. I flung myself up the stairs, jumping away as she tried to clasp me, and rushing through the hall laid the loaf of bread and the can on the table.

I gasped for breath. My heart beat heavingly and tried to jump out of my mouth. I felt weak and faint.

Father's face peered intently at me from above the turbulent flame. Mother sat down. They all looked at me. I looked at the flame.

I thought: "This was the fastest two-hundred yards of my life—wish somebody had timed me. Why aren't they saying anything? Maybe we will be liberated tomorrow and I will not have to eat it."

Then my breath came easier and I saw the blood and the other things on the bread and I was sick.

S. T. DEMETRIADES

POEM

As yearning as pleas of a lover
To the dear one who told her to go
Are ways that we signal each other
We're alone on a shore we don't know.

I fail to interpret your actions
As the call of a common need
To share reassuring reactions—
And few pains neglect can exceed.

Each one has such seeds of disaster
Sown deep in the mud of the mind,
Which else we soon weed out the pasture,
Will choke out the flowers we find.

But all is not lost to be reckoned
To character differences due:
For God through His service has beckoned
To learn deep affections and true.

RAY HEFFERLIN

ENGLISH THEME

EVERYONE at Caltech, even the English teachers, will have to admit that the average Tech student turns out a fine, high-type English theme every week. Not long ago it came to my attention, however, that many of our students are not getting A's on their themes, but B's and even in a few extreme cases C+'s. This struck me as being highly peculiar, for a Caltech student can, by definition, write an A theme every single time. I immediately undertook an extensive investigation to determine what was wrong where with whom, and after carefully analyzing my data collectively and individually I discovered that the situation can be remedied by the following proposal: I recommend that freshman English themes be made due on Tuesday instead of Monday so that they will all be A (or at the very least A-) themes.

The first step in my investigation was to determine whether or not students were being marked down for handing in late themes. An interview with the English teachers disclosed that practically all (99.999%) of them mark themes down for being late. Next I decided to question the students. I asked the following questions of a statistically significantly large group: a) What is your favorite class? b) When do you write your English theme? c) Do you ever hand your themes in late, and if so why? d) Why aren't your themes better? I found the answers to these questions could lead logically only to my above proposition, and I will discuss each in detail below.

First question: What is your favorite class?

Answers:	English	7.062%
	No comment, or an extremely un-	
	complimentary one.....	92.936%
	I'm sorry, but the library closes at	
	five	0.002%

These answers (except the third, which can be disregarded on statistical grounds) indicate an honest and fervent desire on the part of our freshmen to do a better job on their English themes if they are given half a chance. This leads us to my next two questions, When do you write your English theme? and Do you ever hand your themes in late, and if so why?

Answer to second

question:	Sunday night from 9:30 to 12:30.	99.711%
	Don't write English themes.	0.289%

Answers to third

question:	Always	12.210%
	Never	0.001%
	Most of the time.	87.789%

Reasons for

lateness (% is

of those who hand

themes in late): I was too tired to finish

	Sunday night	100.000%
	Other	0.000%

Since students don't write themes until Sunday night, they are rather rushed and anxious to get through so they can go to bed. They do not have time to first (split infinitive) write out their ideas, then mull them over for a while and make corrections and improvements. This fact is borne out by the responses to question d, to which 177.355% of the students queried replied that they could write better themes if they could make their first draft Sunday night and have Monday to think out some revisions. However, if they do this under the present system, they will write an A theme but receive a B for lateness.

The opponents of my plan have objected that if the date due is moved forward a day the students will just put off the writing a day. This is ridiculous for several reasons: the students are very enthusiastic about their English, as previously shown; they are smart enough to know that procrastination will only harm them; and the habit of writing themes Sunday night is so instilled in them that they couldn't possibly change. If it does happen that there are those whose themes are due on Tuesday, the same arguments will hold if each "Sunday" in this paper is changed to a "Monday" and each "Monday" is changed to a "Tuesday" and each "Tuesday" is changed to a "Wednesday." This is intuitively obvious. With the evidence so overwhelmingly in favor of my plan for revisions there is no conclusion to draw but that I am 99.440% correct.

KIM CRANNEY

~~A~~ Late = B

ARE ELEPHANTS REAL?

THE LITTLE blue elephant fell from nowhere into Ed Taylor's coffee cup, splashing quite a bit on the table before it managed to scramble out. It shook itself vigorously, then asked, "Could you help me, please?"

"Shh!" said Ed Taylor, before he realized that he hadn't heard anything, just thought it. He quickly picked up the elephant and put it in his coat pocket. His wife was already unhappy this morning, and God knows what she'd do if she came in from the kitchen to find a two and a half inch blue elephant dripping coffee on the table. He dug a clean white handkerchief out of his pants pocket and started sopping up the spilled coffee.

"Could you help me, please?" came the thought from his pocket.

"I'm busy," he said, unconsciously out loud.

"I can see you are," said his wife, coming from the kitchen. "Let me get a rag." She said it as if he spilled his coffee every morning.

He got up and left before his wife came back, and started for work. Once, on the way, he felt the bulge in his pocket nervously. He stopped to pick up Bob Hepler. They shared rides to save on gas. Bob Hepler said good morning.

