

me it was a raw shock test. He sed pepul see things in the ink. I said in her class where I go to lern reading for slow adults. He explained Burts is very nice and he tasks slow like Miss Kinnian does

the inkblot. He tolld me the ink on the card was calid inkblot. pepul saw things in the ink and he sed yes they imaged pictures in but he shaked his head so that wasnt neither. I asked him if other was a very nice pictur of ink with pretty points all around the egss down on a paper and I got skated of reading the test. So I tolld him what the ink. I tolld Burt mabye I need new glasses. He rote something the ink. I tried hard but I still could find the pictures I only saw

I said now let me see the card agars I bet I find it now. maybe they will help me see the pictures in the ink. I put them on only ware my eyeglasses in the moves or to watch TV but I sed really tryed to see. I holded the card up close and then far away. ink but Burt sed there was licturs there. I could see no pictures. I he wantid me to say what was in the ink. I dit see nothing in the I dont remembir so good what Burt said but I remembir dont make sense because thats testsing.

remembir Dr Strauss said do anything the tester telld me even if it more we got to do with these cards. I didnt understand about it but I stopped me and said now sit down Charlie we are not thru yet. Theres black. I shot that was a easy test but when I got up to go Burt cards and I tolld him somobody spilid ink on all of them red and and he smild and that mad me feel good. He kept terming all the I spilid ink to.

I tolld Burt I saw ink spilid on a wite card. Burt said yes the spilid ink. my pocket because when I was a kid I always failed tests in school and I spilid ink to.

So Burt sed Charlie what do you see on this card. I saw

After the operashun Im gonna try to be smart. Im gonna try awful hard. And him thanks doc you wont be sorry for giving me my Second chance like Miss Kinnian says. And I mean it like I told them. I told him what you want be sorry for giving me my

succesfull on lots of animus but its never bin tried on a human making a grate contrabysusun to siene. This experiment has been sucesfull on lots of animus but its never bin tried on a human

Then Dr Strauss said Charlie even if this fales your strong and I always do good and beside I got my lukey rabbits foot and I never break a machin in my life. I dropped some dishes once but that I said I dint care because I aint afraid of nothing. Im very

we will have to send you back to the Warren state home to live. I will even succeed temperary and leave you were off then you are now. Do you understand what that means. If tha happlins all. Or I will succeed this mite false and then nothing would happen at you but there are other things we cant tell until we try it. I want

only on animus like Algernon. We are sure theres no fisical danger when I did that.

He said Charlie we werked on this for a long time but and shake his hand for being so good to me. I think he got skared

When he said that I got so happy and excited I jumped up that a lot of things can go wrong with the experamint.

your rite. We will use Charlie. But weve got to make him understand skratchd his head and rubbd his nose with his thumb and said maybe

true because I wantid to be smart. Dr Strauss got up and walkd overwhelm" desir to lern. He akutally begg'd to be used. And thats

Progris report 1.

March 3 - Dr Strauss says I shoud rite down what I think and remembir and evrey thing that happens to me from now on. I dont no why but he says its importint so they will see if they can use me. I hope they use me becaus Miss Kinnian says mabye they can make me smart. I want to be smart. My name is Charlie Gordon I werk in Dormers bakery where Mr Donner gives me 11 dollers a week and bred or cake if I want. I am 32 yeris old and next munth is my brithday. I tolld dr Strauss and perfesser Nemur I cant rite good but he says it dont matter he says I shud rite just like I talk and like I rite compushishens in Miss Kinnians class at the beekmin collidge center for retarded adults where I go to lern 3 times a week on my time off. Dr Strauss says to rite a lot evrything I think and evrything that happens to me but I cant think anymore because I have nothing to rite so I will close for today... yrs truly Charlie Gordon.

Progris report 2.

March 4 - I had a test today. I think I failed it and I think mabye now they wont use me. What happind is I went to Prof Nemurs office on my lunch time like they said and his secertery took me to a place that said psych dept on the door with a long hall and alot of littel rooms with onley a desk and chares. And a nice man was in one of the rooms and he had some wite cards with ink spilid all over them. He sed sit down Charlie and make yourself cunfortable and rilax. He had a wite coat like a docter but I dont think. he was no docter because he dint tell me to opin my mouth and say ah. All he had was those wite cards. His name is Burt. I fergot his last name because I dont remembir so good.

I dint know what he was gonna do and I was holding on tite to the chair like sometimes when I go to a dentist onley Burt aint no dentist neither but he kept telling me to rilax and that gets me skared because it always means its gonna hert.

Mar 8. - Im skared. Lots of pepul who werk at the collidge and the pepul at the medicil school came to wish me luk. Burt the tester brot me some flowers he said they were from the pepul at the psych department. He wished me luk.

I hope I have luk. I got my rabits foot and my lukey penny and my horshoe. Dr Strauss said dont be so superstishus Charlie. This is sience. I dont no what sience is but they all keep saying it so mabye its something that helps you have good luk. Anyway Im keeping my rabits foot in one hand and my lukey penny in the other hand with the hole in it. The penny I meen. I wish I coud take the horshoe with me to but its hevy so I'll just leeve it in my jaket.

Joe Carp from the bakery brot me a chokilat cake from Mr Donner and the folks at the bakery and they hope I get better soon. At the bakery they .think Im sick becaus thats what Prof Nemur said I shoud tell them and nothing about an operashun for getting smart. Thats a secrut until after in case it dont werk or something goes wrong.

Then Miss Kinnian came to see me and she bout me some magizenes to reed, and she lookd kind of nervus and skared. She fixd up the flowres on my tabel and put evrything nice and neet not messd up like I made it. And she fixd the pilow under my hed. She likes me alot becaus I try very hard to Tern evrything not like some of the pepul at the adult center who dont reely care.

She wants me to get smart. I know.

Then Prof Nemur said I cant have any more visitors becaus I got to rest. I askd Prof Nemur if I coud beet Algernon in the race after the operashun and be sayd mabye. If the operashun werks good I'll show that mouse I can be as smart as he is even smarter. Then I'll be abel to reed better and spell the weards good and know lots of things and be like other pepul. Boy that woud surprise

Burt kept saying Alice Kinnian feels he has a

it sounded like Dr Strauss and Burt was on my side and Prof Nemur didn't get all the words and they were talking to fast but remedious achievement.

Well he has learned to read and write for his low mental age. A retarded adult with this tremendous motivation to learn. Look how Strauss said that's exactly what I mean. Where will we find another human being ever to have this intelligence increased by surgery. Dr

Then Prof Nemur said you will be the first

interested and eager to please.

apathetic** and hard to reach. Charlie has a good natured and has low went** are hot** and uncooperative** they are usually dull and intellek** couldnt get the word *** superman. But most people of this Charlie is not what you had in mind as the first of your new breed of keepings my progress reports.

Strauss told Prof Nemur something I didn't understand so while they was talking I wrote down some of the words in my notebook for from mine that was too low and I would get sick from it. And Dr Prof Nemur was worried about my eye-Q getting too high week.

This box. But it can't be only that because I didn't have no cheeks this afternoon had it too. Allergious motor-vibration is the cheeks they put in things like I had it. I don't know what it is or where I got it but he said felt good when he said not everybody with an eye-Q of 68 had that said I had a good motor-vibration. I never even knowned I had that. Dr Strauss said I had something that was very good. He teaching at the center for retarded adults. Where I go.

Kinnian recommended me the best from all the people who she was

show how this experiment will work on people because we only Nemur talked to me very seriously. He said you know Charlie we are not Dr Strauss role some things on a piece of paper and prof

even when I learn something in Miss Kinnian class at the school I just like Miss Kinnian tells me but it's very hard to be smart and smart and not dumb and my mom always told me to try and learn spell in the first place. I told him because all my life I wanted to be Prof Nemur said why did you want to learn to read and don't remember.

School all by yourself Charlie. How did you find out about it. I said I then people who are smarter even than me.

Dr Strauss asked me how come you went to the Beekman tried the hardest because I really wanted to learn I wanted it more even her bestest pupil in the Beekman School for retarded adults and I

that only fitting reading. He said Miss Kinnian told him I was use me. I told Dr Strauss that Miss Kinnian never gave me tests like and I couldn't see anything in the ink. They said maybe they will still about the ink on the cards. I told them I didn't spill the ink on them

March 5 - Dr Strauss and Prof Nemur say it don't matter 3d progress report.

I don't think I passed the raw shock test.

spilled all over a white card. And that's when the point on his pen fell off and then we got up and went out.

for a long time to pretend its something. I closed my eyes what does it remind you of pretended its something. He said

He shooked his head so that was it either. He said

he sees something on the card. I told him I imagined a nuklot.

show me where. He didn't show me he just kept saying think imagine

everyone. If the operashun works and I get smart maybe I'll be able to find my mom and dad and sister and show them. Boy woud they be surprised to see me smart just like them and my sister.

Prof Nemur says if it works good and its permanent they will make other pepul like me smart also. Mabye pepul all over the werid. And he said that means Im doing somthing grate for science and I'll be famus and my name will go down in the books. I dont care so much about beeing famus. I just want to be smart like other pepul so I can have lots of frends who like me.

They dint give me anything to eat today. I dont know what eating got to do with geting smart and Im. hungry. Prof Nemur took away my choklate cake. That Prof Nemur is a growth. Dr Strauss says I can have it back after the operashun. You cant eat before a operashun. Not even cheese.

PROGRESS REPORT 7

MARCH 11 - The operashun dint hert. Dr Strauss did it while I was sleeping. I dont know how because I dint see but there was bandiges on my eyes and my head for 3 days so - I couldnt make no PROGRESS REPORT till today. The skinny nerse who wached me riting says I speld PROGRESS rong and she tolld me how to spell it and REPORT to and MARCH. I got to remembir that. I have a very bad memory for spelng. Anyway they took off the bandiges from my eyes today so I can make a PROGRESS REPORT now. But there is still some bandiges on my head.

I was skared when they came in and tolld me it was time to go for the operashun. They maid me get out of the bed and on another bed that has weels on it and they rolld me out of the room and down the hall to the door that says surgery. Boy was I serprised that it was a big room with green walls and lots of docters sitting

FLOWERS FOR ALGERNON

By Daniel Keyes

the ink. She said that don't make a difference because this test is mixed me up. I told her yesterday But said I should tell what I saw in this time she didn't want me to tell what I saw in the pictures. That This test looked easy because I could see the pictures. Only got to pass it or you get bad marks.

TEST. I don't know the first 2 words but I know what test means. You I can put it down right in my progress report. THEMATIC APPRECEPTION That same place but a different little testing room. The nice lady who give it to me told me the name and I ask her how do you spell it so Mar 6. I had more crazy tests today in case they use me.

Programs report 4.

searprised. really likes me because hes my friend. Boy if I get smart won't he be Gimpy hollers at me all the time when I do something wrong, but he dertry and he had to wipe them off before he put them in to bake. droppd a tray full of rolls I was carryng over to the oven. They got tired at work in the morning. Gimpy hollered at me because I ports because it takes along time and I gebe to sleep very late and I hope I don't have to rite to much of these programs ri- them.

live. I think in brooklin. He said they will see if maybe can find long time. Mabye their dad to. Dr Strauss asked me where they use to see my mother or father or my littel sister Norma for a long long take care of me is dead and I don't remembur about my famili. I dint to get permission from my famili but my Uncle Herman who use to and I will work hard. tried it up to now on animilis. I said thats what Miss Kinnian tolld

looked like the best one they testid so far. But told him Miss Nemur was worried about usign me but Dr Strauss told him I Nemurs office when Dr Strauss and Burt Seldan came in. Prof Brooklin and she gave emission for the operashun. So thir going to use me. Im so excited I can hardly rite it down. But then Prof Nemur They found my sister Norma who lives with my mother in

Programs report 5 mar. 6.

I din't know mice were so smart. to finish the amaze even if takes me along time. FINISH. I din't feel bad because I watched the right rows to get to where it says time because I could find the times we did it over. Agreement won every And the other ten times we did it over. Agreement won every squeek like he was happy again and that means he won the race. wrong thing. I was halfway on the board when I herd Algrenon just made me jump a little and Burt said it was to show me I did the went a diffrent way I got stuck and a shock. It didn't hurt or anything little shock in my finglers so I went back to the START but evertime I alreadt to go but I went in the rong way and got stuck and a from the box on the tabel and his feet scratching like he was running go. I didn't know the way to take. Then I herd Algrenon squeekin When he said go I tryed to go but I din't know where to tried not to look at him and that made me very nervous. He took out his clock and he was trying to hide it. So I until the pencl cant move or I get a little shock. I'm not suppose to lift it off the board just follow the little skratches elctrik stick and shoud me how to put it in between the rows and jump over any rows to get to the FINISH. Then he gave me the ways. And then he put the screen back on top so Algrenon would

around up high all around the room waching the operashun. I dint no it was going to be like a show.

A man came up to the tabel all in wite and with a wite cloth on his face like in TV shows and rubber glovs and he said rilax Charlie its me Dr Strauss. I said hi doc Im skared. He said theres nothing to be skared about Charlie he said youll just go to sleep. I said thats what Im skared about. He patted my head and then 2 other men waring wite masks too came and strapped my arms and legs down so I coudnt move them and that maid me very skared and my stomack feeled tite like I was gone to make all over but I dint only wet a littel and I was gone to cry but they put a rubber thing on my face for me to breath in and it smelld funny. All the time I herd Dr Strauss talking out loud about the operashun telling evrybody what he was gonna do. But I dint understand anything about it and I was thinking mabye after the operashun I'll be smart and I'll understand all the things hes talking about. So I breethed deep and then I gess I was very tired becase I went to sleep.

When I waked up I was back in my bed and it was very dark. I coudnt see nothing but I herd some talking. It was the nerse and Burt and I said whats the matter why dont you put on the lites and when are they gonna operate. And they laffed and Burt said Charlie its all over. And its dark because you got bandijis over your eyes.

Its a funny thing. They did it while I was sleeping. Burt comes in to see me evry day to rite down all the things like my tempurtur and my blud preshur and the other things about me. He says its on acount of the scientifc methid. They got to keep reckerds about what happens so they can do it agen when they want to. Not to me but to the other pepul like me who aint smart. Thais why I got to do these pr-egie- progress reports. Burt

because they come apart and he could put them together in different He moved all the boards around on Allegemous tabel the same like that one so we could both be doing the same kind. electrical stick like a pencil. And he could fix up Allegemous maze to be kind of maze made of wood with rows скратched in it and an to race against Algrenon. Said sure and he said he had a different kind of stick like a pencil. And he could fix up Allegemous maze to be By I said that's a smart mouse. But said you like means he was happy because he did the thing right.

out where it said FINISH and he made a squeek. But said that kept going all the way threw that thing till the rite ways till he came was going to be a hard thing for a mouse to do. But when Algrenon me to do with the lines on the paper. I was laughing because I shot it It was just like he was doing the same thing. But wanted the other direction and started to run again. Just stood there a minit wiggling his whiskers. Then he went off in he couldn't go no more he came back where he started from and he started to run. First he ran down one long row and then when he saw and said lets go Algrenon and the mouse sniffed 2 or 3 times and big tabel. And But took out his clock and iffeled up a sliding door and A FINISH like the paper had. Only their was a skreen over the tabel with a lot of twists and turns like all kinds of walls and a START Well do you know he put a big me how he does that.

Algrenon and he can do this amaze very good. I told him you show white mouse out of the cage and showed him to me. But said that's that it was like a pet store but their wasnt no customers. But took a And there was other pepul in white coats playing with the animals so I monkeys and some mouses. It had a funny smell like old garbidge.

Floor to another room with lots of cages and animals they had spemmental lab maybe youll get the idea. We went up to the 5th

says its part of the esperiment and they will make fotastats of the reports to study them so they will know what is going on in my mind. I dont see how they will know what is going on in my mind by looking at these reports. I read them over and over a lot of times to see what I rote and I dont no whats going on in my mind so how are they going to.

But anyway thaths sience and I got to try to be smart like other pepul. Then when I am smart they will talk to me and I can sit with them and listen like Joe Carp and Frank and Gimpy do when they talk and have a discusshen about importent things. While their working they start talking about things like about god or about the truble with all the mony the presedint is spending or about the ripublicans and demicrats. And they get all excited like their gonna have a fite so Mr Donner got to come in and tell them to get back to baking or theyll all get canned union or no union. I want to talk about things like that.

If your smart you can have lots of fiends to talk to and you never get lonley by yourself all the time.

Prof Nemur says its ok to tell about all the things that happen to me in the progress reports but he says I shoud rite more about what I feel and what I think and remember about the past. I tolld him I dont know how to think or remembir and he said just try.

All the time the bandiges were on my eyes I tryed to think and remembir but nothing happened. I dont know what to think or remembir about. Maybe if I ask him he will tell me how I can think now that Im suppose to get smart. What do smart pepul think about or remembir. Fancy things I bet. I wish I new some fancy things alredy.

March 12 - I dont have to rite PROGRESS REPORT on top every day just when I start a new batch after Prof Nemur takes the

papers. Then But said look I'll show you something lets go to the I didn't understand the amaze and we used up a lot of START to where it said FINISH without crossing over any of the lines. was amaze and I should take the pencil and go from where it said START and on the other end it said FINISH. He told me that game with lines in all directions and lots of boxes. On one side it said broke and the pieces could fit in the holes. One game was a paper I could work the puzzles so good because it was all puzzles and games because that's what we did.

he meant like where they made the chooing gum but now I think its LABORATORY means a place where they make preparations. I thought LABORATORY on the door. But said PSYCHOLOGY means minds and 4th floor in the Beckman University that said PSYCHOLOGY name is But Seleben and he took me to a different place on the same good. Later the other lesson But in the wiele coat came back his Then I drewed some pictures for her but I don't drawer so I guess I failed that test too.

even no. She looked angry and took the pictures away. I don't care. from cards that somebody spilled ink on and Fotos of people you don't getting persianality. I laffed. I tolld her how you get that thing them. She said this test and the other one the raw shock was for getting make believe but I tolld her that's lies. I never tell lies about I said I could make stories about them because I lived with the job to be janitor at dormers bakery before he dyed.

picture in my wallet of me and Norma with Uncle Herman who got me because when I was a kid I made lies and I always got hit. I got a said make believe but I tolld her that's lies. I never tell lies any more I said how can I tell stories about pepul I don't know. She the pictures. Now you got to make up stories about the pepul in

Algernon looks like he mite be smart permanent and he says that's a Algrenon. Boy woud that be somthing. Dr. Strauss says some day I'll beat amealed faster then a reglar mouse. Mabye some day I'll beat was a spechul mouse. That makte it diffirint. I could probably do that last animal to stay smart so long after the operashun. I din't know he race because he had that opereashun too. Hes a spechul mouse that Thats why Algernon beats me all the time in that amaze before.

time with Algernon before he got 3 times smarter then he was slow and you cant notice it rite away. He explained how it took a long get disconfraged Charlie because it takes a long time and it happens this speshul experlmint is going to happy him he says don't told him nothing speshul ever happens to me and it don't look like day just when I think of somthing or somthing speshul happens. I things I remembir. And I don't have to do the progress reports every Dr Strauss says I should keep a notbook in my pocket for the bakery and all my frends and all the fun we have.

I'm glad I'm going back to work because I miss my job at things. If their gonna pay me I'll do it. But its very hard to rite. It. So if I din't get smart why are they paying me to rite these dumb that Webbering thing is. Miss Kinnian explained me but I still don't get got the money from the Webbering Foundashun. I still don't know what part time job because that was part of the arranigment when they these dumb reports. They are going to pay me evry week for a to the lab for 2 hrs evry nite after work for my tests and keep riting still can tell anyone what the operashun was for and I have to come Strauss told Prof Nemur it was better I should go back to work but I sick and tired. And I get headakes all the time. I want to go back to

work for getting lost because I bet Algernon could go up and down for them all over till it was late. But I got lost and I felt bad at back there was no one there. Mabye they went to find me. I looked me to go around the corner to see if it was raining and when I came I don't remember how the party was over but they asked and Frank Reilly.

good times but I can't wait to be smart like my best friends Joe Carp when he's potted. I think that means they like me. We have some means. They gave me lots of driniks and Joe said Charlie is a card Charlie are you making out with her. I said I didn't know what that be some cracked up piece if she goes for Charlie and Joe said they the work you do because you do your job good.

I said Miss Kinnian always told me Charlie be proud of good and never come late or miss a day except for my operashun. Janitor and errand boy he ever had because I like my job and do it everyone laffed when I told them that Mr. Donner said I was the best the toilet in the bakery and he got me a mop. I showed them and Then Joe Carp said I should show the girls how I mop out on the bar with a lampusshade on my head and everyone laffing.

have lots of a good time. We played games with me doing a dance for some driniks. I don't like to drink wiskey but they said we will Frank Reilly invited me to go with them after work to Hallorans Bar Anyway the headache is from the party. Joe Carp and very good drischnery for dumb people like me.

desires). There's more but I still don't know what it means. This isn't a gave me: SUBCONSCIOUS. Adj. Of the nature of mental operations yet not present in consciousness; as, subconscious conflict of for Prof. Nemur it was better I should go back to work but I sick and tired. And I get headakes all the time. I want to go back to

has two minds like that.

them look at me funny like I dont belong in a collidge. I almost forgot and started to tell them I was going to be very smart soon like them but Burt intirrupted and he tolld them I was cleaning the psych department lab. Later he explained to me their mussent be any publicity. That meens its a seerit.

I dont reely understand why I got to keep it a seerit. Then I dont remember so good but Mrs Flynn says a nice poleecman brought me back home.

That same nite I dreamed about my mother and father only I coudnt see her face it was all wite and she was blurry. I was crying because we were in a big department store and I was losst and I coudnt find them and I ran up and down the rows around all the big cownters in the store. Then a man came and took me in a big room with benches and gave me a lolypop and tolld me a big boy like me shoudnt cry because my mother and father woud come to find me.

Anyway thaths the dream and I got a headache and a big lump on my head and black and blue marks all over. Joe Carp says maybe I got rolled or the cop let me have it. I dont think poleecmen do things like that. But anyway I dont think I'll drink wiskey anymore.

March 29 - I beet Algernon. I dint even know I beet him until Burt Selden told me. Then the second time I lost because I got so exited. But after that I beet him 8 more times. I must be getting smart to beat a smart mouse like Algernon. But I dont feel smarter.

I wanted to race some more but Burt said thaths enough for one day. He let me hold Algernon for a minit. Algernon is a nice mouse. Soft like cotton. He blinks and when he opens his eyes their black and pink on the egos.

I asked can I feed him because I felt bad to beat him and I wanted to be nice and make fiends. Burt said no Algernon is a very speshul mouse with an operashun like mine. He was the first of all the animals to stay smart so long and he said that Algernon is so smart he has to solve a problem with a lock that changes every time he goes in to eat so he has to lem something new to get his food.

I dont understand why I got to keep it a seerit.

Burt says its in case theirs a faleure Prof Nemur dont want everybody to laff espeshully the epul from the Weluberg foundashun who gave him the mony for the projekt. I said I dont care if pepul laff at me. Lots of pepul laff at me and their my frends and we have fun. Burt put his arm on my sholder and said its not you Nemurs worryd about. He dont want pepul to laff at him.

I dint think pepul would laff at Prof Nemur because hes a sientist in a collidge but Bert said no sientist is a grate man to his colleegs and his graduate students. Burt is a graduate student and he is a majer in sychology like the name on the door to the lab. I dint know they had majers in collidge. I thot it was onley in the army.

Anyway I hope I get smart soon because I want to lern everything there is in the world like the collidge boys know. All about art and politiks and god.

March 17 - When I waked up this morning rite away I thot I was gone to be smart but Im not. Evry morning I think Im gone to be smart but nothing happens. Mabye the experiment dint werk. Maby I wont get smart and I'll have to go live at the Warren home. I hate the tests and I hate the amazeds and I hate Algernon.

I never new before that I was dumber than a mouse. I dont feel like riting any more progress reports. I forget things and even when I rite them in my notbook sometimes I cant reed my own riting and its very hard. Miss Kinnian says have pashtents but I feel

I forgot to ask Dr Strauss if it was only me or if everybody late late late movie show.

I been having crazy dreams. Wow. Ever since that night TV. The late they dont even talk to each other. Thats why I dream. And boy have (thats how you spell it) and one dont tell the other what its doing.

I have two minds. Theres the SUBCONSCIOUS and the CONSCIOUS if I want to be smart when Im awake. He says its the same thing and I asked Dr Strauss what good is it to get smart in my sleep times its sounds american. But it talk too fast.

the words. Maybe its another language of something. But most before I fell asleep and while I was sleeping and I dont even know few times I play it over in the morning to find out what I learned sleep. I dont hear a thing. And I still dont understand what it says. Dr Strauss showed me how to keep the TV turned low so now I can on the shoulder and says Charlie how old are you. I told him 32

March 28 - I got a headache. Its not from that TV this time. the middle. So I talked but then I fell asleep on the couch anyway. I kept me up all night but he said no it dont work that way. I got to and I could take a nap on the couch. I was very tired because that TV progress report with me and I told him maybe he could just read it progress reports anyway and he could read it. So today I brought the and lay down on the couch to talk because I like it down in the and the things they do there. But its silly for me to go to his office and lay down on the couch to talk because I like it down in the Dr Strauss sits in a chair near me and I talk about anything that couldnt think of nothing to say. Then I told him about the bakery comes into my head. For a long time I didnt say nothing because I What therapy is it that I got to lay down on a couch and and says I got to go anyway.

of talking all day so why do I have to go to therapy but he got some you talk to make it better. I told him I dont feel bad and I do plenty

good. He says the boy needs the many Charlie so Im going to keep and werk around here when I was always delivering the packages I aint worryd only what does he need Enrile for to deliver to go back to that Warren home.

I always said you got a job for the rest of your life. So dont worry about me bringin in somebody to take your place. Youll never have I want you to know that the bakery business is not so good but like I you on outside werk place. Seventeen years its been Charlie and mother had you committed to the Warren home I got them to release after you as best I could. And when he died 2 years later and your brot you in here and he asked me to let you here and look ago. Your Uncle Herman god rest his soul was my best friend. He said. I told him I didnt know. He said you came here seventeen years going on 33 my next birthday. And how long you been here on the shoulder and says Charlie how old are you. I told him 32

I said so what am I gonna do. And Mr Donner patted me will keep the boy.

Mr Donner says we delivered and clean up like I always done but Mr. Donner says we and not werk so hard. I told him I was alrigcht and I can make my decided not to fire him for a while to give me a chance to rest up boy clean out the place because that was my job but they got a new Ther is a lot of werk to catch up. They dint have anymore made me laff. Their my friends and they really like me.

Really said what did you do Charlie open a door the hard way. That getting smart but I remembred Prof Neimur said no. Then Frank do Charlie put some brains in. I was going to tell him about me carp said hey look where Charlie had his operashun what did they up lies about pepul.

And I cant do the puzzels good.

I get headaches from trying to think and remembir so much. Dr Strauss promised he was going to help me but he dont. He dont tell me what to think or when I'll get smart. He just makes me lay down on a couch and talk.

Miss Kinnian comes to see me at the collidge too. I tolld her nothing was happening. When am I going to get smart. She said you got to be pasht Charlie these things take time. It will happen so slowley you wont know its happening. She said Burt tolld her I was comming along fine.

I still think those races and those tests are stoopid and I think riting these progress reports are stoopid to.

March 21 - We had a lot of fun at the bakery today. Joe good sine becaus we both had the same kind of operashun.

That made me sad because if he coudnt lern he woudnt be able to eat and he would be hungry.

I dont think its right to make you pass a test to eat How woud Burt like to have to pass a test every time he wants to eat. I think I'll be frends with Algernon.

That reminds me. Dr Strauss says I shoud write down all my dreams and the things I think so when I come to his office I can tell them. I tolld him I dont know how to think yet but he says he means more things like what I wrote about my mom and dad and about when I started school at Miss Kinnians or anything that happened before the operation is thinking and I wrote them in my progress report.

I didnt know I was thinking and remembering. Maybe that means something is happenning to me. I dont feel different but I'm so exited I cant sleep.

Dr Strauss gave me some pink pills to make me sleep good. He says I got to get lots of sleep because thats when most of the changes happen in my brane. It must be true because Uncle Herman use to sleep in our house all the time when he was out of werk on the old sofa in the parlor. He was fat and it was hard for him to get a job because he use to paint pepuls houses and he got very slow going up and down the ladder.

When I once tolld my mom I wantid to be a painter like Uncle Herman my sister Norma said yeah Charlies going to be the artist of the family. And dad slappd her face and tolld her not to be so goddam nasty to her brother. I dont no what a artist is but if Norma got slappd for saying it I gess its not a nice thing. I always feeled bad when Norma got slappd for being meen to me.

When I get smart I'll go visit her.

March 30 - Tonite after werk Miss Kinnian came to the

teeching machine that works like TV. It talks and makes pictures and me a present only it wast a presint but just for lend. He said its a said I dont have to for a while but I should come in any way. He broult told them I dont want to race with Algernon no more. Prof Nemur tonigh to see why I dont come in to the lab like I am suppose to. I like everybody else.

March 24 - Prof Nemur and Dr Strauss came to my room

I wish I could tell him and all the other people about my real operashun. I wish it woud really work alredy so I could get smart like Enrie. I told him I could learn it if he gave me a chance.

I askd Mr Donner if I could learn to be an apperentise baker you shoudnt worry about thins like that.

Charlie. A bakers werk is very imporent and very compikated and to his oven. Then Mr Donner said to me thiers lots of time for that he laffed and lefde until Mr Donner told him to shut up and go eat gess I dont talk so much most of the time. And Frank hard made and Mr Donner looked at me for a long time funny because I like Enrie. I told him I could learn it if he gave me a chance.

I askd Mr Donner if I could learn to be an apperentise baker packages.

Charlie Gordon. I dont know why he said that. I never lost any loss a birthday cake. He said Enrie for godaske you trying to be a limp he used my name when he shouled at Enrie because Enrie morning Gimpy hes the head baker and he has a bad foot and the know why they say it but they always laff and laff too. This even Gimpy. He really pulled a Charlie Gordon that time. I dont friends and we have lots of jokses and laffs here.

I never was a assistent before. Enrie is very smart but the assitent and help him out on deliveries when he needs it. him on as an apperentise to learn him to be a baker. You can be his

you look wonderful. I tolld her I feel fine but I dont feel smart yet. I thot that when the operashun was over and they took the bandijis off my eyes Id be smart and no a lot of things so I coud read and talk about importent things like evrybody else.

She said thats not the way it werks Charlie. It comes slowley and you have to werk very hard to get smart.

I dint no that. If I got to werk hard anyway what did I have to have the operashun for. She said she wasnt sure but the operashun was to make it so that when I did werk hard to get smart it woud stick with me and not be like it was before when it dint stick so good.

Well I tolld her that made me kind of feel bad because I thot I was going to be smart rite away and I coud go back to show the guys at the bakery how smart I am and talk with them about things and maybe even get to be an assistent baker. Then I was gone to try and find my mom and dad. They woud be surprised to see how smart I got because my mom always wanted me too be smart to. Mabey they woudnt send me away no more if they see how smart I am. I tolld Miss Kinnian I would try hard to be smart as hard as I can. She pattid my hand and said I no you will. I have fayth in you Charlie.

PROGRESS REPORT 8

March 15 - Im out of the hospitil but not back at werk yet.
Nothing is happening. I had lots of tests and differint kinds of races with Algernon. I hate that mouse. He always beets me. Prof Nemur says I got to play those games and I got to take those tests over and over agen.

Those amazes are stoopid. And those picturs are stoopid to. I like to drawer the picturs of a man and woman but I wont make

with Dr Strauss. He says theripy sessions is like when you feel bad and remembiring Prof Nemur says I got to go to theripy sessions and those dreams so good any more. That TV is too loud.

March 27 - Now that Im startting to have those dreams

Thiniking and remembiring is hard and now I dont sleep wear I went to learn and thats how I met Miss Kinnian.

Gordon. I will be your teacher. My name is Miss Munilan. So thots She shakek my hand and said glad to meet you Mr Misstre people I know how to read but it aint true and I wanted to learn to anyway because I made believe a lot of times. I men I pretended to read her I dint know it took so long but I wanted to learn to got to undersrtand it will take a long time may be years to learn to tomorrow and registe I will start to teach you how to read. But you was Miss Kinnian I dint know it then. She said if you come back to read all the things in the newspaper and I showed it to her. She and I asked the lady if I could learn to read and rite because I going over by a big timclock like the one we have at the bakery I waited until most everybody went away except some pepul home. But I dont know why I turned around and went inside again. I got scared of saying somthing wrong to someone so I started to go Where I got their it was a big long hall with lots of pepul newspaper to take home with me and read after I learned.

scared. I was so happy I was going to read that I bought a After work I walked over six blocks to the school and I was They are all good friends to me.

came in and told them to get back to makin rolls. friends. I said dont worry I will always keep my old friends even if I said dont go gettng so eddicated that you wont talk to your old said dont worry I was laffing and Joe Carp was laffing but Gimpy can read and rite. He was laffing and Joe Carp was laffing but Gimpy came in and told them to get back to makin rolls.

She role the name down on a paper and Frank laffed and They are all good friends to me.

teeching room near the labatory. She looked glad to see me but nervus. She looks younger then I remembired her.

I tolld her I was trying very hard to be smart. She said I have confidense in you Charlie the way you struggled so much to reed and rite better then all the others. I know you can do it. At werst you will have it all for a little wile and your doing somthing for other retarded pepul.

We startid to read a very hard book. I never red such a hard book before. Its called Robinson Crusoe about a man who gets merooned on a dessert island. He's smart and figgers out all kinds of things so he can have a house and food and hes a good swimmer. Only I feel sorry for him because hes all alone and he has no frends. But I think their must be somebody else on the island because theres a picture of him with his funny umbrela looking at footprints. I hope he gets a frend and not be so lonely.

March 31 - Miss Kinnian teeches me how to spel better.
She says look at a werd and close your eyes and say it over and over again until you remember. I have lots of truble with through that you say THREW and enough and tough that you dont say ENEW and TEW. You got to say SNUFF and TUFF. Thats how I use to rite it before I started to get smart. Im mixd up but Miss Kinnian says dont worry spelling is not suppose to make sence.

PROGRESS REPORT 9

April 1 - Everybody in the bakery came to see me today
where I started my new job working by the dough-mixer. It happened like this. Oliver who works on the mixer quit yesterday. I used to help him out before bringing the bags of flour over for him to put in the mixer. Anyway I dint know that I knew how to work the mixer. Its very hard and Oliver went to bakers school for one year before

retarded people at the Beekman collidg.
studint at Beekman and she told me about the adult center for
Fanny Birden herd me and she asked her cousin who is a collidg
your time they cant put any branes in where Charlie why waste
when I say something funny and he says to me Charlie why waste
read and if I could learn to read to. He laffed like he always done
A long time ago once I asked Joe Carp how he learned to

where I learned about reading. And how I went their.
remember exactly but it was about Miss Kinnian and the school
remember... remembir... So I think I remembird saying remembir...
up and I coudnt go back to sleep because it kept saying remembir...
thing keeps waking me up all nite. In the middle of the nite I woke
thinks keeps waking me up all nite. In the middle of the daytime if that
like quiz shows.

March 26 - How am I gonna work in the daytime if that
made me smart. Maybe only certain movies make you smart. Maybe
late late show on TV all the time before I went to sleep and it never
don't think that thing will work. I use to watch the late show and the
can get smart when your going to sleep why do people go to school. I
Anyways I don't know about that TV. I think its crazy. If you

except I'm helping it with this experimint.
thought before. Its a laboratory for science. I don't know what science is
testing center. The testing center isn't a hospital for animals like I
and that will help me when Miss Kinnian starts my lesssons at the
says its ok. He says my branes are learning just before I got to sleep
am I going to know when Im sleeping. I asked But about it and he
the nutty pictures. Wow. I don't know what it says when Im up so how
sleep with something yelling crazy things all night in my ears. And

March 25 - That crazy TV kept me up all nite. How can I
opearashun but she is nice.

speshul. I am glad about that. I dint see her so much since the

Kinnian will come to the collidg testing center to teach me
Miss Kinnians class at the adult center and he said soon Miss
Oh yes I forgot. I asked Prof Nemur when I can go back to
its scery.

A long time ago when I was a littel kid.
dreams and remember things that happened a long time ago when I
anymore. Other things is at nite its suppose to make me have
to fall asleep I still hear the talk even if I don't see the pictures
each me things when I'm very sleepy and a little while after I start
things to my mind. Somethings I did just before I fall asleep like
that means but Prof Nemur looked like he was going to bite his lip
me because I was begining to question to question to what
just do what he told me. But Dr Strauss said he shoud explain it to
sore again because I asked him what did it do. First he looked
TV that really wasnt a TV. I asked him what did it do. I said he
confidant that soon your going to be a very intelligent young man.
in yourself. We can't be sure it will be permanent but we are
progress reports. He said Charlie you've got to have faith in us and
can follow it from the way you act and talk and your
the changes in you. They are happy in so slow you can tell. But we
notice how the hour hand on a clock moves. Thats the way it is with
smarter and said Charlie you don't know it yet but your getting
shoulder and said Charlie you don't know it yet but your getting
I was going to get smart anyway.

Then Dr Strauss came over and put his hand on my
shoulder and said Charlie you don't know it yet but your getting
want to get smart I got to do what he says. So I told him I din't think
should I turn on a TV before I go to sleep. But Prof Nemur said if I
got to turn it on just before I go to sleep. I said your kidding. Why

old ones away. I just have to put the date on top. That saves time. Its
a good idea. I can sit up in bed and look out the window at the grass
and trees outside. The skinney nerses name is Hilda and she is very
good to me. She brings me things to eat and she fixes my bed and
she says I was a very brave man to let them do things to my bed. She
says she woud never let them do things to her branes for all the tea
in china. I tolld her it wasnt for tea in china. It was to make me
smart. And she said mabey they got no rite to make me smart
because if god wantid me to be smart he would have made me born
that way. And what about Adem and Eev and the sin with the tree of
nowlege and eating the apple and the fall. And mabey Prof Nemur
and Dr Strauss was tampering with things they got no rite to tamper
with.

She's very skinney and when she talks her face gets all
red. She says mabey I better pray to god to ask him to forgiv what
they done to me. I dint eat no appels or do nothing sinful. And now
Im skared. Mabey I shoudnt let them operate on my branes like
she said if its aginst god. I dont want to make god angry.

March 13 - They changed my nerse today. This one is
pritty. Her name is Lucille she showed me how to spell it for my
progress report and she got yellow hair and blew eyes. I askd her
where was Hilda and she said Hilda wasnt working in that part of
the hospital no more. Only in the matirnity ward by the babys where
it dont matter if she talks too much.

When I askd her about what was matirnity she said its
about having babys but when I askd her how they have them she got
red in the face just the same like Hilda and she said she got to take
sombodys temperchure. Nobody ever tells me about the babys.
Mabey if this thing werks and I get smart I'll find out.

Miss Kinnian came to see me today and she said Charlie

he could learn how to be an assistint baker.

But Joe Carp hes my friend he said Charlie why dont you
take over Olivers job. Everybody on the floor came around and they
were all laughing and Frank Reilly said yes Charlie you been here
long enough. Go ahead. Gimpy aint around and he wont know you
tryed it. I was scared because Gimpy is the head baker and he told
me never to go near the mixer because I would get hurt. Everyone
said do it exect Fannie Birden who said stop it why dont you leave
the poor man alone.

Frank Reilly said shut up Fanny its April fools day and if
Charlie works on the mixer he might fix it good so we will all have
the day off. I said I coudnt fix the mashine but I could work it
because I been watching Oliver ever since I got back.

I worked the dough-mixer and everybody was surprised
espeshully Frank Reilly. Fanny Birden got exited because she said it
took Oliver 2 years to learn how to mix the dough right and he went
to bakers school. Bernie Bate who helps on the mashine said I did it
faster then Oliver did and better. Nobody laffed. When Gimpy came
back and Fanny told him he got sore at me for working on the mixer.

But she said watch him and see how he does it. They were
playing him for an April Fool joke and he foold them instead. Gimpy
watched and I knew he was sore at me because he dont like when
people dont do what he tells them just like Prof Nemur. But he saw
how I worked the mixer and he skratched his head and said I see it
but I dont believe it. Then he called Mr Donner and told me to work
it again so Mr Donner could see it.

I was scared he was going to be angry and holler at me so
after I was finished I said can I go back to my own job now. I got to
sweep out the front of the bakery behind the counter. Mr Donner
looked at me funny for a long time. Then he said this must be some

gave me an apple, but when I bit into it, it was fake.
man side show." Then she said, "Here, Charlie, have a fruit." She
laughing.
"He's a scream," one of the girls said. Everybody was
feeling in my stomach.
Then I saw the look on Joe's face and it gave me a funny
feeling down again.
time it happened I didn't laugh. I picked myself up and Joe pushed
fall, and I was laughing too because it was so funny. But the last
the way we were doing the steps. They laughed harder every time I
They were all around in a circle watching and laughing at
always sticking out.

me. And all the time I was tripping because somebody's foot was
understand why because no one else was dancing besides Ellen and
her. So she danced with me. I fell three times and I couldn't
good time. What's wrong with him? He pushed me close again
machine. All I did was ask you to dance with him and give him a
ordinary guy-he's been promoted to working on the dough-mixing
me on the back. "This is Charlie Gordon, my buddy, my pal. He's no
She said, "Why don't you leave him alone?" He slapped
Then he winked at her like he had something in his eye.
"Dance with Ellen," Joe said. "She'll teach you the steps."
We had a lot of fun for a while.
tasted funny, but I thought it was just a bad taste in my mouth.
I didn't want to think anything. He gave me a plain coke instead. It
remembered how sick I got last time I drank too much, so I told Joe I
party. There were lots of girls and Gimpy was there and Ernie too. I
Last night Joe Corp and Frank really invited me to a
from work on purpose.

