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EDITOR'S NOTE

With this issue the *Quarterly* greets its readers with a new format. This remodeling has been done for two reasons. The larger type and the generously spaced layout have been designed for the readers' convenience. With this issue we have also put into effect our new editorial policy. The editors feel that a new format would also emphasize this new policy.

In the past the *Carroll Quarterly*, supported by the contributions of the students, faculty, and alumni, has been little more than the literary publication of John Carroll University. Over the years the *Quarterly* has been looked upon as that little periodical of homey stories and nice poems. The issues have rarely been greeted with any enthusiasm favorable or otherwise. Every new issue rates the familiar nod given an old friend. The *Quarterly* still wants to be your friend (stretching the analogy still further) yet it wants to be an interesting and stimulating friend. We plan to do this by featuring contributions tending toward the experimental and controversial. It is on the college campus that one finds the seeds of today's finest intellectual debates and tomorrow's creative writers. Does it not follow that a collegiate literary magazine should publish these efforts?

When you page through this issue do not expect to find an *avant-garde* publication bristling with radical articles. The *Quarterly* has just set out in this new direction; it will take time to reach our objective. We still rely on the contributions of the students, faculty, and alumni. It will take time to awaken the student-body from its intellectual torpor. It took time to establish the tradition of provincial barbarism. The editors of the *Quarterly* cannot expect to overcome suddenly this intellectual indolence which the anti-cultural Philistines have firmly founded. Yet, if aspiring writers want to sharpen their pens and artistic perception, the *Quarterly* offers to them its pages hoping that their example will draw forth the endeavors of those who have been too shy and have shunned the derision of their comrades who scorn anything literary.

The pages of the *Quarterly* are also open to the faculty. A good intellectual controversy will not only stimulate interest in the magazine, but it may also awaken the minds of the students. The stimulation of a good debate among members of the faculty will aid the students in forming new ideas and opinions, which any instructor knows they are lacking; the example of these articles will also aid the students in the expression of their ideas.

In order to avoid a display of histrionics, I will refrain from an exhortation. Yet, all of us must be aware of the present mental stagnation. The editors of the *Quarterly* have recognized this problem and are attempting to do something towards its rectification. As our contributors, your aid is indispensable.

J K H

The Retrograde Clock

by Lawrence Raybourne

FROM the instant that his finger, trembling from fear and anger, squeezed off the trigger of his ex-service pistol, George forgave his wife for everything she had ever done to make him kill her.

The bullet left the chamber with a loud noise, entered the back of Edna's neck, ricocheted from a cervical vertebra and was spit from her mouth into the curious clock on the mantle.

Moisture, mixed with equal parts of pity and regret, seeped from his eyes as George blurredly watched his wife sag to the floor, fresh orange blood spilling from the painted, parted lips. Poor Edna. Foolish, impetuous, proud, hasty, dead Edna. How often he had warned her not to take his jealousy lightly. Time and again he had given her the chance to admit her guilt, but always she denied having been unfaithful. However, the bedroom filled with cigar smoke tonight when he came home from work had told him all he needed to know about his devoted spouse. Now, George had killed her — not for her infidelity, which he had suspected for a long time but done nothing besides accuse her — not because of her lies, for he felt only sympathy for her weakness. Perhaps it was only because he was tired: tired from working late, tired of thinking things were going on behind his back without being able to prove them. She had flaunted her disregard for his emotions one too many times.

"What if there has been a man up here with me tonight?" she ventured to challenge earlier. "What could you do about it, you little weasel? You and your clocks! You think more of them than you do of me. Do you ever take me to the movies? Never. All you do is work till all hours in that filthy shop of yours, tinkering with those old clocks. I could be entertaining half a dozen men up here nightly for all you know, and all you

could do is trust me or go to hell."

Even when he had warned her to turn around, that he was about to shoot her, she scoffed at him.

"Oh stop being so melodramatic. You're not the type to kill anybody. You haven't got the nerve."

But he had. And he did.

When George was discharged from the Army, he brought three things back with him: an ungovernable temper, his .45, and a quaint water-clock from the Middle East. Had he left any one of them behind, the events which were to follow could never have happened. Collectively, they brought about his own destruction.

Edna faced the strange timepiece on the mantle while George directed the muzzle so that it aimed at the nape of her neck, just below the upswept, dark-rooted hairdo. George noticed that it was exactly midnight when he pulled the trigger.

"Oh stop being so melodramatic. You're not the type to kill anybody. You haven't got the nerve," she scoffed.

An uncanny feeling swept over George, as though, somehow, this moment had happened before. Yet, he could not remember pointing a loaded gun at Edna before tonight.

"I'm not fooling, Edna," he found himself repeating, just as he had before he fired the shot. "This is it. Get ready. You'd better turn around. Here I go!"

His finger tightened on the trigger.

"Oh, George, grow up. You're not scaring me. Put that silly gun away," she said five seconds before his final warning.

"I'm going to kill you, Edna," he announced, slipping the gun back into his pocket.

"I could be entertaining half a dozen men up here nightly for all you know, and all you could do is trust me or go to hell."

There was no mistaking what was happening now. George recognized this as what had angered him enough to draw the gun from his pocket the first time.

"What if there has been a man up here with me tonight? What could you do about it, you little weasel? You and your clocks —"

THE RETROGRADE CLOCK

George suddenly looked over at the time. *The antique clock said one minute to twelve.*

The *Clepsydra*, or water-clock, had come from Persia and measured the time as single drops of water from a specially installed plumbing system dribbled one by one into the receptacle below the face. A float, attached to a ratchet rod, rose as the waterline did, causing a cog wheel to rotate clockwise, moving the hand. But unknown to George, the same bullet which killed his wife pierced a tiny hole in the side of the water tank, causing two drops of water at a time to ooze out onto the fireplace. Since the receptacle was filled only half as fast as it was emptied, the hollow float lowered with the liquid level, the ratchet rod descended, and the cog wheel turning the hand revolved counter-clockwise.

From this point, George and Edna argued over the same things which they had after he came home from the clock shop and knew he smelled cigar smoke in the bedroom.

"Edna, has there been a man up here?" he asked, sniffing.

"Back from work so soon?" she said sarcastically, looking at the clock that said quarter to twelve.

"Yes, it's me," he replied again to the question he had heard before.

"Is that you, George?"

Edna was asleep when she heard him withdraw his key from the lock. He put out the light, closed the door and inserted his key in the lock.

A second later, a very confused George stood in the hallway, the key in his hand, prepared to go in. The hall clock said quarter past twelve — the correct time. When he had managed to gather his wits, George realized that by some miracle he was reliving the past. This meant he was being given another chance to undo the murder which he had, in a blind fit of rage, committed fifteen minutes ago. Exactly why the water-clock in his apartment had decided to bestow upon him such a miraculous gift as going back in time, he didn't know. Neither did he understand what quirk in its mechanism was causing it to move suddenly backward. A mystery, also, was why — even

though the works had gone askew — time had also gone in reverse, at least in the apartment where the clock was. The only credible explanation George could offer himself was that perhaps it was because he had been such a faithful servant to Time in the past that it chose to reward him now. He had fondled and caressed each chronometer, especially this prized one, with the same doting affection as some men might give a mistress. This had to be the reason, he told himself.

George was not truly a murderer, but a victim of unfortunate circumstances. The line was a temporal one which constituted the difference between a man who pointed a loaded gun and one who used it to kill. It was only logical to assume that what was done in time could only be undone by the accountable fourth dimension, without which one act cannot precede or follow another.

He decided not to go in right now. If he did, the same thing might happen all over again. He did not wish to kill Edna. She was no good to him dead. Rather, he wanted to have grounds for a divorce.

