



University Honors Award Winners

At the honors day convocation this morning, the university honored those students who will receive scholarships, fellowships and assistantships for post-graduate study. Recognition was also given to those who have been accepted to graduate and professional schools, chosen to receive a PLU undergraduate assistantship or been awarded an athletic trophy.

Science students to be granted assistantships next year are Ron Heyer, graduate assistant in biology, University of Southern California; Gerald Flakerud, teaching assistant in chemistry, Oregon State University; Marilyn Lundblad, teaching assistant in chemistry, Oregon State University; and David Yokers, teaching assistant in mathematics, University of Washington.

Richard Bakken, teaching assistant in English, Washington State University; Gerald Rutherford, assistant instructor in English, University of Kansas; and Michael H. Macdonald, teaching assistant in German, University of Washington, will continue their work in languages and literature.

Awards for work in the social sciences will go to Sherwood Glover, graduate assistant in history, Arizona State University; Dale Benson, National Defense Education Act fellowship in history, University of Maine; and Conrad Anderson, teaching as-

Library Plans L-104 Changes

To provide more study area in the library is the purpose of the coming changes in L-104. Extensive innovation will change it into an area designed primarily for studying as well as expanding the collection, PLU Librarian Frank Haley reports.

Redecorating of the walls will be the first step, during the week of final examinations. During the following two weeks new lighting will be installed, as well as the new furniture. The new area will be available for student use by the beginning of the fall semester.

The room is an attempt to assure individual students a virtually distraction-free place in which to read or to pursue their thoughts. Study desks will be made and shelving arranged to separate the traffic of those desiring books from the study area.

Bookshelves will be attached to the desks so that the writing surface can be kept clear. Individual reading lamps will be provided. Lockers will be available to a few graduate students. Entrance to the new area will be through a new system of turnstiles on the ground floor. Exit will be past the check-out desk.

The new area will serve as study area for 39 students and will shelve the back-file of general periodicals, as well as books on philosophy, psychology, religion and sociology.

Also at the library, beginning May 27, students returning in the fall may check out books. These will be due on September 15. The student must give a summer address at check-out time. No limit will be placed on checking out books, except those which will be needed for the reserve list for the summer session.

assistant in political science, Baylor University.

John Stewart will be a graduate fellow in speech at Northwestern University. Christy Ulleland will receive a John and Mary Wilson Fund scholarship in the School of Medicine, University of Washington. William Battermann will be given both a Rockefeller Brothers theological scholarship and a Divinity School scholarship for study at the Divinity School of Harvard University.

Next year's undergraduate assistants in the College of Arts and Sciences will be Kristin Hoefs in the Division of Humanities, Alexia Henderson in the Division of Natural Sciences and Ann Soine in the Divi-

Laymen Arrive For Theology Institute

This year PLU is entering a phase of adult Christian education that has had considerable success in other Lutheran schools across the nation. The Rev. Roy E. Olson, church relations officer, has announced that PLU is sponsoring the Lay Institute of Theology and the Summer Lay School of Theology this year.

The Lay Institute of Theology is "an opportunity for laymen to study theology in the context of their day-to-day living." Forty men have been invited to the institute which begins today and lasts through the weekend. The institute is comprised of lectures on the theme of "Introduction to Theology" and deals with phases of the layman's relationship to the world.

On the program are The Rev. Kenneth Christopherson, Dr. John Kuethe, The Rev. Stewart Govig, all of PLU; Dr. H. L. Foss, president of the North Pacific District of the American Lutheran Church; and Dr. Sidney A. Rand, executive director of the Board of College Education of the American Lutheran Church.

The Summer Lay School of Theology, July 21 to July 27, is arranged

sion of Social Sciences.

Michael Brewick will be the School of Business Administration's undergraduate assistant, while Karen Rommen will serve in a similar capacity for the School of Education. Tim Browning in the School of Fine and Applied Arts and Judith Carlson in the School of Nursing complete the list of undergraduate assistants.

Alexia Henderson, Arlo Larson and Ann Soine were given Lutheran Brotherhood Scholarships. Athletes receiving trophies were George Vigeland, the George Fisher Memorial Trophy; David Evans, the Clara O. Storaasli Memorial Trophy; and Don Swanson, the Louise Randall Trophy.

by family units. Four courses are being offered: Dr. Bernhard Christensen will teach introduction to theology; Dr. John Kuethe, Christian ethics; Dr. Loren Halvorson, ministry of the laity; and Dr. George Muedeking, life in the community. There will be a special program for the children.

These programs are necessary because, as Dr. Loren Halvorson of the ALC College Board of Education said in "Lutheran Lay Centers for 'the real ministry of the church takes place wherever Christians are.'" Conferences, Retreats and Research,"

Saga Editor Chosen

Dennis Piernick, present Saga art editor, will be editor-in-chief of the yearbook next year. Because Piernick was the only applicant, the Judicial Board ruled that no election was necessary.

The Literary Board reviewed Piernick's application and found him to be qualified. It then recommended that he be appointed. Piernick, as SAGA editor, will receive \$600 next year, provided jointly by the university and the student body.

In other action, the Judicial Board has certified the results of the song-leader tryout last Tuesday. Pam Garrett, Barbara Erickson, Leslie Geer, Sandy Hatzebeler and Marcia Johnson will be next year's songleaders.

Cheerleader tryouts will be next Wednesday night at 7:30 in CB-200. Elections are scheduled for May 23 and 24. Applicants should sign the list posted on the window of the ASPLU committee room.

Peggy Wood To Star Tonight In Year's Last Artist Series

Peggy Wood, star of stage, screen and television, will present a program of interpretive readings for the final Artist Series performance of the year in Eastvold Chapel at 8:30 this evening.

Miss Wood is currently celebrating her golden anniversary in the theater and has starred in more than

of her husband, the late John V. A. Weaver.

The actress-singer-writer began her career in musical comedy when she was eighteen years old in the Victor Herbert operetta, "Naughty Marietta." From then on, she had roles in many successful musicals, dramatic plays and movies.

Following her long run as Mama from 1949 through 1957, Miss Wood starred as Naomi in the Twentieth Century Fox film, "The Story of Ruth." She has served as president of the American National Theatre and Academy and on the U. S. Commission for UNESCO.



PEGGY WOOD

65 stage productions and numerous films. PLU students will remember her as the star of TV's "Mama" which she played for eight years.

She has written several books, recorded song albums and made countless personal appearances presenting programs of interpretive readings. The selections which she will present are from the published poems

Alum Program Next Weekend

"Focus on the Future" is the theme for PLU's annual Alumni Day program, to be held Saturday, May 25. The guest of honor, Dr. A. W. Ramstad, will be present for the dedication of the new Ramstad Research Laboratory, which provides extra facilities for the chemistry department.

Dr. Phillip Wigen, research scientist for Lockheed Aircraft Corporation, will be speaking at the dedication ceremonies.

Dr. Robert Mortvedt will speak on "A Look Into the Future" at the Reunion Banquet that evening.

