

# OBITUARY



greg clarke

The Review

VOL. 93 NO. 19 UNIVERSITY OF DELAWARE, NEWARK, DELAWARE, OCTOBER 22, 1970



# obituary

The University of Delaware died today.

Who killed it?

Some thought it was the "panty-raid" mentality of the students. Those were the "concerned students, faculty and staff.

Others thought it was the "apathetic" ones. Those were the "juiced" ones.

The alumni blamed it on the chicken.

The students blamed it on the SGA.

The faculty blamed the students.

The administration blamed both.

The Board of Trustees said it was still alive.

And Newark blamed it on the university.

It looked like business as usual on October 23, 1970. Everything was the same as always.

But nobody knew that was why it was dead.

VOL. 93 NO. 19 UNIVERSITY OF DELAWARE, NEWARK, DELAWARE, OCTOBER 22, 1970

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greg clarke

## *seeds of frustration*

by sharon browning

What kind of school is this for anyone with a mind?

The seeds of frustration and near-despair found in this statement are slowly taking root in the barren academia that is the University of Delaware. It seems that this university, this (ideally) academic mecca, is profoundly, horribly and inexorably non-intellectual. Why is there such an appalling dearth of intellectual activity on this campus? Why, in a supposed center of mental cultivation, should this vacuity exist?

### ALL TO BLAME

The answer is YOU. Be you administrator, professor or student, you share the blame for the university's academic passivity.

The administration stifles progress by subtly repressing innovative teaching methods and by chastising progressive professors. The entire Community Design farce is merely a token crumb from the administrative table intended to keep the "university community" placated. Nothing yet proposed in the design hearings looks at all promising and to all outward appearances the university will continue, with administrative sanction, to stagnate.

Meanwhile, the faculty, with several commendable exceptions, continues to mechanically spit out dry lectures to incredible numbers of disinterested students, who dutifully regurgitate their lessons on exams, and, after four years, are considered educated. No pressure groups demand change, relatively few professors dare to defy the present system, and the antiquated educational process comfortably drags on, and on, and on. . .

### APATHY

Students care even less than the university hierarchy. They move hypnotically from class to class, study only when absolutely necessary, and even look disparagingly upon the "intellectual", the person who likes to learn and create, who is disgusted by apathy, and who is indescribably frustrated by the academic scene on this campus.

The signs of academic impoverishment are rampant. Obsequious classrooms and lectures, lack of enthusiasm, general student disinterest and overall boredom are mere symptoms of the sickness.

No one has tried recently to establish a free university here. Why bother? Who would support it?

### DISINTEREST

A radical vacuum exists on the campus--there are no fertile fields for discussion left. No big issues, no political involvement, in short, NOTHING really seizes the student interest and imagination. Even the Heterodoxical Voice has been silenced.

The campus is closing in. Maybe we should close it down.



# there's a place for us; or, don't trust anyone over

by carl burnam



carl burnam

The University recognizes that its main business is to promote the intellectual growth of its students in order that they shall make a maximum contribution to the society in which they are going to live. (Undergraduate Catalog, page fifteen)

Each June hundreds of lovely and well-scrubbed young people in flowing blue-and-gold robes march from the campus of this university into the society in which they will allegedly live.

We are called, each and every one of us, to make our maximum contribution: fluorescent, pastel-carpeted cubicles beckon us from the cloistered life of academia where we have drilled our minds with the tools of the responsible cornerpost citizenry.

Even though we've had real sit-ins, marches, and strikes, even though we toss vague epithets at the "system" and "bureaucracy," even though we elected a chicken Homecoming Queen, we are the complacent, cooperative raw meat served up to an ever-hungry social order. Chewed and swallowed! And all of the idealistic words about changing the system from within are dissolved in the hyperacidity of the American stomach.

But even the most eager aspirant to the Great Society is bugged by an uncomfortable feeling that everything happening in the world zips right past the Newark exit signs on I-95. So what if you don't pack your bags every weekend? You probably drink your mind out of town anyway.

