

From: caroldean <cddean@earthlink.net>
Subject: **Re: Further to the Latin query from Ivan Doig**
Date: August 6, 2005 8:16:52 AM PDT
To: "Leslie B. Joshi" <executrix@hotmail.com>

Dear Leslie--

Hi again, Ivan Doig here, re the Latin phrasing you've been rescuing me with. Sorry it has taken me this long to respond, but we've had a spate of company, I've been in consultations with my publisher about the book cover art, and so on--life pours on.

Back to those sleeping dogs: your first suggestion, "Noli excitare canes dormientes," will serve my purpose handsomely. Paul can be overly literal as usual in his translation, rendering "canes" as canines instead of dogs etcetera for a bit of comic effect, while the main point that he is able to derive "sleep" and "dormitory" from the root there in "dormientes" follows nicely after that.

So, thanks for all the trouble you've taken--it's been an immense help to "The Whistling Season" and me. I'll make sure to send you a signed copy when it's published, which will be May or June of next year. Meanwhile, here in Seattle this weekend we're undergoing something you probably don't miss--SeaFair, hydro races, Blue Angels doing sonic boom acrobatics and all that. This too shall pass, whatever the Latin for that is. Best wishes for your new life in Moravia.

Regards,

Ivan

On Jul 21, 2005, at 7:07 PM, Leslie B. Joshi wrote:

"Urrm, give me a minute.' I thought back to [THE LATEST LATIN GEM MORRIE HAD GIVEN ME TO POLISH; WHAT WAS IT NOW? SOMETHING ABOUT SLEEP... IRONIC THAT BEING SLEEPY MYSELF AT THE MOMENT I CAN'T REMEMBER THE LATIN FOR SLEEP! OH WAIT, IT WAS SOMETHING LIKE]

'Permitte canis dormit [acere.' [YES, THAT SOUNDS ABOUT RIGHT, WHICH TO ME WAS] quite plainly 'Do not disturb the canine that is asleep', although Morrie truncated it to 'Let sleeping dogs lie.' 'Sleep,' I said, [WITH A YAWN]. "A place of sleeping."

"Leslie B. Joshi" <executrix@hotmail.com>

Further to the Latin query from Ivan Doig

July 21, 2005 7:07:47 PM PDT

cddean@earthlink.net

Dear Ivan, take 2:

I realize I was dense in my understanding of your passage; forgive me!

What I fear I did not make clear in my first message was that although, yes, you already have a "funny" Latin translation for "Let sleeping dogs lie" (i.e., *Permitte iacere canis dormit*), in the context of the paragraph you sent me it isn't clear that Paul is bungling the "Latin" of that phrase, but the wording implies he is remembering the Latin verbatim from Morrie and bungling the English. That, in turn, implies that the Latin phrase came "wrong" from Morrie to start with. If, however, you mean to say that Paul is "remembering" the Latin incorrectly (and hence in a comical way), then you have the funny Latin already -- I think just a little rewording will make it clearer that it is Paul's "memory" that is "wrong" here.

So something like:

And just to clarify the Latin either way, your "*Permitte canis dormit iacere*" is a comical -- because grammatically messy -- version of "Let sleeping dogs lie," (though in fact 'canis dormit' is one dog; more than one would be 'canes dormiunt'.)

whereas if you wanted to say, "Do not disturb the dogs (canines) that are asleep," that would be what I wrote before, "*Noli excitare canes dormientes*," (singular would be 'canem dormientem'.)

And, finally, the correct way of saying "Let sleeping dogs lie," in Latin, would be, "*Permitte iacere canes dormientes*" (plural for dogs).

The thing to keep in mind is that whereas "canine" is a literal, and therefore comical, translation of "canem" or "canes", for "dog", the rest of Paul's translation does not fit "*Permitte iacere*"; that does in fact mean "Let lie." Since it already means "Let lie," it isn't too logical for Morrie to truncate it.

On the other hand, if you have Paul misremembering "*Noli excitare canes dormientes*," which *does* mean "Do not disturb sleeping dogs," then Morrie could have logically abbreviated that to "Let sleeping dogs lie." If you want Paul to misremember the "noli" phrase, you could make it something like,

"*Non excitare canis dormit*", which nicely breaks three Latin grammatical rules.

I feel I must have confused the matter tremendously! I do apologize; please do confirm with me what you decide upon in case it turns out I have led you astray!

Vale, -Leslie

From: "Leslie B. Joshi" <executrix@hotmail.com>
Subject: **RE: Latin query from Ivan Doig**
Date: July 21, 2005 11:20:15 AM PDT
To: cddean@earthlink.net

Greetings again, Ivan!

Here are my thoughts on your Latin question. Please keep in mind that I approach these problems from the Latin point-of-view, and I hope I don't interfere with your novelists instincts in doing so!

You wrote that Paul is the one who comes up with comical Latin phrases. The Latin phrase you have, "Permitte canis dormit jacere," is itself a comical phrase and since that came from Morrie, the teacher, I would suggest you rearrange things to be something like this:

" I thought back to my translation of 'Noli excitare canes dormientes', which Morrie wanted me to render as, 'Do not disturb dogs that are asleep,' but I personally would have thought saying "Let sleeping dogs lie" got to the meaning well enough."

Do you follow what I mean here? If Paul is the one who will do things humorously, then we need to keep Morrie's Latin "clean."

I wonder if you might also want to play with the concept of the Dor Mouse (from Alice in Wonderland) which was the mouse that was always asleep in the teapot? Would Paul mention the Dor Mouse and say that Morrie was making "a tempest in a teapot" with all his fuss over translation?

Another thing you might do is play with the English word "lie" -- to recline, or to tell a fib. If Paul got those mixed up in Latin, the verb would be "mentiri" instead of 'jacere'; and then Morrie could correct him sarcastically by saying something about Paul's "mentem", his mind (in Latin), which plays off of the sound and spelling of 'mentiri'.

Well, please let me know if I've helped or gotten side-tracked!

and many thanks for the offer of a copy of this novel, which I would certainly love to own!

here is the address: Leslie Joshi
31 Congress St.
P O Box 66
Moravia, NY 13118-0066

thanks so much; let me know if I can be of additional assistance! -Leslie

From: caroldean <cddean@earthlink.net>
Subject: Latin query from Ivan Doig
Date: July 16, 2005 8:41:46 AM PDT
To: executrix@hotmail.com

Leslie, hello again--

Since you kindly offered to help out again if I had any further conundrums with the Latin phrases in my novel-to-be, I am taking you up on it by way of my wife's e-mail address. It's only one phrase, that I entirely overlooked when I got my list ready for that enormously beneficial session with you at the UW, and here it is in its context:

The "young scholars"--a phrase I'm happily borrowing from you, with a deep bow to your father--of the 1910 one-room school I've created in the book are facing the prospect that the school may be closed, and they'll have to live in town in a dormitory. One of them asks my narrator, the Latin pupil Paul, what the root of 'dormitory' is. Paul, you may recall, is terribly literal in his translations, which I try to milk all the humor out of I can:

"Umm, give me a minute.' I thought back to my translation of 'Permitte canis dormit jacere,' quite plainly 'Do not disturb the canine that is asleep' to me, although Morrie truncated it to 'Let sleeping dogs lie.' 'Sleep,' I said. "A place of sleeping."

So, Leslie, I need a need a comical but reasonably plausible Latin version of 'Let sleeping dogs lie' that uses some form of 'dormire' or at least the 'dorm' root. Do I have it here? (I can't remember where I got this version, but suspect I made it up.) Again, the Latin phrasing can be clumsy, like something Paul himself might have created, but I'd like the usages to be correct.

Thanks again for coming to my aid, and along that line, if you'd care to provide me a mailing address I'll gladly send you a signed copy of this novel--The Whistling Season is its title--when Harcourt publishes it next spring. I hope you and your spouse are nicely settled into Moravia; you haven't missed much sunshine here, been a spring and summer with a lot of overcast.

Best wishes,

Ivan Doig

"Spas" ~~26-543-5790.~~

Leslie B. Joshi

Executrix @ Hotmail.com

Moravia NY

SrT. Joshi

et tu, Brute?

Brutus

Laetam natalem

#3-- Paul and his brothers are on their way to wish Merry Christmas to a fiercely caustic old lady, Aunt Eunice:

We were armored against the elements, no question. Surviving the social call on Aunt Eunice was going to be another matter. As we waddled across the field, I rehearsed to myself the version of 'Merry Christmas, Aunt Eunice' I had worked up for her: "~~Festum natalem~~^a Christi, Amita Eunicia!" She couldn't possibly pick fault with Latin, could she?

#4-- The teacher who is tutoring Paul in Latin after school has kept several boys after school, and Paul here is dubious about his Latin lesson in that atmosphere. The teacher, though, reassures him:

"Uhm, you seem to have your hands full. Shall I just go home and we start Latin tomorrow afternoon?"

"Not at all. *Exercitus ad Galliam iter faciet, carus Paulus*--the army will march toward Gaul, dear Paul. Never fear."

Boy

~~care~~ Paule
optime puer

bones
bone

#5-- This scene leads into a plot element of the book, that Paul is a whiz at conjugations and declensions but is quite literal and pedantic in his translations, to the frustration of his tutor Morrie, who wants more eloquent and imaginative translations out of him. This one starts of as kind of a no-brainer, but it's meant to broadly funny. Besides the Latin references, am I right to use the term "auxiliary verb construction" for "I was victorious", and that *Vici* from *Vinco* is a transitive verb?

"Paul, PAUL, Paul." Morrie resorted to this only when my translations were at their most dire.

It was a Friday, and both of us had already had another strenuous week of school. Daylight was lengthening by leaps and bounds now--looking out at the snowless prairie, a person might have declared winter was waning, except that this winter had been on the wane from the start--and the after-school classroom was not quite as cozy with dusk as it had been. Nonetheless, Morrie kept company with my Latin just as if he wouldn't have preferred to be

philologe novissime
novise
nove

doctissime

Discipulus
Discipule ~~is~~

saying. "Quite a nice Copernican line." Copernicus was not there to decipher it into English, I was. Morrie looked at me sternly. "A hint. It does not have to be translated into precisely three words, nor does it need to be cumbered up with auxiliary verbs and whatnot into a dozen or more. There's a lovely balance in the middle, to this one. Translate away, Paulus."

Paulle
Puer

I worked on it for some while. Knots of language entranced me even then, even through my fumbling and bad splices and hauling in heavy bowlines where I should have been threading slipknots. Finally, I cleared my throat and spoke: "Everything has to have light."

Morrie pursed his lips, lifted his eyebrows, and eventually shook his head.

"Uh, 'wishes' it," I backpedaled, "'needs' it, 'wants'--"

"Latin is the subject you are purportedly studying at this moment, I believe, Paul, not guesswork," he closed me off. "I want you to keep at this line, it will do you good."

#7-- This involves a bit of misreading on Paul's part, and it's meant to be broad humor. I think I cobbled together the Latin phrase here from a couple of textbook examples, and I'd welcome any smoothening of it.

"Morrie? Does *copulate* mean what I think it does? In English, I mean."

The morning I asked that, he had a terrible time keeping a straight face. Between yawns and cups of coffee that would have given Father's a run for its money and trying to prepare for the Department of Public Instruction inspector coming to lop his head off, he was doing his best to administer Latin to me before everyone else showed up for school. At that hour I was chipper as Chanticleer, which probably was no help to a bleary teacher who had to come an hour early every day to unlock the schoolhouse and light the overhead lamps and stoke up the stove and then face me and my translations. Morrie hadn't yet uttered a peep of complaint, however, and now he looked more than passingly interested in my question. "Dare I ask why you ask?"

"Just wondering." I dabbed my finger onto the open page of the Latin collection of readings he had most recently provided me. "Besides, it's right here."

Morrie blanched, then scrambled over to my desk to take a look. "*Navem capere, copulae cum manus ferreas iniecebamus,*" he read aloud hastily, then translated with relief: "To capture the vessel, we threw ropes with grappling irons. The grappling is not that severe in the English form. But look it up."

Copulas

~~cum manibus ferreis~~

injecebamus

iniecebamus

#8-- Once again, an instance of Paul's stiff style of translating:

Now he found me with his instructive look and intoned, "*Arma ~~tracedo~~*." trado ✓
 "He throws up his arms," I informed those uninitiated in Latin.
 "I surrender my weapons," Morrie corrected severely.
 "That's what I meant."

#9-- Here Paul has noticed that Mark Twain was born when Halley's Comet swept over the Earth in 1835 and has died during its return in 1910; those are the years he is rendering into Roman numerals to bring this ominous fact to the attention of his tutor:

I knew I was interrupting the peace, but I had to bring this up. Morrie put aside the Shakespeare he had been reading and peered at my block printing:

MARK TWAIN
 MDCCCXXXV--MDCCLX
 1835 1910 MCMX

MCMX
 1 9

#10-- Another session of Paul's stiff translation versus his tutor's style of it:

"Let us consider *Caesar omnia memoriā tenebat*," Morrie called over his shoulder as he rapidly chalked the sentence on the board. "You have rendered it, *Caesar held ~~it~~ all in memory*," chalking that below in elephantine letters. "I grant you, that is grammatically correct. But how many times have I told you, you needn't be so literal if the meaning can be brought out better another way. Why not say," the chalk flew again and the words emerged white and compact, "*Caesar remembered everything*. It's stronger," he made a fist to show so as he turned to me. "It carries the point more forcefully, yet has a nice easy ring to it. I am at a loss, Paul, as to why someone with your imagination wouldn't come up with that?"

everything
 all
 "all things"

VIII
 IX

memoria

macson

17 May '05

I greatly appreciate the help on these lines of Latin, which will appear in my novel titled *The Whistling Season* next year. My narrator, in 1957 when the Russian satellite Sputnik has just been launched and has thrown politicians into a panic about the U.S. educational system, is remembering his schooling in 1910, the year of Halley's Comet. The narrator, Paul, is a very bright thirteen-year-old in a one-room school on the Montana prairie when these scenes occur; the Latin lessons given him by his teacher and after-school tutor, Morrie, are sometimes eccentric and I hope humorous, but I do need them to be linguistically sound.