Executive Budget Hits Trouble; Lecture Series Passes Easily

ASPLU President Mike McIntyre's budget ran into difficulties at last Monday's Legislature meeting. First Vice-President Gary Sund, chairman of the meeting, requested that it be considered at that time, but the legislature felt it should wait until the fall. This was because they did not want to bind next year's Legislature with the decisions of this year's. The Legislature did, however, make appropriations to pay student government expenses until next fall.

The Legislature allotted \$1,000 for freshman orientation, \$200 of which is to be used for a retreat. The homecoming committee was appropriated \$1,500 to close a contract for outside entertainment. Also, \$750 was allotted for student government operational expenses. Of the \$5,800 requested by the president, around \$3,500 was appropriated.

The ASPLU president met with more success in his attempt to initiate a lecture and entertainment series. It was approved unanimously. But, Muzak was voted down with a vote of 8 against and 5 for after a

lengthy discussion.

Gary Sund appointed Margaret Reese as the Legislature's secretary, and the Legislature approved this appointment. Also approved were the Judicial board and committee chairmen appointments of the president.

Zulauf Receives Ford Foundation Scholarship

Dwight J. Zulauf, acting dean of the School of Business Administration at Pacific Lutheran University, has received a \$3,000 Ford Foundation grant to continue his doctoral study at the University of Minnesota during the 1963-64 school year.

Zulauf will complete work on doctoral dissertation, "Measurement of Ability to Pay Wages," which deals with the concept of ability to pay in labor negotiations.

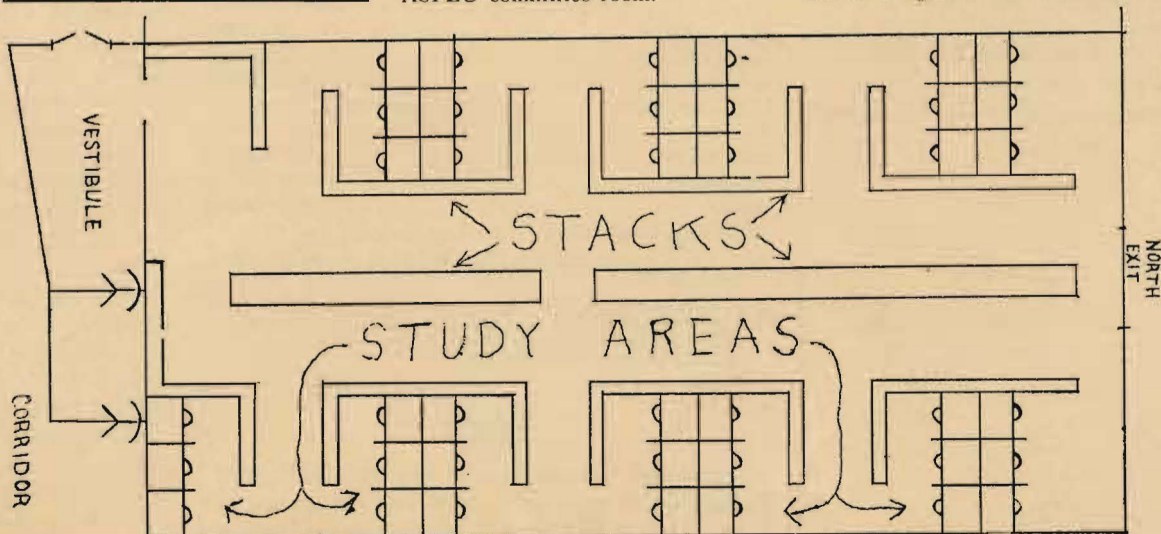
This subject is frequently raised in wage negotiations, but there has been little work done on what this term means and whether it is a useful concept. Zulauf will formulate and examine the major variables which determine its magnitude. He also will explore the contribution accounting analysis, records and statements can make in attempting to arrive at a practical measurement.

Zulauf first joined the PLU staff in 1949. After six years of graduate study and teaching at other schools, he rejoined the staff in 1959. He received his bachelor of science degree in business administration from the University of Oregon and his master's degree in labor relations from Columbia University.

He also has taught at the University of Oregon, University of Minnesota, and Northwest Christian College.

Reception Scheduled

The president's reception for seniors will take place next Thursday at 8:00 p.m. in the Chris Knutzen Fellowship Hall. The event, an annual affair, is considered one of the highlights of the graduation week. Dress will be semi-formal. All graduating seniors are invited to attend.



GROUND PLAN for the new stacks and study area, to be installed in L-104, shows location of the facilities. Work will be finished before the beginning of the fall semester.



Is This Nonsense?

At a university much emphasis is placed on having the right answers. Students find themselves constantly bombarded by demands for answers on tests, quizzes and examinations of all sorts. This is particularly true at this time of year. With all this glorification of answers, at least some tribute should be paid to the initiator of the answering process: the lowly question.

It takes no more than casual observation to show that nearly everyone, at least to some extent, is a victim of simple, child-like credulity. No matter how outrageously absurd a belief may be, it is almost a certainty that someone can be induced to vehemently contend that the belief is unquestionably true.

Even the most dogmatic adherent of a cause, who asserts that he himself could not possibly be in error, definitely insists that the human understanding is so frail and imperfect an instrument as to frequently be misled into believing the greatest stupidities which the imagination can concoct. As evidence, the dogmatist points to all the people who disagree with him.

The great value of critical questioning is that it has shown itself to be an extremely effective means of deliverance from this morass of error and blind belief. Questioning not only opens the way to the discarding of error, but it also can be the first step toward the discovery of opinions which can stand critical examination.

Philosophic opinions, religious beliefs, political views and scientific theories—all sorts of opinions can be improved by the asking of critical questions. It might even be a good idea to question the statements made in this editorial. They could all be nonsense.

Letter Writers Are Busy Again

YAF Blasts Costly Plan

Young Americans for Freedom has formed a national student committee to promote local and private voluntary social welfare service. Known as the National Student Committee for Effective Social Welfare, the group is squarely opposed to President Kennedy's National Service Corps.

Tom Phillips, Dartmouth junior and New Hampshire YAF chairman, who heads the committee, states, "We feel that the National Service Corps proposal is a real threat to existing private and local social welfare groups. The entire approach of the Kennedy administration has been to undercut voluntary organizations such as the Red Cross, Boy Scouts, Salvation Army and similar religious and private charitable and welfare groups. This proposed corps is only an expensive duplication of existing federal youth programs."

Taken together with recent tax proposals of the administration, which would remove tax deductions for contributions to private charities, this can only mean that the Kennedy administration is committed to replacing private and local welfare programs with a massive federal takeover. There has been no support whatever for this "corps" which is perhaps the most unnecessary of all the many items in an already unbalanced budget with a \$12 billion deficit.

—Jim Fricke

Morality Is The Issue

Last Friday the discussion after the "Everyman I" film saw some sharp differences of opinion, all except one departing from adequate evaluation of it. One of the panelists, in fact, defended nuclear armament in the name of such metaphysical terms as legality, national sovereignty, human rights, self-preservation, etc.

