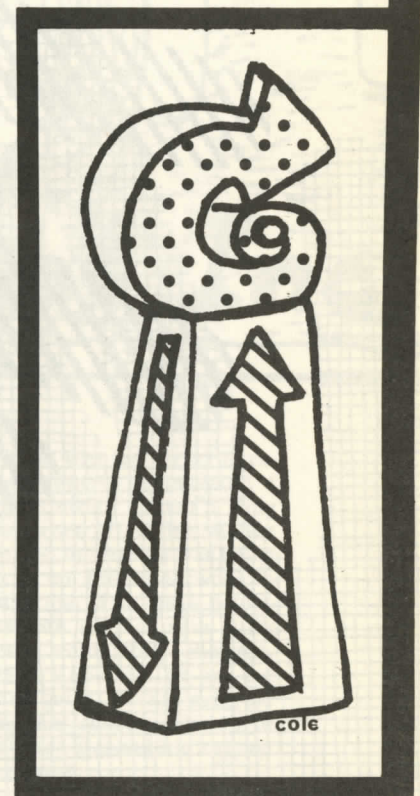




# CONTENTS

Innocence	2
Youth Development Inc.	3
He still has his Immortal Soul	7
Dream	8
Despondency	
Mad Song	9
Calcium Soul	
Ode to Spiro T.	10
After a Day of Play	11
Precious Shell	
Peg	12
Folk Music	14
Where Is the Theatre Going?	16
The Rush to Relevancy	17
What Is Photography?	18
Nature in Art	19
The Music Evolution	20
A Renaissance in Creation	21
Song of the State	22
Fated	
Song for Hard Times	23
Paper Curtain	24
Similarity	
Tact	25
Preawakening	
Trees	26
Vocal	27
Stone of Ending	
Bird of Paradise	28
The Planetarium	32



## MAY 1970

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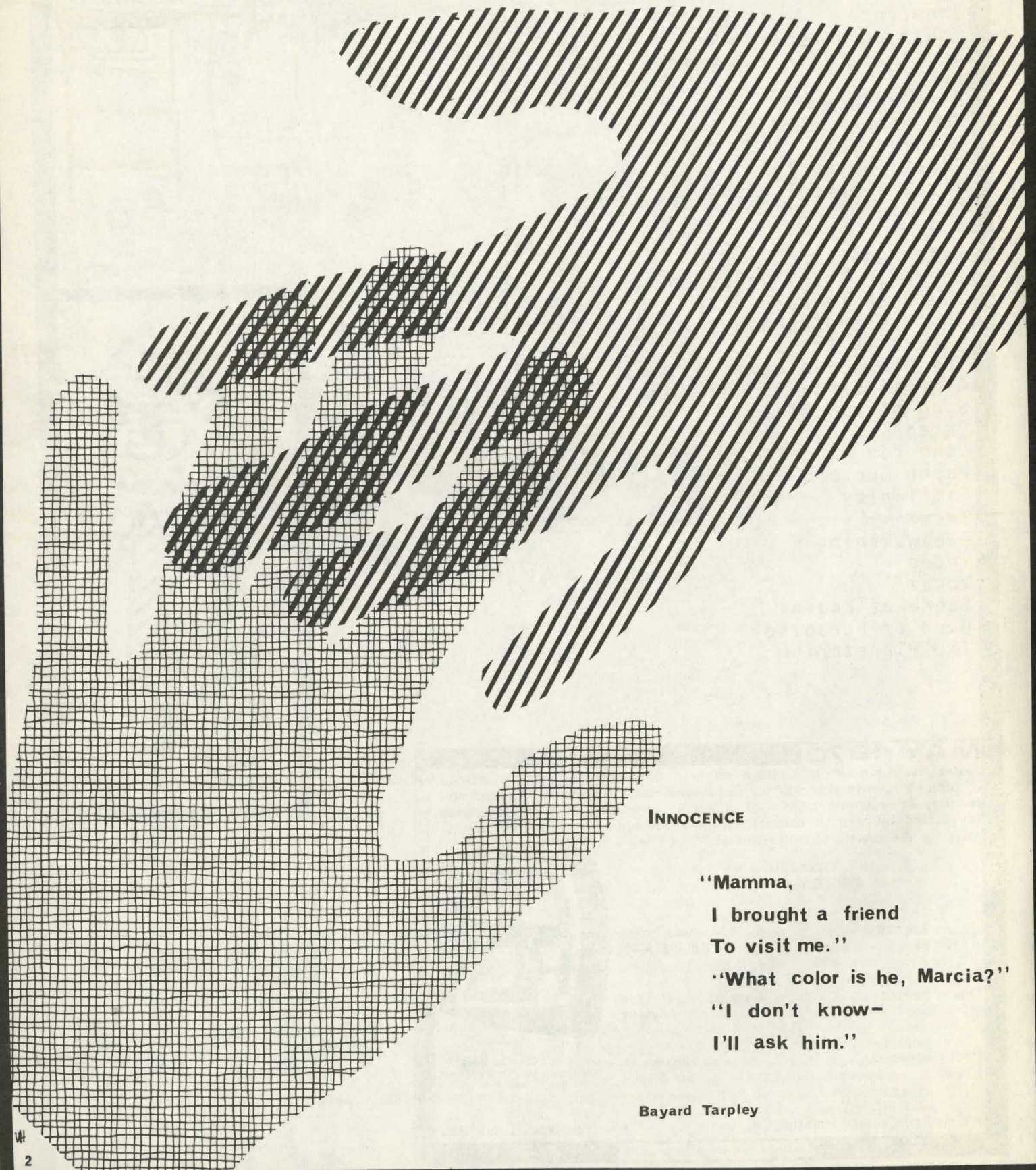


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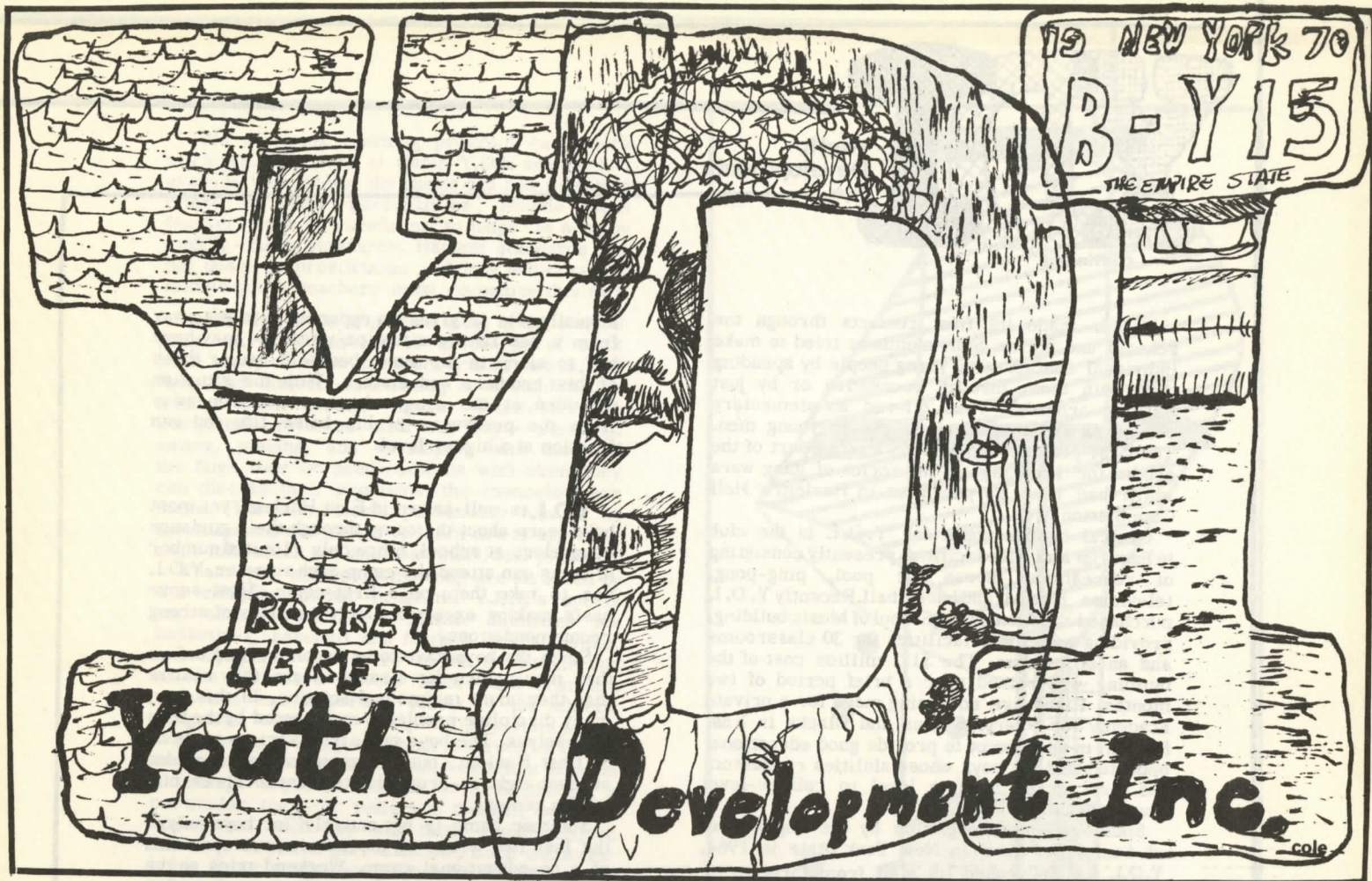
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**INNOCENCE**

**"Mamma,  
I brought a friend  
To visit me."  
"What color is he, Marcia?"  
"I don't know—  
I'll ask him."**

**Bayard Tarpley**



Harlem.

Think about it before you read on. What does it mean to you? Toss it to a friend and add his meaning to yours; then think again.

Ghetto. Race riot. Pusher. Drunkard. Rats. Filth. Prostitution. Street fight. Black. If these words hit you, change tracks before you read on. Think about Harlem as if you'd been there; think about people. That's what Harlem is all about.

People. People with problems.

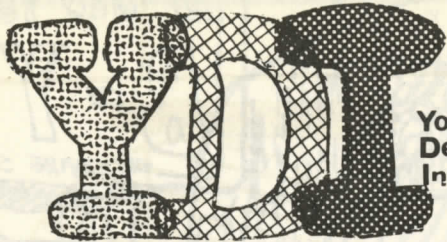
Only a few hours drive from Harlem on a beautiful 26-acre lake in the Catskills lies Camp Y.D.I., a \$1.5 million investment operated by Youth Development Incorporated, a unique Harlem social agency working to provide a better environment for the youth of East Harlem.

East Harlem, the heart of the ghetto, covers an area of about one square mile housing a population of about 170,000 individuals with all the problems unique to the ghetto. Y.D.I. began its work with the youths of East Harlem in 1957 when Jim Vaus, a former member of the Mickey Cohen gang in the West Coast underworld, began working independently to end gang wars. From this background, Y.D.I. developed as an independent social agency operating without government funds but with excellent faculty and staff to help the Harlem adolescent help himself. As a private agency Y.D.I. is capable of stimulating Harlem youth through religion, social activities, and recreation according to the needs of each individual or new group without being committed to a collective formula for operation with all individuals and groups.

Y.D.I.'s founder Jim Vaus was the electronics genius of the underworld where he invented a method of wire-tapping allowing Cohen's gang to enter bets in horse races after the winner had already been determined. In 1949 he was being sent to St. Louis to set up the underworld's largest gambling organization. Two days before his departure, he came into contact with Billy Graham and his life was completely changed. During the next two years Vaus was in and out of federal courts pleading guilty for his crimes; his cooperation in giving the courts underworld names and information at last cleared his record and no court would charge him.

For the next few years Jim Vaus traveled to colleges lecturing on juvenile delinquency. One day in 1957, while visiting a prison, he was approached by a 16-year-old boy serving a life sentence for murder. "Why can't some one like you work with people like me before they reach prison?" the boy challenged. Accepting this challenge, Vaus left his family to go to East Harlem, Hell Gate Station, to work with such youths. Youth Development Incorporated resulted, being established with the purpose of helping to rid New York's 51st precinct of the teenage street gang wars that were at that time a constant threat to the neighborhood and police.

Continued on next page



**Youth  
Development  
Inc.**

continued

Y.D.I. made its first contacts through the schools and police. Staff members tried to make individual contact with young people by spending time with them through recreation or by just "sitting around." Vaus offered an elementary course in electronics to interested young men. The 51st precinct gives Vaus a large part of the credit for breaking up the series of gang wars which had been so prevalent in Harlem's Hell Gate Station area.

Central headquarters for Y.D.I. is the club in East Harlem with facilities presently consisting of recreational areas for pool, ping-pong, television, football and basketball. Recently Y.D.I. purchased the Manhattan School of Music building, providing additional facilities for 30 classrooms and an auditorium. The \$1.2 million cost of the building was raised over a brief period of two months. Plans are now being made for a private academy for Puerto Ricans and Blacks in East Harlem in an attempt to provide good educational opportunities for boys whose abilities range from the first grade reading level to college-level comprehension.

Since gaining recognition by the Department of Social Services in New York State in 1964, Y.D.I. has increased its staff from three to 25. In five years Y.D.I. plans for the East Harlem community to be able to operate Crossroad Center the agency, with Harlem community people as the complete staff. Presently over half the staff are from East Harlem. Tentative plans call for similar agencies venturing into New York, Buffalo, Philadelphia, Detroit, and Washington, D.C.

Early in his work Jim Vaus received funds from close friends in California where his family was still living while he carried out his plans in East Harlem. One day he was approached by George Champion, president of the executive board of the Chase-Manhattan bank. Champion had heard about Vaus's work and asked him what was needed to carry on his work. Vaus told Champion that he had in mind plans for a camp, but would need \$800,000 in ninety days. Champion guaranteed that the money would be provided. Through the assistance and contributions of such close friends as the late President Eisenhower and C. Douglas Dillon, the money was raised and the property for the camp was purchased.

Camp Y.D.I., a \$1.5 million setup, resulted. The camp is located on 26-acre Lake Champion in Glenspey, New York. Not the ordinary "roughing it" camp, Y.D.I. has pine paneled cabins and allows the boys to eat all the food they want—quite a welcome change from the Harlem scene.

Three hundred Harlem youths attend the nine-week summer camp at a cost of \$5 each. The camp's objective is to create a working atmosphere to reach problem Negro and Puerto Rican teens. This atmosphere keeps the teens away from temptation; a boy no longer has to prove himself to the gang by fighting or taking drugs; he doesn't have to prove himself

sexually. He is given an opportunity to get away from a bad family situation where he may have had to sleep in the same bed with two or three of his brothers and sisters. With the situation provided at the camp, the boy is taken away from the pressures of his home life and can function at a higher level.

Y.D.I. is well-known in East Harlem, yet most boys learn about the camp through their guidance counselors at school. Since only a limited number of teens can attend the camp each summer, Y.D.I. has to take them on a first-come—first-serve basis making exceptions only in cases of strong recommendations.

Since the boys have to be recommended before they may return for a second term, they realize that they must maintain discipline. In this way, many discipline problems are stopped by the boys themselves. The boys come from various sections of East Harlem but the group always includes at least eight ex-drug addicts from local rehabilitation centers.

Summer camp is not entirely "for boys only;" the last two weeks of the session see operation of a co-educational camp. Weekend trips to the camp at other times during the year are also co-educational. To further enhance the proper development of relationships between young men and young women, Y.D.I. offers co-educational opportunities with trips in addition to seminar and discussion groups. These opportunities are directed towards an effort to bring up the quality of the relationships that are already in existence.

