A sample of recorded ethnographic observations

What follows is a sample of what ethnographic fieldnotes may look like when they are "written up," as I've asked you to do in your ethnographic exercise. This is an actual set of fieldnotes from my first visit to a site. It does NOT include a separate section of reflections, which you'll be doing in your exercise, but gives you a rough idea of the kind of detailed observations that might be found in a first-time ethnographic participant-observation.

Please don't feel that this is the only way to write up fieldnotes. Your style may be significantly different: more intimate, less personal, more concise, more lengthy, more poetic, less chatty ... this is merely one example of the way one ethnographer has recorded her observations.
I am getting ready to go to Mount Pisgah for the first time. This is the church Jim Peacock recommended to me when I asked for advice about a place to do my project for the ethnography class. He said that he had been doing research there for 25 years, and that it was a Pentecostal church in central North Carolina. When I expressed interest, he said he could call the minister and find out a good time for me to go, and maybe even go with me. That was a couple of weeks ago. Since I didn’t hear from him about it, I went to his office last Tuesday after class and asked what I should do about going, whether he would be able to go with me, etc. He suggested we could go this Sunday – although initially he sounded as if he was going to send me on my own, something changed his mind and he decided to go with me. He called the church, although he had a hard time finding it in the phone book because it has a new name, it isn’t listed under Pentecostal churches any more, and it has moved from its original location. The minister, Jim Haywood, wasn’t in, so Jim asked the church secretary to tell him that I would be coming to Sunday services, giving her both our names. (He introduced himself to her when he called for the minister, saying, “This is Jim Peacock. I’m – a friend of his.”) I am wishing that Jim had been able to talk to the minister personally. If the church is large enough it may not make a difference, but I am hoping I can get there early enough to speak to him beforehand, so I won’t feel so awkward about scribbling all through the service. Even though the church is now listed as non-denominational, I have decided to dress in a way that I hope would be appropriate for a Pentecostal service. I wear my hair down with a barrette, a long sage green sleeveless dress with a dark green long-sleeved jacket, black flats, and no jewelry, and I carry a small black purse to put my notebook in. I put two dollars and some tissues in my pockets – better safe than sorry.

Jim is late. The service starts at 10:30 and he was supposed to be here at 10:00. By 10:18, when the doorbell finally rings, I have decided he’s not coming and I’m looking at a map to think about whether I should try to go tonight by myself. It’s impossible to make it on time now. I go with him out to the car and Mary is in the passenger seat. He is telling me that he was looking for an undergraduate who wanted to come but something happened ... I’m not really listening, because I’m preoccupied with our lateness and with trying to remember Mary’s name. Once we are in the car, he asks me to look at the map he’s left in the back seat to help him find the place. I thought he knew the way! Thank goodness I already looked at my map inside. On the way, Jim tells us a little about the research he and Ruel Tyson did on this church 25 years ago. There are some videos of church services in the library, and mentions of the church have made it into some of his work, but he and Tyson never did write a book about Mount Pisgah. Jim surmises that Jim Haywood may be a little disappointed in this, but also a little relieved, since there was a rather sensationalist newspaper article about the church at one point. Ten years after this first research, a graduate student of Jim’s went back to the church and wrote a master’s thesis on it, and about three years ago an undergraduate student went back again and did some research for an honors thesis. Jim repeats what he had told me before, that Mount Pisgah used to be in a solidly working-class neighborhood, but has moved into a “better” neighborhood now. He has not kept up with them as much in recent years, but the changes in name and neighborhood lead him to believe that Mount Pisgah is de-emphasizing the kind of charismatic behavior that characterized their services 25 years ago (faith healing, speaking in tongues), and perhaps – although this would surprise Jim – they have even broken entirely with the Pentecostals. We find the road and eventually make it to the church, which is on the northern edge of town. It is a relatively new-looking building but it doesn’t strike me as ostentatious – it is a familiar shape for modern churches, octagonal or hexagonal with a roof that is not very steep. The wooden sign by
the road is dark and fairly non-descript, and the building itself is surrounded by trees, blending into the environment of this rural-turning-suburban area. The parking lot is still dark black with bright white lines, further emphasizing the newness of the building. We all comment on the cars in the lot—Jim is embarrassed to be driving his wife’s Mercedes, but we park next to a shiny white BMW and our luxury vehicle doesn’t look at all out of place. The lot is nowhere near full, even though the service started 15 minutes ago.

