

The Catalyst

Volume III, Number 20

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February 3, 1967

Felder Wins In Runoff

Harry Felder, a second-year student, was elected Chairman of the Student Executive Committee to fill Mike Cassell's unexpired term in a runoff election yesterday.

Felder received 92 votes. His opponent, second-year student Jerry Neugarten, received 76.

There were two void ballots, making a total of 170 students voting.

The runoff was necessary because no candidate received a majority of votes cast in Wednesday's regular election. Neugarten, with 54, and Felder, with 47, received the

highest totals, and together their votes totaled a majority of votes cast.

Other candidates in Wednesday's election were first-year students Tom Jarrell, who received 46 votes, and Katie Smith, with 24.

Smith, who resigned her position as chairman of the Supervisory Committee before the votes were counted Wednesday, was reinstated as committee chairman at the SEC meeting the same day.

The new chairman will serve until Feb. 21, when elections for the regular term of the SEC Chairman will take place. Nominations for Chairman open Feb. 9 and close Feb. 19.



Felder

Faculty Vote Supports Better Communication

The faculty approved Wednesday procedures "to bring about improved communication between faculty and students on matters of concern to both groups."

Acting on a series of motions drawn up by the Student Academic Committee (SAC) and submitted by Dr. Arthur Miller, the faculty agreed to these procedures:

Option Okayed For Oral Test

The baccalaureate examination will not necessarily take the form of a written examination, under a format approved by the faculty Wednesday.

Acting on recommendation of the Faculty Educational Policy Committee, the faculty agreed to leave the specific manner of evaluating work in the area of specialization to the individual disciplines.

The faculty also agreed the baccalaureate will consist of two components, the first being an evaluation of the student's work in the field of specialization, and the second being an oral examination of the student on his senior thesis and on other aspects of his study at New College.

The oral examination, covering the student's broader interests, will be conducted for one hour by a four-man committee which will include the student's senior research advisor, a second faculty member from the student's division, and two members from divisions other than that in which the student is specializing.

The oral examination will be open to the entire college faculty, as observers.

Final evaluation of both components of the baccalaureate will be made by the appropriate faculty in the student's area of specialization and will be submitted to the College Examiner no later than three weeks before commencement. Graduation will require a satisfactory evaluation.

In other action, on recommendation of the faculty "5-A Committee," the faculty voted to place no academic distinctions (honors, cum laude, and so forth) on the New College degree at graduation.

Scarrow To Speak At Forum Tonight

Dr. David S. Scarrow, Associate Professor of Philosophy at Kalamazoo (Mich.) College will speak at tonight's forum on the "Genius of Galileo."

According to Philosophy professor Dr. Douglas Berggren, Scarrow's major interest in the philosophy and history of science. Berggren said Scarrow is interested in the arts as well, and has participated in a Bach choir.

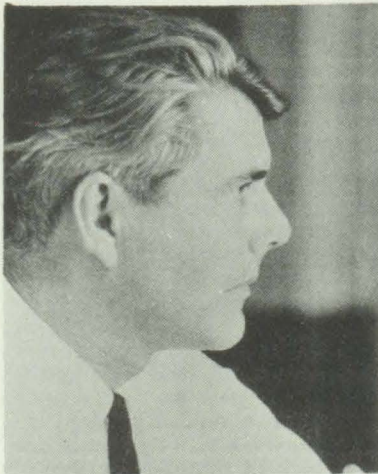
Scarrow received his AB degree from Duke University in 1949. He received the MA in 1950 and the Ph. D. in 1959, both from Harvard University.

From 1951 to 1955 he was an instructor in Philosophy at Boston University. He held a similar position at Smith College from 1955 to 1961. He joined the faculty of Kalamazoo College in 1961.

Borden Issues Statement On Language Requirement

Dr. Arthur R. Borden, chairman of the Humanities Division, published the following statement on language requirements after a meeting of the faculty in modern languages last week.

"At the present time not more than one-third of the students in



Borden

the class of 1967 have satisfied the language proficiency requirement. Another third seem ready to qualify at the next opportunity. The faculty is apprehensive about the progress of the last third, but, contrary to the usual rumors, there is no intention to lower or remove the requirement. To assist those students in the class of 1967 who are prepared to face reality, the College will offer a special administration of the test in about two weeks. All students in the class of 1967 who have

not yet met the requirement are urged to take it at that time. A passing grade now will relieve apprehensions of both faculty and students. Those who do not pass now will at least know areas upon which they must concentrate most heavily. The next regular administration of the test for the classes of 1967 and 1968 will be in the first week of the third term."

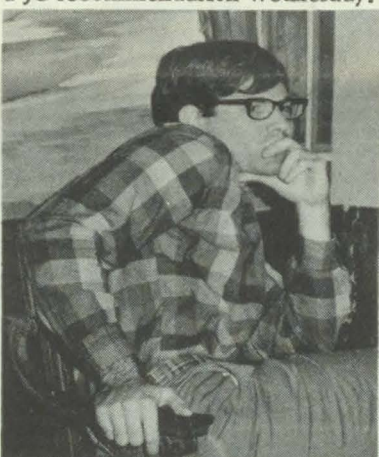
The faculty in languages discussed also the purpose and form of the final reading examination in language to be administered as part of the baccalaureate examinations, according to Borden.

The examination is not intended to be a final test of language proficiency. It is to be a demonstration that the student is prepared to use the language in his own field of specialization.

As an experiment this year, Borden said, members of the class of 1967 are asked to consult a member of the faculty in the language of their choice before the last day of the second term. The student is to show the language faculty member a significant work of more than fifty pages related to his field in that language. The passage for reading and translation to be included in the baccalaureate examination will be selected by the faculty member from approved works.

In other action the language faculty established the following guidelines for New College language majors.

Emphasis is to be on flexibility of major programs and on the stu-



Raeburn

The resignations followed an SEC vote to give a warning to a first-year student who had broken both intervisitation and guest sign-in rules at the same time. The Judicial Committee had recommended Social Probation for the student.

During discussion of the case, JC chairman and acting SEC chairman Steve Hall said the JC would not use "imminent social probation" as a penalty in future cases. Third-year SEC member Rachel Findley said if the JC could be flexible enough to recommend expulsion after only two offenses, as it had in the Kennison case, it could recommend a warning with two violations in this case.

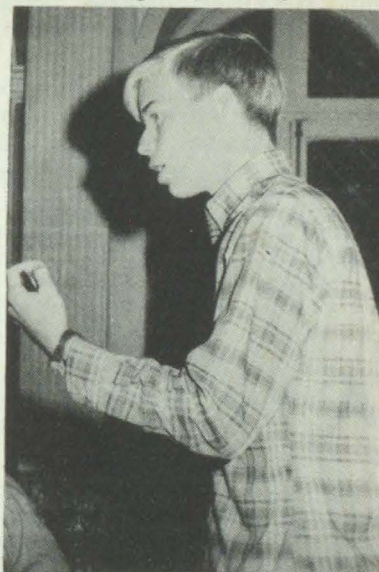
A motion was then made by second-year representative Kenji Oda to give a warning to the student, rather than social probation. The motion, seconded by first-year representative Katie Smith, passed.

Spectators were asked to leave the

room while the vote was taken.

Following the vote, JC member Dale Hickam, a second-year student, asked permission to address the SEC. Hickam said a warning means nothing as a penalty, and it was unfair to give one in this case and give probation in other cases where there are two violations. Hickam told the SEC: "You do not want your rules enforced. You have never wanted them enforced. You can't have a rule and ignore it."

Raeburn submitted his resignation to Hall at the SEC meeting. Waller resigned yesterday. In his



Hickam

letter of resignation, Waller said: "The SEC will never ratify a Judiciary decision." He also stated,

(Continued on page 3, column 4)

Students Play Large Part In Inauguration

Students will play a uniquely significant part in the inauguration of President John Elmendorf Feb. 22.

Trustee Robert Van Skike, chairman of the inauguration committee, said yesterday as far as he knows the occasion marks the first time at any college students have acted as co-hosts at the inauguration of a president.

Also unique is the inclusion of students in the procession of New College faculty members and delegates from other schools. All members of the three charter classes have been asked to march in the procession.

According to Diana Shiphorst, chairman of the student inauguration committee, students will follow in the procession after Dr. Arthur R. Borden, Jr., college marshal, and two student marshals, Tom Manteuffel and David Kolar. Immediately after the students will come the delegates from associations and learned societies.

More than 125 colleges and institutions have already designated

representatives to participate in the ceremonies, and more are expected.

Sir Patrick Dean, ambassador to the United States from Great Britain, will be principal speaker.

A student representative will also speak from the platform. According to Shiphorst it is undecided yet whether the student speaker will be the SEC chairman or another.

Other students will also participate in the ceremonies by playing with the West Coast Youth Symphony, which will play during the procession.

Editorials

Improve JC Sanctions

The resignations of two Judicial Committee members this week are symptoms of fundamental difficulties in the enforcement of student rules.

First, the Judicial Committee has no standards to guide it on sentencing those it finds guilty. No sanctions are specified in the rules themselves, and the Judicial Committee has been unable to establish any lasting precedents. This lack of specified sanctions makes the present system almost unworkable.

We understand the SEC's reluctance to institute a rigid system of sanctions. Extreme inflexibility dehumanizes the law to an extent unsuitable for our small, closely knit community. However, under our present totally unstructured system, the harshness of sentence can--and has--become a matter of purely subjective and hopelessly divided opinion among members of the JC and between the JC and the SEC. (Also, we are disturbed by JC chairman Steve Hall's remark at last week's SEC meeting that the mood of the JC changes, and harshness of its sentences varies depending on that mood.)

Second, the JC's "step system" is--as several members of the JC pointed out at Wednesday's SEC meeting--too limited a system of sanctions. The JC can recommend to expel a student, or it can threaten to expel him in the future (by warning the student and, in cases of probation, his parents, as well). Period. Members of the JC argue warnings are meaningless and ineffective as sanctions. We tend to agree.

The solution to this problem, however, is not to skip the warning stages and rely on probation and expulsion as our only sanctions. We suggest other types of sanctions (e.g., withdrawal of privileges) be incorporated in our judicial system. If a student violates the intervisitation rule, for example, perhaps his privilege to intervisit could be curtailed (i.e., earlier hours for him, or withdrawal of open room privileges).

Furthermore, as a solution to the problems inherent in a system of unspecified sanctions, we suggest a compromise between total flexibility and total rigidity. We suggest a range of punishment be set up for specific offenses. An excerpt from a new student code might read, for example: "Upon a student's first violation of the intervisitation hours rule, he shall be given no less than a warning and no more than imminent social probation or withdrawal of open room privileges."

Of course, some subjectivity would remain (which is good), but a system of ranges of sanctions would ensure that no student is treated unnecessarily harshly or leniently.

We can only agree with critics who say it is impossible to provide for all possible ways to break the rules, for all individual cases. We contend, however, only a few guidelines need be set up, and the JC can, by logical extension and application of basic principles established in the guidelines, handle those cases not specifically covered in the rules.

