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Contributors

CHRISTOPHER DAWSON, British sociologist-historian, continues his study of European cultural forces. LeGARDE S. DOUGHTY, has contributed stories to Prairie Schooner, Arizona Quarterly, Decade, etc., and is honored in Martha Foley's most recent collection of The Best American Short Stories. EMILIE GLEN is widely published and has also been honored in Martha Foley's collections. CHARLES ANGOFF is a former editor of American Mercury, besides being a prominent novelist. GEOFFREY JOHNSON, who lives in Dorset, England, has published verse in leading English, American and Canadian periodicals. FATHER RAYMOND ROSELIEP, a frequent contributor to Spirit and America, is a member of the English Department of Loras College. STEPHEN MORRIS writes editorials for the Germantown Courier. BRONISLAW SLAWECKI, graduated last June from LaSalle College, has appeared in four quarters a number of times. DANIEL DePAOLA is a new contributor. The block print (inside back cover) is by CARL MERSCHEL, prominent Catholic ceramic artist and designer of the Catholic Chapel at the University of Chicago.

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Typographic Cover Design by Joseph Mintzer

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In This Beginning

• Emilie Glen

**HURDY-GURDY** of a dressing-room piano dizzied her nearer to the concert grand out there . . . "Mozart to a T, Corianne, except for one phrase. . . ." Her teacher folded down his height like a collapsible cane, pearling his tones even on this unstrung instrument.

"Oughtn't the child's mind to be on the Scarlatti?" said Mama, still woofing at the great man after all these years. "That's what she's playing first, you know."

Poor Mama, in silvered lace for the debut from mantilla to hem. Given a few more inches and a voice, she'd have played the diva.

Hands ice, and a fire all through her. She stretched out her fingers to the radiator, the dozing kitten steam like the pipes at home, making her not here, not there, not anywhere, spun around in space without knowing where she'd be when the spinning stopped.

"No—no, child," said Mathie, his voice rough-neat as a glass-beaded screen, "that radiator heat isn't good for your hands."

Mama rubbed them between hers. "Ice, why they're ice. Debuts should be in the spring like I said. I wanted to see Corianne presented to the public while she was still sixteen—"

"We know all about that, Mrs. Kalak. You'd rather exploit her as a prodigy than present her as a serious artist."

Artist, the great man had called her artist, and she was ready for this night if he said so. "Anyone else handling her," their concert manager had told Mama, "she'd be booked at ten years old, but with a Matheson pupil, a debut has got to be sure and mature."

Hall filling out there, filling with people who had come to hear her play, come through wet snow turning to rain, rushed here in 6/8 time through street noise and subway roar, come from quiet apartments on high, from furnished rooms on clamorous courts, come to hear her play in this beginning.

Mama sat her down at the mirror, and took the pins out of her hair for a steenth re-do. Mirrors in dressing rooms round the world if her debut went right.

In the diamond fluorescence, Mama's glasses, Mathie's, caught her in their crossbeams; they rayed out at her every waking minute, tingled inside her lids at night.

"Dampness takes the life out of your hair, Corianne," Mama was saying in her hard sauce voice. "Why did we have to have a wet snow on this night of nights?" All the while brushing the slimy brown stuff out of the white violet light, Mama was wishing it would fleahop with red glints. "You couldn't object to a vegetable rinse, could you?" she'd clamored at Mathie when he even thought nature's flame a bit overdone, and puffing her own
hennaed hair over balding spots, had persisted, "It washes right out."

Mama spread the brushed brown to a cape about her shoulders. "Look, Mr. Matheson," she said in her plushiest tones, "isn't this better than piling it on the poor child's head? That hair will twine about the hearts of the critics."

"Then of what value, their criticism? She is not a child to be exploited with hiked skirts and trailing hair. Her unobtrusive black velvet is jeune fille enough."

With her hair bundled up, the way Mama used to get it off her neck on perspiry practice afternoons, her features seemed poorly phrased, the dimple in her chin, an over-accented passing note.

"Mrs. Kalak, what are you doing?" ... Mama palming that jar of iridescent eyeshadow as if her eyes weren't big enough with debut. ... "Not eyeshadow on that child?"

"You said yourself she's a young lady tonight. Her little face needs touches to show up across the footlights."

"They're not footlights. This is no vaudeville stage" ... his voice was pulling thin ... "It's her hands, Mrs. Kalak, the emphasis is on her hands."

Hands they all but kept in a jewel box, hands only for the keys—no tennis racket, no oars, not so much as the lifting of a window. Anyone would think they were delicate as white violets instead of her one strength—better cushioned than Mathie's tapers, a bigger reach. All her growth gone to hands, the rest of her slurred over. Powered hands; yet that unreadiness in her finger-tips like tiny beating wings. Mama, Mathie, they were beaming their glasses like deadly rays. ... You're both making me so nervous I can't stand it—I just can't stand it" ... own voice jerked out like a sound strip under quick thumbnail.

"Where is your poise, Corianne?"

"It's just temperament," Mama twaddled. "Doesn't the child have a right to nerves on her debut night?"

"Nerves perhaps, but not hysterics."

"Leave me—please leave me—"

"We'll leave, but only because it's time. A concert artist must always have a moment of quiet before going on.

"Oh no, I didn't mean—please don't leave me—please don't. Walk with me to the stage—"

"No more of this. You're making an unholy show of yourself. If I don't leave, how can I be down in front where you can see me when you come on? Think harpsichord throughout the Scarlatti—strings not percussion."

"Be sure to rub talcum powder on your fingers or they might squeak along the keys," Mama said with a hug before the two receded from her, their steps at odds down the corridor.

Scarlatti, she must think Scarlatti. Her hands sweated cold; her throat felt charred. She poured a glass of water that went down like rocks; no amount of it could quench her thirst.

"Time, Miss Kalak," the attendant called into her, easy throatied.

In his irregular step along the hall without wanting to be, she lost off
his beat at the entrance. Coming out on the oil-smooth stage, she lifted her head against the weight of piled-up hair, the audience in blue mist as if the talcum she'd dusted on her hands had clouded out to them. "None of that little lost girl look," he'd told her, "walk across that stage like the musician I've trained you to be."

Her footsteps beat back at her out here . . . beat alone out here . . . alone out here . . . The bench was a little high for her, but if she adjusted it, Mathie would call it cheap theatrics. A wet weather house—cough bouquets, smell of damp clothes and soaked shoe leather. The snow outside could be falling all around her—sense of rising as you look down at the snow falling.

Pretend it’s concert class high above Central Park, Mathie sitting beside you in the lamplight. "Could I, do you suppose," she’d asked him, "could I have a lamp beside me on the stage?" She looked out to where he said he’d be sitting. Yes, he was there, the blue mist whitening to his face—there beside Mama in her mantilla. She could begin.

First notes of the suite sounded like a throat clearing, dynamics uncertain as a boy whose voice is changing, trying for choir clear.

Everything hyper-real—latecomers to-do, heel screeks, a phlegmy cough; almost thought she heard Mathie’s discreet catarrhal click behind the bridge of his nose, his voice a perpetual recording in her ears . . . "Scarlatti, a discipline against your emoting."

Everything was breaking down to atoms, her fingers, her dancing atom fingers, the grand, the stage, the hall—piano tones—and she couldn’t get outside the atom whirl to hear how she was playing except too fast, way too fast.

Applause—applause lifting her on high, lifting her beyond all doubt, all criticism, applause tossing her up and up in a golden net.

The bow she’d practiced with Mathie was too harpsichord for the percussion beat of those hands. Mama’s mantilla urged a bow that would hug the audience, still trying for cheap theatrics after all these Matheson years. "The child has everything to unlearn," he’d told Mama after her efforts to prove she had a seven-year-old prodigy by getting her to mangle Chopin’s Revolutionary Étude as she stood above her chanting, "Give, Corie—give."

Demoted to Bach’s Three Part Inventions and Czerny’s Exercises, she was kept from all performance until over a year later in concert class, Mama’s moment to dress her in taffeta that wrapped the Mozart in crackling tissue, and a hooped skirt that set her on bouncing springs at the keyboard.

Mama had rehearsed her to bring down the house as she had back in Akron by blowing kisses to the audience, smacking and blowing them with both hands. With Mama’s whacks, hugs, and whacks she had always known what catching it was, but not in the form of Mathie, rising, a dark column of wrath, saying, "Never again turn my studio into a vaudeville stage. Go to your seat and learn from serious musicians." His words had tattooed a perpetual blush just under his skin ready to
break out at every offense against musicianship. Worse, years of his disdain that were as severe for your good as a metal brace. "Mathie, can't I learn Grieg instead of so much Mozart?" . . . That to the Dean of Mozart, world's authority on his every phrase. . . . "I won't have Grieg played in this studio." . . . What if she walked to the edge of the platform, leaned down to him and asked, "What's wrong with Grieg that we can't play him? I never got around to asking."

Programs rustled like the taffeta of the first concert class as she sat down to the Mozart Sonata; she could almost feel the hoops cutting in. Her name on all those programs—Corianne—Corianne Kalak. . . . Sure of Mozart as her name. Mathie had trusted her with his Mozartian lore; she was his chosen, his inheritor.

The first movement unwinding like maypole ribbons, Mathie's caution from the edge of the green, "The momentum must be inherent in the music" . . . inherent in . . . storm of bells scattering his words like pigeons . . . Liszt's Campanile that he'd indulged her in as a change from the debut pieces. . . . Bells, an embarrassment of bells, swinging, ringing, outringing the Mozart, that's how pumice her head up here. The bells buffeted the Mozart about; confounded her fingers; held her foot to the pedal.

Must right herself—must. Her life in this debut, hers and Mama's . . . sweating work and empty stomachs when they sold the house in Akron after Daddy died, coming to a basement room damp as a sewer, but only two blocks from Carnegie . . . toilet in same closet with the kitchen burner that leaked gas into the room where she practiced on a rented upright so muffled she might as well be playing under water . . . practiced in sweat and in chill while Mama kept four floors of rented rooms in the old brownstone, getting about on her painful feet. It took years for Mathie to notice how they lived, and move them into a high up apartment with her own grand.

