

What: Real August
A Fairy Tale

"That is a ~~poor looking gym~~^{runny}, Dante said.
By golly, ~~our school is poor~~^{old}, but we do have ~~street ladder~~^{did}
~~on the wall~~, we do have a ~~side home~~ and a ~~by base~~, ~~ring and~~
~~beams~~, and ~~parallel bars~~ bars and rings and ~~balcon beams~~
side bars and by bars, vaulting boxes and oblique ladders. Let alone
the mats and trampolines.

Where's our fan,
school was poor
exactly of rich
kids with
all right

Noway woman
And here? Nothing. What do you do ~~at gym class~~^{is a gym like that}. ~~Your exercises~~^{have}
a floor - without any apparatus?

"Just wait a moment," Virgil said. Do you know back this?

Not really well, Dante said.

"Want I try?" Virgil said.

At that he opened a door of a well closet and pulled out a
pair of ~~skin~~^{wooden} moccasins ~~on some~~^{sort of} funny mechanism. ~~Not a pair~~ pair of
boots ~~on~~. ~~Then he~~ ~~attached~~ ~~of~~ supports ~~frame~~. ~~What you~~ come
thru' a ~~then~~ standing, and it gets her attached ~~as~~ ~~it~~ ~~is~~.
If they ~~skin~~ would be holdy there. ~~But there~~ ~~is~~ ~~no~~ ~~more~~.

Get into the boot, Virgil said. ~~That's~~ ~~to~~ ~~Everest~~ machine.
~~you~~ ~~remember~~

~~that~~ ~~fills~~ ~~the~~ ~~thrust~~ ~~of~~ ~~your~~ ~~leg~~. ~~That's~~ ~~to~~ ~~Everest~~ ~~is~~ ~~the~~ ~~best~~ ~~to~~
skied ~~do~~ Everest ~~is~~ ~~that's~~ ~~to~~ ~~machine~~ ~~is~~ ~~the~~ ~~best~~ ~~to~~
practice: ~~you~~ ~~can~~ ~~do~~ ~~some~~ ~~practice~~ ~~in~~ ~~the~~ ~~machine~~.

you'll turn it on. Now, as first. Make you turn, it
way it makes you do them. Just follow. ~~step~~ ~~to~~ ~~step~~
step: turn, ~~weight~~ ~~to~~ ~~right~~ ~~step~~: turn. You are doing
really well. Keep for: ~~step~~ ~~turn~~. Now ~~step~~ ~~turn~~.

That good was not. He disappeared in the cloud. There was a moment of total darkness and then:

The Dante found himself in a beautiful, fantastic snow landscape. The sun whose brightness he did not suspect and you could see far into the distant mountains: snow covered tops and rocky peaks.

The snow around him looked fresh and powdery and soft. There is a sunshine, with deep blue shadows in depressions and little holes, here and there, with a gleam that has deep blue in them, or a white, washed too pale. The branches of the pine trees around the beds are full snow, heavy with snow. ^{in the} a pine needle has ice blue, stiff from an ^{ice} ~~ice~~ cliff, with ~~ice~~ icicles, a ball of bees,

"What is that?" Dante called out, Virgil, where are you? where are you?"

Virgil stood next to him. "I just turned to look at you." He explained.

you see, you may have vaulting backs and oblique ladders or you

gym; we have to hold hands in one place; we have all the best of things in one case library; besides that when you, to show his nose, down to the young.

Dante noticed that his skin had begun to slide gently first to provide more. Virgil ~~stared~~ ^{stared} ~~at~~ ^{at} ~~him~~ ^{him}, next to him, although he had no skin.

"You ~~can~~ ~~not~~ ~~hear~~ ~~me~~ ~~then~~ ~~to~~ ~~hear~~ ~~my~~ ~~voice~~, far ~~away~~ ~~here~~."

You are the about to what to descend from Diavolezza in voice said. You might well hear me in a moment. Follow your friend closely. ~~Copy every~~ ~~word~~ Every movement.

Il Parnaso,
and Schreyer and
Wagner, and
the valley and
Alto, what -
when you want

At the same time an orange Parakeet came sharply over to the ^{slope} ~~horizon~~ L to right,
 and cut in ~~with~~ right in front of him, and a beautiful ^{very} parallel way, that brought
 about the enveloping him in a clearing of powder snow. The bird went on, right -
 front of Dante. Dante followed, at a fixed distance. He turned &
 his machine, & he was turned before him. He was at first, the father,
 straight, then parallel L & by, ^{the machine} weeded over a gully. To the man's side
 as angel, Dante thought. He perfect in a angle. and he kept after him,
 making his form a 4 machine, ~~on~~ ^{the} ~~ground~~ ^{on} the pavement felt, at 4
 preserve his speed.

Keep your eyes for a
 look like in voice
 next clear way
 for the number -
 turn! make your
 view flexible?

Virgil has disappeared. Then, all of a sudden, it was pitch
 dark again, ^{from} ^{the} ~~the~~ ^{light} ~~was~~ ^{was}, he was back in the zone, slide
 making his preservation turns in the machine.

~~I thought that was enough, - Virgil was not, - numbers of
 layers.~~ ^{Virgil was.} Pretty nice, don't you think?

^{now there} I saw saw anything so beautiful, Dante said, and I
 don't know either that I could ski so well. ^{to want to try, but} ~~At a bit later~~
^{without the guide, that is.} ~~Could I just ski at this point?~~

^{You can't} ~~of course not.~~ Virgil was because, of course, you
 are not really skiing at all. you aren't even moving for the
 31' in Cambridge this time, it may be, see pictures, and you
 can't change that. you have to move exactly in way you are being -
 otherwise it doesn't work. you have to change. ^{It's programmed} ~~But~~ ^{you} ~~clear~~
~~and let it that machine~~ ^{change}; you too far into shape like to then

1 Grand Harbour of Malta is our Last Library, Virgile
said proudly, "and is Rome straightly Channel and to
Strait of Malacca. You learn a lot sail of the progress, 4-
km, - not only about sailing, but also ^{and to meet} ~~navigation~~ - and ~~safe~~ ^{and} ~~and~~ ^{trippic}
experts - ~~rehears~~ - the as it progresses I like her!

May

5/10/64
stop, he would & want to get off

he shouted. "Quick - where's the bathroom?"

but he had no idea, really

Virgil laughed. He jumped out of his seat, and looked off to the left. - And the Dant found himself back on firm ground. "Here," Virgil said, "take the pill: it's a real sea-sickness pill. You'll be all right in a few minutes."

"It's a real sea-sickness pill?" Dant asked.

"It's better than real!" Virgil answered. "You sea-sickness is pretty real - the thing is, it's not real: you're ^{just} cooking yourself green. Here, take it. If it were a placebo, Virgil thought, I probably would be home, ~~for really, surreal things~~ If an unreal pill can get you ^{really} sick, an unreal medicine may even get you really well again."

> "I'll show you something else. He said.

He pushed the boat back into its wall closet.

Virgil opened another door, and pushed out a life-size horse, not real horse hair, fully bridled and saddled. Like the skin and the boat, it was braced in a vat of medicine. "Get on!" Virgil said. Now, you see, how you push - and to know how fast as Canter, it can even buck and jump.

Dant thought of the saddle in the gym of the ship. ~~boat~~ His mother had come over from Europe. His mother had died there, but she had come over from Italy on a boat. She travelled First Class, but she had emigrated from Italy, at the time of Fascism. One day during the trip - so his mother had told him - all the tourists and several class kids were allowed to see the first class, and they could play in the gym for a hour. After that was the saddle.

Dante has begun, I feel better.