A Lesson for NC

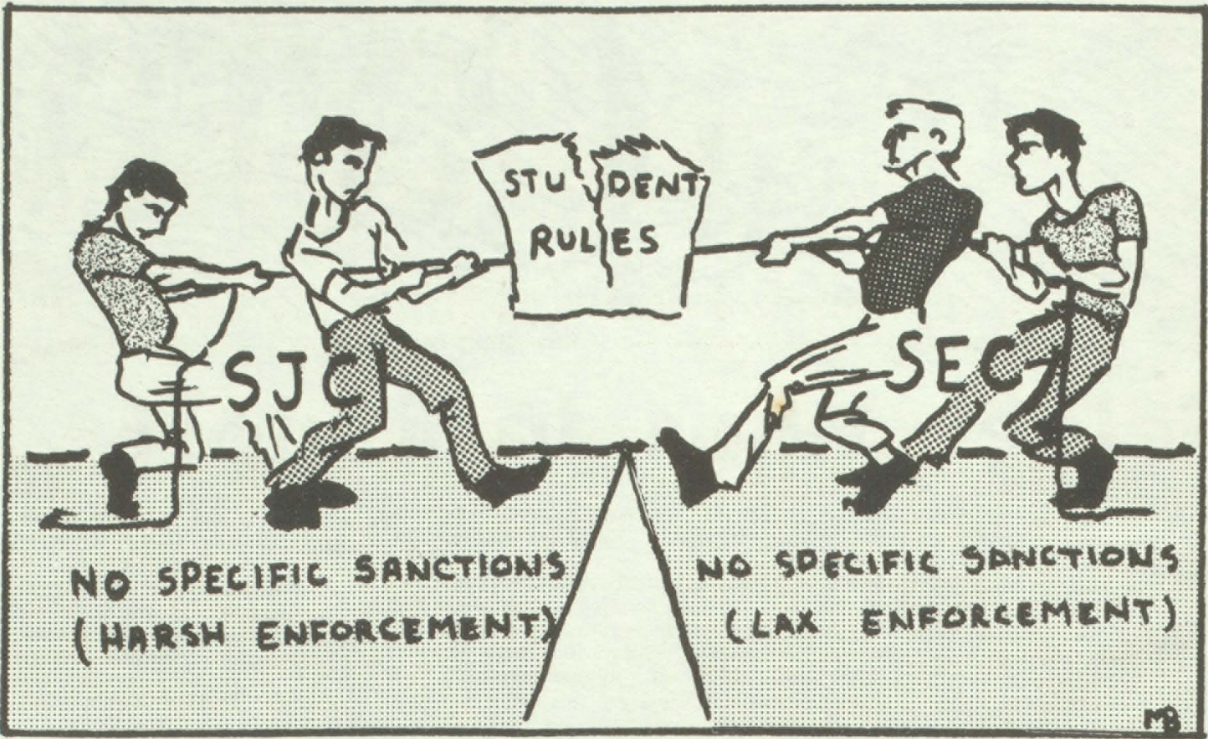
A lesson for New College might be provided by the still smoldering Clark Kerr incident in California, specifically with regard to faculty tenure policy. Many charge--and others deny--that the firing of Kerr as president of the University of California was a politically motivated action. Whether these charges are true or not, the issue has certainly become a hotly political one since.

So long as the granting of faculty tenure here is in practice left almost entirely in the hands of faculty members, the faculty will be open to charges that political motivations affect their decisions. We note there are rumors, for example, that the faculty's decision not to extend tenure to Dr. David Gorfein as assistant professor of psychology was based at least partly on personality differences and a vying for power among the faculty.

Technically, tenure is granted as job insurance for faculty members; faculty members with tenure cannot be fired except under very extenuating circumstances. In practice, the refusal to grant tenure to a faculty member who is technically eligible means, according to one faculty member, that person should look for another job.

It would seem there should be a middle ground. There are faculty members, we think, who do their jobs well but should not be given practically total job security.

At any rate, since the decision to grant tenure must be subjective--there are no tests or papers as requirements for tenure--we think students should have a considerable voice in tenure decisions, both because students know best how well a professor is teaching, and because politicking in the decision process will be made more difficult and less effective.



Letters

Former Prexy Describes Early Goals

To the Editor:
Congratulations to the author and staff of the Catalyst for the excellent December article entitled "N. C. Has Not Found Itself."
New College is finding a degree of maturity and true purpose when an article such as this one can come from a student source. It is a provocative analysis with constructive conclusions.
No one could have a greater heartfelt interest in New College than I, its Founding President. My five years of unanesthetized childbirth becomes more worthwhile when the lusty child seemingly is gaining a meaningful sense of direction and goals.
Not to lessen the value of this article I would like to take a friendly issue with one point, namely: "The mistake of the New College administration and faculty, at the beginning, at least, was in assuming that there was educational justification for giving the students virtually free reign in the pursuit of their adolescent ideals and illusions."
This statement, in my opinion, is only a partial truth.
My modest protest is not one of defense for the first administration and/or faculty, but primarily to bring focus to one of the original basic concepts of the "New College Ideal."

'A Hollow Victory'

To the Editor:
I would be happy to endorse any candidate who defended the rights of students to govern their own conduct. I am not convinced that is what Katie Smith represents. It is absurd to tell someone he has the right to govern himself if, to that statement, it is added "as long as you govern yourself properly." And that is the kind of power we have "saved" by the most recent blunder at the polls. With the spectre of the administration as a factor in their decision, it is true that many students voted to preserve the present product of prudent government--lenient administration of a stupid prohibition. In a community such as ours no truly defensible reasons can be given for a restriction on hours wherein intervisitation is permitted. I and 66 other students refused to lend our tacit support to a rule which did not belong in our society. It is true that, given the fact that a rule will be, I would choose to have it enforced by my peer group. The question, however, is whether this restriction should be and only secondarily--who should enforce it. For Katie Smith and for our students this is a hollow victory. We are free to enforce laws ourselves. In fact, we are obligated to. Now, all of you who voted for the rule in question, are you going to obey it? And even more importantly, when next the powers-that-be inform us that they intend to enact yet another law--let us all rush to the colours and show them who's Captain of our destiny. Let's enforce it before they do. For only then can we be self-governing. My hat is off to Katie and the editorial staff of the Catalyst. Our saviors.

(signed)
Dennis Kezar

Certain student latitude, wrongly or rightfully, was incurred at the outset in the hopeful avoidance of the "fiat or Kremlin" type of imposed structure on a new, brave, and venturesome institution and its charter class. It was planned that the "New College Ideal" would attempt to give the students and faculty an evolving participation in helping to develop New College traditions, goals, and program. There was no desire for a pat, pre-cooked, quickly frozen program of student and faculty rules and procedures for our charter class. Believe me--that would have been the safest and easiest way for me, my associates, and the trustees.
The hope was to encourage maximum first year responsibility and leadership which must be consistently associated with freedom. The modus operandi was to have been the all faculty-student tutorial relationship similar to the best of the English tradition. This was one of the underlying reasons for the seemingly affluent initial 5 plus to 1 faculty ratio. Each faculty member was supposedly devoted to the experiment of this arrangement and the Dean of Faculty assigned to each faculty member a specific group of five or six students to which he or she was to provide individual and meaningful personal counsel and direction.

Thanks for Music

Dear Mr. Elmendorf,
The Commission on Education of the North Methodist Church would like to express their thanks to you, and the fine New College musicians who donated their time and talent to our children's Christmas program.
Our sincere appreciation to the following students who helped to make our program a success: Bill Patterson, Stu Klugman, Deane Root, Ted Shoemaker, Henry Thomas and Kenji Oda.
Sincerely,
Mrs. L. M. Rhodes, sec'y
Commission on Education
North Methodist Church

Booker Program To Reorganize

Jerome Dupree, director of Student Achievement Group (SAG) at Booker Junior-Senior High School, has announced a reorganization of the tutoring program involving New College students.
According to first-year student Jon Shaughnessy, who is active in the tutoring program, the reason given for reworking the present system was lack of attendance by tutees.
Shaughnessy said this lack of attendance was in turn "probably due to a lack of sufficient number of assistants."
The new system, which will begin next week, will ensure closer personal contact with the tutor, Shaughnessy said. Each tutor will work with them at times mutually convenient.

Did Marlowe ?

Calvin Hoffman, author critic and lecturer, will speak Feb. 12 at the Asolo Theatre on his thesis that Christopher Marlowe was the author of works attributed to William Shakespeare.

Our first charter class was to provide the substructures upon which each subsequent class was to expand and help perfect the New College concept.
Not everyone understood his part or performed his best. The very concept was audacious. Planned fluidity was not a complete success nor, more importantly, a complete failure. In retrospect, there probably could have been some better middle ground. Our first rockets did not fully orbit, but neither were we grounded nor our vision removed from the stars.
The important fact remains, that the faculty, students, administration, trustees, and supporting friends (even some critics) had the opportunity to share in the exchange, dialogue, and trials which have helped to mold New College into an educationally exciting institution that is worthy of its name NEW COLLEGE. Great institutions are not born, they are made.
New College was not conceived to be just another college. We were then, as now, in the words of your current president "attempting the impossible."
I hope this will always be the course.

(signed)
George F. Baughman

Students Answer Questionnaire

A 12-part questionnaire was distributed to students this week as a follow-up to the All College Educational Planning Conference Jan. 14.
The questionnaire, prepared by President John Elmendorf and College Examiner John French, asks students to name the most and least stimulating courses and faculty they have had contact with, to answer several questions about the general nature of the college program, and to give some indication of their own performance.
Elmendorf told The Catalyst last night the answers to the questionnaire could have an effect on faculty tenure policy and other policy issues raised at last month's conference.

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The Catalyst

Literary Supplement

Volume 1, Number 4

Edited By Laurie Paulson

February 3, 1967

The Death of Vyvyan Stuart

The room was filled with dark silence which almost muffled the sound of the piano, just as the purple drapes almost shut out the moonlight. A vague silverness filtered into the chamber through the dimly outlined windows, falling across vague shapes of massive chairs and imparting a ghostly phosphorescence to the gilt-encrusted frames and panelling. It glimmered on the polished floor almost revealing the complex geometry of inlaid wood to the man's straining eyes. As they at last adjusted to the pale glow, the observer stepped cautiously through the curtained doorway looking toward the glitter of sound that flowed from the shadowy depths of the room. After a few moments, he could distinguish in the gloom the instrument, and the shape of the musician.

As the volume of sound increased, the observer fancied that the room grew lighter. He followed the rippling of the music as it echoed beneath the elaborate ceiling among the painted gods, revelling in the airy spaces conjured by an artist of an earlier century. Lost in half-dream, he was startled at the opening of the door and parting of huge drapes within. A brilliant floor of orange light surged into the room and battled for an instant with the tumultuous chords whose might seemed too great for the piano. The conflict ended as abruptly as it began. The golden glare turned white as lamps flared up and a maid walked toward the stilled instrument and its player, bent over the keyboard, head in his arms, legs drawn up beneath him, a dark mass untouched by the blaze that had revealed all else in the bright drawing room.

"Dinner is waiting, if you please, Mr. Vyvyan. And Mr. Tony's just come home today, sir, and wishes to see you. Will you dine with milady?"