A week of scholarly lectures and discussions has not enlightened you as to why becoming educated is such a drag. You didn't learn anything that will be worth remembering after the test. You didn't find any knowledge or truth deep enough to help you overcome the stupid, mundane demands everybody and everything make on your life. Not really.

To that end, the University has attempted to establish an ideal community governed by high yet reasonable codes of conduct and dedicated to things of the mind. (Undergraduate Catalog, page fifteen)

Brilliant minds have been commissioned to design our community of reasonably high ideals—ideals that can admit student power, dorm self-regulation, peace movements, draft boards, war research, military training.

Uncounted committee hours spew forth reams of plans and reports that conspire to anticipate and accommodate every student demand that will not stand in the way of the perpetual production of maximum contributors to society.

Years ago when the top blew off Berkeley our administrators kept their hats on because there were no ugly troublemakers here. Last spring when two campuses were warmed with fresh dead student blood Hulli-hen Hall was cool because their students use the established channels for protest.

And established channels roll on forever, like a great sewer sucking up sincere students with a glittery smile and a quick handshake. Voices of reasonable dissent drift incoherently out of the polluted stream.

The blue-and-gold bodies are flowing ideally by.



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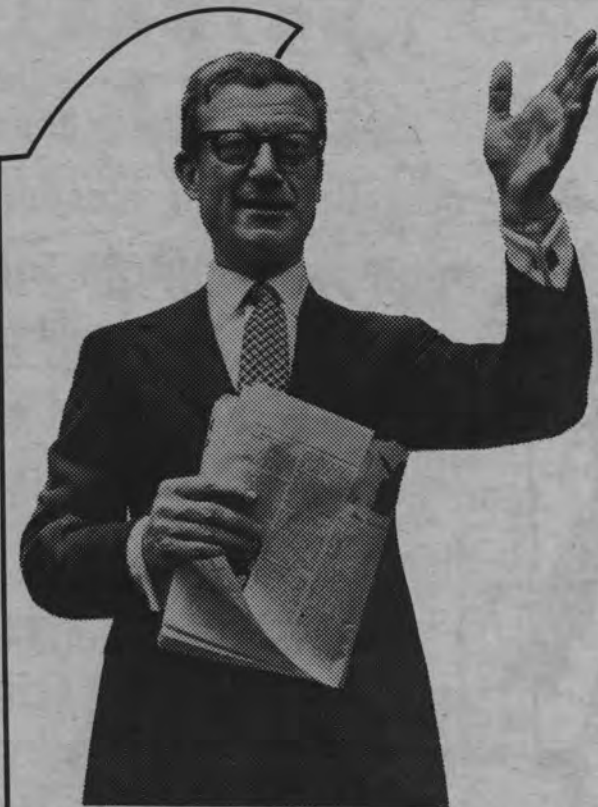
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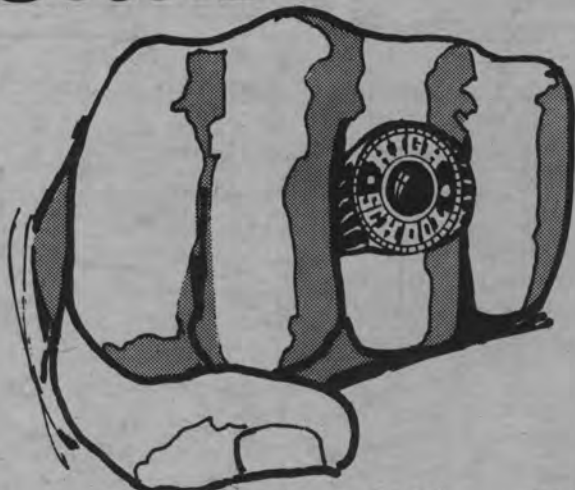
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# board reigns

by john m. fuchs

There is no governance at the university.

The administration makes policy. The faculty, staff (including administrators) and students collectively do not make any policy decisions.

The Student Government Association Senate has limited areas in which it can make policy, with the consent of the Judicial Policy Board.