Yes, he would wait until the clocks outside said one o'clock before returning home. By then, the clock in there would have eleven, and he would find his wife in the arms of the other man. She couldn't deny it then.

Forty-five minutes later, George entered his apartment. The first thing he saw was the clock over the fireplace. It said eleven o'clock.

Edna was in bed but she was not asleep. She wore a filmy negligee and stared at him as if she'd seen his ghost. He could hear somebody washing up in the bathroom.

"W-What are you doing here?" she gasped, blanching, "I thought —"

She never finished, for just then the bathroom door opened and a male walked out. He was as naked as the first man.

Before he could stop himself, George pulled the gun from his pocket and pumped the nude body full of bullets.

George sat in the bar at the corner, getting very drunk.

THE RETROGRADE CLOCK

He had killed without meaning to. If only he had remained to discuss the affair rationally, but mad impulse had driven him to take another human life.

He recalled the clock. If he waited until it was closing time — two o'clock — downstairs, it would be ten *up there*. Maybe the man wouldn't be there yet. If his wife had already made the date, she couldn't postpone it while he was home. George would be there when the lover arrived. They would discuss everything calmly; he would see his lawyer in the morning.

George ordered another double shot of whiskey and a beer just before closing time. And to celebrate his clever plan, he bought a cheap cigar.

As he staggered down the street on his way home, he passed a mailbox and a trash container. He decided it would be a good idea to throw the gun away in order to make sure he wouldn't use it again. He dropped it into the mailbox.

"You're reeking," his wife accused when he came through the door at ten o'clock. "The first night you've come home early since you were discharged and you're lousy drunk. Well, you're not sleeping with *me* tonight. You'd better go out to a turkish bath for an hour or so until you get straightened out."

"Oh no you don't," he contradicted foxily. "I'm shtayin' right here."

"Have it your own way. You're too plastered to walk that far anyway. I'll make you some black coffee. In the meantime, put out that smelly cigar and take a cold shower."

George lurched into the bathroom and closed the door. Then he removed all his clothes. Over the noise from the shower water he thought he heard Edna talking to somebody.

He stepped from the bathroom as naked as the first man.

Ebon Orpheus

The drugged opiate of throbbing souls
Bathes the tissues with a soothing solvent.
Bruising tides of belting conscience crumbled,
Sifting through the fog of muted horns.
The shrieking, screaming of our tungsten nerves
Is smothered deep within the crooning bowels
Of up-plucked gut; the empty echo of
Our hollow veins is scourged with syncopated
Sticks upon a tautly tempered hide;
Time's crunching molars, grinding hearts of youth,
Are splintered, broken, smashed by rhythmic blasts;
The calculated cacophony, fugal
Counterpoint, abruptly lifts the weight
Of life from brows entombed in anguished fear.
O ebon Orpheus drive with molten brass
Life reincarnate into flesh reluctant!

— *John Hanson*

The Enemy From Within

by Rev. John A. Hardon, S.J.

IN the Encyclical Letter *Sertum Laetitiae* which Pope Pius XII addressed to the Bishops of the United States, he urged the "supreme necessity" of making the unity and indissolubility of marriage better known and respected by the people. "If only your country had come to know from the experience of others rather than from examples at home the accumulation of evils which derive from the plague of divorce. Let reverence for religion and fidelity towards the great American people counsel energetic action that this widespread disease may be cured by extirpation."

During the two decades since this exhortation, the flood of American divorces continued unabated. Yet it is fast becoming the most critical problem that our country has to solve. If there is any lesson which history teaches, it is the law of the decadence of nations. Their worst enemy is not an alien power outside their borders, but their own citizens who place selfish interests ahead of the common good and allow family life to disintegrate through marital instability.

Growth and Extent of Divorce in America

The granting of divorce with the right to remarry has been practiced in the States since colonial times. However, divorces were rare in the early days, largely due to the influence of the English tradition. With American independence a radical change took place. Authentic records show that as far back as 1867, there were 9,937 divorces in that year, in a population of thirty-seven million. The following table shows the rise of divorce in the country during the past sixty years. It will be noticed that the high divorce rate precipitated by the first World War was repeated after World War II and, as the past thirty years have shown, started an upward trend which

threatens to become permanent.

Divorces

Year	Number	Ratio per 1000 Population	Ratio of Divorces to Marriages
1890	33,461	0.5	1 to 18.2
1900	55,751	0.7	1 to 13.3
1910	83,045	0.9	1 to 11.4
1920	170,505	1.6	1 to 7.5
1930	195,961	1.6	1 to 5.75
1940	264,000	2.0	1 to 6.05
1950	385,000	2.5	1 to 4.4

Our country enjoys the dubious reputation of having the highest divorce rate of any nation in the world. Compared with an annual ratio of 250 divorces per 100,000 population in the States, England has only seventy, Belgium sixty, and our Canadian neighbor forty. Japan has less than one-half the American percentage, and France, which popularized the modern divorce laws, has less than a third.

Effects of Divorce

The worst effect of divorce is on the children of parents whose marriage has been legally dissolved. Unfortunately court records no longer give the number of children affected. However, figures were published for the year 1922-1932, during which time about thirty-six per cent of the cases reported children. Statisticians conclude that in view of the stability of the number of children per divorce and a similar average birth rate, the earlier data can be used to estimate the number of children affected by divorce in the intervening years. The annual average between 1933 and 1953 is over 200,000. In 1948 there were in the United States about a million children under eighteen with a divorced parent who had not yet remarried. During the same year, out of every thousand couples having children under eighteen, eight obtained a divorce. It was estimated in 1948 that nearly six million children were living with a remarried parent, about half of whom were the children of divorce. Accuracy for these figures is assured by the fact that they were presented for official use by the White House Conference on Children and Youth.

THE ENEMY FROM WITHIN

What happens to the children of divorced parents? Accidentally the effects will differ according to what disposition is made of the children, but essentially the result is always the same — the child is deprived of that sense of security which is needed for normal human development. If the child remains with one parent, he loses the other, whereas each parent plays a necessary and complimentary role in the child's life. If the parent with whom he stays remarries, the child falls into a stepchild situation. If he is shifted back and forth between parents, he must adjust to two different home situations, possibly hostile to each other, and run the risk of a serious conflict in his emotional life and what should be an undivided love for father and mother. Numerous studies have shown that the immediate result is often a moral and social aberration of varying degree of gravity; and eventually the distorted concept of family relations which the child learned at home may be carried over into his own married life, so that divorce becomes "hereditary" and multiplies in geometric proportion.

Comparable to the deleterious effect on the children is the injury done to husband and wife. With rare exceptions which only prove the rule, there are few crises in the normal life span which produce a greater strain upon the personality than divorce. Even death seems to produce less conflict in most people because of the presence of socially sanctioned forms of adjustment. The first reaction is generally negative, where the divorcee is crushed by the weight of shame, fear, regret and perhaps hatred as he faces the world alone and unprepared for this new kind of life. The second stage of adjustment takes a lifetime, and even then is only partial and unsatisfactory. There is the problem of emotional dependence which naturally develops in married life. Husband and wife have learned they need each other. Equally grave, especially for women, is the matter of financial support. Moreover, though divorce is widespread in the States, it is still an abnormality and carries with it a painful stigma that may oblige its victims to sever all the social ties of their former married life. Attempted remarriage is the final stage in the adjustment process, but all the evidence points to its being, ordinarily, not a solution but a further aggravation of the problem.

Recommended Solutions

Two basic viewpoints may be seen among the solutions offered for the American divorce problem. Both are intended to deal with a complicated issue in a religiously heterogeneous society. The first is advocated by the legal profession and seeks to awaken the state's responsibility to safeguard the stability of marriage as a preservative of society. It is argued that marriage is not only an individual and private contract; it is controlled by the state. In the same way, divorce is impossible except under conditions imposed by the state. Let legal measures be taken to insure that the parties to a marriage work hard to make their union succeed before they are permitted any possibility of divorce; and let this be a condition for being allowed to live in marriage in the first place.