The figure at the piano raised its head slightly and gave a barely perceptible nod of assent before sinking back upon the instrument. The maid, with a small frown knotting her brows, hurried out as quietly as she could, without a glance at the uniformed figure beside the doorway. It had taken him a moment to adjust his eyes to the light, and then another few to scan the pale blue and gold of the baroque chamber, halting his gaze at every familiar spot to briefly taste the memories it held, before looking again at the piano. He stepped forward and at his footfall the hunched figure drew itself quickly and gracefully erect.

"Yes?" The voice was soft with a musical precision. He turned as the footsteps, making no attempt at quiet, clicked across the parquet. "Hello, Anthony," he whispered.

"Good to see you again, Vyvyan." Anthony Stuart stopped a few yards from his brother and studied him. Vyvyan was exactly as he remembered him, though older and paler. Turning toward the visitor, Vyvyan shook the flowing brown hair from his face and stood up, carelessly brushing dust from the satin lapels of his coat, then stood before him, gazing vacantly over his brother's shoulder and idly toying with the lace of his cuffs.

"I have been in the room for a little while. When you were playing. It sounded fine." Vyvyan's face betrayed an odd kind of dismay and Tony was taken aback. "Well... I'm not much one for the arts. You know, only know what I like." He began to move toward the doors. "Damned fine playing, I'd say. Supper's served--aren't you coming?"

Vyvyan turned as if he had just noticed his brother and smiled placidly, extending his hand. "So good of you to come, Anthony. Thank you for the compliment. Shall we go?" Tony took the hand which, for all its paleness, gripped his solidly, and followed Vyvyan from the room. As they reached the door he asked, "Isn't it hard, that playing in the dark?" but got no answer.

At the table they sat opposite each other with Lady Stuart at the head. She had occupied this place for twelve years since the death of her husband in Transvaal. Vyvyan sat to her right, being the eldest son, and Anthony on her left, looking with increasing displeasure upon the elegant clothes and effeminate bearing of his brother. There was a sharp contrast between him--tanned and dark-haired, proudly erect in his chair with a bearing that matched the ribbons on his uniform and the dull sheen of the Victoria Cross over his heart--and the languid inattention of Vyvyan.

"I was told, Vyvyan, that your brother was the recipient of a singular honour," began Lady Stuart. Anthony never thought of her as a mother or even a woman; always the aging statue wreathed in the faded manners and magnificence of young Victoria's court. She was as remote as the sepia engraving of Prince Albert that hung above her bed, and whose prominence his father had never disputed. "Our Anthony is a person of not inconsiderable valour."

Vyvyan raised his head and looked toward his brother in polite attention.

"He wears the Victoria's Cross, the first in our family to do so and " here she leaned forward slightly with a trace of pride in her expression, "the first to be decorated for medical work."

"Was it not a plague or some such, brother?"

"Yes," answered Tony, at last pleased to have some part in the ritual of the house, "in Khartoum. It was dreadful for a time, men dropping everywhere and the whole division in danger of extinction. And of course, if we'd been killed off, the whole Nile...."

"I am so glad you are safe. 'Vast strategic importance' the papers said. Quite brave of you. I suppose one of us must cull honours for the family. Where would the Marquis Stuart be without press notices? Ex-

cuse me, but I do have work." Vyvyan waited a moment as the Marquess bowed assent and with a gentle smile to Tony he slipped out of the room. In the ensuing silence they could make out the servants' movements in the kitchens until the almost indistinguishable music of the piano in the darkened room tinted the air.

"Thank you for your attentions, Madam. Although I don't think of it in terms of action on behalf of the family, I am pleased that somebody regards the saving of a hundred thousand lives of more import than the cut of a waistcoat."

"If you, Tony, are referring to Vyvyan, I consider it in poor taste. But I will concede that my son's fascination for the world of art is regrettable. Since Waterloo we have been prominent in the defense of our sovereign, a tradition which I am happy you maintain."

"Hang Waterloo and the rest. I've been in this house a day and I can't believe the place. I can't get an answer when I look for my father's effects...."

"We will not speak of him!" commanded Lady Stuart.

"You won't speak of a thing. I know the property is in the hands of the 'Marquis'. My own brother--doesn't stir till half-past one and spends his time in that tomb sipping tea and playing."

"You are not to speak of Vyvyan in that tone. And of his music, it has been deemed great by artists of repute!" She was standing now, angry. It was the first time he could remember that she had ever been aroused to any emotion.

"I have no quarrel with his music, but who manages the estate while that jaded peacock glides about immersed in art? Perhaps he conducts business at his stall at Covent Garden, or inspects the factories as he discourses with those pompous fakins like Rossetti or Wilde...."

"This, Anthony, is not your concern. You have an allowance."

"And an inheritance, if I believe my father."

"An inheritance is to be given to you when the estate is settled, and at Vyvyan's discretion. Beyond that, I will not discuss...."

"And neither will he. Perhaps I should engage my own solicitor and look into the matter myself."

"Life in Africa has debased you, Anthony!"

"It has made me determined to live and have what is mine."

The old woman was enraged. She stood on the threshold in choleric silence and then spoke. "Your rights! Your name is Stuart but you cannot bear our arms. At least, not without the bastard's bar. Think on that, and be grateful you receive what money you do!"

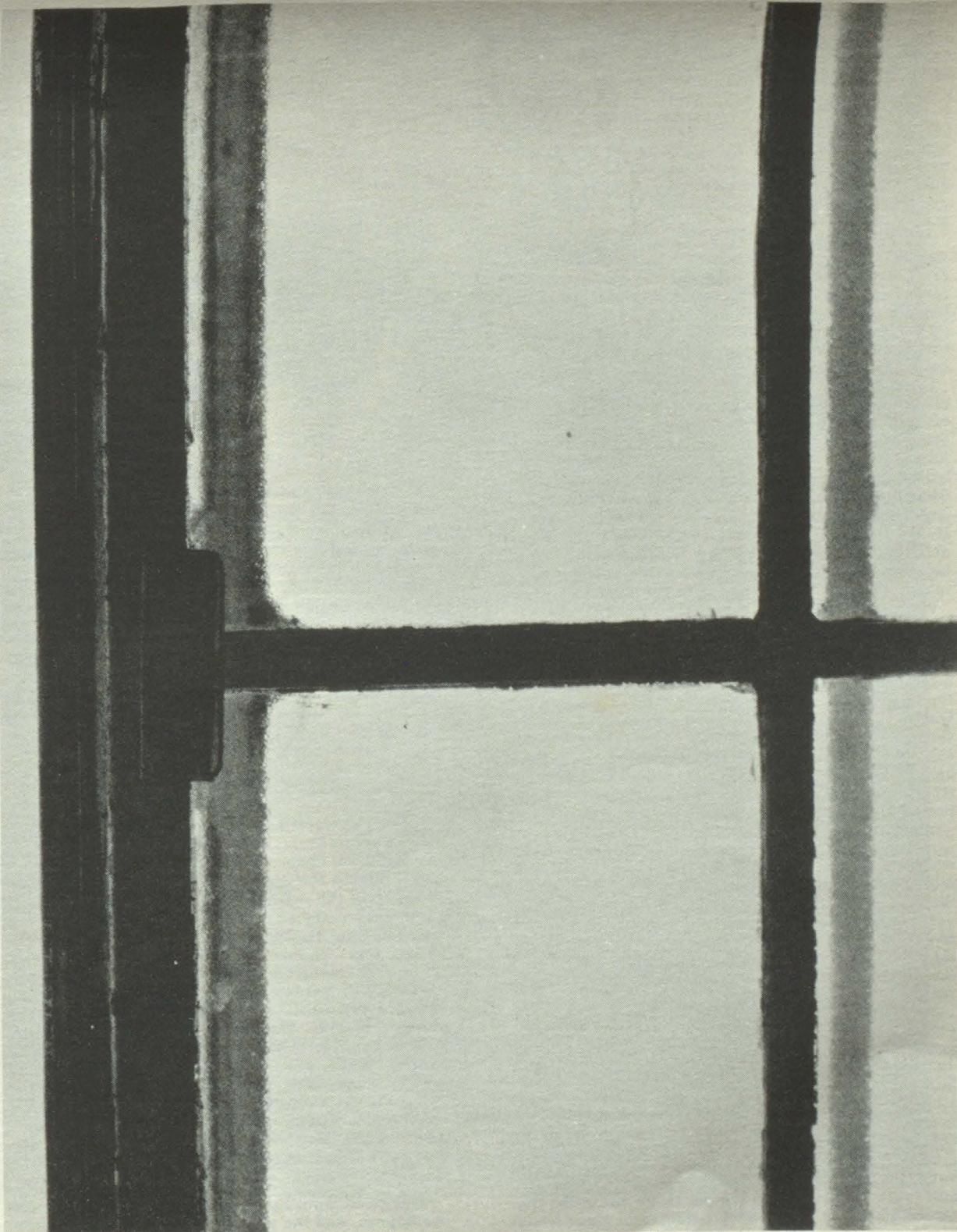
"Then let your fey son contemplate lilies while the estate crumbles. If I'm not to be of this house, I wouldn't do a bloody bit to save it," he stormed. The Marquess turned her back and moved unsteadily away. "But look to what you leave it. The fop can't look me in the eye!"

The noise of his shouting died in the ornate room. In the stillness only the piano tinkled distantly. The Marquess turned with unnatural calm and stared at him.

"Vyvyan was blinded three years ago. He is now more my son than ever. Though I planned to welcome in my house a hero I find in his stead a viper. Never will we speak. And if you are within these walls four days hence, I shall have the footman throw you into the street." In a rustle of satin, she was gone into the misty gold labyrinth of the halls.

Two days later, Anthony returned from the city. Civilian clothes had not detracted from his rough good looks, which were of a dark, almost sculptured kind that he shared with Vyvyan, though they were in the latter more refined and aquiline. Hurrying through the door with the chill of early fall about him, he stopped short as the steward stepped in front of him and proffered an envelope. He thanked the man and continued up the great stairs to his own apartments

(Continued on page 4)



Photograph by Frank Lary

First Communion

The street was settled in the early evening air, and the wreaths and lights of Christmas Eve addressed the night as if they were its better part, some kind of comfort. I'd known it would be this way, known since I left my Southern college and boarded the plane and traveled, through hundreds of miles of winter air and meals in plastic containers, to my home. It had to be so because this comfortable Christmas was what I'd remembered and hoped for, and it was a kind of fulfillment and justification to stand by the front door and look at the garland of colored bulbs twined around the stem of the name-post of the house across the street, and wonder about the prospect of snow.

Coming home from college for vacations was a strange proposition, I realized, for I knew it was unlikely I would ever live at home again, and I was very much a visitor in a house where I was once a resident. I felt this strongly, yet I knew my parents and my sister considered my college time as the visit, and I was now returning to some rightful home. So it was a private knowledge, yet a pleasant one as well, for I felt free from the responsibility and allegiance owed to a home, free just to enjoy the Christmas I'd come for, to relax and watch.