Like this morning.
down and I can remember what's behind it.
and the past. Sometimes the wall stays up and sometimes it breaks
means I've reached a point where my subconscious is trying to block
my mind until my mind goes blank. Dr Strauss says that it
when I woke up, I free-associate about the way Dr Strauss told me to do
after I woke up, I free-associate last night, and this morning,
April 17 - I had a nightmare last night, and this morning,
after tomorrow, I wonder what that is.
Prof Nemur says I have to take a Rorschach Test the day
of if you've got.
they don't know what it is, or where it is - how they know how much
with the stuff. I didn't want to say anything, but I don't see how if
be over a hundred and fifty soon, but they'll still have to fill me up
something different. Mine is about a hundred now, and it's going to
So I still don't know what it is, and everybody says it's
measure of intelligence at all.
some of the things you learned already and it really isn't a good
reading up on, the IQ measures a lot of different things including
both of them were wrong and according to the things he's been
tests and works with Algernon, he said that some people would say
When I asked Burt Seldon, who gives me my intelligence
with stuff.
on the outside of a measuring cup. You still had to fill the cup up
IQ showed how much intelligence you could get, like the numbers
with him and said an IQ didn't weigh intelligence at all. He said an
the drugstore weighed pounds. But Dr Strauss had a big argument
something that measured how intelligent you were-like a scale in

The dream was about Miss Kinnian reading my progress reports. In the dream I sit down to write but I can't write or read any more. It's all gone. I get frightened so I ask Gimpy at the bakery to write for me. But when Miss Kinnian reads the report she gets angry and tears the pages up because they've got dirty words in them.

When I get home Prof. Nemur and Dr Strauss are waiting for me and they give me a beating for writing dirty things in the progress report. When they leave me I pick up the torn pages but they turn into lace valentines with blood all over them.

It was a horrible dream but I got out of bed and wrote it all down and then I started to free associate.
Bakery... baking... the urn... someone kicking me... fall down... bloody all over... writing... big pencil on a red valentine... a little gold heart... a locket... a chain... all covered with blood... and he's laughing at me...

The chain is from a locket... spinning around... flashing the sunlight into my eyes. And I like to watch it spin... watch the chain... all bunched up and twisting and spinning... and a little girl is watching me.

Her name is Miss Kin - I mean Harriet.
"Harriet... Harriet... we all love Harriet." And then there's nothing. It's blank again.

Miss Kinnian reading my progress reports over my shoulder.

Then we're at the Adult Center for the Retarded, and she's reading over my shoulder as I write my poshuns compositions.

School changes into P.S. 13 and I'm eleven years old and Miss Kinnian is eleven years old too, but now she's not Miss

Miss Kinnian said that the TV working, just before I fell asleep and during the night, helped out. She said I reached a plateau. That's like the flat top of a hill.

After I figured out how punctuation worked, I read over all my old progress reports from the beginning. Boy, did I have crazy spelling and punctuation! I told Miss Kinnian I ought to go over the pages and fix all the mistakes, but she said, "No, Charlie, Professor Nemur wants them just as they are. That's why he lets you keep them after they're photostated-to see your own progress. You're coming along fast, Charlie." That made me feel good. After the lesson I went down and played with Algernon. We don't race any more.

April 10 - I feel sick. Not like for a doctor, but inside my chest it feels empty, like getting punched and a heartburn at the same time.

I wasn't going to write about it, but I guess I got to, because it's important. Today was the first day I ever stayed home

I'm not sure what I do is anyway. Prof. Nemur said it was friends.

twice my I'd of 70, then maybe people will like me and be my become intelligent the way Prof. Nemur says, with much more than all the time people were laughing and making fun of me. When I

April 16 - I feel a lot better today, but I'm still angry that men and women doing things like that. American Tragedy, and Look Homeward, Angel. I never knew about But it's okay to read novels. This week I read The Great Gatsby. An psychological theories instead of about my own ideas and feelings. promises. He says it will confuse me and make me think about what when I start learning college subjects in a couple of weeks I won't ready books on psychology that is, until he gives me

April 15 - I'm reading a lot these days and almost but Dr Strauss says not to worry yet. He made promise works, still don't know how the conscious and unconscious mind language. Prof. Nemur gave me some more tapes to play while I everything is staying in my mind. Besides history and geography and arithmetic. Miss Kinnian says I should start learning foreign languages. So even if I'm getting intelligent and learning a lot of new things, he thinks I'm still a boy about women. It's confusing, but I'm going to find out all about my life.

natural thing that happens to boys. What happened to me after the party was a wet dream, and it's a thought it was dirty and bad to throw up. Maybe because I always and I thought I was going to throw up. What's happening to me is about women. Like dancing with that girl Ellen that bothers me is about women. I told him one of the things about things will make me feel better. I told him one of the things

Kinnian. She's a little girl with dimples and long curls and her name is Harriet. We all love Harriet. It's Valentines Day.

I remember...

I remember what happened at P.S. 13 and why they had to change my school and send me to P.S. 222. It was because of Harriet.

I see Charlie-eleven years old. He has a little goldcolor locket he once found in the street. There's no chain, but he has it on a string, and he likes to twirl the locket so that it bunches up the string, and then watch it unwind, spinning around with the sun flicking into his eyes.

Sometimes when the kids play catch they let him play in the middle and he tries to get the ball before one of them catches it. He likes to be in the middle - even if he never catches the ball - and once when Hymie Roth dropped the ball by mistake and he picked it up they wouldn't let him throw it but he had to go in the middle again.

When Harriet passes by, the boys stop playing and look at her. All the boys love Harriet. When she shakes her head her curls bounce up and down, and she has dimples. Charlie doesn't know why they make such a fuss about a girl and why they always want to talk to her (he'd rather play ball or kick-the-can, or ringo-levio than talk to a girl) but all the boys are in love with Harriet so he is in love with her too.

She never teases him like the other kids, and he does tricks for her. He walks on the desks when the teacher isn't there. He throws erasers out the window, scribbles all over the blackboard and walls. And Harriet always screeches and giggles, "Oh, lookit Charlie. Ain't he funny? Oh, ain't he silly?" It's Valentine's Day, and the boys are talking about valentines they're going to give Harriet,

Now I know what they mean when they say "to pull a fun of me."

Joe and Frank and the others liked to have me around just to make for a long time before I went to my room. I never knew before that Then, after, I found the stairs and ran out into the street and walked could it, find my way to the staircase. I forgot all about the elevator. apart from, it was a large apartment house with lots of halls and I

naked. I wanted to hide myself so they wouldnt see. I ran out of the feel funny. Everyone was laughing at me and all of a sudden I felt what to do or where to turn. Her rubbing up against me made me like this before. "Boy, Ellen sure got him worked up." I didn't know blushing. "Hey, Ellen, what'd you do to Charlie? I never saw him act like this before."

"Look at him. His face is red." "He's blushing. Charlie's looking down and laughing at me."

The people at the party were a bunch of bluffed faces all

go-seek were playing tricks on me and they were laughing at me that happened at Halloran's. And that was what Joe and the rest of them were doing. Laughing at me. And the kids playing hide-and-go-

What Frank said reminded me. That was the same thing

But I never found them and I never knew why.

and dark and I had to go home. Figures! Went to look for the others. I kept looking until it got cold

weekend I was lit. After I counted up to ten over and over on my

and the children in the block let me play with them, hide-and-go-

Then I saw a picture that night we ditched him at Halloran's."

to see if it was raining that since we sent him around the corner

said, "I ain't laughing anymore dumb enough to eat wax fruit!" Joe

Then Frank started laughing and he said, "I told ya he'd

that I couldnt sleep. And when I went to sleep she woke me up in the nighttime. One time when they were in the kitchen and I was in my bed she was crying. I got up to pick her up and hold her to get quiet the way mom does. But then Mom came in yelling and took her away. And she slapped me so hard I fell on the bed.

Then she startid screaming. Dont you ever touch her again. Youll hurt her. She's a baby. You got no business touching her. I dint know it then but I guess I know it now that she thought I was going to hurt the baby because I was too dumb to know what I was doing. Now that makes me feel bad because I would never of hurt the baby.

When I go to Dr Strauss office I got to tell him about it.

April 6 - Today, I learned, the comma, this is, a, comma (,) a period, with, a tail, Miss Kinnian, says its, importent, because, it makes writing, better, she said, somebody, could lose, a lot, of money, if a comma, isnt in, the right, place, I got, some money, that I, saved from, my job, and what, the foundation, pays me, but not, much and, I dont, see how, a comma, keeps, you from, losing it, But, she says, everybody, uses commas, so I'll, use them, too.

April 7 - I used the comma wrong. Its punctuation. Miss Kinnian told me to look up long words in the dictionary to learn to spell them. I said whats the difference if you can read it anyway. She said its part of your education so from now on I'll look up all the words Im not sure how to spell. It takes a long time to write that way but I think Im remembering more and more.

Anyway thats how come I got the word punctuation right. Its that way in the dictionary. Miss Kinnian says a period is punctuation too, and there are lots of other marks to learn. I told her I thought she meant all the periods had to have tails and be called commas. But she said no.

A little old man with a baby carriage made into a pram cart with a charocal burner, and the smell of roastinging sure...

now in front of me, and other things stay blurred, and I'm not and then it gets patchy with some things so real they are right here Donniers' Bakery. I see the street where the bakery is. Fuzzy at first think its far back... a long time ago when I first started working at opened up in the walls of my mind and I can just walk through. I woke up, I was laying in bed with my eyes open. It was like a big hole close my eyes and I see a clear picture. Like this morning just after I But other things come into my head too. Sometimes I page and it all comes back like a picture.

my mind. There are times when I can close my eyes and think of a understood a lot of the things I'm reading about, and they stay in reading a lot now, and Miss Kinnian says I read very fast. And I even write these progress reports very carefully and remember them. And I try to the hard words in the dictionary and I spell good. I like to look up all day. I know punctuation, and I can spell good. I'm getting a little smarter every Anyway, now I know I'm doing something dumb. People think it's funny when I'm doing something dumb. I don't do things the same way they can. I even know when I'm doing something dumb. People think it's laughs at me. I thought about it a lot. It's because I'm so dumb and I think it's a good thing about finding out how everybody I think looks at me lately like she's scared of me.

Mrs Flynn, my landlady, to call and tell her. Donner I'm sick. Mrs

April 13 - Still didn't go back to work at the bakery. I told

were wet and messy.

dancing and rubbing up against me and when I woke up the sheets And another thing, I dreamed about that girl Ellen Charlie Gordon." I'm ashamed.

thought. Does that mean I'm getting smarter.

April 3 - Finished Robinson Crusoe. I want to find out more about what happens to him but Miss Kinnian says that's all there is.

April 4 - Miss Kinnian says I'm learning fast. She read some of my progress reports and she looked at me kind of funny. She says I'm a fine person and I'll show them all. I asked her why. She said never mind but I shouldn't feel bad if I find out that everybody isn't nice like I think. She said for a person who God gave so little to you did more than a lot of people with brains they never even used. I said that all my friends are smart people and their good. They like me and they never did anything that wasn't nice. Then she got something in her eye and she had to run out to the lady's room.

While I was sitting in the teaching room waiting for her I was wondering about how Miss Kinnian was a nice lady like my mother use to be. I think I remember my mother told me to be good and always be friendly to people. She said but always be careful because some people don't understand and they might think you are trying to make trouble.

That makes me remember when mom had to go away and they put me to stay in Mrs Leroys house who lived next door. Mom went to the hospital. Dad said she wasn't sick or nothing but she went to the hospital to bring me back a baby sister or a brother. (I still don't know how they do that) I told them I want a baby brother to play with and I don't know why they got me a sister instead but she was nice like a doll. Only she cry'd all the time.

I never hurt her or nothing.

They put her in a crib in their room and once I heard Dad say don't worry Charlie wouldn't harm her.

She was like a bundle all pink and screaming sometimes

and Dr Strauss listens. It's called therapy, and that means talking talk about the things that bother me. We just sit there, and I talk, So I've got to come into his office twice a week now to feel bad about it all and I might get sick in my mind. Hemmam and my parents. But what he means is then I'm going to know about those boys standing in the hallway, and about my Uncle intelligent enough I'll understand all the words in my mind, and I'll never knew about these things before. It's like if I get me when I was a boy and I've got to remember what happened. Find out what those people in my memory are saying. It's all about and I'll learn more about myself. He said the important thing is to have them, some time in the future, we all going to connect up, said even if I don't understand my dreams or why I when you need help." I still don't know what it's all about, but he just want you to remember that this is the place for you to come across, there will be many things you'll want to talk to me about. problems, your emotional growth. And I think you'll find that as you to the window. The more intelligent you become the more He laughed and then he got up from his chair and went didn't have any problems.

to learn about myself so that I can understand my problems. I said to learn about this morning, he told me about how important it is for me this office is a psychologist and a neurosurgeon. I didn't know that. I thought he was just a plain doctor. But when I went to down. Then when I come into his office we can talk about them recalling memories like the one I had yesterday and to write them down. Hymie Roth the next day during lunch period in school and asks Dr Strauss is a psychologist and a neurosurgeon. I didn't know that. I thought he was just a plain doctor. But when I went to down. Then when I come into his office we can talk about them.

April 14 - Dr Strauss says the important thing is to keep it. And office this morning, he was just a plain doctor. But when I went to down. Then when I come into his office we can talk about them.

understand what they were saying. I've got to ask Dr Strauss about

so Charlie says, "I'm gonna give Harriet a valentine too." They laugh and Barry says, "Where you gonna get a valentine?" "I'm gonna get her a pretty one. You'll see." But he doesn't have any money for a valentine, so he decides to give Harriet his locket that is heart-shaped like the valentines in the store windows. That night he takes tissue paper from his mother's drawer, and it takes a long time to wrap and tie it with a piece of red ribbon. Then he takes it to Hymie Roth the next day during lunch period in school and asks Hymie to write on the paper for him.

He tells Hymie to write: "Dear Harriet, I think you are the most prettiest girl in the whole world. I like you very much and I love you. I want you to be my valentine. Your friend, Charlie Gordon." Hymie prints very carefully in large letters on the paper, laughing all the time, and he tells Charlie, "Boy, this will knock her eyes out. Wait'll she sees this." Charlie is scared, but he wants to give Harriet that locket, so he follows her home from school and waits until she goes into her house. Then he sneaks into the hall and hangs the package on the inside of the doorknob. He rings the bell twice and runs across the street to hide behind the tree.

When Harriet comes down she looks around to see who rang the bell. Then she sees the package. She takes it and goes upstairs. Charlie goes home from school and he gets a spanking because he took the tissue paper and ribbon out of his mother's drawer without telling her. But he doesn't care. Tomorrow Harriet will wear the locket and tell all the boys he gave it to her. Then they'll see.

The next day he runs all the way to school, but it's too early. Harriet isn't there yet, and he's excited.

But when Harriet comes in she doesn't even look at him. She isn't wearing the locket. And she looks sore.

fast but after I saw the picture three or four times I used to movies. The first time I never understood because they went too don't know why it happened. It's like when I used to go to the That's all I can remember. I can see it all clearly, but I

someone has kicked his legs out from under him. Suddenly, falling, twisting, head hitting against the wall. Sudden... warm... sleep...

baking. The oven is crackling and makes him sleepy. He likes the smell of flour, sweet dough, bread and cakes and rolls in a way that till his baseball cap with the D forward over his eyes. He relaxes here - squatting against the wall leaning back

chapped skin of his hands. In the stretching and lace-eyes, and under his nails and in the cracked soles of his own high shoes are crushed with white and there is white

white with flour-whiter than the soft walls and ceiling. The thick He likes it back here in the bakery where the floors are doorways to the back of the bakery.

"What took you so long, Charlie?" shouts Gimpy from the runs the way to the back of the bakery.

laughing in the hallway, drops the bundle. Picks it up again and boys who did that to him. Charlie backs away from the boys how Uncle Herman ran out with a hammer in his hand to find the Herman shouting when he came home all covered with filth, and he can remember is their dirt and piss all over his clothes, and Uncle that makes his skin twitch again. He tries to know what it is but all here is something about the doorway-the dark hall, the laughing,

He does all kinds of things when Mrs Janson isn't watching: He makes funny faces. He laughs out loud. He stands up on his seat and wiggles his fanny. He even throws a piece of chalk at Harold. But Harriet doesn't look at him even once. Maybe she forgot. Maybe she'll wear it tomorrow. She passes by in the hallway, but when he comes over to ask her she pushes past him without saying a word.

Down in the schoolyard her two big brothers are waiting for him.

Gus pushes him. "You little bastard, did you write this dirty note to my sister?" Charlie says he didn't write any dirty notes. "I just gave her a valentine." Oscar who was on the football team before he graduated from high school grabs Charlie's shirt and tears off two buttons. "You keep away from my kid sister, you degenerate. You don't belong in this school anyway." He pushes Charlie over to Gus who catches him by the throat. Charlie is scared and starts to cry.

Then they start to hurt him. Oscar punches him in the nose, and Gus knocks him on the ground and kicks him in the side and then both of them kick him, one and then the other, and some of the other kids in the yard Charlie's friends - come running screaming and clapping hands: "Fight! Fight! They're beating up Charlie!" His clothes are torn and his nose is bleeding and one of his teeth is broken, and after Gus and Oscar go away he sits on the sidewalk and cries. The blood tastes sour. The other kids just laugh and shout: "Charlie got a licking! Charlie got a licking!" And then Mr Wagner, one of the caretakers from the school, comes and chases them away. He takes Charlie into the boys' room and tells him to wash off the blood and dirt from his face and hands before he goes back home...

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there? Want to school some craps?" "C'mere, We won't hurt ya." But Hey look there's Charlie! "Hey, Charlie. What you got the door of a dark hallway.

Coming back to the bakery he sees some boys standing in things at him. Skin on his back twitches and he feels the way the older boys throw bundles and play games with them, but when he thinks about it the

feet. Charlie smiles at them. He would like to put down his around him laughing and teasing him like little dogs snapping at

Charlie! Charlie! Fat head barley! Children circled strong from many years of hard work.

of paper bags and puts it on his shoulder. He is skinny but he is tumbling bear for a minute, but he is afraid. He picks up the bundle sticking through the brown cotton gloves, if he can hold the

wants to ask the red-faced peddler, with his fingers would be the happiest person in the world.

Tumbling, jumping, spinning, if he had all those toys for himself he tumbles bear, the dog jumping, the seal spinning a ball on its nose.

tumbling bear that the little mechanical toys that peddler winds up the puts down a heavy bundle of brown paper bags. He's stopping to around their necks. But he has no gloves. His hands are cold and he

peddlers. People bundled in coats with collars up and scarves bright neon lights. Christmas trees and sidewall look on his face is me.

None of the signs make sense. I think that fellow with the sacred my memory at the sign I can't read the words through his eyes.

know now that the sign says DONNER'S BAKERY, but looking back in what does it say? Buried letters in a way that don't make sense. I wide eyes and a scared look on his face looking up at the store sign. chestnuts, and snow on the ground. A young fellow, skinny with

kind of April fools joke you guys are laying on me. Whats the catch.

Gimpy said thats what I thought it was some kind of a gag. He limped all around the mashine and he said to Mr Donner I dont understand it either but Charlie knows how to handle it and I got to admit it he does a better job then Oliver.

Everybody was crowded around and talking about it and I got scared because they all looked at me funny and they were exited. Frank said I told you there is something peculiar lately about Charlie. And Joe Carp says yeah I know what you mean. Mr Donner sent everybody back to work and he took me out to the front of the store with him.

He said Charlie I dont know how you done it but it looks like you finally learned something. I want you to be carefull and do the best you can do. You got yourself a new job with a 5 dollar raise.

I said I dont want a new job because I like to clean up and sweep and deliver and do things for my friends but Mr Donner said never mind your friends I need you for this job. I dont think much of a man who dont want to advance.

I said whats advance mean. He scratched his head and looked at me over his glasses. Never mind that Charlie. From now on you work that mixer. Thats advance.

So now instead of delivering packiges and washing out the toilets and dumping the garbage. Im the new mixer. Thats advance. Tomorrow I will tell Miss Kinnian. I think she will be happy but I dont know why Frank and Joe are mad at me. I asked Fanny and she said never mind those fools. This is April Fools day and the joke backfired and made them the fools instead of you.

I asked Joe to tell me what was the joke that backfired and he said go jump in the lake. I guess their mad at me because I worked the mashine but they didnt get the day off like they

remember about being punished severely, but he doesn't recall something about the words learn and teach, something to do with, and here feels confused. He wants to please Gimp, but there is him, the smile melting from his face. He understands what Gimp wants you how to make rolls like me and Frank are doing? Charlie stares at you now to learn something? You want me to teach instead, Charlie. You want to learn something? You want me to teach has now taken over Frank's idea. "I think maybe he can learn. Now start anything with him." "You leave this to me," says Gimp who Gimp. Maybe it's wrong, if a moron can't learn maybe we shouldn't tell Frank looks at him querulously. "Maybe we shouldn't."

Frank looks at him small round forms. He could learn to round, roll, twist and shape the dough into the small round forms. He could make them when I'm through at the lab, but getting the young men and women could sit and talk with them over coffee in the Campus Bowl all the things they're learning in their classes excites me. I wish I could get back and forth carrying books and hearing them talk about what does it matter? There's so much to do, so many plans to make. Yet, if Nemur is right and the experiment is a success, getting something out of their work.

They work in silence for a while, and then Frank stops for the evening orders. Heavy work in shaping the dough for the rolls that have to be baked The two men sit down at the long table, the tall Frank and the orthopedic boot. "So what the hell you always picking on him for?" "But you know better," says Gimp, clumping over on his chance that there will be more. He's done to deserve this punishment, but there is always the "Charlie," Charlie rubs his head and cringes. He doesn't know what Charlie. "It don't hurt him. He don't know any better. Do you,

a pipe. It's silly, but since I belong at the lab I feel as if I'm a part of older than they are. I carry books around, and I've started to smoke around me, and pretend I'm a college student, even though I'm a lot and Einstein and Freud; about Plato and Hegel and Kant, and all the and Schopenhauer-about Shakespeare and Milton; and Newton and Leibniz, and ideas. It's exciting to hear them talking about poetry lunchesnette when they get together to argue about books and politics and ideas. I'm sure they get along the young men and women sometimes I listen in on the conversations at the tables

April 26 - I know I should hang around the college
Kinnian to a movie to celebrate my raise.
I'll wait until tomorrow to ask them about taking Miss what does it matter? There's so much to do, so many plans to make. Yet, if Nemur is right and the experiment is a success, getting something out of their work.

It was dark, and I walked for a long time trying to figure out why I was so frightened. I was seeing them clearly for the first time-not gods or even heroes, but just two men worried about waiting for the outcome.

They called each other names-opportunist, cynical, pessimist-and I found myself frightened. Suddenly, I realized no one without their knowing it. They might not have cared when I was too feeble-minded to stand three outside the office and listen to longer had the right to stand there outside the office and listen to the university. I hate to go home to that lonely room.

PROGRESS REPORT 10

April 21 - I figured out a new way to set up the mixing machines in the bakery to speed up production. Mr. Donner says he will save labor costs and increase profits. He gave me a fifty-dollar bonus and a ten-dollar-a-week raise.

I wanted to take Joe Carp and Frank Reilly out to lunch to celebrate, but Joe had to buy some things for his wife, and Frank was meeting his cousin for lunch. I guess it will take time for them to get used to the changes in me.

Everyone seems frightened of me. When I went over to Gimp and tapped him on the shoulder to ask him something, he jumped up and dropped his cup of coffee all over himself. He stares at me when he thinks I'm not looking. Nobody at the place talks to me any more, or kids around the way they used to. It makes the job kind of lonely.

Thinking about it makes me remember the time I fell asleep standing up and Frank kicked my legs out from under me. The warm sweet smell, the white walls, the roar of the oven when Frank opens the door to shift the loaves.

Suddenly falling... twisting... everything out from under me and my head cracking against the wall.

Now I understand one of the important reasons for going to college and getting an education is to learn that the things you've believed in all your life aren't true, and that nothing is what it appears to be.

All the time they talked and argued, I felt the excitement bubble up inside me. This was what I wanted to do-go to college and hear people talk about important things.

I spend most of my free time at the library now, reading and soaking up what I can from books. I'm not concentrating on anything in particular, just reading a lot of fiction now-Dostoevsky, Flaubert, Dickens, Hemingway, Faulkner - everything I can get my hands on feeding a hunger that can't be satisfied.

April 28 - In a dream last night I heard Mom screaming at Dad and the teacher at the elementary school P.S. 13 (my first

reports private for a while. I'm going to ask Dr. Strauss. Why should it suddenly start to bother me?

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Suddenly falling... twisting... everything out from under me and my head cracking against the wall.

It's me, and yet it's like someone else lying there-another Charlie. He's confused... rubbing his head, staring up at Frank, tall and thin, and then at Gimp nearby, massive, hairy, gray-faced Gimp with bushy eye-brows that almost hide his blue eyes.

"Leave the kid alone," says Gimp. "Jesus, Frank, why do you always gotta pick on him?" "It don't mean nothing," laughs

techniques would never have come about if not for his original methods, but at this point Nemur reminded him that those new techniques of neurosurgery all over the world would be using his invection patterns, as with Nemur's theories, and that someday as much to do with his techniques in psychology and emerge of this psychological research. Then Strauss said that the project had started saying that Nemur had his eye on the Chair of Psychology at Halsdon, and Nemur saying that Strauss was riding on the coat tails of junk bad enough and you tell him he'll get it if he learns to shape the dog into a real animal, earns forward excitedly, "Maybe if he wants that piece of teaching Charlie, others from the shop plus a friend checked everything. An interim report will do no harm. I've sure nothing can go wrong now." The argument went on that way with Nemur: "I'm not afraid of regression any more. I've checked and claim too much now, our whole hypothesis will come under fire." that you're not the only one with a reputation to consider if we I'm the senior member of this project," Strauss: "And you forget you're taking the authority on yourself." Nemur: "You forget that important to all of us to bring it out into the open prematurely. all positive. Nothing can go wrong now." Strauss: "This is too I tell you, Jay, there's nothing to be afraid of. We've succeeded. It's pattern to correct so far. We're justified in making an interim report. Nemur shouted: "I've already informed the convention committee I heard someone bang on the desk, and then Professor spoken and acted as if I weren't there, as if they never cared what I voice: "But you're wrong, Harold. Six weeks from now is still too that we will present the paper at Chicago." Then I heard Dr Strauss' that Nemur shouting: "I've still changing." And then Nemur: "We've predicted the soon. He's still changing." I heard slowly, catching the light of the fluorescent bulb. The holds the chain by one end and the gleaming gold disc POLISH. He holds the chain by one end and the gleaming gold disc brass chain with a shiny brass disc that says STA-BRITS METAL piece for you to play with." He holds out his hand and reveals a gonnea fall apart. Look, Charlie - I got a nice new shiny good-luck take it easy. We ain't gonna hurt you. Look at him shaking like he's Charlie backs away but Gimp grabs his arm. "Hey, kid, learn something he couldn't understand, hitting him to make him what it is-only a thin white hand upraised, overheard.

school before they transferred me to P.S. 222)...

"He's normal! He's normal! He'll grow up like other people. Better than others." She was trying to scratch the teacher, but Dad was holding her back.

"He'll go to college someday. He'll be somebody." She kept screaming it, clawing at Dad so he'd let go of her. "He'll go to college someday and he'll be somebody." We were in the principal's office and there were a lot of people looking embarrassed, but the assistant principal was smiling and turning his head so no one would see it.

The principal in my dream had a long beard, and was floating around the room and pointing at me. "He'll have to go to a special school. Put him into the Warren State Home and Training School. We can't have him here." Dad was pulling Mom out of the principal's office, and she was shouting and crying too. I didn't see her face, but her big red teardrops kept splashing down on me....

This morning I could recall the dream, but now there's more than that-I can remember through the blur, back to when I was six years old and it all happened. Just before Norma was born. I see Mom, a thin, dark-haired woman who talks too fast and uses her hands too much. As always her face is blurred. Her hair is up in a bun, and her hand goes to touch it, pat it smooth, as if she has to make sure it's still there. I remember that she was always fluttering like a big, white bird-around my father, and he too heavy and tired to escape her pecking.

I see Charlie, standing in the center of the kitchen, playing with his spinner, bright colored beads and rings threaded on a string. He holds the string up in one hand turns the rings so they wind and unwind in bright spinning flashes. He spends long hours watching his spinner. I don't know who made it for him, or what

studies each movement as Gimp rolls out the dough into a long wobbling Good-luck piece." Charlie hunches over on his stool, intently every thing we do. If you learn how to make rolls, you'll get this beside him on the table where Charlie can see it. "Watch and do Watch us carefully," says Gimp, putting the pendant of biting on whether or not Charlie can learn to make rolls.

medium sized piece of dough for Charlie to work with. There is talk of teaching Charlie, often from the shop the baker around the dog into a real animal, maybe it's work." As the bakers set to the task of junk bad enough and you tell him he'll get it if he learns to shape experiment, leans forward excitedly, "Maybe if he wants that piece bright and shiny," Frank, who has let Gimp take over the "That he knows," laughs Frank, "Give him something Gimp is offering it to him, he nods and smiles again. hand that is all right. But otherwise it's wrong. When he sees that reach out for other people's things. If someone puts it into your He doesn't reach for it. He knows you get punished if you know why or what.

pedant is a brightness that Charlie remembers but he doesn't rotate slowly, catching the light of the fluorescent bulb. The brass chain with a shiny brass disc that says STA-BRITS METAL piece for you to play with." He holds out his hand and reveals a gonnea fall apart. Look, Charlie - I got a nice new shiny good-luck take it easy. We ain't gonna hurt you. Look at him shaking like he's Charlie backs away but Gimp grabs his arm. "Hey, kid, learn something he couldn't understand, hitting him to make him what it is-only a thin white hand upraised, overheard.

each time it's administered." "I'll believe that when I hear it" A look passed between them. I felt the blood rush to my face again. They were laughing at me. But then I realized what I had just said, and hearing myself I understood the reason for the look. They weren't laughing. They knew what was happening to me. I had reached a new level, and anger and suspicion were my first reactions to the world around me.

Burt's voice boomed over the tape recorder: "Now I want you to look at this card, Charlie. What might this be? What do you see on this card? People see all kinds of things in these inkblots. Tell me what it makes you think of..." The same words, almost the same tone of voice he had used minutes ago in the lab. And then I heard my answers-childish, impossible things. And I dropped limply into the chair beside Professor Nemur's desk. "Was that really me?" I went back to the lab with Burt, and we went on with the Rorschach. We went through the cards slowly. This time my responses were different. I "saw" things in the inkblots. A pair of bats tugging at each other. Two men fencing with swords. I imagined all sorts of things. But even so, I found myself not trusting Burt completely any more. I kept turning the cards around, checking the backs to see if there was anything there I was supposed to catch.

I peeked, while he was making his notes. But it was all in code that looked like this: WF + A Ddf-Ad orig. WF-A SF + obj The test still doesn't make sense. It seems to me that anyone could make up lies about things he didn't really see. How could they know I wasn't making fools of them by saying things I didn't really imagine? Maybe I'll understand it when Dr Strauss lets me read up on psychology. It's getting harder for me to write down all my thoughts and feelings because I know that people are reading them. Maybe it would be better if I could keep some of these

whole frame trembles as the tension builds. He is unaccustomed to he made it, into a ball." Frank nods and smiles. Charlie sighs and his he stands back, and so does Charlie. "Hey, that's great. Look, Frank, when Gimpf has finished working his dough into a ball,

him. Gimpf wants him to do it. There are echoes inside him that say, do it right and they will like you. And he wants Gimpf and Frank to like Gimpf wants him to do it right, the way rest of his fingers slightly cupped. He has to do it right, the way to keep his fingers exactly the same way, the thumbs together with the He looks from his own hands to Gimpf's, and he is careful his elbows out exactly as Gimpf does, he rolls it into a ball.

dough and sets it down in the center of the table. Slowly, keeping his fingers, but then he picks up the knife and slices off a piece of Gimpf pulls off a section of dough and rolls it into a ball. He tries alone. Now come on - like this." Charlie frowns as he watches try to remember everything so then you'll be able to do the whole watch everything I do, and do each part along with me. Okay? But his head.

"Look, Charlie, I'm gonna do it again slow. Now you Charlie to move when Gimpf says, "Go ahead, try it." Charlie shakes his head.

Worrying about these things makes it impossible for his other fingers and up in the air. Frank works with the flat of his palms, keeping thumbs apart from together with the rest of his fingers as he kneads the dough, but Frank keeps his arms close to his sides. Gimpf keeps his thumbs holds his elbows out as he rolls the dough, like a bird's wings, but performance. Charlie is confused. There are differences. Gimpf "Now watch me," says Frank, and he repeats Gimpf's sprinikle it with flour.

roll, breaks it off and twists it into a circle, pausing now and then to

I dropped by the office earlier this evening to ask Dr the lab was very upsetting. decided what part of it should be published. What happened today at Foundation, Professor Nemur will read through everything to personal reports, but before the final report to the Welfare Foundation, I'm allowed to keep back some of these more private-at least a while.

about, but there are things I can't put down unless I can keep them completely honest every thing, no matter who I was talking know it's immediately read by people at the lab. I've tried to be and me it will be impossible for me to write down everything if April 24 - Professor Nemur finally agreed with Strauss if I can get up the nerve.

Still, I've got to have someone to talk to. I'm going to ask Miss Kinman to go to a movie tomorrow night to celebrate my raise.

the way I expected-not at all. Happened to me, and I can't tell them. They don't understand what has happened to me. I can't blame them. They don't because the others resent thing is that all of the pleasure is gotten another raise. The rotten join the baker's union, and I've gotten a raise. I'm arranging for me to ignoreing me. I can feel the hostility. Donner is arranging for me to now, seeing how I've changed. Not only

here at Beeckman. But what must Frank and Gimpf think and feel owe it all to Dr Strauss and Professor Nemur, and the other people morning light is still gray, I've come a long way since then, and I before. Like looking out of the kitchen window early when the clearer and more complete than anything I have ever experienced for him to do. Why did he? Anyway, that is my memory of the time, I never thought about it before, but that was a nice thing

became of it, but I see him standing there fascinated as the string untwists and sets the rings spinning....

She is screaming at him no, she's screaming at his father. "I'm not going to take him. There's nothing wrong with him!" "Rose, it won't do any good pretending any longer that nothing is wrong. Just look at him, Rose. Six years old, and" "He's not a dummy. He's normal. He'll be just like everyone else." He looks sadly at his son with the spinner and Charlie smiles and holds it up to show him how pretty it is when it goes around and around.

"Put that thing away!" Mom shrieks and suddenly she knocks the spinner from Charlie's hand, and it crashes across the kitchen floor. "Go play with your alphabet blocks." He stands there, frightened by the sudden outburst. He cowers, not knowing what she will do. His body begins to shake. They're arguing, and the voices back and forth make a squeezing pressure inside him and a sense of panic.

"Charlie, go to the bathroom. Don't you dare do it in your pants." He wants to obey her, but his legs are too soft to move. His arms go up automatically to ward off blows.

"For God's sake, Rose. Leave him alone. You've got him terrified. You always do this, and the poor kid" "Then why don't you help me? I have to do it all by myself. Every day I try to teach him - to help him catch up to the others. He's just slow, that's all. But he can learn like everyone else." "You're fooling yourself, Rose. It's not fair to us or to him. Pretending he's normal. Driving him as if he were an animal that could learn to do tricks. Why don't you leave him alone?" "Because I want him to be like everyone else." As they argue, the feeling that grips Charlie's insides becomes greater. His bowels feel as if they will burst and he knows he should go to the bathroom as she has told him so often. But he can't walk. He feels

Hidden in the inkblots! Last time you told me that everyone could see them and you wanted me to find them too." "No, Charlie. I couldn't have said that." "What do you mean?" I shouted at him. Being so afraid of the inkblots had made me angry at myself and at Burt too. "That's what you said to me. Just because you're smart enough to go to college doesn't mean you have to make fun of me. I'm sick and tired of everybody laughing at me." I don't recall ever being so angry before. I don't think it was at Burt himself, but suddenly everything exploded. I tossed the Rorschach cards on the table and walked out. Professor Nemur was passing by in the hall, and when I rushed past him without saying hello he knew something was wrong. He and Burt caught up with me as I was about to go down in the elevator.

"Charlie," said Nemur, grabbing my arm. "Wait a minute. What is this all about?" I shook free and nodded at Burt. "I'm sick and tired of people making fun of me. That's all. Maybe before I didn't know any better, but now I do, and I don't like it." "Nobody's making fun of you here, Charlie," said Nemur.

"What about the inkblots? Last time Burt told me there were pictures in the ink-that everyone could see, and I—" "Look, Charlie, would you like to hear the exact words Burt said to you, and your answers as well? We have a tape-recording of that testing session. We can replay it and let you hear exactly what was said." I went back with them to the psych office with mixed feelings. I was sure they had made fun of me and tricked me when I was too ignorant to know better. My anger was an exciting feeling, and I didn't give it up easily. I was ready to fight.

As Nemur went to the files to get the tape, Burt explained: "Last time, I used almost the exact words I used today. It's a requirement of these tests that the procedure be the same

"Here," he says gruffly, tossing it into Charlie's lap, and chain, letting it swing and twirl around so that it catches the light. Shoulder and he looks up. It is Gimpyle holding out the brass disc and And then he will be able to read the story. He feels a hand on his first page where the Batman and Robin are swinging up a long rope Charlie pulls his legs up and opens the comic book to the But nobody has time.

time—if they didn't rush him too fast he would get it. Learn to read what was in the balloons? If they gave him enough the figures means that they are saying something. Would he ever the strange forms of letters and words in the white balloons above over again (of almost everyone he meets)—and he undoes stands that all of the figures in the comic—he has asked their names over and looks forward to the pleasure of the brightly colored pictures in the to read about it. The fuzzy cloud comes and goes, and now he to feel sad crying, but he doesn't know why. What is there looks at the pictures in his comic book. As he starts to turn the learn back against them while he sits on the floor cross-legged and the flour sacks in the corner near the mixing machines. He likes to until Mr. Donner wants you." Charlie smiles at him and goes back to "Go on, you big baby," snorts Gimpyle. "Go sit down there head as a make-believe hat. Frank laughs and Gimpyle finally smiles. book out of his back pocket. He smooths it out, and puts it on his get back to work." Charlie nods and looks at your comic book. We got to ahead, Charlie. Go sit down and have to be in such a hurry?" Go rush him. Why does everything have to be in such a hurry?" Go away." Another minute and he'll remember. If only they would

hand. "That's all right. Don't worry about it. It's not your work "Okay, Charlie," says Gimpyle, taking the cutter out of his hold on to what he's learned—for a little while. He wants it so much. member. Just another few seconds and he'll have it. He wants to roll it like the ones in the tray? That's something else. Give him time a piece. Then you roll it out into a ball. But how does it get to be a piece? First you start to cut off He forgot already," said Frank, "it don't stick." He wants will fail and he is afraid.

bring himself to start. He cannot cut into it because he knows he piece of dough around on the table, but he cannot piece that Gimpyle has promised him. He turns the smooth, heavy happy and have the him, and to get the bright good-luck stands confounding ideas burst into his mind at the same time and thousands of things swirl. He wants to do it, to make Frank and Gimpyle hold his hand; His fingers which way did he roll the ball? A once again panic comes over him. What did he do first? How did he dough and at the knife that Gimpyle has pushed into his hand. And beginning. Now, go ahead. Charlie stares at the huge slab of see you do it by yourself. Remember all the things you did from the "All right, Charlie," Gimpyle's face is serious. "Now, let's in the large flour-covered tray.

sprinkling them with flour he sets them carefully alongside Gimpyle's, fashion it into a roll. Working beside Gimpyle he makes six rolls, and in a little while he is able to twist off a section of the dough and Occasionally, a twitch of his hand or arm marks what he is doing, but awkwardly, but carefully, Charlie follows Gimpyle's every move. "All right now," says Gimpyle, "Now we make a roll."

this rare moment of success.

like sitting down right there in the kitchen, but it is wrong and she will slap him.

He wants his spinner. If he has his spinner and he watches it going round and round, he will be able to control himself and not make in his pants. But the spinner is all apart with some of the rings under the table and some under the sink, and the cord is near the stove.

It is very strange that although I can recall the voices clearly their faces are still blurred, and I can see only general outlines. Dad massive and slumped. Mom thin and quick. Hearing them now, arguing with each other across the years, I have the impulse to shout at them: "Look at him. There, down there! Look at Charlie. He has to go to the toilet!" Charlie stands clutching and pulling at his red checkered shirt as they argue over him. The words are angry sparks between them—an anger and a guilt he can't identify.

"Next September he's going to go back to P.S. 13 and do the term's work over again." "Why can't you let yourself see the truth? The teacher says he's not capable of doing the work in a regular class." "That bitch a teacher? Oh, I've got better names for her. Let her start with me again and I'll do more than just write to the board of education. I'll scratch that dirty slut's eyes out. Charlie, why are you twisting like that? Go to the bathroom. Go by yourself. You know how to go." "Can't you see he wants you to take him? He's frightened." "Keep out of this. He's perfectly capable of going to the bathroom himself. The book says it gives him confidence and a feeling of achievement." The terror that waits in that cold tile room overwhelms him. He is afraid to go there alone. He reaches up for her hand and sobs out: "Toi-toi..." and she slaps his hand away. I "No more," she says sternly. "You're a big boy now.

I guess I was pretty dumb because I believed what people told me. I shouldn't have trusted Hymie or anyone.

I never remembered any of this before today, but it came back to me after I thought about the dream. It has something to do with the feeling about Miss Kinnian reading my progress reports. Anyway, I'm glad now I don't have to ask anyone to write things for me. Now I can do it for myself.

But I just realized something. Harriet never gave me back my locket.

April 18 - I found out what a Rorschach is. It's the test with the inkblots, the one I took before the operation. As soon as I saw what it was, I got frightened. I knew Burt was going to ask me to find the pictures, and I knew I wouldn't be able to. I was thinking, if only there was some way of knowing what kind of pictures were hidden there. Maybe there weren't any pictures at all. Maybe it was just a trick to see if I was dumb enough to look for something that wasn't there. Just thinking about it made me sore at him.

"All right, Charlie," he said, "you've seen these cards before, remember?" "Of course, I remember." The way I said it, he knew I was angry, and he looked up at me surprised.

"Anything wrong, Charlie?" "No, nothing's wrong. Those inkblots upset me." He smiled and shook his head. "Nothing to be upset about. This is just one of the standard personality tests. Now I want you to look at this card. What might this be? What do you see on this card? People see all sorts of things in these inkblots. Tell me what it might be for you—what it makes you think of." I was shocked. I stared at the card and then at him. That wasn't what I had expected him to say at all.

"You mean there are no pictures hidden in those inkblots?" Burt frowned and took off his glasses. "What?" "Pictures!

