1967

In Which (publication of the UND Honors Program), 1967-1968

University of North Dakota

The Paper

In Which

It gives me great pleasure--or so the saying goes--to edit this year's In Which. Former editor Mike Jacobs is now producing delightful Students for not-always-delighted students. Hopefully, Mungo is coming...we may yet see in Jacobs a "Dan Riley of the Midwest"--much needed.

Mike opened his first (the first) issue of In Which with a statement of purpose. Mine may be found in the last paragraph of an essay herein, entitled "On Being Human." Read it.

All the writers whose works appear in this publication share one characteristic. They possess an extra perception, whether noble or ignoble, significant or insignificant. The perception, with its concomitant visions and judgements, must be communicated. The unknowing call it a gift. Those who know the agony of perception without words and vision without expression call it a burden. The visions haunt them as they pound on their typewriters and scrawl in their notebooks.

And this is the paper In Which their words are spilled.

Volume 1, number 3. The Paper IN WHICH is a publication of the students of the University of North Dakota Honors Program. Issued sporadically at Grand Forks, North Dakota. Leah Manning, editor-in-chief. Literary Board: To be named. Dr. Lawrence Summers, adviser.

O N B E I N G H U M A N

We are not born human, we are born people. The human quality is hidden behind a great fortress of peopleness; directions channelled and securely described; a tepid bath so relaxing that one is not even aware of one's own blood in the water. Not many find and acquire humanity, because the price is high.

Insensitivity, plus a liberal amount of T. S. Eliot's empty tolerance, is an easy adoption to make when confronted with the murmuring, passing, glancing semi-vacuum that is the people's world. How much crueler it is than the genuine vacuum in which one is spared the long and lonely battle with the self-proclaimed judges of the world who seek to heat the water by adding assumption to ignorance.

Insensitivity...acceptance...the deceptive strength of unqualified judgement...this is, indeed, the easy course to take;particularly when the alternatives are crucifixion or self-destruction or utter aloneness...or all of them.

Decisions are the weapons by which the fortress is sieged. We become human by choosing to be misunderstood when we could be silent; to be hated when we could be tolerated; to be sensitive when we could be happy.

LEAH MANNING.

THE IMPERFECT TENSE

I am the sun and the life
Without which reigns the impotent
Seething in bubbles of strife,
Dribbling and incompetent.
I am the great whale floating
Over tides of insignificance;
Laying in the shallow boating
Minds
Short hollow thoughts of elegance.

My hump on the meager plain
Lends the fateful noise of meaning
In its ever nonsensical pain
And tilts up
Its pompous state of learning.
All of the dripping waste of it,
Turned stale in hardened dung,
Begs the ancient sculptors of wit
For a new faith to sit among
The fallen houses
With a word yet to be invented.

WILLIAM WELDON

For 18 years the earth has turned
And brought joy and desolation to all
And those who ride the sphere in the
Fields of Arbol note the ever-present
All-powerful far-reaching God of Null
That sits upon its paper throne that is
Covered with swift words of nonsense
And His worshippers bow to this ideal
of mankind that encircles all of us.
And the end of the beginning is upon us
And the beginning of the end comes near.
Once the greensward was covered
With the ivory of the moss-covered
And the porch was used for other
Than the garbage of the mortar board
But a darkness came with the paper throne
And a gloom with the idol of the masses
Then the tall white columns split
And the lofty marble mountains melted
Into a sea of obscurity
And He who is nothing sits and smiles
Upon His desolate land of the lost.

ANONYMOUS

10 DRACHMAS

The water lapped and spread like a warm cloak over the beach. It was a day of daydreams. Ilka and I had been in Greece only two months yet our bodies had become part of the water, the sand, and the warm sun. The day had been an especially beautiful day--hadn't they all--and we were greatly excited over the prospect of staying with the Theodarakis' in their mountain villa. I had met Mikis Theodarakis but three days before when he had hailed me in the market. "Hey you! Young man. One moment." So I met him. His invitation was based on the fact that he and his wife had seen Ilka and me in our daily worship to the warm sun of Apollo, and as he put it, "You're young, you and your lady share the secret of life in your loins and are able to smash all barriers. Come stay with us, we too were once young." So it was decided.