However, the issue of the film, it seems to me, had little to do with legality. The issue in question was one of morality. Is it morally and ethically right to test nuclear weapons? This was the question of the Everyman project—not a question of legality or illegality.

Those who saw the film would have noted a beatnik parading with a placard that read, "We love humanity." This sign was the epitome of a well-known Christian maxim of morality. But, oh, do we modern Christians scoff at such an attitude! We would rather test!

If we take into consideration the statistics on over-kill, if we listen to the insights of the eminent physicist quoted by Mr. Reeves, and if we believe in the validity of historical analogies—that is, that history has an uncanny tendency to repeat itself—we must come to the conclusion that the future, if we continue the arms race, looks grim.

From these observations, we can furthermore conclude that our national leaders are leading the nation into self-annihilation in the name of metaphysical rights and self-preservation. One may well submit: What good is national sovereignty if no one is around to enjoy it?

The Third World War will be the chief destroyer of that thing which we wish to preserve, i.e., democracy. This was the crux of the "Everyman" film.

—Dale Benson

Hypocrisy Reversed

After seeing "Tartuffe" I agree with Rod Molzahn's observation that it was a wholesome production to be shown on our campus. I saw all too clearly the techniques by hypocrisy used by many Christians, myself included; but Moliere was obviously not opposed to true piety, for Cleante's speech in the first act portrayed the true Christian ideal. Later scenes put these words into action, making the message of the play as much positive as negative. I am sure that Christians can profit from self-examination in the light of criticism such as "Tartuffe."

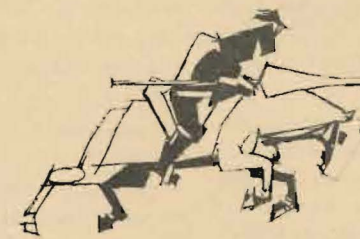
But Christians have no monopoly on hypocrisy. A hypocrite, as I understand the term, lives according to one set of standards while giving the impression (for ulterior motives, usually) that he subscribes to another.

Thus the "Tropic of Cancer" addict may occasionally hear part of a message which is relevant to his own condition, yet feel that the typical "free-thinking" university student just doesn't go around admitting he was impressed or convicted by a chapel message. He therefore keeps up the front of amused condescension or polite hostility. In so doing, he is indulging in a form of hypocrisy which may be as bad as Tartuffe's: hiding his true colors behind an anti-religious pretense.

The danger is that while a Tartuffe might eventually come to truly aspire to the ideal to which he had so long paid lip-service, the hypocrite-in-reverse could only be drawn away from it by his outward renunciation.

As I see it, the only way to avoid these dangerous extremes is to remain continually open to correction and further insight—from drama and other criticism to be sure, but primarily from the living and heart-searching Word of God—and to pray for the courage and integrity to live according to our true convictions.

—Robert C. Olsen



The Leveled Lance

by Louis W. Truschel

Recent unconstructive criticism of our national government's current policy with respect to Laos is devoid of validity and discloses the little-mindedness of the critics.

The criticism does not deny the utter failure of Eisenhower's money-for-friends policy, which deepened the corruption of the "pro-Western" government, antagonized the neutrals, and never reached the common people. The Kennedy administration inherited the chaotic Laotian situation, with the American "writing off" of northern Laos occurring before 1961 and the total failure of the money policy in 1961.

Post-1945 events demonstrate that the deadliest blow in international power politics is aimed at the head of the opposing notion or system and not at its tentacles. The head of the Communist system, which poses the biggest threat to America, is Nikita Khrushchev, whose basic tyrannical core has not been denied by this column.

Soviet Premier Rules With Iron Fist

The nature of the Soviet political system demands that Khrushchev rule with an iron fist to maintain his power; but in response to growing pressure of the Soviet people for liberty and economic security, the Soviet dictator has for years conducted a campaign to improve his image in the eyes of Russians, overseas Communists outside of China and all non-Communists by hypocritically denouncing the brutalities of Stalin and constructing a facade of freedom for the Russian intellectual class.

Although the Red Chinese clamor for immediate war with the West, Khrushchev recognizes that his shaky and burdened economy cannot presently match that of the NATO nations and wants time to improve his resources. Thus he is for "co-existence," while creating sufficient incidents short of total war to keep the interest of the West and placate his more eager comrades.

Khrushchev Faces Dilemma

The objective of the heralded Harriman mission to Moscow was to force Khrushchev either to pursue open aggression in Laos and risk the destruction of his self-made image for gains in the Red Chinese sphere of influence or halt the offensive and also lose considerable political face.

The Kennedy administration is using its chaotic inheritance in Laos to damage the career of its arch-foe without surrendering any commitments to our Asian allies. Since the short-sighted criticism of this policy does not suggest an alternate one, perhaps it desires American noninvolvement as in Hungary and Poznan.

MOORING



MISSED!

by Bob Anderson

song." Many are the times that the old familiar strains resound among students making up in total one Grand Hymn of Stagnancy and Stunted Growth.

As spring springs and the new warmth of May becomes the heat of summer, the tendency is to let up and forget, only to start all over again in the fall, with little progress and cultivation of the intellect occurring in June, July and August. It's the pattern every summer for many.

Mephistopheles' accusation before the theatrical throne of God seeks out the answer to the question, "What's the point to what man is doing?" The question fits well here. If 1962-63 school year passes without mental development and general maturing, though many other noteworthy things have taken place, it has not been much of a year.

As long as Faust is "striving," he is acceptable, but when he becomes content where he is, Faust is finished. If we should stick to our same old song, so are we.

"Die immer fliegt und fliegend springt Und gleich im Gras ihr altes Liedchen singt."
—from Goethe's "Faust"

As the end of the university year draws near, it is somewhat customary to reflect upon the water which has gone underfoot the past nine months. One can look to the accomplishments of note such as: 1) painting of the kicking post, 2) the bicycle race, 3) conference basketball championship, 4) the daffodil float and 5) a few facts learned for the accumulation of a few grade points.

One can also look to the negative side. Here we all have our favorite gripes—you may fill these in: 1), 2), 3), 4) and 5). (My own list can go on endlessly as it's very easy to see the bad in what someone else has done.)

Either way, looking at the bright side or bleak side, one is perhaps doing no more than did the men described by Mephistopheles in Faust: "Hopping here and there as a silly grasshopper and singing his same old



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THINK ABUOT

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(Editor's Note: This issue of the Mooring Mast contains a short story and three poems produced by two members of the creative writing class, English 318. Inclusion of this sort of material in the newspaper is an experiment. Readers are requested to express their approval or disapproval of the publication of creative writing in the Mooring Mast. Their comments will be useful in evaluating the experiment. Kathleen Reeves wrote the story, "Seraphie." Dick Bakken wrote the three poems.)

Seraphie

It is quite true, Monsieur,—twenty years, perhaps, since we have met. And during that time we have changed much.