Camp Y.D.I. stresses four definite programs: educational, counseling, athletic, and religious. The camp summer school is accredited by the State of New York with credits transferable to New York high schools. English, math, and reading courses are taught, and speech therapy and tutoring services are available to assist the student.

Harlem schools are crowded and facilities are often bad; few people really want to go to Harlem to teach. Most of the Harlem children are culturally deprived and are at least two to three years behind in their reading. Many boys entering the tenth grade of the camp school can read only at second or third grade level. These are the types of situations Y.D.I. tries to improve.

School is in session for three hours a day with the boys in class for two hours. During the two class hours, groups meet separately then two groups merge for the last hour. Tests are administered to the boys at the beginning and end of the summer sessions. Although no actual final exams are given, most boys show a definite improvement. Individualized instruction is the key to their teaching situation with classes meeting with as few as eight boys. These boys are students who had failed a subject and will receive credit for passing the course at Camp Y.D.I.

This six-week teaching program can't work miracles. The boys at Camp Y.D.I. are not just average youngsters; the ghetto has had a definite effect on their personalities. Middle-class teachers must be careful not to judge the boys by middle-class standards. Harlem standards are not upset by prostitution and drug addiction and middle class teachers must recognize this fact.

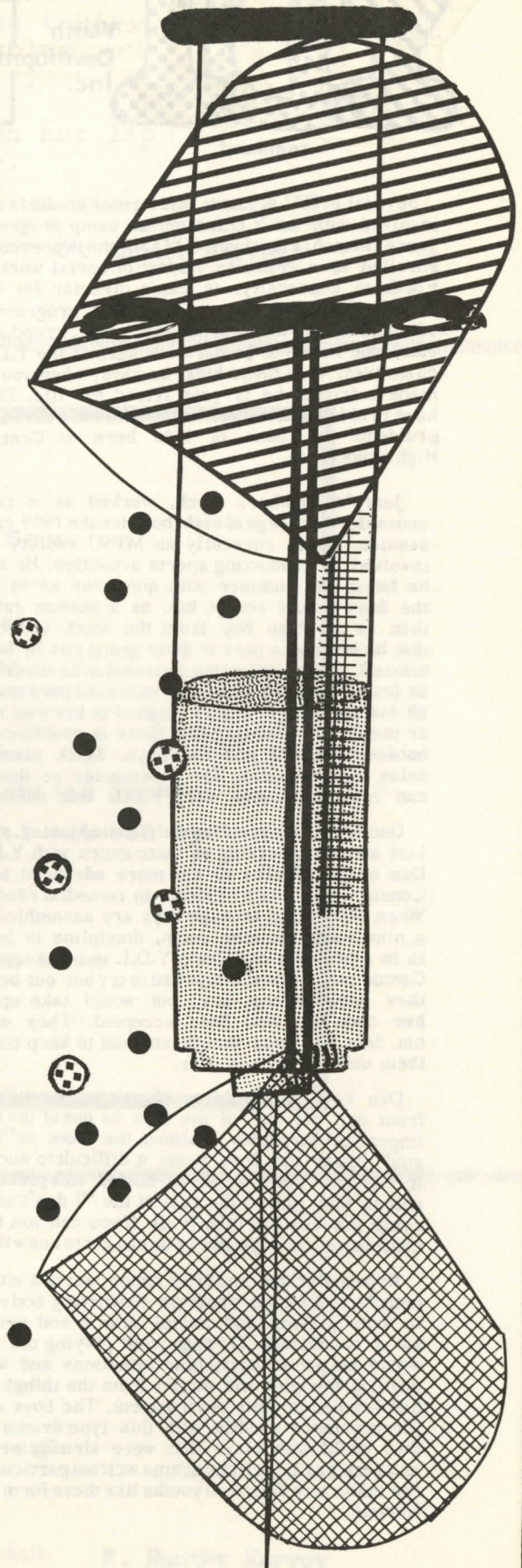
Counseling is an important facet of the camp's program. A counselor is in charge of eight boys, many of whom are from broken homes, and may find himself functioning as a combination mother-father-brother figure. Counselors are completely involved with the boys—sleeping, eating, playing, and worshipping with them. If the boys want or need someone with whom they can discuss their problems, the counselors are there. The counselor's personality has to fit the situation, and he has to learn how to approach each individual boy and each individual problem.

Teamwork and sportsmanship are stressed by the camp's athletic program. Y.D.I.'s sports and athletic equipment include facilities for basketball, baseball and football, a trampoline, and equipment for hikes to the mountains and to the Delaware River. Music and dramatic activities are important facets of the athletic program. Another of Camp Y.D.I.'s main points of emphasis is religion, which is viewed by Y.D.I. as important to the individual. No attempt is made to change anyone's religion or to emphasize a particular train of religious thought, but it is hoped that each boy will think about religion and the role it can play in his life. Each counselor holds Bible study once a day with the boys in his cabin; there is prayer before every meal. Chapel is held at the camp on Sunday mornings, but attendance is not required. In the camp atmosphere, however, the boys respond to Bible study and chapel which would probably be left out of their routine in Harlem.

By working with young people over a period of years, Y.D.I. has come to realize that the needs of those living in Harlem are many and varied. Y.D.I. workers are attempting to meet at least a part of these social, emotional, physical, educational, recreational and spiritual needs. The task these workers have undertaken is rough and combating the ghetto conditions so prevalent in Harlem takes dedication.

**The** summer camp has a staff of 40 college students chosen from three geographical regions: South, West, and North-East. These students represent a variety of college majors to fill the varying needs of the boys at camp. For the workers, the summer camp is a ten week session, the nine-week camp and a one-week orientation. Male workers are paid \$500 plus expenses, with the exception of transportation to and from New York. Women students who work with Y.D.I. during the summer spend all but the last two weeks of the session working in East Harlem; they work at the camp when it goes co-ed for the last two weeks. Because of the high cost of keeping women in New York, the female volunteers do not receive a salary; however, their expenses are paid.

continued





Youth  
Development  
Inc.

continued

Several MTSU students and former students are involved with the Y.D.I. summer camp program. Jerry Hannah, a graduate of MTSU who is presently enrolled as a graduate student of social work at Fordham University, is camp director for the summer program. He sees the Y.D.I. program as educational and has learned that color, creed, and class don't have to be barriers against the Y.D.I. objectives. With these kids, he says, when you've made a friend, he is your friend for life. They have problems, but individually these are the same problems as those of kids here at Central High School.

Jerry's brother, Mack, worked as a camp counselor in charge of eight boys for the 1969 camp session. Mack, currently an MTSU senior, was involved in conducting sports activities. He says he began the summer with questions as to how the boys would accept him as a person rather than as a white boy from the South and found that he became a part of their group just by being himself. His most lasting impression he describes as learning to see people by name and personality as human beings without regard to his own race or theirs and realizing that there is no difference between himself and the boys. Mack plans to delay his graduation for a semester so that he can return to work with Y.D.I. this summer.

One MTSU couple, Dan and Connie Mosley, spent last summer working as instructors with Y.D.I. Dan taught algebra to the more advanced boys; Connie worked with students in remedial reading. When 300 young teenage boys are assembled for a nine-week summer camp, discipline is bound to be a problem and Camp Y.D.I. is no exception. Connie noted that the boys had to try her out before they would accept her, but would take up for her once she had been accepted. They would not defy her even though she had to keep telling them things over and over.

Dan saw the problem of getting through the front or "put-on" of the boys as one of the most important struggles. Without the front or "bad-guy" image the boys found it difficult to survive in Harlem. They would be kidded and picked on unless they played the role of the "I don't care" rough guy who can take it all. If you can win their confidence, he explained, you can get to know them.

Robert Rucker, an MTSU junior, worked with the camp's dramatics program conducting activities in role playing and social drama and serving as a counselor. Through role playing the boys would be put in particular situations and would develop the plot and action from the things they had learned in their environment. The boys could identify more readily with this type drama than they could with plays that were already written as there has been little drama written particularly for culturally deprived youths like these from East Harlem.

Think about Harlem again, and think about these comments from Y.D.I. counselors: "I've learned never to go along or to believe the press fully in detail. Harlem is a bad community, sure, but it's not as bad as I thought it was going to be."

"Some of the parents are just like any other parents. They want their kids to get the best out of life that they possibly can. Then, too, there are some parents that didn't care."

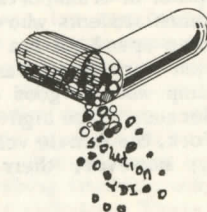
"The number one problem in Harlem is narcotics, but rehabilitation centers are working to allow former addicts to develop skills so that they can fit into society."

"...and it's a fascinating community because, even though the people do not have money and material things, they are close together. The people in middle class society are more concerned about materialistic goals. Harlem community people are close together just like all human beings should be. They share material things and they share themselves. They will respect you as an individual human being with things to offer."

"Now the trend is away from people wanting to get an education to leave Harlem; people want to come back and help Harlem. A great deal of the college students are majoring in education and sociology so that they can come back and make Harlem better for their children and their children's children."

Harlem is about people. People with problems and people who are trying to find solutions. Youth Development Incorporated is trying to find a solution. Know anyone who wants to help?

by Teena Andrews  
& Vicki Hill



Time was I'd carve initials  
On the laundromat folding table,  
Climb tree-stumps and tables  
To shout sacred names. . .

Wordless now I put oil on her lip  
When I feel it going dry,  
And warm her coffee  
When I feel it cooling. . .

F. Hunter Harvey

**HE STILL HAS HIS IMMORTAL SOUL**

once upon a time the Mad Hatter  
Had Matter  
firmly in his clutch.

whereupon

it trickled through his fingers into the ditch.  
He grinned and said, "o well, I was had by  
Matter

but it doesn't matter much.

— F. Hunter Harvey

Bluebeard taught a cassowary  
His entire vocabulary  
So as to enjoy some human talk.

Flagrantly the bird kept singing,  
Feigning unremembering as  
His excuse for this most stubborn balk.

Talking birds are only boring,  
Bluebeard found, and language learning's  
Not a very aviary art-

So the pirate went ashore to  
Find a stationery store, and  
Bought a blackboard and a box of chalk.

F. Hunter Harvey





## DREAM

Have I picked her;  
Do I choose her?  
Is she something  
To select  
From a drifting  
Throng of phantoms,  
Gracing night but shunning day?

Is she in my mind,  
My psyche;  
In my grasp or aerial?  
Faint she is,  
But bright she cowers;  
Morning's hour drives her away,  
And I must beg for dusk once more.

Do I know or yet but dream her,  
Smell but never taste her wine;  
With the music I perceive her,  
Silent strings cut short her life.  
I must be sure she is but waiting,  
Dare not think  
She'll not appear.

All, no doubt,  
Must have their fancies,  
Overcome what is too real—  
Some of lovers  
But to please them  
Some of peace. . .  
The greater wounds to heal.

Bayard Tarpley

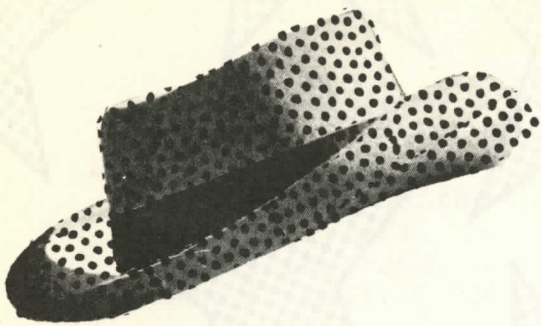
## DESPONDENCY

Daylight lends the  
reassurance that God  
cares and thinks  
enough of No-One  
to grant him  
the warmth of  
existence  
and  
people.

Dusk comes and snatches  
away the comfort of  
the hot sultry  
firm presence  
of the Sun  
and of  
others.

Night wraps a weak,  
wailing No-One in  
the blanket of silence  
and darkness  
and smothers  
his dreams  
of warmth  
with harsh  
aloneness.

--Patrek



## MAD SONG

Mad dogs and madmen  
Sing a mad song.  
We shake with fear  
Or think them queer.  
Sing along, sing along.

--John Boyd

## CALCIUM SOUL

My happiness is marred by  
the fear that when I blink  
my eyes I will be  
alone again—

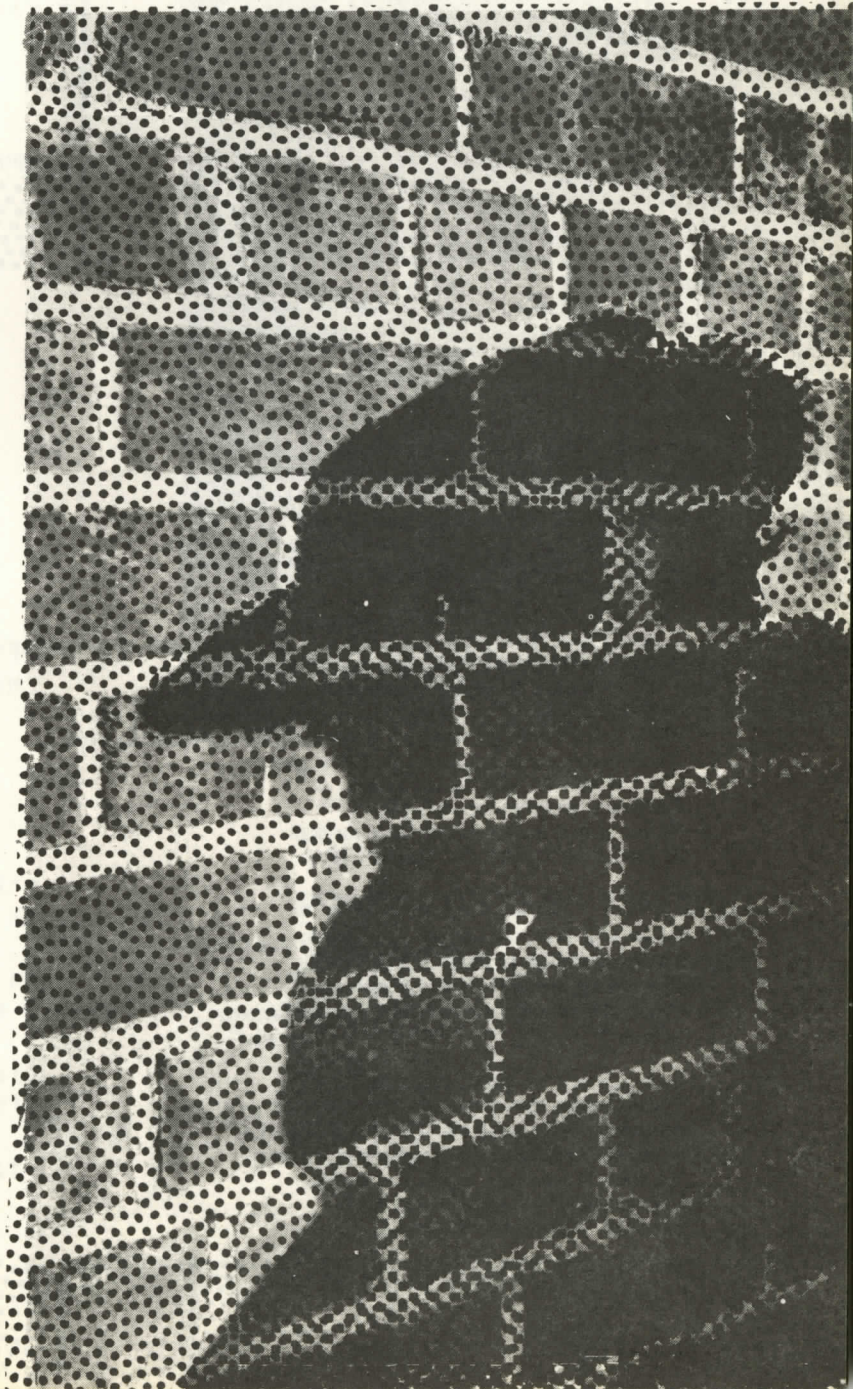
Afraid to be happy and  
scared to be sad, I  
pass my life (?) in a  
state of suspended  
animation

Hoping that someday soon  
someone will touch me  
and make me human.