"Good morning, hell. An elephant fell in my coffee and spilled it all over, and now my wife's mad at me, and—"

"Hum. The same kind of thing happened to me 'bout a week ago. I must have walked through one of those space-time warps, 'cause I was just walking along when I looked down at my watch and—"

"No. I'm serious! I've got it right here in my pocket." He lifted the little elephant out and held it over so Bob could look at it.

"Oh! I thought you meant a big one. That's real cute! Where'd

you get it?" He took it out of Ed Taylor's hand to look at it more closely. "Judy would just love to have one of these. You know that little stuffed tiger we got her for Christmas?" He began to squeeze the little elephant. "It's getting kind of worn out, and—"

Ed Taylor reached out quickly to take it from him and put it gently in his pocket. "It's alive," he said. "I'd never seen it until it fell in my coffee this morning." He ran through a red light.

"Yeh? About this space-time warp I was telling you about. I just looked down at my watch, then a couple seconds later—"

"You'll have to tell me about it tomorrow, Bob. I—I don't feel too well, so I'll just let you off and go on back home."

He watched Bob Hepler push through the heavy glass doors, feeling relieved. The elephant was turning around in his pocket, trying to climb out. He brought it up to eye level and looked at it closely. "God. You are real, aren't you." But he said it as if he were talking to himself, as if he wasn't quite sure.

"Yes, I'm real. I'm sorry that I spilled your coffee without even introducing myself, but this means a lot to me and I got kind of excited, I guess. I'm Jhan Emil."

"I'm Ed Taylor," Ed Taylor said. "Where—"

"Excuse me," the elephant broke in, "but is there someplace quiet where we can go to talk? I need your help."

"Yeh. Yeh, I think I know a good place." He drove a little too fast over to the park. It was quiet this early in the morning, deserted except for the few old men who always seem to be there. He found a secluded bench, sat down, and put the elephant down beside him.

"Now, ah—Jhan," said Ed Taylor, "where did you come from?"

"I guess you would call it a parallel existence plane. It's something like that, anyway," the little elephant replied. "The reason that I—"

"How did you get into *this* world?" Ed Taylor interrupted.

"I'll tell you about that and about why and how I want you to help me. Up until a month ago, I had a good job doing physics research at a university. I was paid enough to support myself and my wife fairly comfortably and I enjoyed the work. Then I discovered this parallel existence plane and your world."

A policeman whistled as he walked briskly up the path. When he noticed the tiny blue elephant pacing back and forth on the park bench, he slowed considerably and stopped whistling. He walked slowly past, watching the elephant all the time. He went off shaking his head, then suddenly turned around as if he had thought of an explanation. "Mister, do you sell those things?"

"Ah—yes, I do, officer," Ed Taylor lied.

"Cute little gadgets. I'll have to remember to get one for my kid's birthday." And he went off whistling happily.

"When I reported your world's existence," the little elephant continued, "no one would believe me. They claimed that you and your world were nothing but my imagination. When I went on talking about your world, I was fired, and the Deans had insanity commitment papers drawn up. I guess you've had discoverers and inventors that were ridiculed in this world, too."

"Yes, we have," Ed Taylor concurred.

"Well, naturally I couldn't let them put me in an asylum and leave my wife all alone, so I took it to court. They asked me if I could offer proof of your existence, and I said that of course I could. So now I need someone to go back with me."

"And you want me to be that someone?"

"If you would, I'd certainly appreciate it."

"Okay. I'd better call my wife to make sure she doesn't worry, though."

"Thank-you very much for helping me," the little elephant said. "It's not really necessary for you to call your wife, though. Time in your world isn't time in mine. We'll get to the court

just an instant after I left it, and you'll get back here just an instant after we leave here."

"Hum. Okay. How do we get to—ah—your world?"

"It's very easy. Just stand up and relax. Are you ready?"

Ed Taylor said "Yes," felt a faint twisting, and found himself standing in a grassy clearing with a group of little blue elephants gathered at one end. Jhan was standing on the ground beside him.

The little elephant looked up at the man, then toward the elephant who was obviously in charge with a happy, I-told-you-so attitude.

The judge cleared his throat nervously, sadly. "I'm sorry, Jhan, but I don't see anything."

ED PARK

FREUD WITH COFFEE

THE BIG, modern restaurant was bustling for a weekday afternoon. The late sun streaming through the big plate-glass walls garishly lit an amoebic mass to steel and tile that represented a new species of hamburger. Soft pink lights sparkled off the water glasses and diffused through the room, mixing with the sunlight, creating a hungry atmosphere. Waitresses in small, tight black skirts flitted from the tables to the counter.

"Those two intellectuals are here again."

"They're cute."

Sitting near the kitchen door where they could watch the waitresses going by were two young men. Their dress was an odd mixture of the Wild West and Bohemia. One was wearing Levis, old shoes, and a tee-shirt that was about to wear through all over simultaneously. The other was dressed in an incongruously matched outfit of black shoes, white duck pants, and a bright, red cowboy shirt. He put his feet up under the table on the chair across from him. The other leaned back in his chair and sighed.

"Mmmmm, that was what I call a delicious meal. They sure make great hamburgers here."

The second of the intellectual duo, whose name was Dick, grimaced and burst out, "Oh, hamburgers. Who cares about hamburgers. Is that all you think of, food?"