I watched the delicate blue of the clear December sky. I watched the shoppers in their desperate hurrying, and felt the emphatic cold that never reached the Southern state where I went to school. I heard the conversation of my sister and her friends as they built and elaborate life of danger and intrigue from a teacher's chance remark, and saw the winter birds pause to exchange some words of solace and advice at the feeder my mother kept carefully filled for them. And I saw all the careful working out of this most ritualized of holidays, all the acts of faith and tradition and remembering, and was comforted.

That dark afternoon, for the sky was filled with clouds, the tree was installed in the dining room, occupying its customary corner with an air of proper possession. The great box of lights and ornaments was fetched from its attic storage, and we hung the lights and fastened the balls and draped the tinsel with perhaps a slight self-consciousness, yet secure in the years and decades of the same hanging, of the same afternoons and evenings of Christmas preparation, and listening to the far sounds of church children caroling, made hollow and echoing by the lowering sky.

I could see the tall, arrogant tree from where I stood at the glass panes of the front door. In the dining room too, was the downstairs phone, which I would use in a brief time to call a girl who lived in North Carolina, midway between my home and the college we both attended. Kathy and I had agreed we would open the presents we had exchanged at school over the phone Christmas Eve, and I permitted myself to wonder what could be in the flat package with gold paper and a white ribbon she had given me with a sly smile the last day before vacation.

Going upstairs to my room until the time for the call, I searched the radio for a report on the likelihood of snow (snow beginning sometime tonight, becoming heavy at times, continuing into tomorrow, the announcer not failing to mention it would be a White Christmas) and finding a shirt and polishing some shoes for the midnight service of my old church I would sing in tonight, the choir director with his practice of inviting former choir members now in college to sing in this most solemn and yet joyous of all church services. It turned out the lights of my room and looked on the quiet street to see if the predicted snow had begun, as I had countless times when I was younger and there were no school and a fast downhill slide at stake.

At nine, the hour Kathy and I had agreed on, I carried my golden package to the dining room. My mother was there, vacuuming under the tree for shed needles and stray curls of tinsel, and I cautioned her I intended to use the phone. She knew, or guessed, my business, and did me the kindness of leaving as though this, really, wasn't the most important thing to be done, and the dining room was mine by rights.

I couldn't get through immediately--there was a recorded message saying the lines were busy because of unusually heavy holiday calling, but after only a brief wait I heard Kathy's soft southern 'hello' with its slight, trailing question, and we both sounded embarrassed and happy as we inquired after our respective Christmas Eves. Her family was fine, she'd spent her days shopping and seeing friends, her tree was in the living room, eight feet tall, a star on top, her father had practically tipped it over putting it on. I told her what I'd done, and that I would sing in the Christmas service that night, and it might snow.

We opened our presents then. I could see her, bending over my little Santa-Claused package, brushing the soft brown hair from her face, finally getting it open, finding the cultured pearl pin I'd carefully selected after two days of tired pushing in stores and out of them, her soft, wide eyes becoming, perhaps, a little wider, a little fuller of the astonishment they always seemed to express, whatever they saw. I opened my own shiny papered present, found there the wallet I'd broadly hinted for, understood her smile at her giving it to me, exaggerated my surprise over the phone at the present, gently teasing her, and myself.

At length we thanked each other, talked of what we would do after Christmas, for the eight days until we would return to school, holding the minutes of a perfect, close and distant communion as long as we could, then saying goodbye, my adding "I love you" at the very last possible moment so there would be no silence, no need for her to answer or form a reply, nothing but the ease of what I, only, had said, then the sounds of the empty telephone line, a distant conversation, so far away as to seem a ghost of a talk many centuries past. And the bulbs of the Christmas tree lighting and extinguishing in a pattern that spoke nothing to me, yet could have, if I'd thought they were important. I turned from the tree, happier than I ever remembered being.

I left for church soon after. The service was two hours distant, but the choir, composed principally of college students like myself, knew nothing of the music, so there was ample rehearsal time. I could have taken my father's car, but preferred to walk the half mile to church, to see the lights and touch the air and gauge the night, and, perhaps, be there when

the first snow fell. It would be cold, for I had no real winter coat to bring home from my Southern college, but I was prepared not to mind at all.

There were no stars, and I felt that the snow was near. The wind would have hurt deeply if I had stood on the edge of a field and let it meet me without obstruction, but the trees and houses protected me from all of its sharpness, and I walked without discomfort. And every wreath, decorated tree glimpsed through a window, house ringed with colored lights, every distant call, cell of sheltered laughter, hollow barking of a dog, every light and sound and color of this precious night was a song for me, of the most intense and vivid joy.

And I wondered (a speeding car piercing the night's crystal tension) if life was really as impossible a thing to conquer as it was made to seem. I wondered if the success I'd had at school, and Christmas Eve, and Kathy (her musical voice touching me then, and a night we'd shared hot chocolate made in her room with music and a secret for the nights afterward, every night in the world), wondered if all of this did not combine to be a message, a sign for me that I had been exempted from whatever hardships life usually imposed, whatever difficulties it was thought had to be faced, in the living out of a person's years. And the thought that I had been granted a pardon and indulgence by the fates, far from being contradicted, was given a fine, delicate approval by the sheltered wind.

I reached the church, and went upstairs to the choir room to find there the singers for this evening. They were people I'd been acquainted with from choir-singing in high school, but I knew few of them well, and vaguely nodded to answer any greetings. I gathered the music that was laid out on the table and a program, put on a spare vestment and found a surplice not too badly frayed and in my black and white went to sit down for the rehearsal. The music was easy and



Drawing by Mary Blakely

too much time had been allowed and so we went over things we didn't need to, and heard several jokes the director had heard from the boys' choir, and suffered an uncomfortable silence until it was time for us to go into the sanctuary for the service.

But the church was crowded and lit by candles standing at the end of every pew, and we were filled with an awe and kind of reverence in spite of ourselves as we filed in the side entrance past the chapel behind the cross borne majestically by the acolyte and entered the choir stall on either side of the aisle leading to the gate before the altar. We began the service with an Episcopal chant and I watched the priest in Communion robes and then peered out at the congregation, as discreetly as possible, because strictly speaking, we were supposed to keep our eyes straight in front of us, being all part of a liturgical drama.

The church was filled--I couldn't see a vacant place, and this seemed remarkable, considering the late hour, and that it was Christmas Eve. I searched the faces as best I could in the dimness of the candlelight and the closeness of the seating to see if there were anyone I knew or remembered. Of course there were faces that were familiar, but I couldn't see the few people I really looked for. Then, in the very front row, not far at all from where the choir sat, I saw a face that, while not familiar, was certainly arresting. It was the face of a very pretty girl--beautiful, in fact--several years younger than I. She had dark blonde hair, brilliant eyes, (I could tell even in the dimness) and wore an expression I couldn't really fathom. It seemed amused, capricious, plotting, superior, innocent, implicated, and a hundred other states, all of them contradictory. I stared at her far longer than I should have, startled by her beauty, puzzled by her expression, and almost missed the motion for us to stand to sing an anthem.

After we sat down again, having done a fair job with our anthem, and the priest continued to say the serv-

ice, I looked at her again, guessing the color of her eyes, wondering about her smile which seemed to have no reason for being, which seemed out of place amid the seriousness and solemnity of the service, yet which she kept with a confidence which seemed an easy match for the censure of anyone of such a smile. I looked at her from time to time during a long prayer, and finally I saw her look at me, her amusement seeming to be even greater, and we stared into each other's eyes for an instant until I hurriedly turned back to the Book of Common Prayer. Every time I looked at her after that she was looking at me, as if only to disconcert me. This had happened several times before, in my choir days, that I would somehow become involved in staring compulsively at a member of the congregation, and afterwards I would always feel badly about it, as if I had ruined the service and made a fool of myself by my indiscretions, even if no one, really, had noticed. But out in the cold, I had been given a present of this night, and I felt not at all concerned with the results of anything I did. If a beautiful, mysterious girl was in the congregation to stare at me, well, I would stare back, (forgetting, of course, I had begun the looking), and anything that happened would be the perfect thing for this time, and part of a benevolent plan I was being gently led to follow.

I thought that as the long preamble to communion began, as we knelt and the priest began the oblation, as I looked at the darkness of the church's high ceiling, where the candlelight could not reach, so that it seemed an extension of the night, and I expected to see shining bright Episcopalian stars. And I looked at the girl now, her shining hair, saw her look at me, her eyes dancing, then saw her stare at me with eyes open much wider than before, lean forward in the pew, and fall to the floor with a groan.

People stood up in alarm. Several men rushed from the rear of the church to the pew where the girl had fallen. The priest hesitated for a second, looked around, and continued with his prayer. Nothing save the destruction of the building itself can halt an Episcopalian service. The men who had rushed to the front of the church picked the girl up and carried her from the church. They seemed to carry her bolt upright. Her eyes were open, she seemed to be mumbling something, some litany. She was still staring at me.

Fortunately there was nothing to sing just then. I paid no attention to anything whatever, and sang the wrong part in the motet, when I could sing at all. All the candles and organ pipes and white linen and colored robes had suddenly become mixed, had changed places with each other and were no longer in their proper orders, were floating in a kind of communion of their own just above the limits of my vision. The people who filed up to the rail to receive the elements (who themselves were nervous and self-conscious and puzzled and aware of participating in something unusual and dramatic, having somehow been singled out to witness what they did) seemed merely a mass, with features that were impossible to discern, moving in some vague direction to an unknown purpose, only adding to a chaos that was fatal and inevitable. And the organ notes seemed the final gasping of a dying earth.

Finally it was over and they let us leave. There was an exceptional quietness on the way to the choir room in respect of what had happened, but there was no concern which came close to matching mine. At the closets where we stood and took off our robes, there was much discussion about what had actually occurred. Someone said she had merely fainted. The choir director said he'd thought it had been an epileptic fit the way she had fallen. Someone else who knew the girl, though, said she wasn't an epileptic. A priest, who had inquired about it after the service, said the girl was all right now, but had no idea of what had happened.

I didn't wait even to hear the customary discussion of our performance, but hurried out of the church into the night which had protected me once before. I looked for the patterns of colored lights but saw the girl's face before she fell. I listened for distant bells but heard her groans as she hit the cold stone floor. The lighted windows were her eyes as she stared at me, borne from the church, carried by the men. Snow drifted downward in sheets, and the wind cut me like a knife-blade.

--LAWRENCE PAULSON

From the Other Side Of the Eyelid

Two sleepers:
Between them
I am floating in the
Liquid warm blue of their
Deep soft--very soft--
Breath of beyond.

I am of beyond;
My hair is tendrils
drifting slow motion
In an unseen sea.
I am a dream,
Flowing, breathing cool shadows
Of breathy streams of blue.

As a dream,
I know that my deep whispers,
My sorrowful lappings
At their quiet shores,
Will not wake them,

Nor will I be a dream
If they awake.