My soul is an eggshell  
whose very fragility  
makes people afraid to  
touch it

Little knowing that  
within the shell  
awaits a magic  
enigma of beauty  
with a glow  
of truth  
awaiting  
the warm  
breath and  
reassuring pulse of  
a real person  
who cared  
enough  
to love  
a  
potential  
man.

--Christopher Davedson





# ODE to Spiro T.

From sea to mountains and on beyond  
To prairies where wind blown grass ripples  
Like a living thing at Dodge and Abilene,  
On the sun whirls to Denver.  
From a pulpit, from a parapet in Little Rock  
God smiles and Jesus loves me.  
Give us our daily bread. In Chicago  
A half-blind tailor chats with the corner cop,  
Wearing his name now, spreading the deeds  
And words of Spiro T. of Adam's tree.

## II.

The hand reaches to turn the dial.  
Vacant eyes, a sagging jaw, Pavlovian slobberings in prime time.  
How you stood there straight and tall;  
A Greek come to Priam's tower, I thought,  
Come to scatter foes like foam from the foaming waves.  
Plato's logic in Demosthenes, roaring by the roaring sea.  
What voice, what words to stir the ghosts  
Of past glories and finest hours.  
Endure a thousand years yet,  
Never more may we see such as this.  
A nova star steers the ship tonight.

## III.

Reason at last, America, safe for democracy.  
I saw a bitch dog whelp in the street,  
Her young ate the young of the eagle.  
From the murderous mouth they screamed,  
"we die"  
"we die"  
"we die"

Three times they screamed; answered by echoes.  
Annos Domini; near two thousand winters.  
Blind we reel to the end of a millenium;  
We look for a sign, a babe or beast.  
Unleashed dogs with vacant eyes  
Snap the wind, snap the wind.

John W. Boyd

*With eyes narrowed  
and looking neither  
Right nor left  
he ran the race  
And ran it well.*

*Mile after mile  
he fledged til  
all hell's muster  
couldn't stop him.  
Across the line  
he dashed  
and then with heaving chest  
he faced the thousands watching.*

*No one cheered.*

*--Zeke*

## **AFTER A DAY OF PLAY**

The time adusk; the sky was rust  
and red and rose and ruddy.  
There was no wind to stir within  
my soul the spirit buried.  
It lay there, still, suppressed until  
the time was right for freedom.  
Among the stringy willow fingers,  
my body lithe and lean.

And then it came.

A sudden surge of hot and gurgling--  
bubbling up from deep inside me  
Dropped me drunk beside the trunk  
of the willow swirling madly round me.  
The gentle breeze that stirred the leaves  
was part of me escaping.  
It bent the grass and pressed a path  
as it ebbed and left me grasping.

The time was dusk. The sky was rust.  
And red. And rose. And ruddy.

*--Zeke*



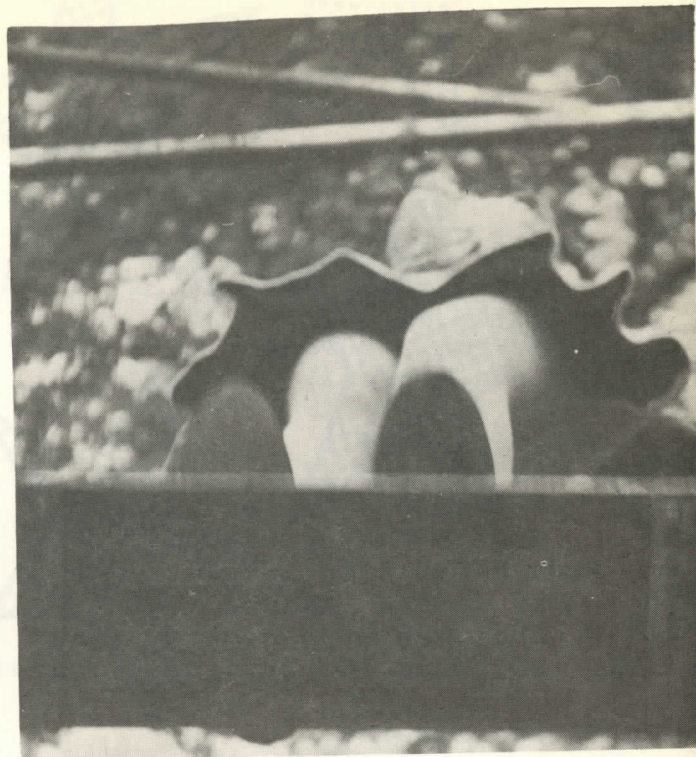
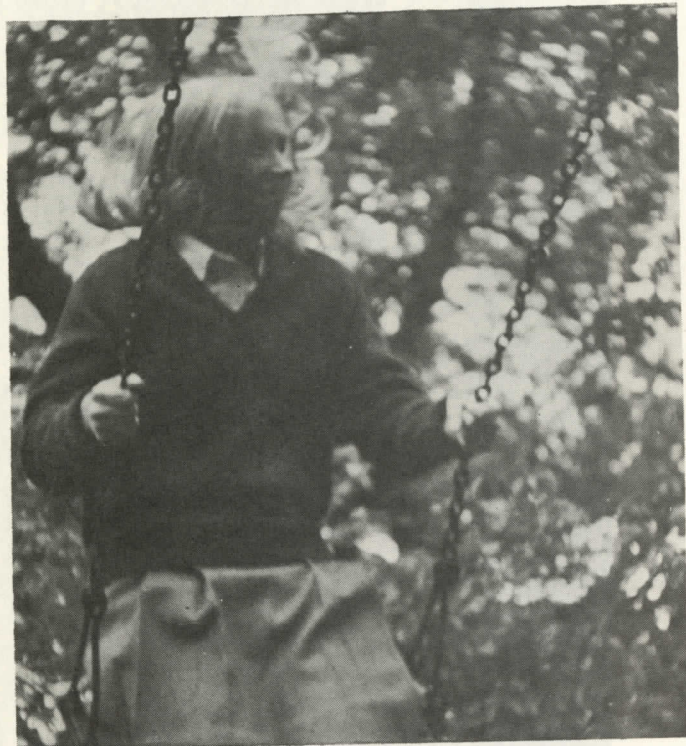
sawyer

## **PRECIOUS SHELL**

Blood coursing through veins of pure gold,  
Slithering down the course of old.  
He once was a good man, he is even yet,  
But age has slowed the red jet.

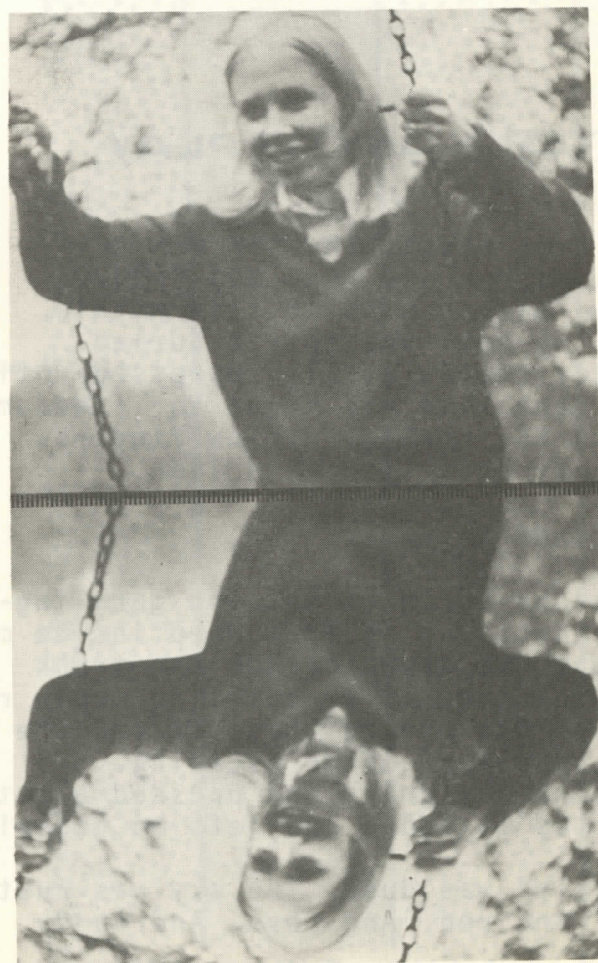
Silvered limbs support nothing at all;  
He no longer lists to a passing call,  
For emerald heart and diamond mind,  
Crumbled to dust in the oldster's rind.

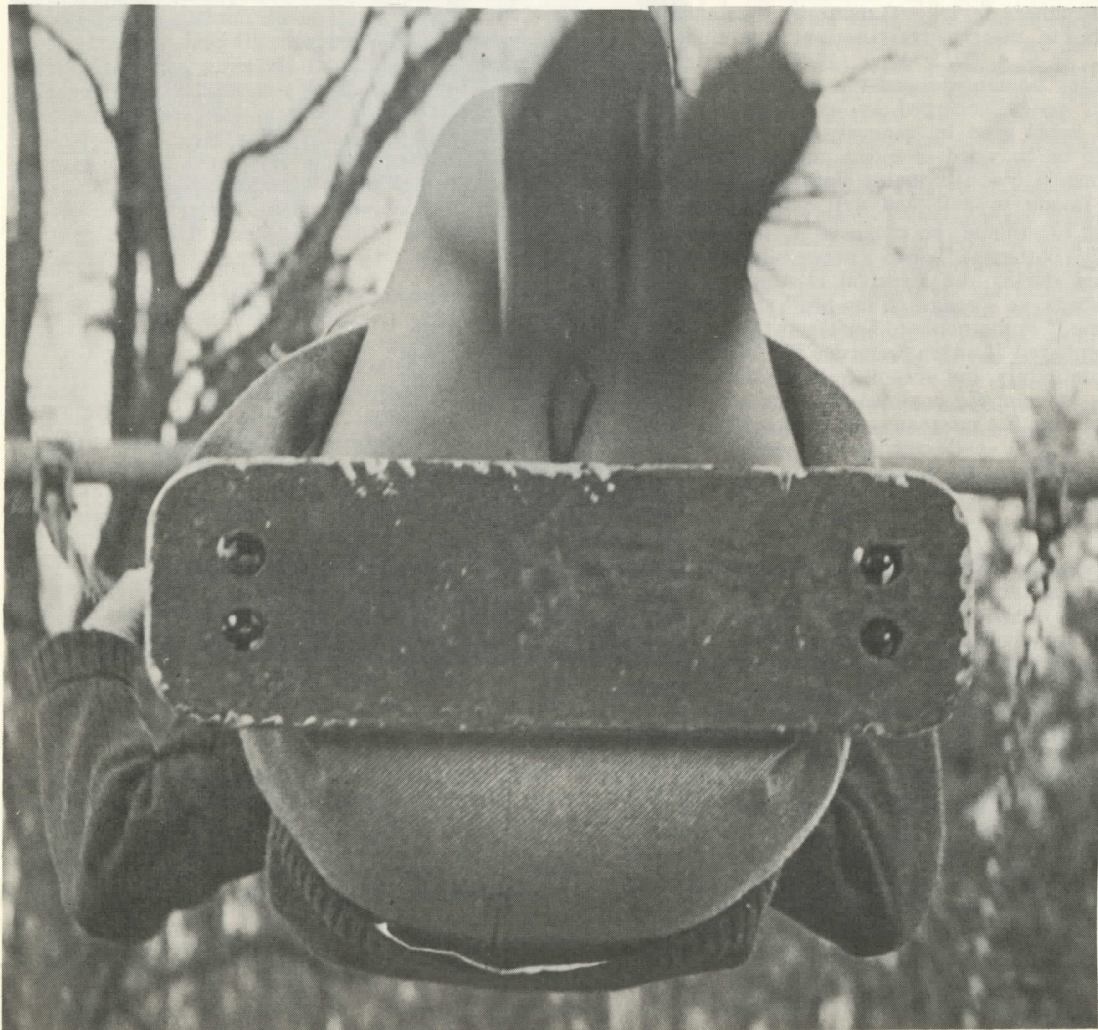
**Robert D. Mullins**



# PEG

A Photoessay  
by Michael L. Fedak





# Folk Music

## small thoughts on a big subject

By William H. Holland, Jr.  
Co-Editor Tennessee Folklore Society Bulletin

The astonishing variety and popularity of "folk" music and song today has created an enormous entertainment, commercial, and scholarly potential. All three areas of potential have, of course, existed in more or less discernible form for years. Today, however, because of leisure time, because of technological advances in means of communication, because of some sense that demands we preserve elements of the past to provide comfort for the uncertain future, the varied adherents and devotees of "folk" things have become increasingly more visible.

It is probably not possible to provide a definition of folk music that would prove satisfactory for all the things that apparently belong to or descend from folk music. However, since the term does exist, it ought to have some sort of definition, broad though it may be, simply so we may eliminate peripheral matters. John and Alan Lomax, in their representative collection Folk Song U S A (New York, 1947), restrict folk songs to "homemade hand-me-downs in words and music, songs accepted by whole communities, songs voted good by generations of singers and passed on by word of mouth to succeeding generations, a tradition quite distinct from popular song (made to sell and sell quickly) and cultivated art (made, so much of it, to conform to prestige patterns)." Jean Ritchie, who visited our campus during the Festival of Arts, writes of folk songs as "songs of my life" and "songs of all time," in the notes to her album Clear Waters Remembered (London Records, SES 97014, 1969). Most definitely, the area of folk music is the area of the voice of the common man, his adventures, his dreams, his mistakes, his habits, his beliefs, his life. The collector of folk song and folk music performs the function of the anthropologist and speaks "as the advocate of the common man."

Definition, however, does not explain the appeal of such diverse practitioners of "folk music" as Jean Ritchie, Pete Seeger, Joan Baez, Tex Ritter, Leadbelly, Josh White, and Glen Campbell. Where, in light of the Lomax distinction, does one draw the line in the work of Baez, Ritter and Campbell? Each of these artists belongs to the genre of folk music, yet, like Ralph Yarborough, each has great popular appeal and great commercial success. Perhaps it is necessary to include in our definition modern and immediate protest and social song, areas in which these people perform so effectively. Such a move would be valid, I believe, and would lead to a chronological distinction heretofore not obvious in folk music. On this basis we can create folk areas of the past and of the present, although this is admittedly quite artificial.

The early settlers in America brought with them the songs that they had known in England, Scotland, and Ireland, and, even more interestingly, in Black Africa. As they moved across the vast wilderness of this nation from east to west, the songs travelled with them, sometimes modified by weak memories, sometimes modified by similar events with new names and new locations (which, in part, accounts for the many variations noted by Francis J. Child in his exhaustive collection of American folksongs). New events gave birth to new songs; specific groups such as cowboys, railroadmen, cattlemen, riverboatmen, and Negro slaves, gave rise to groups of folk songs which reflected their particular circumstances. Many of the songs died quickly as the events which gave them life proved ephemeral. Those with greater and more permanent appeal, perhaps with more universal appeal, lingered in the repertoire of individuals, families, and those gifted with or charged with the responsibility of singing for information and entertainment. The art of preserving these songs in written form developed slowly and did not become a major factor in folk art until concerned folklorists began collecting from the old timers those songs that they knew before planes and trains and cars and electronic communications destroyed the need for folk singing. There was scattered and disorganized collecting done in the last quarter or

so of the 19th century but it remained for Professor Childs to apply a scholarly system to the business of collecting, in America, a formula used in part by such eminent collectors as the Lomaxes, Jean Ritchie, Professors Ambrose Manning and Tom Burton at East Tennessee State University, the Seegers, and others easily located in libraries.

