The Globs

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Abstract

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ONCE upon a time, many eons ago, there were no people on the face of the Earth. But, in the ocean, there were millions of little globs, swimming to and fro. There was, among all the globs in the ocean, one particular glob named Adam-Glob. He looked just like all the other globs. He acted just like all the other globs. All he ever did was eat, and sleep, and sometimes swim around on his back on top of the ocean.

One day, Adam-Glob happened to swim near some dry land. He looked at the green trees and the green grass, and thought, “Gee, wouldn’t it be fun to get out of this wet water and run barefoot through all that green grass!” THIS WAS THE FIRST TIME A GLOB HAD EVER THOUGHT!

Since Adam-Glob now thought, he was different from all the other little globs. Yet, he thought sadly, he still looked like all the other little globs. And how could he ever run barefoot through grass when he didn’t know how to get out of all that wet water? Why, he didn’t even have any feet to run with.

Poor Adam Glob. He floated around for days, looking
at the dry land, not even eating. And all the time he kept thinking, "Oh, how I wish I could have feet." He thought and he wished, and he thought and he wished until one day — Adam-Glob looked down and discovered he had thought so hard that he had grown a pair of feet. Not very good feet. But good enough to carry him up onto the dry land. For three days Adam-Glob did nothing but run through the green grass. Then he decided he would like some hands. So he thought and thought until he grew some.

After awhile, Adam-Glob got tired of growing new parts. He looked around at the trees, and decided he was lonesome.

So Adam-Glob ran to the edge of the water, and waited until a cute girl-glob swam by. He explained to this girl-glob how she could get on dry land too. The little girl-glob, who was named Eve-Glob, thought her way out of the water. Adam-Glob and Eve-Glob got married, and began raising baby globs. And all of their children could think. Pretty soon, after a couple of million years went by —

— the great-great-great-great-great-great-great-grandchildren of the original Glob-family had thought so hard that they became human-globs, better known as "people."

Even though all people looked and acted just about the same, there were two kinds of people, or so the people said. One type of people lived behind an iron curtain. The other type of people only had an immigration screen to keep out people they didn't like. And the screen had holes in it.

The people behind the iron curtain called the other people "Capitalistic Warmongers". The people behind the immigration screen called the other people "Communistic Warmongers". Both the Capitalistic Warmongers and the Communistic Warmongers called themselves "Democrats", or maybe even "True Democrats".

This got confusing. Finally, they just called themselves what they were called by each other. Or sometimes, the capitalists were called "Caps", for short. Even though the Communists were the same color as everyone else, they were called "Reds".

The Reds all wanted to be like the "Common Man". The Caps all wanted to be just like, or better than, "Mr. Jones".

If a Communist was accused of being a Capitalistic War-
monger, he was shot. Even worse, if a Capitalist was accused of being a Communistic Warmonger, he was ignored.

The Capitalistic Warmongers thought the Communistic Warmongers wanted to start a war, and the Communistic Warmongers thought the Capitalistic Warmongers wanted to start a war. So they both built big piles of weapons so they could get in the fun if they were attacked.

However, the Communists and the Capitalists were so scared of each other's big pile of weapons that neither one of them cared to start anything. Confidentially, nobody wanted to get shot up in a war. They probably just liked to build stock-piles.

Pretty soon the Communists and the Capitalists got so scared of each other that all they could think was, "Capitalists are Warmongers", if they were Communists. Or, "Communists are Warmongers", if they were Capitalists.

The first words a Capitalist baby said were, "Weds ah Woahmonguhs". The first words a Communist baby said were, "So are Caps". Capitalists' children no longer added one plus one makes two in school. They added one Communistic Warmonger plus one Communistic Warmonger makes two Communist' Warmongers. The Communists' children added Capitalistic Warmongers, only in Russian. Naughty little Capitalist boys called their teachers "Commies" behind their backs. Communist boys were always being watched and listened to, so they just thought their teachers were Capitalists, even in front of their backs.

One year a Capitalist reporter was awarded the Pulitzer Award for the following article, summing up the current trend of thought:

"COMMUNISTS ARE WARMONGERS!!!!!!

A Warmonger is a Communist. The best way to describe a Communist is to call him a Warmonger. Secretary of Stock-Piling Hubert Q. Schultz said last night in his address to the 'Down With Communistic Warmongers Association' that Communists are Warmongers. It is evident from the available data that all Communists are interested in is Warmongering. Let us add to the list of famous slogans, this concise statement: Communists are nothing but Warmongers."