"Could you keep the boat out here, and put the skin garments into
the cases so that you might take the boat down to every mountain?
The really perfect spirit of things here."

"I guess you could," Virgil said, somewhat hesitantly. "I don't
know. We must do that: you will know."

"To see the world?" Dante inquired, but he put no answer.

"What? I shall go somewhere else," Virgil said.

The thought of ~~going to the plain, which was little~~ to make many faces in
front of a mirror. And, ~~once~~ at one time, one of the birds fed him. If you
make faces in front of a mirror, ~~and~~ ~~then~~ by candle light, and the bells
ring, your face shows like that of me!"

"I'll go somewhere else," Virgil said.

out always

a saddle without a horn: a mechanical saddle. and a set of bridle attached
to the saddle. They were suitable to be held to, and, accordingly, to what one you know a,
the saddle was of heavy iron and motion of a heavy horse. You know
post is your situation; or at least of our, like a German forest. by your ^{own} ~~own~~
or in other words, it is saddle was center. The First-class passengers
exercised on a saddle every day. Probably, when they closed their eyes,
they were in ^{valley} parks around their mansions, where they exercised their
also horns of horn, Dant. thought.

One did not know to close one's eyes here. When the
lens he turned on, he found himself walking through a
^{pinnacled} ~~pleasant~~ park. There was a little lake, with swans,
arching the necks like question marks; followed by a train
of high drinking. Weeping willows, ~~then became generous~~
shook the green manes in the wind casting fine, generous
shadows on the scintillating water. He galloped ^{over} a wide
meadow, where were poppies and cornflowers, then deer deer were
grazing, and reached a small path, on the left side, where
the oak and beech forest.

"That's a Park of Schloss Pyramidenberg, in
Germany." - Vincent explained.

But ~~at once~~ that, it was made we have, heads, of course
our obstacle course, and one fast hour. It's funny,
you know, but hardly anybody ever to have any more.
It's not popular."

and don't try to feed the fish or walk to plants because it would
 be ~~quite~~ a mess! There take that too: The chess game:
 so you'll have some company. She's far out!
 and as that he grabbed a little chess table with two
 benches attached to it, and a couple of boxes. Let's go.

Dank played museum for a while. He filled his room with
 medieval knights in armor, and a collection of swords and halberd.
 He wanders too much if knights were - hardly being called the museum -
 or whole, perhaps, if we a disportia of to larger. He composed
 up the local mine of to Denton Museum and Lingens Bay before
 the narrow shaft where rock blocks men were failing and uncon-
 forably, but he thought of his poor folk, out to be need more than.
 He went to to ~~Portland Museum~~ ^{the} first out too this whole case

Finer of view
 in it. Paul, Miranda

~~My really wanted:~~ When he showed all about laser - crystal laser and
 liquid laser and gas laser. They showed shows of sparkling particles as
 a high-energy pulsed ruby laser made a circle in a sheet of mica
 wheel. Blue brush, red and gold brush - both the fireworks - Laser crystals
 He saw wondrous can shape called interference patterns, and he to figure ^{great to describe} R. while making
 of a day ^{energy} form in space; by playing laser rays back through a
 photographic plate. / Laser and mirror, mirror and laser.

of our look at
 of for all any;
 if we there: full bloom.

He saw Dr. Fowles and Dr. Skellern, working at Bell Telephone Laboratories
 in New York, but also at ~~ultra-quiet~~ ^{Leona, in room, Beaumont.} ~~lab.~~
 Dr. Haiman at Hughes Research Laboratories, California, and was talking
 about a ^{sub}sonic, vehicle propelled by a ^{low-} ~~low-~~ ^{speed} ~~speed~~.

Then he fixed himself a beautiful room, to live in, for himself and
 tomorrow. Oh, perhaps tomorrow he would change it. He chose a fine
 catalogue, took up 11 numbers, and got a large. He chose a spacious
 bed room living room - there was a beautiful paper queen sized bed in an
 alcove in a backroom. The front part was a parlour with comfortable leather
 arm chair and a marble top round table. A big, antique Chinese
 vase adorned both side of the door, and through a window, a terraced
 garden, with pines and cypresses, and beautiful clipped Laurel hedges
 and shrubs, descended down to a blue sea. There was a very pleasant,
 view to the sea & the coast.

When his mother saw & cried - she had told him - poor
 people did wonderful things to the house during Christmas time.
 Once a year, she had seen, even the poorest but could look like
 a little palace - by night time: lit with hundreds of colored electric
 bulbs in wonderful patterns. The chains to the entrance door of her parents
 humble tent, she had seen, looked like Jacob's ladder, a stair case to
 heaven, and all along the front of the house, there were big, glowing flowers
 glimmering in the dark like rubies, ~~and~~ topazes and emeralds,
 and they were ~~just~~ twinkling in the wind in a gentle murmur.
 They sounded like glass, because the reeds were glass. It
 must have been, very very beautiful.

But what would his mother say now, if she saw

his poor little transformation into a palace.

As he gazed out of the window, over the spacious garden, with a couple of idle greyhounds peacefully playing in the distance - he heard ~~from~~ ^{from} ~~our~~ ^{the birds of paradise} there, in the air, all too familiar noise: the neighing, whose heat, in reality, stood right next, very clear, to his own, were as if ~~in~~ ⁱⁿ ~~the~~ ^{the} walls seemed to ~~thump~~, ~~rock~~ ~~the~~ ~~chairs~~, the sound which were part of ~~the~~ ^{the} ~~land~~ ^{land} of slum-scape: Giggles and moaning, shrilly ~~at~~ ^{at} ~~night~~, and screams, and the thuds of hard objects being hurled - probably ~~from~~ ^{from} ~~the~~ ^{the} furniture - - and thumping and shrieks: ~~the~~ ^{the} ~~sound~~ ^{sound} of rage and constraint and violence - almost every day.

'My god,' Dante thought. 'They probably don't know any better.' The colour did not know that the slum-scape was gone, as far as was dear to Government, and that this vulgar, sound did not fit into Dante's poetic surroundings, could it? possible to coming to him from the spacious garden: sounded ghastly unreal.

When crying and fuming for weeks had died down, Dante decided at his leisure for a game of chess. He walked right through the furniture, and picked up the chess table, which was packed next to the wall, carried it next to

He tried to touch them, but his hand went right through; they were lava pieces.

"While he's first move" she said.

He played thoughtfully, taking his time. She responded to each move in a split second.

At one point he got confused, and ~~overlooked to find that~~ ~~his bishop was~~ moved his bishop into an unwise position, exposed to the attack of his queen.

She ~~looked at him~~ seemed amazed and amused.

She shook her beautiful locks, she looked at him, squinted her eyes at him, smily, and a charming dimple appeared on his left cheek. "You could have done better than that!" she said melodiously, innocently, ~~then~~ ~~to~~ ~~be~~ ~~quite~~ ~~respectful~~. "Now if you want to insist on the move, press the o.k. button, and we'll go on. If you want to back to where you were in 'correct' button, ~~you~~ ~~will~~ ~~be~~ ~~able~~ ~~to~~ ~~press~~ ~~the~~ ~~o.k.~~ ~~button~~ ~~and~~ ~~make~~ ~~a~~ ~~different~~ ~~move~~."

He pressed the "correct" button, and changed to move.

At another point, he took his hand off his queen. "Oh you silly darling!" she exclaimed, "that won't do you any good

at all!" and she demanded not to jump tips on to checkbook.
After three moves, she took her queen.

