

Thus, if you answered this question affirmatively, you would necessarily expect punishment of some type?

Yes.

Need you fear punishment if you answer that you are not or were never a member? Can the people validly prosecute you if there is not basis for the prosecution?

Certainly not.

And if you were to answer this question negatively, there would be no basis for this prosecution?

No.

Then, why do you not answer the question?

Why, on the grounds of the fifth amendment. If I were to answer this question, I would incriminate myself.

Then, Polemarsky, you are or were a Communist.

Why, Socrates, how came you about that idea? I have said nothing which would indicate that I am or am not a Communist.

I have inferred from your previous statements, and I think I have done so correctly, that you can be nothing but a Communist.

Nay, Socrates, I have said neither that I am or am not nor that I was or was not a member of the party.

But, you said that you need not fear punishment, or in your own words, "incriminate yourself" if you answered negatively. That to state you are not or never were a member of the Communist party would free you from any possible indictments. Is that not so?

To be sure.

You would only fear punishment if you answered affirmatively. This is by your previous statement. Am I not correct?

Why, yes.

Now, Polemarsky, by your own argument, you admit that by answering you would incriminate yourself. Do you not?

Yes.

Then, if you admit that you will by answering incriminate yourself, that is to say fear punishment, something you could not do if you answered negatively, you must answer affirmatively. Therefore, you are or were a member of the Communist party.

Polemarsky pleaded a forgotten appointment and left.

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Shilling Shockers of the Nineteenth Century

Lois Griffin

ONE of the most popular forms of literature of the nineteenth century was the "shilling shocker." Price was determined by length, not quality, with the most popular length selling for a shilling. These books were written in a highly stilted and Latinized language by hack writers. An engraving of an interesting scene

(regardless of whether or not it had anything to do with the plot) and a title and sub-title were designed to attract the public's attention. The plots, for the most part, were borrowed and ran according to a pattern. The setting was either in a monastery or a castle. Horror or sentimental love was the predominating element of interest. A virtuous, talented, and totally unrealistic heroine had to be the victim of complicated circumstances. She was usually in love with a supposed peasant, and her father would be trying to force her into a hated marriage with the lord of a castle. With the aid of a ghost of a long lost relative, it would be discovered that the girl's lover was really the heir to the castle and the lord was a villainous murderer. The young lovers would be united and either live happily ever after or die in each other's arms. A modern "shilling shocker" might sound something like this . . .

GOOD-BYE, GARBAGE MAN
or A Horrible Story

The night was dark, deep and dreary. A chill was suspended in the air. There came the melancholy strains of music wafting through the mist.

They were the sad notes of Rotunda who was pouring out her soul through her tuba. At intervals she would stop and recite some of her own poetry.

"My heart's as soft as a marshmallow over fire.
When I think of you, I never tire.
In fact, I flip when I hear your name;
And I'll never, never, never, be the same."

Her beauty was as extraordinary as her talent. Her hair was crimson and her lips were of an ashen hue. For her seventeen years, she was highly cultivated and quite mature. She had not had the advantages of a normal child. The day after Rotunda was born, her mother stepped into an open man-hole and was not heard from again. Ever since her mother's departure, Rotunda had been forced by her malevolent father to care for herself.

Now she had been wounded by the arrows of the blind and mischievous child Cupid for the twelfth time. The recipient of her amorous inclination was George, the garbage collector. Every time he walked into the room, she could sense his presence for a week.

As she was playing and reciting, her cruel father, Werner, walked into the room. Rotunda fainted. When she regained consciousness, Werner spoke, "My daughter, you must marry John D."

Rotunda fainted. When she regained consciousness, she sighed, "Alas, Father, not that."

"Very well, then. You must go to Butler and major in English literature."

Rotunda fainted. When at long last she came to, her father locked her in the attic with only the old twelve-inch television set until she should make up her mind.

When George came to pick up the garbage that week, he missed Rotunda. His concern was excruciating as he reciprocated the feelings of Rotunda. "Where can that little chick be?" he thought. Then he began shouting, "Jack, where are you? I don't dig hide and go seek."

But there was no response from the woeful Rotunda. However, Werner heard the anxious call of George and came hurrying out. "Begone, you!" shouted Werner.

"Just a minute, Daddy-O," replied George, "you're all tore up. Calm yourself."

In the midst of the ensuing arbitrary discussion, some uniformed men hired by the city came and took George off for disturbing the peace.

That evening John D. came to call on Rotunda. She took one look at him and fainted. As he stood over her unconscious form, he remarked, "I know I'm ugly. That's why I want to marry a pretty girl—so my kids will have half a chance.

Rotunda opened her dewy eyes and sighed, "Give me a little more time to make this horrible decision." John D. gave her three days. Then he would come and take her to Butler or they would elope to Huntington.

Rotunda dreaded her solitary confinement in the attic with the small television set that had snow and ghosts continually. However, she turned the set on again. There was a travel picture of China. Just as she was about to change stations, one of the ghosts beckoned to her. It was Rotunda's long lost mother. She seemed to be trying to say something, but a man with FCC on his cap kept stopping her. All Rotunda could make out was a six. She quickly changed the dial to channel six. There was a man who sold artificial smiles making an appeal for the audience to help him find his musician brother, George. He could be identified by the calluses on the fingers of his left hand. "That must be my George," exclaimed Rotunda.

The luckless George was behind bars at that very minute. John D. was trying to bribe the judge to send George away for a long time. As the judge was looking into John D.'s bank account, he discovered that John D. was a tax evader, and he turned him over to the federal authorities.

Rotunda had called her father to the attic and told him the good news. Werner immediately sent for his wife in China and went down and bailed George out of jail.

When Rotunda's mother returned home, Werner's disposition changed completely, and he consented to the wedding of Rotunda and George. As a wedding present, he gave them a subscription to the "Book of the Month Club." Rotunda did not faint anymore because her mother advised her to loosen her waist-cincher. And the whole family lived very happily and comfortably on George's brother's salary.