After Maman died, there were only the two of us; lonely waifs, I was perhaps seventeen. She, two years younger, seemed only to have begun to leave childhood. "In Paris," everyone said, "you must make your living." Uncle Ambrose thus apprenticed us to a seamstress of good reputation, gave us each a gold-piece, a pat to the derriere, and told us to be good little modistes. He had done all that was fitting and appropriate as our God-father, he extolled himself to his stupid wife, and we never saw him again.

And so were we left, wretched and lost in the apathy of the surging city; two frightened girls forced to earn our way with needle. When I remember now: those endless gray mornings, waking before the mists had yet risen from the Seine, standing there shivering in our heatless room, gazing at our so-young, so-old faces in the blackened, cracked glass lighted only by one sputtering, nearly gutted candle, Seraphie taking it up, reverently, as though it was to be carried in procession, lest it be extinguished. Then the claws of vicious cold water tearing at our sleepy faces, to return youth to cheeks pale by lack of fresh air. Thus did our day begin; no breakfast save a little tepid tea and a small loaf; perhaps a minuscule cheese for lunch.

It was not all cold and drudgery, though. Ah, then, we were still young, and the vigor of our youth carried us on. Seraphie, so beautiful herself, could find loveliness in anything from the concierge's obnoxious, faceless child to the nearly-starved, muddy white kitten who made his home with us and slept beside her cheek every night.

We had but three dresses between us; one apiece for work, and one for Mass. I see you are smiling, Monsieur? It seems amusing to me now also. She would go to one Mass, I to the next. Never will I forget that glorious day when Madame rewarded us for some very long hours. (I had, in short time, become quite proficient with my little steel. But Seraphie,—ah, my sister was meant by God to adorn,—to beautify all that she touched, not for gross and heavy work. Our Mistress soon discovered this and ever after gave to her the garments that required the fine additions of embroidery or lace of extraordinary grace.) As I said, Madame rewarded us with two costumes. "Only think!" Seraphie would almost sing, "We have five gowns!" Now I am old and have almost forgotten the exquisite pleasure a young girl may have in something new.

We walked along the boulevards with our heads held high. We were certain that all eyes were on us; who could resist anything so elegant?

* * *

One Sunday, not too many months

Artist Series Sets 1963-64 Schedule

Performances by two symphony orchestras, a ballet company and a ballad singer are scheduled on the Pacific Lutheran University Associated Student Artist Series for the 1963-64 school year.

The Portland Symphony Orchestra, which appeared for the first time out of the state of Oregon during its appearance at PLU in February, will open the series with a concert October 25.

Under the direction of Jacques Singer, the Portland musicians were so enthusiastically received in their initial performance in Tacoma that they have been invited back for a return appearance.

Dyer-Bennett To Sing

Richard Dyer-Bennett, nationally known ballad singer, will present a program of folk songs December 3. Like the true troubadour of old, he is a poet, composer, singer and instrumentalist in one.

Dyer-Bennett has an extraordinary

later (it was the Feast of St. Georges, I remember), Seraphie had gone to Mass (which was almost our only recreation) without me. She returned home quite late and related how she had forced herself to go through the duties of her rosary mechanically, because of a pair of black eyes which seemed to penetrate her simple gown and appreciate her beauty beyond such superficialities. For not the first time she experienced the flame-faced gratification of being admired. When next she dared raise her eyes from the tangled beads and tried to remember how many Aves had been accomplished, the Mass was over; she crossed herself and left, only to encounter him before her, a man perhaps ten years her senior, with a plain, proud face and aristocratic bearing. She was not a fool; she allowed him to escort her home that day, and before too many months had elapsed, their Nuptial Mass was celebrated. "At least," I thought, considering her to be a unicorn yoked with an ox, "at least, he is mad for her. There is that good anyway."

M. de Bretagne was of ancient and noble family. His ancestors had left the family assize to serve Louis Quatorze at Versailles, and he himself only visited his home rarely, preferring to live, as he would say, delicately fluttering his silken jabot with scented hand, in the midst of life itself,—the Opera, the Comedie. There had been a former Mme. de Bretagne. She had died the year previous, much to the relief of her husband, for though she brought him great wealth, she wearied him with constant complaining, and he could not forgive her for her ugliness. He was, in short, a man sensitive to the exquisite, the beautiful. In my sister's case, at least, I could not but commend him for his good taste. Seraphie and I went to live with him then, one as the lady, the other as guest and friend. And closer to her than her new spouse, the white cat, who looked forward to a sleek, fat new life, with no mouse-blood on his ruffles in the future.

It was magnificent, I can tell you, to sleep late into the mornings, no longer gray but gold,—the whole faubourg glittering like the tales of Scheherazade. We had gowns innumerable, furs, feathers, jewels; beautiful, languid breakfasts at noon with all manner of delicious preserves and delicacies; a carriage, mon Dieu, yes, a carriage, with two pranc-

ing dappled horses. We had wonderful times, then. All Spring, and Summer and Autumn. As for M. de Bretagne, he was necessary, as the purge is necessary.

* * *

The Feast of St. Michele, and we were at the Comedie. Monsieur had escorted us to their box and slept profoundly through the first act. (It was Phedre, I remember, and he could never tolerate Racine.) With the aid of Seraphie and a small bottle of cognac he was relatively alert through the second act, when the curtain behind our box parted and a gentleman presented himself, a M. David Addison. In perfect French, only a subtlety of accent marking his origin, he reminded Monsieur of numerous invitations given in England, for he had decided to winter in Paris instead of London on report of the brilliance of the Comedie that year. "They speak of nothing else in the salons," he added.

"And England, mon ami," said M. de Bretagne. "How are things across the water?"

"The streets are darker and muddier; indeed, a man may fear for his life, should he venture alone, and the cutpurses and ladies of the night are in even great profusion around Whitechapel, or so they say. Has Madame been to England?" So he dismissed Monsieur. I knew it was Seraphie's bright shoulders which had drawn him, not the suddenly remembered hospitality of her spouse.

"No, Monsieur, I have never seen England. Our grandmother was English, however, and she often spoke of its beauty." She was making the appropriate small-talk.

"This time of year it is mud, Madame," smiling slightly. Bowing, he made as if to leave, and Monsieur, of course, prevented it, saying that Paris too, had mud, but that he hoped that it would not discourage

his stay, etc. M. David, who, needless to say, had never intended to leave, sat down again, a bit behind, but between Monsieur and Madame. In that manner could he easily survey the serene countenance of the mistress and that of the good-natured luffoon at her side. As for me, my position was such that it allowed me ample opportunity to study this far from timid young stranger.

M. David Addison, rumored to be a great gentleman, prevented Monsieur from disclosing his title. He did not wish to impress us in that manner, he remarked, smiling at Seraphie with an expression at once subtle and probing. A cruel, interesting mouth. Seraphie, whose spirit had fled to the person of the unfortunate Aricie, unaware of the conversation around her, had, after their introduction, hardly noticed him, and in her innocent disregard had both injured his pride and challenged him.