Dante had ~~closed to~~ did not know what he was trying or
loosing. What he wanted was to hear her say again so charmingly
"you cannot have done better than that!" or "Oh yes really darling!"
And she said it, again and again: shaking her beautiful locks,
squinting her eyes. She sang melodious, innocently, and a
dimple appeared on her left cheek.

Dante was a Foreigner.

He replaced the computer. She disappeared. The white black-
piece and queen were lost, and all the black white piece, the
disarray were left in hand. He replaced the computer: the
poker is "get ready" better. She came Mary to Christ
door, not slow and said, "Hi, my name is Beatrix,
I am your chess partner.

But confounded her so in that she did not talk
with a sticky-mouth voice, she did not smile like a robot:
she was red, alive, it had beautiful form in her eye.
But she couldn't get out of that programme, and if he wanted to
communicate with her, he had to compare to that programme.

he could not say, let's go and see it, ~~that~~ ice cream soda,
he could not take her to the movies, hold her hand, kiss her.

Dan's began to understand why it little girls of
the gym didn't like to horse ride program. He goes home
like this, he wants like this,...

Hold her hand, kiss her. ^{He followed her back} ~~Established~~, he broke out of
the water. He stretched his arms across the table, his hands cupped,
he grasp the breast.

The feel of void was shocking. How you can feel to find
some one a firm hand shake, and the person responds not a completely person,
flaccid, ~~dead~~, hand?

That is what Dan's seemed, ^{and, it felt as two perfect} ~~overlapping~~ void. But the
he noted that his own hand had become ^{solid} part of her breast:
a part that he could ~~move~~ be part of him and of her. It
gave him an unrepeatable thrill. Beside himself, he turned his
other hand into the neck of her top...

But after a minute, he seemed to feel fully
of his doing. He kept tears filled his eyes. "I love you,"
Dan's sobbed, "I want you so much", "Please I want you to be real!"

he knew she was there. He did not hear her talk either, but he clearly perceived what she said. This is what she said, while he saddle was gently trotting. "Dank," she said, "you have been a good boy all year. You have done well at school. You have been obedient to your father. You have kept it home for him & him you could. You have not stolen anything. You have not cheated anybody; you have not been mean - not even entertained mean thoughts - well, hardly any - -

And you should be home you reward. I grant you three wishes. Wish whatever you want. But be sensible, even to your wishes." "Oh, Mum"

Dank said, "Is this true, is this really true?" But the saddle was already getting distant, and in little time was absent ~~different~~ ~~in~~ ~~the~~ his absence being much more penetrating.

"My god," Dank said, "I wish... I wish... I wish that the what have words, the way I build it, should become real: Everything: real."

He awoke: and found himself lying on the green sizer oak bedstead, ^{enveloped in} ~~covered~~ by a silk-couvent ^{the linen, green, and lavender} ~~carpet~~ ^{carpet} ^{had been}. He started up. He touched ~~the~~ ~~padding~~ ~~his~~ hand over every ^{inches} ^{of} it ^{he} ^{then}: it was there. Solid, polished oakwood, most pleasing to touch. He closed his eyes, to sense it yet better. And thought, that's it, my

a blind man see the real world, with his fingers, and with his eyes turned inward he sees inner phenomena.

He made his way through the living room, knocking his skin against the ~~rough~~ ^{rough} iron leg of the marble topped table, & he ~~carelessly~~ ^{disregardfully} tried to walk through again. He very consciously abstained from kicking the China vase ~~in the~~ ^{by the} side of the door. He went to the bathroom. Well nothing had changed there, except that it looked even squalid, next to the new living room. The water, which was of poor quality, had eaten a rusty channel from the ceiling panel, down the wall to the drain. The enamel, rough and catching grime in irremovable stains, was flaking off here and there. So was the linoleum floor. There were some pieces of ~~newspaper~~ ^{old newspaper} lying as a rusty mass next to the toilet, which had no seat, and was cracked and badly stained.

Oh my god. Damn thought. of course I've forgotten the bathroom. And, as he ~~was~~ ^{had} stepped ~~to~~ ^{to} climb in and that nearly had to take his shower, he then remembered that he still had to urinate left, but he certainly would not wash there in the bathroom;

Horrible to behold; the neighbours were at it again. From here he could hear it distinctly. ^{It was} He was yelling, then he & great rumble and clatter, and a woman was shrieking. It sounded as though he had knocked

her down.

Dante hurried to get out of that bathroom.

He opened the living room window, and breathed with delight the fresh morning breeze, pregnant with the sweet aroma of flowering shrubs and trees. The smell of violets, *proprammum* and *laser* *proprammum* he thought, with a momentary fit of names. But then he realized, well, it's real too: the need for smell-violets. He walked out onto the terrace, and down the ^{porch} steps, flanked by *Strobilium*, but thought of his absence to heaven his mother had seen when she was a child. But he didn't feel lonely in all this splendour. There were a living soul around with whom to share his excitement. No! one he remembered to have taken to the case scene, were there only. He called for them, but a reverberating echo of his own voice was the only answer. "I don't know" He thought. "I really don't know." And as that he turned around, skipping up to stairs, not to leave, ^{my house} ~~down~~ out a *laser* street.

The street was just a tunnel. A slung bushy woods a *laser* one another, ^{and} piles of filth and garbage on sidewalks and gutters. But it so happens that nobody was there at all. He walked by the school, a book of Virgil: "I wanted to find out for Virgil what had become of *laser* programme. But Virgil

for water to be seen. Some body has predicted, striking a lamp. But, somehow
Dante did not want to go through that again and quickly closed the door.

Some what dejected, he ~~went~~ ^{returned} back to his parental home.

Well, now comes the biggest and best; the thought, embracing himself.

Now comes Beatrice.

He pulled the chestnut out, like the day before, plucked
in a computer, and pushed the "get ready" button. She came
through the closed door, sat herself on the bench and said, "Hi,
my name is Beatrice, and I am your chess partner."

"Oh no, he groaned. "She isn't any more real
than she was yesterday." He tried to pump his hands, in
vain, Beatrice, he roared you were supposed to be real body,
don't you understand?" He

She nodded, lowering her glance, chastely. Then she
said, sweetly but with authority. "Take the dice out of a box
and run through it. It will tell you whether you are going
to play black or white."

"Oh no, not again, he groaned. Then he merged
his ^{left} hand with his breast and delved his right arm deep
into his ^{inner} ~~chest~~ ^{breast}, and shook them, for long bitter sweet seconds.
Then he disconnected his computer, and cried.

At night, under the luminous twilight computer, he dreamed again.

There was a saddle, horse and rider, galloping toward him across
 a vast baseball field. He thought his head a bit and said "Why?" - Then -
 "Why isn't she real like ~~any~~ everything else? I love her so! I want her
 real."

"You silly boy" he perceived he was saying. "If the records don't
 grade as real, if they're programmed, then the girl can't be real.
 If I want to make Beatrix real, all natural things cannot be better
 he knows to write about and make. Living things are perfectly
 totally different ^{type} light sources, ya dummy. And if I want to freeze them
 I would need to find energy that nothing else could resist. We can do
 things beyond science -- things that science does not yet understand,
 but may be some time will understand... but we cannot do anything
against science. To substantiate immaterial objects -- hell, light, and
 includes plants -- and people at the same time is not possible.
 You should have been -- a ^{v. q. l. t.} more precise and clear with
 yourself and with me. You should have said: I want Beatrix --
 and you would have had to. But now, the, step origin, you
 miscomprehend. You know the man better. So, for you get
 the fellow.

Dave kept robbing for a little while, but he doesn't know
 and knew his name, and then he said, as clearly and distinctly

as he could: "I want Beatrice, real and alive, and all the rest of the landscape - the room, and the furniture and the garden ~~too~~ should become a loose outdoor affair."