The second and more fundamental solution is offered by Catholic leaders in the Church and the social professions. They see the root of the difficulty not in the civil law as such, but in the attitude of the people under the law. Spiritual values are being neglected in the current granting of so many divorces. With all the plans for a reformation in the civil code, the basic factor may be overlooked. The prevalence of divorce is due, not so much to the law and the courts, as to popular American opinion. Behind each of the divorce libels is the decision of one or both partners to file and prosecute the action; but behind this decision is the community judgment that these individuals are doing no wrong, and that it is for the partners to decide their individual futures. "There is no remembrance of the interests of the state, 'which are paramount to the rights of the parties.' The problem, therefore, is one of education, how to create a general consciousness of social responsibility whenever the status is endangered."* As long as public opinion remains oblivious of the harm resulting from uncontrolled divorce, it is useless to write new statutes and instill new procedures.

* Most Rev. Eric F. MacKenzie, "Spiritual Values and the Family Court," *Law and Contemporary Problems*, pp. 24-25.

Life of the Spirit

by Robert Toomey

BEFORE laying the leaf on the table, he paused briefly to gaze at it, not bothering to shut the door behind him — a door not easily shut.

“Stop acting silly,” his mother said when she heard him. She was sitting inside the front room. “And wipe your dirty shoes.”

He admired the authority of her voice, but he continued to look at the leaf, admiring its lovely stem first of all, then its perfect center, from which the veins branched decidedly out in directions quite conceivable to the mind, although the eye could not detect water coursing through the veins. Inside his aunt played the piano, contending with fate and the length of time between pauses. She was reminded of her own past.

He no longer thought of the leaf but said nevertheless, within earshot of his mother, “I shall return in the morning and then I shall know if you are real or not. I cannot know by touching you.”

He touched the leaf. It lay silent where he had placed it.

He left the leaf and turned to the room where his aunt continued to play. Outside the dust was gathering to a storm and children, a jar in each hand, each one quite full, played with fireflies, embracing them with kisses. They lifted their human voices to the ceiling in the still-not-yet darkness, while up the street their elders conversed in a language quite distinguished.

The day hurried to a finish; he was quite sorry for its late performance. All day until now nothing had happened of any importance. Inside it was getting late also. Mother now watched her television set behind the ritual of blurred eyes. She studied the map in the open mouths of the professional speakers. Their stuttering lingered hard in his ears as he

fought his way across the stage, crossed the further threshold, hesitated at the door, made as if to leave, but decided (as he did everyday up till now), that he would remain where he was, at least for a short while.

He was inside now. No lights were on. All the rooms were dark save one, where a candle burned perpetually to the memory of his father, now long departed. He stood in darkness, pondering the bright flames, trying to grasp their meaning. He wept silently into the noise of the blind mechanism in the other room. He moved silently to the steps, where the sound of his shoes brought him back to the present. He did not disturb anybody. He could hear a phone ring somewhere far off, and the cars resumed their motions in the street.

Disappointed at first, he returned to the front room, obeyed an impulse and said good night to his mother, who disregarded his look, then walked slowly to his waiting death. Suddenly there was noise, and the humming began all around him. He was aware he would soon be dead and that neither faith nor reason could save him. The last thing he remembered was the squawk of birds, the high shouting of animals and men.

Surrender

My life to date has been complete
With chaos, carnage, and defeat.
So strangled are my dreams of youth,
So gutted are my towers of truth,
To start again can never be
For alas I'm almost twenty-three.

— James Wargo

A Critical Analysis of 'The Age of Reason'

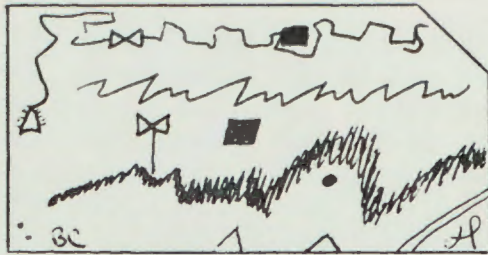
by John Clifford

THE twentieth century has become an age of deep thought, serious thought, thought behind thought, or thought behind the thought of the thinker. Put in simple terms, we have arrived at the age of critical thinking. Professional critics of today delve more deeply into works of art than ever before in the history of Artistic Criticism. No surface criticism of any work of art is valid today. One must look behind the work, crawl between the lines of a book, into the mind of the author, into the life and times of the society in which the work was created. The life, friends, hair, clothes, and wives (or husbands) of the artist must be studied and analyzed. Once this is done there is then a complete understanding of *what the work means*. In other words this is the age of Analogous Criticism — relate the work to the outside environment.

(Those of you interested in this form of popular criticism drawn to its highest degree in literature might be interested to know that my two volume work will be published next year entitled *An Analogous Study of the Personality of Mary and Her Society*. Mary is of course the Mary in the famous poem "Mary Had a Little Lamb." For years people have missed the great world of implications in this simple yet revealing verse. In relation to the Literary Depression of the Seventeenth Century this poem takes on added significance.)

In the criticism of a painting we find that every line, every brush stroke, and every color must be separated from the whole and studied. The part must be studied as a part related to the whole and as a whole in itself. This will enable us to find the real meaning of the painting. We will then know

the author. Following this popular trend in criticism, developed to its fullest by the *Saturday Review* in their studies of Samuel Beckett, I intend to delve into one of America's most famous paintings, "The Age of Reason" by Beau Colette. This painting may be found (in the original) in the basement of the Modern American Museum. Painted in April-June of 1954, this painting shows a true insight into the Past, Present, and Future of Man's plight in the world. We shall now undertake the difficult task of analysis by analogy of "The Age of Reason."



In a modern analysis of paintings we usually begin with the upper right hand corner. It is not known why this is. In examining the painting we discover that the upper right hand corner is missing, a perfect starting point. Why is this so? Why is the corner missing? Its reason is simple. From the title we know, or we assume, that the painting has some connection with the Age of Reason. But, when was the Age of Reason? Exactly! No one knows. Evidently the artist placed the dates of this age in the corner and later found out that they were incorrect. He then removed the whole corner leaving the shape we see above. A simple explanation for a simple problem. We have begun admirably.

We now believe that M. Colette is an historian — an accurate historian. With this information we direct our attention to the wavy line above the puce square.* Any critic at home with good music will see the truth in this line. It is obviously a reproduction of a sound wave painted while viewing a *phonodeik*. However this was the easy part. What does it rep-

* Editor's note: This is the dark square in the center of the picture.

A CRITICAL ANALYSIS

resent? What is the sound? Here a knowledge of music is important.³ At first glance we can see that the sound which is represented by this sound wave could have come only from a symphony, and further, either one in C minor or C major. We must now proceed with caution. Stravinsky is out. That leaves only Schubert.** Franz Schubert (1797-1828) must then be studied. After several weeks (possibly even months) the correct sound might be heard. We then will have seen through another painting. The poignant song of the oboe which opens the second movement, *Andante con moto* (at a moving pace with motion), of the Symphony No. 7 in C Major has been placed on canvas by M. Colette. This connection with the Age of Reason is at first not too clear but after several days concentration it is still not too clear.

We next observe the center of the picture. Here we have the puce square. This is nothing but a cheap ploy.⁴ It is obvious to the youngest critic that this has nothing to do with the picture and should have been eliminated. This was a foul trick. Ploys similar to this have cost many a fine critic his life. I am reminded of the world famous critic, S. J. Wm. Rothbird II of Manchester. Lord Rothbird was trying to find an analogy between Swift's *Gulliver's Travels* and English society of that period. After twenty years of intensive research he concluded that this was the world's second greatest ploy. Swift had done the dirty. Lord Rothbird then crucified himself with thumb tacks against his favorite life size painting of Goethe.