Now as I lay listening to the gulls, Ilka breathing, and the soft sound of the water stroking the breasts of the shoreline a shadow fell over me. It was a little boy of perhaps six or seven with a shock of black matted hair, tan body, no shoes nor shirt, wearing shorts which were much too large, and smiling with two teeth missing. In short a friend. "I can dance you know," said our friend of just one minute. And dance he did to a music that could only be heard by watching the frenzied rhythm and flowing motion of his body. It was as if all Greece, all mankind, were performing for us. Ilka cried, I coughed a great deal and gave our young saint a 10 drachmas note. How weak I am. What a pittance in exchange for what he gave us. Shortly he returned carrying an armful of flowers and gave them to Ilka, kissed her, and ran away.

Later when we were boarding the bus to return to the hotel I remarked to Ilka that the flowers must have cost our young friend the entire 10 drachmas. I then discovered I had mistakenly given him a 100 drachmas note instead. We would miss a few meals because of this error. We both fell into easy laughter and I held Ilka very close on our ride back to the hotel. You see, we were very young, very happy, and very much in love.

RICHARD HARPER

A MOON BLOOM

Most things you read in student newspapers nowadays are almost completely lacking in any real joy. There is often humor, maybe even real laughter, but seldom the bursting soul of childlike joy. A frolicky lamb is the essence of joy to me, head up, legs stiff, a strutting hop that runs forth as a river of glee. Friendship is a joy, a good play on words, a free soul wrapped up in the beauty of a small but emerging piece of inner life. This last example fits Norman Moonbloom perfectly. (The Tenants of Moonbloom, E. L. Wallant, Popular Library, 1963.) He is one of a glorious, blundering, striving, lost mob of existants: Yossarian, Candide, Zooey Glass, Eugene Henderson, R. P. McMurphy, Joachim Mahlke, Moses Herzog and then Norman Moonbloom. These are all people who are striving for the upper levels of their own existence and, more important, they are in the process of discovering their own capacity for joy. If we could all, like Norman, just momentarily (that kind of joy cannot be sustained but for a moment of life) forget or better yet supress all the affected nonsense (non-sense) of appearances and extend ourselves outward into a black and harsh chaos, we would all experience joy.

Very few things are unqualified: our history consists of a series of elongated egos and willful warfare, our psychologists seek pathology, our doctors find illness, and our beloved philosophers contemplate all things in this world but the process of life interacting with life and the world itself. Norman, because of his job as manager and rent collector, is confronted with a sea of individual humanity and he, for the first time in his life, experiences people. This is such a revelation to him that he breaks down (or up) completely and experiences a fine joy of camaraderie, sewer water, sweat and good coffee. He ends, as all our heroes really should, beaten by a norm group but a joy unto himself.

DAVID J. HARTSON

S I D E W A L K

People stand on them (NO LOITERING)

Broad Bands of Concrete Circling the earth.

People walk on them-- hesitantly at night, and always with a large, black dog,

And kick pebbles back

And Forth.

People.

If, perchance, a small seed falls in a small crack

And germinates

And sends out feelers

And grows

It's no use because along comes a lawnmower (Ride it yourself)

And you know what <u>that</u> can do;

Life isn't allowed on a concrete desert.

And people walk on the sidewalks

And kick pebbles

Back and Forth;

People.

People?

THOM HIGGINS

INCIDENT

What a fantastic mind he had!
How gargantuan it loomed, pressed shuddering against my naivete.
How wasted and aching his spent sensitivity
Cradled me--selfish--
While the nicotine fingers brushed my soul.

Shallowly I ran over his great depth,
Stealing moments from the beckoning banks
Waves, ripples, and the exquisite still surface
Where we could look up to see so much and nothing.

How every moment grew more quiet.
How every moment we were dying.

And the million years before me
Years to fill with gifts and treasures and half-opened doors
Full of little terrors...
Other figures, other words, other tepid afternoons.

But nothing, ever again, quite to match
That incredible union
Of aberrant youth and wasted memory.

LEAH MANNING

DELUSIONS OF YESTERDAY's TOMORROW

Hey, man!
Grab a bottle
Sit with us
We'll all pass out together
It's really fun
Sometimes you see the sun
Even though the stars are out

Down it goes
I can feel the tingle
I think
Down to my toes
It feels so cozy and good
Really funny though
My head feels like wood

Hey, man!
This is great
I feel much better now
Everything is warm and bright
What happened to the light
It was there wasn't it, friend?

