

# DOUBLE-CROSTIC

Number 161

by Thomas H. Middleton

## Instructions:

If you've never solved one of these puzzles, it will probably look much more difficult than it actually is. If you can answer only a few of the WORDS correctly, you're on your way to solving the puzzle. Fill in the numbered blanks of all the WORDS you can guess and write the letter of each numbered blank in its correspondingly numbered square in the diagram. The letters printed in the upper-right-hand corners of the squares indicate from what WORD a particular square's letter comes.

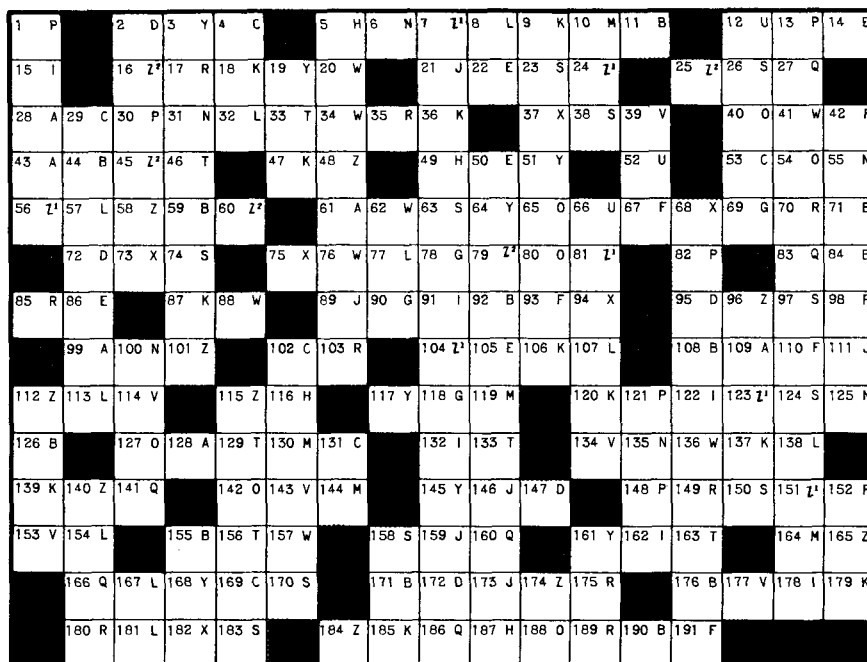
The diagram, when filled in, should read as a quotation from a published work. The dark squares are the spaces between words. If there is no dark square at the end of a line, a word may carry over to the line below.

The first letter of each WORD, reading down, will spell the name of the author and the title of the work from which the quotation is taken.

You should find yourself seeing words and phrases taking form in the diagram; so you can work back and forth, from WORDS to diagram and from diagram to WORDS, until the diagram is filled in.

Answer to *Double Crostic 160*

appears on page 7.