Nemur and Dr Strauss, but to the millions who may follow in your more, Charlie. You've got obligations now-not only to Professor "That's my worry, isn't it?" "Is it? This isn't your private affair any so much to do. I have no right to put this on a personal... emotional level. You have have no right to come into your life at this time." "Look," she said, "this is my fault. I mean, I've gone out with you tonight." "Yes, I see that now. What I mean is, we apartmenmt on Sevenwaysvench Street, I was thoroughly miserable. "And I'd rather not talk about it." By the time he had reached her you've got to understand what's happened." "I understand," I said, "Charlie, I'm sorry if I've upset you." "Forget it." "But make her crawl, and then to hold her in arms and kiss her. easy answers and maternal fussing. I wanted to slap her face, to make window. I hated her as I had never hated anyone before-with her with myself and I pulled back to my side of the seat and stared out felt awkward and ridiculous at the same time. It made me angry you, and it might have a negative effect. When she put me off, I "No, Charlie. I don't think this is good for you. I've upset tried to take her hand again, but she pulled away. everything has to... be put into words. I moved closer to her and into words the way I feel." These feelings are new to you. Not selfconscious. "It's not that. What bothers me is that I can't put ridiculous." I upset you by talking about it. I made you handkerchief. "You were very upset tonight, Charlie." "I feel purse and straightened my tie and puffed up my breast pocket home, we were silent for a long time, and then she put down her only water. Don't let it upset you this way." In the taxi on the way home, Charlie, she tried to reassure me. "It's found my tongue had become too large for my mouth.

wave, I insisted. "You have to help me. You're partly responsible. You said only thing that mattered was pleasing her. Was that why I had the phone. Why was it so important for me to know what she thought, how she felt? For more than a year at the Adult Center the urgency because she agreed to meet me. I hung up and stared first place. You just can't shrug me off now." She must have sensed so yourself. If not for you I would never have gone into this in the you have to help me. You're partly responsible. You said wavered, I insisted. "You've always given me good advice." And when she still

At first she didn't think she should see me, but I begged her to meet me at the cafeteria where we had dinner together. I

he voice. Dr Strauss doesn't talk much during our psychotherapy sessions, but today when I brought it up, he said that I was morally obliged to tell Mr. Donner. But the more I thought about it the less simple it became. I had to have some else to break the tie, and the only one I could think of was Alice. Finally, at ten thirty I could it out any longer. I dialed three times, broke off in the middle each time, but on the fourth try, I managed to hold on until

Charlie. "Don't misunderstand. But it was different..." And then he person before the operation. In case you forgot--" Yes, of course, operation. "Smug, pompous--I felt like hitting him too. I was a course, Charlie. But I was still referring to now. I meant before the operation. Charlie, I was confused for a moment and then laughed. "Of person." He looked confused for a moment and then laughed. "Of blame in a stabbing, or the car in a collision.

"But I'm not an inanimate object," I argued. "I'm a all. If I didn't understand what was happening at the time, he says,

front of the cafeteria until the policeman began to eye me suspiciously. Then I went in and bought coffee. Fortunately, the table we had used last time was empty. She would think of looking for me back there.

She saw me and waved to me, but stopped at the counter for coffee before she came over to the table. She smiled and I knew it was because I had chosen the same table. A foolish, romantic gesture.

"I know it's late," I apologized, "but I swear I was going out of my mind. I had to talk to you." She sipped her coffee and listened quietly as I explained how I had found out about Gimpy's cheating, my own reaction, and the conflicting advice I'd gotten at the lab. When I finished, she sat back and shook her head.

"Charlie, you amaze me. In some ways you're so advanced, and yet when it comes to making a decision, you're still a child. I can't decide for you, Charlie. The answer can't be found in books-or be solved by bringing it to other people. Not unless you want to remain a child all your life. You've got to find the answer inside you feel the right thing to do. Charlie, you've got to learn to trust yourself." At first, I was annoyed at her lecture, but then suddenly - it began to make sense.

"You mean, I've got to decide?" She nodded. "In fact," I said, "now that I think of it, I believe I've already decided some of it! I think Nemur and Strauss are both wrong!" She was watching me closely, excitedly. "Something is happening to you, Charlie. If you could only see your face." "You're damned right, something is happening! A cloud of smoke was hanging in front of my eyes, and with one breath you blew it away. A simple idea. Trust myself. And it never occurred to me before." "Charlie, you're wonderful." I caught her hand and held it. "No, it's

voice. "I just hope to God," she whispered, "that you don't get hurt." For a little while after that I didn't know what to say. We ordered our food at the counter and carried it to our table and ate without talking. The silence made me nervous. I knew what she meant about her fear, so I joked about it.

"Why should I get hurt? I couldn't be any worse off than I was before. Even Algernon is still smart, isn't he? As long as he's up there I'm in good shape." She toyed with her knife making circular depressions in a pat of butter and the movement hypnotized me. "And besides," I told her, "I overheard something-Professor Nemur and Dr Strauss were arguing, and Nemur said he's positive that nothing can go wrong." "I hope so," she said. "You have no idea how afraid I've been that something might go wrong. I feel partly responsible." She saw me staring at the knife and she put it down carefully beside her plate.

"I never would have done it but for you," I said.

She laughed and it made me tremble. That's when I saw that her eyes were soft brown. She looked down at the tablecloth quickly and blushed.

"Thank you, Charlie," she said, and took my hand.

It was the first time anyone had ever done that, and it made me bolder. I leaned forward, holding on to her hand, and the words came out. "I like you very much." After I said it, I was afraid she'd laugh, but she nodded and smiled.

"I like you too, Charlie." "But it's more than liking. What I mean is...oh, hell! I don't know what I mean." I knew I was blushing, and I didn't know where to look or what to do with my hands. I dropped a fork, and when I tried to retrieve it, I knocked over a glass of water and it spilled on her dress. Suddenly, I had become clumsy and awkward again, and when I tried to apologize I

that I've been used as a go-between doesn't seem to bother him at all. He's innocent but he's no reason for me to be here.

May 10 - I asked Professor Nemur about it, and he insists that I'm an innocent bystander and there's no reason for me to be here.

I'm sorry, but I don't think I can help you with this problem. It's especially difficult with his club foot.

Well, Gimp is a co-worker. There children. What will he do if Gimp fires him? He might not be able to get another job. Silence! I am as guilty as he is.

About it, I was outside it not to blame. But now that I know, my deliveries have used me to help him steal from Donner. Not knowing him well, the thing that bothers me most is that when he sent me on

gossip as Gimp by my silence. And yet, is it my place to inform on Donner too much to stand by and see him robbed this way. I'd be as

May 9 - I can't sleep. This has gotten to me. I owe Mr. Gimp a favor. I do to Mr. Donner? I don't know what to do.

He would deny it, and I could never prove it was true. And what would

trustless employee has been stealing from him all these years? Gimp

But I still have to decide what to do. Tell Donner that this violence. I don't think I ever hit anyone in my life.

Pouring this all out on paper in the quiet of my room has

but this morning I hated Gimp with all my heart.

and smash his face in. I don't remember ever having anyone before he caught my eye, frowned and turned away.

behind the counter, perspiration streaming down from under his paper cap. He seemed aimless and good-natured, but looking up

you. You touch my eye's and make me see." She blushed and pulled her hand back.

"The last time we were here," I said, "I told you I liked you. I should have trusted myself to say I love you." "Don't, Charlie. Not yet." "Not yet?" I shouted. "That's what you said last time. Why not yet?" "Shhhh... Wait a while, Charlie. Finish your studies. See where they lead you. You're changing too fast." "What does that have to do with it? My feeling for you won't change because I'm becoming intelligent. I'll only love you more." "But you're changing emotionally too. In a peculiar sense I'm the first woman you've ever been really aware of-in this way. Up to now I've been your teacher, someone you turn to for help and advice. You're bound to think you're in love with me. See other women. Give yourself more time." "What you're saying is that young boys are always falling in love with their teachers, and that emotionally I'm still just a boy."

"You're twisting my words around. No, I don't think of you as a boy." "Emotionally retarded then." "No." "Then, why?" "Charlie, don't push me. I don't know. Already, you've gone beyond my intellectual reach. In a few months or even weeks, you'll be a different person. When you mature intellectually, we may not be able to communicate. When you mature emotionally, you may not even want me. I've got to think of myself too, Charlie. Let's wait and see. Be patient." She was making sense, but I wasn't letting myself listen.

"The other night --" I choked out, "You don't know how much I looked forward to that date. I was out of my mind wondering how to behave, what to say, wanting to make the best impression, and terrified I might say something to make you angry." "You didn't make me angry. I was flattered." "Then, when can I see you again?" "I have no right to let you get involved." "But I am

happened that way, or if that was the way it seemed to be at the knowing when something comes up from my past, whether it really happened or not.

May 3 - One of the things that confuses me is never really next time, I'm going to kiss her good night.

How to behave toward a woman? The books don't help much. But learning how to act toward another person? How does a man learn possibly see in me? What makes it so awkward is that I've never

time I got home, I realized she was right. Now, I don't know whether

she cares for me or if she was just being kind. What could she

ask what she meant by not yet, she started inside.

Can't let this get personal. Not yet." And before I could protest, or

"We'd better just say good night this way, Charlie. We

took my hand in hers.

"Good night, Charlie, and thank you again for a lovely..

lovely time." And closed the door.

She stopped me and her shoulder, but she was too quick for me. She stopped me and

thinking: what if she turns me down? I moved closer and reached for

advances. I had decided last night that I would kiss her. But I kept

the novels I'd read and the movies I'd seen, the man makes the

worried about it earlier. Didn't a woman expect you to kiss her? In

you for a wonderful evening." I wanted to kiss her good night. I had

invited me in, but she just whispered: "Good night, Charlie. Thank

and smiled at me and for a moment I thought she was going to

she was trying to let me down easy.

things to say and do. I was a blundering adolescent in her eyes, and

highlighted my awkwardness, my lack of knowledge about the right

picture is a lie. Things are forced to fit because the writer or the

director or somebody wanted something in that didn't belong. And

it doesn't feel right." She looked at me thoughtfully as we walked

out into the bright dazzling night-lights of Times Square. "You're

coming along fast." "I'm confused. I don't know what I know any

more." "Never mind that," she insisted. "You're beginning to see

and understand things." She waved her hand to take in all of the

neon and glitter around us as we crossed over to Seventh Avenue.

"You're beginning to see what's behind the surface of things. What

you say about the parts having to belong together—that was a pretty

good insight." "Oh, come on now. I don't feel as if I'm accomplishing

anything. I don't understand about myself or my past. I don't even

know where my parents are, or what they look like. Do you know

that when I see them in a flash of memory or in a dream the faces

are a blur? I want to see their expressions. I can't understand what's

going on unless I can see their faces—" "Charlie, calm down." People

were turning to stare. She slipped her arm through mine and pulled

me close to restrain me. "Be patient. Don't forget you're

accomplishing in weeks what takes others a lifetime. You're a giant

sponge soaking in knowledge. Soon you'll begin to connect things

up, and you'll see how all the different worlds of learning are

related. All the levels, Charlie, like steps on a giant ladder. And

you'll climb higher and higher to see more and more of the world

around you." As we entered the cafeteria on Forty-fifth Street and

picked up our trays, she spoke animatedly. "Ordinary people," she

said, "can see only a little bit. They can't change much or go any

higher than they are, but you're a genius. You'll keep going up and

up, and see more and more. And each step will reveal worlds you

never even knew existed." "People on the line who heard her turned

to stare at me, and only when I nudged her to stop did she lower her

control the direction of your thoughts... just to leave your mind free association is still difficult, because it's hard not to way.

my evening with Alice. I have begun to think of her in a different never had a dream like it before, and I knew it was connected with my self a cup of coffee and smoked a cigarette. I'd

I made myself a panic as in the dream. What am I afraid of? Something about the knife.

feeling of panic as in the dream. I thought of Alice, and I had the same

When I woke up, I thought of Alice, and I had the same

gown, and there is blood on my hands too.

I know what it is. I've lost or why I was hiding it. I know only that it's throat, and my pockets are empty. I search in my pockets but I don't

I try to scream as I run, but no sound comes out of my

a bloody knife in her hands.

shuddering inside me that makes me warm. But when I look up I see

thrashing inside me that makes me warm. But when I look up I see

as her body rubs up against mine, I feel a strange bubbling and frigthened because I know I must never touch a girl. Then

she tightly but I'm afraid: The more she touches me, the more

takes me into her arms, kisses and caresses me, and I want to hold

girl with her arms outstretched to me - her face is a blank mask. She

The wall breaks down and suddenly there is a redhaired

but I know they want to take it away from me and that frightens me.

something in my pocket I don't know what it is or where I got it,

float around and run backwards, but I'm afraid because I'm hiding

half blinded by the swirls of dust. At times I run forward and then I

First the nightmare: I'm running down a long corridor.

last night, and when I woke up I remembered something.

Everything is strangely slow-motion and blurred I had a nightmare

this life, trying to find out what he was like before he woke up.

time, or if I'm inventing it. I'm like a man who's been half-asleep all

split the difference. Had he used me all these years to help him deliver packages to her, undercharging her so that later they could split I couldn't take my eyes off Gimpy as he clomped around

How many times had he used me as a go-between to coins.

him putting his hand into his pocket, and I heard the faint clink of the drawer. "Thank you, Mrs Wheeler." I turned just in time to see

the ring of the sale. The counting of change. The slam of "Two forty-five, Mrs Wheeler," he said.

"What light leaves."

the cash register, I wanted-y-know, the truth, and yet I was afraid of

But I turned away so that I would not see what Gimpy rang up on

involuntarily, my mind totaled her purchases to \$4.53.

me out to deliver orders to her house.

to lunch and Gimpy was behind the counter. Gimpy had often sent

for me - I recalled that she came in most often when Donner was out

who always pitched my check and joked about finding a girl friend

But when the little red-haired woman came in the one

cookies, buns, and cakes.

the register as I brought out the tray of eclairs and sorted out the

I no longer wanted to know. I kept my eyes averted from

nicer to me.

than believed that Gimpy was stealing. Gimpy had always been so

one customer who regularly bought cream cakes. Anything rather

Or perhaps Mr Donner had made some special arrangement for this

made a mistake in ringing up the sale, and the half-dollar was a tip.

man. There had to be some other explanation. Gimpy had really

it was incredible that anyone would steal from such a

wife's hospital bills.

had heard stories of the times Donner gave Gimpy money to pay his

two rows ahead of us, a young man with his arm around his girl, and I wanted to put my arm around Miss Kinnian. Terrifying. But if I did it slowly... first resting my arm on the back of her seat... moving up... inch by inch... to rest near her shoulders and the back of her neck... casually...

I didn't dare.

The best I could do was rest my elbow on the back of her seat, but by the time I got there I had to shift position to wipe the perspiration off my face and neck.

Once, her leg accidentally brushed against mine.

It became such an ordeal -- so painful that I forced myself to take my mind off her. The first picture had been a war film, and all I caught was the ending where the G.I. goes back to Europe to marry the woman who saved his life. The second picture interested me. A psychological film about a man and woman apparently in love but actually destroying each other. Everything suggests that the man is going to kill his wife but at the last moment, something she screams out in a nightmare makes him recall something that happened to him during his childhood. The sudden memory shows him that his hatred is really directed at a depraved governess who had terrified him with frightening stories and left a flaw in his personality. Excited at discovering this, he cries out with joy so that his wife awakens. He takes her in his arms and the implication is that all his problems have been solved. It was pat and cheap, and I must have shown my anger because Alice wanted to know what was wrong. "It's a lie," I explained, as we walked out into the lobby.

"Things just don't happen that way." "Of course not." She laughed. "It's a world of makebelieve." "Oh, no! That's no answer." I insisted. "Even in the world of make-believe there have to be rules. The parts have to be consistent and belong together. This kind of

involved!" I shouted, and then seeing people turn to look, I lowered my voice until it trembled with anger. "I'm a person-a man-and I can't live with just books and tapes and electronic mazes. You say, 'see other women.' How can I when I don't know any other women? Something inside is burning me up, and all I know is it makes me think of you. I'm in the middle of a page and I see your face on it not blurred like those in my past, but clear and alive. I touch the page and your face is gone and I want to tear the book apart and throw it away." "Please, Charlie..." "Let me see you again" "Tomorrow at the lab." "You know that's not what I mean. Away from the lab. Away from the university. Alone." I could tell she wanted to say yes. She was surprised by my insistence. I was surprised at myself. I only knew that I couldn't stop pressing her. And yet there was a terror in my throat as I begged her. My palms were damp. Was I afraid she'd say no, or afraid she'd say yes? If she hadn't broken the tension by answering me, I think I would have fainted.

"All right, Charlie. Away from the lab and the university, but not alone. I don't think we should be alone together."

"Anywhere you say," I gasped. "Just so I can be with you and not think of tests... statistics... questions... answers..." She frowned for a moment. "All right. They have free spring concerts in Central Park. Next week you can take me to one of the concerts." When we got to her doorway, she turned quickly and kissed my cheek. "Good night, Charlie. I'm glad you called me. I'll see you at the lab." She closed the door and I stood outside the building and looked at the light in her apartment window until it went out.

There is no question about it now. I'm in love.

May 11 - After all this thinking and worrying, I realized Alice was right. I had to trust my intuition. At the bakery, I watched

Gimpy had worked for Mr. Donner for fifteen years. Gimpy had only agreed to do what he was told. He often put Gimpy in charge of the shop when he had to go out, and invited Gimpy's family to his house for dinner more than once. He who always treated his workers like close friends, like relatives-had Gimpy had worked for Mr. Donner for fifteen years.

I leaned in my armchair the wall not knowing what to do understanding between them.

deliberately undercharged the customer, and there had been an of the interruption because it gave me time to think about what I of those cream-filled eclairs? "I'll go back and find out." I was glad "Charlie," said a woman behind me, "are there any more

which he slipped the half-dollar into his pocket.

hand, before his fingers closed on it, and the quick movement with

change, I saw the flash of a large silver coin left behind in Gimpy's

answering smile on Gimpy's face. And when the man took his

wink and smile that passed from the customer to Gimpy and the

he had made a mistake, but in the mirror behind the counter I saw a

raught up the sale the register showed only \$2.95. I stared to tell him

our regular customers-a cake that sells for \$3.95. But when Gimpy

Gimpy was holding the counter wrapping the rush hour two days ago.

noticed something was wrong during the first

going on behind Mr. Donner's back, I find it hard to believe. I first

went under the surgeon's knife. And I have to love someone.

shouts that there is more. I'm a person. I was somebody before I

that way - not yet. But even as I write these words, something inside

express my feelings to Alice. I have no right to think of a woman

why I was taught to keep away from women. It was wrong for me to

of my feelings for Alice? Thinking about it now, I can understand

with me so strongly, and why does it frighten me now? Is it because

Why does a memory like that from childhood remain? However had done it might come looking for him... Norma's underwear with dried blood. What had she done wrong? His mother spanked him for it. There in the clothes hamper he finds them out and his make believe he is Norma, but once when he did that things and his mother's and Norma's dresses. He would like to try he likes to look at all the clothes and look at them. His Father's There is a closet in the bathroom where the clothes hamper is, and loses it. Where is the button? He goes into the bathroom to find it. Involuntarily, he rolls towards the bathroom and the follows, but then he over, and did roll across the intricate line-pattern of the kitchen.

With his spinner. One of the buttons pops off his shirt as he bends the morning exercise. Everyone else asleep, and he uses himself playing life, As fresh... blind... mice? Charlie, alone in the kitchen early in their tails with a carving knife, Did you ever see such a sight in your See how they run! They all run after the Farmer's wife, She cut off dark cubbyhole...

Three blind mice... three blind mice, See how they run! Why is she different? What happened to her? Blood... bleeding... a bleeding...

"Mama, Charlie is peeing at me through the keyhole." Just a big flashing kitchen knife and I'm scared and crying but no voice comes out because my neck is cut and I'm

a person... running down the hallway... somebody chasing me... not

Something is missing. Of the tub to dry herself I see that her body is different from mine.

bath... I am watching through the keyhole... a girl... Norma taking a

like a bubble bath... a woman bathing... a girl... Norma taking a

open and let anything flow into it... Ideas bubbling to the surface

You can go by yourself. Now march right into that bathroom and pull your pants down the way I taught you. I warn you if you make in your pants you'll get spanked." I can almost feel it now, the stretching and knotting in his intestines as the two of them stand over him waiting to see what he will do. His whimper becomes a soft crying as suddenly he can control no longer, and he sobs and covers his face with his hands as he dirties himself.

It is soft and warm and he feels the confusion of relief and fear. It is his, but she will take it away from him as she always does. She will take it away and keep it for herself. And she will spank him. She comes toward him, screaming that he is a bad boy, and Charlie runs to his father for help.

Suddenly, I remember that her name is Rose and his name is Matt. It's odd to have forgotten your parents' names. And what about Norma? Strange I haven't thought about them all for a long time. I wish I could see Matt's face now, to know what he was thinking at that moment. All I remember is that as she began to spank me, Matt Gordon turned and walked out of the apartment. I wish I could see their faces more clearly.

PROGRESS REPORT 11

May 1 - Why haven't I ever noticed how beautiful Alice Kinnian is? She has pigeon-soft brown eyes and feathery brown hair down to the hollow of her neck. When she smiles, her full lips look as if she's pouting.

We went to a movie and then to dinner. I didn't see much of the first picture because I was too conscious of her sitting next to me. Twice her bare arm touched mine on the armrest, and both times the fear that she would become annoyed made me pull back. All I could think about was her soft skin just inches away. Then I saw,

Gimpy more closely. Three times today, I saw him undercharging customers and pocketing his portion of the difference as the customers passed money back to him. It was only with certain regular customers that he did it, and it occurred to me that these people were as guilty as he. Without their agreement this could never take place. Why should Gimpy be the scapegoat? That's when I decided on the compromise. It might not be the perfect decision, but it was my decision, and it seemed to be the best answer under the circumstances. I would tell Gimpy what I knew and warn him to stop.

I got him alone back by the washroom, and when I came up to him he started away. "I've got something important to talk to you about," I said. "I want your advice for a friend who has a problem. He's discovered that one of his fellow employees is cheating his boss, and he doesn't know what to do about it. He doesn't like the idea of informing and getting the guy into trouble, but he won't stand by and let his boss-who has been good to both of them-be cheated." Gimpy looked at me hard. "What does this friend of yours plan to do about it?" "That's the trouble. He doesn't want to do anything. He feels if the stealing stops there would be nothing gained by doing anything at all. He would forget about it." "Your friend ought to keep his nose in his own business," said Gimpy, shifting off his club foot. "He ought to keep his eyes closed to things like that and know who his friends are. A boss is a boss, and working people got to stick together." "My friend doesn't feel that way." "It's none of his business." He feels that if he knows about it he's partly responsible. So he's decided that if the thing stops, he's got nothing more to say. Otherwise, he'll tell the whole story. I wanted to ask your opinion. Do you think that under the circumstances the stealing will stop?" It was a strain for him to

panting, even hallucinations. He feels that my rapid intellectual, where being close to a woman, or thinking of sex, sets off anxiety, Dr Strauss feels that emotionally I'm still in that adolescent state thinking about it now, I'm certain it was a hallucination.

"I've got to go. I'll call you." And before she could stop me, I pulled away, I had to get out of that building before everything faded in.

"She shook her head. "No. It was too dark. But I'm sure --"

truth ..

would pass out. "Charlie, you look sick." "Did you see him, Alice? The arched over her, but it happened again. If I didn't get away quickly, I

standing close to me, waiting for more to kiss her. I put my arm around her, I'm sure not. Just that kid watching us upset me." She was did?" Of course not. Is it anything I said or

got a lot of work to do today. "Charlie, is it anything I said or

wanted to, but something warned me against it. "Bettie not. I've

"Would you like to come in? I could make some coffee."

each other's arms.

had caught a glimpse of what he was seeing-the two of us lying in boy had been crouching there in the darkness, and for one second I

go." All the way back to her apartment, it was on my mind that the minute... just that damned buzzing in my ears. "Maybe we'd better

She looked at me strangely. "Are you all right?" I will be... in a

to where Alice was sitting.

The more I thought about him, the worse became the

wilderness. And then I caught hold of myself and found my way back

already feeling that comes before fainting. Lost and alone in a great

couple, but there was no way to tell where he had gone.

it mattered to me. I ran into the darkness, stumbling over startled

got even very far. "Leave him alone, Charlie. It doesn't matter." But

touch you." "Charlie, where are you going?" "He couldn't have

get angry? I could tell I was still behaving like an adolescent and it angered me.

"Here," I choked, "why don't you make yourself more comfortable? Rest on my shoulder." She let me put my arm around her, but she didn't look at me. She seemed to be too absorbed in the music to realize what I was doing. Did she want me to hold her that way, or was she merely tolerating it? As I slipped my arm down to her waist, I felt her tremble, but still she kept staring in the direction of the orchestra. She was pretending to be concentrating on the music so that she wouldn't have to respond to me. She didn't want to know what was happening. As long as she looked away, and listened, she could pretend that my closeness, my arms around her, were without her knowledge or consent. She wanted me to make love to her body while she kept her mind on higher things. I reached over roughly and turned her chin. "Why don't you look at me? Are you pretending I don't exist?" "No, Charlie," she whispered. "I'm pretending I don't exist." When I touched her shoulder she stiffened and trembled, but I pulled her toward me. Then it happened. It started as a hollow buzzing in my ears...an electric saw... far away. Then the cold: arms and legs prickly, and finger numbing. Suddenly, I had the feeling I was being watched.

A sharp switch in perception. I saw, from some point in the darkness behind a tree, the two of us lying in each other's arms.

I looked up to see a boy of fifteen or sixteen, crouching nearby. "Hey!" I shouted. As he stood up, I saw his trousers were open and he was exposed.

"What's the matter?" she gasped.

I jumped up, and he vanished into the darkness. "Did you see him?" "No," she said, smoothing her skirt nervously. "I didn't see anyone." "Standing right here. Watching us. Close enough to

hesitant by opening her bathrobe and exposing herself. Had he ever wanted when a middle-aged woman, just out of the bath, amused Once -- during a bakery delivery -- Charlie had nearly

the panic. "Charlie, " she whispered after a while, "whatever you want, don't be afraid of me." I wanted to tell her I was waiting for the way I needed her.

comforted me, and as she stroked my hair I knew that she needed me alone and frightened. "She put my head on her shoulder, trying to you want to be an adult, but there's still a little boy inside you.

me on the couch. "They're pushing you too fast. You're confused. I am a child who's been locked out of his nice, safe cage." She sat beside

"Where can I do to help you, Charlie?" I don't know. I'm like an searching for?" The more I talked, the more upset she became.

Square to Central Park, and I slept in the park. What the hell am I outside the bakery. Last night I walked all the way from Washington what I'm looking for... walking until I'm lost... finding myself

what I'm looking for... walking alone in my room any more. I intellectually doesn't help. I can't sit alone in my room any more. I way is an even greater shock than you expected." "Knowing it

were sheltered all these years. Being driven out of the bakery this solid wood under your feet. Mr Donner was good to you, and you

a new swimmer forced off a diving raft and terrified of losing the You don't feel the panic." But, Charlie, it's to be expected. You're

baker is vague, a fear I don't understand. "Get hold of yourself" just like I was. But those things were real, something I was

tease me and push the around. And I was afraid of the

schoolteacher, Mrs Libby, who tied my hands so I wouldn't fight

seen a woman without clothes on? Did he know how to make love? His terror-his whining-must have frightened her because she

clutched her robe together and gave him a quarter to forget what had happened. She was only testing him, she warned, to see if he was a good boy.

He tried to be good, he told her, and not look at women, because his mother used to beat him whenever that happened in his pants...

Now he had the clear picture of Charlie's mother, screaming at him, holding a leather belt in her hand, and his father trying to hold her back.

"Enough, Rose! You'll kill him! Leave him alone!" His mother straining forward to lash at him, just out of reach now so that the belt swishes past his shoulder as he writhes and twists away from it on the floor.

"Look at him!" Rose screams. "He can't learn to read and write, but he knows enough to look at a girl that way. I'll beat that filth out of his mind." "He can't help it if he gets an erection. It's normal. He didn't do anything." "He's got no business to think that way about girls. A friend of his sister's comes to the house and he starts thinking like that! I'll teach him so he never forgets. Do you hear? If you ever touch a girl, I'll put you away in a cage, like an animal, for the rest of your life. Do you hear me?..." I still hear her. But perhaps I had been released. Maybe the fear and nausea was no longer a sea to drown in, but only a pool of water reflecting the past alongside the now. Was I free? If I could reach Alice in time-without thinking about it, before it overwhelmed me-maybe the panic wouldn't happen. If only I could make my mind a blank. I managed to choke out: "You... you do it! Hold me!" And before I knew what she was doing, she was kissing me, holding me closer than anyone

been afraid before. Afraid of being strapped for not giving in to the same." "Fear is a normal reaction." "It's more than that, I've cared for me. Now I'm afraid." "You've still got friends," "It's not before I got involved in this experiment I had friends, people who didn't like me. Never mind giving it a nice neat label. What matters is that said. "This has become a symbiotic repetition of experiences you had as a child. Being rejected by your parents... being sent away..." "Oh, I'm afraid of them. Those people -- for all these years... I've been like being thrown out of my own home." "That's just it," she was like being thrown out of my own home.

cookies laid out in a circular pattern. "You mustn't take it so center of the table -- the napkins folded into triangles, and the

bakery, the old Charlene and the new, were sitting on that chair,

sheer exhaustion. "I've been closer to me than a father.

"Professor Nemur is worried about you," I couldn't face

from the kitchen.

"You haven't been to the lab for a few days," she called

wanted to live in.

could up her mind who she was and which world she

cheeked maidens. Taken all together, it was wrong. As if Alice

courtier, masked, sword in hand, protecting a frightened, pink-

opposite, above the sofa, was a painting of a dashingly Renaissance

framed reproduction of Picasso's "Mother and Child" and directly

house beautiful, and Reader's Digest.

Saturday Review, The New Yorker: On one table: The Reporter, The

that the titles were clearly visible. On the other: Madeleine,

upholstery. Two of the end tables had magazines, neatly stacked so

committed you to that Warren place, I told them how you would to work, a bed to sleep in, and bread in his mouth. When they Arthur Donner, as long as you got a bakery and a business over your everywhere more like a six-year-old boy! swole to myself." I said, life for his country. And when Herman died how old were you? is my home - "And I treated you like my own son who gave up his to lay your head without being put away in that home." "The bakery so that you didn't ever want a dollar in your pocket and a place kept my promise to him to keep you on the job, good times and bad, I frightened at what Old Mr Donner was going to say.

"Charley, your Uncle Herman was a good friend of mine. I

frighted him up at me, he said, I've been meaning to talk to you. Now is

looking up at him -- short, chubby, with the ragged light-brown

staring at him as any." It seems foolish now, but as I sat there as good a time as any.

He called me into his office, cleared the statements and

employees. And yet, he's been closer to me than a father.

blame Donner. He's got to think of his business, and the other

was home to me. What did I do to make them hate me so? I can't

about the place with its white brick walls around my oven heat... It

it was foolish of me to hang on to the past, but there was something

May 20 - I've been fired from my job at the bakery! I know

ready for a relationship with a woman like Alice Kinnian. Not yet.

I'm still an adolescent sexually retarded. I guess he means I'm not

blocks triggered in these sexual situations reveal that emotionally

emotional life. But I've got to accept the fact that the fears and

development has deceived me into thinking I could live a normal

would always find excuses to slip away, afraid to reveal the narrowness of their knowledge.

How different they seem to be now. And how foolish I was ever to have thought that professors were intellectual giants. They're people-and afraid the rest of the world will find out. And Alice is a person too-a woman, not a goddess-and I'm taking her to the concert tomorrow night.

May 17 - Almost morning and I can't fall asleep. I've got to understand what happened to me last night at the concert.

The evening started out well enough. The Mall at Central Park had filled up early, and Alice and I had to pick our way among the couples stretched out on the grass. Finally, far back from the path, we found an unused tree where-out of the range of lamplight the only evidence of other couples was the protesting female laughter and the glow of lit cigarettes.

"This will be fine," she said. "No reason to be right on top of the orchestra." "What's that they're playing now?" I asked.

"Debussy's La Mer. Do you like it?" I settled down beside her. "I don't know much about this kind of music. I have to think about it." "Don't think about it," she whispered. "Feel it. Let it sweep over you like the sea without trying to understand." She lay back on the grass and turned her face in the direction of the music.

I had no way of knowing what she expected of me. This was far from the clear lines of problem-solving and the systematic acquisition of knowledge. I kept telling myself that the sweating palms; the tightness in my chest, the desire to put my arms around her were merely biochemical reactions. I even traced the pattern of stimulus - and - reaction that caused my nervousness and excitement. Yet everything was fuzzy and uncertain. Should I put my arm around her or not? Was she waiting for me to do it? Would she

had ever held me before. But at the moment I should have come closest of all, it started: the buzzing, the chill, and the nausea. I turned away from her.

She tried to soothe me, to tell me it didn't matter, that there was no reason to blame myself. But ashamed, and no longer able to control my anguish, I began to sob. There in her arms I cried myself to sleep, and I dreamed of the courtier and the pink-cheeked maiden. But in my dream it was the maiden who held the sword.

PROGRESS REPORT 12

June 5 - Nemur is upset because I haven't turned in any progress reports in almost two weeks (and he's justified because the Welberg Foundation has begun paying me a salary out of the grant so that I won't have to look for a job). The International Psychological Convention at Chicago is only a week away. He wants his preliminary report to be as full as possible, since Algernon and I are the prime exhibits for his presentation.

Our relationship is becoming increasingly strained. I resent Nemur's constant references to me as a laboratory specimen. He makes me feel that before the experiment I was not really a human being.

I told Strauss that I was too involved in thinking, reading, and digging into myself, trying to understand who and what I am, and that writing was such a slow process it made me impatient to get my ideas down. I followed his suggestion that I learn to type, and now that I can type nearly seventy-five words a minute, it's easier to get it all down on paper.

Strauss again brought up my need to speak and write simply and directly so that people will understand me. He reminds me that language is sometimes a barrier instead of a pathway.

care about their delegations and their petitions, and I'd stick up for Donner." "You don't, Charlie. If you did then I'd tell them I don't have a job here as long as I needed it. Well, still need it, Mr. chance. You said yoursell that you promised Uncle Herman I would "You've got to let me say," Mr. Donner. Give me another

something inside me wanted to make him change his mind.

work for a smart young man." He was right, of course, but man. And operating the tough mixer and delivering packages is no some kind who knows? But you've changed into a very smart young

you haven't talked about it, it's your own affair. Maybe a miracle of several years ago—not even the same Charlie of four months ago,

else." "Let's face it. You're not the Charlie who came in here

work here any more." Mr. Donner, I've never worked anywhere

cubbyhole office. "You know as well as I do that you don't need to go?" He peered up at me for the first time since we'd walked into his

it that was not there before. "I'm sorry, Charlie." "But where will I

turning the paper over and over as if he hoped to find something

got my business to hold together." He was staring at his hands,

I tried to stop him but he shook his head.

last few weeks, they're all upset. Charlie, I got to let you go.

been talking about it, I've had them in here a dozen times in the and I don't understand what it means. Not only me. Everyone has

Nothing's wrong with your work. But something happened to you,

best to do a good job, I've worked hard...," I know, Charlie.

trouble. And as much as I didn't want to know I knew. "I've tried my

the way he was folding and unfolding his bills that he was having

Now, have I kept that solemn promise?" I nodded, but I could see by

one night in that place. I got you a room and I looked after you.

work for me, and I would take care of you. You didn't spend even

approach the complexities of the problem they don't know what exists beyond the surface ripples. It's just as bad on a higher level, and I've given up any attempt to discuss these things with the professors at Beekman.

Burt introduced me to an economics professor at the faculty cafeteria, one well known for his work on the economic factors affecting interest rates. I had long wanted to talk to an economist about some of the ideas I had come across in my reading. The moral aspects of the military blockade as a weapon in times of peace had been bothering me. I asked him what he thought of the suggestion by some senators that we begin using such tactics as "blacklisting" and reinforcement of the navicert controls that had been used in World Wars I and II, against some of the smaller nations which now oppose us.

He listened quietly, staring off into space, and I assumed he was collecting his thoughts for an answer, but a few minutes later he cleared his throat and shook his head. That, he explained apologetically, was outside his area of specialization. His interest was in interest rates, and he hadn't given military economics much thought. He suggested I see Dr. Wessey, who once did a paper on War Trade Agreements during World War II. He might be able to help me.

Before I could say anything else, he grabbed my hand and shook it. He had been glad to meet me, but there were some notes he had to assemble for a lecture. And then he was gone.

The same thing happened when I tried to discuss Chaucer with an American literature specialist, questioned an Orientalist about the Trobriand Islanders, and tried to focus on the problems of automation-caused unemployment with a social psychologist who specialized in public opinion polls on adolescent behavior. They

regularly spaced on the clear plastic covers that protected the throw-pillows on the sofa hadn't been thrown at all, but were straight-line on the window-edge, all facing the same way. And the straight-line was neat. The porcelain figurines were in a room.

sense of pleasure, but there was something disturbing about the

was the first time I had ever been inside her apartment. I felt a

we can talk." I looked around while she went to get the coffee. It

out of fresh coffee on the stove. Go ahead and dry yourself and then

"You're the only one I can talk to," I said, "Let me stay." "I've got a

"Come in. Let me give you a towel. You'll catch pneumonia."

was surprised but she let me in. "You're soaked. The water is

stop. Again I found myself drawn to Alice's apartment. She himself-knowing he's doing wrong thing and not being able to

May 25 - So this is how a person can come to despise

Would they turn up again like him?

they put Algrenon back in the big cage with some of the other mice.

I'm more alone than ever before. I wonder what would happen if

all the people I knew and loved, driven me out of the bakery. Now,

want of me? This intelligence has driven a wedge between me and knowledge and understanding. Why? What in God's name did they

for my ignorance and dullness? Now, they hated me for my

still feel the hostility. Before, they had laughed at me, despising me

of to the rest of them. None of them would look into my eyes. I can

grow old and be sick and die." There was nothing more to say, to her

gates was closed to them. If not for that none of us would have to about lust and shame. And they was driven out of Paradise and the knowledge. It was evil when they saw they was naked, and learned

I see Alice occasionally, but we don't discuss what

happened. Our relationship remains platonic. But for three nights

after I left the bakery there were the nightmares. Hard to believe it

was two weeks ago.

I am pursued down the empty streets at night by ghostly figures. Though I always run to the bakery, the door is locked, and the people inside never turn to look at me. Through the window, the bride and groom on the wedding cake point at me and laugh—the air becomes charged with laughter until I can't stand it—and the two cupids wave their flaming arrows. I scream. I pound on the door, but there is no sound. I see Charlie staring back at me from inside. Is it only a reflection? Things clutch at my legs and drag me away from the bakery down into the shadows of the alleyway, and just as they begin to ooze all over me I wake up.

Other times the window of the bakery opens into the past and looking through it I see other things and other people.

It's astonishing how my power of recall is developing. I cannot control it completely yet, but sometimes when I'm busy reading or working on a problem, I get a feeling of intense clarity.

I know it's some kind of subconscious warning signal, and now instead of waiting for the memory to come to me, I close my eyes and reach out for it. Eventually, I'll be able to bring this recall completely under control, to explore not only the sum of my past experiences, but also all of the untapped faculties of the mind.

Even now, as I think about it, I feel the sharp stillness. I see the bakery window... reach out and touch it... cold and vibrating, and then the glass becomes warm... hotter... fingers burning. The window reflecting my image becomes bright, and as the glass turns into a mirror, I see little Charlie Gordon-fourteen or

gake she was decorating and I could see her lips barely move as she it, Fanny." She stared down at the bride and groom on the wedding Soon there'll be millions like me all over the world. Silence can do blind who has been given a chance to see light. That can't be sinful. back, Fanny, I haven't done anything wrong, I'm like a man born being the good simple man you was before. "There's no going maybe it ain't too late to get out of it. Maybe you could go back to wasn't supposed to you know, like with the devil or something that tree was forbidden to man. Charlie, if you done anything you was given to him to know by the Lord in the first place. The fruit that Charlie, you'd know that it's not meant for man to know more than understood himself and himself to be more intelligent to acquire knowledge, and person wanting to be more intelligent to get what a everybody's been saying it ain't right. "But what's wrong with a what you done to yourself to get so smart all of a sudden. Like ordinary, not too bright maybe, but honest-and who knows man -- you've changed! I don't know. You used to be a good, dependable think there's something slightly strange about you, Charlie. The way which don't mean to say," she remarked, "that I don't been the only one not to sign the petition.

Fanny'Brien was the only one who didn't think I should be forced to leave, and despite their pressure and threats, she had betrayed them, and they hated me for it.

I had made them shrink and emphasized their inadequacies. I had inferior to the moron. I began to see that by my isolating group that me and appear clever at my expense, but now they were feeling and Gimpy did. It had been all right as long as they could laugh at And so it went. Most of them felt the way Joe and Frank he turned and limped off heavily.

Gimpy. "You got a nerve," he shouted. "You can go to hell!" Then

fifteen-looking out at me through the window of his house, and it's doubly strange to realize how different he was....

He has been waiting for his sister to come from school, and when he sees her turn the corner onto Marks Street, he waves and calls her name and runs out onto the porch to meet her.

Norma waves a paper.

"I got an A in my history test. I knew all the answers. Mrs Baffin said it was the best paper in the whole class." She is a pretty girl with light brown hair carefully braided and coed about her head in a crown, and as she looks up at her big brother the smile turns to a frown and she skips away, leaving him behind as she darts up the steps into the house. Smiling, he follows her.

His mother and father are in the kitchen, and Charlie, bursting with the excitement of Norma's good news, blurts it out before she has a chance.

"She got an A! She got an A!" "No!" shrieks Norma. "Not you. You don't tell. It's my mark, and I'm going to tell." "Now wait a minute, young lady." Matt puts his newspaper down and addresses her sternly. "That's no way to talk to your brother." "He had no right to tell!" "Never mind." Matt glares at her over his warning finger. "He meant no harm by it, and you musn't shout at him that way." She turns to her mother for support. "I got an A-the best mark in class. Now I can have a dog? You promised. You said if I got a good mark in my test. And I got an A. A brown dog with white spots. And I'm going to call him Napoleon because that was the question I answered best on the test. Napoleon lost the battle of Waterloo." Rose nods. "Go out on the porch and play with Charlie. He's been waiting over an hour for you to come home from school." "I don't want to play with him." "Go out on the porch," says Matt.

Norma looks at her father and then at Charlie. "I don't

it's up to you." Gimpy glared at me and then shook his head in anything to do with me. Just let me keep my job. Mr Donner says "I'm not asking you to be my friends," I said, "or have Gimpy who had just come up behind him.