The common man, the man in the street, has always been the central attraction in folk song, has always been the hero of folk song. The qualities that made him not only heroic but desirable along the shifting frontiers of America were, in the words of Lomax, courage, free heartedness, and the ability to do the job that needed doing. These qualities knew no racial or religious lines, for as Robert Burns said "A man's a man for a' that", a feeling reflected in that line in the Negro railroad song "John Henry", "A man ain't nothin' but a man . . ."

Walt Whitman elevated the common man and made him poetically heroic by extolling the powers and virtues belonging to all of us, even though we perhaps do not practice them. In a sense work is a refinement of the earlier folk song treatment of the common man in his "dazzling variety, putting him first in all the ballads, describing him at work and play, and making his passions and problems their main concern."



JEAN RITCHIE

peters

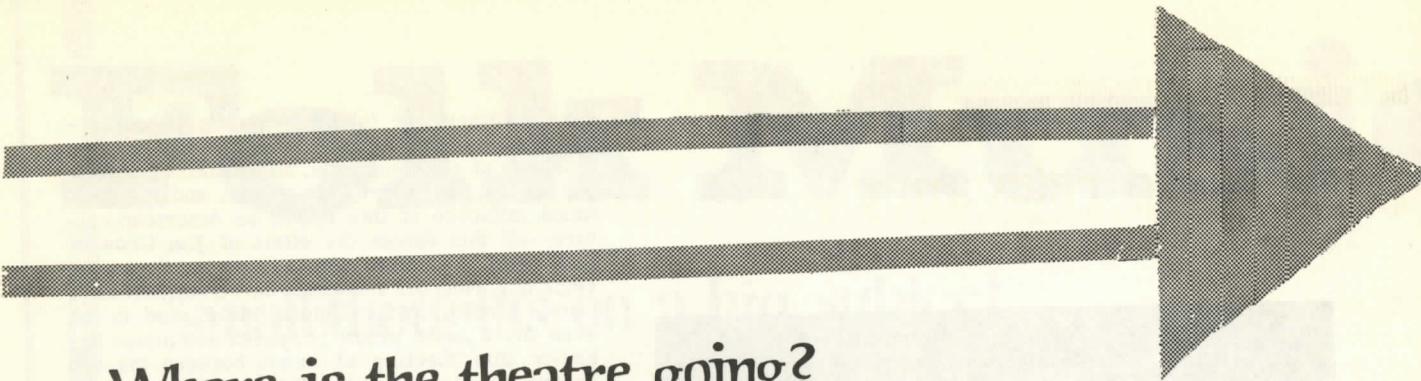
Like Whitman, the folksingers sang of brotherhood. Lomax speaks of "the tremendous enthusiasm of all Americans, no matter what their prejudices, for Negro folk music, and the profound influence of this music on American culture--all this denies the effect of Jim Crow at this level of human communication. From the beginning, Negroes and whites have swapped tunes, tales, dances, and religious ideas. And in the even more basic areas of speech and motor behavior this meeting of minds between the two groups is clearer still. White Americans . . . have been deeply stirred by the poignant sorrow, the biting irony, and the noble yearning for a better world implicit there. And with every passing year American music becomes more definitely an Anglo-African blend. In American folk song, indeed--"A man ain't nothin' but a man. . ."

What I have been talking about is the visible link to the past that our folk music exhibits. What about the other time distinction I suggested earlier? How could we fit Baez and Seeger and Ritter into a pattern so comfortable to Ritchie, the Lomaxes, Woody Guthrie, Leadbelly, and John Jacob Niles? Can we in clear conscience declare that the Grand Ole Opry is not folksong? Peter, Paul and Mary, the Kingston Trio, Pete and Mike Seeger (of the New Lost City Ramblers), all began in the traditional vein of folk music and moved progressively, as they became interested in today, toward the creation of a new folk idiom, a new folk emphasis. The protest song is certainly not a by-product of the 50's or the 60's. Such songs of social protest have existed for centuries. One might even consider the ballads of Robin Hood as a kind of social protest, subtle but effective. It would not be unreasonable to put the current actions in music of Pete Seeger (against pollution along the Hudson River), Joan Baez (against war and the draft), and Glen Campbell into the same category that was mentioned earlier, those songs written or which evolved to fit a particular event, thought, or person. These contemporary songs have a greater potential for survival, of course, because they not only have been written down but they have also been recorded and brought to the attention of millions throughout the world. The charge of commercialism leveled against these songs, while the charge might be valid, ought not bring about a denial of the potency, of the common-man quality of the songs. We simply have far more common men today than did the audience which listened to the legend of Mike Fink, Paul Bunyon, or of John Henry. Pollution, war, taxes, overpopulation, urban problems, racial troubles, and all the other topics of contemporary singers apply to all men, but at the same time the emphasis is still that of the older variety of folk song, the individual human being in his work play, love, and life.

Country and western music has created its own Mecca in the Grand Ole Opry and its own huge following. Even though the songs that are sung by Tex Ritter, by Eddy Arnold, Roger Miller, Buck Owens, Brenda Lee, Bill Anderson, Roy Acuff, Merle Haggard, and Johnny Cash come to us on radio, television, tape, and record, they still are concerned with the man, the individual, the human being in his pleasures and pains.

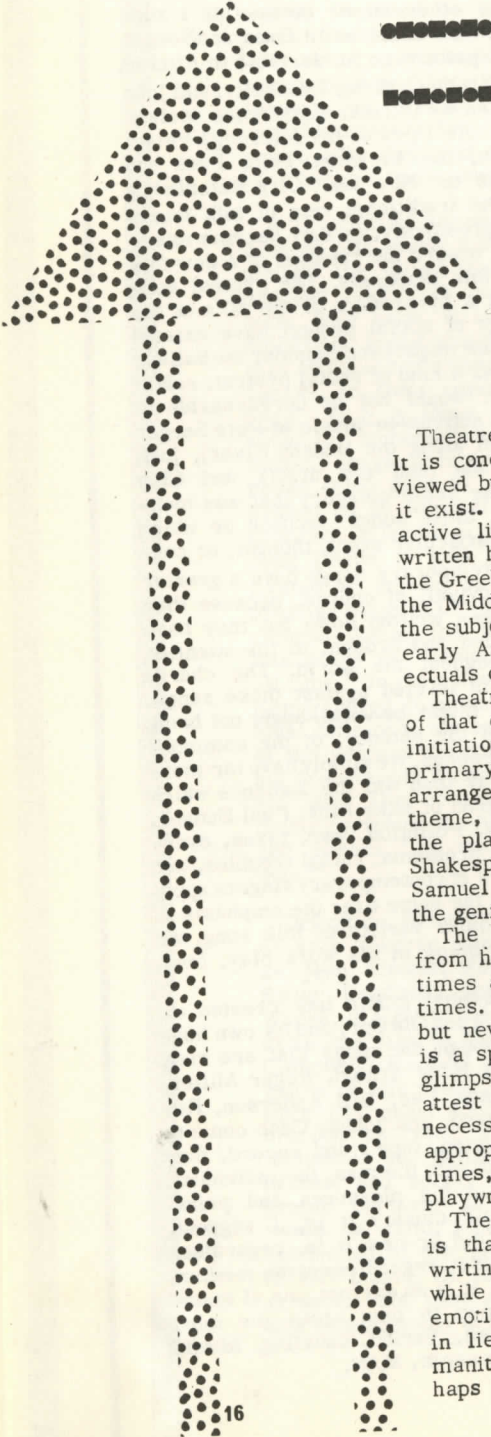
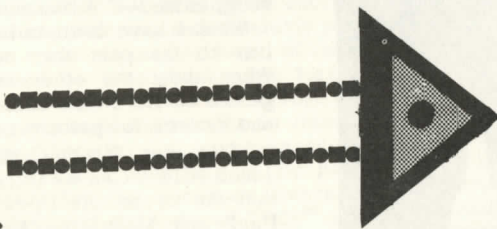
What then is folk music? It is, I suggest, regardless of how old or new it is, regardless of who sings or plays it, regardless of the medium in which it appears, it is an attempt, one of many, to communicate man to man about the most interesting, perverse, varied, dazzling, idiotic, exciting creature on earth, MAN.





# Where is the theatre going?

BY CLAYTON HAWES



a minute that communication is the basic reason for drama. If no one produces the play, consequently no one sees it; then no communication has taken place, hence, no service rendered. If no communication has taken place, then why write a play? In order to continue our discussion we must assume that the playwright wants his work to be seen and heard. Whether his purpose be to make money or serve humanity is immaterial but an audience is basic to both purposes.

Theatre is a living, growing and ongoing force. It is conceived of men, performed by men, and viewed by men. Under no other conditions may it exist. The theatre has at least 2,500 years of active life. It has served every society in the written history of man. It served the religion of the Greeks, the emperors of Rome, the church of the Middle Ages, the wealthy of the Renaissance, the subjects of Elizabeth I, the common man of early America and now is serving the intellectuals of today.

It may seem inartistic at this point to say that the playwright writes for the audience but consider the following statement: if no one sees a play it can have no benefit to society or humanity, and, further, it cannot make money. Theatre is no different from the other arts in that it must sell itself. However unpalatable it may sound, the diverse tastes and whims of the potential audience must be taken into consideration by the playwright. All of this leads me to conclude that the theatre is going wherever the audience--the society--is going. Some societies have accepted a highly contorted view of themselves, some, only a vague image, and still others wish to see beyond the mirror. The society of today may not know what it wants or needs.

What is happening in American theatre today is change. Our society is in a state of flux, and, of searching. For the last eighty years or so the American theatre has had a basic realistic style: tragedies, and musical plays have not strayed far from this basic form. Granted, there have been periods of experimentation: naturalism, expressionism, social action, absurdism, and happenings. These forms have been exciting and vital, and each in its various ways has contributed to the theatre form of the present. Today, however, you cannot say that there is a "form of the times" for the theatre. In our ever-changing, multi-faceted society, forms have not seemed able to hold sway for long periods of time.

The theatre of the 70's seems to be feeling its way into the area of multi-media. There are new forms of stimulation and communication that have never entered the sacred halls of the live actor. The new media are causing the theatre to take a close look at itself. Is it possible to use these new forms to heighten the effectiveness of the theatre experience? Theatre artists must compete for the attention of the people, as must any other media. The theatre can never present that which the society will not accept and is searching for these forms and styles which will make its appeal and impact greater.

# the rush to relevancy

BY C. A. MARTIN

If a trend exists in contemporary literature, then this trend is relevancy. If a man is to write, he must address himself to the problems of the day or he is not deserving of the title author or poet. Thus sayeth the judges and buyers of contemporary literature, and authors and poets do not feed themselves or their families by writing "unnow" novels or poems. With the cry for relevancy has come a deluge of writing that describes and indicts today's institutions and the people who maintain and confront these same institutions. This trend started, perhaps, in the fiction of the middle 19th and early 20th centuries and was further developed and refined in the poetry of the 1950's and 1960's.

Thomas Mann, Herman Hesse and Fyodor Dostoevsky looked inward and described and enunciated the spiritual battlefields of their souls. Man had to love himself before he could love another. These men did not discover anything particularly new or devastating; they were simply more adept at picking tortured souls apart and resolving the seething conflicts within the aware man.

Of particular importance to the movement to relevancy, at least to many people today, are Thomas Mann's The Magic Mountain, Herman Hesse's Siddhartha and Steppenwolf and Fyodor Dostoevsky's Notes from the Underground. These authors give a loose philosophical basis for man's involve-

ment in his society, and this involvement exacts its price-- a stripping away of self.

One cannot say unequivocally that all contemporary authors and poets rely solely on Mann, Hesse and Dostoevsky for their involvement in the ills of today's world, but any generalization on relevancy MUST include these three or not be defensible. However, the involvement of today is not concerned necessarily with the self, but rather with society as a whole. In the novels of Kurt Vonnegut, Jr. one can find humanity and its foibles laid out neatly and tragically. Vonnegut cares deeply about man, and his characters are often pathetic humans bemused by the vast technology about them. These Vonnegutish characters are often dehumanized, and he seems to be pointing an accusing finger at mankind and saying to it, "By God, you gotta care. What else is left if man does not care about man?"

Vonnegut, however typical of the trend toward relevancy, is not typical of authors today. Harold Robbins, Philip Roth and Jacqueline Susanne command the lion's share of attention in the buyer's market. However, can one justify those voyeuristic ramblings into suburbia as typical of a trend to relevancy or typical of a particularly sensual and demented period? The question can not be resolved by sales nor by the Tonight show. The future will defend the Vonnegut's of today. Vonnegut, though, is not alone in his quest for humanity, for with him are John Updike and Joseph Heller. Exemplary of this trend are Vonnegut's Slaughterhouse Five and Cat's Cradle, Updike's Rabbit Run and The Centaur and Joseph Heller's Catch-22.

This intense social awareness and sensitivity to man is shared,

of course, by the poets of the 1950's and 1960's. Poetry, though, has gone through a simplifying process in its trek to relevancy. In the late 1920's and 1930s, poetry was a complex and intricate affair; symbols choked each line of Pound, Yeats and Eliot, and, perhaps for this reason, the average man could not appreciate the brilliance of these poets. From then to the present, poetry has been shearing itself of intricate metaphors and classical allusions and trimming itself for the masses. Poetry, now, is tremendously involved in the plight of mankind, not that Yeats and Eliot were not. Their poetry, however, demands more of the average reader.

With the end of the Korean War there came a new movement in poetry and culture, and this movement characterized itself as the "Beat Movement". The beat poets divorced themselves from society and their poetry manifested this separation. Being on the outside of society allowed them a viewpoint hitherto unexplored, and that viewpoint led to social criticism that is viable to this day.

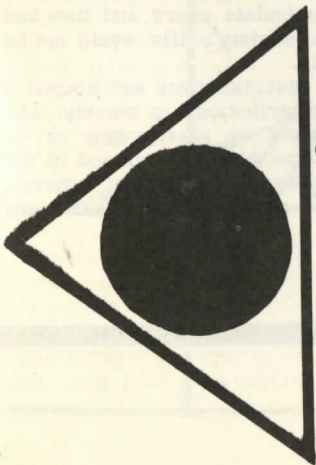
With such beat poets as Lawrence Ferlinghetti, Allen Ginsburg and Gregory Corso, not only was the perspective of poetry altered but the structure and metrics as well. Free verse and blank verse, although not new, gained wide acceptance, and poetry was now a message medium for all men. Metrics no longer demanded of poets a technical skill, for the metrical patterns, if any, were free and undisciplined.