Mary and I wait outside the church while Jim ducks into the restroom for a minute. We talk as we wait and it isn’t until he returns and we turn toward the glass doors of the foyer that I realize there are two or three ushers standing inside in full view, probably wondering what we were doing standing there. At any rate, they are prepared when we finally reach the door. They welcome us and hand us each a small burgundy red folder with a ballpoint pen hooked onto the front, and a color-printed program for today’s service, a single sheet folded in half. They escort us to the closed double doors of the sanctuary and usher us in. Another usher inside the sanctuary asks us where we would like to sit and escorts us up the left-hand aisle just as the praise song the choir, soloists, and congregation are singing ends and a man with a microphone (I guess that it is Jim Haywood) tells everyone in the congregation to turn around and introduce themselves to the people around them. Jim is leaning toward the left-most set of pews, which is nearly empty; I divert our little group into the pews on our right, so that I can be surrounded by the congregation instead of totally apart from them. We are in the third pew from the back, at the left end of the middle left set of pews. I am now standing next to an older woman (perhaps in her mid-60s) who immediately introduces herself to me as Louise and welcomes me to the service. I tell her my name and say that I am glad to be here, which is true.

I estimate that there are perhaps 100 people participating in this service, which may be generous. It seems to me that all of them are white. I find by the end of the service that there is an African American man (age around 60?) on the far side of the sanctuary. Soon after we arrive, an African American family comes in and sits in the leftmost set of pews. Almost everyone in the room is wearing their “Sunday best” – ties, often suits, for the men, dresses for the women – but there are a few people (most, I think, in their 20s or younger) who are dressed more casually: men in sweaters or turtlenecks, women in slacks. A few teenagers are even more casual: I see one girl, perhaps around 16, who is in a zippered, hooded sweatshirt. She is sitting in the back pew on the far side of the room; her dark, shoulder-length hair is tousled and hangs in her face, and she appears to be playing with her fingernails or talking to someone whenever I look at her. Later in the service I see a boy of 14 or 15 wearing khaki cargo pants and a casual sweater. He, too, looks a tad bored. My general impression is that the formality of dress is directly proportional to age in this group, although I’m sure there are exceptions.

The sanctuary itself seems large to me. It swallows this small group; easily four times as many people as are actually here could fit in this room. I am not very good at estimating distances, and it’s even more difficult in this room, which is an odd polygonal shape, arranged in a fan pattern with all the pews facing the pulpit. But at the back of the sanctuary, perhaps the widest point, it is probably 100 feet across. The raised dais at the front of the sanctuary for the minister and the musicians is perhaps 30 or more feet across. There is plenty of room up there for the thirty-plus members of the choir, the minister, the pianist (and grand piano), organist (and Hammond organ), and guitarist, and four soloists (plus pulpit, music stands, chairs, and two monitor speakers). The sanctuary seems even bigger because of its vaulted ceiling, composed of wooden beams stained a natural blond color. The walls are painted flat white; the walls of the back half of the sanctuary are also white, but look like textured tiles; I initially assume they are acoustic tiles, but as I am leaving I notice that the walls are solid plaster or concrete, deeply grooved into a grid of about 6 inches. The room is carpeted in a deep aqua green with flecks of...
white, and the chairs and pews are upholstered in a matching solid aqua green. The pulpit, the pews, the wooden frames of the choir’s chairs, the double doors at the back of the sanctuary, the piano, and the organ are all oak-stained wood. On the backs of the pews are what I think of as standard accessories for a church: wooden compartments holding hymnals (looking rather old; but we never use them) and white collection envelopes are spaced to be within reach of anyone, and are flanked on either side with a flat piece of wood with three round holes, about 1” with metal grommets. I know from experience that these are for holding those tiny communion cups, but there is no communion held during this service. There are windows along the sides of the sanctuary, but because of the shape of the sanctuary and the arrangement of the pews they attract little attention; I didn’t note them during the service and now I cannot recall any details about them. On the wall behind the choir, words to the praise song they are singing are being projected onto a large screen from an overhead projector next to the soloists. After the song, the projector is turned off and the screen is slowly raised into the ceiling, revealing a cutout in the wall in the shape of an upside-down chevron (about 6 feet tall, with its bottom edge at about waist level of someone standing on the raised dais). About 5 feet behind it is another wall, painted a pale aqua blue, with a large golden cross affixed to it. I can only assume this is the baptismal, but since no one is baptized during this service it is not used. I am curious about two huge (perhaps 5’x6’) rectangles on either side of the baptismal; they appear to be fabric, white with a swirly pale grey and blue pattern, framed by white painted dentil molding. From my vantage point they look like theatrical scrims (fabric screens that are opaque to the audience when light hits them from the front, but translucent when light comes in from behind); however, they may simply be for acoustics. In front of the pulpit is a large dried flower arrangement in shades of red and orange, and two similar ones are placed on 4-foot pillar pedestals at each side of the raised dais. Seven cardboard boxes are stacked on the step in front of the center flower arrangement. Also
hands go up. He asks Jim to tell everyone about the book he wrote, and Jim says that he and Ruel Tyson never wrote a book just on this church, but they did do a book on religion that had several references to Mount Pisgah. Bro. Haywood tells Jim that his wife must be taking good care of him, because he doesn’t look like he has changed at all; Jim replies that he was just about to say the same thing. Bro. Haywood laughs and says, “We could go on like this all day!” He welcomes all three of us to the service.

