Mor•phol•o•gy

anthology of dialogue



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anthology of dialogue

A Visual Interpretation of Dialogue in Literature

{ Borges, Bradbury, Carroll, Cortázar }



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ON CON•VER•SA•TION

by William Cowper

Connoisseur No.138
Thursday, September 16, 1756.

Your talk to decency and reason suit,
Nor prate like fools, nor gabble like a brute.

In the comedy of *'The Frenchman in London,'* which we are told was acted at Paris with universal applause for several nights together, there is a character of a rough Englishman, who is represented as quite unskilled in the graces of conversation; and his dialogue consists almost entirely of a repetition of the common salutation of How do you do? How do you? Our nation has, indeed, been generally supposed to be of a sullen and uncommunicative disposition; while, on the other hand, the loquacious French have been allowed to possess the art of conversing beyond all other people. The Englishman requires to be wound up frequently, and stops as soon as he is down; but the Frenchman runs on in a continual alarum. Yet it must be acknowledged, that, as the English consist of very different humours, their manner of discourse admits of great variety: but the whole French nation converse alike; and there is no difference in their address between a marquis and a *valet-de-chambre*. We may frequently see a couple of French barbers accosting each other in the street, and paying their compliments with the same volubility of speech, the same grimace and action, as two courtiers on the Thuilleries.

I shall not attempt to lay down any particular rules for conversation, but rather point out such faults in discourse and behaviour, as render the company of half mankind rather tedious than amusing. It is in vain, indeed, to look for conversation, where we might expect to find it in the greatest perfection, among persons of fashion: there it is almost annihilated by universal card-playing: insomuch that I have heard it given as a reason, why it is impossible for our present writers to succeed in the dialogue of genteel comedy, that our people of quality scarce ever meet but to game. All their discourse turns upon the odd trick and the four honours: and it is no less a maxim with the votaries of whist than with those of Bacchus, that talking spoils company.

Every one endeavours to make himself as agreeable to society as he can: but it often happens, that those who most aim at shining in conversation, overshoot their mark. Though a man succeeds, he should not, as is frequently the case, engross the whole talk to himself; for that destroys the very essence of conversation, which is talking together. We should try to keep up conversation like a ball bandied to and fro from one to the other, rather than seize it all to ourselves, and drive it before us like a foot-ball. We should likewise be cautious to adapt the matter of our discourse to our company and not talk Greek before ladies, or of the last new furbelow to a meeting of country justices.

But nothing throws a more ridiculous air over our whole conversation, than certain peculiarities easily acquired, but very difficultly conquered and discarded. In order to display these absurdities in a truer light, it is my present purpose to enumerate such of them as are most commonly to be met with; and first to take notice of those buffoons in society the Attitudinarians and Face-makers. These accompany every word with a peculiar grimace or gesture: they assent with a shrug, and contradict with a twisting of the neck; are angry by a wry mouth, and pleased in a caper or a minuet step. They may be considered as speaking Harlequins; and their rules of eloquence are taken from the posture-master. These should be condemned to converse only in dumb show with their own persons in the looking-glass: as well as the smirkers and smilers, who so prettily set off their faces, together with their words, by a *je-ne-sçai-quoi* between a grin and a dimple. With these we may likewise rank the affected tribe of mimics, who are constantly taking off the peculiar tone of voice or gesture of their acquaintance: though they are such wretched imitators, that, like bad painters, they are frequently forced to write the name under the picture, before we can discover any likeness.

Next to these, whose elocution is absorbed in action, and who converse chiefly with their arms and legs, we may consider the Professed Speakers. And first, the emphatical; who squeeze, and press, and ram down every syllable with excessive vehemence and energy. These orators are remarkable for their distinct elocution and force of expression: they dwell on the important particles *of* and *the*, and the significant conjunctive *and*; which they seem to hawk up with much difficulty out of their own throats, and to cram them, with no less pain, into the ears of their auditors. These should be suffered only to syringe, as it were, the ear of a deaf man, through a hearing-trumpet: though I must confess, that I am equally offended with the whisperers, or low-speakers, who seem to fancy all their acquaintance deaf,



and come up so close to you, that they may be said to measure noses with you, and frequently overcome you with the full exhalations of a stinking breath. I would have these oracular gentry obliged to talk at a distance through a speaking trumpet, or apply their lips to the walls of a whispering gallery. The wits, who will not condescend to utter any thing but a *bon mot*, and the whistlers or tune hummers, who never articulate at all, may be joined very agreeably together in concert: and to these tinkling cymbals I would also add the sounding brass, the bawler, who inquires after your health with the bellowing of a town-crier.

The Tatlers, whose pliable pipes are admirably adapted to the 'soft parts of conversation,' and sweetly 'prattling out of fashion,' make very pretty music from a beautiful face and a female tongue; but from a rough manly voice and coarse features, mere nonsense is as harsh and dissonant as a jig from a hurdy-gurdy. The Swearers I have spoken of in a former paper; but the Half-swearers, who split, and mince, and fritter their oaths into gad's bud, ad's fish, and demmee, the Gothic Humbuggers, and those who 'nick-name God's creatures,' and call a man a cabbage, a crab, a queer cub, an odd fish, and an unaccountable muskin, should never come into company without an interpreter. But I will not tire my readers' patience by pointing out all the pests of conversation; nor dwell particularly on the Sensibles, who pronounce dogmatically on the most trivial points, and speak in sentences; the Wonderers, who are always wondering what o'clock it is, or wondering whether it will rain or no, or wondering when the moon changes; the Phraseologists, who explain a thing by 'all that,' or enter into particulars with this and that and t'other; and lastly, the Silent Men, who seem afraid of opening their mouths, lest they should catch cold, and literally observe the precept of the Gospel, by letting their conversation be only yea yea, and nay nay.

> The rational intercourse kept up by conversation, is one of our principal distinctions from brutes.

The rational intercourse kept up by conversation, is one of our principal distinctions from brutes. We should therefore endeavour to turn this peculiar talent to our advantage, and consider the organs of speech as the instruments of understanding: we should be very careful not to use them as the weapons of vice or tools of folly, and do our utmost to unlearn any trivial or ridiculous habits, which tend to lessen the value of such an inestimable prerogative. It is, indeed, imagined by some philosophers, that even birds and beasts, though without the power of articulation, perfectly understand one another by the sounds they utter; and that dogs, cats, &c. have each a particular language to themselves, like different nations. Thus it may be supposed, that the nightingales of Italy have as fine an ear for their own native wood-notes, as any *Signor* or *Signora* for an Italian air; that the boars of Westphalia gruntle as expressively through the nose as the inhabitants in High German; and that the frogs in the dykes of Holland croak as intelligibly, as the natives jabber their Low Dutch. However this may be, we may consider those, whose tongues hardly seem to be under the influence of reason, and do not keep up the proper conversation of human creatures, as imitating the language of different animals. Thus, for instance, the affinity between Chatterers and Monkeys, and Praters and Parrots, is too obvious not to occur at once: Grunters and Growlers may be justly compared to Hogs: Snarlers are Curs, that continually show their teeth, but never bite; and the Spitfire passionate are a sort of wild Cats, that will not bear stroking, but will purr when they are pleased. Complainers are Screech-owls; and Story-tellers, always repeating the same dull note, are Cuckoos. Poets, that prick up their ears at their own hideous braying, are no better than Asses: Critics in general are venomous Serpents, that delight in hissing; and some of them, who have got by heart a few technical terms without knowing their meaning, are no other than Magpies.

I myself, who have crowed to the whole town for near three years past, may perhaps put my readers in mind of a Dunghill cock; but as I must acquaint them, that they will hear the last of me on this day fortnight, I hope they will then consider me as a Swan, who is supposed to sing sweetly at his dying moments.

The Book of Sand,

Jorge Luis Borges, 1975

Lines consist of an infinite number of points;

planes an infinite number of lines;

volumes an infinite number of planes,

hypervolumes an infinite number of volumes…

No, this, this more geometric, is definitely not the best way to begin my tale. Affirming a fantastic tale's truth is now a story-telling convention; mine, though, is true.

I live alone, in a fourth-floor apartment on Belgrano Street. One evening a few months ago, I heard a knock on the door. I opened it and in walked someone I had never met before. He was a tall man, of indistinct features. My myopia perhaps made me see him that way. Everything about him spoke of an honest poverty. He was dressed in grey and carried a grey valise. I sensed immediately that he was a foreigner. At first I thought him an old man; later I noticed that what misled me was his sparse hair, an almost-white blond, like a Scandinavian's. Over the course of our conversation, which would last no longer than an hour, I learnt that he hailed from the Orkneys.

I showed him his seat. The man paused a moment before speaking. He exuded a melancholy air, as do I now.

"I sell Bibles," he told me

Not without pedantry I responded: "In this house there are several English Bibles, including John Wyclif's, the first of all. I also have Cypriano de Valera's, Luther's — which, as a piece of literature, is the worst of the lot — and a copy of the Vulgate in Latin. As you can see, it's not Bibles I have a need for."

After a brief silence he responded:

"I don't sell only Bibles. I can show you a sacred book that might interest you. I acquired it in the outskirts of Bikanir."

He opened his valise and placed the book on the table. It was a clothbound octavo volume which had undoubtedly passed through many hands. I examined the book; its unexpected heft surprised me. On the spine was printed Holy Writ and below that Bombay.

"From the nineteenth century I'd hazard,"

I observed.

"I don't know. I've never known," was the response.

I opened it at random. The characters were unfamiliar. The pages, which appeared to me worn and of poor typographic quality, were printed in two columns like a Bible. The text was cramped and arranged in versicles. In the upper corner of each page were Arabic numerals. It caught my attention that the even-numbered page bore, let's say, the number 40,514 and the odd-numbered page that followed 999. I turned the page; the overleaf bore an eight-digit number. Also printed was a small illustration, like those in dictionaries: an anchor drawn in pen and ink, as though by a child's unskilled hand.

It was then that the stranger told me:

"Study the page well. You will never see it again."

There was a threat in what he said, but not in his voice.

I took note of the page and shut the volume. I reopened it immediately.

In vain I searched for the figure of the anchor, page after page. To hide my discomfort, I said to him:

"This is a version of the Scripture in some Hindustani language, right?"

"No," he replied.

Then he lowered his voice as if entrusting me with a secret:

"I acquired the book in a small town on the plains for a few rupees and a Bible. Its owner didn't know how to read. I suspect that he saw the Book of Books as an amulet. He told me that his book is called the Book of Sand because neither the book nor sand possess a beginning or an end."

He suggested I try finding the first page.

I placed my left hand on the cover and opened the book with my thumb and forefinger almost touching. All my efforts were useless: several pages always lay between the cover and my hand. It was as though the pages sprouted from within the book.

"Now search for the last page."

Again I failed; I only managed to stammer in a voice not my own:

"This cannot be."

Always in a low voice, the Bible seller said:

"It cannot be, yet it is. The number of pages in this book is exactly infinite. No page is the first; none the last. I don't know why they're numbered in this arbitrary way. Perhaps it's to demonstrate that the terms of an infinite series include any number."

Later, as if he were thinking aloud:

"If space is infinite, we are in no particular point in space. If time is infinite, we are in no particular point in time."

His musings irritated me. I asked him:
"You're a religious man, aren't you?"

"Yes, I'm Presbyterian. My conscience is clear. I'm sure I didn't cheat the native when I gave him the Lord's Word in exchange for his diabolical book."

I assured him that he had no reason to reproach himself, and I asked him if he was just passing through these lands. He replied that he was thinking of returning to his homeland in a few days. It was then that I learnt he was Scotch, from the Orkney Isles. I told him that I had a special affection for Scotland because of my love of Stevenson and Hume.

"And of Robbie Burns," he corrected.

While we spoke, I continued exploring the infinite book. With a false indifference I asked him:

"Do you intend to offer this curious specimen to the British Museum?"

"No. I offer it to you," he said, and offered a good high price.

I replied, in all honesty, that the price was too high for me and I remained in thought. After a few minutes I had come up with a plan.

"I propose a trade," I said. "You obtained this volume for a few rupees and the Holy Scripture; I offer you my retirement funds, which I've just been paid, and the Wyclif Bible in gothic lettering. I inherited it from my parents."

"A black-letter Wyclif!" he murmured

I went to my bedroom and I brought back the money and book. He turned the pages and studied the binding with the fervour of a bibliophile.

"It's a deal," he said

I was astonished that he did not haggle. Only afterwards did I realise that he had entered my house with the intention of selling the book. He didn't count the bills; he put them away.

We chatted about India, the Orkneys and the Norwegian jarls who had governed them. Night had fallen by the time he had left. I never saw him again, nor do I know his name.

I thought of keeping the Book of Sand in the space left behind by the Wyclif Bible's absence. In the end I opted to hide it behind several misshapen volumes of Thousand and One Nights.

I showed my treasure to no one. Against the joy of possessing the book grew the **fear** that it would be **stolen**, and later the **suspicion** that it was not truly infinite. Both these worries **aggravated** my already long-standing misanth ropy.

I had few friends still alive; I stopped seeing them. **Prisoner of the Book,** I almost never left the house. I examined the worn spine and cover with a magnifying glass, and I discounted possibility of some kind of artifice. That the small illustrations were spaced two thousand pages apart from one to the other. I noted them down in a small alphabetised notebook, which did not take long to fill. They never repeated. At night, in the **scarce** intervals **insomnia** withdrew its hold over, I dreamed of the book.

Summer was coming to an end and I realised that the book was **monstrous**. There was no consolation in the thought that no less **monstrous** was I, who perceived the book with eyes and touched it with ten nailed fingers. I felt the book to be a **nightmarish** object, obscene that **slanders** and compromises reality.

I thought of **fire**, but I feared that the **burning** of an infinite book would be just as infinite and **suffocate** the planet with smoke.

I remember having read that the best place to hide a leaf is in a forest. Before retiring I worked in the National Library, which housed nine-hundred thousand books; I know that to the right of the lobby a curved staircase descends to the basement, where the newspapers and maps are often stored.

I took advantage of the librarians' inattentiveness for a moment to

lose the Book of Sand in one of the humid shelves. I tried not to

notice how high or how far from the door.

I feel relieved now, but I do avoid even passing by Mexico Street.

Rhetoric

Rhetoric is the art of persuasion. Along with grammar and logic (or dialectic – see Martianus Capella), it is one of the three ancient arts of discourse. Rhetoric aims to study the capacities of writers or speakers needed to inform, persuade, or motivate particular audiences in specific situations. Aristotle defines rhetoric as "the faculty of observing in any given case the available means of persuasion" and since mastery of the art was necessary for victory in a case at law or for passage of proposals in the assembly or for fame as a speaker in civic ceremonies, calls it "a combination of the science of logic and of the ethical branch of politics".