YOU KNOW HOW IT IS

Superficiality
is the commodity
in greatest demand
in this luckless land
And only the fool
would blow his cool
not buying
but dying
a lot
for naught

I SAW IT ONCE

One single thought
A precious jewel
Falling into some abyss
Forever to be lost

M. PRIBULA

Cracks in the sidewalk
 with their rivulets of excrement
 which infiltrate
My toenails
Stare at me
Daring me
to cross them,
 tread upon them...
Step on a crack
Break your mother's back.

Carefully, meticulously
With infinitely tender
 mincing
tiptoe pace
I feel my way...
Not knowing
Not quite perceiving
Yet ever-mindful
of the Furies I may unleash
In my naivete.
Step on a crack
Break your mother's back.
Ignorance of the Law is no excuse.

LYNDA BURTON

The Paper

In Which

...M. Pribula abides

...Alice's garden is not guarded by angels with blazing swords

...Thom talks from teeth

...Roses and rain burst all around and fall goes virgin

...An old man is ?

...Passion is pronounced with a broad A

...Limericks leer

...Death again

...Alan Halm

and In Which on page 13 Honors Program students are offered opportunities to study and discuss, in second-semester colloquia:

...Evidence (can testimony be truly reliable if obtained without torture?)

...The American Dream (why did John Adams study politics and war?)

...Language and Culture (is English a "poorer, weaker language than Greek"? -- G. Highet, Man's Unconquerable Mind, P. 19)

...Witchcraft (readings and discussion, no lab or practicum scheduled -- but the colloquium form is flexible)

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Depression haunts the room

wherein I there abide

it fills the day with gloom

which there I see outside

Sullen and sore the day

As drearily it hangs

My own thoughts drift away...

-M. Pribula

For the Buddhist in Bek

I'm tripping thru my world
Where STP and LSD flash red and green
in psychedelic kaleidioscope;
Where the door is not important
for the labyrinth becomes a circle
when you've found the key;
Where the shattered mirror-fragments
of my half-self scream for unity
Where he who is able to complete my half-self
grinds his shattered mirror-soul into oblivion;
Where those who are the lowest take the high
And up is never up until it's
down-under first
(And J. M. Keynes contemplates,
"How low can you go?")
Where "Know Thyself" becomes the shibboleth
to Alice's garden
Where no angels guard the entrance with blazing sword;
Where dead gods claw their way to resurrection
in the eager, freshscrubbed school child mind
And God, my God, now have I forsaken thee
Where lovingly, compassionately
Buddha squats in Nirvana
upside down.

- Lynda Burton

IN WHICH - 3

An experience

of Thom

I am talking to you from the
ALIMENTARY CANAL OF A REINDEER,
Where it is very cold,
shiver,
and wet,
And not too terribly CHRISTMASY!

On Christmas Eve I
could not sleep
(a wink)
so I sat up and started to think------about
what if I crept
very s l o w l y
d
o
w
n
stairs to find out what was
going on
noise, noise
down there.
So I snuck
(very softly)
from my room to the top
...down the hall...
of the stairs-----
When right through the rail poked a big HAIRY NECK with 2 white ANTLERS on top---
and with a
RED
Christmas Ornament
for a nose.
(which was the last thing
I saw, for right
THEN
I tr
i
pp
e
d and slipped right between the
REINDEER'S
2 front
TEETH, (which were his Christmas Present)
So now I am
Whistling a
H*A*P*P*Y tune
Si-i-lent Night,
So I don't become
FRIGHTened,
Because it is not TOO terribly CHRISTMASY in here!

.....Please.....
get me ooouuuttt

You be the rose

You be the rose
And I, the steaming rain
That bursting all around you goes
From sky to earth and back again;
That, dyeing through with color
Only I and only I can see,
Do kiss you with a carefulness
And watch you growing, joyfully.

Virtues.

I notice from my dirty view
That fall went virgin
This year, too,
And glass is in the air again.
I lock the door, for I must sleep,
Though spring is still
A mile away,
Though to the weary road I keep.

-Michael Evangelist

The Old Man--excerpt from a novel in progress--by Leah Manning

He waited for the storm. His lips drew down, tasted death in the air.