"Yeah," Joe nodded, turning to emphasize the point to even. "Yeah," Joe nodded, turning to emphasize the point to words of the books, but I'm as good as you are. Mr Donner says me you're still a moron. Maybe I don't understand some of them big of us all look like a bunch of dopes. But I'll tell you something. To pushing in here with your ideas and suggestions and make the rest hear that, Joe, I'll tell you what you did, Mister Gordon. You come go somewhere else. "But what did I do to you?" What did he do? something. You think you're better than the rest of us here? Okay, always with a book, always with all the answers. Well, I'll tell you know-it-all, a brat! Now you're a regular whiz kid, an egghead. "Why? I'll tell you why. Because all of a sudden you're a big shot, a studied me for a moment and then set the tray down on the table. "No," I insisted. "Now-right now. Both of you have been avoiding Joe turned when I called. "Look, Charlie, I'm busy. Maybe later."

Frank had just picked up a tray of rolls and both he and all uncomfortable. Having me around to look at was too much for them. I made them and Joe Carp walked by me, and I knew what he had said was true. only going to hurt yourself." As I came out of his office, Frank really control myself. "I'll make them understand," I pleaded.

"All right," he sighed finally. "Go ahead, try. But you're for him than he expected. I knew I should stop, but I couldn't their minds? Let me try to convince them." I was making it harder of you! I got to think of my own family too. "What if they change you against all of them. But as it is now, they're all scared to death

conceal his anger. I could see that he wanted to hit me, but he just kept squeezing his fist.

"Tell your friend the guy doesn't seem to have any choice. " "That's fine," I said. "That will make my friend very happy." Gimpy started away, and then he paused and looked back.

"Your friend could it be maybe he's interested in a cut? Is that his reason?" "No, he just wants the whole thing to stop" He glared at me. "I can tell you, you'll be sorry you stuck your nose in. I always stood up for you. I should of had my head examined." And then he limped off.

Perhaps I ought to have told Donner the whole story and had Gimpy fired-I don't know. Doing it this way has something to be said for it. It's over and done with. But how many people are there like Gimpy who use other people that way?

May 15 - My studies are going well. The university library is my second home now. They've had to get me a private room because it takes me only a second to absorb the printed page, and curious students invariably gather around me as I flip through my books.

My most absorbing interests at the present time are etymologies of ancient languages, the newer works on the calculus of variations, and Hindu history. It's amazing the way things, apparently disconnected, hang together. I've moved up to another plateau, and now the streams of the various disciplines seem to be closer to each other as if they flow from a single source.

Strange how when I'm in the college cafeteria and hear the students arguing about history or politics or religion, it all seems so childish.

I find no pleasure in discussing ideas any more on such an elementary level. People resent being shown that they don't

you're right. Next to you I am rather dull-witted. Nowadays every absurd. You know damned well! - "Of course, in a sense, I guess" "You put me in that category too, I suppose." "Don't be take it the wrong way.

Ineffigient beside a moron." After I said it, I knew she was going to superior and secure in their own limitations. Anyone can feel have been smug and patronizing - using them best of themselves bad to you." "What do you know about it? Listen, the best of them people have been handing around all my life." "People have not even that think about myself. I no longer have to take the kind of crap that the foot ticks me? Sure, all this has changed me and the way I Did you think I'd remain a docile pup, wagging my tail and licking differences that. I couldn't let myself listen. "What did you expect? Now, with all your intelligence and knowledge, there are kindness that made everyone like you and like to have you around. something in you before. I don't know... a warmth, an openness, a real anger in her voice pushed me back. I mean it. There was human being." "Oh, come on now! Don't... Don't, interrupt me!" You know? You're different. You've changed. And I'm not talking about slumped down a book she holding. "All right. You want to proportion to what's happened. Something's on your mind." She knew what I was doing | came in. What's bothering you?" "Nothing downstair, and then I got curious about the old classroom. My alarm later | just wanted to look through the window. And before I dismised. I'll see you all tomorrow night at six."

"I'm sorry," I said. "I was going to wait for you her closest, that she was angry.

goue, I could see by the way she was slamming her own things into

danger. I wanted to tell her I had meant no harm | would never hurt

wanted it.

this eager mob and beaten and torn by them. I deserved it. I almost disappeared into the shadows. I pictured myself being caught by seconds later, another one passed in front of the rock and runner being chased down the lampit path into the darkness.

behind me, and looking out from behind the rock I could see a lone light crawled because the cry of "here he goes!" was echoed from and a gun... "It was obvious that the shouting had flushed out the bastard before it chasing him. There he goes!" "Come on! Get the guy down there is tried to rape her." "Hey, some "What happened?" "A degenerate?" "Get a cop, there's never a cop who needed one."

screen of Bramble and dropped flat on my stomach.

started from. I slipped behind the huge outcropping of a rock and a high?" "Which way did he go?" I had circled back to where I had "What is it? What happened, lady?" "A maniac?" "You all No exit.

path, went over the small footbridge and then around and under it. curved around near the playground, doubled back, found another going, half-running, stumbling over twisted roots. At the lake that playgroup locked up for the night | followed the fence, and kept end. Then I saw the swings and slides and realized it was a children's something that threw me backward. A wire-mesh fence - a dead another | didn't know the park, and suddenly I crashed into

find an exit from the park, zig-zagging across one path and down something no one would understand. I ran into the darkness, to heard the running footsteps on the darkness. This was "Please, don't scream!" But she was screaming, and I

her or anyone.

I waved to him.

Bernice, the pretty blonde with empty eyes, looked up and smiled dully.

"Where ya been, Charlie? That's a nice suit." The others who remembered me waved to me and I waved back. Suddenly, I could see by Alice's expression that she was annoyed.

"It's almost eight o'clock," she announced. "Time to put things away." Each person had an assigned task, the putting away of chalk, erasers, papers, books, pencils, note paper, paints, and demonstration material. Each one knew his job and took pride in doing it well. They all started on their tasks except Bernice. She was staring at me.

Thinking about it now, in the security of my room, I am shaken with the rawness that touched me. Remembering how my mother looked before she gave birth to my sister is frightening. But even more frightening is the feeling that I wanted them to catch me and beat me. Why did I want to be punished? Shadows out of the past clutch at my legs and drag me down. I open my mouth to scream, but I am voiceless. My hands are trembling, I feel cold, and there is a distant humming in my ears.

PROGRESS REPORT 13

June 10 - We're on a Strato-jet about to take off for Chicago. I owe this progress report to Burt who had the bright idea that I could dictate this on a transistor tape recorder and have a public stenographer in Chicago type it up. Nemur likes the idea. In fact, he wants me to use the recorder up to the last minute. He feels it will add to the report if they play the most recent tape at the end of the session.

So here I am, sitting off by myself in our private section of a jet on the way to Chicago, trying to get used to thinking aloud, and to the sound of my own voice. I suppose the typist can get rid of all the umh's, er's and ah's, and make it all seem natural on paper (I can't help the paralysis that comes over me when I think hundreds of people are going to listen to the words I'm saying now).

My mind is a blank. At this point my feelings are more

was screaming, and I was sharply back to reality with the sense of I think I grabbed her shoulder-I'm not sure, but then she subnormal.

protecting me less against anyone who dared to say I was she was holding me less, warming me less with her voice and touch, double image: my mother, heavy with my sister, in the days when As she made that protective gesture, I saw the second to protect what lay within.

"I drew away, wrapping her coat quickly around her of yourself." She just got to be careful-not rough or anything like that. But not going to see him any more, but I'm going to keep the baby. a saleswoman met about eight months ago. I was living with him. I'm to you about what I said before. I haven't seen him for years. It was "It's not my husband's," she assured me. "I wasn't lying have wrapped me that something was wrong.

the coat tightly around her on such a hot night should I looked away it was the last thing I had expected, but I tried to get her off the subject, but she kept coming back to the middle-aged woman just out of the bath tub, holding open her open, she was superimposed as a double exposure on the picture of difference. You don't mind, do you?" Standing there with her coat "Only the fifth month," she said. "It doesn't make any other in the shadows.

She stood up and took a step toward me in the spray of lamplight, opening her coat, and I could see the shape of her body as I had not imagined it at all the time we were sitting next to each other in the shadows.

"Before we go...just one thing..."

Then her voice changed, uncertain.

"And when you explain things to me, and I can't and look at me in that impatient way, I know you're laughing and look at me in that impatient way, I know you're laughing myself, Charlie, until when ever we meet and you tell me something it makes it appear as if you're slipping backwards, I say that to every day? You're not losing your intelligence? You're not getting the mirror and scream at myself? No, you're not growing duller more stupid, and when you leave the apartment, I have to stare in Bouleau matheatics, and post-symbiotic logic, and I feel more and and pretended I understood all about cultural variations, and ne-

these days I can't talk to you. All I can do is listen and nod my head you let me take you home? I need someone to talk to. "So do I. But I," "Look, I didn't come here to argue with you," finally said. "Will do, I tried to get her off the subject, but she kept coming back to do my self-confidence. I question my motives now, about everything I thought about doing before, but being with you has undetermined experience." I find myself wanting to impress you in a way I never did, I mention them when we were together. "That's a common things I should have said, and I feel like kicking myself because I never things I've said, and come up with all the bright and witty miserable feeling that I'm slow and dense about everything. I time we see each other, after I leave you I go home with the

June 6 - My first real quarrel with Alice today. My fault. I wanted to see her. Often, after a disturbing memory or dream, talking to her-just being with her-makes me feel better. But it was a mistake to go down to the Center to pick her up.

I had not been back to the Center for Retarded Adults since the operation, and the thought of seeing the place was exciting. It's on Twenty-third Street, east of Fifth Avenue, in an old schoolhouse that has been used by the Beekman University Clinic for the last five years as a center for experimental education-special classes for the handicapped. The sign outside on the doorway, framed by the old spiked gateway, is just a gleaming brass late that says C. R. A. Beekman Extension.

Her class ended at eight, but I wanted to see the mom where-not so long ago-I had struggled over simple reading and writing and learned to count change of a dollar.

I went inside, slipped up to the door, and, keeping out of sight, I looked through the window. Alice was at her desk, and in a chair beside her was a thin-faced woman I didn't recognize. She was frowning that open frown of unconcealed puzzlement, and I wondered what Alice was trying to explain.

Near the blackboard was Mike Dorni in his wheelchair, and there in his usual first-row first-seat was Lester Braun, who, Alice said, was the smartest in the group. Lester had learned easily what I had struggled over, but he came when he felt like it, or he stayed away to earn money waxing floors. I guess if he had cared at all-if it had been important to him as it was to me-they would have used him for this experiment. There were new faces, too, people I didn't know.

Finally, I got up the nerve to go in.

"It's Charlie!" said Mike, whirling his wheelchair around.

inside and then she looked back at me, her voice shaky: "I'll be here
You can't tell how I feel or what I feel or why I feel." She started
you know what I feel you take liberties with other people's minds.
apartment building. "Oh, how insufferable you've become. How do
you're sure?" She turned and glared at me on the front steps of her
making more of this than it is, I'm sure if you'll just—" "You know?
mind, I'll hang on to my split-second ego-thank you." "But you're
about it now, I know that's how I'm going to feel, so if you don't
don't want to be in the way," "Alice," —and no matter what you say
interesting people - the excitement of the spotlight for a while.
morning and told him. There will be a lot for you to do there.
going to the convention with you. I called Professor Nemur this
the way from the bus stop to her apartment, she said, "I'm not
"But you did. Only I don't know what to do about it." On
trying to smile.

want to upset you. You're going through a great trial," She was
"About us," "It shouldn't make you so serious. I don't
mood and looking up at me.
"You're very serious," she said, breaking out of her own
embarrassed silence and unsatisfied longing in a darkened room.
become strained. And all the time was between us now was the
We no longer had anything to communicate. Simple conversation had
sea. She was right in refusing to torture herself by being with me.
widening as the current of my mind carried me swiftly into the open
terrified of me. The ice had broken between us and the gap was
myself how upside-down the situation had become. She was
myself without words. All during the ride on the bus I thought to
She was crying silently as we left the school, and I found
thought about what was happening to her.
absorbed in myself and what was happening to me that I never

was different from Alice. She was the kind of woman who had been
communicated itself, and I was sure I could be normal with her. She
possible. The excitement that came over me when I kissed her again
release and looseness was strong now with the feeling that it was
and knowledge wasn't enough. I wanted this, too. The sense of
could ever ask a woman to share a life with me. Having intelligence
suddenly, it was important to know if I could be like other men, if I
understood? When I saw her body? When we were lying together?
sympathetic? When we were alone in the room? When she
was curious, How far could I go without being overwhelmed by
luggage if you pay in advance. "Well, that's fine." Still nothing. And that in itself
third doesn't cost too much. And they don't bother you about
"If you don't have a place, the Mission Hotel on Fifty-
kept me moving ahead to test my footing.
would give way and usage me into anxiety? Something
place we can go?" Each step forward was caution. At what point
whispered, "What are you thinking?" "About you." "Do you have a
hesitantly so that she looked up at me. "What's the matter?" She
increased her awkwardly and kissed her still more
wondered what Alice would think.
wanted me to take her someplace where we could be alone. I
about. I didn't know her name, and she didn't ask mine. She just
It was what I had heard about, read about, dreamed
mine.
meaningfully, and let her open palm brush back and forth against
love slowly, with caresses and kisses first." She looked at me
others. Most men are gentle and tender with a woman. They make
eyed openness. "I've been with other men. Not him, but lots of

test she had brought home so eagerly just a few minutes earlier. She tears it and throws the pieces into Charlie's startled face. "I hate you! I hate you!" "Norms, stop that at once!" Rose grabs her but she twists away.

"And I hate school! I hate it! I'll stop studying, and I'll be a dummy like him. I'll forget everything I learned and then I'll be just like him." She runs out of the room, shrieking: "It's happening to me already. I'm forgetting everything... I'm forgetting... I don't remember anything I learned any more!" Rose, terrified, runs after her. Matt sits there staring at the newspaper in his lap. Charlie, frightened by the hysteria and the screaming, shrinks into a chair whimpering softly. What has he done wrong? And feeling the wetness in his trousers and the trickling down his leg' he sits there waiting for the slap he knows will come when his mother returns.

The scene fades, but from that time Norma spent all her free moments with her friends, or playing alone in her mom. She kept the door to her room closed, and I was forbidden to enter without her permission.

I recall once overhearing Norma and one of her girl friends playing in her room, and Norma shouting: "He is not my real brother! He's just a boy we took in because we felt sorry for him. My mamma told me, and she said I can tell everyone now that he's not really my brother at all." I wish this memory were a photograph so that I could tear it up and throw it back into her face. I want to call back across the years and tell her I never meant to stop her from getting her dog. She could have had it all to herself, and I wouldn't have fed it, or brushed it, or played with it and I would never have made it like me more than it liked her. I only wanted her to play games with me the way we used to. I never meant to do anything that would hurt her at all.

straining forward... odor of sweaty leather... vibrations and a roaring sound in my ears.

Through the window-in the clouds-I see Charlie. Age is difficult to tell, about five years old. Before Norma...

"Are you two ready yet?" His father comes to the doorway, heavy, especially in the sagging fleshiness of his face and neck. He has a tired look. "I said, are you ready?" "Just a minute," answers Rose. "I'm getting my hat on. See if his shirt is buttoned, and tie his shoelaces." "Come on, let's get this thing over with." "Where?" asks Charlie. "Where... Charlie... go?" His father looks at him and frowns. Matt Gordon never knows how to react to his son's questions.

Rose appears in the doorway of her bedroom, adjusting the half-veil of her hat. She is a birdlike woman, and her arms-up to her head, elbows out-look like wings. "We're going to the doctor who is going to help you get smart." The veil makes it look as if she were peering down at him through a wire screen. He is always frightened when they dress up to go out this way, because he knows he will have to meet other people and his mother will become upset and angry.

He wants to run, but there is no place for him to go.
"Why do you have to tell him that?" said Matt.

"Because it's the truth. Dr Guarino can help him." Matt paces the floor like a man who has given up hope but will make one last attempt to reason. "How do you know? What do you know about this man? If there was anything that could be done, the doctors would have told us long ago." "Don't say that," she screeches. "Don't tell me there's nothing they can do." She grabs Charlie and presses his head against her bosom. "He's going to be normal, whatever we have to do, whatever it costs." "It's not

"Not that I don't like men," she assured me with wide-as-one-silts eyes before a bird feeds from your palm.

before she could let me go. I was importunate to her, and I sat quietly hand still, she gripped it tighter as if she had to finish her story was started. It was too violent and intimate for me. Feeling my agaiin." She could probably tell by the trembling of my hand that I was the last time we were ever together. I never let him touch me was dead beat me. And then he took me with no love-making. That was a terrible virgin. And he just went crazy. First, he had to slap my shoulder. "The night Gary and I were married," she whispered, "I She took my hand as she spoke, and rested her head on sailot.

not forgiveness. He would never forgive her elopement with the everythign a wealthy shipbuilder could give his only daughter-but

Her father had given her a good home, an education, about herself, and I wanted to listen. swollen as if she had just gotten up from sleep. She wanted to talk dark hair loose to her shoulders-except that her face was purfy and great deal of make-up, but she looked attractive with her straight the dim light reflected from the lake, I could see that she wore a time to wipe the beads sweat from her forehead. Even in

She twisted and knotted a handkerchief, using it from him in two and a half years. Yes, I told her, I was from New York. No, I had never been to Newport News, Virginia. That's where she was from, and where she had married this sailor who was at sea now, and she had seen to absorb them all.

We looked at the bright skyline on Central Park South, the honeycomb of lighted cells against the blackness, and I wished I despite the heat. She smiled and motioned for me to sit beside her.

something money can buy." "It's Charlie I'm talking about. Your son... your only child." She rocks him from side to side, near hysteria now. "I won't listen to that talk. They don't know, so they say nothing can be done. Dr Guarino explained it all to me. They won't sponsor his invention, he says, because it will prove they're wrong. Like it was with those other scientists, Pasteur and Jennings, and the rest of them. He told me all about your fine medical doctors afraid of progress." Talking back to Matt this way, she becomes relaxed and sure of herself again. When she lets go of Charlie, he goes to the corner and stands against the wall frightened and shivering.

"Look," she says, "you got him upset again." "Me?" "You always start these things in front of him" "Oh, Christ! Come on, let's get this damned thing over with." All the way to Dr Guarino's office they avoid speaking to each other. Silence on the bus, and silence walking three blocks from the bus to the downtown office building. After about fifteen minutes, Dr Guarino comes out to the waiting room to greet them. He is fat and balding, and he looks as if would pop through his white lab jacket. Charlie is fascinated by the thick white eyebrows and white moustache that twitch from time to time. Sometimes the moustache twitches first, followed by the raising of both eyebrows, but sometimes the brows go up first and the moustache twitch follows.

The large white room into which Guarino ushers them smells recently painted, and it is almost bare -- two desks on one side of the room, and on the other, a huge machine with rows of dials and four long arms like dentist's drills. Nearby is a black leather examination table with thick, webbed, restraining straps.

"Well, well, well," says Guarino, raising his eyebrows, "so this is Charlie." He grips the boy's shoulders firmly. "We're going to

sitting on a bench near the lake, with a coat clutched around her scarfing... for what? I met a woman in Central Park. She was babyinth, hurrying myself against the neon cage of the city. anyone. Up one street, and down another, through the endless windows, looking into doorways, peering into half-shuttered Down alleys, a summer night, but the tense hurry to get-where? through the city? I wander through the streets alone-not the June 8 - What drives me out of the apartment to prowl know it.

an IQ of 185 as I was when I had an IQ of 70. And this time we both Now it's impossible. I am just as far away from Alice with

to marry, have children, settle down.

love with I wanted to overcome my emotional and sexual fears,

But with freedom came a sadness. I wanted to be in to her out of my fear of being forced out on my own, and cut adrift.

confused feeling for her had been holding me back, and I had clinging to fondness, to a feeling of gratitude and responsibility. My

backward against the current of my learning, from worship, to love,

I realize now that Alice had been moving the summer night. Suddenly free.

streets, and the feeling that she was a cool breeze out of cooling, and finally a relief. I walked so fast I was drifting along the

But as I walked away I felt a kind of slimming, then anger to consume the building.

create a scene, to bang on the door, to break it down. I wanted to

the closed door with the anger mounting inside me. I stared at

For the first time in many weeks she didn't ask me inside. I

have a chance to think this out while we're a good distance apart."

when you get back. I'm just upset, that's all, and I want both of us to

have to. Mother said I don't have to play with him if I don't want to." "Now, young lady"-Matt rises out of his chair and comes toward her-"you just apologize to your brother." "I don't have to," she screeches, rushing behind her mother's chair. "He's like a baby. He can't play Monopoly or checkers or anything... he gets everything all mixed up. I won't play with him any more." "Then go to your room!" "Can I have a dog now, Mama?" Matt hits the table with his fist. "There'll be no dog in this house as long as you take this attitude, young lady." "I promised her a dog if she did well in school." "A brown one with white spots!" adds Norma.

Matt points to Charlie standing near the wall. "Did you forget you told your son he couldn't have one because we didn't have the room, and no one to take care of it. Remember? When he asked for a dog? Are you going back on what you said to him?" "But I can take care of my own dog," insists Norma. "I'll feed him, and wash him, and take him out..." Charlie, who has been standing near the table, playing with his large red button at the end of a string, suddenly speaks out.

"I'll help her take care of the dog! I'll help her feed it and brush it and I won't let the other dogs bite it!" But before either Matt or Rose can answer, Norma shrieks: "No! It's going to be my dog. Only my dog!" Matt nods. "You see?" Rose sits beside her and strokes her braids to calm her. "But we have to share things, dear. Charlie can help you take care of it." "No! Only mine!... I'm the one who got the A in history not him! He never gets good marks like me. Why should he help with the dog? And then the dog will like him more than me, and it'll be his dog instead of mine. No! If I can't have it for myself I don't want it." "That settles it," says Matt picking up his newspaper and settling down in his chair again. "No dog." Suddenly, Norma jumps off the couch and grabs the history

he has to be cleaned and changed. They pay no attention to him. They have forgotten that against the tile wall, trembling and moaning.

Kitchen, behind the door and stands with his forehead pressed against the apartment, he pulls away and runs to the corner of the sound of anger in their voices is painful to him. As soon as they frightened by their quarreling, Charlie whispers, "The little normal is more important than anything else.

Charlie savings are dwindling, Rose searching back that making Matt complaining that babies have fallen off, and that behind the door to the inner office, they argue all the way home, "Nice boy, Very nice." Then, smiling again, he disappears into Matt's hand and pats Charlie on the back.

Financial arrangements. Thank you." He half bows to Rose, shakes of money. "My assistant at the front desk will take care of all the pleasure..." sighs Guarino, as if embarrassed at the sight then, thinking better of it, he pulls out his wallet.

"Please," Matt Gordon starts to defend himself, but you talk about money!" Matt Gordon can make him like other children, with the Lord's help, but Guarino can make him like this yourself own flesh and blood, and maybe Dr about a time like this? You own this leave, "Is that anything to talk lot of," Matt, "she clutchet this leaves," asks Matt. "Ten dollars is a time." "But will this really do any good?" asks Matt. "Ten dollars is bringing him to me on Tuesday and Thursday each week at the same the wall and means softly to himself.

"Now don't upset him, Mrs Gordon, and don't worry. people in the house. I'm so ashamed when he does that." The look of disgust on his mother's face sets him trembling. For a shot while he had forgotten how bad he is, how he makes his parents suffer. He doesn't know how, but it frightens him when she says he makes her suffer, and when she cries and screams at him, he turns his face to do a great man's work, while the great men are all busy making bombs. "I'd like to hear you ordinary to his face." "It does not matter what he thinks of himself. Sure he's egoistic, so what? It takes this kind of ego to make a man attempt a thing like this, I've seen enough of men like him to know that mixed in with that pomposness and self-assertion is a goddamned good measure of uncertainty and fear."

"I'm not close to him." He looked at me defiantly. "But Watson, but he's doing something important and I respect his dedication-maybe even more cause he's just an ordinary man trying to do a great man's work, while the great men are all busy making things are going well at the lab and in his lectures, you've got to know Bertha Nemur. Did you know she's got him his professorship? Did you know she used her father's influence to get him the Welberg Foundation grant? Well, now she's pushed him into this premature presentation at the convention. Until you've had a woman like her riding you, don't think you can understand the man who has." I didn't say anything, and I could see he wanted to get back to the hotel. All the way back we were silent.

strapped down to the table, begins to fade.

"On the whole block?" The thought fills him as if he cannot take enough air into his lungs no matter how he tries. "Even smarter than Hymie?" Guarino smiles again and nods. "Smarter than Hymie." Charlie looks at the machine with new wonder and respect. The machine will make him smarter than Hymie who lives two doors away and knows how to read and write and is in the Boy Scouts.

"Is that your machine?" "Not yet. It belongs to the bank. But soon it'll be mine, and then I'll be able to make lots of boys like you smart." He pats Charlie's head and says, "You're a lot nicer than some of the normal kids whose mothers bring them here hoping I can make geniuses out of them by raising their LQ.s.

"Do they be jean-asses if you raise their eyes?" He put his hands to his face to see if the machine had done anything to raise his eyes. "You gonna make me a jean-ass?" Guarino's laugh is friendly as he squeezes Charlie's shoulder. "No, Charlie. Nothing for you to worry about. Only nasty little donkeys become jean-asses. You'll stay just the way you are-a nice kid." And then, thinking better of it he adds: "Of course, a little smarter than you are now." He unlocks the door and leads Charlie out to his parents. "Here he is, folks. None the worse for the experience. A good boy. I think we're going to be good friends, eh, Charlie?" Charlie nods. He wants Dr Guarino to like him, but he is terrified when he sees the expression on his mother's face. "Charlie! What did you do?" "Just an accident, Mrs Gordon. He was frightened the first time. But don't blame him or punish him. I wouldn't want him to connect punishment with coming here." But Rose Gordon is sick with embarrassment. "It's disgusting. I don't know what to do, Dr Guarino. Even at home he forgets-and sometimes when we have

want to understand why he's under tension all the time, even when "Go ahead." "Ever meet Nemur's wife?" "No." "If you off awkwardly, suddenly aware that he was preaching to me. Superhuman? They're ordinary people. You're the genius." He broke phonies, but when did either of them claim to be perfect, or understood, or-I have to use the word-tolerance. You call them you know things. You see things. But you haven't developed than most people pick up in a long lifetime. But you're losered that can't really be calculated, more knowledge absorbed by now that of fast," he said, "You've got a super mind now, intelligence kind of fast," he said, "Just that you've come a long way sound revealed it's excesspiration.

into a lurcheonette for coffee, and I didn't see his face, but the me." Burt passed and let out a long stream of breath. We turned He always seemed frightened out of something. But Strauss surprised, "I see them now as they really are, phonies, I expected it of Nemur, of uncertainty and fear." And phoniness and shallowness, I added, that pomposness and self-assertion is a goddamned good measure of uncertainty and fear."

"I'd like to hear you ordinary to his face." "It does not matter what he thinks of himself. Sure he's egoistic, so what? It takes this kind of ego to make a man attempt a thing like this, I've seen enough of men like him to know that mixed in with that pomposness and self-assertion is a goddamned good measure of uncertainty and fear."

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Am I a genius? I don't think so. Not yet anyway. As Burt would put it, mocking the euphemisms of educational jargon, I'm exceptional-a democratic term used to avoid the damning labels of gifted and deprived (which used to mean bright and retarded) and as soon as exceptional begins to mean anything to anyone they'll change it. The idea seems to be: use an expression only as long as it doesn't mean anything to anybody. Exceptional refers to both ends of the spectrum, so all my life I've been exceptional.

Strange about learning; the farther I go the more I see that I never knew even existed. A short while ago I foolishly thought I could learn everything -- all the knowledge in the world. Now I hope only to be able to know of its existence, and to understand one grain of it.

Is there time? Burt is annoyed with me. He finds me impatient and the others must feel the same. But they hold me back and try to keep me in my place. What is my place? Who and what am I now? Am I the sum of my life or only of the past months? Oh, how impatient they get when I try to discuss it with them. They don't like to admit that they don't know. It's paradoxical that an ordinary man like Nemur presumes, to devote himself to making other people geniuses. He would like to be thought of as the discoverer of new laws of learning-the Einstein of psychology. And he has the

convention means a lot to him. His reputation is at stake." "I didn't take it easy," Charlie. The old man is on edge. This he walked beside me, his hands deep in his pockets.

"These motorized Chicago cabs of myaged and rolled on State Street." "I don't like being kept in custody." He avoided my gaze as "Exhibit A," star of the show. Can't have you run down by one of you following me?" He shrugged and laughed uncomfortably.

"What's the matter?" I said as he caught up to me. "Are we corner? I caught a glimpse of Burt coming after me.

everyone lies?" No one I know is what he appears to be. As I turned preternight to be able to bring light into the darkness. Why is it that genius? But they were just ordinary men working blindly.

I think this out. Frauds - both of them. They had pretended to be geniuses. I couldnt stay at the party. I slipped away to walk and store for me this weekend.

marinifolds. It was the first inkling of the revelations that were in variations, and nothing about Banach algebra or Riemannian little in mathematics beyond the elementary level of calculus of pertiology. Nothing about the micro- or macroeconomic theory.

Geology: nothing about geomorphology or stratigraphy or even physics: nothing beyond the quantum theory of fields. I found out.

but somehow I couldn't let go. I had to find out just how much he knew.

I could see he wanted to end the discussion at that point, tongueless.

to get along." "No Russian, Chinese, Portuguese?" He reminded me to do something for your son. You just that care. "That's not true! But I realize there's nothing we can do. When you got a child like him it's a cross, and you bear it, and don't care.

teacher's fear of being surpassed by the student, the master's dread of having the disciple discredit his work. (Not that I am in any real sense Nemur's student or disciple as Burt is.) I guess Nemur's fear of being revealed as a man walking on stilts among giants is understandable. Failure at this point would destroy him. He is too old to start all over again.

As shocking as it is to discover the truth about men I had respected and looked up to, I guess Burt is right. I must not be too impatient with them. Their ideas and brilliant work made the experiment possible. I've got to guard against the natural tendency to look down on them now that I have surpassed them.

I've got to realize that when they continually admonish me to speak and write simply so that people who read these reports will be able to understand me, they are talking about themselves as well. But still it's frightening to realize that my fate is in the hands of men who are not the giants I once thought them to be, men who don't know all the answers.

I'm dictating this under great emotional strain. I've walked out on the whole thing. I'm on a plane headed back to New York alone, and I have no idea what I'm going to do when I get there.

At first, I admit, I was in awe at the picture of an international convention of scientists and scholars, gathered for an exchange of ideas. Here, I thought, was where it all really happened. Here it would be different from the sterile college discussions, because these were the men on the highest levels of psychological research and education, the scientists who wrote the books and delivered the lectures, the authorities people quoted. If Nemur and Strauss were ordinary men working beyond their abilities, I felt sure it would be different with the others.

what he did to me, and for taking advantage of Rose and Matt, but funny thing about Guarino. I should resent him if she would lose me.

stopped wanting to be the smart boy she wanted me to be, so that freak, did she stop trying to make me over. But I guess I never that she was capable of having normal children, and that I was a whose fault was it, hers or Matt's? Only after Rose prodded to her dream that something could be done. The urgent question always: everyone at first. It was something Rose Jordan lived with a night. Her fear, her guilt, her shame that Charlie was a moron. Her got the unusual motivation to become smart that so amazed land. It doesn't seem to bother me any more. "Now I can see where you have it on, sir. You've had it on all the way from New York. Close in a few minutes. You'll have to fasten your seat belt again... Oh, sorry to interrupt you, I'm just sick of you complaining to be going to be landing storms out, slamming the door behind him.

know who's the dope around here. Me! For putting up with you. He shouting. Look at him, he's frightened. "The hell with you. Now I hours a day. My own place with people working for me." "Stop barbershop of my own instead of eating my heart out selling for ten the sewer to do something that can't be done, I could have had a Don't look at me that way. For all the money you've thrown down could have used to set me up in a nice business of my own. Yes. You spent almost all our savings on duds and phony-money I love it. Well, I can bear him, but I can't stand your foolish ways.

time I try to do something for your son. You don't care. You just that care. "That's not true! But I realize there's nothing we can do. When you got a child like him it's a cross, and you bear it, and don't care.

"Now that didn't hurt you a bit, did it?" "N-no." "Well, then what are you trembling like that for? All I did was use that machine to make you smarter. How does it feel to be smarter now than you were before?" Forgetting his terror, Charlie stares wide-eyed at the machine. "Did I get smart?" "Of course you did. Uh, stand back over there. How does it feel?" "Feels wet. I made." "Yes, well-uh-you won't do that next time, will you? You won't be scared any more, now that you know it doesn't hurt. Now I want you to tell your mom how smart you feel, and she'll bring you here twice a week for short-wave encephalo-reconditioning, and you'll get smarter, and smarter, and smarter." Charlie smiles. "I can walk backwards." "You can? Let's see," says Guarino closing his folder in mock excitement.

"Let me see." Slowly, and with great effort, Charlie takes several steps backward, stumbling against the examination table as he goes. Guarino smiles and nods.

"Now that's what I call something. Oh, you wait. You're going to be the smartest boy on your block before we're through with you." Charlie flushes with pleasure at this praise and attention. It is not often that people smile at him and tell him he has done something well. Even the terror of the machine, and of being

year, recognizing and agreeing each other - we stood there feeling their little baggage carts, members who hadn't seen each other in a plining up all around the lobby, bellboys hustling back and forth with in the midst of all the confusion-luggage difference in and search of his superior to see what could be done.

manager. We waited in the lobby as each hotel official went off in with everyone in the line of hotel command from the bellhop to the Nemur was furious. He took it as a personal affront and quarelled where we would have to stay at the nearby independent Hotel.

arrived at the Chalmers Hotel in Chicago and discovered that by June 11 - The confusion began from the moment we ripples now wash over me in high-breakin waves... .

learn more and more myself, and the memories that began as impactent, to wait for things. I guess I'm growin up. Each day I am learning to control my resenlment, not to be so person before I came here.

How can I make him understand that he did not create things are human feelings involved. He doesn't realize that I was a feeble-minded person and laugh because they don't understand me? He makes the same mistake as the others when they look at a question him.

someday there will be others like me who will become real human Nemur's constant references to having made what I am, or that it may sound like ingratitude, but that is one of the things that I resent here-the attitude that I am a genuine pig.

He treated me-even then-as a human being. somehow I can't. After that first day, he was always pleasant to me.

"French, German, Spanish, Italian, and enough Swedish know?" I asked him.

"French, German, Spanish, Italian, and enough Swedish areas in their own fields was terrifying. "What language do you say. To hear him admit that both of them knew what to journals will be combined for additional data." I didn't know what to say, I'm certain before the final reports are turned in, all the he is, read them either? "He shruged, "I'm even worse linguist than said Strauss thoughtfully. "Those papers must be recent. There validity of this kind of control He must know about those... "No... ,

Rahamamatis attack on this method, and Tamada, challenge to the has your gift for languages. "But then how can we refute read Hindi and Japanese? Oh, come on now, "Charlie, not everyone because he hasn't read them. He can't read those languages. "Note every one is lying at you. Nemur could discuss these articles to him. What did I say that upset him that way? "You're making him feel inferior and he can't take it. "I'm serious, for God's sake.

"All right, now. You've been telling me I'm too sensitive to tell the truth. "Charlie, you've got to stop thinking that I managed to get Strauss off to one side, and I started off completely, and I stood there dumbfounded.

turned to talk to someone about an old college friend, cutting me points will be adequately dealt with in tomorrow's session. He is not the time or place to go into that. I'm certain all of these is still have the best laboratories and the best equipment in the world. "But that doesn't answer Rahamamati's point that --? "This States and Britain far outshines the work done in the United does't make him the final word on its experimental development. I

distractions have a deleterious effect on the ramified scores." Rose smiles at her husband triumphantly, and Matt follows her meekly outside.

Alone with Charlie, Dr Guarino pats him on the head. He has a kindly smile.

"Okay, kid. On the table." When Charlie doesn't respond, he lifts him gently onto the leather-padded table and straps him down securely with heavy webbed straps. The table smells of deeply ingrained sweat, and leather.

"Maaa!" "She's outside. Don't worry, Charlie. This won't hurt a bit." "Want Ma!" Charlie is confused at being restrained this way. He has no sense of what is being done to him, but there have been other doctors who were not so gentle after his parents left the room.

Guarino tries to calm him. "Take it easy, kid. Nothing to be scared of. You see this big machine here? Know what I'm going to do with it?" Charlie cringes, and then he recalls his mother's words. "Make me smart." "That's right. At least you know what you're here for. Now, just close your eyes and relax while I turn on these switches. It'll make a loud noise, like an airplane, but it won't hurt you. And we'll see if we can make you a little bit smarter than you are now." Guarino snaps on the switch that sets the huge machine humming, red and blue lights blinking on and off. Charlie is terrified. He cringes and shivers, straining against the straps that hold him fast to the table.

He starts to scream, but Guarino quickly pushes a wad of cloth into his mouth. "Now, now, Charlie. None of that. You be a good little boy. I told you it won't hurt." He tries to scream again, but all that comes out is a muffled choking that makes him want to throw up. He feels the wetness and the stickiness around his legs,

When it was time for the meeting, Nemur steered us through the gigantic lobby with its heavy baroque furnishings and huge curving marble staircases, and we moved through the thickening knots of handshakers, nodders, and smilers. Two other professors from Beekman who had arrived in Chicago just this morning joined us. Professors White and Clinger walked a little to the right and a step or two behind Nemur and Strauss, while Burt and I brought up the rear.

Standees parted to make a path for us into the Grand Ballroom, and Nemur waved to the reporters and photographers who had come to hear at first hand about the startling things that had been done with a retarded adult in just a little over three months.

Nemur had obviously sent out advance publicity releases.

Some of the psychological papers delivered at the meeting were impressive. A group from Alaska showed how stimulation of various portions of the brain caused a significant development in learning ability, and a group from New Zealand had mapped out those portions of the brain that controlled perception and retention of stimuli.

But there were other kinds of papers too - P.T. Zellerman's study on the difference in the length of time it took white rats to learn a maze when the corners were curved rather than angular, or Worfel's paper on the effect of intelligence level on the reaction-time of rhesus monkeys. Papers like these made me angry. Money, time, and energy squandered on the detailed analysis of the trivial. Burt was right when he praised Nemur and Strauss for devoting themselves to something important and uncertain rather than to something insignificant and safe.

If only Nemur would look at me as a human being.

Charlie. Just because a man is the first to come forth with a theory through combination, and now he points out that "Oh, come now, first propounded the theory of blocking the malarial enzyme worry about. Our results speak for themselves." But Tamada himself tried to shrug it off. "Well, I don't think we have anything to say about psychology just a few days ago." He looked at his audience and then translated yet. I read it in the Hindu journal of Psychiatry. "He frowned. "Where was that article translated?" It has not been translated yet. I am sure of the enzime blocking the concept of changing the chemical structure of the enzime that Tamada's article attaches looked at me blankly. "Who?" "Rahajamati. His article attaches peroration. "What about Rahajamati? Who's work in that field?" He professor Nemur. "I said, interrupting him at the height of his procedure brain proteins at a supernormal rate." "Just a minute, implanted brain tissue which has been chemically revitalized to remove the damaged portions of the brain and permit the key, as it were. This is central to our own technique as well. But first, deactive enzymes, changing the molecular shape of the intervening process through injections of chemicals which combine with the process itself. Many researchers have been to reverse the process that Mr Gordon here is no longer retarded?" "Ah!" crowed Nemur, "I said the destruction to the tissue was irreversible, not the possible psychologists who had joined the little audience, "How is it possible that Mr Gordon here is no longer retarded?" "But if it is true that the brain tissue. " "But if it is irreversible," intruded one of the the logic, it's blocked. Result? Irreversible destruction of proteins in the brain, the true key - the right enzime - can't even enter because it's there, the true key. Into the chemical lock of the central nervous system - but won't turn. Because it's there, the true key - the right enzime gene as a wrong key which fits enzime produced by the deactive gene. Think of the enzimes. Let me give you an example of how it works. Think of the went on in the same vein. "I call it competitive inhibition of

had not expected a lecture, but Nemur had seized the floor and he the normal enzymes causing brain damage." The girl frownd. She reactions. And, of course, newly produced amino acids compete with whatever it was resulted in a delicate genetic feedback on the fetus - radiation or mutation or even a virus attack on the fetus - some unusual biochemical or genetic situation, possibly involving type of phenylketonuria that Charlie was suffering from as a child. his hand on my shoulder. "We don't know exactly what he put authority, and for the first time since we'd known each other he put it was the chance he had been waiting for to show his that.

Collage asked me if I could explain some of the causes of my own retardation, I told her that Professor Nemur was the man to answer when an attractive young clinician from Falmouth arrived and asked my attention I was getting.

When I asked me if I could see that Nemur was almost anything. But after a while I could see that Nemur was storehouse of general knowledge made it easy for me to talk about archaeological discoveries in Finland. It was challenging, and my opinions on everything from the effects of the new tax to the latest annoyed all the attention I was getting.

Wherever we went, someone came up and asked my most of them knew who I was.

Parties were. Here, people had heard about the experiment, and staying at the independence, and that was where big first-nighter As it turned out, most of the younger psychologists were done about it, he accepted the fact that we would have to spend our night in Chicago. Here, people had heard about the big first-nighter finally, when it became apparent that nothing could be connected with the International Psychological Association.

Increasingly embarrassed as Nemur tried to collar officials

After the chairman announced the presentation from Beekman University, we took our seats on the platform behind the long table -- Algernon in his cage between Burt and me. We were the main attraction of the evening, and when we were settled, the chairman began his introduction. I half expected to bear him boom out: Laideez and gentlemen. Step right this way and see the side show! An act never before seen in the scientific world! A mouse and a moron turned into geniuses before your very eyes! I admit I had come here with a chip on my shoulder.

All he said was: "The next presentation really needs no introduction. We have all heard about the startling work being done at Beekman University, sponsored by the Welberg Foundation grants, under the direction of the chairman of the psychology department, Professor Nemur, in co-operation with Dr Strauss of the Beekman Neuropsychiatric Center. Needless to say, this is a report we have all been looking forward to with great interest. I turn the meeting over to Professor Nemur and Dr Strauss." Nemur nodded graciously at the chairman's introductory praise and winked at Strauss in the triumph of the moment.

The first speaker from Beekman was Professor Clinger.

I was becoming irritated, and I could see that Algernon, upset by the smoke, the buzzing, the unaccustomed surroundings, was moving around in his cage nervously. I had the strongest compulsion to open his cage and let him out. It was an absurd thought-more of an itch than a thought-and I tried to ignore it. But as I listened to Professor Clinger's stereotyped paper on "The effects of lefthanded goal boxes in a T-maze versus right-handed goal boxes in a T-maze," I found myself toying with the release-lock mechanism of Algernon's cage.

