

# ANTHEM

**By Ayn Rand**

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## PART ONE

It is a sin to write this. It is a sin  
to think words no others think and to put  
them down upon a paper no others are to see.  
It is base and evil. It is as if we were  
speaking alone to no ears but our own.  
And we know well that there is no transgression  
blacker than to do or think alone.  
We have broken the laws. The laws say  
that men may not write unless the Council  
of Vocations bid them so. May we be forgiven!

But this is not the only sin upon us.  
We have committed a greater crime, and for  
this crime there is no name. What punishment  
awaits us if it be discovered we know not,  
for no such crime has come in the memory  
of men and there are no laws to provide for it.

It is dark here. The flame of the candle  
stands still in the air. Nothing moves in  
this tunnel save our hand on the paper. We are  
alone here under the earth. It is a fearful  
word, alone. The laws say that none among  
men may be alone, ever and at any time,  
for this is the great transgression and the root  
of all evil. But we have broken many laws.  
And now there is nothing here save our one body,  
and it is strange to see only two legs  
stretched on the ground, and on the wall  
before us the shadow of our one head.

The walls are cracked and water runs  
upon them in thin threads without sound,  
black and glistening as blood. We stole the  
candle from the larder of the Home of the  
Street Sweepers. We shall be sentenced to  
ten years in the Palace of Corrective  
Detention if it be discovered. But this matters not.

It matters only that the light is precious and we should not waste it to write when we need it for that work which is our crime. Nothing matters save the work, our secret, our evil, our precious work. Still, we must also write, for--may the Council have mercy upon us!--we wish to speak for once to no ears but our own.

Our name is Equality 7-2521, as it is written on the iron bracelet which all men wear on their left wrists with their names upon it. We are twenty-one years old. We are six feet tall, and this is a burden, for there are not many men who are six feet tall. Ever have the Teachers and the Leaders pointed to us and frowned and said:

"There is evil in your bones, Equality 7-2521, for your body has grown beyond the bodies of your brothers." But we cannot change our bones nor our body.

We were born with a curse. It has always driven us to thoughts which are forbidden. It has always given us wishes which men may not wish. We know that we are evil, but there is no will in us and no power to resist it. This is our wonder and our secret fear, that we know and do not resist.

We strive to be like all our brother men, for all men must be alike. Over the portals of the Palace of the World Council, there are words cut in the marble, which we repeat to ourselves whenever we are tempted:

"WE ARE ONE IN ALL AND ALL IN ONE.  
THERE ARE NO MEN BUT ONLY THE GREAT \_WE\_,  
ONE, INDIVISIBLE AND FOREVER."

We repeat this to ourselves, but it helps us not.

These words were cut long ago. There is

green mould in the grooves of the letters  
and yellow streaks on the marble, which  
come from more years than men could  
count. And these words are the truth,  
for they are written on the Palace of the  
World Council, and the World Council is the  
body of all truth. Thus has it been ever  
since the Great Rebirth, and farther back  
than that no memory can reach.

But we must never speak of the times before  
the Great Rebirth, else we are sentenced to  
three years in the Palace of Corrective Detention.  
It is only the Old Ones who whisper about it in  
the evenings, in the Home of the Useless.  
They whisper many strange things, of the towers  
which rose to the sky, in those Unmentionable  
Times, and of the wagons which moved  
without horses, and of the lights which  
burned without flame. But those times  
were evil. And those times passed away,  
when men saw the Great Truth which is this:  
that all men are one and that there is no  
will save the will of all men together.

All men are good and wise. It is only we,  
Equality 7-2521, we alone who were born  
with a curse. For we are not like our brothers.  
And as we look back upon our life,  
we see that it has ever been thus and that  
it has brought us step by step to our last,  
supreme transgression, our crime of crimes  
hidden here under the ground.

We remember the Home of the Infants  
where we lived till we were five years old,  
together with all the children of the City  
who had been born in the same year.  
The sleeping halls there were white and clean  
and bare of all things save one hundred beds.  
We were just like all our brothers  
then, save for the one transgression:  
we fought with our brothers. There are few  
offenses blacker than to fight with our  
brothers, at any age and for any cause  
whatsoever. The Council of the Home told

us so, and of all the children of that year,  
we were locked in the cellar most often.

When we were five years old, we were  
sent to the Home of the Students, where  
there are ten wards, for our ten years of  
learning. Men must learn till they reach  
their fifteenth year. Then they go to work.  
In the Home of the Students we arose when  
the big bell rang in the tower and we went  
to our beds when it rang again. Before we  
removed our garments, we stood in the  
great sleeping hall, and we raised our right  
arms, and we said all together with the  
three Teachers at the head:

"We are nothing. Mankind is all. By the grace  
of our brothers are we allowed our lives.  
We exist through, by and for our brothers  
who are the State. Amen."

Then we slept. The sleeping halls were white  
and clean and bare of all things save one hundred beds.

We, Equality 7-2521, were not happy in  
those years in the Home of the Students.  
It was not that the learning was too hard  
for us. It was that the learning was too easy.  
This is a great sin, to be born with a  
head which is too quick. It is not good  
to be different from our brothers, but it  
is evil to be superior to them. The Teachers  
told us so, and they frowned when they looked upon us.

So we fought against this curse. We tried  
to forget our lessons, but we always remembered.  
We tried not to understand what the Teachers taught,  
but we always understood it before the Teachers  
had spoken. We looked upon Union 5-3992,  
who were a pale boy with only half a brain,  
and we tried to say and do as they did,  
that we might be like them, like Union 5-3992,  
but somehow the Teachers knew that we were not.  
And we were lashed more often than all the other children.

The Teachers were just, for they had

been appointed by the Councils, and the Councils are the voice of all justice, for they are the voice of all men. And if sometimes, in the secret darkness of our heart, we regret that which befell us on our fifteenth birthday, we know that it was through our own guilt. We had broken a law, for we had not paid heed to the words of our Teachers. The Teachers had said to us all:

"Dare not choose in your minds the work you would like to do when you leave the Home of the Students. You shall do that which the Council of Vocations shall prescribe for you. For the Council of Vocations knows in its great wisdom where you are needed by your brother men, better than you can know it in your unworthy little minds. And if you are not needed by your brother man, there is no reason for you to burden the earth with your bodies."

We knew this well, in the years of our childhood, but our curse broke our will. We were guilty and we confess it here: we were guilty of the great Transgression of Preference. We preferred some work and some lessons to the others. We did not listen well to the history of all the Councils elected since the Great Rebirth. But we loved the Science of Things. We wished to know. We wished to know about all the things which make the earth around us. We asked so many questions that the Teachers forbade it.

We think that there are mysteries in the sky and under the water and in the plants which grow. But the Council of Scholars has said that there are no mysteries, and the Council of Scholars knows all things. And we learned much from our Teachers. We learned that the earth is flat and that the sun revolves around it, which causes the day and the night. We learned the names

of all the winds which blow over the seas  
and push the sails of our great ships.  
We learned how to bleed men to cure them  
of all ailments.

We loved the Science of Things. And in  
the darkness, in the secret hour, when we  
awoke in the night and there were no  
brothers around us, but only their shapes  
in the beds and their snores, we closed our  
eyes, and we held our lips shut, and we  
stopped our breath, that no shudder might  
let our brothers see or hear or guess,  
and we thought that we wished to be sent  
to the Home of the Scholars when our time  
would come.

All the great modern inventions come  
from the Home of the Scholars, such as  
the newest one, which was found only a  
hundred years ago, of how to make candles  
from wax and string; also, how to make glass,  
which is put in our windows to protect  
us from the rain. To find these things,  
the Scholars must study the earth and learn  
from the rivers, from the sands, from the  
winds and the rocks. And if we went to the  
Home of the Scholars, we could learn from  
these also. We could ask questions of these,  
for they do not forbid questions.

And questions give us no rest. We know not  
why our curse makes us seek we know not what,  
ever and ever. But we cannot resist it.  
It whispers to us that there are great things  
on this earth of ours, and that we can know them  
if we try, and that we must know them. We ask,  
why must we know, but it has no answer to give us.  
We must know that we may know.

So we wished to be sent to the Home of  
the Scholars. We wished it so much that  
our hands trembled under the blankets in  
the night, and we bit our arm to stop that  
other pain which we could not endure.  
It was evil and we dared not face our brothers

in the morning. For men may wish nothing for themselves. And we were punished when the Council of Vocations came to give us our life Mandates which tell those who reach their fifteenth year what their work is to be for the rest of their days.

The Council of Vocations came on the first day of spring, and they sat in the great hall. And we who were fifteen and all the Teachers came into the great hall. And the Council of Vocations sat on a high dais, and they had but two words to speak to each of the Students. They called the Students' names, and when the Students stepped before them, one after another, the Council said: "Carpenter" or "Doctor" or "Cook" or "Leader." Then each Student raised their right arm and said: "The will of our brothers be done."

Now if the Council has said "Carpenter" or "Cook," the Students so assigned go to work and they do not study any further. But if the Council has said "Leader," then those Students go into the Home of the Leaders, which is the greatest house in the City, for it has three stories. And there they study for many years, so that they may become candidates and be elected to the City Council and the State Council and the World Council--by a free and general vote of all men. But we wished not to be a Leader, even though it is a great honor. We wished to be a Scholar.

So we awaited our turn in the great hall and then we heard the Council of Vocations call our name: "Equality 7-2521." We walked to the dais, and our legs did not tremble, and we looked up at the Council. There were five members of the Council, three of the male gender and two of the female. Their hair was white and their faces were cracked as the clay of a dry river bed. They were old. They seemed older than the marble of the Temple of the World Council. They sat before us and they did not move. And we saw no breath to stir the folds of their white togas. But we knew that



they were alive, for a finger of the hand  
of the oldest rose, pointed to us, and fell down again.  
This was the only thing which moved, for the lips of  
the oldest did not move as they said: "Street Sweeper."

We felt the cords of our neck grow tight  
as our head rose higher to look upon the  
faces of the Council, and we were happy.  
We knew we had been guilty, but now we  
had a way to atone for it. We would accept  
our Life Mandate, and we would work for  
our brothers, gladly and willingly,  
and we would erase our sin against them,  
which they did not know, but we knew.  
So we were happy, and proud of ourselves  
and of our victory over ourselves.  
We raised our right arm and we spoke,  
and our voice was the clearest, the steadiest  
voice in the hall that day, and we said:

"The will of our brothers be done."