The P e d e s t r i a n

1951 by Ray Bradbury

To enter out into that silence

that was the city at eight o'clock of a misty evening in November, to put your feet upon that buckling concrete walk, to step over grassy seams and make your way, hands in pockets, through the silences,

that was what Mr. Leonard Mead most dearly loved to do. He would stand upon the corner of an intersection and peer down long moonlit avenues of sidewalk in four directions, deciding which way to go, but it really made no difference; he was alone in this world of A.D. 2053, or as good as alone, and with a final decision made, a path selected, he would stride off, sending patterns of frosty air before him like the smoke of a cigar.

Sometimes he would walk for

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and return only at midnight to his house. And on his way he would see the cottages and homes with their dark windows, and it was not unequal to

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g through a graveyard where only the faintest glimmers of firefly light appeared in flickers behind the windows. Sudden gray phantoms seemed to manifest upon inner room walls where a curtain was still undrawn against the night, or there were whisperings and murmurs where a window in a tomb- like building was still open.
Mr. Leonard Mead would pause, cock his head, listen, look, and march on, his feet making no noise on the lumpy walk. For long ago he had wisely changed to sneakers when s t r o l l i n g at night, because the dogs in intermittent squads would parallel his journey with barking if he wore hard heels, and lights might click on and faces appear and an entire street be startled by the passing of a

lone figure,

himself,

in the early November evening.

On this particular evening he began his journey in a westerly direction, toward the hidden sea. There was a good crystal frost in the air; it cut the nose and made the lungs blaze like a Christmas tree inside; you could feel the cold light going on and off, all the branches filled with invisible snow. He listened to the faint push of his soft shoes through autumn leaves with satisfaction, and
w h i s t l e d
a cold quiet whistle between his teeth, occasionally picking up a leaf as he passed, examining its skeletal pattern in the infrequent lamplights as he went on, smelling its rusty smell.

"H e l l o , i n t h e r e," he whispered to every house on every side as he moved.

"What's up tonight on
Channel 4, Channel 7,Channel 9?
Where are the cowboys rushing, and do
and do I see the United States Cavalry
over the next hill to the rescue?

The street was
s i l e n t

and l o n g
and empty,



with only his shadow moving like the shadow of a hawk in midcountry. If he closed his eyes and stood very still, frozen, he could imagine himself upon the center of a plain, a wintry, windless Arizona desert with no house in a thousand miles, and only
dry river beds, the streets, for company.
"What is it now?" he asked the houses, noticing his wrist watch.

"Eight-thirty P.M.?
Time for a dozen assorted murders? A quiz? A revue? A comedian falling off the stage?"Was that a
murmur of laughter from within
a moon-white house?

He hesitated,
but went on when nothing more happened. He stumbled over a particularly uneven section of sidewalk. The cement was vanishing under flowers and grass. In ten years of walking by night or day, for thousands of miles, he had never met another person walking, not once in all that time.

He came to a cloverleaf intersection which stood silent where two main highways crossed the town. During the day it was a thunderous surge of cars, the gas stations open, a great insect rustling and a ceaseless jockeying for position as the scarab- beetles, a faint incense puttering from their exhausts, skimmed homeward to the far directions. But now these highways, too, were like streams in a dry season, all stone and bed and moon radiance.

He turned back on a side street, circling around toward his home. He was within a block of his destination when the lone car turned a corner quite suddenly and flashed a fierce white cone of light upon him. He stood entranced, not unlike a night moth, stunned by the illumination, and then drawn toward it.
A metallic voice called to him:

"Stand still. Stay where you are! Don't move!"

He halted.

"Put up your hands!"
"But-" he said.
"Your hands up! Or we'll Shoot!" The police, of course, but what a rare, incredible thing; in a city of three million, there was only one police car left, wasn't that correct? Ever since a year ago, 2052, the election year, the force had been cut down from three cars to one. Crime was ebbing; there was no need now for the police, save for this one lone car wandering and wandering the empty streets.
"Your name?" said the police car in a metallic whisper. He couldn't see the men in it for the bright light in his eyes.
"Leonard Mead," he said.
"Speak up!"
"Leonard Mead!"
"Business or profession?"
"I guess you'd call me a writer."
"No profession, " said the police car, as if talking to itself. The light held him fixed, like a museum specimen, needle thrust through chest.
"You might say that, " said Mr. Mead. He hadn't written in years. Magazines and books didn't sell any more. Everything went on in the tomblike houses at night now, he thought, continuing his fancy. The tombs, ill-lit by television light, where the people sat like the dead, the gray or multicolored lights touching their faces, but never really touching them.
"No profession," said the phonograph voice, hissing.
"What are you doing out?"
"Walking,"
said Leonard Mead.
"Walking!"
"Just walking," he said simply,
but his face felt cold.
"Walking, just walking, walking?"
"Yes, sir."
"Walking where? For what?"
"Walking for a i r . Walking to s e e ."
"Your address!"
"Eleven South Saint James Street."
"And there is air in your house, you have an air conditioner, Mr. Mead?"
"Yes."
"And you have a viewing screen in your house to see with?"
"No."
"No?" There was a crackling quiet that in itself was an accusation.
"Are you married, Mr. Mead?"
"No."
"Not married," said the police voice behind
the fiery beam, The moon was high and clear among the stars and the houses were gray and silent.
"Nobody wanted me," said Leonard Mead with a smile.
"Don't speak unless you're spoken to!" Leonard Mead waited in the cold night.
"Just walking, Mr. Mead?"
"Yes."
"But you haven't explained for what purpose."
"I explained; for air, and to see, and just to walk."
"Have you done this often?"
"Every night for years."
The police car sat in the center of the street with its radio throat faintly humming. **"Well, Mr. Mead,"** it said.
"Is that all?" he asked politely.
"Yes," said the voice. "Here." There was a sigh, a pop. The back door of the police car sprang wide. **"Get in."**
"Wait a minute, I haven't done anything!" **"Get in."**
"I protest!"
"Mr. Mead."
He walked like a man suddenly drunk. As he passed the front window of the car he looked in. As he had expected, there was no one in the front seat, no one in the car at all.
"Get in."

He put his hand to the door and peered into the back seat, which was a little cell, a little black jail with bars. It smelled of riveted steel. It smelled of harsh antiseptic; it smelled too clean and hard and metallic. There was nothing soft there.
"Now if you had a wife to give you an alibi," said the iron voice.
"But-"
"Where are you taking me?"

The car hesitated, or rather gave a faint whirring click, as if information, somewhere, was dropping card by punch-slotted card under electric eyes.
"To the Psychiatric Center for Research on Regressive Tendencies."

He got in. The door shut with a soft thud. The police car rolled through the night avenues, flashing its dim lights ahead.

They passed one house on one street a moment later, one house in an entire city of houses that were dark, but this one particular house had all of its electric lights brightly lit, every window a loud yellow illumination, square and warm in the cool darkness.

"That's my house," said Leonard Mead. No one answered him do
The car moved down the empty river-bed streets and off away, leaving the empty streets with the empty side-walks, and no sound and no motion all the rest of the chill November night.

Speech

In speaking, speakers perform many different intentional speech acts, e.g., informing, declaring, asking, persuading, directing, and can use enunciation, intonation, degrees of loudness, tempo, and other non-representational or paralinguistic aspects of vocalization to convey meaning

HOUSE TAKEN OVER

by Julio Cortázar
1946

We liked the house because, apart from its being old and spacious, it kept the memories of great-grandparents, our paternal grandfather, our parents and the whole of childhood.

Irene and I got used to staying in the house by ourselves, which was crazy, eight people could have lived in that place and not have gotten in each other's way. We rose at seven in the morning and got the cleaning done, and at about eleven I left Irene to finish off whatever rooms and went to the kitchen. We lunched at noon precisely; then there was nothing left to do but a few dirty plates. It was pleasant to take lunch and commune with the great hollow, silent house, and it was enough for us just to keep it clean.

Irene never bothered anyone. Once the morning housework was finished, she spent the rest of the day on the sofa in her bedroom, knitting. I couldn't tell you why she knitted so much; I think women knit when they discover that it's a fat excuse to do nothing at all. But Irene was not like that, she always knitted necessities, sweaters for winter, socks for me, handy morning robes and bedjackets for herself. Sometimes she would do a jacket, then unravel it the next moment because there was something that didn't please her; it was pleasant to see a pile of tangled wool in her knitting basket fighting a losing battle for a few hours to retain its shape.

But it's the house I want to talk about. How not to remember the layout of that house. The dining room, a living room with tapestries, the library, and three large bedrooms in the section most recessed, the one that faced toward Rodriguez Peña Street. Only a corridor with its massive oak door separated that part from the front wing, where there was a bath, the kitchen, our bedrooms and the hall. One entered the house through a vestibule with enameled tiles, and a wrought-iron gated door opened onto the living room. You had to come in through the vestibule and open the gate to go into the living room; the doors to our bedrooms were on either side of this, and opposite was the corridor leading to the back section; going down the passage, one swung open the oak door beyond which was the other part of the house; or just before the door, one could turn to the left and go down a narrower passageway which led to the kitchen and the bath. When the door was open, you became aware of the size of the house; when it was closed, you had the impression of an apartment, like the ones they build today, with barely enough room to move around in. Irene and I always lived in this part of the house and hardly ever went beyond the oak door except to do the cleaning.

I'll always have a clear memory of it because it happened so simply and without fuss. Irene was knitting in her bedroom, it was eight at night, and I suddenly decided to put the water up for mate. I went down the corridor as far as the oak door, which was ajar, then turned into the hall toward the kitchen, when I heard something in the library or the dining room.

The sound came through muted and indistinct,

a chair being knocked over onto the carpet or the muffled buzzing of a conversation.

At the same time, or a second later, I heard it at the end of the passage which led from those two rooms toward the door. I hurled myself against the door before it was too late and shut it, leaned on it with the weight of my body; luckily, the key was on our side; moreover, I ran the great bolt into place, just to be safe.

I went down to the kitchen, heated the kettle, and when I got back with the tray of mate, I told Irene:

"I had to shut the door to the passage.

They've taken over the back part."

She let her knitting fall

and looked at me with her tired, serious eyes. "You're sure?"

I nodded.

"In that case," she said, picking up her knitting again, "we'll have to live on ***this*** side."

I sipped at the mate very carefully, but she took her time starting her work again. I remember it was a gray vest she was knitting. I liked that vest.

The first few days were painful, since we'd both left so many things in the part that had been taken over. My collection of French literature, for example, was still in the library. Irene had left several folios of stationery and a pair of slippers that she used a lot in the winter. It happened repeatedly that we would close some drawer or cabinet and look at one another sadly.

"It's not here."

One thing more among the many lost on the other side of the house.

But there were advantages, too. The cleaning was so much simplified that, even when we got up late, nine-thirty for instance, by eleven we were sitting around with our arms folded.

Since it left her more time for knitting, Irene was content. I was a little lost without my books, but so as not to inflict myself on my sister, I set about reordering papa's stamp collection; that killed some time. We amused ourselves sufficiently, each with his own thing, almost always getting together in Irene's bedroom, which was the more comfortable.

We were fine, and little by little we stopped thinking.

You can live without thinking.

Aside from our nocturnal rumblings, everything was quiet in the house. During the day there were the household sounds, the metallic click of knitting needles, the rustle of stamp-album pages turning. The oak door was massive, I think I said that. In the kitchen or the bath, which adjoined the part that was

taken over.

we managed to talk loudly, or Irene sang lullabies. In a kitchen there's always too much noise, the plates and glasses, for there to be interruptions from other sounds. We seldom allowed ourselves silence there, but when we went back to our rooms or to the living room, then the house grew quiet, half-lit, we ended by stepping around more slowly so as not to disturb one another.

I was thirsty that night, and before we went to sleep, I told Irene that I was going to the kitchen for a glass of water. From the door of the bedroom (she was knitting) I heard the noise in the kitchen; if not the kitchen, then the bath, the passage off at that angle dulled the sound. Irene noticed how brusquely I had paused, and came up beside me without a word. We stood listening to the noises, growing more and more sure that ***they*** were on our side of the oak door, if not the kitchen then the bath, or in the hall itself at the turn, almost next to us. We didn't wait to look at one another. I took Irene's arm and forced her to run with me to the wrought-iron door, not waiting to look back. You could hear the noises, still muffled but louder, just behind us. I slammed the grating and we stopped in the vestibule. Now there was nothing to be heard.

"They've taken over our section," Irene said. The knitting had reeled off from her hands and the yarn ran back toward the door and disappeared under it. When she saw that the balls of yarn were on the other side, she dropped the knitting without looking at it.

"Did you have time to bring anything?" I asked hopelessly.

"No, nothing."

We had what we had on. I remembered fifteen thousand pesos in the wardrobe in my bedroom.

Too late now.

I still had my wristwatch on and saw that it was 11:00pm. I took Irene around the waist (I think she was crying) and that was how we went into the street.

Before we left, I felt terrible; I locked the front door up tight and tossed the key down the sewer. It wouldn't do to have some poor devil decide to go in and rob the house, at that hour and the difference with the

HOUSE TAKEN OVER.



Pace

In literature, pace, or pacing is the speed at which a story is told—not necessarily the speed at which the story takes place. The number of words needed to write about a certain event does not depend upon how much time the event takes to happen; it depends upon how important that moment is to the story. The pace is determined by the length of the scenes, how fast the action moves, and how quickly the reader is provided with information.

Storytellers have a number of writing tools at their disposal—for example, narration, action, description, and dialogue.

When considering how to pace a story, description and narration will move it along slowly, steadily, and easily, while action and dialogue will speed it up. Of all the tools at a writer's disposal, dialogue is the one that most quickly puts the characters and the reader into the present moment, even more so than action.

The Cistern

By Ray Bradbury 1955

It was an afternoon of rain, and lamps lighted against the gray. For a long while the two sisters had been in the dining-room. One of them, Juliet, embroidered tablecloths; the younger, Anna, sat quietly on the window seat, staring out at the dark street and the dark sky.

Anna kept her brow pressed against the pane, but her lips moved and after reflecting a long moment, she said,

"I never thought of that before."

"Of what?" asked Juliet.

"It just came to me. There's actually a city under a city. A dead city, right here, right under our feet."

Juliet poked her needle in and out of the white cloth. "Come away from the window. That rain's done something to you."

"No, really. Didn't you ever think of the cisterns before? They're all through the town, there's one for every street, and you can walk in them without bumping your head, and they go everywhere and finally go down to the sea,"

said Anna, fascinated with the rain on the asphalt pavement out there and the rain falling from the sky and vanishing down the gratings at each corner of the distant intersection.

"Wouldn't you like to live in a cistern?"

"I would not!"

"But wouldn't it be fun—I mean, very secret? To live in the cistern and peek up at people through the slots and see them and them not see you? Like when you were a child and played hide-and seek and nobody found you, and there you were in their midst all the time, all sheltered and hidden and warm and excited. I'd like that. That's what it must be like to live in the cistern."