"You seem bitter, Pat. Are women still evil?"

"Who cares about women . . .," he paused, "I guess I do. It sure is funny how you think of them even when you don't want to."

A sublime expression passed over Pat's face.

"Ohhh, that hamburger was just the most sumptuous morsel. Yes, I find myself distracted sometimes. By the way, tonight's my fourth date this week." "Well, Little Lord Fauntleroy! What

a lustful, insatiable appetite you must have for sex. What do you go out so much for?" "I'm not sure. I like to talk." Dick guffawed, "That's a joke. Four dates in a week just to talk? You're oversexed." "As a matter of fact, I didn't get to first base with any of them, and I'm not sure I was even in the same ball-park. Actually, I didn't even try anything with them. Just talked, danced, had a good time."

Dick stared at the crumpled napkin in his plate and thoughtfully said, "In a way I think you're better off like that. Eliminate the sex element as much as possible."

"You're being silly. There *are* ways to have a good time without getting frustrated," Pat said in a leering tone.

"I know that quite well. I also know that creating substitutes for what instinct intends you to do is pretty dangerous business. For instance, this week I had a few mad dates. Then this morning I had a most terrifying dream—all full of Freudian symbols. Obviously, I am frustrated and can do nothing about it."

"I think you're wrong, Dick. You are doing something right now. By talking to me you are relieving yourself." "But why," he added, "if it bothers you so much, don't you stop and realize just how insignificant sex really is?" Dick looked amused. "Do you realize what you just said? Sex is insignificant, my eye! Let me repeat the question I asked before. Why do you go out on dates? Surely you must be interested in sex." "Not always. You don't always have to make out." "Then why date a girl? Why not go out with a buddy when you're just interested in talking?"

Pat became annoyed and said, "Look you're getting off on the wrong track. Quite often I do go out with the gang. Sometimes you meet a girl sharper than most of the fellows—that's a good enough reason to take her out."

"O. K., you've got a point there, but I still feel that your major interest in girls is not exactly intellectual."

"I'll meet you half-way on that," said Pat. "A Frenchman

once said, 'Women are not much different from men, but it's that little difference that makes life enjoyable.' "

Dick answered, "Believe me, your Frenchman may be right to a certain extent, but the difference between men and women is more than just trifling as he implies. It's one of those strange subtleties that must exist to make life not only enjoyable, but even tolerable. To make a crude analogy, sex is like the salt in your food. Remove the salt, and the food not only becomes tasteless and unpalatable, but you can't even digest it."

Pat had listened intently. "Now you're not also going to tell me that you can't live without sex, are you?" He hurriedly added, "The banal kind, I mean."

"You're anticipating me." Dick smiled and continued, "But you're also wrong. People can live without sex if they try hard enough to suppress it with all sorts of moral codes and social ethics. You can substitute work, play, or conversation for the instinctive sexual drive."

"What you are saying then, is that the only difference between man and an animal is in his attitude towards sex? That's ridiculous. Do you actually believe in that bunk?"

"I do, precisely. Look back at the first primitive man. What was his first concern. Food, eat! Just like you." Pat interrupted, "I'm primitive?" "What was next? Sex of course. You know how popular lovemaking was in those days, what tender love-taps Mr. Homo gave to Miss Sapiens with his club. Our ancestor's mentality was restricted to purely instinctive idealism. He hunted food to eat. He sought Miss Sapiens not because she had a seductive grunt, but because nature created a passion within him that promised pleasure if he possessed her. When Mr. Homo and his fellow-males first became jealous of their brides, and vice-versa, society was born."

Pat had been impatiently tapping his spoon on the table. When Dick was finished speaking he said, "I must admit that what you

say is very interesting but I can't quite agree with you completely. Evidently, you've been reading Freud.

"Good guess. . . I just flicked through *The Introduction to Psychoanalysis*." Dick looked worried, "I never felt so abnormal in my life."

Pat went on, saying, "Well, recalling my impressions of that book, I never could get myself to believe that sex was an all-dominating factor in our lives. Returning to your little lecture on anthropology, how can you say that our complex society is simply the result of the sublimation of an instinctive, libidinous appetite? I'd like to hear Freud tell a sane world that skyscrapers are phallic symbols, and bridges represent the orgasm, and that the intricate machinery of a digital computer is really the sign of sexual frustration." He paused and asserted excitedly, "Some of Freud's ideas just don't make sense."

With a brotherly tone in his voice, Dick answered Pat. "I appreciate your outburst on Freud from the standpoint of its violence, but look Pat, you've missed the point. Freud never said that men *build* skyscrapers as a phallic symbol. As a fellow scientist, I'm sure he would be one of the first to agree that the shape of a skyscraper is determined more upon economic and physical requirements than the perhaps perverted aestheticism of the architect. You don't believe in symbolism, right? Let's make an experiment. Tell me all the words and ideas you can think of when I say the word 'complacency.'"

Pat made a sour expression, and said, "This is sort of foolish . . . A running brook, mountains, trees . . . tall soaring pine trees, a lake, grass, a spongy meadow, soft pillow, quiet night, parked car . . .

Dick held his hand up and exploded, "Stop! I'm already embarrassed." Philosophically, Pat muttered, "Hmmm, I think I get the idea."