Bro. Haywood then turns his attention to the seven boxes stacked in front of the pulpit. He tells the congregation that a friend of his gave him a copy of a book called *The Prayer of Jabez* (not sure about the spelling – I’ve never heard this name before, although I get the impression from Bro. Haywood that it is Biblical) and that he found it very powerful. He asks if everyone remembers the attempted plane hijacking that took place a couple of weeks ago, when two men wrestled the would-be hijacker to the floor of the cockpit. Many people raise their hands and nod. Did anyone hear that those two men prayed the prayer of Jabez before they got on the plane? Several people nod and say “Amen.” He notes that a young Black man named Joe visited the church a while back (I’m not sure why it’s significant that he is Black) and told Bro. Haywood that God had told him to come there. Joe is a student at East Carolina State University, and he asked Bro. Haywood if he would come speak to a gathering of students there. Haywood agreed, and later was inspired to bring copies of *The Prayer of Jabez* to give to all the students at the gathering. But he did not have enough faith, Bro. Haywood said, because he assumed that there would be about twenty students there, but when he spoke to Joe’s grandmother on the phone she said there would be 800 students. He looked into the cost of getting that many copies of the book, found that he could get them for $5 instead of $10, and asked the congregation for help to buy them. After the collection that day, one of the ushers told him that there was a $4000 check in the collection plate. (Many murmurs of “Amen.”) Then he called Joe again and found out that the number of students at the gathering would in fact be 1000. Once again he asked the congregation for help, and the remaining money came through. Now he has all 1000 copies of the book to give out, and people have been praying over them each service until he takes them to ECSU. He asks all the senior citizens in the congregation to come up and pray over the books, because so many of youth are going astray and need their elders to help them find the way. About twenty people come to the front of the sanctuary (including Louise, the woman seated next to me) and Bro. Haywood asks one of the men to lead a prayer. He leads an impassioned prayer and many people punctuate it throughout with “Amen”s, holding their palms upward. Somewhere during this story, the musicians have begun to play softly; music is such a constant presence during this part of the service that it is only noticeable when it stops – or when it swells to accompany a moment of heightened intensity. While these things are going on, I am dividing my time between listening and watching what’s going on, writing in my notebook, and filling out the guest card that was in the small folder I was given by the usher.

As the seniors return to their seats, Bro. Haywood asks the congregation to pray for a minister he knows, whose wife and granddaughter have both been afflicted with cancer. He becomes emotional as he tells the tragic story of this family. He asks everyone to pray for this minister and for any minister we know who is beset with troubles. He leads a prayer, but everyone in the congregation speaks at the same time. At first I think that this is a prayer everyone knows and says together, but it quickly becomes obvious that everyone is simply saying their own prayer out loud. The music continues, rising and falling in intensity with the mood of the prayer, which ends with many “Amen”s. Bro. Haywood then asks a woman to come forward. She was saved last week, he tells us, and he asks her how her week was. She tells him she had a wonderful week, and he repeats her answer to his question: “She had a wonderful week!” as the music swells again. But she has come forward to ask for a healing for the baby she
holds in her arms. Her baby is 18 months old, but is behind on its motor skills development and is not yet walking. He listens to her explain the problem and then repeats it for everyone to hear.