OK

#1--(p. 167) Paul's teacher in the one-room school is musing out loud to him about what can be added to his learning experience to keep him interested. He is amending Virgil's *Omnia vincit amor* deliberately:

"A teacher would not dare to wish for a more ardent student," he propounded, "on those occasions when something manages to catch your interest. Therefore it is a matter of bringing your imprimatur more steadily to bear. *Omnia vincit ardor*, let us proclaim."

"Wh-what's that mean?"

"You shall see."

#2--(p. 170) The would-be tutor here is making a pitch to the boy's father that Paul is a prodigy in school and a good citizen at home but there is another part of him that is bored and languishing. He of course is punning on Gaul being divided in three parts:

"*Paul est omnis divisa in partes tres*, if I may slightly recast a pertinent phrase, Oliver. To make best use of that third realm, I firmly believe he must now plunge in and cross the Rubicon."

#3--(p. 178) Paul and his brothers are on their way to wish Merry Christmas to a fiercely caustic old lady, Aunt Eunice:

We were armored against the elements, no question. Surviving the social call on Aunt Eunice was going to be another matter. As we waddled across the field, I rehearsed to myself the version of 'Merry Christmas, Aunt Eunice' I had worked up for her: "*Festum natelem Christi, Amica Eunicia!*" She couldn't possibly pick fault with Latin, could she?

#4--(p. 191) The teacher who is tutoring Paul in Latin after school has kept several boys after school, and Paul here is dubious about his Latin lesson in that atmosphere. The teacher, though, reassures him:

"Uhm, you seem to have your hands full. Shall I just go home and we start Latin tomorrow afternoon?"

"Not at all. *Exercitus ad Galliam iter faciet, carus Paulus*--the army will march toward Gaul, dear Paul. Never fear."

#5--(p. 206) This scene leads into a plot element of the book, that Paul is a whiz at conjugations and declensions but is quite literal and pedantic in his translations, to the frustration of his tutor Morrie, who wants more eloquent and imaginative translations out of him. This one starts off as kind of a no-brainer, but it's meant to be broadly funny. Besides the Latin references, am I right to use the term "auxiliary verb construction" for "I was victorious", and that *Vici* from *Vinco* is a transitive verb?

"Paul, PAUL, *Paul*." Morrie resorted to this only when my translations were at their most dire.

It was a Friday, and both of us had already had another strenuous week of school. Daylight was lengthening by leaps and bounds now--looking out at the snowless prairie, a person might have declared winter was waning, except that this winter had been on the wane from the start--and the after-school classroom was not quite as cozy with dusk as it had been. Nonetheless, Morrie kept company with my Latin just as if he wouldn't have preferred to be

joined:
philosophy
young
novel

OK best
of Pauls

over in the teacherage with his feet up. "Let's try it again. Listen for the footsteps of the language, all right? *Veni.*"

"I came."

"*Vidi.*"

"I saw."

"*Vici.*"

"I was victorious."

"*No!*" He slumped at his desk. "Why oh why, *why* would you follow two active verbs with an auxiliary verb construction?" Possibly he had a point. I shrewdly switched to:

"I got the better of the fight."

Pain entered his expression.

"But why not?" I defended. "You keep telling me to look to the root, and *victoria* means 'victory.'"

"Perfectly reasoned," he said tiredly, "except that you are resorting to the root of a noun when we happen to be dealing with a transitive verb. *Vinco, vincere*, etcetera--as in *invincible*--in case it has escaped your attention?" I brooded. This had the flavor of Father negotiating with Rose. Try to be logical, and the next thing you knew, terms had shifted shape and left you pawing the air. Sympathy was not in Morrie's repertoire today. Something like a groan came either from his desk chair or him along with his next instruction to me. "The pertinent verb. Look it up." I made the trek to the Latin dictionary one more time and came back.

"Conquered," I conceded.

#6--(p. 208) At this point a Latin phrase starts to become crucial to the plot of the book, and I apologize that it's rather a fancy one. It needs to be the Latin translation of "Light is the desire of the universe," light in the glowing cosmic sense; the arrival of Halley's Comet in 1910, on its regular 75-year visit to the sky above Earth, is part of the storyline here. My high-school Latin, long rusty, is not nearly good enough to do anything but crudely guess at a phrase, as I have. It is a necessary part of the plot that Paul periodically puzzles over the best translation of what ultimately proves to be "Light is the desire of the universe."

"Here's one for you." I thought I caught an impish gleam in him as he stepped to the blackboard and wrote it out. *Universum lux desiderat*. It did not look hard, which made me suspicious. "It is one of my favorites," Morrie was

saying. "Quite a nice Copernican line." Copernicus was not there to decipher it into English, I was. Morrie looked at me sternly. "A hint. It does not have to be translated into precisely three words, nor does it need to be cumbered up with auxiliary verbs and whatnot into a dozen or more. There's a lovely balance in the middle, to this one. Translate away, Paulus." *Paulus*

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MARK TWAIN

MDCCCXXXV--MDCCCX

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Sputnik

 Encyclopædia Britannica Article

Sputnik

any of a series of artificial Earth satellites whose launching by the Soviet Union beginning on October 4, 1957, inaugurated the space age. Sputnik 1, the first satellite launched by man, was a 184-pound (83.6-kg) capsule. It achieved an Earth orbit with an apogee (farthest point from Earth) of 584 miles (940 km) and a perigee (nearest point) of 143 miles (230 km), circling the Earth every 96 minutes and remaining in orbit until early 1958 when it fell back and burned in the Earth's atmosphere. Launched on November 3, 1957, Sputnik 2 carried the dog Laika, the first living creature to be shot into space and orbit the Earth. Eight more Sputnik missions with similar satellites carried out experiments on a variety of animals to test spacecraft life-support systems; they also tested reentry procedures and furnished data on space temperatures, pressures, particles, radiation, and magnetic fields.

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SANTAYANA,

PRAGMATISM, AND

THE SPIRITUAL LIFE

HENRY SAMUEL LEVINSON

The University of North Carolina Press / Chapel Hill and London

alone constitutes the value and justification of nature (but neither did it for Hegel). He claims, rather, that the "condition and means of producing conscious and happy life," always momentary if repeatable and sustainable, gives value to "the scheme of things" (*LSP*, 138).

But Santayana argues that this means that "the only addition Lotze makes to Hegel's theory is to materialize it a little by regarding the universal Idea as a source of universal delight" (*LSP*, 140). The trouble is that Lotze has no better set of reasons for granting his synoptic vision of things ontological status than Hegel had articulated. Both idealists failed to convince anybody in need of persuasion that special metaphysical or dialectical reflection results in an assurance of the existence of any personal being (or, for that matter, some impersonal order) ordering the universe in ways that satisfy moral, aesthetic, or emotional demands.

In a remarkable preview of Santayana's own mature naturalism, the graduate student spells out some alternative readings of Kant's achievement, one of which calls into question any transcendental turn.⁴ Metaphysical idealism and metaphysical skepticism, he asserts, provide the two major readings of Kant, but neither of them is a suitable reading.

Metaphysical idealists like Lotze follow Kant's construal of the possibility of experience as requiring the form of consciousness; but they renounce his notion that there is a real world standing behind the one we experience in terms of our categories of mind. They assert, rather, that the real world is the world we experience as conscious and valuable. Metaphysical skeptics, on the other hand, claim that an objective but unknowable reality lies beyond the subjective and human world articulated by such categories of mind as space, time, causality, and personhood.

In contrast to both metaphysical idealism and metaphysical skepticism, Santayana introduces something he calls "wistful materialism," a view that is explicitly nontranscendental: Suppose, Santayana suggests, that

when all our spontaneous assumptions are criticized and exposed we fall back in practice on the most inevitable of them; some working hypothesis, some conventional expression for the reality, we must employ; and if we are convinced that all are equally doubtful assumptions, full of logical difficulties, we shall undoubtedly employ that which usage and necessity most impose on us; we shall be materialists. The world of matter and of

history is the world of language and human society; its final and absolute reality is ordinarily assumed by believers in other deeper entities. And if criticism has discovered to us the equal arbitrariness of all metaphysical conceptions, we shall retain those we cannot surrender, and make our thought and conversation intelligible to the world. (*LSP*, 140)

For its time and place, I think, this is a truly remarkable passage of thought. This is 1889, nine years before James's public inauguration of pragmatism in his Berkeley address on "Philosophical Conceptions and Practical Results"; indeed, one year before publication of James's *Principles of Psychology*. But here we have the announcement of a nonreductive, nonfoundational pragmatic naturalism. The message is clear: We may *defuse* the raging battle between metaphysical idealists, metaphysical materialists, and metaphysical skeptics, by falling back on beliefs that we find we cannot do without or "retain those we cannot surrender," beliefs we inevitably use, beliefs that are practically rather than logically, necessary in *the world of matter and history, which is the world of language and of human society*. Whatever metaphysical discourse accomplishes, it is embedded in the world of language and human society, which is unexceptionally a material and historical world.

This "wistful materialism" stands opposed to Lotze's system not simply because it acknowledges things as material all the way down but because it does not let philosophers make much of metaphysics or epistemology. Metaphysics amounts to a conventional picture of how things hang together. Principles of criticism are natural and practical. Knowledge is instrumental. When ever beliefs are challenged, people retain those that they cannot practically surrender, along with those that their experience warrants and that help them to manage their difficulties and solve their problems well enough (or better than others).⁵

Santayana points out that Lotze did not have to contend with either skepticism or nonmetaphysical materialism in his own time. Rather, Lotze had self-consciously opposed Johann Friedrich Herbart, who certainly tended in the direction of the kind of nonreductive materialism that Santayana now wants to tout. Lotze's strategy was to show that the universe was basically governed by the process of consciousness. Herbart, Lotze's most influential post-Kantian predecessor, had threatened this strategy by arguing, in effect, that consciousness did not exist except as the function of more basic, substantial or material stuff

Cymbeline

[DRAMATIS PERSONAE

CYMBELINE, *King of Britain*

CLOTEN, *son to the Queen by a former husband*

POSTHUMUS LEONATUS, *a gentleman, husband to Imogen*

BELARIUS, *a banished lord disguised under the name of Morgan*

GUIDERIUS } *sons to Cymbeline, disguised under the*
ARVIRAGUS } *names of Polydore and Cadwal, sup-*
 } *posed sons to Morgan*

PHILARIO, *friend to Posthumus* } *Italians*
JACHIMO, *friend to Philario* }

CAIUS LUCIUS, *general of the Roman forces*

PISANIO, *servant to Posthumus*

CORNELIUS, *a physician*

PHILARMONUS, *a soothsayer*

ROMAN CAPTAIN

TWO BRITISH CAPTAINS

FRENCHMAN, *friend to Philario*

TWO LORDS of *Cymbeline's court*

TWO GENTLEMEN of *the same*

TWO JAILERS

APPARITIONS

QUEEN, *wife to Cymbeline*

IMOGEN, *daughter to Cymbeline by a former Queen*

HELEN, *a lady attending on Imogen*

LORDS, LADIES, ROMAN SENATORS, TRIBUNES, DUTCHMAN, SPANIARD, MUSICIANS, OFFICERS, CAPTAINS, SOLDIERS, MESSENGERS, and other ATTENDANTS

SCENE: *Britain; Italy*]

ACT I, SCENE I

Enter two GENTLEMEN.

1. *Gent.* You do not meet a man but frowns. Our
 bloods
No more obey the heavens than our courtiers'
Still seem as does the King's.

2. *Gent.* But what's the matter?

1. *Gent.* His daughter, and the heir of 's kingdom
 (whom

He purpos'd to his wive's sole son—a widow 5
That late he married), hath referr'd herself
Unto a poor but worthy gentleman. She's wedded,
Her husband banish'd, she imprison'd: all
Is outward sorrow, though I think the King
Be touch'd at very heart.

2. *Gent.* None but the King? 10

1. *Gent.* He that hath lost her too; so is the Queen,
That most desir'd the match. But not a courtier,
Although they wear their faces to the bent

Words and passages enclosed in square brackets in the text above are either emendations of the copy-text or additions to it. The Textual Notes immediately following the play cite the earliest authority for every such change or insertion and supply the reading of the copy-text wherever it is emended in this edition.

1. Location: Britain. The grounds of Cymbeline's palace.
2. Our . . . heavens: our dispositions do not reflect more completely the influence of the heavenly bodies.
3. courtiers': i.e. courtiers' faces (see lines 12–14).
4. purpos'd to: intended for. wive's: wife's.
5. referr'd: assigned, given. 13. bent: inclination, cast.

Of the King's looks, hath a heart that is not
Glad at the thing they scowl at.