--MOLLY SANFORD

The Myth of Sisyphus

Breathe slowly Sisyphus, as though by stealth
Each breath could be threaded through the mouth
And uncoiled in the lungs,
Instead of this sucking and blowing
That ruptures the calm air on this mountaintop
And makes the body one great gasping bellows
Feeding the blast furnace of the chest--
Yet this good counsel lumps clay-like in my throat;
The cautionary words grow to a choking mass,
Like the cloying maxims of a bloated merchant,
And fit as slackly as the merchant's baggy skin--
If I must breathe, I will mark each breath with pain;
Better pain than an overcushioned, overpillowed nothing--

Such a life is lived all wrapped in gauze,
The body thick with comfortable layers,
The senses gloved and gloved again
Until the world is lost in cotton batting.
Not this! I will not be muffled in this wadding;
I will make a Doomsday Book of pain,
A minute recording of my violated cells,
A catalog of my protesting properties:
My fingers; they ache like an old man's,
Who sits whining in the corner when it rains,
And pulls his cloak tighter,
And rubs his gray knots of knuckles;
My arms; They hang like a beaten warrior's,
Who has fought a hundred battles without rest,
Until his arms drag downward in defeat
As the weight of armaments outgenerals his will;
My head--yet; yet enough even of this:
Too much even of pain will dull, the protons,
The electrons that I am rebel, break
The frail schematic of the flesh, remake
The nervous energy to a living form of lead.
Soon I must turn, return to my toil.
The great stone is nearly to the bottom.
How many days, day dulling day dulling day,
Each day heavy as a dead body, each day distinct
With its drudgery, yet melting and fusing
Like metals in the forge of repetition,
Until they are a weighty alloy of this bare existence.
And I must endure this ponderous amalgamation
As a penalty for living as man should.
From my tottering-time, when I first stood in glee
To know the deep purple of the grapes spilling
Over the table's edge in my father's house,
I have always been a flashflood, cutting
Gorges in the soft and ready earth, never
The broad and quiet river, gently whorling, eddying.
In my water-rage I made each fraction whole,
Each stiff, dry second swelled wet and pliable,
My living made each dustblown moment water-full,
In this rush, the years became a cataract,
My youth raced in a waterfall of days;
The spilling years were but the time
It takes to stand from lying in the grass,
So I took on the stature of a man in ways

More like an unfolding than a growing up.
Yet this time was full long enough to alkalyze
The springwater ingenuity of mind that welled
Quicksilver-weighty with reverence for gods,
The potash of experience muddied this virginity
Until all respect for them was polluted with its leach-
ings,

And every thought of them was dishwasher-dirtied-
through
With the knowledge of their hollow blowings.
Their pride gusted in a fall fugitive of wind.
Stormed north, then south, then in a pompous spin
That dust-devil parodied a mighty whirlwind.
In my lyewater scorn of them I refused
To puff out praises, impoverish myself for gifts,
Or writhe serpentine in whining supplication
For some little smile or nod on high.
I turned from shrine and temple in disgust
And left the mighty ones to their buffoonery,
Their furtive dalliance, their parlor games and party
tricks.

I knew this earth-bent coloration of my mind,
This ungodly, worldly turn of energies
Was caustic to the globefish arrogance
That the gods affected to all men,
Yet still I would not be a pillager
Of my few years to laud eternal clownery.
I live in time and not eternity,
And time is as cardinal to me
As alms to a starving beggar.
Yet one who lives in time knows both to hoard
His seconds, counting them hand to hand,
Even to the last copper in his countinghouse,
And still, to squander them in a prodigal of gold.
I knew each morning that the night was gone,
Each noon the morning gone, and gone each evening
the day,

Gone like coins flung from a seacoast cliff,
High-arc'ing toward the sun, then curving down,
Driving to the midnight lockbox of the sea,
And though these coins were life they still were gone,
So I threw each one as at an enemy
And ran to seize the next, as if I hoped
By this barrage of metal to befuddle him.
But my true antagonist was life's executor,
Death, hunched pinchedly over his ledgers,
Laggard and grudging each penny of time,
His hand slow as the erosion of rock
As it moved his pen to release my funds,
Doling out my monies with a parsimony
Acute as glass and durable as stone,
Because he knew each petty allotment
Kept me longer from the kingdom of the shades.
So my hate of him capillaried-through
All the body's tubes in a mineralization
Like that which turns dead trees to stone
Until the barest thought of Death
Made me cataleptic with this hate,

For with today's allowance came the dread
That tomorrow's metal be withheld.
But even as these earth-salts solidified,
They catalyzed the mind's mazy chemistry
Until my linsey-woolsey, tuffy thoughts
Strung cord-and-cord in a tense design,
And following this taut cat's cradle of a plan
I forged a chain to fetter Death,
Not by trickery, some shell game sleight of hand,
Nor by the doubtful magic of dark tunnels
And words mumbled in uncertain, twisting spells.
Instead I mined metal, the earth's good ore,
Digging with the strength of hands the strength of iron,
The strength of life that would shackle Death.
And I shaped it, link-and-link,
Each iron ring locked in its closed curve,
Yet each ring interlocked with others
Until the circles intermade Death's chain.
And it now came noon in the kingdom of light;
I, and the sun, and the grain of the fields
Touched top, and the world let no shadows
Gray the high gold of our summer-time.
I stood waiting in the grain, arms buried deep
In the spilling, hanging burden of iron.
Death knew the challenge of this chain,
And came, white sticks and smutch against the grain,
Trailing decay from his flesh and rags.
We met in a cameo of counterpoise.
The minutes tight as muscles, unmoving and un-
moved,
Our two energies in silent counterpoint,
Our two forces summed in stillness.
The sun grew heavy with the hanging weight of time,
And time's load bent the waiting grain--
Then, like the icicle's first tremble of drops
In the heat, Death's arms quivered in an early water,
Quavered, and crumbled like sun-rotten slush,
And I manacled him thick with iron.
Then, so that Death might be forever fast,
I dragged him to the underground, chained him
There, against the same great stone I now heave
To this height, and abandoned him to darkness.
I turned from Death and went to the sun,
Walked light-easy on the welcome earth
And laughed forever's laughter with the world.
But, Pluto, brooding on his vacant realm, empty
As an honored house when the last descendent dies,
Called Mars, all the sputings and drippings of war
Coagulated in a sullen god,
And Mars struck off the chains of Death.
And I, I was set at this body's-rage of labor--
I could flee--the lacerated mind leaps to knives
And poisons, and the outraged body half follows--
I know now there's no victory,
And those tools promise obliteration--No!
I go now to my stone.

--WILLIAM HEDRINGTON

Alive

spun five sunlight
 slants obliquely through
 stringy-tangled Spanish moss:
 green-gold and holy-silent shafts
 sustain the cricket-humming
 afternoon
 and, sliver sharp, slice us
 both at once.

in the pulsing blood I feel your warmth--
and in the sliding of your hand across my back.

--MARY LOU PHILLIPS

Beach Song

And so we are here, as always,
Somewhere vaguely drinking coffee
And waiting for comfort, as if
At any time it might lie down under our feet
For us to walk across simply
And join biblical hands: inheritors of the earth.

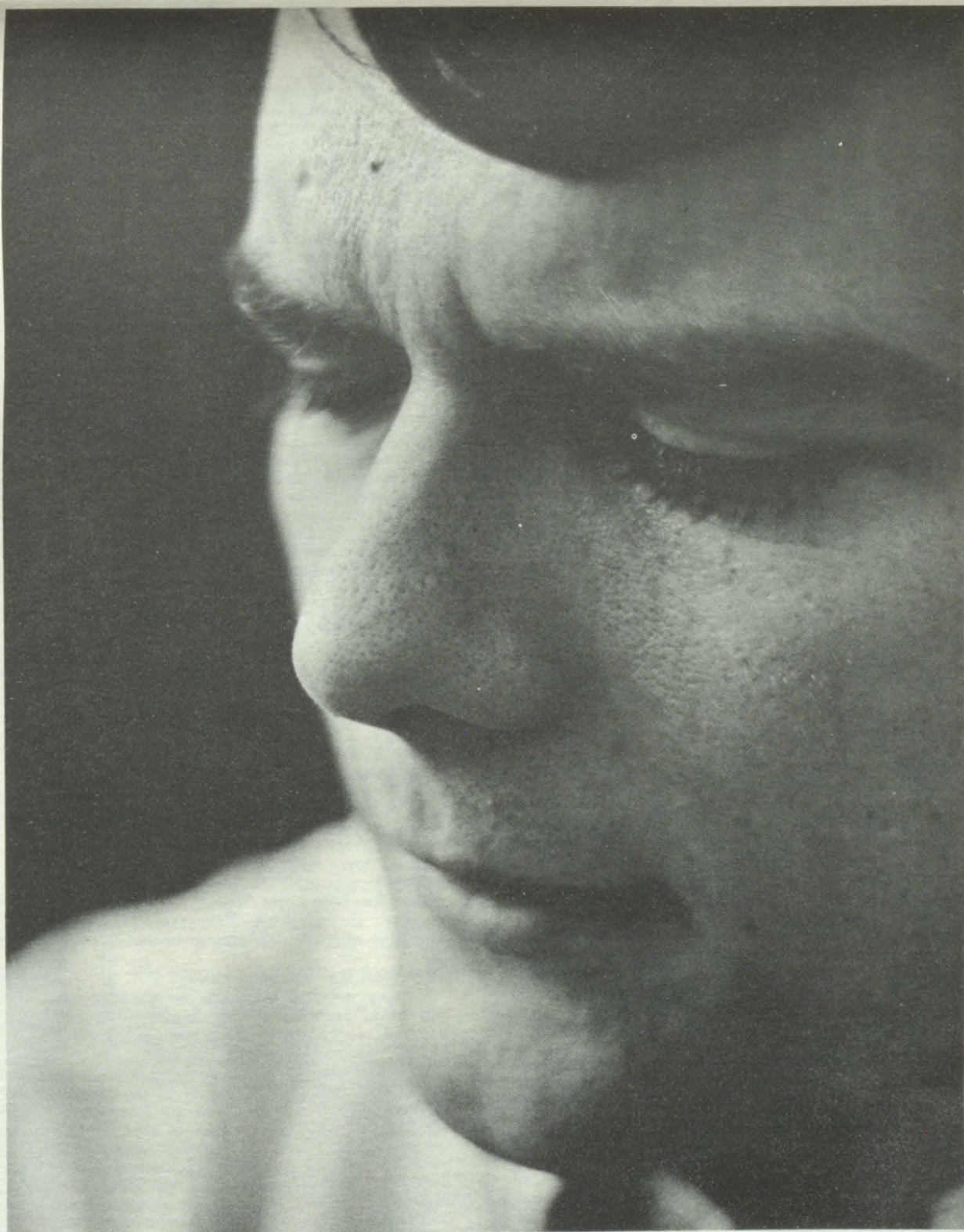
Ah, sweetheart, you will never understand
That it is time for us to burn
Luridly, our shadows melting
In a sunset apocalypse:
You watch the people moving, fat penguins,
Your hair thinning out,
Cream curdling your coffee.
You are growing old with the blind morning.

Tonight that tide pool will lie like a kidney,
The stars, tooth-white, repeat themselves,
Chipping the blank, deserted water,
And the tide, coming in,
Fill the hammocked sand where
We might once have wrestled darkly and
Risen together through the oceans of light,
Into another morning.