He calls for a healing, and several people rush to join him in laying hands on the woman and her baby. They pray over her and as everyone returns to their seats he sings the words to the tune being played on the organ, piano, and guitar. Some in the congregation join him; the words are about healing through God’s power. The song is almost spontaneous, but I think the pianist shifted to this tune during the healing, so I can only guess that it is probably sung every time they lay on hands during a service.

(Everything written before this point (except for some minor edits) was recorded right after the service; everything from this point on was not recorded until three days later, so my memory is much dimmer.)

After this song is finished, the music stops, and Bro. Haywood hands the microphone to another man whose name I don’t catch. He immediately says, “He who keeps the tithe is a thief!” and begins speaking about the necessity of giving to the church. He speaks for a minute or two, and then four men in coat and tie come to the front with collection plates. The plates are really large shallow chrome bowls about 14” in diameter, with a wide flat lip that makes them easy to hold and pass. Two of the men stand on either side of the pulpit (but at the bottom of the steps), one stands in front of the aisle to my left, and the other stands in front of the corresponding aisle on the other side. The man with the microphone then leads a prayer, after which the men begin passing the collection plates. The two men in front of the pulpit come down the center aisle and pass their plates down the pews on either side; then the plates are taken up by the men on the side aisles and passed back to the center through the next pew. I have put a couple of folded dollars in my jacket pocket for just such an occasion. The guest card I filled out earlier said to place it in the collection plate, presumably excusing visitors from putting money in the plate, but I always feel a little self-conscious not contributing when I visit a church, so when the plate comes I put a dollar in with my guest card. I pass the plate to Mary, who passes it to Jim, who puts a crisp bill of a considerably higher denomination in the plate and hands it to the usher. He sees that I have filled out a guest card and begins filling his out as the service continues; he’ll eventually give this to someone in the foyer after the service. I watch him for a moment and think about his odd position in the church; never a member, but at some point extraordinarily familiar with everyone in it; now, almost a stranger again, but not quite. When does an ethnographer stop filling out guest cards?

As the collection started, music began playing, and I was distracted by looking for money and guest card, so I didn’t notice at that moment that it wasn’t the piano and organ that were providing it. During the collection, I hear a woman being singing, and I look up to see a woman in a blue suit (jacket and knee-length slim skirt) and red blouse holding a microphone and singing to recorded backup. She is in her early 40s, with large squarish glasses and shoulder-length dark hair; I recognize her now as one of soloists who were singing with the choir when we first came in. She walks around with the microphone and sings energetically, sometimes making a fist with her other hand and leaning over a bit at the waist. She is pushing the notes out; what she loses in accuracy, though, she makes up for in passion. (I can’t now remember anything else about the lyrics or style of the song.) By the time her song is finished, the collection is mostly finished. I am a little preoccupied with making notes about the space, so I’m a little startled when the congregation applauds her at the end of the song. Then another woman comes up and stands behind the pulpit. She is in her early 30s, thin, medium height, with blonde hair in a pageboy hairstyle. She is wearing a little black jacket dress with tiny sparklies embroidered on the bodice, which isn’t as formal as it sounds. Jim passes a note to Mary and me on the back of a collection envelope that says this is Jim and Elaine Haywood’s daughter, Kristina (Kirsten, as we later find...
out). She has a spectacular voice, although the song she is performing isn’t all that flashy. (Again, I can’t remember much else about the song; what struck me at the time was her lovely voice and the recorded backup, this time with recorded backup voices as well.) Some in the congregation raise their palms heavenward while listening to the song, and afterward there is enthusiastic applause; most of the congregation gives her a standing ovation. After the service Elaine and Jim Haywood (each, separately) tell the three of us how proud they are of Kirsten, and that this is her first time singing since she has been going through “a rough time” (Elaine), a difficult separation (Jim).