2. *Gent.* And why so? 15

1. *Gent.* He that hath miss'd the Princess is a thing
Too bad for bad report; and he that hath her
(I mean, that married her, alack, good man!
And therefore banish'd) is a creature such
As, to seek through the regions of the earth 20
For one his like, there would be something failing
In him that should compare. I do not think
So fair an outward and such stuff within
Endows a man but he.

2. *Gent.* You speak him far.

1. *Gent.* I do extend him, sir, within himself, 25
Crush him together rather than unfold
His measure duly.

2. *Gent.* What's his name and birth?

1. *Gent.* I cannot delve him to the root: his father
Was call'd Sicilius, who did join his honor
Against the Romans with Cassibelan, 30
But had his titles by Tenantius, whom
He serv'd with glory and admir'd success:
So gain'd the sur-addition Leonatus;

22. him . . . compare: the man chosen as comparable with him.
23. stuff: substance; but the sense "fabric" leads into the figure of lines 26–27. 24. speak him far: go far in praising him.
25. I . . . himself: i.e. I go far yet stay well within the bounds of his merits. 28. delve . . . root: give a full account of his lineage.
29. honor: military prowess.
33. sur-addition: added name. Leonatus: lion-born.

More sweet than our blest fields. His royal bird
Prunes the immortal wing, and cloy's his beak,
As when his god is pleas'd.

70 *All.* Thanks, Jupiter!
Sici. The marble pavement closes, he is enter'd
His radiant roof. Away, and, to be blest, 121
Let us with care perform his great behest.

[*The Ghosts*] vanish [after placing the tablet on
Posthumus' breast].

75 *Post.* [*Waking.*] Sleep, thou hast been a grandsire
and begot

A father to me; and thou hast created
A mother and two brothers. But (O scorn!) 125

80 Gone! they went hence so soon as they were born.
And so I am awake. Poor wretches that depend
On greatness' favor dream as I have done,
Wake, and find nothing. But, alas, I swerve.

85 Many dream not to find, neither deserve,
And yet are steep'd in favors; so am I,
That have this golden chance and know not why.

90 What fairies haunt this ground? A book? O rare one,
Be not, as is our fangled world, a garment
Nobler than that it covers! Let thy effects 135

So follow, to be most unlike our courtiers,
As good as promise!

(*Reads.*) "When as a lion's whelp shall, to himself
unknown, without seeking find, and be embrac'd by a
piece of tender air; and when from a stately cedar 140
shall be lopp'd branches, which, being dead many
years, shall after revive, be jointed to the old stock, and
freshly grow; then shall *Posthumus* end his miseries,
Britain be fortunate and flourishing in peace and plenty."

95 'Tis still a dream, or else such stuff as madmen 145
Tongue and brain not; either both or nothing,
Or senseless speaking, or a speaking such
As sense cannot untie. Be what it is,
The action of my life is like it, which
100 I'll keep, if but for sympathy. 150

Enter [FIRST] JAILER.

[*I.*] *Jail.* Come, sir, are you ready for death?

Post. Overroasted rather; ready long ago.

105 [*I.*] *Jail.* Hanging is the word, sir. If you be ready
for that, you are well cook'd. 154

Post. So if I prove a good repast to the spectators,
the dish pays the shot.

[*I.*] *Jail.* A heavy reckoning for you, sir. But the
comfort is, you shall be call'd to no more payments,
fear no more tavern-bills, which are often the sadness
of parting, as the procuring of mirth. You come 160
in faint for want of meat, depart reeling with too much
drink; sorry that you have paid too much, and sorry
that you are paid too much; purse and brain both

118. Prunes: preens. cloy's: claws (?). 125. scorn: mockery.
129. swerve: err. 130. to find: of finding.
133. rare: exceptionally fine. 134. fangled: given to finery.
138. When as: when. 146. Tongue: speak. brain: understand.
either both: one of the two (?). 147. Or: either.
148. sense cannot untie: reason cannot interpret.
150. sympathy: i.e. the similarity between my life and it.
153. Hanging. With punning reference to hanging meat.
156. the dish... shot: (1) the food is worth what it costs (*shot* =
reckoning, bill); (2) I (as the "repast") pay the reckoning, i.e. settle
the account. 163. paid: subdued (by drink).

empty; the brain the heavier for being too light, the
purse too light, being drawn of heaviness. O, of 165
this contradiction you shall now be quit. O, the charity
of a penny cord! it sums up thousands in a trice. You
have no true debtor and creditor but it: of what's past,
is, and to come, the discharge. Your neck, sir, is pen,
book, and counters; so the acquittance follows. 170

Post. I am merrier to die than thou art to live.

[*I.*] *Jail.* Indeed, sir, he that sleeps feels not the
toothache; but a man that were to sleep your sleep,
and a hangman to help him to bed, I think he would
change places with his officer; for, look you, sir, you
know not which way you shall go. 176

Post. Yes indeed do I, fellow.

[*I.*] *Jail.* Your death has eyes in 's head then; I have
not seen him so pictur'd. You must either be directed
by some that take upon them to know, or to take 180
upon yourself that which I am sure you do not know,
or jump the after-inquiry on your own peril; and how
you shall speed in your journey's end, I think you'll
never return to tell one. 184

Post. I tell thee, fellow, there are none want eyes
to direct them the way I am going, but such as wink
and will not use them.

[*I.*] *Jail.* What an infinite mock is this, that a man
should have the best use of eyes to see the way of blind-
ness! I am sure hanging's the way of winking. 190

Enter a MESSENGER.

Mess. Knock off his manacles, bring your prisoner
to the King.

Post. Thou bring'st good news, I am call'd to be
made free.

[*I.*] *Jail.* I'll be hang'd then. 195

Post. Thou shalt be then freer than a jailer; no bolts
for the dead. [*Exeunt Posthumus and Messenger.*]

[*I.*] *Jail.* Unless a man would marry a gallows and
beget young gibbets, I never saw one so prone. Yet,
on my conscience, there are verier knaves desire 200
to live, for all he be a Roman; and there be some of
them too that die against their wills. So should I, if I
were one. I would we were all of one mind, and one
mind good. O, there were desolation of jailers and
gallowses! I speak against my present profit, but my
wish hath a preferment in't. *Exit.* 206

SCENE V

Enter CYMBELINE, BELARIUS, GUIDERIUS, ARVIRAGUS,
PISANIO, and LORDS, [OFFICERS, and ATTENDANTS].

164. heavier: sleepier. 165. drawn: emptied.
168. debtor and creditor: account book, or accountant.
170. counters: metal disks used in calculations.
175. officer: executioner.
178-79. death... pictur'd. Alluding to the common representation
of Death as a figure with a skull for a head.
180. take upon them: profess. 182. jump: hazard.
184. one. Perhaps a variant spelling of *on* = *of*.
186. wink: close the eyes. 194. made free: i.e. executed.
199. prone: eager (to die).
201-2. Roman... wills. The Romans were commonly represented
as having the Stoic's indifference to death.
206. preferment: promotion (to a more dignified role than jailer).

V.v. Location: Britain. Cymbeline's tent in the British camp.

Cym. Stand I
made

Preservers of my
That the poor so
Whose rags shall
Stepp'd before ta
He shall be happ
Our grace can m
Bel.

Such noble fury
Such precious de
But beggary and
Cym.

Pis. He hath
living;

But no trace of h
Cym.

The heir of his
Arviragus

To you, the liver
By whom, I gran

To ask of whence
Bel.

In Cambria are w
Further to boast

Unless I add, we
Cym.

Arise my knights
Companions to ou

With dignities be
Enter

There's business
Greet you our vic

And not o' th' co
Cor.

To sour your hap
The Queen is dea

Cym.

Would this report
By med'cine life n

Will seize the do
Cor. With hor

Which (being cru
Most cruel to her

I will report, so pl
Can trip me, if I c

Were present who
Cym.

Cor. First, she
Affected greatness

Married your roy
Abhor'd your per

Cym.

And but she spok
Believe her lips in

5. targes of proof: shield
7. grace: favor. 14. I

20. knights... battle: k
of extraordinary valor.

22. estates: (new) rank
38. Affected: loved.

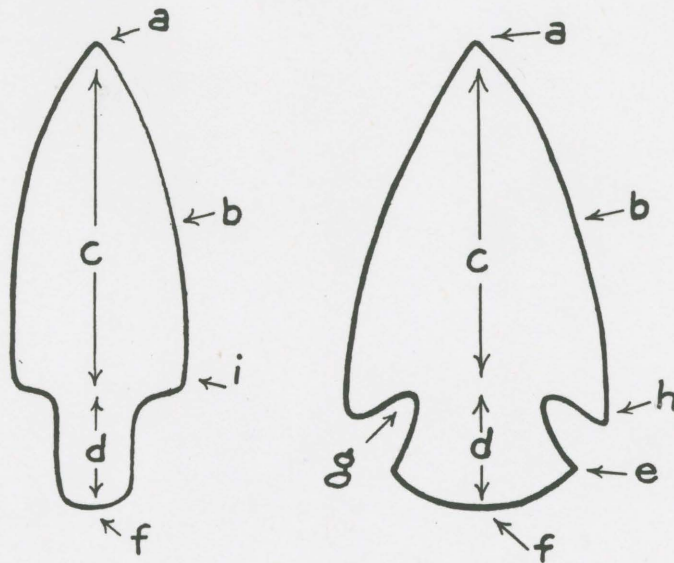
42. opening: revealing.

GUIDE
to the identification of certain
AMERICAN INDIAN PROJECTILE
POINTS

ROBERT E. BELL

Special Bulletin No. 1
of the
Oklahoma Anthropological Society

Published by
the Society in
December, 1958



- a) the point or tip
- b) the edge
- c) the face, body or blade
- d) the stem
- e) the tang
- f) the base
- g) the notch
- h) the barb
- i) the shoulder

STANDARD PROJECTILE POINT TERMINOLOGY

ABASOLO POINTS

The Abasolo point has been named by R. S. MacNeish from types found in southern Tamaulipas, Mexico. It has been described and illustrated by Suhm and Krieger (1954, p. 400).

Description

The Abasolo point is a leaf-shaped stemless dart point. Suhm and Krieger (1954) describe the type as follows: "Triangular to leaf-shaped blade with straight to slight convex edges. Base is weakly convex to well rounded, almost semicircular, which is the chief distinction from closely related Tortugas points. Blade often beveled, either along right or left edge of each face; in some cases the edges are not so much beveled as steeply chipped on both edges of one or both faces. Base may be thinned to facilitate hafting."

The length is generally from 1½ to 2½ inches, although longer examples are known.

Distribution

Suhm and Krieger (1954) list the type as "most common in Rio Grande valley below Laredo and continuing into Tamaulipas, Mexico. Becomes progressively less frequent eastward along Gulf coast and northward into central Texas and Pecos River mouth, but may be expected to occur occasionally in all parts of Texas except extreme north and Panhandle." Similar shaped points are found in Oklahoma and elsewhere.

Age and Cultural Affiliation

The type apparently began in the interval between 5000 and 3000 B. C. in south Texas. It apparently disappeared around 500 A. D. in most areas but survived in the lower Rio Grande valley until the 18th century (Suhm and Krieger, 1954). The type is normally associated with non-pottery sites.

The Abasolo type is one of the principal types of the Falcon Focus in southwest Texas. It also occurs in the Pecos River Focus, the Aransas Focus, Edwards Plateau Aspect and East Texas Aspect. Cultural affiliations in Oklahoma are not established.

Remarks

The Abasolo point may also have served as a knife rather than a projectile point. The type closely resembles the Tortugas point but differs in that the base is rounded; the Tortugas type has a straight or slightly concave base. The Abasolo point also resembles Catan in all characteristics except size; the Catan is a smaller sized point. A small sized Abasolo and a large sized Catan point would overlap in all features. Specimen B represents a typical example.

Source of Plate Illustrations

All drawings were made from Texas specimens furnished by Tom Campbell, Department of Anthropology, University of Texas, Austin, Texas. The catalog numbers are as follows:

A - F. Bell	893	F - 51D3-2-34
B - 4-2-1169c		G - 5-25-1742-6
C - F. Bell	85	H - F. Bell 823
D - #18		I - F. Bell 884
E - F. Bell	872	



A



F

ABASOLO

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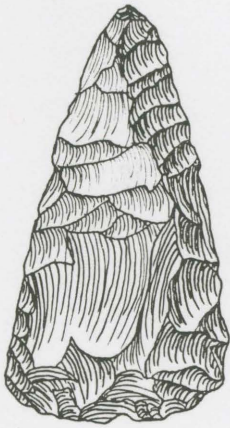
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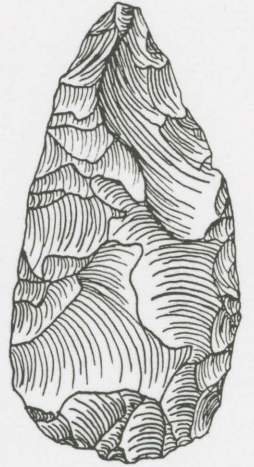
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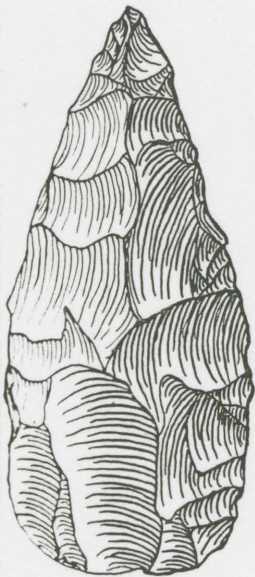
C



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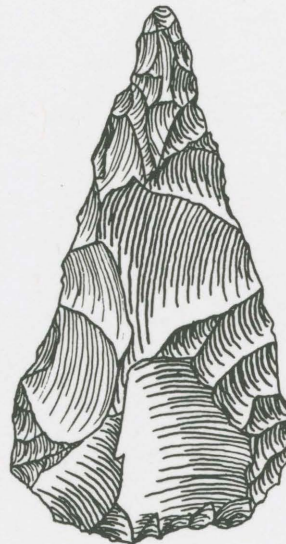
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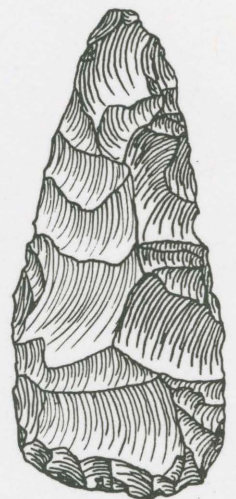
F



G



H



I

boxing:

?
Harry (the Real?) McCoy?