He was, as Aricie's tragic lover might have been, above medium stature, and well made. Indolent dark eyes, quick clever hands (one might see such hands on a surgeon, or an artist, or a cutpurse), black, black hair,—mon Dieu, blacker than the wing of the Death Angel! He possessed all of Hippolyte's beauty, and none of his virtues. We regarded one another with instant understanding and cordial contempt, for he knew I would never be his friend, and he did not expect me to respect or admire him. There was no doubt, it was quite plain that he was laying siege to my sister.

* * *

Surely Monsieur knew that sooner or later he would wear the cuckold's horns. Surely he knew that money cannot buy a woman's fidelity though it may buy anything else involving her.

We sat together often after that, and I found myself, strangely enough, giving him my allegiance. He no longer seemed so stupid to me, whether from pity for him or distaste for David Addison, I know not, but I wanted to blind him from his impending sorrow so long as I was able. He saw her glowing, more beautiful each day, and gave her greater gifts—a pearl, perhaps a jewel of some sort—and deluded himself that her joy streamed from a trinket, or the small grey dog he gave her, from which she was never parted. He was not aware, or did not wish to be, that "Souris" (not only was he spindly and grey as a mouse, but his bark, a mere squeak) would lick another hand before his own master's. How it would have crushed him to know that it was not his generosity, but the quick hands and black hair of David Addison which were the source of her happiness. How it would have destroyed him to hear their cruel laughter at his expense, the careless selfishness of their love, their complete disregard as to whether he knew or not. Gradually, unwillingly, he became aware of it. Yet, never was there a word of reproach. He bore it quietly,—only his

(Continued on page four)

Poem One

a shackled soldier flecked with pox
slumps in the mud
coughing blood
and phlegm
as flames
sputtering purplish in the moss
chill him to the bone
damning dampness
grasps a muddled mass of hair—
sweat comes fast
and cold
in icy beads—
purple fingers find the eyes
and flare up hissing
the spotted soldier
bleeding at the pores
shudders
stiffly—
flames flow down to freeze his
breast
he chokes—
cursing
khrushchev, kennedy and christ—
turns over on his stomach
and dies

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SERAPHIE . . .

(Continued from page three)

eyes, no longer insipid, but dark with suffering, gave witness.

"Nichole, I leave her in your protection," he said to me one evening as the sputtering sun was extinguished by the damp mists from the river. "I must go to Rennes; I have no choice," as if answering my unspoken question. "I have no choice," he repeated. "My estate wants immediate attention. Perhaps it is well, then my presence will not be an hindrance." Then, quietly, desperately, hopelessly: "Tell me what to do, Nichole. Help me,—my grief is too great . . ." What was there to do? "Ah Monsieur!" And I ran to him; we stood together like two lost orphans, I weeping, he trying to comfort me, as though it were I who had been betrayed.

* * *

And while he was gone, they frolicked and played as though they were two amoral beings. I did not want to be around them. In Monsieur's own house; it was too excruciating.

Towards the end of the month, waiting with relief for Monsieur's return, I stood at the top of the stairway, when I heard voices begin rising from below. Seraphie was leaning against the marble of the mantelpiece, pale, blanched, whiter than the marble. David was speaking to her, his voice annoyed—no, disgusted:

"Seraphie, be reasonable. You knew this could not continue forever. So let us be friends; forget the rest. I must leave for Calais immediately. I will marry, as I said, when I return. A wealthy woman has been following me for years; her husband is now dead and my former preparations have not, shall we say, been to disadvantage. Her fortune will alleviate my financial straits somewhat."

"David,—I cannot, I shall not believe it is you who speak. After . . . everything,—you could not be this indurate, this cruel. I have been so truly deceived?"

"Put it any way you like, Cherie. You are a lovely woman and will have many other lovers. Too soon will you forget me . . ." his sensuous mouth twisted into a smile.

"And now, goodbye,—Will you kiss me adieu? . . . I thought not. Then again, goodbye." Touching her cheek lightly with gloved finger, leaving a searing scar, he was gone.

Fearing that she would collapse into the fire, I ran to her, tried to make her sit down, brought her brandy; she pushed it aside.

"No brandy for the dead, Nichole. Surely I am quite dead."

"You will drink this sister; then we will take the carriage and go for a ride along the Bois and you will sit very quietly and listen to me for a change."

So we made a pilgrimage, over Pont Neuf, along the Bois which was again carmine and gold like Mass on feast-days; the flaming trees, bishops genuflecting in the winds. In ethereal pallor, Seraphie saw nothing.

When we returned, I gave her a sleeping draught, promising to greet Monsieur for her; she had to be reminded that he was due that day. Immediately upon his arrival, not seeing Seraphie, he called for me, and as we entered the library told me that he had decided to give Seraphie a divorce.

"It is to no avail, Monsieur," and I related to him the happenings of the day. He sat in the friendly brown room with its roaring fire, lost in

Poem Two

the wide eyes
are untried in the ways of the
world
innocent
pure
simple
in faith and in love
and they watch the narrow eyes
if anyone leads one
of these children astray
i personally
will damn him
to hell
will you
sit down and listen to me
no
stand up
i want you to sit
when i am done
one of the wide-eyed
barely able to walk
followed me to the door
and when i knelt on my knee
and said
here king
he knelt too
and placed his hand on the screen
like me
and said
here king
god
what did i do in front of that child
what moves words thoughts
did i give to him
he is out there in the world now
alone
maybe lost
and i could have saved him
i could have saved them all
now
will you sit
down and think
about that

alternating anger and pity. At length he said only:

"It is too sad, too much grief, more bitterness to have been betrayed as she has been, than to have been a fool such as myself, who only received what was apropos in buying a soul because it resembled a porcelain shepherdess. And yet, I suppose I ought to be rejoicing. If one can rejoice when his only joy is weeping."

It was then that he enlisted my aid in convincing Seraphie that a trip might be well for all of us. Not caring, she consented. She did not know how noble this man was, nor did she know how she and I had wronged him. The fools were Seraphie and myself.

* * *

Eight years passed in this way. Seraphie gradually returned to us who loved her, and Monsieur's kindness could not be surpassed. I think she learned to esteem him nearly as much as I did. And patiently, silently he loved her, without any hope for return of affection. Indeed, it would have been more tragic had he hoped, for though Seraphie was no longer cruel to him, she was always remote from us both, and seemed to have lost the spontaneous gaiety which had once marked her so distinctly. Like her white cat, she would look at us through large eyes, moved lit-

tle by anything we said or did. Her features, sculptured of pure snow, were unchanged, though her hair had become quite white. (Strange, even as a child, I remember that Maman's hair had always been white, as though powdered.) This amelioration of her person served only to give her an elegance which she had lacked as a girl.

As for myself, long previously I had given up the idea of marriage,—not that remaining a nun forever had any appeal. Indeed, nowhere is celibacy felt with more pangs than beneath the coverlet, but I could not bear to leave Monsieur without a friend, without anyone to share his secret anguish.

Near the end of Lent, Seraphie sped to me with a letter, tear-stained, in her hand. It burned into my mind like acid: "Seraphie, Madame Addison is dead. I will explain all. Await your penitent who returns to you All Fools' Day."