There have been several explanations for the series of broken lines at the top of the drawing. H. B. Croftwild claimed that Colette had been drinking the night before he had painted this line. Many critics have lazily approved Mr. Croftwild's

³ Be sure to read "An Analysis of 'Pop Goes the Weasel.'" This was my first work and may be found in the volume *American Music Critics*.

⁴ See my latest work *An Expose of Gamesmanship* with an introduction by S. Potter. Ploys of all types are exposed for what they are. The S.G.A. (Stop Gamemanship Association) is now very active in this country.

** Editor note: This matter is not too clear. Mr. Clifford seems to have eliminated all other composers or we have mislaid a page of his thesis.

theory. However the story goes more deeply than that.⁵ After an analysis of the central theme of the painting we must draw the conclusion that this line represents the journey of the Magi at the time of Jesus Christ. The line (actually straight but too long for the painting) represents their journey from Herod to Christ, from right to left. The two triangles that lie in their path seem to be similar to the one directly left of the puce square. The similarity is quite simple. The two triangular shapes to the left of the puce square represent the modern television antenna of today — a symbol of communication. The same symbol is used in the journey of the *Tres Reges* (Three Kings) to represent the message of the angel of the Lord who appeared to the Kings and advised them to take another route because Herod was following behind.⁶ The line in the picture then changes direction. The Magi finally reach Christ depicted by the crown to the left. Colette thought that this journey had some connection with the Age of Reason. It is not known exactly what this connection is.

At this time we direct our attention to the round hole (dark) to the right and down from the puce square. This is a round hole in the canvas. It was made by the janitor's broom handle while sweeping the basement floor of the Modern American Museum.

This is a story of man. This picture needs no reference to any animals except man. However Colette had a pet Angora and the wavy lines from the antenna under the puce square, over the broom handle hole, and to the right of the picture represents M. Colette's favorite pet. At this stage of the contest I feel that I am justified to say that this represents the gap between the reason of man and the ignorance of the animal. Enough for Jean Paul (the cat).

The triangle below the puce square represents the three ages which passed over the earth before the Age of Reason: the Ice Age, the Dark Age (Age of Darkness), and the Light Age. The second triangle, the one below the hole, should have

⁵ When asked why I don't accept the explanation and why I look for a deeper one, I usually ask why Beethoven wrote his tenth symphony.

⁶ For a more detailed description see the Bible. (Any edition will suffice.)

A CRITICAL ANALYSIS

been a square representing a box which should have represented a container which should have brought to mind the mind of man. Evidently M. Colette started painting the box too low on the canvas and could not get it all on the painting. J. B. Malcom in *The Age of Reason by Colette: A Fraud* would have us believe otherwise. A prudent logician, however, could dispute his argument in a second. As of the writing of this paper I have not yet found such a logician.

Turning again to the work we see that our task is almost over. We need only to analyze the lower left hand corner. We shall not bother with the lower right hand corner for obvious reasons. The two dots in the extreme lower left corner are simply two dots in the lower left hand corner of a picture. They are there for pure artistic reasons and add to the form and color. The letters B C however have a much more significant history.

The letters B C have been a point of controversy ever since the preview of the work on that rainy day in June in Altoona. R. G. Bankcroft claims that they represent nothing. In the *American Medical Journal* he states, ". . . the most obvious intent to fraud the American coal mining public . . ." We do not agree. It has been suggested by Geo. Wellington, B.G., that the B stands for before and the C stands for Christ, i.e., before Christ. It is not known why this should be in "The Age of Reason." Another theory is that the two letters B C stand for *Beauty Contest* which was a pornographic magazine which was taken off the newsstands by court order in 1950. Most Catholic critics of the Analogical School reject this theory. Some even think that these are the initials of his deceased mistress. The latest theory is that Beau Colette had stumbled upon the first name of either Cephalus or Cleitophon. If so, Greek and Philosophy students should rejoice. With this came the idea that it might be a Russo-Chinese symbol for the devil. This is also being studied.

We have now reached the end of our study of "The Age of Reason" by Colette. If any of you are fortunate enough in the future to view this masterpiece of modern art you will be rewarded by your great insight into this master of the brush. You will not only see the external beauty of the lines, the

color, the masterful brushwork, and the frame, but you will also see and hear things no one dreams are there. You will see M. Colette, his mind, his wife, his cat. You will journey with the Magi as they walk miles to see the Infant. You will hear the beautiful Symphony No. 7 in C major by Schubert. You will feel yourself enclosed in the triangle of the Age of Darkness only to be freed into the Age of Light. Finally you will see the box of the mind, the greatest mystery on earth — the power to think and reason. Yes, you will truly see Colette's and God's "Age of Reason."

Death of an Artist

Into the midnight meringue of the fog-lit night
Sped the dying soul of the moon-robbed artist.
Choked by moon beams,
Gored by shadows,
His sun-fed soul is smothered by dew.

From the amber strewn street of the electric mind
Is driven the starving pen of the ink-smudged poet.
Dry with hunger,
Bent with fever,
His pang wracked pen is drawn to the poison.

Down the hollow alley of the neon world
Limps the crumbled spirit of the writer to pawn
Talents of gold
For talents of silver
For bread for the body and death for the soul.

— John Hanson

Alas, Poor Herod

Alas, poor Herod, on your bed,
So restless, turning —
With something in your troubled mind
Relentless, burning.

What secret asked of scribes and priests
By thee could not enlight'?
What dreaded answer caused thee fear?
Why sleepest not this night?

The rising star, low in the east,
O'er Judea's chosen town,
Will reach its zenith by this morn,
Some natal hour reknown.

What incident of great rejoicing
Causes trembling now instead?
Perchance you'd have already be
This unborn Holy Child dead.

Shepherds, wise men, will be there.
Angels? Yea, of a host!
Sleep while you can, thou wretched Herod —
Thou haunted by the Christmas Ghost.

— Lawrence Raybourne

Until Tomorrow

by Stephen Keider

IT happened almost fifteen years ago, at a time when I was still considered one of the better reporters on the *Times'* staff. I had been assigned as foreign correspondent to one of the minor banana wars that break out in the Latin states every few years, and because I rather enjoy travelling, it appealed quite warmly to me. However, it evolved into a routine civil war by the time I arrived, and ended shortly thereafter; so that before I knew it, the skirmish was over, the leaders of the rebellion imprisoned, and I found myself a guest of Major-General Principio Degas y Valera y Santo-Domenico de Mauro, commander-in-chief of the Federal forces. At the time I wasn't very sure which of the factions was in the right and which in the wrong; but to be utterly frank, it made not a hair-breadth's difference to me. Besides, being a guest of the General's, and having a fair impression of his character and temperament, I was not loathe to express contrary political views . . . or even delve into the rights and wrongs of the war, for that matter. And as a result of this dictatorial policy on the part of the General, and my own love of life, I am afraid my newspaper received a quite one-sided picture of the war, for I am certainly not composed of the stuff that makes martyrs to the cause of freedom of the press.

Nonetheless, I did enjoy my stay at his quarters. Not merely because they were probably the best to be had within one hundred miles, but because in the General, I found one of the most interesting individuals I have ever met. The type one continually meets in pulp magazines, but never face-to-face. He was so utterly void of the moral virtues — ethics, scruples and the like; so sadistically cruel; so intrinsically depraved that one would imagine him to be in perpetual fear for his

very life. Yet he had, in less than a week's time, mustered a force three times the strength of the Nationalist army, and twice as loyal. Which, if I might add, was quite an accomplishment for this particular state.