This debut was his. She looked toward Mathie, not sure whether she glimpsed Mama's mantilla or a bit of shadow lace; put herself back into concert class, Mathie in the circle of lamplight, a power in the beam of his glasses, an electric power charging her fingers to Mozart.

Tones like minnows silvering through. . . . No longer a mere performer, she was a musician, playing a mature and selfless Mozart. A few bright-flung bars to intermission—the concert almost half over. Hands beating Yes to her—yes, yes. Let the critics say their worst, let Mathie flake her performance like mica; applause finds no fault, asks no questions. Applause rocketing her up and up in a velvet sky; applause is here, it is now, it is all. . . .

Flowers parted the blue mist of the aisle . . . aisles along the capitals of the world, aisles of flowers parting shoreless seas of applause. Yellow roses, red roses, pink roses, all her arms could hold, and still coming; baskets coming, baskets of flowers at her feet, their fragrance an applause delicate as a Chinese
wind charm. She had given the first bouquet, wild flowers she had picked for him at his summer studio, and arranged at his piano, the great man's piano, their shadows oved lace along the white plaster wall.

The weight of flowers in her arms, Mathie's yellow roses was lightening; she was slipping away from the figure holding them; crouched uninvited while it did the bowing, bore the flowers, sweated in velvet; she stole off leaving it there to the stir of hands.

The dressing room was all bosomy with flowers, Mama bending over them in puffs of lace, flowers too fragrant in the steam heat like a lot of spilled hand lotions.

Mathie twice mirrored, catarhal click like a light switch. "You recovered nicely in the second movement. They'll charge up the rest to debut nerves. Mozart has a way of keeping us within the bounds of good taste, but watch the Cesar Franck—don't let yourself get percussive."

As Mama breathed over her, tightening the pins in her hair, she worked her hands supple for the great chords of the Prelude, Aria and Finale. "White for a debut," Mama had to say, pushing out the velvet sleeves, "the child should have worn white." Yards and yards of chattering tulle, and crinoline interfering with the pedals if Mathie had given Mama her way, but what if she ever shopped without Mama and Mathie, what would she choose?

"Come Mrs. Kalak," Mathie was saying like a meter clicking off fare, "we must leave. Every artist needs a moment of quiet before going out to the piano."

Cushiony fingers pressed to her lips, Mama left on crunching tiptoe. Such a place for mirrors—self chromatics, mirror to mirror to mirror. Self—was she a self? Never decided for herself—Mathie always so right, she never got that far, nor spoke for self—before she could get the words out, Mama and Mathie always spoke for her. Not much noticed until she was at the keyboard. Could only think with her fingers—no other way to self.

First key she ever pressed down—jack-in-the-box, toad hop... fingers scruffling, a nest of birds, small waves... all colors like crayons falling out... fudgy smooth, berry bright... marbles hitting, giant roaring... broken glass, bluebell fairies... Mama had come up behind her and made her fingers go like walking, and said letters.

Self whenever she smoothed open a new piece of music, hers to discover until the lesson. Winging beyond what the composer intended was worse than blowing kisses... "In this studio there are no performers, only musicians."

Self could be the small key to a locked piano that she was scrabbling for on hands and knees with the audience waiting. She poured herself a glass of water to put out the fire in her throat.

"Time, Miss Kalak," the attendant called into her. She rose tall, reaching into a nightmare she'd been having of rising in a cloak that she tried to throw off before going on, only to have it wrap itself so
tight she couldn’t breathe—couldn’t get her hands free to play.

The Cesar Franck—roar it, storm it—not Mathie’s idea of Cesar Franck’s idea, but self, play self. No parkway brook within neat bounds—a torrent no banks could hold—fire and flood. In a fury toward the stage . . . hold back, tighten the pins in your hair. Loose them, let your hair fall free about your shoulders. Self not so much in hair flying free as in fingers playing, fingers a high running sea, wind through pines, dew threads, rockets, snow swirl. . . .

The stage was hers to cross. She sat down at the keyboard, adjusting the bench; shook out her hands to the looseness those great chords needed. Let it be a big moment—let them wait. Isn’t that what they came for? . . . a performance not a dedication. From here, the beams of Mathie’s glasses were the feeblest glint of hummingbird wings.

Up in this eagle’s nest, she urged forward in what he’d call panting virtuoso style, spread-winged for great chords, power chords—self.

All of her in those first chords but her fingers were slipping back to practiced ways, cautiously balanced phrases, controlled dynamics, that sounded as harpsichord as the Scarlatti. Mathie could have his plucked harpsichord days, she’d play the piano—pianoforte—power in its percussion, danger in its percussion. Her tone getting jagged, elbows flying out, half lifting from her seat to the great chords. Mathie would have stopped her if this were concert class. "Unholy show," he’d say, "an unholy show."

Her bundled hair was loosening, pins rattling out. Let them, let her hair fall. A lock came down that she must tuck back at the pause. The next passage, they had worked over and worked over to bring out Franck’s intention; her fingers jogged along like the hooves of a driverless horse taught the way home. The critics would write off her performance as erratic. "Harsh, percussive," they’d be sure to say, but all this would have meaning if they so much as whispered, "Occasional flashes."

Hands in applause like june-bugs bumbling against the window pane—no different for the Franck than for the Mozart. Nothing but a claque, and the critics would write . . . "blurred, distorted, lack of finesse." She was butchering a debut that could have carried the Matheson guarantee of a concert career. The envied one of his studio, the one with almost daily lessons, the one to go on to the capitals of the world, but they’d be Matheson capitals as a Matheson pupil.

Brahms’ Ballade in G Minor—how had she first played it? Thunderbolt. Thwacking, she was thwacking—breaking up Matheson granite to nothing, no vein of gold.

Applause stormed in tempo—debut applause—required. She swept it under the rug with the Brahms Waltzes. Don’t overplay them, Mathie’s right, "Only fools give their all to lesser works and have nothing left over for the great ones," but she could play them in all gayety, play them as if they were the first notes ever written, first notes heard for the first time.
That strand of hair coming down—her playing like her hair, half up, half down. "Brusque, tasteless," they would write, "A massive pianism quite uncalled for." . . . "just another début launched too soon." You can't take a leap into space after self . . . have to work as patiently at it as to be what somebody wants of you.

Applause for everything all in one basket, end-of-concert applause for the tense Scarlatti, the Mathie Mozart, the confused Franck, the desperate Brahms. Mathie had the inclined head of listening, what there was of self in her playing, an insect trapped in his ear, deafening him beyond all reason for its tiny sound box.

Encores innocuous enough. She sat down to powder away their applause with the Schubert Impromptu, but her fingers wouldn't contract to it, they reached the Campanile, stormed out the bells.

**Variations on a Theme of Pound's**

- Bronislaw Slawecki

Would I had died the night
she came against my sight
and I into her sway.
The transient come
before I was aware—
and away:
the answer sent to some
unphrased prayer.

Lord that she whose hardest gaze
could but bid birds sing her praise
and homage to her beauty make
should my pleas so lightly
take
and with a laugh to naught
my nightly
vigils set: unsought.

What hells through her despite have I not suffered?
what gifts unoffered
upon her altar? Who
like a goddess true
disdains
compassion
of my pains
deriding my confession.
Europe from the Reformation to the Revolution

Christopher Dawson

I. BOURGEOIS AND BAROQUE [Continued]*

The reaction of the tremendous changes brought about by Luther and Calvin also spread to the Mediterranean world. When Luther launched his revolt, the culture of humanist Italy had reached its maturity and Leo X, the son of Lorenzo de Medici, had made Rome the centre of a brilliant literary and artistic culture. Centuries later men looked back on the Rome of Leo X as a golden age. Voltaire writes of it as one of those rare moments in the history of the world which vindicate the greatness of the human mind and compensate the historian for the barren prospect of a thousand years of stupidity and barbarism. To Luther, on the other hand, the Rome of Leo X was a sink of iniquity, its culture was pure materialism, and its religion was gross superstition.

Neither of these extremes is justified. Leo the X generous patronage of culture cannot redeem his failures in his spiritual and international leadership. And the worldliness and moral laxity of Italian society do not prove that Italian religion was moribund. On the contrary its vitality is shown by the unbroken series of Saints and mystics and reformers who flourished throughout the Renaissance period and who are to be found not only among the representatives of the medieval tradition like Savanarola but among the leaders of humanist culture. At Rome itself in the age of Leo X, the Oratory of Divine Love, out of which the Theatine Order arose a few years later, formed a centre of spiritual renewal which united leaders of the Catholic reform like St. Cajetan and Cardinal Carafa (afterwards Paul IV) with humanists and members of the Papal court, like Sadolet and Manetti, and later Reginald Pole, Aleander and Contarini.

The spirit of this Italian reforming movement was at once more medieval and more modern than that of the German Reformation. It aimed at applying the interior spirituality of the Italian mystical tradition—the Spirit of St. Catherine of Genoa—and to the task of ecclesiastical reform and instead of revolting against the monastic and the ascetical traditions like Luther it sought to adapt them to the needs of the age by providing a corporate quasi-monastic way of life in which the clergy could carry on their pastoral work, while living by rule in community. This innovation proved extraordinarily popular and successful. It exerted its influence not only by training priests and bishops but even more by

* Second of four installments, in which FOUR QUARTERS presents the author's recent Oriel Lectures delivered at Oxford University.
providing an example which was to be followed by a series of similar institutions, the Barnabites of St. Antonio Maria Zaccaria, the Somaschi of St. Jerome Emiliani, above all the Roman Oratory of St. Philip Neri. It was this movement, even more than the Spanish Counter-Reformation which was the real source of the Catholic revival and of the new forms and ideals of modern Catholicism.

Nevertheless it did not possess the dynamic quality that was necessary to meet the challenge of the Reformation. The Christian humanists might have reason and authority and tradition on their side, but they were too civilized to cope with the titanic forces which had been released by Martin Luther.