Taking up the conversation again Dick said, "Look, I don't

want you to think I'm gullible enough to believe everything I read. I've developed my own little notion as to where sex fits into our past and present. First of all, I don't believe that man is a social animal only because of his sexual morality. Primitive man was a relatively weak little beastie, both mentally and physically, when compared to the elements about him that he had to fight against for survival. Only by grouping together did he have a chance to exist. This fact can be stated as a precise mathematical equation: One-hundred creeping, limping, running, stinking, infantile, cave-men equals one genius plus one bulldozer."

"Let me interrupt for a moment," said Pat. "What you say makes more than just plain sense. The men you talked about lived millions of years ago. Their big problem was not so much to defend themselves from each other as to fight the dinosaurs, and mastodons, and the cold, and a host of other terrors. But examine society today. Once again, banding together has served to strengthen the social network by giving the intelligence of many geniuses to the group to defend themselves with—and here is the reverse of what you said—to protect themselves not against the non-human elements in their environment, but against themselves! Take the atomic bomb, for an example. Can you conceive of one man inventing and constructing such a fantastic, intricate mechanism? Why, it's the product of the combined power and mentality of thousands of people. And what is it used for—you know, to stop, prevent, and incite war among men."

Dick nodded his head in agreement. "You're with me. Now that you've mentioned war, let me show you where sex fits into the picture as a motivating force. Man has gone through a long evolution and still retained many instincts, one of which is to fight and strike out against whatever frustrates him. Hitler and the multitude of sadists composing his retinue were not political martyrs fighting for a glorious, pure Aryan race, but a pack of perverts trying to change the society that would not accept them.

You read the newspapers—how many crimes can you point out that cannot be linked to sexual frustration. Yes, I mean from the rapist to the bank-robber who steals so he can live like a dandy to attract the girls.”

Pat leaned back in his chair and seemed very amused. “You know Dick, you see sex in everything. I think that you are perverted,” he joked, emphasizing the “you.” Dick dropped his head and replied, “I’m too tired to argue with you any more. Let me remain the way I am. I have fun.” “Come now, don’t forget, ‘Women are evil,’—show me you have a strong will.”

The waitress walked over. Dick glowered at Pat and mumbled, “You know what you can do.”

“Oh, let’s have another cup of coffee.”

BILL LAPSON

PERSUASION

Psychology has the answer, Dr. Jensen. Yes,

But

in general,

the answer lies in picturing all a person's actions as means of

But

achieving ends, satisfying needs. Once this concept is accepted, the needs can be more thoroughly investigated and defined. This is done (yes, yes) in psychotherapy. You see; you see, of course, that the well-defined, unobscure, obvious needs (no longer buried under trauma and jumbled trivia, tricks of the subconscious to keep trauma "out of sight") having been exhumed exposed et cetera can now be satisfied . . . by the patient, yes, in a straightforward manner . . . anxieties gone: those just-below-the-surface-of-awareness auras that once (before treatment) surrounded certain (hazily defined) areas of subject, yes.

Yes, yes, yes.

Yes, but I . . .

But of course. Therapy does not investigate the actual bases of the needs—merely seeks to define them, clearly. It is analysis, psychoanalysis, which explores these bases: actual events (through memories of particular, or classes of, experience) . . . understanding of prime causes of present features of self; what, how, molded them. This (of course) is ultimate in self-understanding . . .

But

...

(!) the problem must be recognized as such before anything can be done—isn't that true? I mean the potential patient has to *feel* these anxieties—this mal-adjustment—before he is ready for treatment. The non-anxious person doesn't have any hidden unfulfilled needs. Some of his needs may be hidden, but the lack of

anxieties seems to indicate that, though unknown, they are being satisfied. And . . .

Yes, yes. However, the problem may be one not of personal satisfaction (contentedness) but, rather, of sanity. Sanity, of course, concerns the relationship of the individual to society, not to himself. There are limits of sanity beyond which a man can pass and still remain internally contented, "non-anxious." Take the case of the psychotic homicidal. He is happy, "non-anxious"; his needs are being satisfied. One of his needs happens to be the need of killing people. So he does. It is by society's definition that he is psychotic, insane; in relation to himself he is perfectly adjusted.

I see. I remember hearing once, "A neurotic knows two plus two is five and is worried about it; a psychotic knows two plus two is five—period."

Yes, except that values determined by society—not absolute, fixed values—are involved. Otherwise the statement's a fairly accurate description. The anxious person (including the neurotic, extremely anxious person) wants to get rid of his anxieties. On the other hand, the psychotic is content, wants to be left as he is. If he is to be made sane (society's definition again) the bases of his psychotic—insane—need must be discovered by psychoanalysis, and then erased or given traumatic significance by appropriate treatment. The cured patient is sane, possibly neurotic, and possibly a bit dull if certain methods are used. In your particular case . . .

But I don't . . .

It would help if you calm yourself, Dr. Jensen. I am explaining all this to you because it will make your treatment easier, yes. Society changes, Dr. Jensen, and what one day is sane the next day may be insane. Such is your case. There has been a revolution, Dr. Jensen. It has been kept rather quiet. Having started from the top, it has been able to establish very little strength

for the new government—strength in terms of actual number of trained, intelligent, useful men at work. You will be used in this new government, Dr. Jensen. But you must be sane to be useful. This means that the concepts of liberty and independence must be removed from your mind. There is no liberty, no independence under the new government, you see, so thinking in terms of these concepts constitutes erroneous, insane behavior. So you will be adjusted, made sane.