And we looked straight into the eyes of the Council,  
but their eyes were as cold blue glass buttons.

So we went into the Home of the Street Sweepers.  
It is a grey house on a narrow street.  
There is a sundial in its courtyard,  
by which the Council of the Home can  
tell the hours of the day and when to ring  
the bell. When the bell rings, we all arise  
from our beds. The sky is green and cold  
in our windows to the east. The shadow on  
the sundial marks off a half-hour while we  
dress and eat our breakfast in the dining hall,  
where there are five long tables with  
twenty clay plates and twenty clay cups  
on each table. Then we go to work in the  
streets of the City, with our brooms and our  
rakes. In five hours, when the sun is high,  
we return to the Home and we eat our midday meal,  
for which one-half hour is allowed. Then we go  
to work again. In five hours, the shadows  
are blue on the pavements, and the sky is blue  
with a deep brightness which is not bright.  
We come back to have our dinner, which lasts

one hour. Then the bell rings and we walk in a straight column to one of the City Halls, for the Social Meeting. Other columns of men arrive from the Homes of the different Trades. The candles are lit, and the Councils of the different Homes stand in a pulpit, and they speak to us of our duties and of our brother men. Then visiting Leaders mount the pulpit and they read to us the speeches which were made in the City Council that day, for the City Council represents all men and all men must know. Then we sing hymns, the Hymn of Brotherhood, and the Hymn of Equality, and the Hymn of the Collective Spirit. The sky is a soggy purple when we return to the Home. Then the bell rings and we walk in a straight column to the City Theatre for three hours of Social Recreation. There a play is shown upon the stage, with two great choruses from the Home of the Actors, which speak and answer all together, in two great voices. The plays are about toil and how good it is. Then we walk back to the Home in a straight column. The sky is like a black sieve pierced by silver drops that tremble, ready to burst through. The moths beat against the street lanterns. We go to our beds and we sleep, till the bell rings again. The sleeping halls are white and clean and bare of all things save one hundred beds.

Thus have we lived each day of four years, until two springs ago when our crime happened. Thus must all men live until they are forty. At forty, they are worn out. At forty, they are sent to the Home of the Useless, where the Old Ones live. The Old Ones do not work, for the State takes care of them. They sit in the sun in summer and they sit by the fire in winter. They do not speak often, for they are weary. The Old Ones know that they are soon to die. When a miracle happens and some live to be forty-five, they are the

Ancient Ones, and the children stare at them  
when passing by the Home of the Useless.  
Such is to be our life, as that of all our  
brothers and of the brothers who came before us.

Such would have been our life, had we  
not committed our crime which changed  
all things for us. And it was our curse  
which drove us to our crime. We had been  
a good Street Sweeper and like all our  
brother Street Sweepers, save for our  
cursed wish to know. We looked too long  
at the stars at night, and at the trees and  
the earth. And when we cleaned the yard  
of the Home of the Scholars, we gathered  
the glass vials, the pieces of metal, the dried  
bones which they had discarded. We wished  
to keep these things and to study them,  
but we had no place to hide them.  
So we carried them to the City Cesspool.  
And then we made the discovery.

It was on a day of the spring before last.  
We Street Sweepers work in brigades of  
three, and we were with Union 5-3992,  
they of the half-brain, and with International  
4-8818. Now Union 5-3992 are a sickly lad  
and sometimes they are stricken with  
convulsions, when their mouth froths  
and their eyes turn white. But International  
4-8818 are different. They are a tall,  
strong youth and their eyes are like fireflies,  
for there is laughter in their eyes. We cannot  
look upon International 4-8818 and not  
smile in answer. For this they were not  
liked in the Home of the Students, as it is  
not proper to smile without reason. And  
also they were not liked because they took  
pieces of coal and they drew pictures upon  
the walls, and they were pictures which  
made men laugh. But it is only our brothers  
in the Home of the Artists who are permitted  
to draw pictures, so International 4-8818  
were sent to the Home of the Street  
Sweepers, like ourselves.

International 4-8818 and we are friends.  
This is an evil thing to say, for it is a  
transgression, the great Transgression of  
Preference, to love any among men better  
than the others, since we must love all men  
and all men are our friends. So International  
4-8818 and we have never spoken of it.  
But we know. We know, when we look into  
each other's eyes. And when we look thus  
without words, we both know other things  
also, strange things for which there are  
no words, and these things frighten us.

So on that day of the spring before last,  
Union 5-3992 were stricken with convulsions  
on the edge of the City, near the City  
Theatre. We left them to lie in the shade  
of the Theatre tent and we went with  
International 4-8818 to finish our work.  
We came together to the great ravine behind  
the Theatre. It is empty save for trees and weeds.  
Beyond the ravine there is a plain, and beyond  
the plain there lies the Uncharted Forest,  
about which men must not think.

We were gathering the papers and the  
rags which the wind had blown from the  
Theatre, when we saw an iron bar among  
the weeds. It was old and rusted by many  
rains. We pulled with all our strength, but  
we could not move it. So we called  
International 4-8818, and together we scraped  
the earth around the bar. Of a sudden the  
earth fell in before us, and we saw an old  
iron grill over a black hole.

International 4-8818 stepped back. But  
we pulled at the grill and it gave way.  
And then we saw iron rings as steps leading  
down a shaft into a darkness without bottom.

"We shall go down," we said to International 4-8818.

"It is forbidden," they answered.

We said: "The Council does not know

of this hole, so it cannot be forbidden."

And they answered: "Since the Council does not know of this hole, there can be no law permitting to enter it. And everything which is not permitted by law is forbidden."

But we said: "We shall go, none the less."

They were frightened, but they stood by and watched us go.

We hung on the iron rings with our hands and our feet. We could see nothing below us. And above us the hole open upon the sky grew smaller and smaller, till it came to be the size of a button. But still we went down. Then our foot touched the ground. We rubbed our eyes, for we could not see. Then our eyes became used to the darkness, but we could not believe what we saw.

No men known to us could have built this place, nor the men known to our brothers who lived before us, and yet it was built by men. It was a great tunnel. Its walls were hard and smooth to the touch; it felt like stone, but it was not stone. On the ground there were long thin tracks of iron, but it was not iron; it felt smooth and cold as glass. We knelt, and we crawled forward, our hand groping along the iron line to see where it would lead. But there was an unbroken night ahead. Only the iron tracks glowed through it, straight and white, calling us to follow. But we could not follow, for we were losing the puddle of light behind us. So we turned and we crawled back, our hand on the iron line. And our heart beat in our fingertips, without reason. And then we knew.

We knew suddenly that this place was left from the Unmentionable Times. So it was true, and those Times had been, and all the wonders of those Times. Hundreds

upon hundreds of years ago men knew  
secrets which we have lost. And we thought:  
"This is a foul place. They are damned  
who touch the things of the Unmentionable Times."  
But our hand which followed the track, as we crawled,  
clung to the iron as if it would not leave it,  
as if the skin of our hand were thirsty and  
begging of the metal some secret fluid  
beating in its coldness.

We returned to the earth. International  
4-8818 looked upon us and stepped back.

"Equality 7-2521," they said, "your face is white."

But we could not speak and we stood looking upon them.

They backed away, as if they dared not touch us.  
Then they smiled, but it was not a gay smile;  
it was lost and pleading. But still we could  
not speak. Then they said:

"We shall report our find to the City  
Council and both of us will be rewarded."

And then we spoke. Our voice was hard  
and there was no mercy in our voice. We said:

"We shall not report our find to the City Council.  
We shall not report it to any men."

They raised their hands to their ears,  
for never had they heard such words as these.

"International 4-8818," we asked, "will you report us  
to the Council and see us lashed to death before your eyes?"

They stood straight all of a sudden and they answered:  
"Rather would we die."

"Then," we said, "keep silent. This place is ours.  
This place belongs to us, Equality 7-2521, and to  
no other men on earth. And if ever we surrender it,  
we shall surrender our life with it also."

Then we saw that the eyes of International 4-8818

were full to the lids with tears they dared not drop.  
They whispered, and their voice trembled, so that  
their words lost all shape:

"The will of the Council is above all things,  
for it is the will of our brothers, which is holy.  
But if you wish it so, we shall obey you.  
Rather shall we be evil with you than good  
with all our brothers. May the Council  
have mercy upon both our hearts!"

Then we walked away together and back  
to the Home of the Street Sweepers.  
And we walked in silence.

Thus did it come to pass that each night,  
when the stars are high and the Street  
Sweepers sit in the City Theatre, we,  
Equality 7-2521, steal out and run through  
the darkness to our place. It is easy to leave  
the Theatre; when the candles are blown out  
and the Actors come onto the stage, no eyes  
can see us as we crawl under our seat and  
under the cloth of the tent. Later, it is easy  
to steal through the shadows and fall in line  
next to International 4-8818, as the column  
leaves the Theatre. It is dark in the streets  
and there are no men about, for no men  
may walk through the City when they have  
no mission to walk there. Each night, we  
run to the ravine, and we remove the  
stones which we have piled upon the iron  
grill to hide it from the men. Each night, for  
three hours, we are under the earth, alone.

We have stolen candles from the Home  
of the Street Sweepers, we have stolen flints  
and knives and paper, and we have brought  
them to this place. We have stolen glass  
vials and powders and acids from the Home  
of the Scholars. Now we sit in the tunnel  
for three hours each night and we study.  
We melt strange metals, and we mix acids,  
and we cut open the bodies of the animals  
which we find in the City Cesspool. We have  
built an oven of the bricks we gathered

in the streets. We burn the wood we find  
in the ravine. The fire flickers in the  
oven and blue shadows dance upon the walls,  
and there is no sound of men to disturb us.

We have stolen manuscripts. This is a  
great offense. Manuscripts are precious,  
for our brothers in the Home of the Clerks  
spend one year to copy one single script  
in their clear handwriting. Manuscripts are  
rare and they are kept in the Home of the  
Scholars. So we sit under the earth and  
we read the stolen scripts. Two years have  
passed since we found this place. And in  
these two years we have learned more than  
we had learned in the ten years of the  
Home of the Students.