Ad Wolgast Ned Wolger

Stanley Ketchel, - Ashtabula Assassin?

change to ^{Rube} ~~Rube~~ Killian

p. 133--flag rules OK?

Encyc Am

p. 69--Model A OK?

No - Model T, 1908 changed

SUZ
E33 Sp 94E 1910

p. 229--Heidi exist in 1910?

✓
Yes - author Johanna Spyri 1827-1901

Encyclopaedia

p. 117--King Tut OK in '09? Nov-1922

Herculaneum 1825+

Rosetta Stone 1799

Troy - Schliemann excavated 1870-90

changed

ms p. 63

check Shakespeare concordance for "Oh, the charity of a penny cord" & character.

Act 5, scene 5, line 173

Leontes Posthumus

changed
to
"nobleman"

it sums up thousands
in a trice; you have no
true debtor or creditor
but it

SUZ

CNI.037 #1

Change to identification of
certain Am. Indian projectile pts

- Robert E Bell

p. 117--flanged correct for arrowhead?

changed
to
"beveled"

Encyc am

the Divine Eleanora Duse or Sarah Bernhardt?

SUZ

B945. 524 565

Santayana: an exam'n of his phil^y
Timothy L. S. Spigge

ms p. 75

exact Santayana quote, or take qte marks off "matter is the only reality"?

fixed

SUZ

NA 9085. M48 C37

Robert Caro, Robt Moses book for appropriations anecdote?

skipped -
my version
works OK

p. 64

check Congress of Vienna alliances

Glennac -
looks OK

p. 275--check Kepller, harmony of spheres

OK
Encye am

From: "Leslie B. Joshi" <executrix@hotmail.com>
Subject: **Re: Further to the Latin query from Ivan Doig**
Date: August 6, 2005 9:02:04 AM PDT
To: cddean@earthlink.net

Hello again Ivan,

Thanks for checking in; glad I was able to get you the Latin you wanted!

Yes, I certainly do NOT miss the SeaFair insanity. I just returned from a week in Dover, NH, visiting a dear friend and her family. Afternoons at the beach in Maine, a picnic by a scenic lake in the White Mountains, fried clams along the New England shore...that's the life for me!

Many thanks in advance for the gift of your book! I look forward to reading it!

Ex animo, -Leslie

Dear Ivan, take 2:

I realize I was dense in my understanding of your passage; forgive me!

What I fear I did not make clear in my first message was that although, yes, you already have a "funny" Latin translation for "Let sleeping dogs lie" (i.e., *Permitte iacere canis dormit*), in the context of the paragraph you sent me it isn't clear that Paul is bungling the "Latin" of that phrase, but the wording implies he is remembering the Latin verbatim from Morrie and bungling the English. That, in turn, implies that the Latin phrase came "wrong" from Morrie to start with. If, however, you mean to say

From: "Settlement Administrator" <cddean=earthlink.net@edb.tgcin.com>
Subject: **Supplemental Notice Of Class Action Settlement And Notice Of Rescheduled Fairness Hearing In Re Literary Works In Electronic Databases Copyright Litigation**
Date: August 5, 2005 7:46:56 AM PDT
To: cddean@earthlink.net

DEAR FREELANCE AUTHOR: RECENTLY YOU SHOULD HAVE RECEIVED AN EMAIL NOTICE OF A CLASS ACTION SETTLEMENT REGARDING FREELANCE WORKS IN ELECTRONIC DATABASES. THE SETTLEMENT HAS BEEN AMENDED, AND WHAT FOLLOWS IS A SUPPLEMENTAL NOTICE OF THE CLASS ACTION SETTLEMENT AS AMENDED. PLEASE READ IT CAREFULLY, AND THEN VISIT [HTTP://WWW.COPYRIGHTCLASSACTION.COM](http://www.copyrightclassaction.com) FOR FURTHER INFORMATION.

Supplemental Notice Of Class Action Settlement And Notice Of Rescheduled Fairness Hearing

Starting in April 2005, notice of a proposed class action settlement in the above lawsuit was published in many newspapers and magazines. Notice of the proposed settlement was also mailed to thousands of potential members of the Class. The Notice was also posted at the settlement website, <http://www.copyrightclassaction.com>. A supplemental notice, reflecting the changes described below, is now available at the website. You are encouraged to visit the website and review the updated notice.

I. Background

After the Notice of Class Action Settlement was given, plaintiffs learned that during the settlement negotiations, one or more of the Database Defendants had licensed Subject Works to two new databases that had not been sued in the case - Amazon.com and Highbeam Research.

The parties dispute whether the licensing of Subject Works to Amazon.com and Highbeam during the settlement process was a violation of the Settlement Agreement. After a further round of intensive negotiations with the mediators, the parties agreed on a resolution of the dispute and signed an Amendment To The Settlement Agreement ("Amendment").

II. Terms Of The Amendment

The Amendment provides that if (i) a class member registered his or her copyright in a Subject Work before the licensing of that work to Amazon.com or Highbeam; and (ii) the class member's claim under the settlement for that work would otherwise be a valid claim under Category B of the Plan of Allocation, then the claim will be reclassified and paid under the more favorable Category A. Almost all Subject Works carried by Amazon.com were licensed on April 1, 2005, and almost all Subject Works carried by Highbeam were licensed in November 2003. Go to <http://www.copyrightclassaction.com> and click on Settlement Agreement to see the full text of the Amendment.

The Amendment clarifies that the nonexclusive license the Settlement Agreement provides to defendants and the Participating and Supplemental Participating Publishers, for Subject Works not "taken down" by class members, permits such entities to electronically license the works to any other person or entity, including other databases such as Highbeam and Amazon.com.

The Amendment provides that all class members who have submitted claims and not exercised their takedown right will be given a second chance to exercise the right, so long as they do so by September 30, 2005. If you have submitted a claim and did not request takedown for a Subject Work for which you now wish to exercise your takedown right, please visit <http://www.copyrightclassaction.com>.

III. 30 Day Period For Exclusion, Inclusion And Objections

If after reading this Supplemental Notice you would like to exclude yourself from the Class, object to the settlement as amended insofar as the changes effected by the Amendment are concerned, or opt back in to the Class if you have already excluded yourself, then you must follow the same procedures for exclusions and objections that are set forth in the original Notice of Class Action Settlement, at <http://www.copyrightclassaction.com> no later than September 12, 2005.

IV. Rescheduled Hearing On Final Approval Of Settlement

The hearing on whether the settlement should be granted final approval, previously scheduled for July 28, 2005, has been

rescheduled and will now be held on September 27, 2005, at 10:00 a.m., in Courtroom 618 of the United States District Court for the Southern District of New York, United States Courthouse, 40 Centre Street, New York, New York 10007. At the hearing, the Court will determine whether the proposed settlement as amended is fair, adequate and reasonable and should be approved. At the hearing, the Court will also consider plaintiffs' motion for attorneys' fees and reimbursement of expenses and for a special award to the Representative Plaintiffs, and a related motion on the allocation of plaintiffs' attorneys' fees. You may attend the hearing if you wish, but are not required to do so to participate in the settlement.

For more information, please visit <http://www.copyrightclassaction.com>.

PLEASE DO NOT TELEPHONE OR ADDRESS ANY INQUIRIES TO THE COURT.

Dated: July 28, 2005 BY ORDER OF THE COURT:

The Honorable George B. Daniels
United States District Court
for the Southern District of New York

CLOVIS POINTS

The Clovis point has been named from types found associated with extinct animal remains near Clovis, New Mexico.

Description

The Clovis point is often confused with the Folsom point because of the fluting on the face of the blade. In general, the Clovis point is larger in size, less skillfully made, and the flutes are shorter in length. The base and the sides of the base have been ground as in the Folsom point, but the concave base is more shallow and the point tapered rather than rounded.

Wormington (1957, p. 263) describes it as follows: "Fluted lanceolate points with parallel or slightly convex sides and concave bases. They range in length from one and a half to five inches, but are usually some three inches or more in length and fairly heavy. The flutes sometimes extend almost the full length of the point but usually they extend no more than halfway from the base to the tip. Normally, one face will have a longer flute than the other. The fluting was generally produced by the removal of multiple flakes. In most instances the edges of the basal portion show evidence of smoothing by grinding."

Distribution and Association

The Clovis point has a wide distribution throughout North America. Suhm and Krieger (1954, p. 412) note the type from the "Borax Lake site in northern California and Naco site in southern Arizona across United States to Atlantic seaboard; a few specimens from Alaska, Durango, Mexico and Costa Rica."

The Clovis point has been found in association with the extinct mammoth at several localities: Angus, Nebraska; Dent, Colorado; the Miami and McLean sites in Texas; Clovis, New Mexico, and the Naco and Lehner sites in Arizona (Wormington, 1957). The vast majority of Clovis points, however, have been found on the surface, unassociated with cultural or faunal remains. The type is found occasionally in Oklahoma.

Age and Cultural Affiliation

The Clovis type is known to be older than Folsom as a result of work done by the Texas Memorial Museum near Clovis, New Mexico (Sellards, 1952). Suhm and Krieger, (1954) suggest an age "Somewhat greater than that of Folsom points, probably at least 10,000 B. C. and perhaps as early as 15,000 B. C. at beginning."

There are some radiocarbon dates available, but they are not in agreement. The Lewisville site in Texas (Crook and Harris, 1957) has produced two dates of more than 37,000 years ago for hearths associated with a Clovis point. Charcoal from the Naco mammoth find in Arizona gives a radiocarbon assay of 9250 ± 300 years ago (Wise and Shutler, 1958). This seems like an unreasonable length of time for a single type to exist; until additional dates become available the matter will remain uncertain.

The Clovis type is one of the early Paleo-Indian hunting points. It has been assigned to the Llano complex by Sellards (1952).

Remarks

Specimen F may be used as an ideal example.

Source of Plate Illustrations

The illustrations were made from published drawings or photographs as follows:

- A - Howard, 1935, Plate 37, Figure 1 (Texas)
- B - Sellards, 1952, p. 35, Figure 17a (Blackwater No. 1, N. M.)
- C - Wormington, 1949, p. 39, Figure 9 (Dent, Colorado)
- D - Sellards, 1952, p. 26, Figure 9a (Miami, Texas)
- E - Sellards, 1952, p. 25, Figure 8b' (Miami, Texas)
- F - Sellards, 1952, p. 43, Figure 22A (Naco, Arizona)



A



D

CLOVIS

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A



B



C



D



E



F

orbit. After Tycho's death Kepler decided to continue what he called his "war on Mars." The task was to determine the precise mathematical details of the orbit and Mars's motion around it. Kepler's operating assumptions, which had been essential to astronomy since antiquity, were that only circular motions were permissible and that the planet must move in its circular orbit with perfect uniformity. He found, however, that Tycho's data resisted his assumption of uniform circular motion; the model and the data came no closer than 8' of arc, and Kepler was confident that Tycho's data were more accurate than that.

Kepler made heroic efforts to adjust the model. From the beginning his circular orbits were eccentric with respect to the sun. He now introduced an equant point—a noncentral point within the orbit, with respect to which the planet's angular velocity was uniform. But nothing he tried would produce an adequate fit between theory and data. He therefore recalculated the earth's orbit (the moving platform from which all the observations of Mars had been made) and rectified the data on Mars accordingly. Still success eluded him. In desperation he decided to question the premise of his enterprise—the circularity of the orbit. He first tried an oval orbit and later an ellipse as an approximation. At the same time he employed the law of areas (which he had developed originally for use with eccentric circular orbits) to track the planet through its orbit. To his delight Kepler discovered that the law of areas applied to elliptical orbits gave predicted positions that corresponded closely with the observational data.

This was the key to an astronomical revolution. Kepler quickly extended his conclusions to the entire planetary system, arguing that every planet has an elliptical orbit with the sun precisely at one focus. This is now known as Kepler's first law of planetary motion. The planets move in their elliptical orbits with speeds that vary in accordance with the area law: the line connecting the sun and the planet sweeps out equal areas in equal times. This came to be known as Kepler's second law of planetary motion. Kepler published these results in his *Astronomia nova* (1609; *New Astronomy*, 1992). (See also CELESTIAL MECHANICS—Basic Concepts.)