Though he was lacking in the above qualities, he was a born leader. He had been blessed with an over-abundance of energy, forceful speech, a fanatical drive and quite charming manner. So even though I couldn't respect the man for what he did, I could not help but admire the soldier in him; and soldier he was — all steel and not a weak spot showing.

Enough of the General, though; I will return to the story.

It was almost a week after the war had ended and I had been sitting on the patio of the General's quarters (which was situated at the rear of the house, facing the northwest) for quite some time awaiting his appearance. He had asked me to meet him for lunch at eleven, and it was now half-past. But I could have spent the whole day at that spot and never noticed the passage of time, for it was one of those crisp, clear days on which one can see for miles in either direction. And as the house was situated on the summit of a low hill, I was able to see the M ——— mountain range quite clearly in the background with its peaks poking short, stubby fingers into the fleece that surrounded them, and the approaching slopes, slowly disengaging itself from the green that predominated the scene and rolling swiftly into the snow that crowned each tip. The peaks were almost invisible, though, for the snow blended in majestically with the thunderclouds that were forming thirty miles off. It all formed a perfect backdrop for the peaceful little valley that spread out before me like an immense carpet.

I was soon brought out of this reverie, however, by the sound of voices in the next room. The General's I recognized, but who the other man was I couldn't say. No matter — a few minutes later the General appeared in the doorway with a drink in each hand and a warm smile spread across his face. He was dressed in a soft, khaki-colored uniform, riding boots with crop under his left arm. The left breast of his tunic was a blaze of color, for he seemed to have every decoration from the *croix de guerre* to the Order of St. George. Thick, curly

hair, a hairline mustache, handsomely rugged features and miraculously white teeth formed a picture of the man facing me.

"Buenos dias, Senor Keefe. I trust you spent a comfortable evening in this wretched place?" he asked, extending a drink toward me.

"Yes, thank you. Quite comfortable, General. And yourself?"

"Ah, a night here is no different than in the field. I even think they fill the mattress with wood chips when I come. But enough of that. How do you like the view? Is it not splendid? It seems a pity to have despoiled it, but less than two weeks ago, that valley," punctuating his sentence with a sweep of his arm, "was the scene of one of the bloodiest battles in which I was ever engaged. Yes, the very bloodiest." He sipped quietly on his drink, and I could see that he was in a talkative mood. I decided to prod him a bit.

"Please go on," I begged.

"Yes, the very bloodiest. And would you believe it, if I were to tell you that I lost three men to every one that the rebels lost? Madre de Dios, more than one thousand of my men fell."

I interrupted a moment to ask him to clarify a communicate that had been issued from the capital stating that the Federalists had lost only four hundred and fifty men.

"Senor, we must not give the people cause to believe that their government was hard-pressed to suppress a minor rebellion. Naturally, it would make them wonder. You will not, of course, repeat any of this conversation in your dispatches to the *Times*, I trust," he concluded.

"If you insist, General."

"I insist, Senor. After all, this is merely a discussion among gentlemen, is it not?"

"Of course," I replied.

"Thank you. And now, to continue, I lost over a thousand men in less than seventy-two hours, during what our President labelled a 'minor fracas'." There was a note of scorn in his voice. "But the fact of the matter is that they were not lost because of negligence or inferior leadership on my part.

UNTIL TOMORROW

No! It was because the scum, the rebels, were so well led. And would you believe it, their leader was a boy no more than twenty-five years old? Think of it! A mere boy attempting to overcome me . . . General Santo Domenico de Mauro. But I must admit he humbled me for seventy-two hours."

He sat there for a minute or two twirling his glass between the thumb and forefinger of his right hand, his black fierce eyes sweeping the valley over and over again. He reached into his breast pocket.

"Cigar, Senor Keefe?" he asked, extending a long, thin, but very black cigar toward me.

"No, thank you, General. But please go on," I begged.

"Very well." He lit his cigar and continued. "Do you see that notch at the end of the valley between the two low peaks?" His hand pointed toward them, and I grunted acknowledgement.

"He ambushed the best cavalry unit in my army there on the very first day of battle, killing all but three men. Captain Luis Royal was among those who fell. . . . I treated it as a joke when the first reports came in, for I didn't think anyone could trap Luis." He paused momentarily, gulping down the remainder of the drink and setting the empty glass onto the floor. A long gray ash was forming on the end of his cigar and every time he talked I was sure it was going to drop onto his tunic.

"And over there, to the right. Do you see that river, Senor? It is called the Rio Verde. Four times my men tried to bridge it to enable us to outflank him. Four times they failed."

An orderly brought two more glasses of whiskey and at a sign from the General returned in another minute with the bottle. He placed it at the General's side and in an instant was gone.

"Yes, he was the fox in that drama. He was everywhere at once, never at any one place. Dashing up and down the lines on his white charger he looked the very sceptre of death. He was a magnificent man . . . a better commander. I would never have defeated him except by luck."

"You say 'was.' Is he dead?"

"No, but he soon will be. He dies before a firing squad

tomorrow morning." I think there was a note of regret in his voice.

"I would like very much to meet this man, General. Would you arrange it?" I asked.

"Of course, of course. He is kept locked in the basement of this very house. As a matter of fact, I think I will invite him to lunch with us, if you don't mind. After all, he is an 'officer' in his own right, is he not?"

With the last note, the General rose and gave a call to his orderly. When he appeared the General gave orders to have the table set for three and to bring the prisoner to the dining room.

It was a few minutes before he reappeared and announced that dinner was ready. The General graciously took my empty glass and led me into the dining room where we sat down to a sumptuous meal served on a massive round table. I had no sooner lifted my fork when there was a knock on the door. The General called, "Who is it?" An answer came back that it was Captain Patron, with his prisoner.

"Enter," ordered the General.

The door opened and six men filed in: an officer, four guards and a strikingly handsome youth dressed in dirty white clothes. His hands were bound behind him.

"Untie him and post two guards at each entrance. The rest of you may wait outside. If he tries to escape, shoot him. I will call for you when I am through with him."

When the soldiers had departed, the General rose and indicated that the prisoner sit down at a third empty plate.

"Senor Keefe, may I present to you my former adversary, 'General' Manuelo. Do not worry about last names, they are not that important."

The youth stood up, gave a polite bow in both mine and the General's direction and said, "I am most happy to make your acquaintance, Senor Keefe, even though it will be only for such a short while. And as for you, General, I will not offend your guest by greeting you in the manner I wish. Let 'buenos dias' suffice." With that, he sat down, bowed his head for a minute to say grace, and then started eating. He was slow, deliberate and quite mannerly.

UNTIL TOMORROW

"Is that your full name, just Manuelo?" I asked.

"It is what my men called me, and it is enough to die with, Senor," he replied.

No one spoke again until the meal was finished. Then the orderly poured coffee and passed a box of fresh havanas around the table. After lighting ours, the General addressed Manuelo.

"You do not now look the dashing commander that you did on the battlefield, Manuelo. Is prison life then so disagreeable with you?"

"It is discomforting, General. But what is more annoying is that I am faced with the prospect of standing before the firing squad in these filthy rags," he said, fingering the blouse. "And I would appreciate some tobacco. Cigarettes, if possible, although these cigars are excellent."

"You shall have something clean to wear. After all, you must look your best tomorrow when you drop on your knees to beg my mercy."

"I will beg mercy only from the good God in heaven," he answered.

"Tell me, Manuelo," I asked, "how is it that you finally lost to the General. From what I have heard, you were a quite able leader. It seems certain that you should have won."

"It was the effect of many causes, Senor. But the two most important were that initially we failed to capture the main arsenal — consequently we ran out of guns and ammunition. And secondly, I was captured. My men simply scattered when it became known that I was a prisoner of General Mauro."