We have learned things which are not  
in the scripts. We have solved secrets of  
which the Scholars have no knowledge.  
We have come to see how great is the  
unexplored, and many lifetimes will not  
bring us to the end of our quest. But we  
wish no end to our quest. We wish nothing,  
save to be alone and to learn, and to  
feel as if with each day our sight were  
growing sharper than the hawk's and clearer  
than rock crystal.

Strange are the ways of evil. We are  
false in the faces of our brothers.  
We are defying the will of our Councils.  
We alone, of the thousands who walk this  
earth, we alone in this hour are doing a  
work which has no purpose save that we  
wish to do it. The evil of our crime  
is not for the human mind to probe. The  
nature of our punishment, if it be discovered,  
is not for the human heart to ponder.  
Never, not in the memory of the Ancient  
Ones' Ancients, never have men done that  
which we are doing.

And yet there is no shame in us and no regret.  
We say to ourselves that we are a wretch and a traitor.



But we feel no burden upon our spirit and no fear in our heart.  
And it seems to us that our spirit is clear as a lake  
troubled by no eyes save those of the sun. And in our heart--  
strange are the ways of evil!--in our heart there is  
the first peace we have known in twenty years.

## PART TWO

Liberty 5-3000 . . . Liberty five-three thousand  
. . . Liberty 5-3000 . . . .

We wish to write this name. We wish to speak it,  
but we dare not speak it above a whisper.  
For men are forbidden to take notice of women,  
and women are forbidden to take notice of men.  
But we think of one among women, they whose name  
is Liberty 5-3000, and we think of no others.  
The women who have been assigned to work  
the soil live in the Homes of the Peasants  
beyond the City. Where the City ends  
there is a great road winding off to the  
north, and we Street Sweepers must keep  
this road clean to the first milepost.  
There is a hedge along the road, and beyond the  
hedge lie the fields. The fields are black  
and ploughed, and they lie like a great  
fan before us, with their furrows gathered  
in some hand beyond the sky, spreading  
forth from that hand, opening wide apart  
as they come toward us, like black pleats  
that sparkle with thin, green spangles.  
Women work in the fields, and their white  
tunics in the wind are like the wings of  
sea-gulls beating over the black soil.

And there it was that we saw Liberty  
5-3000 walking along the furrows. Their  
body was straight and thin as a blade of  
iron. Their eyes were dark and hard and  
glowing, with no fear in them, no kindness  
and no guilt. Their hair was golden as the  
sun; their hair flew in the wind, shining  
and wild, as if it defied men to restrain it.

They threw seeds from their hand as if  
they deigned to fling a scornful gift,  
and the earth was a beggar under their feet.

We stood still; for the first time did we  
know fear, and then pain. And we stood  
still that we might not spill this pain more  
precious than pleasure.

Then we heard a voice from the others  
call their name: "Liberty 5-3000," and they  
turned and walked back. Thus we learned  
their name, and we stood watching them go,  
till their white tunic was lost in the blue mist.

And the following day, as we came to the  
northern road, we kept our eyes upon  
Liberty 5-3000 in the field. And each day  
thereafter we knew the illness of waiting  
for our hour on the northern road. And  
there we looked at Liberty 5-3000 each day.  
We know not whether they looked at  
us also, but we think they did.

Then one day they came close to the  
hedge, and suddenly they turned to us.  
They turned in a whirl and the movement  
of their body stopped, as if slashed off,  
as suddenly as it had started. They stood  
still as a stone, and they looked straight  
upon us, straight into our eyes. There was  
no smile on their face, and no welcome.  
But their face was taut, and their eyes  
were dark. Then they turned as swiftly,  
and they walked away from us.

But the following day, when we came to  
the road, they smiled. They smiled to us  
and for us. And we smiled in answer.  
Their head fell back, and their arms fell,  
as if their arms and their thin white neck  
were stricken suddenly with a great lassitude.  
They were not looking upon us, but upon the sky.  
Then they glanced at us over their shoulder,  
as we felt as if a hand had touched our body,  
slipping softly from our lips to our feet.

Every morning thereafter, we greeted each other with our eyes. We dared not speak. It is a transgression to speak to men of other Trades, save in groups at the Social Meetings. But once, standing at the hedge, we raised our hand to our forehead and then moved it slowly, palm down, toward Liberty 5-3000. Had the others seen it, they could have guessed nothing, for it looked only as if we were shading our eyes from the sun. But Liberty 5-3000 saw it and understood. They raised their hand to their forehead and moved it as we had. Thus, each day, we greet Liberty 5-3000, and they answer, and no men can suspect.

We do not wonder at this new sin of ours. It is our second Transgression of Preference, for we do not think of all our brothers, as we must, but only of one, and their name is Liberty 5-3000. We do not know why we think of them. We do not know why, when we think of them, we feel all of a sudden that the earth is good and that it is not a burden to live. We do not think of them as Liberty 5-3000 any longer. We have given them a name in our thoughts. We call them the Golden One. But it is a sin to give men names which distinguish them from other men. Yet we call them the Golden One, for they are not like the others. The Golden One are not like the others.

And we take no heed of the law which says that men may not think of women, save at the Time of Mating. This is the time each spring when all the men older than twenty and all the women older than eighteen are sent for one night to the City Palace of Mating. And each of the men have one of the women assigned to them by the Council of Eugenics. Children are born each winter, but women never see their children and children never know their parents. Twice have we been sent to

the Palace of Mating, but it is an ugly and shameful matter, of which we do not like to think.

We had broken so many laws, and today we have broken one more. Today, we spoke to the Golden One.

The other women were far off in the field, when we stopped at the hedge by the side of the road. The Golden One were kneeling alone at the moat which runs through the field. And the drops of water falling from their hands, as they raised the water to their lips, were like sparks of fire in the sun. Then the Golden One saw us, and they did not move, kneeling there, looking at us, and circles of light played upon their white tunic, from the sun on the water of the moat, and one sparkling drop fell from a finger of their hand held as frozen in the air.

Then the Golden One rose and walked to the hedge, as if they had heard a command in our eyes. The two other Street Sweepers of our brigade were a hundred paces away down the road. And we thought that International 4-8818 would not betray us, and Union 5-3992 would not understand. So we looked straight upon the Golden One, and we saw the shadows of their lashes on their white cheeks and the sparks of sun on their lips. And we said:

"You are beautiful, Liberty 5-3000."

Their face did not move and they did not avert their eyes. Only their eyes grew wider, and there was triumph in their eyes, and it was not triumph over us, but over things we could not guess.

Then they asked:

"What is your name?"

"Equality 7-2521," we answered.

"You are not one of our brothers, Equality 7-2521, for we do not wish you to be."

We cannot say what they meant, for there are no words for their meaning, but we know it without words and we knew it then.

"No," we answered, "nor are you one of our sisters."

"If you see us among scores of women, will you look upon us?"

"We shall look upon you, Liberty 5-3000, if we see you among all the women of the earth."

Then they asked:

"Are Street Sweepers sent to different parts of the City or do they always work in the same places?"

"They always work in the same places," we answered, "and no one will take this road away from us."

"Your eyes," they said, "are not like the eyes of any among men."

And suddenly, without cause for the thought which came to us, we felt cold, cold to our stomach.

"How old are you?" we asked.

They understood our thought, for they lowered their eyes for the first time.

"Seventeen," they whispered.

And we sighed, as if a burden had been taken from us, for we had been thinking without reason of the Palace of Mating. And we thought that we would not let the Golden One be sent to the Palace. How to

prevent it, how to bar the will of the Councils, we knew not, but we knew suddenly that we would. Only we do not know why such thought came to us, for these ugly matters bear no relation to us and the Golden One. What relation can they bear?

Still, without reason, as we stood there by the hedge, we felt our lips drawn tight with hatred, a sudden hatred for all our brother men. And the Golden One saw it and smiled slowly, and there was in their smile the first sadness we had seen in them. We think that in the wisdom of women the Golden One had understood more than we can understand.

Then three of the sisters in the field appeared, coming toward the road, so the Golden One walked away from us. They took the bag of seeds, and they threw the seeds into the furrows of earth as they walked away. But the seeds flew wildly, for the hand of the Golden One was trembling.

Yet as we walked back to the Home of the Street Sweepers, we felt that we wanted to sing, without reason. So we were reprimanded tonight, in the dining hall, for without knowing it we had begun to sing aloud some tune we had never heard. But it is not proper to sing without reason, save at the Social Meetings.

"We are singing because we are happy," we answered the one of the Home Council who reprimanded us.

"Indeed you are happy," they answered. "How else can men be when they live for their brothers?"

And now, sitting here in our tunnel, we wonder about these words. It is forbidden, not to be happy. For, as it has been explained to us, men are free and the earth belongs to them; and all things on earth belong

to all men; and the will of all men together is good for all; and so all men must be happy.

Yet as we stand at night in the great hall, removing our garments for sleep, we look upon our brothers and we wonder. The heads of our brothers are bowed. The eyes of our brothers are dull, and never do they look one another in the eyes. The shoulders of our brothers are hunched, and their muscles are drawn, as if their bodies were shrinking and wished to shrink out of sight. And a word steals into our mind, as we look upon our brothers, and that word is fear.

There is fear hanging in the air of the sleeping halls, and in the air of the streets. Fear walks through the City, fear without name, without shape. All men feel it and none dare to speak.

We feel it also, when we are in the Home of the Street Sweepers. But here, in our tunnel, we feel it no longer. The air is pure under the ground. There is no odor of men. And these three hours give us strength for our hours above the ground.

Our body is betraying us, for the Council of the Home looks with suspicion upon us. It is not good to feel too much joy nor to be glad that our body lives. For we matter not and it must not matter to us whether we live or die, which is to be as our brothers will it. But we, Equality 7-2521, are glad to be living. If this is a vice, then we wish no virtue.

Yet our brothers are not like us. All is not well with our brothers. There are Fraternity 2-5503, a quiet boy with wise, kind eyes, who cry suddenly, without reason, in the midst of day or night, and their body shakes with sobs they cannot explain. There are Solidarity 9-6347, who are a bright youth, without fear in the day; but they scream in their sleep, and they scream: "Help us! Help us! Help us!" into the

night, in a voice which chills our bones, but  
the Doctors cannot cure Solidarity 9-6347.