Astronomia nova was revolutionary not only for its mathematical models but also for its concern with the physics of planetary motion, a problem to which Kepler's predecessors had devoted almost no attention. We first see Kepler's physical concerns in his decision to dispense with the epicycles of Ptolemaic and Copernican astronomy on the grounds that there is no material body at the center of the epicycle from which a force could emanate to produce planetary motion about the epicycle. We see in this objection the germ of Kepler's own theory of celestial forces. Kepler argued that an incorporeal motive force, analogous to light and magnetism, emanates from the sun in the plane of the planetary orbits. The strength of the force decreases in proportion to its distance from the sun. As the sun rotates on its axis, a circular motion is imparted to the motive force, and this is transmitted in turn to the planetary body. The speed of the planet depends jointly on the strength of the motive force and the quantity of matter in the planet. Kepler explained the elliptical orbits as distortions of natural circular orbits, caused by interaction between

the magnetism of the sun (conceived as a magnetic monopole) and that of the earth. (See PTOLEMAIC SYSTEM; EPICYCLE; FORCE—History of the Concept of Force.)

Kepler believed that more mathematical harmonies were to be found, and in his *Harmonice mundi* (1619; *The Harmony of the Worlds*) he discussed his efforts to discover them. He undertook an arduous search for celestial music by elaborating on an ancient Pythagorean theory. By finding the ratio of the minimum and maximum orbital speeds of each planet, he found that they formed a musical scale. He launched into a discussion of polyphonic music and inquired which planet was soprano, which alto, which tenor, and which bass. The pages of this work are filled with musical scales, reflecting Kepler's search for literal celestial harmonies. In the course of these investigations, Kepler came upon what is now known as his third law of planetary motion, which states that the ratio of the periods of any two planets is the $\frac{3}{2}$ power of the ratio of the mean radii of their orbits. This relationship applies to all of the planets and represents the ultimate harmony of the universe.

Word of Kepler's astronomical theories spread slowly. By mid-century they were still not widely known or believed. In the 1670s, however, they played a vital role in Isaac Newton's work, which were confirmed in his celestial mechanics. (See NEWTON, ISAAC—*The Principia*; PRINCIPIA.)

Astrology. Like many astronomers of his time, Kepler also practiced astrology. While ridiculing astrology as traditionally practiced and discarding many of its rules, Kepler clearly believed in astrological influence. He divided this into physical influence, based on the four Aristotelian qualities and the optical properties of the planets and geometrical influence, dependent on the angular separation of the planets. Whatever his reservations, Kepler frequently practiced astrology for wealthy patrons, sometimes out of economic necessity. More than 800 of the horoscopes that he cast still survive.

Optics. Kepler became interested in optics as a result of eclipse observations made by Tycho with a pinhole camera, which made the moon appear 20% smaller during a partial solar eclipse. Kepler solved the problem of the apparently shrinking moon by developing a theory of radiation through small apertures. He then went on to investigate almost the whole of traditional optics, publishing his results as *Astronomiae pars optica* (1604). Kepler also developed a new theory of vision and the geometrical theory of the telescope. The traditional theory of vision held that the principal organ of sight and the recipient of light and color was the crystalline lens. Kepler proposed that the retina was the chief organ of sight and the lens merely a refracting device forming inverted images on the retina. Applying his knowledge of the refracting properties of lenses to those of the telescope (invented only a year or two earlier), he gave the instrument its first adequate geometrical analysis. (See also LIGHT—History of Theories of Light.)

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KERALA ker'-lə, a state in southwestern India, bordering Karnataka state on the north and the Arabian Sea on the west. Its area is 38,863 sq km, and its population is 31.8 million (1991 census). Kerala's capital is Thiruvananthapuram (Trivandrum). The state was formed in 1956 by the amalgamation of the states of Mysore and Malabar. Malayalam was the major language.

The land. Kerala occupies the Malabar coast, a narrow strip of fertile plains, evergreen forests, and beautiful hills. It extends 352 miles (567 km) north to south but varies in width from 64 miles (102.2 km). Next to the coast is a narrow, flat coastal plain; immediately inland are rolling hills and winding rivers. The elevation gradually rises to 8,841 feet (2,700 m) at Anai Mudi, the highest mountain in southern India. Most of the eastern boundary is marked by hill ranges of the Western Ghats, which cover about 28% of the state, and another 600 varieties of trees are teak, ebony, sandalwood, and eucalyptus. Mineral resources include valuable beach sands, mica, lignite, and iron ore. Kerala has a wet tropical monsoon climate. Along the coastal plain, temperatures remain high throughout the year. Annual rainfall averages 4,762 inches (3,000 mm), and most of it is received during the monsoon months of June through September.

The People. Kerala has a high population density, 1,940 people per square mile (750 per sq km) and even higher along the coastal plain where most people live. Malayalam, the official language, is spoken by most Keralites. Education is important to Malayalee families, and Kerala has a literacy rate that is near 90%, the highest of any Indian state. Women are as well educated as men. About 59% of Keralites are Hindus, 20% are Muslims, and 21% are Christians. The Christian population (largely Syrian or other eastern rite) is larger than in any other Indian state. According to tradition, Thomas Didymus (later, Saint Thomas) introduced Christianity, beginning in 52 A.D. Most Malayalee families still follow a matrilineal descent system, with property inherited through the woman's side of the family.

The Economy. Agriculture is the main economic activity, and rice is the major food crop. Other important cash crops include coconuts, cotton, and rubber. Cashew nuts, areca (betel) nuts, and cardamom, and other spices. In the hills coffee, and tea are grown. Most farmers own their own land, but the average farm is only 0.5 acres (0.5 ha). Livestock, forestry, and fishery industries supplement crop farming.

A few modern manufacturing plants produce aluminum, fertilizers and chemicals, rubber, paper and plywood, petroleum products, and instruments. Most manufacturing production remains in cottage and small workshop form. One-half of the state's organized labor is employed in the cashew nut industry. Some 11 million people are dependent on coconut-based industries. More than 90,000 cotton handlooms are in operation. Transportation is provided by roads, railroads, and extensive inland waterways. Almost all villages are served by all-weather roads. Co-

Sauk Am

South Campus is located here, as is the only national cemetery in Iowa.

The first permanent white settlement was made in 1820 and was named Keokuk after Sauk Indian chief Keokuk in 1829. A ship canal was built around the Des Moines River rapids in 1877, and a dam was built in 1910-13. The city was platted in 1837 and incorporated in 1847. Population: 12,451.

KEOS, a Greek island. (See KEA.)

KEPLER, Johannes, kep'lər (1571-1630), German astronomer who placed astronomy on modern foundations through his lifelong work on the planetary orbits, which corrected and transformed the Copernican (sun-centered) planetary system. An early defender of this system, Kepler is best known for his three laws of planetary motion. (See COPERNICUS, NICOLAUS; SOLAR SYSTEM—*Kepler's Laws*; COSMOLOGY—*Copernican System*.)

Life. Kepler was born in Weil der Stadt on Dec. 27, 1571. His father, Heinrich, a mercenary soldier and quarrelsome ne'er-do-well, abandoned the family in 1588. Kepler's mother, Katharina, was (by his own description) an unpleasant, garrulous woman. In her old age she was tried for witchcraft but was acquitted.

Kepler attended a variety of elementary and secondary schools, mostly on scholarships, before matriculating at the Protestant University of Tübingen in 1587. In the arts faculty at Tübingen, Kepler came in contact with Michael Maestlin, professor of astronomy, with whom he studied both Ptolemaic and Copernican astronomy. Because Kepler, whose family was Lutheran, intended to enter its clergy, he entered the theological faculty on conclusion of the arts course. Shortly before he was to conclude his theological studies, however, the senate of the university recommended him for a post as teacher of mathematics in a Protestant school in Graz, in southern Austria. Kepler's inability to sign the Formula of Concord had jeopardized his theological career, and the senate felt that he might be more suited to teaching mathematics. Kepler reluctantly accepted the position and embarked on a career as a mathematician and an astronomer. Political instability and religious conflict, however, repeatedly interrupted his career and forced him to seek new posts. He was in Graz for 6 years, Prague (as imperial mathematician) for 12 years, Linz in upper Austria (as district mathematician) for 14 years, and briefly in Ulm and Sagan. Kepler died in Regensburg on Nov. 15, 1630. (See CONCORD, FORMULA AND

Astronomy. Teaching duties did not fully occupy Kepler in Graz, and he found time to work on the astronomical system of Copernicus, to which he was already firmly committed. He wished to discover (1) why there are six planets rather than some other number (the planets beyond Saturn had not yet been discovered) and (2) the reason for the relative sizes of the planetary orbits. Kepler viewed God as a geometer who had a geometrical reason or principle for each of the major features of the cosmos, and Kepler felt compelled to discover what those reasons were. Modern astronomers would consider this a strange motive, but to Kepler such questions were absolutely central to his astronomical efforts.

Kepler found the answer to his questions in the regular polyhedra. Euclid had proved that there are five and only five regular convex solids



THE BETTMANN ARCHIVE

Johannes Kepler founded celestial mechanics with his discovery of the three laws of planetary motion.

(tetrahedron, cube, octahedron, dodecahedron, and icosahedron). Kepler's idea was to place the regular solids one inside another, like Chinese boxes, with interspersed spheres. The series began with a sphere, followed by one of the regular solids, followed by another sphere, then a second solid, and so on, with everything tightly fitted together. With a sphere included at each end of the series, the five regular solids could be used to define precisely six spheres and thus to explain why God chose to create six planets. Furthermore, the relative sizes of the interspersed spheres might explain the relative sizes of the planetary orbits. Kepler tried the five solids in various sequences; the one that worked best was (proceeding from the outside) cube, tetrahedron, dodecahedron, icosahedron, and octahedron. The fit was not perfect, but it was close enough to convince Kepler that he was on the right track. He published his results in the *Mysterium cosmographicum* (1597; *The Secret of the Universe*, 1981) and sent copies to both the Italian scientist Galileo Galilei and the Danish astronomer Tycho Brahe. (See POLYHEDRON; GALILEO; BRAHE, TYCHO.)

Tycho was Europe's greatest observational astronomer. Impressed by Kepler's obvious mathematical talents, he offered Kepler a position as his assistant in Prague. At about the same time all Protestants were expelled from Graz by the Catholic rulers, and necessity therefore coincided with opportunity. After Tycho died in 1601, a year after Kepler's arrival in Prague, the latter was in possession of the most accurate astronomical observations collected up to that time. Without data of such accuracy, Kepler's later achievements would not have been possible.

Before his death Tycho had set Kepler to work on the orbit of Mars, a fortunate choice because Mars has a more elliptical orbit than that of any other planet then known except Mercury, which is too close to the sun to observe throughout its

to contribute each year. In a defined... the participant selects the amount... equal retirement income, and a sav... s constructed to produce the desired... eough plans must be sponsored by... iary institutions, such as banks, sav... associations, or insurance companies... s are complex and plans vary, par... ld review programs with a profes...

in 1982 the maximum contribution... m federal tax deduction) for self... gh-plan participants was \$15,000 or... d income, whichever was less. Full... ees who meet period-of-service re... must be included in the plan, and... eral methods for determining contri... e employer. The employee may make... tributions. The accumulation is tax... at is, no current taxes are paid on... s or earnings until retirement funds... wn, at which time the participant is... to be in a lower federal tax bracket... al, withdrawals from the Keogh ac... be made without penalty only after... e 59 1/2. All amounts withdrawn are... federal income tax, and all benefits... drawn or paid to the participant by... n employee is entitled to all the funds... the employee's account upon termina... yment. Persons eligible for a Keogh... lso qualify for a tax-sheltered In... rement Account (IRA).

Chief, kē'ə-kuk (c. 1783-1848), Sauk... owned for his military and oratorical... eokuk (Kiyō'kaga, "the watchful fox... o moves warily") was born about 1783... t-day Rock Island, Ill. A man of great... e opposed the Sauk leader Black Hawk... War of 1812, trying to play off the... nst the Americans in an effort to make... indispensable middleman. After a trip... gton, D.C., Keokuk realized the super... th of the whites and felt that Indian... ty in an arm's-length attitude—a policy... Hawk opposed. The defeat of the la... Black Hawk War of 1832 enabled Ke... nerge as the chief of the united Sauk... eoples.

a popular nor entirely trusted chief... the position he won through his deba... y and persuasive powers to advantag... s with whites. Encroachment on the... netheless forced the Sauk-Fox to move... vation in eastern Kansas. There Keok... unknown causes, in April 1848.

FREDERICK J. DOCKERTY
Author of "Great North American Indians"

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ke'ə-kuk, a city in southeastern... of Lee county. It is situated at the... of the Des Moines and Mississippi rivers... s (291 km) north of St. Louis and... 25 km) southeast of Des Moines. The... s are grown. Its major industries are... cessing, packaging, and fabricated... s. The Southeastern Community College

grass of autumn Toby and Damon and I spurred our horses with a verve we hadn't had since before Mother left our lives. Great grass, but we could already count ours up since I'd been riding an hour ago. Damon was liberated from the every stitch of clothing to Ræ's washdays heart, as he always needed, and it read Rose the disheveled house was in for the cleaning on the matter of meals yet, but we had to win Rose over on that. As we rode to school behind us, the world as we knew it in Marias Coulee seemed to shine with fresh promise. The Pronovosts had loyally waited for us at the section line fence, late as we were, providing us the earliest possible audience about the marvels of housekeeping. Father had harnessed his team of workhorses in record time and already could be seen on the haul road to the irrigation project with the dray, waving jauntily to us across the fields. Perhaps most miraculous, the slow song of a saw from the direction of Aunt Eunice's place indicated Morrie was gainfully employed. He had asked Father, "What exactly is meant by a *cord* of wood?" "Four feet wide, four feet high, and eight feet long, that's a cord," Father recited in surprise. "Intriguing," said Morrie. "I wonder whether Shakespeare was working that in, there in the line: "*Oh, the charity of a penny cord.*" "I have a hunch he was merely threatening to hang Falstaff," Father responded. "So, do you know how to use a splitting maul?" In short, on a morning when even those two fussy autodidacts were in tune with the tasks of this earth, every prospect pleased.