The saddle was getting distant, trotting. You could hear poked to him in the slumps. And Dant was awaking by his falling down a bit of hard cold floor. He took her head and ~~was~~ ^{was} ~~covered~~ silk-covered eyelid down computer, her 9 lower phantoms, once more.

When he had pushed the "get ready" button, he heard a knock at the door. "Come in!" He shouted, rising from his bench. There she was: Beatrice. She seemed the most beautiful he knew than during his previous days.

The morning sun was kissing her golden hair. "Hi," he said, "you seem to be Beatrice": Nice to ~~meet you~~ meeting you." She stood near the door, chewing a piece of gum.

"Nice looking place you got!" "Just for a week-end, he said. "I gave it up. I gave it up for you, Beatrice" he said, too soon, too emphatically. "What's the matter with you when you're not, chewing, somewhat comically, and, before

he comes present at she tried to see herself in one of the leather-upholstered arm chairs, and felt it slip through and set ^{with her} on the floor. "Oh, my god" he said, "and you got it!"

"What a crummy place she says"

like you can't see it & chess.

He helped her to get up. He touches her
he felt her. He felt golden, silky hair enveloped his
hand, & he led it slide over his ~~hand~~ shapely breast,
soft but firm. Somewhat stunned as his he had never known.

"If you want to sit, you have to sit there, he said, pointing
to the bench. "Here. Shall we play a game of chess?"

~~of chess, you see~~ "O.K." she said. He took a black
piece and a white piece out of his hat, one each in his hand,
what he wanted, one to table. "Left" she said. She
drew black. They each arranged their ~~piece~~ pieces and

piece, and he sharply, silently. "I don't look but a
few moves, ^{before} ~~until~~ he managed to get his bishop into an
inconvenient position, exposed to be attacked by the queen.

She shook her locks, squinting her eye, and a
charming dimple appeared on her left cheek as she smiled.

"You could have done better than that" she said

indulgently:

His heart was throbbing in his throat.

"Can I have it back?" He asked, oh, sure
she said, "It's only a pretty game!"

"You like to play?" He asked

"Oh, sometimes ^{if I'm in a game} I feel damn boring at the start,

Chewing, cowardly.

He noted that, when she acted within the programme, she was sublime, she was ravishing. He would have given up, not only his palace, but his life, to have her, to be with her. When she was acting out of the programme, she tended to be ~~vulgar~~ ordinary: vulgar.

His mind was not on his strategy. He did not think three moves ahead when he took her home with his queen. "You silly darling," she exclaimed, as though that were going to do you any good! - and she had his queen.

He stretched his arm, he grasped for his breast. "Cut out the crap," she said. You're wasting so time ain't you. You want to get on!

He was utterly confused, noting that, when she acted within the programme, she was sublime, she was ravishing. He would have given up, not only his palace, but his life, to have her to be with her. When she was acting out of the programme, she tended to be very ordinary: vulgar. He ~~got~~

He got up

"Why don't we go out and do something" she suggested - "get an ice cream, go see a movie."

Well, he said. Why not you ~~bring~~ ^{buy} a picnic food, I know it. So get some ice cream to be safe.

got any ~~to sleep~~ anyway, and he was - it's all the same, which
 do you want to see there, or which it's in here. I can change
 the time program, if you want. To be seen with a pine and there in the

next world was not
 the way to do, he thought.

He changed furniture, decor, and ~~to do~~ to see for
 the window, a few times; and he he said, "I like it first
 and best," and put it back.

Not all of pine &
 specify as that.

A Swiss chalet
 in the mountains;
 & sent home our
 Nanukta;

"You sleep on the next bed," he said. It's more
 comfortable. To sleep where the last bed is; I like it
 the way. That's what I've been doing to put the night.

She took of her headscarf and lay on the bed, not half
 naked. He was dressed like snuggles in jeans and pulled
 the half way down. He was electricity. Her skin was golden
 brown. She was not smiling, but there was not an ounce of
 fat on her. "Oh, come on. What are you waiting for?" she
 said. His face was lovely and yellow. He came heavily
 there. His jeans were bursting.

She forced him of his jeans. She ~~pushed~~
~~his, bigger than it had ever been before, and did unexpected~~
^{his.} things to it. She made him squeal and wince and delight
 and pain and delight.

"Now I know you know it's done." She said, and then,

happen if it has ever run out there! No: I know, Beatrice
 has got to go. And I do have one wish left, Mollie: I wish,"
 he said, choking his sobs, "~~I wish~~ and he said it as clearly and as
 coherently as he could, "I wish that Beatrice should be a loose constraint
 again, so that I can switch her off... and on" he added, just as one.

The saddle gave him a last, amicable little push, and then it
 walked away, slowly, limping, and got lost in the distance.

When ^{Dante} he got up, Beatrice was sitting on the bench
 at the chess table. She looked more beautiful than ever. Hi, he
 said, did you sleep well? She said: "Take the dice out of the box
 now, and throw it: it will tell you whether you are going
 to play black or white." "No," he said, "not today." He stretched
 his arms across the table, and pressed his hands, on both sides,
 one to the face, his hair, he brushed her leg: Even so lightly, so lightly
 he couldn't really tell whether she was there or not.

By ~~by~~, Beatrice he ~~was~~. Then he got up, disconnected
 the computer and switched off the lights.

She has gone. And it never looks so dead
 and dreary. So dead and dreary. I blow it, I really
 blow it, he thought, he loaded all the apparatus on
 the trolley he pushed it back to school.

Near the entrance, he ran into Virgil. Hi, Virgil said, man, ya
look glum on this beautiful morning! Didn't ya have fun
with it lasten.

"Lots of fun", Dante said. They're great, really. And
ya know what, I do want to borrow them again, but take them
over to the mine when my dad works! The view's nice!
Ya know, if I can get sea sick on that last ocean, he can't
possibly get black lung in all that show! What's real anyway,
and who cares.

WHAT'S REAL ANYWAY

A Fairy Tale

Lasers are queer things.

Light that cuts, sharper than knives

pierces, faster than bullets

inhabits the grey zone between material and immaterial,
still mysterious to most minds.

It has long been known that laser light, that is, "coherent" light, where waves are all in phase, is most suitable for the making of holograms; and holography is the basis of three-dimensional photography: a process so different from traditional two-dimensional image-making. Holography captures the reflected waves which travel outward from an illumined point in concentric spherical "wave fronts," like the ripples emanating from a pebble thrown into still water. The pattern thus created by a multitude of interfering wave fronts is recorded, or "frozen," as it were, and can be "unfrozen" at any time. The reconstructed waves are identical to the original ones. They can be focused through a lense, re-evoking the image of the original object before the eyes of the observer in full and three-dimensional form.

The oldest among our readers perhaps remember a place called Disney Land: a sort of amusement park, not far from what used to be the city of Los Angeles. Visitors to the park could enjoy themselves by riding, among other things, a trolley car taking thrm through a ghost house there: a delapidated mansion reconstructed without overly daring flights of imagination, with skeleton hands grabbing you from behind, collisions threatening from unsuspected mirrors, and hanged men falling from gallows on the

German - Die Drei
Menschen (identical)

WHAT'S REAL ANYWAY

A Fairy Tale

"That's a crummy looking gym," Dante said. "At home school was poor all right, but we did have bars and rings and balance beams and vaulting bucks and oblique ladders. Not to mention the mats and trampolines. And here? Nothing. What do you do in a gym like this? Monkey business -- without any apparatus?"