And as we all undress at night, in the  
dim light of the candles, our brothers are  
silent, for they dare not speak the thoughts  
of their minds. For all must agree with all,  
and they cannot know if their thoughts  
are the thoughts of all, and so they fear to  
speak. And they are glad when the candles  
are blown for the night. But we, Equality  
7-2521, look through the window upon  
the sky, and there is peace in the sky,  
and cleanliness, and dignity. And beyond  
the City there lies the plain, and  
beyond the plain, black upon the black sky,  
there lies the Uncharted Forest.

We do not wish to look upon the  
Uncharted Forest. We do not wish  
to think of it. But ever do our eyes  
return to that black patch upon the sky.  
Men never enter the Uncharted Forest,  
for there is no power to explore it  
and no path to lead among its ancient  
trees which stand as guards of fearful  
secrets. It is whispered that once or  
twice in a hundred years, one among  
the men of the City escape alone and run to  
the Uncharted Forest, without call or reason.  
These men do not return. They perish from  
hunger and from the claws of the wild  
beasts which roam the Forest. But our  
Councils say that this is only a legend.  
We have heard that there are many Uncharted  
Forests over the land, among the Cities.  
And it is whispered that they have grown  
over the ruins of many cities of the  
Unmentionable Times. The trees have  
swallowed the ruins, and the bones under  
the ruins, and all the things which perished.  
And as we look upon the Uncharted Forest  
far in the night, we think of the  
secrets of the Unmentionable Times.  
And we wonder how it came to pass that  
these secrets were lost to the world.



We have heard the legends of the great fighting,  
in which many men fought on one side and only  
a few on the other. These few were the Evil  
Ones and they were conquered. Then great  
fires raged over the land. And in  
these fires the Evil Ones and all the  
things made by the Evil Ones were burned.  
And the fire which is called the Dawn of  
the Great Rebirth, was the Script Fire  
where all the scripts of the Evil Ones  
were burned, and with them all the words  
of the Evil Ones. Great mountains of flame

stood in the squares of the Cities for  
three months. Then came the Great Rebirth.

The words of the Evil Ones . . .  
The words of the Unmentionable Times . . .  
What are the words which we have lost?

May the Council have mercy upon us!  
We had no wish to write such a question,  
and we knew not what we were doing till  
we had written it. We shall not ask  
this question and we shall not think it.  
We shall not call death upon our head.

And yet . . . And yet . . .  
There is some word, one single word  
which is not in the language of men,  
but which had been. And this is the  
Unspeakable Word, which no men may speak  
nor hear. But sometimes, and it is rare,  
sometimes, somewhere, one among men find  
that word. They find it upon scraps of old  
manuscripts or cut into the fragments of  
ancient stones. But when they speak it  
they are put to death. There is no crime  
punished by death in this world, save this  
one crime of speaking the Unspeakable Word.

We have seen one of such men burned  
alive in the square of the City. And it was  
a sight which has stayed with us through  
the years, and it haunts us, and follows us,  
and it gives us no rest. We were a child  
then, ten years old. And we stood in the  
great square with all the children and all the  
men of the City, sent to behold the burning.  
They brought the Transgressor out into  
the square and they led them to the pyre.  
They had torn out the tongue of the  
Transgressor, so that they could speak no  
longer. The Transgressor were young and tall.  
They had hair of gold and eyes blue as morning.  
They walked to the pyre, and their step did  
not falter. And of all the faces  
on that square, of all the faces which

shrieked and screamed and spat curses upon them, theirs was the calmest and the happiest face.

As the chains were wound over their body at the stake, and a flame set to the pyre, the Transgressor looked upon the City. There was a thin thread of blood running from the corner of their mouth, but their lips were smiling. And a monstrous thought came to us then, which has never left us. We had heard of Saints. There are the Saints of Labor, and the Saints of the Councils, and the Saints of the Great Rebirth. But we had never seen a Saint nor what the likeness of a Saint should be. And we thought then, standing in the square, that the likeness of a Saint was the face we saw before us in the flames, the face of the Transgressor of the Unspeakable Word.

As the flames rose, a thing happened which no eyes saw but ours, else we would not be living today. Perhaps it had only seemed to us. But it seemed to us that the eyes of the Transgressor had chosen us from the crowd and were looking straight upon us. There was no pain in their eyes and no knowledge of the agony of their body. There was only joy in them, and pride, a pride holier than is fit for human pride to be. And it seemed as if these eyes were trying to tell us something through the flames, to send into our eyes some word without sound. And it seemed as if these eyes were begging us to gather that word and not to let it go from us and from the earth. But the flames rose and we could not guess the word. . . .

What--even if we have to burn for it like the Saint of the Pyre--what is the Unspeakable Word?

## PART THREE

We, Equality 7-2521, have discovered a new power of nature. And we have discovered it alone, and we alone are to know it.

It is said. Now let us be lashed for it, if we must. The Council of Scholars has said that we all know the things which exist and therefore the things which are not known by all do not exist. But we think that the Council of Scholars is blind. The secrets of this earth are not for all men to see, but only for those who will seek them. We know, for we have found a secret unknown to all our brothers.

We know not what this power is nor whence it comes. But we know its nature, we have watched it and worked with it. We saw it first two years ago. One night, we were cutting open the body of a dead frog when we saw its leg jerking. It was dead, yet it moved. Some power unknown to men was making it move. We could not understand it. Then, after many tests, we found the answer. The frog had been hanging on a wire of copper; and it had been the metal of our knife which had sent the strange power to the copper through the brine of the frog's body. We put a piece of copper and a piece of zinc into a jar of brine, we touched a wire to them, and there, under our fingers, was a miracle which had never occurred before, a new miracle and a new power.

This discovery haunted us. We followed it in preference to all our studies. We worked with it, we tested it in more ways than we can describe, and each step was as another miracle unveiling before us. We came to know that we had found the greatest power on earth. For it defies all the laws known to men. It makes the needle

move and turn on the compass which we stole from the Home of the Scholars; but we had been taught, when still a child, that the loadstone points to the north and that this is a law which nothing can change; yet our new power defies all laws. We found that it causes lightning, and never have men known what causes lightning. In thunderstorms, we raised a tall rod of iron by the side of our hole, and we watched it from below. We have seen the lightning strike it again and again. And now we know that metal draws the power of the sky, and that metal can be made to give it forth.

We have built strange things with this discovery of ours. We used for it the copper wires which we found here under the ground. We have walked the length of our tunnel, with a candle lighting the way. We could go no farther than half a mile, for earth and rock had fallen at both ends. But we gathered all the things we found and we brought them to our work place. We found strange boxes with bars of metal inside, with many cords and strands and coils of metal. We found wires that led to strange little globes of glass on the walls; they contained threads of metal thinner than a spider's web.

These things help us in our work. We do not understand them, but we think that the men of the Unmentionable Times had known our power of the sky, and these things had some relation to it. We do not know, but we shall learn. We cannot stop now, even though it frightens us that we are alone in our knowledge.

No single one can possess greater wisdom than the many Scholars who are elected by all men for their wisdom. Yet we can. We do. We have fought against saying it, but now it is said. We do not care.

We forget all men, all laws and all things  
save our metals and our wires. So much  
is still to be learned! So long a road  
lies before us, and what care we if we  
must travel it alone!

#### PART FOUR

Many days passed before we could speak  
to the Golden One again. But then came  
the day when the sky turned white, as if  
the sun had burst and spread its flame in  
the air, and the fields lay still without  
breath, and the dust of the road was white  
in the glow. So the women of the field  
were weary, and they tarried over their  
work, and they were far from the road  
when we came. But the Golden One stood  
alone at the hedge, waiting. We stopped  
and we saw that their eyes, so hard and  
scornful to the world, were looking at us as  
if they would obey any word we might speak.

And we said:

"We have given you a name in our  
thoughts, Liberty 5-3000."

"What is our name?" they asked.

"The Golden One."

"Nor do we call you Equality 7-2521  
when we think of you."

"What name have you given us?"  
They looked straight into our eyes and  
they held their head high and they answered:

"The Unconquered."

For a long time we could not speak.  
Then we said:

"Such thoughts as these are forbidden,  
Golden One."

"But you think such thoughts as these  
and you wish us to think them."

We looked into their eyes and we could not lie.

"Yes," we whispered, and they smiled,  
and then we said: "Our dearest one,  
do not obey us."

They stepped back, and their eyes were  
wide and still.

"Speak these words again," they whispered.

"Which words?" we asked. But they  
did not answer, and we knew it.

"Our dearest one," we whispered.

Never have men said this to women.

The head of the Golden One bowed slowly,  
and they stood still before us, their arms  
at their sides, the palms of their hands  
turned to us, as if their body were delivered  
in submission to our eyes. And we could  
not speak.

Then they raised their head, and they  
spoke simply and gently, as if they wished  
us to forget some anxiety of their own.

"The day is hot," they said, "and you have  
worked for many hours and you must be weary."

"No," we answered.

"It is cooler in the fields," they said,  
"and there is water to drink. Are you thirsty?"

"Yes," we answered, "but we cannot cross the hedge."

"We shall bring the water to you," they said.

Then they knelt by the moat, they gathered  
water in their two hands, they rose and  
they held the water out to our lips.

We do not know if we drank that water.  
We only knew suddenly that their hands  
were empty, but we were still holding our  
lips to their hands, and that they knew it,  
but did not move.

We raised our head and stepped back.  
For we did not understand what had made  
us do this, and we were afraid to understand it.

And the Golden One stepped back, and  
stood looking upon their hands in wonder.  
Then the Golden One moved away, even  
though no others were coming, and they  
moved, stepping back, as if they could not  
turn from us, their arms bent before them,  
as if they could not lower their hands.

## PART FIVE

We made it. We created it. We brought  
it forth from the night of the ages.  
We alone. Our hands. Our mind.  
Ours alone and only.

We know not what we are saying. Our head  
is reeling. We look upon the light which  
we have made. We shall be forgiven for  
anything we say tonight. . . .

Tonight, after more days and trials  
than we can count, we finished building  
a strange thing, from the remains of the  
Unmentionable Times, a box of glass, devised  
to give forth the power of the sky of greater  
strength than we had ever achieved before.  
And when we put our wires to this box,



when we closed the current--the wire glowed!  
It came to life, it turned red, and a circle  
of light lay on the stone before us.

