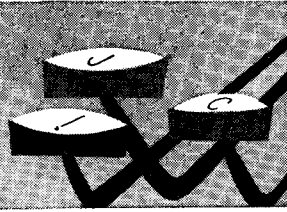


# Manner of Speaking



## Sermon Notes: Text I: "Nothing Is Really Hard But to Be Real:"

—Now let me tell you why I said that. Try to put yourself into an experimental mood. Stop right here and try to re-view everything you felt about this line. Did you accept it as wisdom? As perception? As a gem, maybe, for your private anthology of Telling Truths? —My point is that the line is fraudulent. A blurb. It is also relevant that I know at least a dozen devoutly intellectual journals that will gladly buy any fourteen such lines plus a tinny rhyme-scheme and compound the felony by calling that a sonnet.

—Very well, then, I am a cynic. Though, for the record, let me add that I am a cynic with one wife, three children, and other investments. Whoever heard of a cynic carrying a pack for the fun of it? It won't really do. I'm something else. —Were I to dramatize myself, I'd say I am a theologian who keeps meeting the devil as a master of makeup, and that among his favorite impersonations he appears, often as not, as the avuncular old ham who winks, tugs his ear, and utters such gnomish garbage as: "Nothing is really hard but to be real."

—I guess what the devil gets out of this, if he is the fool he seems to be, is the illusion of imitating heaven. If, on the other hand, he is no fool, then his deceptions are carefully practiced, and we are all damned. For all of us, unless we are carefully warned, will accept such noises as examples of the sound an actual mind makes.

—Why are we damned then? I am glad you asked that. It is, as we say to flatter oafs, a good question. (Meaning, usually, the one we were fishing for. Good.) In any case, I may now pretend to think out the answer I have memorized:

—We are damned for accepting as the sound a man makes, the sound of something else, thereby losing the truth of our own sound.

—How do we learn our own sound? (Another good question. Thank you.)

—By listening to what men there have been and are.

—By reading more poets than jurists (without scorning law).

—And by reading what we read not for its oration, but for its resemblance to that sound in which we best hear most of what a man is. Get that sound into your heads and you will know what to exclude—

—if there is enough exclusion in you to keep the pie-plates out of the cymbals, the tin horns out of the brass section, the baling wire out of the strings, and thereby to let the notes roll full to the ear that has listened enough to be a listener.

—As for the devil, when he has finished every impersonation, the best he will have been able to accomplish is only that sound which is exactly *not* the music.

## Text Two: From Emmanuel Kant: "The Starry Heavens, The Moral Law":

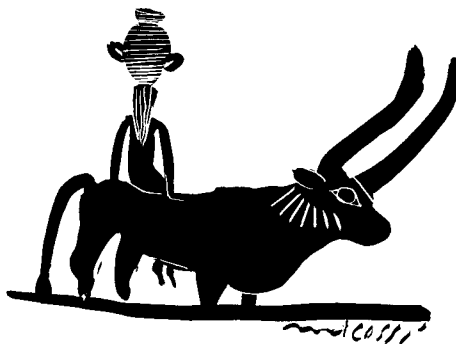
Kant saw them as the two eternal sources of awe:

"the starry heavens above, the moral law within."

Both of which it is possible to doubt, but all in all, impossible not to have thought about. Stated as Law: *everyone would like heaven as a second skin.*

We know we are here and small at the outskirts of some fabulous system we sense above and far off, we of this grainy planet of this pebbly sun at the pelagic fringe, who dreamed ourselves once the size and center, and called it Father and Love.

And we sense we are related to one another by some compact whose terms we all forever puzzle at, wander from, but return to, and must again, from every loss of phrasing and abdication of ourselves. And think to call that, Man.



Take it for awe if you like. Whatever we mean *is* in a dimension like truth, as we dream it. But awe is the invention of ourselves.—Call the compact Law, call those lights Heaven; but add this: they are themselves nothing. They imagine *us*.

No, not even that. It is we who imagine them imagining *us*. Another species might have been born blind and found its awe in the unseen edges of stone, or in the endless peeling and reunion of a stream around a dipped hand. Anything can find its dream

in anything: it is there to be found.

