

# The Word Went Forth



# THE WORD WENT FORTH



AMORC

By Laura DeWitt

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To  
MAY FOREMAN CARR

I have esteemed Thy Words more than my necessary food.

—*The Bible*

Imagine yourself standing waist deep in the middle of a small pond. You have become very quiet. Not a ripple stirs across the surface of the water. Your hands hang straight and still at your sides. So silver-flat is the surface around you that it is like being at the center of a vast mirror.

Then very gently you begin to rise and fall upon your toes, just a little at first, and in perfect rhythm. Waves begin to move from you toward the distant shore. A dreamy peace fills your heart. You are enchanted. A childhood dream of a fairy circle has come true. From you as a center, perfectly timed concentric circles are lifting and falling and widening. A rosy flush gleams along each smooth crest.

Still maintaining your rhythm, you increase the tempo. A wonderful thing happens. Waves, moving also with increasing speed, gradually assume a rich orange glow. A clear pleasing yellow follows. Faster yet you rise and fall, rise and fall. The yellow slips on shoreward, followed now by delicate green waves. With each increase of speed the color shifts from green to blue; from blue to indigo; and from indigo to violet until at last you are surrounded by a pulsating rainbow.

Suppose you grow curious and begin to experiment a bit. Perhaps the clear yellow has appealed to you. You find again the speed that produced that wave, and then you rise and fall rhythmically at that tempo until all about you spreads a sea of gold. Or you may have preferred the rose-colored sea. Slowly you drop to your first motion, and wave follows wave to the shore until you find yourself at the center of a living rose.

“Magic!” you cry.

Yes, it is a kind of magic. You have invoked the law of vibration from which all manifestation springs. You have established a rate of vibration which produces a correspondence of manifestation in all fields of experience. That which has delighted you in sight might have been realized also in hearing had your ears been attuned to catch the tones. The color has simply made visible to you the pattern of sound that would surround us if every tone we uttered were permitted to manifest its true nature.

Whether we are color conscious or tone conscious, we are dealing with the same fundamental vibrations, for the two are inextricably

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interwoven. Wherever there is a pure and beautiful color, there is also a pure and beautiful tone. Whenever we voice a perfectly and purely enunciated word, we also evoke a clear and lovely color.

Let us imagine that in the midst of your playing with the prismatic waves, your body suddenly grows too weary to move longer. As your motion ceases, the waves begin to subside. The colors begin to fade. Sharp disappointment stirs in you, then despair. In that desperation you cry out. Surprise cuts the cry short. At the impact of your voice upon the waves something has happened. The sudden sharp vibration has apparently checked the fading of the color. It even seems to have deepened the glow along the crest. Can it be? You cry out again and the wave beat picks up its momentum. Excitement lays hold of you, and you begin to send out sounds in quick succession. You run up and down the scale; you vary the syllables. You have made a tremendous discovery. The same spectrum colors are riding out from you toward the shore, more delicate in hue but just as well defined. The motion of the body is not necessary. Now you stand in the middle of the pool and chant rhythmically. Wave follows wave; color succeeds color; the shore is still washed with iridescence.



You have demonstrated two important principles of sound and color: first, that an integrated pattern underlies the related fields; and second, that this basic pattern is simple and uncomplicated. In spite of all the bewildering array of color in our modern world, we all know that the whole vast display can be resolved back to the seven colors of the spectrum. The seven can be resolved into the three primary ones; and the three in turn resolve themselves into white.

Sound, too, is an apparently complicated mass; but sound, like color, can be reduced to just five elements. Throughout the world, regardless of the languages they speak, men use only five sounds: A. E. I. O. U. The symbols of sound may be multiplied, but the sounds themselves remain as five.

The important point is that these five vowel sounds are the entire vocabulary of the Inner Self. Whenever the real I wants to express itself in audible form, it must use those five sounds. It has no others; in fact, there are no more in the universe. Here then we begin to see the simplified pattern.

Only five sounds, yet how utterly adequate! The Self that has learned to use them has begun to apprehend the secret of creation itself!

Sound is a homing pigeon. Send it never so far away, and it will still find its way home. Some years ago there was an experiment over the radio. A dog barked into the microphone, and seventeen seconds later his voice returned to him from the loud speaker. In that fraction of a minute, his voice had travelled all around the earth, a distance of some twenty-five thousand miles, and found its way right back into the room where the dog stood.