We stood, and we held our head in our hands.  
We could not conceive of that which  
we had created. We had touched no  
flint, made no fire. Yet here was light,  
light that came from nowhere, light from  
the heart of metal.

We blew out the candle. Darkness swallowed us.  
There was nothing left around us,  
nothing save night and a thin thread of  
flame in it, as a crack in the wall of a prison.  
We stretched our hands to the wire,  
and we saw our fingers in the red glow.  
We could not see our body nor feel it,  
and in that moment nothing existed save our  
two hands over a wire glowing in a black abyss.

Then we thought of the meaning of that  
which lay before us. We can light our  
tunnel, and the City, and all the Cities of  
the world with nothing save metal and  
wires. We can give our brothers a new  
light, cleaner and brighter than any they  
have ever known. The power of the sky  
can be made to do men's bidding. There  
are no limits to its secrets and its might,  
and it can be made to grant us anything if  
we but choose to ask.

Then we knew what we must do. Our  
discovery is too great for us to waste our  
time in sweeping the streets. We must not  
keep our secret to ourselves, nor buried  
under the ground. We must bring it into  
the sight of all men. We need all our time,  
we need the work rooms of the Home of  
the Scholars, we want the help of our  
brother Scholars and their wisdom joined  
to ours. There is so much work ahead for  
all of us, for all the Scholars of the world.

In a month, the World Council of Scholars

is to meet in our City. It is a great Council,  
to which the wisest of all lands are  
elected, and it meets once a year in the  
different Cities of the earth. We shall go to  
this Council and we shall lay before them,  
as our gift, this glass box with the power of  
the sky. We shall confess everything to them.  
They will see, understand and forgive.  
For our gift is greater than our transgression.  
They will explain it to the Council of Vocations,  
and we shall be assigned to the Home of the Scholars.  
This has never been done before, but neither  
has a gift such as ours ever been offered to men.

We must wait. We must guard our tunnel as  
we had never guarded it before. For should  
any men save the Scholars learn of  
our secret, they would not understand it,  
nor would they believe us. They would see  
nothing, save our crime of working alone,  
and they would destroy us and our light.  
We care not about our body, but our light is . . .

Yes, we do care. For the first time do we  
care about our body. For this wire is as a  
part of our body, as a vein torn from us,  
glowing with our blood. Are we proud of  
this thread of metal, or of our hands  
which made it, or is there a line to  
divide these two?

We stretch out our arms. For the first  
time do we know how strong our arms are.  
And a strange thought comes to us:  
we wonder, for the first time in our life,  
what we look like. Men never see their  
own faces and never ask their brothers  
about it, for it is evil to have concern for  
their own faces or bodies. But tonight,  
for a reason we cannot fathom, we wish  
it were possible to us to know the  
likeness of our own person.

## PART SIX

We have not written for thirty days.  
For thirty days we have not been here, in  
our tunnel. We had been caught.  
It happened on that night when we wrote  
last. We forgot, that night, to watch the  
sand in the glass which tells us when three  
hours have passed and it is time to return  
to the City Theatre. When we remembered  
it, the sand had run out.

We hastened to the Theatre. But the big  
tent stood grey and silent against the sky.  
The streets of the City lay before us, dark  
and empty. If we went back to hide in our  
tunnel, we would be found and our light  
found with us. So we walked to the Home  
of the Street Sweepers.

When the Council of the Home questioned us,  
we looked upon the faces of the Council,  
but there was no curiosity in those faces,  
and no anger, and no mercy. So when  
the oldest of them asked us: "Where have  
you been?" we thought of our glass box  
and of our light, and we forgot all else.  
And we answered:

"We will not tell you."

The oldest did not question us further.  
They turned to the two youngest, and said,  
and their voice was bored:

"Take our brother Equality 7-2521 to  
the Palace of Corrective Detention.  
Lash them until they tell."

So we were taken to the Stone Room  
under the Palace of Corrective Detention.  
This room has no windows and it is empty  
save for an iron post. Two men stood by  
the post, naked but for leather aprons and  
leather hoods over their faces. Those who  
had brought us departed, leaving us to the

two Judges who stood in a corner of the room. The Judges were small, thin men, grey and bent. They gave the signal to the two strong hooded ones.

They tore the clothes from our body, they threw us down upon our knees and they tied our hands to the iron post. The first blow of the lash felt as if our spine had been cut in two. The second blow stopped the first, and for a second we felt nothing, then the pain struck us in our throat and fire ran in our lungs without air. But we did not cry out.

The lash whistled like a singing wind. We tried to count the blows, but we lost count. We knew that the blows were falling upon our back. Only we felt nothing upon our back any longer. A flaming grill kept dancing before our eyes, and we thought of nothing save that grill, a grill, a grill of red squares, and then we knew that we were looking at the squares of the iron grill in the door, and there were also the squares of stone on the walls, and the squares which the lash was cutting upon our back, crossing and re-crossing itself in our flesh.

Then we saw a fist before us. It knocked our chin up, and we saw the red froth of our mouth on the withered fingers, and the Judge asked:

"Where have you been?"

But we jerked our head away, hid our face upon our tied hands, and bit our lips.

The lash whistled again. We wondered who was sprinkling burning coal dust upon the floor, for we saw drops of red twinkling on the stones around us.

Then we knew nothing, save two voices snarling steadily, one after the other, even though we knew they were speaking

many minutes apart:

"Where have you been where have you been  
where have you been where have you been? . . ."

And our lips moved, but the sound trickled  
back into our throat, and the sound was only:

"The light . . . The light . . . The light. . ."

Then we knew nothing.

We opened our eyes, lying on our stomach  
on the brick floor of a cell. We looked  
upon two hands lying far before us on the  
bricks, and we moved them, and we knew  
that they were our hands. But we could  
not move our body. Then we smiled, for we  
thought of the light and that we had  
not betrayed it.

We lay in our cell for many days.  
The door opened twice each day,  
once for the men who brought us  
bread and water, and once for the Judges.  
Many Judges came to our cell,  
first the humblest and then the  
most honored Judges of the City.  
They stood before us in their white togas,  
and they asked:

"Are you ready to speak?"

But we shook our head, lying before  
them on the floor. And they departed.

We counted each day and each night as it passed.  
Then, tonight, we knew that we must escape.  
For tomorrow the World Council of Scholars  
is to meet in our City.

It was easy to escape from the Palace of  
Corrective Detention. The locks are old on  
the doors and there are no guards about.  
There is no reason to have guards, for men  
have never defied the Councils so far as to

escape from whatever place they were ordered to be. Our body is healthy and strength returns to it speedily. We lunged against the door and it gave way. We stole through the dark passages, and through the dark streets, and down into our tunnel.

We lit the candle and we saw that our place had not been found and nothing had been touched. And our glass box stood before us on the cold oven, as we had left it. What matter they now, the scars upon our back!

Tomorrow, in the full light of day, we shall take our box, and leave our tunnel open, and walk through the streets to the Home of the Scholars. We shall put before them the greatest gift ever offered to men. We shall tell them the truth. We shall hand to them, as our confession, these pages we have written. We shall join our hands to theirs, and we shall work together, with the power of the sky, for the glory of mankind. Our blessing upon you, our brothers! Tomorrow, you will take us back into your fold and we shall be an outcast no longer. Tomorrow we shall be one of you again. Tomorrow . . .

## PART SEVEN

It is dark here in the forest. The leaves rustle over our head, black against the last gold of the sky. The moss is soft and warm. We shall sleep on this moss for many nights, till the beasts of the forest come to tear our body. We have no bed now, save the moss, and no future, save the beasts.

We are old now, yet we were young this morning, when we carried our glass box through the streets of the City to the Home of the Scholars. No men stopped us, for

there were none about from the Palace of Corrective Detention, and the others knew nothing. No men stopped us at the gate. We walked through empty passages and into the great hall where the World Council of Scholars sat in solemn meeting.

We saw nothing as we entered, save the sky in the great windows, blue and glowing. Then we saw the Scholars who sat around a long table; they were as shapeless clouds huddled at the rise of the great sky. There were men whose famous names we knew, and others from distant lands whose names we had not heard. We saw a great painting on the wall over their heads, of the twenty illustrious men who had invented the candle.

All the heads of the Council turned to us as we entered. These great and wise of the earth did not know what to think of us, and they looked upon us with wonder and curiosity, as if we were a miracle. It is true that our tunic was torn and stained with brown stains which had been blood. We raised our right arm and we said:

"Our greeting to you, our honored brothers of the World Council of Scholars!"

Then Collective 0-0009, the oldest and wisest of the Council, spoke and asked:

"Who are you, our brother? For you do not look like a Scholar."

"Our name is Equality 7-2521," we answered, "and we are a Street Sweeper of this City."

Then it was as if a great wind had stricken the hall, for all the Scholars spoke at once, and they were angry and frightened.

"A Street Sweeper! A Street Sweeper walking in upon the World Council of Scholars!"

It is not to be believed!  
It is against all the rules and all the laws!"

But we knew how to stop them.

"Our brothers!" we said. "We matter not,  
nor our transgression. It is only our  
brother men who matter. Give no thought to us,  
for we are nothing, but listen to our words,  
for we bring you a gift such as had never  
been brought to men. Listen to us, for we  
hold the future of mankind in our hands."

Then they listened.

We placed our glass box upon the table  
before them. We spoke of it, and of our  
long quest, and of our tunnel, and of our  
escape from the Palace of Corrective Detention.  
Not a hand moved in that hall, as we spoke,  
nor an eye. Then we put the wires to the box,  
and they all bent forward and sat still, watching.  
And we stood still, our eyes upon the wire.  
And slowly, slowly as a flush of blood,  
a red flame trembled in the wire. Then the wire glowed.

But terror struck the men of the Council.  
They leapt to their feet, they ran from the  
table, and they stood pressed against the  
wall, huddled together, seeking the warmth  
of one another's bodies to give them courage.

We looked upon them and we laughed and said:

"Fear nothing, our brothers. There is a  
great power in these wires, but this power  
is tamed. It is yours. We give it to you."

Still they would not move.

"We give you the power of the sky!" we cried.  
"We give you the key to the earth! Take it,  
and let us be one of you, the humblest among you.  
Let us all work together, and harness this power,  
and make it ease the toil of men. Let us  
throw away our candles and our torches.



