

# Doctor Anderson!

John Keane and Robert Kruse

HENGIST, the old psychiatrist, bit into a little toasted sandwich thing filled with cream and speckled with bits of pink. While someone tinkled away on a smoky piano, he frowned at the empty surface of a carved Malaga wood tray, and turned back to the conversation.

There was also a young psychiatrist, peppy and smiling, listening to a capital P Philosopher who was saying:

“. . . our society demands that we contribute something.”

“Jordons,” the old psychiatrist said, “is a man stuffed full of this mission-in-life-tripe.” He took off a bit of tinsel from a lamp; the tinsel crawled like an earthworm.

“We have our duties,” Jordons said, becoming stiffy and tall. “We must think of them early in life, set goals, arrange values, accomplish!”

“Have you decided what your mission is yet, Jordons?” the young psychiatrist asked, tossing a bit of confetti into the violet party-light floating near his shoulder.

“Yes,” Jordons said firmly. “It is to learn, to discover, to cure, to help, to understand,—things of that sort. Why, I think even Dr. Hengist here has a mission, though he won’t admit it.”

“I *will* admit it,” growled old Hengist. “It’s to find a drink and stay away from philosophers.” Old Hengist stumped off.

Another man, in swallow tail coat and quiet blue tie, the silent member of the foursome, smiled after Hengist, arcing his eyes over passing trays and bobbing heads. He nodded to himself—he nodded no. No, not a pink one, not an orange one, not a plain one with a lime-cherry floating in it.

“You have a duty, too,” Jordons was saying to the young psychiatrist. “Be sure of it, you have. All of us here today, with everything as it is, have duties.”

“Is it, though?” the man in the swallow-tailed coat asked, poking in a tray, and smiling, always smiling.

“Just who *are* you, my dear sir?” Jordons was frosty.

“Only Dr. Anderson,” Dr. Anderson said, smiling upward.

“Medical man, Dr. Anderson?” the psychiatrist asked, being friendly. “From the Infirmary?”

Dr. Anderson smiled but didn’t say what sort of man he was.

“Ordinary people don’t have to think about morals and duties and society,” the Philosopher said. “But—even though we’re not from the Infirmary—we do. Everybody *should*.”

“The medical men,” Dr. Anderson said, “have thought too much. And made mistakes. They’ve made it impossible for a man to rest anymore.”

“How do you mean, sir?” the psychiatrist asked. “Medical ad-

vances at the Infirmary have certainly opened up huge new fields, made human life . . . oh, longer, stronger, more comfortable, free of pain, free of worry."

"Perhaps," said Dr. Anderson. "But we don't get any rest anymore."

"You surely don't suggest," said the Philosopher, squinting darkly, "that the Infirmary's new methods of restoring the dead are . . . bad?"

"Yes, bad," said Dr. Anderson, tearing a bit of gay ribbon down its length.

"But . . . but, as a doctor, you ought to see that is the ultimate goal of the medical profession—retaining, restoring human life. Why, it's all there is, everything! It's the greatest discovery ever made!"

"People don't rest enough," smiled Dr. Anderson. "They have taken away the graveyard and substituted a factory. I prefer the graveyard. I like to be quiet."

"With the Infirmary," the Philosopher said grandly, "the medical profession has almost achieved its mission. And, in a few more years, the sociologists will achieve theirs, the philosophers theirs; and then we can go on to greater things. The fulfillment of our missions is the fulfillment of existence."

"What do you consider your mission, Dr. Anderson?" The psychiatrist was just a little rolly.

Dr. Anderson, having refused the pink, the orange, the plain with floating lime-cherry, took a bit of something thick and green.

"Lighting fools their way to dusty death," he said. Sipping, Dr. Anderson walked away.

"Odd," said the Philosopher.

"Quite," said the psychiatrist, the young one.

"Who is that fellow?"

"Just Dr. Anderson," the psychiatrist said, humming along with a song an old street-singer was singing in a corner. The street-singer had a mustache!

A tall woman came up, a tall woman with a white blouse who seemed to sway with accordion music from the terrace.

"Mrs. Bowles," the Philosopher asked, "who is that little fellow over there? The one that smiles all the time."

"Why," said the tall woman, nodding to a Fred strolling by with a violin—"Lo, Freddy! Play something gypsy, Freddy,"—and laughing, "Dr. Anderson, of course. He said so himself."