He had come to know when a storm would come, to sense the impending violence. From his rocking chair on the porch he watched the low, dark clouds build on the horizon. Heat shimmered in the pale blue air. As he watched and waited, he sensed how dry and hard the baked earth must be, the rocks on top of the pasture hills too hot to touch bare-handed, the cattle seiged by heat-crazed flies and fighting for a place under the oiled rope. He sensed the suffering of the land, but did not suffer himself as he had before. The porch sheltered him. It faced south, but its open sides were screened and covered with grape-vines thick enough to lend perpetual dimness to the small enclosure. And it was comfortable. He rocked languidly, hour after hour. If he grew sleepy, he slept. The overstuffed sofa, with its flowered pillows and broken springs, was comfortable too. The porch was somehow alienated from the rest of the house, so she didn't keep it as clean. But it wasn't messy, containing only the rocker and sofa and a pile of "Modern Screen" magazines in one corner. He liked it.

He heard her coming, the thump of rubber soles approaching, hefty lifted and flapping. She barely glanced his way as she passed through. She carried a basin of scraps and peels. She threw them out into the yard.

"For the birds."

He grunted.

"The birds will eat them." Feet apart, she stood framed in the doorway. She spat out the words defiantly, angry mostly at herself, and her compulsion to apologize for things only her husband thought about and objected to.

"It isn't like garbage when the birds will eat it." Really, she thought, it was no different than Clarence keeping the bird-bath. It wasn't an accident that the scraps always landed around the boulder with its natural hollow Clarence filled from a pitcher every night after supper.

The old man ignored her. He'd turned his eyes back to the opening in the wall of foliage, where his vacant gaze again fixed itself on the yard and beyond. She left, slamming the screen.

His eyesight was failing him. For eighty years it had been good. Only in the past four years had it worsened, until now it seemed to grow dimmer each day. He could no longer look out over the fields far distant, or the south pasture's tree-clotted stock dam, nor survey the sky with his once-expert appraisal of clouds, nor curiously measure the approach of vehicles up the road. Broad scenes were lost to him, and appraisal, and even curiosity. In his dim-interior, vine-shaded world he felt rather than knew, and felt only diluted sensations. He sensed the storm, the gathering clouds, the baking of the land. But he saw only the buzzing black bodies of flies, how they curled when they died and oozed between the squares of the plastic swatter.

His past, vast and unchangeable, was fading with his eyes. The years led it gently down to the same obscurity to which the vistas from the porch had fallen. His dead wife's memory faded gracelessly. His thoughts of her were weary sensual impressions--thick limbs, haggard unhealthy eyes, faint sweat smell permanent and acrid. She'd been a good wife, yes, and uncomplaining. But he'd always suspected that she hated him, hiding it behind those never-smiling eyes and grim silent service. Or hated the work for which she'd only an aura of unpleasant smell. Or the children who came, year after year--

wasn't it hatred that burned way back, lidded, while she nursed them one after another? He had not thought that it might have been hatred until years after she died, long after they'd both forgotten that, once, they loved.

His children, except for Clarence, had scattered. They lived on small farms in the middle states and in suburbs on the coasts. They stood behind counters in hardware stores, sold life insurance, operated switchboards, had too many children. They hadn't been reunited since their mother's funeral, and even in that short time, childhood animosities had risen to sharp words and a general feeling of relief at their rapid redisbanding. Only two of his children were distinct shapes in the old man's sensed remembrance--the oldest son, who died in a Belgium forest, and Clarence, who ran the farm.

It was his farm. Clarence did the labor that was his. And lost to him it was, what had been, notwithstanding. It was the same sky under which he labored, and the same earth ravaged in the same manner. But the old man no longer touched the land and sky. Suspended, idle, impotent, he sat while it was without him. So it really wasn't his farm anymore, not without the communion of planting, reaping and walking it that gives men claim to their acres. It was for others to plant, reap, walk, pillage.

"Marian. Marian!! Goddamn. Goddamn woman."

The oaths trailed away to muttering senility.

In the kitchen, Marian listened intently for genuine urgency. There didn't seem to be any. At times it was an agony of real physical pain that prompted his cursing. No. His pained voice was high-pitched and inhuman--this was simply the growl of displeasure.

Now he sat. Now he listened to the distant droning of tractor? of flies? of speck-high jet? Now he lifted the cup to his mouth. He had given up calling.

His lips drew down, tasted death.