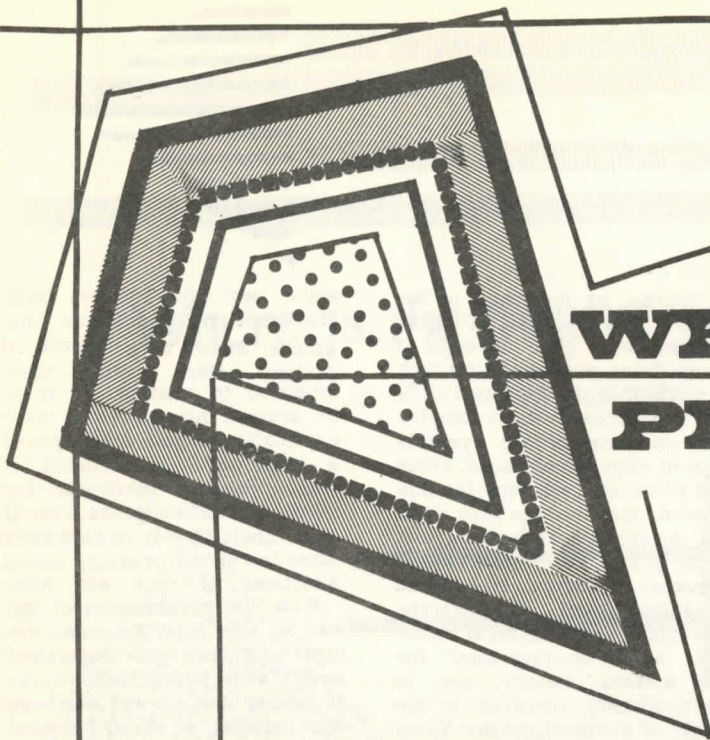
The social consciousness did not captivate all poets in the 1960's, for there were a few who thought the self was as important as society. W. D. Snodgrass and Robert Lowell

were two who focused their attention on themselves and struck some deep chords of feeling before shifting their attention to mankind. It must be argued, though, that in their explication of self, they exposed a bare nerve of mankind; it was, perhaps, inevitable for such poets as Snodgrass, Lowell and Robert Creeley to turn their attention on the pressing social questions of race and war.

With the progression of the war in Viet Nam has come the most strident and anguished poetry of the past seventy years. It seems that the war has been the catalyst of much relevant poetry today, and poetry not specifically about war. The war, to these poets, exposes the basic flaw in humanity, and that flaw is a profound lack of human charity and love. Perhaps one of the most articulate and active of the war poets of today is Father Daniel Berrigan, S.J., who seems to say through his poetry that man must care about man, and that poets must become active in society in order to insure that human charity prevails. This, then, is the essence of this relevance. Being relevant is caring for man as man, loving another as oneself. Relevancy is involvement in society, and involvement requires a dedication that strips the individual of the veneer that is self.

The trend of today is neither objective nor is it aloof; the individual completely involves himself in the problems of society, and with this involvement comes a subjectivity that wraps itself about the lines of the poet. The trend itself is a reaction against the apparent lack of feeling between humans, and such a vacuum of feeling is, perhaps, typical of a society that places a premium on things instead of people.





# WHAT IS PHOTOGRAPHY?

BY HAROLD T. BALDWIN

The new and unspoiled art form of photography is being experimented with extensively in small groups around the world. In Socrates' and Plato's time the scribe was beginning to record events through the written word. These scholars frowned upon writing with the claim that only a good memory was needed for recording knowledge.

Look at what has transformed since the time of the scribes. Today, rather than recording written detail describing a scene, a photographer can communicate by actually recording the image of that scene. Unspoiled because of its newness, photography has no set purpose other than as a means of recording. But photography goes beyond mere reproduction of images.

Photographic recording serves the home snap shooter for mementos of special events and enables news photographers to communicate with the masses. Commercial photographers enhance the vegetable and physical characteristics of products to the liking of grandmas, mothers, and those purchasing advertising space. This serves a useful purpose, and, without a doubt, is one concept of what photography has to offer. This type of photography has its creative aspects, but its challenges are directed toward those who are more technically inclined.

This leads us to consider the other aspects offered by photography. There is evidence that photography is offering students an opportunity they have not experienced before. For the first time, a student can have personal interaction with a professor. Other classes are so large that there is seldom an individual relationship. For many students it is the first time they have carried a project completely through from conception to the final result and analysis. Most people have some creative ability, but are discouraged by the laborous time it takes to develop the skills in other art media. Photography's basic skills can be learned in a few hours, and satisfying results can be seen in a relatively short time.

There are some compositional movements taking place in England, Japan, and Germany. England has several new photographic magazines that encourage creative composition and approach the therapeutic concept. San Francisco Camera is an American photography magazine following a similar pattern. Portfolios are appearing in larger numbers; three containing over fifty photographs have been sent to our gallery within the last two months. These display compositions are similar to the magazines mentioned. Germany is standing guard over technical quality. Japan is searching in all directions.

We have not learned the full use of our senses and it appears that extension of these senses through experimentation is considered nonsense. In several of the prominent progressive schools around the nation photography is being used to help the students find a way of life. Photographs act as a mirror for the student in which he may search for a thread of continuity running through a series of photographs. The search and discovery help him to unlock his subconscious and become more aware of himself. Under the direction of a capable instructor, pointed questions can bring to the surface many surprising insights.

The visual impact appears to be more truthful and shocking than the printed word, so much more so that photography is much more closely censored. It is quite permissible to verbalize and print stories about the ills of our society, indicating that people do not have vivid minds; but to present these same ills graphically in many places is prohibited.

"You haven't seen a scene until you have photographed it." Photography forms an articulate seer, enhancing visual literacy and critical thought in the seer. If we as humans had turned to nature first and become sensitive articulate seers and then had come back to man, our society's ills would not be so great as they are today.

Photography is first entertainment and second a search for values and contributions to society. The aesthetic statements made by photography in its most artistic form become highly developed to the photographer. They relate an individual concept, an incident in society, an observation for every concerned individual.

# NATURE IN ART

BY MARIE DEAN

Man from the earliest of times has had the desire to express himself in some form. Thus, painting is a way for man to express himself, to give of himself, to satisfy his needs and the result is a form of communication. The painter neither serves nor rules - he transmits. Through the art of painting, an artist is involved not only in what is being put on the canvas but also in the things which may be taking place during the evolution of his painting. He may not fully understand at all times just what is taking place or why, but he knows he is creating something which is his own, and not prescribed by or for man necessarily. He paints to unload himself of feelings and visions, to know himself, to find himself, and to express that feeling. The painter can be so involved in a painting as to live through the very life of the process of the painting.

Artist Jean Dubuffet states: "I draw and paint out of pleasure, mania, passion, for myself, to give myself satisfaction, and not in the least to make fun of anyone at all." Once the painter loses this freedom of expression, the child-like wonderment, and the dedication to his love for painting he loses a part of himself, that which only he can possess. The practice of any art demands more than mere *savoir faire*. The artist must not only be in love with what he does, but he must also know how to make love. In love the self is obliterated. Only the beloved counts. One must be in it and of it wholly. Before a subject can be transmitted aesthetically it must be devoured and absorbed. If it is a painting it must perspire with ecstasy. The artist and the canvas come together, working as one, for the final ecstasy - the finished painting.

One cannot separate art and nature. The artist must involve himself with all things which will allow him to identify with nature, insinuating himself through the things of nature which will elicit his emotions. The painter must do not what he sees but what will be seen. The freedom the artist expresses on canvas is the freedom he feels when he is close to nature. Life as seen by an artist can be a simile to the branching and spreading array of the roots of a tree. Thus the artist stands as the tree in nature. Paul Klee compares the life of an artist to that of a tree:

"From the root the sap flows to the artist, flows through him, flows to his eye. Thus he stands as the trunk of the tree. Battered and stirred by the strength of the flow, he moulds his vision into his work. As in full view of the world, the crown of the tree unfolds and spreads in time and space, so with his work."

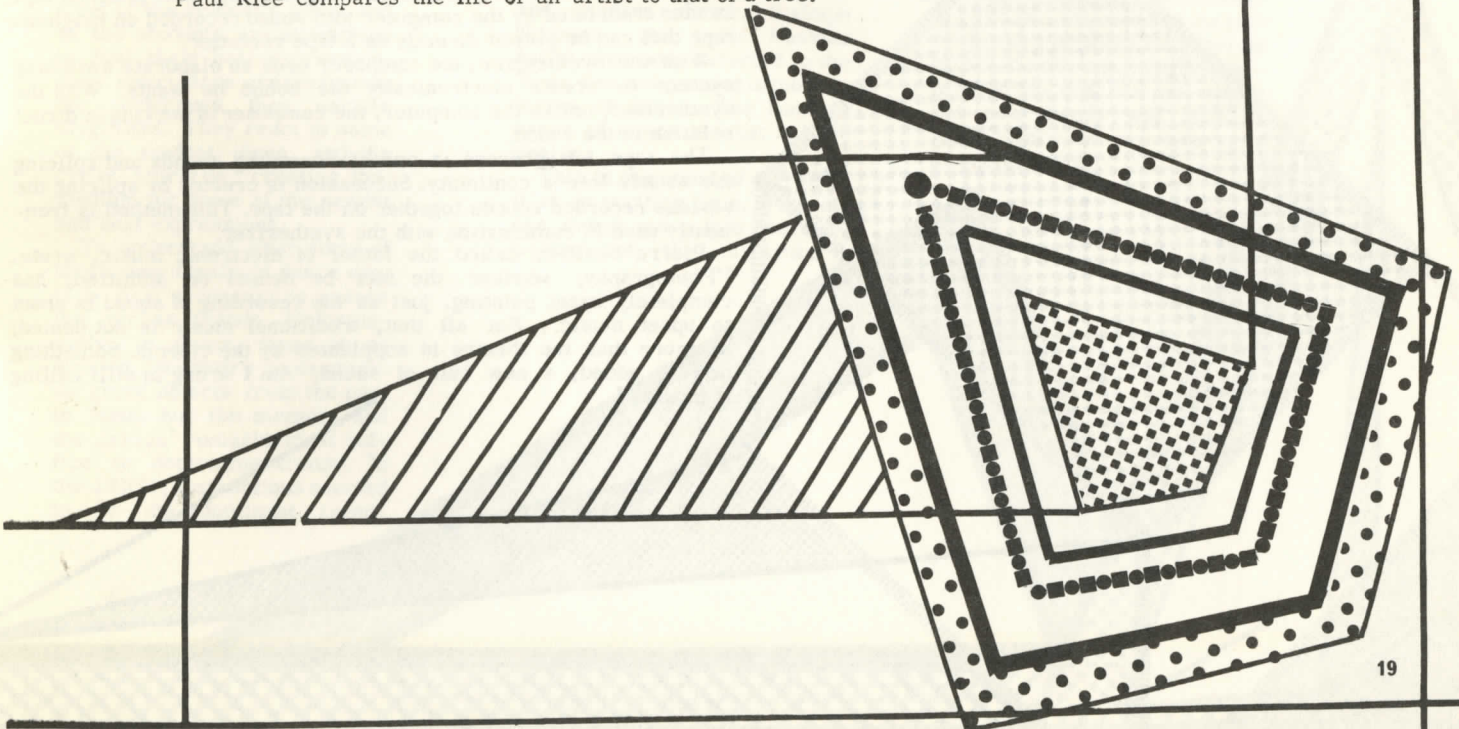
The artist has been condemned and charged incompetent for the liberty he uses to express his feelings about his subject, nature or whatever. The artist must stop occasionally and reaffirm his feelings about his art, his methods, his subject and ask:

How can I feel?  
I can feel deeply.

How do I feel?  
Deeply!

I feel the running currents in the water,  
I feel the burning rays of the sun.  
I feel the grass lying underneath me.  
I feel the moving of the leaves on the tree.  
I feel the red flowers  
I feel the blue sky.  
I feel the air.

I FEEL ALL THAT IS IN AND OF NATURE  
BECAUSE I, TOO, AM A PART OF NATURE.



# The Music Evolution

BY TIMOTHY N. CANNON & DUANE T. SAWYER

During the 19th century music history was viewed as an evolutionary process. Every event was seen as a link in one single chain of events. According to this view, Bach was a fine enough composer for his era, but was only a forerunner of Beethoven who was still greater, but who after all only paved the way for Brahms and Wagner. Recently, in keeping with general historians, music historians have come to feel that music has not necessarily progressed for the sake of posterity, nor followed any one logical continuum through its history, nor evolved from simplicity toward greater complexity. Events are not now regarded as related in a single chain. Some seem to have coincided purely by chance.

One important trend in modern music has been atonality. The form is associated mainly with the Viennese composer Arnold Schoenberg. Atonality has been viewed as the means of releasing music into "free tonal space". Schoenberg introduces the tone row; an arrangement of all twelve tones of the chromatic scale in any order. The tone row usually repeats without interruption like a continuous thread. Supposedly, by continually reintroducing every tone, it lets no one tone become a key center for the others.

Some critics have objected to atonality as a defiance of harmonic laws inherent in the makeup of tone and its natural harmonic overtones. Some consider the method more restrictive in its efforts to escape tonal gravitation than is tonality itself. Others have even charged that atonality is a haven for composers who have failed in more traditional styles, much as alleged "ink blots" have won prizes for painters whose more conventional efforts had never won more than a polite honorable mention. For some three decades atonality did flourish as the object of a cult. But each time its death knell was thought to have sounded it came back with renewed vigor, until today it must be recognized as the single most consistent and cultivated movement in modern music.

Another modern trend has been an effort to revive traditional harmony, especially through new scale patterns, a broader concept of consonance and the construction of chords on other intervals

than thirds. The Frenchmen Debussy and Ravel often upset the traditional principle of contrary motion in harmonic voice movement by writing strings of parallel chords.

A few musicians have actually tried to alter the very matter of Occidental music, chiefly by dividing out present half-steps into smaller intervals called microtones—third of quarter-tones for example. This practice is not really new, however; it has been used in Oriental music for centuries. One theorist, Joseph Yasser, evolved a "scale of the future" based on a system of nineteen tones to the octave.

Paul Hindemith sought to expand the horizons of tonality within our present system of twelve tones. By looking for more basic principles in the relationships of harmonic overtones, Hindemith attempts to cast off the excess verbiage that has accumulated in traditional harmony. He devised two means of codifying harmonic tension and relaxation, one covering all possible groupings of tones into chords and the other all possible tonal relationships in time.

Finally, there has been considerable interest among special groups of composers in going beyond the realm of organized sound and into the realm of raw sound itself. Sirens, whistles, and all manner of percussion instruments which are not confined to a fixed pitch scheme provide the main resources of these composers. Also characteristic are experiments with tape recorders combined with other electronic devices.

At the 1926 Chamber Music Festival in Donaueschingen, it was proposed that recordings could be used as creative tools for musical composition. The Hochschule für Musik in Berlin established a research program for this and related ideas two years later. By 1930, Paul Hindemith and Ernst Tock, using phonographic speed-up and slow-down, polyrhythmic experiments, sound transporters and mixers, presented short montages. The first public performance of this musique concrete was given in 1950 at the Ecole Normal de Musique. In the same year the new medium was used in broadcasting and the theater.