A cars on campus bill passed by the senate was rejected recently by the JPB because another university committee is working on it. An alcoholic beverage policy is now in the Faculty senate committee.

Why isn't the SGA senate discussing these and making policy? It is entitled to under the Judicial System passed last February by the faculty. The Senate has no direction. This should be given by its Executive Council, which is now being revamped into a cabinet.

But the cabinet will not work. The essential problem is that its members do not cooperate with each other, much less respect each other.

The SGA has also been lax in appointing students to committees. For lack of an SGA nominations chairman to submit names to the senate for approval to faculty committees, such as the Winterim Committee, have been without student members. President E.A. Trabant named one undergraduate to his new 34-member advisory board, the General Council, this fall. That student is Mark McClafferty, SGA president. McClafferty is the only member of the council to miss all three meetings.

Many observers view the General Council as a super-governing body, above both the SGA and the

Faculty Senates. Many schools are now instituting such a super governing body, a "University Senate, composed of all three major elements of the university. (Some faculty members claim the Faculty Senate is a university senate because it has four student members.) The General Council is supposed to be merely an 'advisory' body". It is composed of 30 administrators and staff, 2 faculty members and two students (one undergraduate, and one graduate.)

The Faculty senate, originated last spring, still has not approved a committee structure. Only three out of about 20 committees have been approved. The Board of Trustees has been balking at inviting students to serve as advisors at committee meetings. Last semester, after the board said it would invite students and students were approved by the SGA senate, only three committees invited students. But this semester, six will or have invited students. Progress.

But one committee chairman, asked to invite students so they could advise his committee wrote, "If you will be good enough to advise me in what particular areas their special competence lies, I would be in a better position to advise them if, and when, an appropriate subject might come up."

It makes you stop and think how people get on the Board of Trustees.

The Board will continue to rule. Students and faculty are out of the picture. Now students can fight students and faculty can fight faculty, and students can fight faculty as to why we aren't anywhere.

Because it has always been that way.

Just about a block off Main Street in a dingy second story apartment there's a lot going on.

Although the occasional vacuum-cleaner salesman or casual visitor doesn't know it, the second floor of that building houses the nerve-center of the revolution at Delaware.

Strains of "Sugar Sugar" roar through the air around the second floor, and the door opens into an early-Goodwill period living room, offering dark, overstuffed couches, fake Oriental rugs, American flags, the musky odor of incense, and assorted revolutionary freaks.

Staring down at the visitor from the wall behind the couch is a dominating poster of Jerry Rubin. An inscription reads, "Give 'em heck in Newark, Peace, Brother Jerry."

A former student, Pookie, now a full-time revolutionary, is the official Minister of Information for the radical action group.

"Of course, we're small yet, but we are growing every day in both supporters and outright members. You wouldn't believe some of the prominent people supporting us now, all who recognize the urgent need and share the ardent desire to destroy the oppressive power structure of the university."

Pookie speaks slowly, as if carefully weighing each statement in order to avoid communicating anything offensive, or as if trying to remember something he read somewhere.

"I think our first big success was the nude-in last spring. The idea had been around and worked on all winter, and the project was to gain coverage by the media of the student's plight on campus. By liberating those few students last spring we thereby challenged the repressive power structure with the total freedom of a few individuals. The point was made, and the media picked up on it right away.

"This was our first guerrilla action against the pigs, and both they and we recognized our ability to disrupt the soft white underbelly of the fascist administration."

"If you were around two weeks ago, you must have heard about our successful fall offensive, the Homecoming farce. Since all our members working in the SGA are busy just making sure that the SGA doesn't get anything done, we decided to use our influence in the commuter association to sponsor the chicken. The commuter association works underground anyway, so they were the logical choice."

Pookie speaks through clenched teeth and a determined mouth when he speaks of Cynthia. The project meant a lot to him.

"But disruptions like the homecoming farce just don't happen. They are the result of a lot of careful planning. We started planning it last spring, setting up committees to locate a fowl, to infiltrate the commuter association, and to get food and facilities for the bird. My committee's project was naming the chicken, and publicity. So you see, revolution is a lot of hard work!"