Juliet looked slowly up from her work. "You are my sister, aren't you, Anna? You were born, weren't you? Sometimes, the way you talk, I think Mother found you under a tree one day and brought you home and planted you in a pot and grew you to this size and there you are, and you'll never change."

Anna didn't reply, so Juliet went back to her needle. There was no color in the room; neither of the two sisters added any color to it. Anna held her head to the window for five minutes. Then she looked way off into the distance and said,

"I guess you'd call it a dream. While I've been here, the last hour, I mean. Thinking. Yes, Juliet, it was a dream."

Now it was Juliet's turn not to answer.

Anna whispered.



"All this water put me to sleep a while, I guess, and then I began to think about the rain and where it came from and where it went and how it went down those little slots in the curb, and then I thought about deep under, and suddenly there they were. A man and a woman. Down in that cistern, under the road."

"What would they be doing there?" asked Juliet. Anna said,

"Must they have a reason?"

"No, not if they're insane, no," said Juliet. "In that case no reasons are necessary. There they are in their cistern, and let them stay."

"But they aren't just in the cistern,"

said Anna, knowingly, her head to one side, her eyes moving under the half-down lids.

"No, they're in love, these two."

"For heaven's sake," said Juliet, "did love make them crawl down there?"

"No, they've been there for years and years," said Anna.

"You can't tell me they've been in that cistern for years, living together," protested Juliet.

"Did I say they were alive?"

asked Anna, surprised.

"Oh, hut no. They're dead."

The rain scrambled in wild, pushing pellets down the window. Drops came and joined with others and made streaks.

"Oh," said Juliet.

"Yes," said Anna, pleasantly. "Dead. He's dead and she's dead."

This seemed to satisfy her; it was a nice discovery, and she was proud of it.

"He looks like a very lonely man who never traveled in all his life."

"How do you know?"

"He looks like the kind of man who never traveled but wanted to. You know by his eyes."

"You know what he looks like, then?"

"Yes. Very ill and very handsome. You know how it is with a man made handsome by illness? Illness brings out the bones in the face."

"And he's dead?" asked the older sister.

"For five years."

Anna talked softly, with her eyelids rising and falling, as if she were about to tell a long story and knew it and wanted to work into it slowly, and then faster and then faster, until the very momentum of the story would carry her on, with her eyes wide and her lips parted. But now it was slowly, with only a slight fever to the telling.



"Five years ago this man was walking along a street and he knew he'd been walking the same street on many nights and he'd go on walking it, so he came to a manhole cover, one of those big iron waffles in the center of the street, and he heard the river rushing under his feet, under the metal cover, rushing toward the sea."

Anna put out her right hand.

"And he bent slowly and lifted up the cistern lid and looked down at the rushing foam and the water, and he thought of someone he wanted to love and couldn't, and then he swung himself onto the iron rungs and walked down them until he was all gone."

"And what about her?" asked Juliet, busy. "When'd she die?"

"I'm not sure. She's new. She's just dead, now. But she is dead. Beautifully, beautifully dead."

Anna admired the image she had in her mind.

"It takes death to make a woman really beautiful, and it takes death by drowning to make her most beautiful of all. Then all the stiffness is taken out of her, and her hair hangs up on the water like a drift of smoke."

She nodded her head, amusedly.

"All the schools and etiquettes and teachings in the world can't make a woman move with this dreamy ease, supple and ripply and fine."

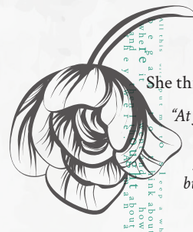
Anna tried to show how fine, how ripply, how graceful, with her broad, coarse hand.

"He'd been waiting for her, for five years. But she hadn't known where he was till now. So there they are, and will be, from now on in the rainy season they'll live. But in the dry seasons—that's sometimes months—they'll have long rest periods, they'll lie in little hidden niches, like those Japanese water flowers, all dry and compact and old and quiet."

Juliet got up and turned on yet another little lamp in the corner of the dining-room. "I wish you wouldn't talk about it."

Anna laughed.

"But let me tell you about how it starts, how they come back to life. I've got it all worked out." She bent forward, held onto her knees, staring at the street and the rain and the cistern mouths. "There they are, down under, dry and quiet, and up above the sky gets electrical and powdery."



She threw back her dull, graying hair with one hand.

"At first all the upper world is pellets. Then there's lightning and then thunder and the dry season is over, and the little pellets run along the gutters and get big and fall into the drains. They take gum wrappers and theatre tickets with them, and bus transfers!"

Cisterns

A cistern is a waterproof receptacle forholding liquids, usually water. Cisterns are often built to catch and store rainwater. Cisterns are distinguished from wells by their waterproof linings. Modern cisterns range in capacity from a few litres to thousands of cubic metres, effectively forming covered reservoirs. In the Middle Ages, cisterns were often constructed in hill castles in Europe, especially where wells could not be dug deeply enough. There were two types: the tank cistern and the filter cistern. Such a filter cistern was built at the Riegersburg in Austrian Styria, where a cistern was hewn out of the lava rock. Rain water passed through a sand filter and collected in the cistern. The filter cleaned the rain water and enriched it with minerals.



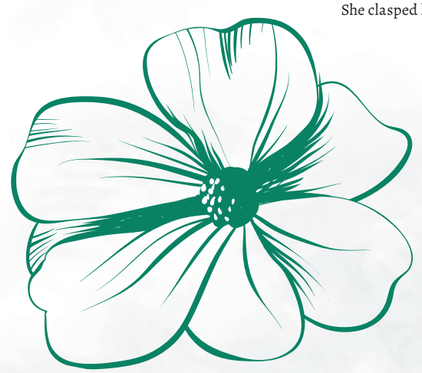
“Come away from that window, now.”

Anna made a square with her hands and imagined things. “I know just what it’s like under the pavement, in the big square cistern. It’s huge. It’s all empty from the weeks with nothing but sunshine. It echoes if you talk. The only sound you can hear standing down there is an auto passing above. Far up above. The whole cistern is like a dry, hollow camel bone in a desert, waiting.”

She lifted her hand, pointing, as if she herself were down in the cistern, waiting. “Now, a little trickle. It comes down on the floor. It’s like something was hurt and bleeding up in the outer world. There’s some thunder! Or was it a truck going by?”

She spoke a little more rapidly now, but held her body relaxed against the window, breathing out, and in the next words: “It seeps down. Then, into all the other hollows come other seepages. Little twines and snakes. Tobacco-stained water. Then it moves. It joins others. It makes snakes and then one big constrictor which rolls along on the flat, papered floor. From everywhere, from the north and south, from other streets, other streams come and they join and make one hissing and shining coil. And the water writhes into those two little dry niches I told you about. It rises slowly around those two, the man and the woman, lying there like Japanese flowers.”

She clasped her hands, slowly, working finger into finger, interlacing.



“The water soaks into them. First, it lifts the woman’s hand. In a little move. Her hand’s the only live part of her. Then her arm lifts and one foot. And her hair” she touched her own hair as it hung about her shoulders “unloosens and opens out like a flower in the water. Her shut eyelids are blue.”

The room got darker, Juliet sewed on, and Anna talked and told all she saw in her mind. She told how the water rose and took the woman with it, unfolding her out and loosening her and standing her full upright in the cistern. “The water is interested in the woman, and she lets it have its way. After a long time of lying still, she’s ready to live again, any life the water wants her to have.”

Somewhere else, the man stood up in the water also. And Anna told of that, and how the water carried him slowly, drifting, and her, drifting, until they met each other. “The water opens their eyes. Now they can see but not see each other. They circle, not touching yet.” Anna made a little move of her head, eyes closed. “They watch each other. They glow with some kind of phosphorus. They smile. They— touch hands.”

At last Juliet, stiffening, put down her sewing and stared at her sister, across the gray, rain-silent room.



“ANNA!”

“The tide— makes them touch. The tide comes and puts them together. It’s a perfect kind of love, with no ego to it, only two bodies, moved by water, which makes it clean and all right. It’s not wicked, this way.”

“It’s bad you’re saying it!” cried her sister.

“No, it’s all right,” insisted Anna, turning for an instant. “They’re not thinking, are they? They’re just so deep down and quiet and not caring.”

Conversation is interactive communication between two or more people. The development of conversational skills and etiquette is an important part of socialization. No generally accepted definition of conversation exists, beyond the fact that a conversation involves at least two people talking together. Consequently, the term is often defined by what it is not. A ritualized exchange such as a mutual greeting is not a conversation, and an interaction that includes a marked status differential (such as a boss giving orders) is also not a conversation. An interaction with a tightly focused topic or purpose is also generally not considered a conversation.

She took her right hand and held it over her left hand very slowly and gently, quavering and interweaving them. The rainy window, with the pale spring light penetrating, put a movement of light and running water on her fingers, made them seem submerged, fathoms deep in gray water, running one about the other as she finished her little dream: “Him, tall and quiet, his hands open.” She showed with a gesture how tall and how easy he was in the water. “Her, small and quiet and relaxed.” She looked at her sister, leaving her hands just that way.

“They’re dead, with no place to go, and no one to tell them. So there they are, with nothing applying to them and no worries, very secret and hidden under the earth in the cistern waters. They touch their hands and lips and when they come into a cross-street outlet of the cistern, the tide rushes them together. Then, later”—she disengaged her hands—“maybe they travel together, hand in hand, bobbling and floating down all the streets, doing little crazy upright dances when they’re caught in sudden swirls.” She whirled her hands about, a drenching of rain spatted the window. “And they go down to the sea, all across the town, past cross drain and cross drain, street and street. Genesee Avenue, Crenshaw, Edmond Place, Washington, Motor City, Ocean Side and then the ocean. They go anywhere the water wants them, all over the earth, and come back later to the cistern inlet and float back up under the town, under a dozen tobacco shops and four dozen liquor stores, and six dozen groceries and ten theatres, a rail junction, Highway 101, under the walking feet of thirty thousand people who don’t even know or think of the cistern.”

Anna’s voice drifted and dreamed and grew quiet again.

“And then—the day passes and the thunder goes away up on the street. The rain stops. The rain season’s over. The tunnels drip and stop. The tide goes down.” She seemed disappointed, sad it was over. “The river runs out to the ocean. The man and woman feel the water leave them slowly to the floor. They settle.” She lowered her hands in little bobblings to her lap, watching them fixedly, longingly. “Their feet lose the life the water has given them from outside. Now the water lays them down, side by side, and drains away, and the tunnels are drying. And there they lie. Up above, in the world, the sun comes out. There they lie, in the darkness, sleeping, until the next time. Until the next rain.”

Her hands were now upon her lap, palms up and open. “Nice man, nice woman,” she murmured. She bowed her head over them and shut her eyes tight.

Suddenly Anna sat up and glared at her sister. “Do you know who the man is?” she shouted, bitterly.

Juliet did not reply; she had watched, stricken, for the past five minutes while this thing went on. Her mouth was twisted and pale. Anna almost screamed: “The man is Frank, that’s who he is! And I’m the woman!”

“ANNA!”

“Yes, it’s Frank, down there!”

“But Frank’s been gone for years, and certainly not down there, Anna!”

Now, Anna was talking to nobody, and to everybody, to Juliet, to the window, the wall, the street. “Poor Frank,” she cried. “I know that’s where he went. He couldn’t stay anywhere in the world. His mother spoiled him for all the world! So he saw the cistern and saw how secret and fine it was. Oh, poor Frank. And poor Anna, poor me, with only a sister. Oh, Julie, why didn’t I hold onto Frank when he was here? Why didn’t I fight to win him from his mother?”

“Stop it, this minute, do you hear, this minute!”

Anna slumped down into the corner, by the window, one hand up on it, and wept silently.

A few minutes later she heard her sister say, “Are you finished?”

“What?”

“If you’re done, come help me finish this, I’ll be forever at it.”

Anna raised her head and glided over to her sister. “What do you want me to do?” she sighed. “This and this,” said Juliet, showing her.

“All right,” said Anna, and took it and sat by the window looking at the rain, moving her hands with the needle and thread, but watching how dark the street was now, and the room, and how hard it was to see the round metal top of the cistern now— there were just little midnight gleams and glitters out there in the black late afternoon.

Lightning crackled over the sky in a web.

Half an hour passed. Juliet drowsed in her chair across the room, removed her glasses, placed them down with her work and for a moment rested her head back and dozed. Perhaps thirty seconds later she heard the front door open violently, heard the wind come in, heard the footsteps run down the walk, turn, and hurry along the black street.

“What?” asked Juliet, sitting up, fumbling for her glasses. “Who’s there? Anna, did someone come in the door?” She stared at the empty window seat where Anna had been. “Anna!” she cried. She sprang up and ran out into the hall.

The front door stood open, rain fell through it in a fine mist.

“She’s only gone out for a moment,” said Juliet, standing there, trying to peer into the wet blackness. “She’ll be right back. Won’t you be right back, Anna dear? Anna, answer me, you will be right back, won’t you, sister?” Outside, the cistern lid rose and slammed down.

The rain whispered on the street
and fell upon the closed lid
all the rest of the night.

MARIONETTES,INC.

Ray Bradbury, 1949

THEY WALKED SLOWLY down the street at about ten in the evening, talking calmly. They were both about thirty-five,

"But why so early?" said Smith.

"Because," said Braling.

"Your first night out in years and you go home at ten o'clock."

"Nerves, I suppose."

"What I wonder is how you ever managed it. I've been trying to get you out for ten years for a quiet drink. And now, on the one night, you insist on turning in early."

"Mustn't crowd my luck," said Braling.

"What did you do, put sleeping powder in your wife's coffee?"

"No, that would be unethical. You'll see soon enough."

They turned a corner.

"Honestly, Braling, I hate to say this, but you have been patient with her. You may not admit it to me, but marriage has been awful for you, hasn't it?"

"I wouldn't say that."

"It's got around, anyway, here and there, how she got you to marry her. That time back in 1979 when you were going to Rio—"

"Dear Rio. I never did see it after all my plans."

"And how she tore her clothes and rumpled her hair and threatened to call the police unless you married her."

"She always was nervous, Smith, understand."

"It was more than unfair. You didn't love her. You told her as much, didn't you?"

"I recall that I was quite firm on the subject."

"But you married her anyhow."

"I had my business to think of, as well as my mother and father. A thing like that would have killed them."

"And it's been ten years."

"Yes," said Braling, his gray eyes steady. "But I think perhaps it might change now. I think what I've waited for has come about. Look here."

He drew forth a long blue ticket.

"Why, it's a ticket for Rio on the Thursday rocket!"

"Yes, I'm finally going to make it."

"But how wonderful! You do deserve it! But won't she object? Cause trouble?"

Braling smiled nervously. "She won't know I'm gone. I'll be back in a month and no one the wiser, except you."

Smith sighed. "I wish I were going with you."

"Poor Smith, your marriage hasn't exactly been roses, has it?"