Every tone that we send out from the middle of our pool rushes away from us on a curved path. Nor does it move outward in only one line of progression. We need to remember those concentric circles. In fact we should think of ourselves as standing in the center of a great globe, to change our illustration for a moment. The waves not only go out to the four points of the compass, but they go up above us and down below us as well. The figure is so complex that we cannot actually conceive of all those circles, moving in every conceivable direction and at every existent angle from our center. As we attempt to picture them moving out on a curved path; gradually reaching the limit of their orbits and then turning back to the point of their origin, we find ourselves out into figures of a fourth dimension.

The pattern is intricate and exceedingly symmetrical but utterly beyond us. Then we need to come back to our basic simplicity. We need to remind ourselves that there are only five original sounds. Again we need to impress upon our minds the truth that the Inner Self is uncomplicated. It deals with fundamentals and operates according to



law. Its alphabet forms, not the ABC's of speech, but the AEIOU's of sound.

The whole topic of sound is so immense that the figures we use in attempting to deal with it may be multiplied almost indefinitely. We have called it a pool and a homing pigeon. Like the pigeon, sound returns to us bearing gifts. Another analogy might be the carrier wave in radio. Picture again the pool. Imagine that we can see groups of creatures on the shores. Shall we make them human in form, or elfish, or frisking animals? It does not matter much. They are there; some lovely, some stupid, some coarse, some tender and gracious. They are all facing toward us as we stand in the center of the waves. They want to come to us, but can do so only when a wave of their own character curls upon the shore, turns and flows back toward the center. Then upon that vibration which harmonizes with their own, they hurl themselves and are borne to the center.

If the sound that we send out is one of anger, its sharp, ugly vibrations could not carry back to us the tender creatures. They would shrink from it. Only those creatures of sharp and ugly wavelengths could accommodate themselves to it. Thus when it reached us once more, it would not come simply as we sent it out. It would come reinforced with all the crowding creatures of hatred and malice riding on its crest. Its impact upon us would be destructive and violent. Certainly our mental peace would be gone in that terrific washing. Also certainly, though perhaps less obviously, our physical poise would be undermined. Days later when its effect came into our consciousness in the form of a headache or an upset stomach we would wonder why we felt so miserable. We would fail to connect the two facts; the harsh tone and the aching head. The connection, however, would be there, hidden and potent.

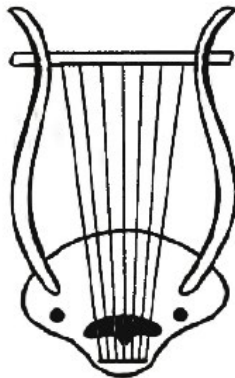
Fortunately the reverse also holds true. The loving word sent out provides a return wave for all creatures tender and gracious. Someday we rejoice in a feeling of great and abiding well-being. We cannot trace it to its source; but it lies perhaps in that which Shakespeare calls the best part of a good man's life, his little acts of unremembered kindness.

The vowels A. E. I. O. U. are in reality the only sounds man uses in speech or song. Perhaps the question has risen: Are not the consonants

also sounds? No, consonants are only stoppages. Test them for yourself. Try to utter the sound of B without any vowel sound attached to it. You cannot do it, for B alone is only a repression of the breath stream behind the lips. R is only a stoppage a little further back in the mouth, and not quite so rigid as B, but without an initial vowel sound, it cannot be pronounced.

The consonants are forces opposed to the vowels. The vowels are positive; the consonants, negative. The vowels give voice to the Inner Self; the consonants are the outer and material self, obstructing. The vowels are constructive and creative; the consonants interrupt and destroy. It is the age-old conflict between body and soul, expressing now through the realm of sound.

If we analyze the various abuses of voice, we find that the consonants are usually the troublemakers. Take the man who talks through his nose. There is a tensing of the muscles in the voice mechanism so that the breath stream is forced out of its natural channel instead of being permitted to flow freely. Tension belongs to the consonants; relaxation belongs to the vowels. There is perpetual conflict between the two, but each is necessary. It is not a case of getting rid of tension; it is a case of controlling and using tension as an ally of relaxation. We live in a world of opposing forces. It is only as we control and bring them into a state of poise that manifestation takes place. The negative and positive forces must meet in the electric light bulb and establish a state of equilibrium before we can have light in the bulb or power in the machine; and this same rule of three operates in every department of life, including that of speech.