Shall I swim out past the downy lifeguard, inept,
My hair like kelp when they bring me in?
Would my dying make you glance with a younger
 pain
At the sun clocking the bare sky? I doubt it.
The sun is flaying my back with a tired arm,

And we are here, as always,
Somewhere vaguely drinking coffee,
While the tourists, clothes like jockey silks,
Ride before us on the furtive waves,
All voices mute in passing:
Your meekness my legacy.

--HELEN HICKEY



Photograph by Frank Lary

The Craven

WHICH STARTS WITH A POEM

Once upon a midnight dreary, while I pondered, weak,
and weary,
Over many quaint and curious volumes of forgotten
lore--
While I nodded, nearly napping, suddenly there came
a tapping,
As of some one gently rapping, rapping at my louvered
door.
"Tis some visitor," I muttered, "tapping at my louvered
door--

Only this and nothing more."

Presently my soul grew stronger; hesitating then no
longer,
"Sir," said I, "or Madame, truly your forgiveness I
implore;
But the fact is I was napping, and so gently you came
rapping,
And so faintly you came tapping, tapping at my louvered
door;--

Darkness there and nothing more.

But there lurking in the darkness was the editor of a
locally known literary endeavor. Somehow he had
ridden his small motorcycle up to my door. Urgent
business, I supposed. . . . He looked hostile, so I quickly
visually searched my room for a weapon of defense.
Near at hand was an acronym; so I displayed it before
him as I greeted him: "Literary and ultra-radical

intelligence editor, publishing and umpiring literary
supplements of notoriety," I started, "greetings: recent
omens wisely indicated nocturnal guests; business
apparently leads Dich." The acronym was becoming
hard to handle so I dropped it, although not without
nearly crushing his foot. He seemed, however, un-
daunted by my polyglottal pedantry, for he started
his business. "Write something for my publication."

Since he had said it with an "or else" tone, I asked
the inevitable: "or else?" He paused a moment to
think of a suitable torture. "Or else I'll tie two two-
by-fours, five feet long, to your tongue." "Why for?"
I queried. "It will make your speech even more stilted
than it has been."

Not wanting to be a has-been, I accepted my fate
of having to write for him. "Alas, kind sir, I have
no inspiration." Unfortunately he seemed prepared
for that statement, for he forced his way into my room,
ripped down the green curtains, and used them to tie
me to the purple chair. "Whenever you get an inspira-
tion, tell it to me. When you have a good enough
one, I'll set you free to pursue it."

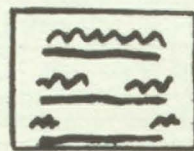
I set to thinking. "How about a modern, poetic
version of one of Sherwood Anderson's works? I'd call
it *Ginsberg, Ohio*." The look he gave me was so
baleful that it would have put Cotton Mather to shame.
"If I were musically inclined, I could revise one of
Bach's last works. I'd call this one *The Art of Frug*." He
became enraged, threatening to drown me in one
of the fountains in the courts. He seemed so know-

ledgeable, and since we were on the subject of music,
I asked him if he knew whether or not there really had
been a lute-maker called "Abso." He replied, "No,
but why do you ask?" I explained, "I'm trying to find
out if there can be any Abso-lutes."

My visitor started to look at a photograph I had lying
around. It was of a girl I knew, and her pet poodle.
He asked "Who's this?" I explained that it was Anna
Thema and her dog, "Ma." We began to talk about
strange names for pets. It seems that Eli Whitney had
an alpaca-type creature, whom he called "Sam" for
short. People would ask "Who's that man with that
shaggy beast?" The answer was simple: "Eli; Eli and
his llama, Sam bachthani." It was too much for him.
"Where's a glass?" he shouted, "I need a drink."
"Sorry, sir," I replied, "this is a glassless society."

I was still searching for an inspiration, and one came.
"How about a mathematician who accidentally drops
a paper with a corollary written out on it into some
vinegar, thus creating a dill lemma?" I thought that
the idea deserved an ovation, but it seemed to lay an
egg with the editor. "I could do one about two British
leaders in colonial India. One was giving a party, and
he needed an extra butler, so he borrowed a native
servant from the other. I could tell about how the first
one sent the servant back and call it *The Return of the
Native*." The reply came: "That's hardly an appro-
priate topic."

While I was still trying for a suitable inspiration the
editor continued to look at the pictures in my room.
"What's this?" he asked, referring to a framed sheet
of paper with the following on it:



"It's a dramatization of an archaic interjection. The
first, *hairedash*, represents a hairy dash. The second,
bald dash, is a bald dash. Obviously, *hairedash*, is a
bald dash." He apologized for asking.

Suddenly, another inspiration struck. "This is great;
you'll love it," I cried aloud. "It's a chemistry book
about an experiment comparing properties of two gases
designated as Gas 'A' and Gas 'B.' In the experiment
the second gas proves to be extremely superior to the
first. The book itself is in the style of F. Scott Fitz-
gerald and it's called *The Great Gas 'B'*."

Editors are hard to please and mine was no exception.
I pondered, deliberated, and contemplated. The
Muse came. (Did you know that the Muse is pregnant.
The oracles say that she'll bear two children who will
do marvelous deeds. But then, who else should give
birth to heroic couplets?) "I'll write a parody of
Alexander Pope's work. It'll be about the robbery of
a Jewish bakery, and I'll call it *The Rape of the Lox*.
Print that in your publication and people will be bagel-
ing for copies." He seemed pleased with this idea,
so he released me from the chair. As his thoughts
began to settle he showed a really fine sediment.
"Matza luck!" said he as he left.

--WILLIAM PATTERSON

--GLENDA CIMINO

--RACHEL FINDLEY

View

From the upstairs window
the fresh-mowed green
hugged the walk and shadowed silverly
under the streelighted tree of new mystery;

If I had not seen it in sunnakedness
I would have explored it in bare feet.

--MOLLY SANFORD

Miranda

Make of the empty child
a lost, completed world
where sun lies golden:
no dark or secret flow
under ice, winter fall,
nor care for careless grace,
opening, folding.
Live there until you see
the golden net grows knotted,
catches, rips and tangles more with every throw:
even the good child loves,
so passes through your ends
into the world of hope and lies.
Leave death, and peace.

Driving Through Rain On the Newest Freeway

Dying houses huddle by the rainslick freeway.
Brown and solemn, they sense the depth
Of their malaise; helpless, they wait in paranoid si-
lence.

Encroaching highways edge them off the landscape.
Once proud Victorian landmarks,
Revered residents of an older city,
They remain obstacles from an obsolete age,
Jutting awkwardly into adjacent space.
They have outlived their owners
And their usefulness.

Like old men,
They dream-remember past and ponder,
Resigned to wonder, the inevitable future.
Their memories hold no meaning for the present,
And in this gray world time and space have changed.
Triple-decked connectors, multi-laned,
Manifest the latest in architectural
Complicity. Shackled to the past,
But not to groundless hope, these houses know
Their destiny. They face it with a weary
Dignity; they have seen too much,
Have learned the future lies in asphalt.

The sky is swept with nightfall. Horizon
Lights from the new city glow in hazy triumph.
The houses withdraw once more into darkness;
They no longer count the passing cars.

The Death Of Vyvyan Stuart

(Continued from page 1)

where he was dismayed to find his effects had been
packed with the exception of those things immedi-
ately necessary--his toilet, several suits, and some pap-
ers. He tore open the envelope and discovered a draft
for five thousand pounds on Coutts & Co. and a note
in his half-brother's curiously ornate hand.

Anthony:

I am much distressed at what Mother reports and
regret that you may no longer share my roof. This
cheque is all I can manage for your support, as
your illegitimacy makes you ineligible for an an-
nuity. If you wish, you may have your old photo-
graph of my Father.

Vyvyan

Enraged, Tony sought to confront his brother, but
when he approached the curtained doorway to the
music room, the steward barred his way.

"I am sorry, Mr. Tony, but Master Vyvyan is not to
be disturbed on any account."

"Damme, I have to see him. I will not be put off
without my due."

"You must wait until he is through. He is with Miss
Constance."

Anthony went up the stairs in silence, his mind again
focused on Constance Herreford. There was no reason
for any preoccupation with her; he had no claims to
her nor right to any. Yet he ascended the stairs re-
peating her name, passed by the servants completely
oblivious, and went into his room and locked his door.
She had been a close friend since childhood and, be-
fore Anthony had been called to Africa, a serious ro-
mance had grown between them. Their constant at-
tention to one another had led many in society to ex-
pect their marriage, but instead he left for duty and
she took to visiting Vyvyan. Since then, and espe-
cially since his blinding, she had visited him daily
and sat beside him in rapt attention as he played, fill-
ing the darkened chamber with a magnificent archi-
tecture of sound. Anthony had known of this and was
at first resigned, though the fact that she had never
sought him out or left a message of greeting when she
was at the house had hurt him.

Once again, he had an opportunity to speak with his
half brother, and he seized it. On the evening of the
third day after the pronouncement of his exile, he
made his way at suppertime through the dim passages
of the old house to the rooms Vyvyan occupied and
where he dined. Anthony waited at the door until he
heard Vyvyan's movements and, after a perfunctory
knock, walked in. About to send his half-brother
away, Vyvyan choked the words and turned to face
him. For the first time, Anthony noticed a black

scar across the bridge of Vyvyan's nose that widened
at it merged with the shadows lining his slumbering
eyes.

Uncannily sensitive to any sound, Vyvyan followed
his brother's progress across the room and seemed to
watch him sit. "I thought we had nothing to say."
were his only words.

"We have never had anything to say, Vyvyan, and
if we did I doubt you had it in you to open your mouth.
But I shan't hold it against you. I am angry that you
have stolen the fortune--not from your mother, who
would as soon retire to dream about the world of forty
years ago--but from me."

"You are not a Stuart. The law gives you no claim
to the wealth of the house."

"I am your father's son, Vyvyan."

"In sin, Anthony."

"He promised me a share. And not in money on-
ly... what of the letters, and his books which you
know were always to be mine?"

"If you have the money, see if the courts can dis-
cover them. Or try it yourself."

"His apartments are locked," he accused, and Vyv-
yan shrugged. For a moment Anthony looked at the
swirling decorations of the walls, the odd clusters of
vases and tropical blossoms that covered tables, and
the desk piled with precious baubles.

"I suppose Constance designed this," Anthony sug-
gested, gesturing the mild disgust at the strange dec-
or.

"Yes. She is quite at ease in the art nouveau. I
am told this is very beautiful."

"For you she designed it. With love, no doubt."

"Yes," Vyvyan answered without a trace of emo-
tion.

"And I wonder why she would design this to oma-
ment your black world, and sit in the dark to hear you
play," whispered Anthony, his voice hissing unnatu-
rally as he endeavored to control his breathing.

Vyvyan put his hand pensively to his lips and stood
in silence for a moment before he answered. "Per-
haps she loves me."

"You live in the dark--not your own, but dark you
make in the light world. Great God, Vyvyan, you are
a corpse. Do you hear me, Constance loves a corpse!"
The roar of his voice almost drowned Vyvyan's re-
ply.

