

denouncing her father-in-law when she was brought out to be burned for being with child through prostitution, even though it was through him she had conceived. It was Judah who had pronounced the sentence of death by burning on the stake, not knowing that he had been the instrument of her conception. She merely sent back his pledges, saying: 'By the man, whose these are, am I with child. Acknowledge, I pray thee, to whom belong these, the signet, the scarf, the staff.' She would die for her father-in-law's sake, if he hadn't acknowledged his pledges, not to shame him publicly. She was a noble woman, worthy of her goodness, and her name in the Bible. But so was Judah. He didn't stand back and let his sentence be carried out over his daughter-in-law. Does he surpass her...? Well, he stood in public - and he was an elder, and respected - and admitted his shame and guilt. If there be punishment for the cardinal sin, adultery, let it be his." Then he finished his short sermon for the day: "Let not others suffer for your guilt, even unto death. Stand up and be counted even to the greatest humiliation. Let there be more Judah's in the Gate. Life would be worthier."

"Would I like Tamar die uncomplaining and unaccusing?" Cynthia reflected.

CHAPTER III

X's The Thing

This, that and the other thing. The X quantity of that other thing. That thing! Unknown in quality and quantity, but it exists. And it grows, grows! There always is a germ, a beginning. Even "nothing" has a germ, a beginning, according to George. She remembers his syllogism. There could be no "something" out of "nothing" if there had been "nothing", absolute nothing in the first place. X's the thing, but it had a known quantity and quality at its beginning, and now it 's quite well established on

its road of life. A month and more old. Perhaps not any more of the X-Unknown, but of the Known and the Knowing. Has it gained knowledge? The beginning of the Mother knowledge, the Womb Intelligence!

Cynthia's was a complex mind, and the complexity deepened when her mind worked at a furious rate. It was in a furious state of activity now. Exams - another X - are at hand. And that Thing. Furious! Furious activity in mind, and -body.

This, that and the other thing! What shape and quality that other thing! It can be the peace and blueness of the sky at eventide. And she stretched out her hand and grabbed a chunk of it. At least tonight she would have rest and peace from her torturing thoughts. She'd go to the affair. Bridge and dance. Dance! She'll dance and dance, until... Who knows?

Such was the fury and complexity of her mind!

CHAPTER VIII

When We Do Dance

They were throwing pillows about in the North dorm, and an occasional bucket of water on some unsuspecting victim if he happened in the right time, and when the pressure was at its height. The victim would smile and maybe appreciate the cooling effect of the cold water, for he had been under the same pressure. That same victim had the full schedule of the others, namely, exams and preparation for exams, getting the right notes at hand, sorting out others, looking over some of the previous exams on the same subject, taking notes from various sources, and crowd them in-