Let us flood our cities with light.  
Let us bring a new light to men!"

But they looked upon us, and suddenly  
we were afraid. For their eyes were still,  
and small, and evil.

"Our brothers!" we cried. "Have you  
nothing to say to us?"

Then Collective 0-0009 moved forward.  
They moved to the table and the others followed.

"Yes," spoke Collective 0-0009,  
"we have much to say to you."

The sound of their voices brought silence  
to the hall and to beat of our heart.

"Yes," said Collective 0-0009, "we have  
much to say to a wretch who have broken  
all the laws and who boast of their infamy!

How dared you think that your mind held  
greater wisdom than the minds of your  
brothers? And if the Councils had decreed  
that you should be a Street Sweeper,  
how dared you think that you could be of  
greater use to men than in sweeping the streets?"

"How dared you, gutter cleaner," spoke  
Fraternity 9-3452, "to hold yourself as one  
alone and with the thoughts of the one  
and not of the many?"

"You shall be burned at the stake,"  
said Democracy 4-6998.

"No, they shall be lashed," said Unanimity 7-3304,  
"till there is nothing left under the lashes."

"No," said Collective 0-0009, "we cannot  
decide upon this, our brothers. No such  
crime has ever been committed, and it is  
not for us to judge. Nor for any small Council.  
We shall deliver this creature to the World Council

itself and let their will be done."

We looked upon them and we pleaded:

"Our brothers! You are right. Let the will of the Council be done upon our body. We do not care. But the light? What will you do with the light?"

Collective 0-0009 looked upon us, and they smiled.

"So you think that you have found a new power," said Collective 0-0009. "Do all your brothers think that?"

"No," we answered.

"What is not thought by all men cannot be true," said Collective 0-0009.

"You have worked on this alone?" asked International 1-5537.

"Many men in the Homes of the Scholars have had strange new ideas in the past," said Solidarity 8-1164, "but when the majority of their brother Scholars voted against them, they abandoned their ideas, as all men must."

"This box is useless," said Alliance 6-7349.

"Should it be what they claim of it," said Harmony 9-2642, "then it would bring ruin to the Department of Candles. The Candle is a great boon to mankind, as approved by all men. Therefore it cannot be destroyed by the whim of one."

"This would wreck the Plans of the World Council," said Unanimity 2-9913, "and without the Plans of the World Council the sun cannot rise. It took fifty years to secure the approval of all the Councils for the Candle, and to decide upon the number needed, and to re-fit the Plans so as to make candles instead of torches.

This touched upon thousands and thousands  
of men working in scores of States.  
We cannot alter the Plans again so soon."

"And if this should lighten the toil of  
men," said Similarity 5-0306, "then it is a  
great evil, for men have no cause to exist  
save in toiling for other men."

Then Collective 0-0009 rose and pointed at our box.

"This thing," they said, "must be destroyed."

And all the others cried as one:

"It must be destroyed!"

Then we leapt to the table.

We seized our box, we shoved them  
aside, and we ran to the window. We  
turned and we looked at them for the last  
time, and a rage, such as it is not fit for  
humans to know, choked our voice in our throat.

"You fools!" we cried. "You fools! You thrice-damned fools!"

We swung our fist through the windowpane,  
and we leapt out in a ringing rain of glass.

We fell, but we never let the box fall  
from our hands. Then we ran. We ran  
blindly, and men and houses streaked past  
us in a torrent without shape. And the road  
seemed not to be flat before us, but as if  
it were leaping up to meet us, and we waited  
for the earth to rise and strike us in the  
face. But we ran. We knew not where we  
were going. We knew only that we must  
run, run to the end of the world,  
to the end of our days.

Then we knew suddenly that we were lying  
on a soft earth and that we had stopped.  
Trees taller than we had ever seen  
before stood over us in great silence.

Then we knew. We were in the Uncharted Forest.  
We had not thought of coming here,  
but our legs had carried our wisdom, and  
our legs had brought us to the Uncharted  
Forest against our will.

Our glass box lay beside us. We crawled to it,  
we fell upon it, our face in our arms, and we lay still.

We lay thus for a long time. Then we rose,  
we took our box and walked on into the forest.

It mattered not where we went. We knew  
that men would not follow us, for they  
never enter the Uncharted Forest. We had  
nothing to fear from them. The forest  
disposes of its own victims. This gave us  
no fear either. Only we wished to be away,  
away from the City and from the air that  
touches upon the air of the City. So we  
walked on, our box in our arms, our heart empty.

We are doomed. Whatever days are left  
to us, we shall spend them alone. And we  
have heard of the corruption to be found  
in solitude. We have torn ourselves from  
the truth which is our brother men, and there  
is no road back for us, and no redemption.

We know these things, but we do not care.  
We care for nothing on earth. We are tired.

Only the glass box in our arms is like a  
living heart that gives us strength. We have  
lied to ourselves. We have not built this  
box for the good of our brothers. We built  
it for its own sake. It is above all our  
brothers to us, and its truth above their truth.  
Why wonder about this? We have not many days  
to live. We are walking to the fangs awaiting us  
somewhere among the great, silent trees. There is  
not a thing behind us to regret.

Then a blow of pain struck us, our first and our only.  
We thought of the Golden One. We thought of the Golden One  
whom we shall never see again. Then the pain passed.

It is best. We are one of the Damned. It is best if the Golden One forget our name and the body which bore that name.

## PART EIGHT

It has been a day of wonder, this,  
our first day in the forest.

We awoke when a ray of sunlight fell across our face. We wanted to leap to our feet, as we have had to leap every morning of our life, but we remembered suddenly that no bell had rung and that there was no bell to ring anywhere. We lay on our back, we threw our arms out, and we looked up at the sky. The leaves had edges of silver that trembled and rippled like a river of green and fire flowing high above us.

We did not wish to move. We thought suddenly that we could lie thus as long as we wished, and we laughed aloud at the thought. We could also rise, or run, or leap, or fall down again. We were thinking that these were thoughts without sense, but before we knew it our body had risen in one leap. Our arms stretched out of their own will, and our body whirled and whirled, till it raised a wind to rustle through the leaves of the bushes. Then our hands seized a branch and swung us high into a tree, with no aim save the wonder of learning the strength of our body. The branch snapped under us and we fell upon the moss that was soft as a cushion. Then our body, losing all sense, rolled over and over on the moss, dry leaves in our tunic, in our hair, in our face. And we heard suddenly that we were laughing, laughing aloud, laughing as if there were no power left in us save laughter.

Then we took our glass box, and we went on into the forest. We went on,

cutting through the branches, and it was  
as if we were swimming through a sea of leaves,  
with the bushes as waves rising and falling  
and rising around us, and flinging their  
green sprays high to the treetops.  
The trees parted before us, calling us forward.  
The forest seemed to welcome us. We went on,  
without thought, without care, with nothing  
to feel save the song of our body.

We stopped when we felt hunger. We saw  
birds in the tree branches, and flying  
from under our footsteps. We picked a  
stone and we sent it as an arrow at a bird.  
It fell before us. We made a fire, we cooked  
the bird, and we ate it, and no meal had  
ever tasted better to us. And we thought  
suddenly that there was a great satisfaction  
to be found in the food which we need  
and obtain by our own hand. And we wished  
to be hungry again and soon, that we might  
know again this strange new pride in eating.

Then we walked on. And we came to a  
stream which lay as a streak of glass among  
the trees. It lay so still that we saw no  
water but only a cut in the earth, in which  
the trees grew down, upturned, and the  
sky lay at the bottom. We knelt by  
the stream and we bent down to drink.  
And then we stopped. For, upon the blue  
of the sky below us, we saw our own face  
for the first time.

We sat still and we held our breath.  
For our face and our body were beautiful.  
Our face was not like the faces of our brothers,  
for we felt not pity when looking upon it.  
Our body was not like the bodies of our brothers,  
for our limbs were straight and thin and hard and strong.  
And we thought that we could trust this being who looked  
upon us from the stream, and that we had nothing to fear  
with this being.

We walked on till the sun had set.  
When the shadows gathered among the trees,

we stopped in a hollow between the roots,  
where we shall sleep tonight. And suddenly,  
for the first time this day, we remembered  
that we are the Damned. We remembered it,  
and we laughed.

We are writing this on the paper we had  
hidden in our tunic together with the  
written pages we had brought for the World  
Council of Scholars, but never given to them.  
We have much to speak of to ourselves,  
and we hope we shall find the words  
for it in the days to come. Now, we  
cannot speak, for we cannot understand.

## PART NINE

We have not written for many days.  
We did not wish to speak. For we needed  
no words to remember that which has happened to us.

It was on our second day in the forest that  
we heard steps behind us. We hid in the bushes,  
and we waited. The steps came closer.  
And then we saw the fold of a white tunic  
among the trees, and a gleam of gold.

We leapt forward, we ran to them, and  
we stood looking upon the Golden One.

They saw us, and their hands closed into  
fists, and the fists pulled their arms down,  
as if they wished their arms to hold them,  
while their body swayed. And they could  
not speak.

We dared not come too close to them.  
We asked, and our voice trembled:

"How did you come to be here, Golden One?"

But they whispered only:

"We have found you. . . ."

"How did you come to be in the forest?"  
we asked.

They raised their head, and there was a  
great pride in their voice; they answered:

"We have followed you."

Then we could not speak, and they said:

"We heard that you had gone to the  
Uncharted Forest, for the whole City is  
speaking of it. So on the night of the day  
when we heard it, we ran away from the Home  
of the Peasants. We found the marks of  
your feet across the plain where no men walk.  
So we followed them, and we went into the forest,  
and we followed the path where the branches  
were broken by your body."

Their white tunic was torn, and the  
branches had cut the skin of their arms,  
but they spoke as if they had never taken  
notice of it, nor of weariness, nor of fear.

"We have followed you," they said,  
"and we shall follow you wherever you go.  
If danger threatens you, we shall face it also.  
If it be death, we shall die with you. You are damned,  
and we wish to share your damnation."

They looked upon us, and their voice was low,  
but there was bitterness and triumph in their voice.

"Your eyes are as a flame, but our brothers  
have neither hope nor fire. Your mouth  
is cut of granite, but our brothers are soft  
and humble. Your head is high, but our  
brothers cringe. You walk, but our  
brothers crawl. We wish to be damned with you,  
rather than blessed with all our brothers.  
Do as you please with us, but do not send  
us away from you."