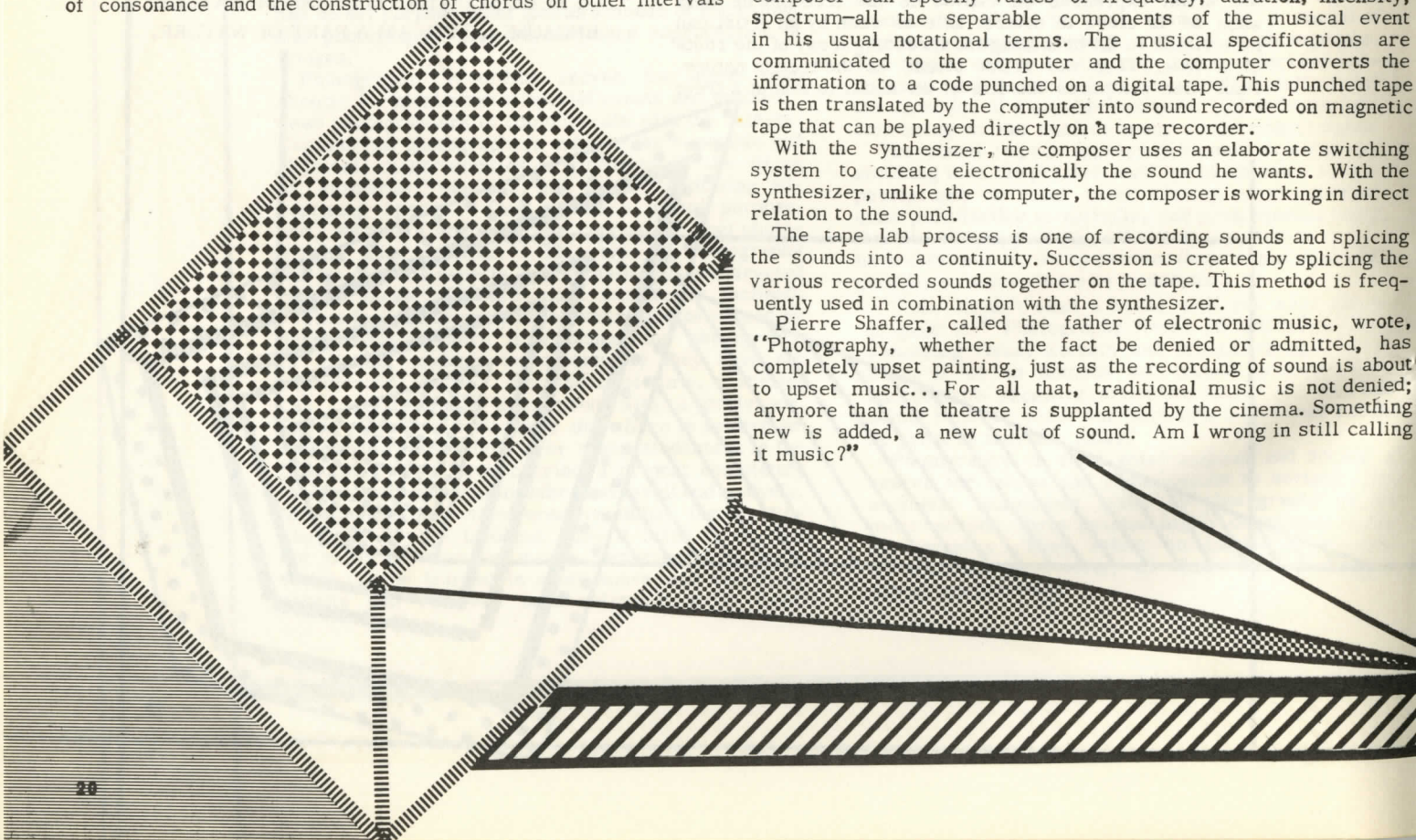
Basically there are three ways to produce sound on tapes: the tape studio, the synthesizer, and the computer.

The advantage of computer production of sound is that the composer can specify values of frequency, duration, intensity, spectrum—all the separable components of the musical event in his usual notational terms. The musical specifications are communicated to the computer and the computer converts the information to a code punched on a digital tape. This punched tape is then translated by the computer into sound recorded on magnetic tape that can be played directly on a tape recorder.

With the synthesizer, the composer uses an elaborate switching system to create electronically the sound he wants. With the synthesizer, unlike the computer, the composer is working in direct relation to the sound.

The tape lab process is one of recording sounds and splicing the sounds into a continuity. Succession is created by splicing the various recorded sounds together on the tape. This method is frequently used in combination with the synthesizer.

Pierre Shaffer, called the father of electronic music, wrote, "Photography, whether the fact be denied or admitted, has completely upset painting, just as the recording of sound is about to upset music... For all that, traditional music is not denied; anymore than the theatre is supplanted by the cinema. Something new is added, a new cult of sound. Am I wrong in still calling it music?"



# A Renaissance in Creation

BY ANNE HOLLAND

Most of the new trends in the art of dance originate on University campuses. This is contrary to the popularly held notions that New York, its theatre and dance world, is the trend-setter in the field of choreography. That this should not be true is due to the two factors operating on the University campus. One is the student seeing new possibilities and feeling new ways as he emerges from his just-created past and feels the need to put his ideas into a concrete form. The other is the atmosphere of the better University campus where students are able to experiment without financial risk and then are able to evaluate their experiments. In any good University, the failure or success of a student experiment is considered secondary to the development of the student's ability to communicate his ideas.

This is not to imply that the trends that are first seen on the University campus are the best, but that from these same young minds will come, after they have experienced more, a real art. They will develop their ideas which are just formulating, and with their newtypes of symbolism, move on to create art.

As the college lays the foundations for the later development of the student's ideas, and as the students are attempting to find their best expression, their instructors are perfecting the techniques they earlier originated. They react to some of the student ideas, and the cycle whirls on, creating the medium for some of the newest and best expressions.

To understand what some of these new trends in dance are, it is first necessary to assess the earlier trends. Unfortunately, in dance, there is no written repertoire to examine, no great objects from the past to view, but the memory and the critics' remarks must suffice to determine trends. In the 1930's, abstractions seemed to be the dominant trend.

Choreographers broke away from stories and their pantomime and danced "just because." In the '40's, dance seemed to become interpretive. The '50's saw the dramatic expression of Martha Graham and Jose Limon utilizing the heroic concept of a simple person. The '60's exhibited a number of young dancers leaping into prominence by refuting all old concepts of human movement and even refuting the ideas that any art should have a connection with the former theories of artistic merit, and they emphasized chance in creating dance works.

Today, we are still in the experimental stage but in dance we can see a glorious flowering of American Dance similar to and as phenomenal as the unbelievable explosion which happened to the graphic arts at the beginning of this century.

Dance today is no longer a dichotomy of ballet on one side and modern dance on the other. Today there is American Dance. The greatest of the ballet choreographers, George Balanchine, who a few years ago would not permit the members of his company to study modern dance, has now commissioned Merce Cunningham, one of the most extreme and modern of modern dance choreographers, to create a new number for Balanchine's company.

Paul Taylor, the Joffrey Ballet, Alwin Nicolai Company all blend the styles of ballet and modern dance. Rudolph Nureyev, the great Russian ballet star who defected to the West, has now turned to modern forms of dance. The Renaissance of dance is what is happening.

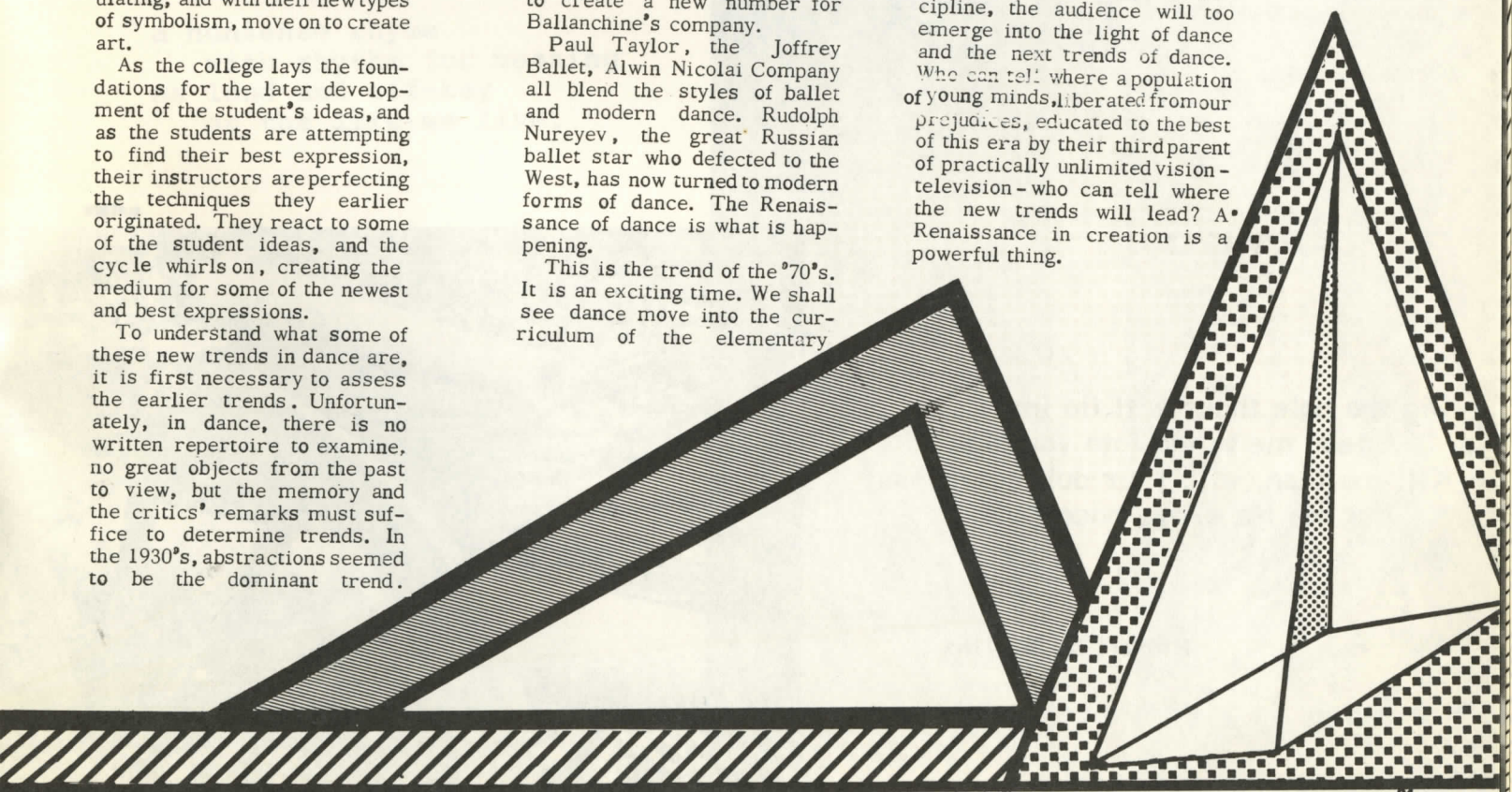
This is the trend of the '70's. It is an exciting time. We shall see dance move into the curriculum of the elementary

schools and then into the high schools. Dance is becoming an art form to be learned and studied as seriously as are painting and music. It is one of the disciplines of a liberal arts education, and will move into the lower grades to prepare the techniques that are necessary for thorough study and mastery.

That dance is in a Renaissance is in part due to the times, in part due to the freedom of the Universities, and in part due to the rather new acceptance of non-verbal communication as a fact.

Of course, the idea of a Renaissance in dance is a huge concept. There are more obvious trends, many of which could be seen on our campus in the recent dance concert. The concert attempted a multimedia unification in various numbers of the arts of sculpture light patterns, poetry, sound and dance. The basic principle that dance is an art of force was explored in "Trilogy." This dance, in its first section, used some of the concepts of ballet.

A Renaissance is occurring. The audience is right now dragging behind but should begin to see, to feel the great excitement that is being generated. With the advent of dance as a lower grade curriculum discipline, the audience will too emerge into the light of dance and the next trends of dance. Who can tell where a population of young minds, liberated from our prejudices, educated to the best of this era by their third parent of practically unlimited vision-television - who can tell where the new trends will lead? A Renaissance in creation is a powerful thing.





W

## SONG OF THE STATE

Hope  
is a bone I feed  
the dogs that serve me.

Scraps  
are all they need  
who really deserve me.

Justice  
a stick I use  
if they offend me.

Beaten  
they don't abuse  
but staunchly defend me.

Law  
is the leash I give  
to keep them in check.

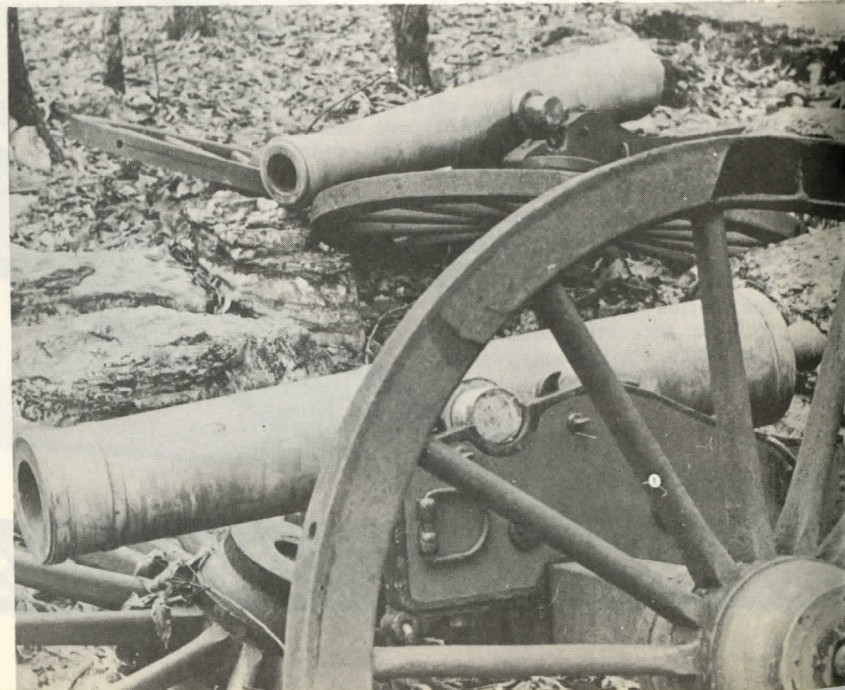
Freedom  
the length they live  
till it snaps their neck.

Doug Vaughn

## FATED

Dig the hole that I will lie in;  
Leave me to the fate you plan.  
Kill me then, with your dull sameness;  
Let me lie where once I ran.

Robert D. Mullins



peters

## SONG FOR HARD TIMES

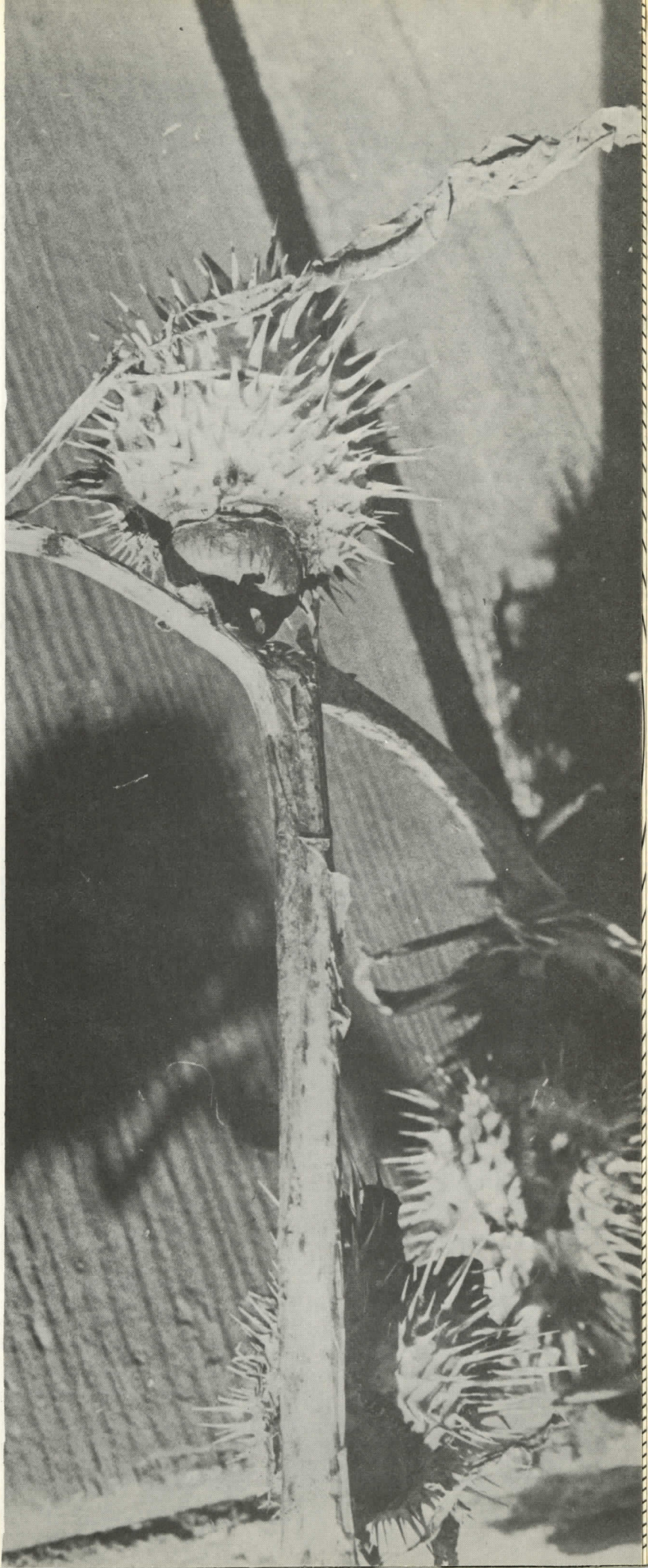
We buy and sell  
to be bought and sold  
and hold no truths  
to be self-evident.