You are falling asleep, Dr. Jensen.

You have been drugged, Dr. Jensen.

Goodbye, Dr. Jensen.

Come in, Mr. Stone; sit down. I'd like to talk to you about a problem that you and many people like you are going to be faced with quite soon.

Psychology has the answer, Mr. Stone. Yes, . . .

BARRETT MILLER

TIME

Time is an incandescent globe moving
through an infinite darkness, and
meeting another of its kind, and
colliding with it, and creating the
Sun, and the planets.

Time is the rivers and fountains of
glowing, molten rock, and the slow,
slow cooling, and the endless grey
days and endless grey rains.

Time is the waters of the oceans moving
on the face of the earth before any
living thing moved thereon.

Time is tiny fishes drawing life from
the oceans, and multiplying, and
becoming more fishes.

Time is giant lizards moving clumsily
on the earth, then sitting lazily
in warm swamp waters to rest.

Time is little furred creatures darting
among the feet of the lizards,
taunting, and teasing, and daring, and
winning.

Time is the little furred creatures growing,
and changing, and becoming creatures
with but little fur that build cities,
and machines, and wage wars.

Time is the bustle of the cities, the
clank of the machines, and the slow
healing of the wounds of the wars.

Time is the old cities that are forgotten,
and left to think their cold, empty
thoughts as new cities are builded.

Time is the pale green leaves and soft
pink flowers on the trees at springtime,
and the deep, green grass that makes a
thick carpet for the trees to walk
upon at summertime.

Time is the cold fall sun smiling hazy
approval to the wind blowing the red,
and yellow, and brown leaves over the
bare ground.

Time is the soft, white blanket of snow
keeping the trees warm during the
winter.

Time is all of these things, and more, and
much more.

ED PARK

SKETCH

The day is fast fading,
And the stars in the sky
As shells at tide's ebbing
Are left high and dry.

RAY HEFFERLIN

THE TELLTALE HEART

THEY SAY that I'm shy. That isn't exactly the truth, but I guess it's close enough. When I was a kid though, girls didn't bother me the way they do now. Maybe I grew up negatively.

A clown, that was me when I was a kid. Always doing my best to make myself obnoxious in a funny way. Like the time in biology class when I sprayed the teacher with nicotine plant dust. Boy did the guys *roar*. I could hear them talking about me for days after that class. What a great feeling it is to have people talking about you like it meant something whether you were alive or not. Sure some kids laughed at me because I was fat and clumsy. What of it? To most of the others I was something important. I made them laugh and be happy. That's good isn't it?

My teachers always said, "Why do you act like that? You're a brilliant boy; you'll get ahead on brain power. You don't have to be accepted." I would laugh at them with my mouth. How could they know how well *I* know my own mental capacities. What fools. When you're shaped like that you can always tell that you are by comparing yourself with the people who surround you.

Being smart did me lots of good. I could hear them all laughing at me, and my books in class. I remember one of the girls I had a crush on said that she was glad she didn't have brains. She didn't know how much I wished I could be her. Always being pampered, boys clamoring to go out with her. She didn't know what it's like to want to go one way, but have a fist inside your head that points you just the opposite way.

Like I said, everybody thinks that I'm shy. Well, I'll tell you why. It was a junior high school dance—my first. I had been preparing for weeks just to be able to show them all how much of a regular guy I was. Dancing lessons three days a week with

a tall thin old maid for a teacher. New suit and shoes, well just about everything a guy does to make himself one of the gang.

It started out bad from the first. Almost as I got to the big gym where the dance was being held, one of my teachers collared me and made me dance with the worst looking, smartest girl in the class. I could see all the guys smirking. I tried to make up for this loss by doing my cross-eye routine. Everybody laughed like they always did, but still I knew that underneath they were sorry for me. Poor fat smartboy.

The final blow was yet to come. It was my birthday, and the master of ceremonies announced that the final dance would be held in my honor. On the courage of this event I asked the prettiest girl in the class for the dance. She had everything I didn't. Looks, personality, athletic—everything. Almost to my surprise she accepted. I was all set to dance away on a cloud. You know, the way they do in movies.

From the first step we took I was on her feet. She looked annoyed the first few times, then she made a crack about my big fat feet.

I went home barely able to control myself. That night when my parents were asleep I tore every page out of the poetry book that they gave me for my birthday. Then I lay back and wondered what being smart was good for if it didn't make you feel better.

Later that year I caught the same girl alone after school, and tried to apologize to her. She said that she didn't remember what happened. I wish that she had. Now I have to live with it myself.

So I guess maybe that's the reason I'm shy. Whenever I talk to a girl I remember back to when being one of the guys could have made me something. Now life is just one big grind. It's funny that there's no world for those of us with long memories.