Pookie is also enthusiastic about the group's present fund-raising project, a building evacuation service for both students and faculty. "You see, for the nominal fee of just \$10 (and slightly higher for faculty and non-students) we will see to it that a particular building is evacuated at a specified time. This has been a really popular service for those students too busy to study for their biology exam or those sympathetic administrators bored with the tedium of committee meetings."

Optimistic about the future, Pookie hopes that upon finishing his field work here at Delaware, he will move on to graduate radical study at Bob Jones University.

"Although all of our group are aspiring Weathermen, right now our membership includes only two first-class newsmen and four second-class sportscasters," he commented.

"It takes a lot of dedication and application to make Weathermen," he concluded, "but we are sure that our projects here at Delaware will show that our freaks have what it takes to be a revolutionary."

# pookie gives 'em hell

by john garrison





burleigh cooper

## braised beef tips

by roy wilson

Have you ever found a worm in your salad?

Or hair in your food?

Have you ever gone back with your plate for seconds, only to see it end up on the counter as a fresh plate?

Have you ever had to drink hot ice tea because the ice machine was clogged?

Have you ever been sprayed with milk by a malfunctioning milk machine?

Or gotten no milk at all?

Or, finally, have you ever gone to supper drooling for steak and potatoes, only to be faced with the choice of fried haddock or braised beef tips?

### NO COMPARISON

The university housing and food service operates five dining halls that serve more than 5,000 students. With such astronomical numbers to feed, one can hardly expect university cafeterias to compare with private eating establishments. Be assured that they do not.

The dining halls have their good points. Inexpensive meals is one advantage. Personnel is another. Dining hall staffs are divided between student and adult help. Many of the student workers are financial aid recipients, and must work for the food service if asked, or face a revocation of all university aid.

Considering the relatively low pay scale for dining hall employees, their service is generally quite good. Other areas, however, are sadly lacking in refinement.

### DISREPAIR

Ice and milk machines, constantly in use, also seem to be constantly in disrepair. In hot weather, when ice machines are needed the most, the ice is often slushy and clogs the machine.

Milk machines almost always underfill or overfill a glass. These examples point to a need for more sophisticated equipment, or perhaps closer supervision by dining hall employees.

At the beginning of the semester, each student receives a housing and food service booklet that few people ever read. It states that students should try to eat meals at the time of least congestion. Try it for dinner some time.

### SUPPLY RUNS OUT

Anyone who arrives at the designated opening time of 5 p.m. finds a long waiting line and a scarcity of seats. On the other hand, the student who comes at 6:15 to avoid the rush finds a number of empty seats, but by then most of the edible food is gone. Perhaps if the dining halls could guarantee as much food at 6 p.m. as they have at 5 p.m., they could draw off some of the first rush of students.

Hot in summer and cold in winter is the rule in dining halls. This may be said of the food also.

The food is naturally the biggest complaint from most students. It seems to get worse as the year progresses. Variety is a big reason. The main courses reappear week after week.

### DELUGE OF DESSERTS

On the other hand, dessert possibilities seem endless. While

(Continued to Page 11)



burleigh cooper



# suitcase campus

by susan gregory

Jim Makielski leapt out of bed to shut off his electric alarm clock. "9:30," he moaned, "I can't even sleep late in this place."

Jim had to move all the way to the other side of the room to turn the blasted thing off and he had wanted to sleep to escape going to the one class that should have been important to him at the university-- English 556-- Seminar on the Short Story.

The night before, when he thumbed through the thirty-three page excerpt he had xeroxed in the library for the class, he had decided that there was no sense going. Only four out of the two-hundred eligible English majors had signed up for the course and now the department was going to eliminate it.

The only thing he would do if he went would be to lose another battle to the ever-ready Miss March, who sat erectly across from him with her black hair neatly tucked in back to accentuate her elevated cheekbones. Miss March at ten in the morning was enough to make anyone ill.