Coincidentally, a Russian reporter this same year won the
Lupitzeritchsky award for a similar article, with the facts vica versa, and in Russian.

The Communists put together their iron curtain so well that by using a little scotch tape and bubble-gum, the last crack was closed up. The Capitalists could no longer see what was going on behind the iron curtain. No account came from behind the iron curtain from then on. But the Capitalists knew the Communists were there, and now were even more scared as they didn’t know what the Communists were doing.

The Capitalists kept on living and working, waiting for the Communists to make the first move. But the Communists never moved. The life of a Capitalist became entirely dominated by wondering what the Communists were doing. Even all grounds for divorce were abolished except suspecting a spouse of being a Communist Warmonger.

The years went by, as they usually do. Then one day, a little Capitalist boy asked his mother why the Communists were Warmongers. His mother told him it was because the Communists wanted to start a war. When he asked her why they didn’t start one then, his mother replied, “Can’t you see I’m busy, Johnny? Run along and play.”

When the Capitalists’ children grew up, they no longer thought only, “Communists are Warmongers”. They just thought, “Communists are”.

One day a little Capitalist boy in the new batch of children the Capitalists were raising asked his mother why everyone was always saying and thinking, “Communists are”. His mother explained that “are” means be, or exist, and everyone was always thinking about the Communists existing inside of the iron curtain. When he asked his mother how everyone knew the Communists were in there, she said, “Can’t you see I’m busy, Johnny? Run along and play.”

The next generation of Capitalist children went around thinking “Communists”. Nothing more — just, “Communists”. Then one day a little Capitalist boy, who was thinking “Communists”, naturally, asked his mother why everyone always thought just, “Communists”. His mother looked at him a moment, and then said, “Run along and play, Johnny, can’t you see I’m busy?”

Soon after this, the Capitalists’ officials started receiv-
Sketch

Sketching many reports of missing persons. Especially on the east coast. And on the west coast. And even down on the southern coast. The officials were scared.

They took a vote, which decided that the Communists must be responsible. And no one alive had ever seen a real, live Communist. Some of the officials ran home and hid under their beds. Some officials crawled into underground shelters built many centuries ago, in case the Communists should attack. Others ran away to the very middle of the country.

But pretty soon the officials hiding under their beds got hungry and came out. The officials hiding in underground shelters found them cold and drafty, and they too came out of hiding. The officials hiding in the middle of the middle of the country heard reports of people disappearing in the Great Lakes region. No place was safe.

The officials got together once more, and decided someone must investigate the disappearances. Not them. But someone. So a special committee was appointed. The Subcommittee of the Special Committee appointed a committee to appoint the investigators. The Investigation Committee, with a little prompting, set out to investigate.

They took portable A-bombs, B-bombs, and Z-bombs, along with a few clubs and pitchforks. They were prepared for the worst. They reached the west coast at night, all of them thinking as hard as they could, "Communists".

They watched and they waited, they waited and watched. Some of them looked out to sea. Some of them expected an attack from behind. Some of them looked behind and under and on top of everything. And everyone.

Nothing happened.

But all the time, they thought as hard as they could, "Communists". After awhile, they got tired of watching. And waiting. And looking.

They even got tired of thinking, "Communists". Especially since they didn't know what it meant. So they stopped watching, and waiting, and looking, and—finally, they stopped thinking.

And at that moment, just like all the people who had disappeared before them, they walked back to where they had come from, back into the sea.
There they floated around, eating, sleeping, and dying next to other little globs. Some of the other little globs had many years ago seeped out from behind the iron curtain, when the Communists, too, had one by one stopped thinking.

—Joan (Wagner) Cessinger, T. Jl., Soph, '55–56

What Is Happiness?

Happiness
Is a feeling,
The joy of hearing
Church bells pealing
The wonderful music that knows no fear
Nor hate.

Happiness
Is seeing
A small child
Catching a ball for the first time,
So proud is he,
And wild with joy
Are we
Who share his gleeful smile.

An autumn leaf,
A snow-filled hill,
Who thinks of grief,
Of bad or ill
At seeing these?
No, this is the time
For happiness.

Happiness is the world
Through the eyes of young people
In love,
So gay, so bright,
A dancing wave,