But the Mediterranean world also possessed a new source of spiritual energy which was still intact. The rising force of nationality was making itself felt in the Iberian Peninsula no less than that in Germany, but in Spain, unlike Germany, it was directed and unified by a strong central power. After centuries of division and strife the Spanish Kingdoms had been united in 1474 by the Catholic Kings who set themselves to reorganize and reform the whole national order alike in Church and state. In this task they were able to appeal to the age-long tradition of the crusade against the infidel which had always been the dynamic force in Spanish history, so that they could unite their peoples externally by the reconquest of the remaining Moslem territories in Southern Spain and internally by the liquidation of the non-Christian minorities through the tribunal of the Inquisition which was the organ of national unity as well as of Catholic orthodoxy and helped to identify the spirit of Spanish patriotism with Spanish religious ideals.

Hence the conquest of Granada in 1492 instead of marking the end of the Spanish crusade only strengthened their sense of a national mission and transferred their crusading energy to new fields. At the same moment Spain became a great imperial power owing first to the discovery of America, secondly to the conquest of Naples and finally to the union with Burgundy and Austria, which brought Spain into association with the Empire and hence into collision with the German Reformation. While the Flemish advisers of Charles V followed a policy of moderation and were not unsympathetic to Erasmus' conciliatory ideas, the Spaniards saw the religious conflict as the opportunity for a new crusade. As early as the Spring of 1521, the Council of Castille wrote to the Emperor, reminding him of the sacrifices which the Catholic Kings had made for the faith and begging him to call "the warlike and Christian Germans" to arms in order to seize Luther and send him a prisoner to Rome for the judgment of the Holy Father.

It was this Spanish crusading spirit which was to become the motive force of the Counter Reformation. By degrees it communicated itself to Charles V and his advisers so that eventually, and still more under his
successor, the whole resources of the Spanish Empire were mobilized in a new holy war against European Protestantism.

Nevertheless the militant aggressiveness was only one aspect of Spanish Catholicism. Still more important was its internal spiritual mission for the reform of the Church and the restoration of Catholic culture which found its expression in the work of St. Ignatius Loyola and the Society of Jesus. The beginnings of Ignatius were those of a Spiritual Quixote, a knight errant in search of a crusade. But his retreat at Manresa, which coincided with that of Luther at the Wartburg, transformed his character and his aims and revealed to him his true mission which was both internal and universal. The society which he created united the spirit of the Spanish counter reformation with that of the Italian movement of spiritual reform which was represented by the Theatines and later by the Oratory. Unlike the former it was essentially international in character and was directly dependent on the Papacy, but it also embodied the Spanish crusading ideal in a sublimated form as we see above all in the heroic achievements of St. Francis Xavier the apostle of the Indies.

No less important however in the long run was the activity of the society of Jesus in education and culture. From the 16th century onwards the Jesuits set themselves to adopt the new methods of humanist education to Christian ideals, and their colleges which were established all on the Catholic world from Peru to Russia were the organs of a common type of humanist Catholic culture. Their work did more than anything else to restore the prestige of Catholic education which had been so much damaged by the assaults of the humanists against the old scholastic tradition. And at the same time the work of the Jesuits as directors of conscience and spiritual advisers brought the influence of the Catholic revival to bear on the courts and cabinets which were the key points of social influence and which had hitherto been the centre of the disintegrating movements which had undermined the unity of Christendom.

But great as the contribution of the society to the Catholic revival was, it was only a part of a much wider development. For example the revival of the contemplative life and the new flowering of Christian mysticism which was the spiritual climax of the whole movement owed less to the Jesuits than to the Carmelite Reform which arose slightly later and did not attain its full influence on the Catholic world until the early years of the 17th century. St. Teresa and St. John of the Cross, no less than St. Ignatius and St. Francis Xavier, are a proof of the extraordinary dynamism of the Spanish religious genius, and their achievement is even more representative of the Spanish religious tradition than that of the great Jesuits, since it is the culmination of a mystical tradition that was already flourishing especially among the Spanish Franciscans, like Francisco of Ossuna, Bernardino of Laredo and St. Peter of Alcantara. Nevertheless it would be a mistake to ascribe the mystical revival of the 16th century entirely to Spanish sources. It had its independent roots in Italy,
where one of the greatest of Catholic mystics, St. Catherine of Genoa (1447-1497) had had a profound influence on the spiritual life of Renaissance Italy through Christian humanists like Ettore Vernazza.

It is difficult to overestimate the share of the mystics in the Catholic revival and their influence on the new Catholic culture. The Protestant criticisms of Catholicism as a religion of external practices lost all their force when they were confronted with this new outpouring of divine grace and with the ideal of spiritual perfection manifested in the lives of the saints. At the same time mysticism provided the antidote against the rationalist and materialist tendencies in Western society and enlarged the range of humanist culture by a deeper and more sublime vision of spiritual reality, which inspired poets and artists as well as theologians and philosophers.

This too is an important factor in the Catholic Revival, for the centres of the Catholic renaissance were also the centres of artistic production so that Catholic art became one of the great channels for the diffusion of Catholic culture. Thus it is that the new Baroque art has given its name to the new culture which became the last great corporate expression of Western religious ideals. For the expansion of the Baroque culture was not merely an ideological movement, like the Enlightenment in the 18th century or the diffusion of 19th century liberation. It appealed to the heart as well as the head and satisfied the emotional as well as the intellectual needs of human nature. And thus it was never merely the culture of an educated minority, since its religious ideals embodied in painting and architecture and music were the common heritage of the people as a whole and not the exclusive possession of a privileged class.

Owing to this character the Baroque culture possessed exceptional powers of diffusion even among peoples of alien traditions. On the whole the modern expansion of European culture has been external and material. It has forced non-European peoples to recognize the superiority of Western techniques and Western scientific knowledge, but it has failed to bridge the spiritual gap between East and West. But within the sphere of the Baroque culture this was not so. Mexico and Peru and the Portuguese settlements in Asia assimilated the Baroque culture and produced their own local styles of Baroque art.

Thus by the 17th century Europe and the new world were sharply divided between two apparently exclusive and antagonistic forms of culture. The Inquisition and the ecclesiastical of books and ideas, on the one hand, and the penal laws against Catholicism, on the other, seemed to create an impassable barrier which divided Catholic and Protestant Europe and America into two closed worlds. How was it under these circumstances that the unity of Western culture survived? Why did not the Baroque culture of Catholic Europe and the Protestant culture of the North go their own ways and gradually diverge further and further from one another
until they became as mutually incomprehensible and as spiritually remote as Christendom and Islam?

The reason for this is to be found not so much in their common Christianity but in their common humanism. Both Catholic and Protestant Europe shared the same humanist education and the same classical literature so that in spite of their spiritual separation they still maintained a certain community of intellectual life which prevented the divergence between Catholics and Protestants from completely destroying the unity of Western culture.

I do not go so far as to say that the humanist culture of the Post Reformation world was one and the same in every part of Europe. Religious differences had an even greater influence than national ones on its development, so that while Catholics and Protestants were alike influenced by their humanist education, it produced different points in art and thought and life in different spiritual environments. Thus while humanism had as strong an influence on education and literature in Protestant Europe as in Catholic Europe it permeated the whole culture less deeply than did the Baroque culture of the South. It produced great scholars like Scaliger and Casaubon and great poets like Milton, but it remained the culture of a minority. The educated classes had all undergone the discipline of humane letters, but the people as a whole derived their moral ideas and their spiritual imagery not from the philosophers or the humanists or the artists but directly from the Bible and above all from the Old Testament.

This Hebraistic tradition was characteristic of Protestant culture and has often been regarded, e.g. by Matthew Arnold as responsible for the anti-humanist Philistine character of middle class culture in England and America. It was naturally strongest among the sects whose whole intellectual life was nourished on the Bible and the Bible only. But even in representatives of the highest Protestant culture like Milton there is a hard core of unassimilated Hebraism which is in conflict with their humanist education and which in lesser men produced a sharp dualism between religion and culture. It was this dualism which prevented the development of religious drama and religious art in the 17th century and caused that partial secularization of culture which destroyed the medieval unity of religious and social life.

In Catholic Europe, this was not so. As I have said, the Baroque culture was not confined to the scholars and the men of letters. It permeated the life of the people as a whole through the religious art and music and drama which continued to play the same part in the Baroque world as they had done in the Middle Ages.

Thus the drama instead of being banned by the Church was used deliberately as a means of religious instruction, so that in Spain, for example, religious and secular dramas were composed by the same authors, many of them priests, performed by the same actors and applauded by the same audiences. In the same way there was no sharp dualism in Catholic
Europe between Christian and humanist ethics. The synthesis of Catholic and Aristotelian ethics which was perhaps the most important of all the achievements of St. Thomas remained the basis of Catholic teaching and provided an ideal foundation for the creation of a Christian humanism which could integrate the moral values of the humanist tradition with the transcendent spiritual ends of Christian theology.

In Protestant Europe the influence of humanist ethics is considerable as we can see in the Cambridge Platonists. Nevertheless the influence of the Old Testament was far stronger especially in Calvinist countries and it was this Hebraist ethos which explains both the strength and the weakness of Protestant culture. Alike in Calvin’s Geneva and in Puritan New England, among Cromwell’s Ironsides and among the Scottish Covenanters it produced a type of character and a way of life that were harsh and unattractive when judged by humanist standards but were as hard as iron and as irresistible as a steam hammer. This was the spiritual power behind the new economic order which was destined to transform Europe and the world. Against the rich communal life of Baroque Europe with its external magnificence and its internal poverty, its palaces and its monasteries, its saints and its beggars, there arose a society of Godly merchants and shopkeepers and craftsmen who worked hard and spent little, who regarded themselves as God’s elect, and who were ready to fight to the death against any attempt of king or bishop to interfere with their religion or their business.

No two forms of European culture could have been more different and more irreconcilable with one another. And yet both of them were intensely religious, and both alike were equally hostile, though in different ways, to the secularization of culture which was the dominant characteristic of the 18th century. In fact this process of secularization did not originate with either of them. It had its source in a third type of culture which was intermediate between the Baroque and the Calvinist worlds and which I shall discuss in my next lecture.
SUPPOSE we are all, in a way, bewildered wanderers in this life. When we think of it at all, many of us are puzzled by the entire scheme of things . . . where we came from, why we are here, and where we are going to. Sometimes it seems as if we were playthings in the hands of some outer group of forces, wholly indifferent to human dreams and desires. Other times, it seems as if we were the sole architects of our fortunes . . . But, I guess, most people are so occupied with their own affairs that they have little time to consider the ultimate mysteries . . . and advancing age dulls their curiosity . . . and soon they become resigned to a sort of over-all resignation that comes upon all people now and then, and more so as the inevitable infirmities and disappointments of age make their advances upon our physical selves . . .