It did not occur to him to wonder whether destruction comes from traditional motion and silent routine; or from the unforeseen, the stinging wasp and weather changes. It did not occur to him to wonder whether we drown in cold coffee or starve for want of sugar. He drank and did not sense that the question hung in the heat of the afternoon.

PASSION WITH A BROAD A

What are you good for, little girl? In moments of pain interspersed with opposing elements I name you flower and passion and baby to the seventh power and start all over again. In moments of pure distilled pain I name you bitch and hate in a loud voice however silent. In moments of joy I want you and in wanting hurt and blow the joy. Your hair may be red or blonde, your legs long or short. I may whisper tenderly or moan in exaggerated grossness. I may speak of love or passion or both. You might even dream in your pleasure-pain that in and of itself makes me a man. And only there can I make you happy, make you hurt, and fulfill myself all at once. To possess, you must hurt. To love, you must want to give happiness. To succeed, woman, to succeed. That is the only scene. And only with you do I succeed. But it flees and is gone and I hurt. The paradox is bigger than I. Hating and wanting not to both exist beyond my death.

-charleybird

the plain the plain the plain the plain the plain the plain the plain the plain
oh, how it prairies along, unhillily stretching til the sun

***

a hill? A HILL! A HILL ????????
even i, i who have lived here always always always always
know that anything (oh i shudder to utter it) up
is not democratic, no prudent, not practical.

verily, verily, i say unto you
leave the little children to come unto we and uplift them not.
for of such is th wisdom of rot.

- Mary Lynn Kittelson

Leering Limericks

Said an Owl to a swan in a nest,

"Of my sons, sir, you are the best."

So said that blind father

Whooo like many an other

Can't tell his sons from the rest.

Moral: Cuckold clocks sometimes contain wise owls, or in other words, it's a wise bird that knows its own egg!

Overheard in the Union

She: Bastard!

He: I know who my father is!

She: So, he was pointed out to you?!

-Linda Wald

P R A Y E R

You never walk alone, though suns shine bright
and smiling broad and beautiful the joys astound you,
carressed by rainbows, aquiver with a love of life
And free and breathing...
You never walk alone.

He walks with you, and His hand is cold.

He is with you in your pews and churches
In your beds
At every table.
He is with you in dim theatre basements
In a wavering mirror, to see yourself as two.
He is with you in spattered shower stalls
And on the avenue.
He is with you in a pasture never barren
And the murky creeks of your emotions run into His other hand.
You laugh and He echoes your laughter.
He follows, into secret places, where there really isn't room--
He fools you.

He holds your hand so gently
It is hard to know, so gently
Some never do until the end, and some forget if laughing loud enough.

He is the great forbidding master
He is the vast and conquering sky
He is the lover, whispering finally.

Pray
Pray
Pray
For you cannot escape this terrible non-aloneness
That is the nightmare of our lives.

Pray that He does not love you too soon.

-Leah Manning

The University is a place where faculty and students alike can swear in class and nobody gives a damn.

-Anonymous

THE POETRY OF ALAN HALM...

UNPROGRAMMED

My mind's an enemy
When trying to speak,
Once monomania,
Once five seconds' worth of attention span.
I can't find the current cliche
When conversing with impressive machines,
    Presumably self-wroght,
    Quite programmed
    In spite of their denial.

Friends there are, or were,
Who softly sing sense and sincerity
To my unprogrammed mind.
My loves! My Idols! My teachers!
Who, when the lesson's done
Regress, I know not why,
And bite back with venom.
They build up, they tear down
My life like gods before Troy's walls.
What regrettable hypocrisy!
What hate and revenge they merit
They shall learn to expect from me!

I light now a self-lit fire,
I see my crumbling ash-frosted bones,
Upon a life-built pyre.

Yet...As I start to burn,
Someone snuffs the flame
And with soft, concilliatory words
Resurrects my life anew
Like a forlorn phoenix
    Who waits amid his ashes
        Till raised to life again.

I may thank God tonight
For those rosy, forgivable people,
But--will they coil and strike again tomorrow?

- Alan Halm

September 12, 1967

TO CRITICS

Say again
What you said to me,
I won't hear what doesn't belong to me.
Condemn my creative-labor children.
Cut, hack, murder,
Revise, stack, twist;
Try what you will,
But suffer me to be me.
If I scorn you stylized, bon-bon lavender fare,
Your empty shelled, carrion-scented-with-roses thoughts,
Ignore me,
As I do with you.
(Though if buzzing flies persist, a few swaps
will silence them, when ignoring fails.)
But the best yet
Is keeping to yourself
Your images of existence.
They are you, not me.
I don't want to be in a mediocre-mush world
Of three billion,
Minus one,
You's.