"Not exactly, married to a woman who overdoes it. I mean, after all, when you've been married ten years, you don't expect a woman to sit on your lap for two hours every evening, call you at work twelve times a day and talk baby talk. And it seems to me that in the last month she's gotten worse. I wonder if perhaps she isn't just a little simple-minded?"

"Ah, Smith, always the conservative. Well, here's my house. Now, would you like to know my secret? How I made it out this evening?"

"Will you really tell?"

"Look up, there!" said Braling.

They both stared up through the dark air.

In the window above them, on the second floor, a shade was raised. **A man about thirty-five years old, with a touch of gray at either temple, sad gray eyes, and a small thin mustache looked down at them.**

"Why, that's you!" cried Smith.

"Sh-h-h, not so loud!" Braling waved upward. **The man in the window gestured significantly and vanished.**

"I must be insane," said Smith.

"Hold on a moment." They waited.

The street door of the apartment opened and **the tall spare gentleman with the mustache and the grieved eyes came out to meet them.**

"Hello, Braling," he said.

"Hello, Braling," said Braling.

They were identical.

Smith stared. "Is this your twin brother? I never knew—"

"No, no," said Braling quietly. "Bend close. Put your ear to Braling Two's chest."

Smith hesitated and then leaned forward to place his head against the uncomplaining ribs.

TICK-TICK-TICK-TICK-TICK-TICK-TICK-TICK-TICK.

"Oh no! It can't be!"

"It is."

"Let me listen again."

TICK-TICK-TICK-TICK-TICK-TICK-TICK-TICK.

Smith staggered back and fluttered his eyelids, appalled. He reached out and touched the warm hands and the cheeks of the thing.

"Where'd you get him?"

"Isn't he excellently fashioned?"

"Incredible. Where?"

"Give the man your card, Braling Two."

Braling Two did a magic trick and produced a white card:

MARIONETTES, INC.

Duplicate self or friends; new humanoid plastic 1990 models, guaranteed against all physical wear. From $7,600 to our $15,000 deluxe model.

"No," said Smith.

"Yes," said Braling.

"Naturally," said Braling Two.

"How long has this gone on?"

"I've had him for a month. I keep him in the cellar in a toolbox. My wife never goes downstairs, and I have the only lock and key to that box. Tonight I said I wished to take a walk to buy a cigar. I went down cellar and took Braling Two out of his box and sent him back up to sit with my wife while I came on out to see you, Smith."

"Wonderful! He even smells like you: Bond Street and Melachrinos!"

"It may be splitting hairs, but I think it highly ethical. After all, what my wife wants most of all is me. This marionette is me to the hairiest detail. I've been home all evening. I shall be home with her for the next month. In the mean time another gentleman will be in Rio after ten years of waiting. When I return from Rio, Braling Two here will go back in his box."

Smith thought that over a minute or two. "Will he walk around without sustenance for a month?" he finally asked.

"For six months if necessary. And he's built to do everything—eat, sleep, perspire—everything, natural as natural is. You'll take good care of my wife, won't you, Braling Two?"

"Your wife is rather nice," said Braling Two.

"I've grown rather fond of her."

Smith was beginning to tremble. "How long has Marionettes, Inc., been in business?"

"Secretly, for two years."

"Could I—I mean, is there a possibility—" Smith took his friend's elbow earnestly. "Can you tell me where I can get one, a robot, a marionette, for myself? You will give me the address, won't you?"

"Here you are."

Smith took the card and turned it round and round. "Thank you," he said. "You don't know what this means. Just a little respite. A night or so, once a month even. My wife loves me so much she can't bear to have me gone an hour. I love her dearly, you know, but remember the old poem: 'Love will fly if held too lightly, love will die if held too tightly.' I just want her to relax her grip a little bit."

"You're lucky, at least, that your wife loves you. Hate's my problem. Not so easy."

"Oh, Nettie loves me madly. It will be my task to make her love me comfortably."

"Good luck to you, Smith. Do drop around while I'm in Rio. It will seem strange, if you suddenly stop calling by, to my wife. You're to treat Braling Two, here, just like me."

"Right! Good-by. And thank you." Smith went smiling down the street. Braling and **Braling Two turned and walked into the apartment hall.**

Argumentation theory, or argumentation, is the interdisciplinary study of how conclusions can be reached through logical reasoning; that is, claims based, soundly or not, on premises. It includes the arts and sciences of civil debate, dialogue, conversation, and persuasion.

"No Strings Attached."

On the crosstown bus Smith whistled softly, turning the white card in his fingers:

Clients must be pledged to secrecy, for while an act is pending in Congress to legalize Marionettes, Inc., it is still a felony, if caught, to use one.

"Well," said Smith.

Clients must have a mold made of their body and a color index check of their eyes, lips, hair, skin, etc. Clients must expect to wait for two months until their model is finished.

Not so long, thought Smith. Two months from now my ribs will have a chance to mend from the crushing they've taken. Two months from now my hand will heal from being so constantly held. Two months from now my bruised underlip will begin to reshape itself. I don't mean to sound ungrateful . . .

He flipped the card over.

Marionettes, Inc., is two years old and has a fine record of satisfied customers behind it. Our motto is

Address: 43 South Wesley Drive.

The bus pulled to his stop; he alighted, and while humming up the stairs he thought, Nettie and I have fifteen thousand in our joint bank account. I'll just slip eight thousand out as a business venture, you might say. The marionette will probably pay back my money, with interest, in many ways. Nettie needn't know. He unlocked the door and in a minute was in the bedroom. There lay Nettie, pale, huge, and piously asleep.

"Dear Nettie." He was almost overwhelmed with remorse at her innocent face there in the semidarkness. "If you were awake you would smother me with kisses and coo in my ear. Really, you make me feel like a criminal. You have been such a good, loving wife. Sometimes it is impossible for me to believe you married me instead of that Bud Chapman you once liked. It seems that in the last month you have loved me more wildly than ever before."

Tears came to his eyes. Suddenly he wished to kiss her, confess his love, tear up the card, forget the whole business. But as he moved to do this, his hand ached and his ribs cracked and groaned. He stopped, with a pained look in his eyes, and turned away. He moved out into the hall and through the dark rooms. Humming, he opened the kidney desk in the library and filched the bankbook. "Just take eight thousand dollars is all," he said. "No more than that." He stopped. "Wait a minute."

He rechecked the bankbook frantically. "Hold on here!" he cried. "Ten thousand dollars is missing!" He leaped up. "There's only five thousand left! What's she done? What's Nettie done with it? More hats, more clothes, more perfume! Or, wait—I know! She bought that little house on the Hudson she's been talking about for months, without so much as a by your leave!"

He stormed into the bedroom, righteous and indignant. What did she mean, taking their money like this? He bent over her. "Nettie!" he shouted. "Nettie, wake up!"

She did not stir. "What've you done with my money!" he bellowed.

She stirred fitfully. The light from the street flushed over her beautiful cheeks. There was something about her. His heart throbbed violently. His tongue dried. He shivered. His knees suddenly turned to water. He collapsed. "Nettie, Nettie!" he cried. "What've you done with my money!"

And then, the horrid thought. And then the terror and the loneliness engulfed him. And then the fever and disillusionment. For, without desiring to do so, he bent forward and yet forward again until his fevered ear was resting firmly and irrevocably upon her round pink bosom.

"Nettie!"

Tick-tick-tick-tick-tick-tick-tick-tick-tick-tick-

he cried.

Tick-tick-tick-tick-tick-tick-tick-tick-tick-tick-

Tick-tick-tick-tick-tick-tick-tick-tick-tick-tick-

The Crowd

By Ray Bradbury

1 9 5 5

01

There was the feeling of movement in space, the beautifully tortured scream, the impact and tumbling of the car with wall, through wall, over and down like a toy, and him hurled out of it. Then— silence.

The CROWD came running. Faintly, where he lay, he heard them running. He could tell their ages and their sizes by the sound of their numerous feet over the summer grass and on the lined pavement, and over the asphalt street, and picking through the cluttered bricks to where his car hung half into the night sky, still spinning its wheels with a senseless centrifuge.

Where the crowd came from he didn't know. He struggled to remain aware and then the crowd faces hemmed in upon him, hung over like the large glowing leaves of down-bent trees. They were a ring of shifting, compressing, changing faces over him, looking down, looking down, reading the time of his life or death by his face, making his face into a moon-dial, where the moon cast a shadow from his nose out upon his cheek to tell the time of breathing or not breathing anymore ever.

How swiftly a CROWD comes, he thought, like the iris of an eye compressing in out of nowhere.

A siren. A police voice. Movement. Blood trickled from his lips and he was being moved into an ambulance. Someone said, "Is he dead?" And someone else said, "No, he's not dead." And a third person said, "He won't die, he's not going to die." And he saw the faces of the crowd beyond him in the night, and he knew by their expressions that he wouldn't die. And that was strange.

NONVERBAL COMMUNICATION

Nonverbal communication is the transmission of messages or signals through a nonverbal platform such as eye contact, facial expressions, gestures, posture, and the distance between two individuals. This form of communication is characterized by multiple channels and scholars argue that nonverbal communication can convey more meaning than verbal communication. Some scholars state that most people trust forms of nonverbal communication over verbal communication. Ray Birdwhistell's concludes that nonverbal communication accounts for 60–70 percent of human communication.

05

"I'm positive! The wheels were spinning and spinning fast—the front wheels! Wheels don't spin very long, friction cuts them down. And these were really spinning!"

"You're confused," said the doctor.

"I'm not confused. That street was empty. Not a soul in sight. And then the accident and the wheels still spinning and all those faces over me, quick, in no time. And the way they looked down at me, I knew I wouldn't die."

"Simple shock," said the doctor, walking away into the sunlight.

They released him from the hospital two weeks later. He rode home in a taxi. People had come to visit him during his two weeks on his back, and to all of them he had told his story, the accident, the spinning wheels, the CROWD. They had all laughed with him concerning it, and passed it off.

He leaned forward and tapped on the taxi window. "What's wrong?"

The cabbie looked back. "Sorry, boss. This is one helluva town to drive in. Got an accident up ahead.

Want me to detour?"

"Yes. No. No! Wait. Go ahead. Let's— let's take a look."

08

At about five-thirty there was a hard metal noise in the street. Morgan nodded and looked out and down. "What'd I tell you? Cycles. A truck and a cream-colored Cadillac. Yes, yes."

Spallner walked to the window. He was very cold and as he stood there, he looked at his watch, at the small minute hand. One two three four five seconds— people running— eight nine ten eleven twelve— from all over, people came running— fifteen sixteen seventeen eighteen seconds— more people, more cars, more horns blowing. Curiously distant, Spallner looked upon the scene as an explosion in reverse, the fragments of the detonation sucked back to the point of impulsion. Nineteen, twenty, twenty-one seconds and the crowd was there. Spallner made a gesture down at them, wordless.

The CROWD had gathered so fast.

He saw a woman's body a moment before the crowd swallowed it up. Morgan said. "You look lousy. Here. Finish your drink."

"I'm all right, I'm all right. Let me alone. I'm all right. Can you see those people? Can you see any of them? I wish we could see them closer."

Morgan cried out, "Where in hell are you going?"

Spallner was out the door, Morgan after him, and down the stairs, as rapidly as possible. "Come along, and hurry."

"Take it easy, you're not a well man!"

They walked out on to the street. Spallner pushed his way forward. He thought he saw a red-haired woman with too much red color on her cheeks and lips.

"There!" He turned wildly to Morgan.

"Did you see her?"

"Did you see her?"
"Did you see her?"
"Did you see her?"
"Did you see her?"
"Did you see her?"
"Did you see her?"
"Did you see her?"
"Did you see her?"
"Did you see her?"
"Did you see her?"
"Did you see her?"
"Did you see her?"

07

The wreck came in view. A body lay on the pavement. You knew there was a body even if you couldn't see it. Because of the crowd. The crowd with its back toward him as he sat in the rear of the cab. With its back toward him. He opened the window and almost started to yell. But he didn't have the nerve. If he yelled they might turn around.

And he was afraid to see their faces.

"I seem to have a penchant for accidents," he said, in his office. It was late afternoon. His friend sat across the desk from him, listening.

"I got out of the hospital this morning and first thing on the way home, we detoured around a wreck."

"Things run in cycles," said Morgan.

"Let me tell you about my accident."

"I've heard it. Heard it all."

"But it was funny, you must admit."

"I must admit. Now how about a drink?"

They talked on for half an hour or more. All the while they talked, at the back of Spallner's brain a small watch ticked, a watch that never needed winding. It was the memory of a few little things. Wheels and faces.

06

The cab moved forward, honking.

"Funny damn thing," said the cabbie. "Hey, you! Get that fleatrap out the way!" Quieter, "Funny thing— more damn people. Nosy people."

Mr. Spallner looked down and watched his fingers tremble on his knee. "You noticed that, too?"

"Sure," said the cabbie. "All the time. There's always a CROWD. You'd think it was their own accident— at night?"

"They come running awfully fast," said mother got killed."

the man in the back of the cab.

"Same way with a fire or an explosion. Nobody around. Boom. Lotsa people around. I dunno."

"Ever seen an accident?"

The cabbie nodded. "Sure. Don't make no difference. There's always a CROWD."

04

"Two days ago. You've been here since Thursday. You're all right, though. You're doing fine. Don't try and get up."

"That CROWD. Something about wheels, too. Do accidents make people, well, a little off?"

"Temporarily, sometimes."

He lay staring up at the doctor. "Does it hurt your time sense?"

"Panic sometimes does."

"Makes a minute seem like an hour, or maybe an hour seem like a minute?"

"Yes."

"Let me tell you then." He felt the bed under him, the sunlight on his face.

"You'll think I'm crazy. I was driving too fast, I know. I'm sorry now. I jumped the curb and hit that wall. I was hurt and numb, I know, but I still remember things. Mostly-the CROWD."

He waited a moment and then decided to go on, for he suddenly knew what it was that bothered him.

"The CROWD got there too quickly. Thirty seconds after the smash they were all standing over me and staring at me. it's not right they should run that fast, so late at night."

"You only think it was thirty seconds," said the doctor. "It was probably three or four minutes. Your senses—"

"Yeah, I know— my senses, the accident. But I was conscious! I remember one thing that puts it all together and makes it funny, God so damned funny. The wheels of my car, spinning down. The wheels were still spinning when the CROWD got there."

The doctor smiled.

The man in bed went on.

02

He saw a man's face, thin, bright, pale; the man swallowed and bit his lips, very sick. There was a small woman, too, with red hair and too much red on her cheeks and lips. And a little boy with a freckled face. Others' faces. An old man with a wrinkled upper lip, an old woman, with a mole upon her chin. They had all come from— where?

Houses, cars, alleys, from the immediate and the accident shocked world. Out of alleys and out of hotels and out of streetcars and seemingly out of nothing they came.

The CROWD looked at him and he looked back at them and did not like them at all. There was a vast wrongness to them. He couldn't put his finger on it. They were far worse than this machine-made thing that happened to him now.

