

they are, the music has released and given them expression. I come from an Ellington concert completely at peace with the world. I remember that I have been alternately tense and relaxed. I know that my eyes were wet once or twice during the program; that at times the world was only large enough to hold me and the music. I do not have the slightest idea what emotions caused me to be tense or relaxed. I don't know why my eyes were wet. I know that I have had intense emotional experiences which will not be duplicated until I hear Duke and the orchestra again.

—Don Hayden, Sci. Sr.



in this the place to be

time marches by in small staccato steps
 lifts its feet just off the floor
 forces through with the heel
 points with the toes
i follow in clumsy imitation
and i don't know where i'm going
 and the mirror catches it

the tinny cackle of an old happy motor
rattles out of sight and they are in it
 but i don't know where it's going
 and i don't know where i'm going
 and the mirror catches it
i hear sly laughter and i turn away to look

time slides past in three-four time
 pulls its shoulders down with the beat
 forward . . kick . . stomp
 leap over and cross over
spend the last few days at home
it's worse this way

—Mary Jo Overholt, Sci., Sr.