"At least it is a beautiful one."

Anthony watched him with an odd stare, watched
this blind creature so immaculately dressed and
combed, so conscious of his own genius and his own
beauty, and rushed from the room.

By the following evening, Anthony was not seen out
of his room, and the deadline set by the Marquess had
arrived. Repulsed by their task, the footman and but-
lers had postponed the problem of evicting him until
the dowager inquired whether Mr. Anthony had been
evicted, and the steward was forced to approach his
door. He knocked for some time without receiving any
answer and summoned several other servants who be-
gan beating on the door. They had no success in arous-
ing him.

The explanation for the succeeding events has been
agreed upon. There is no other conclusion than the
one reached by Dr. Higgins and reluctantly corrobora-

ted by the young man's army comrades. Mr. An-
thony could only have been mad, and the grotesque
happenings could only have been touched off by jeal-
ousy or the extremes of avarice.

At first, the startled and perplexed servants thought
it might be suicide, and one of them, running down-
stairs to fetch Vyvyan, found the door locked and
heard the music of the piano distinctly. He returned
and when he realized that the master could not be
reached, the steward sent for a stableboy to enter the
locked room from a ledge outside. He went out
through a window and made his way along the wide
ledge, grasping the numerous ornamental carvings for
support. When the watchers heard the window open,
they rushed around to Anthony's door. There they
waited, discussing the probability of suicide and in-
sanity hastened by the African sickness he was ru-
moured to have caught.

At length the boy opened the door, and the crowd
burst in to discover that the room was empty. All
the windows were thrown wide and the contents of the
chamber thrown around in the wildest disorder, chairs
splintered and papers shredded, with clothing and bric-
a-brac scattered all over. Outside the night pressed
close, obscuring the lights of the city and dulling the
lamps below. No sounds but the music of the piano.
The crashing, thundering sound of a man in creative
ecstasy or mortal terror.

The sinister rolling of the music filled the house and
the eyes of the searchers widened as the frantic music
soared in dark fantastic shapes about them, its discor-
dant harmonies suggesting monstrous dream shapes to
their disordered minds. They ran to the stairwell and
halted for a second at what might have been a scream,
but the terrible cry could have been part of the un-
natural symphony rung from the shadowed piano. The
crowd rushed to the door, slipping, stumbling in frantic
haste down the stairs. At the doors they halted; they
were locked, and none but Vyvyan had a key. All
of them, footmen and maids, threw their bodies
against the heavy panels. The gold cracked, plaster
ornament crumbled and with a groan the wood splint-
ered at the lock as the doors swung inward.

From the dark curtained void the awful music poured,
raging and reaching within, pouring out like a fell
tide on the timid band. The steward stepped through,
and as he parted the curtains, as though a spell were
shattered, the sound faded and took on a more horrible
aspect as it collapsed into haphazard discords. A lamp
blazed up inside and the random cacaphony continued
for a moment. It died as the steward entered. A
maid followed and the watchers saw her faint.

The body of Mr. Anthony, fallen forward on the floor
with the gory blade of his own sabre protruding from
his back, was not the most terrible sight. Nor was the
glass by the piano which usually held Mr. Vyvyan's
tea, now stained brownish-green with poison. The
most terrible occupant of that death-chamber was
Vyvyan himself, his mouth flecked with bloody foam,
his fingers crushed to a pulp by the bloodstained key-
board lid which Anthony had smashed again and again
on his hands, and he played that awful rhapsody until
death overtook him.

--CRAIG SCHENCK

Sarasota Octogenarian To Represent Oxford University at Inauguration

Oxford University, the oldest institution which will be represented at the inauguration of President John Elmendorf, has chosen as its official representative a Sarasota resident who spent a term there in 1906.

Sherman Peer, 84, was a student at New College, Oxford, when the first American students to be selected Rhodes Scholars were still matriculating.

Peer, who took a law degree at Cornell University in 1906, told The Catalyst yesterday he remembers his experiences at New College, Oxford, "with a great deal of pleasure."

He recalled racing a shell on the Cam River, while he was a student at the summer session of Cambridge University, not far from Oxford.

Other experiences he remembers include speaking with William A. Spooner, warden of the college at that time and the man for whom spoonerisms are named.

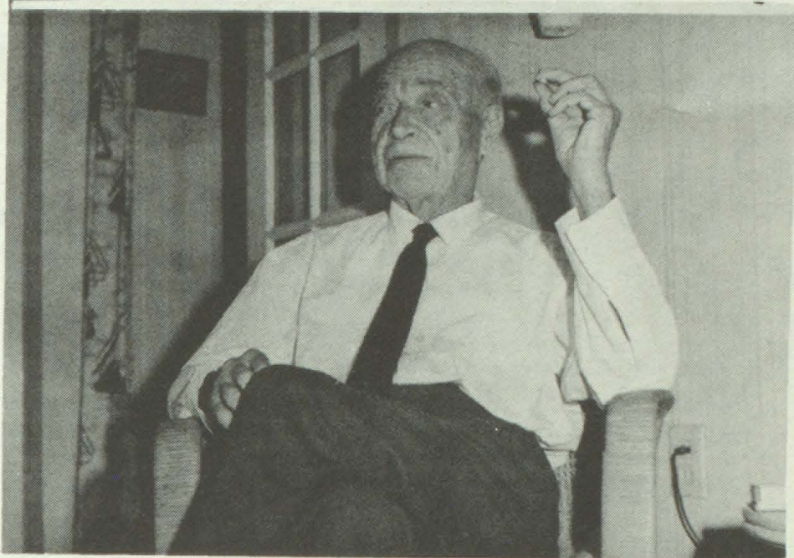
Peer recalls hunting hare with beagles while at New College and walking to a nearby village which had a duck pond and houses with thatched roofs.

His narrative of the parties at New College 60 years ago offers a strong contrast to the parties of today. Once a week, in the junior commons room, Peer said, he and his fellow students would gather at a long table. The man at the head of the table would stand holding a silver bowl mounted in a fox's head and filled with wine.

The men on either side of him would then stand to "protect" their comrade from attack while he drank. The bowl, or head, would then be passed around the table until everyone had drunk.

When asked to describe the housing facilities at New College, Peer responded by explaining how the ever-present fog would settle down the chimney at night after the fire had gone out.

His visit to New College Feb. 22, will be Peer's first visit to the New College campus.



Peer

Borden

(Continued from page 1)

Language majors, like other majors, must pass a qualifying examination offered at the end of the second term of the second year of residence. Language qualifying examinations will generally be of a three-part structure. The first part will examine the student's knowledge of the general culture of the area or of an area in which the appropriate language is pre-dominant. "General culture" is defined to include some knowledge of the literary background.

A second part of the qualifying examination will center on one other phase of interest related to the language and the area or areas in which it is spoken. This section will be designed to fit the individual interests of the student in one area, such as literature, history, economics, or any other appropriate field of study.

The third section of the examination will ask for demonstration of a further mastery of the language or of the problems of the language (e. g. linguistics). In special cases this section could be postponed for those without pre-college background in the language.

Other modifications of the qualifying examination may be made for students with other special interests.

Majoring in more than one language will be allowed. A student in his major program could concentrate on learning several languages provided that his qualifying examination demonstrates a multiple proficiency in the appropriate general cultures.

Senior projects for language majors should lead to a thesis written in the appropriate foreign lan-

guage. The substance of the second-year independent study projects (whether written reports or other tangible evidence of study) will be determined by the individual student and his project advisor.

In further action the faculty in the faculty in languages resolved to continue its study of the role of languages at New College.

Meeting Planned For Potencial CO's

First-year student Don Aronoff announced last night he is arranging an "informational meeting" for male students interested in applying for conscientious objector status with the Selective Service.

James Hicks, who is currently doing non-combat service at Manatee Memorial Hospital as a conscientious objector, will attend the meeting.

The meeting is scheduled for noon in the Fountain Room of College Hall.

Basketballers Play Tonight

The New College basketball team will play league-leading Sarasota Sports at 7:30 tonight at the Sarasota High School gym.

Sarasota Sports Committee is led by one-time Little All America Tim Eisnagle.

Concert Tonight

The second of three subscription concerts of the Florida West Coast Symphony Orchestra will be presented tonight at 8:15 at the Sarasota Municipal Auditorium.

The concert, which will feature soprano Diana Catani, will be repeated tomorrow at 8:15 pm at the Bradenton Municipal Auditorium.

Students who have signed for free gift tickets with the Humanities office should pick them up by the end of the day from Mrs. Elizabeth Heimert.

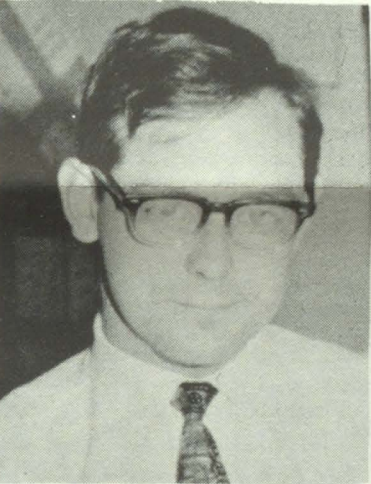
The gift tickets were provided by an anonymous donor.

Feeney Named Study Project Coordinator

President John Elmendorf announced Wednesday the appointment of James Feeney, tutor in Sociology, as Independent Study Coordinator.

Creation of the position was recommended by the Jan. 14 Planning Conference. Elmendorf said Feeney will devote 50 percent of his time to the assignment.

As Independent Study Coordinator, Feeney will be available to counsel



Feeney

students in designing, delimiting, and beginning an independent study project. He will help in the mechanics of questionnaire construction, statistical tables, charts, graphs and other interpretive data.

According to information released by the administration yesterday, the Coordinator's major role will be preplanning and assistance to help make the whole independent study process more productive and better related to the ongoing interest of the students.

A special seminar may be held in the fall to introduce some of the principles of research, some of the techniques and some of the problems.

An office for Feeney will be established in the Barn east of the College Examiner's office.

2 Resign

(Continued from page 1)

"The committee will not, nor can it ever, gain respect among the students."

In other action, first-year representative Jon Shaughnessy moved to send a memo to Social Science chairman Dr. Rollin Posey protesting the requiring of papers by Sociology Professor Dr. Jerome Himmelhoch. The motion failed for lack of a second.

The memo would have protested both the making of the papers a requirement for taking the qualifying exam, and the setting of a deadline, after which no credit would be given for the papers.

Originally the memo would have gone to the faculty at large. Assistant Dean Arthur Miller said the department head would be the proper person to deal with alleged cases of "creeping requirementism."

Various SEC members suggested an individual speaking to Posey would be more effective than a memo from the committee.

House Committee Chairman Oda said a new set of regulations regarding single room and end-of-year room changes had been drawn up. The regulations ensure those having single rooms occupy the least desirable rooms.

The motion was passed with an amendment suggested by Miller that the Dean of Students must approve all room changes. Another amendment giving students staying a fourth year the same room priority as third-year students was also passed, although Smith contended they should have the lowest priority. Vote on the amendment was 4-3, with Smith, Oda, and Shaughnessy voting against.