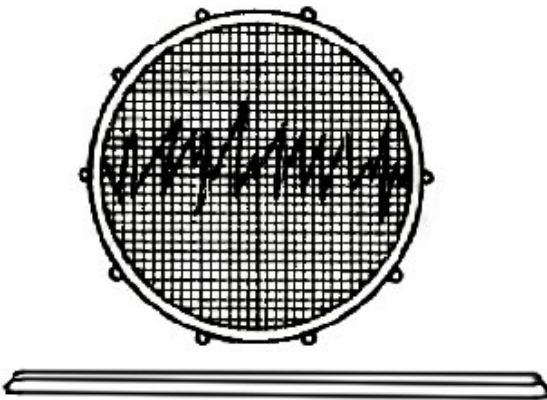


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A pure tone is the result of a nice balance between the open, relaxed flow of the vowels and the reserve energy created by the tension of the consonants. Notice how this state of balance reacts upon the speaker. Let a sudden emotion cut in to upset the balance. Let anger, for example, throw in sharp, hard repressions upon the breath stream. Ugly, broken vibrations go forth. They build a path from us to all other angry, ugly utterances. Sharp and bitter vibrations, seeking lines of force along which to travel, click with the stream we have sent forth. They are like shoppers at rush hours hopping upon an escalator and hopping off again when they reach their destination. The one who sends out the angry vibrations sets his own private escalator in motion. His own body is the destination toward which myriad shoppers, bent upon destruction, hasten, pushing and snatching and upsetting all the rhythms of life. The return wave is well-nigh unbearable.

“What have I done to deserve this?” is the baffled and often sincere cry.

We are not conscious of the true relationship of cause and effect. We should be better aware of this relationship could we see the pattern of sound our voices produce when we are emotionally taut. That wonderful instrument, the oscillograph, should be an inspiration to everyone who has ever watched his own voice weave an unbalanced and irregular line across its screen. If even one perfect pattern should occur in the midst of the straggling lines, it would be forever in his heart as a desired goal. Were the oscillograph to register color also, the corresponding color when anger strikes through our voices would lose its purity. It would be muddied and dull.



It is strange that we should feel that this combining of sound and color and emotion is fanciful, for our common speech is shot through with evidence of our having perceived the relationship. We have through long years of usage classified the negative emotions by a color scheme. We see red; we feel blue; we are green with jealousy; we have yellow streaks and dark brown tastes; grief is garbed in black; and our faces turn grey with fear.

Strangely also, we have not so well classified the finer emotions except in a few cases. We have golden memories; we are tickled pink; and the future assumes a rosy hue. Old age wears lavender. Green, blue, and brown figure not at all in our happier moments.

We speak of evolving upon a higher plane by merely contemplating this subject. It has been said that no one can achieve his own highest place in the cosmic scheme until he has become aware of the true significance of sound. By every sound that we utter we are constantly attuning ourselves and our environment to a definite vibratory pattern, in the midst of which we must live, like the spider in the middle of its self-constructed web. The pool of color is merely a device to help us visualize this sea of vibration in which we are immersed.

A second point to realize is that these patterns which we establish are carrier waves over which lines of communication are set up between our centers and the numerous centers of other people, whose webs are contiguous to ours. Shakespeare says that we creep into the jaundice by being peevish. Can you not visualize that peevish, whining child surrounded by thin irregular waves of irritation? Can you not also discern the lines of force pouring back upon him from scores of other peevish whining creatures? Misery truly loves company; and presently the child's glands are overtaxed. The invisible reactions have pounded at the nervous system until it has lost all its resilience. The child is ill.

There is a third point to be considered. Jesus said that every idle word men speak must be accounted for in the judgment. That seems preposterous. Deep down in our hearts we find it hard to believe; yet it is profoundly true. How do our words affect our own inner selves? How do they register their power for good or evil in our very bodies? A possible and relatively understandable answer is found in the structure of the pituitary gland.