Reading, I could not believe. The audacity of this man was incredible! Filled with wonder, and more with loathing, I should have asked her a million questions, but she was ecstatic,—rapturous! Had the woman no pride at all? I gave her up then, as lost to us forever.

* * *

April first, and through the open window could be seen the apple trees pink and soft in the glow of early morning. The city had been bustling already for hours, especially on the Rive Gauche. The students had chosen for their King of Fools a huge, pimpled, clumsy fellow, as usual, and attired him in magnificent blasphemy as the Blessed Virgin, complete with gold-paper halo, wilted lily (no doubt stolen from the Cathedral at Easter), and a dirty dove, pilfered from a local taxidermist, gnawed in many places by rats, exuding a strong odor of naphtha, and fairly flying with moths. Thus the "Virgin" was transported through Rue St. Jacques, the moths making another nimbus about "her" head, the Magnificate paraphrased to epithets as they lighted upon face or lily. All this was accomplished by old Goliard songs of the most refined obscenity, banned by the Church, patiently forborne once a year, with the hope perhaps that the Hosts of Heaven would stop up their ears with fleecy clouds, as indeed priest and prelate must with lesser stuff.

"Do you think that I have changed too much, Sister? Perhaps he will be disappointed."

"That is not likely," I muttered.

Musing: "I wonder if he is the same. His hair will be black forever."

"And his soul. Seraphie, do not do this, I beg you . . ." Seeing that it was useless, I said no more.

"He always liked to see me in blue velvet." She was so exquisite that I, her own sister, wept for her beauty.

"I want you to have this, Nichole." It was an enormous opal which David had given her.

"But this?" I said. "It is from . . ."

"I shall not need it, for I shall

have David." She smiled. A secret smile, a smile seen on paintings of martyred saints, as she took from her treasures a small, jewelled, exquisitely pointed dagger, quickly locked me behind her and descended the stairs to her lover.

* * *

If it had not been for Monsieur's wealth, which procured for Seraphie the cleverest lawyers and most corrupt judges, we should not have her today. After the trial, we left Paris, hoping that travel might again erase, if that is possible, the past tragedy. Alas, Seraphie has refused to wear any garment save the dark blue velvet gown and the opal. Her face, under the white cloud of her hair, is a little child's. She daily grieves Monsieur calling him "David," and we find her in the garden often, interring crows murdered by the white cat. "Poor David," she will say. "He should be buried. It is not proper, you know."

Monsieur and I? It is a strange marriage; only our souls and never our lips have touched, and Seraphie is our child.

Poem Three

i run beside my love
along the sand
four-steps-at-a-time
bobbing
from shell to shell
or in the shallows
looking sideways with a bright round
eye
dipping
quickly
to spear a swirling beetle
i fly beside my love
close
wing to wing
gliding
soul-mates in the clouds
and banking climbing
and
diving
we kiss
in a flutter of feathers
i sleep beside my love
nestled in tall green reeds
feather fluffed
head beneath my wing
dreaming
of swirling beetles
and kisses in the clouds.

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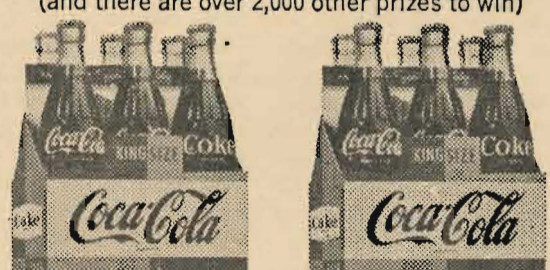
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Conference Cinder Circus Opens Today

Net Men, Golfers Play Big Matches

Today and tomorrow marks the climax of the season for the Knight tennis and golf teams. For after an entire season of matches, the conference championships rest on the outcome of this weekend's tournaments at Whitworth College in Spokane.

The netmen have had a winless spring so far, but have high hopes that they may put up a good showing in Spokane. Dale Thompson, Glen Graham and Jim Feek are the top Knight hopes for victories in the singles competition, and two of them will form a doubles team which could also pick up a couple of wins. Others on the team this year are Dave Stein, Jim Myhre, and Bill Coffman.

The spring has been slightly better to the Lute golfers, though a far cry from the past three years of undefeated conference competition. The final mark for the linksmen was a dismal 2 wins and 10 losses, the wins coming against Sand Point Naval Station and Paine Air Force Base, both by scores of 12-6.

However, since the conference competition in the tournament is decided by the scores of only the top three men on the team, whereas the matches during the season use five men, the tournament could be a different story. In addition to the Evergreen Conference title, the NAIA District No. 2 crown is decided in the same tourney, with the score of the team's fourth man added. Making the trip to Spokane for the golf team are Dave Evans, Gordie Severson, Ed Davis, and George Ahrens. Evans was the Evergreen Conference individual champion three years ago, and should anchor the team into strong contention.



THIS IS big Steve Kvinsland, who was the top Knight pitcher throughout the season. Last Wednesday the Knights ended their season by dropping two close games to UPS.



KNIGHTS' TOP CHANCE in the running events rests with the mile relay team, here shown exchanging the baton in their victory over Western. Chuck Snekvik is taking the baton from Gordy Stewart.

— The — Intramural Scene

INTRAMURAL TRACK MEET

- MILE—1, Dick Bakken; 2, Cris Tarimo; 3, Ken Fredricks; 4, Tim Quigley; 5, Jeff Ekola. 5:17.6
- 440 YARD RUN—1, Jerry Poppen; 2, Jim Sheldahl; 3, John Preus; 4, Mike Smith; 5, George Long. 56.1.
- 100 YARD DASH—1, Jerry Curtis; 2, John Irwin; 3, Dale Zoffel; 4, Brian Wooten; 5, Fred Bohn. 10.8.
- *120 LOW HURDLES—1, John Nelson; 2, Jim Pederson; 3, Ben Vasquez; 4, Brian Wooten; 5, Ron Ranheim. 14.6.
- 880 YARD RUN—1, Dick Bakken; 2, Jim Sheldahl; 3, Ken Fredricks; 4, Bob Battermann; 5, Jerry Poppen. 2:14.1.
- 220 YARD RUN—1, Jerry Curtis; 2, Marv Snell; 3, Dick Bakken; 4, Jim Pederson; 5, Fred Bohn. 24.3.
- 880 YARD RELAY—1, Western; 2, Evergreen; 3, Ivy; 4, Clover Creek. 1:42.4.
- SHOTPUT—1, Pete Martin; 2, Bob Fenimore; 3, Kevin Thomas; 4, Ken Knutsen; 5, Rolf Olsen. 42 feet, 9½ inches.
- DISCUS—1, Rolf Olsen; 2, Ken Knutsen; 3, George Long; 4, Doug McClary; 5, Jon Paulson. 109 feet, 2 inches.
- †JAVELIN—1, Wayne Aller; 2, Rolf Olsen; 3, Larry Farrar; 4, Larry Peterson; 5, Doug McClary. 145 feet, 7½ inches.
- ‡FOOTBALL THROW—1, Doug McClary; 2, Russ Collins; 3, Bob Battermann; 4, George Vigeland; 5, Denny Langston. 187 feet, 6 inches.
- *HIGH JUMP—1, John Nelson; 2, Mike Smith; 3, Al Perry; 4, Jim Pederson. 5 feet, 10½ inches.
- POLE VAULT—1, Wayne Aller; 2, Jerry Curtis, Don Gross; 4, Rolf Olsen; 5, Ben Vasquez, Don Bergman. 10 feet, 10 inches.
- BROAD JUMP—1, Mike Smith; 2, Wayne Aller; 3, Ben Vasquez; 4, John Nelson; 5, Al Perry. 19 feet, ½ inch.
- *Ties record for low hurdles with Ron Coltom, 1960, and Steve Prud'homme, 1962.
- /New record—old record held by Doug McClary, 142'5", set 1962.
- †New record—old record held by Doug McClary, 181'7", set in 1961.
- ‡Shotput new record—old record held by Dick Goodwin, 39'8½", in 1957.
- New record—old record held by Ron Jorgenson, 5'9¼", set in 1956.