- Alan Halm

TO HYPOCRITES

Honey-skins,
Black, murky ice entrails.
Built so,
You dare to walk among men,
And call yourself such.
Radiant, round words
Pouring like wine from cut-glass spouts,
Stereotyped smiles,
Understood symbols,
Of love, kindness,
Peace, perfection.
But you always forget your eyes,
Beacons of the filth within,
Pinpoints that shine like stop signs,
And melt facades of character
Like wax in a furnace.
Unless you're blind,
Your masquerade
Is but a glass display case,
Of ugly, putrid truth.

- Alan Halm

October 15, 1967

IN WHICH - 11

Through wooded hills,
Over hot gold grass prairies,
Sleek and shimmering,
Tensed, graceful, exposed muscles,
Leap naked deer,
Born so, remain so.
But clothe yourself.

Born naked, soft,
Sleek and satiny,
Rounded graceful pillows
Where occasional pits halt eyes,
Thus is man's body,
Rival to any grace of wood or hill,
But clothe yourself.

Ancient myths,
Clothed in decency,
Supress the conscience,
Bind and blind those who see,
That grace never witnessed, suppressed,
Is wasted on ungrateful eyes.
But clothe yourself
no more.

- Alan Halm

October 11, 1967

UNNAMED

Why must I fight with every smile?
And chain a constant guard
On every spoken word?
Are my smiles and good intentions
Not good enough?
Must I defend myself
Eternally
From enemies
Never meant to be
Nor ever desired?
Am I not good enough
The way I am
To laugh and smile
When I please
Instead of being
Condemned
By supposedly
Super-perfect people?
Is my brain obsessed
With persecution
Or is it true
That others are so quick
To condemn and hate,
So quick to strike out
With pain and insult
At a perfectly innocent soul?
Pardon me if I'm not like you.

- Alan Halm

October 21, 1967

HONORS PROGRAM COLLOQUIA

SECOND SEMESTER

1967-1968

Colloquia offered will be as follows. NOTE: These do not all appear in the Timetable with titles. Because not all had been arranged when copy was due, some will be listed in Timetable as "Colloquium C" or "Colloquium D". But register by title (not as "Colloquium C")

EVIDENCE. Hon 299.01A. 4 cr. TTh 3-5. B. Ring (Philosophy) and W. Fisch (Law). The concept of evidence will be examined, as it appears in science, literature, law, philosophy, and other disciplines. What data are accepted as valid and relevant evidence in different fields, or at different times? What canons of evidence should we personally employ in connection with our own decisions? These and related questions will be discussed.

LANGUAGE, CULTURE, and PERSONALITY. Hon. 299.01B. 4 cr. MW 3-5. R. Carnes (Philosophy) and W. Solomon (Sociology). Social, Psychological, epistemological, and cultural aspects of language. Interdisciplinary, with readings in sociology, social psychology, anthropological linguistics, philosophy and literature.

AMERICAN DREAM. Hon. 299.01C. 4 cr. TTh 3-5. J. K. Jones (English) and another faculty member. An interdisciplinary examination of the unique American national opportunity to create a new nation--the ideals with which the nation began and the development and modification of these ideals. Works of literature, history, and sociology from the eighteenth century (and earlier) down to the twentieth will be examined, in pursuit of the various aspects of the Dream (readings, for example, from B. Franklin, A. de Tocqueville, Thoreau, Henry Adams, Melville, F. S. Fitzgerald, and others).

WITCHCRAFT. Hon. 299.01D. 4 cr. MW 3-5. V. Carnes (English) and C. Heckman (Law). Development and implications of beliefs in witchcraft and demonology. History, social and political settings, psychological and medical aspects of these beliefs. Related literary, philosophical and theological issues will be treated. The Salem witchcraft trials will be discussed. Readings from Huysmans, Arthur Miller (The Crucible), Aldous Huxley (The Devils of Loudon), and Baudelaire will be included, in addition to the historical and anthropological readings.

More complete projections of these colloquia, including bibliographies, may be examined in the Honors Program Office.

Mr. Thom L. Higgins
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