But that afternoon at recess, I slugged Eddie Turley.

Damon of all people pulled me off him. Probably more in surprise than charity toward me, the Swede boys held Eddie back as he raged to get at me. Odds were that it was the only punch I would ever land on him, but it had been a good

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kind of endeavor. I decided to seek something more, well, fundamental. Down to earth. No more of the frippery that we had made our name by. And so, when Rose--" He broke off, in that mannerism he shared with her, as though the rest explained itself without being said. Toby's shoelaces were giving him trouble and I was working on those, while Damon searched everywhere for his belt. As if in accompaniment to our efforts, Morrie suddenly resumed: "I might cite you Santayana-- 'matter is the only reality.' I don't mind telling you, Oliver, I find those words have considerably more meaning here in the West than they did in the ostensible halls of learning."

"Where did you take your degree, Morrie?" As a proud graduate of Manitowoc Technical School, Father was always interested in educational pedigree.

"Knox."

"In Illinois? A fine college, I've heard." Father caught on. "Or do you mean 'hard knocks'?"

"A feeble jest, Oliver. I apologize. But it was at an Illinois institution--the University of Chicago."

Damon stopped what he was doing and his eyes widened. I didn't follow football as he did, but even I had heard of that school's unbeatable teams under its titan of a coach, Amos Alonzo Stagg. Even Toby had absorbed snippets from Damon's constant attention to the teams in his sports scrapbooks. In excited recognition he whispered now, "Damon, the Baboons!"

"The Maroons," Damon hissed back at him. He looked longingly across the room. "I have to show Morrie my scrapbook."

"Not now, you're not," I told him. "Come on, let's get this day over with."

But I was the one who veered off at the bottom of the stairs to track down Rose whistling up work for herself. Next to where she hung her coat I noticed the

4

The Big Ditch. Rose and Morrie were not its usual brand of tourists. Even on a Sunday, the haul road to the construction camp was plumed with dust from various rigs coming to see about something at the incipient grand canal; land fever knows no Sabbath. We encountered a horse trader from over by the mountains whom Father was acquainted with, leading a freshly broken team of work mares behind his buckboard, and he lifted his hat straight in the air in tribute to Father's big horses, Blue and Snapper. Several speedy surreys passed us by, with Toby and Damon and I making a game of who could be the quickest to identify which of the livery barns in Westwater each was rented from--wheelspokes of red or green or white, after all. We could tell by their bullwool black suits and odd-collared shirts that the surrey passengers were the latest of the Belgian colony drawn a third of the way around the world by the promise of the farmwater the Big Ditch would bring. Near the end of our trip there was what Morrie might have called an instance of momentum of the automotive sort when a Model A, not a common sight yet, was met up with, to the hazard of both our dray and the little vehicle bouncing around in the ruts.

would go. “‘Casper’ versus ‘Harry,’ that would sound like a first-round knockout for the latter, wouldn’t it. But nicknames capture an essence, an augmented personification of the individual.” One Punch Milliron listened to this with care. “No,” Morrie was concluding as though he could see the match in some ring beyond this world, “the Capper would have capped the McCoy off, I’m sure of it. Eight rounds, no more.”

What a picture the three of them made as I entered the room. Toby was half sprawled onto the worktable next to the pair hunched over the spread-open scrapbooks, his eyelids desperately heavy. In the lamplight Morrie pensively stroked his mustache as Damon ran a guiding finger through that holy writ of the true sports fan, the fine print, the agate type beneath the story of the event. “I couldn’t believe it when he lost to Ad Wolgast, that time. Look at the round-by-round, the Capper was winning almost all--” Damon became aware I was there. He swiftly looked around at me, his eyes trying to choose between hope and doubt. His voice broke a little as he said: “Paul, I just put the World Series in. Want to see?”

From experience he knew that baseball was the one sport I cared anything about. I figured I may as well thaw; Damon was going to be my brother forever no matter what.

“Sure.” But before I joined them at the scrapbooks, there was the matter of Morrie coming over tonight to act as my advocate. I had no idea how to thank him enough.

“Morrie, I--”

“It’s all right, Paul, you may have to return the favor sometime.” His forefinger took its turn at the fine print of life, alighting into the lineup of the world champion Pittsburgh Pirates. “Honus Wagner, the Flying Dutchman, now there’s an ominous nickname if there ever was one.”

6

“Good morning, scholars.”

Three dozen sets of young ears took a considerable moment to adjust to that form of address. Until then, our day was always started with Miss Trent’s all-purpose command, “Children, hush.” After a ticktock of contemplating the unexpected new source of articulation at the front of the classroom, all of Marias Coulee school raggedly chorused back to Morris Morgan:

“Good morning, teacher.”

Morrie gave a bit of a bow, his crisp white shirt so maximally washed and starched and ironed by Rose that I thought I could hear it crackle. Not that I dared hope it counted for much, but at least the school had gained sartorially in the swap of baggy Miss Trent--Sister Jubal now?--for this exemplar of tailoring. Morrie stood before us like an emissary from those farthest places in our books, where prime ministers attired themselves in tweed and vest and a tie as prominent as a chin napkin. Topped off in this case with the imperial mustache, of course.

While I sat there fidgeting, the collective gaze of the schoolroom rested solidly on him. In it, I know from experience at both ends of a classroom, were measures of doubt, awe, trepidation, hope, something approaching dread and

knew she was going to go out in the world and break hearts. Morrie nodded in satisfaction after finding her on the list, but Barbara stayed standing.

“Teacher? May I please trade my first name in for another one? Just for school.”

All who knew Barbara could have told him it was not a wise move, but Morrie asked speculatively: “And what would that be?”

“Rabrab.”

I saw Morrie brace for a gale of laughter from the rest of us, but none came. We were all as intrigued as he was. In the expectant silence, Morrie made a try at formulating:

“Technically, Barbara--to address you in the customary manner, for the moment--what you are requesting seems to be an antonymous nickname. If I am not mistaken, ‘Rabrab’ constitutes your given name, at least a majority of it, backwards. Why would you prefer that?”

“Boys get to be contrary warriors their way,” she said with a devilish innocence I could have throttled her for. “I figured I could at least do it with my name.”

My face felt red enough to ignite. Her usual elbow-length away from me, Carnelia snickered to herself.

Morrie managed to quell the outburst of debate--whether she was Barbara or Rabrab, half the school instantaneously backed her and the other half immediately rallied to the opposing view--and take the matter under advisement.

“Names are mighty things,” he intoned, folding his arms on his chest in what I recognized as his deep thinking mode. “They may carry the essence of our person, particularly if incised, which is to say nicked, with an apt bit of elaboration. Think of Richard the Lion-Hearted. The Divine Eleanora Duse. The Real McCoy,” his gaze carefully just above Damon’s head for that one. “We mustn’t take lightly

what the world knows us by, and I commend Miss Rellis for the imagination to seek something she finds more fitting. But there is also the matter of official record," he tapped the roll call list again, "community custom, and need I say, parents."

With that word, the same conspiratorial air that preceded the wrong-end-to-race came into the room. In the hush every one of us looked intently at Morrie as he deliberated. "I need to know if there is a foundation of precedent upon which 'Rabrab' might be installed. Does anyone else go by a nickname, just here at school?"

"Me." Miles Calhoun raised his hand as high as it would go.

Morrie stared at him in consternation. "Miles, I am as certain as anything that you just now informed me that your name is--Miles."

"That's what everybody calls me. That's what I go by. But my name's Hector and that's what I get all the time at home."

"Then why--" From the corner of his eye Morrie caught my infinitesimal shake of my head. A trackless bog lay ahead of him in the fact that Hector was dubbed Miles by the schoolyard at large because of his habit of saying *by a mile*, as in "*Is two against one fair, by a mile?*" and "*I don't believe a word you say, by a mile.*"

Pulling back just in time, Morrie returned to the issue at hand. With a Solomonic flair that impressed even those who did not want Barbara to get away with anything, he rendered his decision: "Rabrab it is, until different notification."

Peering once more into the ranks of the sixth grade, Morrie looked relieved at the prospect of getting the roll call back on track with Damon. Not the best in the world at delivering his name with a straight face to someone who had known it for weeks now, Damon plainly wanted to get it over with. In starting to push to his feet, though, he happened to turn in the direction of his deskmate.

“See?” Only Damon’s rear end was visible as he pawed among the bison bones at the boulder-strewn base of the cliff. He and Houdini were our best diggers, that next Sunday afternoon. “See, the black ones are chipped different on the sides.”

Hard to imagine, something that innocent as the starting point toward one of my worst dreams. But the mind goes its own way at night.

“Flanged, Damon,” Morrie told him. “It’s called ‘flanging.’ Very discerning of you, though, to notice the difference.” Kneeling there, big brown hat pulled low against the wind that followed the river through the Marias bottomland, he looked nearly prayerful as he turned over and over in his hand the dark arrowhead Damon had just handed up to him. In the next breath Toby came charging over and, proud as a kitten with its first mouse, presented him the intact bison horn he had just found. Carefully Morrie laid it and Damon’s find alongside the lance point I had pried out of the nearby clay bank. “They could use the three of you on King Tut,” he commended. “Superb specimens, all around.”

Our audience clucked a storm of disapproval down at us. I had to laugh. “She doesn’t necessarily agree.” We had scared up a sage hen when we clambered

The reasons seemed to me beyond numbering. I babbled the first few that came to mind. "I'd--I'd need to lodge in town. I mean, I wouldn't be at home any more. And Father--there are times he needs me for things. Mister Morg-- Morrie, I'd like to wait. Really I would."

"Well, if I at least were to advance you to the eighth grade--"

"No!" Anything but the jungle of galumphing eight-graders. "Please, not that either." How many dooms did I have to fight off? "Can't I just be in the grade I'm already in?"

Morrie gestured to the vacant half of the double desk that constituted the seventh grade. "You and Carnelia, forever and always?"

"Maybe I could just sort of sit out of the way and read." That sounded feeble even to me.

He folded his arms on his chest, but not in commanding fashion this time, and sat there studying me. At last he said: "You are a challenge, Paul, a palpable challenge." Uneasily I watched the signs in the features of his face, the twitch of his mustache, the lighting-up in his eyes. Morrie's mind was making one of its balloon ascensions. "A teacher would not dare to wish for a more ardent student," he propounded, "on those occasions when something manages to catch your interest. Therefore it is a matter of bringing your imprimatur more steadily to bear. *Ardor vincit omnia*, let us proclaim."

"Wh-what's that mean?"

"You shall see."

paused so long for drama's sake that even Rose puckered in impatience. When he was certain he had us all on the edge of our seats, he delivered:

"*Paul est omnis divisa in partes tres*, if I may slightly recast a pertinent phrase, Oliver. To make best use of that third realm, I firmly believe he must now plunge in and cross the Rubicon."

Enough silence met that to drown a barbershop quartet in.

Shifting my eyes around the table, I could see Rose and Damon and Toby were in need of an interpreter. Father was not.

"Latin? You want him to take *Latin*? But good grief, Morrie, for that he'd have to be in high--"

He broke that off with a glance toward his two other sons. Toby still looked blank. Damon had caught up and then some; his mouth tightened.

"Oh dear," Rose let out, winning even more of my heart. Our early-morning talks together obviously tugged at her as much as they did at me.

The entire room seemed to have been unsettled by Morrie's prescription for me. Looking troubled, Toby whispered something in Damon's ear. "It's like that jabber the Drobnys talk to each other, is all," I heard Damon whisper back.

Morrie tapped his fingertips on the tabletop as if calling the bargaining table back to order. "Not necessarily," he addressed Father's apprehension that Latin would take me out of the household. "My censorious sister notwithstanding, there's always after school."

Father sat forward and turned directly to me. "Paul? You're sure you want to take this on?"

Until that exact moment my mind was not truly made up. 'Divided into three parts' probably understated my condition. I heard my decision along with the rest of them.

"More than anything."

of 'Merry Christmas, Aunt Eunice' I had worked up for her: "*Festum natelem Christi, Amita Eunicia!*" She couldn't possibly pick fault with Latin, could she? Beyond that, a quarter of an hour of conversation with her could well be as up and down as the footing there in the furrows. "*Aunt Eunice, in your elocution class, did you ever recite Shakespeare? Do you know he made up the word 'bare-faced' just because there wasn't one for that?*" No, better not; something that rarefied had Morrie written all over it. Our only safe exponent on anything to do with school was Toby, who still had perfect attendance.

A thin string of smoke that somehow looked querulous was whipping out of the kitchen chimney as we approached Aunt Eunice's place. Just to be on the safe side in the likelihood that she was peering out watching for us, Damon and I let Toby go first as we trooped out of the field into the farmyard. He was carrying our gift for her, a tin of toffee. Father had his own sense of humor where Aunt Eunice was concerned.

As we were passing the long batch of neatly stacked firewood, Damon grinned slyly in my direction. "Don't forget the part about the woodpile."

"Toby gives her the gift, I offer to bring in wood for her. That leaves you to thank her for the taffy, doesn't it, smart guy."