The whole subject of glands has been so popularized that there is scarcely a child of this generation who has not at least heard of them. Science has brought within the scope of the layman's attention these seven ductless glands which so vitally influence our development that they are sometimes called *personality glands*. Our knowledge, however, is still very elementary; not even the most eminent scientists pretend to have an exhaustive knowledge of them. That they are there we know; and that they are like great controlling motors of the whole system with its growth and development. That they respond to certain stimuli we also know. We know that they are of two types; both of which affect the sympathetic nervous system. One set stimulates that system to greater activity; the other retards its activity, or even inhibits its functioning altogether. Can we not see here the same pattern of action and reaction that we see in the vowels and consonants? The sympathetic nervous system controls our involuntary actions, and brings our psychic impressions into the field of consciousness. Here as elsewhere we find the eternal struggle between forces. There are the thrust and the counter-thrust, the positive and the negative, in the constant interplay of the sympathetic and the cerebro-spinal nervous systems.

If we ask how these glands control the body, there can be only one answer: by initiating certain vibratory motions. How does a watch-maker so condition his watches that they will keep accurate time? By a series of fine adjustments he brings them into harmony with the rhythmic beat of the universal magnetic currents. When they synchronize with these magnetic currents that sweep the earth, the watches are trustworthy. Bring a magnet near your watch, shift its rhythm ever so lightly and mischief results. The watch becomes very ill. So do the glands bring the nervous system into harmony with the rhythm of its universe.

We might reasonably ask how the glands themselves keep in harmony. As the watch depends ultimately upon its great mainspring, so do the glands depend upon one gland which seems to be superior to them all, the pituitary. Here are secreted hormones that determine growth and development; here are the hormones which enter into the creation of new life; here are secretions that regulate metabolism, sex, sleep, blood pressure, and body heat. With good reason the pituitary has been called the Master Gland.

Like a child we can continue to ask *why* and *how* until we push back our borders of knowledge to their final limits. How does this Master Gland function? What force keeps it in harmony? We can go at least one step nearer to the answer; and that is one step nearer to solving an acknowledged riddle. The structure of this gland is most interesting. We need only to glance at it to recognize its connection with our voices.

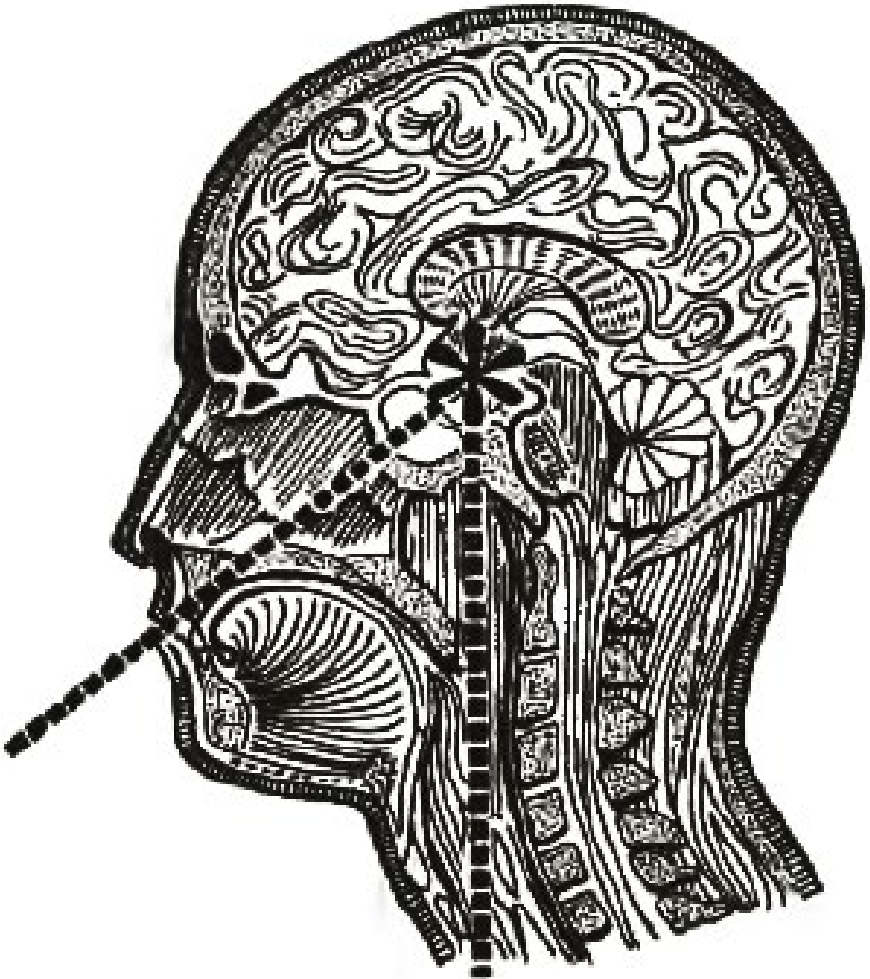
The pituitary is a sort of triple gland. It is composed of three parts; an anterior or front lobe, a middle portion, and a posterior or back lobe. Of the middle, or smaller part, science has as yet little to say; only that it is probably less important than the other parts. Yes, it is less important in just the same way that the hairspring is less important than the mainspring. Just a little matter of equalization perhaps, a transformer that serves to synchronize the vibrations from the two larger lobes. Of these two, the posterior descends from the floor of the mid brain. We are not immediately concerned with it and its functions. We are interested in it only as it transmits the messages from the anterior lobe, relaying them to the sympathetic nervous system.