"Yes, but——"

"I invited him," said Mrs. Bowles, "because he was at Lulu's party, and she mentioned him to me——'simply must invite smiley Dr. Anderson,' she said, 'he smiles so.' And I did! And he *does!*" Mrs. Bowles smiled like ferns in soft winds.

"I imagine," she went on quietly, listening to the low tones of a

violinist strolling in the green garden, "he has something to do with the Infirmary; he seems terribly brilliant. Such frightful brains, really. His head, you know."

"Thank you," said Jordons.

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Later, batting a balloon-like party-light away, Jordons peered closely at the psychiatrist. "Smiley man, foo! Smiley man, indeed. I've asked everybody, nobody's ever heard of any Dr. Anderson."

"You can see why he's popular at these parties, though," the psychiatrist said. "Going around quoting Shakespeare."

"The man's a Communist," Jordons said.

"What's that?"

"They used to be Russians, and people like that."

"Oh. But they're all dead. Dead for too long."

"Yes, but he's someone *like* a Communist. They didn't like *anything*."

"Dr. Anderson may like *something*. He just doesn't like some of the new medical discoveries, that's all."

"He's against Science!" Jordons threw away his non-breaking glass. He teetered a little. "And Art!" He burped, too. "And Mathematics!"

"The Anti-Sams are dead, also," said the psychiatrist.

Jordons waved a pale finger. Between the two, on the little table's center, a heavy party light danced up and down a controlled jet of air nothing. Jordons slashed through it with his finger. The light fell dark, was caught by a renewed jet of something, bubbled up again burning brightly.

"He *talks* like an Anti-Sam."

"More like an Anti-Advancement cultist. He's tired, perhaps."

"I don't like all this smiling," said Jordons.

Moving here and there, lean across his buttoned stomach, pinched through the cheeks, a little dusty, a little grey, a little old, Dr. Anderson!

"You're awfully quiet," Mrs. Bowles said, "but I like quiet men. Mature men."

"I'm glad," said Dr. Anderson, chucking her under the chin. She was wearing a transparent cape of violet, streaming and billowing in a wind all its own. She had small pink ears! "I'm fond of you, too," Dr. Anderson said.

"Where're you from, Dr. Anderson?" Mrs. Bowles asked in gentle whimsy. "We know hardly anything about you." She put her hand near a bowl of garnet-colored fish; the fish turned rose; the liquid became silver and steamed a little.

"From another place," said Dr. Anderson, smiling into her eyes and wafting her cape in the air with one hand. "Where there are little sharp silver knives, tubes of glass, bits of electricity dancing up a scale, bits of tissue in clear plastic, sub-molecular microscopes . . .

devices to ferret out the little secrets you have . . . to make it hard to rest. Bad things and good things."

"Not the Infirmary?" She drew back suddenly.

"The Infirmary is not the place for you," he said. "Not with those eyes."

"You must know everything," Mrs. Bowles said, leaning quite close. "You have handsome hair, Doctor."

"Almost everything," he smiled sadly. "Will you go with me to the elevator?"

"And then where?" she asked, bobbing her head a little as Dr. Anderson blew into her small pink ear.

"To the roof," he said, pressing out floating lights that drifted toward them from across the breeze-swept terrace.

"And then?" There were blue shadows beneath her golden eyebrows, and sunny lights shimmered now and then in her eyes.

"By helicopter to a place," Dr. Anderson said, "where I can watch little bits of lightning running in your hair."

They slipped through breezing fawn curtains toward the elevator, smiling eye into eye.

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"I'm glad he's gone," Jordons was saying. "I can't stand that Anderson. Smiling!"

"Smile the while," the young psychiatrist said, passing an orange liqueur to Jordons. "Drink, drink, drink—and be drunk."

"He," Jordons growled, "would drink the orange."

"He drank the green, though," the psychiatrist reminded.

"We ought to call the police."

"Now, Jordons, now Jordons." The psychiatrist drained off a pink drink. The strolling violinist was playing *Finiculi Finicula*. "Isn't that fine?"

"What?"

"The music. Everything."

"No. Not that Anderson."

The violinist paused by a violet-eyed girl all in pale grey. The violinist was playing a song of the Spanish gypsies. The girl in grey watched the violinist's face with quiet eyes.

"We ought to call the *They*," Jordons was repeating. "*They* know how to deal with such people."

"Drink a little of this wine. Wine makes all men brothers, all women beautiful, all philosophers drunk," he sighed heavily.

"What a nice party," he said a minute later.