Now Bro. Haywood returns to the pulpit and the musicians leave. He is no longer holding a mic but has one clipped to his shirt. He said in the first part of the service that he was not the regular minister of music, and that they were looking for one, as their minister of music had recently left them. I didn’t really understand his point at the time, but now it seems clear to me that he switching between clearly defined roles. Instead of walking freely around the front area, as he did before, he goes directly to the pulpit and stands behind it (although, as he gets going during the sermon, he will begin walking around more). He begins his sermon (which I haven’t recorded much of); for the past few weeks, he says, he has been preaching on the topic of miracles. Only a minute or two into the sermon, he seamlessly threads in an announcement that he will be continuing the “maximizing manhood” series (he holds up a book titled *Maximizing Manhood*) with all the men who wish to come tonight, in the fellowship hall. Meanwhile, his wife Elaine (he motions to her; she is now sitting in the front middle-left pew) will be teaching a lesson for everyone else in the sanctuary. (There is a slight conflict in the way the two of them describe this division; he at first makes it sound as if Elaine will be teaching for anyone who doesn’t want to go to the “maximizing manhood” series, whether male or female - in other words, the manhood session is the special event. He then jokes that the women haven’t decided whether they will let the men back into the sanctuary or not, implying that it’s two special events, one for men and one for women. Elaine clearly takes this second view, since after the service she makes a point of telling me how much fun it will be to be “just us women” in the sanctuary, where “we can cry” and do all sorts of things that we might not do otherwise. She repeats the joke about not letting the men back in.)

Some high points of Bro. Haywood’s sermon:

- He compares the story of the Israelites going from their bondage in Egypt into the wilderness to our spiritual lives today. “I did not deliver you from Egypt to wander in the wilderness.” Most of us in this room are not really in bondage in Egypt any more, but we are still wandering in the wilderness. We need to stop wandering and go into Canaan in order to fully experience the miracles God sends.

- He talks a lot about miracles as occurrences that are not necessarily spectacular, but are miracles nonetheless. He mentions his conversion at the age of 9 as an example, as well as the recent conversion of the woman who earlier brought her baby to be healed. “If I just believe God for the spectacular, I’m gonna miss him.” Still, he mentions other more spectacular miracles too, e.g. a woman in the congregation who came to be healed of her Parkinson’s disease. She came in using a walker, fell on the ground as she was being healed, and got up and walked out on her own.

- He occasionally speaks directly to someone in the congregation (often his wife, but sometimes others), usually asking for a factual detail or an affirmation that something he says is correct. “What did Patty have? Parkinson’s? She had Parkinson’s disease!”

- He spends some time talking about five sins that will keep you from going into Canaan: fornicating, tempting God, murmuring against God, and two others I didn’t note. He especially spends time on the second and third ones. He asks what it means to tempt God and
answers his own question – not obeying God’s law, then expecting him to bless me. He mentions not tithing as tempting God, which segues smoothly into a quick summary of the missions supported by the offering today. Then he notes that it seems out of place for something as innocuous-sounding as “murmuring” to be in a list with sexual sins. But murmuring against God “devalues” God, just as murmuring against your loved ones devalues them. As an example, he says that if he murmurs against his wife Elaine, that means that he is always focused on her negatives rather than her positives (“and folks, she’s got some great positives.”) – and that would devalue her and hurt the marriage.

He then returns to the difference between simply being out of spiritual bondage and being fully into the promised land. He is clearly wrapping up, and the pianist and organist return to the front and begin playing softly. He tells the congregation the song that is coming up – something about marching into Canaan. Then he wraps up, saying, “It’s one thing for him to be your Savior and another for him to be our Lord.” He pauses dramatically, and repeats this statement. Then he turns to the pianist and asks her if we can sing “He is Lord” instead of the song that was planned. He has just been inspired to change the song, he says, and he begins singing “He is Lord.” The pianist slowly picks up the key and starts playing, and the organist joins in. The congregation begins singing with him, faintly at first. After one chorus, he encourages everyone to sing and starts cueing the lines ahead so that everyone can join in.

After the song, as the piano and organ continue playing softly, Bro. Haywood leads a prayer. After the prayer he asks everyone to stand up and sing another song. I put my notebook down as I stand up and sing along. He then asks everyone to come up to the front to pray. He reassures everyone, “We’re not going to embarrass you or do anything weird.” Jim doesn’t make a move, so we stand in place. I feel a little conspicuous, since only two or three other people don’t go up to the front. Bro. Haywood leads another prayer, and then asks if anyone needs prayer or healing. There is silence except for the music, still continuing softly in the background. He asks the African American family that came in late if they are related to Joe, the ECSU student he mentioned. They respond that they are not.