"I thought you had been captured with your beaten army," I said.

"No, Senor. I was captured on the evening of the third day, and consequently the next day my army went to pieces. It is ironic that I should have neglected one of the rudiments of warfare. . . . I trusted all of my men and one of them placed money above loyalty. 'A general officer ought to know that war is a great drama, in which a thousand physical or moral causes operate more or less powerfully and which cannot be reduced to mathematical calculations.' I neglected a

physical cause, and the war resulted in the mathematical sum of zero."

"That last phrase," I asked, "isn't that from *Art of War*?"

"Yes. How did you know?"

"The study of warfare was one of my loves when I was in college, Manuelo. I read quite a bit about military science. From Jomini's *Art of War*, to Hardee's *Tactics*."

"Senor, if General Mauro were as well-read on warfare as you seem to be, I am afraid our little revolution would not have lasted twenty-four hours. And it is a pity I have so little time left, Senor. I would like to spend an evening with you over a bottle of brandy and compare notes."

"Why, thank you. Now, may I ask you one more rather personal question," I asked.

"Be my guest, sir."

"How was it that you were able to stir such passion in the withered breasts of your country and urge your people into a revolt that was almost preordained to failure. Surely you knew that the resources of the state rested in the Federal hands."

"How is it that I was able to do this? Simple because I am a natural leader . . . and intelligent. You may not know this, Senor, but I graduated from Yale only this year. I speak seven languages. I have a master's degree in political science and history, and a doctor's degree in military science. I took to the problems of command like the proverbial duck takes to water. I have a phenomenal memory and can boast that I made not one tactical error in pursuing this late war."

I was astonished. "Why with a background like that, you could have risen to the very top in the employ of your government, rather than be dying at its hands tomorrow."

"Senor Keefe," he replied, "a prominent German, Julius Leber, once said, 'Democracy requires in every man who would have a place in the business of the state a consciousness of responsibility as well as self-discipline.' I wanted my country to be a democracy, not a dictate. I felt it my duty to bring about this change. And I have failed."

"And because you have failed, you die tomorrow. Are you not sorry now?" the General asked.

UNTIL TOMORROW

"General, a man's value is certain only if he is willing to die for his principles."

"Enough of this talk. I have important duties to attend to," the General interrupted. "You two will meet again tomorrow."

He called for Captain Patron then, and when he entered told him to escort the prisoner back to his cell. I shook hands with him briefly and told him it was quite stimulating discoursing with such an intelligent individual. I almost added 'for a change' but did not wish to gain the bad graces of my host.

And then he was gone.

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The next morning I arose at four o'clock. The General had given me permission to attend the execution and I thought it would color my report a little. Besides, I wanted to see Manuelo again.

An orderly called for me at five and we motored down to the parade ground. It was a large, well kept green about two miles from the house. We rode over to where the General was waiting for us and after exchanging greetings we stood around in a little group to await the beginning of the pageant. We didn't have long to wait.

About a mile to the right, in the direction of the soldier's barracks, I detected movement; and in a few moments a company of men appeared, marching briskly in the early morning light. They were dressed in neat, plain khaki and I could see the officers, mounted on beautiful chargers, prancing along beside the men. It was a beautiful sight. The sun reflecting off the rifles; the officers, resplendent in their dress uniforms; sparkling dew on the grass; clouds of vapor hanging about the horses' heads. Soon the men were near enough to enable me to make out individual features. They all seemed to be mere boys . . . no more than nineteen or twenty, at any rate. However, there was one squad of older men marching in the rear, and these I thought to be the firing squad. They all looked tired; whether from the early morning hour or from the grisly chore ahead of them, I had no way of knowing.

CARROLL QUARTERLY

When they reached a spot approximately fifteen yards ahead of us, they were brought about in a flanking movement and faced us on the left front. The General mounted his white stallion and trooped the line with the company officers. He looked quite dashing; wearing an emerald green uniform with black piping around the tunic and riding as if the horse were his lower extremities. His jacket was festooned with medals of all types and I recall smiling to myself about it at the time.

After the brief review, the men were brought about into a three-quarter hollow square. That is, one side was left open, the side facing the river. They were given the command "at ease" and the line seemed to wilt. A few seconds later, six villagers arrived by cart and near the bank of the river, about in the center of the square the men had formed, they dug a hole. Six feet, by eight feet, by three feet. I noticed that they were quite fast workers and in less than fifteen minutes had the hole finished. The stage was set and the play was lacking only a leading man.

It was then that I noticed movement in the direction of the General's quarters and in a few minutes detected nine or ten figures coming forward at a quite rapid pace. In a few minutes I could distinguish them. Manuelo was immediately in front, setting for the rest a very rapid pace . . . almost causing the enlisted men and their officer to double time. He seemed eager to get the whole business over with, as if it were merely another nasty job. A priest was running along at his side, and even in the cool morning air I noticed beads of perspiration on his neck and forehead.

Manuelo was dressed in sparkling white clothes that formed a startling contrast to the black of the priest's cassock. In another minute, the little group was close enough so that I could distinguish features, and on Manuelo's face I saw a fixed, vacant look. It was totally void of expression, and I knew that he had gained full appreciation of the fate awaiting him. Then, the detachment was standing before the judge . . . General Principio Mauro.

I noticed a smile of recognition dance across Manuelo's face when he saw me, and I was pleased. I bowed my head slightly to him. Then the General spoke.

UNTIL TOMORROW

"Manuelo, you have been found guilty by a military court of plotting to overthrow the government of this state by violence. Subsequently, you have been sentenced to be shot, this day, the first day of May, 19 —. Do you have anything to say before the sentence is carried out?" His very tone invited a plea for mercy.

"Yes, I do. Number one, do not call that drumhead farce a court, and number two, I would like a cigarette."

The General nodded to his orderly, who produced a cigarette and set it gingerly between the youth's lips. He struck a match and held it to the tip until Manuelo was drawing deep breaths of rich, blue smoke.

The General spoke again. "Then, if you have nothing further to say, I commit your soul to the good and merciful God. May he have pity on you . . . I will not."

Manuelo stood as if rooted to the ground for a moment or two, his eyes searching the face of the older man, two jets of smoke occasionally pouring from his nostrils. He spun on his heel then, paused momentarily, and finally strode rapidly toward the center of the square, not stopping until he had reached a spot directly beside the grave. When he reached it, he stood there quietly, until the priest came up to him. He dropped on his knee then and received the blessing of the church. Thanking the priest, he rose and took his place beside the grave.

An officer walked up to him with a blindfold, but Manuelo shook his head in negation. As the officer turned to leave, though, Manuelo asked for another cigarette, for the one he had been smoking was down to a short stub. The officer reached into his breast pocket, and as he withdrew a packet of cigarettes from within, Manuelo turned and spat the butt from his mouth into the grave. It was his last futile gesture of defiance. The officer placed the fresh cigarette into Manuelo's mouth and turned on his heel, returning to the General's side.

As I had suspected, the squad of elder men came forward at this time and formed a front facing the youth — perhaps thirty feet distant. There were twelve of them and they were all armed with new Springfield rifles. The officers in charge

snapped the men to attention and then looked over to where the General sat on his horse.

I looked at Manuelo. He was standing there, quite casually, resting his weight on his right foot. His hands were bound behind him and the cigarette left a wisp of smoke hanging over his head in the still air. His clothes were damp and clinging to his body in places. A lock of hair hung limply on his forehead, and occasionally he would pull on his cigarette, drawing some of the smoke up into his nostrils. A tremor ran through him once, but I suspect it was from the cold more than anything else. Even at this distance I could see that his eyes were beginning to mist over as he looked long and hard across the broad, green rolling plain that spread out before him. He drank in as much of the beautiful vista as he could, his chest heaving under the strain that had held him all morning.