Not even you, love,  
can span the gap  
of credulity. Truth is  
not of beauty, but

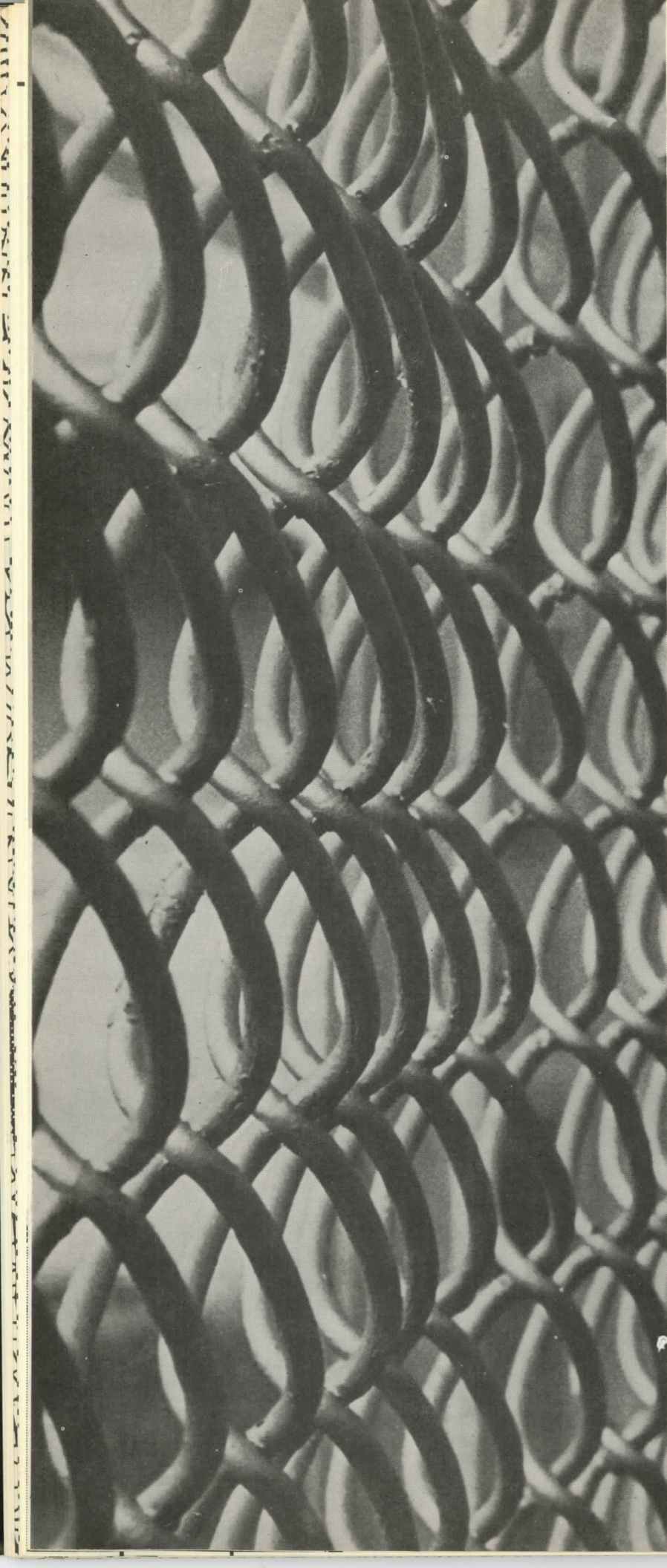
sing if you can  
and we will bury  
the silence of death  
in a lively tune,

a nonsense rhyme  
with rhythm for meaning  
as loud and off-key  
as the life we live.

Doug Vaughn







## Paper Curtain

See the world through a paper curtain;  
See the world in paleness of gauze--  
See the world through a paper curtain;  
And the world will look all white.

No way to see all the evils of life;  
No way to see all the black hidden there.  
No way to see all the darkness falling,  
For the world--it looks all white.

No way to hear all the dark sounds crying;  
No way to hear the rain falling down.  
No way to hear the thunder crashing,  
For all you hear are sounds of white.

See the world through a paper curtain;  
See the world in paleness of gauze--  
See the world through a paper curtain;  
And the world will look all white.

**bobby mullins**

## Similarity

Similar things in similar places  
The same smiles on the same faces  
Lends to the ordinary world an ordinary air  
And I'm bored, I can't care.

**bobby mullins**



**TACT**

Walk softly,  
For you may  
Yet  
Disturb those  
Who have done  
The same  
Before you.

**Bobby Mullins**

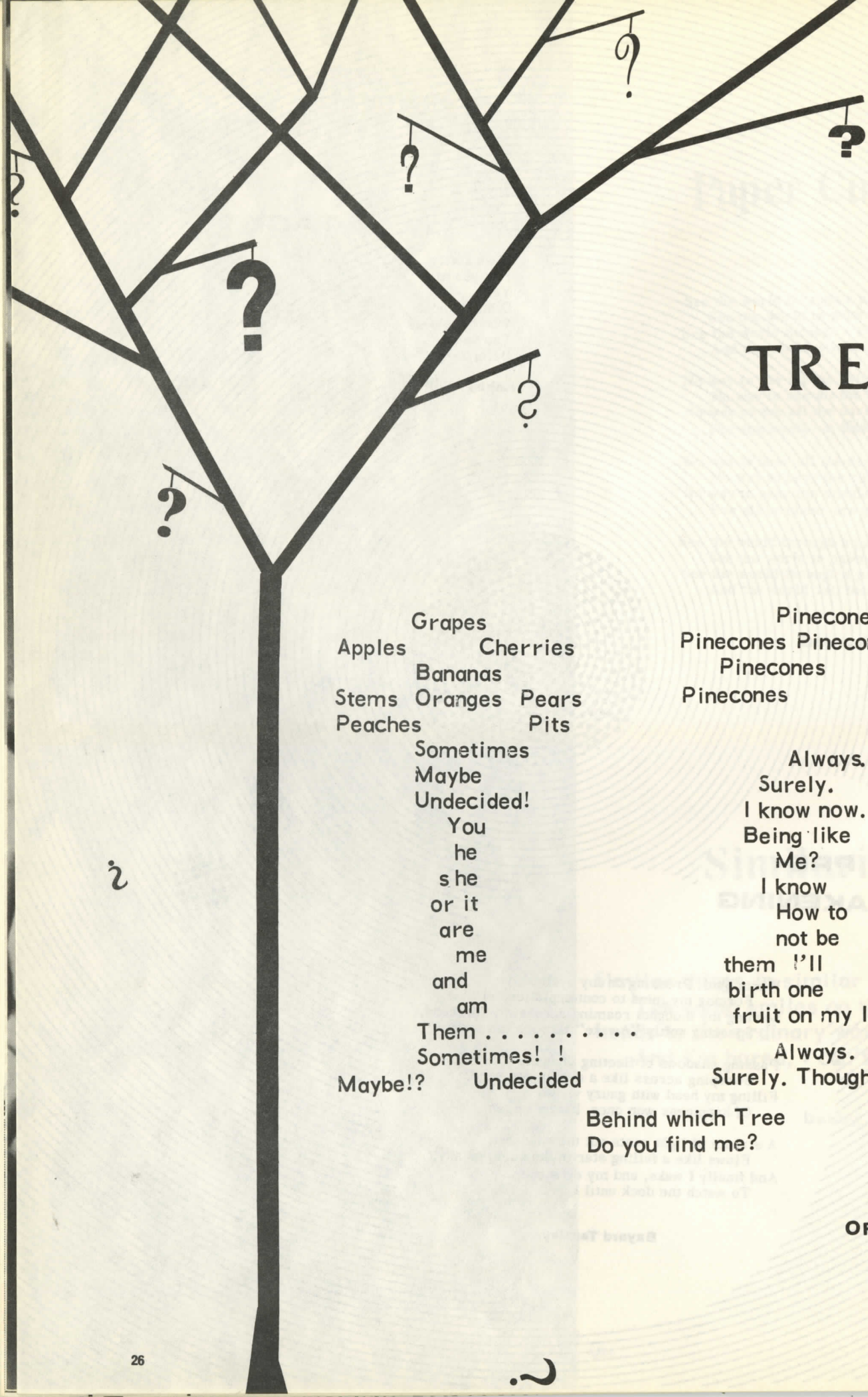
**PRE-  
AWAKENING**

Warm Sun! Pressing on my eyelids,  
Forcing my mind to contemplations of heat,  
Sending my thoughts roaming across my forehead,  
Speaking softly "Awake" through the sheet.

Passing shadows of fleeting thoughts  
Sweeping across like a dust-laden wind,  
Filling my head with gauzy vision  
Of happiness won once, but lost again.

A stream of light casts out the shadows,  
Flows like a falling star in the summer sky;  
And finally I wake, and my eyes open  
To watch the dock until I die.

**Bayard Tarpley**



# TREES

Grapes  
 Apples Cherries  
 Bananas  
 Stems Oranges Pears  
 Peaches Pits

Sometimes  
 Maybe  
 Undecided!

You  
 he  
 she  
 or it  
 are  
 me  
 and  
 am

Them . . . . .

Sometimes! !

Maybe!? Undecided

Pinecones  
 Pinecones Pinecones Pinecones  
 Pinecones Pinecones  
 Pinecones Pinecones

Always.  
 Surely.  
 I know now.  
 Being like  
 Me?  
 I know  
 How to  
 not be  
 them 'll  
 birth one  
 fruit on my limbs.

Always.  
 Surely. Though ugly shod.

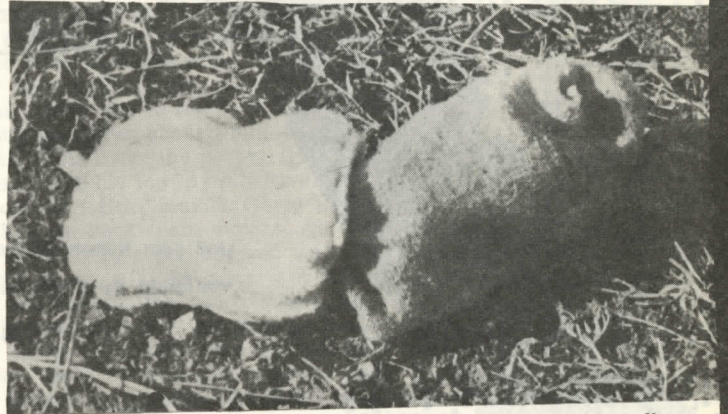
Behind which Tree  
 Do you find me?

ORLRID

# Vocal

Soft feet pad across my windpipe,  
Twisting notes strike to be heard;  
Massing laughter, hidden sobbing,  
Finally sounds the struggling bird.

ROBERT D. MULLINS



W

# Stone of Ending

ROBERT D. MULLINS



Running, I stumble upon a stone  
Which crumbles with my tread.  
The world dissolved as I fall  
To my knees, smashing my head



## BIRD of PARADISE

by curtis whittington, jr.

Und dem lieben Gott dem leigt  
vielleicht auch gar nichts daran...

— Bertolt Brecht

You want those sideburns trimmed when I finish? All right. Say, is that your Buick out front by the pole? The one with the Hinds county plate? What with all them sample cases piled up like that in the back, you must be a salesman of some sorts. Women's lingerie? Well, now, who'd ever thought there'd be much money in that?

Guess you're from Jackson. You get to where you can tell a man from the city every time. What's a fellow like you doin' way off the beaten track in a place like Ambrose, anyway? That is, with Mississippi 591 bein' the only highway in these parts? Just ain't no stores around here that's carry the sort of stuff I'll bet you're sellin'. Well, now. Short cut from Raymond, huh? I never knew that. But I knew nobody'd be buyin' ladies undies around here, though. Leastways, not in the middle of July. Nobody buys much of anything around here anymore. The ladies all want to take a trip to the city or order them things from the pitchers in the big catalog. Hardly ever see anybody up here on the street anymore.

Nobody except the few people that come to town on Saturdays to buy some nails at Dwight Fremont's hardware, or a tire patch set from Corey Warner's station, or maybe a few supplies from Otis Waring's general store. No, sir. Not much been goin' on in these parts for some time--that is, except for the trouble with Agnes and Jason Percival a few years back.

You see that street right down there that goes past Waring's store? Wait a minute. I'll turn the chair around where you can see better. That's the one. Well, you can go up that street from here about two miles or so, and you'll come to what's left of the old Percival place. Nothin' there now, of course, except a chimney and a few foundation bricks all nestled back in a grove of silver-leaf maples and scrubby oaks. The fire even burned a few of them down.

Used to be a mighty pretty place, though. Two stories, all white with nice green shutters and roofin'. Yards was always kept real nice, too. That is, when Percival himself was alive. Old man Percival ran a lumber yard a few miles back on 591. You may have passed it when you came into town. Some old rotting sheds and a railroad spur's about all that's left there now. The main building fell in back in winter of '36 when we had that freak snow. I guess nobody's been out at the mill in years, except for Jason prowlin' around, that is. Not since a few days after the fire when we took out the saw and all the other stuff that looked like it'd be worth somethin'.

Old man Percival was about the richest man in these parts, I guess. Said one time he was goin' to put Ambrose on the map for us. Build a school and a Baptist church, so's we'd have somethin' to make people want to come here to live. And he'd of done it, too, except for Jason, that son of his. "My poor, little light-headed son," he used to call him. We always wondered what was wrong with the boy, what with his mouth hangin' open and the spit runnin' down on his chin all the time. He'd even wet himself lots of times. "Water Boy," that's what old Corey Warner used to call him after he'd do that to himself. We'd all get a laugh, what with him doin' that and bein' over twenty and all. But you can't tell me he didn't know what was what. Why, he'd even cross his hands to try to cover that dark spot on the front of his britches, and he'd run from us down the street and hide out there in the bushes behind Fremont's Hardware. Sometimes we thought he was cryin', but then you never could tell real good. He was some boy, all right.

Now, his sister Agnes was a different story. No man around could have wanted a sweeter and prettier woman to call his. When she'd come to town every Saturday to check on the piece goods Otis Waring might of got in that week, you'd sure see all the bucks that was sittin' on the curb stand up to take notice. Yes, sir. They'd be all over each other and practically pull the screen door off the hinges tryin' to help her get inside the store.