What made stars more than rock and water? Whatever we are born to, a mystery will follow. We do need one another. The rest we adapt to. Mud is heaven enough for crocodiles. Suppose we grew

senses for the motion of roots under us? heard waves of one another's thoughts? or the breaking of flesh in graves? We should build ourselves then to such hearkenings, live in them, find our mysteries and imaginings in them. And still we should need those things

and one another. Separation is the one death. As life is the fitting and refitting of what we shall never quite join. We are—and what are we? Found wrong. Lost right. Floundering and in love. All of us, somewhere. Meaningless? No. Only—unsayable to ourselves. Though I might

say most of it for myself if you would carve it over my head at the speaking time: *Thank you for the experience which I, lovingly, did not understand.*—And not to waste good stone, a usable plot, nor any love, let me beg that if you do

honor my wish, you make my stone a bench. Anyone who will stop by another man's life may need to sit down.

—JOHN CIARDI.

## Chess Corner No. 90

**I**T'S better to be lucky than good, say the cynics. But a combination of luck and talent is better still.

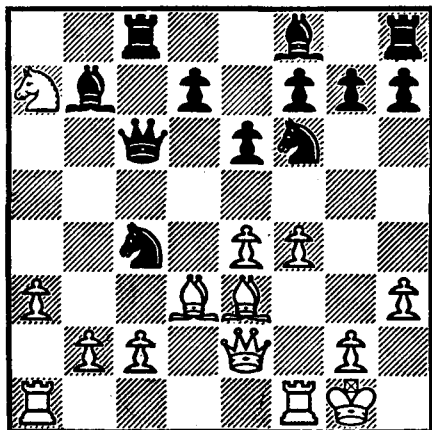
A striking example was provided by Jon Kristinsson of Iceland and ex-world champion Mikhail Tal of the Soviet Union in the recent international Reykjavik round robin. Tal, continuing in the tempestuous mood that has garnered many top prizes in world events, overreaches himself this time. Taken by surprise by his adversary's strategem, 13 N/3xP, he counters with a Queen sacrifice, 15 . . . NxB 16 NxQ, which is faulty.

Tal's 16 . . . B-B4, at first glance a brilliant waiting move, seems to retrieve sufficient material. It does so, however, only because White is frightened by the specter of a discovered check. White runs with his King instead of coolly playing 17 N-K5, which would have let him take all the discoveries in stride.

His opponent's panic gave lucky Tal the point.

### SICILIAN DEFENSE

Kristins- son	Tal	Kristins- son	Tal
White	Black	White	Black
1 P-K4	P-CB4	8 B-K3	P-QN4
2 N-KB3	P-K3	9 P-QR3	B-N2
3 P-Q4	PxP	10 Q-K2	N-K4
4 NxP	P-QR3	11 P-R3	R-B1
5 N-QB3	Q-B2	12 P-E4	N-B5
6 B-Q3	N-KB3	13 N/3xP	PxN
7 O-O	N-B3	14 NxNP	Q-B3
	15 N-R7	.....	

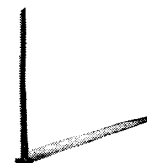
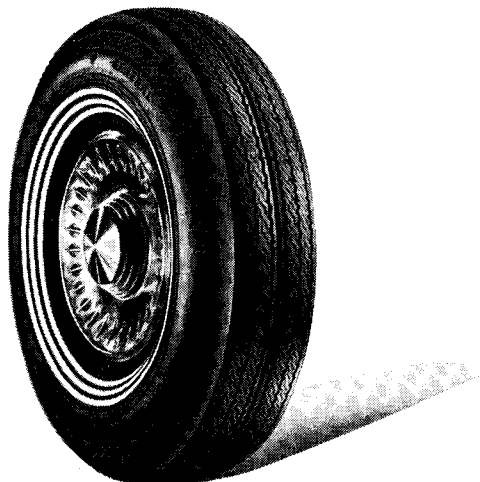


15 . . . . .	NxB	27 P-N3	R-R2
16 NxQ	B-B4?	28 K-N2	R/2-N2
17 K-R2?	NxPch	29 PxP	RxP
18 RxN	BxN	30 R-B3	N-R2
19 P-B4	P-Q3	31 Q-K1	N-N4
20 Q-B2	B-Q5	32 R-B1	NxKP
21 P-QN4	P-K4	33 BxN	RxPch
22 P-KB5	K-K2	34 K-R2	R-N7ch
23 P-QR4	P-N3	35 K-R1	R-Nch
24 P-N5	B-R1	36 RxR	RxRch
25 Q-K2	QRK-N1	37 QxR	BxBch
26 P-R5	P-R4		Resigns

—AL HOROWITZ.

## Forget flats...Forget blowouts

### Now forget wear, too!



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