I was hoping that the General would hurry and give the order to fire before the lad broke down. But I think that is what the General wanted . . . for Manuelo to beg. But, just as the sun poised momentarily upon a distant peak, General Mauro nodded.

The officer did an about face and barked out the commands. "At the ready, aim . . ." and hung on that for a moment

The youth straightened a bit, his arms hanging limply in their bonds. He took one last drag on the cigarette and then stood motionless, the cigarette dangling at the corner of his mouth. There were definite tears on his cheeks then, and my first thought was that he was going to break down. But then I realized that they weren't tears of fear, but tears of regret. His deep blue eyes sped out over the undulating plain that rose and fell before him — the sun glistening off its shining dew-coated surface to form a glare over the huge sacrificial altar. For this is what this valley had become. And I saw before me the sacrifice . . . a man young in years, yet old in hours; a man intoxicated with the world and its beauty; a man who flew through life at a rapid speed and was now ready to leap from its edge; a man who was the architect of his own fate. He had lived as a man, and he would die as a man. He

UNTIL TOMORROW

straightened up once more.

"Fire!" the voice cracked across the valley.

The bullets slammed into the youth's chest, doubling him over at the waist. The quick expelling of air from his lungs flung the cigarette from his lips to a spot five feet distant. He held to that position for just a moment or so . . . doubled over, swaying on his feet, and yet as dead as he ever would be. Slowly, a large crimson stain was spreading across his blouse and then he fell . . . not straight forward, but almost with dignity, if it be possible. First to his knees, and then slowly he toppled forward, his face kissing the early morning dew with a something akin to reverence.

He was dead, and everyone in the square could see that. Yet, the officer in charge walked up to the body and delivered the *coup de grace* with his own service pistol.

He signalled to the six villagers then, and they shuffled forward, carrying with them a large plain box, square at the corners. Tenderly, gently, with the greatest respect, they picked up the corpse and wrapped it in a large white sheet, finally placing the body in the box. They nailed it shut.

All this time, the General sat motionless.

The workmen slung two ropes under the box then, and lowered it into the grave, pausing momentarily when it finally rested in the bottom before they started to fill it.

I drank in the scene at that moment. The sun was floating in the soft blue sky; there, near the grave, a cigarette was still burning in the wet, green grass; near it was a splash of red, and a black, yawning hole; there was a rather fresh smell in the air, which surprised me after having seen death so close; and in the background of it all was the solid clump-clump-clump of dirt falling on the pine box. It was depressingly beautiful.

I looked up at the General then, and saw a single tear running down each leathern cheek. I was curious.

"I thought you void of emotion, General," I asked.

"Pardon me this indulgence, Senor Keefe," he stammered, "but you see, that supreme picture of courage and virtue, that young boy that is lying in that grave . . . that is my son."

Dreams Take Time

by A. St. John-Devas

MANY members of our family have made contributions to science, among them Uncle Alf who proved that the hand is quicker than the eye; but to his dismay not quicker than the electric eye. I feel confident that he will have an answer for that when he gets out of Sing Sing this Christmas. Brother Orval used to prove night after night that the senses are fallible as he would lie awake making a sound of a dripping faucet with his lips. My father regularly would grunt and groan and make his way to the bath to tighten all faucets. Orval could not go to sleep without proving his ability. But I claim a scientific verity which tops all the others. I timed a dream. Now up to that time there had been two contrary theories; one claimed that dreams were instantaneous, the other that they took time. I demonstrated beyond doubt that the second was correct. It all happened when I went to stay with my uncle, aunt, and cousin Ethred in Birch Run.

My uncle was a rather quiet man, having given up doing anything with Ethred after the night she had locked herself in the bathroom and would not come out for hours. That was unimportant, but there were twenty of his cronies over that night for a Moose Club banquet shindig. As a matter of fact, he had given up on the whole family and the fact that I dreamed strange dreams and walked in my sleep usually did not bother him. He had two lines of defense against his family and relatives, clocks and golf. It took little to drive him to the first line such as the time when Ethred spilled her mother's

nail polish on his bald head. When a little thing like this happened, he would start checking on his clocks, all twenty-nine of them. About ten of them were on regular hours. They kept a rather easy-going, moody record of passing time. When anyone, which was seldom in that house, asked the time of day, it was always necessary to name the clock from which one gained his information. It was up to the asker to figure it out from there. A usual answer would be "Ten o'clock by the hall clock," or "Old Grandfather says a quarter past, and the cuckoo from Buffalo holds five to." Only members of the inner circle could make anything of these answers. Everyone stopped any serious business five minutes before the hour when the mad chiming began. It continued sometimes for fifteen minutes after ordinary clocks had struck and gone on their ticking way. Then, of course, there always was one of the old clocks which would stick in the chiming and without hesitation go through its entire repertoire. The nights were full of alarm with this hourly bombardment and I rather think that my sleep-walking is partly due to those early nights when I would run wild-eyed about the house.

Ethred among other things was a brooder. She detested the whites of eggs. Since she was a girl, and a bit bigger, I must confess, she sometimes made me take the white of her egg at breakfast and would eat my yolk. My uncle caught her doing this, gave her one of her few beatings, and as a consequence she had to think up some other method of getting rid of the whites of her breakfast egg. I often saw her stealthily put them in her napkin, but I never realized what she did with them until one fine day Uncle decided to turn to his second line of defense and go play golf. I went along to watch and as he put his golf shoes on, he paused and took them off slowly. He felt inside cautiously and pulled out some very old pieces of egg white.

"Who put this stuff in my shoes," he roared.

"I expect it was Ethred," I answered.

"But why?"

"I expect it is because she does not like egg whites," I said.

He only mumbled to himself, but from then on, I did not

go with him. He stuck to this defense rain or shine, playing every Sunday and holiday. If the weather was bad he stayed in the clubhouse and played solitaire. It was always late when he got back and we were usually in bed. On coming home he would go to the drawer where the clock keys were kept and fill his pockets with them. Gradually falling over odd bits of furniture, he would make his way to each of them, whether they ran or not and wind them anew. If he found a working number which was more than an hour off, he would proceed to set it. If you know clocks of the size he had in plenty, you realize that he had to let the clock strike each hour and half hour until the hands were rightly placed. By this time of course most of the house was awake and roving about or reading in bed. It never bothered me after the first three nights, but would set me off on wild dream escapades of New Year's parades. It was through the clock-winding that I made my great discovery.

As usual one night Uncle came in and started his tour from clock to clock. He got as far as the Grandfather piece on the landing. It was a wonderful looking piece of craftsmanship, but somehow could not keep on striking terms with the smaller models around it. Uncle as usual found it slow and set it right after the usual amount of chiming. He then began to wind it. Just as one of the weights got to the top, something went wrong with the mechanism and it fell to the bottom of the clock with a terrible thud. We all came running out of our rooms. Some one switched on the landing light and there knelt Uncle groping around in the bottom of the clock and muttering. He came up with a handful of mouldy old egg whites.

"That was a loud one," my Aunt said. "What are you doing with those mouldy egg whites?"

"I found them in the bottom of the clock," said Uncle.

"Interesting thing," I said. "I heard you come up the steps and start winding that clock and then I fell asleep."

"Who put these egg whites in the clock?" roared Uncle.

"I can't imagine," said Ethred coldly.

"As I was saying," I continued, "I fell asleep and started to dream. I dreamed that I was being pursued by some people. . . ."

DREAMS TAKE TIME

"I expect it was Granny," Ethred said. . . .

"No," I continued, "I didn't recognize any of them. Anyway they chased me to Niagara Falls. There was a rope across it. I climbed out onto the rope and made my way slowly along."