But there are some people, a very few, true enough, who never, so to speak, give in . . . they keep on being curious, and being curious they keep on being disappointed, and they persist in seeking some answers to their puzzlements . . . and, when now and then, they forget their puzzlements they keep on seeking pleasures and joys that will endure for a while, and not disappear like the pleasures of youth, which bring as much heartbreak as joy in recollection.

Chatzkel was the only one of my relatives who never gave up being curious and seeking for answers. His brothers and sisters and cousins looked upon him as something of a plappler and a meshuggener and a draykop, and those who had done some reading in their earlier days dubbed him der Yiddisher Schopenhauer, because Chatzkel did talk considerable pessimism. But, as I recall, they all enjoyed his company . . . and they all seemed relaxed when listening to him . . . and they all, perhaps despite themselves, respected him. But what sticks in my memory most was Chatzkel's general tranquillity of spirit despite his bewilderment and despite his pessimism. Apparently being perpetually lost was good for his soul . . . and I begin to think, in my own advancing age, that perhaps Chatzkel's sort of pessimism ought to be encouraged.

This sounds like a foolish idea, but maybe it's really not so foolish. Chatzkel was always "sad" and "finding fault with the world," but he had no ulcers and no itches and no headaches and he seldom took medicines . . . and I know and you know people who are "always seeing the bright side of things" and make quite a to-do about their "cheerfulness" and even belong to Optimist Clubs and Tranquility Societies yet who are always sick and always running to doctors and psychoanalysts and joining new churches that promise to "get them out of themselves" and put them "in touch with.
All Goodness” and stuffing themselves with pills and liquids and reading little paper books filled with “lessons to lift the aching heart and gladden the soul. . . .”

I learned about Chatzkel’s early life from my father. He had been a brilliant pupil in cheder and he was one of the most able students who had ever attended the local yeshivah. Even before the time of his ordination for the rabbinate he had been promised a very fine position as a rabbi in a shul in a neighboring town, but he was never ordained. Exactly what happened I never could make out, because my father, who was a very pious man, always managed to evade telling me the whole story on the ground that “about such sad things it is better one shouldn’t talk. It’s bad enough what happened.” But I gathered that Chatzkel had scandalized the Jewish community and the tradition of the yeshivah by getting into an argument with no less a person than the head of the yeshivah on the problem of evil, which bothered Chatzkel no end and which caused him to refuse to be ordained. He simply couldn’t believe completely in an All-Merciful Omniscient Deity Who permitted pogroms and tuberculosis and cancer and sudden death.

The head of the yeshivah, who was a very learned and honest man, didn’t claim he had the answer to this problem, but he pleaded with Chatzkel not to allow himself to be overly troubled with it: “Human reason is not divine reason. Man must be humble, and leave some problems to the Uppermost. Too much questioning leads to atheism.” Chatzkel refused to be quieted with this line of argument. “God gave us a head,” he said, “to ask questions, not to bury them.” But he didn’t espouse atheism. “Only grebbe yungen,” he said, “believe in nothing. One must believe, I admit. But a man who is a rabbi should believe a little more than an ordinary man, and I don’t. So I’ll be an ordinary man, and I won’t talk from the pulpit. I’ll only listen to what comes from the pulpit. After all, a sin it isn’t not to feel worthy of being a rabbi.”

He was so obviously sincere in everything he said that he remained a respected member of the community and on friendly terms with the local rabbis and the teachers at the yeshivah. And the mothers of eligible daughters continued to look upon him favorably and to invite him to their homes. After he left the yeshivah he worked at various trades, shoe-making, match-manufacturing, brush-manufacturing. As before, he read almost everything he could get his hands on, Hebrew, Yiddish, Russian, and both religious and worldly. The more knowledge he amassed the more bewildered he became and the more pessimistic, yet he found deep spiritual pleasure in both his bewilderment and pessimism. He became a sort of walking university and fountain of general wisdom and his company was sought after by almost everybody. “Ah, Chatzkel is a klooger,” said his neighbors. “A good head he has and an eidele neshome (literally, gracious soul).”

He was also very attractive to
women, and there was not an unmarried girl in the town who would not have been delighted to become his wife. Chatzkel was polite to all of them, and to their parents, who wished that he would marry into their families if only to assure them the privilege to talk to him often. There was something so gentle and so sweet about him even when he expressed the most disturbing thoughts: "Ah, the world about us is beautiful. After all, what is so beautiful as a flower or the smile of a child? And a joy it is to sing praises to the Uppermost, the Creator of all this beauty. But life is also one long struggle, from the moment of birth, through growing up, and even death is a struggle more often than not. Nu, what is, is, and what has to be, has to be."

He didn't marry till relatively late for those days—he was already thirty—and the girl he married had moved into the town only a few weeks before. She was barely seventeen and a real "devil," as some of the older women enviously called her. She was the last girl in the world, as the saying went, that people expected he would marry, for the girl, Miriam, was interested only in having a good time and cared nothing at all for books or ideas, and everybody wondered how they could stand each other. But apparently they were very much in love. People didn't know that when they were together they talked only joyous klaynikeiten (little things), and even Chatzkel and Miriam didn't know that what drew them together was a streak of gay and glorious irresponsibility, a sort of emotional anarchism that lay secretly in their souls and that they revealed only to each other in the delicious hours of their aloneness, especially in the still, warm hours of the night. Many years later, when Chatzkel had become fully aware of this streak in him, he said, "A woman is as satisfying as good bread, but she can also be delicious as the wine that is made slowly from ripe grapes. Yes, a woman can be a torment, but if tended properly—and tending a woman is largely a matter of luck and instinct—she can be a blessed forgetfulness. Maybe that is what the Uppermost meant woman chiefly to be."

Chatzkel and his Miriam emigrated to America, as did so many other Jews of Russia in those days. He took all sorts of jobs, from bottle washing in a brewery to driving a wagon for a junk dealer, and then slowly—he didn't know just how—he slid into running a little stationery store of his own. He got to like this business very much—"as if the Uppermost had picked it out for me," he said to his wife and to all others who would listen. Had anybody else made such a remark, he would have been suspected of atheistical leanings, but nobody had such suspicions about Chatzkel. As even my own pious father said, "Eh, all the young Jewish men and women who are so tzuhitzt about Socialism and other such meshuagaasen should be such apikorsim as Chatzkel is. He talks, but his heart is in the Torah, and what he knows about the Talmud and the Gemara some of our American rabbis should know. About him I have no worries."
What pleased Chatzkel about his shop was that he not only sold pencils and erasers and envelopes and note books, but also newspapers and magazines and books in English and Yiddish and Hebrew, and as he said, smiling, “I have my Harvard College right in my store, and it costs me nothing.” He read everything and every free moment he had. He cared just enough for his business to make a living. Friends and relatives gently hinted that if he made an effort he could make “a real, balebattishe business” out of his little store. But he always pooh-pooed such suggestions with the remark: “No, my Miriam and I are happy enough with our potato latkes and a little boiled beef and some chicken once in a while, and maybe a moving picture for Miriam and the children, and some ice cream. If the Uppermost grants us this steadily, and,” he would add smiling, and with just the right amount of daring in the religious realm to add spice to what he was saying, “there is really no reason why He should not grant us what we desire. . . Eh beyond that, I leave all financial worries to Rockefeller. He is used to them and he is welcome to them. Life is too sweet for such worries, and there are too many better things to worry about, anyway, than money.”

Perhaps the only thing about his store that disturbed Chatzkel was that even without any special effort on his part, it was doing better than he wanted. Most of the children of the neighborhood bought their school supplies from him, and most of the adults bought their stationery needs and also their newspapers and magazines. Sometimes there was so much business that Chatzkel could devote very little time to his reading, and that bothered him. As he said, “God forbid I should be a success and a grobber yung.” And I once heard him sigh with annoyance when a group of youngsters stampeded into his store to make some purchases. “Always bothering me and interrupting me,” he mumbled.

I got to know him very well and visited him often when I went to college and later, after I went to work as a bookkeeper in a clothing factory. I liked to listen to him, and I guess he liked me because, unlike so many others whom he knew, I had little ambition to make money and he sensed that I enjoyed his special brand of philosophical pessimism combined with romanticism. No matter how much sadness he aroused in me, he also somehow made me feel exhilarated. The substance of many of his remarks come back to me across the years, and they seem just as sensible to me now as they did then—far more so than do the remarks of men high in academic life, or in the literary world or in the world of politics. Chatzkel, I now see, was the Common Man at his very best, shrewd, honest, sympathetic, of good instincts, kindly, and filled with an unquenchable lyricism, even as he complained most sharply about the world and its ways.

Woman suffrage puzzled him. “I don’t understand such women,” he said. “Why should a woman want a vote? If she loves her husband, she thinks the way he does. If she
doesn't, she generally doesn't know how to vote most of the time, and if she knows, she probably has trouble home with her husband, and she's too nervous for her opinion to have any value. It displeases me to see women even think about politics, as it would displease me to see flowers or the sun or the grass think about politics. A warm, smiling, loving woman is the crown of God's creation. Why should she besmirch herself? Women are people, too, these suffragettes say. I say women are better than people, or should be proud to be better, for God made them that way. Ah, such a meshugass this suffrage talk is!

Russia, Bolshevism, Socialism, Eugene V. Debs, Lenin, profit-sharing, the cooperative movement—he put little store by all of them. "What worries me," he said, "is that people will make a religion out of all these things. Sure, some of them are good. We have all become too fargrobb (vulgarized) in making a living. Day and night working and sleeping badly and working again. Animals have more sense. And that's what I mean. We should spend more of our efforts to be like animals—to enjoy the world more, nature, trees, the sky . . . we spend all our days cooped up in shops and at night we are tired . . . eh, a dog leads a more sensible life. It says in the choomesh that man was made in God's image, but all man does with his life is to deny this. God's image should enjoy God's plenty."