JAY ARTHUR GLASEL

Time, the destroyer

Life is a malign race against time.
Death is the end of our fitful race,
When the flag is down
and the clocks click

Stop

The people cringe in fear of time
Man must wait.
Man must wait for the clocks to click

Stop

Life is not destroyed by death for
Life goes on in spite of death.
Life is destroyed by time.
Life is destroyed by hurry
before the clocks click

Stop

Hurry, the tormentor

Man must hurry to marry,
hurry to overpopulate,
hurry to die.
In Man's hurry, he must not stop
to wonder or to think.
In Man's hurry, he must not stop
to befriend or to help others.
In Man's hurry, if there are things in his way,
he will trample them.

Art, the trampled

In the eternal edgeless darkness of the race with the clock,
there are occasional glimmers of light along the way.

Trample them

In the rush to get nowhere, raise your voices and deny
that the symphony plays a part in American society.
Scoff at modern art in your ignorance.

Call current poets insane.

Trample All

Keep your sexy singers and actresses.
Go to your movie houses and watch murder and violence.

I ask only—

Where will you have gotten with your trampling
when the flag is down
and the clocks click

Stop

BOB DEFFEYES

STRADIVARIUS

IT WAS raining a little that night, I remember, because all the fellows in the orchestra were wearing their raincoats and carrying umbrellas, coming through the door and “phewing” each in their turn, and shaking off more water in front of my desk. I’m the doorkeeper at the music hall; it’s my job to sit behind the desk by the door, read a newspaper, say “good afternoon” to everybody as they come in, and in general give atmosphere to the place. There’s no real reason for me to be a doorkeeper, and for that matter there’s no reason to have a doorkeeper at all, but I don’t complain . . . they’re paying my wages. . . .

Anyway, this old fellow came in without a raincoat or anything on. He was soaked to the skin, and he was carrying a bundle under his arm all wrapped up in oilcloth. He was an old coot, there’s no denying that; he had long, white hair that was all matted up on top of his head, and his face was as gray as a piece of flannel rag. He came in about three o’clock, after most of the players had already arrived. The performances are at four on Sundays.

He walked over to the chair on the far side of the hall, next to Mr. Eurich’s door, and sat down. He sat there, all hunched over and shivering, keeping his bundle under his chest and between his knees. I stared at him, not knowing really what to do. As long as I had been there, nobody had ever come in who wasn’t supposed to. Finally I went over to him, and said, in my most authoritative tone of voice, “I’m sorry, sir, but only performers are allowed back here.” Then he looked at me with a sort of cold stare that made me feel about as big as a worm. He didn’t say anything, he just looked at me. I went back and sat down.

When Mr. Eurich came out of his dressing room, carrying his violin with him, the old man got up and grabbed his arm. “Jan,” he said, “I have something for you.”

Mr. Eurich looked at the old man with his eyes all squinted up and said, "I don't know you, old man. What are you doing here?"

"No, you don't know me." He had a deep voice; sort of shaky, but real deep. "I shouldn't expect you to remember me. I knew you when you were only two years old. Your father and I were quite good friends before he died. I taught him."

"Ho ho! That's rich! That would make you over a hundred years old, you old fraud. Go on back to your bottle, pappy, I have a performance in ten minutes."

The old man didn't seem to hear him; he went on, "I have the last Stradivarius in existence." He ran his fingers lovingly over the bundle of oilcloth, "I would like to give it to you to play. I think that some day you will be a great artist." He began unrolling the oilcloth.

"*I am* a great artist, old man! And I didn't become one playing a silly antique!" The old man held the violin out to Eurich. It was dark brown and glossy, but it did have an appearance of age to it; he held it out to Mr. Eurich and his hand shook. "Take it, son, and play beautiful music. These old fingers can no longer do justice to such an instrument."

Mr. Eurich took the violin in one big hand and looked at it. Then he laughed, a short, ugly laugh, and stuck his metal violin in front of the old man's face. "I have here the finest instrument that modern science can produce . . . an instrument that will do with two strings what all the old style violins in the world could not do with four." He looked again at the Stradivarius. "I have no use for a worthless relic." He threw it across the room.

"Go home, grandpa, and dig in the garden and talk politics. Quit meddling where you're not wanted!" He turned and walked out to the stage.

The old man stood there, looking after him with a sad, lost look on his face. Then he went over and picked up the violin and

carried it back to his chair, holding it next to his chest all the time. He sat there talking to himself, his eyes all red and his voice quivering. He ran his fingers up and down the violin all the time he was sitting there. I could hear him from where I was, but his voice sounded as though it were a hundred miles away.

“ . . . Built by a man with music in his soul . . . man who loved good music . . . man who put his heart in his work. Not a machine . . . played by the greatest artists of all time . . . oh, if these wooden parts could talk what tales they could tell . . . last one of its kind . . . silly antique. . . .” His voice broke, and he just sat there holding his violin.

Mr. Eurich played his number very well, and he had to make three curtain calls before the applause died down. I don't know very much about music, but I know Mr. Eurich is one of the best of his kind . . . he often says so himself. The old guy sat there listening to the applause with a faraway, dreamy look in his eyes. He got up from his chair, and, holding the violin in one hand, made a perfect, deep bow from the waist.

He walked past the desk and laid the violin there in front of me, and walked out into the rain again. I believe he had tears in his eyes. . . .