The ambulance doors slammed. Through the windows he saw the CROWD looking in, looking in. That crowd that always came so fast, so strangely fast, to form a circle, to peer down, to probe, to gawk, to question, to point, to disturb, to spoil the privacy of a man's agony by their frank curiosity.

The ambulance drove off. He sank back and their faces still stared into his face, even with his eyes shut.

The car wheels spun in his mind for days.

03

One wheel, four wheels, spinning, spinning, and whirring, around and around.

He knew it was wrong. Something wrong with the wheels and the whole accident and the running of feet and the curiosity. The crowd faces mixed and spun into the wild rotation of the wheels.

He awoke.

Sunlight, a hospital room, a hand taking his pulse.

"How do you feel?" asked the doctor.

The wheels faded away. Mr. Spallner looked around.

"Fine— I guess."

He tried to find words. About the accident.

"Doctor?"

"Yes?"

"That CROWD— was it last night?"

.

HE WAS AFRAID TO SEE THEIR FACES
WHEELS AND FACES
WHEELS AND FACES
HE WAS AFRAID TO SEE THEIR FACES
WHEELS AND FACES
WHEELS AND FACES
WHEELS AND FACES
WHEELS AND FACES
WHEELS AND FACES
HE WAS AFRAID TO SEE THEIR FACES
WHEELS AND FACES
WHEELS AND FACES

"SEE WHO?" "DAMN IT; SHE'S GONE. THE CROWD CLOSED IN!"

The crowd was all around, breathing and looking and shuffling and mixing and mumbling and getting in the way when he tried to shove through.

Evidently **the red-haired woman** had seen him coming and run off.

He saw another familiar face! **A little freckled boy.** But there are many freckled boys in the world. And, anyway, it was no use, before Spallner reached **him**, this little boy ran away and vanished among the people.

"Is she dead?" **a voice** asked. "Is she dead?"

"She's dying," **someone else** replied. "She'll be dead before the ambulance arrives. They shouldn't have moved her. They shouldn't have moved her."

They had a drink. Morgan went over the files. "What'd you do, hire a clipping service while you were in the hospital to go back through the newspapers for you?" Spallner nodded. Morgan sipped his drink. It was getting late. The street lights were coming on in the streets below the office. "What does all this add up to?"

"I don't know," said Spallner, "except that there's a universal law about accidents. **Crowds** *gather.* **They** *always gather. And like you and me, people have wondered year after year, why* **they** *gathered so quickly, and how? I know the answer. Here it is!"*

He flung the clippings down. "It frightens me."

*"***These people***— mightn't they be thrill-hunters, perverted sensationalists with a carnal lust for blood and morbidity?"*

Spallner shrugged. "Does that explain their being at all the accidents? Notice, **they** *stick to certain territories. A Brentwood accident will bring out one* **group**. *A Huntington Park another. But there's a norm for faces, a certain percentage appear at each wreck."*

All the crowd faces— familiar, yet unfamiliar, bending over, looking down, looking down.

"Hey, mister, stop pushing."

"Who you shovin', buddy?"

Spallner came back out, and Morgan caught hold of him before he fell. "You damned fool. You're still sick. Why in hell'd you have to come down here?" Morgan demanded.

"I don't know, I really don't. **They** moved her, Morgan, **someone** moved her. You should never move a traffic victim. It kills them. It kills them."

"Yeah. That's the way with people. **The idiots**."

Spallner arranged the newspaper clippings carefully.

Morgan looked at them. "What's the idea? Ever since your accident you think every traffic scramble is part of you. What are these?"

"Clippings of motor-car crackups, and photos. Look at **them**. Not at the cars," said Spallner, "but at **the crowds** around the cars." He pointed. "Here. Compare this photo of a wreck in the Wilshire District with one in Westwood. No resemblance. But now take this Westwood picture and align it with one taken in the Westwood District ten years ago." Again he motioned.

"THIS WOMAN IS IN BOTH PICTURES."

"Coincidence. **The woman** happened to be there once in 1936, again in 1946."

"A coincidence once, maybe. But twelve times over a period of ten years, when the accidents occurred as much as three miles from one another, no. Here." He dealt out a dozen photographs. "**She's** in all of these!"

"Maybe **she's** perverted."

"**She's** more than that. How does **she** happen to be there so quickly after each accident? And why does **she** wear the same clothes in pictures taken over a period of a decade?"

"I'll be damned, so **she** does."

"And, last of all, why was **she** standing over me the night of my accident, two weeks ago?"

He placed the clippings in a briefcase. Morgan got up and slipped into his coat. Spallner clicked the briefcase shut. "Or, I just happened to think"

"What?"

"Maybe **they** wanted her dead."

"Why?"

"Who knows. Come along?"

"Sorry. It's late. See you tomorrow. Luck." They went out together. "Give my regards to the cops. Think they'll believe you?"

"Oh, they'll believe me all right. Good night."

Spallner took it slow driving downtown.

"I want to get there," he told himself, "alive."

Morgan said, "They're not all the same faces, are they?"

"Naturally not. Accidents draw normal people, too, in the course of time. But **these**, I find, are always the first ones there."

"Who are **they**? What do **they** want? You keep hinting and never telling. Good Lord, you must have some idea. You've scared yourself and now you've got me jumping."

"I've tried getting to **them**, but **someone** always trips me up, I'm always too late. **They** slip into **the crowd** and vanish. **The crowd** seems to offer protection to some of its **members. They** see me coming."

"Sounds like some sort of clique."

"**They** have one thing in common, **they** always show up together. At a fire or an explosion or on the sidelines of a war, at any public demonstration of this thing called **death**. Vultures, hyenas or saints, I don't know which **they** are, I just don't know. But I'm going to the police with it, this evening. It's gone on long enough. **One of them** shifted that woman's body today. **They** shouldn't have touched her. It killed her."



He was rather shocked, but not surprised, somehow, when the truck came rolling out of an alley straight at him. He was just congratulating himself on his keen sense of observation and talking out what he would say to the police in his mind, when the truck smashed into his car. It wasn't really his car, that was the disheartening thing about it. In a preoccupied mood he was tossed first this way and then that way, while he thought, what a shame, Morgan has gone and lent me his extra car for a few days until my other car is fixed, and now here I go again. The windshield hammered back into his face. He was forced back and forth in several lightning jerks. Then all motion stopped and all noise stopped and only pain filled him up.

He heard their feet running and running and running. He fumbled with the car door. It clicked. He fell out upon the pavement drunkenly and lay, ear to the asphalt, listening to **them** coming. It was like a great rainstorm, with many drops, heavy and light and medium, touching the earth. He waited a few seconds and listened to their coming and their arrival. Then, weakly, expectantly, he rolled his head up and looked.

THE CROWD WAS THERE.

He could smell their breaths, the mingled odors of many people sucking and sucking on the air a man needs to live by. **They** crowded and jostled and sucked and sucked all the air up from around his gasping face until he tried to tell **them** to move back, **they** were making him live in a vacuum. His head was bleeding very badly. He tried to move and he realized something was wrong with his spine. He hadn't felt much at the impact, but his spine was hurt. He didn't dare move.

He couldn't speak. Opening his mouth, nothing came out but a gagging.

Someone said, *"Give me a hand. We'll roll him over and lift him into a more comfortable position."*

Spallner's brain burst apart.

No! Don't move me!

"We'll move him," said **the voice**, *casually.*

You idiots, *you'll kill me, don't!"*

But he could not say any of this out loud. He could only think it.

Hands took hold of him. **They** started to lift him. He cried **out and nausea choked him up. They straightened him** out into a ramrod of agony. **Two men** did it. One of **them** was thin, bright, pale, alert, a young man. **The other man** was very old and had a wrinkled upper lip.

He had seen their faces before.

It was all a very silly, mad plot. Like every accident. He squealed hysterically at the solid wall of faces. **They** were all around him, these judges and jurors with the faces he had seen before. Through his pain he counted their faces.

The freckled boy. The old man with the wrinkled upper lip. The red-haired, red-cheeked woman. An old woman with a mole on her chin.

I know what **you're** here for, he thought. **You're** here just as **you're** at all accidents. To make certain the right ones live and the right ones die. That's why **you** lifted me. **You** knew it would kill. **You** knew I'd live if **you** left me alone.

A familiar voice *said, "Is— is he dead?"*

Another voice, *a memorable voice, responded, "No. Not yet. But he will be dead before the ambulance arrives."*

And that's the way it's been since time began, when **crowds** gather. **You** murder much easier, this way. Your alibi is very simple; **you** didn't know it was dangerous to move a hurt man. **You** didn't mean to hurt him. He looked at **them**, above him, and he was curious as a man under deep water looking up at people on a bridge. Who are **you**? Where do **you** come from and how do **you** get here so soon? **You're** the crowd that's always in the way, using up good air that a dying man's lungs are in need of, using up space he should be using to lie in, alone. Tramping on people to make sure they die, that's **you**. I know all of **you**.

It was like a polite monologue. **They** *said nothing. Faces.* **The old man. The red-haired woman. Someone** *picked up his briefcase. "Whose is this?"*

IT'S MINE! IT'S EVIDENCE AGAINST ALL OF YOU!

Eyes, inverted over him. Shiny eyes under tousled hair or under hats. **Faces**.

Somewhere— a siren. The ambulance was coming.

But, looking at the **faces**, the construction, the cast, the form of the faces, Spallner saw it was too late. He read it in their faces. **They** knew.

He tried to speak. A little bit got out: "It— looks like I'll— be joining up with **you**. I— guess I'll be a member of your— **group**— now."

HE CLOSED HIS EYES THEN, AND WAITED FOR THE CORONER.

The study of nonverbal communication started in 1872 with the publication of "The Expressions of the Emotions in Men and Animals" by Charles Darwin. Charles Darwin started to study nonverbal communication as he noticed the interactions between animals and realized they also communicated by gestures and expressions. For the first time, nonverbal communication was studied and its relevance questioned.

THE WIND

BY RAY BRADBURY, 1955

THE PHONE RANG AT FIVE-THIRTY THAT EVENING.
It was December, and long since dark as Thompson picked up the phone.

"Hello."
"Hello, Herb?"
"Oh, it's you, Allin."
"Is your wife home, Herb?"
"Sure. Why?"
"Damn it."
Herb Thompson held the receiver quietly.
"What's up? You sound funny."
"I wanted you to come over tonight."
"We're having company."
"I wanted you to spend the night. When's your wife going away?"
"That's next week," said Thompson. "She'll be in Ohio for about nine days. Her mother's sick. I'll come over then."
"I wish you could come over tonight."
"Wish I could. Company and all, my wife'd kill me."
"I wish you could come over."

"What's it? the wind again?"
"Oh, no. No."
"Is it the wind?" asked Thompson.

The voice on the phone hesitated.

"Yeah. Yeah, it's the wind."
"It's a clear night, there's not much wind."
"There's enough. It comes in the window and blows the curtains a little bit.
"Just enough to tell me."

Whispering.
Whispering.
Whispering.

"Look, why don't you come and spend the night here?" said Herb Thompson looking around the lighted halt.
"Oh, no. It's too late for that. It might catch me on the way over. It's a damned long distance. I wouldn't dare, but thanks, anyway. It's thirty miles, but thanks."
"Take a sleeping-tablet."
"I've been standing in the door for the past hour, Herb. I can see it building up in the west. There are some clouds there and I saw one of them kind of rip apart. There's a wind coming, all right."
"Well, you just take a nice sleeping-tablet. And call me any time you want to call. Later this evening if you want."
"Any time?" said the voice on the phone.
"Sure."

Caressing.
Caressing.
Caressing.

"I'll do that, but I wish you coul'd come out. Yet I wouldn't want you hurt. You're my best friend and I wouldn't want that. Maybe it's best I face this thing alone. I'm sorry I bothered you."
"Hell, what's a friend for? Tell you what you do, sit down and get some writing done this evening," said Herb Thompson, shifting from one foot to the other in the hall.
"You'll forget about the Himalayas and the Valley of the Winds and this preoccupation of yours with storms and hurricanes. Get another chapter done on your next travel book."

"I might do that. Maybe I will, I don't know. Maybe I will. I might do that. Thanks a lot for letting me bother you." "Thanks, hell. Get off the line, now, you. My wife's calling me to dinner."

Herb Thompson hung up.

Fluttering.
Fluterring.
Fluterring.

STRESS

I didn't take the test yesterday. (Somebody else did.)
I *didn't* take the test yesterday. (I did not take it.)
I didn't *take* the test yesterday. (I did something else with it.)
I didn't take *the* test yesterday. (I took one of several.)
I didn't take the *test* yesterday. (I took something else.)
I didn't take the test *yesterday*. (I took it some other day.)

As in the examples above, stress is normally transcribed as italics in printed text or underlining in handwriting.

He went and sat down at the supper table and his wife sat across from him.

"Was that Allin?" she asked. He nodded.
"Him and his winds that blow up and winds that blow down and winds that blow hot and blow cold," she said, handing him his plate heaped with food.
"He did have a time in the Himalayas, during the war," said Herb Thompson.
"You don't believe what he said about that valley, do you?"
"It makes a good story."
"Climbing around, climbing up things. Why do men climb mountains and scare themselves?"
"It was snowing," said Herb Thompson.
"Was it?"
"And raining and hailing and blowing all at once, in that valley. Allin's told me a dozen times. He tells it well. He was up pretty high. Clouds, and all. The valley made a noise."
"I bet it did," she said.
"Like a lot of winds instead of just one. Winds from all over the world." He took a bite. "So says Allin."
"He shouldn't have gone there and looked, in the first place," she said. "You go poking around and first thing you know you get ideas. Winds start getting angry at you for intruding, and they follow you."
"Don't joke, he's my best friend," snapped Herb Thompson.
"It's all so silly!"
"Nevertheless he's been through a lot. That storm in Bombay, later, and the typhoon off New Guinea two months after that. And that time, in Cornwall."
"I have no sympathy for a man who continually runs into wind storms and hurricanes, and then gets a persecution complex because of it."

The phone rang just then.
"Don't answer it," she said.
"Maybe it's important."
"It's only Allin, again."

A feather touch.
A feather touch.
A feather touch.

They sat there and the phone rang nine times and they didn't answer.

Finally, it quieted.

Quiet.
Warm.
Soft.

They finished dinner. Out in the kitchen, the window curtains gently moved in the small breeze from a slightly opened window. The phone rang again.
"I can't let it ring," he said, and answered it.

"OH, HELLO, ALLIN."

"HERB! IT'S IT GOT HERE! HERE!"

"You're too near the phone, back up a little."
"I stood in the open door and waited for it.
I saw it coming down the highway, shaking all the trees, one by one, until it shook the trees just outside the house and it dived down toward the door and I slammed the door in its face!"

Thompson didn't say anything. He couldn't think of anything to say, his wife was watching him in the hail door.

"HOW INTERESTING," he said, at last.

INSISTENT.
INSISTENT.
INSISTENT.