Outside the door of the house, one last thing needed tending to. "Wipe your noses, everybody." I set the example with the back of my mitten. Stamping snirt off our feet, we went on into the mud room, as people customarily did, to kick off our overshoes and then knock on the inner door. Toby, in the lead, was the first to see that the inner door was standing open.

He stopped short at the sight of the wide-open door, Damon bumping into him from behind, and I nearly fell over them both. The three of us stood bunched there, gawking at the vacant doorway. In weather such as this, no one would let the cold draft of the mud room into the house intentionally.

breathing; why convict him for his facial muscles, particularly when they were ones inherited from Brose Turley? This clinched it for me. Morrie had turned suicidal. The wolfman of the foothills was going to tromp home someday and when he did--

When school at last let out, after everyone else had fled to their horses and the after-school contingent disconsolately stayed planted at their desks, Morrie showed not a care. Not me. Even though I rationally knew Brose Turley was nowhere in our vicinity, piling up pelts in the distant snows of the Rockies, the back of my neck felt like it had something creeping up on it. As for Eddie, he looked already destroyed.

Morrie absently stroked his lip as if the mustache were still there, looking the prisoners over. "Numerous as you are," he observed as though he had nothing to do with that, "I believe we are going to have a work detail. The cloak room can always stand a tidying. Eddie, I'll ask you to fill the inkwells and then sit out your time at your desk, but the rest of you assemble out there, please."

I didn't like the looks of this. How was I supposed to bone up on declensions with my supposed Latin tutor running a chain gang of sulking boys? I went up to Morrie.

"Uhm, you seem to have your hands full. Shall I just go home and we start Latin tomorrow afternoon?"

"Not at all. *Exercitus ad Galliam iter faciet, carus Paulus*--the army will march toward Gaul, dear Paul, never fear. First, though, I'm going to appropriate you for the work detail"--I gaped at him in dismay, and he simply looked back at me coolly--"and then we can proceed to declensions."

The school's cloak room was like our mud room at home, the catch-all part of the building, only more so. With the nooks and crannies of the supply cabinet along one wall and the overshoe alley beneath the long line of coathooks and some schoolyard playthings that had been brought in for the winter, it was a room that

“No!” He slumped at his desk. “Why oh why, *why* would you follow two active verbs with an auxiliary verb construction?” Possibly he had a point. I shrewdly switched to:

“I got the better of the fight.”

Pain entered his expression.

“But why not?” I defended. “You keep telling me to look to the root, and *victoria* means ‘victory.’”

“Perfectly reasoned,” he said tiredly, “except that you are resorting to the root of a noun when we happen to be dealing with a transitive verb. *Vinco*, *vincere*, etcetera--as in *invincible*--in case it has escaped your attention?” I brooded. This had the flavor of Father negotiating with Rose. Try to be logical, and the next thing you knew, terms had shifted shape and left you pawing the air.

Sympathy was not in Morrie’s repertoire today. Something like a groan came either from his desk chair or him along with his next instruction to me. “The pertinent verb. Look it up.” I made the trek to the Latin dictionary one more time and came back.

“Conquered,” I conceded. “Morrie?” We had arrived at the arrangement that I did not need to call him “Mister Morgan” in the after-school sessions if no one else was around. “Have you ever been to Rome?”

“Hmm? Rome? Yes, twice or was it three times,” he said absently. As if reminded, he glanced up at me. “The leather trade involved travel, you know.”

The thought of going to the Roman heart of things made me breathless.

“Did you see the Colosseum and all?”

“Of course. It is a few thousand years past its prime, but still impressive. You can feel the layers of time there,” he mused. “Antiquity is a strange commodity. Dilapidation adds to its worth.” He caught himself. “We are getting

off the topic here.” Pulling my pages of homework to him, he did a rapid appraisal. “Conjugations do not particularly bother you, do they?”

I shook my head. *Amo, amas, amat*, all that--much easier playmates than the Drobnys, as far as I was concerned.

“And,” he cast a glance over last night’s assignment again, “you seem to be quite up on declensions.” I nodded. I gobbled those.

Morrie sat back in his chair and the indeterminate groan came again. “Then why are your translations stiff as a corpse?”

The answer to that was out of my reach. Novice that I was, I didn’t fully comprehend he was galloping me through Latin at such an intensive pace that my vocabulary was always being left in the dust. With Father’s help, I was learning ten new words a night. Morrie could spring that many on me in just a couple of his damnable sentences to be translated.

“Here’s one for you.” I thought I caught an impish gleam in him as he stepped to the blackboard and wrote it out. *Universum lux desiderat*. It did not look hard, which made me suspicious. “It is one of my favorites,” Morrie was saying. “Quite a nice Copernican line.” Copernicus was not there to decipher it into English, I was. Morrie looked at me sternly. “A hint. It does not have to be translated into precisely three words, nor does it need to be cumbered up with auxiliary verbs and whatnot into a dozen or more. There’s a lovely balance in the middle, to this one. Translate away, Paulus.”

I worked on it for some while. Knots of language entranced me even then, even through my fumbling and bad splices and hauling in heavy bowlines where I should have been threading slipknots. Finally, I cleared my throat and spoke: ““Everything has to have light.””

Morrie pursed his lips, lifted his eyebrows, and eventually shook his head.

“Uh, ‘wishes’ it,” I backpedaled, “‘needs’ it, ‘wants’--”

“Latin is the subject you are purportedly studying at this moment, I believe, Paul, not guesswork,” he closed me off. “I want you to keep at this line, it will do you good.” Morrie pinched the bridge of his nose, one of his thinking postures. “In dealing with a language you must have an organizing principle. Just remember, in translating always work outward from the word to find its best equivalent in English. You must appropriate another sense of the word if necessary--”

“What’s that mean anyway?” I was grouchy by now, tired of getting ambushed by words of both languages. “You told me you were ‘appropriating’ me when you glommed onto me for the cleanup crew for the supply room, and now it sounds like it means you want me to grab off one word for another. I thought ‘appropriate’ was nice manners or something.”

“It is a homonym, something spelled the same as another word but with a different meaning.” He considered for a moment. “In fact, when all is said and done, I suppose it is a multonym.” *Oh, fun*, I despaired to myself, now a word could have any number of meanings. This was just the kind of thing that always lit Morrie up. “Appropriate behavior, yes,” he was merrily counting off on his fingers, “and as a verb of possession, to claim for one’s own use, or maybe better, to take possession of. ‘Glom onto’ is not a bad colloquial rendition, actually. And, not to forget--” He dug in his pocket and flipped a penny to me. “Here, yours to keep. What have I just done?”

“Given? Donated? No, wait, I get it--an appropriation, like the legislature in Helena does with people’s money?” Little did I know, then, what an adversary a predatory species called *appropriations chairman* would prove to be in my life.

“Top mark,” Morrie granted and for the first time all session vaguely looked satisfied with my progress. “Now then, back to *Universum lux desiderat--*”

“WHOA.” The command was accompanied by the harness jingle of the dray team pulling to a halt at the front of the school and the familiar screech of the

Father settled to his place at the table and thumbed into the mail. He still seemed preoccupied.

Not Damon. He gave me a full devilish grin while scissoring the next sports article out of his newspaper heap. "How was *dusty fiddles* today?" He had been calling Latin that ever since Christmas, when I'd made the mistake of citing the linguistic birthright of "*Adeste Fidelis*" to him.

"Only the brave survive it," I told him in Roman fashion. "Who's this mug?" A beetle-browed prizefighter scowled straight up at me out of Damon's newsprint litter. "I'd hate to meet him in a dark alley."

"Stanley Ketchel." Damon spun the scrapbook to show me the freshly pasted headline: **Ketchel Holds Crown in Middleweight Slugfest**. "He's 'the Ashtabula Assassin.' That and 'Killer Ketchel.'"

"Swell." The multiple murderous nicknames of Damon's rogues' gallery reminded me. "Father, we need to look up *multinym* tonight."

He did not hear me. The reading finger was going over a letter.

"Damn."

From Father, this was volcanic.

Toby and Houdini stopped their din. Damon let the scissors drop.

"Oliver?" Rose called and along with it appeared anxiously in the doorway.

"Is something wrong?"

"The inspector is going to pay us a visit."

"Inspector?" Rose shot a look around the room as if a phantom was on the premises. "Inspecting--?"

"The school, what else."

money and trying to prepare for the Department of Public instruction inspector coming to lop his head off, he was doing his best to administer Latin to me before everyone else showed up for school. At that hour I was chipper as Chanticleer, which probably was no help to a bleary teacher who had to come an hour early every day to unlock the schoolhouse and light the overhead lamps and stoke up the stove and then face me and my translations. Morrie hadn't yet uttered a peep of complaint, however, and now he looked more than passingly interested in my question. "Dare I ask why you ask?"

"Just wondering." I dabbed my finger onto the open page of the Latin collection of readings he had most recently provided me. "Besides, it's right here."

Morrie blanched, then scrambled over to my desk to take a look. "*Navem capere, copulas manus ferreas injecebamus,*" he read aloud hastily, then translated with relief: "*To capture the vessel, we threw ropes with grappling irons.* The grappling is not that severe in the English form. But look it up."

By the time I was through doing so, Morrie had banged the triangle for the start of school and everyone was filing in. This day as others, Toby's desk stayed significantly empty as the rows around it filled, and that absence continued to make itself felt a number of ways between our fellow students and Damon and me. Rabrab made sure to give us each a dramatic dose of pity every time she passed. At the other extreme, Milo leered in our direction whenever it occurred to him. Recesses were touchy, because Milo's was not the only tongue in the schoolyard that would like to have got at Damon and me with gossip from home about Rose's nightly presence under our roof. Ah, but with the Drobnys at our sides, we comprised a Slavic splinter state no one wanted to risk hostilities with. So it went, between sympathy and scandal. I caught Eddie Turley looking at us speculatively a few times, but so far I had managed to stare him down--I didn't want Damon to get into it with him.

“There now, you see? Comet night, music, that’s that,” Rose said to us all as if she had neatly bundled up the answers to everything herself. Father looked at her with what might have been startled admiration. Except for anything to do with farming, the two of them got along surprisingly well within the same confines, I was happy to find. I still was paying for making room for Rose in the house around the clock with dream visitations from tireless Aunt Eunice, but even that seemed worth it.

“And besides music, you could make a talk, that night,” Damon was busy reeling Morrie in. “Old Beetlejuice or something.” Morrie’s latest leap heavenward in the classroom had taken us into constellations, and so the bright star Betelgeuse, there at the hinge of the shoulder of Orion the giant, he had cited as a hinge of the human imagination as well. *“Notice how its brighter light draws our attention, and then we see--or think we see--the outline of the giant in the other stars arranged around that point of light. This is called a point of reference, by which we imagine onto the infinite ceiling of the night those expanded figures from our world--here a giant, there an archer, over there the dippers from which they take sips of the liquid darkness--”* Damon’s promoter instinct was slick as usual. None of us who ever heard Morrie soar off into the sky and its holdings doubted that he could take all of Marias Coulee with him, on any given night.

Morrie had been listening to Damon as gravely as if he was being enshrined in one of the scrapbooks upstairs. Now he found me with his instructive look and intoned, *“Arma tradeo.”*

“He throws up his arms,” I informed those uninitiated in Latin.

“I surrender my weapons,” Morrie corrected severely.

“That’s what I meant.”

Morrie gave his upper lip a final pat, the kind I had learned to recognize as introducing an announcement. “This may be lunacy, on my part. But perhaps I do

burying. Clustered there with our heads tipped back, we looked like Sunday visitors to a planetarium. We only lacked Aunt Eunice to recite something baleful to us about star-gazing.

The night's skeptic among us, Father gawked as thoroughly as any. At his elbow, Rose teased: "Tell me I didn't hear you wishing for rain tonight."

"We always need rain, Rose." I knew that what Father wanted was a deluge that would have scared off Harry Taggart from chancing muddy roads. No such luck. The school inspector's Model T could be seen prominently among the wagons of everyone gathering.

"Farming every moment." Rose glanced down from the comet just long enough to bestow a look of mock disapproval on Father. "Rae, is George that bad?"

"At least."

"Now, now, Rae," George said complacently, his head at home in the stars.

The mood of all of us but Father and me could have been bottled and sold as intoxicating spirits. On my mind was the moment I had uttered *the school ought to put on a comet something-or-other*, when the hearer was Morrie. In impetuosity begins responsibility, whatever the Latin for that was. However, Damon was in his element, intrigue. And Toby could barely contain himself since Damon and I relented, just before leaving home, and let him in on comet night; naturally we sealed the secret in him with a spitbath handshake, but even so it was a risk. "*You have to pretend, remember, because you didn't get a chance to practice,*" we told him twenty times, but with Toby you never knew. I crossed my fingers he wouldn't forget and blurt out what Morrie and the rest of the school were up to. I crossed my other set that students and teacher, all, wouldn't look like fools before comet night was over.

by it all, had promised to somehow to raise his teaching wage next year. I knew I was interrupting the peace, but I had to bring this up. Morrie put aside the Shakespeare he had been reading and peered at my block printing:

MARK TWAIN

MDCCCXXXV--MDCCCCX

Swiftly, Morrie looked up at me. "*The report unfortunately is not exaggerated this time,*" he had started school off, the day after Damon spotted the news. "*A great man has passed, apparently with a comet as a pallbearer. But let us examine 'apparently.'*" From there, he again went through the sermon about portents being mere coincidences, flukes from the countinghouse of chance, and so on. The next thing we knew, we were up to our ears in arithmetic. Obviously he was surprised now to find me voluntarily trooping back into numbers, and in Latin at that. Nonetheless he scanned my effort:

"Let's see, eighteen thirty-five to nineteen ten, yes, correctly rendered, Paulus. Well done."