In a short while (before Strauss and Nemur would unveil

be friends." "Can you really do anything for him, Dr Guarino?" says Matt. "Have you ever treated this kind of thing before? We don't have much money." The eyebrows come down like shutters as Guarino frowns. "Mr Gordon, have I said anything yet about what I could do? Don't I have to examine him first? Maybe something can be done, maybe not. First there will have to be physical and mental tests to determine the causes of the pathology. There will be enough time later to talk of prognosis. Actually, I'm very busy these days. I only agreed to look into this case because I'm doing a special study of this type of neural retardation. Of course, if you have qualms, then perhaps..." His voice trails off sadly, and he turns away, but Rose Gordon jabs at Matt with her elbow. "My husband doesn't mean that at all, Dr Guarino. He talks too much." She glares at Matt again to warn him to apologize.

Matt sighs. "If there is any way you can help Charlie, we'll do anything you ask. Things are slow these days. I sell barbershop supplies, but whatever I have I'll be glad to." "Just one thing I must insist on," says Guarino, pursing his lips as if making a decision. "Once we start, the treatment must continue all the way. In cases of this type, the results often come suddenly after long months without any sign of improvement. Not that I am promising you success, mind you. Nothing is guaranteed. But you must give the treatment a chance, otherwise you're better off not starting at all." He frowns at them to let his warning sink in, and his brows are white shades from under which his bright blue eyes stare. "Now, if you'll just step outside and let me examine the boy." Matt hesitates to leave Charlie alone with him, but Guarino nods. "This is the best way," he says, ushering them both outside to the waiting room. "The results are always more significant if the patient and I are alone when the sychosubstantiation tests are performed. External

women (non-experimentalists) tried to stand on the unstable divided in its aims, became a tangle of arms and legs. Some of the "Get him! Get him!" Nemur screamed as the audience, to the floor.

Algernon jumped down from the table, onto the platform and then of water overturned, and then shouted, "Algernon's loose!" her chair backwards as she leaped to her feet. Beyond her, pictures of white on white, until a woman at the table screamed, knocking At first, he was lost against the damask tablecloth, a blur cage, and camped across the long table.

looked up at me and paused. Then he turned, darted out of his will, to pull down the latch of Algernon's cage. As I opened it he me, I watched in fascination as my hand moved, independent of my he was talking about. At that point, the compulsion overwhelmed words from Charlie Gordon, "God damn him. He didn't know what contribution member of society, I should like you to hear a few have a man of dignity and sensitivity, ready to take his place as a burden on the society that must bear his irresponsible behavior, we psychological experimentalists. In place of a feeble-minded shell, a

"...in one sense, he was the result of modern before this distinguished gathering. No, I had to get out of there. be allowed to have my dinner, I would be required to perform

Now there would be a question period, and before would they had built around me. Algernon, I found myself behind the mesh of the cage move. Like Algernon, I wanted to jump up and tell them, but I couldn't had caught it. I wanted to jump up and tell them, but I couldn't would stick. The professors had made a mistake, and no one else Algernon and myself, it would take more time to see if this change

intelligence had been increased two or three times.

eyes open. I'll pick up at this point tomorrow. Now, Didn't get to sleep on the plane yesterday, and I can't keep my while, I was in the dark for more than thirty years. But I'm tired lost; the record will be complete. Let them be in the dark for a that as long as I keep lapsing thoughts to get down. I tell myself So many confusing thoughts to get down. I tell myself stopped myself several times, I've got to keep away from here. It's hard to keep from calling her. I've started and Alice.

lives checked into the Camden Hotel on 41st Street, a block from Times Square, New York. All the things I've read about it is stops away on the subway and been to Times Square only once with and color. Incredible that I've lived and worked all my life just a few Gotcham... the melting pot... Bagdad-on-the-Hudson, City of Light bearing.

six dollars as soon as I arrived in New York. Eight hundred and eighty work it out for myself. Fortunately, as a precaution, I withdrew my savings from the bank as soon as I arrived in New York. Eight hundred and eighty

This is no time to go to her. Not until I've had time to would make her see how much she was hurting me. Now it hurts, if I could reach out into the past of my memories, I on the bed, Charlie did not understand what they were saying, but mothers, attitude back to what it was before his sister came. There that he has done nothing wrong, that it is beyond him to change his beneath the covers I wish I could give him comfort, explain to him comes to me again in luminous vision. Seeing Charlie huddled freedom-involuntarily, instinctively. The light through that door jar as a bird or squirrel backs off from the brusque movements of the As I see him now, he is not really afraid, just withdrawn,

June 16 - Called Alice, but hung up before she answered. Today I found a furnished apartment. Ninety-five dollars a month is more than I planned to spend, but it's on Forty-third and Tenth Avenue and I can get to the library in ten minutes to keep up with my reading and study. The apartment is on the fourth floor, four rooms, and there's a rented piano in it. The landlady says that one of these days the rental service will pull it out, but maybe by that time I can learn to play it.

Algernon is a pleasant companion. At mealtimes he takes his place at the small gateleg table. He likes pretzels, and today he took a sip of beer while we watched the ball game on TV. I think he rooted for the Yankees.

I'm going to move most of the furniture out of the second bedroom and use the room for Algernon. I plan to build him a three-dimensional maze out of scrap plastic that I can pick up cheaply downtown. There are some complex maze variations I'd like him to learn to be sure he keeps in shape. But I'm going to see if I can find some motivation other than food. There must be other rewards that will induce him to solve problems.

Solitude gives me a chance to read and think, and now that the memories are coming through again-to rediscover my past, to find out who and what I really am. If anything should go wrong, I'll have at least that.

June 19 - Met Fay Lillman, my neighbor across the hall. When I came back with an armful of groceries, I discovered I had locked myself out, and I remembered that the front fire escape connected my living room window and the apartment directly across the hall.

The radio was on loud and brassy, so I knocked softly at first, and then louder.

"Come on in! Door's open!" I pushed the door, and froze, because standing in front of an easel, painting, was a slender blonde in pink bra and panties.

"Sorry!" I gasped, closing the door again. From outside, I shouted. "I'm your neighbor across the hall. I locked myself out, and I wanted to use the fire escape to get over to my window." The door swung open and she faced me, still in her underwear, a brush in each hand and hands on her hips.

"Didn't you hear me say come in?" She waved me into the apartment, pushing away a carton full of trash. "Just step over that pile of junk there." I thought she must have forgotten-or not realized-she was undressed, and I didn't know which way to look. I kept my eyes averted, looking at the walls, ceiling, everywhere but at her.

The place was a shambles. There were dozens of little folding snack-tables, all covered with twisted tubes of paint, most of them crusted dry like shriveled snakes, but some of them alive and oozing ribbons of color. Tubes, brushes, cans, rags, and parts of frames and canvas were strewn everywhere.

The place was thick with the odor compounded of paint, linseed oil, and turpentine-and after a few moments the subtle aroma of stale beer. Three overstuffed chairs and a mangy green couch were piled high with discarded clothing, and on the floor lay shoes, stockings and underthings, as if she were in the habit of undressing as she walked and flinging her clothes as she went. A fine layer of dust covered everything.

"Well, you're Mr Gordon," she said, looking me over. "I've been dying to get a peek at you ever since you moved in. Have a seat." She scooped up a pile of clothing from one of the chairs and dumped it onto the crowded sofa.

"Come on," I said. "We'll get out of here together." He let glancing at his reflection in the mirror.

Algernon was perched on top of one of the washbasins, gaiters. "Algeron was perched on top of one of the washbasins,

me pick him up and put him into my jacket pocket. "Stay in there

was the first to cross the invisible barrier and enter the sacred searching crowd was saved by the handwringing on the wall-ladies. I

"He's in there," someone yelled. But for a moment, the clutching frantically around their legs.

half a dozen women came screaming out of the powder room, skirts

and after today, maybe it just won't matter at all." Seconds later,

basket. "Do you know something?" I said. "You've made a mistake.

danger. I pretended to be looking for Algernon under a waste

"Go ahead, laugh!" snorted Nemur, who nearly bumped

into me, "but if we don't find him, the whole experiment is in

long time.

than many of them, was the funniest thing that had happened in a running back and forth in the lobby, chasing a white mouse smart

the main lobby, picking up other people as we went. Seeing them all

hallway, led them a merry chase. Under Louis XIV tables, round

corridor, as Algernon, scampering along the maroon carpeted

The crowd surged out of the Grand Ballroom into the

"Get him! Get him!" begged Nemur.

out the side door," someone echoed.

"Run," I heard myself shout. "The side door!" "He's gone

Algernon was smart enough to head in that direction.

"Close those back doors!" shouted Bur, who realized

them over.

holding chairs while others, trying to help corner Algernon, knocked

"But I controlled myself, and by the time Strauss took the podium the impulse had passed.

Strauss dealt largely with the theory and techniques of neurosurgery, describing in detail how pioneer studies on the mapping of hormone control centers enabled him to isolate and stimulate these centers while at the same time removing the hormone-inhibitor producing portion of the cortex. He explained the enzyme-block theory and went on to describe my physical condition before and after surgery. Photographs (I didn't know they had been taken) were passed around and commented on, and I could see by the nods and smiles that most people there agreed with him that the "dull, vacuous facial expression" had been transformed into an "alert, intelligent appearance." He also discussed in detail the pertinent aspects of our therapy sessions-especially my changing attitudes toward free association the couch.

I had come there as part of a scientific presentation, and I had expected to be put on exhibition, but everyone kept talking about me as if I were some kind of newly created thing they were presenting to the scientific world. No one in this room considered me an individual human being. The constant juxtaposition of "Algernon and Charlie" and "Charlie and Algernon," made it clear that they thought of both of us as a couple of experimental animals who had no existence outside the laboratory. But, aside from my anger, I couldn't get it out of my mind that something was wrong.

Finally, it was Nemur's turn to speak-to sum it all up as the head of the project-to take the spotlight as the author of a brilliant experiment. This was the day he had been waiting for.

He was impressive as he stood up there on the platform, and, as he spoke, I found myself nodding with him, agreeing with things I knew to be true. The testing, the experiment, the surgery,

believed. But where do I go from here? First, I've got to see my anything serious. It's just that things are not as definite as Nemur the seat. I mustn't panic. The mistake doesn't necessarily mean little silly. I don't really know why I got so upset, or what I'm doing on a jet heading back to New York with Algernon in a shoddy under-taking all this out makes me feel a lot better—even a

midtown. I want to be near Times Square. We'll use that as a base of operations while I look for a furnished apartment, somewhere hotel here in the city for one or two nights. We'll use that as a base instead of going back to my place, I plan to stay at a pink suit jacket pocket. I used my return-flying ticket to New York. In my jacket pocket, I closed the door behind me, and patted my pocket. A couple of man-made geniuses on the run. I had the bellhop put the bags and the tape-recorder into a waiting taxi, and my hotel bill, and get my things packed," I said, "and we'll take off—just you and me—a

Corridor C and took the elevator to my room. "I closed the door behind me, and patted my pocket. A dozen flowers turned right down Corridor B, I turned left up where the ventilator led to. When Strauss and White tried to discover Strauss continues up to the second floor as they burst out of the ladies' room and the forces split. I followed behind the Strauss. "You go up to the second floor," said Nemur, waving to there. "Find out where it leads to," said Strauss.

"There's a hole in the ventilator. Maybe he went up stairs. I walked out as they searched the washroom, and I heard Burt's voice. Swinging doors—looking guilty as if they expected to see screaming nude females. I realized immediately that this information had been withheld from me. I suspected the reason, and I was annoyed, but that was nothing to the anger I felt when they brought out the films.

I had never known that my early performances and tests in the laboratory were filmed. There I was, at the table beside Burt, confused and open-mouthed as I tried to run the maze with the electric stylus. Each time I received a shock, my expression changed to an absurd wide-eyed stare, and then that foolish smile again. Each time it happened the audience roared. Race after race, it was repeated and each time, they found it funnier than before.

I told myself they were not gawking curiosity seekers, but scientists here in search of knowledge. They couldn't help finding these pictures funny—but still, as Burt caught the spirit and made amusing comments on the films, I was overcome with a sense of mischief. It would be even funnier to see Algernon escape from his cage, and to see all these people scattering and crawling around on their hands and knees trying to retrieve a small, white, scurrying genius.

A quarrel. Now. Another memory—when I was much older. the memories sleep back from the past to contaminate the here and than normal. I'm a genius?" Even as I try to get out of my mind, past worth knowing? Why is it so important for me to say to her: "Mom, look at me, I'm not retarded any more. I'm normal. Better see her and trace back to learn what I was? Or to forget her? Is the tell me about myself? And yet, I'm curious. How would she react? To what good would it do to see her now? What could she when I needed more. morning, running away from me so that she gave me less love and others who were so hurry to convince her that I was a would have been better if she had ignored the doctors and teachers. Seeing her face in the newspaper, I suddenly hated her. It places.

allowing to exist only where I would not be seen, in corners and dark now that when Norma flowered in our garden became a weed, had reversed and where they had once attracted now repelled. I see look, her presence—all changed. It was as if her magnetic poles began to sound different. Not only her voice, but her touch her showed all signs of normal intelligence, though my mother's voice no way of knowing yet if Norma would be like me or not. It was later on, when she was sure her parents had been answered, and Norma had changed towards me, and now I realize it was because she had raised her head and axially, "Watch him, Mat." That was before she blanched and pasty, arms limp on the orchid-flowered comforter, sister to play with. "I see my mother in the huge bed nearby, because she's very little, but when she gets bigger you'll have a me by the hand and saying, "There she is. You must touch her photograph, myself and father leaning over a bassinet. He's holding

walls of his cage.

When someone from the audience asked Burt if he was suggesting that this erratic behavior was directly caused by increased intelligence, Burt ducked the question. "As far as I am concerned," he said, "there's not enough evidence to warrant that conclusion. There are other possibilities. It is possible that both the increased intelligence and the erratic behavior at this level were created by the original surgery, instead of one being a function of the other. It's also possible that this erratic behavior is unique to Algernon. We didn't find it in any of the other mice, but then none of the others achieved as high a level of intelligence nor maintained it for as long as Algernon has." I realized immediately that this information had been withheld from me. I suspected the reason, and I was annoyed, but that was nothing to the anger I felt when they brought out the films.

"So you finally decided to visit your neighbors. Get you a drink?" "You're a painter," I burbled, for want of something to say. I was unnerved by the thought that any moment she would realize she was undressed and would scream and dash for the bedroom. I tried to keep my eyes moving, looking everywhere but at her. "Beer or ale? Nothing else in the place right now except cooking sherry. You don't want cooking sherry, do you?" "I can't stay," I said, getting hold of myself and fixing my gaze at the beauty mark on the left side of her chin. "I've locked myself out of my apartment. I wanted to go across the fire escape. It connects our windows." "Any time," she assured me. "Those lousy patent locks are a pain in the ass. I locked myself out of this place three times the first week I lived here—and once I was out in the hall stark naked for half an hour. Stepped out to get the milk, and the goddammed door swung shut behind me. I ripped the goddamned lock off and I haven't had one on my door since." I must have frowned, because she laughed. "Well, you see what the damned locks do. They lock you out, and they don't protect much, do they? Fifteen burglaries in this goddamned building in the past year and every one of them in apartments that were locked. No one ever broke in here, even though the door was always open. They'd have a rotten time finding anything valuable here anyway." When she insisted again on my having a beer with her, I accepted. While she was getting it from the kitchen, I looked around the room again. What I hadn't noticed before was that the part of the wall behind me had been cleared away—all the furniture pushed to one side of the room or the center, so that the far wall (the plaster of which had been torn off to expose the brick) served as an art gallery. Paintings were crowded to the ceiling and others were stacked against each other on the floor. Several of them were self-portraits, including two nudes. The

- He's a good boy. I see back through the dissolving the other children.

The words carved above the cathedral of my childhood: He's like all those like a warm bath, and hands stroking my hair and brow, and And often times there would be tenderness and holding come to her for comforting, and her anger would break over me.

mother's temper flared-but it always caught me unaware. I would storm warnings, and she would be out of range whenever my by a gesture of hand, a raised eyebrow, a frown-my sister knew the knowing which she would be. Perhaps she would reveal it to others. She was two people to me, and I never had any way of memories. She softens her. The two of them are sitting on the living room couch.

but very much like my mother. Her hair worn down to her shoulders And Norma-thin-faced too. Features not so sharp, pretty, tremble.

same time I want to turn away to avoid a slap. Her picture makes me her to take me into her arms and tell me I am a good boy, and at the done up in a bun, severly. Piercing me with her dark eyes. I want and chin. And I can almost hear her chatter and bird-screch. Hair the faint details-yet thin, drawn into exaggerated lines. Sharp nose recognized her, but now, knowing she is my mother, I can make out and didn't know her. Had we passed on the street, I would not have a clear one, I still see it through the gaze of childhood. I knew her, can I say I remember Rose's face. Although the recent photograph is back and looked at the picture again. How can I describe them? I stared at the news story for a while, and then I turned wife and daughter, now operates a barbershop in the Bronx.

The father, Matthew Gordon, who is not living with his communicate with the family at their home address.

painting she had been working on when I came in, the one on the easel, was a half-length nude of herself, showing her hair long (not the way she wore it now, up in blonde braids coiled around her head like a crown) down to her shoulders with part of her long tresses twisted around the front and resting between her breasts. She had painted her breasts up tilted and firm with the nipples an unrealistic lollipop-red. When I heard her coming back with the beer, I spun away from the easel quickly, stumbled over some books, and pretended to be interested in a small autumn landscape on the wall.

I was relieved to see that she had slipped into a thin ragged housecoat-even though it had holes in all the wrong places-and I could look directly at her for the first time. Not exactly beautiful, but her blue eyes and pert snub nose gave her a catlike quality that contrasted with her robust, athletic movements.

She was about thirty-five, slender and well proportioned. She set the beers on the hardwood floor, curled up beside them in front of the sofa, and motioned for me to do the same.

"I find the floor more comfortable than chairs," she said, sipping the beer from the can. "Don't you?" I told her I hadn't thought about it, and she laughed and said I had an honest face. She was in the mood to talk about herself. She avoided Greenwich Village, she said, because there, instead of painting, she would be spending all her time in bars and coffee shops. "It's better up here, away from the phonies and the dilettantes. Here I can do what I want and no one comes to sneer. You're not a sneerer, are you?" I shrugged, trying not to notice the gritty dust all over my trousers and my hands. "I guess we all sneer at something. You're sneering at the phonies and dilettantes, aren't you?" After a while, I said I'd better be getting over to my own apartment. She pushed a pile of books away from the window-and I climbed over newspapers and

anyone who has any news about her brother's whereabouts had no idea then that he was still alive." Miss Gordon requests that Island (Warren Slade Home and Training School, in Warren, Long place), (Warren Slade Home and Training School, in Warren, Long My mother told me he had been sent to the Warren experience.

University approached her for permission to use Charlie in an when the head of the psychology department at Beckman Miss Gordon says she believed her brother dead until last March. haven't seen him or heard from him in more than seventeen years." knowledge of her brother's whereabouts. Miss Gordon said, "We Rose Gordon, at 4136 Marks Street, Brooklyn, N.Y., denied any (Special to the Daily Press) Brooklyn, N.Y.

SISTER UNAWARE OF MORON-GENIUS, WHEREABOUTS

June 14-Miss Norma Gordon, who lives with her mother, stumbled to find a picture of my mother and sister. Some reporter had obviously done his legwork.

When I turned to the letter story on the fifth page, I was stunned to find a picture of my mother and sister. Some reporter together. hundred-dollar reward for Algernon, not realizing we were and that I would undoubtedly return soon. They offered a five- Strauss are reported as saying I had been under tremendous strain headline read: Moron-Genius and Mouse Go Berserk. Nemur and was an old picture of me and a sketch of a white mouse. The tabloids had a filed day. On the second page of the Daily Press there was a file hit the papers yesterday, and the June 15-Our escape hit the papers yesterday, and the may not have all the time I thought I had... .

Parents. As soon as I can. their crowning achievement) Burt would read a paper describing the procedures and results of administering intelligence and learning tests he had devised for Algernon. This would be followed by a demonstration as Algernon was put through his paces of solving a problem in order to get his meal (something I have never stopped resenting!).

Not that I had anything against Burt. He had always been straightforward with me - more so than most of the others - but when he described the white mouse who had been given intelligence, he was as pompous and artificial as the others. As if he were trying on the mantle of his teachers. I restrained myself at that point more out of friendship for Burt than anything else. Letting Algernon out of his cage would throw the meeting into chaos, and after all this was Burt's debut into the rat race of academic preferment.

I had my finger on the cage door release, and as Algernon watched the movement of my hand with his pink candy eyes, I'm certain he knew what I had in mind. At that moment Burt took the cage for his demonstration. He explained the complexity of the shifting lock, and the problem-solving required each time the lock was to be opened. (Thin plastic bolts fell into place in varying patterns and had to be controlled by the mouse, who depressed a series of levers in the same order.) As Algernon's intelligence increased, his problem-solving speed increased-that much was obvious. But then Burt revealed one thing I had not known.

At the peak of his intelligence, Algernon's performance had become variable. There were times, according to Burt's report, when Algernon refused to work at all, even when apparently hungry-and other times when he would solve the problem but, instead of taking his food reward, would hurl himself against the

razor against leather the harsh whisper made me cringe. I bent my head low, having him cut my hair again. Later, as he stopped the session, I assured him, "And I want to look my best." It was a frightening thought.

"I've got to meet someone I haven't seen in a long time," "haircut, shave, shampoo, sun tan . . ." His eyebrows went up. "The works," I said, nodding at the uniform shop price list,

"neckcloth, and I saw a rown of faint recognition. me in the mirror now that he had more in the past months. He studied appearance had changed even more than fifteen years. He studied that he had not seen me in more than five years, and that my recognition me when I knew him so plainly. I had to remind myself that he had not seen me in more than fifteen years. I said myself into the chair, incredulous that he didn't have?" I eased myself into the chair, incredulous that he didn't can say for most barbershops in this neighborhood. Haircut and neckcloth.

"Everything sanitary, as you can see, which is more than I expected around, pulling out scissors and combs and a fresh and shave in the Bronx." As I let myself be drawn into the shop, he about to close. Lucky for you! I sat down to rest my feet. Best haircut appoinment with one of my regulars, but he didn't show. Just misundertood. "Usually not open at this hour, mister. Had an

"No waiting. You're next." I hesitated, and he tossed the magazine aside. still Matt. Seeing me at the door, he tossed the magazine aside.

bal with a fringe of gray hair bordering the sides of his head-but me, I recognized Matt-stocky, redheaded, a lot older and nearly magazine in the chair nearest the window. When he looked up at came off right from the window.

The shop was empty except for the barber reading a

windows, and others were closed for the day. But halfway down the block from the bus stop there was a barber pole reflecting a candle.

Most of the stores on the street had "For Rent" signs in the

out the way I expect it to. With the clue that Matt had opened a barbershop somewhere in the Bronx, it was a simple matter to find him. I remembered he had sold for a barber supply company in New York. That led me to Metro Barber Shop Supplies who had a barbershop account under the name of Gordons Barber Shop on Wentworth Street in the Bronx.

Matt had often talked about a barbershop of his own. How he hated selling! What battles they had about it! Rose screaming that a salesman was at least a dignified occupation, but she would never have a barber for a husband. And oh, wouldn't Margaret Phinney snicker at the "barber's wife. And what about Lois Meiner whose husband was a claims examiner for the Alarm Casualty Company? Wouldn't she stick her nose up in the air! During the years he worked as a salesman, hating every day of it (especially after he saw the movie version of Death of a Salesman) Matt dreamed that he would someday become his own boss. That must have been in his mind in those days when he talked about saving money and gave me my haircuts down in the basement. They were good haircuts too, he boasted, a lot better than I'd get in that cheap barbershop on Scales Avenue. When he walked out on Rose, he walked out on selling too, and I admired him for that.

I was excited at the thought of seeing him. Memories were warm ones. Matt had been willing to take me as I was. Before Norma: the arguments that weren't about money or impressing the neighbors were about me—that I should be let alone instead of being pushed to do what other kids did. And after Norma: that I had a right to a life of my own even though I wasn't like other children. Always defending me. I couldn't wait to see the expression on his face. He was someone I'd be able to share this with.

Wentworth Street was a rundown section of the Bronx.

doorway, I was watching a man and woman in each other's arms. did I, I saw the two of us, as if I were a third person standing in the right for me at this emotional level. I slipped my arms around her. "That's different," she cooed. "I was beginning to think you didn't care." "I care," I whispered, kissing her throat. But as I right for her. After all, I wasn't the one making the advances. And she was different from any woman I'd ever met before. Perhaps she was right for me if you were the guy, I wished her to be no panic now—not reason not to. I had the feeling there would be no panic now—not slipped her arms around me, waiting for me to do something. I knew what was expected of me, and I told myself there was no forward and the kimono open at the neck revealed her bosom. She went into your place with that guy, I wished it was me. She leaned over him, and I knew he was good friends. It from me if you are, because then we would be just good friends. a homosexual, are you?" Hell, not! I mean you don't have to hide a homosexual away. But you seem afraid of me. You're not that guy either, I can figure you out. Most men like me or cup of coffee?" Charlie, I'll keep that in mind. Can I get you a cup of coffee?" "Thanks," I said. "I'll keep that in mind. Can I get you a different." What is that supposed to mean?" Just what it sounds like. If you were the guy, I'd go to bed with you. I tried to keep my like soap bubbles.

"Now if you were the guy," she said, "it would be arms popped like soap bubbles. With him, do you?" My image of the two of them in each other's home I've got to go to bed with him. You don't think I went to bed I like to dance, and I don't see that because I let a guy bring me at you." She shook her head. I go to the Stardust Ballroom because hall you've got to expect advances. He had the right to make a pass who am I to disapprove? But if you pick up a guy in a public dance she caught my tone and looked up sharply. "You don't approve?" them off." "Oh," I said, "you brought him up here to hold him off."

But seeing myself that way, from a distance, left me unresponsive. There was no panic, it was true, but there was also no excitement—no desire.

"Your place or mine?" she asked.
"Wait a minute." "What's the matter?" "Maybe we'd better not. I don't feel well this evening." She looked at me wonderingly. "Is there anything else?... Anything you want me to do?... I don't mind .." "No, that's not it," I said sharply. "I just don't feel well tonight." I was curious about the ways she had of getting a man excited, but this was no time to start experimenting. The solution to my problem lay elsewhere.

I didn't know what else to say to her. I wished she'd go away, but I didn't want to tell her to go. She was studying me, and then finally she said, "Look, do you mind if I spend the night here?" "Why?" She shrugged. "I like you. I don't know. Leroy might come back. Lots of reasons. If you don't want me to..." She caught me off guard again. I might have found a dozen excuses to get rid of her, but I gave in.

"Got any gin?" she asked.
"No, I don't drink much." "I've got some in my place. I'll bring it over." Before I could stop her she was out the window and a few minutes later she returned with a bottle about two-thirds full, and a lemon. She took two glasses from my kitchen and poured some gin into each. "Here," she said, "this'll make you feel better. It'll take the starch out of those straight lines. That's what's bugging you. Everything is too neat and straight and you're all boxed in. Like Algernon in his sculpture there." I wasn't going to at first, but I felt so lousy that I figured why not. It couldn't make things any worse, and it might possibly dull the feeling that I was watching myself through eyes that didn't understand what I was

but there's one type that's so hungry it's all you can do to hold "Wheew!" she sighed, "I can usually take care of myself, and she slipped down from the window ledge to the couch. "Hi," she whispered, "got a cigarette?" I handed her one legs. slipped in and sat on the ledge, a black silk kimono revealing lovely he spread a lamp on my living room window. It was open, and Fay door slam leroi cursing as he left. Then, a few minutes afterwards, but as I started out of bed to see if she needed help, I heard the apartment, then her scream and the sound of things being thrown, about an hour later shouting from Fay's was clear, but Alice was wrapped in mist. blonde hair braided and curled around her head like a crown. Fay dressed or undressed, at will, with her crisp blue eyes and her myself? I couldn't even visualize Alice's face. I could picture Fay, I wanted to phone Alice, but I didn't. Why torment each other's arms. mind: a big white bed... white cool sheets and the two of them in though I tried to read, the pictures kept forcing their way into my door, I heard them laughing their way into her apartment, and I managed an apology and pulled away. Behind my closed good idea.

"Met Leroy at the Stardust Ballroom," she explained. "He's a terrific dancer." She stared into her apartment and then pulled him back. "Hey," she giggled, "why don't we invite Charlie over for a drink and make it a party?" Leroy didn't think it was a

Charlie. He's my across-the-hall neighbor. A wonderful artist. I

"Put him away. Send him to the Warren State Home." "Let's talk it over a normal life because of..." "What do you want to do? Turn him out into the secret?" like this because the children tease her. We can't destroy her chance about. I won't help her come home from school crying every day into the pillow and listens. "I can't help it! He's got to go! We've got her to think there is something terribly wrong in that hysteria. He sinks back squares-there are an everyday occurrence in his house. But tonight sound of his mother shrieking. He has learned to sleep through Charlie is asleep in the other room, but he wakes to the house for the last time...." "I saw what happened the night he took me away from the darkness I saw what happened the night he took me away from the sun-tan lamp over to the chair and then brought the old soaked in which he dabbled at the cut with spirit powder. days. But I waited while he dabbled at the cut with spirit powder. He pinched shaving me silently, and then brought the him put his arm around my shoulder, so we could talk about the old felt guilty at the deception. I wanted to tell him who I was and have watching him move, arroit for such a short, heavy man, I to it before it reached the neckcloth.

"Hey," he shouted. "Jesus... take it easy. You moved. Hey, I'm awful sorry." He dashed to wet a towel at the sink. "My neck muscle knotted, and without warning it twitched. The blade nicked me just above Adam's apple. thin line dripping down my throat. Excited and apologizing, he got in the mirror I watched the bright red bubble and the I'm sorry," he shouted. "Take it easy. You moved. Hey,

"Carefully across my neck. I closed my eyes and waited. It was as if I head under the gentle press of his hand and felt the blade scrape were on the operating table again.

doing.

She got me drunk.

I remember the first drink, and getting into bed, and her slipping in beside me with the bottle in her hand. And that was all until this afternoon when I got up with a hangover.

She was still asleep, face to the wall, her pillow bunched up under her neck. On the night table beside the ash tray overflowing with crushed butts stood the empty bottle, but the last thing I remembered before the curtain came down was watching myself take the second drink.

She stretched and rolled toward me-nude. I moved back and fell out of bed. I grabbed a blanket to wrap around myself.

"Hi," she yawned. "You know what I want to do one of these days?" "What?" "Paint you in the nude. Like Michelangelo's 'David.' You'd be beautiful. You okay?" I nodded. "Except for a headache. Did I uh-drink too much last night?" She laughed and propped herself up on one elbow. "You were loaded. And boy did you act queer-I don't mean fairyish or anything like that but strange." "What"-I said, struggling to work the blanket around so that I could walk-"is that supposed to mean? What did I do?" "I've seen guys get happy, or sad, or sleepy, or sexy, but I never saw anyone act the way you did. It's a good thing you don't drink often. Oh, my God, I only wish I had a camera. What a short subject you'd have made." "Well, for Christ's sake, what'd I do?" "Not what I expected. No sex, or anything like that. But you were phenomenal. What an act! The weirdest. You'd be great on the stage. You'd wow them at the Palace. You went all confused and silly. You know, as if a grown man starts acting like a kid. Talking about how you wanted to go to school and learn to read and write so you could be smart like everyone else.

element. Charlie, it's the greatest thing since junkmobiles and tincannia." I tried to explain, but she insisted that the living element would make sculpture history. Only when I saw the laughter in her wild eyes did I realize she was teasing me. "It could be self-perpetuating art," she went on, "a creative experience for the art lover. You get another mouse and when they have babies, you always keep one to reproduce the living element. Your work of art attains immortality, and all the fashionable people buy copies for conversation pieces. What are you going to call it?" "All right," I sighed. "I surrender...." "No," she snorted, tapping the plastic dome where Algernon had found his way into the goal-box.

"Surrender is too much of a cliche. How about: Life is just a box of mazes?" "You're a nut!" I said.

"Naturally!" She spun around and curtsied. "I was wondering when you'd notice." About then the coffee boiled over.

Halfway through the cup of coffee, she gasped and said she had to run because she had a date a half-hour earlier with someone she met at an art exhibit.

"You wanted some money," I said.

She reached into my half open wallet and pulled out a five-dollar bill.

"Till next week," she said, "when the check comes. Thanks a mill." She crumpled the money, blew Algernon a kiss, and before I could say anything she was out the window onto the fire escape, and out of sight. I stood there foolishly looking after her.

So damned attractive. So full of life and excitement. Her voice, her eyes-everything about her was an invitation. And she lived out the window and just a fire escape away.

June 20 - Perhaps I should have waited before going to see Matt; or not gone to see him at all. I don't know. Nothing turns

were over, I sat in the chair limply, feeling light, and slick, and when the haircut, shave, sun treatment, and the rest wash the kitchen sink....

When he looks back at her, she has picked up a rag to him, and give it to Norma.

she wanted to hurt him. She wanted to take something away from long carving knife she cuts with, and he senses vaguely that longer exists. On the way out, Charlie sees on the kitchen table the confidence herself that he has already gone out of her life, that he no longer go out the door, she looks away. Perhaps she is trying to touch the boy doesn't understand what is happening, he is afraid. Matt comes into Charlie's room and dresses his son, and easily you", "That's all I ask. Your daughter is entitled to a life, got to control yourself, I'll take him over to Herman. Will that through with him, and I can't blame you for being afraid, though him into the Warren State Home". There is silence. From the darkness I feel the shudder pass over the house, and then Matt's voice, less panic than hers. I know what you've gone to Herman tonight and maybe tomorrow we'll find out about take him away from here. Now tonight, "All right, I'll take him over "you're out of your mind. For God's sake, control yourself", "Then dead. He'll never be able to live a normal life. He'll be better off destroyed, "You're crazy. Put that knife away", "He's better off here." "Put that knife down", "I'm not going to have her life impossible, Rose. What are you doing?", "Warn you. Get him out of tonight. I can't stand looking at him any more. "You're being shouting so loud everyone will hear you", "I don't care. He goes out be foolish, Rose. It's too late to do anything... tonight You're saying, I don't want him here another day. Now-tonight. "Don't do over in the morning." "No. All you do is talk, talk, and you don't do

to take a few drinks. Then all the lines get wavy and wiggly, and I feel a lot better about the whole world. When things are all straight and lined up this way I get morbid. Ugh! If I lived here I would have to stay drunk all the time." Suddenly, she swung around and faced me. "Say, could you let me have five until the twentieth? That's when my alimony check comes. I usually don't run short, but I had a problem last week." Before I could answer, she screeched and started over to the piano in the corner. "I used to play the piano. I heard you fooling around with it a few times, and I said to myself that guy's goddamned good. That's how I know I wanted to meet you even before I saw you. I haven't played in such a goddamned long time." She was picking away at the piano as I went into the kitchen to make coffee.

"You're welcome to practice on it any time," I said I don't know why I suddenly became so free with my place, but there was something about her that demanded complete unselfishness. "I don't leave the front door open yet, but the window isn't locked, and if I'm not here all you've got to do is climb in through the fire escape. Cream and sugar in your coffee?" When she didn't answer, I looked back into the living room. She wasn't there, and as I started towards the window, I heard her voice from Algernon's room.

"Hey, what's this?" She was examining the three dimensional plastic maze I had built. She studied it and then let out another squeal. "Modern sculpture! All boxes and straight lines!" "It's a special maze," I explained. "A complex learning device for Algernon." But she was circling around it, excited. "They'll go mad for it at the Museum of Modern Art." "It's not sculpture," I insisted. I opened the door to Algernon's living-cage attached to the maze, and let him into the maze opening.

"My God!" she whispered. "Sculpture with a living

"Hi, Charlie," she giggled as she saw me. "Leroy, meet halway and a tapping on my door. It was Fay and a man.

June 23 - Late last night the sound of laughter in the girl like Fay? At any rate, I'm glad that Algernon is no longer alone. joined to teach you the latest steps". How can you get rid of Algernon alone. turned on the radio, and advanced toward me menacingly. "I'm Where's your sense of romance?", she insisted. She pulled me out of the room.

had put Minnie into Algernon's cage, Fay grabbed my arm and see what he would do when confronted with a female. But once we of sound health and good moral character, I agreed. I was curious to have companionship. After I assured myself that little "Minnie" was said, on these lonely summer nights. She quickly overcame all my white mouse-about half Algernon's size-to keep him company, she Fay came in through the fire escape this afternoon with a female work at all. Frustration? Or something deeper? 5:30 P.M.-that crazy throw himself against the walls of the maze, or curl up and refuse to sometimes after, or even during a run, he will rage.

But, as I pulled out at the convention, his behavior apprears to be its own reward.

June 21 - I've added time sequences of increasing complexity to the three-dimensional maze, and Algernon learns them easily. There is no need to motivate him with food or water. He appears to learn for the sake of solving the problem-success

the change, and hurried out of his barbershop without looking could see that he didn't believe it; I gave him five, told him to keep calm and say he was there-watching and waiting.

Crazy stuff like that. You were a different person-like they do with method-acting-and you kept saying you couldn't play with me because your mother would take away your peanuts and put you in a cage." "Peanuts?" "Yeah! So help me!" she laughed, scratching her head. "And you kept saying I couldn't have your peanuts. The weirdest. But I tell you, the way you talked! Like those dimwits on street corners, who work themselves up by just looking at a girl. A different guy completely. At first I thought you were just kidding around, but now I think you're compulsive or something. All this neatness and worrying about everything." It didn't upset me, although I would have expected it to. Somehow, getting drunk had momentarily broken down the conscious barriers that kept the old Charlie Gordon hidden deep in my mind. As I suspected all along, he was not really gone. Nothing in our minds is ever really gone. The operation had covered him over with a veneer of education and culture, but emotionally he was there-watching and waiting.

What was he waiting for? "You okay now?" I told her I was fine.

She grabbed the blanket I was wrapped in, and pulled me back into bed. Before I could stop her she slipped her arms around me and kissed me. "I was scared last night, Charlie. I thought you flipped. I've heard about guys who are impotent, how it suddenly gets them and they become maniacs." "How come you stayed?" She shrugged. "Well, you were like a scared little kid. I was sure you wouldn't hurt me, but I thought you might hurt yourself. So I figured I'd hang around. I felt so sorry. Anyway, I kept this handy, just in case..." She pulled out a heavy book end she had wedged between the bed and the wall.

"I guess you didn't have to use it." She shook her head. "Boy, you must have liked peanuts when you were a kid." She got

"Plll?" "I don't understand." His hand was out, rubbing his thumb towards the door, his voice called after me sharply. "Hey, wait a minute!" His eyes met mine with suspicion. "What are you trying to tell me?" "Something later, I'll let you close up now." As I headed towards my legs.

"I'm okay," I said. "Sorry to be a nuisance," I got up and because my growth diminished him, I didn't want that. he would resent me-as the others from the bakery resented me another Charlie. Intelligence and knowledge had changed me, and "You want me to call a doctor?" I wasn't his son. That was it.

I had come here for that look in his face, but I knew I would face when I learned to tie my own shoelaces and button my sweater. wanted his approval, the old glow of satisfaction that came to his shop, waiting for him to pat me on the head and say, "Good boy." I How could I tell him? How absurd I was sitting in his them remember me long after I'm gone.

mathematical whiz, and I'm writing a piano concerto that will make questions, I speak twenty languages, living and dead; I'm a bit, but here I am, all fixed up better than ever. Let me, ask me Charlie, the son you wrote off the books? Not that I blame you for I tell him? What was I supposed to say? Here, look at me, I'm from somewhere?" "No... I'm okay, I'll leave in a minute." How could struggling with half-forgotten memories. "Do I really know you stare at me as I sipped the cool water, and I could see him little better.

"Here, drink this. Rest a minute. You'll be okay." He drink as to make him turn away. I didn't want him to see me like this

"Water... some water, please... Not so much for the ridiculous in front of him. "Hey, you all right?" "Yes... just... wait..." I stumbled into one of the chrome chairs and bent forward gasping for breath, "But I didn't want that in front of him. And the sweat in my palms, I knew that in a minute I would be sick. move. But no - of course not and as I felt the sour taste in my mouth move toward my wallet. He had to know an absurd fantasy? His hand was out for the money, but I made no three-fifteen. What if he didn't remember me? What if this was only away, "I got no time for guessing games. Got to close up. That'll be know me. He shrugged and turned to put his combs and scissors away, "I ga, and if he looked hard enough he would have haircuts and shaves. That would make it all real. If he knew I wanted him to boast about that I was alive, that I was someone. I him to know. He had to admit that I was a gash? I assumed that I was some one. I thought of not telling him. What good was it for him to know? Just myself... looking at myself... looking which one? Who was I? I depth, endless corridors of myself... looking at myself... looking at tilted for an instant into the one angle that produced the illusion of the front mirror looking into the back mirror, as he held it for me, it mirror to see the reflection of the back of my head. Seeing myself in clean, and Matt whistled the neckcloth off and offered me a second

"Now that you've got the hair off my face, maybe you'll know me," I said as I stood up, waiting for a sign of recognition. "How could I tell him it was only a gash? I assured him it was not a gash. "What is this? A gash?" He frowned. "What if he had a sore member?" His hand was still be there if he closed up. That'll be three-fifteen. What if he didn't remember me? What if this was only away, "I got no time for guessing games. Got to close up. That'll be know me. He shrugged and turned to put his combs and scissors away, "I ga, and if he looked hard enough he would have haircuts and shaves. That would make it all real. If he knew I wanted him to boast about that I was alive, that I was someone. I him to know. He had to admit that I was a gash? I assumed that I was some one. I thought of not telling him. What good was it for him to know? Just myself... looking at myself... looking which one? Who was I? I depth, endless corridors of myself... looking at myself... looking at tilted for an instant into the one angle that produced the illusion of the front mirror looking into the back mirror, as he held it for me, it mirror to see the reflection of the back of my head. Seeing myself in

paper bags filled with empty quart beer bottles. "One of these days," she sighed, "I've got to cash them in." I climbed onto the window sill and out to the fire escape. When I got my window open, I came back for my groceries, but before I could say thanks and good-bye, she started out onto the fire escape after me. "Let's see your lace. I've never been there. Before you moved in, the two little old Wagner sisters wouldn't even say good morning to me." She crawled through my window behind me and sat on the ledge.