Then they knelt, and bowed their golden head before us.

We had never thought of that which we did.  
We bent to raise the Golden One to their feet,  
but when we touched them, it was as if madness  
had stricken us. We seized their body  
and we pressed our lips to theirs.  
The Golden One breathed once,  
and their breath was a moan,  
and then their arms closed around us.

We stood together for a long time.  
And we were frightened that we had lived  
for twenty-one years and had never known  
what joy is possible to men.

Then we said:

"Our dearest one. Fear nothing of the forest.  
There is no danger in solitude. We have  
no need of our brothers. Let us forget  
their good and our evil, let us forget  
all things save that we are together  
and that there is joy as a bond between us.  
Give us your hand. Look ahead. It is our  
own world, Golden One, a strange,  
unknown world, but our own."

Then we walked on into the forest, their  
hand in ours.

And that night we knew that to hold the  
body of women in our arms is neither ugly  
nor shameful, but the one ecstasy granted  
to the race of men.

We have walked for many days. The forest  
has no end, and we seek no end. But each day  
added to the chain of days between us  
and the City is like an added blessing.

We have made a bow and many arrows.  
We can kill more birds than we need for  
our food; we find water and fruit in the  
forest. At night, we choose a clearing, and

we build a ring of fires around it. We sleep in the midst of that ring, and the beasts dare not attack us. We can see their eyes, green and yellow as coals, watching us from the tree branches beyond. The fires smoulder as a crown of jewels around us, and smoke stands still in the air, in columns made blue by the moonlight. We sleep together in the midst of the ring, the arms of the Golden One around us, their head upon our breast.

Some day, we shall stop and build a house, when we shall have gone far enough. But we do not have to hasten. The days before us are without end, like the forest.

We cannot understand this new life which we have found, yet it seems so clear and so simple. When questions come to puzzle us, we walk faster, then turn and forget all things as we watch the Golden One following. The shadows of leaves fall upon their arms, as they spread the branches apart, but their shoulders are in the sun. The skin of their arms is like a blue mist, but their shoulders are white and glowing, as if the light fell not from above, but rose from under their skin. We watch the leaf which has fallen upon their shoulder, and it lies at the curve of their neck, and a drop of dew glistens upon it like a jewel. They approach us, and they stop, laughing, knowing what we think, and they wait obediently, without questions, till it pleases us to turn and go on.

We go on and we bless the earth under our feet. But questions come to us again, as we walk in silence. If that which we have found is the corruption of solitude, then what can men wish for save corruption? If this is the great evil of being alone, then what is good and what is evil?

Everything which comes from the many is good.  
Everything which comes from one is evil.

This have we been taught with our first breath.  
We have broken the law, but we have never doubted it.  
Yet now, as we walk through the forest,  
we are learning to doubt.

There is no life for men, save in useful  
toil for the good of all their brothers.  
But we lived not, when we toiled for our  
brothers, we were only weary. There is no  
joy for men, save the joy shared with all  
their brothers. But the only things which  
taught us joy were the power we created  
in our wires, and the Golden One. And both  
these joys belong to us alone, they come  
from us alone, they bear no relation  
to all our brothers, and they do not concern  
our brothers in any way. Thus do we wonder.

There is some error, one frightful error,  
in the thinking of men. What is that error?  
We do not know, but the knowledge struggles  
within us, struggles to be born. Today,  
the Golden One stopped suddenly and said:

"We love you."

But they frowned and shook their  
head and looked at us helplessly.

"No," they whispered, "that is not what  
we wished to say."

They were silent, then they spoke slowly,  
and their words were halting, like the words  
of a child learning to speak for the first time:

"We are one . . . alone . . . and only . . .  
and we love you who are one . . . alone . . . and only."

We looked into each other's eyes and we knew  
that the breath of a miracle had touched us,  
and fled, and left us groping vainly.

And we felt torn, torn for some word we could not find.

## PART TEN

We are sitting at a table and we are  
writing this upon paper made thousands  
of years ago. The light is dim, and we  
cannot see the Golden One, only one lock  
of gold on the pillow of an ancient bed.  
This is our home.

We came upon it today, at sunrise.  
For many days we had been crossing a chain  
of mountains. The forest rose among cliffs,  
and whenever we walked out upon a  
barren stretch of rock we saw great peaks  
before us in the west, and to the north of us,  
and to the south, as far as our eyes could see.  
The peaks were red and brown, with the green streaks  
of forests as veins upon them, with blue mists as veils  
over their heads. We had never heard of these mountains,  
nor seen them marked on any map.  
The Uncharted Forest has protected them  
from the Cities and from the men of the Cities.

We climbed paths where the wild goat  
dared not follow. Stones rolled from under  
our feet, and we heard them striking the  
rocks below, farther and farther down,  
and the mountains rang with each stroke,  
and long after the strokes had died.  
But we went on, for we knew that no men  
would ever follow our track nor reach us here.

Then today, at sunrise, we saw a white  
flame among the trees, high on a sheer  
peak before us. We thought that it was a  
fire and stopped. But the flame was  
unmoving, yet blinding as liquid metal.  
So we climbed toward it through the rocks.  
And there, before us, on a broad summit,  
with the mountains rising behind it,  
stood a house such as we had never seen,  
and the white fire came from the sun on  
the glass of its windows.

The house had two stories and a strange roof flat as a floor. There was more window than wall upon its walls, and the windows went on straight around the corners, though how this kept the house standing we could not guess. The walls were hard and smooth, of that stone unlike stone which we had seen in our tunnel.

We both knew it without words: this house was left from the Unmentionable Times. The trees had protected it from time and weather, and from men who have less pity than time and weather. We turned to the Golden One and we asked:

"Are you afraid?"

But they shook their head. So we walked to the door, and we threw it open, and we stepped together into the house of the Unmentionable Times.

We shall need the days and the years ahead, to look, to learn, and to understand the things of this house. Today, we could only look and try to believe the sight of our eyes. We pulled the heavy curtains from the windows and we saw that the rooms were small, and we thought that not more than twelve men could have lived here. We thought it strange that men had been permitted to build a house for only twelve.

Never had we seen rooms so full of light. The sunrays danced upon colors, colors, more colors than we thought possible, we who had seen no houses save the white ones, the brown ones and the grey. There were great pieces of glass on the walls, but it was not glass, for when we looked upon it we saw our own bodies and all the things behind us, as on the face of a lake. There were strange things which we had never seen and the use of which we do not know. And there were globes of glass

everywhere, in each room, the globes with the metal cobwebs inside, such as we had seen in our tunnel.

We found the sleeping hall and we stood in awe upon its threshold. For it was a small room and there were only two beds in it. We found no other beds in the house, and then we knew that only two had lived here, and this passes understanding. What kind of world did they have, the men of the Unmentionable Times?

We found garments, and the Golden One gasped at the sight of them. For they were not white tunics, nor white togas; they were of all colors, no two of them alike. Some crumbled to dust as we touched them. But others were of heavier cloth, and they felt soft and new in our fingers.

We found a room with walls made of shelves, which held rows of manuscripts, from the floor to the ceiling. Never had we seen such a number of them, nor of such strange shape. They were not soft and rolled, they had hard shells of cloth and leather; and the letters on their pages were so small and so even that we wondered at the men who had such handwriting. We glanced through the pages, and we saw that they were written in our language, but we found many words which we could not understand. Tomorrow, we shall begin to read these scripts.

When we had seen all the rooms of the house, we looked at the Golden One and we both knew the thought in our minds.

"We shall never leave this house," we said, "nor let it be taken from us. This is our home and the end of our journey. This is your house, Golden One, and ours, and it belongs to no other men whatever as far as the earth may stretch. We shall not share it with others, as we share not our joy

with them, nor our love, nor our hunger.  
So be it to the end of our days."

"Your will be done," they said.

Then we went out to gather wood for  
the great hearth of our home. We brought  
water from the stream which runs among  
the trees under our windows. We killed  
a mountain goat, and we brought its flesh  
to be cooked in a strange copper pot we  
found in a place of wonders, which must  
have been the cooking room of the house.

We did this work alone, for no words  
of ours could take the Golden One away  
from the big glass which is not glass.  
They stood before it and they looked  
and looked upon their own body.

When the sun sank beyond the mountains,  
the Golden One fell asleep on the floor,  
amidst jewels, and bottles of crystal,  
and flowers of silk. We lifted the Golden  
One in our arms and we carried them to a bed,  
their head falling softly upon our shoulder.  
Then we lit a candle, and we brought paper  
from the room of the manuscripts,  
and we sat by the window, for we  
knew that we could not sleep tonight.

And now we look upon the earth and sky.  
This spread of naked rock and peaks  
and moonlight is like a world ready to be  
born, a world that waits. It seems to us it  
asks a sign from us, a spark, a first commandment.  
We cannot know what word we are to give,  
nor what great deed this earth expects to witness.  
We know it waits. It seems to say it has great gifts  
to lay before us, but it wishes a greater gift for us.  
We are to speak. We are to give its goal,  
its highest meaning to all this glowing  
space of rock and sky.

We look ahead, we beg our heart for guidance  
in answering this call no voice has spoken,

yet we have heard. We look upon our hands.  
We see the dust of centuries, the dust which  
hid the great secrets and perhaps great evils.  
And yet it stirs no fear within our heart,  
but only silent reverence and pity.

May knowledge come to us! What is the  
secret our heart has understood and yet will  
not reveal to us, although it seems to beat  
as if it were endeavoring to tell it?

## PART ELEVEN

I am. I think. I will.

My hands . . . My spirit . . . My sky . . .  
My forest . . . This earth of mine. . . .  
What must I say besides? These are the  
words. This is the answer.

I stand here on the summit of the mountain.  
I lift my head and I spread my arms.  
This, my body and spirit, this is the end  
of the quest. I wished to know the meaning  
of things. I am the meaning. I wished  
to find a warrant for being. I need no  
warrant for being, and no word of sanction  
upon my being. I am the warrant and the sanction.

It is my eyes which see, and the sight of  
my eyes grants beauty to the earth. It is  
my ears which hear, and the hearing of my  
ears gives its song to the world. It is my  
mind which thinks, and the judgement of  
my mind is the only searchlight that can  
find the truth. It is my will which chooses,  
and the choice of my will is the only edict  
I must respect.