Chatzkel was especially critical of Russian Communism. The more he read about it the more bitter he became. "Oh, no, my young friend," he said to me, "that is not Paradise. That is a prison, one of the worst ever devised by man. That is slavery to power, to materialism. That makes gods out of the lowest, politicians. That puts the stomach above the soul, the heiligge neshome. That puts economic security above freedom, and without freedom there is no real economic security, there is nothing. Man then becomes a stone, a piece of wood, a nothing. Czar Nicholas II, may he rot in hell, was bad, of course. But in his Russia there was more freedom, more chance for literature, for talking, for being people than in this thing that Lenin and Trotsky and Kamenev and Tchitcherin and the others are building. It makes me shiver when I look ahead into the future. From Russia as it is now will come a blackness that will curse the world. Remember what I tell you."

Chatzkel's face turned livid as he talked on and on about Communist Russia. Only when talking about Russia did he lose his usual calm . . . and this was nearly thirty years ago, when so many American intellectuals were succumbing to the propaganda about "the Russian experiment"!

Once I was in the store when Chatzkel was telling me how much he liked and disliked Upton Sinclair's The Jungle. He was one of the most objective critics I have ever encountered, and one of the most ceaselessly inquisitive minds I have ever known. The winds of varying intellectual fashions never touched him. He went on his direct and
honest way. He liked The Jungle because it did so much to expose the hideous conditions in Chicago. "So it's a good book," he said, "but it's also not so good. When I read a book I want the whole sad truth. Right. It's the way it should be. But the whole sad truth also has a little silver bell in it, and the silver bell makes a sweet sound. There's always somebody or something singing. Like some writer said, or maybe it was a philosopher, as I get older I don't remember so well, this writer or philosopher said that this singing is what makes religion. With all reverence I say it, this singing is the Uppermost. The rabbis said this in their own ways, all the great thinkers and artists say it. That is why there is so much singing in shul. Singing is truly divine. The whole world sings. Judaism is a singing religion. That's what makes it so beautiful. All books are really, in a sense, and without meaning disrespect, little choomoshim (Bibles), and so they, like the real choomesh, should have song in them. Nu, maybe I'm talking an old man's foolishness, but I feel it deep within me."

Neither of us had noticed that a man was waiting to be tended to. The man coughed to get Chatzkel's attention, but Chatzkel went on to praise books, and he told a long story about Chassidic life to illustrate what he meant by religion being music. Again the man coughed, and again Chatzkel ignored him, but kept on talking enthusiastically. Finally, the man lost patience and exclaimed, "How much longer are you going to plappel (gabble) and waste my time with your foolishness? I am here to be waited on."

Chatzkel stopped talking. Slowly he turned around to face the man. He looked at him closely, then he walked to within a foot of him, and he said, "I would rather waste my time talking foolishness than wait upon a chazer (pig) like you. I don't want your business."

The man left the store . . . and there was a silence between Chatzkel and me. I had never seen him so rude to anybody, and that disturbed me, for I began to fear that the Chatzkel whom I enjoyed so much was changing . . . and at the time he was very important to me, for I was going through what seemed at the time to be very serious and tragic emotional experiences . . . and just being with Chatzkel was very comforting. . . . I continued to worry about Chatzkel for weeks and months thereafter . . .

But I learned in time that I had little to worry about. Chatzkel was still, so to speak, his pessimistic-optimistic-constantly-inquiring self. He found more and more in contemporary life to disturb him, especially the growing concern with physical comforts and what he looked upon as the lessening concern with spiritual matters. Though he had refused to become a rabbi because of his doubts, he remained deeply religious in the ultimate sense of the word. To him the word Godliness meant something unutterably lovely and ultimate and mystical, bearing all that is true and beautiful in life. He said, "Aye, automobiles are good, motion pictures
are good, but only if getting them doesn't make people forget Godliness, and I'm afraid that they are forgetting it for the time being. Nu, the Bible and its beauties have survived in the past and will survive now, too." He smiled, "I guess King David was wiser than I am. He didn't worry. His Psalms will outlive everything."

And yet despite his faith in Godliness, he still was perturbed by the problem of evil which possessed him as a young man and continued to possess him all these years. "Without meaning disrespect, I wish I only knew a little of the purpose of the Uppermost in permitting so much disease and trouble in general in the world," he said. "Sometimes I try to leave such problems to the Uppermost, but I wish I knew, I wish I knew just a little. Nu, what He wants to keep a secret, He will keep a secret. A man who sells pencils and erasers must have humility, I guess."

Some weeks later I saw him sitting on a bench in the Boston Common. It was a spring day and very lovely in every way—sunny, just warm enough for comfort, quiet . . . Chatzkel was feeding a group of pigeons, obviously happy and envious to what was going on about him. I imagined his wife or one of his children was taking care of his shop . . . and I was also sure that he didn't much care what was happening to his business . . . other things were far more important to him, for example, feeding pigeons . . . 

I greeted him and we talked . . . he gave me some peanuts and urged me to feed the pigeons with him. . . . I felt a little silly doing so, for I had never fed pigeons before, but then it occurred to me that it was very pleasant to feed pigeons, that it was very relaxing, and I said so to Chatzkel . . . and he said, chiding me pleasantly, "Ah, my friend, we have all strayed too far from nature, far from communion with animals, and they have much to teach us, a great deal, how to live without worry . . . they have a lot to teach us. . . ."

And we talked on and on about this and that, and soon I felt almost as calm and relaxed as he did. . . . Soon he stopped feeding the pigeons, for he had no more peanuts, and he seemed sorry, and so did I, for feeding the pigeons seemed to say whatever we wanted to say to each other, and it said it far more eloquently than we could say it.

Then he said, "You know, I wish I were a bird, any kind of bird. I once said it to my wife, and she kissed me."

At the time I was still unmarried, but I sensed that he had revealed an uncommonly happy marriage, and I was vaguely envious . . . and my regard for him mounted and mounted.

And he went on, "While I was feeding the pigeons I thought how wonderful the Uppermost is about life, human life and life in general." He hesitated, looked into the distance, as he often did when speaking. Then he said, "Think of it. If you work a machine, it wears out. Hit it, bang it, and it is damaged. But a living thing is different. Take a human being. Take his brain. The more you use it, the better it gets. The same with his soul. The
more experiences it has the nobler it gets. Not always, but many times. Now, why is that? Why is a human being different from a machine? I'll tell you. It's the Godliness in the human soul. Yes, the Godliness. That is the great, unending mystery, the great, unending wonder of all life. I wish I knew more about it, its purpose. But the older I get, the more do I get to feel that, well, I never will know the purpose, but I can feel the wonder, the unending wonder. It's all in Genesis, my friend. And God said, all that He had created was good. Yes, it is good and so wonderful... and so terribly, unendingly mysterious. Nu, the David of the Psalms was right. We should forever sing the praises of the Uppermost.

I was so moved by the poetry of his remarks that I could not open my mouth to say anything... or to mumble anything polite... Not long afterward I had to leave town, and I did not return to Boston for almost five years. Toward the end of that time I got word that Chatzkel had died suddenly one Sunday afternoon in the very same Boston Common where he had moved me so much with his remarks about Godliness in all that lives... I just couldn't understand his death... it presented to me the same problem of evil that had troubled him... but then I remembered what he had told me about Godliness, and I felt somewhat comforted... and throughout the years since then I have often thought about Chatzkel, and always the memory of him has brought me profound peace and a delight in all about me that I am sure that he would have agreed with...

**The Three Graces**

- Geoffrey Johnson

The first of the three Graces in the wood

Peeped on the musing poet, who was trying

In labyrinths of light to capture flying

The joy which brushed his temples while he stood.

"Beaten", she whispered with low Cyprian laughter

To the other two enlinking hands behind.

The second peeped on ageless hour thereafter:

He seemed to stare on nothing, like the blind.

"Idle", she whispered, "weaving fool's dream-fancies

Of vague tomorrows to right this day defeated."

Then the third peeped, when light was rich as pansies:

Asleep he lay. "Asleep", their laughs repeated,

Then stopped. They looked. His page had caught all three—

White, peeping, linked in golden greenery.
A Time To Die

• Daniel De Paola

PIERSALL FLEMING put his briefcase on the empty seat beside him and took up his newspaper. The 7:22 was fairly empty as usual and as he unfolded his newspaper he looked around at the other commuters and shoppers. Some he knew by sight but never got to talk to; he saw them each evening and nodded. They did the same and the need for talking never came up, not unless the seating demanded it.

The column headings were as usual, too. Something about the national budget, the Far East, and the latest affairs in Washington. Fleming read them one by one, relaxing in the soft seat while the train moved smoothly toward home. Every time he finished an item and went to the next, he heard the soft hum of talk and the rustling of other newspapers. He looked up once or twice out the window to see how far they had gone. The sun was gone and the first shades of twilight were dipping the scene into dimness. He turned the page and read on.

After a few moments, the lights were turned on in the car. Only now did Fleming notice it had been getting dark in the car and that he had brought his newspaper closer to the window for more light. The pages lay on his chest as he looked around at the stilted light which sat garishly on all the people and parts of the car. Faces now were drained of color and looked strange; the sounds coming from those faces lost their soothing tones and grew harsh. Even the clicking of the wheels beneath him seemed to Fleming more portentous now than just a rhythm. Somehow, Fleming couldn't go back to reading the newspaper. He sat there, his eyes ranging about as he wondered why the lights had had such an effect on him. His eyes turned to the telephone poles going by outside his window. His eyes rose to the wires which raced concurrent with them, rising and falling, but always there with effortless speed. The lighted reflection of the car ran along beneath the wires, cutting through houses and shrubs, floating over passing fields wraith-like.

As it grew darker outside, Fleming could better discern the reflection which sat outside his window. He could make out the people and what they were doing. He watched one man who talked forcefully while waving a hand about; the man next to him kept shaking his head, and each motion of it slipped through trees and fences that went by. Fleming watched these reflections on one side as their sounds came to him from the other. The merging made it all seem more unreal. Then he noticed in the reflection, in front of these two men, what looked like a soldier.

