



EXCERPT FROM CORWIN

"Set Your Clock at U235"

NOW we are in it together. The rich with their automatic comforts, and the family bunking seven in a room: The highly trained, who understand the poems and the engines; and those whose culture measures five hundred words across the middle.

Old people tired of wars and winters, and children who do not yet know they are made of matter:

The famous face in four colours, nationalised on the cover of the magazine; and the crowd face, the background face, grey, nameless, out of focus:

Now we are in it, in it together.

THE secrets of the earth have been peeled, one by one, until the core is bare:

The nations have heard of the fission of the atom and have seen the photographs: skies aboil with interlocking

When he was in Australia recently, NORMAN CORWIN read, in an ABC "Guest of Honour" broadcast, excerpts from his latest radio drama, "Set Your Clock at U235." It deals with the significance to all men of the uranium isotope (U235) which is the core of the atom bomb. Publication of these excerpts was permitted by the author.

fury, mushrooms of uranium smoke ascending to where angels patrol uneasily.

THERE have been improvements since: the atom can be far more sudden than has yet been shown.

Attack it with another thrust of algebraic symbols and the cutting edge of an equation, and there will be the grand reaction:

The first news of it will arrive in your district as a shuddering in the sky:

A glow, far off, brightening: heat beating outward in concentric waves: the atmosphere a band of fire, the seas themselves, the wet seas, tinder:

The hills that looked on Christ will heave and crackle, and quarries vaporise as eagerly as the dust of Pharaohs:

The earth, the tamed and tonsured earth, with all its gardens and substances, its places, breeds, and patterns, its letters and its airs, will plummet out of grace; will fail its orbit:

And soon enough will be a blistered ash, its moon trailing lonely and ungoverned, like a dog after his master's corpse.

Do not smile, do not smile as though knowing better.

It could happen.

The model is any suicide.

The model is Samson, destroying the temple and himself.

WE are all in the zone of danger: we are in it together:

Hang a red lantern on your pillow.

It could happen, for man's time will not outlive another war.

AS for the latest war, what's to become of its victors and their victory?

Their dear-bought, blood-begotten, towering, and grave victory?

Need the laurel wither?

Need the sword go blunt again with the rusting disease of men and metals?

Need the worker be lucky to work?

Need an epoch hang on the tailored charms of a diplomat?

Need there be guts and gore on every map again?

DO not search the sky for answers to these and kindred questions:

Don't trust the editorials in picture weeklies. Tea leaves are more reliable.

The answers are in us together.

For only if we've learned that every multiple of one comes but to ONE in the arithmetic of nations.

Then only was the long trip back from Munich necessary.

Then only can it be explained to echelons of airmen who left their mark in air

And to Marines whose faces rubbed off on the cinders of Iwo;

(continued on next page)



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