The anterior lobe is of tremendous importance in our study of speech. It arises from the upper part of the pharynx during the embryologic stage of development. Picture those two lobes, one arising from the upper part of the pharynx, the other dropping down from the mid brain, contacting each other by means of the smaller middle portion that lies between them. Follow the pharynx downward and discover that it is only an upward extension of the same tube that forms the larynx or voice box. In imagination speak words of various emotional content and tone. Watch the vibrations formed in the vocal chords, see them travel upward through the tubelike aperture into the mouth, into the ears, into the nose, and on up until they strike against that upstanding tip that forms the front lobe of the pituitary gland. Follow them further, if you will, as they are modified and transformed—possibly stepped up to a greatly intensified rate—so that the posterior lobe can gather them up and flash them along through the brain to the entire nervous system of the body.

Possibly that middle portion functions like a thermostat, controlling the rate of vibration to that which will at least not destroy the body. Otherwise how could the system stand the constant crashing of noise and static that bombards it in our modern civilization? How,

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for instance, could it endure the screaming and yelling that one does at a ball game? Is it any wonder that one comes home completely exhausted from such an orgy? It is not only from expended energy that we suffer; it is also from the interruption of the normal flow of regular and vitalizing vibrations through our nerve channels. College yells emphasize the snap and crackle of the consonants: "Rah! Rah! Siss, boom, bah!" Even written here on the page these words seem like an outrage.



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In the beginning was Chaos. The word means little to us, for our experience has all been within the realm of law and order. We attempt to picture it by swirling fog clouds, by flashes of erratic lightning, by *darkness*. None of these figures is adequate. All we really know about it can be summed up in three brief statements: It was complete darkness. Have you ever stood deep in the earth, in some cavern, while the guide snapped off the light? Well, that is it. Nature's one hundred per cent blackout; it was without form, *patternless*, a state inconceivable to us; it was the *negation* of the Cosmos which is a patterned, orderly universe. These three truths we believe, and there is a dim fourth one that we arrive at by inference. There must have been, buried somewhere in the heart of that chaotic mass, *the germ of life*. Something there was that was waiting, waiting, waiting the stimulus that would cause it to stir and rise and emerge; and the something came in the fulness of time.



In the beginning was the Word also. When God was ready to create, when the plan was fully conceived, and the finished design lay before Him, perfected to the last detail, then He cast about for the medium by which He could externalize His conception. He needed, as it were, a tuning fork to set the vast machinery of the universe in motion, for He had planned that this universe which He was about to fashion should move to music. It needed chords of harmony echoing and re-echoing forever; chords too vast for human comprehension; chords that would seem lost because no one little human brain could ever contain them



in their entirety. Only in broken bits could the mind grasp the divine harmony; only in thin pipings could it pretend to reproduce it. The individual notes of that cosmic chord were destined to be scattered throughout the entire universe, sustaining and nourishing all creation, and constantly stirring in mankind the discontent of the partial and broken. Always within the heart of man was to lie a veiled knowledge that he was only a part, separated from a vast and perfect whole.

What then was the tuning fork that God used? Brooding over His inert universe, He breathed life into it by speaking the syllables of His own Name. *The Word went forth*, syllable by syllable, powerful, invigorating; And the Word became flesh. It gathered to itself whirling electrons; it built up form, atom by atom, until the waters departed into their own places; land appeared; trees and flowers unfolded; and animals stirred in field and forest. The earth was ready and waiting for man.