"Wait a minute," Virgil said. "Do you know how to ski?"

"Not really," Dante said.

"Want to try,? Virgil said

At that he opened the door of a wall closet and pulled out a contraption, consisting of a pair of skis mounted on some sort of turning mechanism; a pair of boots mounted on the skis; a supporting frame, in which you could imagine a man standing, and the poles attached on either side, the way a skier would be holding them.

"Get into the boots," Virgil said. "That is the Everest machine. The man who skied down the Everest invented it, to practice. I'll turn it on: slow at first. Make your turns, the way it makes you do them. Just follow. Weight on the left ski: turn. Weight on the right ski: turn. You are doing really well. Keep going. Faster now, and sharper turns. That's good. Now wait."

He disappeared in the closet. There was a moment of total darkness and then:

Dante found himself in a snow scene. The sun was shining brightly. The air was limpid and you could see far into the distant mountains: snow-covered slopes and rocky peaks.

The snow around him looked fresh and powdery and glittered in the sunshine, with deep blue shadows in depressions and little holes. here and there, where a mouse might have dug through the snow, or a skier rested his pole. The branches of the fir trees around were laden with fresh snow, waving in the breeze. To his left, a frozen waterfall hung stiff from a high cliff, with icicles as tall as trees.

"What on earth is that," Dante called out, "Virgil, for god's sake, where are you? Where am I?"

Virgil stood next to him . " I just turned the lasers on. he explained. "You see, you may have vaulting bucks and oblique ladders in your gym: we have the whole world in our gym! We have all the best ski trips in our laser library: the Parsenne, and Schrunz and Wengen, and Sun Valley and Alta. Whatever you want, besides, of course, the slalom race, the down hill race, and the ski jump."

Dante noticed that his skis had begun to glide gently through the powdery snow. Virgil was gliding along, although he had no skis. Then a voice was heard, from nowhere.

"You are now about to start the descent from Diavolezza," the voice said. "Your guide will join you in a moment. Follow your guide exactly: Every movement."

At that, a skier in an orange Parka came shooting down the slope to Dante's right, and cut in right in from of him, with a beautiful, sharp parallel swing that briefly enveloped him in a cloud of powder snow. When the snow had settled, he went on, right in front of Dante. Dante followed, at a fixed distance. He turned in his machine, as the man turned before him. Slow at first, then faster. Straight down, then parallel to a steep slope. "Keep your weight on the lower ski," the voice said, "lean away from the mountain. Turn. Pull your skis together." Then they wedeled down a gully. The man skies like an angel, Dante thought. Probably he is an angel. And he kept after him, making

his turns on the machine, on the prescribed path, in the prescribed rhythm, at the prescribed speed.

Virgil had disappeared. Then, all of a sudden, it was pitch dark again. When the lights went on, he was back in the gym, still making his prescribed turns in the machine.

"I turned off the lasers," Virgil said. "Pretty neat, don't you think?"

"I never saw anything so beautiful," Dante said, "and I never knew I could ski so well."

"Of course you can't," Virgil said, "because, of course you aren't really skiing at all. You aren't even moving from the spot. It's the landscape that moves, the way it has been filmed. It's programmed. Get off now. I'll show you something else."

Dante unbuckled his boots and got off the machine. Virgil rolled it back into the closet. He opened another wall closet and rolled out a life-size sailboat. It was mounted in a frame within which it could pitch and roll.

"That's some little boat!" Dante said.

"It's got a nice mainmast," Virgil boasted, "and a Genoa jib, and a full spinnaker."

When the lasers went on, they found themselves at sea. The water was calm and deep blue, and dolphins were leaping alongside and birds nose-diving to catch fish. They passed a tropical island with sandy beaches and coconut trees and flowers in a riot of colours. Dante thought of the little island in the Mediterranean where his father was born.

The wind was getting stronger. "There is a wind machine, programmed into the laser programme," Virgil explained. They had to move fast to keep the boat steady. Black clouds were gathering, torn by zigzag lightnings. The sea looked dark now and the boat was pitching and

rolling in foam-crested waves which were growing taller and taller. Dante began to feel very squeamish.

"Actually we also have a smellelevision that you can combine with the laser programme," Virgil said dryly. "It's quite nice, but I did not turn it on. Do you want it?"

That did it. The suggestion of the smellelevision, on top of the billowing sea and the heaving and rolling, was too much. "I am sick, I have to....Stop it, please," Dante called out. "Quick, Where is the bathroom?"

Virgil laughed. He jumped out of the boat, right into the biggest wave and through it as if it were not there, and ran to turn off the lasers. The boat was back on firm ground, though still rocking. "Here," Virgil said, "take a seasickness pill. You'll be all right in a few moments."

"Is it real?" Dante asked.

"It better be real," Virgil laughed. "Your seasickness is pretty real, even though the sea was not. Your face looks positively green. Here take it." "If it were a placebo," Virgil said, as an afterthought, it probably would be the same.

Dante was beginning to feel better.

"Could you keep the boat out here, and put the skiing programme into the lasers so that you tack down the snowy mountains?" The pill was getting him high, and he really entered into the spirit of things here.

"I guess you could," Virgil said, somewhat hesitatingly. "I don't know. We never do that: you never know."

"You never know what?" Dante insisted, but he got no answer. He thought of making faces in front of the mirror; and, at one time, one of the kids had told him: If you make faces in front of the mirror,

by candle light, and a bell happens to ring, it freezes: your face stays like that forever!"

"I'll show you something else," Virgil said.

They pushed the boat back into its closet, and, from another closet, they rolled out a horse, fully bridled and saddled. Like the skis and the boat, the horse was braced in a sort of machine. "Get on," Virgil said, "and if you push these buttons, the horse can trot or canter. It can even buck and jump."

Dante thought of the saddle in the gym of the ship on which his mother had come over from Europe. His mother was dead now, but she had come over from Italy on a boat. She had travelled third class, with all the other emigrants from Italy, at the time of Fascism. One day during the trip -- so his mother had told him, all the third-class and second-class kids were allowed to see the first class, and they could play in the gym for an hour. And there was that saddle. A saddle without a horse. A mechanical saddle, with stirrups, and a set of bridles attached to the wall. There were switches on the wall, too, and according to which one you pulled, the saddle would go through the exact motion of a trotting horse. You could post in your stirrups or sit it out, like a German trot. If you pulled the other switch, the saddle would canter. The first-class passengers exercised on the saddle every day. Probably, when they closed their eyes, they saw the walled parks around their mansions, where they exercised their show horses at home, Dante thought.

You didn't have to close your eyes here. When the lasers were turned on, Dante found himself trotting through a lordly park. There was a little lake, with swans, arching their necks like question marks, and behind them, a train of Ugly Ducklings. Weeping willows shook their green manes in the wind casting fine, quivering shadows on the scintillating water. He galloped across a wide meadow, strewn with poppies and cornflowers, where deer were grazing, and reached a bridle path, on the other side, winding through an oak and beech forest.

"Schloss Nymphenburg, Germany," Virgil explained. "But that is the only ride we have, besides, of course, the obstacle course and one fox hunt. It's funny, you know, but hardly anybody uses the horse any more. It's not popular."

"How come?". Dante asked.

"Who knows," Virgil said. "Living beings are different," he said. "When you have a real horse, it responds to what you do, even to what you feel. You communicate, you love it: When living beings are involved, I guess the laser programme becomes boring. So many of the little girls here at school are horse-crazy. At first, you couldn't get them off the horse. But it did not last. Nobody uses the horse now. Next year we are going to get a scuba diving programme."

Virgil turned off the lasers, and they pushed the horse back into its closet.