"Come on in," I said, putting the groceries on the table. "I don't have any beer, but I can make you a cup of coffee." But she was looking past me, her eyes wide in disbelief.

"My God! I've never seen a place as neat as this. Who would dream that a man living by himself could keep a place so orderly?" "I wasn't always that way," I apologized. "It's just since I moved in here. It was neat when I moved in, and I've had the compulsion to keep it that way. It upsets me now if anything is out of place." She got down off the window sill to explore the apartment.

"Hey," she said, suddenly, "do you like to dance? You know?" She held out her arms and did a complicated step as she hummed a Latin beat. "Tell me you dance and I'll bust." "Only the fox trot," I said, "and not very good at that." She shrugged. "I'm nuts about dancing, but nobody I ever meet that I like-is a good dancer. I've got to get myself all dolled up once in a while and go downtown to the Stardust Ballroom. Most of the guys hanging around there are kind of creepy, but they can dance." She sighed as she looked around. "Tell you what I don't like about a place so goddamned orderly like this. As an artist... it's the lines that get me. All the straight lines in the walls, on the floors, in the corners that turn into boxes-like coffins. The only way I can get rid of the boxes is

out of bed and started to dress. I lay there for a while watching her. She moved in front of me with no shyness or inhibition. Her breasts were full as she had painted them in that self-portrait. I longed to reach out for her, but I knew it was futile. In spite of the operation Charlie was still with me.

And Charlie was afraid of losing his peanuts.

June 24 - Today I went on a strange kind of antiintellectual binge. If I had dared to, I would have gotten drunk, but after the experience with Fay, I knew it would be dangerous. So, instead, I went to Times Square, from movie house to movie house, immersing myself in westerns and horror movies-the way I used to. Each time, sitting through the picture, I would find myself whipped with guilt. I'd walk out in the middle of the picture and wander into another one. I told myself I was looking for something in the make-believe screen world that was missing from my new life.

Then, in a sudden intuition, right outside the Keno Amusement Center, I knew it wasn't the movies I wanted, but the audiences. I wanted to be with the people around me in the darkness.

The walls between people are thin here, and if I listen quietly, I hear what is going on. Greenwich Village is like that too. Not just being close-because I don't feel it in a crowded elevator or on the subway during the rush but on a hot night when everyone is out walking, or sitting in the theater, there is a rustling, and for a moment I brush against someone and sense the connection between the branch and trunk and the deep root. At such moments my flesh is thin and tight, and the unbearable hunger to be part of it drives me out to search in the dark corners and blind alleys of the night.

Usually, when I'm exhausted from walking, I go back to

As I began to think of it, the warning came. But it was too much for her. What had started as all the difference.

"Somewhere I've become separated emotionally from that I was lost."

"I mean to say is that's what I discovered about myself I was wandering around the city, it came to me. The foolish thing was trying to solve the problem all by myself. But the deeper I get tangled up in this mass of dreams and memories the more I realize that emotional problems can't be solved as intellectual problems are. That's what I discovered about myself I told myself I was wandering around like a lost soul, and then I saw that I was lost."

"I've got to pay some of them. You have no idea how bad I feel about those tickets. I keep them behind that chair because otherwise I get an attack of guilt feelings every time I see them. But what is a gift supposed to do? Everywhere I go they've got signs all over the place-don't park here! don't park there! just can't be bothered stopping to read a sign every time I want to get out of the car." So I've promised I won't try to change where I park most of all she's a thrill-seeker. I feel myself growing every doubt and fear that bubbled to the surface. She was my still retaining my freedom intellectually, I've got to grow up. For me it means everything." I looked on and on, spewing out of myself every joyne and everything. And last what I was really searching for out there in the dark streets-the last damned place I could ever find it was a way to make myself a part of people again emotionally, while I was basking in front of fire. I was burning out the infection in front of someone I cared about, and that made me, feverish, until I thought my body was on fire. I was burning warm, feverish, until I thought my body was on fire, I was burning out the infection in front of fire.

"Charlie has stopped watching us. Out

month. The week before she met me, she had befriended a girl goodhearted. I learned today why she ran out of money so early this July 5 - I dedicated my first piano concerto to Fay. She was excited by the idea of having something dedicated to her, but I don't think she really liked it. Just goes to show that you can't have everything you want in one woman. One more argument for polygamy.

July 5 - I dedicated my first piano concerto to Fay. She

was the girl she really liked it. Just goes to show that you can't have

everything you want in one woman.

Its not love-but she's important to me. I find myself

much energy left.

Iggit this week until two or three in the morning. I don't have that

wearing after a while is her craze for dancing. We've been out every

free and independent spirit. The only thing that may become

exciting to be with. A great sense of humor. But most of all she's a

out of the car." So I've promised I won't try to change where I park most of all she's a

got signs all over the place-don't park here! just can't be bothered

got to get

see them. But what is a gift supposed to do? Everywhere I go they've

got signs all over the place-don't park here! just can't be bothered

got to get

idea how bad I feel about those tickets. I keep them behind that

me my goddamned check. I've got to pay some of them. You have no

"Those," she laughed. "As soon as my ex-husband sends

beer, I asked her why she was collecting them.

must have been forty or fifty of them. When she came in with the

discovered a stack of parking tickets in a corner behind a chair-there

unimportant to her. She just can't or won't bother. The other day I

That's the way she is about most things that seem

visions of you dead in an alleyway, or wandering around skid row with amnesia. Why didn't you let us know you were all right? You could have done that." "Don't scold me. I had to be alone for a while to find some answers." "Come in the kitchen. I'll make some coffee. What have you been doing?" "Days-I've been thinking, reading, and writing; and nights-wandering in search of myself. And I've discovered that Charlie is watching me." "Don't talk like that," she shuddered. "This business about being watched isn't real. You've built it up in your mind." "I can't help feeling that I'm not me. I've usurped his place and locked him out the way they locked me out of the bakery. What I mean to say is that Charlie Gordon exists in the past, and the past is real. You can't put up a new building on a site until you destroy the old one, and the old Charlie can't be destroyed. He exists. At first I was searching for him: I went to see his-my-father. All I wanted to do was prove that Charlie existed as a person in the past, so that I could justify my own existence. I was insulted when Nemur said he created me. But I've discovered that not only did Charlie exist in the past, he exists now. In me and around me. He's been coming between us all along. I thought my intelligence created the barrier-my pompous, foolish pride, the feeling we had nothing in common because I had gone beyond you.

You put that idea into my head. But that's not it. It's Charlie, the little boy who's afraid of women because of things his mother did to him. Don't you see? All these months while I've been growing up intellectually, I've still had the emotional wiring of the childlike Charlie. And every time I came close to you, or thought about making love to you, there was a short circuit." I was excited, and my voice pounded at her until she began to quiver. Her face became flushed. "Charlie," she whispered, "can't I do anything? Can't I help?" "I think I've changed during these weeks away from

she'd met at the Stardust Ballroom. When the girl told Fay she had

no family in the city, was broke, and had no place to sleep, Fay

invited her to move in. Two days later the girl found the two

hundred and thirty-two dollars that is kept in her dresser drawer,

and disappeared with the money. Fay hadn't reported it to the

police-and as it turned out, she didn't even know the girl's last

name.

"What good would it do to notify the police?" she wanted to know. "I mean this poor bitch must have needed the money

pretty badly to do it. I'm not going to ruin her life over a few

hundred bucks. I'm not rich or anything, but I'm not going after her

skin if you know what I mean." I knew what she meant.

I have never met anyone as open and trusting as Fay is.

She's what I need most of all right now. I've been starved for simple

human contact.

July 8 - Not much time for work-between the nightly

club-hopping and the morning hangovers. It was only with aspirin

and something Fay concocted for me that I was able to finish my

linguistic analysis of Urdu verb forms and send the paper to the

International Linguistics Bulletin. It will send the linguists back to

India with their tape recorders, because it undermines the critical

superstructure of their methodology.

I can't help but admire the structural linguists who have

carved out for themselves a linguistic discipline based on the

deterioration of written communication. Another case of men

devoting their lives to studying more and more about less and less-

filling volumes and libraries with the subtle linguistic analysis of

the grunt. Nothing wrong with that, but it should not be used as an

excuse to destroy the stability of language.

Alice called today to find out when I am coming back to

years ago because she couldnt be bothered about picking things up
warmed me not to try to change her. Her husband divorced her five
locking the door, and I kid her about the mess her place is in. Shes
have a key to my place. She kids me about my

June 30 - I've stopped wandering the streets now that I
find out about the psychological side-effects of the experiment.
have. A month? A year? The rest of my life? That depends on what I
time. That's the problem, of course. I don't know how much time I
take him up on it after I've finished my work at the lab-if there is
to come to the institute to discuss my ideas with his group. I might
journal he kept me on the phone for nearly an hour. He wants me
but after I pointed out the flaws in his article in the New Institute
exploratory work in biophysics. At first he thought I was a crackpot,
possibility of utilizing the paraprostitution unclear photoeffective for
Landsoff at the New Institute for Advanced Study, about the
the projects I've started since I left the convention. I needed
June 29 - Before I go back to the lab I'm going to finish
And his eyes went wide as he watched.

thought to myself, go ahead, you poor bastard-watch. I don't give a
and I saw the face againist the window, hungrily watching. And I
couch with her, aware of her body and my own urgency and potency.
Then, with a violent effort of the will, I was back on the
inside, making love on the couch.
Over the arm of the couch, I caught a glimpse of his face staring
For one moment I had the cold feeling he was watching.

work at the lab. I told her I wanted to finish the projects I had started, and that I was hoping to get permission from the Welberg Foundation for my own special study. She's right though-I've got to take time into consideration.

Fay still wants to go out dancing all the time. Last night started out with us drinking and dancing at the White Horse Club, and from there to Benny's Hideaway, and then on to the Pink Slipper... and after that I don't remember many of the laces, but we danced until I was ready to drop.

My tolerance for liquor must have increased because I was pretty far gone before Charlie made his appearance. I can only recall him doing a silly tap dance on the stage of the Allakazam Club. He got a great hand before the manager threw us out, and Fay said everyone thought I was a wonderful comedian and everyone liked my moron act.

What the hell happened then? I know I strained my back. I thought it was from all the dancing, but Fay says I fell off the goddamned couch.

Algernon's behavior is becoming erratic again. Minnie seems to be afraid of him.

July 9 - A terrible thing happened today. Algernon bit Fay. I had warned her against playing with him, but she always liked to feed him. Usually when she came into his room, he'd perk up and run to her. Today it was different. He was at the far side, curled up into a white puff. When she put her hand in through the top trap door, he cringed and forced himself back into the corner. She tried to coax him, by opening the barrier to the maze, and before I could tell her to leave him alone, she made the mistake of trying to pick him up. He bit her thumb. Then he glared at both of us and scurried back into the maze.

before done for a woman. I caressed her slowly at first and then shoulders, and the tightness inside me built up as it had never Fays lips. I felt Fays arms stroking the muscles on my back, my me. I kissed Fays hair, Fays throat, and finally came to rest upon her long blonde hair and fair skin. Fay, as I had seen her last beside the darkness of my closed lids, I conjured up the picture of Fay-with you quiet in the dark. I brought her close to me, and there under me. "Please," "Don't talk," I snapped, and she shrank from "Charlie, " "Don't talk," I said around her.

I waited for some sign that he suspected-the warning symptoms of panic. But nothing. I felt alert and calm. I put my arm would do him no good because the room would be dark.

I waited for some sign that he suspected-the warning to be easy. I had to convince myself, visualize Fay, hypnotize myself turning off the lights and waiting to collect myself. It wasn't going to be hard to do because I had to overcome the difference between Fay. He would never know the difference.

It was wrong-disgusting-but if it worked it would break Charlie's strange hold on my emotions. I would know afterwards suddenly I realized the only way to overcome this paralysis was to outrun him. If for some reason Charlie was afraid but not of Fay, then I would turn out the lights, and pretend I was making love to her. He would only get worse as long as Charlie felt there was danger I'd make love to her.

"Are you all right, Charlie? You're so pale." I sat down on the couch beside her. "Just a little dizzy, I'll pass." But I knew it would only get worse as long as Charlie felt there was danger I'd

before done for a woman. I caressed her slowly at first and then shoulders, and the tightness inside me built up as it had never Fays lips. I felt Fays arms stroking the muscles on my back, my me. I kissed Fays hair, Fays throat, and finally came to rest upon her long blonde hair and fair skin. Fay, as I had seen her last beside the darkness of my closed lids, I conjured up the picture of Fay-with you quiet in the dark. I brought her close to me, and there under me. "Please," "Don't talk," I said around her.

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"Are you all right, Charlie? You're so pale." I sat down on

Even a feeble-minded man wants to be like other men. A child may not know how to feed itself, or what to eat, yet it knows hunger.

This day was good for me. I've got to stop this childish worrying about myself-my past and my future. Let me give something of myself to others. I've got to use my knowledge and skills to work in the field of increasing human intelligence. Who is better equipped? Who else has lived in both worlds? Tomorrow, I'm going to get in touch with the board of directors at the Welberg Foundation and ask for permission to do some independent work on the project. If they'll let me, I may be able to help them. I have some ideas.

There is so much that can be done with this technique, if it is perfected. If I could be made into a genius, what about the more than five million mentally retarded in the United States? What about the countless millions all over the world, and those yet unborn destined to be retarded? What fantastic levels might be achieved by using this technique on normal people. On geniuses? There are so many doors to open I am impatient to apply my own knowledge and skills to the problem. I've got to make them all see that this is something important for me to do. I'm sure the Foundation will grant me permission.

But I can't be alone any more. I have to tell Alice about it. **June 25 -** I called Alice today. I was nervous, and I must have sounded incoherent, but it was good to hear her voice, and she sounded happy to hear from me. She agreed to see me, and I took a taxi uptown, impatient at the slowness with which we moved.

Before I could knock, she opened the door and threw her arms around me.

"Charlie, we've been so worried about you. I had horrible

to go. No matter which path I took I got a shock that meant another Downstairs, in front of the building, I stood, not knowing which way soon as I got control of myself. I left the apartment in a frenzy.

I've got work to do. Tell them I'll be back to the lab in a few days-as-sa

"Charlie, don't run away again.", "I'm through running,

"another blind alley", I got up to go.

can't fake it or cheat or pretend it's all right when it's just

don't understand it myself. Let's just say I'm not ready yet. And I

love to you. was going to use you in a way but I can't explain. I

that. You wanted me", "yes, I wanted you, but I wasn't really making

tough", she said. "You didn't get nausea or panic or anything like

She looked away and buttoned her blouse. "It was different

my life. Don't ask me to explain, or you'll hate me too. It has to do

explain, but if I hadn't stopped, I would have myself for the rest of

"the words choked out of me, "but I can't do it. Something I can't

unbuttoned it, her face flushed, eyes wide disbelief. "I love you..

my mind. Alice was lying there, her blouse open where I had

him standing there. But of course not. We were alone. It was all in

from the couch and turned on the light. I almost expected to see

"No, Alice! I can't. You don't understand", I jumped up

mirrored the shock.

"Charlie!", I couldn't see Alice's face, but her gasp

pushed her away.

between us. And then, as she gripped me closer, I cried out and

I imagined her face sharply and clearly so that nothing could come

everishly thought the name over and over to myself. Fay! Fay!

in the room, peering through the darkness, trying to see. And

The hairs on my neck began to tingle. Someone else was

with impatience, mouthing excitement that would soon tell.

unhook her brassiere, but I pulled too hard and the hook tore out.

because he was retarded.
And at first I had been amused along with the rest.
Suddenly, I was furious at myself and all those who were smirking at him. I wanted to pick up the dishes and throw them. I wanted to smash their laughing faces. I jumped up and shouted:
"Shut up! Leave him alone! He can't understand. He can't help what he is... but for God's sake, have some respect! He's a human being!"
The restaurant grew silent. I cursed myself for losing control and creating a scene, and I tried not to look at the boy as I paid my check and walked out without touching my food. I felt ashamed for both of us.

How strange it is that people of honest feelings and sensibility, who would not take advantage of a man born without arms or legs or eyes-how such people think nothing of abusing a man born with low intelligence. It infuriated me to remember that not too long ago I- like this boy had foolishly played the clown. And I had almost forgotten.

Only a short time ago, I learned that people laughed at me. Now I can see that unknowingly I joined them in laughing at myself. That hurts most of all.

I have often reread my early progress reports and seen the illiteracy, the childish naivete, the mind of low intelligence peering from a dark room, through the keyhole, at the dazzling light outside. In my dreams and memories I've seen Charlie smiling happily and uncertainly at what people around him were saying. Even in my dullness I knew I was inferior. Other people had something I lacked-something denied me. In my mental blindness, I had believed it was somehow connected with the ability to read and write, and I was sure that if I could get those skills I would have intelligence too.

She gasped and sighed and called my name.
time nothing would interfere. I knew what to do and how to do it.

"Not... Her body moved slowly, aching for me, and I knew that this note." Just don't disappoint me this time, Charlie. You'd better want to look at you." She kissed me deeply and held me tightly in her arms.

"No", I said, pulling her down onto the couch again. "I'll turn out the lights", she whispered.

She looked down at me, set her glasses on the floor, and stepped out of her underwear. She stood there in front of me, nude.

"Not here on the couch, Charlie," she said, struggling to away from her.

"Here", "Let's go to bed.", "Here", I insisted, pulling the blouse off her feet.

"Not here on the couch, Charlie," she said, struggling to and underrunings.

her down beside me on the couch, on top of the pile of her clothing again I don't know what I'll do. I'm human too, you know. I pulled

"God, Charlie, if you get me started and disappoint me exactly what communicated itself to her.

shoulder and neck lassos. She began to breathe heavily as my

poured another for her, and while she drank it, I covered her

Fay.", "Here", she whispered, "have another drink." I took one and you. Tonight I can do it, I know it... I feel it. Don't turn me away,

"Now you're making me feel unresisted.", I want to make love to sweep up a blouse from one of the chairs, and held it in front of her.

And stop looking at me as if you want to swallow me whole." She pulled away from me. "Charlie, I've never heard you talk like that other times, I'm going to make love to you all night long." She

"I'll buy you a new one, I'm going to make up for the your bra...". I choked, helping her to take it off.

"For God's sake, Charlie, my bra." "Don't worry about

We found Minnie at the other end in the reward box. She was bleeding from a gash in her chest, but she was alive. As I reached in to take her out Algernon came into the reward box and snapped at me. His teeth caught my sleeve and he hung on until I shook him loose.

He calmed down after that. I observed him for more than an hour afterward. He seems listless and confused, and though he still learns new problems without external rewards, his performance is peculiar. Instead of the careful, determined movements down the maze corridors, his actions are rushed and out of control. Time and again he turns into a corner too quickly and crashes into a barrier.

There is a strange sense of urgency in his behavior.

I hesitate to make a snap judgment. It could be many things. But now I've got to get him back to the lab. Whether or not I hear from the Foundation about my special grant, I'm going to call Nemur in the morning.

PROGRESS REPORT 15

July 12 - Nemur, Strauss, Burt, and a few of the others on the project were waiting for me in the psych office. They tried to make me feel welcome but I could see how anxious Burt was to take Algernon, and I turned him over. No one said anything, but I knew that Nemur would not soon forgive me for going over his head and getting in touch with the Foundation. But it had been necessary. Before I returned to Beekman, I had to be assured they would permit me to begin an independent study of the project. Too much time would be wasted if I had to account to Nemur for everything I did.

He had been informed of the Foundation's decision, and my reception was a cold and formal one. He held out his hand, but

private strip tease. I took another drink, but I couldn't let her know her kick her shoes off and twirl around happily. She went to the window. But as I raised my hand to make my presence known, I saw

intended to touch there and watch. I was going to tap on the slipped over to her window just as her front door opened. I hadn't the steps. I took my bottle, climbed out onto the fire escape and about two thirty in the morning I heard her coming up

with her. About two thirty in the morning I heard her coming up private strip tease. I took another drink, but I couldn't let her know

my arms, kissing her, caressing her, overwhelming her with all the different touches. I swear it." Before she could protest, I had her in want to get all worked up for nothing. It's not fair, Charlie. "It'll do

into bed in a minute if I thought there was a chance. But I don't do any good. I mean, you know I think a lot of you, and I drag you Charlie boy. We've been through all this before. You know it doesn't for you to come home." She backed away. "Oh, wait a minute,

"Hey, there, boy! Whoa! What's up?" "Me, I was waiting the skin of her bare back.

As she drank, I slipped my arm around her and toyed with picked up glasses and filled it for her.

danced with too many squares tonight. Let's melt, em all down." She happened, "Wonderful!" She jumped to her feet. "Me too. I

the pit of your stomach, all the lines begin to melt. "That's what's that," she said. "If you concentrate on the warm spot that starts in you'd join me in easing some of them." Best stuff in the world for "Never mind," I said, pulling the bottle out of the paper bag.

"The lines and boxes are too straight, and I thought I had seen bums do, and I took a long, deep drink. It burned all the way down, but it felt good. I took another just a slip-and slide about

as I had seen bums do, and I took a long, deep drink, but there was a down to Forty-ninth Street. Not many people, but there was a blonde with long hair who reminded me of Fay. Heading toward the crosstown bus, I passed a liquor store, and without thinking about

Finally, I stumbled down into the subway and took it woman. There was no place to enter. No street, no room, no to me.

everywhere I did, everywhere I turned, doors were closed mistake. Every path was blocked. But, God ..

there was no smile on his face. "Charlie," he said, "we're all glad you're back and going to work with us. Jayson called and told me the Foundation was putting you to work on the project. This staff and the lab are at your disposal. The computer center has assured us that your work will have priority-and of course if I can help in anyway .." He was doing his utmost to be cordial, but I could see by his face that he was skeptical. After all, what experience did I have with experimental psychology? What did I know about the techniques that he had spent so many years developing? Well, as I say, he appeared cordial, and willing to suspend judgment. There isn't much else he can do now. If I don't come up with an explanation for Algernon's behavior, all of his work goes down the drain, but if I solve the problem I bring in the whole crew with me.

I went into the lab where Burt was watching Algernon in one of the multiple problem boxes. He sighed and shook his head. "He's forgotten a lot. Most of his complex responses seem to have been wiped out. He's solving problems on a much more primitive level than I would have expected." "In what way?" I asked. They crashed to the floor, shattering and sending bits of white china under the tables. He stood there, dazed and frightened, holding the empty tray in his hand. The whistles and catcalls from the customers (cries of "hey, there go the profits!" ... "Mazel tov!" ...and "well, he didn't work here very long .." which invariably seems to follow the breaking of dishware in a public restaurant) confused him.

When the owner came to see what the excitement was about, the boy cowered-threw up his arms as if to ward off a blow.

"All right! All right, you dope," shouted the man, "don't just stand there! Get the broom and sweep up that mess. A broom ..a broom! you idiot! It's in the kitchen. Sweep up all the pieces." When the boy saw that he was not going to be punished, his frightened expression disappeared, and he smiled and hummed as he came back with the broom. A few of the rowdier customers kept up the remarks, amusing themselves at his expense.

"Here, sonny, over here. There's a nice piece behind you ..' 'C'mon, do it again..." "He's not so dumb. It's easier to break 'em than to wash 'em ..' As the boy's vacant eyes moved across the crowd of amused onlookers, he slowly mirrored their smiles and finally broke into an uncertain grin at the joke which he did not understand.

I felt sick inside as I looked at his dull, vacuous smile-the wide, bright eyes of a child, uncertain but eager to please, and I realized what I had recognized in him. They were laughing at him

You've got to understand, Mr Gordon, this isn't a prison. We are assume they've made some satisfactory adjustment out the outside back." "And if not?" "If we don't hear about them, or from them, we know about it from the people in town-or the police bring them what was behind my question." "No. If they get into trouble, we soon "Don't you go after them?" He looked at me as if trying to guess can't, really. Some of them do wander off, but most of them return." off... From leaving the grounds? He shrugged and smiled. "We curiously seekers." "But how do you keep... them... from wandering "No, only a gate at the entrance and hedge to keep out "I didn't notice a fence around Warren," I said.

the participants lived.

He drove me around the grounds in his car, and pointed out the recreation hall, hospital, school, administrative offices, and the two-story brick buildings he called cottages where suggested a strength behind the head psychologist so young, a tall, lean man with a tired look on his face. But his blue eyes It upset me... because he reminded me of Charlie.

I was startled to find the head psychologist so young, a see in the rear view mirror that he was looking after me, curiously. He had to look away. When the doctor started forward again, I could catch his glance for a moment-his eyes wide, inquiring-but I pulled down chivalry to shield his eyes, although there was no sun the trace of an empty smile. He had on a sailor's hat with the brim tractor, hanging on to a handrail. He was unshaven, and there was help noticing the staring young man riding at the rear of the head. "Main Hospital. Turn left and bear to your right." I couldn't say. "The driver stopped the tractor and pointed to the left and out my head and called. "Can you tell me where Mr Wilson's office man at the wheel there were two others hanging on the rear. I stuck

am becoming.

That evening and for the next few days I immersed myself in psychology texts: clinical, personality, psychometrics, learning, experimental psychology, animal psychology, physiological psychology, behaviorist, gestalt, analytical, functional, dynamic, organismic, and all the rest of the ancient and modern factions, schools, and systems of thought. The depressing thing is that so many of the ideas on which our psychologists base their beliefs about human intelligence, memory, and learning are all wishful thinking.

Fay wants to come down and visit the lab, but I've told her not to. All I need now is for Alice and Fay to run into each other. I've enough to worry about without that.

PROGRESS REPORT 16

July 14 - It was a bad day to go out to Warren-gray and drizzly-and that may account for the depression that grips me when I think about it. Or perhaps I'm kidding myself and it was the idea of possibly being sent there that bothered me. I borrowed Burt's car. Alice wanted to come along, but I had to see it alone. I didn't tell Fay I was going.

It was an hour-and-a-half drive out to the farmland community of Warren, Long Island, and I had no trouble finding the place: a sprawling gray estate revealed to the world only by an entrance of two concrete pillars flanking a narrow side-road and a well-polished brass plate with the name Warren State Home and Training School.

The roadside sign said 15 nsrx, so I drove slowly past the blocks of buildings looking for the administrative offices.

A tractor came across the meadow and in addition to the

beginning, and doomed to stare into the time and space of every day. I wondered about the house-mother with her redblotched face, and the stuttering shop teacher, and the motherly principal, and youthful tried-looking psychologist, and wished I knew how they had found their way here to work and dedicate themselves to these silent minds. Like the boy who held the younger one in his arms, each had found a fulfillment in giving away a part of himself to those who had less. And what about the things I wasnt shown? I may soon be coming to see her and I don't. Not until I'm sure what is going to happen to me. Let's see first how the work goes and what I discover.

July 15 - I've been putting off a visit to my mother. I want others... waiting.

July 15 - Alice met Fay last night. I'd been concerned about what would happen if they came face to face. Alice came to see me after she found out about Algernon from Burt. She knows what it may mean, and she still feels responsible for having encouraged me in the first place.

We had coffee and we talked late. I knew that Fay had gone out dancing at the Stardust Ballroom, so I didn't expect her home so early. But at about one forty-five in the morning we were startled by Fay's sudden appearance on the fire-escape. She tapped, pushed open the half-open window and came waltzing into the room with a bottle in her hand.

"Crashing the party," she said. "Brought my own refreshments." I had told her about Alice working on the project at the university, and I had mentioned Fay to Alice earlier-so they weren't surprised to meet. But after a few seconds of sizing each other up, they started talking about art and me, and for all they cared I could have been anywhere else in the world.

They liked each other.

"I'll get the coffee," I said, and wandered out to the

having been fully alive and knowing. Souls withdrawn from the spoken of hope. The feeling was of living death-or worse, of never someday sending these people out into the world again. No one had resiliantion. There had been no talk of rehabilitation, of cure, of fleeing of cold grayness was everywhere around me - a sense of

As I drove out of Warren, I didn't know what to think. The story, I'm sure he'll understand. He's the kind of man who would apologize, if I come back here to stay, and he finds out the whole misundertood, because he stood up and ended the conversation patients have been", I couldn't restrain a smile, and he apparently you know about being shut out from human experience as our can you, from way up there in your research ivory tower? What do I dare all over him? You look surprised. You can't understand it, won't hurt you" The woman in charge of the floor, a large-boned, usually bring your visitors on Thursdays". "This is Mr Gordon,

"Well, how many people do you know who are prepared to take a grown man into his arms and let him nurse with the materials, but very few who will give time and affection. That's what mean." His voice grew harsh, and he pointed to an empty baby bottle on the bookshelf across the room.

"There are a lot of people who will give money or the trneous fashed a nnger. "You see that bat bottle?" I told him I had wondered about it when we came into his office.

I mean." His voice grew harsh, and he pointed to an empty baby bottle on the bookshelf across the room.

"Well, how many people do you know who are prepared to take a grown man into his arms and let him nurse with the materials, but very few who will give time and affection. That's what mean." His voice grew harsh, and he pointed to an empty baby bottle on the bookshelf across the room.

kitchen to leave them alone.

When I came back, Fay had taken off her shoes and was sitting on the floor, sipping gin out of the bottle. She was explaining to Alice that as far as she was concerned there was nothing more valuable to the human body than sunbathing, and that nudist colonies were the answer to the world's moral problems.

Alice was laughing hysterically at Fay's suggestion that we all join a nudist colony, and she leaned over and accepted a drink that Fay poured for her. We sat and talked until dawn, and I insisted on seeing Alice home. When she protested that it wasn't necessary, Fay insisted that she would be a fool to go out alone in the city at this hour. So I went down and hailed a cab.

"There's something about her," said Alice on the way home. "I don't know what it is. Her frankness, her open trust, her unselfishness ..." I agreed.

"And she loves you," said Alice.

"No. She loves everyone," I insisted. "I'm just the neighbor across the hall." "Aren't you in love with her?" I shook my head. "You're the only woman I've ever loved." "Let's not talk about that" "Then you've cut me off from an important source of conversation." "Only one thing I'm worried about, Charlie. The drinking. I've heard about some of those hangovers." "Tell Burt to confine his observations and reports to the experimental data. I won't have him poisoning you against me. I can handle the drinks." "I've heard that one before." "But never from me." "That's the only thing I have against her," she said. "She's got you drinking and she's interfering with your work." "I can handle that too." "This work is important now, Charlie. Not only to the world and millions of unknown people, but to you. Charlie, you've got to solve this thing for yourself as well. Don't let anyone tie your hands." "So, now the

Thelma, from Beekman University, He just wants to look around and usually bring your visitors on Thursdays". "This is Mr Gordon, usually bring your visitors on Thursdays". "This is Mr Gordon, colored breeches.

over that the left side of her face was covered by a large, wide handsome woman, with rolled up shirt sleeves and a denim jacket over her slouched white skirt, came up to us. At her belt was a ring of keys that jangled as she moved, and only when she turned did I over and stared at her. She looked like a floor, a large-boned,

"Don't mind them," he said, seeing my expression. "They turned to look as we entered, and some of the older ones came over her shoulder and held him in his arms. They all fourteen or fifteen years old, cradling one of the other boys.

What caught my immediate eye was one of the bigger boys on a chair in the corner, sitting around waiting for the lunch bell to be sounded. While all the children in the room filled with some seven-year-old boys

walked over to one of the cottages. Inside, the walls were white tile, and the building had a distinctive smell to it. The first-floor lobby opened up to a recreation room filled with five boys and the bottle on the floor. Inside, the walls were white tile, what they soon knew it." We got out of the car and satting around waiting for the lunch bell to be sounded.

they find there's nothing for them out there. The world doesn't

and after a week or so on the outside most of them come back when custodial care - but the high-motives can move around more freely. Now we get more of the brain-damaged cases who require constant high-morons - not that we're getting many of those any more.

thousand people at all times. The ones who manage to leave are all patients back, but we're not equipped to closely supervise four required by the state to make all reasonable efforts to get our

on the outside, even when they committed me there, after Uncle Herman died. Donner was able to get me out right away, to work and live on the outside. Why do I have to go back?" "If you can take care of yourself on the outside, you won't have to stay in Warren. The less severe cases are permitted to live off the grounds. But we had to make provision for you just in case." He was right. There was nothing for me to complain about. They had thought of everything. Warren was the logical place-the deep freeze where I could be put away for the rest of my days.

"At least it's not the incinerator," I said.

"What?" "Never mind. A private joke." Then I thought of something.

"Tell me, is it possible to visit Warren, I mean go through the place and look it over as a visitor?" "Yes, I think they have people coming down all the time-regular tours through the home as a kind of public relations thing. But why?" "Because I want to see. I've got to know what's going to happen while I'm still enough in control to be able to do something about it. See if you can arrange it as soon as possible." I could see he was upset about the idea of my visiting Warren. As if I were ordering my coffin to sit in before I died. But then, I can't blame him because he doesn't realize that finding out who I really am-the meaning of my total existence involves knowing the possibilities of my future as well as my past, where I'm going as well as where I've been. Although we know the end of the maze holds death (and it is something I have not always known -- not long ago the adolescent in me thought death could happen only to other people), I see now that the path I choose through that maze makes me what I am. I am not only a thing, but also a way of being-one of many ways-and knowing the paths I have followed and the ones left to take will help me understand what I

him to the table by the hand.

big boy who had held the smaller one in his lap was now leading sound, and the boys filed into the dining room. I noticed that back the back downstairs, where Winslow was waiting for us, the dinner bell emboiled downstair, at her seriousness. "It's hard work here, but worth it," children need all you can give-all of their lives." She laughed again, over... forgot who loved them and took care of them. But these normal kids grow up too soon, stop needing you... go off on their think how much they need you. "The smile left her face. I'm very fond of my boys. It's not easy work, but it's rewarding when you showed her white teeth. "No better or worse than the rest. I'm very supervisor! She laughed heartily still looking straight ahead, and person. I said, "The boys are fortunate to have you as their house themselves, it can be a nasty mess," you seem to be a very nice so much, but when they get to be adults and still can't care for The staff there doesn't last very long. With babies you don't mind them under control. But it's a lot easier to than the usually colleagues. "But you know what it is. Three hundred boys -- seven-five on a floor-and-only five of us to look after them. It's not easy to keep upper lip's any more. They're taken care of-the sixty and seventy each category, and the subjects they studied.

"They're pretty good here in this building," she said. wondered what it would be like living here with her to watch over look like a Laundress dancer but she never looked strait at me. I expression and the hair piled in a bun high on her head made her from the central commissary, she smiled as she talked, and her the dining hall-now set and waiting for the food to be delivered took me through the dormitory, the laundry, the supply rooms, and she kept to my left so that the blotch on her face was hidden. She matteress. It smells a lot better here on Thursday," I noticed that "Very good... very nice." I said it because he needed it, but I felt

understand at the time what you meant by it. But that's beside the point because I'm aware of it now." "Well, we decided to risk it with you," he went on, "because we felt there was very little chance of doing you any serious harm, and we were sure there was a great chance of doing you some good." "You don't have to justify that." "But you realize we had to get permission from someone in your immediate family. You were incompetent to agree to this yourself." "I know all about that. You're talking about my sister, Norma. I read about it in the papers. From what I remember of her, I imagine she'd have given you approval for my execution." He raised his eyebrows, but let it pass. "Well, as we told her, in the event that the experiment failed, we couldn't send you back to the bakery or to that room where you came from." "Why not?" "For one thing, you might not be the same. Surgery and injections of hormones might have had effects not immediately evident. Experiences since the operation might have left their mark on you. I mean, possibly emotional disturbances to complicate the retardation; you couldn't possibly be the same kind of person." "That's great. As if one cross weren't enough to bear." "And for another thing there's no way of knowing if you would go back to the same mental level. There might be regression to an even more primitive level of functioning." was letting me have the worst of it getting the weight off his mind. "I might as well know everything," I said, "while I'm still in a position to have some say about it. What plans have you made for me?" He shrugged. "The Foundation has arranged to send you to the Warren State Home and Training School." "What the hell!" "Part of the agreement with your sister was that all the home's fees would be assumed by the Foundation, and you would receive a regular monthly income to be used for your personal needs for the rest of your life." "But why there? I was always able to manage on my own

Winslow's office, we had coffee as he talked about his work. "It's a here as one of her children. Would I be tidy or not? Back at myself at the thought of how it would be if they brought me back you right. We must have hope." I made her nervous. I smiled to help." She peered at me, uneasily now. "Yes, yes, of course, carefully, "I'm afraid these are beyond help," she said, "but these finds a way to help them. "Oh," she smiled, "she explained to me cared for that way for the rest of their lives...." Our until science are severely brain-damaged cases, kept in cribs, and they will be easier if they can be kept with their own levels. Some of the unidiots tidy for nutty, it makes the administration of their cottages a lot what they ages are, they're all children, no matter Now, we also classify our children (call them all children, no matter laundries, "Or bakeries," I suggested.

do simple work on the farms or in menial capacities or there are community facilities for caring for them. Most of the ones who are able to live out, in foster homes, boarding houses, and do more and more in the city schools in special classes, or else upper lip's any more. They're taken care of-the sixty and seventy each category, and the subjects they studied.

"Of course," she explained, "we don't get many of the lady who sat me down in front of a neatly lettered chart, showing the various types of patients, the number of faculty assigned to the principal of the school was a short, plump, motherly we were out in the corridor again.

The principal of the school was a short, plump, motherly over and touched my arm as a way of saying good-bye. It choked me hollow. The boy smiled at me, and when we turned to leave he came

truth comes out," I teased. "You'd like me to see less of her." "That's not what I said." "It's what you meant. If she's interfering with my work we both know I've got to cut her out of my life." "No, I don't think you should cut her out of your life. She's good for you. You need a woman who's been around as she has." "You would be good for me." She turned her face away. "Not in the same way she is." She looked back at me. "I came here tonight prepared to hate her. I wanted to see her as a vile, stupid whore you'd gotten mixed up with, and I had big plans about coming between you and saving you from her in spite of yourself. But now that I've met her, I realize I have no right to judge her behavior. I think she's good for you. So that really lets the air out of me. I like her even if I disapprove. But in spite of that, if you've got to drink with her and spend all of your time with her in night clubs and cabarets dancing, then she's in your way. And that's a problem only you can solve." "Another one of those?" I laughed.

"Are you up to this one? You're deeply involved with her. I can tell." "Not all that deep." "Have you told her about yourself?" "No." Imperceptibly, I could see her relax. By keeping the secret about myself, I had somehow not committed myself to Fay completely. We both knew that, wonderful as she was, Fay would never understand.

"I needed her," I said, "and in a way she needed me, and living right across from each other, well it was just handy, that's all. But I wouldn't call it love-not the same thing that exists between us." She looked down at her hands and frowned. "I'm not sure I know what does exist between us." "Something so deep and significant that Charlie inside me is terrified whenever there seems to be any chance of my making love to you." "And not with her?" I shrugged. "That's how I know it's not important with her. It doesn't

"Yes," I nodded, mouthing the words exaggeratedly, too.

and the boy smiled proudly and looked at me, waiting for my praise and uneven. Winslow and the teacher praised it enthusiastically, the patches of wood-filler showing through, and the varnish heavily the second shelf, and then to himself. It was a poor job, indeed, the boy pointed to a lamp base on arm, and dryling on display shelves. The boy where a number of finished objects wood in a vase, stopped what he was doing, tapped Winslow on the head in a vase, "These are my silent boys, you know," he said, as if he sensed my unspoken question. "D-deaf m-mutes." We have a hundred and six of them here," explained Winslow, "as a special study sponsored by the federal government. What an incredible thing! How much less they had than other humans. Mentally retarded, deaf, mute - and still eagerly wanting benches.

"These are my silent boys, you know," he said, as if he went on with their work of sanding or varnishing the newly finished benches, but they didn't talk.

"Well, if he buys it, he's got to take us with it. And he's got buying the place." The teacher laughed and waved at his pupils. Winslow, "Wants to look over some of our patients. He's thinking of saw and came towards us.

In one of the woodworking classrooms, where a group of older boys were making benches under a teacher's supervision, the clattered around us, eyeing me curiously. The teacher put down the saw and came towards us.

giving some else by the hand, or cuddling a smaller boy in my arms.

Perhaps I'd be one of those pushing another boy in a wheelchair, the middle of a line of men and boys waiting to enter a classroom. Walking through these corridors as a patient I visualized myself in the large picture windows, I tried to imagine what it would be like at the new school building, a one-story glass-and-concrete structure usually come here to say for the rest of their lives." As we arrived problem is not like the usual hospital overcrowding. Our patients are opening here in some other institution. You see, our space those fourteen hundred now?" Home. On the outside, waiting for twenty-five of them by the end of the year," "Where are our own waiting list?" Fortunately I have room for anyone anywhere. Do you know how long that there's no room for anyone outside. The real problem is even though there's really no room for them. The real problem is commited by the courts, and we had no choice but to admit them down until after they've been here for a while. Others were to control. Some, the borderline emotionally disturbed, don't break physically hospital," "Oh, sure," he said, "but it's a difficult thing times. "Emotionally disturbed patients here? Don't belong in themselves or others, we put them in Cottage K. Locked up at all instruments. "Special security cottage" he explained. "Emotionally morosing. Winslow looked uncomfortable for the first time that morning. "Quite a walling, picked up and echoed by two or three other voices. There were bars on the windows.

Winslow nodded too. "Jerry's the big one, and that's the other cottages on our way to the school, I heard a shriek human contact and affection from each other." As we passed one of else who has time for them, sometimes they know enough to seek Dusty. See that sort of thing often here. When there's no one following a walling, followed on our way to the school, I heard a shriek the other cottages on our way to the school, I heard a shriek

"Quite a thing," I said, nodding in that direction.

mean enough for Charlie to panic." "Great!" she laughed. "And ironic as hell. When you talk about him that way, I hate him for coming between us. Do you think he'll ever let you... let us .." "I don't know. I hope so." I left her at the door. We shook hands, and yet, strangely, it was much closer and more intimate than an embrace would have been.

I went home and made love to Fay, but kept thinking of Alice.

July 27 - Working around the clock. Over Fay's protests, I've had a cot moved into the lab. She's become too possessive and resentful of my work. I think she could tolerate another woman, but not this complete absorption in something she can't follow. I was afraid it would come to this, but I have no patience with her now. I'm jealous of every moment away from the work-impatient with anyone who tries to steal my time.

Though most of my writing time is spent on notes which I keep in a separate folder, from time to time I have to put down my moods and thoughts out of sheer habit.

The calculus of intelligence is a fascinating study. In a sense this is the problem I've been concerned with all my life. Here is the place for the application of all the knowledge I have acquired.