He turned to look across the aisle and saw it was a soldier. He was surprised he hadn't noticed the boy
before. The soldier was asleep and Fleming could see from the service stripes on the left sleeve that he had seen quite a bit of service. Fleming noted how the boy slept easily as the motion of the train shook him occasionally; he saw the boy had some ribbons on his chest, and though he didn’t know their meaning, he could see that the boy had probably traveled quite a bit, too.

As he sat there looking across the aisle at the sleeping soldier who sat facing toward him, Fleming began to take stock. He was forty-five, assistant manager at a good bank; he owned his own home with a good wife and two fine children; he was secure, content and hadn’t any worries; and yet the sleeping soldier across the aisle wakened in him a feeling of envy stronger than he had ever known before. He tried to minimize the feeling as he noted the boy had thick-set features and looked untidy, making it seem he was from a lower class. Probably joined up to get away from home, Fleming thought. The service stripes on his sleeves made Fleming think the boy had probably re-enlisted after his time was up. Perhaps he lives in a dingy house with a large dirty family, no privacy and solitude, Fleming mused.

The boy was shaken awake and looked around for a few seconds. He caught Fleming’s eye then looked away and went back to sleep. The ease with which he did it aroused the envy in Fleming who turned once more to look out the window. He could see the boy’s reflection in the darkness; the tousled figure in the light sped through the dark countryside and made Fleming think as he had before, at several odd moments, of the strange combinations which often struck his eye. These oddities were often followed, lately, by visions of remote ports; names like Singapore, Macao, Sumatra and Port Moresby repeated themselves in his mind.

The farthest he had ever traveled was to Chicago once a few years back. It had been mixed business and pleasure and, looking back on it now, seemed to Fleming to be recalling just another bit of business that was lost in the jumble. Gazing at the reflection, he knew now that he would never get to see any of those far-sounding places. His daily round of life would spiral into the future and it looked impregnable. To him it seemed that his life was spread out sadly before him and there was nothing he could do about it.

As he kept watching the boy’s reflection, Fleming thought that boy soon will have passed through his youth and left all those far places and odd things behind. That boy will soon be forty-five, settled and then just a little lost. He too will have the feeling of being just on the fringe of life; watching while others, more fortunate than himself, construct and bask in this core just out of his reach.

Fleming’s wife, Harriet, was waiting at the station with the car as he got off the train. It had just turned dark so that the lights about the railway depot were still illusory. Figures getting on and off the train were suggestive of more intent than they showed. The sound of the steam
release from the engine drowned out the sound of cars and talk and crickets.

Fleming gave his wife a quick kiss and got into the car. She drove away and they were into dark quiet streets.

"How are you, tonight?" she asked.

"Tonight?" He turned to look at her.

"I just thought you were a little quiet."

He looked out the windshield as he said, "What did you do this afternoon?"

"Nothing much, cleaned the spare room, and wrote a letter to Lusette Careau. She's in British Columbia now, you know."

"Is she?" he asked, and the name echoed inside him.

"Yes," Harriet continued. "She says it is the most beautiful country in the world."

After a moment, Fleming asked, "How're the kids?"

"Joyce is home setting the table, Dick is over at the Wilsons." She turned once and added, "He wants to stay there overnight. Do you think we should let him?"

"Why not?" said Fleming.

Harriet shrugged as she drove. "Sometimes I think it's best not to get too friendly with families. They get too meddlesome."

"Oh, let him, he'll only . . ." Fleming fell silent as he looked ahead. He'd started to point out that his son would only be young once.

"Is something wrong?" Harriet asked, after a pause.

"No, why?" He looked at her.

"I just thought you looked a little worried," she met his eyes.

"That's getting to be one of your favorite expressions," he said.

"What is?"

"I just thought," he grinned at her. She smiled too.

After supper, the mood of the twilight stayed with Fleming as he sat to read. Harriet and Joyce were doing the dishes and he could hear the rattle of china as he tried to concentrate on the words before him. He put the book down and looked around at the furniture; the lamps blocked off the living room into shadows and turned strange, the fireplace and the picture on the wall. A model ship on the mantel caught his eye: its sails were tinted in gloom as the spars and top masts shone in the electric glare. Fleming again felt the subtle despair flowing through him when the phone rang.

"Hello, Dad?" It was Dick's voice.

"Hello, Dick."

"I'm over to the Wilson's. I guess Mom told you, didn't she?"

"Yes."

"Is it all right, Dad, if I stay the night?"

"I guess so. Did you bring your pajamas?"

"Fred'll lend me his. But we're not goin' to bed for a while. Gonna have a weenie roast and all later out back. I'll call you again later," said Dick.

Fleming could hear sounds of talk and laughter behind Dick's voice. Then he hung up and was once more in the silence of his own room. There came to him the long sad sound of a train whistle which
seemed to hang about the house for some moments before it faded into
the night. At the open window, he
listened to the light tapping of crick-
et's legs and the rustling of leaves in
the wind; and it came to him that
these sounds seemed to abound in
the night, that they would be there
long after he wouldn't be able to
hear them. There was a harshness
in that innocence, the naturalness
was unforgiving, making him cow
before it.

He was deep in thought when
Harriet and Joyce came in later. He
looked up and saw they had their
clothes on.

"Where are you going?" he
asked.

"Church Club," said Harriet.
"You know we go every Thursday."

He nodded. Harriet kept looking
at him and then turned to Joyce.
"You go on and call Mrs. Reid,
Joyce. I'll catch up with you."

Joyce waved her hand at Fleming.
"So long, Daddy." She walked out
and Fleming noted the fine young
grace of her body.

"Are you ill?" Harriet asked
when they were alone.

"Me? No." He got up and filled
his pipe. "Had a ragged day and I
guess I'm a little tired."

"If you'd rather I didn't go, I
won't," said Harriet.

"Why not? Of course, you go
ahead." While he told her this, it
did seem that everything was con-
spiring to leave him alone with his
thoughts.

After a pause, she asked, "What
about Dick?"

"He called before," said Fleming.
"He's staying there tonight."

Harriet started to say something
and stopped. Finally she asked,
"What will you be doing while
we're gone?"

"Thought I'd play some music," he said and wondered to himself if
they weren't being just a little too
polite to each other.

"There's more roast in the refrig-
erator if you want it," she said and
then went out.

Alone now, he shut all but one
lamp and put Tchaikovsky's Fifth
on the phonograph. He sat back
and soon the soft slow theme drifted
into the room; the soulful dirge
reached right inside him, into his
unrest, and it appeared that he was
prolonging the mood that had fallen
on him earlier. He soon lost the
thread of the music but fell instead
into the fancies woven by it.

He recalled the time he tried to
go to sea. It was shortly before he'd
met Harriet and the urge was strong
upon him to be moving. He in-
quired and wrote letters, he hung
about shipping halls and docks
where the large dirty freighters sat
awkwardly in the water. Though
he knew it would be filthy hard
work, he yearned to get a place on
one of them. But the routes were
slow and the hiring slower so that
the closest he ever came to far places
was listening to stories by men who
shipped out and came back. His
hopes were fed by these tales and he
stuck it out; but his money began to
dwindle and he forsook it. He got
a job in his bank and stayed on.

After his marriage, the yearning
never got as strong again. He had
little time for it, what with his
wife and new home, then the chil-
dren and promotions at the bank. Through the years of domesticity, the idea lay at the back of his mind like some faint echo; sometimes it was like some mysterious irritant in his blood and made him uncomfortable, but its actual presence hardly ever broke through to him. At times he bought a copy of a boating magazine or took a walk toward the docks, but there was actually no compulsion; it was as though he was acting out a part and should keep up appearances.

Afterward, the only times he ever thought of it were when he was reminded of it by someone or by a passing word. Throughout the struggle of raising his family and getting the house paid for, this long-lost wish was like a luxury which had held his mind for a while, but which, in reality, was not practical. There were a few people who were meant to travel and be independent, but they in turn missed out on the fineness of home and family. He bolstered himself again and again as the years went by with this last thought. Thus when the final years approached, the lone man was left with nothing to see him through, in contrast to the father and grandfather who could live out his last years in affection and security.

Fleming had come to accept this idea more and more in the past years, now that his youth was gone. He had been nearing immunization until this afternoon on the train with the lights and the soldier. Now he sat dully in his chair, lulled by the sad music. His young- and mid-years were gone and as he turned the last bend, he realized with a heaviness inside him that he hadn’t really lived as fully as he should have. He wondered if anyone ever lived clear up to his capacity. It was an impossibility, he thought.

He got up to turn the records over and then stood near the mantel. He recalled reading somewhere that the wiser man lives day by day; he knows he is allotted so much sorrow and so much contentment, thus he takes each in its turn. But the domestic man can’t do it that way, mused Fleming. He is always ahead in the future somewhere; the payments that have to be met, the plans for his children, the idea of retirement. While his eyes are always ahead, his life slips by quietly until the day he stops and looks about him to find himself entering into old age.

The sad train whistle, the rough ship’s horn that sounds over the liquid stillness of the water, the sharp burst of an airplane propeller all were now sounds of nostalgia to him, of mockery. A great wave of self-pity began to descend over him so that he sat in his chair, amid the music, and was close to tears when the doorbell rang.

When he opened the door, he saw his next-door neighbor, Mrs. Carin.

“Mr. Fleming,” she said; tears were streaming down her cheeks and she clutched his arm. “Help me, it’s Henry. He’s dying.”

Fleming let himself be led over to the next house. As they entered, he could hear Carin moaning, a dull drawn-out moan that sounded false and foolish. When they reached him, Fleming saw him lying on the
divan, holding his chest, his mouth open, letting out the childish noise.

“Did you call the doctor?” asked Fleming.

“Yes, he is coming,” said Mrs. Carin. She knelt at her husband’s side and caressed his hands which gripped the clothing at his chest. Fleming wondered what he should do; maybe feel the pulse, or try to quiet Carin down.

“Is it his heart again?” he asked Mrs. Carin. She nodded, still crying as she kept gazing into her husband’s face.