After this, the service is over. Bro. Haywood announces that there will be a very brief wedding immediately following the service between two of the church’s members, and that everyone is welcome to stay and celebrate with them. During the announcement, I see a middle-aged woman come over to the wife of the African American family and give her a hug, welcoming her to the service. People mill around the front, greeting and talking to one another, as others gather their things and make their way to the rear exit. Louise leans over me to shake Jim’s hand. She tells him that now she remembers him from when he used to come to the church on Main Street; she thought he looked familiar. He says that he remembers her, too. I put away my notebook and gather my shawl and guest folder, and the three of us head out. Before we reach the back door, we meet up with Jim and Elaine Haywood. Jim and Bro. Haywood have a very friendly conversation. Jim asks Bro. Haywood if he has really been doing this for 32 years, as he mentioned during the service; he answers that it will be 32 years next week. Jim says that’s remarkable, since he has been doing what he does for 32 years, too. Jim suggests that it would be wonderful to sit down with him and reminisce about the last 32 years; Bro. Haywood thinks that’s a great idea and offers to buy Jim lunch sometime soon so they can do that. He asks if I am the person Jim called about earlier in the week, and Mary and I introduce ourselves. I haven’t even thought about what I want to say to him, so I feel very awkward and say something about how I’m looking for a church to start going to and I’m doing some research on religion. As I
mentioned before, Elaine Haywood talks to us for a minute about the service tonight and about their daughter who sang today. For some reason, I feel more comfortable with her, maybe because her husband has quite a presence – even though, as I mentioned, he is very laid-back and friendly.

The Haywoods go back to prepare for the wedding, and we make our way to the foyer, where we speak briefly to Kirsten. Jim recalls when she was just a baby, when he was first coming to this church, and says he’s sure she doesn’t remember him. She responds that of course she does. We compliment her on her song and she thanks us. Then Mary speaks with a fortyish man while the older African American man who was seated on the other side of the sanctuary comes up to Jim and talks to him, saying that he took an anthropology course at Howard University when he was there. He and Jim discuss some names of professors at Howard to see if they have any common acquaintances. (I stand next to Jim and listen, since I don’t have anything to contribute.) The man that was speaking to Mary introduces himself to Jim and asks if he is a professor of music. He remembers Jim from before but associates him with music for some reason. Jim replies that his field is anthropology, but his wife is a musician, so maybe that’s the reason. The usher who initially welcomed us greets us again. He says that they had a good crowd today. I say they have a lovely church building, which seems to make them slightly uncomfortable; he smiles and says that they try to keep it polished up. I reply that it’s good to have such a nice place to worship in, and ask how long ago they moved to this building from Main Street. He says he doesn’t know, since he has only been with the church for three years. After talking in the foyer for five minutes or so, we head for the door. I leave the pen that was with my folder on the table by the door where the guest folders are located. It seems wasteful to take it.

As we approach the car, we see a family crossing the parking lot and heading toward the white BMW that we’re parked next to. One young woman is wearing a black leather jacket and another a black leather skirt, and an older woman is wearing a knee-length fur coat. Jim looks at us and smiles, as if to say, “Things have certainly changed!” We wait for them to get in, and then go to the car and leave. On the way back (we only get lost once) Jim talks some more about the church and how much it has changed, particularly in terms of social class. I mention that Bro. Haywood seemed to be continually encouraging people to participate by reassuring them that they wouldn’t be singled out or asked to do anything weird, and wonder aloud if that would have been the case 25 years ago. Jim says that’s a good point, but that Bro. Haywood has always had a very easygoing style, never pushy like another local Pentecostal minister whose church he also studied in the same period. He says that Elaine Haywood’s role seems to have changed, too, since she never led services when he initially did research with the church. But women ministers are common in Pentecostal churches, he reminds us, which is quite different from the Baptist church where women can’t be ministers. We all remark that the church was half empty; Jim says that when he visited two or three years ago, the sanctuary was full, and we muse on what might have changed in that time. Jim is excited about our visit. He says he might start coming back more often because he is intrigued by all the changes that have taken place. The time is right for someone to do a new study of this church, he believes. He drops me off at my place and I thank him for taking us. I go in and change clothes, and then sit down at the computer to try and get all this down.