"It's all around the house, Herb. I can't get out now, I can't do anything. But I fooled it, I let it think it had me, and just as it came down to get me I slammed and locked the door! I was ready for it, I've been getting ready for weeks."
"HAVE YOU, NOW TELL ME ABOUT IT, ALLIN, OLD MAN."
Herb Thompson played it jovially into the phone, while his wife looked on and his neck began to sweat.
"It began six weeks ago"
"OH, YES? WELL, WELL."

"I thought I had it licked. I thought it had given up following and trying to get me. But it was just waiting. Six weeks ago I heard the wind laughing and whispering around the corners of my house, out here. Just for an hour or so, not very long, not very loud. Then it went away."

ROARING.
ROARING.
ROARING.

Thompson nodded into the phone. **"GLAD TO HEAR IT, GLAD TO HEAR IT."** His wife stared at him.
"It came back, the next night. It slammed the shutters and kicked sparks out of the chimney. It came back five nights in a row, a little stronger each time. When I opened the front door, it came in at me and tried to pull me out, but it wasn't strong enough.

RATTLING.

Tonight it is."

RATTLING.
RATTLING.

"GLAD TO HEAR YOU'RE FEELING BETTER," SAID THOMPSON.
"I'm not better, what's wrong with you? Is your wife listening to us?"
"YES."
"Oh, I see. I know I sound like a fool."
"NOT AT ALL. GO ON."
Thompson's wife went back into the kitchen. He relaxed. He sat down on a little chair near the phone.

"Go on, Allin, get it out of you, you'll sleep better."
"It's all around the house now, like a great big vacuum machine nuzzling at all the gables. It's knocking the trees around."
"That's funny, there's no wind here, Allin."
"Of course not, it doesn't care about you, only about me."
"I guess that's one way to explain it."

KILLER.
KILLER.
KILLER.
KILLER.
KILLER.

"IT'S A KILLER, HERB, the biggest damnedest prehistoric killer that ever hunted prey. A big sniffling hound, trying to smell me out, find me. It pushes its big cold nose up to the house, taking air, and when it finds me in the parlor it drives its pressure there, and when I'm in the kitchen it goes there. It's trying to get in the windows, now, but I had them reinforced and I put new hinges on the doors, and bolts. It's a strong house. They built them strong in the old days. I've got all the lights in the house on, now. The house is all lighted up, bright. The wind followed me from room to room, looking through all the windows, when I switched them on. **OH!"**

"What's wrong?"
"It just snatched off the front screen door!"
"I wish you'd come over here and spend the night, Allin."

"I CAN'T! God, I can't leave the house. I can't do anything. I know this wind. Lord, it's big and it's clever. I tried to light a cigarette a moment ago, and a little draft sucked the match out. The wind likes to play games, it likes to taunt me, it's taking its time with me; it's got all night. And now! God, right now, one of my old travel books, on the library table, I wish you could see it. A little breeze from God knows what small hole in the house, the little breeze is-blowing the pages one by one. I wish you could see it. There's my introduction. Do you remember the introduction to my book on Tibet, Herb?"

"Yes."

"This book is dedicated to those who lost the game of elements, written by one who has seen, but who has always escaped."

"Yes, I remember."
"The lights have gone out!"

The phone crackled.

"The power lines just went down. Are you there, Herb?"

"I still hear you."

"The wind doesn't like all that light in my house, it tore the power lines down. The telephone will probably go next. Oh, it's a real party, me and the wind, I tell you! Just a second."

"ALLIN?"

MIGHTY
SHRIEKING.

A silence. Herb leaned against the mouthpiece. His wife glanced in from the kitchen.

PUNISHING.

Herb Thompson waited.

"ALLIN?"

RIGHTEOUS.

"I'm back," said the voice on the phone. "There was a draft from the door and I shoved some wadding under it to keep it from blowing on my feet. I'm glad you didn't come out after all, Herb, I wouldn't want you in this mess. There! It just broke one of the living-room windows and a regular gale is in the house, knocking pictures off the wall!
DO YOU HEAR IT?"

Herb Thompson listened. There was a wild sirening on the phone and a whistling and banging. Allin shouted over it-

"DO YOU HEAR IT?"

INSISTENT. INSISTENT. INSISTENT. INSISTENT.
INSISTENT. INSISTENT. INSISTENT. INSISTENT.
INSISTENT. INSISTENT. INSISTENT. INSISTENT.
INSISTENT. INSISTENT. INSISTENT. INSISTENT.

Herb
Thompson
swallowed drily. "I hear it."

"It wants me alive, Herb. It doesn't
dare knock the house down in one
fell blow. That'd kill me. It wants
me alive, so it can pull me apart,
finger by finger. It wants what's inside
me. My mind, my brain. It wants my
life-power, my psychic force, my ego.
It wants intellect."

"My wife's calling me, Allin. I have to go wipe the dishes."

"It's a big cloud of vapors, winds
from all over the world. The same
wind that ripped the Celebes a year
ago, the same pampero that killed in
Argentina, the typhoon that fed on
Hawaii, the hurricane that knocked
the coast of Africa early this year.
It's part of all those storms I escaped.
It followed me from the Himalayas because
it didn't want me to know what I know
about the Valley of the Winds where it
gathers and plans its destruction.
Something, a long time ago, gave it
a start in the direction of life.
I know its feeding grounds, I know where
it is born and where parts of it expire.
For that reason, it hates me; and my
books that tell how to defeat it. It
doesn't want me preaching any more.
It wants to incorporate me into its
huge body, to give it knowledge.
It wants me on its own side!"

"I have to hang up, Allin, my wife—"

"What?" A pause, the blowing
of the wind in the phone, distantly.
"What did you say?"

"Call me back in an hour, Allin." He hung up.

He went out to wipe the dishes. His wife looked at him and he looked at the dishes, rubbing them with a towel.

"What's it like out tonight?" he said.

"Nice. Not very chilly. Stars," she said. "Why?"

"Nothing."

The phone rang three times in the next hour. At eight o'clock the company arrived, Stoddard and his wife. They sat around until eight-thirty talking and then got out and set up the card table and began to play Gin.

Herb Thompson shuffled the cards over and over, with a clittering, shuttering effect and clapped them out, one at a time before the three other players. Talk went back and forth. He lit a cigar and made it into a fine gray ash at the tip, and adjusted his cards in his hand and on occasion lifted his head and listened. There was no sound outside the house. His wife saw him do this, and he cut it out immediately, and discarded a Jack of Clubs.

He puffed slowly on his cigar and they all talked quietly with occasional small eruptions of laughter, and the clock in the hall sweetly chimed nine o'clock.

"Here we all are," said Herb Thompson, taking his cigar out and looking at it reflectively. "And life is sure funny."

"Eh?" said Mr. Stoddard.

"Nothing, except here we are, living our lives, and some place else on earth a billion other people live their lives."

"That's a rather obvious statement."

"Life," he put his cigar back in his lips, "is a lonely thing. Even with married people. Sometimes when you're in a person's arms you feel a million miles away from them."

"I like that," said his wife.

"I didn't mean it that way," he explained, not with haste; because he felt no guilt, he took his time. "I mean we all believe what we believe and live our own little lives while other people live entirely different ones. I mean, we sit here in this room while a thousand people are dying. Some of cancer, some of pneumonia, some of tuberculosis. I imagine someone in the United States is dying right now in a wrecked car."

"This isn't very stimulating conversation," said his wife.

"I mean to say, we all live and don't think about how other people think or live their lives or die. We wait until death comes to us. What I mean is here we sit, on our self-assured butt-bones, while, thirty miles away, in a big old house, completely surrounded by night and God-knows-what, one of the finest guys who ever lived is—"

"Herb!"

He puffed and chewed on his cigar and stared blindly at his cards. "Sorry." He blinked rapidly and bit his cigar. "Is it my turn?"

"It's your turn."

The playing went around the table, with a flittering of cards, murmurs, conversation. Herb Thompson sank lower into his chair and began to look ill.

The phone rang. Thompson jumped and ran to it and jerked it off the hook.

"Herb! I've been calling and calling.
What's it like at your house, Herb?"

"What do you mean, what's it like?"

"Has the company come?"

"Hell, yes, it has—"

"Are you talking and laughing
and playing cards?"

"Christ, yes, but what has that got to do with—"

"Are you smoking your ten-cent cigar?"

"God damn it, yes, but"

"Swell," said the voice on the phone.
"That sure is swell. I wish I
could be there. I wish I didn't
know the things I know.
I wish lots of things."

"Are you all right?"

"So far, so good. I'm locked in
the kitchen now. Part of the front
wall of the house blew in. But
I planned my retreat: When the
kitchen door gives, I'm heading
for the cellar. If I'm lucky I may
hold out there until morning.
It'll have to tear the whole
damned house down to get to me,
and the cellar floor is pretty
solid. I have a shovel and
I may dig-deeper"

It sounded like a lot of other voices on the phone.

"What's that?" Herb Thompson demanded, cold, shivering.

"That?" asked the voice on the
phone. "Those are the voices of
twelve thousand killed in a typhoon,
seven thousand killed by a hurricane,
three thousand buried by a cyclone.
Am I boring you? That's what the wind is.
It's a lot of people dead.
The wind killed them, took their minds
to give itself intelligence. It took all
their voices and made them into one voice.
All those millions of people killed
in the past ten thousand years,
tortured and run from continent
to continent on the backs and in
the bellies of monsoons and whirlwinds.
Oh, Christ, what a poem you
could write about it!"

The phone echoed and rang with voices and shouts and whinings.

"Come on back, Herb," called his wife from the card table.

"That's how the wind gets more
intelligent each year,
it adds to itself, body by body,
life by life, death by death."

"We're waiting for you, Herb," called his wife.

"Damn it!" He turned, almost snarling. "Wait just a moment, won't you!" Back to the phone.

"Allin, if you want me to come out there now, I will! I should have come earlier."

"Wouldn't think of it. This is a grudge fight,
wouldn't do to have you in it now. I'd better
hang up. The kitchen door looks bad, I'll have
to get in the cellar."

"Call me back, later?"

"Maybe, if I'm lucky. I don't think I'll make it.
I slipped away and escaped so many times, but
I think it has me now. I hope I haven't
bothered you too much, Herb."

"You haven't bothered anyone, damn it.
Call me back."

"I'll try."

Herb Thompson went back to the card game. His wife glared at him. "How's Allin, your friend?" she asked, "Is he sober?"

"He's never taken a drink in his life," said Thompson, sullenly, sitting down. "I should have gone out there hours ago."

"But he's called every night for six weeks and you've been out there at least ten nights to stay with him and nothing was wrong."

"He needs help. He might hurt himself."

"You were just out there, two nights ago, you can't always be running after him."

"First thing in the morning I'll move him into a sanatorium. Didn't want to. He seems so reasonable otherwise."

At ten-thirty coffee was served. Herb Thompson drank his slowly, looking at the phone. I wonder if he's in the cellar now, he thought.

Herb Thompson walked to the phone, called long-distance, gave the number.

"I'm sorry," said the operator. "The lines are down in that district. When the lines are repaired, we will put your call through."

"Then the telephone lines are down!"
cried Thompson. He let the phone drop.
Turning, he slammed open the closet
door, pulled out his coat. "Oh Lord,"
he said. "Oh, Lord, Lord," he said,
to his amazed guests and his wife
with the coffee urn in her hand.

"Herb!" she cried.

"I've got to get out there!" he said, slipping into his coat.

There was a soft, faint stirring at the door.

Everybody in the room tensed and straightened up.
"Who could that be?" asked his wife.

The soft stirring was repeated, very quietly.

Thompson hurried down the hall where he stopped, alert. Outside, faintly, he heard laughter.

"I'll be damned," said Thompson. He put his hand on the doorknob, pleasantly shocked and relieved. "I'd know that laugh anywhere. It's Allin. He came on over in his car, after all. Couldn't wait until morning to tell me his confounded stories." Thompson smiled weakly. "Probably brought some friends with him. Sounds like a lot of other"

Stress
In linguistics, and particularly phonology, stress is relative emphasis or prominence given to a certain syllable in a word, or to a certain word in a phrase or sentence. That emphasis is typically caused by properties like full articulation of the vowel, increased loudness and vowel length, and changes in pitch.

He opened the front door.

The porch was empty.

Thompson showed no surprise; his face grew amused and sly. He laughed. "Allin? None of your tricks now! Come on." He switched on the porch-light and peered out and around. "Where are you, Allin? Come on, now."

A breeze blew into his face.
Thompson waited a moment, suddenly chilled to his marrow. He stepped out on the porch and looked uneasily, and very carefully, about.
A sudden wind caught and whipped
his coat flaps, disheveled his hair.
He thought he heard laughter again.
The wind rounded the house and
was a pressure everywhere at once,
and then, storming for
a full minute, passed on.

The wind died down, sad,
mourning in the high trees,
passing away; going back out to the sea,
to the Celebes, to the Ivory Coast, to Sumatra
and Cape Horn, to Cornwall and the Philippines.
Fading, fading, fading.

Thompson stood there, cold.
He went in and closed the door and
leaned against it, and didn't move,
eyes closed.

"What's wrong?" asked
his wife.

The Lake

By Ray Bradbury

1955

The wave shut me off from the world, from the birds in the sky, the children on the beach, my mother on the shore. There was a moment of green silence. Then the wave gave me back to the sky, the sand, the children yelling. I came out of the lake and the world was waiting for me, having hardly moved since I went away.

I ran up on the beach.

Mama swabbed me with a furry towel. "Stand there and dry," she said.

I stood there, watching the sun take away the water beads on my arms. I replaced them with goose-pimples.

"My, there's a wind," said Mama. "Put on your sweater."

"Wait'll I watch my goose-bumps," I said.

"Harold," said Mama.

I put the sweater on and watched the waves come up and fall down on the beach. But not clumsily. On purpose, with a green sort of elegance. Even a drunken man could not collapse with such elegance as those waves.

It was September. In the last days when things are getting sad for no reason.

The beach was so long and lonely with only about six people on it. The kids quit bouncing the ball because somehow the wind made them sad, too, whistling the way it did, and the kids sat down and felt autumn come along the endless shore.

All of the hot-dog stands were boarded up with strips of golden planking, sealing in all the mustard, onion, meat odors of the long, joyful summer. It was like nailing summer into a series of coffins. One by one the places slammed their covers down, padlocked their doors, and the wind came and touched the sand, blowing away all of the million footprints of July and August.

It got so that now, in September, there was nothing but the mark of my rubber tennis shoes and Donald and Delaus Arnold's feet, down by the water curve.

Sand blew up in curtains on the sidewalks, and the merry-go-round was hidden with canvas, all of the horses frozen in mid-air on their brass poles, showing teeth, galloping on. With only the wind for music, slipping through canvas.

I stood there. Everyone else was in school. I was not. Tomorrow I would be on my way west across the United States on a train. Mom and I had come to the beach for one last brief moment. There was something about the loneliness that made me want to get away by myself.