But he was up now. His own stupidity had caused him to leave the alarm set and he might as well go to class. Besides, maybe today they would hand out the drop/add forms and he would be able to spend the day trying to get into another English course.

"Oh fun," he thought, staring at his half closed eyes in the mirror. He showered, dressed, and shoved open the dorm door, then melted into the horde of students charging down Amstel Avenue toward their ten o'clock classes.

A junior and he was already sick of school, uninspired. He laughed as he thought of his high school expectation of college: finally he'd have some challenging English classes, lively campus parties, and meet intelligent students. But college sadly, had repeated high school; he was surrounded again by apathy.

There they all were, the top 25 per cent of the nation, the collegiates (scholars?), all racing with split-second timing to a seat in lecture halls where seven out of ten slept. (And those were the interested-- those who didn't cut classes.) There they copied, verbatim, the words of their professors so they could race back to their cells and pack in enough to spew back into a bluebook.

Here he was, junior, in the top five of his graduating class, suffering from delusion, and worse, a severe case of apathy. He was in the rut: sick of writing which had once excited him, unable to get the desire to open a book.

The seminar had seemed an answer to his problem. All he needed was one good course to make the semester interesting. Now that was going to be cancelled.

He pulled on the handle to the door of Memorial Hall, eased his way through the crowd in the hall, and found his seat at the side of the polished table.

There she was, Miss March, all in blue today and he stared at her coolly through his green eyes with an intent to make her uncomfortable and he did, which made him feel slightly more of a success.

Dr. Brewer entered, a tall lanky man, about thirty, whose thick, blond hair curled about his ears. Jim always

wondered why he wore a tie. It was always loose when he entered.

He'd charge into the class with his sleeves rolled up, and smash his briefcase onto the desk. "Late again." Dr. Brewer would still be panting from the run from Robinson where he always spent an extra five minutes to talk to students. He always made the time.

Jim liked Brewer. He watched him pull his notes out of his briefcase. He fingered through and pulled out a leaflet on Poe. Staring at the class a moment, he paused for a rest before Miss March started in on her soliloquy. Jim predicted that everything Brewer would say would be immediately reinforced by Miss March whose finger rhythmically coincided with the perfect inflections of her voice.

Jim never spoke in class. He refused to be butchered by Miss March who had probably memorized the thirty-three pages.

Smoke curled under Jim's nose from the cigarette of Alfred Paxton who was leisurely reclining in the chair next to him. Al's mind, Jim speculated, was not on Edgar Allen Poe, but on the red sweater of the silent Ann Bradley at the other side of the table. Jim rolled up the sleeve of his sweater slowly to see his watch and groaned when he found that he had twenty more minutes to endure.

The seminar might have worked, he thought, had there been enough interested students. But since there had been so many requirements and pre-requisites nobody signed up. And worse, so few attended the department's meetings in the spring that most of the students probably didn't even know about the seminars offered until the registration envelopes came in the summer. The air in the room was stuffy and Jim was sorry that he had worn a pullover sweater to the class.

Class ended and Dr. Brewer pulled a pile of drop/add forms from his briefcase.

"I hope it doesn't have to come to this" he said, disgusted. "Either we get six more students registered by this Friday or this seminar is cancelled. There is a meeting of the English department, open to students, at four in Smith. Be there; let's get a little student interest. It's your department."

Jim felt sorry for Brewer, and the school. The trouble with this campus is apathy. Brown, when he passed, was crowded with students. A boy in jeans and a green jacket shoved a paper into Jim's hand.

"We want to get Shurtleff back in the art department" he said and started spouting a long line of slogans at Jim, who was in a desperate hurry to get to the Education Building.

"Look, man, you'll never get anywhere on this campus. All you're going to get by standing out here is a cut for the class you're missing." He shoved the paper back into the boy's hand.

After pushing through the melee of bodies, Jim became part of the stream of students on the mall. Posters threatened him from Wolf--"Involvement, SAC, Scuba Club Meeting, Community Design." Someone shoved a slip of paper at him advertising an anti-homecoming rally. "Oh God," he muttered and crumbled it in his fist. "I've got to get away from this place. Thank God it's Friday."