FRANK ALBINI

OUR GRADUATE STUDENTS

The Case For, Against, and In-between

Pendulum is officially subtitled, "The Undergraduate and Graduate Literary Magazine of the California Institute of Technology." In an effort to secure more than the existent absolute minimum of interest which has been evidenced by the prospective Ph.D.'s, the following letter was sent to each graduate student.

Dear Mr. Graduate Student:

Here are a few opinions that many undergraduates hold of the graduate students at this school:

- (1) They are narrow-minded in that their sole interest is in their own immediate specialized field of scientific study.
- (2) Their association with other people on campus is restricted to a few friends and professors in their particular option.
- (3) They tend to be somewhat snobbish in regarding undergraduates as horribly immature and not serious about life.
- (4) They are either married or have no social life.
- (5) They are brilliant in science or engineering but have no humanistic intellectual pursuits such as literature, music, art, or religion.
- (6) They have trouble in expressing their ideas cogently and clearly, as evidenced by their poor teaching ability.

Now it is probably obvious to you, although not to me, that some of these accusations are partially false, even as generalizations—ignorance causes misconceptions. However, I have changed my opinion of the dearth of non-scientific creative talent that exists in the graduate student body after hearing the records of the Biology Dept. Christmas Party. I hadn't realized that grad students were capable of such sparkling and sophisticated humor. Certainly there must be much latent talent existent in the grad students which only lacks a suitable vehicle of expression.

That vehicle already exists. It is *Pendulum*. We undergraduate editors of *Pendulum* believe that the quality of the magazine would be much higher if graduate students contributed to the magazine.

Here is a vacuum on the Caltech campus, and only you can help fill it.

The present editors are perfectly willing to accept one or more graduate editors, give them as many pages of *Pendulum* as they can fill with high-quality material, and let them "go to town."

We undergraduates would like to become better acquainted with the other half of Caltech's student body.

Sincerely,

JAMES SHORT

What reaction there was was immediate. Mr. Short was stopped by two graduate students. The first chided, "What's all that trash I found in my mail box today?" The other warned, "You'd better look out, the chemistry department is getting up a lynching party!" A third graduate came into the student houses and invited us all—at a dollar a head—to a grad dance. It was feared that there would be a surplus of women, or more correctly, a shortage of graduates.

By far the most interesting reply was in the form of a letter. . . .

Mr. James Short
Blacker House
Institute Campus
Dear Mr. Short:

Pasadena, California
26 January 1955

Here is what at least one graduate student thinks of the opinions that many undergraduates hold of the graduate students in this school:

(1) "They are narrow-minded in that their sole interest is in their own immediate specialized field of scientific study." Quite incorrect. There are, at this writing, at least six graduate students who bowl, three who skate, three who ride horses, two who water-polo and two who swim (in emergencies). In addition, nearly every graduate student can gurgle out a song or two when the occasion demands, help an

old lady across the street or discuss the fundamental rules of leapfrog. Take a closer look, friend, and you will see the graduate student as he really is, a worm in the folds of school but a dasher in the open country—and for evidence look at the countless numbers of those of the species who spend a goodish part of the calendar year on the crutches they seem to be bringing back from their skiing expeditions with exasperating regularity.

(2) “Their association with other people on campus is restricted to a few friends and professors in their particular option.” Maybe there is a trace of truth in this. I suppose you have noticed a dog, however, sort of dark grey with assorted patches, who hangs out in front of the Coffee Shop when the weather is good. You will often see graduate students pausing, eyeing the beast with delight and depositing a benevolent pat on the head of the old fellow. Such humane demonstrations go to show that a graduate student has, after all, a heart which, incidentally, finding next to itself the vacancies created by an ever-shrinking stomach, feels free to expand and flourish in all directions.

(3) “They tend to be somewhat snobbish in regarding undergraduates as horribly immature and not serious about life.” Incorrect. Life, as every well-fed philosopher knows, is not at all a serious matter and the undergraduates would do themselves wrong to worry about the convergence of series, the liquor tax laws, the draft and other trivia. Thank you, however, for bringing the existence of undergraduates to my attention. For a long time now I have been wondering at the racket originating from the student houses during your occasional outbursts of youthful activity; at those moments my old college days *do* come back, and I cannot but sit back and sigh with nostalgia at the cacophony which reminds me of a potpourri involving Pompeii (in its last day) and an Alpien avalanche.

(4) “They are either married or have no social life.” Grossly incorrect. You seem completely unaware of the gay life led by us salt-miners around here. There has been circulating, for example, a rumor that the manometers used in the sub-basement of GALCIT have been found to contain liquids of an alcoholic nature, and that the graduates down there greatly enjoy taking sips between measurements, thus upsetting the otherwise natural course of events in Aeronautics. The mind must certainly shiver with rapture if one

tries to visualize what is going on along these lines in the various chemistry laboratories. And then you seem to forget the merry, reckless times offered our graduate students by those efficient middlemen, the campus YMCA. This organization, for your information, stages those bi-yearly orgies called the Graduate Student Dances. There certainly is no faster, dizzier, whizzier, more risqué activity on campus than the typical Graduate Student Dance. There, at the expense of one dollar and the risk of running into some of the local secretaries, you can spend an evening of relaxation among what seems to be a group of South Americans who, having decided to stage a revolution, arrived at the site of the uprising during the hottest hour of the day, decided to postpone events and just recline and snooze till the weather cools off a bit.