My uncle was standing still holding the egg whites. Ethred was cold and wanted to go back to bed, but there was no stopping me.

"I reached the middle of the rope . . . when they began to swing it from both ends. I clung desperately, I lost my grip and started to fall hundreds of feet down into the gorge below." I paused dramatically. The audience was mine, even Uncle was waiting to hear the end.

"I hurtled downward and hit the water with a terrific crash. I woke up."

"Well?" said Uncle.

"It was the noise of the clock weight hitting the floor," I said triumphantly. "Don't you see?" I went on eagerly, "My dream took just as long as the clock weight took to get to the top and then fall to the bottom."

There was silence for a minute, then my Uncle turned to me.

"Tell me," he said, "why Ethred puts egg whites in my clocks. Just tell me before my reason goes."

"I've told you before," I said, "because she does not like them."

"I know she does not like them," he said, his voice rising to a nice pitch. "But why in heaven's name put them in the clocks?"

"I expect it's because the shoes are all full," I said.

Wonder

I spend the whole day running
And as I run I wonder.
Do I speed in search of truth,
Or do I flee its thunder?

— James Wargo

The Wonderer

by Al Trizzino

YES, friend, Wednesday is sort of a slow day in the grocery business; so I just stand here by the door and watch people pass by. It gives us time to relax and also wave hello to folks. Look, there goes Charlie Johnson heading for the bank, and right behind him is Mrs. Millston. She's probably going up to the drug store for the morning paper. I see those people every day walking by my store, and I guess that's a big part of my world.

Now, over there. That's Ginny — followed by two of her brood. Seems she's up kind of early today. Still wearing that old coat, I see . . . must be five years old. There's a girl I'll never understand — even if I live to be a hundred. Did you get a look at her? Still a good-looking woman after ten years of marriage and five children. I used to date her a lot when we were in high school. She was really something — beautiful and just about the most popular girl in town. Why she ever married Tom instead of me will always be a puzzle. I'm not bragging, friend, but I don't think I'm bad looking, and I do have a good business and make pretty fair money. And you know what Tom's doing? Still working down at the mill, and I bet he's still knocking himself out for a few bucks a week. I still think Virginia would have had a good life with me. I could give her all the things she would want — well, within reason. One thing for sure — she wouldn't be wearing that beat-up old coat for so long a time. Now Betty and I have been married for close to ten years, and if I say so myself, she has it pretty easy, Got her own car, all those electrical gadgets in the kitchen and all the rest of those work-saving things. And one

THE WONDERER

thing more, Betty doesn't have to worry about five kids taking up all her time and getting in the way. We have a boy and take pretty good care of him. He's got a bike and goes to camp each summer; so I guess he leads a good life too.

Virginia was a smart girl, but I can't see what prompted her to tie up with Tom. Oh, he's a hard worker all right, but he's one of those characters that keeps plodding along. Maybe he's waiting for his ship to come in. I never figured him as being too bright anyhow. But I never told Ginny that — I'm not a "I told you so-er." To each his own, I guess.

I'll have to admit, friend, that when Ginny up and married Tom, I was one disappointed fellow. But, I think that time tells the story pretty effectively. Myself, I got a pretty good business going — do all right, I figure. Got myself a couple of clerks; so I don't wear myself out, and as I said before, make enough to provide a pretty good home. What some girls see in some guys is beyond me. Take Tom for instance. I always felt he didn't know enough to come in out of the rain. Listen, I'll give you an example. Before we all got married, Ginny, me and Tom used to run around together a lot. I say together because I never could shake him loose. He was always around — like a bad penny. Well, anyway, one night we took in the local high school basketball game. I still remember that night. Miserable? I tell you, there was nothing but snow, sleet and cold all over the place. We were bucking the wind heading for the gym, and as we rushed forward we almost ran over an old codger walking slowly in front of us. I still think he was a wino because he smelled like all get-out when we went by him. You've seen the type, friend, tattered coat, shoes all patched up and looking as forlorn as a mangy cur.

Well, Tom, Ginny and I continued on, and a little while later Tom mentioned that he had forgotten something and told us to go on to the gym where he would meet us. Well, we got there, and after a while Tom showed up. He sat down and we watched the game. After, we stopped at the diner for some warm coffee. Then we walked Virginia home — through snow and cold. It was just a short way from Ginny's house when she noticed Tom wasn't wearing his galoshes. She pointed out that he had them on when we left her house earlier. Tom just

shrugged, mumbled something, then said goodnight.

As it turned out, Tom caught himself one heck of a bad cold and was out of work for almost a week. I had him pegged out, though — you know what he did, friend? He went and gave those galoshes to the old boy we bumped into on the way to the game. What a bird-brain, that Tom.

Well, I never saw much of Ginny after that. She and Tom dated pretty regularly after that, and a little while later they got married. And as I say, friend, I'll never figure some women out.



The Non-Conformist

Conformity — rolling, impassive tide —
The pedant's harmony; all must decide
To yield to it. Or hear *his* fate;
The dreadful death of the deviate:

He darts through woods primeval and tenebrous.
Bewitching hush rushes his impetus.
From hideous loneliness, laughing logs rise;
Bitter, steaming tears crash to his eyes.

Humanity hums nearby. . . .

He stumbles upon an ancient pool —
Clinic-cold fluid; sterile. The fool
Falls forward, his head in the brine.
His sobs to the surface dying bubbles consign.

Humanity hums nearby. . . .

— David Lowe

CONTRIBUTORS

LAWRENCE M. RAYBOURNE, an Evening Division Social Science major, resides in Cleveland and is the father of two children. He makes his second appearance in the *Quarterly* with a poem and a short story.

JOHN HANSON complements his editorship of the *Quarterly* with a poem, "Ebon Orpheus." John, a senior English major from Cleveland, has appeared in previous issues in the capacity of author.

REV. JOHN A. HARDON, S.J., took his A.B. degree from J.C.U. in 1936, and entered the Society the same year. Ordained in 1947, he attended the Gregorian Institute in Rome and is now a professor of theology at West Baden College, Indiana.

ROBERT TOOMEY, a frequent contributor to the *Quarterly*, offers a short story, "Life of the Spirit." Having received both his A.B. and M.A. from J.C.U., he was awarded a fellowship at the University of Wisconsin. Mr. Toomey is now an English instructor at St. Ambrose College, Davenport, Iowa.

JAMES WARGO, a 1956 graduate of J.C.U., has recently enrolled in the Naval Flight Program. The two poems he has offered are his initial contributions.

JOHN CLIFFORD, a senior Social Science major from Cleveland, is president of the University Theatre. John makes his first *Quarterly* appearance with a satire, "A Critical Analysis of 'The Age of Reason'."

STEPHEN KEIDER offers as his initial contribution a short story, "Until Tomorrow." Stephen is a sophomore Natural Science major from Cleveland.

AL TRIZZINO, a 1954 graduate in history, took his M.A. from J.C.U. Mr. Trizzino writes as a "hobby." A result of this "hobby" is a short story "The Wonderer."

DAVID LOWE, the literary editor of the *Quarterly*, is an officer of the Southwell Literary Society. Dave makes his first appearance with a poem "The Non-Conformist."

Carroll Quarterly Poetry and Fiction Writing Contest

The *Quarterly* staff announces a poetry and fiction writing contest for the Spring issue of the *Quarterly*.

A prize of \$15 will be awarded to the student submitting the best short story.

A prize of \$10 will be awarded to the student submitting the best poem.

The winning contributions and those meriting an honorable mention shall be published in the Spring issue of the *Quarterly*.

Contributions may be submitted to the Carillon Office or to the English Department.

The contest deadline is February 4, 1958.