TEAM STANDINGS

- 1, Evergreen Court, 73; 2, Ivy Court, 49; 3, Western, 41½; 4, Faculty, 21; 5, Delta Hall, 20½; 6, Clover Creek Hall, 18; 7, Eastern, 18; 8, 2nd Floor, 10; 9, 3rd Floor, 9; 10, 1st Floor, 2.

SOFTBALL SCHEDULE

- Monday, May 20—6:30 p.m.**
Lower Campus, 1st Floor vs Western
Football Field, 2nd Floor vs Delta
Baseball Field, 3d Floor vs Evergreen
- Tuesday, May 21—6:30 p.m.**
Lower Campus, Western vs Delta
Football Field, Ivy vs 2nd Floor
Baseball Field, 1st Floor vs 3rd Floor
- Thursday, May 23—6:30 p.m.**
Lower Campus, West'n vs Evergreen
Football Field, 1st Floor vs 2nd Floor
Baseball Field, Delta vs Ivy
- Friday, May 24—6:30 p.m.**
Lower Campus, Evergreen vs Delta
Football Field, 3rd Floor vs Ivy
Baseball Field, 2nd Floor vs Western

SPRING SPORTS RESULTS

- Badminton Singles:** 1, Engsik Tang; 2, Doug McClary.
- Badminton Doubles:** 1, Engsik Tang and Howard Lang; 2, Mike Murphy and Bob Battermann.
- Tennis Singles:** 1, Ed Davis; 2, Jim Skurdall.
- Tennis Doubles:** 1, Ed Davis and Jim Skurdall; 2, John Nelson and Jim Ruble.

Baseball Standings

	W	L
1st Floor	4	1
Western	4	1
Ivy	3	2
2nd Floor	2	2
3rd Floor	2	3
Evergreen	1	4
Delta	0	3

For lack of time this ends the uncompleted double round robin tournament.

Knights Send 11 Man Squad To Take Part In Big Meet

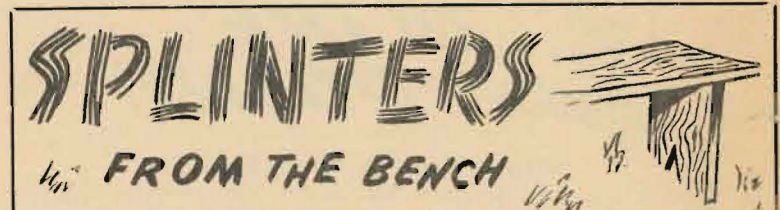
Today, as you are reading this, the Evergreen Conference spring sports championships in track, baseball, tennis and golf are taking place at Eastern Washington State College at Cheney. These championships, which PLU hosted last year, are taking place this Friday and Saturday to determine conference winners.

The Conference track meet will start its field events at 1 p.m. and the track events at 1:30. Saturday's competition is set to start at 12:30 and 1:30 for field and track events respectively. All competition will take place on Woodward Field on the EWSC campus.

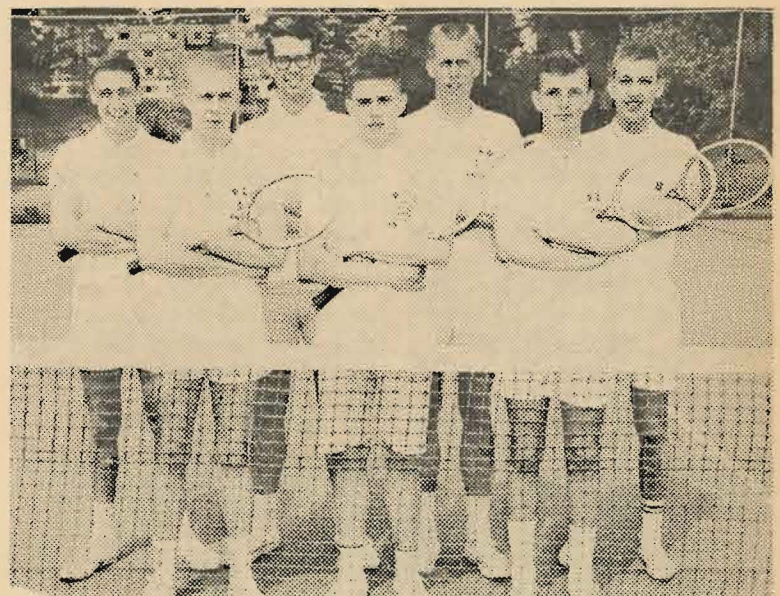
Track Coach Mark Salzman said he will take eleven men. These men and their total points scored for the regular season are: high point man for the Lute thinclads is weight man Craig Knutzen with 64 points; 440 runner Norris Satter, 49¼; weight

man Ray Gish, 46; distance runner John Hanson, 42; 440 runner Gordy Stewart, 35¼; high jumper Curt Gammel, 33½; 880 runner Chuck Saekvik, 30¼; hurdler Arv Meyer, 30; 880 runner Terry Brown, 19¼; 440 runner Bob Sanders, 14¼; and dash man Barry Egeland, 6¼.

The thinclads will leave Thursday morning at 10:30. Western, Whitworth, and Central are the strong teams in the Conference, but our Lutes have a good chance at some of the key points in the competition for champion.



It has been rumored that Dick Nelson, co-captain of this year's basketball team, might take over the junior varsity basketball coaching duties next season . . . It looks as if Curt Gammel has the best chance of any of the year's Knights to bring home a first place from the conference track meet. The only thing that might keep Curt from victory is a case of the measles which he came down with early this week . . . Any one of the Knights' first three golfers, Dave Evans, Gordie Severson and Ed Davis, is capable of winning individual honors at the conference golf meet . . . Wayne Aller, assistant professor of psychology, became the first faculty member in some time to score points in the intramural track meet as he won the pole vault and placed in the broad jump . . . Through hard work and devotion Skip Hartvigson has been improving. He can be counted on to add strength to next year's basketball team . . . Next year's football team should be strengthened by the return of Marv Snell. Snell was a starter his first three years here but was forced to sit out this season due to an injured knee . . . Jerry Weigand was a stand-out athlete in high school, lettering in varsity football, basketball and track. Jerry is now majoring in education . . . The annual Letterman's Club picnic will be held this Sunday at Librarian Frank Haley's beach home. Bob Sanders was elected president of the club for next year . . . How could Pierce County ever make ends meet if they didn't have PLU students to fine for such delinquent acts as illegal parking?—Mike Macdonald



PLU'S TENNIS TEAM consists of (from left, back row) Dave Stein, Dale Thompson, Glen Graham, Jim Feek; (front row) Jim Myhre, Rich Berquist and Bill Coffman.