She was always dressed fit to kill, too. Had hair about the color of one of them two-dollar gold pieces you used to see, and she'd sweep it to the back of her head and tie it there with a pretty piece of blue ribbon. Even old Waring would take off his glasses and shine them on his apron real good when she walked through his door. You could of sold her some of them fancy things you got in them cases, I'll bet. She was one for lace and all.

But that boy Jason. Now he really was a case. The old man took him to doctors in Jackson, Memphis, Nashville, New Orleans, and even Chicago. Finally, though, he tossed in the towel. Looked like nobody could do nothin' to help old Jason. Percival sort of turned him out to pasture, then. Wouldn't dare let him go out to the mill, though--what with that big saw whirrin' out there. So, Jason would bring himself into town every day. He didn't have much else to do with his time. He got so he'd hang around any place where he could find anyone to be around. He'd stand around until somebody'd get to foolin' around with him. Then he'd cry and run off to the bushes again.

Some off the top? Thin it a bit? Well, we used to pull jokes on him all the time, too. Oh, I know we shouldn't have done it, but I guess it was like we couldn't help ourselves. Not really. We never did nothin' real bad to him, though. Usually, we'd just send him off to Fremont's store to get some polka-dotted paint or to Waring's to help Prince Albert get out of the can. And sometimes we'd just tell him things to get him upset. Like we'd seen him expectorate on the street. Oh, he'd try to deny it. Over and over. Mumbled all the time, but you knew what he was tryin' to say. We'd keep on teasin' him and laughin' until he'd run off cryin' again. Wouldn't take him long to come back, though. It'd be just a few minutes, and we'd see him stick that straight white hair around the side of Fremont's store. I reckon the boy was just lonely. Then we'd get at him all over again. Sounds silly, I guess, but it gave us somethin' to do all durin' the week.

See that apple up on the shelf there? Right over there on your right. Look up between the Wildroot and the Lucky Tiger. Well, no, it's not exactly an apple. Not really. Just a ball of ashes and stuff shaped like an apple. We found that out at the Percival place right after the fire when we was diggin' around lookin' for the bodies and things. Never did find that old turkey buzzard of Jason's, though.

Say, you're gettin' a case of dandruff up here. Better let me rinse it out real good when I get through cuttin'. No? Well, maybe next time, then. Like I said, that apple was about all we found at the Percival place after the fire, except for what was left of old Agnes and Jason. I guess the whole thing couldn't be helped, but it still seems like a shame. Agnes just had too much on her hands what with her tryin' to watch after Jason and the house both after old man Percival died durin' the summer of '38. I guess the whole thing couldn't be helped, but it still seems like a shame. Agnes just had too much on her hands, what with her the summer of '38. I guess it all began right out there in front of my shop one Friday morning early in July.

I got here pretty late that morning, what with its bein' so hot and all and me not expectin' nobody to come in, except Garrison's boy Dunstan. He never comes in before noon to read the paper, no ways. When I got here, Corey Warner came up even before I could get the key in the lock.

"Cecil Bishop," he says to me, "I've got an idea." I told him to come in out of the sun, and I'd cut the big fan on. "You reckon old Jason's ever been on a snipe hunt?" he asked me as he came in the door. Well, sir, that sounded like the best idea I'd heard all week, so we just sat around waitin' for somebody to dress and feed Jason and send him on in to town. We didn't have to wait long.

Old Corey had stirred up a hornet's nest all over town while we was waitin'. He got nearly everybody and his brother in on it. They all congregated out front. Well, Jason finally came ploddin' down the road to town, kickin' up little clouds of dust with those big feet of his. It didn't take long for Corey to sell him on the idea of goin' snipe huntin' that night. He told the boy that we'd decided to do all the dirty work ourselves. All Jason had to do was to hold the mouth the croaker sack open and make little, short whistles--sort of little peepin' sounds. Jason was goin' to be our catcher, and we was supposed to run the birds down the edge of the marsh out near Oscar Maynard's place. All he was supposed to do was catch 'em in the sack 'til we had a mess full. It took Corey about a half-hour to get Jason so's he could make the peeps right. The boy just couldn't make his lower lip behave.

Jason was waitin' outside Corey's station when we all came back from supper. About six of us piled into Corey's pickup, and we were out at Oscar's place a little after sundown. We got Jason all set--the boy had to stand in gumbo way over his ankles--then we went around makin' a lot of noise and beatin' the ground with sticks. All the while we was movin' away from Jason back toward the pickup. We didn't want him to catch on until we was well on our way back to Ambrose.

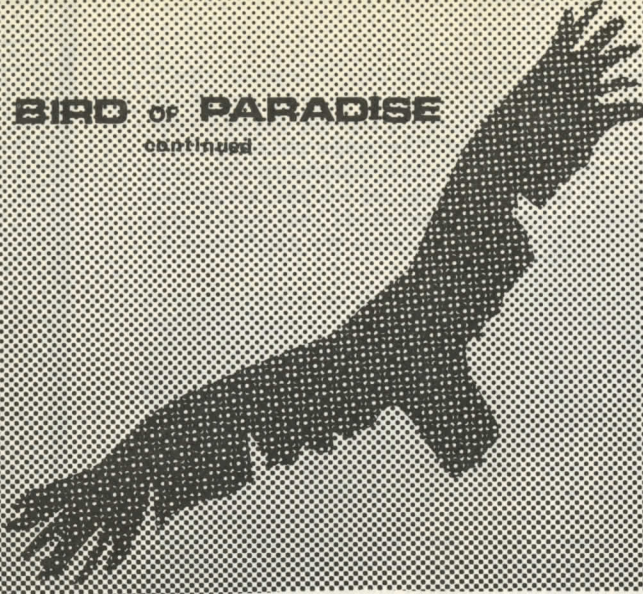
We laughed and laughed about it all the way back to town. We figured he'd stay out there for a couple of hours and then give it up for a lost cause and find his way back home again. But we sure never counted on what would really happen. Well, sir, when I got to work the next morning, there stood Jason in front of the shop, just as big as life and smilin' from ear to ear. At first I just didn't know what to say to him, bein' as I had got to feelin' pretty bad about the whole thing durin' the night. "Did you catch any snipes last night, Jason?" I asked sort of weakly.

Sure you don't want me to wash it out for you? I got some stuff from a barber salesman through here last month from Chicago that'll do the trick. He said it was some kind of secret formula of a Doctor Denise all the way over in Europe somewhere. Supposed to work miracles. Well, just as you say. Jason? Well, sir, he got to tellin' me some wild story about a bird that'd flown to some queer old tree near where he was standin'. I couldn't make it all out, but it seems that he didn't know the bird was even there until the sun came up. Said he heard somethin' floppin down at the water's edge and got his sack all ready to catch him a snipe, but he never figured it'd be only a bird takin' a bath. The way he told about that bird, you'd swear it was a weird one, all right. Said the bird had green and purple feathers behind its neck, and its tail was two colors--part brown and red, and part speckled wit'

continued on following page

## BIRD OF PARADISE

continued



white spots all over it. Its legs and feet were covered with some kind of yellow scales, and its beak and eyes were like clear green and blue glass. At least, that's how Jason told it. He said it had great big wings with white tips and that it had a long tail with some kind of silly eyes in each feather.

Well, don't look at me! I'm just tellin' it the way he did. Old Jason said that bird started actin' real queer about sunup. Said he heard some kind of rattlin' sound, sort of like little bones knockin' together. When he looked around, there was this bird sittin' up high in this funny-shaped tree with its tail all spread out and shakin' itself to beat the band. The funniest thing he said was what happened just after the sun struck a rim up. Jason said that silly bird just flew straight up like an arrow and commenced to sing one of the sweetest-soundin' songs he'd ever heard. Just like it was supposed to be singin' right at the sun. After the sun had got up good, Jason said that bird flew right down and lit on his shoulder. Then it commenced to talk to him. Talk to him, mind you. And all the while it was lookin' from time to time right up at the sun's face. Jason said that the bird told him it like to of died each night when the sun wasn't around.

Well, sir, Jason had brought that bird home with him. Said that the bird told him it needed some help. He had got it tied out in the big magnolia in the back year. Agnes told us he'd carry fresh water to it all durin' the day and that he'd feed it at least three times a day. She acted mighty queer, though, when I asked her if the bird was as pretty as old Jason had said. She got real quiet like. "If Jason says it's so, I guess that's the way it'll have to be," she said finally. Why it sounded like Jason and the old bird was havin' a regular love affair.

Here, let me spin the chair around so's you can see yourself in the mirror. How's that for a good haircut? Bet you never got one any better in the city. Oh, I'm goin' to get around there with the razor in a minute. Got me one of those new lather machines from the salesman last month, too. Just like those city barbers got. Tell me, is it true that some of those city shops have women barbers? Is that a fact? Think about that! What's this world comin' to? What? Oh, yes, Jason's bird.

Well, it didn't take us no time at all to get out to the Percival place to see that bird. "Let's go see old Jason's peacock," Corey said. Did you get that? We all laughed fit to kill. What with all we'd heard about that bird, wild horses couldn't have kept us away. Like a circus had come to town, it was. But --now you'll never guess this--you know what we saw when we got out there? That bird was tied to the tree, all right, and Jason was just about tickled pink to show it to us. It was about three feet tall and had a head about as bald as old man Joseph Adams up at Crosstown. When it spread its wings, I'll swear they was nine foot across. Nine whole feet. But the worst thing was the stink. We couldn't hardly stand it! "You done got yourself a turkey buzzard, Jason!" Corey laughed at him. Everybody got real quiet for a few minutes to take it all in, and then we commenced to laugh too. Old Jason had a love affair goin' with a turkey buzzard!

Just feel that heat comin' in from the street! Wait a minute while I turn the big fan on. Yes, sir. A turkey buzzard, it was. Don't usually see many of them big fellows around these parts. This one had a long red welt all the way down its breast. Showed clear right through the feathers and all. Jason said a snake had stung its younglings, and the old buzzard had torn its chest so the baby birds could all drink her blood and get well. We all did bust then! Buzzard blood for a snake remedy! But, try as we might, there wasn't nothin' we could do to make Jason see the light. He stuck by his guns. Yes, sir. Just stood there in the sunlight with slobber runnin' down his chin, and him mumblin' all the while to us about how pretty the bird was and how we ought to come back at sunup and hear it sing. You should've seen the look that'd come over that boy's face when he'd look up at that old buzzard. Adoration was what Dwight called it.

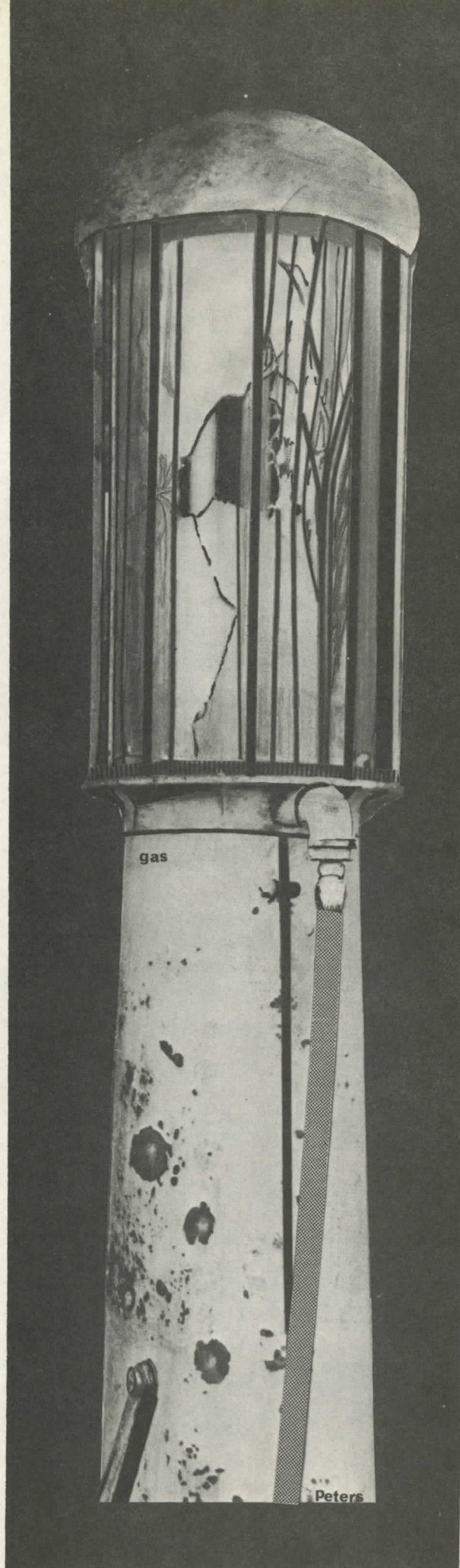
After a while the stink got so bad we had to leave. Otis swore he couldn't eat a thing for a week to come. Besides, we'd seen that we couldn't tease Jason no more. We just left him there starin' up at that bird. That night, after I'd scrubbed real good with Lava, I'd swear I could still smell the stink of that old buzzard all over me.

There, now. How's that? O.K.? Wait a minute. Let me powder your neck with some of this Lily of the Valley Talcum I got here. It sure smells good and sweet for the ladies. No, that's not quite all of the story. Things went on pretty much as they were until winter was almost on us. I could tell it was goin' to be a hard one. Could feel it in my right arm all the way up to the shoulder. It was about then that Jason told us that he'd carried his old bird inside. Kept mumblin' somethin' about it's not bein' long now. Otis has himself a little post-office over in his general store, and he told me that Jason come in one day about that time with a catalog and got him to write a spice company in New York for some frankincense and myrrh. They're some kind of Oriental spices, I think. Jason told Otis the bird had asked him to get them. I guess they needed somethin' to spice up the air what with that buzzard cooped up with them indoors. Then Jason took to prowlin' around out at the old lumber yard. Lookin' for some special kind of shavin's and kindlin' for his bird, he said. Dwight seen him out there a couple of times when he was comin' back from the wholesale house in Jackson. "The bird's going to die," Jason told me. "It's losin' feathers and color." Seems like the buzzard really was an old one. Accordin' to Agnes, it used to sleep all of the time that it wasn't starin' into the fireplace watchin' the flames work over the logs.

Here, let me brush some of the hairs off your suit. I guess you don't want a shine neither, do you? Wouldn't take me long, and I'd have them shinin' like a mirror. Well, that's about all there is about that old buzzard. The fire out there happened a week later. Both Jason and Agnes must have been asleep when it happened. We never did get the straight of it, but the coroner said that lightnin' must have struck the house. For the life of me, I can't remember no storms then. That old buzzard must have flown the coop, though. We never found any trace of him. Not even a feather.

All we did find was that apple of ash. Funny thing, though. About a week ago, some kind of white grub worked its way out of it. I turned my back on it while I grabbed the swatter, but when I turned around, it was gone. Right into thin air. See that hole it left? You could even get your finger up there.

Here's your change. Fifty cents. That's right. Sure, it's less than them city fellows charge, but we don't have a union of any sorts around these parts. Come in again, sometimes. Short cut from Raymond, huh? Well, I'll be damned.





*the Planetarium*

sky, dull white  
like the inside  
of an eggshell,

the deus ex machina  
with metallic arms  
beneath it,

waking in the  
failing light the  
pin-point spider eyes

glow and turn  
with the faintest  
hum of power

and the sky  
breaks over us  
profuse and compelling

\*\*\*

It is the appeal of art  
the box turned universe  
by the hand of man.

In the province of profundity  
it is this lie, this obvious  
slight of hand, that plumbs  
the depths of truth  
and conjures beauty.

--Doug Vaughn