Time assumes another dimension now-work and absorption in the search for an answer. The world around me and my past seem far away and distorted, as if time and space were taffy being stretched and looped and twisted out of shape. The only real things are the cages and the mice and the lab equipment here on the fourth floor of the main building.

There is no night or day. I've got to cram a lifetime of research into a few weeks. I know I should rest, but I can't until I know the truth about what is happening.

"What's in there?" "The freeze and the incinerator." He pushed open the heavy door and turned on the light. "We freeze our specimens before we dispose of them in the incinerator. It helps cut down the odors if we control decomposition." He turned to leave, but I stood there for a moment.

"Not Algernon," I said. "Look... if and... when... I mean I don't want him dumped in there. Give him to me. I'll take care of him myself." He didn't laugh. He just nodded. Nemur had told him that from now on I could have anything I wanted.

Time was the barrier. If I was going to find out the answers for myself I had to get to work immediately. I got lists of books from Burt, and notes from Strauss and Nemur. Then, on the way out, I got a strange notion.

"Tell me," I asked Nemur, "I just got a look at your incinerator for disposing of experimental animals. What plans have been made for me?" My question stunned him. "What do you mean?" "I'm sure that from the beginning you planned for all exigencies. So what happens to me?" When he was silent I insisted: "I have a right to know everything that pertains to the experiment, and that includes my future." "No reason why you shouldn't know." He paused and lit an already lit cigarette.

"You understand, of course, that from the beginning we had the highest hopes of permanence, and we still do... we definitely do." "I'm sure of that," I said.

"Of course, taking you on in this experiment was a serious responsibility. I don't know how much you remember or how much you've pieced together about things in the beginning of the project, but we tried to make it clear to you that there was a strong chance it might be only temporary" "I had that written down in my progress reports, at the time," I agreed, "though I didn't

last word in, and if things went any further it would really get nasty, better keep quiet. Bertha Nemur was not going to let me get the psychological experimentation." Harry laughed, and I thought I'd laughed. "But then oh, I forgot, you weren't in any position to do

anything earlier to help solve these little final problems." She elegantly gestured rather than to me. "It's a shame Mr Gordon wasn't really orginal in science. What each man contributes to the sum of Nemur. Everyone builds on other men's failures. There is nothing toossing it back at her. "No one really starts anything new," Mrs

forget that her husband had the credit coming to him and resist

else's work rather than something you've concealed and created yourself. "She was sharp, all right. She didn't want Harry to say that everyone on the project is grateful that you've decided to pitch

problem right now." She lit a cigarette and smiled at me. "I know Harry's. "How is the research coming?" She wanted to know.

Harry, lots of make-up and long red nails. She had her arm through members. Mrs Nemur is an attractive woman, very forte, blonde

cornered me and introduced me to Harry, one of the board groups, the kind I find it impossible to join. Finally, Mrs Nemur

There were little knots of people sitting in conversation and wandered around the big room.

down they don't care and feel the same about them? I took a drink

barriers go up. Is it because they are afraid of me? Or is it that deep

at conversation usually fades away in a minute or two, and the through to people. I don't know if it's me or them, but any attempt

pleasant and making friends. But these days I have trouble getting

man can have. I am in love with what I am doing, because the answer to this problem is right here in my mind, and soon-very soon-it will burst into consciousness. Let me solve this one problem. I pray God it is the answer I want, but if not I will accept any answer at all and try to be grateful for what I had.

Fay's new boy friend is a dance instructor from the Stardust Ballroom. I can't really blame her since I have so little time to be with her.

August 11 - Blind alley for the past two days. Nothing.
I've taken a wrong turn somewhere, because I get answers to a lot of questions, but not to the most important question of all: How does Algernon's regression affect the basic hypothesis of the experiment? Fortunately, I know enough about the processes of the mind not to let this block worry me too much. Instead of panicking and giving up (or what's even worse, pushing hard for answers that won't come) I've got to take my mind off the problem for a while and let it stew. I've gone as far as I can on a conscious level, and now it's up to those mysterious operations below the level of awareness. It's one of those inexplicable things, how everything I've learned and experienced is brought to bear on the problem. Pushing too hard will only make things freeze up. How many great problems have gone unsolved because men didn't know enough, or have enough faith in the creative process and in themselves, to let go for the whole mind to work at it? So I decided yesterday afternoon to put the work aside for a while and go to Mrs Nemur's cocktail party. It was in honor of the two men on the board of the Welberg Foundation who had been instrumental in getting her husband the grant. I planned to take Fay, but she said she had a date and she'd rather go dancing.

I started out the evening with every intention of being

the whole damned thing was foolish. I was just drunk and that was had the impression he was reaching out his hand toward me. But I'm going to keep what they gave me and do great things for the world and for other people like you." As I turned toward the door, I give up no matter what they have told me about how lonely it is.

Where you belong, and stop following around. I'm not going to

Charlie. So you've got to stay away. There's no place for me to go now,

go back down into that cave. There's no struggle. I can't

I'm not going to give up my intelligence without a struggle. I can't

tossing away from the mirror. I'm not your friend, I'm your enemy,

backed away from the mirror. There's no place for me to go now,

"But I'll tell you something else, Charlie." I stood up and

is better you don't darkness? Who am I to say?

to say that my light is better than your darkness? Who's to say death

I don't have the right to take away from you. Nobody does. Who's

and your life, even though you weren't able to make much use of it.

and your body and your brain-

where you go. I don't let off. I don't blame you. It's your body and take over

you? You want me out of here so you can come back and don't

hands to see what he was looking at. "You want these back, don't

You've been following me." He looked down and I looked at my

"Oh, come now," I said, "you must want something."

He shrugged.

"Then what do you want?" I asked.

I nodded and he nodded back.

"Who are you, Charlie?" Nothing but the smile.

can't catch up with you." He stared.

Iried of your spying on me from doorways and dark places where I

"Stay there right in front of me," I shouted. "I'm sick and

Then, griving it up, he smiled wilyly from the corner of his mouth.

as if he wanted an explanation but didn't know how to ask for it.

me." He frowned, just a bit, as if he didn't understand what I meant,

my own reflection in the mirror.

When I came out, Strauss wanted to put me into a taxi, but I insisted I could get home all right. All I needed was a little fresh air, and I didn't want anyone to come with me. I wanted to walk by myself.

I was seeing myself as I really had become: Nemur had said it. I was an arrogant, self-centered bastard. Unlike Charlie, I was incapable of making friends or thinking about other people and their problems. I was interested in myself, and myself only. For one long moment in that mirror I had seen myself through Charlie's eyes looked down at myself and saw what I had really become. And I was ashamed.

Hours later I found myself in front of the apartment house, and made my way upstairs and through the dimly lit hallway. Passing Fay's room, I could see there was a light on, and I started toward her door. But just as I was about to knock I heard her giggling, and a man's answering laugh.

It was too late for that.

I let myself into my apartment quietly and stood there for a while in the dark, not daring to move, not daring to turn on the light. Just stood there and felt the whirlpool in my eyes.

What has happened to me? Why am I so alone in the world? 4:30 A.M.-The solution came to me, just as I was dozing off. Illuminated! Everything fits together, and I see what I should have known from the beginning. No more sleep. I've got to get back to the lab and test this against the results from the computer. This, finally, is the flaw in the experiment. I've found it.

Now what becomes of me?

August 26 - LETTER TO PROFESSOR NEMUR (COPY) Dear Professor Nemur: Under separate cover I am sending you a copy of

"Hello," I said, "so you've finally come face to face with looseley."

didn't run. He just stared back at me, mouth open, jaw hanging and run deep into the dimension of the mirrored world. But he eyes, wide and frightened, as if a one word from me would turn not me. Something about the dull, questioning look in his face. His behind the washbasin. I don't know how I knew it was Charlie and right.

That's when I saw Charlie watching me from the mirror face with cool water. Still groggy, but I knew I was going to be all control. I rested my cheek against the wall, and then washed my bathroom.

He made it in time, and after a few seconds I was again in bathroom.

managed to turn him away from them and head him toward the please," he said, "I got to go..." "Somewhere, in that drunken stupor, I bathroom. Oh, my God, not there in front of them. "Excuse me, by the way he was twitching and writhing that he had to get to the get into trouble and you'll always have lots of friends." I could see taught me to be nice to people because she said that way you won't "I always try to do the right things. My mother always hand, eyes wide and frightened.

see myself as the other Charlie there, near the sideboard, drink in was watching the scene from the dining room doorway, and I could out of control. At that moment, almost with the flick of a switch, I if my face had been shot full of novocaine. I was drunk-completely anything that wasn't right. I heard the words stick in my mouth, as say wrong? Did I say something wrong? I didn't mean to say too much to drink. "Why ya'll looking at me like that? What did I "Charlie, maybe you'd better lie down a while. You've had and took my arm.

started to speak, but Strauss, who must have sensed what I was show the world that there is some tangible good coming out of it." I for achieving permanent results outside the laboratory, if we could a boon to our image if we could produce a really workable method necessity for pure research in fields like yours. But it would be such with." "Of course," Mr. Raynor put in, "we all understand the work on the project, and a great deal depends on what he comes up with. "Still too early to tell," Strauss shrugged and nodded towards me. "But what about the present project? Do you anticipate being able to use these techniques on other retardates? Is this something the world will be able to use?" Strauss introduced earlier, "Is this something that's been introduced earlier. She was a beautiful, dark-haired woman of thirty or so. She was staring at me, or rather at the top of my head-as if she expected something to sprout. I stared at whom I had been introduced earlier. She was a beautiful, dark-not to do." As I approached the group, I noticed Raynor's wife, to the man who is going to pick up from there. At least he knows what something useful. Results are often negative. We learn what No one can ever know in advance if a project is going to result in I've been trying to make is that this money is intended for research. "The real problem is convincing the board that this kind of research has practical value." Strauss shook his head. "The point around him.

Raynor shook his head and waved a big cigar at the small group are earmarked for specific purposes, we can't really operate."

like these, without having strings tied to the money. When amounts like the Weilberg Foundation - George Raynor. Strauss was saying: "The problem, Mr. Raynor, is getting sufficient funds to work on projects that's enough.

When I picked him up, he made no attempt to uncurl, but remained in that state much like a catatonic stupor. When I moved his head or limbs, they stayed like wax. I put him back into his cage and watched him until the stupor wore off and he began to move around normally.

What eludes me is the reason for his regression-is it a special case? An isolated reaction? Or is there some general principle of failure basic to the whole procedure? I've got to work out the rule.

If I can find that out, and if it adds even one jot of information to whatever else has been discovered about mental retardation and the possibility of helping others like myself, I will be satisfied. Whatever happens to me, I will have lived a thousand normal lives by what I might add to others not yet born.

July 31 - I'm on the edge of it. I sense it. They all think I'm killing myself at this pace, but what they don't understand is that I'm living at a peak of clarity and beauty I never knew existed. Every part of me is attuned to the work. I soak it up into my pores during the day, and at night-in the moments before I pass off into sleep-ideas explode into my head like fireworks. There is no greater joy than the burst of solution to a problem.

Incredible that anything could happen to take away this bubbling energy, the zest that fills everything I do. It's as if all the knowledge I've soaked in during the past months has coalesced and lifted me to a peak of light and understanding. This is beauty, love, and truth all rolled into one. This is joy. And now that I've found it, how can I give it up? Life and work are the most wonderful things a

my report entitled: "The Algernon-Gordon Effect: A Study of Structure and Function of Increased Intelligence," which may be published if you see fit.

As you know, my experiments are completed. I have included in my report all of my formulas, as well as mathematical analyses of the data in the appendix.

Of course, these should be verified.

The results are clear. The more sensational aspects of my rapid climb cannot obscure the facts. The surgery and injection techniques developed by you and Dr. Strauss must be viewed as having little or no practical applicability, at the present time, to the increase of human intelligence.

Reviewing the data on Algernon: although he is still in his physical youth, he has regressed mentally. Motor activity impaired; general reduction of glandular functioning; accelerated loss of coordination, and strong indications of progressive amnesia.

As I show in my report, these and other physical and mental deterioration syndromes can be predicted with statistically significant results by the application of my new formula. Although the surgical stimulus to which we were both subjected resulted in an intensification and acceleration of all mental processes, the flaw, which I have taken the liberty of calling the "Algernon-Gordon Effect," is the logical extension of the entire intelligence speed-up. The hypothesis here proved may be described most simply in the following terms: ARTIFICIALLY-INDUCED INTELLIGENCE DETERIORATES AT A RATE OF TIME DIRECTLY PROPORTIONAL TO THE QUANTITY OF THE INCREASE.

As long as I am able to write, I will continue to put down my thoughts and ideas in these progress reports. It is one of my few solitary pleasures and is certainly necessary to the completion of

letting go, and trying hopelessly again. Then he stopped and curled himself up into a small, tight ball.

When I picked him up, he made no attempt to uncurl, but remained in that state much like a catatonic stupor. When I moved his head or limbs, they stayed like wax. I put him back into his cage and watched him until the stupor wore off and he began to move around normally.

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That's enough.

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situation. After all, you are indebted to these people if not to us-in say it, because you have no gratitude or understanding of the Strauss tried to restrain him, but he spluttered and gasped out: "I behave that way? I have never seen such insufferable rudeness in my life." I struggled to my feet. "Now, what makes you say that?" "Just who the hell do you think you are, that you can

of me.

I didn't pay much attention until Nemur came up and stood in front later I had the feeling that people were leaving unusually early, but to myself too audibly, I don't remember what said. A little while through it I could see people starting to leave. I guess was muttering keep out of everyone's way." The haze was coming over me, but you! "Shhhh!" I echoed. "Sorry, I'll just sit here in the corner and wiggles her fan at me again. "Shhhh!" he hissed. "She'll hear better to keep Mrs Raynor away from me. I'm going to goose her if she don't need them, we do." I waved a salute at him. "I'll try, but you'd don't fools. They know the way you feel about them, even if you'd easy," he said, "and keep out of trouble tonight. These people are to relax and I seem to have come to the wrong place." "Well, take it helping myself to another martini.

"Is it wise of you to drink so heavily?" "No, but I'm trying pieces. And I couldn't allow that, could I?" "Guess not," I agreed, could see by that gleam in your eye you were ready to cut them to didn't think you were," he whispered, holding onto my elbow. "But I society." He smiled at the Raynor's and steered me away from them. "Thee," I said, "is not at all what I was going to say." I leaving it to your foundations to handle the public, to educate importance. His job now is to find the truth wherever it leads. We Beeckman feel that the work Charlie is doing is of the utmost going to say, stood up and put his arm on my shoulder. "All of us at

you think? Do you think that's...that's right?" Strauss came over "That can't be right, can it?" insisted. "I mean, what do friend in the world who means anything to me, and no one I mean have any real friends. Not like I used to have in the bakery. Not a one. Oh, I know lots of people. Lots and lots of people. But I don't when I was treated I had lots of friends. Now I have no only lead to violence and pain.

as a self-centred end, to the exclusion of human relationships, can psychological. And I say that the mind absorbed in and involved in itself to mental peace. But all too often a search for knowledge and possibly even to intelligence without the ability to give and receive affection leads for myself very recently. I resent it to you as a hypothesis: drives out the search for love. This is something else I discovered the greatest human gifts. But all too often a search for knowledge and my sermon. "Don't misunderstand me," I said, "intelligence is one of

myself to another martini from the nearby sideboard and continued been tempered by human affection isn't worth a damn." I helped thing you've all overlooked: intelligence and education that hasn't knowledge, have all become great idols. But I know now there's one damaged thing. Here in your university, intelligence, education, I said softly. "But I've learned that intelligence alone doesn't mean a opportunity has meant to you. Your genius has destroyed your faith in the world and in your fellow man." "That's not complete true," I among them. I've learned how little they get a person in this world. him in a number of ways, but humility and self-effacement are not taking about a while ago is just waiting patiently. "I'll admit I'm like "You've become cynical," said Nemur. "That's all this

spring.

Algernon lies in his own dirt, unmoving, and the odors are stronger than ever before. And what about me?

July 28-Fay has a new boy friend. I went home last night to be with her. I went to my room first to get a bottle and then headed over on the fire escape. But fortunately I looked before going in. They were together on the couch. Strange, I don't really care. It's almost a relief.

I went back to the lab to work with Algernon. He has moments out of his lethargy. Periodically, he will run a shifting maze, but when he fails and finds himself in a dead-end, he reacts violently. When I got down to the lab, I looked in. He was alert and came up to me as if he knew me. He was eager to work, and when I set him down through the trap door in the wire mesh of the maze, he moved swiftly along the pathways to the reward box. Twice he ran the maze successfully. The third time, he got halfway through, paused at an intersection, and then with a twitching movement took the wrong turn. I could see what was going to happen, and I wanted to reach down and take him out before he ended up in a blind alley. But I restrained myself and watched.

When he found himself moving along the unfamiliar path, he slowed down, and his actions became erratic: start, pause, double back, turn around and then forward again, until finally he was in the cul-de-sac that informed him with a mild shock that he had made a mistake. At this point, instead of turning back to find an alternate route, he began to move in circles, squeaking like a phonograph needle scratched across the grooves. He threw himself against the walls of the maze, again and again, leaping up, twisting over backwards and falling, and throwing himself again. Twice he caught his claws in the overhead wire mesh, screeching wildly,

this research. However, by all indications, my own mental deterioration will be quite rapid.

I have checked and rechecked my data a dozen times in hope of finding an error, but I am sorry to say the results must stand. Yet, I am grateful for the little bit that I here add to the knowledge of the function of the human mind and of the laws governing the artificial increase of human intelligence.

The other night Dr Strauss was saying that an experimental failure, the disproving of a theory, was as important to the advancement of learning as a success would be. I know now that this is true. I am sorry, however, that my own contribution to the field must rest upon the ashes of the work of this staff, and especially those who have done so much for me.

Yours truly, Charles Gordon encl: report copy: Dr Strauss
The Welberg Foundation

September 1 - I must not panic. Soon there will be signs of emotional instability and forgetfulness, the first symptoms of the burnout. Will I recognize these in myself? All I can do now is keep recording my mental state as objectively as possible, remembering that this psychological journal will be the first of its kind, and possibly the last.

This morning Nemur had Burt take my report and the statistical data down to Hallston University to have some of the top men in the field verify my results and the application of my formulas. All last week they had Burt going over my experiments and methodological charts. I shouldn't really be annoyed by their precautions. After all, I'm just a Charlie-come-lately, and it is difficult for Nemur to accept the fact that my work might be beyond him. He had come to believe in the myth of his own authority, and after all I am an outsider.

"Well, almost never. The humble, self-effacing Charlie you were all I wanted to do." Then, remembrance about Alice, I modified it.

never tried to take over or tried to prevent me from doing anything is there, all right, but not struggling with me. Just waiting. He has the body." "No! I never said that! Not struggling for control. Charlie his consciousness-as if the old distinct individual still functioning in experiment-as a separate and distinct individual still functioning in had several experiences of experiencing himself as he was before the peculiar dissociation has taken place in the past month or so. He's known what he means. It's come up recently in therapy sessions. A better look after him, doctor?" Dr Strauss shook his head. "No. I never. He's talking as if there were two Charlie Gordons. You'd still here with us, I suppose me." "He's gone out of his head," said Mrs. Morris, to know. Yes, the other Charlie who walked in the darkness is ways, yes," that shocked them.

drunk, you'll see a different Charlie Gordon from the one you've snapped. "You're drunk." "Ah, no," I assured him. "Because if I get lost at me your consciousness bothers you," I've heard enough," he doesn't deserve consideration. Professor Nemur, I think when you that challenges your belief that someone with an IQ of less than 100 suddenly we discover that I was always a person-even-and Charlie before he ever walked into that lab. You look shocked? Yes, like an experimental animal, I'm an individual now, and so was I did for me-wonderful as it is-doesn't give you the right to treat me hour of the day. Well, believe it or not, I am grateful. But what you master. You repeat the fact that I don't show my gratitude every experiment, and I know why. Because if I was nothing, then you being. You've boasted time and again that I was nothing before the everything we could for you." "Everything but treat me as a human being!" I shouted. "I served your purposes, and now I'm trying to work out your mistakes, so how the hell does that make me greatful?"

I don't really care any more what he thinks, or what any of them think for that matter. There isn't time. The work is done, the data is in, and all that remains is to see whether I have accurately projected the curve on the Algernon figures as a prediction of what will happen to me.

Alice cried when I told her the news. Then she ran out. I've got to impress on her that there is no reason for her to feel guilty about this.

September 2 - Nothing definite yet. I move in a silence of clear white light. Everything around me is waiting. I dream of being alone on the top of a mountain, surveying the land around me, greens and yellows-and the sun directly above, pressing my shadow into a tight ball around my legs. As the sun drops into the afternoon sky, the shadow undrapes itself and stretches out toward the horizon, long and thin, and far behind me...

I want to say here again what I've said already to Dr Strauss. No one is in any way to blame for what has happened. This experiment was carefully prepared, extensively tested on animals, and statistically validated. When they decided to use me as the first human test, they were reasonably certain that there was no physical danger involved. There was no way to foresee the psychological pitfalls. I don't want anyone to suffer because of what happens to me.

The only question now is: How much can I hang on to?

September 15 - Nemur says my results have been confirmed. It means that the flaw is central and brings the entire hypothesis into question. Someday there might be a way to overcome this problem, but that time is not yet. I have recommended that no further tests be made on human beings until these things are clarified by additional research on animals.

the fight and trying once more to beat me down. "You're being person." She was angry, and I could see she was torn between ending when necessary to reap the honors you seek. The bitch is that I'm a could be made intelligent but still be kept in a cage and displayed "The problem, dear professor, is that you wanted some one who young man into an arrogant, self-centred, antisocial bastard."

your personality, and you've developed from a likeable, retarded not to make you popular. We had no control over what happened to except? This experiment was calculated to raise your intelligence, laughed Nemur. "You're feeling sorry for yourself. What did you he's a moron or a genius. So what difference does it make?" "Oh," discovered that nobody really cares about Charlie Gordon, whether only about Charlie Gordon, but about life and people, and I've ways, yes," that shocked them.

Or do you think possibly you were better off before?" In some developed, the things you've learned, the experiences you've developed Nemur. So what difference does it make?" "Oh," I said.

You don't really want to hear the truth." "But I do, Charlie. At least mouth what he thinks his justification is." "Oh, forget it," I said.

actually destroyed -- our work, and now I want to hear from his own clearly, I've put up with a lot from him. He's speaking pretty much what he thinks his justification is." "But I do, Charlie. At least your version of the truth. I want to know if you feel any gratitude for the things that have been done for you--the abilities you've developed -- our work, and now I want to hear from his own mouth what he thinks his justification is." "Oh, forget it," I said.

"Not that much," snorted Nemur. "He's speaking pretty time we had this out." "He's had too much to drink," said his wife. Nemur stopped him. "Just a minute. I want to hear this. I think it's indebted to anyone?" Strauss started to move in to break it up, but to work out your mistakes, so how the hell does that make me greatful?" I shouted. "I served your purposes, and now I'm trying to work out your mistakes, so how the hell does that make me greatful?"

About my perception: everything is sharp and clear, each sensation heightened and illuminated so that reds and yellows and blues glow. Sleeping here has a strange effect. The odors of the laboratory animals, dogs, monkeys, mice, spin me back into memories, and it is difficult to know whether I am experiencing a new sensation or recalling the past. It is impossible to tell what proportion is memory and what exists here and now-so that a strange compound is formed of memory and reality; past and present; response to stimuli stored in my brain centers, and response to stimuli in this room.

It's as if all the things I've learned have fused into a crystal universe spinning before me so that I can see all the facets of it reflected in gorgeous bursts of light....

A monkey sitting in the center of his cage, staring at me out of sleepy eyes, rubbing his cheeks with little old-man shriveled hands... chee... cheeeeee... and bouncing off the cage wire, up to the swing overhead where the other monkey sits staring dumbly into space. Urinating, defecating, passing wind, staring at me and laughing... cheeee... cheeeee... cheeee...

And bouncing around, leap, hop, up around and down, he swings and tries to grab the other monkey's tail, but the one on the bar keeps swishing it away, without fuss, out of his grasp. Nice monkey... pretty monkey...

with big eyes and swishy tail. Can I feed him a peanut?... No, the man'll holler. That sign says do not feed the animals. That's a chimpanzee. Can I pet him? No. I want to pet the chimpanzee. Never mind, come and look at the elephants.

Outside, crowds of bright sunshiny people are dressed in

babbling so she wouldn't close the door. I tried to tell her the whole normal-just like you and Mat and Norma." I tried to keep talking, retarded any more. I'm not a moron. I'm just like anyone else. I'm was. I've changed. I'm normal now. Don't you understand? I'm not want to talk to you. You've got to understand, I'm not the same as I

"Ma," I whispered, "I'm not going to do anything. I just stood there staring at me.

moment later I heard the click of the lock. The door opened and she

her saying: "Shhh, Hap... Here, into the bedroom you go." A

you, if you don't open the door, I'm going to break it down." I heard

but I've come a long way, and I'm not leaving without talking to

"All right," I said. "I don't intend to hurt you or anything,

yapping off a small dog, it took me by surprise.

"Open the door." The answer was the high-pitched

had fled was locked, and for a moment I stood undecided.

At the end of the hallway, the door through which Rose

That path was now closed to me forever.

goue and dead and that strangers lived upstairs.

dog. I wanted to see them, but without being told I knew they were

sweets and let me come to sit in their kitchen and play with their

and suddenly, the Meyers had always been kind to me. They gave me

The people who lived on the second floor-of our landlord

at Warren.

strangling on my tongue and gagging in silence. Like the silent boys

into the cellar below, while I tried to scream without voice,

stirrings by demons who grabbed at my legs and pulled me down

nightmares. I had often been pursued up that long, narrow

I started in, past the stairs I had seen so often in my

stabbing her freshly scrubbed linoleum.

else to do, I put my hand into my pocket to prevent the blood from

could say to her, standing on the porch staring at me, was, "Maaaa." Like a dry-mouthed lamb at the udder.

She wiped her forehead with the back of her arm and frowned at me, as if she could not see me clearly. I stepped forward, past the gate to the walk, and then toward the steps. She drew back.

At first, I wasn't sure whether or not she really recognized me, but then she gasped: "Charlie!..." She didn't scream it or whisper it. She just gasped it as one might do coming out of a dream.

"Ma..." I started up the steps. "It's me..." My movement startled her, and she stepped backwards, kicking over the bucket of soapy water, and the dirty suds rushed down the steps. "What are you doing here?" "I just wanted to see you... talk to you..." Because my tongue kept getting in my way, my voice came out of my throat differently, with a thick whining tone, as I might have spoken a long time ago. "Don't go away," I begged. "Don't run away from me." But she had gone inside the vestibule and locked the door. A moment later I could see her peering at me from behind the sheer white curtain of the door window, her eyes terrified. Behind the window her lips moved soundlessly. "Go away! Leave me alone!" Why? Who was she to deny me this way? By what right did she turn away from me? "Let me in! I want to talk to you! Let me in!" I banged on the door against the glass so hard it cracked, and the crack spread a web that caught my skin for a moment and held it fast. She must have thought I was out of my mind and had come to harm her. She let go of the outer door and fled down the hallway that led into the apartment.

I pushed again. The hook gave way and, unprepared for the sudden yielding, I fell into the vestibule, off balance. My hand was bleeding from the glass I had broken, and not knowing what

unconscious. Do you remember it? Did it really happen that way?"

"She blamed Matt for not watching me, for leaving us alone together, and she beat me with a strap until I was nearly

trying to kill you. It was a very hard just a bump-but Mom and Dad

againist the wall. It wasnt very hard just a bump-but Mom and Dad

and, you bounced off the wall, I think, and I was about thirteen.

preternatural we were Chinese coils-jumping up and down on an old

we were playing a game with the lamp shades on our heads,

time we played together as friends. We were in the baseament; and

it's a memory, or a dream, or if I just made it all up. It was the last

you?" There's one memory I'm curious about. I'm not really sure if

"I don't remember any of it. Oh, Charlie, was I so mean to

deeper.

and how Matt had forbidden it. As I told it, the fromn became

time she had brought home her best paper hoping to get the dog,

frowned. "How did you know?" I explained about my memory: the

NapoleoN, short for Napoleon, isn't it?" She straightened up and

I watched Norma feed her dog. "So you finally got him.

was frightened.

things up, putting things away, without ever getting in the way. It

he any more. She drifted around the kitchen like a ghost, picking

as if she didn't understand our language, as if none of it concerned

look to see if Rose was listening, but she was deep in her own world,

wash't there. Whenever Norma would refer to their life together, I'd

talking about my mother-right there in the room with us-as if she

We talked. Ironic to sit there with my sister, the two of us

had grown up, had become warm and sympathetic and affectionate. She

inevitable. She was no longer the spoiled brat of my memories. She

Norma was fascinated by my description of the memory, as if it awakened sleeping images. "It's all so vague. You know, I thought that was my dream. I remember us wearing the lampshades, and jumping up and down on the mattresses." She stared out of the window.

"I hated you because they fussed over you all the time. They never spanked you for not doing your homework right, or for not bringing home the best marks. You skipped classes most of the time and played games, and I had to go to the hard classes in school. Oh, how I hated you. In school the other children scribbled pictures on the blackboard, a boy with a duncecap on his head, and they wrote Norma's Brother under it. And they scribbled things on the sidewalk in the schoolyard-Moron's Sister and Dummy Gordon Family. And then one day when I wasn't invited to Emily Raskin's birthday party, I knew it was because of you. And when we were laying there in the basement with those lampshades on our heads, I had to get even." She started to cry. "So I lied and said you hurt me. Oh, Charlie, what a fool I was-what a spoiled brat. I'm so ashamed-" "Don't blame yourself. It must have been hard to face the other kids. For me, this kitchen was my world-and that room there. The rest of it didn't matter as long as this was safe. You had to face the rest of the world." "Why did they send you away, Charlie? Why couldn't you have stayed here and lived with us? I always wondered about that. Every time I asked her, she always said it was for your own good." "In a way she was right." She shook her head. "She sent you away because of me, didn't she? Oh, Charlie, why did it have to be? Why did all this happen to us?" I didn't know what to tell her. I wished I could say that like the House of Atreus or Cadmus we were suffering for the sins of our forefathers, or fulfilling an ancient Greek oracle. But I had no answers for her, or for myself.

these years alone with my mother might change her. And yet it was greening like this from Norma. It had never occurred to me that all I don't know where to start assuring questions. I just sound a movie star, or something." I was confused. I had not expected a big brother. You have no idea. Sit down make you something Charlie. Charlie... it's so wonderful to find all of a sudden I've got a friend club. I showed them my picture in the paper, and I told oh, my! you don't know what it felt like to read about that. I saw in the papers that it worked and you had become a genius -- see you. He was afraid to upset you before the operation. But when Processor... Nemur? -- is that his name? -- wouldn't let me do. alive and they needed you for the experiment, I didn't know what to do. In Warren, I believed it all these years. When they told me you were months ago--I had no idea you were still alive. She told me you died processor came here last when was it? Last March? Just seven wondered where you were and what you were doing. Until that "You don't know how I've thought about you and in Chicago." She pulled back to look at me. Somebody you'd come back. Ever since I read that you had run away see you. I've been expecting you. I didn't know when, but I knew Charlie!" She took my hands in hers. "Don't say that. I am glad to see you in the street. So different." She sighed. "I'm glad to see you." "Are you? I didn't think you'd want to see me again." "Oh, look at you. I never would have recognized you. I'd have passed you

"It's past," I said. "I'm glad I met you again. It makes it a little easier." She grabbed my arm suddenly. "Charlie, you don't know what I've been through all these years with her. The apartment, this street, my job. It's all been a nightmare, coming home each day, wondering if she's still here, if she's harmed herself, guilty for thinking about things like that." I stood up and let her rest against my shoulder, and she wept. "Oh, Charlie. I'm glad you're back now. We've needed someone. I'm so tired..." I had dreamed of a time like this, but now that it was here, what good was it? I couldn't tell her what was going to happen to me. And yet, could I accept her affection on false pretenses? Why kid myself? If I had still been the old, feeble-minded, dependent Charlie, she wouldn't have spoken to me the same way. So what right did I have to it now? My mask would soon be ripped away.

"Don't cry, Norma. Everything will work out all right." I heard myself speaking in reassuring platitudes. "I'll try to take care of you both. I have a little money saved, and with what the Foundation has been paying me, I'll be able to send you some money regularly-for a while anyway." "But you're not going away! You've got to stay with us now--" "I've got to do some traveling, some research, make a few speeches, but I'll try to come back to visit you. Take care of her. She's been through a lot. I'll help you for as long as I can." "Charlie! No, don't go!" She clung to me. "I'm frightened!" The role I had always wanted to play-the big brother.

At that moment, I sensed that Rose, who had been sitting in the corner quietly, was staring at us. Something in her face had changed. Her eyes were wide, and she leaned forward on the edge of her seat. All I could think of was a hawk ready to swoop down.

I pushed Norma away from me, but before I could say

gonna be sore, and I don't have enough money to pay for it." Then watched me roll up my sleeves. "You shouldn't have broke the window. The landlord's from the back yard, or when I was ready to eat or go to sleep. She which she had so often washed my face and hands after I came in followed her to the cracked sink with the corrugated drainboard at because I was her Charlie, but in spite of it. "You hurt yourself." She didn't necessarily feel sorry for pleading. When she saw it her expression softened. "Come in and wash it. I've got some bandage and iodine." "You hurt yourself?" She spoke with a dog for a dog that had torn its paw, or a cat that had been gashed in a fight. It wasn't me. It was the sort of thing she might have done for a little while." It was because I was her Charlie, but in spite of it. pulled my body hand out of my pocket and clenched it in my stood there in the doorway and stared at me. Without thinking, I stood rather than what I said that hypothesized her. She helped me now. Let me come in and sit down for a little while." It undressed myself, and you're the only one in the world who can too late. Don't you see, I can't be a complete person unless I can help a little boy, that's all I want. I won't hurt you. I don't hate you, was a neighbor. You don't have to be proud of me now and tell all the Uncle Herman, or Matt. I know things even collegues don't look at me that way? I'm smart now, smarter than Norma, or first one they tried it on. Can't you understand? Why are you experiencing that changes your capacity for intelligence, and I'm the didn't you read about it in the newspaper? A new scientific thing, all at once. "They changed me, performed an operation on me and made me different, the way you always wanted me to be.

righteous about it. Time and again Matt had insisted that what others thought about you wasn't the only thing in life. But it did no good. Norma had to dress well; the house had to have fine furniture; Charlie had to be kept inside so that other people wouldn't know anything was wrong.

At the gate, I paused to watch as she straightened up to catch her breath. Seeing her face made me tremble, but it was not the face I had struggled so hard to recall. Her hair had become white and streaked with iron, and the flesh of her thin cheeks was wrinkled. Perspiration made her forehead glisten. She caught sight of me and stared back.

I wanted to look away, to turn back down the street, but I couldn't-not after having come so far. I would just ask directions, pretending I was lost in a strange neighborhood. Seeing her had been enough. But all I did was stand there, waiting for her to do something first. And all she did was stand there and look at me.

"Do you want something?" Her voice, hoarse, was an unmistakable echo down the corridors of memory.

I opened my mouth, but nothing came out. My mouth worked, I know, and I struggled to speak to her, to get something out, because in that moment I could see recognition in her eyes. This was not at all the way I wanted her to see me. Not standing there in front of her, dumbly, unable to make myself understood. But my tongue kept getting in the way, like a huge obstruction, and my mouth was dry.

Finally, something came out. Not what I had intended (I had planned something soothing and encouraging, to take control of the situation and wipe out all the past and pain with a few words) but all that came out of my cracked throat was: "Maaa..." With all the things I had learned-in all the languages I had mastered-all I

10 but it was the evil-10 He would have been a great man, if not for jealousies of him. And they put the evil eye on him. They called it the away. "I had a boy. So brilliant that all the other mothers were have any other children?" She started, and then her eyes looked far need something me for money." "Is she your only child? Don't you week, and we'll be able to take care of all our bills. So here's no have to worry about the money, because my daughter gets paid this my husband is out of town on business. I told them all they don't scolding, I intended to send a check out the first of the month, but got to be clean," She noticed some fingermarks on the door and the electric bill?" Before I could say no, she grabbed her finger, up and saw what was happening her, she frowned. "Have you come about taking up her washing she scrubbed them away. When she looked took to be all right? You didn't shock her at anything..."

"Charlie! My God, what a shock! You might have gotten in touch and scared me. You should have called. I don't know what features, probably, pretty,

she looked the way my mother used to look-thin, sharp gasping. And she looked the way my mother had,

"Charlie," She said it the same way my mother had, went over her mouth, and she slumped back against the door.

the light. "Who are you?" But before I could answer, she switched on. Putting down the shopping bag she was carrying, she switched on. recognized me at first - it was dim, the lights hadn't been turned on. The door opened. Norma saw me and frowned. She didn't woodwork.

When the blood was washed off and she had dried my hands with paper towels, she looked up into my face and her eyes went round with frights "Oh, my God," she gasped, and her eyes little Charlie and she was willing to fight for my place in the world. Little Charlie and she was back twenty-five years earlier when I was her yourself?" She was back into a mess. When are you going to learn to take care of yourself! Into a mess. When are you going to learn to take care of Charlie, Charlie, always getting clicked her tongue, or sighed, "Charlie, Charlie, always getting that I kept silent, afraid of breaking the spell. Occasionally she me and washed my hand. As she did it, she concentrated so hard as if impatient with the way I was doing it, she took the soap from

and me uncertainly. "Well, what a surprise. I never dreamed. Let me I just can't do that to my own mother." Then she smiled and whined joyously, she picked him up and hugged him.

opened the bedroom door to let the dog out, and when he jumped I can't stand to think of her in one of those situations." She Portman wants me to put her into a nursing home, but I can't do it. doesn't remember much these days, it's old age-senility. Dr. She came out of it for a while. We had a little talk. "I'm glad. She say .." She looked at my mother, sitting on the floor near the sink. "She came out of it for a while. We had a little talk. "I'm glad. She features, probably, pretty,

"Charlie," She said it the same way my mother had,

went over her mouth, and she slumped back against the door.

the light. "Who are you?" But before I could answer, she switched on. Putting down the shopping bag she was carrying, she switched on. recognized me at first - it was dim, the lights hadn't been turned on. The door opened. Norma saw me and frowned. She didn't

hear me. She was too busy humming to herself as she washed the door know why." Norma's home. I touched her arm, but she didn't don't know her key in the door, I whispered to my mother-I

As I heard her mistake me for a burglar.

I was curious at being trapped here. I didn't want to see someone might mistake me for a burglar.

climb out the window into the back yard and go over the fence. But visit spoiled. There was no back door. The only way would be to Norma. We had nothing to say to each other, and I didn't want my

I was curious at being trapped here. I didn't want to see Norma screaming to her key in the door, I didn't want to see anything, Rose was on her feet. She had taken the kitchen knife from the table and was pointing at me.

"What are you doing to her? Get away from her! I told you what I'd do to you if I ever caught you touching your sister again! Dirty mind! You don't belong with normal people!" We both jumped back, and for some insane reason, I felt guilty, as if I had been caught doing something wrong, and I knew Norma felt the same way. It was as if my mother's accusation had made it true, that we were doing something obscene.

Norma screamed at her: "Mother! Put down that knife!" Seeing Rose standing there with the knife brought back the picture of that night she had forced Matt to take me away. She was reliving that now. I couldn't speak or move. The nausea swept over me, the choking tension, the buzzing in my ears, my stomach knotting and stretching as if it wanted to tear itself out of my body.

She had a knife, and Alice had a knife, and my father had a knife, and Dr. Strauss had a knife...

Fortunately, Norma had the presence of mind to take it away from her, but she couldn't erase the fear in Rose's eyes as she screamed at me. "Get him out of here! He's got no right to look at his sister with sex in his mind!" Rose screamed and sank back into the chair, weeping.

I didn't know what to say, and neither did Norma. We were both embarrassed. Now she knew why I had been sent away.

I wondered if I had ever done anything to justify my mother's fear. There were no such memories, but how could I be sure there weren't horrible thoughts repressed behind the barriers of my tortured conscience? In the sealed-off passageways, beyond blind alleys, that I would never see. Possibly I will never know. Whatever the truth is, I must not hate Rose for protecting Norma. I

forget things sooner now. It has to do with my mother, and now more than ever I want to understand her, to know what she was like and why she acted the way she did. I mustn't hate her.

I've got to come to terms with her before I see her so that I won't act harshly or foolishly.

September 27 - I should have written this down right away, because it's important to make this record complete.

I went to see Rose three days ago. Finally, I forced myself to borrow Burt's car again. I was afraid, and yet I knew I had to go.

At first when I got to Marks Street I thought I had made a mistake. It wasn't the way I remembered it at all. It was a filthy street. Vacant lots where many of the houses had been torn down. On the sidewalk, a discarded refrigerator with its face ripped off, and on the curb an old mattress with wire intestines hanging out of its belly. Some houses had boarded up windows, and others looked more like patched-up shanties than homes. I parked the car a block away from the house and walked.

There were no children playing on Marks Street not at all like the mental picture I had brought with me of children everywhere, and Charlie watching them through the front window (strange that most of my memories of the street are framed by the window, with me always inside watching the children lay). Now there were only old people standing in the shade of tired porches.

As I approached the house, I had a second shock. My mother was on the front stoop, in an old brown sweater, washing the ground floor windows from the outside even though it was cold and windy. Always working to show the neighbors what a good wife and mother she was.

The most important thing had always been what other people thought-appearances before herself or her family. And

and closed and a voice called: "Okay, Nappy. Okay, it's me." The dog started barking again. The front door opened a dream.

The dog around the kitchen door, humming more happily, I thought-as if in a dream. She picked up her rag and began to wash the woodwork any more. She smiled at me through tears, and then a moment later she wasn't looking at me in the world. They laughed, but I told them. "She smiled at me in the world. They laughed, but I told them." She smiled at me go to collect and become a professional man and make your mark were too young to remember, but I tried. I told them all that you'd always said it would happen someday. I tried everything I could. You looked at it in awe. "It's... it's your name. I knew it would happen. I soon turned out to be more than a dummy after all." She took it and to keep a copy of the report so that you show people that you're something I discovered, and it's named partly after me. I want you every technical look, it's called The Allegro-Gordon Effect.