"You like our gym now?", Virgil asked. "Come, I show you the laser library. You know, we have portable laser equipment, and you can borrow a set and some programmes and take them home over the week-end. There: that is the cylinder containing the laser device; here is the power supply box, and this is the switch to trigger the laser process. Quite simple. And it is fun. You can turn your room into a museum: We have the Deutsche Museum in Munich, and the Museum of Natural History in Chicago, and the Louvre in Paris -- or you can just fill your room with beautiful furniture (any style you want) and put an antique China vase in the corner, or exotic plants, or a tropical aquarium with parrot fish that glisten like emerald and golden hogfish. Just don't try to slump into the luscious sofa, or sit on the chair because it ain't there. Don't worry about bumping your shin 'gainst the corner of the carved cupboard, or breaking the China vase; and don't try to feed the fish or water the plants because you would make a mess. Here: take that too: the chess game: You'll have a surprise," and he grabbed a little chesstable with two benches attached to it, and a couple of boxes. "Let's go."

Dante played museum for a while. He filled his room with mediaeval knights in armour, and a collection of swords and halberts. He wondered how small the knights were -- just about his size -- or whether, perhaps, it was a distortion of the lasers. He conjured up the coal mine of the Deutsche Museum and lingered long before the narrow shafts where soot-blackened men were toiling most uncomfortably, and he thought of his poor father, out there in the real mine. He had the Museum of Science, St. Paul, Minnesota, visit him, and got a demonstration of all sorts of lasers: crystal lasers and solid lasers and liquid lasers. Showers of sparkling particles as a high-energy pulsed ruby laser made a crater in a sheet of stainless steel. Blue bursts, red, and golden bursts: better than fireworks. Laser crystals growing in crucibles. He saw wondrous shapes called "interference patterns," and the figure of a basset hound emerging in space, by playing laser rays back through a photographic plate. People in the museum were looking at it from all angles: It was there, full-blown. Lasers and masers, masers and lasers, and someone was talking about an interplanetary vehicle propelled by a laser-motor.

Then he prepared himself a beautiful room, to live in, for tonight and tomorrow. Or, perhaps, tomorrow he would change it. You choose it from the catalogue, look up the number, and get the film. He chose a spacious bedroom/livingroom: there was a beautiful oaken queen-sized bed in an alcove in the background. The front part was a parlour with comfortable, leather-uphstered armchairs and a marble-top round table. Two rich, antique china vases adorned the sides of the door, and through the bay window a terraced garden, with pines and cypresses and beautifully clipped laurel hedges and statuettes, descended down to a blue ocean. Dante was simply stunned, when he turned on the lasers.

When his mother was a child, she had told him, people did wonderful things to their homes around Christmas time. Once a year, so she said, even the poorest hut could look like a little palace, by night time: Lit with hundreds of coloured electric bulbs in luminous patterns. The humble steps to the entrance door of her parents' hut, she told him, looked like Jacob's

ladder, a staircase to heaven, and all along the front of the house, there were big, glowing flowers glimmering in the dark like rubies, topazes and emeralds. And they tingled in the wind in a gentle music. They sounded like glass, because they really were glass. it must have been very, very beautiful.

But what would his mother say now, if she saw his poor home transformed into this palace?

As he gazed out of the window over the spacious garden, with a couple of Italian greyhounds most gracefully playing in the distance, he heard from out there, from the wide open spaces, an ugly, altoo familiar noise. The neighbours, whose hut, in reality stood right next, very close, to his own, were at it again. The thin walls seemed to magnify rather than dampen the sounds which were part of the slumscape: giggles and moanings, mostly Sasturday nights, and screams and the thuds of hard objects being hurled -- probably real furniture -- and thrashings, and shrieks: sounds of anger and constraint and violence and pain. Almost every day.

My god, Dante thought. They probably don't know any better. They did not know that the slumscape was gone, as far as nextdoor was concerned, and that the vulgar sounds did not fit into Dante's palacial surroundings: could not possibly be coming to him from these spacious gardens: sounded ghastly unreal.

When the crying and fussing had died down, Dante decided it was time for a game of chess. He walked right through the furniture, picked up the chesstable, carried it next to the bay window so he could enjoy the sunset during the game, and plucked in the computer. Then he pressed the button marked "Get ready."

To his amazement, a girl came walking in, right through the closed door. She must have been about his age -- fourteen, fifteen. She was slender, dressed in blue jeans and a T-shirt with a Harvard Chess Club emblem across her chest, framed by softly falling, waist-long golden locks. She was the most beautiful girl Dante had ever seen.

She sat down on the bench opposite him and said, "Hi, my name is Beatrice, and I am your chess partner." She nodded, casting down her eyes, chastely. then she said, sweetly but with authority: "Take the die out of the box now, and throw it. It will tell you whether you are going to play black or white."

Dante obeyed without hesitation. He knew, from his gym experience, that you have to cooperate unquestioningly with the laser phantoms. Otherwise the whole thing falls apart. He drew white. She said: "Press the button marked with the color you drew, and then the OK button."

He complied. She said: "Now place your pieces on the board."

He carefully assembled his pieces and pawns. Her black pieces stood there, all at once, by fiat. He tried to touch them, but his hand went right through: they were laser constructs.

"White has the first move." she said.

He played, thoughtfully, taking his time. She responded to each move in a split second.

At one point, he got confused and moved his bishop into an uncovered position, exposed to the attack of her queen.

She seemed amazed and amused. She shook her beautiful locks, she looked at him, squinting her eyes, smiling, and a charming dimple appeared on her left cheek. "You could have done better than that!" she said melodiously, insinuatingly, gently reproachful. "Now if you want to insist on this move, press the o.k. button, and we'll go on. If you want to take the move back, press the "correction" button, withdraw to your last position, and make a different move."

He pressed the "correction" button and changed his move.

A little later he took her horse with his queen. "Oh you silly darling!", she exclaimed, "that won't do you any good at all!" And she drummed with her finger tips on the chess table. After three moves, she took his queen.

Dante did not care whether he was winning or losing. What he wanted was to hear her say again and again so charmingly, "you could have done better than that!" or "Oh, you silly darling!" And she said it, again and again, shaking her beautiful locks, squinting her eyes. She said it melodiously, insinuatingly, and a dimple appeared on her left cheek.

Dante was in a frenzy.

He unplucked the computer. She disappeared. The black pieces and pawns were gone too, and only his pieces, in disarray, were left on the board. He reconnected the computer; he pushed the "Get ready" button. She came through the closed door, sat down, and said, Hi, my name is Beatrice. I am your chess partner.

What confounded him so was that she did not talk with a mickey-mouse voice, she did not move like a robot: she was real, alive, the most beautiful girl he had ever seen. But she could not get out of that programme, of course, and if he wanted to communicate with her, he had to conform to the programme. He could not say, "let's go and have an ice cream," he could not take her to the movies, hold her hands, kiss her.

Dante began to understand why the little girls didn't like the horse-riding programme at the gym. When you want living beings, you want living beings.

Hold her hands. Kiss her. He gathered his guts, he broke out of the mold. He stretched his arms across the table, his hands cupped, to grasp her breasts.

The feeling of void was shocking. Have you ever tried to give a firm hand-shake to a person, and that person responds with a completely passive, flacid hand?

What Dante felt was much worse than that. But then he noted that his own hand had become a bulging part of her breast. A part that was part of himself

and of her. That was the way the laser had it. It gave him an unspeakable thrill. Beside himself, he moved his other hand into the region of her lap.