“Is it any better, dear?” she asked as his moaning stopped and he lay there looking at the ceiling. Carin didn’t answer, nor did she show any sign of recognizing his wife and Fleming. His eyes never blinked as they looked straight ahead; they were as though hardened and lifeless. His body was not much different from one lying on its bier; there was the stricture and tensions of the limbs along with the impersonal air through which Mrs. Carin could not reach. Fleming was made to think of waxen figures that one sees in museums, with their likenesses to people; they intimidated one and made one stop and wonder.

By now, Mrs. Carin was slumped over her husband and crying freely. Fleming stood there helpless, wanting to flee. He couldn’t move though, until the doctor came and gave Carin an injection while the wife and Fleming looked on. In a few moments Carin was asleep and the doctor led them away.

“He’ll have to stay in bed,” said the doctor, “and you’ll have to get a nurse to stay with him.”

Mrs. Carin nodded. Her dull eyes, smeared by tears, stayed on the face of her sleeping husband.

“He was suffering so,” she said listlessly.

“Your husband has a very bad heart, you know that,” said the doctor. “He must be very careful, do you understand?”

Mrs. Carin turned to the doctor then back to her husband. “Yes, I’ll try to keep him quiet.”

While the doctor went to telephone for a nurse, Mrs. Carin turned to Fleming. “I do hope you will forgive the way I acted,” she said. “I am sorry; I must’ve seemed such a fool to you.”

Fleming made some reassurances and fled. Back in his living room, the symphony was still playing. He went to the phonograph and turned it off. The silence, as though contained up until then, spread and engulfed the room of light and of shadows.

Fleming sat and stared at the model ship, feeling as though he had come to the point where he would have to decide just how to go about it. How was he going to meet, face to face, with It? And yet he knew he couldn’t stand about keeping his eyes averted to avoid the shock. He felt somehow cheated, as though he hadn’t been warned about this fearful test which lay before him. He thought of Mr. Carin and the way his eyes were set, transfixed, as though the sight had paralyzed him. But he wasn’t like Carin; he wasn’t sick and he need not worry about all that. Not yet.

He slipped on his jacket and went
out. He didn’t know where he wanted to go; maybe meet Harriet and Joyce on their way home. Or maybe go get Dick and bring him home. Perhaps Harriet was right not to let him stay overnight. It would be better to have him at home; all of them should try to maintain the family unit. It was the main, the one important thing in their lives, and the children should be made to understand that.

**Historical Novel**

- Stephen Morris

"Why weep along the bay, lady? Why weep along the bay? I'll wed you to my oldest son Who haunts your bridle-way. And you shall be his bride, lady, The fairest man can seek."— But still her tears kept falling down For Jack of Chesapeake.

"Now stop your tears, my lady fair, And dry your face so pale; Young Arthur owns the big estate At Conestoga-dale. His hall is famed the county round, His quarterings, unique." But still her tears kept falling down For Jack of Chesapeake.

"A ring of gold you shall not lack, Nor trinkets for your hair; Nor dappled steed nor city house Nor coach with triple pair; And you, the fairest of the town, Shall minuet the week." But still her tears kept falling down For Jack of Chesapeake.
The church is packed on Whitsunday,  
The candles glitter fair;  
Deacon and bridegroom wait the bride,  
Burgess and squire are there.  
They call for her on every floor  
And high and low they seek.  
She's out of town and well away  
With Jack of Chesapeake.

Strong bells in evening's  
Suburb have found retreat  
Against the day,  
Rough thief of dark  
From sinner's door and heart.

Here their spin and clang  
Spread black and webbed  
Against the day  
A web the spider  
Anguish had devised.

Here their spin and clang  
Snare bright Law,  
Deaf with echo, chalked by fire.  
If day is stopped,  
The Law impaled,  
What sting of ire  
Can cauterize the night?

His, and here is praise enough:  
How behind their belfried now  
Of harsh phorescent dusk  
His judge, whore, weary clown  
Hang us for the dawn  
Toll us for the morning white  
Of Leonardo's last wild dove  
In mutilated flight.
The Professor Steals the Show

• LeGarde S. Doughty

I'D RUN into the odd-looking little old man as he sat on the steps of the Library winding chewing-gum off his heel with a match. He looked like a shaggy, scrawny dog scratching its ear. But I'd never seen a genius before; and there was genius in those eyes, so I did obeisance by picking up his furled umbrella when it fell over from where he'd gouged it upright in the earth under the steps. That started it. We talked, then exchanged cards. His showed Prof. Rufus Treowth, with the Prof. struck out. Later I asked the librarian if she knew him. She did; told me he'd been kicked off the U. faculty because he'd taught social science as something human, not arithmetic—a pink, they'd said. She told me he'd got a job as night watchman at a fertilizer plant; that for a living after twenty years at the U.

The librarian happened to be an exquisite brunette—but there was no umbrella to pick up for her. I'd made up my mind to follow up my acquaintance with the little old man with the eyes of a genius; now I made up my mind he'd make me acquainted with her.

Some nights after that I called on Mr. Treowth at the plant; had a long conversation with him; but all I got in relation to the librarian was her name, Janice Hood. Somehow I couldn't come out and tell him I wanted to meet the girl formally. All this happened during August; and time was getting on.

Maybe my subconscious mind had been lulling me with the assurance that time is long. My conscious mind was beginning to spur me though. It was the second Sunday in September, and up to now, Janice was still Miss Hood, the librarian. I had seen her once more at her place of business, under pretense of looking up some data in Who's Who. I must have let something slip; maybe some inflection, some inevitable glance—something. Anyhow she knew it wasn't just the book I'd come to look at. When she handed me Who's Who and we were speaking the conventional few words about the cool nights, there wasn't that look in her eyes that came into them when I returned the book. Something had slipped, because when her slender white hand came up from the dark green cover of the desk to take the book I thought of a water lily. Natural thought; the green cover of the desk was covered with glass, and it all had a liquid look. And her hand did look like a water lily. (Have you ever seen one growing out of the dark green pads in a still pond?)

It could have been that thought when I saw her hand. For when I said, "Thanks for Who's Who," the look in her eyes made the amused question "Who?" That occurred to me just as I've told it;
and I answered in my mind—almost said it—“You.”

I never could strut with the assurance of a radio advertising man who says to every woman he meets: “Hyuh, kid! Howbout a lil light wickedness?”—says it all offhand as they run in or out of Radio City in a terrific hurry to do a hell of a lot that in the final score adds up to exactly nothing. And of course the cute little wench misses one click of gum-chewing to say, “Hokay, say- wen.”

Maybe I was in New York in a wrong season.—Am I rather smug? Well, I can tell somehow that Janice is only a woman—not a wench. All this was going through my head when I was on my way out to Professor Treowth’s. I’d made up my mind to marry Janice if she’d have me, even that; and so far I hadn’t even met her really; and nothing but that could stay on my mind very long.

The street was dingy. You could see that in the dark. Laurel Street. I guess it got the name from the laurel oaks that had lined it on both sides in the old days. I used to go along that street to the baseball park when I was around fifteen. I checked back—about fifteen or sixteen years ago. It was different then, just in its bourgeois flourish; not garish though; a little pretentious here and there with bay windows and something like Corinthian nightmare, milled from pine, under eaves; but only here and there. Many of the houses had been turned into shops and stores; many had been delivered over to poverty and were sagging into dignified ruin; a few kept up the old front, a forlorn show of vigor and prosperity in that contagion of slow collapse. But some of the serene old oaks were still there, bulged out like great dark globes over the whole width, ever shading, ever green.

The house in which Mr. Treowth lived was an old brick place that had lost all residential look. The front was straight down, and on the first floor a show window ran all the way across. John Clive, Awnings and Upholstering. A frayed edge of the street light reached the sign with a sallow touch. But the show window had its own illumination. Awning cloth spread out looked over-gay in the setting, especially that with the red stripes; and amid these coarse banners, two ponderous overstuffed chairs, placed half facing each other, looked like fat old ladies sitting.

Mr. Treowth had the rear of the upper floor. John Clive lived in the front. You got to Treowth’s by an outside staircase, at the top of which sat a palm in a sea-green urn. A quiet light hung under the door frame, a mauled tin letter box hung to one side, and an iron knocker hung on the door.

I knocked. The professor opened the door. “Franklin,” he said, “so glad you’ve come. These Sunday nights off the job are good for sober talking.” He rubbed his hands vigorously together when he’d closed the door. “Sober talking—when the dialogue’s more erudite than the universal theme of sales and profits.” He laughed. “And sitting, for a change, is better than walking.”

It was the first time he’d called
me by my first name, and I don’t think he realized he hadn’t said “Mr. Peele.” It was the turning point. That is, the fact that he called me by my first name and the un-demonstrative but emphatic welcome made a clearer indication that acquaintance had mellowed to friendship than books of words could have made. My pleasure must have been as obvious as his, for when we’d got into chairs, saying nothing, he looked at me, and suddenly his lips turned in a quarter-smile of benevolence.

His tumbling brown hair thatched with gray was not tumbling at the moment. He’d plastered it straight back with water. It revealed the fine shape of his head. The sleekness of his plastered hair was beginning to crinkle in spots, though, and I knew that a few minutes and one characteristic toss of his head would tumble his hair into a shaggy mop of rings.

Books lined the walls, half of them on shelves and half stacked up in slanted piles. The desk was of heavy oak, stained enough with time to give the impression of full ripeness. Papers all over it were neither stacked nor jumbled. The ink bottle was crusty around the neck. The pen, with half the green paint worn off it, and a clogged tip, gave you the notion that if you watched it a while it would somehow dip into the bottle. The room had the motile, living warmth of an unposed snapshot.

“Makes me think of old wine,” I said, with a gesture that took in the whole room.

He threw a critical look around. “It’s comfortable. But there’s a perversity about it, too. For instance, when I look up something the source is usually at the bottom of a pile.—Perhaps that’s the dregs of this wine you discover. Incidentally, will you have port or coffee?”

I’d had four bourbon highballs in the afternoon, and a cap of sweet port did not appeal. Besides, I could hear the coffee percolating, and the aroma was already beginning to float in from the kitchenette.

“Coffee,” I said.

At the door he turned. “If you’re ready for supper now—”

“Quite,” I said.

He apologized for the kitchen-dining room, which actually was a large closet with a window. There was a small gas stove, a pine cabinet, and a walnut table.