At least he'd be able to go home. He thought of the one weekend on campus he had spent this year--in the morgue created by deserters. Only the weekend people remained--the ones with the sallow complexions who were finishing papers in the library and the athletes who practiced at Carpenter Sports. Then there were the unfortunates - the out-of-state students who remained because there was nowhere to go, who watched the Saturday night flicks or art films.

Four more hours and he'd be away from this place and his beige-walled room, the dining hall food, and the silence. He'd be home and he'd relax. Sure, home seemed like an ivory tower which consisted of good food, a mother who was concerned about his hair, not the Chicago Seven, and a father who was catching up on the well-deserved sleep after a week of travelling.

No, there was nothing to prevent him from going home except the feeling that he was vegetating but he did that on campus. Besides, good food and clean clothes were enough enticement.

At four o'clock he was back in the dorm, throwing the last minute items into his suitcase. The freak across the hall, Jack Masaki, a design major who transferred from Brooklyn, charged into his room yelling "Shurtleff's back in" at the top of his lungs.

"Amazing!", said Jim as he locked his door and slung his laundry bag over his shoulder.



greg clarke



# brothers and sisters, get off your asses

by kate boudart

Not only are commuters, as a group, dead: rigor mortis has set in with no end in sight except interment.

Commuters comprise an amorphous conglomeration that includes apartment-dwellers, married students living both in university and non-university housing, as well as students living at home. Herein lies part of the problem.

Non-resident students fall into a commuting rut. They drive to classes, park their cars (if they are lucky enough to find a space), attend classes and return to their residence.

Past Commuter Association presidents have experienced an overwhelming frustration in attempting to incorporate their constituency and give them a sense of belonging. Apparently, commuters have neither the desire nor the inclination to offer their services to this representative organization.

But, they have no compulsions about criticizing the election of Cynthia as Homecoming Queen or their Student Government Association Senator's stand on the Blue Hen and Pershing Rifles budgets.

Where were they when these issues were being discussed?

These are merely symptoms of a greater malaise that goes beyond the over-used term of apathy. Non-residents are hurting themselves by not offering their varied view points and talents in extra-curricular and academic areas. Certainly, there is a hard core of students who will give of their time and energies to improve the university's cultural offerings, e.g. commuter senators, Student Center Council members, etc. Unfortunately, these dedicated few are in the extreme minority.

Recently John Corradin, EG2, sent out 50 invitations to his constituents, hoping to generate some interest in his projects. Twelve people came to the tea, ten of whom were senators. Another example: out of the 3400 commuting students, 200 voted in the general SGA election last spring. Perhaps the commuters feel that the SGA is not representing their interest. Why don't they say so?

Beyond the organizational morass that the SGA and Commuter's Association inhabits, the commuter by and large does not avail

himself of the films, theater productions, coffee houses, publications and lectures offered on campus unless he is assigned to attend a specific event.

Part of this is pure inertia; the other part is a logistical problem. Many commuters do not have the time or transportation to return to the university a second time in the same day to attend an evening event.

Elaine Woodall, AS1, last year's Commuter Association president feels that a commuter hostel is one answer. According to Corradin, the hostel will hopefully be occupying temporary housing next semester.

Beyond this, there are no plans for alleviating that problem dear to every commuter's heart--the parking situation.

The ten-year Community Design plans call for a high rise parking building on the Laird tract but it also includes restricting the lots central to the campus to faculty and staff use.

More importantly, there seems to be no university plan for reviving the dead and dying commuter.

Yes, the commuter is a student too--but in name only.

## grade grubbing

by tom hunsdorfer

A person who continually strives for good grades rather than a good education is a sad spectacle. He is not only anxious and under pressure more than is healthy for him, but he also narrows his mental vision so that most of what is beneficial at a university is not within his ability to see and absorb. This is unfortunate, especially since it is this species of student who predominates at Delaware.