"You're a psychiatrist," Jordons grumbled.

The psychiatrist didn't seem to have heard. "I wish it wouldn't end so soon. Another week and our party'll be all over. My, how time flies!"

"Ought to call the *They*," Jordons mused, draining off a golden horn of fermented fruit juices.

"No," the psychiatrist begged, patting Jordons' shoulder, "not the *They*. It's been such a nice party. Not them, now."

"There's no reason to smile all the time," Jordons argued.

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"Why, where've you been, Dr. Anderson?" a beautiful woman of perhaps twenty-five asked. They called her Bella Donna. She wore black this time.

"Oh," said Dr. Anderson, "I left. Have a bit of peppermint?"

"Yes," she lisped.

Presently, Dr. Anderson moved away with Bella Donna.

"First to the roof," he said, smiling into her brown eyes.

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The next evening, still at the same table, the psychiatrist had finally gotten the lady in pale gray to sit with him. Jordons didn't care much for this state of affairs, either.

"I sing," the girl said, "a little. But not very well. I have to work awfully hard."

"I think you're the most beautiful thing in the world," the psychiatrist said. "But then, I've only met you."

A gray gloved hand patted his cheek. "What's your name?"

"Stanislaus," he said; "yours?"

"Oh, Penny. Do you like Penny?"

"A penny for your thoughts," he said. "Have something yellow, for your eyes?"

Jordons, ignoring them both, tossed clear bits of crystal into a blue-green brook. The crystals sparkled, fizzed whitely, made minute music. Jordons sat open-mouthed, watching the fireless fireworks.

"Oh, my," he said, "that's nice."

"Ask the violinist to come back," Penny said.

The violinist, who had been strolling and violining for nearly eighteen days, strolled toward them now, bronzed-brown of face, black of hair, faintly sad, playing old gypsy songs.

"Play *O Sole o Mio*," Stanislaus the psychiatrist said.

"Si," the violinist smiled wanly; he had already played it five hundred and eight times.

"Isn't your friend happy?" Penny asked.

"He's a philosopher," Stanislaus explained. "Let's dance."

"*They'd* stop that smiling," Jordons grumbled. He looked up at the violinist Stanislaus and Penny were dancing away from. "Go away, gypsy man."

"Si," said the violinist.

"Get the *They*, that's what I'll do."

"Mr. Jordson!" Dr. Anderson said, stepping out from behind a clump of potted palms.

"Mr. Jordanss," said Jordons sharply. "What've you been doing?"

"First with Mrs. Bowles," said Dr. Anderson. "'Could beauty have better commerce than with honesty?'"

"Don't you smile," Jordons warned, shaking a finger.

"You don't like smiling?"

"Well," said Jordons, looking left and right and under the table, "no. Not so much."

"Well, I can understand," said Dr. Anderson sadly. "Perhaps he smiles at jests who never felt a tear."

And he walked off!

Jordons squinted after him. "*They* should hear about *you*."

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Presently, Dr. Anderson found himself talking to a rich man. They were watching a four-dimension play. The players bowed, ending, and were scattered away in a burst of light. Now on the black velvet stage, from an opening in the roof, came through one single shaft of sunlight, like a spotlight. The other spectators began to drift away.

"Admirable," the rich man said, "though, of course, we've seen it many times before. Still, we mustn't forget what the surgeons have done. Theirs was the greatest fight, the greatest drama, releasing man from death. And the play—"

"A tale," Dr. Anderson said, "told by an idiot, full of sound and fury, signifying nothing."

"Have a drink? It has lemon in it."

"I prefer the green," Dr. Anderson said. "You appear to me to be a man of good health, sir; good blood, good heart. However, there is an unusual discoloration about your cheeks that . . ."

The rich man's eyes bulged. "Tell me; tell me!"

"I cannot tell without examination," said Dr. Anderson, smiling reassurance.

"But I can't be sick!"

"Oh, you might," Dr. Anderson said.

"Do you think I ought . . . to see someone at the Infirmary?"

"Oh, they don't handle *your* kind of case."

"Can't you help me? I can't stand being sick."

"I'd have to make a full examination."

"You would? Well. Well, well. I can't be sick; I mustn't. My wife, you know . . . she says there'll be a big pageant at the end of the party."

"That's five days off," Dr. Anderson said. "You might not make it."

"Oh, I've got to! My wife . . . she wouldn't like it if I wasn't there. Perhaps you'd better examine me."