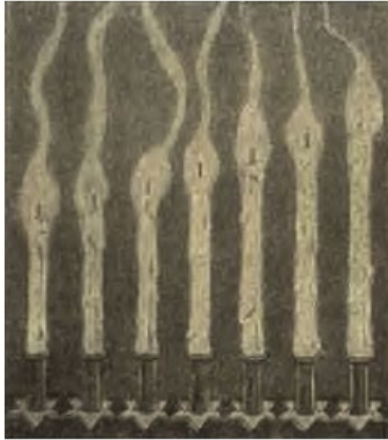
But while sound initiated the creation, it did not work alone. The tones of that great scale, chanted through space, would have been like the empty warp strung upon a loom had not light been called into being. Light with its sevenfold threads of color furnished the woof. Back and forth across the love-call of the Almighty, as across the warp of the fabric, shuttled the thread of light to create the vivid tapestry of life.

Man has never forgotten that there was a Word. He has cried for it in his loneliness. He has, in rare moments, heard its echo in his heart. Occasionally there have arisen men who outstripped their fellows. They have stood above the crowd, and their voices have seemed to work magic. People have gathered around them and among the throng has run the subdued whisper: "The Word! The Word is made flesh!"

The Word has not been lost. It is Man that is lost. Carrying his one little note in his heart, he has wandered off until the sense of his separation has overwhelmed him. His single syllable is not a harmony when it removed from other syllables. Mobility has betrayed man. His power to move about has led him to withdraw from his fellow beings. Nature in her fixed orbit has retained her song; man has lost himself in his straying.

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He has lost, too, the knowledge that he is essentially a creature of light. There is a light and there is a word deep within each being, for sound and color co-exist eternally. The voice of the Inner Self is the echo of that Name by which creation started. Twisted and distorted, but still recognizable, the Word goes forth continually: A.E.I.O.U. How tragic it is to mouth the sacred sounds over a lazy tongue. We slur them into slovenly syllables from ignorance and haste. Unaware of the creative energy of these five letters, we fail to stimulate and energize our glands by pure and true speech. We permit song to lie idle within us while we crowd our days with nervous tension. That which was given to us to renew and invigorate, loses its own resilience through neglect; and both body and soul are the poorer as a result.



The Tetragramaton has long been considered a sacred remnant of the Word that God spoke in creating the world. *Tetra* means four and *gramma* means letter. This four-lettered Name of God is found in many languages: Egyptian, Arabic, Persian, Turkish, German, and Latin; French and ancient Hebrew; Greek and Keltic. Our special interest centers in the Hebrew form whose four letters are all consonants.

To the Jew the Word became known as the *Incommunicable Name*, for the vowels were lost. If man had ever known them, he had forfeited his right to even the memory of them when he wandered away from his original state. In the days when he may have known their meaning, he feared to take the Holy Name in vain, for he dared not lightly invoke its power. Because of the ban placed upon him, he never wrote it down. Its syllables were whispered from man to man, and cherished in

memory. But gradually through his extreme reluctance to pronounce it, the true pronunciation was lost. The vowels slipped away, and only the consonants, the voice of the outer body, were left. To the present day, no devout Jew will needlessly pronounce that Great and Omnipotent Name, not even in its emasculated form. He will instead substitute for it the word *Adonai*, meaning Lord.

With the Christianizing of the Name, however, one of those curious happenings occurred which give us pause. Could it have been merely accidental? Could it rather be that by some subtle process beyond our understanding, when the Word that was in the beginning was again made flesh and dwelt among us, that memory stirred anew in the heart of humanity, unconsciously restoring to us a creative power which even yet we scarcely realize after more than two thousand years?

However that may be, when the Tetragrammaton was Christianized, it became *Jehovah*. To the Incommunicable Name, composed of its four consonants, had been added the vowel points from the word *Adonai*. Thus the various forms came into being: Yah, or Yahvah; Jahveh, and finally the *Jehovah* of the Christian period. Occasionally we find this form shortened to Jehova. The I of the original four-lettered name, IHVH, was thus made interchangeable with Y or J. In the same manner we know that U and V have always been interchangeable. Thus by substitution it would be quite proper to write the word IEHOVA.