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Controversial Bergman Film To Be Shown Saturday Night

by Thomas C. Reeves
Instructor in History

Tomorrow night's campus movie, "The Magician," is another creation of Ingmar Bergman, the pacemaker of international cinematography. The film was met there years ago with mixed reviews and caused spirited arguments among serious movie-goers everywhere.

The problem is not that it lacks a plot, as do so many of the tedious productions of the French New Wave; it has a beginning, an ending and lots of good stuff in between. No one would dispute that the acting is superb and the photography impeccable. Controversy has centered about the film's meaning.

The Magician, star performer of a third-rate travelling magic show,

is revealed as an imposter and a charlatan by the leading physician of a town in which the players are halted. And yet the Magician believes in himself and his "powers" over men and nature. Others appear to see and feel what the man of science only scoffs at.

Some see the film as a humorous mystery which includes just enough spice to identify its Swedish origin. Others view the theme as the clash between those supernatural forces on which man has so long relied and the far colder, dispassionate eye of reason.

Many see the film as an extremely subtle analogy to the life, tragedy and victory of Jesus. Max Von Sydow, star of "The Seventh Seal," portrays the enigmatic character with a depth and profundity that

caused at least one New York reviewer to label the Magician "Christ-like."

Who is the "King" before whom the triumphant Magician is called to perform at the film's conclusion? Who is the shrivelled old lady who accurately foretells a scoundrel's suicide? She claimed to be a witch, but didn't Bergman intend her to represent . . . ?

Whatever one's opinion will be, "The Magician" is a film not likely to be forgotten. It contains uproarious humor and terrifying suspense. Its creator labeled it simply a "comedy." But those of us who have viewed many other works and writings by Bergman are apt to smile at his wry understatements.

The true devotee of serious motion pictures will want to watch channel 9 tonight at 7:30. At that time, channel 9 will present an interview with Ingmar Bergman and Ingrid Thulin, co-star of "The Magician."

Times for "The Magician" tomorrow night are 6:30, 8:20 and 10:10. Tonight's campus movie, "The Pajama Game," a musical in color, will be shown at 7:30 and 9:30.



Rabbi Jacobovitz To Address LSA

The LSA invites all students to hear Rabbi Arthur A. Jacobovitz, professor of theology and Hebrew at Seattle University. He will discuss "Differences in Jewish Religious Groups" at 6:30 p.m. Sunday in Chris Knutzen.

Buchanan's Office Contains Lost-and-Found

A. Dean Buchanan, the university business manager, reminds students that they may reclaim lost items at the lost-and-found in his office. Articles which have not been claimed by June 15 will be donated to Goodwill Industries.

Himstreet Installs Alpha Kappa Psi

The Zeta Eta Chapter of Alpha Kappa Psi, national professional business fraternity, was installed last Sunday at PLU by Dr. William C. Himstreet, national president of Alpha Kappa Psi from the University of Southern California.

Assisting Dr. Himstreet were Philip S. McAllister and John C. Wilson, regional and district directors of Alpha Kappa Psi. The remainder of the installation team was composed of officers from chapters at UPS, Seattle University and the Seattle Alumni Chapter.

Keith N. Charboneau is president of the new chapter which will have 34 charter members. Dwight J. Zulauf, acting dean of the school of business administration, is the faculty advisor. It will be the 130th chapter installed nationally and the 12th in the Northwest Region.

An Alpha Kappa Psi planning group was formed at PLU in November 1960 as a success to a local

economics and business fraternity, Alpha Sigma Lambda. Its early activities included serving as host to various business organizations which held meetings or workshops at PLU, conducting a safety conference and assisting the Market Research Associates of Tacoma with the study of banking in Tacoma.

Charter members include George Arola, John Baker, Lyn Berg, Garland Berger, Eugene Black, Gordon Blomquist, Kent Brady, Keith Charboneau, Wallace Christopherson, Roger Claridge, Ronald Cornehl, James A. Dolan, Filmore Enger, Ronald Enger, Kenneth Fredericks, Roger Gustafson, Richard Hagerty, William Juneau, John Martilla, Orlin Monson, Paul Nicholas, Jack Oliver, Robert Paulson, Calvin Pulis, Bernhard Rundstrom, Richard Running, Robert Shive, Charles Siegmund, Donald Stegmann, Thomas Turula, Bill Wade and Gundar King, assistant professor



THE ALPHA KAPPA PSI planning group successfully organized a chapter of the national business fraternity on campus. Members of the planning group were (left to right) top row: Prof. Dwight Zulauf, advisor; Wally Christopherson, Garland Berger, Eugene Black; bottom row: John Wilson, Alpha Kappa Psi district representative, and Keith Charboneau.



MARGIE HUTCHISON dies in the arms of Brent Olsen while Dorothy Wilborn on. The students are rehearsing a scene from William Butler Yeats' "The Heart's Desire." The play, directed by Ron Swift, will be presented next in the one-act play series.

Class To Give One-Act Plays

A variety of one-act plays will be presented next Monday and Tuesday nights on the CB-200 stage. They range from conventional to extremely modern, from comedy to tragedy. Each of the seven student directors is putting the finishing touches on his brief production this weekend.

John Odegard's play is entitled "We Three." It is a psychological drama concerning children.

"The Bald Soprano," by Eugene Ionesco, directed by Sally Hatcher, has an English setting. It reflects the absurdity of society, and concerns conversation without communication.

Baker Directs Strange Drama

"Christ in the Concrete City," by P. W. Turner and directed by Jeanette Baker, is a rather strange drama. It "deals with something that happens now in the lives of each one of us in the brief life and warmth of human existence between the darkness of birth and the coldness of death . . ."

Don Myhre's play is lighter. Entitled "Mother's Day," by J. B. Priestly, it concerns a family which has no respect for their hard-working mother, but who are put into place by an Eastern mystic.

"Aria Da Capo," by Edna St. Vincent Millet, directed by Gini Dryer, begins and ends with Pierrot and Columbine, traditional harlequin characters. In the middle, however, there is a tragedy, concerning two shepherds who are ruled over by Cothurnus, who personifies tragedy.

John Stewart has chosen an avant-garde production by Robert Merritt, "Togetherness." It is satirical and concerns identity.

Ron Swift is directing "The Land of Heart's Desire," by William Butler Yeats. This play asks the basic question, what is most desirable for humanity, life itself? death? life after death? or a fantastic spirit world of continual joy.

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