"A magazine?" Not exactly. It's scientific report I wrote. This, "I don't know yet. But before I go, I want you to have come back." But when will you But I'll write to you, and I'll send you money." "But what you do. "Go? You can't go away now." "I have to go, Ma. I have things to do. There's something else. Something want you to have before I go. I remembered. "No!" I shouted, staring her back to reality. Mai wanted. "Then after a while, she passed thoughtfully as if first time in my life, I had brought a smile to her lips. Her smiling and know I had been the one to make her happy. For the nightmarish of all those years had been pain enough. I wanted to see her that most of my childhood teachers were gone from this school, life we were going to have together. I hadn't the heart to remind

Idea." She hugged me, talking excitedly, making plans for the new idea and your sister Oh, she'll be so happy to see you. You have no Herman. He'll be so leased. And Uncle Herman-I've got to tell Uncle them. And the neighbors. And Uncle Herman-I've got to tell Uncle teachers at the school Oh, wait till you see their faces when I tell "I've got to tell everyone," she said, smiling, "all those the pain was washed away, and I was glad I had come.

When I put my arm around her, she wept freely on my shoulder. All own good time to do His will." She wiped her face in her apron, and He didn't hear me, but He was listening all the time, just waiting His world. "Thank God," she whispered. "My players-all these years I thought that changed me. I'm intelligent now. They've heard of me all over the world, and I can read and write, and I can."

"How could it be?" I don't understand. They told me you cocked her head. She turned, her face tired and her eyes glistering, and as if suddenly aware of my presence behind her, stopped, her ray poised midway between the bucket and the floor, She had started humming sadly to herself, but she knew that I was her Charlie. Somebody had to understand. Kitchen table. I would wait until she came out of it, until she She was muttering to herself now, and I sat down at the up again.

Knees and started to scrub the already shining floor. She didn't look dinner, and I've got to get this place clean." She got down on her got to get things ready. My daughter has a young man coming for been a genius." She picked up a scrub brush. "Excuse me now. I've that. He was really bright exceptional, they said. He could have

must understand the way she saw it. Unless I forgive her, I will have nothing.

Norma was trembling.

"Take it easy," I said. "She doesn't know what she's doing. It wasn't me she was raving at. It was the old Charlie. She was afraid of what he might do to you. I can't blame her for wanting to protect you. But we don't have to think about it now, because he's gone forever, isn't he?" She wasn't listening to me. There was a dreamy expression on her face. "I've just had one of those strange experiences where something happens, and you have the feeling you know it's going to happen, as if it all took place before, the exact same way, and you watch it unfold again... ." "A very common experience." She shook her head. "Just now, when I saw her with that knife, it was like a dream I had a long time ago." What was the use of telling her she had undoubtedly been awake that night as a child, and had seen the whole thing from her room-that it had been repressed and twisted until she imagined it as a fantasy. No reason for burdening her with the truth. She would have enough sadness with my mother in the days to come. I would gladly have taken the burden and the pain off her hands, but there was no sense in starting something I couldn't finish. I would have my own suffering to live with. There was no way to stop the sands of knowledge from slipping through the hourglass of my mind.

"I've got to go now," I said. "Take care of yourself, and of her." I squeezed her hand. As I went out, Napoleon barked at me. I held it in for as long as I could, but when I reached the street it was impossible. It's hard to write it down, but people turned to look at me as I walked back to the car, crying like a child. I couldn't help myself, and I didn't care.

As I walked, the ridiculous words drummed themselves

It is my own feeling that the most successful line of research will be that taken by the men studying enzyme imbalances. As with so many other things, time is the key factor - speed in discovering the deficiency, and speed in administering hormonal substitutes. I would like to help in that area of research, and in the search for radioisotopes that may be used in local cortical control, but I know now that I won't have the time.

September 17 - Becoming absent minded. Put things away on my desk or in the drawers of the lab tables, and when I can't find them I lose my temper and flare up at everyone. First signs? Algernon died two days ago. I found him at four thirty in the morning when I came back to the lab after wandering around down at the waterfront-on his side, stretched out in the corner of his cage. As if he were running in his sleep.

Dissection shows that my predictions were right. Compared to the normal brain, Algernon's had decreased in weight and there was a general smoothing out of the cerebral convolutions as well as a deepening and broadening of brain fissures.

It's frightening to think that the same thing might be happening to me right now. Seeing it happen to Algernon makes it real. For the first time, I'm afraid of the future.

I put Algernon's body into a small metal container and took him home with me. I wasn't going to let them dump him into the incinerator. It's foolish and sentimental, but late last night I buried him in the back yard. I wept as I put a bunch of wild flowers on the grave.

September 21 - I'm going to Marks Street to visit my mother tomorrow. A dream last night triggered off a sequence of memories, lit up a whole slice of the past and the important thing is to get it down on paper quickly before I forget it because I seem to

flower,numuliplyling,undividning itselv back from the many toward light-the hell within hell but I don't look at the light,only at the self merge into microcosm.Theire will be great heat and unbearable becoming closer and more dense, but a vision-as the atoms of my body

I am shrinking,Not in the sense of the atoms of my body

of my unconsciousness.

shimmering,swirling,luminouscent flower that lies deep in the core the red spot that transforms itself into a multipetaled flower-the down into myself,I stare inward in the center of my unconscious eye ate again I lose all feeling of body or sensation.Charlie is drawing me waiting, the moment passes during which I am myself in myself, and Does he fear seeing God?Or seeing nothing?As I lie here it's beyond.

the upper corolla of the mind.Charlie doesn't want to know what whatever this experience means.Charlie doesn't want me to prece move.I will not move! Wait, and leave myself open,passive,to move this finger of wind that eye-if I want to. But I don't want to fingers of my awareness into the glove of my flesh.And I know I can so that for just one moment I am on the couch again,fitting the lose myself, but I am pulled from below,back to myself,into myself, into earthy dimensions-not voluntarily,because I would prefer to slowly,as waves recede,my expanding spirit shrinks back and mortal world below.

blending with the universe I hear the whispers around the ridge of consciousness. And that ever-so-slightly tug holds me to the finite it annoys me. I want to shake it off. On the verge of

from below. And then,as I know I am about to pierce the crust of existence,like a flying fish leaping out of the sea, I feel the pull time and space.

else.All the barriers were gone. I had unbound the string she had for fear of presence,because it could never be this way with anyone highed because there was nothing to hold me back. It was no time his mother or his sister.

woman, but perhaps now Charlie would understand that she wasn't her head against my chest, but the panic didn't come. Alice was a she kissed me. I waited, as she sat beside me on the couch, resting no reason for either of us to be alone."Before I could say anything, you,I'm not going to pretend otherwise. But until you go,here's even visit you there. Once you're in Warren,I'll do my best to forget can't follow me there,""No,"she admitted,"and I probably won't months,weeks,days-who the hell knows?I'll go back to Warren.You forward to. I don't dare let myself think ahead-only back. In a few around the apartment."But that's crazy. There's nothing to look waiting. You're about at my level again,aren't you?"I stormed happen, it was no secret. I didn't care,Charlie,we just been very long but it was something. Look,we know this might do."We had a little time together before we got out of touch. We had things to talk about, and things to do together. It didn't last left for myself."I can't believe you want to be completely alone."I But I can't afford to spend my time anymore-there's only enough

"Is that a song?"Charlie,don't laugh at me."I'm not laughing." "Why?" "Because there's still time. And I want to spend it with you." "Oh,come off it,Charlie.Don't fence with me. I waited long enough for you to come and get me. I decided to come to you."

"It just is-like a poem. I wanted to see you." "What's wrong with the here because I feel sorry for you. It's because I feel sorry for me."

"What's that supposed to mean?" It doesn't mean,"she shrugged.

"Sorry for me." She went to the mirror to comb her hair."I'm not

given me, and found my way out of the labyrinth to where she was waiting. I loved her with more than my body.

I don't pretend to understand the mystery of love, but this time it was more than sex, more than using a woman's body. It was being lifted off the earth, outside fear and torment, being part of something greater than myself. I was lifted out of the dark cell of my own mind, to become part of someone else-just as I had experienced it that day on the couch in therapy. It was the first step outward to the universe-beyond the universe-because in it and with it we merged to recreate and perpetuate the human spirit. Expanding and bursting outward, and contracting and forming inward, it was the rhythm of being-of breathing, of heartbeat, of day and night-and the rhythm of our bodies set off an echo in my mind. It was the way it had been back there in that strange vision. The gray murk lifted from my mind, and through it the light pierced into my brain (how strange that light should blind!), and my body was absorbed back into a great sea of space, washed under in a strange baptism. My body shuddered with giving, and her body shuddered its acceptance.

This was the way we loved, until the night became a silent day. And as I lay there with her I could see how important physical love was, how necessary it was for us to be in each other's arms, giving and taking. The universe was exploding, each particle away from the next, tearing hurtling us into dark and lonely space, ripping us away from each other-child out of the womb, friend away from friend, moving from each other, each through his own pathway toward the goal-box of solitary death.

But this was the counterweight, the act of binding and holding. As when men to keep from being swept overboard in the storm clutch at each other's hands to resist being torn apart, so our

my therapist? "I don't know if I want to talk about it," I said. "I feel unusually hostile toward you today." And then I told him what I had been thinking.

Without seeing him, I could tell he was nodding to himself.

"It's hard to explain," I said. "A feeling I've had once or twice before, just before I fainted. A lightheadedness... everything intense... but my body feels cold and numb..." "Go on." His voice had an edge of excitement. "What else?" "I can't feel my body any more. I'm numb. I have the feeling that Charlie is close by. My eyes are open I'm sure of that are they?" "Yes, wide open." "And yet I see a blue-white glow from the walls and the ceiling gathering into a shimmering ball. Now it's suspended in midair. Light... forcing itself into my eyes... and my brain... Everything in the room is aglow... I have the feeling of floating... or rather expanding up and out...and yet without looking down I know my body is still here on the couch.

Is this a hallucination? "Charlie, are you all right?" Or the things described by the mystics? I hear his voice but I don't want to answer him. It annoys me that he is there. I've got to ignore him. Be passive and let this-whatever it is-fill me with the light and absorb me into itself.

"What do you see, Charlie? What's the matter?" Upward, moving, like a leaf in an upcurrent of warm air. Speeding, the atoms of my body hurtling away from each other. I grow lighter, less dense, and larger... larger exploding outward into the sun. I am an expanding universe swimming upward in a silent sea. Small at first, encompassing with my body, the room, the building, the city, the country, until I know that if I look down I will see my shadow blotting out the earth.

Light and unfeeling. Drifting and expanding through

mind... very much. I don't want anybody coming around feeling appearance. I straightened up a bit. I didn't think you'd mind." "I do disurbances. So, I decided it was time for me to put in an escape. Fay's place, I called her to find out about you and she said she was worried. She says you've been acting strangely-causing more of a dodo. A dumb dodo. How'd you get in here?" "Through the fire of a dodo. "Hi," she laughed. "Some night owl." "Not an owl. More

creaked and she woke up and looked at me. "It's too small! I can't get through! And suddenly I am overwhelmed motions toward the mouth of the cave.

October 11 - When I came into my apartment this morning, I found Alice there, asleep on the couch. Everything was clean up, and at first I thought I was in the wrong apartment, but then I saw she hadn't touched the smashed records or the torn books or the sheet music in the corner of the room. The floor creaked under my head flapping like a thousand wings. I open my eyes, blinder by the intense light. And flat the air and tremble and buzzed into that hole. More than I can bear. Pain will pierce the chest into that holy light. More than I can bear. I have never known, and coldness, and nausea, and great opening where the light threatens to burst my eyes. Again, I know I hurried against the walls, again and again, and forced through the huddled againt the walls, again and again, and forced through the

books of wasting it as if I had never been. And as I start through the opening, I feel the pressure around me, propelling me in violence but of wasting it as if I had never been. Not of life, or death, or nothingness. Not yet! I am afraid. Not of life, or death, or nothingness. beyond. It's too small! I can't get through! And suddenly I am

out he never came back. took me to a place. He wanted ten dollars first and I gave it to him. -- except one night a man came up and asked if I wanted a girl. He look at me, and some of them don't but nobody says anything to them just stand on the sidewalk and watch people go by. Some of them happening to me, but there is nothing I can do about it. I walk, or instead of walking I was floating through space, not clear and sharp, but with a gray film over everything. I know what's and sharp, but with a gray film over everything. I know what's when it goes this way.

that I'm the only one in the world who can describe what happens time ago. I don't want to write it down, but I keep reminding myself the strange feeling that this has all happened to me before-a long couplet, remember where I lived. A policeman took me home. I have around the city. I don't know why. To see faces, I guess. Last night I learned. Please, God, don't take it all away.

October 10 - Usually at night I go out for walks, wander

that's all for today," I got up and swayed as I regained my had me worried." I shook my head. "I'm all right." "I think maybe "Thank God," he said, when I looked into his eyes. "You roughily, Dr. Strauss.

I came out of it at the insistence of a hand shaking me

eyes, blinder by the intense light. And flat the air and tremble and buzzed into that hole. More than I can bear. Pain will pierce the chest into that holy light. More than I can bear. I have never known, and coldness, and nausea, and great opening where the light threatens to burst my eyes. Again, I know I hurried against the walls, again and again, and forced through the huddled againt the walls, again and again, and forced through the

books of wasting it as if I had never been. And as I start through the opening, I feel the pressure around me, propelling me in violence but of wasting it as if I had never been. Not of life, or death, or nothingness. Not yet! I am afraid. Not of life, or death, or nothingness.

If I dare go back and plunge through it into the groto of light the unconsciousness. At the entrance of that cave I will find the entrance of multipealed flower (swirling lotus-flots near the entrance of telescope-brilliant, blinding, shimmering, and once again the basket of caves, now tiny and far away-through the wrong end of a

In the core I see the light again, an opening in the That I may begin. That I may begin... absorb me... into itself. and dark and I swim the wet labyrinth searching for one to receive golden disk twirling on a string, and then to the bubble of swirling ribbons, and finally I am back in the cave where everythign is quiet me... embrace me... absorb me... into itself.

one. And for an instant the shimmering flower turns into the

bodies fused a link in the human chain that kept us from being swept into nothing.

And in the moment before I fell off into sleep, I remembered the way it had been between Fay and myself, and I smiled. No wonder that had been easy. It had been only physical. This with Alice was a mystery.

I leaned over and kissed her eyes.

Alice knows everything about me now, and accepts the fact that we can be together for only a short while. She has agreed to go away when I tell her to go. It's painful to think about that, but what we have, I suspect, is more than most people find in a lifetime.

October 14 - I wake up in the morning and don't know where I am or what I'm doing here, and then I see her beside me and I remember. She senses when something is happening to me, and she moves quietly around the apartment, making breakfast, cleaning up the place, or going out and leaving me to myself, without any questions.

We went to a concert this evening, but I got bored and we left in the middle. Can't seem to pay much attention any more. I went because I know I used to like Stravinsky but somehow I no longer have the patience for it.

The only bad thing about having Alice here with me is that now I feel I should fight this thing. I want to stop time, freeze myself at this level and never let go of her.

October 17 - Why can't I remember? I've got to try to resist this slackness. Alice tells me I lie in bed for days and don't seem to know who or where I am. Then it all comes back and I recognize her and remember what's happening. Fugues of amnesia. Symptoms of second childhood-what do they call it?-senility? I can watch it coming on.

abusing him, I couldn't stop. "Then your patient could come in at each session and say, 'A little off the top of my anxiety, please,' or 'Don't trim the super-ego too close, if you don't mind,' or he might even come in for an egg shampoo-I mean, ego shampoo. Aha! Did you notice that slip of the tongue, doctor? Make a note of it. I said I wanted an egg shampoo instead of an ego shampoo. Egg...ego...

close, aren't they? Does that mean I want to be washed clean of my

sins? Reborn? Is it baptism symbolism? Or are we shaving too close?

Does an idiot have an id?" I waited for a reaction, but he just shifted in his chair.

"Are you awake?" I asked.

"I'm listening, Charlie." "Only listening? Don't you ever get angry?" "Why do you want me to be angry with you?", I sighed. "Stolid Strauss: unmoveable. I'll tell you something. I'm sick and tired of coming here. What's the sense of therapy any more? You know as well as I do what's going to happen." "But I think you don't want to stop," he said. "You want to go on with it, don't you?" "It's stupid. A waste of my time and yours" I lay there in the dim light and stared at the pattern of squares on the ceiling ..noise-absorbing tiles with thousands of tiny holes soaking up every word. Sound buried alive in little holes in the ceiling.

I found myself becoming lightheaded. My mind was a blank, and that was unusual because during therapy sessions I always had a great deal of material to bring out and talk about. Dreams... memories... associations... problems... But now I felt isolated and empty. Only Stolid Strauss breathing behind me.

"I feel strange," I said.

"You want to talk about it?" Oh, how brilliant, how subtle he was! What the hell was I doing there anyway, having my associations absorbed by little holes in the ceiling and big holes in

"Are you waiting for customers?" I asked. "You ought to have this couch designed like a barber's chair. Then when you want free association, you could stretch your patient out the way the barber does to lather up his customer, and when the fifty minutes are up, you could tilt the chair forward again and hand him a mirror so he can see what he looks like on the outside after you've shaved his ego." He said nothing, and while I felt ashamed at the way I was

realized it wasn't his fault, and I was being lousy toward him. "Sorry" sympathy. Just leave me alone." He was embarrassed, and then I "No, but I can imagine. We all feel pretty sick about it." "Keep your "What do you mean, take it easy? You don't know what it's like." he explained me down. "That's all right, Charlie. Just take it easy."

No more. I'm through running around the maze. I'm in a blind alley now, and that's all there is to it." He was afraid I'd run out, so I was breaking the binding with the pressure of both hands as if I myself, through Charlie's eyes, holding Paradise lost, and I realized I was instead and threw the pieces into the waste basket.

First it was the paper and pencil maze. I remembred how it was before when I learned to do it quickly, and when I raced against Algernon. I could tell it was taking me a lot longer to solve the maze now. But I had his hand out to take the paper, but I tore it up instead and threw the pieces into the waste basket.

Beekman and went through it all with Burtt, I knew it would be too important to have the record complete, but when I got down to figuring it was only right, because they're still playing me, and it's wanted me at the lab for some tests, the kind I used to do. At first I Professor Nemur sent for me again this morning. He something-analyzing.

do it. I've told myself I won't have dinner until I sit down and write for most of the day, but I know how important it is, and I've got to and I can't think with the tape recorder going. I keep putting it off that up he went and down he came without his eyes....

ledge behind the flames: "...the men of the cave would say of him took my hat and coat and left."

And now-Plato's words mock me in the shadows on the perspective. The room seemed very small. "Not only for today," I

I've got to try to hold onto some of the things I've what they were saying.

Torn white tongue were laughing because I couldn't understand the corner where the broken records were. I let it lay there and its handfull of pages, and flying them and the book across the room to wanted to tear the book in half. I broke the back of it, ripped out a was breaking the binding with the pressure of both hands as if I run... run Jack run... run

"He's normal. There's nothing wrong with him. Just lazy, I'll beat it into him until he learns." Run Jack run... run Jack run... run Jack "He's slower than the other children. Give him time."

"Leave the boy alone. You've got him terrified." He's got to learn. He's too lazy to concentrate." Run Jack run... run Jack trying. Do it again! Do it again... do it again... do it again...

"See Jack. See Jack run. Run Jack see." "No! You're not scrubbed finger.

"Try it again." See Jack. See Jack. See Jack. See Jack see." "No! Not See Jack see! It's Run Jack run!" Pointing with her rough-

I stood up and closed my eyes and saw Charlie, myself - sitting beside him, beside me...

Learning to read, saying the words over and over with my mother, six or seven years old, sitting at the dinner table with a schoolbook,

the Tree of Knowledge, but now I couldn't make sense of it.

Paradise lost I could only remember it was about Adam and Eve and I recalled how wonderful I thought Milton was. When I picked up enjoyed just a few months ago and discover you don't remember it.

It's a strange sensation to pick up a book you read and

complain, but now he's always banging on the pipes or on the ceiling of his apartment so that I hear the pounding beneath my feet. I ignored it at first, but last night he came up in his bathrobe. We quarreled, and I slammed the door in his face. An hour later he was back with a policeman who told me I couldn't play records that loudly at 4 A.M. The smile on Verner's face so enraged me that it was all I could do to keep from hitting him. When they left I smashed all the records and the machine. I've been kidding myself anyway. I don't really like that kind of music any more.

October 4 - Strangest therapy session I ever had. Strauss was upset. It was something he hadn't expected either.

What happened-I don't dare call it a memory-was a psychic experience or a hallucination. I won't attempt to explain or interpret it, but will only record what happened.

I was touchy when I came into his office, but he pretended not to notice. I lay down on the couch immediately, and he, as usual, took his seat to one side and a little behind me-just out of sight-and waited for me to begin the ritual of pouring out all the accumulated poisons of the mind.

I peered back at him over my head. He looked tired, and flabby, and somehow he reminded me of Matt sitting on his barber's chair waiting for customers. I told Strauss of the association and he nodded and waited.

"Are you waiting for customers?" I asked. "You ought to have this couch designed like a barber's chair. Then when you want free association, you could stretch your patient out the way the barber does to lather up his customer, and when the fifty minutes are up, you could tilt the chair forward again and hand him a mirror so he can see what he looks like on the outside after you've shaved his ego." He said nothing, and while I felt ashamed at the way I was

All so cruelly logical, the result of speeding up all the processes of the mind. I learned so much so fast, and now my mind is deteriorating rapidly. What if I won't let it happen? What if I fight it? Think of those people at Warren, the empty smiles, the blank expressions, everyone laughing at them.

Little Charlie Gordon staring at me through the window-waiting. Please, not that again.

October 18 - I'm forgetting things I learned recently. It seems to be following the classic pattern, the last things learned are first things forgotten. Or is that the pattern? Better look it up again.

Reread my paper on the Algernon-Gordon Effect and even though I know I wrote it, I keep feeling it was written by someone else. Most of it I don't even understand.

But why am I so irritable? Especially when Alice is so good to me? She keeps the place neat and clean, always putting my things away and washing dishes and scrubbing floors. I shouldn't have shouted at her the way I did this morning because it made her cry, and I didn't want that to happen. But she shouldn't have picked up the broken records and the music and the book and put them all neatly into a box. That made me furious. I don't want anyone to touch any of those things. I want to see them pile up. I want them to remind me of what I'm leaving behind. I kicked the box and scattered the stuff all over the floor and told her to leave them just where they were.

Foolish. No reason for it. I guess I got sore because I knew she thought it was silly to keep those things, and she didn't tell me she thought it was silly. She just pretended it was perfectly normal. She's humoring me. And when I saw that box I remembered the boy at Warren and the lousy lamp he made and the way we were

but I wouldn't open the door. I want to be left to myself now.

October 7 - Strauss tried to see me again this morning, for the last time.

out of the lab, and I caught the elevator down and out of Beekman out of the lab. Before he could say anything more or try to stop me, I was hem again. "Before he could say anything more or try to stop me, I was good-bye to everyone for me, will you? I don't feel like racing any more here and now." "Don't you think you should talk to Dr. ..." "Say don't think I'll be taking this elevator again. So let's just say good-floor on the way up, and now I'm passing it on the way down, and I live and we don't happen to belong on the same level. I passed you this largely out of love of humanity, but still you've got your life to and your Ph. D. to get, and so, yes, don't tell me, I know you're in understand but me, I don't blame you. You've got your job to do, don't understand because it isn't happening to you, and no one can to be left alone now." "All right, Charlie, I understand. "No, you need, you can get from the progress reports. I'm through running coming back here any more. Whatever there is left in me that you right, Charlie. We'll stop for today." "Not just for today, I'm not No more tests, I don't want to take the table and get up. window, and ..." I swept the cards off the table and got up.

and - no! - I mean it's two faces staring at each other through the and each one is pulling so it looks as if they're going to tear it apart another direction. "Two figures tugging at something ... like a doll..." knew what I was saying and I switched away and started off in floors. I mean - it's a man holding a knife." And even as I said it, I say, All missing.

"That's a woman." I said, "...on her knees washing the February," "Good boy." I slapped him on the shoulder to show him I yet?" He nodded. "Having it retyped now, I'll get my Ph. D. in give form and meaning to them and project my imprint on them.

all humoring him, pretending he had done something wonderful when he hadn't.

That was what she was doing to me, and I couldn't stand it.

When she went to the bedroom and cried I felt bad about it and I told her it was all my fault. I don't deserve someone as good as her. Why can't I control myself just enough to keep on loving her? Just enough.

October 19 - Motor activity impaired. I keep tripping and dropping things. At first I didn't think it was me. I thought she was changing things around. The wastebasket was in my way, and so were the chairs, and I thought she had moved them.

Now I realize my coordination is bad. I have to move slowly to get things right. And it's increasingly difficult to type. Why do I keep blaming Alice? And why doesn't she argue? That irritates me even more because I see the pity in her face.

My only pleasure now is the TV set. I spend most of the day watching the quiz programs, the old movies, the soap operas, and even the kiddie shows and cartoons. And then I can't bring myself to turn it off. Late at night there are the old movies, the horror pictures, the late show, and the late-late show, and even the little sermon before the channel signs off for the night, and the "Star Spangled Banner" with the flag waving in the background, and finally the channel test pattern that stares back at me through the little square window with its unclosing eye....

Why am I always looking at life through a window? And after it's all over I'm sick with myself because there is so little time left for me to read and write and think, and because I should know better than to drug my mind with this dishonest stuff that's aimed at the child in me. Especially me, because the child in me is

ago. Not really in the inkblots, but in the art of my mind that would those inkblots apart to make them reveal themselves. Somewhere in a panic, so fast that I was choking on my words, I wanted to tear out of the last time.

At first, I refused to believe it, but through the cards been erased and the rest didn't make sense.

do, I was as if I had been looking at the whole thing clearly on the blackboard of my mind, but when I turned to read it, part of it had againist the side of my head that I didn't remember what I had to at me, waiting.

"All I've got to do is ..." But then it hit me like a fist picture of what my mind is like. All I've got to do is ..." He looked up with lots of ideas of just a few stereotyped responses.

"It's not valid," I said, "I know what you're looking for. I know the kind of responses I'm supposed to have, to create a certain figures, with special attention to the colder spots of just motionless was, what you saw in the cards that counted, but how you reacted to them, as wholes, or parts, with movement of just motionless I knew enough about the Rorschach to know that it out." He didn't have to.

righgt. Go ahead. Deal out the cards. But don't tell me what you find have to. You're here voluntarily. If you don't want to ..." That's all I must have looked upset, because he started to back off. "We don't To see what's happening down deep? What does he expect to find?" "To see mazes-that's all." "Well, Nemur wants a Rorschach check." no more mazes-that's all. "Look, forgetting like an education, wasnt, angry with him. "Keep plugging. Nothing like an education. February," "Good boy." I slapped him on the shoulder to show him I below up," I said, "How's everything going? Got your thesis finished

into my head over and over again, rising to the rhythm of a buzzing noise: Three blind mice...three blind mice, See how they run! See how they run! They all run after the farmer's wife, She cut off their tails with a carving knife, Did you ever see such a sight in your life, As three... blind ..

mice? I tried to shut it out of my ears, but I couldn't, and once when I turned to look back at the house and the porch, I saw the face of a boy, staring at me, his cheek pressed against the window pane.

PROGRESS REPORT 17

October 3 - Downhill. Thoughts of suicide to stop it all now while I am still in control and aware of the world around me. But then I think of Charlie waiting at the window. His life is not mine to throw away. I've just borrowed it for a while, and now I'm being asked to return it.

I must remember I'm the only person this ever happened to. As long as I can, I've got to keep putting down my thoughts and feelings. These progress reports are Charlie Gordon's contribution to mankind.

I have become edgy and irritable. Having fights with people in the building about playing the hi-fi set late at night. I've been doing that a lot since I've stopped playing the piano. It isn't right to keep it going all hours, but I do it to keep myself awake. I know I should sleep, but I begrudge every second of waking time. It's not just because of the nightmares; it's because I'm afraid of letting go.

I tell myself there'll be time enough to sleep later, when it's dark.

Mr Verner in the apartment below never used to

sometimes I have to read the same thing over and over again
I try to read a little bit every day mostly stories but
another thing and she has no use for me. I told her I think I'm sick.
like softers. If I'm sick it's one thing but if I'm a loafer that's
her son before she threw him out of the house. She said she don't
the way I lay around all day and don't do anything I remind her of
Nov 5 - Mrs Mooney is very worried about me. She says
better go see....

It's nearly eleven o'clock now. Time for her bath. So I
difference does it make to her if she doesn't know I'm watching.
watch a woman when she's like that but I can't help it. Anyway what
sometimes, whether she's pretty or what. I know it's not nice to
light I feel let down and lonely. I wish I could see what she looks like
it makes me excited, but when the lady turns out the
herself.

see her from the neck down when she comes out of the bath to dry
her shade down and thru my window when I put out my lights I can
oclock she goes into her bathroom to take a bath. She never pulls
even what her top looks like but every night about eleven
her through my kitchen window last week. I don't know her name, or
the woman from the building across the alley one floor down. I saw
November 2 - I forgot to write in yesterday's report about
and it makes me angry with myself.

harder. I have to look up even simple words in the dictionary now
before this so they will know what's happening to me. But writing is
I know I should have written some progress reports
every day and I know it's going to help me.
know. But I'm keeping up with my reading and learning new things
don't know what. That made me angry because I think I used to
didn't say but only hinted at. Like there was other meanings. But I

This morning the landlady, Mrs Mooney, came up with a bowl of hot chicken soup and some chicken. She said she just thought she would look in on me to see if I was doing all right. I told her I had lots of food to eat but she left it anyway and it was good. She pretended she was doing it on her own but I'm not that stupid yet. Alice or Strauss must have told her to look in on me and make sure I was all right. Well, that's okay. She's a nice old lady with an Irish accent and she likes to talk all about the people in the building. When she saw the mess on the floor inside my apartment she didn't say anything about it. I guess she's all right.

November 1 - A week since I dared to write again. I don't know where the time goes. Today's Sunday I know because I can see through my window the people going into the church across the street. I think I laid in bed all week but I remember Mrs Mooney bringing me food a few times and asking if I was sick.

What am I going to do with myself? I can't just hang around here all alone and look out the window. I've got to get hold of myself. I keep saying over and over that I've got to do something but then I forget or maybe it's just easier not to do what I say I'm going to do.

I still have some books from the library but a lot of them are too hard for me. I read a lot of mystery stories now and books about kings and queens from old times. I read a book about a man who thought he was a knight and went out on an old horse with his friend. But no matter what he did he always ended up getting beaten and hurt. Like when he thought the windmills were dragons. At first I thought it was a silly book because if he wasn't crazy he could see that windmills weren't dragons and there is no such thing as sorcerers and enchanted castles but then I remembered that there was something else it was all supposed to mean something the story

THE END

Algeronous graved in the back yard.
P.S. Please if you get a chance put some flowers on where I go.

Friends if you let people at you, I'm going to have lots of friends people laugh at him and he would have more friends, it's easy to have P.S. Please tell prof Nemur not to be such a grouch when Goodby Miss Kinnian and dr Strauss and everybody...
like me in Warren and all over the world.
don't remember what, so I guess it's like I did it for all the dumb people round out some thing important for science, I did something but I
found out why I'm going to keep trying to get smart so
Anyway I bet I'm the first dumb person in the world who
frite now, if I could I would sit down and read all the time.
I wish I new everything in the hole world, I wish I could be smart and
I can have that feeling again, it's good to do things and be smart and
anyway that's why I'm going to keep trying to get smart so
window.

different but I don't think it's me because it's like I see him from the
book and he looks like me only he looks different and be talks
cover. And when I close my eyes I think about the man who told the
tale I had a feeling with the blue book that I read with the torn
smarter and no what all the words are, I remember a little bit how
on me. But if I try and practice very hard maybe I'll get a little
it's because I didn't try hard enough or just some body put the eye
should look up all the words in the dictionary but I'm so tired all the
because I don't know what it means. And it's hard to write, I know I

because he was making fun of me and laughing and I chased him
to me like I was a baby and he winked at Mrs Mooney, I got mad
He smiled when I told him I use to be a genius, He talked
crazy.

races together, He looked at me kind of funny like he thought I was
friend called Algernon once but he was a mouse and we use to run
friends or relatives and I said no I don't have any, I told him I had a
and that I only forgot sometimes, He asked me did I have any
She was afraid I was going to die, I told the doctor I wasnt to see me,
NOV 10 - Mrs Mooney called a strange doctor to see me,
now, so I can't watch any more, My Louis Luck.
The lady across the way pulls down her window shade
so cold out now that we got to wear two sweaters,
me, She's a wonderful woman whenever someone is sick, it's getting
Mooney believes now that I'm really sick and she feels very sorry for
I get awful headaches and aspirin doesn't help much, Mrs
remember.

fixed, I think I lost this month's check from the college, I don't
me busy now because the TV is broke and I keep forgetting to get it
NOV 9 - Sunday again, I don't have anything to do to keep
go away and not come back, She put a new lock on her door.
I went over to visit Fay across the hall, But she told me to
was a special mouse.
silly to put flowers on a mouse's grave but I told her that Algernon
but I still put flowers on Algernon's grave, Mrs Mooney thinks I'm
instead of the long hard ones, That saves time, it's getting chilly out
Then I got the idea that I would only use the easy words
time.

myself." "Charlie- " "Just leave me alone. I'm not myself. I'm falling apart, and I don't want you here." That made her cry. This afternoon she packed her bags and left. The apartment feels quiet and empty now.

October 25 - Deterioration progressing. I've given up using the typewriter. Coordination is too bad. From now on I'll have to write out these reports in longhand.

I thought a lot about the things Alice said, and then it hit me that if I kept on reading and learning new things, even while I was forgetting the old ones, I would be able to keep some of my intelligence. I was on a down escalator now. If I stood still I'd go all the way to the bottom, but if I started to run up maybe I could at least stay in the same place. The important thing was to keep moving upward no matter what happened.

So I went to the library and got out a lot of books to read. I've been reading a lot now. Most of the books are too hard for me, but I don't care. As long as I keep reading I'll learn new things and I won't forget how to read. That's the most important thing. If I keep reading, maybe I can hold my own.

Dr Strauss came around the day after Alice left, so I guess she told him about me. He pretended all he wanted was the progress reports but I told him I would send them. I don't want him coming around here. I told him he doesn't have to be worried about me because when I think I won't be able to take care of myself any more I'll get on a train and go to Warren.

I told him I'd rather just go by myself when the time comes.

I tried to talk to Fay, but I can see she's afraid of me. I guess she figures I've gone out of my mind. Last night she came home with somebody-he looked very young.

Nov 16 - Alice came to the door again but I said go away I don't want to see you. She cried and I cried to but I wouldn't let her

Nov 16 - Alice came to the door again but I said go away I some for myself and smart and do lots of things. I think maybe I'll send away and by one of those books they got magic powder that can make you strong drams about them. It's not nice. I won't buy them any more. I saw in the pictures of the pretty girls. I like to look them but I have fun with some of the books I bought in the druggstore. Except the ones with

Nov 15 - I was looking at some of my old progress reports but I don't remember so good. I got tired every fast when I try to read some of the words but they don't make sense. I think I wrote them and it's very strange but I can make out

Nov 15 - I was looking at some of my old progress reports I won't take charity from anybody.

strong and I can work. If I can't take care of myself I'll go to Warren. to do to get money. And I want to pay for everything myself. I am was smart and maybe they'll laugh at me. But I don't know what else bakery. I don't want to go back there because they all knew me when

I don't know any work but the job I use to do at the hanging around.

Later Mrs Mooney came up with some food and she told me. I want to be left alone. They said she said why don't get some job instead of just put you out. Then she said why don't get paid or I have to more. She said money's money and someone has to pay for me. Anything I need, I told her I don't want to use there money any

me they paid the rent and left money for her to buy food and

Nov 11 - Dr Strauss came to the door today and Alice to but I didn't let them come in. I told them I didn't want anyone to see me. I want to be left alone.

Nov 11 - Dr Strauss came to the door today and Alice to my rabbits foot and my horseshoe. I got to get another rabbit's foot fast. I think I know why I been having bad luck. Because lost out and locked the door.

had a family and I was a person just like everyone. found out all about my family and saw them and now I know I because I learned a lot of things that I never even had a world and I'm grateful I saw it all even for a little bit. And I'm glad I'm glad I got a second chance in life like you said to be smart. If you ever need this Miss Kinnian don't be sorry for me. Powder left and maybe they will help me.

rabbit's foot and a lucky penny and even a little bit of that magic then I was before the operation without an operation. I got a new them I'll practise hard and maybe I'll even get a little bit smarter I'm taking a couple of books along and even if I can't read read a book or rite good.

cares that Charlie Gordon was once a genius and now he can even someplace where they are a lot of other people like me and nobody sorry for me at the bakery and I don't want that either so I'm going don't want Miss Kinnian to feel sorry for me. I know everybody feels Warren Home school. I don't want to do nothing like that again. I back to the room.

That's why I'm going away from here for good to the pulle a Charlie Gordon that time. I went away before she came opera about the room and me getting smart and I said holy smoke I really Then all of a sudden I remembered some things about the to be in my class.

She started to cry and run out of the room and everybody looked at me and I saw a lot of them was the same people who use book we was using. Hello Miss Kinnian I'm ready for my lesson today only I passed the at me funny and she said Charlie where have you been. So I said and sat down in my old seat in the back of the room and she looked at me funny and she said Charlie where have you been. So I said

before." "I don't regret the experiment." "Neither do I, but you've lost something you had before. You had a smile..." "An empty, stupid smile." "No, a warm, real smile, because you wanted people to like you." "And they played tricks on me, and laughed at me." "Yes, but even though you didn't understand why they were laughing, you sensed that if they could laugh at you they would like you. And you wanted them to like you. You acted like a child and you even laughed at yourself along with them." "I don't feel like laughing at myself right now, if you don't mind." She was trying to keep from crying. I think I wanted to make her cry. "Maybe that's why it was so important for me to learn. I thought it would make people like me. I thought I would have friends. That's something to laugh at, isn't it?" "There's more to it than just having a high IQ" That made me angry. Probably because I didn't really understand what she was driving at. More and more these days she didn't come right out and say what she meant. She hinted at things. She talked around them and expected me to know what she was thinking. And I listened, pretending I understood but inside I was afraid she would see that I missed the point completely." "I think it's time for you to leave." Her face turned red. "Not yet, Charlie. It's not time yet.

Don't send me away." "You're making it harder for me. You keep pretending I can do things and understand things that are far beyond me now. You're pushing me. Just like my mother..." "That's not true!" "Everything you do says it. The way you pick up and clean up after me, the way you leave books around that you think will get me interested in reading again, the way you talk to me about the news to get me thinking. You say it doesn't matter, but everything you do shows how much it matters. Always the schoolteacher. I don't want to go to concerts or museums or foreign films or do anything that's going to make me struggle to think about life or about

Kiniunians class at the adult center any more like I use to be. I went to Miss Nov 21 - I did a dumb thing today! Forgot I wasnt in Miss

Its good to have friends...

said thanks Gimpy. That makes me feel good. remembver that you got friends here and dont you ever forget it. I said Charlie if anyone bothers you or tries to take advantage you call later Gimpy came over limping his bad foot and he change because now he wouldnt do anything bad to me anymore.

from the bakery and go away. I said Klaus should get a second

And I remember how sad I was when I had to get fired

was sorry for what he did to me.

another job because he had a wife and a kid. And besides he said he fire him. I told them I didnt think he should be fired and have to find he said theyd get rid of Klaus. They were gonna tell Mr Donner to him about it and then Gimpy came in and they told him about it and

When I got back Frank was there to and Joe was telling

myself and changing my cloths.

answering for it. I felt ashamed and I ran to the toilet to clean Charlie is a good guy and nobodys gonna start up with him without and said leave him alone you lousy bastard or Ill break your neck.

But then Joe Carp came in and grabbed Klaus by the shirt

didnt mean anything Charlie.

made a sick face and he looked scared then. He said For gods sake I panted and it smelled bad and I was crying. He let go of me then and started crying. Let me go. Let me go. And then I made. It went in my toilet but he was just laughing at me and I didnt know what to do. So I

told him please let me go because I got to go to the

away... because I couldnt hold it back.

all twisting inside like I was gonna bust open if I didnt go right

then I had to go to the bathroom something awful. My stomach was what to do. I got so afraid I felt like I was gonna cry but I didnt and it like he said. And he was laughing and twisting it, and I didnt know he twisted my arm so it hurt and I got scared he was going to break to you boy you better listen to me. Or I could break your arm for you and grabbed me by the arm hard and shouted at me. When I talk making fun of me. So I kept on with my work. But then he came over intelligent. I felt bad because I could tell by the way he said it he was hear your a very smart fell-a real quii kid. Say something

me when I was loading the sacks of flower and he said hey Charlie I away his name is Meyer Klaus did a bad thing to me. He came up to

One of the new men who came to get their after I went don't mean anything because they liked you to.

members they were once your friends and if they talked to you that

remember their not so smart like you once that they were. And

to myself Charlie if they make fun of you dont get sore because you

started working in the toilet sweeping it out like I use to do. I said

Everybody looked at me when I came downstairs and

and put his hand on my shoulder and said Charlie you got guts.

but I told him what happened to me and then he looked very sad

asked him for my old job at the bakery. First he was very suspicious

in because I didnt want her to laugh at me. I told her I didnt like her

please... please... dont let me forget how to read and

got to get a job.

more money to look after me and for the rent. I dont want that. I

that so she would go away. Mrs Mooney told me Alice brought some

true but. I still love her and I still want to be smart but I had to say

any more and I didnt want to be smart any more either. Thats not

in reclaiming my mind.

I know all this, but when Alice tells me I shouldn't waste my time, I get angry and tell her to leave me alone.

I have a feeling I'm watching because it's important for me not to think, not to remember about the bakery, and my mother and father, and Norma. I don't want to remember any more of the past.

I had a terrible shock today. Picked up a copy of an article I had used in my research, Krueger's Uber Psychische Ganzheit, to see if it would help me understand the paper I wrote and what I had done in it. First I thought there was something wrong with my eyes. Then I realized I could no longer read German. Tested myself in other languages. All gone.

October 21 - Alice is gone. Let's see if I can remember. It started when she said we couldn't live like this with the torn books and papers and records all over the floor and the place in such a mess.

"Leave everything the way it is," I warned her. "Why do you want to live this way?" "I want everything where I put it. I want to see it all out here. You don't know what it's like to have something happening inside you, that you can't see and can't control, and know it's all slipping through your fingers."

"You're right. I never said I could understand the things that were happening to you. Not when you became too intelligent for me, and not now. But I'll tell you one thing. Before you had the operation, you weren't like this. You didn't wallow in your own filth and self-pity, you didn't pollute your own mind by sitting in front of the TV set all day and night, you didn't snarl and snap at people. There was something about you that made us respect you-yes,, even as you were. You had something I had never seen in a retarded person