And yet, most students here (myself included) do not want the present grading system. It is simply a branch of traditional education that has been handed us for most of our school days, and which, for some reason, we have accepted without serious question. More important, however, is the fact that other schools are changing or discarding altogether their grading systems while we at Delaware remain generally inert.

It is with this in mind, then, that I offer an alternative. The ideas involved in this proposal are not all mine--some derive from the Magaziner Report on Education at Brown University. Regardless, they are quite pertinent and valid.

The proposal is this: that any student be allowed to take any course on either a pass/no credit basis, or for a grade, the choice being at his own discretion.

The immediate implications of this system are many. First, it allows those students who need or desire a grade index for medical or graduate school admittance, for employment or whatever, to present a bona fide grade report.

Secondly, those students who are interested in learning without the bother of memorizing and cramming for exams may do so without worries of a detrimental academic record.

Another change suggested by this system would be the removal of the stigma of failure on one's grade file.

If a student does fail in a course, he has already sacrificed his time, money and effort, and there is no reason for further punishment. An employer is more interested in what a person does know. An unsatisfactory or failing grade merely does not appear on a student's record.

This should save time for both professors and administrators. Teachers may concentrate on teaching rather than on calculating dozens of numerical averages, and records offices do not have to keep track of thousands of quality points and cumulative indices. Also, students may still be withdrawn academically from school if they are not completing enough work.

There are more reasons in favor of this proposal, but I feel that the basic ones have been covered. If this new system is implemented, students will be able to learn in a more relaxed, effective fashion, and they will not be forced to act as mere memory banks.

Delaware is supposedly an awakening and changing university. If we as students are concerned about true education, we should strive to make this new grading system a part of that change.

## ...braised beef tips

(Continued from Page 9)

the main course choice is never more than two, desserts range from ice cream through jello to pie, cake, pudding, etc., which is great if you live on desserts. Sometimes you must.

The Food Service regularly blesses students with specially prepared menus, such as sea food, Mexican dishes, etc. The consensus among students indicates that these meals are outstandingly poor excuses for food.

Cafeteria layouts vary. Kent and Rodney dining halls seem to be the most appealing, while Harrington, Russell, and the Student Center are four walls and a roof, no more. Barns often have more atmosphere.

### LONG LINES

In Harrington dining hall problems are further compounded by the fact that meal cards are checked just inside the door. The first 30 or 40 persons can crowd into the vestibule to wait for the cafeteria to open, but the rest must stand outside and brave the elements.

Across the beach, however, Russell dining hall, a near exact architectural copy of Harrington, checks cards in front of the counters. Thus everyone usually can get inside to wait. This difference between halls seems strange, especially to those waiting outside Harrington dining hall during a downpour.

Other problems exist. In Rodney and the Student Center, for instance, it is not enough that students must wait to get in. There is also a line to get out. Students must wait in line to return trays one by one, presumably to give the help enough time to clear uneaten food from the plates.

### GAME

During conveyor belt breakdowns or shutdowns, trays are stacked up on each other until the inevitable crash of plates, glasses and silverware occurs. Students play a game of stacking five-foot towers of trays, and then watching the trays move slowly along the belt to a one-foot opening.

In Harrington and Rodney, things are done a little bit backwards. The potential diner (this qualifies anyone from President E.A. Trabant to a pig, though the pig would probably be more at home with the food) chooses dessert first, then the main course. The result is a mass of people going back and forth in line, trying to decide what they want.

At least this keeps the dining halls in step with normal activities on this campus--shot to hell.



*a black solitude swirling up into a dingy field  
within the light stream of hazy screams  
sounding on shadowy paper dreams  
for a moment much safer*

*damn you*

*of the beds with human battle stains  
dripping bodies beside the sheets  
with some perfume the pillow tracked down and  
was all alone*

*to forget I'll march tomorrow  
through some gaping hallowed words  
we lost to the street  
which owns our debts  
and holds us in scary red*

*well thought doubts  
and no tears my Love will fall for...*

*...but i owe you*

*--William Dempsey*