Many words have been granted me,  
and some are wise, and some are false,  
but only three are holy: "I will it!"



Whatever road I take, the guiding star  
is within me; the guiding star and the  
loadstone which point the way. They point  
in but one direction. They point to me.

I know not if this earth on which I stand  
is the core of the universe or if it is but  
a speck of dust lost in eternity. I know not  
and I care not. For I know what happiness  
is possible to me on earth. And my happiness  
needs no higher aim to vindicate it.  
My happiness is not the means to any end.  
It is the end. It is its own goal.  
It is its own purpose.

Neither am I the means to any end others  
may wish to accomplish. I am not a tool  
for their use. I am not a servant of their  
needs. I am not a bandage for their wounds.  
I am not a sacrifice on their altars.

I am a man. This miracle of me is mine  
to own and keep, and mine to guard, and  
mine to use, and mine to kneel before!

I do not surrender my treasures, nor do  
I share them. The fortune of my spirit is  
not to be blown into coins of brass and  
flung to the winds as alms for the poor  
of the spirit. I guard my treasures:  
my thought, my will, my freedom.  
And the greatest of these is freedom.

I owe nothing to my brothers, nor do  
I gather debts from them. I ask none to  
live for me, nor do I live for any others.  
I covet no man's soul, nor is my soul theirs  
to covet.

I am neither foe nor friend to my brothers,  
but such as each of them shall deserve  
of me. And to earn my love, my brothers  
must do more than to have been born.  
I do not grant my love without reason, nor  
to any chance passer-by who may wish to  
claim it. I honor men with my love.

But honor is a thing to be earned.

I shall choose friends among men, but neither slaves nor masters. And I shall choose only such as please me, and them I shall love and respect, but neither command nor obey. And we shall join our hands when we wish, or walk alone when we so desire. For in the temple of his spirit, each man is alone. Let each man keep his temple untouched and undefiled. Then let him join hands with others if he wishes, but only beyond his holy threshold.

For the word "We" must never be spoken, save by one's choice and as a second thought. This word must never be placed first within man's soul, else it becomes a monster, the root of all the evils on earth, the root of man's torture by men, and of an unspeakable lie.

The word "We" is as lime poured over men, which sets and hardens to stone, and crushes all beneath it, and that which is white and that which is black are lost equally in the grey of it. It is the word by which the depraved steal the virtue of the good, by which the weak steal the might of the strong, by which the fools steal the wisdom of the sages.

What is my joy if all hands, even the unclean, can reach into it? What is my wisdom, if even the fools can dictate to me? What is my freedom, if all creatures, even the botched and the impotent, are my masters? What is my life, if I am but to bow, to agree and to obey?

But I am done with this creed of corruption.

I am done with the monster of "We," the word of serfdom, of plunder, of misery, falsehood and shame.

And now I see the face of god, and I  
raise this god over the earth, this god whom  
men have sought since men came into being,  
this god who will grant them joy and peace and pride.

This god, this one word:

"I."

## PART TWELVE

It was when I read the first of the books  
I found in my house that I saw the word  
"I." And when I understood this word,  
the book fell from my hands, and I wept,  
I who had never known tears. I wept in  
deliverance and in pity for all mankind.

I understood the blessed thing which I  
had called my curse. I understood why the  
best in me had been my sins and my transgressions;  
and why I had never felt guilt in my sins.  
I understood that centuries of chains  
and lashes will not kill the spirit of  
man nor the sense of truth within him.

I read many books for many days. Then I called  
the Golden One, and I told her  
what I had read and what I had learned.  
She looked at me and the first words she  
spoke were:

"I love you."

Then I said:

"My dearest one, it is not proper for  
men to be without names. There was a  
time when each man had a name of his  
own to distinguish him from all other men.  
So let us choose our names. I have read of  
a man who lived many thousands of years  
ago, and of all the names in these books,

his is the one I wish to bear. He took the light of the gods and he brought it to men, and he taught men to be gods. And he suffered for his deed as all bearers of light must suffer. His name was Prometheus."

"It shall be your name," said the Golden One.

"And I have read of a goddess," I said, "who was the mother of the earth and of all the gods. Her name was Gaea. Let this be your name, my Golden One, for you are to be the mother of a new kind of gods."

"It shall be my name," said the Golden One.

Now I look ahead. My future is clear before me. The Saint of the pyre had seen the future when he chose me as his heir, as the heir of all the saints and all the martyrs who came before him and who died for the same cause, for the same word, no matter what name they gave to their cause and their truth.

I shall live here, in my own house.  
I shall take my food from the earth  
by the toil of my own hands. I shall  
learn many secrets from my books.  
Through the years ahead, I shall rebuild  
the achievements of the past,  
and open the way to carry them further,  
the achievements which are open to me,  
but closed forever to my brothers,  
for their minds are shackled to the  
weakest and dullest ones among them.

I have learned that my power of the sky  
was known to men long ago; they called  
it Electricity. It was the power that  
moved their greatest inventions. It lit  
this house with light which came from  
those globes of glass on the walls.  
I have found the engine which produced this light.  
I shall learn how to repair it and how to  
make it work again. I shall learn how to

use the wires which carry this power.  
Then I shall build a barrier of wires around  
my home, and across the paths which lead  
to my home; a barrier light as a cobweb, more  
impassable than a wall of granite; a barrier  
my brothers will never be able to cross.  
For they have nothing to fight me with,  
save the brute force of their numbers.  
I have my mind.

Then here, on this mountaintop, with  
the world below me and nothing above me  
but the sun, I shall live my own truth.  
Gaea is pregnant with my child. Our son  
will be raised as a man. He will be taught  
to say "I" and to bear the pride of it. He  
will be taught to walk straight and on his  
own feet. He will be taught reverence for  
his own spirit.

When I shall have read all the books  
and learned my new way, when my home  
will be ready and my earth tilled,  
I shall steal one day, for the last time,  
into the cursed City of my birth. I shall call to me  
my friend who has no name save International 4-8818,  
and all those like him, Fraternity 2-5503,  
who cries without reason, and Solidarity 9-6347  
who calls for help in the night, and a few others.  
I shall call to me all the men and the women  
whose spirit has not been killed within them  
and who suffer under the yoke of their brothers.  
They will follow me and I shall lead them to my fortress.  
And here, in this uncharted wilderness, I and they,  
my chosen friends, my fellow-builders, shall write  
the first chapter in the new history of man.

These are the things before me.  
And as I stand here at the door of glory,  
I look behind me for the last time.  
I look upon the history of men, which  
I have learned from the books, and I wonder.  
It was a long story, and the spirit which moved it  
was the spirit of man's freedom.  
But what is freedom? Freedom from what?  
There is nothing to take a man's freedom away

from him, save other men. To be free,  
a man must be free of his brothers.  
That is freedom. That and nothing else.

At first, man was enslaved by the gods.  
But he broke their chains. Then he was  
enslaved by the kings. But he broke their chains.  
He was enslaved by his birth, by his kin,  
by his race. But he broke their chains.  
He declared to all his brothers that  
a man has rights which neither god nor  
king nor other men can take away from him,  
no matter what their number, for his is  
the right of man, and there is no right  
on earth above this right. And he stood on  
the threshold of the freedom for which the  
blood of the centuries behind him had been spilled.

But then he gave up all he had won,  
and fell lower than his savage beginning.

What brought it to pass? What disaster took  
their reason away from men? What whip  
lashed them to their knees in shame and  
submission? The worship of the word  
"We."

When men accepted that worship,  
the structure of centuries collapsed  
about them, the structure whose every beam  
had come from the thought of some one man,  
each in his day down the ages, from the depth  
of some one spirit, such spirit as existed  
but for its own sake. Those men who survived  
those eager to obey, eager to live for one  
another, since they had nothing else to  
vindicate them--those men could neither carry  
on, nor preserve what they had received.  
Thus did all thought, all science,  
all wisdom perish on earth. Thus did men--  
men with nothing to offer save their great number--  
lost the steel towers, the flying ships,  
the power wires, all the things they had  
not created and could never keep. Perhaps,  
later, some men had been born with the  
mind and the courage to recover these

things which were lost; perhaps these men came before the Councils of Scholars. They were answered as I have been answered-- and for the same reasons.

But I still wonder how it was possible, in those graceless years of transition, long ago, that men did not see whither they were going, and went on, in blindness and cowardice, to their fate. I wonder, for it is hard for me to conceive how men who knew the word "I" could give it up and not know what they lost. But such has been the story, for I have lived in the City of the damned, and I know what horror men permitted to be brought upon them.

Perhaps, in those days, there were a few among men, a few of clear sight and clean soul, who refused to surrender that word. What agony must have been theirs before that which they saw coming and could not stop! Perhaps they cried out in protest and in warning. But men paid no heed to their warning. And they, these few, fought a hopeless battle, and they perished with their banners smeared by their own blood. And they chose to perish, for they knew. To them, I send my salute across the centuries, and my pity.

Theirs is the banner in my hand. And I wish I had the power to tell them that the despair of their hearts was not to be final, and their night was not without hope. For the battle they lost can never be lost. For that which they died to save can never perish. Through all the darkness, through all the shame of which men are capable, the spirit of man will remain alive on this earth. It may sleep, but it will awaken. It may wear chains, but it will break through. And man will go on. Man, not men.

Here on this mountain, I and my sons and my chosen friends shall build our new

land and our fort. And it will become as the heart of the earth, lost and hidden at first, but beating, beating louder each day. And word of it will reach every corner of the earth. And the roads of the world will become as veins which will carry the best of the world's blood to my threshold. And all my brothers, and the Councils of my brothers, will hear of it, but they will be impotent against me. And the day will come when I shall break all the chains of the earth, and raze the cities of the enslaved, and my home will become the capital of a world where each man will be free to exist for his own sake.

For the coming of that day shall I fight,  
I and my sons and my chosen friends.  
For the freedom of Man. For his rights.  
For his life. For his honor.

And here, over the portals of my fort,  
I shall cut in the stone the word which is  
to be my beacon and my banner. The word  
which will not die, should we all perish in  
battle. The word which can never die on  
this earth, for it is the heart of it and the  
meaning and the glory.

The sacred word:

EGO