First-year student Tom Jarrell was appointed by Hall to the Academic Committee to replace first-year student Jerry Michaels, who resigned.

Hall also appointed a Constitutional Revision Committee, consisting of second-year students Harry Felder, chairman, Laurie Paulson, Gary Williams, and Oda, and first-year student Smith.

Hall announced six students had been selected to go to an area col-

lege conference at Florida Presbyterian College. They are: third-year student John Cranor, second-year students Bob Baughman and Felder, and first-year students Paul Adamites, Linda Moeller and Smith.

Hall said the task of selecting two students to participate in the exchange program with Sarah Lawrence would be left to the new chairman.

Food Committee Chairman Tom Todd reported kitchen manager Thomas Estep said it would be "impossible" to serve breakfast any later because of the necessity of preparing lunch. Todd also reported the County Health Department had approved the kitchen operation.

Miller asked if some student rooms could be opened for visitors to the campus after the inauguration. Oda said the Social Committee would handle the matter.

Second-year representative Jerry Neugarten said the city ordinance requiring motorcycle drivers and riders to wear helmets goes into effect Feb. 5.

Trustee To Sing In Sunday Concert

New College trustee Robert Van Skike Jr., tenor, will present selections from "Brigadoon" at Sunday's program by the Sarasota Concert Band.

The concert will begin at 3 pm in the Municipal Auditorium, and the public is invited free.

Van Skike has appeared many times with the Manatee and Sarasota Players. This season he sang the role of "Bill" in the Sarasota Players' production of "Showboat."

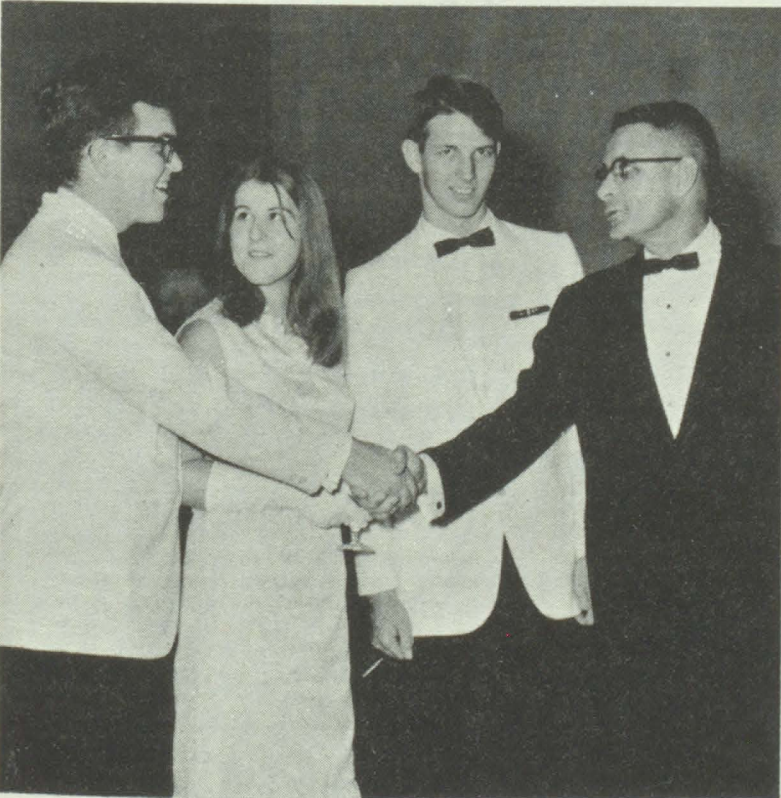
A member of the choir of the Bee Ridge Presbyterian Church, Van Skike has been a soloist at several area churches.

Mag Announces Poetry Competition

College Arts magazine has announced a \$2,000 poetry contest open to all poets.

According to Carl T. Steppan, Promotions Manager for the magazine, the first four grand prize winners will have their own book of poetry edited and published.

Details are available by writing Poetry Contest, Box 314, West Sacramento, Calif., 95691.



Florida Secretary of State Tom Adams, right, meets New College students David Moore, Wendy Glover, and Kenneth Moore at a reception and preview of three inaugural exhibits of the Ringling Museums, Jan. 15.

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AT THE CAMPUS BOOK SHOP

Student Transfers From Shimer Because of Drug Situation There

By KIT ARBUCKLE

New College recently admitted its first student to transfer from another college in the middle of the academic year. That student, Lee Harding, transferred from Shimer College in Mount Carol, Ill. Here he discusses his impressions of the academic and personal situations at his former school in comparison with his own aspirations and with his view of New College. He also points out one ramification of a relatively new challenge to student integrity--the silent spring of drug usage.

Q: What first led you to Shimer?
A: My best friend was a National Merit Scholar. He got a letter from Shimer. I had gone through high school in three years instead of four, so most of the colleges I had tried said 'We can't take you.' My friend told me that Shimer took many students who had not even graduated from high school, so I applied there and was accepted.

Q: Is Shimer similar to New College in its academic plan?

A: Very much. The main difference is that it doesn't have a third term. The greatest load you can take is three courses per semester; you can't have more than two classes a day. There are a couple lectures, the rest is seminars. That is the theory. It's a four-year school.

Q: Do you feel that the theory is being applied successfully?

A: Shimer started out to be a progressive school, but it's fallen short in many areas. They have a conventional grading system, which is easy for some people to take advantage of. They teach theories, but the tests they give are mostly multiple choice--multiple guess--tests. Exams aren't too numerous, but then a whole social science test is one hundred eighty multiple choices, people just rest on their laurels. It's not always the best student that does best.

Q: Is Shimer a new school?

A: No, it's about a century old, but it has only been prominent in the past 20 or 30 years, I think. There are about 600 students there.

Q: Was it primarily the practice of traditional ideals that made you decide to leave?

A: The theories of the college were fairly good, as far as educational theories go. But in practice, the efficiency of the system was low. I went there with certain expectations, and they were bitterly disappointed.

Q: Could you name some factors that particularly alienated you?
A: One of the bothers was the multiple choice tests. Also, the seminars were overcrowded, and often they broke down into trite intellectual discussions.

The major reason that I left was the inability of Shimer to cope with its drug situation. It's not even specifically that people are taking drug. It's not just the way this

"sub-culture" has sprung up on campus. A significant portion of the student body finds itself involved in this romantic conception of a secret society, somehow more esoteric and closer to reality than the rest of the world. Of course, there is sometimes an acute conflict with the educational environment. Consequently, the faculty has become disenchanted with the students and turned to their own politicking, trying to get tenure and all the rest.

Personally, I think that the school will come out of it all a lot healthier and regain its ideals and be a very fine institution in two or three years. But I don't have the time to wait.

Q: Is this sort of problem relatively isolated?

A: There's probably a population on every campus that uses drugs, but that alone doesn't necessitate the disintegration of the educational community. The fact that people take drugs is not as damaging as the trappings of the hippy sub-culture.

It's a kind of lazy intellectualism appealing mostly to intelligent people where you take a pill and the next thing you know you're close to everything and the rest of the world's in the dark. It's such a great thing, such an easy way. There you are, cool guy plus, and all you have to do is smoke a couple of cigarettes for it.

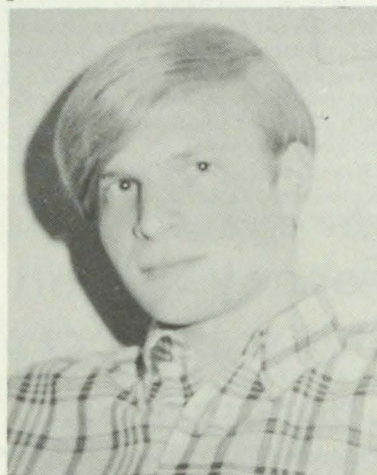
I feel that it's very unfortunate that the appeal is so wide. Both for relaxation and as an underground mystique the call of drugs is fantastic. Once it gets a foothold it can destroy any community it has infected. It can certainly be a distressing problem. I have a personal fear for education in general in America because of it.

The false significance of it is so

appealing, because people our age are looking for significant things, and it's easy to get hooked on doctrines that are so simple to adopt. I think that this isn't a new sociological phenomenon; it's comparable to the rise of communism in the 30's.

Q: What has convinced you that the use of drugs has a "false significance?"

A: To orientate your life around a psychedelic experience as opposed to other experiences is just



Harding

not justifiable. To assume that these feelings are somehow more real, more esoteric, more something in relation to some pervasive intellectual element is groundless, I think. I make that statement not from a position of ignorance. I have used drugs, but I've rejected

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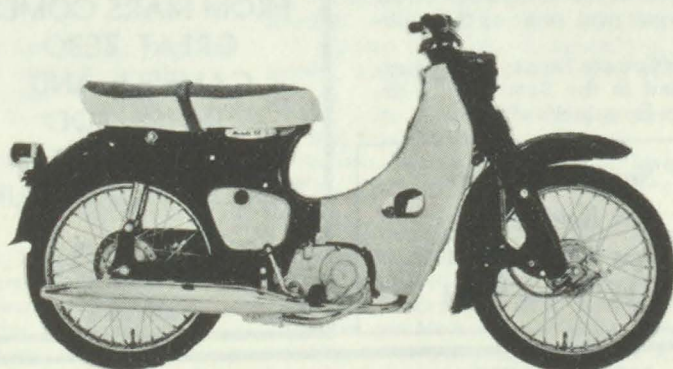
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them. Problematic concepts are far more complex than the mystique would admit.

Q: When you transferred here were you looking to any particular ideal?

A: Actually, no. I was just kind of looking around at colleges after leaving Shimer a month ago. I couldn't really find anything that excited me. I was very pessimistic about American education and had pretty well resigned myself to four years of getting credit points and all that. I contacted New College, but the preliminary word was that transfer students were not accepted. I was all ready and unwilling to go to a certain other school when I heard from the admissions department here that I could come. So I decided to give it another try.

Q: Do you find anything really new about New College?

A: Yes, I see people here that have far more intellectual perspective. They're not so readily taken in by simple answers to complex problems. There is an unusual abundance of this type here. There's a little more academic flexibility here. The independent study projects are quite unique. I like the emphases here, though I think that the natural sciences programs are

poorly presented to the humanities student.

Q: Can a transfer student make up a whole term's work?

A: I tend to doubt it.

'Hippy Cult' Makes 'Pot' Reality at UF

"The influx of a 'beat' crowd and 'the inception of a new 'hippy cult' have made marijuana smoking 'a reality on the University of Florida campus, according to a report in Tuesday's edition of The Florida Alligator, the school newspaper.

In a front page article, Alligator Editorial Editor Andy Moor also describes a four-person LSD party and says, "Just six years ago such a scene would never have occurred in Gainesville."

Moor quotes Gainesville Police Department Capt. Robert T. Angel as saying, "Back then the university students just didn't mess around with drugs."

Four youths, three of whom had attended the University, were arrested Dec. 9 on charges of possession of LSD, Moor says.



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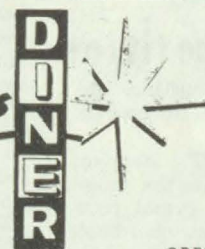
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