"Mama, I want to run up the beach aways," I said.

"All right, but hurry back, and don't go near the water."

I ran. Sand spun under me and the wind lifted me. You know how it is, running, arms out so you feel veils from your fingers, caused by wind. Like wings.

Mama withdrew into the distance, sitting. Soon she was only a brown speck and I was all alone.

Being alone is a newness to a twelve-year-old child. He is so used to people about. The only way he can be alone is in his mind. There are so many real people around, telling children what and how to do, that a boy has to run off down a beach, even if it's only in his head, to get by himself in his own world. So now I was really alone.

I went down to the water and let it cool up to my stomach. Always before, with the crowd, I hadn't dared to look, to come to this spot and search around in the water and call a certain name. But now.

Water is like a magician. Sawing you in half. It feels as if you were cut in two, part of you, the lower part, sugar, melting, dissolving away. Cool water, and once in a while a very elegantly stumbling wave that fell with a flourish of lace.

I called her name. A dozen times I called it.

"Tally! Tally! Oh, Tally!

You really expect answers to your calling when you are young. You feel that whatever you may think can be real. And sometimes maybe that is not so wrong.

I thought of Tally, swimming out into the water last May, with her pigtails trailing, blond. She went laughing, and the sun was on her small twelve-year-old shoulders. I thought of the water settling quiet, of the life guard leaping into it, of Tally's mother screaming, and of how ***Tally*** never came out.

The life guard tried to persuade her to come out, but she did not. He came back with only bits of water-weed in his big knuckled fingers, and ***Tally*** was gone. She would not sit across from me at school any longer, or chase indoor balls on the brick streets on summer nights. She had gone too far out, and the lake would not let her return.

And now in the lonely autumn when the sky was huge and the water was huge and the beach was so very long, I had come down for the last time, alone. I called her name again and again. Tally, oh, Tally!

The wind blew so very softly over my ears, the way wind blows over the mouths of sea-shells to set them whispering. The water rose, embracing my chest, then my knees, up and down, one way and another, sucking under my heels.

"Tally! Come back, Tally!"

I was only twelve. But I know how much I loved her. It was that love that comes before all significance of body and morals. It was that love that is no more bad than wind and sea and sand lying side by side forever. It was made of all the warm long days together at the beach, and the humming quiet days of droning education at the school. All the long autumn days of the years past when I had carried her books home from school.

Tally! I called her name for the last time. I shivered. I felt water on my face and did not know how it got there. The waves had not splashed that high.

Turning, I retreated to the sand and stood there for half an hour, hoping for one glimpse, one sign, one little bit of Tally to remember. Then, I knelt and built a sand castle, shaping it fine, building it as Tally and I had often built so many of them. But this time, I only built half of it. Then I got up.

"Tally, if you hear me, come in and build the rest."



Prosody

In linguistics, prosody is concerned with those elements of speech that are not individual phonetic segments (vowels and consonants) but are properties of larger units of speech, including linguistic functions such as intonation, tone, stress, and rhythm. Prosody may reflect various features of the speaker or the utterance: the emotional state of the speaker; the form of the utterance (statement, question, or command); the presence of irony or sarcasm; emphasis, contrast, and focus.

Intonation
In linguistics, intonation is variation in spoken pitch when used, not for distinguishing words but, rather, for a range of other functions such as indicating the attitudes and emotions of the speaker, signalling the difference between statements and questions, and between different types of questions, focusing attention on important elements of the spoken message and also helping to regulate conversational interaction.

I walked off toward that far-away speck that was Mama. The water came in, blended the sand-castle circle by circle, mashing it down little by little into the original smoothness.
Silently, I walked along the shore.
Far away, a merry-go-round jangled, but it was only the wind.
The next day, I went away on the train.
A train has a poor memory; it soon puts all behind it. It forgets the cornlands of Illinois, the rivers of childhood, the bridges, the lakes, the valleys, the cottages, the hurts and the joys. It spreads them out behind and they drop back of a horizon.
I lengthened my bones, put flesh on them, changed my young mind for an older one, threw away clothes as they no longer fitted, shifted from grammar to high-school, to college. And then there was a young woman in Sacramento. I knew her for a time, and we were married. By the time I was twenty-two, I had almost forgotten what the East was like.
Margaret suggested that our delayed honeymoon be taken back in that direction.
Like a memory, a train works both ways. A train can bring rushing back all those things you left behind so many years before.
Lake Bluff, population 10,000, came up over the sky. Margaret looked so handsome in her fine new clothes. She watched me as I felt my old world gather me back into its living. She held my arm as the train slid into Bluff Station and our baggage was escorted out.
So many years, and the things they do to people's faces and bodies. When we walked through the town together I saw no one I recognized. There were faces with echoes in them. Echoes of hikes on ravine trails. Faces with small laughter in them from closed grammar schools and swinging on metal-linked swings and going up and down on teeter-totters. But I didn't speak. I walked and looked and filled up inside with all those memories, like leaves stacked for autumn burning.
We stayed on two weeks in all, revisiting all the places together. The days were happy. I thought I loved Margaret well. At least I thought I did.
It was on one of the last days that we walked down by the shore. It was not quite as late in the year as that day so many years before, but the first evidences of desertion were coming upon the beach. People were thinning out, several of the hot-dog stands had been shuttered and nailed, and the wind, as always, waited there to sing for us.
I almost saw Mama sitting on the sand as she used to sit. I had that feeling again of wanting to be alone. But I could not force myself to speak of this to Margaret. I only held onto her and waited.
It got late in the day. Most of the children had gone home and only a few men and women remained basking in the windy sun. The life-guard boat pulled up on the shore. The life guard stepped out of it, slowly, with something in his arms.
I froze there. I held my breath and I felt small, only twelve years old, very little, very infinitesimal and afraid. The wind howled. I could not see Margaret. I could see only the beach, the life guard slowly emerging from the boat with a gray sack in his hands, not very heavy, and his face almost as gray and lined.
"Stay here, Margaret," I said. I don't know why I said it.
"But, why?"
"Just stay here, that's all–"
I walked slowly down the sand to where the life guard stood.
He looked at me. "What is it?" I asked.
The life guard kept looking at me for a long time and he couldn't speak. He put the gray sack on the sand, and water whispered wet up around it and went back.
"What is it?" I insisted.
"Strange," said the life guard, quietly.
I waited.
"Strange," he said, softly. "Strangest thing I ever saw. She's been dead a long time." I repeated his words.
He nodded. "Ten years, I'd say. There haven't been any children drowned here this year. There were twelve children drowned here since 1933, but we found all of them before a few hours had passed. All except one, I remember. This body here, why it must be ten years in the water. It's not-pleasant."
I stared at the gray sack in his arms. "Open it," I said. I don't know why I said it. The wind was louder.
He fumbled with the sack.
"Hurry, man, open it!" I cried.
"I better not do that," he said. Then perhaps he saw the way my face must have looked. "She was such a little girl–" He opened it only part way. That was enough.
The beach was deserted. There was only the sky and the wind and the water and the autumn coming on lonely. I looked down at her there.
I said something over and over. A name. The life guard looked at me. "Where did you find her?" I asked. "Down the beach, that way, in the shallow water. It's a long, long time for her, isn't it?"
I shook my head.
"Yes, it is. Oh God, yes it is."
I thought: people grow. I have grown. But she has not changed. She is still small. She is still young. Death does not permit growth or change. She still has golden hair. She will be forever young and I will love her forever, oh God, I will love her forever.
The life guard tied up the sack again.
Down the beach, a few moments later, I walked by myself. I stopped, and looked down at something. This is where the life guard found her, I said to myself.
There, at the water's edge, lay a sand castle, only half-built. Just like Tally and I used to build them. She half and I half.
I looked at it. I knelt beside the sand castle and saw the small prints of feet coming in from the lake and going back out to the lake again and not returning.
Then– I knew.
"I'll help you finish it," I said.
I did. I built the rest of it up very slowly, then I arose and turned away and walked off, so as not to watch it crumble in the waves, as all things crumble.
I walked back up the beach to where a strange woman named Margaret was waiting for me, smiling.

memory
waited
smiling.

NIGHT MEETING

RAY BRADBURY **1950**

First impressions are based on a wide range of characteristics: age, race, culture, language, gender, physical appearance, accent, posture, voice, number of people present, and time allowed to process. The first impressions individuals give to others could greatly influence how they are treated and viewed in many contexts of everyday life It takes just one-tenth of a second for us to judge someone and make a first impression.

Before going up into the blue hills, Tomás Gomez stopped for gasoline at the station. ● "Kind of alone out here, aren't you, Pop?" said Tomás. ● The old man wiped off the windshield of the small truck. "Not bad." ● "How do you like Mars, Pop?" ● "Fine. Always something new. I made up my mind when I came here last year I wouldn't expect nothing, nor ask nothing, nor be surprised at nothing. We've got to forget Earth and how things were. We've got to look at what we're in here, and how different it is. I get a hell of a lot of fun out of just the weather here. It's Martian weather. Hot as hell daytimes, cold as hell nights. I get a big kick out of the different flowers and different rain. I came to Mars to retire and I wanted to retire in a place where everything is different. An old man needs to have things different. Young people don't want to talk to him, other old people bore hell out of him. So I thought the best thing for me is a place so different that all you got to do is open your eyes and you're entertained. I got this gas station. If business picks up too much, I'll move on back to some other old highway that's not so busy, where I can earn just enough to live on and still have time to feel the different things here." ● "You got the right idea, Pop," said Tomás, his brown hands idly on the wheel. He was feeling good. He had been working in one of the new colonies for ten days straight and now he had two days off and was on his way to a party. ● "I'm not surprised at anything any more," said the old man. "I'm just looking. I'm just experiencing. If you can't take Mars for what she is, you might as well go back to Earth. Everything's crazy up here, the soil, the air, the canals, the natives (I never saw any yet, but I hear they're around), the clocks. Even my clock acts funny. Even time is crazy up here. Sometimes I feel I'm here all by myself, no one else on the whole damn planet. I'd take bets on it. Sometimes I feel about eight years old, my body squeezed up and everything else tall. Jesus, it's just the place for an old man. Keeps me alert and keeps me happy. You know what Mars is? It's like a thing I got for Christmas seventy years ago — don't know if you ever had one — they called them kaleidoscopes, bits of crystal and cloth and beads and pretty junk. You held it up to the sunlight and looked in through at it, and it took your breath away. All the patterns! Well, that's Mars. Enjoy it. Don't ask it to be nothing else but what it is. Jesus, you know that highway right there, built by the M a r t i a n s , is over sixteen centuries old and still in good condition? That's one dollar and fifty cents,

thanks and good night."

Tomás drove off down the ancient highway laughing quietly. It was a long road going into darkness and hills and he held to the wheel, now and again reaching into his lunch bucket and taking out a piece of candy. He had been driving steadily for an hour, with no other car on the road, no light, just the road going under, the hum, the roar, and Mars out there, so quiet. Mars was always quiet, but quieter tonight than any other. The deserts and empty seas swung by him, and the mountains against the stars.

There was a ***smell*** of Time in the air tonight.
He smiled and turned the fancy in his mind.
There was a thought.
What did Time ***smell*** like?
Like dust and clocks and people.

And if you wondered what Time ***sounded*** like
it ***sounded*** like water running in a dark cave and voices crying and dirt dropping down upon hollow box lids, and rain.
And, going further, what did Time ***look*** like?
Time ***looked*** like snow dropping silently into a black room or it
looked like a silent film in an ancient theater, one hundred billion faces falling like those New Year balloons, down and down into nothing.

That was how Time ***smelled*** and
looked and
sounded.

And tonight — Tomás shoved a hand into the wind outside the truck — tonight you could almost ***touch*** Time.
He drove the truck between hills of Time. His neck prickled and he sat up, watching ahead.

He pulled into a little dead Martian town, stopped the engine, and let the silence come in around him. He sat, not breathing, looking out at the white buildings in the moonlight. Uninhabited for centuries. Perfect, faultless, in ruins, yes, but perfect, nevertheless. ● He started the engine and drove on another mile or more before stopping again, climbing out, carrying his lunch bucket, and walking to a little promontory where he could look back at that dusty city. He opened his thermos and poured himself a cup of coffee. ● A night bird flew by. He felt very good, very much at peace. ● Perhaps five minutes later there was a sound. Off in the hills, where the ancient highway curved, there was a motion, a dim light, and then a murmur. ● Tomás turned slowly with the coffee cup in his hand. ● And out of the hills came a strange thing. It was a machine like a jade-green insect, a praying mantis, delicately rushing through the cold air, indistinct, countless green diamonds winking over its body, and red jewels that glittered with multifaceted eyes. Its six legs fell upon the ancient highway with the sounds of a sparse rain which dwindled away, and from the back of the machine a Martian with melted gold for eyes looked down at Tomás as if he were looking into a well.

Tomás raised his hand and thought Hello! automatically but did not move his lips, for this was a Martian. But Tomás had swum in blue rivers on Earth, with strangers passing on the road, and eaten in strange houses with strange people, and his weapon had always been his smile. He did not carry a gun. And he did not feel the need of one now, even with the little fear that gathered about his heart at this moment The Martian's hands were empty too. For a moment they looked across the cool air at each other. It was Tomás who moved first.

"Hello!"
he called.
"Hello!"
called the Martian in his own language.

They did not understand each other.
"Did you say hello?"
they both asked.
"What did you say?"
they said, each in a different tongue.
They scowled.

"Who are you?"
said Tomás in English.
"What are you doing here?"
In Martian; the stranger's lips moved.

"Where are you going?"
they said, and looked bewildered.
"I'm Tomás Gomez."
"I'm Muhe Ca."

Neither understood, but they tapped their chests with the words and then it became clear.

And then the Martian laughed. "Wait!"
Tomás felt his head touched,
but no hand had touched him.

"There!"
said the Martian in English.
"That is better!"
"You learned my language, so quick!"
"Nothing at all!"

They looked, embarrassed with a new silence, at the steaming coffee he had in one hand.

"Something different?"
said the Martian,
eying him and the coffee,
referring to them both,
perhaps.
"May I offer you a drink?"
said Tomás.
"Please."
The Martian slid down from his machine.

A second cup was produced and filled, steaming.

Tomás held it out.
Their hands met and — like mist — f e l l t h r o u g h e a c h o t h e r .
"Jesus Christ!"
cried Tomás, and dropped the cup.
"Name of the gods!"
said the Martian in his own tongue.

"Did you see what happened?"
they both whispered.
They were very cold and terrified.

The Martian bent to touch the cup
but could not touch it.
"Jesus!"
said Tomás.
"Indeed."
The Martian tried again and again to get hold of the cup, but could not. He stood up and thought for a moment, then took a knife from his belt.
"Hey!"
cried Tomás.
"You misunderstand, catch!"
said the Martian, and tossed it.
Tomás cupped his hands. The knife fell through his flesh. It hit the ground. Tomás bent to pick it up but could not touch it, and he recoiled, shivering.