"We'll go to my office," Dr. Anderson said. "First to the elevator and then we'll fly. It'll relax you."

On the third-to-the-last day, Jordons was lying on a foamy floating bed in the middle of the pool, dipping wine out of a buoy that floated by.

Stanislaus and Penny were sitting among the stone figures near where the brook entered the pool, tossing orange blossoms to the goldfish.

"Never ought to come to these parties," Jordons was saying. "I ought to work at my work. Got my duty. Not like *some* people." He watched Dr. Anderson come up to someone who'd been walking at the edge of the pool. They began to talk. The distance was far enough and Jordons drunk enough that he could not quite hear them. Presently they walked away together. "'s smilin'."

"You're wearing rose today," Stanislaus the psychiatrist whispered to Penny. "I like that much better than gray."

"I like you better than anything!" Penny said.

Presently Stanislaus and Penny were asleep, shoulder to shoulder, head to head, sitting on the round platform, their feet in the warm water. Little breezes sifted through floating palm-tree clumps.

But Jordons wasn't asleep.

He watched Dr. Anderson, who was always gone about twenty minutes, come back from the elevator.

"Smiley man, smiley man!" Jordons called over the water.

Dr. Anderson stood at the edge of the pool, watching little ripples come to the surface from underground pipes.

"Are you resting, Mr. Jordons?"

"No! I never rest. I'm thinking. Nobody rests! There's no time; no need. Too much to do to go around resting."

"You should rest," Dr. Anderson said. "Why don't you come with me to the elevator; then you can rest."

"No!"

"You'd like it." But Jordons shook his head.

"Penny and Stanislaus are resting," Dr. Anderson suggested.

"Well, his last sleep was eighteen months ago, he told me. It's all right for him. Besides, he was drunk. And she's laughing and smiling all the time. That'd make anybody tired."

"Aren't *you* tired?"

"No! Go away!"

Jordons splashed water feebly across at Dr. Anderson.

"Wouldn't you like to come with me and rest?"

"No, no, no. Go away; I want to think."

Dr. Anderson looked at the wide expanse of water between them and went away.

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It was the last day and almost time for the pageant—and Jordons, Stanislaus, and Penny the gray girl, were sitting around the wide, rolling veldt of the velvet players' platform.

"It's time for the pageant," Penny said, nuzzling the psychiatrist under the chin. "Ootchie-woo," she said.

"Wootchi-boo," he said.

"Yes, by God! It is time for the pageant. The party's almost over. And there's nobody here and no play or anything."

"I saw the violinist just a little while ago, playing gypsy music," Stanislaus said, quietly drunk. "I wish he'd come back and play little songs for Penny."

Penny smiled. "I saw Dr. Anderson talking to him. They went someplace."

"Stop that," Jordons ordered, poking Penny's arm.

"What?"

"That smiling."

"You leave her alone!" the psychiatrist warned. "Or you'll get a good one on the nose. You smile if you want to, Penny."

"Don't like everybody smiling." Jordons had a tray of drinks—old ones, by the taste—that once had eighteen glasses, with liquids each of a different color. Four were still sparkling and throwing off bits of rice when he first found it and sat it in his lap; now there were only two drinks left. Jordons drank the two drinks one after the other. He noticed Dr. Anderson, standing behind a drape. "I know all about you," he called. "There's no people left because you took them all away and didn't bring them back, did you?" Dr. Anderson, smiling, stepped out from behind the drape, came toward them. "You took the violinist," Jordons accused.

"I heard him tell old Mr. Barnstunger that he was Yesterdays," Penny whispered. "He's not Yesterdays; he's Dr. Anderson!"

"Hello," Dr. Anderson said, coming up.

"He isn't *all* our Yesterdays, just one," Stanislaus said. "Aren't you, Dr. Anderson?"

"He is a tail," Jordons broke in, swaying, "worn by an idiot; full and furry, signaling nothing to nobody."

Dr. Anderson said: "You look tired, Mr. Jordons."

"I'm *not* tired," Mr. Jordons said.

"Would you like to come with me now?"

"Maybe," Jordons said coyly. "But why don't you take Stanislaus and Penny?"

"They're resting!" he said. "They don't need to come."

Jordons wagged an owlsh finger. "I know about you, Dr. Anderson."

"No, you don't."

"Yes, I do-oo."

"You just think you do."

"I do, too, and I've told *Them*, so *They* know too. I told the *They*."