But after a minute, he sensed the total futility of his doings. Tears filled his eyes. "I love you," Dante sobbed, "I want you so much, Beatrice, I want you to be real."

He disconnected the computer, threw the black pieces back into their box, and carried the chestback to the wall.

Outside, the moon had risen and stood lordly over his well groomed garden. Dante's heart was heavy and his mind was exhausted. He walked through the living room furniture, and gave a frustrated kick to the China vase that kept his foot dangling mid-air. He went to the alcove to lay himself down on the magnificent queen-size oak bedstead, and fell right through it, to the floor. He did not care. He fell into a leaden sullen sleep

How long he slept, in deep unconsciousness, he did not know, but then he had a wondrous dream.

It was the saddle. The saddle from the ship on which his mother came from the old country, when she was a child. Horseless and riderless, the saddle came galloping across the school's baseball field, right up to where he stood. The horse was absent, and his mother was absent. But the horse's absence was quite different from his mother's absence. The horse was not there the way it had not been there on the ship. It was not meant to be there. His mother, evidently, was not there either, but he knew she was there. He did not hear her talk, but he clearly perceived what she said. This is what she said while the saddle was reflecting gently the absent horse's pawing on the ground. "Dante," she said, caro Dante, you have been a good boy all year. You have done well at school. You have been obedient to your father. You have kept the house for him as best you could. You have not stolen anything. You have not cheated anybody; you haven't been mean with anybody -- not even entertained mean thoughts -- well, hardly any -- and you should have

your reward. Se no, non c'è gusto. Lo so bene, caro Dante. I grant you three wishes. Wish whatever you want. Qualunque cosa. But be sensible, even in your wishes."

"Oh, Mum," Dante said, "is that true, is that really true?"

But the saddle was already getting distant, and his mother now was absent in the sense that her absence was now much more penetrating.

"My god, Dante said, "I wish...I wish...I wish...that the whole laser world, the way I built it should become real. Everything: REAL."

He awoke, and found himself lying on the queen-sized oak bedstead, enveloped in a silk-covered eiderdown comforter, the lightest, loveliest and warmest he had ever seen. He started up. He passed his hand over every millimeter of the bed. it was there. Solid, polished oakwood, most pleasing to the touch. He closed his eyes to sense it still better. And he thought, that's the way a blind man sees the real world, with his fingers, and with his eyes turned inward he sees laser phantoms.

He made his way through the living room, knocking his shin against the wrought iron leg of the marble-top table, as he distractedly tried to walk through it again. He very consciously abstained from kicking the China vase by the side of the door. He went to the bathroom.

Well, nothing had changed there. except that it looked even slummier, next to that new livingroom. The water, which was of poor quality, had eaten a rusty channel from the leaking faucet, down the wall, broadening and getting blacker, all the way to the drain. The enamel, rought and catching grime into irremovable stain, was flaking off here and there. So was the linoleum floor. There were some pieces of old newspaper hung on a rusty nail next to the toilet, which had no seat, and was cracked and badly stained.

Oh my god, Dante thought. Of course I forgot the bathroom. And as he climbed into that nasty tub to take his shower, he remembered that he still had two wishes left. But he certainly would not waste them on the bathroom!

horrible to behold: the neighbours were at it again. From here he could hear it distinctly. The man, yelling, there was a great rumble and clatter, and the woman was shrieking. It sounded as though he had knocked her down.

Dante hurried out of the bathroom.

He opened the livingroom window, and breathed with delight the fresh morning breeze, pregnant with the sweet aroma of flowering shrubs and trees. The smellelevision, programmed into the laser programme, he thought, with a momentary fit of nausea. But then he realized, well, it's real now: no need for smellelevision. He walked out onto the terrace and down the palatial steps flanked by statuettes and thought of the staircase to heaven his mother had seen when she was a child. An arbour of wisteria; roses, rows of roses, and a sea of Iris and gladiola, sloping down to the real sea: calm and unreally stark blue against this outrage of colour. If the wind rose, Dante thought to himself, who knows, maybe these flowere would tingle like glass. And then he wondered where the streets and houses had gone that used to be here. Maybe they were underground now, and didn't even know it, or maybe he...He had another brief attack of nausea, and began to feel lonely in all this splendour. There wasn't a living soul around with whom to share his excitement. Not even the greyhounds he had noted on the laser scene, were there today. He called out for them, but a reverberating echo of his own voice was the only answer. "I don't know," he thought. "I really don't know." And at that he turned around, skipping up the stairs, into the house, through the livingroom, out into the street.

The street was just as usual. The slummy huts crowding one another, and piles of filth and garbage on sidewalks and gutters. But it so happened that nobody was there at all. He walked towards school, to look for Virgil: It would be fun to show Virgil

what had become of the laser programme. But Virgil was nowhere to be seen. Somebody was practicing skiing in the gym, but, somehow, Dante did not want to go through that again, and quickly he closed the door.

Dejected, he returned to his palatial home. Well, now comes the biggest and best, he thought, encouraging himself. Now comes Beatrice.

He pulled the chess-table out, like the day before, plugged in the computer, and pushed the "Get ready" button. She came through the closed door, sat herself on the bench opposite and said, "Hi, my name is Beatrice, and I am your chess partner."

"Oh no!," he groaned. "She isn't any more real than she was yesterday. He tried to grasp her hands: in vain. "Beatrice," he sobbed, "you were supposed to be real today. dont' you understand?"

She nodded, lowering her eyes, chastely. Then she said, sweetly but with authority: "Take the die out of the box and throw it. It will tell you whether you are going to play black or white."

"Oh no, not again!", he cried. Then he merged his left hand with her breast and delved his right arm deep into her insubstantial lap, and stood there, for long, bitter-sweet seconds. Then he disconnected the computer, and cried.

At night, under the luscious eiderdown comforter, he dreamed again. There was the saddle, horseless and riderless, it came trotting towards him, across the old baseball field. He threw his head on it and said, "Why? Mom, Why isn't she real like everything else? I love her so! I want her to be real!"

"Sciocchino!", he perceived her saying. "If the room and the garden are real, the way you programmed it, then the girl can't be real. Grullino! If I were to make Beatrice real, all material things around her would be burned to white dust and ashes. It takes a totally different type of laser -- pulsed lasers utilizing capacitor banks for energy storage of many thousands of joules at several kilovolts -- to concretize the

the laser construct of a human being. We can do things beyond science: things that scientists do not yet understand, but some day maybe will understand -- but we cannot do anything against science. To substantiate inert objects -- well, up to, and including, plants -- and people at the same time is not possible. Dovresti spiegarti meglio. You should have said: I want Beatrice. And you would have had her. But now, caro Dante, stop crying, bambino che sei. What is the matter. You have two more wishes. So, get your act together."

Dante kept sobbing for a little while, but he dried his tears and blew his nose, and then he said, as clearly and distinctly as he could, "I want Beatrice, real and alive; and all the rest of the landscape -- the room, and the furniture, and the garden, should become laser constructs again. Without any substance."

The saddle was getting distant. trotting, you could have posted the trot in the stirrups. And Dante was awakened by his falling down through the bed onto the hard cold floor. The oaken bedstead and the silk-covered eiderdown comforter, was a laser phantom once more.

When he had pushed the "Get ready" button, he heard a knock at the door. "Come in!" he shouted, rising from his bench. There she was: Beatrice. She seemed even more beautiful to him than during the previous days. The morning sun was kissing her golden hair. "Hi, he said. "you must be Beatrice: nice meeting you!"

She stood near the door, chewing a piece of gum. "Nice looking place you got!," she said.

"Just for the week-end," he said. "I gave it up. I gave it up for you, Beatrice," he said, too soon, too emphatically.