FIRST IMPRESSIONS
The first impressions individuals give to others could greatly influence how they are treated and viewed in many contexts of everyday life. It takes just one-tenth of a second for us to judge someone and make a first impression. Research finds that the more time participants are afforded to form the impression, the more confidence in impressions they report.

Now looked the Martian at the against the sky he

"The stars!" he said. "The stars!" said the Martian,

The stars were white and sharp beyond the flesh of the Martian, and they were sewn into his flesh like scintillas swallowed into the thin, phosphorescent membrane of a gelatinous sea fish. You could see stars flickering like violet eyes in the Martian's stomach and chest, and through his wrists, like jewelry.

"I can see through you!" said Tomás. "And I through you!" said the Martian,

Tomás felt of his own body and, feeling the warmth, was reassured. I am real, he thought The Martian touched his own nose and lips. "I have flesh," he said, half aloud. "I am alive." Tomás stared at the stranger. "And if I am real, then you must be dead." "No, you!"

"A ghost!" "A phantom!"

They pointed at each other, with starlight burning in their limbs like daggers and icicles and fireflies, and then fell to judging their limbs again, each finding himself intact, hot, excited, stunned, awed, and the other, ah yes, that other over there, unreal, a ghostly prism flashing the accumulated light of distant worlds. I'm drunk, thought Tomás. I won't tell anyone of this tomorrow, no, no. They stood there on the ancient highway, neither of them moving.

Where are you from?" asked the Martian at last.

"Earth."

"What is that?"

"There." Tomás nodded to the sky.

"When?"

"We landed over a year ago,

"All of you were dead, all but a few. You're rare, don't you know that"

"That's not true."

"Yes, dead. I saw the bodies. Black, in the rooms, in the houses, dead. Thousands of them."

"That's ridiculous. We're alive!"

"Mister, you're invaded, only you don't know it. You must have escaped."

"I haven't escaped; there was nothing to escape. What do you mean? I'm on my way to a festival now at the canal, near the Eniall Mountains., I was there last night. Don't you see the city there?" The Martian pointed.

Tomás looked and saw the ruins.

"Why, that city's been dead thousands of years."

The Martian laughed. "Dead. I slept there yesterday!

"And I was in it a week ago and the week before that, and I just drove through it now, and it's a heap. See the broken pillars?"

"Broken? Why, I see them perfectly. The moonlight helps. And the pillars are upright.

"There's dust in the streets," said Tomás.

"The streets are clean!"

"The canals are empty right there."

"The canals are full of lavender wine!"

"It's dead."

"It's alive!" protested the Martian,

laughing more now. "Oh, you're quite wrong. See all the carnival lights? There are beautiful boats as slim as women, beautiful women as slim as boats, women the color of sand, women with fire flowers in their hands. I can see them, small, running in the streets there. That's where I'm going now, to the festival; we'll float on the waters all night long; we'll sing, we'll drink, we'll make love,

"Can it be... ?"

"What?"

"You say 'from the sky'?"

"Earth."

"Earth, a name, nothing," said the Martian. "But... as I came up the pass an hour ago..." He touched the back of his neck. "I felt..."

"Cold?"

"Yes."

"And now?"

"Cold again. Oddly. There was a thing to the light, to the hills, the road," said the Martian. "I felt the strangeness, the road, the light, and for a moment I felt as if I were the

last man

alive on this world...."

"So did I!" said Tomás, and it was like talking to an old and dear friend, confiding, growing warm with the topic.

The Martian closed his eyes and opened them again. "This can only mean one thing. It has to do with Time. Yes. You are a figment of the Past!"

"No, you are from the Past," said the Earth Man, having had time to think of it now.

"You are so certain. How can you prove who is from the Past, who from the Future? What year is it?"

"Two thousand and one!"

"What does that mean to me?"

Tomás considered and shrugged. "Nothing."

"It is as if I told you that it is the year 4462853 S.E.C. It is nothing and more than nothing! Where is the clock to show us how the stars stand?"

"Everything in me denies this. My heart beats, my stomach hungers, my mouth thirsts. No, no, not dead, not alive, either of us. More alive than anything else. Caught between is more like it. Two strangers passing in the night, that is it. Two strangers passing. Ruins, you say?"

"Yes. You're afraid?"

"Who wants to see the Future, who ever does? A man can face the Past, but to think— the pillars crumbled, you say? And the sea empty, and the canals dry, and the maidens dead, and the flowers withered?" The Martian was silent, but then he looked on ahead. "But there they are. I see them. Isn't that enough for me? They wait for me now, no matter what you say."

And for Tomás the rockets, far away waiting for him, and the town and the women from Earth.

"We can never agree," he said.
"Let us agree to disagree,"

"What does it matter who is Past or Future, if we are both alive, for what follows will follow, tomorrow or in ten thousand years. How do you know that those temples are not the temples of your own civilization one hundred centuries from now, tumbled and broken? You do not know. Then don't ask. But the night is very short. There go the festival fires in the sky, and the birds."

Tomás put out his hand. The Martian did likewise in imitation.

Their hands did not touch; they melted through each other.

"Will we meet again?"

"Who knows? Perhaps some other night."

"I'd like to go with you to that festival."

"And I wish I might come to your new town, to see this ship you speak of, to see these men, to hear all that has happened."

"Goodby," said Tomás. "Good night."

The Martian rode his green metal vehicle quietly away into the hills, The Earth Man turned his truck and drove it silently in the opposite direction.

"Good lord, what a dream that was," sighed Tomás, his hands on the wheel, thinking of the rockets, the women, the raw whisky, the Virginia reels, the party.

How strange a vision was that, thought the Martian, rushing on, thinking of the festival, the canals, the boats, the women with golden eyes, and the songs.

The night was dark. The moons had gone down. Starlight twinkled on the empty highway where now there was not a sound, no car, no person, nothing. And it remained that way all the rest of the cool dark night.

-can't you

"I see very well. You are the one who does not see."

"I see nothing but an ocean, and water at low tide."

"Mister, that water's been evaporated for forty centuries."

"Ah, now, now, that is enough."

"It's true, I tell you."

The Martian grew very serious. "Tell me again. You do not see the city the way I describe it? The pillars very white, the boats very slender, the festival lights — oh, I see them clearly! And listen! I can hear them singing. It's no space away at all."

Tomás listened and shook his head. "No."

"And I, on the other hand," said the Martian, "cannot see what you describe."

Again.

They were cold. An ice, was in their flesh.

"But the ruins prove it! They prove that I am the Future, I am alive, you are dead!"

Advice from a Caterpillar

From Alice's Adventures in Wonderland, Chapter V, 1865

By Lewis Carroll

The Caterpillar and Alice looked at each other for some time in silence: at last the Caterpillar took the hookah out of its mouth, and addressed her in a languid, sleepy voice.

'Who are you?' said the Caterpillar.

This was not an encouraging opening for a conversation. Alice replied, rather shyly, 'I—I hardly know, sir, just at present—at least I know who I was when I got up this morning, but I think I must have been changed several times since then.'

'What do you mean by that?' said the Caterpillar sternly. 'Explain yourself!'

'I can't explain myself, I'm afraid, sir' said Alice, 'because I'm not myself, you see.'

'I don't see,' said the Caterpillar

'I'm afraid I can't put it more clearly,' Alice replied very politely, 'for I can't understand it myself to begin with; and being so many different sizes in a day is very confusing.'

'It isn't,' said the Caterpillar.

'Well, perhaps you haven't found it so yet,' said Alice; 'but when you have to turn into a chrysalis—you will some day, you know—and then after that into a butterfly, I should think you'll feel it a little queer, won't you?'

'Not a bit,' said the Caterpillar.

'Well, perhaps your feelings may be different,' said Alice; 'all I know is, it would feel very queer to me.'

'You!' said the Caterpillar contemptuously. 'Who are you?'

Which brought them back again to the beginning of the conversation. Alice felt a little irritated at the Caterpillar's making such very short remarks, and she drew herself up and said, very gravely,

'I think, you ought to tell me who you are, first.'

'Why?' said the Caterpillar.

Here was another puzzling question; and as Alice could not think of any good reason, and as the Caterpillar seemed to be in a very unpleasant state of mind, she turned away.

'Come back!' the Caterpillar called after her. 'I've something important to say!'

This sounded promising, certainly: Alice turned and came back again.

'Keep your temper,' said the Caterpillar.

'Is that all?' said Alice, swallowing down her anger as well as she could.

'No,' said the Caterpillar.

Alice thought she might as well wait, as she had nothing else to do, and perhaps after all it might tell her something worth hearing.

For some minutes it puffed away without speaking, but at last it unfolded its arms, took the hookah out of its mouth again, and said,

'So you think you're changed, do you?'

'I'm afraid I am, sir,' said Alice; **'I can't remember things as I used—and I don't keep the same size for ten minutes together!'**

'Can't remember what things?' said the Caterpillar.

'Well, I've tried to say "How doth the little busy bee," but it all came different!' Alice replied in a very melancholy voice.

'Repeat, "You are old, Father William,"' said the Caterpillar.

Alice folded her hands, and began:—

'You are old, Father William,' the young man said,
'And your hair has become very white;
And yet you incessantly stand on your head—
Do you think, at your age, it is right?'
'In my youth,' Father William replied to his son,
'I feared it might injure the brain;
But, now that I'm perfectly sure I have none,
Why, I do it again and again.'
'You are old,' said the youth, 'as I mentioned before,
And have grown most uncommonly fat;
Yet you turned a back-somersault in at the door—
Pray, what is the reason of that?'
'In my youth,' said the sage, as he shook his grey locks,
'I kept all my limbs very supple
By the use of this ointment—one shilling the box—
Allow me to sell you a couple?'

'You are old,' said the youth, 'and your jaws are too weak
For anything tougher than suet;
Yet you finished the goose, with the bones and the beak—
Pray how did you manage to do it?'
'In my youth,' said his father, 'I took to the law,
And argued each case with my wife;
And the muscular strength, which it gave to my jaw,
Has lasted the rest of my life.'
'You are old,' said the youth, 'one would hardly suppose
That your eye was as steady as ever;
Yet you balanced an eel on the end of your nose—
What made you so awfully clever?'

'I have answered three questions, and that is enough,'
Said his father; 'don't give yourself airs!
Do you think I can listen all day to such stuff?
Be off, or I'll kick you down stairs!'

'That is not said right,' said the Caterpillar.

'Not quite right, I'm afraid,' said Alice, timidly; 'some of the words have got altered.'

'It is wrong from beginning to end,' said the Caterpillar decidedly,

and there was silence for some minutes.

The Caterpillar was the first to speak.

'What size do you want to be?' it asked.

'Oh, I'm not particular as to size,' Alice hastily replied; 'only one doesn't like changing so often, you know.'

'I don't know,' said the Caterpillar.

Alice said nothing: she had never been so much contradicted in her life before, and she felt that she was losing her temper.

'Are you content now?' said the Caterpillar.

'Well, I should like to be a little larger, sir, if you wouldn't mind,' said Alice: 'three inches is such a wretched height to be.'

'It is a very good height indeed!' said the Caterpillar angrily' rearing itself upright as it spoke (it was exactly three inches high). 'But I'm not used to it!' pleaded poor Alice in a piteous tone. And she thought of herself, 'I wish the creatures wouldn't be so easily offended!'

'You'll get used to it in time,' said the Caterpillar;

and it put the hookah into its mouth and began smoking again. This time Alice waited patiently until it chose to speak again. In a minute or two the Caterpillar took the hookah out of its mouth and yawned once or twice, and shook itself. Then it got down off the mushroom, and crawled away in the grass, merely remarking as it went,

'One side will make you grow taller, and the other side will make you grow shorter.'

'One side of what? The other side of what?' thought Alice to herself.

'Of the mushroom,' said the Caterpillar,

just as if she had asked it aloud; and in another moment it was out of sight. Alice remained looking thoughtfully at the mushroom for a minute, trying to make out which were the two sides of it; and as it was perfectly round, she found this a very difficult question. However, at last she stretched her arms round it as far as they would go, and broke off a bit of the edge with each hand.

'And now which is which?' she said to herself, and nibbled a little of the right-hand bit to try the effect: the next moment she felt a violent blow underneath her chin: it had struck her foot!

She was a good deal frightened by this very sudden change, but she felt that there was no time to be lost, as she was shrinking rapidly; so she set to work at once to eat some of the other bit. Her chin was pressed so closely against her foot, that there was hardly room to open her mouth; but she did it at last, and managed to swallow a morsel of the left-hand bit.

Cooperative Principle

Conversations follow rules of etiquette because conversations are social interactions, and therefore depend on social convention. Specific rules for conversation arise from the cooperative principle. Failure to adhere to these rules causes the conversation to deteriorate or eventually to end. Contributions to a conversation are responses to what has previously been said. The cooperative principle describes how people achieve effective conversational communication in common social situations—that is, how listeners and speakers act cooperatively and mutually accept one another to be understood in a particular way. The cooperative principle is divided into four maxims of conversation: quality, quantity, relevance, and manner.



Mor•phol•o•gy

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A•bout

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Bach•e•lor of De•sign

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Faculty members are design practitioners as well as professional teachers. They remain current in their discipline and are committed to continuous improvement as teachers. MacEwan's Bachelor of Design instructors promote inquiry and challenge students to become effective visual communication designers, who are part of a professional community, and whose initiatives have a significant impact on the lives of individuals and the world around them.

Cred•its

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{ Constanza Pacher } Assistant Professor

Design of Covers & Front & Back Matter
{ Lisa Cox & Melaina Goos }

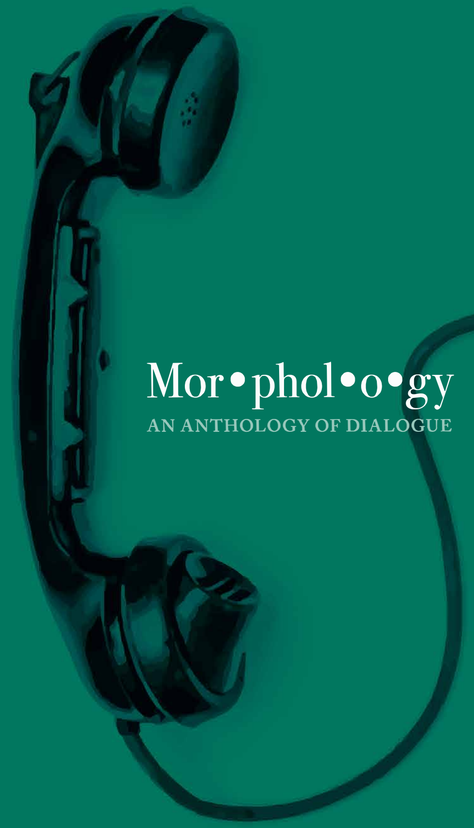
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