"The *They*?" Penny asked, dreamily. "Pretty thing," she whispered in Stanislaus' ear. Stanislaus chuckled.



"*They* are what you're afraid of, what you've done wrong, what's in the dark," Jordons said, eyeing the smiley man. "*They* know what everybody's done—oh, yes *They* do, Dr. Anderson. Because everybody's got a Record. You've *got* to have a Record, and now *They*'ll come after you. If you've killed somebody, it's why and who you've killed. And if you're afraid of somebody, *They*'re them. You'll not smile any more, Dr. Anderson!"

"Oh," said Dr. Anderson. "But I haven't any Record and I'm afraid of so many things that you don't know which one it should be and neither do *They*. Wouldn't you like to come with me and find out so *They* could . . .?"

"Yes! *Now* I'll come. It's my duty!"

Dr. Anderson and Jordons walked off toward the elevator. Penny waved after them.

They went to the roof, got into Dr. Anderson's helicopter, and whirl-whirled away into the night.

"Don't you hear anything?"

"No."

"Feel anything?"

"No."

Jordons leaned back, dissatisfied. "Ought to hear things, and feel things, because your *They* pattern is being broadcast and pretty soon. . . ."

"No," Dr. Anderson said, "not even pretty soon."

"*They*'ll find out and your *They*'ll get you!"

"Perhaps," said Dr. Anderson. There were two small bumps and they rolled to a stop over a black square in the roof and the square began to de-elevate downward. Down, down, down.

"Here we are!"

They got out and Jordons looked around. "It's a basement."

"Yes."

"Why, Dr. Anderson—you *have* got all the people from the party."

"*All* the people."

Jordons made a count, mumbling. "People—glass cases—rubber tubes—bottles. *Red* bottles!"

"Blood," smiled Dr. Anderson.

"But it goes into that kind of clock."

"Listen," said Dr. Anderson. *Tick, tick, tick.* "Hear—" tick—"one ounce—" tick—"each person—" tick—"each hour—" tick! Six hundred (600) people @ 1 oz./person/hr.

"Mathematics! Hear it churn and froth—"

Antibodies, Rh negative. Colloids swirling among the hemoglobin.

"Science! See the color on the dial—"

Manometer tubes, full of red liquid—temperature, pressure. Brilliant red on the black and white background.

"Art!"

Wheels moving in small jerking arcs, splashing.

"But there's a leak," said Jordons. "It's spattering your gears!"

"Nobody is perfect," said Dr. Anderson. "Thank God."

"Then you *are* an Anti-SAMite!"

"It's only a hobby," said Dr. Anderson.

Jordons kept watching the clockwork.

"Things aren't what they used to be," Dr. Anderson went on, smiling sadly—old and dusty, Dr. Anderson! "Let's go downstairs now."

"Are they all resting?" Jordons asked as they walked through the surgically white room, past the hundreds and hundreds of glass coffins and the arms-out people.

"Yes, because they can be fed and taken care of and that way the human body keeps replacing blood as long as it lives. And it lives a long time now. Oh, a long time. Be careful of the stairs."

"I will. I've got a little metal thing behind my ear, Dr. Anderson," Jordons said. "And everything I hear goes back to the *They* records and *They* make a pattern for YOU! Didn't know that, did you?"

"Why, yes, I suspected."

"The walls are awfully damp, Dr. Anderson. And these stones are so old . . . there's moss!"

"Yes, there's moss."

"We're going down awfully far."

"Yes, down and down."

"Where? Where're we going, Dr. Anderson?"

"Not going; coming back."

"I don't want to come back; coming back is circular, failure. I want to go on, on. On, on, on, on." It took all his breath; after a while, no one could hear him, so he just said: "On, on," under his breath. Then:

"What've you brought me here for, Dr. Anderson?" There were no more stairs and no farther to go. "What's down here?"

Dr. Anderson smiled a smile; looked at the light along a steel shovel's blade.

"Dusty death," he said.

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Outside, four men in gray, four men who were *They* huntsmen, looked at each other.

"It isn't broadcasting any more."

"He must have broken it some way."

All four huntsmen put clips of silver bullets into their rifles, broke down the door, and went in.

They scuffled down the mossy stairs, their voices echoing:

"Weeeeee founnnnnnd youuuuuuu . . .

"Weeeeee founnnnnnd youuuuuuu . . .

"Weeeeee founnnnnnd youuuuuuu . . . . . Dr. Anderson!"