What then of the H that stands in the middle of the Sacred Name; is it a consonant or a vowel? It is really neither. It offers no obstruction to the breath, and therefore cannot be called a consonant. It makes no sound, and hence cannot be called a vowel. It is in reality only a breathing. Do you not catch the marvelous symbolism of the word? Rearrange those letters without the H in their midst and you find the five vowels: AEIOU. Then set in their midst the royal sign of the breath stream upon which they must flow freely if we are to utilize their sacred creative power. What wonder that we are forbidden to take the Name in vain. Yet it is not a power reserved only for a select priesthood. No man can ever be defrauded of his birthright, for the word is a part of his own flesh.

When humanity was in danger of losing this sacred inheritance, the Word clothed itself again in flesh and cohabited with man. Jesus about to lay aside the flesh cried out to His Father, "I have manifested Thy

Name unto the men that Thou gavest me.” Later Paul, quoting from the scriptures of a former age, urged man to remember that the Word was nigh them even in the mouth and heart. Something that was lost had been recovered.

Law and Love are two of the most important of the opposing forces that dominate life. Law belongs to the outer self. It is composed largely of restraints placed upon individuals and society. Whether the command is positive or negative makes slight difference. *Do this* carries with it by implication a long series of *Do not's*. If the law says, “Drive at thirty-five miles an hour,” every driver is immediately aware of the negative implications, “Do not drive at fifty miles an hour or else—” Even in its positive form Law is still restraint, interruption of normal desire or activity.

Love, on the contrary, is the fulfillment of desire. Not even a positive command has any effect upon a lover. He would laugh at the suggestion that he *must* love.

“How could I help loving?” He would ask.

Love knows nothing of compulsion. Its only law is that law of man's own Inner Self. Law is negation; love is confirmation. Law destroys freedom in order to express itself; love by its own nature creates freedom. When humanity functions chiefly under the law, the consonants hold the balance of power; the outer self cracks the whip over the breath stream and drives it out of its natural channel. The voice grows harsh and dictatorial. *Thou shalt* and *Thou shalt not* arouse the spirit of combativeness. Caution and nervous tension contract the voice's range. Reserve destroys flexibility. Fear and deceit sap its resonance. Body triumphs over Soul.

When Love dominates, the vowels assume the mastery. They do not destroy the consonants. They share with them and together with the Inner Self create sound images of surpassing beauty. Streams of tender emotion are unleashed. The Self expands and the tones of the voice grow warm with kindness. Soul has triumphed and is guiding the Body along ways of pleasantness and peace. Then Soul and Body function in harmony, each necessary to the welfare of the whole. Conflict is past; balance has been achieved.



Man can never capture and confine the Spirit of God. When under the reign of Law, he sought to monopolize the secret of life and to retain it for the benefit of a select few, he eventually found himself holding the mere husk of a word, a few consonants from which the essence had escaped. He was left with nothing vital, and so was forced back upon the necessity of establishing a legend. He told of the thing that once existed; he told of it so long that it became a reality to him once more, but a lost reality. Now he had only a vanishing memory and four letters which he could not pronounce if he would.

When in the fulness of time, love became incarnate and man passed out of the old regime into a new one, slowly he learned a new commandment: *Freely ye have received; freely give.* Then the miracle happened. As man opened his hands and sought to share the thing he had once hugged to his own heart selfishly, back into the empty husks, revitalizing them and gradually displacing them, came once more the glorious, creative vowels. Here was the something that had been lost and was found again, none other than the Incommunicable Name made Articulate once more.

That which was lost among the consonants under the rule of Law has been found again, thinly disguised in the garb of the vowels, under the rule of Love. Here is good news indeed! As we meditate upon it, light dawns within us.

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“I see!” we cry, in the astonishment of a new understanding. It is not the physical light of a material creation that fills our hearts; it is the spiritual glow of an awakening consciousness. Merlin’s light that is not of sunlight, or moonlight, or starlight has flooded our beings. Song and speech have become sacred things because we have realized the multiform character of our five words. Sound, muted though it is as it creeps through our cramped channels, is yet pregnant with life; the gleam, that flickers through our dreams and interweaves with the strands of sound, is still powerful enough to bring to pass all of the loveliness that our hearts crave.

# THE ROSICRUCIAN ORDER, AMORC

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