"Morrie? That's seventy-five years, on the nose. Back to you-know-what, last time."

He sighed. "I would make a good Tasmanian, I know I would." Then an exceedingly level look intended to set me straight came my way. "Don't go superstitious on me, you of all people. There can be more than one coincidence in a set of circumstances, surely you see that? What is drawn from those is merely a matter of assigning meanings." He flapped a hand at my sheet of paper. "In this case they amount to a chance set of dates when someone famous was born and, sadly, now has died. No more and no less."

He was not telling me anything I didn't know; my dreams had never met a coincidence they didn't greedily invite in. But awake or asleep, there are times when something chews on meanings for everything it can get out of them. I

The earsplitting wail from Toby in the upstairs bedroom hung in the air of the house like a stuck echo, then was chased by loud sobs. "There it is now," I said.

Rose raced out of the kitchen and I followed. There was a clatter in Father's bedroom, and he charged into the hallway trying to tuck in his shirt-tail and slick back his hair at the same time. He pulled up short at the sight of Rose, and gave her the full-of-sap smile a fiance gives a fiancee with two weeks to go before the wedding.

"Good morning, my dear. It sounds as if we have a crisis with our impatient patient. Come on up, you may as well get in practice for this sort of thing. You too, Paul, we may need all the troops."

When we reached there, Damon had floundered over to Toby's bed, dragging most of the bedclothes from his and mine on the journey, and was sitting with his arm draped around Toby blearily reciting "What's the matter, Tobe? Tobe, what's the matter?" although the reason was right out the window.

"THE DOCTOR!" Indignantly Toby managed to break off crying long enough to loose another blast at the sight of Father and Rose and me and point to the grayed-over window by his bunk. "IT'S GONNA RAIN, AND HE WON'T COME! WHY COULDN'T IT RAIN A COUPLE OF DAYS AGO?"

Toby's agony was justifiable. This was the day set for his last looking over by the doctor, but if it wasn't a case of life and death, no physician in his right mind dared to launch a Model A onto Marias Coulee's roads ahead of a deluge. Henry Ford's pride and joy was no match for our mud. Like the rest of us, Toby had seen too many fledgling automobiles in the ditch to hold any hope for a traveler arriving when the clouds were practically dragging the ground, out there. A pang for him went through me. After all his weeks as a patient, from the look of things Toby

hibernator; Toby was the concern. If he shot awake and asked what I was doing, and that roused Damon, and the commotion that would follow that brought Father up here grimly demanding explanations as only a father could do, everything was sunk.

I was within a foot of the dresser when Toby snuffled, rubbed his nose with the palm of his hand, and yawned. Frozen on tiptoes, I waited. After forever, Toby turned over and went back to rhythmic breathing.

One by one, I lifted the scrapbooks up next to my eyes, peering desperately in the dimness to pick out right one. Making out the typeface letters on the pasted-in newspaper articles was like trying to read an eyechart in a coal mine, but thank goodness boxing headline writers so loved **K.O.** in big letters. Mentally apologizing to Damon, I slipped from the bedroom with his prizefighting scrapbook.

Back at the kitchen table, I paged madly through for any article with **Llewellynn** atop. Even so, I almost missed the pertinent one.

Wolgast Upset Winner Over 'Capper' in Last Round!

My eyes swept past the headline. The photograph of the boxing ring at the end of the fight, the victor with an arm raised gladiatorially and the vanquished climbing down through the ropes in the opposite corner, his face half-turned away, only mystified me all the more. That indistinct figure in dark boxing trunks looked so much like Morrie--build, height, weight--but was the hair quite the right color? A black-and-white picture on newsprint isn't much for tint.

I blew out an exasperated breath and sat there no less baffled than I had been. Any print put in front of me will find its way to my eyes, so before I knew it I automatically was reading down through the story of the fight and on into the fine print of the round-by-round scoring of the judges. Even below that, I saw, there was a crowd of type, about like there would have been for baseball boxscores.

What I did not know about prizefighting would fill a newspaper page, obviously. Father would not have been alone working the ring corner in the dream, I saw right away; it took quite a population of cornermen and officials. Here were the judges' names. The referee. The timekeeper. Wolgast's manager and seconds and trainer and so on, listed first now that he was the champion. Then like the lead sinker at the end of a futile fishing line, the paragraph clump of ex-champion Casper Llewellyn's retinue. I didn't really imagine a factotum brother-in-law rated inclusion, but my finger trailed down anyway. And stubbed against the last tiny irremovable engraving of type.

Manager: Morgan Llewellyn.

21

“Now then, Paul.” Morris Morgan, so-called, brushed the day’s chalk dust off his hands and settled to his desk, looking like a man with nothing in the world on his mind except Latin.

How does he do it? I wondered from behind what bastion I had, my desperately propped-open primer. *Names are mighty things.* Hadn’t he brazenly said that himself, the first morning he stood there at the front of the room taking roll? What a bundle of meaning the shift of one word carried, I was finding out. Morgan Llewellynn as far inland as he could get from fate’s short pier; a world of difference, between that version and the pretended one stepping down from a train at Rose’s side with apparently no more at risk than his hat. I’d gone through that entire schoolday with my head on fire. Her loving brother, hah, what a stunt that was. Brother-in-law and a different kind of loving, the awful truth was, and it made me so mad for Father’s sake I could hardly see straight. Now here we were, the usual after-school two of us. Except that nothing was usual since my dream and the fine print after it.

“Now then, or did I say that. I do not see *Universum lux desiderat* standing out among these translations.”

“I--I’m still working on it.”

My heart thumped so hard I was afraid he might hear it. As badly as I wanted to jump up and down on the cool-tongued masquerader parked there at the teacher's desk, masking my own emotions was the first order of business. Rose was at stake in this; that much was clear to me if nothing else was. I had to watch my step if I didn't want to cost Father a wife. And cost Toby and Damon--and there was no denying it, the part of me that was always going to be helplessly smitten with Rose and her whispered confidences--a new mother. The prospect of disaster hammered in me alongside my heart. One wrong word to Morrie and everything could go to pieces. All day now I had been watching him for any sign Rose had told him the cat was out of the bag about the Capper and her, at least to a pair of us. But no, I finally figured out, why would she? As long as Damon and I stayed pledged, it was to her advantage to keep Morrie in the 'brotherly' pose, wasn't it, so no ugly questions would raise their heads to Father as they were sure to if her devoted sibling inexplicably disappeared back onto that train. All safely quiet on that front, I was convinced, as Morrie at last glanced up from my sheets of homework. Poker-faced (I hoped), I stayed bent over my Latin primer.

"Paul, I am naturally concerned about this situation." The gravity in his voice forced me to struggle into a more upright position at my desk and face him straight on. "If word of this were to get back to Chicago --"

He sighed so heavily it catapulted me up even more. Good grief, had I underestimated him again? Could the man somehow read my mind?

"--my old mentors at the university would question my supposed proficiency in the classics." He critically held my homework up to the light as if that might improve it, while I whooshed a breath of relief. "In my day, I was credited with quite an ability at translation," he continued. "Why then have I not been able to transmit that knack to my prize student? Here, watch."

Abandoning his chair, he whipped off his suitcoat--it was almost summerlike in the schoolroom these late spring afternoons--and hung it on the picture hook that held the comet woodcut. Next he pulled his shirt cuffs back a fraction and adjusted his sleeve garters the same minute amount; his version of rolling up his sleeves for blackboard work. I had watched him do this any number of times in our Latin sessions together. This was the first time I thought to myself *Pretty fastidious for a fight fixer.*

"Let us consider *Caesar omnia memoria tenebat,*" Morrie called over his shoulder as he rapidly chalked the sentence on the board. "You have rendered it, *Caesar held it all in memory,*" chalking that below in elephantine letters. "I grant you, that is grammatically correct. But how many times have I told you, you needn't be so literal if the meaning can be brought out better another way. Why not say," the chalk flew again and the words emerged white and compact, "*Caesar remembered everything.* It's stronger," he made a fist to show so as he turned to me. "It carries the point more forcefully, yet has a nice easy ring to it. I am at a loss, Paul, as to why someone with your imagination wouldn't come up with that?"

"Maybe it's because I'm not really good at pseudonyms--I mean, synonyms."

Morrie never so much as blinked.

Shaking his head, he trudged to his desk and sat down in the sad company of my translation homework again. "Substitute words exist for a purpose, there are times they fit the context better." I could agree with him on that. Readymade words such as *impostor* and *fraud* wore out in a hurry in my fit of anger with him, and I had sat there most of the day mentally trying more elaborate ones on him (*prevaricator* and *mountebank* and *casanova* were a few) off the great spelling

afraid for Morrie. The knife threatened again at the very surface of his throat as Turley demanded to know:

“That comet do this? The world ending in fire? *Is it?*”

Hearing that, I just knew we were sunk. If Brose Turley was crazed with the notion of Judgment Day, the instrument of judgment was apt to be that skinning knife. Three times now I had seen this monster of a man invade this schoolhouse. Surely no one could expect to survive that. Eddie shared my sense of doom in that room, I could tell. He still had me in a clinch to the point of helplessness, but I could feel him trembling, the same as I was. Wide-eyed as could be, we both helplessly watched the white-faced figure rigid against the blackboard.

Pinned there stiff as a dried pelt, how Morrie managed it I will never know. He choked out:

“Light is the desire of the universe.”

I was thunderstruck. I prayed Morrie would not go on, fatally pedantic, and utter to an unlettered wolf hunter teetering on the brink of insanity, “*Or as the Romans would have said, ‘Universum lux desiderat.’*”

There was not a movement in the room and the only sound was Eddie’s heavy breathing in my ear. At last Brose Turley blurted:

“Meaning what?”

Morrie mustered mightily for a person whose toes were barely in contact with the floor. “You carry a lantern when you go into the darkness, don’t you? The traveling bodies of the cosmos do the same. The impulse to illumination somehow is written into the heavenly order of things. The sun, stars, they all carry light, that seems to be their mission in being. Are you with me so far?”

“That comet ain’t any of those,” Turley said ominously.

Making the acquaintance of Rose was one of those cloudy times between brothers. "Casper could have had his pick of swooning socialites." From the slight smile on Morrie, he seemed to be reviewing the parade of them. "But no, he has to walk off a case of nerves before the Swenson fight in Minneapolis, and there's Rose on her day off. On the shore of Lake of the Isles, tossing rusk to the ducks."

"It was love at first wink." His pacing slowed thoughtfully. "You can guess the rest. I tried to cool down Casper with older-brother advice--I sounded as creaky as Polonius, even to myself--but in no time he and Rose were holding hands in front of a justice of the peace." He cut a sharp look at me. "Please believe me, Paul, I had nothing against Rose herself. She was delightful. Too delightful for a man to keep his mind entirely on becoming lightweight champion of the world, was my concern. But I soon came around from that. In every way but one, she was good for Casper."

"The perdition part?"

That stopped him in his tracks. "One might say so," he said drily, "and I gather Rose already has. So, yes, I am afraid extravagance was our middle name there for awhile. She and he went through money as if it came with the morning newspaper. I have never been able to find the handle on a dollar myself. It didn't matter as long as the purses kept growing while Casper fought his way up."

Then came the top rung. Casper defeating the over-the-hill old champion. Setting up the fight between the top-ranked lightweight boxers in the world, Casper Llewellyn versus Ad Wolgast. The fixed fight.

"It was Casper's brainstorm, to throw the bout to Wolgast the first time they fought. And then wipe the floor with him in the rematch." Morrie wore a speculative expression. "Oh, we thought we knew the risk. Wolgast was no slouch. But Casper never doubted for a moment he could handle him, in any fight

that was on the level. The oddsmakers were of the same mind. Casper was a 3-to-1 favorite when we started getting our bets down. Rose achieved most of that with a trip back to Minneapolis"--the reminiscent little smile twitched on him again-- "where every housekeeper on Lowry Hill placed money on Wolgast for us."

"Casper put up enough of a scrap to make it look good." One Punch Milliron could barely even imagine such a surplus of fistfighting prowess. I listened with my every pore. "We collected the payoffs on our bets, hand over fist," Morrie related. "I began making noise to the newspapers about the public's burning desire to see a rematch, as a good fight manager does. We seemed to be home free." His voice was tight now, reined in hard. "The one thing we didn't count on was how touchy the gambling mob turned out to be. They had no proof the fight was thrown, but they decided suspicions would do. And so they set out to make an example of Casper."

"You and Rose, though," I whispered. "How'd you get away?"

He smoothed the good cloth of his shirt and finicked with his sleeve garters again. "Haberdashery saved our lives, would you believe." His constrained telling of it has stayed with me me with the crazyquilt logic of a dream.

The money burning a hole in her pocket, Rose is at a dress fitting; for some reason I see her in sky-blue silk.

Bird of the same feather, Morrie simultaneously visits his tailor.

Freshly outfitted and doubtless whistling, Rose alights home and finds the place in shambles, with Casper conspicuously missing. Frantic, she rings up the tailor shop, catching Morrie as he is about to stroll out the door.

They duck for cover, bombarding the police and newspapers with telephone calls but refusing to show themselves; in Chicago, according to Morrie, the underworld and civic sentinels tend to merge. That precaution proves necessary; in