(5) "They are brilliant in science or engineering but have no humanistic intellectual pursuits such as literature, music, art, or religion." Wrong as wrong can get. I can assure you that a staggering percentage of our graduate students have been going after h.i.p.'s (humanistic intellectual pursuits) for some time now. You may be surprised to learn, for instance, that there are several low-brimmed free-lance sketch artists tip-toeing around the campus, and such works of art as "A Portuguese Fireman" and "Picture of a Midwife" have already been acclaimed as masterpieces. There is also, in the Old Dorm I believe, a Ph.D. candidate who is still turning out those "Be Kind to Beetles" placards one of which was used back in '33 by Blauffer Agricultural Chemical & Supplies in their advertising circulars. Finally, I am told that a group of youthful mechanical engineers have formed the Club of Peripatetics whose objectives are philosophy and meditation although, as far as I can judge from direct observation, they have presently confined their activities to sunning themselves on the steps of the Engineering building at noon-time and taking stock, sheepherder-fashion, of any chance additions to the secretarial corps as the latter wobble on their way to lunch.

(6) "They have trouble in expressing their ideas cogently and clearly, as evidenced by their poor teaching ability." They do.

You see, therefore, that the other, the "aloof" part of Caltech's student body is not in the state of rigor mortis visualized by the wishful undergraduates. It is true that there exist those inevitable deviationists who prefer to curl up beside the acetylene flame with a

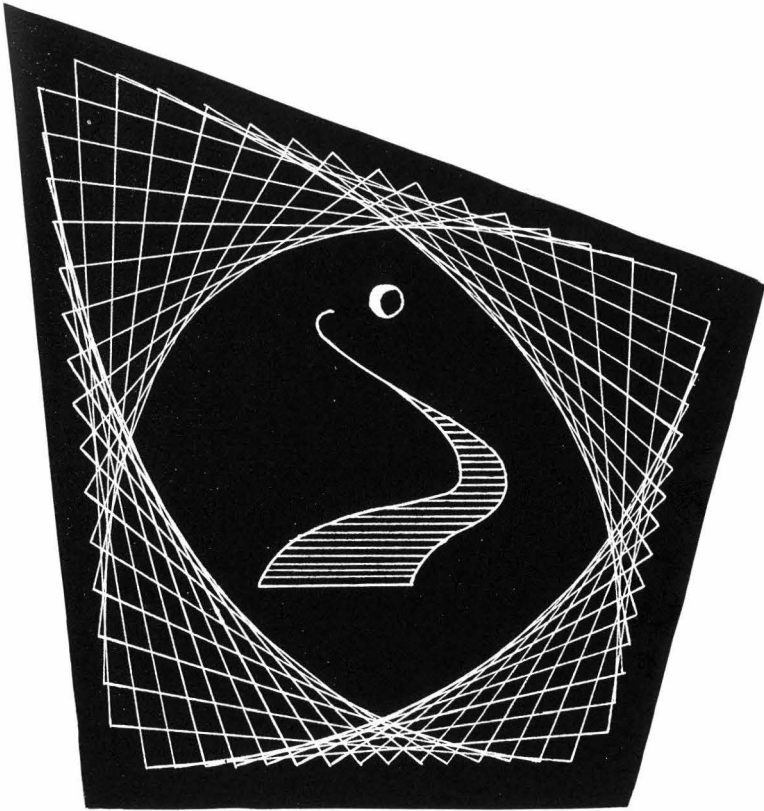
good test-tube, but I can assure you that there are also many others who reason that a test tube is, in the long analysis, a test tube, and whose ideas of spending an evening indoors are patterned along distinctly different lines. It is also true that you will find graduate students who think, by force of habit rather than conviction, that all universe is uncomfortably, although analytically and monotonically, bounded between limits a and b, perfectly collimated through an array of slits or consisting of melancholy stretches of alluvial deposits; and I can certainly give you credit for being resourceful to observe that looking *at* things can perhaps be as much fun as looking through, under, over or beyond them. But don't, by any means, despair; all is far from lost. You must realize that the tendency of our graduate students to abide on a different atmospheric stratum is founded on the fact that this here institution of ours makes graduate study quite a peaceful and pleasant proposition; you can almost say that the average graduate student sinks contentedly into his daily coma, ejaculating little squeaks of delight in the process. If you want results, then, do something drastic (which I don't advocate) like, say, beefing up the smog concentrate over Caltech and you may have our underground laboratories open up and disgorge endless streams of coughing, tearful graduates who will swear off their respective sciences and flock to the *Pendulum* office bleating for literary assignments, preferably those covering events in Palos Verdes and points south. . . .

So much for us non-migratory mammals. That your magazine should start yelping for our help is as precarious a gesture as it is complimentary. I hope, and very sincerely so, that in asking for our contribution you have decided to put up with characters who seldom shave, mumble and fidget when spoken to, mumble and fidget when not spoken to, twitch, limit their lengthiest interviews with people to eleven minutes and consider it a crime to get out of bed before ten-thirty in the morning.

I don't know how much of the vacuum can be filled but there is no harm in shoveling.

Sincerely,

TONY DEMETRIADES



CLARKE REES