“I never cook,” he said; “only heat cooked foods and make coffee. But we have club sandwiches and apple pie with cheese. It all came from Mock’s, and I’ve never been disappointed yet by Mock’s.”

“Is that the place across the street with the crazy sign, Mock’s (Not Mack’s)?” I asked.

He straightened up from the unlit oven with the sandwiches.

“That’s the place. I’ll tell you about that sign. The craziness is only an appearance. There’s an occult significance. It’s like an escutcheon. You can’t take it by the look of its bearings; you’ve got to probe into the meaning of them.”

He had put down the sandwiches and made a dramatic sweep of arms to conjure up that escutcheon. The subject had brought on one of those
playfully eloquent moods I'd found in him before.

"Be warned, sir: 'Drink deep or touch not ...' By the way, won't you change your mind and have a glass of port?"

I said no, so he poured the coffee, and we sat to the table. The sandwiches were really old-fashioned club sandwiches.

"The story is short," he said, matter-of-fact-ly now. "Mock is a portly individual with a lot of pride. The background, roughly, is this: Mock's father was a successful man, a hotel owner in Virginia. That was a long time ago. The old man died, and Mock lost all the money in the early thirties. The best he has been able to do since is the little restaurant. How he happened to come to Windsor City he hasn't told me.

"But the reason for that fascinating sign is this: It was simply Mock's until some two years ago. Probably you recall a notorious event in a quick-lunch place—that is, joint—in which the owner, his common-law wife, and another woman had a midnight brawl, and an innocent customer was shot to death in the scramble. Remember?"

"Sure. I remember. The joint was called Mack's, wasn't it?"

"Yes. That's the point. The case got such notoriety, and Mack's was in the papers so much, it was inevitable that somebody would make the error of confusing Mack's with Mock's. When it came to Mock's notice that that error had slipped into the nasty affair, he tore his wig in vicarious shame a day or two, then, with a touch of inspiration, had his sign hauled down, and the rest of the story is precisely what you see on that new sign, Mock's (Not Mack's)."

"So," I said, "the sign's not as crazy as it looks."

"There's a sequel, crazier than volume one."

"Tell me the sequel."

"Mock was half blind to his own inspiration. The curious sign became a town topic. His business virtually doubled, and he has been a good enough restauranteur to hold the increase."

"He's damn good," I said, "if he can be judged by this sandwich. You don't often find a decent club sandwich these days."

"The apple pie will confirm it," the professor said. "You'll find it flaky, dry, and succulent all at the same time."

I was thinking I'd never known pie to be honored with such words before. "You know, Professor," I said, "that doubling of the business gives a fellow a good look at advertising. It was an accidental ad, but ad it was just the same. A nutty thing like that made a better ad than he could have bought for a thousand dollars."

"Or two thousand. It was the kind of thing that arouses curiosity. Curiosity is interesting. On one level it makes a man learned; on another it makes him gullible. It touches all levels. Most levels are low, bunches like guitar strings. These are easily excited all at once by the merest finger stroke of stimulus to curiosity.—The bearded lady, anything that contradicts a usual thing; therefore, Mock's (Not Mack's)."
Just then the professor arrested the first forkful of flaky, dry, succulent apple pie an inch from his mouth. He tilted his head toward the partition. I could hear something too, a heavy, booming voice coming in slow, deep-sea rolls.

"Tch-tch-tch. It's begun again," the professor said. He joined the voice with his own, like catching step. "... along with them from Heaven and strikes the sultan's turret with a shaft of light." ... You can't make out the words. I can. I'm used to it. Old Clive starts on his bottle every Saturday, and ends up Sunday night with The Rubaiyat. Listen. I'll pick it up again." He cocked his ear. ... 'And, as the cock crew, those who stood before the tavern shouted, "Open then the door. You know how little while we have to stay, and, once departed, may return no more."' ... Aha! Old Clive's gone again.—A good old man, though. He'll stop me on my way to work tomorrow evening, with shame and apology. I'll say, 'It was grand, John. You're a poet, man. Only a poet could express Omar as you do.' And he'll look sheepish. It's the same each time. I can't decide whether working in canvas turned John to Omar or Omar turned John to working in canvas." The neighbor's voice rolled on.

When the professor took the scraps down to the yard for the dog I looked around his walls of books. I pulled out a large Shakespeare bound in dark-red leather. Turning the cover, I found this on the flyleaf in faded ink:

Congratulations to Rufus, who, already burdened with a Litt.D., now lifts a Ph.D. to his none-too-powerful shoulders.—But how will he carry a spouse upon all that, as he has promised to do in June?

With all my love, Molly (Maybe I should sign "Molly McClintock, A.B.")—Feb. 8, 1916.

Below that, there was a masculine scrawl:

The burden would have been as a gay-colored feather, Molly. But the memory is a burden that makes me doubt my shoulders.

Rufus—June 14, 1916.

I put the book back in place. I felt that I'd violated a sacred thing. I'd expected the script to be merely a Christmas greeting or something like that. I wondered whether his message meant that she'd thrown him over or that she had died. In either case, she hadn't seen the message. I had the feeling that only Treowth and I had.

When he returned we sat on the back porch. The canary cage, covered with a piece of plaid blanket, looked like a Scotch bell. It hung beside a screen of jasmine that was growing out of a large pot.

Treowth lit his pipe. My cigarettes seemed inadequate. The pipe had personality. The glow in the bowl when the muscles of his jaw tightened slightly in the in-draft was like a heartbeat.

There was much silence. I tried to see him as he had been thirty-odd years ago. An agile, eager, wiry
framework of electric energy, controlled against wasting itself in febrile motion, yet always ready to put him in action at its own light touch of its own button. He must have been about thirty then, when he got that Ph.D. And Molly—what was she like? She must have been a small, vigorous girl, athletic, with reddish hair, large shapely breasts, laughing brown eyes, a small nose turned up in fascinating impudence; a girl who had gone through college not to be learned, but only to answer the challenge of learning, only to bowl her vigor into the tenpins of the classroom.

I looked at Treowth’s features, vague in the gloomy light that seeped out from the room. It occurred to me that his silence was actually himself; that his nimble wit, his humor, his theatrical spurs of gaiety—all this was the deftly exposed part of him, that under it this man was a far-away river in his heart.

The clock in the college tower struck; long, low, resonant sounds in the still night. It struck ten, and seemed half an hour in striking. The sound was like the mossy old tower from which it came, filling with mossy time the black September air; September, turning point, the feel of going, unwilling.

“My, my,” said the professor. “It’s a poor host who lets conversation go dumb.—The old clock, a mile away, was a somber musical shock in this dead night; eh, wasn’t it?”

I’d have bet a thousand dollars it was a shock to him every time it struck. It was the first time I’d seen him in his silence. He’d made the effort at gaiety in that “musical shock in this dead night.” But I could feel the real meaning of the silence as if I’d suddenly got inside him. I knew he was thinking of the University days.

He made a low, chuckling laugh. “When I left the University—” (Ah, I knew he was thinking of it.) —“Perhaps you know that I was invited out because I insisted upon a philosophic attitude toward society and economics.”

I told him I had heard. I added that I realized the regents were likely to call anything progressive some sort of ism.

“Pusillanimous dolts,” he said intensely. It was bitter, the way he said it. It was the first time he’d shown any bitterness. Bitterness. He checked it immediately and chuckled again. “Well, I was saying, when I left I was in panic. I was like—like a maestro dragged away from his orchestra and facing the traffic with his baton. But it did not last an hour, the panic. All my life I had thought of the night watchman as the real possessor of the earth. All time was his, off duty and on duty. He had only to walk, and to poke keys into a little hole in a clock—no more than breathing.

“In less than an hour I had settled on it. I’d be a night watchman and possess the whole of time: monarch of the infinite. Paradox, eh? Monarch of all, and at the same time, a mere, innocuous, simple, ardent liberal.”

Why hadn’t I had the good sense
to see it that way? His job was a luxury, not the low last fringe of all the ways of making a living.

"It's a grand thing, Professor," I said with an enthusiasm that made him perk up in his chair. "But you used one word that's wrong.—You're a hell of a long way from innocuous. An innocuous man is a mouse. You're a lion who will not tear things apart just to prove your strength."

He blinked his eyes and almost rose from the chair. "Such a compliment amazes me, really. I am very grateful to you."

And he was amazed. It had perked him up completely. He said, "The worst, I think, is that the change knocked me from London Dock to Bond Street."

I was puzzled only a second. "Oh, you're talking about tobaccos."

"Yes."

"Well, what's the distance from dock to street?"

"About two dollars or so a pound," he said.

I waited until I was almost to the door and the long straight steps. I wanted it to seem to come out casually.

"By the way," I said, "this librarian, Miss—er—" I fumbled deliberately, as if her name hadn't been with me every minute. "Miss Hood. Good librarian. You know her pretty well, no doubt."

"Well enough to ask her to dinner with you," he said. He saw into everything. The truth was out.

"Dinner with you and me?" I asked, flustered.

"Three?" His eyes went wide. "Absurd; dinner for two." He was having a malicious lot of fun. "Dinner for her and you." He stuck up two fingers together. "For her, for thee."

"Well, thank you," I said. "Please do."

The next day I went to The News office and searched the files. Treowth's inscription in the Shakespeare was dated the day set for the wedding, I was sure. If Molly had died, it could have happened any day between the dates of the two inscriptions.

I turned the yellowing pages, looked at the obituaries. I came to it finally. Molly McClintock was dead. Poor Treowth. She had died at the age of twenty-five—and on the first day of spring.
What is Song?

• Raymond Roseliep

...and they drank of the spiritual rock that followed them, and the rock was Christ.
—1 Corinthians x. 4

I asked a river, "What is song?"
   And it replied, "The sea!"
I put the question to the hills—
   "The winds!" they answered me.

I probed the shores, "Tell, what is song?"
   They echoed back, "The tide!"
I flung my query to the skies—
   "The stars, the stars!" they cried.

I met a lover: "What is song?"
   He mused: "Song is the tone
   But murmured in the blue-deep night
   Between two hearts alone."

I asked a poet, "What is song?"
   He said: "Below the brink
Of one tall irrigating Rock
   Men thirst: song is their drink."