"What's the matter with you," she said, chewing, somewhat cowishly, and, before he could prevent it, she tried to seat herself in one of the leather-upholstered armchairs and fell right through and sat, rather hard, on the floor.

"Oh my god," he said. "Did you get hurt?"

"What a crummy place," she said, "where you can't even sit on a chair!"

He helped her to get up. He touched her. He felt her. Her golden, silky hair enveloped his hand as he let it slide over her shapely breast, soft but firm. Something stirred in him he had never known.

"If you want to sit, you have to sit there," he said, pointing to the bench. "There. Shall we play a game of chess?"

"O.K.," she said.

He took a black pawn and a white pawn out of the box, one each in his hands which he crossed, over the table.

"Left," she said. She drew black. The each arranged their pieces and pawns, and he started, silently. It took but a few moves for him to manage to get his bishop into an uncovered position, exposed to the attack of her queen. She shook her locks, squinting her eyes, and a charming dimple appeared on her left cheek as she smiled. "You could have done better than that!" she said melodiously.

His heart was throbbing in his throat.

"May I take it back?" he asked.

"Oh, sure," she said, who cares.

"You like playing?" he asked.

"Sometimes it gets damn boring," she said, chewing, cowishly.

His mind was not on his strategy. He did not think three moves ahead when he took her horse with his queen. "You silly darling," she exclaimed, "as though that were going to do you any good!" And she had his queen.

He stretched his arms, he grasped for her breast.

"Cut it out!" she said. "You'r wasting no time, are you, you want to get on!"

He was utterly confused, noting that, when she acted within the programme, she was sublime, she was ravishing. He would have given not only his palace but his life, to have her, to be with her. When she was acting out of the programme, she tended to be very ordinary: even vulgar.

He got up.

"Why don't we go out and do something," she suggested, "get an ice cream, go see a movie.

"I've got ice cream in the frig," he said, "and the movies -- it's all the same, whether it is out there on the screen, or whether we are in it here." To be seen with a girl out there in the real world, was not the thing to do, he thought. Not with a girl that spacy. "I can change the laser programme, if you want."

He changed furniture, decore, and the view from the window, a few times. A Swiss chalet in the mountains; a penthouse over Manhattan; and then he said, "I like the first one best," and he put it back.

"You can sleep on the real bed," he said, "it's more comfortable. I sleep where the laser bed is: I like it that way. That is where I have been sleeping the past two nights."

She took off her T-shirt and lay on the bed, naked down to her waist. He was stunned. She unzipped her jeans and pulled them down half-way. He was electrified. Her skin was golden brown. She was not scrawny but there was not an ounce of fat on her. "Come on. What are you waiting for," she said. He could hardly swallow. He could hardly move. His jeans were bursting. She freed him of his jeans. She did unspeakable things to him. She made him squeal with delight and pain and delight.

"Now I show you how it's done," she said, and then, sweetly but with authority, "Lie down on the bed." She knelt over him, her thies alongside his flanks. She bent over him, digging her hands into his chest and her golden hair rained on him, on his face, on

his neck, on his shoulder. It rained on him softly. It drowned him. He closed his eyes. She forced him into her and started rocking. He fleetingly thought of the saddle. until she rocked him into a delirious explosion of joy.

It was still dark when Dante awoke. He gently freed himself from her embrace and walked over to the laser bed: fell through it and snuggled himself together as best he could on the cold hard floor. He felt feverish and shaky and had a hard time going back to sleep.

The saddle came, haltingly, somewhat unsteady, at a slow walking pace, toward him. He reached for it; he threw his head on it, and sobbed. "Mother," he said, "Mamma, I know: I blew it. I really blew it. I could have been the happiest, the richest boy in the world, and I made a total mess of it. what a mess. Beatrice can't stay. I know that, you need not tell me, Mamma. What should I do with her? What would Dad say when he comes home tomorrow? What if we had a baby: a laser baby?...And somewhere, out there, there must be a real girl that is exactly like Beatrice: the one they must have filmed for the laser programme. Just think what would happen if the two ever met out there! No: Beatrice has got to go. And I do have one wish left, Mamma. I wish." he said, choking his sobs, and he said it as clearly and coherently as he could, "I wish that Beatrice should be a laser construct again, so that I can switch her off....And on," he added, just in case.

The saddle gave him a last, amicable little push, and then it walked away, slowly, limping, and got lost in the distance.

When Dante got up, Beatrice was sitting on the bench at the chess table. She looked more beautiful than ever. "Hi," he said, did you sleep well?" She said, "Take the die out of the box now and throw it: It will tell you whether you are going to play black or white."

"No," he said, "not today." And he stretched out his arms across the table and passed his hands, on

both sides, over her face, her hair, her breasts, her lap: ever so lightly. So lightly he couldn't really tell whether she was there or not. Then he got up, disconnected the computer and switched off the lasers. "By by Be," he stammered.

She was gone. And the world looked so drab and dreary. So drab and dreary. I blew it, I really blew it, he thought, as he loaded the heap of apparatus on the trolley to push it back to school.

Near the entrance, he ran into Virgil. "Hi," Virgil said, "man you look glum on this beautiful morning! Didn't you have fun with the lasers?"

"Lots of fun," Dante said. "They're terrific, really. And you know what, I do want to borrow them again, and take them down to the mine where my dad works...The snow scene. You know, if I can get sick on that laser ocean, he can't possibly get black lungs in all that snow...What's real anyway, and who cares."

international organizations" and, with its 21-Century characteristics and functions, discussed earlier in these pages, it could not fail to exercise some influence on the further evolution of the whole network.

b/ NA/ F/ Goals we would be if we believed that the world community would move, unwaveringly, on a straight line of progress, toward this system enhancing development, disarmament, and the protection of the environment and creating new forms of scientific, technological, and industrial cooperation between North and South. The world community will continue to fumble and bumble along, to create as many problems as it solves, to compromise and debase ideas and ideals. But the fact remains that the adoption of the Convention on the Law of the Sea has opened new horizons, new possibilities to act if we wish to act, possibilities which would not be there had the Conference failed to adopt the Convention.

unsuccessfully
t/

In 1967 Malta had a dream. The dream has been creative, acting on political reality, beyond any expectations. Let us have the courage to dream again.

DALHOUSIE UNIVERSITY ARCHIVES DIGITAL SEPARATION SHEET

Separation Date: June 26, 2015

Fonds Title: Elisabeth Mann Borgese

Fonds #: MS-2-744

Box-Folder Number: Box 129, Folder 3

Series: Publications, drafts, and speeches

Sub-Series: Fictional writings

File: What's real anyways : a fairy tale by Elisabeth Mann Borgese

Description of item(s):

File contains two copies (one with handwritten corrections) of the German version of the story ("Die drei Wünsche").

Reason for separation:

Pages have been removed from digital copy due to copyright concerns.

Jamaica: a joyous event.

Feb 8. notes:
Cedar Forest Poly (Hend)

New York, Apr 22, had ended on a somewhat bitter
note: Consensus had been eluded. The Soviet block
had voted against the adoption of the Convention package

17 ~~votes~~ abstentions.

The U.S. has mounting a powerful campaign to convince
its allies and clients not to sign — Saudi Arabia —
Australia.

The Falkland war

The nationalists in Persia — Ariz, Schreiber —

We all arrived in Jamaica in a rather subdued mood.

Secretariat had estimated 60-70 adoptions (50 needed)

instead: Land slide 119 — Japan — Fiji

Half of EEC — 3 more declared

March of OECD + Japan
Commonwealth
all Soviet block

Van Mappes of 77