## CLUES

## WORDS

A. Type of hound

28 43 61 99 109 128

B. Suddenly and unexpectedly (4 wds.)

155 44 71 92 171 11 176 190 108  
126 59 84

C. Makes dirty or untidy

102 131 169 4 29 53

D. Dampen

72 95 147 172 2

E. Muse of love poetry

14 22 50 86 105

F. Frank; outspoken

42 67 93 110 152 191

G. German philosopher (1724-1804)

69 78 90 118

H. Thin or sheer linen or cotton fabric

187 5 49 116

I. "When the \_\_\_\_ is heavy with snow" (comp.; Coleridge, "Ancient Mariner")

132 178 91 122 162 15

J. Meal made from cereal grains

21 89 111 146 159 173

K. Skillful or artful contrivance; maneuvering

179 9 36 47 120 137 185 18 87  
106 139

L. Violating propriety

8 32 154 181 77 113 138 167 57  
107

M. Checks, restrains

119 130 144 164 10

N. Island in the Saronic Gulf, near Athens

100 135 6 31 55 125

## CLUES

## WORDS

O. Rouses to action

40 54 80 142 188 65 127

P. Technique of folding paper artistically

13 98 1 30 121 148 82

Q. Conveyed lightly

166 186 83 141 27 160

R. 1933 song by Johnny Mercer and Hoagy Carmichael

85 149 189 103 180 17 35 70 175

S. Cricket, grasshopper, or cockroach

23 124 170 26 38 63 74 97 150  
158 183

T. Sought favor by servile demeanor

156 129 163 33 46 133

U. River in E England, also called Granta

12 52 66

V. Cossack chief

143 153 39 114 177 134

W. Unduly demonstrative

76 88 157 62 20 34 136 41

X. First son of Leah and Jacob (Gen. 29:32)

68 182 73 75 94 37

Y. Small dishes in which food can be baked and served

168 3 19 64 145 117 161 51

Z. Situation remote from worldly affairs (2 wds.)

115 96 112 174 165 48 58 101 140  
184

Z<sup>1</sup>. Dutch humanist, scholar, theologian (1466?-1536)

81 151 7 56 24 123 104

Z<sup>2</sup>. Guys, jokers, dudes, cats

45 25 79 16 60

# BACK DOOR

## Second-Hand Wisdom

**R**ECENTLY, I was given a helper. His first name is rather poetic: Casio. His second, scarcely pronounceable: MQ-1.

Casio, "a highly capable unit," is an electronic calculating clock. He is  $4\frac{3}{8}$  inches long,  $1\frac{1}{4}$  inches wide, and about as fat as this magazine. Casio can tell the date, day of the week, and time with awesome accuracy (until December 31, 2099, when his prophetic powers abruptly quit). He can serve as a stopwatch, can count up and count down, can tell me on what day of the week Christmas will fall in 2000. He even knew something about me that I didn't: I was born on a Monday. His brain is "one chip C-MOS-LSI." His heart is two silver-oxide batteries. He is quiet, cooperative (if you speak his language accurately), tireless, and never makes a mistake.

I call him *him* not merely because his

name is masculine. Nothing about Casio reminds me of the feminine. In this ERA era, in which an otherwise worthy campaign for equal rights discourages one from noting *any* difference between the sexes, one should, I suppose, avoid characterizing. Nonetheless, if there is one attribute that I associate with women, it is nearness to the rhythms of nature. One month, nine months, are intervals that mean something to a woman's body, but little to a man's. By happenstance or hidden wisdom, a woman shares the rhythms of the moon and the tides. As the source and nourisher of new life, a woman participates in the regenerative cycle more importantly than a man ever can. Because of this, I associate with women greater instinctive awareness of and appreciation for all the cycles of nature.

Casio knows zilch about nature. As

far as he's concerned time is measured by one unit only, the second, out of which are built minutes, hours, days, months, and years. In the age of mechanical clocks, coming now to its close, time was literally cyclical; the second, minute, and hour hands would finish their rounds and begin again, just as the moon, the sun, the tides, the stars, the seasons, and a woman's body begin again. Time as recorded by a mechanical clock was connected to its origin, the sun's daily course. To Casio, time never repeats itself. Milliseconds accumulate relentlessly. This instant—78:11'19 – 8:07'51 (year, month, day, hour, minute, second)—will never return. You can take false comfort if you wish, whispers Casio, from the repetitions of the sun and nature's regenerative patterns, but *you* are getting older, the seconds of your life are disappearing one by one, like drops into the sea, so hurry, hurry....

Hurry to do what, Casio does not say. He is only a helper, after all. But the ceaseless jitteriness of his readout, so different from the easy sweeps of the mechanical clock's hand, tends to remind one of mortality with unnerving persistence. Contemplate that readout long enough and you can hardly remain content with what you are doing, whatever it is. Every occupation seems a less than perfect use of the escaping seconds. Wouldn't you be better off chasing new sensations while you're still able?

Happily, Casio can be ignored, slipped into a pocket, or stilled by re-dedicating the readout to the calculator function. But the unignorable fact is that the sort of time Casio keeps is utterly unconnected to nature. It is an invention of man, an artificial construct, the absolute accuracy of which makes it seem like the absolute truth.

Nature's truth is more complex. The seasons teach hope. The trees persuade us that it can take years to grow into something of value—and that the sooner one starts, the better. The sun and the tides remind us not only of time's relentlessness but also of its long-suffering. As the Casios of this world drive mechanical clocks into obsolescence, one would do well to recall where those nervous digits on the readout came from. And where they are going.

—CARLL TUCKER

